

The Elks

Magazine

OCTOBER, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY

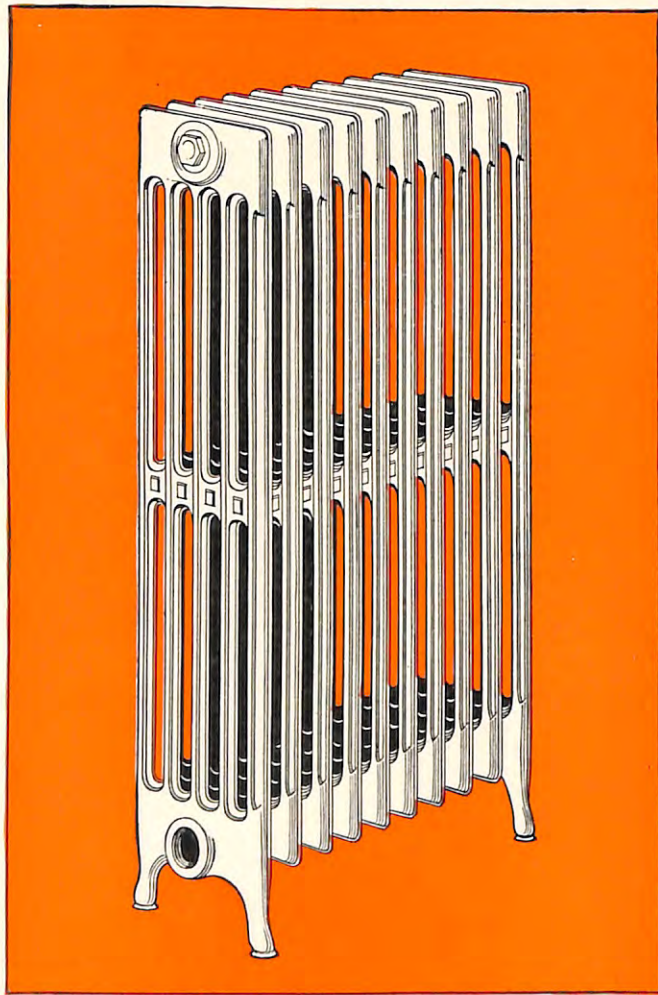


J. F.
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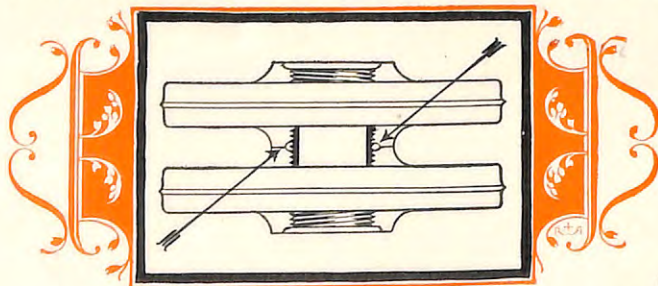
In this issue:

Bruce Barton, Norman Beasley,
Mildred Cram, W. O. McGeehan,
John Peter Toohey and others

CORTO *The Radiator Classic*



Threaded joints make
American Radiators the best



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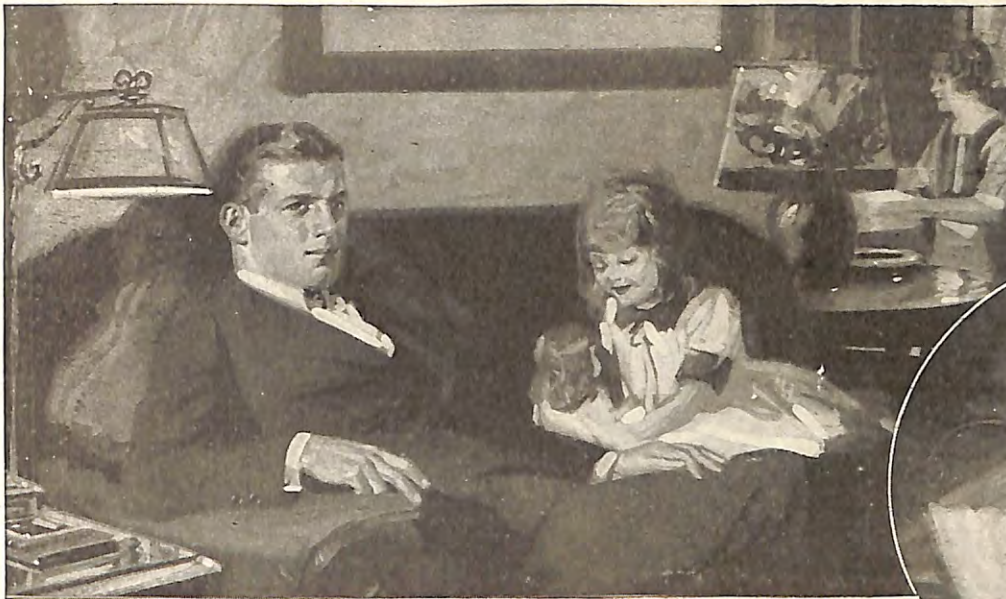
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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Five



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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission: John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer; James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, John G. Price, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio)

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 50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

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

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

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Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" and is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always

be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"; without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently, on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which the Institute had

taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company \$60,000.

The self-confidence which the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.


For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes in one year if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Past Exalted Rulers Activities

Columbus, Ohio, September 10, 1924

MY DEAR PAST EXALTED RULERS:

Appreciating the deep interest each and every one of you have in the progress of your lodges, I am taking the liberty of addressing you with a view to pointing out the splendid opportunity you have to be of further service in extending the work you have done in the past.

In the natural course of events the lodges of the Order are being officered by the younger men and there is in many cases an inclination on the part of the veterans of the Order, who have played their part in the past, to withdraw from active service in deference to those who have taken their places in the front ranks. In my opinion this is a great mistake and much to be regretted. The Past Exalted Rulers of the various lodges, having passed through the chairs and experienced all of the difficulties attendant upon the proper conduct of a lodge, are well equipped to render valuable service in the shape of counsel and advice to those who are now at the helm. There is no question but that the Exalted Ruler of today would not only be pleased but complimented by being able to feel that he had with him the support and cooperation of the men who have grown gray in the service. If in every lodge the Past Exalted Rulers would bind themselves together as a sort of advisory council, ready to assist the officers of the lodge, there is no question but that many of the vexing problems which grow into permanent difficulties would be easily solved. If the Past Exalted Rulers of the various lodges would make it a point to meet with one another weekly, or monthly, in company with the officers of the lodge, around the luncheon table or otherwise, an exchange of views would be productive of much good, and questions concerning membership, financial problems, building operations, and a multitude of other matters that are presented daily, could be better understood and more easily disposed of.

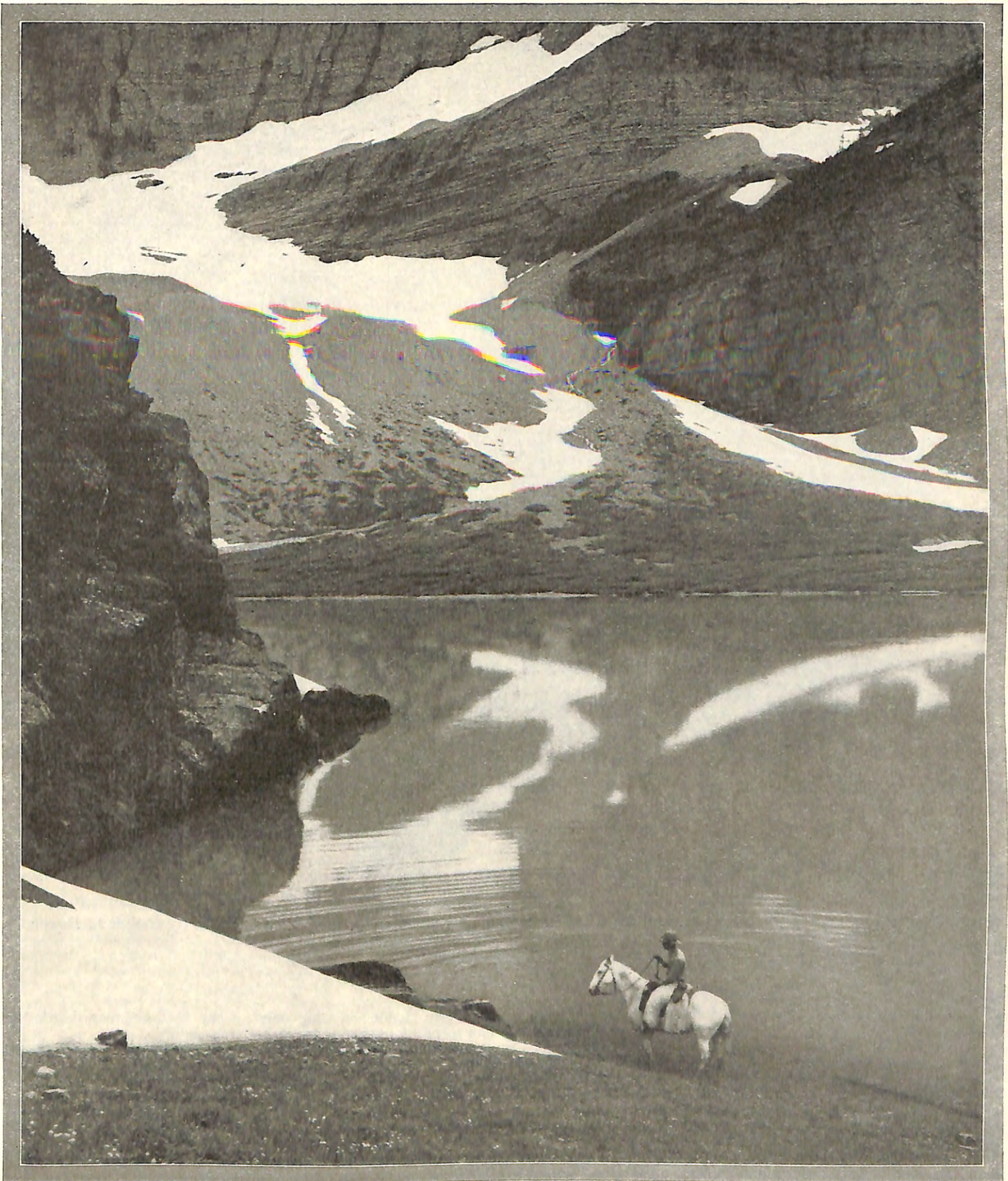
A number of the Exalted Rulers of the various lodges are young men and they will be encouraged and assisted materially if they can feel that the older men, whose services in the past are held in grateful recollection, will counsel with them and assist in making their official paths smoother. I would be happy indeed if I could feel that the Past Exalted Rulers were always on hand to participate in at least the more important affairs of their various lodges. To me that would be a complete assurance that progress would mark the effort of their lodge.

In the autumn of life we look back to the days of our activities and endeavor to interpret them as times of usefulness in whatever activity we may have been engaged. Therefore, let us take this view of our service in Elkdom and endeavor to assist all who are building upon the foundations we have had a part in laying. The men who in the past have built our Order naturally look back upon their efforts with pride and I feel confident will be willing to assist in safeguarding the Order at every turn.

I solicit your careful consideration of this message in the hope that it may result in general benefit to the Order.

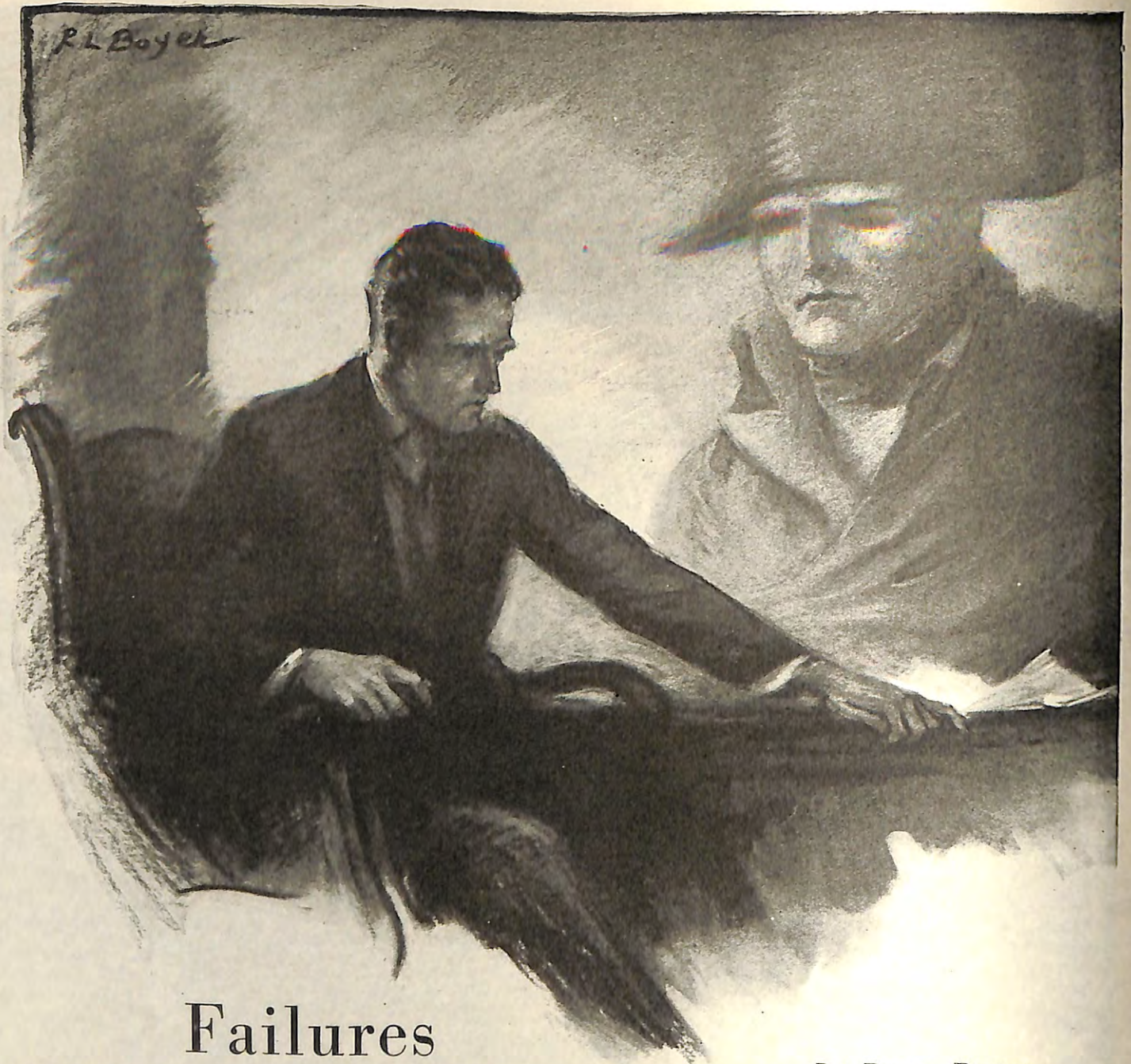
Sincerely and fraternally,

John G. Trice
Grand Exalted Ruler



Photographed by John Kabel

*THE muscled strength of beast and man,
The boasted power of the human brain—
How puny are these things before
God's rocks that watch with proud disdain!*



Failures

*Success May Not Be Very Far Away
From Men You Think Have Failed—*

By Bruce Barton

Illustrated by Ralph L. Boyer

SOMETIMES tragedies occur in the paneled rooms where boards of directors meet. I happened once to be a witness of such a tragedy.

The general manager of the Company is a rare spirit. Hitting hard, and being hit, he has pounded his way up from the bottom, yet has managed somehow to retain an under-the-surface tenderness which makes him easy to love. At this meeting of the board he had asked me to be present because I knew the man under discussion—candidate for the job of sales manager.

With much puffing of high-priced cigars the board got under way; the chairman sat at one end of the table, the president next to him and the Influential Director at the other end. In between sat some who could vote but did not really count. The general manager shot his proposition with characteristic directness.

"We have been looking for a new sales

manager since January when Mr. Henderson left us. Of course we like to promote from the ranks, but in this case it isn't possible. Henderson's assistant is too young—feels it himself and says so—and after thorough consideration I have decided to recommend Mr. Albert Foster."

In mild tones the president intervened. "Foster was formerly sales manager for Smith and Company," he explained. The president is always explaining, reconciling points of view, trying to straighten things out. He is a nice president, and the son of his father, who held the office before him; but the general manager runs the show. "The Smith line is so like our own that Foster's experience ought to be very valuable," he added.

At the mention of the name of Smith, who is a competitor, the Influential Director sat up and showed fight. He is retired and leaves his luxurious estate only for an occasional meeting. You will understand

him when I say that he wears battleship-gray whiskers.

"If the man is so good why is Smith letting him go?" he demanded.

"Smith isn't letting him go," the president replied. "Mr. Foster left Smith five years ago to enter business on his own account. The project was, I believe, not successful." He turned inquiringly to the general manager. "I think I am right in saying so?" he asked.

"That's right," the general manager responded. "The thing started well but it was too much for Foster's resources; he got spread out too thin and the receiver has just closed him up. The fact is he doesn't know enough about finance to operate for himself, but he's a cracker-jack sales manager just the same."

The Influential Director cleared his throat ominously.

"How old is this Mr. Foster?"

"Forty-two."



*I*N the life of many a very great and successful man there have been dark moments of despair when he considered himself utterly defeated. How easy it would have been to call him a failure then!

"Hm-m . . . And you say his enterprise was a failure?"

"Complete," said the general manager. "Cleaned him out, every dollar."

The Influential Director laid down his cigar and drew himself up. It was evident to all of us that he was about to deliver one of those oracular pronouncements on business which constitute his brand of philosophy.

"I do not like the idea of employing a failure," he began in his rumbling tones. "It was Mr. Charles M. Schwab, I think, who said that he had made it a rule to do business only with lucky men—with men who had formed the habit of succeeding. A very sound rule, in my judgment, gentlemen; very sound indeed. A lucky man is not always responsible for his own good luck, just as an unfortunate man may not be entirely responsible for his misfortune. But generally speaking we make progress faster by playing with the winners. That is my judgment, Mr. Chairman, my strong judgment if I may be allowed to say so."

The general manager hit back at once. He is more necessary to that Company than it is to him; he knows it, and speaks his mind.

"With all due respect, Mr. Chairman, I don't think that Mr. Foster's failure ought to count against him in the position we have in mind. Surely a strong man who overestimates his strength and comes a tumble, is not to be condemned for life on that account."

The Influential Director was obviously unimpressed.

"Forty-two, you said," he muttered. "He's getting on. I don't like it, I tell you; it's a risk. Forty-two, and a failure."

The general manager had anticipated this, and because of it, had asked me in. He turned now suddenly in my direction. "Barton knows Foster's record, Mr. Chairman," he said. "I invited him to come because I thought we might want an outside point of view. If it's in order I'd like to hear what he has to say."

"Certainly," said the chairman, looking at the Influential Director, who nodded none too sweetly. "We should like to hear your opinion, Mr. Barton. What do you think about this candidate? As we understand it he failed to make money for himself; isn't that a pretty good indication that he would fail to make money for us?"

It was not an altogether pleasant position for me; I decided to try a flank attack.

"I have known some pretty successful failures," I began.

"So?" grumbled the Powerful One. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have the record of some of them in my pocket," I went on, "letters that they wrote which throw rather an interesting light on their careers. The letters are short; perhaps it might interest you to hear one or two."

NOBODY said yes or no. They regarded me with the easy tolerance which Hard Boiled men have for writers and such impractical folks. I reached into my coat pocket and pulled out three sheets of paper prepared for the occasion.

"Here is the first letter," I said, "a pretty complete confession of weakness, as I think you will admit:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell. I awfully forebode I

shall not. To remain as I am is quite impossible. I must die to be better, it appears to me . . . I can write no more."

I folded up the paper and put it back into my pocket.

"I am sure no member of the board would feel like voting to employ the writer of that," I said, addressing myself to Old Whiskers.

"I should hope not," he grumbled.

"It is quite clearly the wail of a very weak man," I added. "His subsequent record proved that until he was well over forty his earnings never averaged more than three thousand dollars a year. He was a rather shiftless individual, good and friendly enough, but decidedly small town calibre.

"**H**ERE'S another letter," I continued, opening the second sheet:

"What madness impels me to desire my own destruction? Why forsooth am I in the world? Since death must come to me, why should it not be as well to kill myself? If I were sixty years old, or more, I would respect the prejudices of my contemporaries and wait patiently for nature to finish her course; but since I began life in suffering misfortune and nothing gives me pleasure, why should I endure these days, when nothing I am concerned in prospers?"

"You notice he says nothing which he undertakes prospers," I remarked, looking at Whiskers again. "A very good illustration of your axiom that one should deal only with lucky men. He would certainly have been an unfortunate choice as an employee."

Whiskers was beginning to suspect that this might be some fool trap; he squirmed a little but said nothing.

"The third letter is somewhat poetic," I continued innocently, "but as it was written

by quite an eminent failure I think it interesting:

"I have wandered this winter in the valley of the shadow of death. All the universe—God, earth, and heaven—have seemed to me but vague and gloomy phantasms. I have felt coming over my soul, colder than a north wind, a conviction of the hideous unreality of all that moved and swayed and throbbed before me. If my health returns I do not question that I may work out of the shadows. If not, there is a cool rest under the violets, and eternity is long enough to make right the errors and deficiencies of time."

"Piffle," ejaculated Whiskers.

"Exactly," I agreed. "No man who would write such a letter as that could ever amount to anything."

"But I understood you to say these men were successful," the president interposed.

"In a measure," I answered mildly.

"Of course they worked in enterprises quite different from yours; still they did fairly well. Take the writer of the first letter, for example. As I said, he never earned more than \$3,000 a year until he was almost fifty. He was a small town lawyer who had served one term in Congress and had been defeated for re-election. At forty-two—the age of the Mr. Foster you are considering—he would not have been an attractive bet. Still he took a brace and ended up better. Lincoln his name was—Abraham Lincoln.

"The second man recovered from his early failure and had a rather more spectacular career. His name, also, has received some publicity—Bonaparte—Napoleon Bonaparte. The writer of the third letter died only a few years ago. He was at one time Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and later earned some very favorable notice as Secretary of State. You may have met him," I concluded; "his name was John Hay."

The Influential Director gurgled, making a convulsive effort at good humour.

"Clever," he explained in forced tones.

"Ha, decidedly clever. I congratulate you, sir, on your cleverness. But hardly practical, I fear; the argument of a literary man, if I may say so. Clever, but hardly in point."

"Of course not," I answered, and with a bow to them all I tucked one of their Corona Coronas in my vest pocket and slipped out of the room. The door had scarcely closed behind me—so the general manager reported afterwards—before Whiskers moved that the nomination of Mr. Foster be laid on the table. "What we need is a young man," he said conclusively, "one who has never tasted defeat."

It was a tragedy for Foster, and a tragedy for them. He has a good position, but not so good as the one he could have made for himself there. And they—with all their company's strength and momentum—needed a man like him then, and need him still.

I LIKE to put over against that incident another bit of business drama in which I had the fun of playing a minor part.

Late one afternoon my telephone rang, and the man at the other end of the wire gave a name with which I was familiar. He had been the advertising manager of a big chemical concern, and as a writer of sales letters and literature had made a considerable reputation. Though we had never met, I knew his little book on selling by mail and had once—by chance—been able to do him a slight favor. He said he was near my office, and a few minutes later he walked in.

His appearance surprised me. I had expected to see an alert, self-confident

individual; instead I beheld a nervous man of middle age, tired looking and obviously distressed.

With many halts and hesitations—for he is proud and not accustomed to needing help—he told me what had happened. As advertising manager of this company, which is situated in a pleasant little city, he had a job that looked good for the rest of his life. The salary was not princely, but it enabled him to maintain a home and send his two children through college. He belonged to the best clubs in the city and was regarded as a person of significance. Both he and his wife assumed that they were settled permanently.

One afternoon he received a long distance call from New York. It was followed by a visit from a New Yorker of the pushing promoter type and by several conferences. The New Yorker was starting a business in the production of sales literature and, knowing this man's reputation, offered him the vice-presidency at what seemed to him the enormous salary of \$20,000 a year. The man and his wife talked it over with awe and trepidation. They were afraid of

could do without him and save the twenty thousand. The interview ended painfully. The man who, in all his business life, had never been disconnected from a pay-roll, found himself on the street, a stranger, without income and with hardly a friend in the whole town.

It was thus, dejected, that he came. I think he would gladly have taken a job at fifty dollars a week.

HE FINISHED his story and I pushed the box of cigars across the desk and had him light another.

"That is a tragic recital," I said.

He nodded, utterly hopeless.

"You are in a very desperate condition," I added. "That is, on one condition—"

"On one condition," he faltered. "I don't understand."

"On condition," I repeated, "that you can't write sales letters; that you have been drawing salary all these years under false pretences."

The shot struck home; he straightened, and flushed.

"I can write sales letters," he cried. "What do you mean by talking about false pretences? That is an insult."

"Exactly," I remarked calmly. "I meant it to be. Now you're talking like a man. You show some guts, some spirit. That's the first essential if we're going to get you out of this. Come over here." I stood up and led him to the window, and pointed out the towering office buildings of up-town New York.

"Look at these offices," I said, "acres of them. The headquarters of half the manufacturing business of the country is right here around us—thousands of concerns, all with goods to be sold. Do you suppose that a man who can write good sales letters can possibly starve in a town like this?"

A little ray of light came into his eyes. We went back to the desk and I pulled out a classified telephone directory.

"Have you got money enough to live for three months even if you don't earn a cent?" I asked.

He said he had, and more.

"Then consider yourself made," I exclaimed positively. "You have this minute achieved the thing that most men strive all their lives to win. Your hard-hearted employer has kicked you upstairs. You are now in business for yourself. Go to a printer," I continued, "and have him print you a letter-head. Put your name and the address of your apartment on it; that will do for an office for the first few weeks. Then take this telephone book and pick out the names of fifty concerns that have goods to sell and send them a letter offering your services. You say you can write good sales letters; see how good a letter you can write selling yourself."

We discussed the details for a little while, and when he walked out he had his head in the air. Three days later he telephoned that he had signed his first contract; in about six weeks he told me that he was running at the rate of ten thousand dollars a year, and today his annual intake is pretty close to thirty thousand. I never see him without wondering how many other successful New Yorkers have, at some time, been just as close to the border line of utter hopelessness.

DOUBTLESS every business man who reads this piece could tell similar stories out of his own experience. As we live along and observe the fluctuations in the careers
(Continued on page 59)



New York; afraid of any job that could be worth that amount of money: afraid, instinctively, of this aggressive person who seemed so confident and insistent. Finally, under pressure, he accepted. He came to New York and was on the job six months. The business prospered; he was beginning to feel much at home in it, when the thunderbolt fell. His employer, who was quite guiltless of business scruples, announced to him abruptly that their contract was at an end.

The man was too shocked for speech. In all his life nothing like this had occurred. To his weak protest the employer replied that there was nothing to debate; the arrangement had not worked out as he had expected, and was finished. That was the only explanation offered, but the truth was, of course, that having capitalized the man's reputation and appropriated his ideas, the unscrupulous promoter felt that he



This Job of Umpiring

By Norman Beasley

Drawings by R. J. Holmgren



THE other day a reporter for one of the big New York newspapers came up to see me. He came around to the back of the house where I was feeding the chickens and chuckled:

"Gee, Bill, you're just a human being, after all."

That riled me.

"Whaddya mean—'a human being'?" I snorted.

"Just that. Out here in the country—or, in a small town," he corrected, with a grin, "you don't look like the same fellow that's out there on the ball field, day after day, through the season. On the ball field you fit in—out here you fit in, too. But, on the ball field you're like one of those traffic semaphores the police use to keep things moving; out here you look, and act, like the others in this little town. You're just a human being. That's all."

We put that reporter up for the night. The wife fed him well and while she was washing the supper dishes I took him down to Flicker Moore's barber shop and let him listen to the village gossip. A couple of hours of that and he was ready to go home again. On the way back he asked:

"What's the matter with 'Slicker' Moore?"

"Not 'Slicker'—Flicker."

"All right. But, what's the matter with him?"

"Nothing the matter with him. He's got a sick youngster. Why do you ask?"

"Well, while you were talking with that Davis about crops, three or four of the villagers came and held private confabs with the barber. He didn't seem to mind—just stopped shaving his customers—and listened. The last time he left the lather on the guy's face and went up-stairs with the bird who had been talking to him."

"What did that 'last bird' look like?"

"Man about fifty, baggy trousers and straggly beard."

"That was 'Doc Corns.' Just dropped around to see how the youngster was feeling and went up-stairs with Flicker to take a look at the little patient."

"You mean to tell me the doctor came without being called?"

"Sure."

"Without charging for the call?"

"Why not?"

"I'm jiggered!"

"No need to be. Corns wants that youngster to get well. He's a regular human being—like the rest of us in this small

town." In the darkness I was laughing at the reporter; but he couldn't see my face. That decision went to me.

The newspaperman left the next morning, after spending the night in the feather bed in the front room, up-stairs; a few days afterwards I saw the story he had written for his papers. He used up a lot of words in telling his readers that "here is an umpire who is a 'regular, human being.'"

That kinda got my nanny again. That's why I'm sitting here telling that I'm not any different than other umpires.

We eat the same food the average man eats. We like good books—good shows—companionship of people we know; we have our likes—dislikes—friends—enemies. During the run of a baseball season we meet hundreds of new people, most of whom we will never meet again. Most of the ones we don't want to meet again we let slide, we pick and choose, and every year, at the close of the season, we return to our homes with flattering additions to our lists of friends.

I know this because I have often talked over friends with other umpires. We must be human to have friends; we must be regular fellows or we couldn't keep those friends.

Furthermore, I like my job.

I like it for a lot of reasons.

I am in good company. Baseball umpires are clean. I say this without leaning against anything. Have you ever heard of an umpire being suspended, or fined, during a playing season for doing things he shouldn't do? Barring one or two cases, have you ever heard of one of us being yanked into court for manhandling laws? We'd get this

notoriety if we made any missteps; don't you think we wouldn't.

There isn't an umpire I know but who has a good sense of humor. We have to have that or we wouldn't last. Ball-players are children. We treat them as such. We listen to their arguments, and set them right. There are times when we have to chastise them—just as parents chastise their children—and we have an effective way for doing that. We put them out of the game, or fine them, or recommend that they be suspended. Ball-players don't like to have those things happen any more than a child likes to be whipped.

The fans?

Seldom do we pay any attention to them, at all.

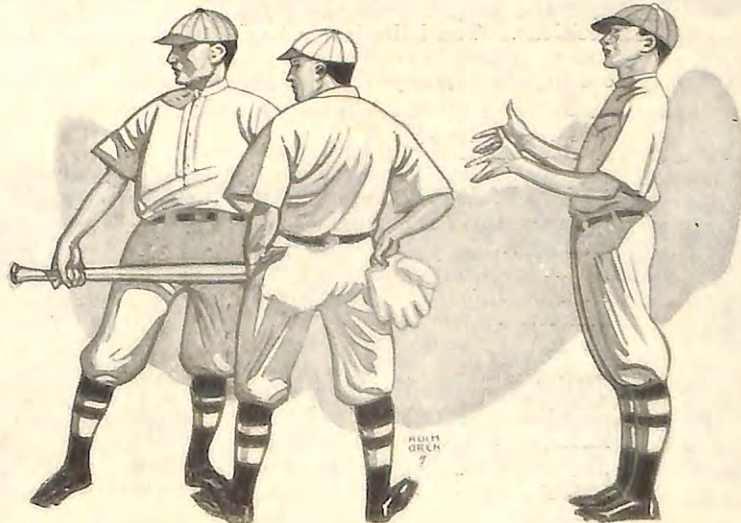
THE fans, naturally, are always on the side of the ball-players—and against the umpires. This is natural, and right. That is what makes for the sport of baseball. Sure, too, the fans are generally wrong in their protests, just as ball-players are generally wrong. The fan can't give the correct decision on a play because he is sitting too far away to observe it; the ball-player is generally wrong because, in the heat of action, his eyes are not clear. But, more than stigmatized vision, the ball-player is prejudiced in favor of his own team from the beginning.

Men are born into an umpire's job. I mean, by this, that a man has to be fitted, in the exactness and evenness of his temperament, to succeed. The umpire should possess the knack of keeping himself out of the limelight and in it at the same time. An explanation of this is necessary, perhaps.

The umpire should always make his presence felt on the ball field, but, in every possible way, he should refrain from attracting attention to himself.

Few men are qualified to be umpires in the big leagues. I do not say this in self-esteem. I state it as a fact. It is, also, a disturbing fact to the executives of the major leagues. Connolly, O'Day, Evans, Emslie, Rigler—such men have been umpiring for more than two years. The other day I was looking over some box scores. I saw one game, played in 1885, and the summary carried the name of "Mr. Emslie" as umpire.

In organized baseball there are approximately 200 umpires. They are just as essential to the game as are the players. This is in spite of the decision of Judge



Landis before the last World's Series, in which he stated that the umpires were not as important as the players.

Where do umpires come from?

That question has always interested me. It is a curious fact, but few ball-players succeed as umpires. There are exceptions, of course, but the umpires who have been, in the main, most successful are those who were never professional ball-players. Bill Dineen, of course, was a famous pitcher; Moriarty was a famous infielder. But these men are the exceptions that prove the rule.

I GOT my start by umpiring in games of lesser importance. I called plays as I saw them and gave sufficient satisfaction to attract the attention of one of the presidents of a big league. He asked me to report to him. I answered his questions, satisfied him that I could fill the job he had to offer—and got it. Billy Evans was writing sports on a small town newspaper in Ohio and doing a little umpiring on the side. Ban Johnson, the vigorous head of the American League—then a major league infant—heard of Evans and signed him to the staff.

Clarence Rowland was formerly a manager; most of the others got their training in the leagues of lesser importance. Umpires in the industrial leagues scattered across the country get excellent training but only in isolated cases do they graduate from that company. Bill Byron, who was once an umpire in the National League, pulled himself up from the factory league games.

These are qualities an umpire must have:

He must be authoritative—he must be able to command respect—he must know his job, inside and out—he must know his players—he must be diplomatic, persuasive, inflexible, determined, ready of tongue, keen of eyesight, tolerant, fearless. . . . I guess I could continue until I had used all the adjectives in the dictionary. A lot of these qualities contradict each other; the umpire must possess all the qualities and have sufficient sense as to their proper application.

I presume the reason—or, one of the reasons—for ball-players not succeeding as umpires is because their weaknesses—all human beings have them—are too well known to withstand concealment. Ball-players are not at all backward when it comes to treading on an umpire's toes—his mental as well as his physical toes.

I was teamed up with an umpire who had graduated from ball-playing ranks one afternoon and we were working in the



this. check back on the hard time Ty Cobb had breaking in. Cobb is one of the few remaining players in the big leagues who connects up

with Baseball of 1906 and Baseball of 1924. Up to ten or twelve years ago badger fights were the regular things in training camps; snipe hunting was popular; veteran pitchers took keen delight in advising youngsters to "properly care for their pitching arms." The "secret" was to rest the pitching arm in the "hammock" of a Pullman berth on night train rides. Another time-honored joke was to station a recruit on the rear of the train, holding a red lantern through the night so as to prevent collision.

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The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

With Our Own Special Movie

IN THE spring the young baseball expert's fancy lightly turns to cocksureness. It was especially so in the spring of the current year when the experts in convention assembled declared that it would be a particularly dull baseball year because of the certainty of the Yankees and the Giants winning the pennants in their respective leagues for the fourth consecutive time.

But as the summer dragged on there came periods when the experts experienced considerable trepidation. The Yankees lagged, the Giants faltered, and as the season rounded into the stretch it turned out that there were some real races in both leagues after all. Some of the inexpensive teams started to annoy the two highly expensive New York teams. The vital statistics began to appear very anemic indeed, and *rigor mortis* seemed to be about to set in as far as the dope that looked so healthy at the opening of the season was concerned.

In the American League Mr. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the fiery Georgian athlete, showed a real genius for management which was suspected by very few experts. Harris seemed able to coordinate the Washington nine into a working baseball club. In the National League the Pittsburgh Pirates began to back the private opinion of that great baseball strategist, Wilbert Robinson of Brooklyn, that Pittsburgh had the strongest club in the league. A baseball expert who had predicted anything of the sort early last April would have been shunned by his kind.

There is one matter for rejoicing about our national pastime. Prosperity has not made it flabby and self-satisfied. This has been quite as truculent a year for the game as we

have had in a decade or two. There have been more umpires assaulted, more private fights among players, and more near riots among spectators than have come to my notice for some time.

Of course this is not to be commended exactly, but on the other hand it is to be condoned to a certain extent. It means that the players have been taking an interest in their work and that the spectators have not lost their zest for the national game.

It is a healthy sign to my mind. Nobody can convince me that the stiffening is leaving the national backbone when the players wrangle, managers swing at the umpires, and the customers throw things at our baseball games. I was one of those who was sure that it would be a dull, prosaic baseball year with the other clubs trailing the two New York Clubs in docile fashion. Instead the season produced plenty of melodrama.

WHILE making some confessions in the matter of experting our national pastime, let me make another. I was among those who peered intently at the Giant recruits when they were training at Sarasota, Florida, last spring.

Among them was a youngster who would ordinarily be described as a little sawed-off, hammered-down fellow. He was well over-weight for his size. Whenever I happened to be looking at him he was chasing fungo flies batted out by Mr. Casey Dolan and he was covered with a lather of perspiration which would turn to a cake of mud as the soil of the State of Florida settled in it. He wore no pedometer to show how many miles he traveled at top speed in the pursuit of fungo flies, but the distance must

have been the length of the State. As I left Florida he was still chasing flies.

This exercise naturally took off considerable weight in the day time, but he would eat it all back at night. Evidently he was a hopeless case. Moreover he did not look like a ball-player.

In the preceding year at San Antonio a recruit bought on the hoof for \$75,000 joined the Giants. He stood at the bat like Dan Brouthers. He ran bases like Ty Cobb. He had everything and he looked the part.

The little sawed-off, hammered-down recruit, who did not look like a ball-player, turned out to be "Hack" Wilson, the sensation of the year with the Giants. The expensive athlete who looked every inch a ball-player was young James O'Connell, who has been wearing out his uniform trousers sitting moodily upon the Giant bench.

You can not tell. There is no type of ball-player. He may be a six-footer or better, like Ruth or Long George Kelly, or he may be a little, sawed-off, hammered-down fellow like Hack Wilson or Dick Kerr. He may be a coal-miner or he may be a college graduate. Recruits come to baseball from widely diverging points. Therein lies charm and the constant novelty of it.

THE matter of picking the most useful player to his club in each league will be a delicate problem this year. The American League started this innovation and the National League, frankly admitting that it was a good idea, followed suit. Last year the award in the American League was

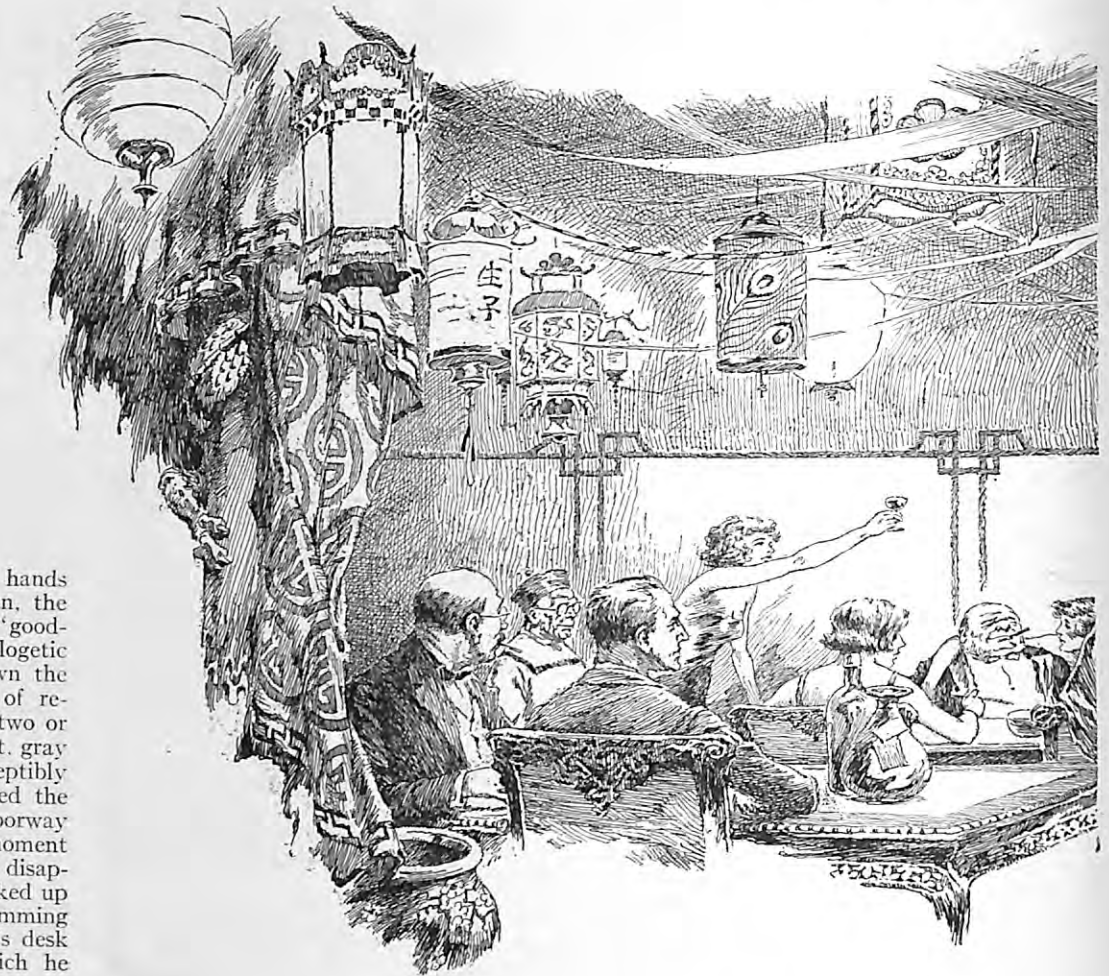
(Continued on page 78)



Movie of a Fan at the World Series—Write Your Own Subtitles

Posed by Richard Dix for The Elks Magazine. By courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky Company





HENRY MUSGRAVE shook hands rather gingerly with Halligan, the night city editor, murmured "good-night!" in a half embarrassed, apologetic voice, and slipped unobtrusively down the long aisle which divided the rows of reporters' desks. He smiled shyly at two or three of the men who caught his soft, gray eyes as he passed, and he perceptibly quickened his pace before he reached the gate which barred visitors at the doorway leading into the hall. In another moment his squat, stoop-shouldered figure disappeared, and every one in the room looked up curiously at Halligan, who was drumming absent-mindedly with a pencil on his desk atop the raised platform, from which he commanded a full view of the floor.

Bill Murphy, head of the copy desk, dropped something in a wire basket and strolled languidly over toward Halligan, his face wrinkled into a wry smile.

"Did he tell you papa would slap if Bobby was naughty again," he inquired, "Or was he apologizing about something?"

Halligan chuckled pleasantly.

"It was almost an apology," he replied. "He wondered if I'd be annoyed if he asked me to sort of tone down things a little. It's the same old story—he wants the soft pedal on—thinks we've been going a little strong on that Patterson divorce story and several other things lately—says he wants all the news printed and no favors shown, and all that, but thinks we'd ought to be a little bit more chaste and austere. That headline on that murder story this morning seemed to upset him more than anything else."

"What's the matter with that headline"—Murphy bridled belligerently—"I wrote it myself."

"'Bride Bludgeoned by Burly Brute'.—Well, really, you know that was a little thick."

"Thick nothing—that's the best headline we've had in the sheet in a month. She was a bride, wasn't she, and she was hit over the head with a piece of gas-pipe by a six-foot Polack? I suppose you think we should have labeled that story 'Woman Meets Death' or something like that."

"Oh—not exactly that, but it was a little—well, you know what I mean. I guess we've got to go a bit slow. Just stop, look and listen every time you feel anything like headline coming on and tell the boys to cut out the seasoning. There were a few words he mentioned as not being exactly 'nice'—let's see—'dope' and 'jazz-baby' and 'cutie' and 'hooch' and—oh, yes—he thinks we shouldn't ever refer to the 'roaring Forties.' Make a note of those, will you?"

The Soft Pedal

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

"What does he want us to say—that section of New York formerly known as the Tenderloin' or 'the amusement centre,' or something terrible like that? What's the idea of his butting in like this, anyway?"

Halligan patted his subordinate playfully on the arm.

"There, there," he said, pleasantly, "don't take it so hard. An owner's got some rights, hasn't he? He doesn't really interfere much, but he's got this good-taste bug again and we've got to cater to him. It won't last long—it never does. Besides, I hear he's going abroad next month. We'll lift the lid a little when he gets on the boat."

Murphy kicked viciously at a wastepaper basket and growled.

"And in the meantime, I suppose," he grunted, "we've got to get out a nice, respectable sheet that'll be about as snappy and readable as the biennial report of the Department of Docks and Ferries."

Murphy was still grumbling an hour later when Charley Morris, the *Bulletin's* star feature writer, dropped over to the big, crescent-shaped copy desk to borrow a cigarette.

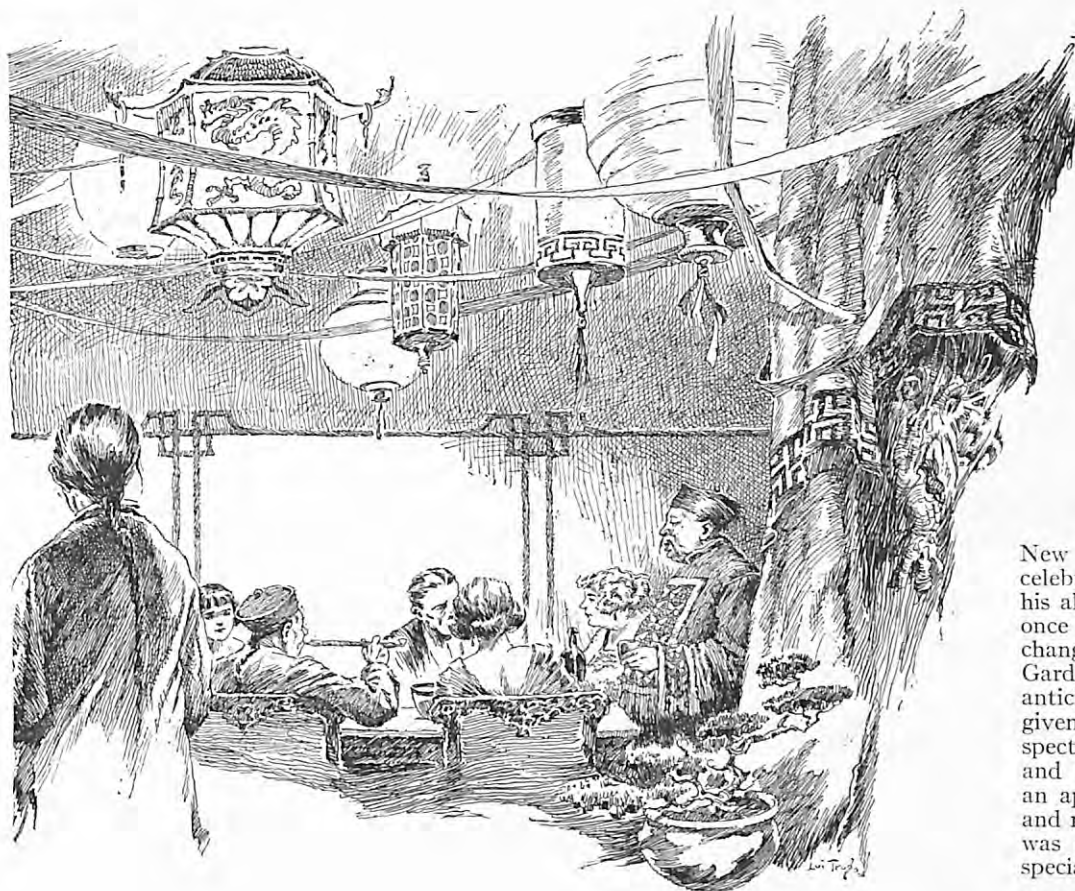
"Go easy on that fake matrimonial bureau story, Charley," he cautioned. "Just make it straight-way stuff if you don't want the life cut out of it. Old Musgrave's on the war-path again. You'd better go down to the library and dip into the Rollo books and get a new line of inspiration."

Charley Morris twisted his thin lips into a cynical smile and inhaled his cigarette deeply before he replied.

"I think I'll be able to manage without that," he said, finally. "I'm a master of several styles, old dear. I guess the 'shocked and outraged' manner is the proper tack for this yarn. I can keep the live stuff all in by getting all fussed up about it."

HE LOUNGED back to his desk again and draped his lank, gangling body over and around a chair. Presently the keys of his typewriter were clicking with a steady insistence that was interrupted only occasionally when he looked at a far corner of the room as if in search in the shadowy distance for a phrase that would meet the altered requirements of the *Bulletin's* editorial policy. At such moments a disillusioned smile played over his thin, young-old face, and sometimes he laughed a little to himself, dryly and with apparent satisfaction. Cynicism wasn't a pose with Charley Morris. It was the very essence of his existence.

The slightly modified and tempered newspaper which slipped off the *Bulletin's* press the next morning apparently satisfied its self-effacing owner, for he was not heard from further, and when no complaints were filed for a period of a week Murphy and Halligan felt justified in letting down the bars a trifle. A little of the old note of vulgar abandon crept back into the headlines, and



The Chinese guests were of all ages and dispositions, from the elderly and stoically reserved fellow merchants of the bridegroom, round-faced and spectacled, to the more furtive-looking younger men whose dark, shining eyes roved unpleasantly over the faces and figures of the girls

How a Change of Policy Played Providence in the Fortunes of a Newspaper Reporter

while the particular list of words and phrases objected to by Musgrave were carefully barred, the substitutes developed by Charley Morris and some of the round-shouldered copy-readers were even more ruddily picturesque.

It was perhaps ten days after the owner's bi-annual visit to the city room that Charley Morris ventured a suggestion to Halligan one night.

"That Chinatown story to-morrow night looks as if it might have possibilities," he remarked with just the slightest touch of eagerness. "I think I'd like to cover it."

"You mean old Tom Soy's marriage?" inquired the city editor.

"Sure. I used to know the old mandarin pretty well. This Trixie Vandewater dame who's fallen for him used to be at the Winter Garden when they first opened it up, and I heard to-day that Billy Gibson, the press agent up there, is bringing down the whole chorus of the new show they're rehearsing, as a stunt. O'Malley and Jennings are going down to write stories, and I think that if you pry the lid off just a bit more I might be able to dish up a piece that would be a little bit livelier than the market reports."

Halligan's interest was plainly aroused.

"I wasn't going to bother about it except in a routine way," he said, "but I guess you're right. It looks as if it might have a picturesque angle that would be interesting. There's a dinner, isn't there?"

"That's not the word, Jimmy. From what I hear there's a Lucullian feast in prospect, an Oriental banquet, a Celestial repast at which viands gathered from all the far-flung corners of the mysterious East will be served with the gorgeous splendor of the early Manchu emperors, or words to that general effect. The story seems to write itself already, you will observe."

The cynical smile tilted the corners of his mouth again. Halligan grinned.

"All right," he said. "You're assigned to it. Better take the afternoon off to-morrow and get the real low-down on how this girl met up with the old Chink, and how long she's known him and so on. I'll leave a note for Jackson telling him what you're doing. Get in here as early as you reasonably can to-morrow night, and I'll let the thing run, if it looks good. I'll save space for it. And remember, my son, that wine is a mocker and all that."

"SAY, I haven't had a drink for six months. You couldn't jolt me off the front seat of the water-wagon with T.N.T."

Halligan wondered as he watched Charley Morris saunter out of the room a few minutes later if his last remark hadn't been just a little too cocky.

"Methinks he doth protest too much," he murmured to himself and promptly forgot all about the colloquy.

Old Tom Soy was the wealthiest man in

New York's Chinatown, and the marriage celebration which he arranged in honor of his alliance with the faded blonde who had once spoken ten words and made thirteen changes of costume in an early Winter Garden entertainment, surpassed even the anticipation of Charley Morris. It was given on the floor above one of those spectacular Oriental restaurants, which lure and titillate the easily thrilled tourist, in an apartment resplendent with garish gold and red and Canton blue decorations, which was used only for elaborate functions on special occasions.

THE guests comprised an odd assortment of white, and yellow-skinned friends of the contracting parties. The white contingent included a group of "sporting men" from uptown—race-track followers, bookmakers, and a few not overly squeamish politicians—a movie actor or two, a well-known songwriter, and at least one playwright, thirty or more raucous-voiced and boldly handsome chorus girls, and a sprinkling of more or less sedate middle-aged business men, most of whom silently vanished into the exterior darkness at an early hour when surface indications began to suggest that the final festivities might involve a sudden descent by the police, an impossible contingency, it might be parenthetically recorded, because of the host's "solidity" with certain of the ruling powers. The Chinese guests were of all ages and dispositions, from the elderly and stoically reserved fellow merchants of the bridegroom, round-faced and spectacled, to the more furtive-looking younger men whose dark, shining eyes roved unpleasantly over the faces and figures of the white girls.

Charley Morris, sitting with a group of fellow reporters at a small table near the center of the room, found the atmosphere of the place distinctly interesting, and his sensitive mind began to soak up impressions for the story which he was to write. He found, too, after a slight struggle with himself, that the cocktails served as a prelude to the feast had a tang and old-time pungency strangely lacking in drinks of a similar character purchased in the devious by-ways of the city. The wines which followed were of a rare quality also, and under their mellowing influence Charley's surroundings took on a glamorous charm which caused him to forget the trifling cares and worries of the prosaic workaday world and which sent him giddily careening down the paths of glory.

Occasionally, in a fleeting moment of near-lucidity, there would come to him a realization that the proceedings were becoming somewhat rowdy, and that some of the



bolder spirits among the chorus girls were no longer scorning the attention of the leering yellow men. In one such moment he sat up with a sudden start at the sound of O'Malley's voice at his elbow.

"Some yarn, eh, Charley?" O'Malley remarked. "Makes the historic Seeley dinner look like a party in an old ladies' home."

Charley nodded sagely and tried to remember exactly what it was all about. Then a great silence enveloped him and he wandered in it through vast lush jungles of tropical foliage and watched, with a certain leisurely interest, gay groups of beautiful girls leaping from bough to bough pursued by malevolent looking Chinamen, all of whom closely resembled the laundryman with whom he argued weekly about missing collars. Presently one of the high trees crashed down on him and he screamed with terror. The forest seemed to disappear and he gazed blinkingly at a number of empty and littered tables. From the floor above came the tremulous wailing of a jazz orchestra. In a corner a slender blonde was sitting on the lap of a sedate looking old Chinaman and playfully pretending to pull his eye-brows. A half-dozen men in various states of suspended animation were festooned over the long center table where the bridal party had sat. A yellow boy helped Charley up from the floor.

"Him hurt much?" he inquired.

Charley gazed around, bewildered. The slender blonde caught his eye and waved her free arm.

"Hello, dearie," she called out tipsily. "Howd'ye like my cutie?"

Charley stumbled about, unheeding, on the arm of the yellow boy.

"What—what time is it?" he murmured.

"Him two-thirty, maybe."

A vague sense of uneasiness seized Charley. It wasn't exactly a panic. He was much too numbed for that.

"Two-thirty," he stammered—"two-thir—get taxi—get taxi—damned quick—taxi."

AS THE taxicab was chugging noisily up-town through the dark silences of Lafayette street a few minutes later he was able to recall dimly the fact that all the editions of the *Bulletin* except the last had gone to press, and that there was only a chance that he would reach the office in time to catch that one. He could remember vaguely, too, that he hadn't completely fallen down on a story in more than ten years, and the thought of missing this one gave him as disturbing a sensation as was possible under the existing conditions.

The façade of the Bulletin building loomed

formidably and overpoweringly before him as he emerged from the taxicab, and he stood on the street for just a moment looking up at it as if afraid to enter. Vague possibilities of disaster seemed to him to lurk inside, but an instinct beyond his control sent him stumbling through the swinging-doors and into the elevator at the end of the white-tiled corridor.

He thought at first, as he plunged through the gateway on the fourth floor, that the city room was empty, but the next moment he caught sight of Halligan's face, peering at him eagerly from under a green reflector hung above the raised desk. He saw, too, the blurred image of a lone copy-reader who seemed to be sleeping in a chair just below the city editor's platform. He moved unsteadily towards his desk, deciding that apologies were futile. Halligan's voice brought him up sharply.

"Got that story?"—the city editor's voice rasped unpleasantly.

"Sure," he mumbled, thickly. "Little late—sorry—great yarn."

Halligan was much too wary to attempt any lecturing at this particular stage. The important thing was to get as much of the story as was possible without unduly disturbing the hapless victim of circumstance. The moral homilies and the discipline could wait until the next afternoon.

"We're holding a spot on the front page," he said briskly. "Let it ride for a column if you've got enough dope—we'll make a three-column spread of it. Rush it now and don't be too fussy."

Charley murmured something unintelligible, lunged towards his desk and threw his hat from him to the other side of the room with a wide, sweeping gesture. He sat down, fumbled desperately with a sheet of copy-paper, finally succeeded in wedging it in the typewriter and settled down to write.

His fingers moved mechanically over the keys and a perfect sentence fell into place at the top of the sheet;

"The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

The first exercise that he had learned twenty years ago when he had begun to operate a typewriter, a sentence including all the letters in the alphabet. He stared at it with a curious fascination. Something vaguely whispered to him that it had absolutely nothing to do with the matter at hand. Let's see—Chinatown, wasn't it? Old Tom—banquet—no, taxicab, that was it, a taxicab ride—no, girls—beautiful girls—blonde girls, brunette girls, cocktails—sure, cocktails and O'Malley—great fellow, O'Malley—let's see—

"The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

THAT damned sentence again—what was the matter. No foxes—no dogs—banquet—banquet—banquet—O'Malley said great yarn—sure, great yarn—have to write great yarn—last edition—couldn't miss that—no, sir—never missed edition:

"The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

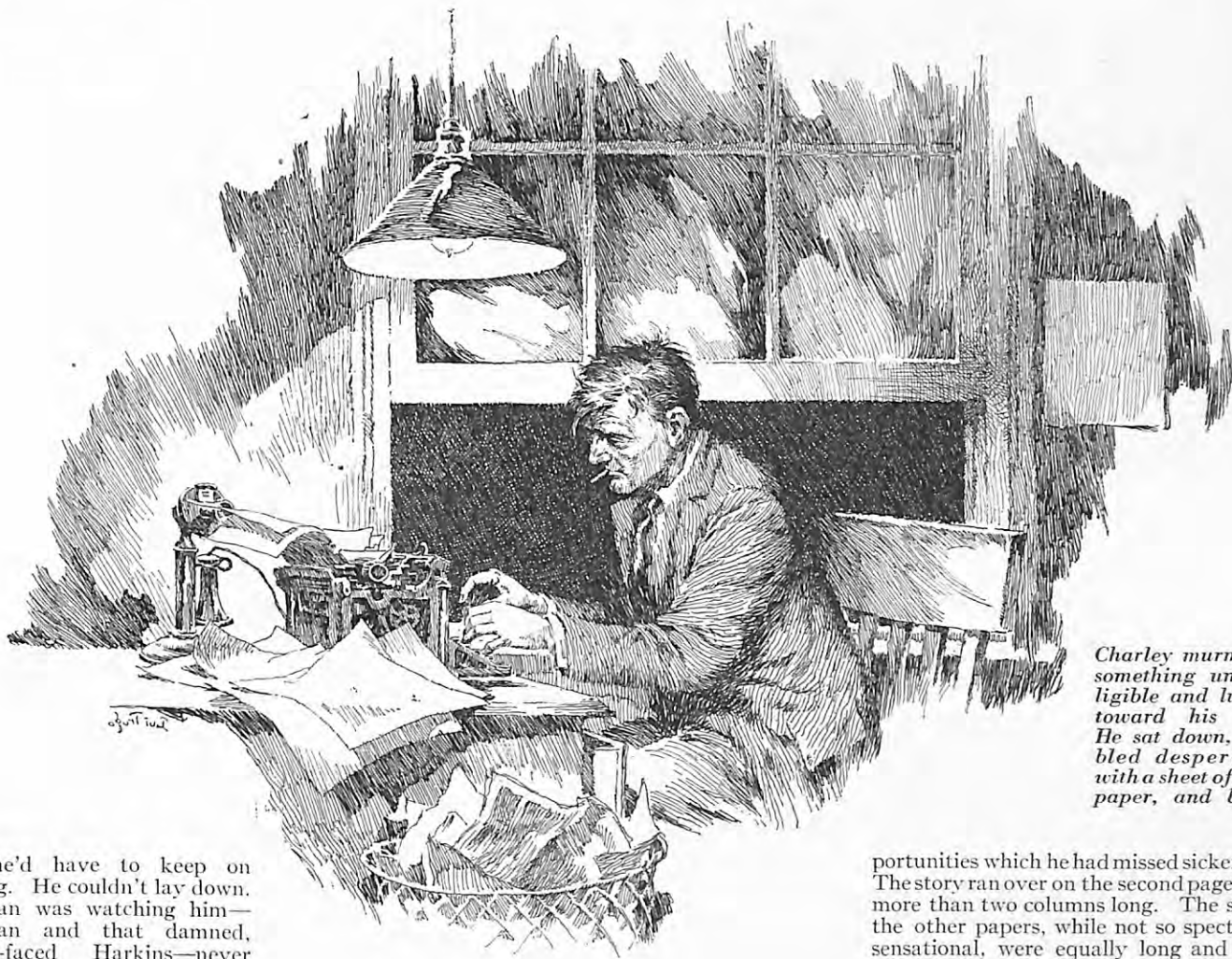
God—what was the matter with him? Halligan was waiting for the story—good scout, Halligan, never bawled him out or anything—sure, he'd show Halligan he could write a great yarn:

"The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog—the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog—the quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

Didn't mean anything,



Charley stumbled about, unheeding, on the arm of the yellow boy. "What-what time is it?" he murmured. "Him two-thirty, maybe." A vague sense of uneasiness seized Charley Morris



Charley murmured something unintelligible and lunged toward his desk. He sat down, fumbled desperately with a sheet of copy-paper, and began

but he'd have to keep on writing. He couldn't lay down. Halligan was watching him—Halligan and that damned, pulpy-faced Harkins—never liked Harkins—no sense of humor—just a dub. Halligan was all right—that was Halligan talking now:

"Got your lead ready?"

"Just a minute—just a minute."

"Well, hurry it up—get a jump on you. I'll tell 'em to hold."

"Jump—jump—sure—sure—that was it—jump:

"The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog—the quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

Nearly a page full of foxes and dogs and jumps. Never do—have to let 'em know sometime—damned hot—what was that?—Halligan quitting on him?—couldn't be—couldn't be—

He looked over his shoulder and saw Halligan and Harkins disappearing through the door that led to the composing room. The click of the linotype machines assailed his ears for a moment and then was cut off abruptly. He was alone. He gripped at the sides of the desk before him and pressed his fingers against them until he moaned with pain.

"God," he murmured, "oh, my God."

A MOMENTARY lucidity came upon him. He snatched out the sheet of copy-paper, flung it away and awkwardly inserted another. He clinched his teeth, summoning up his last reserve of nervous energy:

"Tom Soy, a wealthy 72-year-old Chinese merchant was married last night in Chinatown to Trixie Vandewater, white, aged 31, a former Winter Garden chorus girl. A hundred guests, including many well-known Broadway characters, participated in an indescribable orgy which followed the ceremony."

A mental lethargy seized him again as he finished. He pulled the sheet from the machine—dazedly, stumbled up to Halligan's desk, slipped it under a paper-

weight and plunged out of the empty room into the hall, bare-headed and bewildered. As he reached the hall there came to him again the momentary sound of the linotype machines, clipped off suddenly as before. He knew that Halligan had returned and he stumbled down the stairs like some panic-stricken small boy running away from a bogie-man in the dark.

A profound melancholy held Charley Morris in its grip when he awoke late the next afternoon. While he could recall only hazily the details of his adventures of the night before he knew that he had committed the unforgivable sin of the newspaper world. He had fallen down on an important assignment, not through bad luck, but through his own deliberate carelessness of consequences.

It was not until after he had breakfasted on two cups of coffee at the Newspaper Club that he had the courage to look at the morning papers. The first one that he picked up was not his own, but its most sensational rival. A two-column "spread head" leaped at him from the front page:

**YELLOW MEN AND WHITE GIRLS
IN CHINATOWN SATURNALIA**

There followed a lurid story of the revels of old Tom Soy's marriage feast written in Jack O'Malley's choicest picturesque style. Reading it vague memory pictures of the events of the night before crept back into Charley Morris' consciousness and the realization of the op-

portunities which he had missed sickened him. The story ran over on the second page and was more than two columns long. The stories in the other papers, while not so spectacularly sensational, were equally long and detailed and had front page positions with screaming headlines of commanding importance.

CHARLEY saved his inspection of the *Bulletin* for the end. He found his two bald sentences tucked away in the centre of the fourth column on the front page with a single line leading "Chinaman Weds Ex-Chorus Girl." Only that and nothing more. Halligan had done the best he could with the scant material at hand and the last edition ready to go to press. The *Bulletin's* star feature writer moaned audibly. A minute later, one of his younger co-workers, spying him on entering the reading room, brought tidings of a disturbing nature from the office.

"They've been telephoning for you over at the shop," he volunteered "and they told me if I bumped into you down here I was to tell you to dust over there."

"Blood on the moon, I suppose?"

The young reporter grinned.

"I guess so," he replied, "but cheer up—maybe it isn't as bad as it seems."

Charley refused to be enlivened by this bit of bromidic optimism. His first impulse was to forget everything and seek

a flight from reality at a certain side-street emporium where the eighteenth amendment was more honored in the breach than in the observance, but something deep-down in his cynical soul told him to face the music. He sprang up, found his hat and sallied forth determined decently to
(Continued on page 65)





The Man Outside

By Oscar Graeve

Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy

VISITORS to the office of the great Amalgamated Machinery Company on the fourteenth floor of the great Commonwealth Building were impressed by the man who sat at the outside desk.

The Amalgamated Machinery Company occupied the entire fourteenth floor of this stupendous building; one emerged from the elevator and was immediately precipitated into a luxurious reception room. The room was paneled with mahogany and a number of mahogany doors led to various mysterious destinations. The floor, of a curious rubberized material designed to muffle the tread of the obstreperous, was further covered with a few rugs of thick nap and subdued pattern. On the paneled mahogany walls hung etchings, by a particularly distinguished artist, of some of the more notable undertakings of the Amalgamated Machinery Company.

And in the center of this grandeur, at a polished mahogany desk, sat a dignified and polished looking elderly gentleman with a clipped white mustache and closely brushed silken white hair. Not far from his desk, against the wall, was a long mahogany bench and on this bench nestled restlessly a flock of young pages in neat, plum-colored uniforms, whose manners and habits, however, were not nearly as neat as their uniforms. They were slaves to the elderly gentleman's bidding. Yet he was forced to maintain a strict eye upon them. Which he did with complete success. For there was something in his glance that inspired the respect even of a flock of restless fledglings. Furthermore, the fledglings liked him.

When red-haired Terry Donahue's mother was ill, the elderly gentleman called at the Donahue flat in Eighth Avenue. "He brang her some flowers, he did," Terry explained later. "Gee, they was sweet! Mom, she couldn't stop smelling of them. An' he give me the money for the medicine. Mr. Ogden, he's all right, he is."

And to all of the fledglings Mr. Ogden was all right for some reason or other, for some kindness or other and, perhaps, even for some censure or other when a censure was well deserved.

The routine which a visitor to the Amalgamated Machinery Company went through was fixed and certain. He approached the desk at which Mr. Ogden sat. On a small white pad he wrote his name, the name of the man he wished to see and the purpose of his visit. The elderly gentleman took the pad, examined it, tore off the inscribed top sheet from the pad and tapped a bell on his desk. The fledgling who occupied the position on the bench nearest him (for they rotated in the course of their errands) took the sheet from the pad and proceeded

within. And all this routine was conducted with the utmost dignity and dispatch.

Of course there were exceptions. When a visitor was well known to Mr. Ogden and to the man he wished to see, Mr. Ogden so far unbent as simply to say, "Yes, he's in, sir! Go right in." And when any tremendously important visitor appeared Mr. Ogden himself had been known to conduct the visitor within.

On these rare occasions, when Mr. Ogden rose from his mahogany desk, one could appreciate the complete and quiet dignity of the man. One could realize properly the upright bearing of his full and thick-set figure, the dark, long-tailed coat he wore over dark, striped trousers, the immaculate white waistcoat crossed with the heavy gold links of an old-fashioned gold watch chain.

And many a visitor of an inquiring mind wondered why Mr. Ogden occupied the outside desk in the office of the Amalgamated Machinery Company. Say what you would, the position was an unimportant one. No matter with what dignity it was conducted, it was strange to see a gentleman of Mr. Ogden's dignity occupying it. "Funny!" many an observing visitor murmured to himself, "Why, the old boy looks as if he were the president of a bank!"

And the remarkable thing was that Mr. Ogden did look as if he were the president of a bank. But more remarkable still was the fact that he was the president of a bank.

Or, rather, he had been.

II

One January day, shortly before noon, an unusually important looking visitor stepped from the elevator on the fourteenth floor of the Commonwealth Building and approached the desk at which Mr. Ogden sat. The visitor had quick blue eyes set in a

ruddy face. He wore an overcoat lined with sable or some other excessively expensive fur. He carried a stick topped with gold. His Derby hat, rich and lustrous, sported a tiny feather tucked in the silk band that encircled the crown.

"I want to see—" he began in an emphatic way, in a voice evidently accustomed to saying things in an emphatic way; and then he stopped abruptly. He passed his gloved hand over his eyes as if he couldn't believe his eyes. And he exclaimed, "By crickety, George! Is it you? And what are you doing here?"

Mr. Ogden stood up and he looked disturbed and yet in some paradoxical manner he looked disturbed without losing his dignity. "Hello, Eddie!" he said calmly.

The two men shook hands.

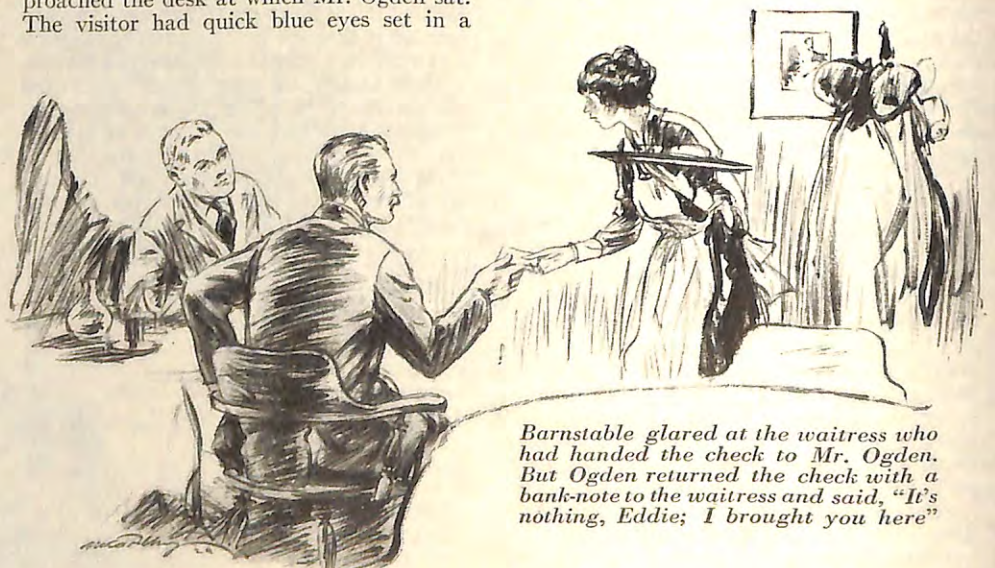
"BUT what does it mean?" asked the important looking gentleman presently. "We all thought—" again he stopped abruptly.

"Yes, I know what you thought, Eddie. You thought I was dead."

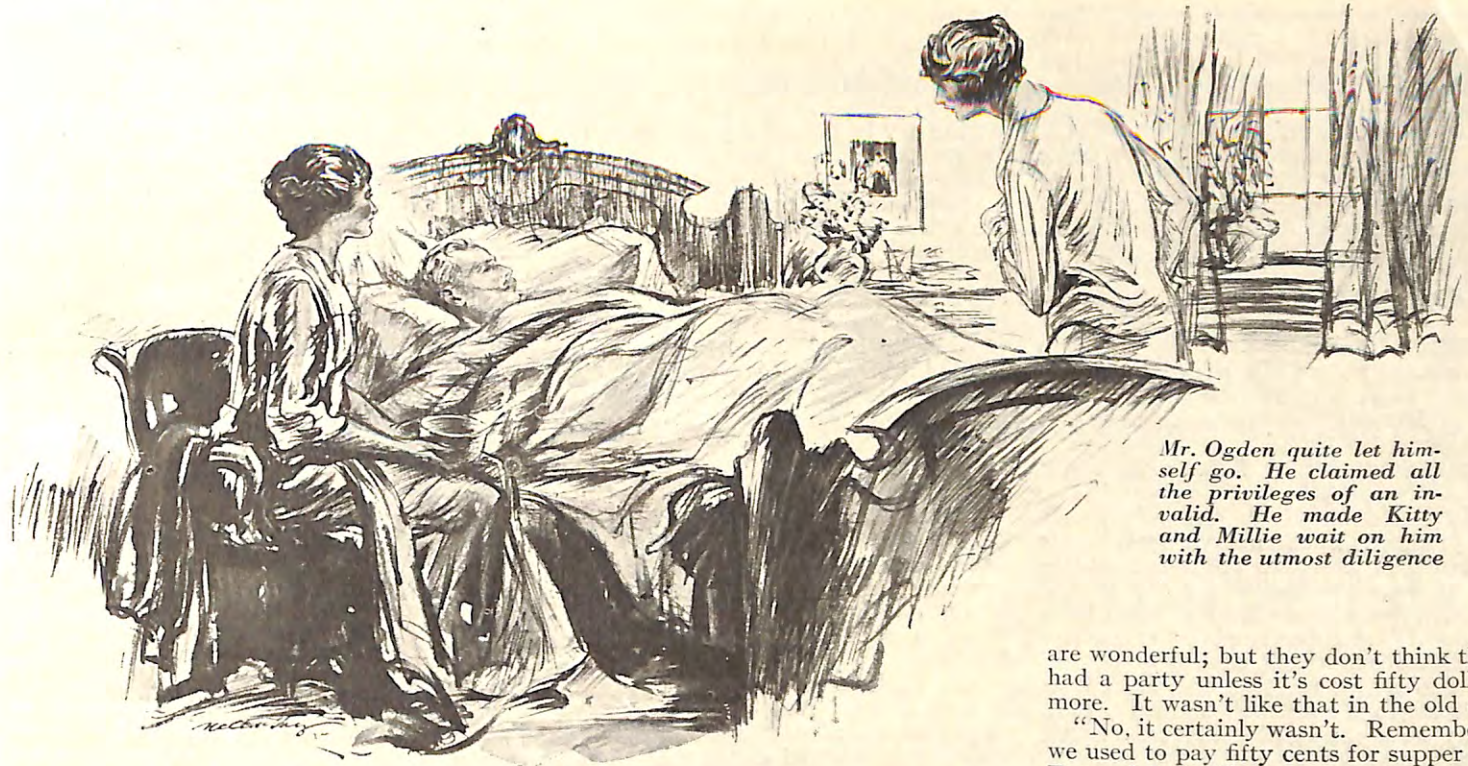
"And why not?" asked the gentleman so familiarly and strangely addressed as Eddie. "There was some talk that you'd gone East; and then nobody heard from you, nobody had seen you and so we all thought—"

"Why shouldn't you? I'm not as young as I once was."

"We're neither of us as young as we once were, my boy. But I want to hear all about it." Eddie looked at his watch—"Say, I want to see a fellow named Prindle. I won't be with him very long. And after that you come and have lunch with me. What about it?"



Barnstable glared at the waitress who had handed the check to Mr. Ogden. But Ogden returned the check with a bank-note to the waitress and said, "It's nothing, Eddie; I brought you here"



Mr. Ogden quite let himself go. He claimed all the privileges of an invalid. He made Kitty and Millie wait on him with the utmost diligence

"Well—"
 "Sure! You've got to come. I won't take no for an answer. They've put me up at the Metropole Club. We'll hop in a taxi and run up there and have a good, old-fashioned talk—"

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Eddie. My lunch hour is from twelve to one."

Eddie looked uncomfortable. His glance traveled a little malevolently over the luxurious reception room of the Amalgamated Machinery Company. "Say, this is a danged shame, George! This is no place for you. We've got to get you out of here. It makes me feel rotten to find you've come down—er—to find you tied down like this."

"It's all right, Eddie. I'll go out to lunch with you. There's a nice little place down the street where we can have lunch."

"Why, the Café Saladin is downstairs in this building, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"
 Eddie, still uncomfortable, capitulated. "All right. We'll go to your little place, George. I'll be out in half-an-hour at the most."

"All right, Eddie. I'll show you into Mr. Prindle's office. No! Wait a minute!" Mr. Ogden tapped the bell on his desk and said to the fledgling who answered, "Tell Mr. Prindle Mr. Barnstable wants to see him."

An hour later, Mr. Ogden and Mr. Barnstable sat at Mr. Ogden's customary table in the quiet little place around the corner and down the street. And no matter what Mr. Barnstable thought of it, and he took good care not to reveal what he thought, it wasn't a bad little place.

The two elderly gentlemen lingered over their thick china mugs of coffee.

Mr. Barnstable, his voice emphatic again, was pounding the table. "But it wasn't your fault, George. Nobody thought it was your fault! Not for one minute. It was that damned scalawag of a nephew of yours—"

"Yes, but he was my nephew, Eddie. And it was I who got him the position."

"You weren't responsible, George. Nobody thought that."

"We paid back every cent."
 "Sure you did! And ruined yourself. But why did you run away after that? Your friends, and you had a lot of 'em, George, good friends, too, were ready to stand by you. You could have had a fine position of some kind."

"Yes; because people were sorry for me."
 "No! You shouldn't have run away like that."

"It was hard to stay."
 "It was never hard for you to face things, old man. Remember how we faced things back in the days when the panic struck us?"

"Yes, but that was different. It wasn't only I who had to face them this time. There was Katherine. And Millie. It was hard for them. I had to take Millie out of that school and you know how a kid feels things like that. They couldn't have the same things they were used to and it was better to start fresh somewhere else where nobody knew what they'd had to give up."

"The trouble with you is you're too danged proud, George."

"No, it isn't that. You see, he was Katherine's nephew, Eddie. She felt pretty bad about it. I had to get Katherine away. Why, she couldn't face her friends."

"What good are friends if they don't stand by you, George? It wasn't your fault and it certainly wasn't Katherine's."

"WELL, you know how a woman like Katherine feels. She'd always held her head so high."

"Yes, she did," said Mr. Barnstable reflectively. "'Proud and pretty'—that's what we used to call Kitty in the old days. Remember 'Proud and pretty'? Jiminy, how riled it used to get her. And, by gad, she was pretty!"

Mr. Ogden's face lighted. "Yes, wasn't she!—the prettiest of the bunch. Remember when the crowd of us used to go up to Tupper's Lake in winter for the skating?"

"Do I remember! Remember the baked beans that old woman used to give us Sunday nights? The youngsters don't have the good times nowadays that we used to have, George—not with all their jazz and paint and gin. Why, my youngsters, George,

are wonderful; but they don't think they've had a party unless it's cost fifty dollars or more. It wasn't like that in the old days."

"No, it certainly wasn't. Remember how we used to pay fifty cents for supper out at Tupper's Lake?"

"Yes; and then sometimes we didn't know where the fifty cents was coming from. . . . How—how's your youngster, George?"

Mr. Ogden's face became perfectly luminous. "Oh, she's fine, Eddie! She's a great girl."

"What's she doing? Didn't she want to study music or something?"

"It was painting, Eddie."

"SURE! I remember now. Why, I think Estelle's still got a little water-color sketch Millie did. Has she gone on with it?"

"No, you see—"

Mr. Barnstable laid his hand for a moment on Mr. Ogden's arm. "Yes, I see, George. I was a danged fool to ask. What is she doing?"

"She's working in an office. She's smart, Eddie, even if I shouldn't say it. She gets thirty-five a week. That's pretty good for a young girl, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. Let's see—how old is Millie now?"

"She's twenty-three, but she doesn't look it."

"And I'll bet she's pretty! As pretty as Kitty was?"

"Yes, she is. I think she's prettier than Kitty, maybe"—Mr. Ogden gave vent to a peculiar, choking laugh—"but I wouldn't want Kitty to hear me say that."

"I should say not!"—Mr. Barnstable laughed, too—"Proud and pretty"—that was Kitty, always. And what about yourself, George? How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Eddie. Fine! Of course, I'm not as young as I was."

"Neither of us are, old boy. It's a shame you've got to stick to that danged job of yours at your age."

"The job's all right, Eddie. It's a good job. Nice people. It's all right. It's only once in a while I have a little trouble with my back—"

"What you need is a good long rest."

Mr. Ogden shook his head. "No, Eddie, keeping in harness keeps me young."

"Not that kind of harness, George. I couldn't stand it. Why, I couldn't keep going without a little while in Florida in winter and a long while in the mountains in

summer and a fishing-trip in spring. Honest, I'm getting to be a regular loafer. But I think a man's entitled to loaf when he's reached our age."

"Yes, but—"

"I know what you're going to say, old boy. But it might be fixed. You don't think I'd go on talking this way, do you, if I didn't have a little plan on my mind? You've got a lot of friends, George. More than you think. Better friends than you think."

"Now, look here, Eddie—"

"YES, and most of the old crowd are rolling around in their limousines, George. Why, did you hear about Henry Marsh. Henry cleaned up a million or two in that steel deal."

"Now, listen, Eddie, I don't want you to—"

"Oh, that's all right, George! Don't get on your ear. The trouble with you is that you've always been too danged proud"—suddenly Mr. Barnstable shouted in the most outrageous way—"Here let me have that check!" And he glared at the waitress who had handed it to Mr. Ogden.

But Mr. Ogden returned the check with a banknote to the waitress and said, "It's nothing. It's nothing at all, Eddie. And I brought you here."

"Well, I'd take you out and buy you the best dinner the town'd give us to-night, but I'm leaving this afternoon. Got to go, too. Jiminy, I'm sorry! I'd like to see Kitty and the kid. Say, George, isn't there something I can do?"

"No, there's nothing, Eddie," said Mr. Ogden firmly.

"You needn't be so uppish about it, old man."

"I appreciate your offer, Eddie, but—"

Mr. Barnstable stood up. He wriggled his stout arms into the coat lined with sable or some other excessively expensive fur. "Well maybe there is something I can do, and maybe there isn't," he muttered stubbornly.

III

A week later, as Mr. Ogden sat at his desk in the outside office, a letter was

handed to him. A letter addressed to him in care of the Amalgamated Machinery Company was a rare occurrence. In this case it was a devastating occurrence. His lips trembled as he read the letter. During the day he re-read it six or seven times. That evening he carried it home buttoned closely within his inside pocket.

Sometimes Mr. Ogden walked home from the offices of the Amalgamated Machinery Company in lower Broadway to his apartment in lower Sixth Avenue. Confined to his desk all day he felt that the exercise did him good, but of late his back (ch, of course, it was nothing!) had been troubling him quite a little. Much more than he admitted to Mrs. Ogden. For that matter, much more than he admitted to himself. So on the night of the day the letter of devastating content arrived, he journeyed home, as he had lately, in a Broadway surface car, alighted at Ninth Street and walked over to Sixth Avenue.

Mr. Ogden's apartment was in Sixth Avenue not far from Ninth Street. The third floor up. Two flights of stairs covered with ambiguous red carpet and there you were. Outside the windows of the tiny front room the elevated trains thundered by like strings of lighted chariots black with passengers. At first you minded the noise, but you soon got used to it. Both Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Ogden agreed that you soon got used to it. Only Millie Ogden, their daughter, who was of a singularly honest nature, declared that you never got used to it and that it was a shame that her father and mother had to put up with it. As for her, of course, it didn't matter. She was young and could stand anything.

Once, and not very long ago, the apartment building in which the Ogdens lived had been known simply as a flat-house; but the owners had plastered over it a thin coat of pale yellow stucco, painted the woodwork around the windows and doors a bright green, christened the result "Kenilworth Chambers" and doubled the rents. And so,

of course, it was no longer merely a flat-house. It was an apartment building of rather a superior nature.

Having climbed the two flights of stairs, stopping for a moment at the landings to rest his back, Mr. Ogden unlocked a door, also painted a bright green, and entered. He laid his hat and coat on a chair in the dark and narrow hall and went into the kitchen.

"Good-evening, Kitty."

Mrs. Ogden wiped flour from her hands with a towel and then placed her hands on Mr. Ogden's shoulders and kissed him. "Good-evening, dear. How's your back?"

"It's all right. Millie home yet?"

"No; she won't be home for dinner."

"Is she going out with that young fellow again?"

"Yes. Now, don't worry, George. He's a nice young fellow. Let the girl have a

good time while she can."

"I'm not worrying, Kitty. He is a nice young fellow. A little self-centered maybe, but all young people are like that nowadays. Except Millie." Yet Mr. Ogden sighed. To him, there was no young fellow living good enough for his adored and incomparable Millie.

MR. OGDEN left Mrs. Ogden in the kitchen and went into the front room. He hadn't forgotten the letter. Not for one minute had he forgotten the letter. An elevated train clattered and rattled by the window, but for once he didn't hear it so absorbed was he in the thought of the letter. Should he tell Kitty about the letter? What would Kitty say? And at the thought of what Kitty might say, might insist, a sudden swelling and indignant pain rose within him that was much worse than any pain his troublesome back had ever given him.

No, he wouldn't tell Kitty about the letter. He didn't dare tell her. He'd never tell any one about that letter. Neither Kitty nor Millie. In the morning he'd write Eddie Barnstable and tell him his idea was impossible. Oh, he'd make his reply courteous enough. Eddie was a fine fellow! He meant well. He didn't want to offend Eddie. But Eddie should have more sense, ought to know better how he, George, would feel about an offer like that. Again that sudden indignant pain rose within him.

Yet in deciding to withhold the news of the letter from Kitty, Mr. Ogden felt a culprit and a sneak. Why, there was nothing—nothing!—he had ever withheld from Kitty. Except, of course, about his back. But that was different.

After dinner, after Mrs. Ogden had washed the dishes and Mr. Ogden, his dark, long-tailed coat removed, had dried them, the two sat in the front room on either side of the table which held the reading lamp. Mr. Ogden with the evening paper. Mrs. Ogden with some mending. And any one, seeing them, would have thought what a quiet domestic scene it was, pleasant, home-like, a scene that was duplicated at that hour,

(Continued on page 66)



The father and mother were lingering purposely at the breakfast table. When Millie came in she was pale but she was tranquil





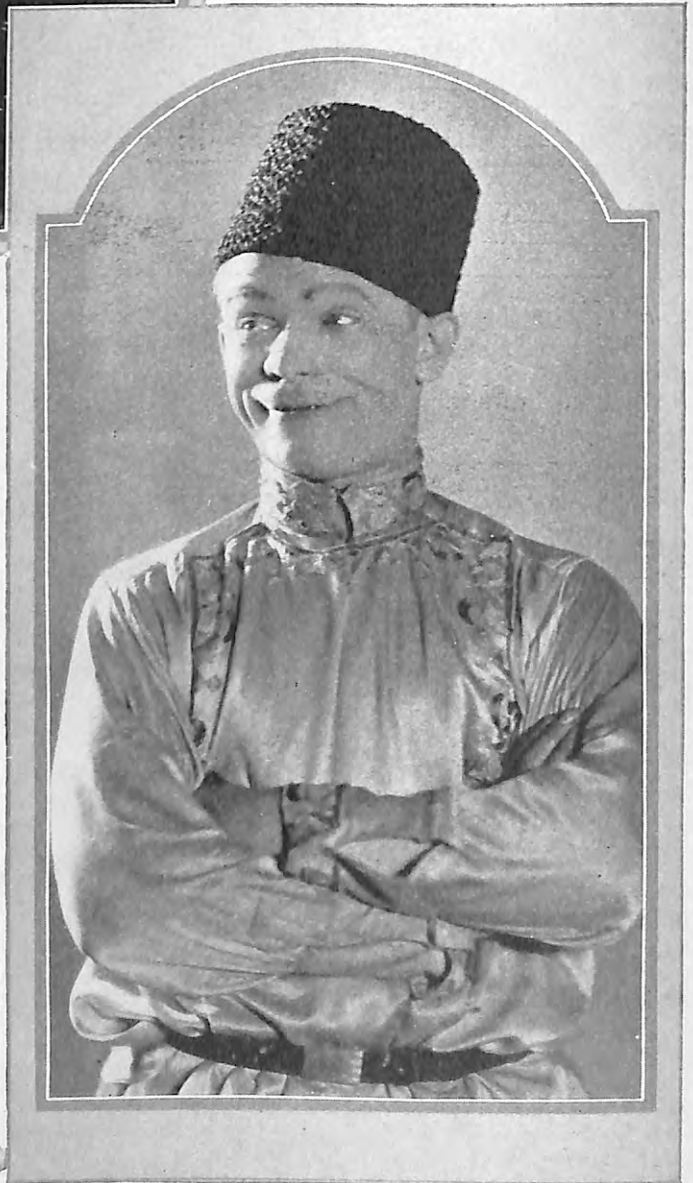
Fay Bainter
in
"The Dream Girl"

MAURICE GOLDBERG

THE tuneful lure of Victor Herbert's last score and a clever adaptation of that old romantic standby "The Road to Yesterday" have brought Fay Bainter happily back to musical comedy. The play has its quota of bad spots but Miss Bainter is excellent as usual, Walter Woolf as her leading man looks handsome and sings well, and the voices of the male chorus are much above par. In one scene at least their performance and grouping is comparable with the work of the Russian Artists "Chauve Souris"



The spirit of romantic patriotism that surrounds the making of our first flag has been woven into an effective and moving screen drama entitled "The Birth of The Star Spangled Banner" in which Miss E. Landay plays the part of Betsy Ross. Uncle Sam and George Washington are the only other persons in the play



The "Passing Show of 1924" has rather a heavier cargo of sketches than usual, which gives James Barton an opportunity for some straight comedy acting that is proving a very popular addition to his bag of tricks. Mr. Barton remains the brightest light in a revue that is all very good

"Be Yourself" is the title of a musical piece which, at the time of going to press, is the latest result of the Kaufman-Connelly collaboration. The authors have contributed funny lines and some lyrics that assay higher than the average. Queenie Smith (shown at the left) contributes most of the entertainment, dancing with Jack Donahue

Mary Young and Henry Stephenson in "Dancing Mothers," by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. This would be just another futile display of the neglected wife who plunges into wicked gaiety and repents forever after, were it not that in this case the wife displays unexpected stamina in the last act wherein she makes it plain to her lord that her escapade is the prologue to a separation



Florence Johns (below) has no opportunity to wear lovely Spanish shawls in her rôle of Millie, the chorus girl, in "The Best People." David Gray and Avery Hopwood have written this amusing story of a successful lawyer of proud descent who is brought by various dramatic episodes to look upon the mesalliances of his pampered son and daughter as their surest guarantee of salvation



NICKOLAS MURAT



NICKOLAS MURAT

A play about a play which required a good deal of plotting and deception on the part of the heroine—played by Elizabeth Hines—to get itself produced, is the substance of "Marjorie" for which Sigmund Romberg has written pleasing if ephemeral tunes

Easy Reading

Selected from the Open Bookshelves of Autumn

By Claire Wallace Flynn

JOSEPH CONRAD is gone! To have really died, as the common run of us die and vanish, he would have had to take with him on that last, distant voyage every volume of his that ever came off the press.

But he has left them behind, those magnificent, radiant tales, as his immortal legacy to us. Though the grief is not past, "the glory dies not!"

We have talked a lot about Conrad in these columns; loved him as a distinguished and marvelous gentleman and urged each other to read his great sea stories. Now the sum total of his work has been given us and in that long line of magic books, romance, psychology, adventure, love and the hidden meanings of life find their highest and most dramatic expression.

Sinclair Lewis has written another American novel which at the present time is running serially in a monthly magazine. In the spring, however, it will take its place as a plump volume beside *Main Street* and *Babbitt* and receive the votes of the populace. It is pretty safe gambling to bet on Mr. Lewis's candidate. His heroes have a way of sweeping the country. And they are first rate fellows at that. Good, plain, pie-eating Americans.

Rudyard Kipling, speaking at Oxford to the Rhodes scholars early in the summer, said, amongst other wise things: "For you will be delivered to life in a world where, at its worst, no horror is now incredible, no folly unthinkable, no adventure inconceivable."

This, of course, is so true that we wonder why Mr. Kipling bothered to put it into words. Nothing is astounding except the fact that with all the incredibilities and inconceivabilities which the gods choose to send us we still have any chinks left to be filled up with the stuff that novelists write.

But the chinks are there, and the authors and the books are there. It is, after all, merely a question of fitting the tale to the chink, and making everybody happy.

Tales of Yesterday

"THE GOLDEN LADDER," by Rupert Hughes, is designed for all lovers of dashing romance and for all students of the early days of New York City.

The ladder of Mr. Hughes's story is the one to celebrity and fortune climbed so dauntlessly by the little outcast from Providence, Rhode Island, who finally became the historic Madame Jumel. The perfect place in which to read this novel is on some bench in the quaint garden of the Jumel Mansion in Manhattan. The house is now owned by The Daughters of the American Revolution. They maintain it not because it was the pride and boast of Betty Jumel, who looked down from its high portico upon an unfriendly city, but because prior to Stephen Jumel's buying the lovely place for his wife, it had served as army headquarters for General Washington.

But alas for Presidents and military expedience, the Jumel Mansion is so replete with the traditions of the indomitable Betty that the ghost of the Father of His Country is merely acknowledged when one

visits the old place—the interest belongs all to the lady.

It was to this hill-top mansion that Betty came after years and years of climbing, of bitter experiences, of dread that her unsavory past in Providence would bump into her every time she turned a corner.

She had been to France and had seen Paris frenzied by the Revolution, she had befriended one poor victim of Robespierre's cruelty, and she had returned to New York

bit of the writing on the back of the picture added.

Long, long after that visit of condolence, the widow Jumel (poor Stephen had died) walked into the law office of Aaron Burr to ask him to administer her estate. They had never met before. Burr was seventy-eight years of age and the famous Betty, by that time, was sixty. Yet, Mr. Hughes assures us that the ardor for romance was not chilled in the old man, who was still witty and brilliant although a complete social outcast, nor had all traces of beauty departed from the once tempting woman.

At any rate, with money at one end of the string and a new name at the other, the aged knot was tied. "Madame," said Burr, "I can contribute to your honorable and comfortable isolation the companionship of the most disliked man on this side of the ocean."

Well, "The Golden Ladder" is a good novel. In fact, it is more than that. Primarily, it is the story of one woman with dark and tragic beginnings who ultimately took her place in the legends of little old New York. But beyond that, it is a stirring history of the times, and the times stretch from before the French Revolution to our Civil War. Such was the long span of this woman's life. When we consider that she lived until the boyhood of our own grandfathers, history loses all vagueness and becomes a mere matter of yesterday.

Mr. Hughes knows early New York and its people. He has a great many facts at the tip of his pen, but we do wish he wouldn't hurl them into the midst of his narrative the way he does. "Hurl" is really the impression that some of these passages give us. A small fault, however, and one that may go unnoticed by half his enchanted readers.

The book has no dull moments; it covers a broad canvas and is splashed on with blazing colors. We are confident as to its value as romance, but we are not so sure that the author has succeeded in presenting this celebrated character in such a manner that she will be accepted as "the nearest her nation has come to furnishing a Maintenon or a Du Barry to the dull envy of the respectables."

"FOR LOVE OF A SINNER," by Robert Gordon Anderson. This time the sinner is a man, and no less a person than François Villon, the poet, the ragged troubadour who stole from the rich and gave to the poor, who fought for sheer love of brawling, who made verses that all France sang in the fifteenth century and all lovers of poetry read in the twentieth, who made love to tavern girls and was in turn loved by a great lady.

Here is a story told in a high key, with here and there a deep note of tragedy and heartbreak. It is absorbing reading.

We have an abominable way of not quite finishing a good book when the last word is reached. We close the volume, it is true, but we invariably ask, "and then what?"

We can not help wondering what Mr. Anderson intends to do with the material he has on hand. For, surely he has twice as much information of rough, reckless

(Continued on page 78)

Books Reviewed This Month

The Golden Ladder, by Rupert Hughes. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

For Love of a Sinner, by Robert Gordon Anderson. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York)

The Singing Season, by Isabel Paterson. (Boni & Liveright, New York)

The Coming of Amos, by William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

Ordeal, by Dale Collins. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

The Widow's House, by Kathleen Coyle. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

How to Write Short Stories, by Ring Lardner. (Scribner's, New York)

Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything, by Courtney Ryley Cooper. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Laugh It Off, by Strickland Gillilan. (Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

Blue Beads and Amber, by Mary Virginia Harriss. (The Norman, Remington Co., Baltimore, Md.)

as Madame Delacroix, a name to which she had no right. She was beautiful and wondrously dressed and could speak some French. Also, she could curdle the blood of any listener with the true account of how she saw sixteen heads chopped off in fourteen minutes in the Place de Grève on a day which was an excessively busy one for the guillotine. But not even her new accent and her touch with the Revolution could get Betty accepted in the "best New York families."

Captain Delacroix, jealous old sea-dog, threw her out of his house one wintry night, and the city laughed aloud. Then along came Stephen Jumel, gazed into Betty's eyes, and pretty soon she was riding down Broadway in a gilded coach and creating considerable scandal. Jumel married her at last—tricked into a ceremony by the tenacious lady—but even that did not admit her into the drawing rooms of the élite.

True, she called on Mrs. Alexander Hamilton to express her regret at the great man's death the day after he was killed in his famous duel with Aaron Burr, but it profited her nothing.

Aaron Burr! Rupert Hughes gives us, perhaps, as interesting a portrait of this mysterious figure in American annals as we have ever met. It is human and unprejudiced—both sides of the face at once and a



"A machine-gun—and a bomb! Come on!" called Maguire swinging his frightened horse about. "We've got to beat it!"

Grease Paint and Jade

Part V

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige

THEY started that same afternoon and made good progress. They had paid off the women's Mongol cameleer at Umrutsi, but found no difficulty in hiring guides from village to village, from nomad camp to nomad camp; and—nearing the Russian border on the west and the British Indian border on the south—they encountered no hostility among the natives, who were used to occasional traveling Europeans, but, on the contrary, a great deal of friendly hospitality.

Then, as they neared Kuldja, land and people changed. They entered the great steppes that stretch through all that part of Central Asia, through hundreds of miles into Siberia and across ranges and rivers into the heart of southern Russia.

Lonely steppes; drab and tan; quiet and muffled; with no shocks of sudden green verdure; with nothing in color or contour to jar the sober symphony; with a mere suspicion of rolling hills that seemed as if dove-tailed into the tight, blue-gray horizon . . . like an empty theatre abandoned to the ghosts of yesterday, the thought came to Maguire.

There were few nomad camps; only here and there a squat, crouching felt tent, pitched under the crest of the great yellow dunes or in some wrinkle of the rock face of the waste. Too few humans. Only occasionally a Tartar working a pebbly field of small-grained wheat, pounding along doggedly with head downcast, bare feet dragging through the furrows as he pulled against the plough.

Here Maguire and the two women found little hospitality, hardly a greeting tossed in passing. For life here was too hard and bitter. It could not rise above the tough facts of the soil.

It depressed Maguire; depressed Ann; depressed even the patient, sentimental German woman. It weighed upon them; made them silent, morose, pessimistic.

"If only somebody would laugh or yell—

or even curse!" Maguire said one day. "Anything for a bit of noise!"

And, as if in answer, there came a noise; very faint and far at first, though distinct in the thin, clean air of the steppes; then coming nearer with a humming and zumming; finally a great, throaty roaring—and it brought back memories to Maguire. He guessed. He imagined. He knew!

His eyes scanned the horizon.

"Look—" he shouted. "Look—an airplane . . ."

His first surprise was topped by his second; his second by consternation and quick action.

For hardly had he seen the airplane cut through the sky when—simultaneously with his seeing the plane, the pilot must have seen the three riders—it descended in a straight nose dive, then banked. The next moment Maguire saw, flaming intermittently, something like a chain of small red-hot balls dropping, swinging to and fro like a glowing pendulum as the plane swooped in the beginning of a downward loop while, clear above the motors' zumming chant, there peaked a steely, staccato, minatory noise such as he had not heard in years, but which he remembered with a curious, illogical mingling of exultation and fear: *rat-tat-tat . . . tsk-pff-tsk . . . rat-tat-tat . . . a hollow, nasal, portentous bannng . . . again the rat-tat-tat; and a sound like the tearing of thin, tightly stretched silk, while a second later a sheet of dazzling, whitish-blue light crawled swiftly along the ground, seemed to rebound and jump to the zenith in yellow, racing flames.*

"What is it?" exclaimed Ann.

"A machine-gun—and a bomb!"

"*Lieber Gott!*" wailed the Countess.

"What for?"

"Search me! No time to find out right now. Come on!" Swinging his frightened horse about. "We've got to beat it!"

He pointed at a huge granite boulder which, protruding at a sharp angle from the steppes where they shelved into a steep valley, formed a sort of overlapping cave; an ideal shelter from air attack, exposed only to fire from level ground. They raced their horses there while the flyer, seeing their maneuver, jerked his ship in a neat Immelman turn and flew parallel, shooting burst after burst, releasing another bomb from the rack.

They reached the shelter none too soon.

"A close shave!" Maguire breathed with relief.

Presently the machine-gun ceased firing. Maguire dismounted and, warily, crept to the entrance of the cave and looked up.

The pilot must have seen the uselessness of wasting bombs and bullets on the rock cave. He was now dropping a couple of hundred feet in a slow, graceful spiral.

"COMING down to fight us," said Maguire. "Wonder what we had better. . . ." He interrupted himself—"Wait!"—as, just then with the ship dropping another short distance, there came a vast silence.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, as the silence in the air continued. He understood the predicament the pilot was up against. "And serve him right!" he commented. "Popping at us with his silly gun—and didn't look after the gauges—and now the bus is giving him trouble."

"Trouble!" the pilot echoed in his thoughts.

His motors, a few seconds earlier, had stammered and spluttered protestingly. He had paid no attention, keen on scoring a mark on the three riders before they reached shelter. Then the motors had missed in a series of snapping, explosive hiccoughs, while the speed became loggy, with the tachometer needle gradually dropping and the propeller slowing its revolutions until the air stream alone kept it moving.

He tried to make the motors hit again by a sudden flushing of gas, with spark and throttle. He did not succeed. So now he began one of those thrilling, breathless



struggles where a flyer matches his nerve and knowledge—perhaps, too, a little, his fatalism—against an unholy, inimical trinity of wind

and air and balking, man-clouted machinery. Maguire rushed from shelter.

“Oh—” asked Ann—“Don’t—don’t . . . the danger . . .”

“No danger, child. That bird is up against it for fair. He won’t be in fighting shape or mood when he comes down. He’ll need a helping hand. I know. I’ve been a flyer myself.”

Below, short, thorny trees studded an edge of forest that dovetailed here into the steppe. So the pilot had to choose his landing place warily.

A gamble with death it was: keeping the ship to flying speed; dropping in a slow spiral; stalling into landing with dead power and with controls that were practically useless; the heavy motors threatening to sag the plane into a nose dive which would have meant headlong dash and crash and mashing both man and machine into pulp.

Maguire hurried up as fast as he could. But the machine dropped out of sight behind a clump of dwarf acacias before he could reach there. When he did, he saw that the pilot had succeeded without crashing the plane, but that he had crumpled in a faint into the cockpit.

He called to the women. They hurried to the scene, and helped Maguire lift the unconscious man to the ground.

Quickly they removed his flying helmet and goggles and beheld a pale, young face, good looking and powerful beneath its coating of dirt and grime, with honey-colored hair that a woman might have envied and curiously high cheekbones which gave to the countenance—so European and Norse in every other characteristic—a queerly Oriental twist.

“A Russian!” was Maguire’s first thought. Examination showed that the man had broken his right arm in two places—smashed it perhaps against the fuselage or caught it in the rudder bar—and they gave him first aid with the scant means at their disposal.

HERE Countess von Pahlen was in her element. She was no longer the patient, sentimental Teuton. Quick she was and superbly efficient, improvising bandages and splints, ordering Ann about; and when Maguire, who felt clumsy and useless, tried to lend a helping hand, she told him to “go away! You are not helping—only hindering. Men are no good in an emergency.”

“All right, von Hindenburg,” he replied. “I guess I’ll take a look at the bus.”

He did, and marveled at what he saw. The plane was different in many ways, in a dozen new technical particulars, from any that he had ever seen or ridden at the front. It seemed a cross between a huge Haviland bomber and a speedy Italian Caproni, with

a tremendous wing-spread, extraordinary strength and massiveness in every strut, and generous room for three passengers and baggage.

There were three motors—four hundred and fifty horse-power each, Maguire guessed—and four huge gas tanks.

“One of those hundred and fifty mile birds,” Maguire said to Ann over his shoulder, “and look at these tanks. Enough gas in them for several days’ flying hours. Some mechanical genius built this bus—built her for a long trip—and for a mighty special purpose, I’ll tell the world!”

“Yes!” said a slightly guttural voice; and the American turned to see that the pilot had come out of his fainting fit. “Built for a special purpose—you’re right! Built by a genius! But what good will it do now? What good . . .?” And he pointed at his bandaged, broken arm; tried to raise it; then desisted with a spasm of pain.

“Well—” said Maguire—“I’d be a liar if I said I’m sorry. If you had attended to your knitting instead of popping at us with your gun and your bombs it wouldn’t have happened. By the way—now I think of it—

that shooting of yours—what was the big idea anyway?”

“I thought you were . . .”

“What?”

“Oh—enemies . . .”

“Enemies or not—it was a dirty trick to shoot at women . . .”

“I couldn’t tell from above that they were. You see—pardon—but they wear . . .”

“Breeches! Right-oh!” laughed Ann.

A MOMENT later, the man thanked his rescuers with rather stilted politeness; and when the Countess, who was careful of social conventions even in times of stress, had introduced herself and the other two, he told them who he was.

“Vyacheslav Konstantinovitch Dolgoruki—formerly of the Tsar’s bodyguard . . .”

Stretched there on the ground, wounded, helpless, grimy with oil; yet, as he gave name and rank, one could almost imagine a jingling of silver spurs, a martial clicking of heels, a white-gloved hand coming to the salute against an immense fur busby.

Dolgoruki—it meant little to Maguire and

Limehouse Ann: but seemed to mean a great deal to the Countess.

“Was—” she exclaimed—“are you by any chance a relative of old Prince . . .?”

“Yes,” the flyer interrupted. “Prince Konstantin Fyodorovitch was my father.”

“You mean—the former Ambassador to Berlin?”

“The same, *Madame la Comtesse!*”

“Who married Baroness Monica de Colorado-Wittgenstein—?”

“Indeed.”

“*Du lieber Gott!*” the Countess commented, bromidically—“she was my mother’s second cousin three times removed! Isn’t the world small?”

And, mixing their English fantastically and recklessly with French, German, Russian, and Italian, they went into a lengthy

conversation which seemed to include half the nobility and all the crowned heads of Europe, while Maguire and Ann looked on, both really, to tell the truth, a little impressed, yet ashamed, deep in their aggressive, unorthodox Anglo-Celtic souls, at the very fact of being impressed.

“Hm-m—” Maguire finally whispered to the girl—“toney bunch we’re moving in, princes and dukes and three or four counts. Well—never mind—I belong to the K. of C. myself—and the American Legion—besides being a Native Son!”

Very suddenly—typical of his dark Slav soul—Dolgoruki fell into morose, tragic taciturnity; and when Maguire, pointing at the sinking sun, suggested that it was getting too late to do anything today and that they had better camp here, he shrugged his shoulders.

“Very well,” he murmured; was again silent while Ann and the Countess prepared supper and while Maguire, busying himself with the camp fire, told Dolgoruki that they were on their way to Kuldja.

“I guess you’ll find a doctor there,” he added. “We have three extra horses. Two are plenty to carry our packs with a little shifting about. D’you think you can steer a horse with your left arm if we ride slow?”

“Yes—I used to be in the cavalry—and Kuldja is only ten miles away. Thank you so much!” replied the other. But it was evident that everything, including his own fate, was indifferent to him.



They ate in silence. Supper over, the party around the blazing fire was despondent, glum, brooding. The stillness of the vast, listening steppe stole forward and enveloped them. So they sat there, staring into the flickering flames, each occupied with his own thoughts, until at last Ann announced that she was going to turn in. "So will I," said the Countess.

Not long afterwards, rolled in blankets, the two women were asleep while Maguire kept his cigarettes burning in an endless chain, looking at the Russian who was propped up against a couple of saddles. He felt sorry for him, but did not know what to say. There was an expression in Dolgoruki's eyes as of a man grief-stricken to his very soul. But tiredness, in the long run, proved greater than sympathy. The American dropped into a light doze; was awakened a few minutes later by a sound that stirred him to the core of his pity.

It was a sound of weeping. Dolgoruki was sobbing there in the half-darkness as though his heart would break, trying to stifle his sobs with his handkerchiefs; and Maguire rose, with a rush of poignant, searching, almost feminine tenderness.

He stepped up quickly; spoke clumsy words intended to be comforting:

"Look here, old man—if there's anything I can do—anything at all . . ." he tried to make his voice very gentle—"come on—tell me—what can I do, old man—?"

"There's nothing anybody can do," came the stony, helpless answer.

"Forget it! If we had thought that way during the war—in the beginning . . ."

"You, too, were a soldier?"

"You bet! I went through the muck and glory. All right. Comrades, aren't we? Come on. Tell your buddy!"

And then, with a sudden, sibilant, headlong rush of words—as if wishing to speak and confide before his subconscious caution advised the opposite—the Russian told him that he had been on his way to the Tibetan border—flying there to rescue a man who was "in the gravest danger and . . ."

"And—" interrupted Maguire, comprehending at once and adding two and two—"whom the Chinese and Manchus call the *Chien Ko*, whom the superstitious Mongol nomads allow to be the 'King of the Demons' while certain other parties seem to address him as plain 'Monsieur George.'"

"You—" the Russian's voice was raucous, hysterical; his sound hand reached for the revolver which was not there—"then I was right before when I shot at you—you are a Bolshevik spy. . . ."

"Aw—keep your shirt on! Do I look like one?"

"But—you know!"

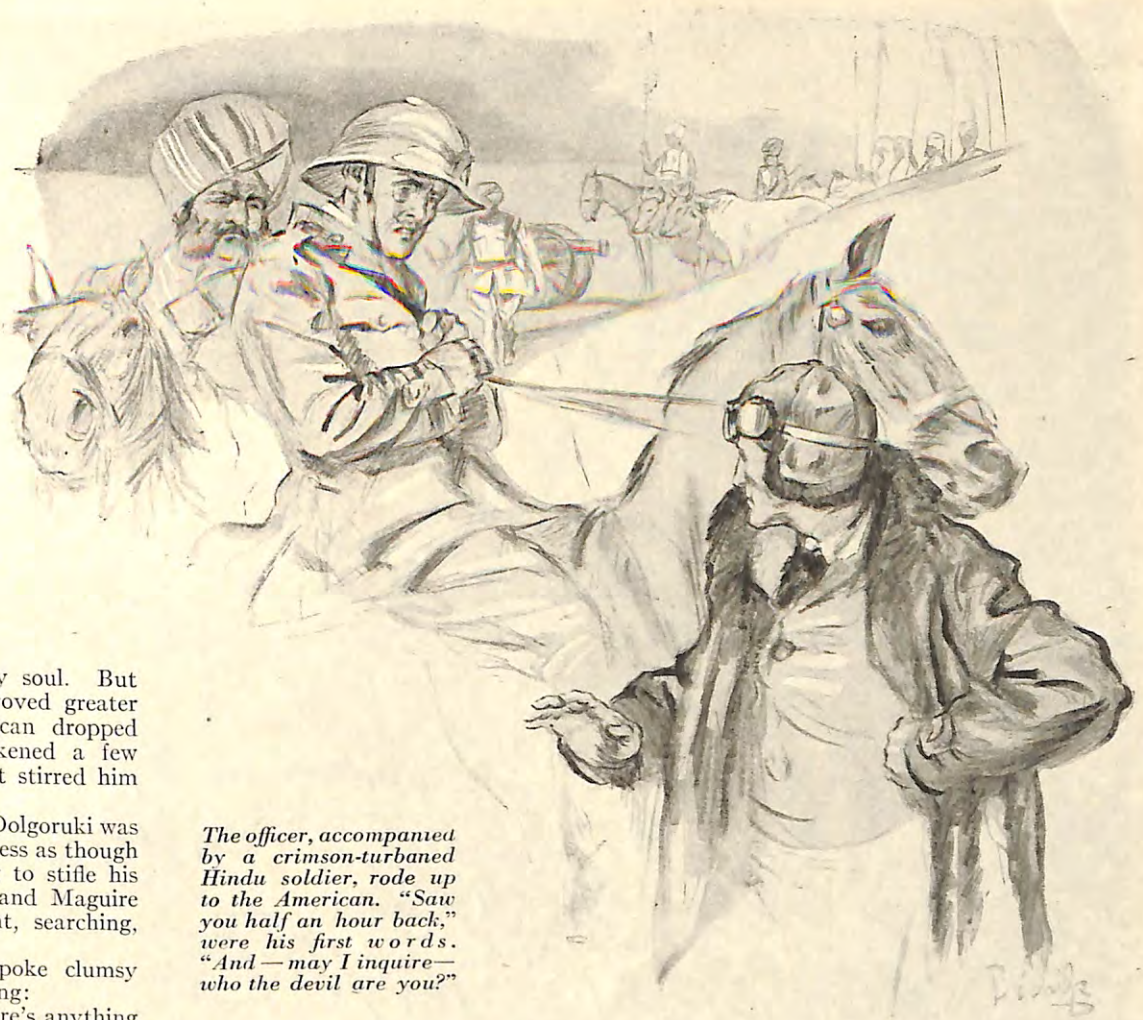
"Darned little. I don't even savvy who this mysterious gent with the many alibis is in real life."

"But—how do you know what you do know?" The Russian was wounded, helpless. But his accents were threatening. "How?"

"I'm not supposed to tell."

"I insist."

"Won't do you any good. Old poker rule: if you bluff and the other guy calls you, you lose the pot. Still—" smiled Maguire,



The officer, accompanied by a crimson-turbaned Hindu soldier, rode up to the American. "Sav you half an hour back," were his first words. "And—may I inquire—who the devil are you?"

"I've a hunch that you're O.K. So I'll tell you. I've a letter for your 'Monsieur George.'"

"From whom?"

"From Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin."

"Oh—the Tartar imperialist! What does the letter say?"

"I DON'T know. But I think the prince is sending word to your 'Monsieur George' to shake a leg and come to the help of the imperialists. Well—no use. The republicans are victorious all along the line. The Manchus'll need more than yeast cakes to get back there—now—vitamins. Too late for your mysterious gent, I guess!"

"But—until I had this cursed accident—not too late to save his life."

"What are you driving at?"

"The Bolsheviks are massing cavalry on the border. . . ."

"Sure. I know. And—?"

"They will find him—kill him!" Dolgoruki shuddered; crossed himself.

"But," argued the American, "the place where he is—Ish-kandar-Serai—isn't so very far from the northern Indian border. China isn't safe for him any longer—sure. Nor is Russian Central Asia. Then why—for the love of Mike—doesn't he beat it south into British territory or southeast into Afghanistan while the beating is good?"

"Because," replied the other, and his words reminded Maguire of what Cheng had told him, "his name must not be known. The Bolsheviks will not divulge it for selfish reasons, until he is captured or dead, for fear that the news might electrify the western world into concerted action, concerted attack against them. And the—ah—'Monsieur George' himself—? A great man—but an idealist, and stubborn—like all his

race. We have a proverb in Russian: 'Tchlobeu spravedlivo soudit o dielie sliedouiet veusslouchat obie storoneu—He who only listens to one bell will hear only one sound.' Always he repeats: 'I will fight for my rights, here, in Russia, and in Asia, where I belong. But I will not throw the western world into war.' And so, since he refuses to make his identity known, since we, his adherents, consider his will our law, and since the British have closed the Indian frontier against the north—fearing Bolshevik propaganda amongst the seething millions of Hindu nationalists—he will be caught like a rat in a trap!" Again Dolgoruki crossed himself.

"What about making his get-away into Afghanistan?" Maguire repeated.

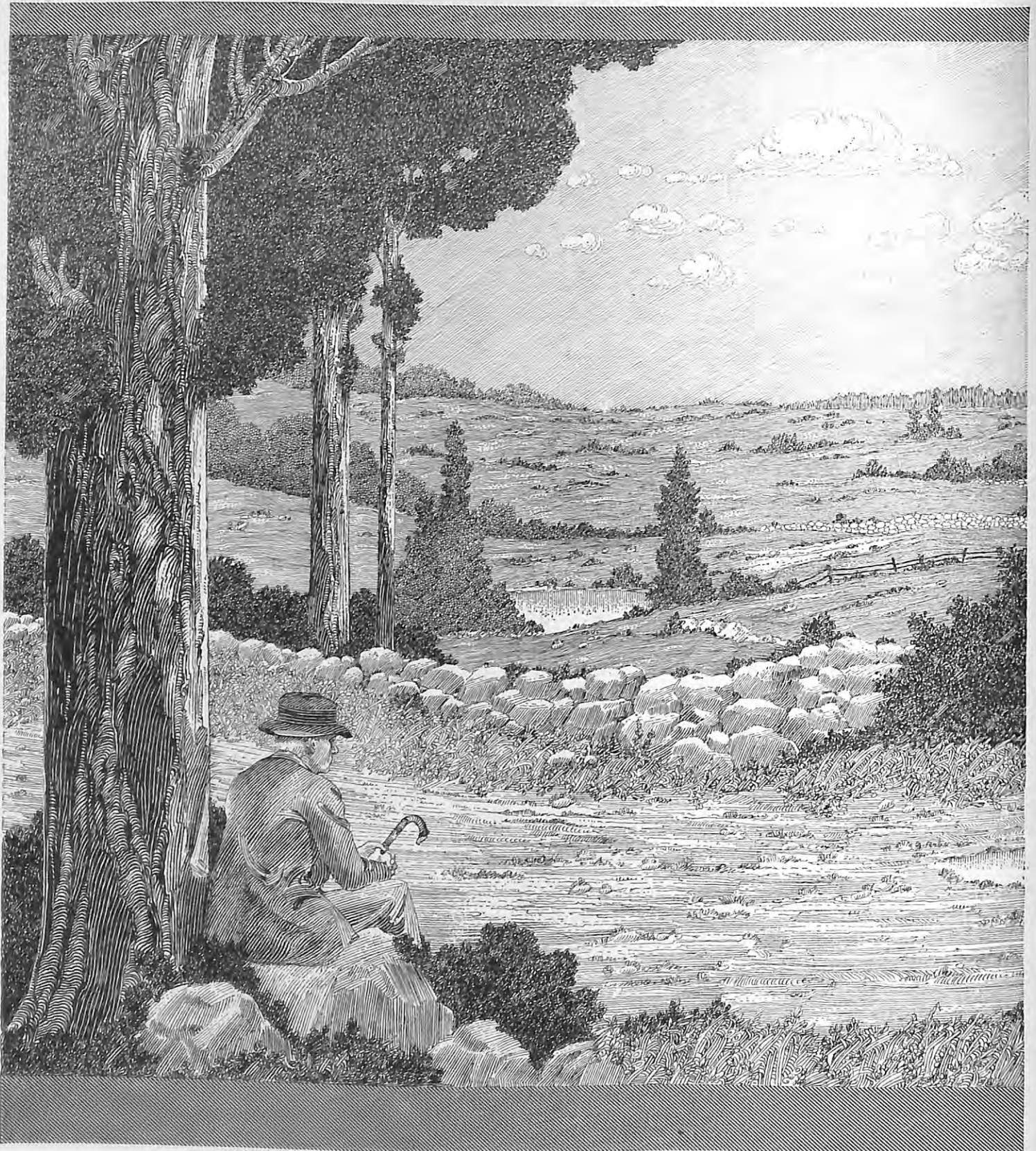
"Inyatullah Khan, the Amir of the Afghans, is hand in glove with the Bolsheviks. There is only one way—the air route—west into Persia. Oh—if only I had not broken my arm—if only I could fly to his rescue!"

"Well—" smiled Maguire, the actor in him thoroughly enjoying the situation and 'Curtain'—"if you can't, I can!"

"You?"

"Sure. I drove one of those birds during the war. And I took a good look at yours. Nothing much wrong with her. I'll fix her in the morning, with your advice. Then there are a few points about piloting her which you'll have to put me wise to. . . . No, no, no!" he laughed as the Russian, suddenly enthusiastic and optimistic and buoyant, bubbled into a mass of technical details—"to-morrow morning! Not now! I got to have some sleep, old man! Good-nightski—or whatever you call it in your native language!"

(Continued on page 44)

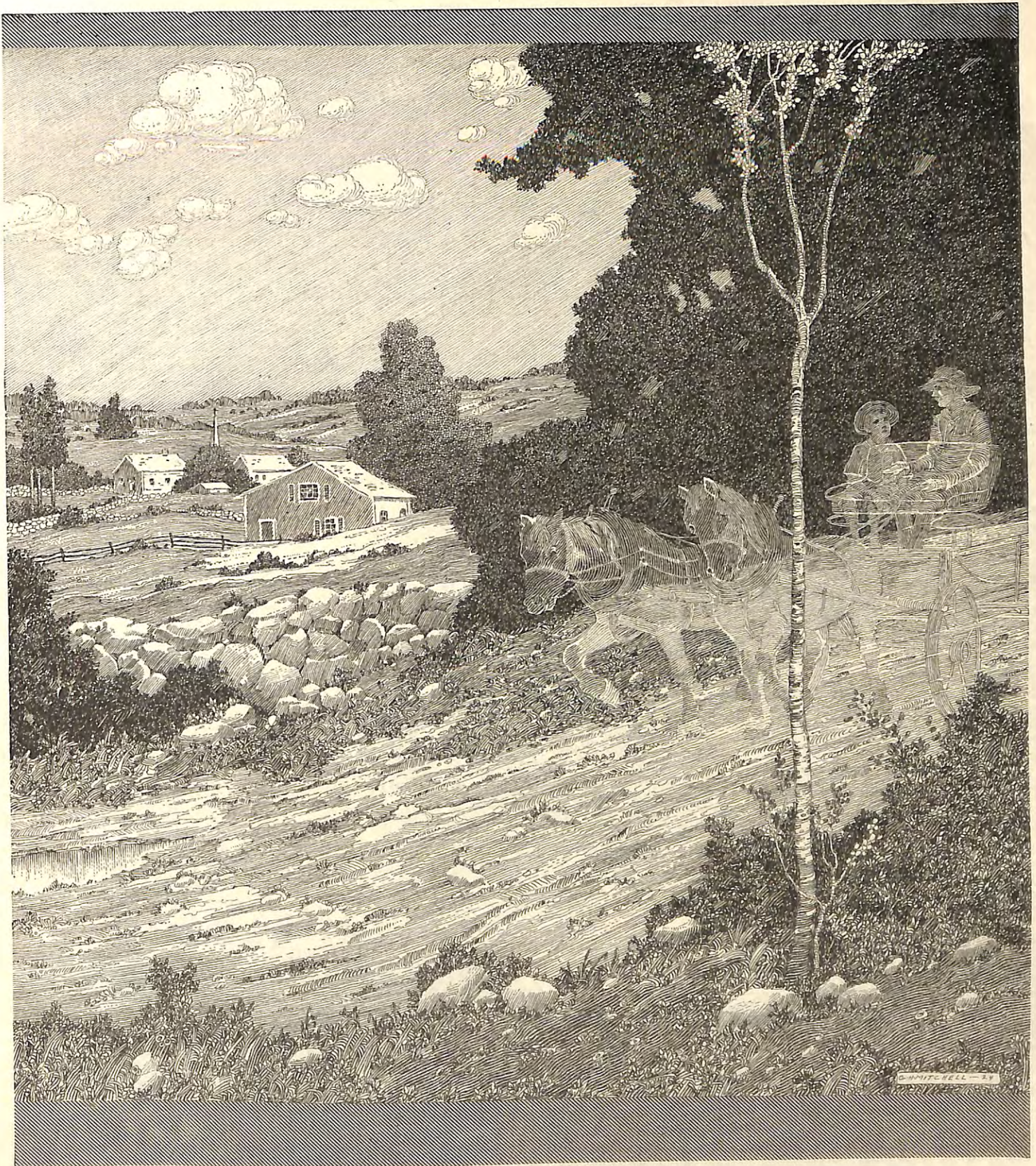


The Road to Millerstown

By MacKinlay Kantor
 Decoration by G. H. Mitchell

THERE was a boy who used to ride
 On the big plank wagon with you,
 And there was a man who used to
 laugh
 With faded old eyes of blue ;
 And there were two horses
 That used to splash
 Through the ford of a rippling stream.
 Oh, Mr. MacDonald,
 The boy is here—
 But where are you and the team?

There was a road to Millerstown,
 A trail which was known to a few :
 (A team of ancient grays, and a man
 Who twinkled his eyes of blue ;)
 And the wild rose waved
 From its thorny hedge,
 And the blackbirds whistled all
 day—
 Mr. MacDonald,
 I didn't know
 That you had traveled away.



You used to live in a shabby house,
 But the yard and garden were free;
 And you were lazy, the neighbors
 say—
 But you were a god to me!
 And there were debts
 Which you never paid,
 And things that you didn't do. . .
 Mr. MacDonald,
 I wish I could see
 Just where are the team, and you.

There was a hill where the brownies
 played,
 And woods where the gray wolves ran.
 I never tired of hearing of these;
 (And you were a poor, old man
 Who owed the grocer,
 And owed the bank—
 And didn't amount to a lot.)
 But Prince and Molly
 Were bandits' steeds
 And you were the chief, Sure-Shot!

There is a stable that's caving in,
 And a path which is covered with grass—
 And a shabby house where some
 strangers live.
 Who stare at me as I pass.
 Oh, they don't know
 That I'm riding down
 In a wagon that's but a dream. . .
 Mr. MacDonald,
 The boy is here—
 But where are you and the team?

The Bright Lantern

He Was Not an Ordinary Coward but There Was a Dark Spot in His Brain That Chained Him to a Blind Fear

By Mildred Cram

Illustrations by Grant Reynard

TWILIGHT came swiftly. The landscape darkened and all at once the hills were blue and sharp.

Joseph Averill spoke to his horse and the animal quickened its pace as if conscious of the long miles ahead and the need to hurry.

With luck, Joseph Averill reasoned, he could be at home by eleven, in time to surprise Charlotte. He turned his dark face toward the sky and watched the afterglow, lemon-green, fade into black. The hills seemed larger and nearer. He heard the clear rush of a brook.

He had gone far down the valley to inspect one of his mills where he had intended to remain over night. But with late afternoon he had been seized with a longing to see his wife and had started back. Unreasonable, he reminded himself. He had kissed her good-bye, the day before, with the promise to return on Thursday. She had smiled at him, had walked with him to the gate, where she stood stroking the horse's nose. It had seemed to Joseph Averill that there was something new in her manner. Usually playful and given to irresistible gaiety, she was quiet and gentle, mysterious. She had seemed to be cherishing a secret. Afterwards, the memory of her slow gestures, the serious look in her eyes, had assailed him.

All the way to the mill, riding free and fast, he had resisted the thought of her. He had gone about his business with a grim, intractable expression, relaxing only when satisfied that things were going to his advantage. Then he accepted a glass of cider from the foreman, mounted and surrendered to the irksome desire he had held in check all day.

He was very tall, dark and bearded. His emotions were deep, seldom got to the surface and kept him in turmoil. Outwardly, he was gruff, self-centered and careless of other people's feelings. He dominated the valley. His house, a large rectangular, wooden dwelling, stood on a hill above the river and was visible for miles.

There was a certain showy simplicity about the façade, the octagonal cupola, and the enormous barn, painted white. He was reputed to be rich. Perhaps his seeming contempt, his indifference and his habit of silence contributed to the respect his neighbors felt for him.

At thirty, he had set out deliberately to marry. None of the girls in the valley interested him. He had dreams of a different sort of woman, a woman superior to him socially, who would bring to the big white house that atmosphere of subtle fineness he could recognize but not, alone, achieve. The girls of the valley were strong, pleasant, practical—many of them were secretly in love with him. But he went to Green River for his wooing and brought back Charlotte Hutton, the oldest daughter of Judge Hutton. His feeling for her was hidden, but Charlotte Hutton knew that he loved her and that he prized her above all his possessions. She had glimpsed the heart of him. Her carriage was dauntless, like his own. At thirty, she had the firm skin and high color of a girl; her hair was thick, lustrous; unpinned, it coiled below her waist. She had lived her life in the restricted, narrow elegances of a provincial aristocracy, surrounded by beautiful things and deprived of love. She had burned in secret, yet she was scornful of surrender to a man who could not stir her. Joseph Averill had.

Between them, proud and unbending as they were, a great love had grown.

Now he spoke with impatience to his horse, eager to be there, to hold her warm, strong and supple body within the circle of his arm. It seemed to him that the mile

crawled. The sky clouded over; a thin rain fine as mist, sifted against him, powdered his beard, his coat, his ungloved hands. A pungent, sweet odor of fresh hay rose from the fields. He thought: "Summer. They are cutting early this year." And he saw in his mind's eye his great, white barn stuffed to the bursting point, and the winter which would find him prepared against any emergency.

IT WAS half-past ten when he began the steep climb from the valley to the village. His horse stopped with the familiarity of long custom on the thank-you-marms, but now it was raining in earnest, and Brewster's brook was noisy and garrulous. As he passed beneath the elms between a short, double row of darkened houses, Joseph Averill felt suddenly jovial, boisterous with happiness. It was a night, an hour, for practical jokes. Like all men with little humor, he enjoyed playing tricks on other people, what he called taking them down a peg or two. He liked to trip them up, surprise them into an unbecoming fit of rage, betray their small vanities. He would roar with laughter at the simplest joke, so long as the point was not turned against himself. He was a merciless adversary and a relentless loser. And because he was the richest man in the valley, had married Judge Hutton's daughter, and was possessed of a violent temper, people were careful how they treated him. The joke was never on Joseph Averill.

But now, a mile from his own threshold, he was thinking how funny it would be to surprise Charlotte. She did not expect him before morning. If she was in bed, all



Whenever he crossed the river after sundown he carried a lantern to combat the inimical shadows within the old bridge



Before a mirror, she unpinned her hair. It was like her, not to draw the shade. There was a something aristocratic in her indifference to publicity

the better. . . . He could imagine her gasp of relief and delight when she recognized him. . . .

She was not in bed. A light, blurred by the thick rain, burned in her window on the second story. Another, in the cupola, showed where old Mrs. Ewald was probably undressing. . . . A pleasant vision of Charlotte's bright room, her bed, the scattered petticoats, shoes, shawls, all the bright, feminine disarray that annoyed and delighted him. . . . Another, of that bare, octagonal room where the Swedish woman groaned out of her shoes, her gray calico dress. . . . The difference between a woman of Charlotte's type and a woman of the soil—mistress and servant—one made for intimate, cherished hours, the other for work. . . . He contemplated them both without pity.

Dismounting, he left his horse at the outer gate and went on foot through the garden, taking care lest Charlotte should hear him.

Her room faced the valley and was directly above the doorway with its fan-shaped cornice. Joseph Averill could see her moving about. Head and shoulders passed across his vision, repassed, seemed to move in that dim light, like a wax head in a show-case, revolving without effort, presenting now a profile, now the back of a lovely head, now the still face. That he could not hear the rustle of her clothes added to the enchantment and he stood breathless, staring at the woman he loved. Strangely enough, he suffered, too. An obscure jealousy stirred in his heart, because she could move with such grace and lightness in his absence; a feeling of resentment, that she could be unaware of him.

Before a mirror, she unpinned her hair, turning this way and that to look at herself. It was like her, not to draw the shade. There was a something aristocratic in her indifference to publicity. She was not like the women of the valley. For one thing,

they were in bed at nine o'clock, asleep, with the lights out. Like cattle, Joseph Averill thought. Charlotte never went to bed before eleven, and the house would, like as not, be a blaze of light until midnight. The neighbors disapproved, but they admired her for it.

Suddenly, with a startled lift of her head, she crossed to the window and drew the shade. Joseph felt as if a door had been slammed in his face. He stood perfectly still, chagrined, and the lilac tree by the door, shaken in a gust of wind, showered him with big drops of water. He shook them off, turned on his heel and, fetching the horse, led him to the stable.

When he returned, Charlotte's window was dark and the cupola's eight eyes were blank. The women slept. Or lay awake, thinking. Of what? Of him, and to-morrow! It pleased him to imagine that their lives were built around him.

With a return of good-humor, a boisterous reaction, he thought: "I'll surprise Charlotte." And getting a foothold in the lilac branches, he swung himself up to the roof of the portico and crouched there, listening. Charlotte's window stood open from the bottom; the room beyond remained dark. He thought he could hear the squeak of the

bed springs as she turned over. . . . This time, he would fool Charlotte, who had always sworn that he couldn't get the best of her. He could. This way. He might frighten her. But, a moment later, she would be in his arms, blaming and kissing him in a breath.

Very quietly he raised the window. Again a gust of wind shook down heavy drops of rain. He steadied himself, flung a leg across the sill, stepped into the room.

He expected Charlotte to cry out. He heard nothing except the drip drip of water from his clothing.

Abruptly, without warning, he saw his mistake. Her silence was more terrible than any scream of horror. He did not know what to do. He knew that she was awake, yet he dared not speak to her. He stepped back cautiously, groping for the window. . . .

A shriek tore the air, seemed to rip up the silence.

Joseph Averill stood where he was, frozen with a sort of numbing terror. He heard a rush of feet overhead. Then the door opened, admitting a flow of light and the form of the servant in a nightgown.

"What's the matter?"

She rushed to the bed, lifted Charlotte, turned, with that white, stricken face against her shoulder and saw Joseph Averill.

Before the look in her eyes, he shrank back. "It was a joke," he began. "It was a joke, Mrs. Ewald."

"A joke?" she shrieked. "Perhaps you've killed her! Or worse! Or worse! D' you hear me? Didn't you KNOW, you fool?"

II

But this is not Joseph Averill's story. Nor Charlotte's. It belongs to Richard Averill, who was born six months later in the middle of a white night in December. It is Richard's story, first and last.

He was a fine baby, robust and noisy, beautifully made and the color of a snow apple. When Mrs. Ewald called Joseph Averill and said: "Your son is born," her black eyes had in them a flash of resentment. Joseph was accustomed to that look. Before it he had been humble, apologetic, the blundering male in the presence of the righteous female. She had humiliated and bullied him because of that absurd joke of his. "Your son will be a cripple or an idiot."

Now, she opened the door of Charlotte's room and said: "Your son is born." And in her eyes that same reproach, that dark, feminine accusation.

With a flash of intuition, he thought: "If he were a cripple, she would be sorry for me."

He went past her and looked at his son. He knew, then, how he had suffered. Those damned, hysterical women had frightened him to death! And all for nothing. This was the finest baby he had ever seen!

Mrs. Ewald had gone up and down the valley with her story. Whispered at first as a delicate bit of gossip too intimate for men to hear, it had become the common possession of livery stables and barnyards. Joseph heard of it as far away as the Junction, distorted, exaggerated, grossly untrue. A simple joke, with unfortunate but not fatal consequences, had been twisted to seem an act of cruelty. After all, Charlotte had not suffered!

"You see!" he shouted at Mrs. Ewald. "What did I tell you! A perfect baby!"

She put her finger to her lips and glanced at the bed; Joseph became aware of Charlotte, a dark head on a white pillow. . . . He went over and kissed her. She smiled; her

Richard found Ray Brewster's sister smiling up at him. "Hello," she said. He had never paid the slightest attention to her. In school, he was familiar with her smooth, blonde braids, her narrow shoulders. Too quiet a girl for his taste

hand touched the lapel of his coat. But in her eyes he saw again the familiar look of resentment. Love had gone, and with it his boisterousness.

As soon as the baby was old enough, he rode up and down the valley carrying him, wrapped in a blanket, on the saddle. Everyone had expected Charlotte to die, but she had not. She recovered from Richard's birth and moved again about the house, slowly, wearing a fixed smile that masked the look Joseph hated and dreaded. God knows what it was she held against him. With stubborn pride he displayed his son. The child stared up at him from the protecting folded blanket with wide, black eyes. An occasional smile, fleeting, puckered the little face, seemed to reflect some inner amusement, and passed, leaving a solemn immobility. "Fine boy! My son! Four months old and not afraid of anything!" He'd see that the gossip stopped. Let the gabblers see for themselves. The joke was on them.

He was conscious of a growing dissatisfaction in his home. The women were much together, as if they found in each other protection against his presence. He missed Charlotte's warm, rushing gaiety, her bursts of affection, her exciting personal elegance. She no longer admitted him to her room, the unusual, frivolous rites of her toilet. He thought with bitter longing of their first year of married life, but he would not admit that he was responsible for what was lost.

Spring came. Summer deepened into a sultry Autumn of dark blue skies and withered fields. At night, lying alone, after a day of hard riding, Joseph Averill would hear the querulous, insistent crying of his son. Whenever he crossed the hall to his wife's door, he would find a light burning and Charlotte sitting by the crib, upright, with an air of difficult patience.

"What makes him cry?" he asked.

"The dark."

"Nonsense. Put out the light and go to bed!"

Charlotte shook her head. "I can manage him. He is afraid of the dark."



"Afraid! There never was an Averill afraid of the dark."

"He is."

He would only repeat: "Nonsense. Go back to bed. He'll go to sleep."

"Not unless I'm here," she said. "He's afraid."

Her face was deeply troubled, but she held herself rigid against Joseph Averill's touch, and a sudden feeling of helplessness caused him to turn away.

He came to dread that faint, disturbing cry with its insistent note of fear.

When the first snow fell, Charlotte was taken ill. A fever, a racking cough. . . . They put her to bed and the doctor came, arriving in a rusty sleigh with two horses. The sleigh cut a double track up the hill across the fresh snow. When Joseph Averill saw the black leather bag in the doctor's hand, he suffered a pang of revulsion that was physical, like nausea. "Get her well, doctor. Don't let her suffer."

She died a week later without having explained the secret of her resentment. To the last, she shut Joseph out.

She left him Richard.

For many months the bitterness of loss obsessed Joseph Averill. He did not want to see his son. He heard at night the querulous wailing, hushed by Mrs. Ewald, he supposed, as women hushed babies, with croon-



ing songs and jouncings and those words only women know.

Then he learned that he was supposed to have killed Charlotte with the cruelty of his wit. She had died, they said, of a broken heart.

Joseph laughed and threw his grief aside with a shrug of his shoulders. The people of the valley saw him again, boisterous, boastful, contemptuous, with a new bitterness. And, again, he dominated the valley. Something had burned in him and had consumed itself. He did not seem to know what love was.

When Richard was five years old, Joseph Averill noticed for the first time that a light was kept burning all night in the child's room. No matter how late it was when he passed that door, a glow of lamplight fell across the threshold.

He called Mrs. Ewald and demanded an explanation. "What's this? A light all night? Why?"

The Swedish woman's lips tightened. She folded her large, wrinkled hands beneath her apron and stared into Joseph Averill's eyes with an anger matching his own, a pale, white-hot suppressed anger. Taking a quick breath, she said: "The child won't sleep in the dark."

The disturbing memory of another day caused him to repeat: "Nonsense! I won't have my son pampered. He's five years old.

When I was five years old, I slept in a garret, alone, and there were rats as big as dogs."

Her obstinacy deepened, seemed to harden, as if she were frozen in the mould of her resistance. "He's afraid. If I take the light away he screams. Twice, he has fainted. And once, when I locked the door, he had a convulsion. He's afraid of the dark. And it's your fault!"

He felt a shock, like the impact of a stone against his heart. "My fault!"

"You scared his mother out of her wits. Wasn't I there? Don't I know? Don't I know how she hated you, afterward, for marking her child?"

They faced each other, quivering. Then Joseph said: "Get out! I never want to see you again!" He added: "You liar."

And although she wept and begged, for Richard's sake, to stay, Joseph Averill sent her away. She went back to Green River, into the service of the Huttons. Joseph Averill did not watch her departure. He was indifferent to women. This woman had lived under his roof for eight years, had cared for his child, had known and loved his wife, but he could not have told whether she was old or young; he would not have recognized her in a crowd. She was a woman. Beyond that he had no curiosity whatever.

Amy Carpenter, the wife of a neighbor,

put Richard to bed that night. "When he is asleep," he told her, "put out the light, close the door and go home. I'll watch out for him to-night, and to-morrow I'll get a woman from the Junction."

Impressed by his manner, Mrs. Carpenter tip-toed upstairs.

Joseph Averill took his usual place in the cane-seated rocker beside the table in the dining-room—the parlor had not been used since Charlotte's death; its flowered carpet, walnut furniture and laden what-not were protected by drawn shades against the light of day. The dining-room had not suffered the prevailing deterioration of taste. A high, white mantel was surmounted by a small mahogany clock and a pair of squat, brass candlesticks equipped with snuffers. Paneled walls and painted floors were unchanged since the building of the house in the eighteenth century, and while Joseph Averill disliked the mahogany table and crude chairs, he submitted to them because Charlotte had been fond of them. A lamp within a frosted globe stood at his elbow and cast a pale light clouded with the shadows of hand-painted flowers.

Joseph Averill listened for the deprecatory footsteps of the neighbor—they passed, and the front door closed.

He would show them! They were saying up and down the valley on both sides of the

(Continued on page 51)



Decoration by Israel Doskow

EDITORIAL

THE PROPOSED WELFARE PROGRAM

IN HIS Annual Report made to the Grand Lodge at Boston, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland recommended that, after a comprehensive survey carefully conducted, the Order should adopt a concrete and definite program of national welfare work. In response to that suggestion the Committee on Social and Community Welfare was directed to make such a survey and to report its recommendations to the next Grand Lodge session.

This may well prove a constructive and forward looking step that will commend itself to all true Elks. And yet a word of caution, thus promptly voiced, may not be amiss.

The plan upon which our Order is organized, and which has proved so successful in its administration, preserves the political and administrative entity of the Subordinate Lodge as a unit of action. The Grand Lodge, in the main, exercises merely a supervisory control over these Subordinate units, and undertakes, on its own behalf, only such activities as directly relate to the membership of the Order. Patriotic work during the World War, and special relief in cases of unusual disaster, have been the only exceptions to this general rule.

It would be gratifying if the committee charged with the duty should recommend some definite character of welfare service that the Grand Lodge, on behalf of the whole Order, could appropriately undertake and effectively carry forward. But it is earnestly hoped that no suggestion will be made that would commit the Order to any program that would too indefinitely tax its resources or too exclusively absorb its attention.

Subordinate Lodges that are properly functioning are approximating the reasonable limits of fraternal service. Their membership should not be unduly taxed in addition, in money or personal service, to undertake a national program unless it be one of compelling importance for Elks to undertake and the effective accomplishment of which can be definitely foreseen. It would be unfortunate to exchange a policy of interest in every worth-while patriotic and humanitarian service, performed as local community conditions may demand, for a policy of restricted activity

along a single line of national scope in which, naturally, some Subordinate Lodge memberships would be less interested than others. And such a result might readily follow the adoption of too ambitious a program. The greater the demands upon the members for the support of Grand Lodge activities, the less will be the ability and disposition to carry forward Subordinate Lodge activities.

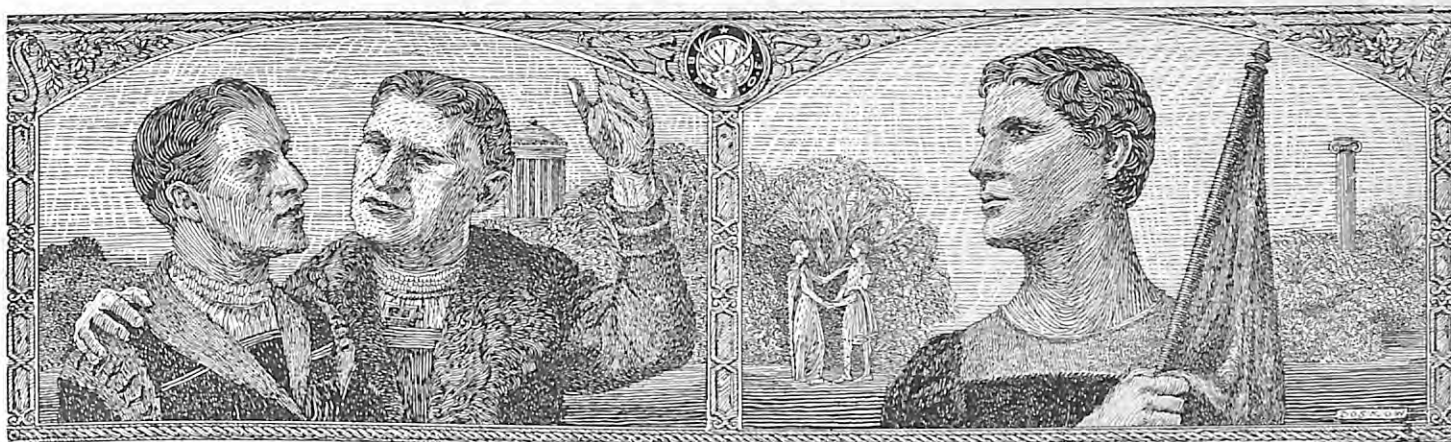
This is not a criticism of the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, nor of the action of the Grand Lodge. Approval is readily and heartily accorded to the purpose in view. But it is a suggestion of the necessity for the exercise of great caution in adopting any national program and of the wisdom of preserving, as completely as possible, the Subordinate Lodge as the unit through which the Grand Lodge acts.

AMERICANIZATION

THE article entitled "What Is Americanization?" which appeared in the July number of this Magazine, from the authoritative pen of the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at New York, is well worth the careful consideration of every true Elk. It calls startlingly to attention the unfortunate fact that too many aliens are admitted to the high privilege of American citizenship who are wholly unfitted therefor. And it makes a plea for the proper Americanization of all who seek the protection and rights of that proud title.

The Order of Elks is in hearty accord with that appeal. Being essentially an American Order, it is definitely committed to the proposition that no person should be invested with the rights and privileges of citizenship without a proper realization of those rights and privileges and an honest purpose fully to discharge their corresponding obligations. This involves not merely a knowledge of the facts of our history, nor merely the ability to quote the language of our Constitution, but an intelligent conception of the principles upon which our government is founded, and a sincere and loyal devotion to that government and to our national institutions and ideals.

The acquisition of this knowledge, the cultivation of this spirit of loyalty, and the sincere



adherence to this high purpose of good citizenship, is true Americanization. It is what the Order maintains should be required of every applicant for naturalization.

But the Order must recognize that it also has a patriotic duty in the premises. It should not merely announce an attitude and withdraw from further participation in the process. It should generously lend its aid to the accomplishment of the desired end. And this can, perhaps, be most effectively done by example and such friendly association as opportunity reasonably affords.

Our foreign-born residents are keenly observant. They are quick to form impressions from the expressions and conduct of those who enjoy the rights they seek for themselves. If that conduct and those expressions be such as indicate but slight regard for the obligations of good citizenship, it is not likely that they will be inspired to a higher sense of duty. On the contrary, if they observe in those whom they have a right to accept as examples, a high conception of civic duty and true appreciation of the privileges of American citizenship, they will inevitably become imbued with like ideals.

Every Elk should be mindful of this and studious to furnish a worthy example to our prospective citizens. And the Subordinate Lodges should endeavor to provide occasions for such associations and contacts, and with such educational and inspirational programs, as will prove helpful in their true Americanization. Herein lies the opportunity for a real patriotic service.

A WORD ABOUT BOYS

THE Order of Elks is a permanent and continuing organization. Its individual members, sharing the destiny of all that breathe, grow old and die. But the great fraternity lives on; for the service to country and humanity to which it is dedicated is never ending. The Order must, therefore, constantly recruit its membership; and perhaps the most available field from which this can be done is that which embraces the young men who are growing up from boyhood day by day.

It would, therefore, seem wise, instead of awaiting that maturity and then striving to attract the grown man to an Order of which he has learned only from the outside, that the effort should be made to interest the boy in the organization, while yet a boy; and to teach him something of its

objects and purposes in a way that will insure his continued interest after he becomes eligible for membership.

This is not a plea for Junior Elks or other similar organizations, nor for the under-privileged boy as a matter of service to him. Those things involve different considerations. The suggestion here made is for a wise course for the benefit of the Order itself and its future membership.

The Club Houses of Subordinate Lodges are not merely social Clubs for the exclusive use of their members, though that is a recognized and important function. They are, or should be, maintained and administered as centers of fraternal and civic activities in behalf of the whole Community. And there should be a definite effort to secure the special interest of boys and young men growing to manhood in those Club Houses as such civic centers and in the activities promoted and conducted there as Elk activities.

Elk fathers and elder brothers should take some pains to teach their sons and younger brothers, and their associates, what the Order is and what it strives to do. They should secure for them acquaintance with other members, familiarity with its physical agencies of benevolent and fraternal service, and bring them in contact with the actual deeds of service, so that they may absorb something of the true spirit of the Order. If they be given fair opportunity to learn the truth about the Fraternity, boys will naturally grow in admiration for it and in the desire and purpose to have a share in its splendid work. And when they have become men in years and eligible for membership, they will already be predisposed to seek it in a properly unselfish spirit.

This is a field that has been too much neglected. Our members are too prone thoughtlessly to regard those under age as outside the range of the Order's contemplation of prospective members. They forget that in a few short years boys become men; that it behooves the Order to anticipate that maturity in arousing their interest; and that the Club House is a peculiarly effective agency for that purpose.

It is needless to add, because so obvious, that the Club House, and all the activities therein, should at all times be of a character that would be wholesome and beneficial to be observed by impressionable youth, and contact with which would be properly inspiring and uplifting.

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

Columbus, Ohio, September 15th, 1924

To All Elks—Greeting:

It is my pleasure and privilege to advise you that after careful consideration of the many applications and recommendations for appointments to be made by the undersigned, the following list has been prepared. The applications received show a genuine spirit on the part of the applicants to serve the Order, and it is regretted that in the ordinary course of matters of this kind there must necessarily be some disappointments. The selections have been made with a view to securing the very best service possible, geographic and other conditions having been taken into account in the conclusions which were arrived at. Your hearty cooperation and assistance is solicited. Your officers can accomplish but little unless they are reinforced by active, genuine support and cooperation on the part of the rank and file of the Order.

Your District Deputies are charged with heavy responsibilities, and I solicit for them your most generous support and careful consideration of such questions as they may from time to time present to the lodges or to the members thereof, individually and collectively. In all matters pertaining to the administration of the affairs of the Order I wish to thank you in advance for your assistance, which I assure you will be most thoroughly appreciated and want you to know that your officers will at all times be ready and willing to receive helpful suggestions.

Your officers for the ensuing year, both elective and appointive, are as follows:

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1924-1925

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| <i>Grand Exalted Ruler—</i>
John G. Price, Columbus, O., No. 37. | Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Linton, Ind., No. 866. |
| <i>Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—</i>
John B. Knapp, Wilkes Barre, Pa., No. 109. | Edward W. Cotter, Hartford, Conn., No. 19. |
| <i>Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—</i>
John D. O'Brien, St. Paul, Minn., No. 59. | <i>Grand Forum—</i>
Henry L. Kennan, Chief Justice, Spokane, Wash., No. 228. |
| <i>Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—</i>
George W. Edgington, Idaho Falls, Ida., No. 1087 | Thomas J. Lennon (San Rafael, Cal., No. 1108), San Francisco, Cal. |
| <i>Grand Secretary—</i>
Fred C. Robinson (Dubuque, Ia., No. 297), Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill. | John J. Carton, Flint, Mich., No. 222. |
| <i>Grand Treasurer—</i>
John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48. | William J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693. |
| <i>Grand Tiler—</i>
F. B. Wilkinson, Jackson, Tenn., No. 192. | Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78. |
| <i>Grand Inner Guard—</i>
J. E. Breaux, Jr., Biloxi, Miss., No. 606. | <i>Committee on Judiciary—</i>
John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State St., Boston, Mass. |
| <i>Grand Chaplain—</i>
Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), Flint, Mich. | Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99. |
| <i>Grand Esquire—</i>
Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2. | John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336. |
| <i>Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—</i>
John W. Kaufman, Columbus, O., No. 37. | B. B. Barefoot, Chickasha, Okla., No. 755. |
| <i>Pardon Commissioner—</i>
Jefferson B. Browne (Key West, Fla., No. 551), Tallahassee, Fla. | Howard B. Case, Watertown, S. D., No. 838. |
| <i>Board of Grand Trustees—</i>
John Halpin, Chairman, Approving Member, Kansas City, Mo., No. 26, Railway Exchange Bldg. | <i>Good of the Order Committee—</i>
W. H. Crum, Chairman, Springfield, Ill., No. 158. |
| Robert A. Gordon, Vice-Chairman, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78. | Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9. |
| Louis Boismenu, Secretary, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664. | Hermann Moyse, Baton Rouge, La., No. 490. |
| | <i>Committee on Credentials—</i>
F. J. Schrader, Chairman, Allegheny, Pa., No. 339. |
| | Andrew J. Casey, Newburyport, Mass., No. 909. |
| | E. W. Kelly, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85. |
| | H. L. Weatherford, Concordia, Kans., No. 586. |
| | J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, Ill., No. 1019. |
| | <i>Auditing Committee—</i>
Brooks Fleming, Jr., Chairman, Fairmont, W. Va., No. 294. |
| | Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn, Mass., No. 117. |
| | Fred Cunningham, Martinsville, Ind., No. 1340. |

State Association Committee—

Dr. Howard B. Kirtland, Chairman, San Luis Obispo, Cal., No. 322.
Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, N. J., No. 105.
William H. Reinhart, Sandusky, O., No. 285.

Social and Community Welfare Committee—

John P. Sullivan, Chairman, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 642 Commercial Place.
Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., No. 1, City Hall.
John C. Karel, Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46.
Lloyd R. Maxwell (Marshalltown, Ia., No. 312), 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
William J. Sinek, Chicago, Ill., No. 4.

National Memorial Headquarters Commission—

John K. Tener, Chairman, Charleroi, Pa., No. 404.
Joseph T. Fanning, Sec'y-Treas. and Executive Director (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
James R. Nicholson (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 367 Broadway, Boston, Mass.
Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1010 Canal Commercial Bldg.

Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, Murphy Bldg.
William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter Street.
Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 300), Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.
Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsville and Upton Ave., West Toledo, O.
J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., No. 404.
John G. Price, Grand Exalted Ruler, Ex-officio, Columbus, O., No. 37.

Leach Memorial Committee—

William J. O'Brien, Chairman, Baltimore, Md., No. 7, 1009 Calvert Bldg.
William T. Phillips, New York, N. Y., No. 1.
Albert T. Brophy, Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22.

Allen Memorial Committee—

Charles E. Pickett, Chairman, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 200.
Thomas B. Mills, Superior, Wis., No. 403.
C. E. Meglemery, Birmingham, Ala., No. 79.

District Deputies

- Alabama, North—*C. L. Haley, Jr., Florence, No. 820.
*Alabama, South—*Walter A. Page, Opelika, No. 910.
*Alaska—*Charles P. Jenne, Juneau, No. 420.
*Arizona, North—*Lorren Cress, Flagstaff, No. 499.
*Arizona, South—*Frank D. Wilkey, Nogales, No. 1397.
*Arkansas, East—*Frank Andrews, Brinkley, No. 1262.
*Arkansas, West—*W. N. Adams, Arkadelphia, No. 1149.
*California, North—*John T. Stafford, Sacramento, No. 6.
California, Bay—
*California, Central—*C. H. Staples, Fresno, No. 439.
*California, South—*W. C. Crandall, San Diego, No. 168.
*California, South Central—*Horace H. Quinby, Alhambra, No. 1328.
*Colorado, North—*John F. Redman, Greeley, No. 809.
*Colorado, West—*W. L. Birkhimer, Durango, No. 507.
*Colorado, Central—*J. C. DeLongchamps, Cripple Creek, No. 316.
*Colorado, South—*Frank B. Stone, Trinidad, No. 181.
*Canal Zone—*Richard M. Davies, Balboa, No. 1414.
*Connecticut, East—*Thomas F. O'Loughlin, Rockville, No. 1359.
*Connecticut, West—*Mills T. Carter, Winsted, No. 844.
*Delaware, Maryland and Washington, D. C.—*A. Chas. Stuart, Frostburg, No. 470.
*Florida, North—*Eugene P. Roch, Pensacola, No. 497.
*Florida, South—*W. Frank Blanton, Miami, No. 948.
*Georgia, North—*E. Foster Brigham, Augusta, No. 205.
*Georgia, South—*Robert L. Colding, Savannah, No. 183.
*Guam—*William H. Notley, Agana, No. 1281.
*Hawaii—*W. H. Hussman, Hilo, No. 759.
*Idaho, North—*Claude D. Livingstone, Lewiston, No. 896.
*Idaho, South—*Harry J. Fox, Pocatello, No. 674.
*Illinois, West—*Clarence Isaacson, Rock Island, No. 980.
*Illinois, North—*William R. Fletcher, Joliet, No. 296.
*Illinois, South Central—*H. L. Meyer, Alton, No. 746.
*Illinois, South—*C. D. Medkiff, Harrisburg, No. 1058.
*Illinois, North Central—*J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, No. 398.
*Indiana, North—*Harry K. Kramer, Michigan City, No. 432.
*Indiana, East—*Lowell Neff, Logansport, No. 66.
*Indiana, Central—*Joseph L. Clarke, Indianapolis, No. 13.
*Indiana, South—*Harry Lowenthal, Evansville, No. 116.
*Iowa, Northeast—*Marion Gard, Marshalltown, No. 312.
*Iowa, Southeast—*E. A. Erb, Burlington, No. 84.
*Iowa, West—*F. G. Cluett, Sioux City, No. 112.
*Kansas, North—*W. H. McKone, Lawrence, No. 595.
*Kansas, Southeast—*C. R. Lodge, Independence, No. 78c.
*Kansas, Southwest—*Louis F. Goerman, Newton, No. 706.
*Kentucky, East—*John J. Emerick, Catlettsburg, No. 942.
*Kentucky, West—*Kendrick R. Lewis, Louisville, No. 8.
*Louisiana, North—*John McW. Ford, Shreveport, No. 122.
*Louisiana, South—*Waldo M. Pitkin, New Orleans, No. 30.
*Maine, East—*R. L. Ervin, Waterville, No. 905.
*Maine, West—*Lester C. Ayer, Portland, No. 188.
*Massachusetts, Northeast—*Arthur G. Ledwith, Melrose, No. 1031.
*Massachusetts, Southeast—*Timothy E. McCarthy, Boston, No. 10.
*Massachusetts, Central—*John F. McGann, Somerville, No. 917.
*Massachusetts, West—*M. J. Perault, Jr., Fitchburg, No. 847.
*Michigan, East—*James J. Noon, Jackson, No. 113.
Michigan, West—
*Michigan, North—*Herbert C. Jussen, Ironwood, No. 1278.
*Minnesota, North—*Mel McDowell, Hibbing, No. 1022.
*Minnesota, South—*Martin A. Nelson, Austin, No. 414.

- Mississippi, North—B. C. Wheeler, Greenville, No. 148.
- Mississippi, South—John J. Williamson, Vicksburg, No. 95.
- Missouri, East—H. E. Stephenson, Columbia, No. 594.
- Missouri, West—Harry R. Garrison, Warrensburg, No. 673.
- Missouri, North—J. H. Fuoss, Brookfield, No. 874.
- Montana, East—Charles T. Trott, Billings, No. 394.
- Montana, West—W. A. Hawkins, Helena, No. 193.
- Nebraska, North—Thomas B. Dysart, Omaha, No. 39.
- Nebraska, South—Robin R. Reid, Lincoln, No. 80.
- Nevada—George C. Steinmiller, Reno, No. 597.
- New Hampshire—J. Levi Meader, Rochester, No. 1393.
- New Mexico—W. B. Walton, Silver City, No. 413.
- New Jersey, Northeast—Henry Gillhaus, Hackensack, No. 658.
- New Jersey, Northwest—Thomas J. Dunnion, Montclair, No. 891.
- New Jersey, Central—B. Drummond Wooley, Long Branch, No. 742.
- New Jersey, South—Charles R. Storm, Freehold, No. 1454.
- New York, Northeast—Benj. F. Feinberg, Plattsburg, No. 621.
- New York, Southeast—Wm. C. Clark, Mt. Vernon, No. 842.
- New York, North Central—Orin S. Bogardus, Fulton, No. 830.
- New York, South Central—John T. Osowski, Elmira, No. 62.
- New York, West—W. R. Cullen, Buffalo, No. 23.
- North Carolina, East—Charles U. Harris, Raleigh, No. 735.
- North Carolina, West—H. W. Masten, Winston, No. 449.
- North Dakota—W. A. Hausmann, Devils Lake, No. 1216.
- Oklahoma, Southeast—R. L. Crutcher, McAlester, No. 533.
- Oklahoma, Northeast—
- Oklahoma, Northwest—J. W. Comer, Chickasha, No. 755.
- Ohio, Northwest—P. R. McKay, Findlay, No. 75.
- Ohio, North Central—R. Ford Loomis, Elyria, No. 465.
- Ohio, Northeast—Blake C. Cook, Kent, No. 1377.
- Ohio, Southwest—Richard A. Powell, Cincinnati, No. 5.
- Ohio, South Central—James A. Allen, Columbus, No. 37.
- Ohio, Southeast—William H. Meyers, Zanesville, No. 114.
- Oregon, South—Percy A. Young, Albany, No. 350.
- Oregon, North—Barnett H. Goldstein, Portland, No. 142.
- Pennsylvania, Southeast—L. A. Gipp, Chester, No. 488.
- Pennsylvania, Northeast—Joseph F. Conrad, Scranton, No. 123.
- Pennsylvania, North Central—Ely Biow, Sunbury, No. 267.
- Pennsylvania, Central—M. F. Horne, New Kensington, No. 512.
- Pennsylvania, Southwest—Geo. J. Kambach, Pittsburgh, No. 11.
- Pennsylvania, Northwest—Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Franklin, No. 110.
- Pennsylvania, South Central—James B. Sleeman, Huntingdon, No. 976.
- Philippine Islands—E. E. Elser, Manila, No. 761.
- Porto Rico—George Spaven, San Juan, No. 972.
- Rhode Island—Fletcher W. Lawton, Newport, No. 104.
- South Carolina—Manley C. Sanders, Columbia, No. 1190.
- South Dakota—P. A. Scudder, Madison, No. 1442.
- Tennessee, East—W. H. Mustaine, Nashville, No. 72.
- Tennessee, West—Frank L. Monteverde, Memphis, No. 27.
- Texas, Central—E. R. Cornwell, Austin, No. 201.
- Texas, North—Frank C. Bolton, Mexia, No. 1440.
- Texas, West—W. H. Lobaugh, Eastland, No. 1372.
- Texas, North Central—B. F. Brumfield, Ennis, No. 261.
- Texas, South—R. H. Dunn, Port Arthur, No. 1060.
- Texas, Southwest—Jack R. Burke, San Antonio, No. 216.
- Texas, Northwest—Clifford Braly, Dalhart, No. 1150.
- Utah—W. D. Zeller, Ogden, No. 719.
- Vermont—F. J. Shea, Montpelier, No. 924.
- Virginia, East—John B. Bliley, Richmond, No. 45.
- Virginia, West—H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, No. 107.
- Washington, East—Hale R. Nosler, Yakima, No. 318.
- Washington, Northwest—A. W. Tenney, Ballard, No. 827.
- Washington, Southwest—Dana T. Robinson, Puyallup, No. 1450.
- West Virginia, North—W. D. Evans, Fairmont, No. 294.
- West Virginia, South—Harley M. Kilgore, Beckley, No. 1452.
- Wisconsin, East—B. W. Arnold, Oshkosh, No. 292.
- Wisconsin, West—Otto R. Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids, No. 693.
- Wyoming—W. J. Chamberlin, Casper, No. 1353.

Sincerely and fraternally,



Attest:

Fred Robinson

Grand Secretary.

John G. Price

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price has called an official meeting of the District Deputies of all the States, to be held at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill., on October 12. This call is issued under provision made by the Grand Lodge at its 1923 session in Atlanta. The Grand Exalted Ruler has also invited the Grand Lodge Officers, Chairmen of Grand Lodge Committees and Presidents of all the State Associations to attend this meeting.



*John B. Knapp, Grand Esteemed
Leading Knight,
Wilkes Barre, Pa., No. 109*



*George W. Edgington, Grand Esteemed
Lecturing Knight,
Idaho Falls, Ida., No. 1087*

LAMBRECHT



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



*John G. Price, Grand Exalted Ruler,
Columbus, Ohio, No. 37*

BAKER ART GALLERIES



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

WALINGER STUDIO

*John D. O'Brien (top center), Grand
Esteemed Loyal Knight,
St. Paul, Minn., No. 59*

*J. E. Breaux, Jr. (bottom center),
Grand Inner Guard,
Biloxi, Miss., No. 606*



*Edward W. Cotter, Grand Trustee,
Hartford, Conn., No. 19*

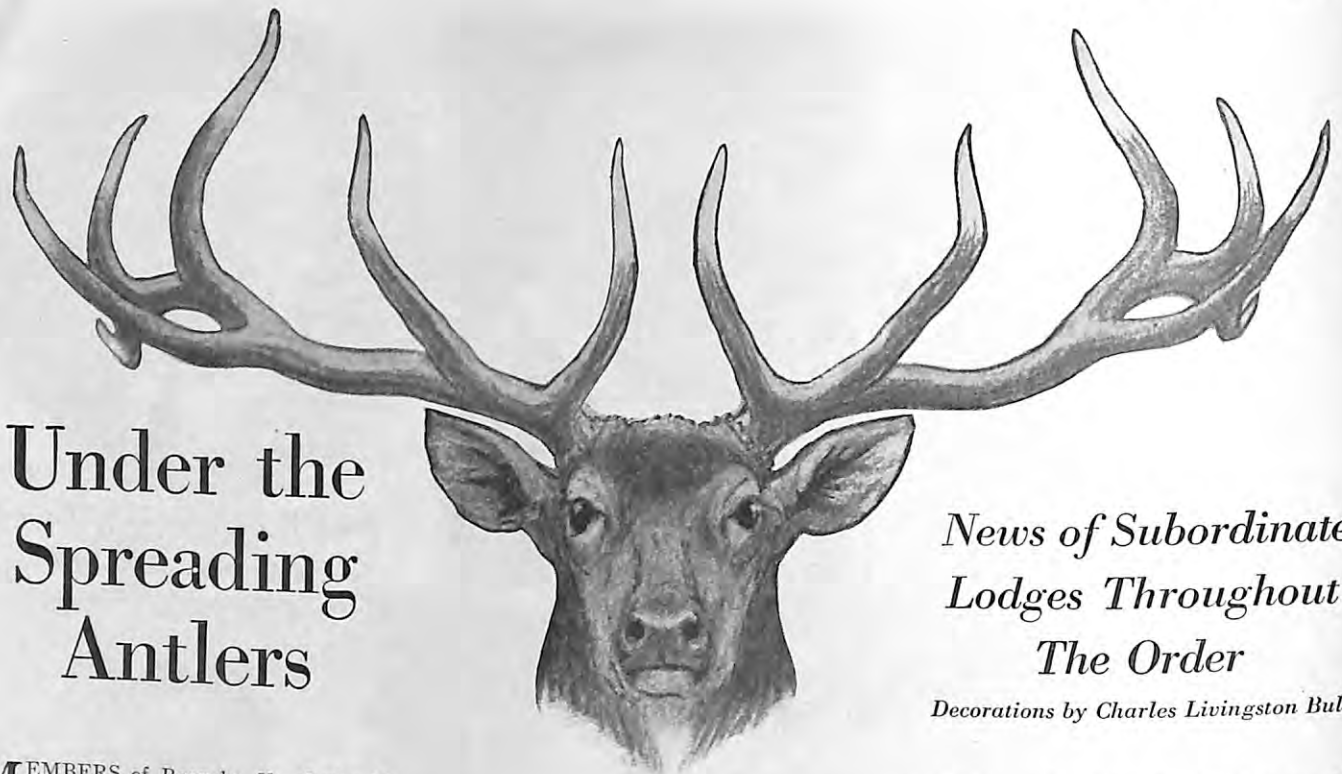


Grand Lodge Officers 1924-25



*F. B. Wilkinson, Grand Tiler,
Jackson, Tenn., No. 192*

MOORE



Under the Spreading Antlers

MEMBERS of Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 and their families recently made a trip to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. A special train brought 300 of the pilgrims while about 25 automobiles carried many others. The principal event of the day was the picnic supper held on the grounds in the grove at the rear of the Home. The food for the picnic was carried by the members on their special train and it was truly a royal feast that the committee in charge had prepared. Preceding the picnic the visitors and the residents of the Home gathered on the lawn and were entertained by various musical numbers furnished by the Elks Jazz Orchestra and the Calthrop Glee Club. Following the picnic a short address was made by C. L. Moseby, superintendent of the Home, and appreciation of the jolly day was expressed by Mr. Terry on behalf of his fellow residents.

The annual pilgrimage to the National Home and the picnic were inaugurated last year by Roanoke Lodge. It is given in honor of the "Old Boys" at the Home for the purpose of affording them a day of pleasure and diversion. Such a fine spirit of fellowship is present on these occasions and so fully do the residents of the Home enjoy the entertainments provided, that members of Roanoke Lodge consider the day as one of the foremost outings of the year.

New Lodge Recently Instituted At Corbin, Ky.

Corbin, Ky., Lodge No. 1496 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick of Ashland, Ky., Lodge No. 350. The officers of the new Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, H. W. Horr; Secretary, Willard M. Milton.

Big Charity Frolic Planned by Norfolk, Va., Lodge

Members of Norfolk, Va., Lodge No. 38 are perfecting plans for the big Frolic which will be held at the Academy of Music November 10-12. The show will be a distinct novelty, with new scenery, new costumes and special music. All the money raised by this event will go toward replenishing the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Terre Haute Lodge Host to Indiana State Elks Association

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, former Governor Charles H. Brough of Arkansas and a host of other distinguished members of the Order took part

in the twenty-third annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association held at Terre Haute. The attendance surpassed all previous sessions, there being 465 delegates registered for the meetings. The delegates adopted resolutions indorsing THE ELKS MAGAZINE as "the most interesting and best fraternal publication in the entire country," and gave their approval of National Defense Day. The constitution of the Association was amended to provide a standing committee on the ritualistic contests for the Joseph T. Fanning Cup, whose duty it shall be to foster elimination competitions in each of the four Indiana Districts so that there shall be at least four contesting teams at each yearly State convention. The delegates selected Valparaiso as the 1925 convention city and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Garnet R. Fleming, Shelbyville Lodge No. 457; First Vice-President, William E. Hendrich, Terre Haute Lodge No. 86; Second Vice-President, Dr. F. J. McMichael, Gary Lodge No. 1152; Third Vice-President, John C. Hampton, Muncie Lodge No. 245; Treasurer, George S. Green, Mt. Vernon Lodge No. 277; Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge No. 576; Board of Trustees, Hubert S. Riley, Indianapolis Lodge No. 13; Julius Albe, Valparaiso Lodge No. 500 and Joseph Getz, Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155.

Features of the convention were an address by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and a memorial service at which the address was made by former Gov. Charles H. Brough of Arkansas. The ritualistic work was beautifully exemplified by Noblesville Lodge No. 576. The exhibition was witnessed by Mr. Price, Mr. Fanning, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Scott. At its close the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Fanning gave brief talks and the latter presented the team with the handsome silver cup which he has donated as a prize for the annual contests. Mr. Fanning stirred particular interest through reference to the Paul Dresser Memorial movement in which he is serving as chairman of the New York City Committee through appointment by Hon. Will H. Hays. The memorial will commemorate the author of that song, dear to the hearts of all Hoosiers, "On the Banks of the Wabash."

The second day of the convention was devoted to a picnic which was attended by more than 1,200 visiting members and over 700 members of Terre Haute Lodge No. 86. There was an abundance of barbecued meat and many other refreshments. While the members were attending the business sessions and picnic, the visiting ladies were entertained at local institutions and

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

business houses and given auto rides throughout the city by a special committee of ladies headed by Mrs. Fred B. McFarland, wife of the Exalted Ruler of No. 86.

The Home of Terre Haute Lodge and the entire city were in festive dress to greet the delegates. A welcome was given the visitors, which, for sincerity and cordiality, has never been surpassed at any convention in the State.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge Building Handsome New Home

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 290 is building one of the most beautiful and splendidly equipped Homes in the middle west. The building will have a frontage of 92 feet on Park Avenue and 146 feet on Mulberry Street. Architectural beauty of the structure will be enhanced by landscape gardening with a forty-foot lawn on either side and retaining unmarred the fine old elm trees now on the site. The building, which will provide everything for the comfort of the members, will be of fire proof construction, brick and cut stone exterior, with reinforced concrete where structural strength is needed. The heating plant, located in the rear, will include a mechanical ventilating system. Provision will also be made for the installation of a pipe organ in the Home.

Young Folks are Picnic Guests Of Kendallville, Ind., Lodge

Nearly 500 boys and girls of the community between the ages of 6 and 14 years recently enjoyed a picnic given them by Kendallville, Ind., Lodge No. 1194 at Oliver Lake. The children were provided with all kinds of refreshments and there were athletic events and bathing. A large number of prizes were awarded the winners in the various contests. The program from start to finish was carried through without a mishap and all the youngsters present had the time of their young lives.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Sends Flowers to Navy Ships in Harbor

Every navy ship, while in Bellingham harbor, is supplied with fresh cut flowers by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194. This courtesy, extended the ships for several summers past, has been possible through the kindness of the wife of one of the members who plants the flowers in her garden especially for this purpose. They are taken to the ships by another member who is a recruiting officer. Needless to say, Bellingham Lodge and the lady who gives the flowers are most popular throughout the Navy as a result of this thoughtful service.

"Old Folks' Night" to be Observed By Visalia, Calif., Lodge

Visalia, Calif., Lodge No. 1298 is going to set aside an evening in October in honor of its ten living charter members and to record its esteem and affection for its other members who are more than three score years of age. A program is being arranged that will carry good cheer, and leave kind memories in the heart of each member of Visalia Lodge in attendance on this occasion. This idea is only a further expression of the Lodge's custom of including the "old members" in all its plans for pleasure and enjoyment.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge to Establish School for Crippled Children

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155 is planning to open a school for crippled children this Fall. Through the cooperation of the School Board and the doctors and nurses of the city, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge expects to be able to install a complete operating unit for the education of the crippled children in the Svinney Home, which probably will be secured from the Park Board for the project. There will be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty children at the opening of the school. In addition to a matron, who will be a trained nurse, there will be an assistant, a trained nurse on duty constantly, a cook, porter and a maid. Some of the children will remain at the school from Monday morning until Friday afternoon, while others will be brought to the school and returned each day. The School Board will arrange to furnish the special teachers and Fort Wayne Lodge will supply all the equipment to maintain the Home. As the project becomes better known and the school begins to function, there is no doubt but that the institution will be capable of caring for 100 or more crippled children.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge Shows True Elk Spirit

Members of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge No. 482, of which John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is a charter member, recently turned over their Home, one of the best equipped in the country, to newspaper men and other visitors to the notification ceremonies. This was done even though a majority of the members are Republicans, and Guy D. Goff, Republican candidate for United States Senator, is a fellow member of Clarksburg Lodge. The action was a display of true Elk spirit that knows no partisanship when welcoming home a native son.

Band of Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge Has Interesting History

Few organizations can boast of a band with such a long and honorable record of service as the band which represents Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge No. 94. This musical unit, when taken over by the Lodge some time ago, had been in continuous existence for forty years. Some of its present members played in it when they were young boys and have never severed their connection. Since the band was taken over by the Lodge, it has been under the direction of a paid leader and has attained a high degree of excellence, winning all band contests at State Conventions in recent years.

This year the band attended the Ohio State Elks Association Convention at Cedar Point, its thirty-six members clad in new uniforms of purple trimmed in white and gold. A series of six weekly public concerts were given by the organization before its trip to the convention. In addition to the band, a Marching Club was formed and this made its first appearance at Cedar Point. A beautiful silk Lodge flag was recently purchased and this will be carried along with the national flag in all public demonstrations by the Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lays Corner- Stone for Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, assisted by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, recently laid the cornerstone for the new \$200,000

Home being erected by Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556. Several hundred members of the Lodge and the distinguished visitors were escorted to the building site led by the band and a squad of special police. After various selections by the band and music by the Svea Male Chorus, the cornerstone was laid. Following the ceremony Mr. Price was introduced to the large audience by Exalted Ruler Charles Meyer of Moline Lodge. Mr. Price was high in his praise of the Lodge and complimented the members on their achievement in erecting so fine a structure and on their determination to make it a real community center.

Following the dedication exercises, a large banquet was held in the evening in celebration of the event, at which Mr. L. R. Blackman acted as toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler also made a brief address to the diners on this occasion, and the Grand Secretary followed him with a short talk.

Some of the public features to be incorporated in the new Home of Moline Lodge will be an auditorium with a seating capacity of more than 1,000 for public functions; a Boy Scout room, where the Elk Troop will have its headquarters; ladies' rest rooms and meeting rooms, open to the public at all times; and a theater where concerts and amateur theatricals may be presented.

Stolen Membership Card Used To Cash Worthless Checks

C. H. Anderson, a member of South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge No. 1344, who resides at Farmington, Utah, recently had his membership card stolen from him while in the vicinity of Chicago. Since that time letters have been received from various individuals in Brooklyn, N. Y., Altoona, Pa., Albany, N. Y., Newburgh, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Lewistown, Pa., Providence, R. I. and Philadelphia, Pa., stating that the card was used as an identification to cash worthless checks, which were drawn on the First National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa. All members and secretaries of Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for this impostor using Mr. Anderson's card. The stolen card is No. 160, dated March 20, 1924, issued to April 1, 1925. The membership number is 712.

The Order Extends Deep Sympathy To Grand Exalted Ruler Price

Just eleven days after the death of his beloved wife, Mr. Edward P. Price, father of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. S. Read, in Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Price was for eighty years a resident of Canton, Ohio, and left that city only recently to make his home with his daughter when his health began to fail and when Mrs. Price had to be confined to a hospital for special care. Canton mourns the loss of these two venerable people who played such long and active parts in the life of the community. It was only a few years ago in 1920 that more than 1,000 of their friends greeted them on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary.

The sympathy of the entire Order is extended to Grand Exalted Ruler Price in his great loss.

Summer Homes for Children Provided By St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge No. 1343 is to be congratulated on its excellent welfare work. Recently the "Fresh Air for Kiddies" Committee, with the assistance of various townspeople, was successful in securing summer homes in St. Johnsbury and in the surrounding towns for 250 children. This was the largest number of youngsters taken care of in this way by any town in the State—a record of which the Lodge can certainly be proud.

Oregon State Elks Association Meets In Convention at Tillamook

At the seventh annual convention of the Oregon State Elks Association held recently at Tillamook, Ben S. Fisher of Marshfield Lodge No. 1160 was elected President for the ensuing year. Other officers elected were: First Vice-President, Joseph F. Riesch of Port-

land Lodge No. 142; Second Vice-President, David Kuratli of Tillamook Lodge No. 1437; Third Vice-President, G. E. Sanders of Albany Lodge No. 359; Treasurer, C. Austin Hayden of Klamath Falls Lodge No. 1247 (re-elected); Secretary, Frank D. Cohan of Marshfield Lodge No. 1160 (re-elected); Trustees, Homer Ross of McMinnville Lodge No. 1283, C. L. Sweek of Heppner Lodge No. 358 and Denton Burdick of Bend Lodge No. 1371. It was the consensus of opinion of all those who attended the meeting that it surpassed in every respect former conventions of the Association. More delegates were present and greater interest was taken in the business sessions than ever before. Among the important actions taken by the delegates was the appointment of a committee of five to make a rigid investigation of conditions attending boys and girls turned out by the State Training Schools. A report read before the convention showed that these young people were being turned out without sufficient supervision to prevent them from returning to criminal paths. This committee, which will report its findings at the mid-winter session of the Association, was vested with sufficient authority to appoint a State parole officer, to be paid by the Association, if such course were deemed necessary. The committee will confer with the Governor of the State and see that proper attention is paid to the children who are discharged from the Training Schools.

The next annual meeting of the Association will take place in Portland, Ore., in July, 1925. No definite date was set, but it is planned to hold the meeting the last three days of the Grand Lodge Convention which is scheduled for the week of July 13.

Tillamook Lodge No. 1437 gave the 20,000 visitors who flocked to its city an endless round of varied entertainment, and everything was done to make their stay a perfect holiday.

De Land, Fla., Lodge Growing. Celebrates Initiation of Large Class

Though only a little over a year old De Land, Fla., Lodge No. 1463 is one of the most ambitious Lodges of its size. A recent initiation of a large class of candidates has brought the membership not far from the 200 mark, with every indication that that number will be passed before long. The initiation of the class was the occasion of much celebration and festivity on the part of the Lodge. More than 50 members of Daytona, Fla., Lodge No. 1141 came, bringing their excellent band. Forty made the trip from Sanford (Fla.) Lodge No. 1241 and Lodges in Orlando, Palatka, Jacksonville, Tampa and Miami were also well represented, to say nothing of traveling members from Lodges of other States. The great procession including the candidates, headed by the fifteen-piece band of De Land Lodge, marched from the Home to the famous De Leon Springs which was the scene of a special entertainment provided by the candidates. Returning home, a large banquet was served to the guests after which the initiation of the candidates took place.

De Land Lodge always welcomes visitors. Many Elks who go to Florida during the coming winter will do well to stop off and become acquainted with the members of this enterprising and progressive Lodge.

San Francisco Bay Lodges Form Trapshooting Association

Trapshooting members of Elk Lodges about San Francisco Bay have organized the Bay Cities Elk Trapshooting Association, with shooting grounds on the West Alameda marsh. Berkeley Lodge No. 1002, Richmond Lodge No. 1251, Oakland Lodge No. 171, Alameda Lodge No. 1015, San Mateo Lodge No. 1112, San Rafael Lodge No. 1108 and San Francisco Lodge No. 3 are represented in the Association, and the trapshooting privileges are extended to all visiting Elks. At the initial shoot twenty-five shooters participated. At the second there were eighty entries. Team shoots from the different Lodges and other special events will mark each monthly gathering at the traps. A huge charity shoot and oyster bust was recently scheduled, a feature of which was a \$100 cash prize for the winning team, with merchandise

prizes for all participants. The entry money netted a considerable sum for charity work about the Bay.

It is extremely gratifying to note the revival of interest in trapshooting throughout the Order. Many Lodges in other States have become interested in the sport and are contemplating the organization of associations similar to that in California.

Minnesota State Elks Association Doing Noble Work at Rochester

The welfare work being done by the Minnesota State Elks Association at Rochester, the home of the famous Mayo Hospitals and other large institutions is proving highly satisfactory. Paul A. Grassle, representative of the Association, who is in charge of the welfare activities, has been unceasing in his effort to care for every Elk or member of an Elk's family confined to the various hospitals in the city. Not only have members who reside within the State been visited and cheered during their illness at Rochester, but scores of others from practically every State in the Union have been helped in various ways while in the hospitals of the city. Nearly 4,000 calls were made on patients during the short time since the Association began this interesting work.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Takes Many Children on Outing

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535 recently took over 100 children from the New York Orthopedic Hospital to Bronx Park, and about 125 children from St. Agnes Hospital, White Plains and other points within its jurisdiction, to Rye Beach, N. Y. The transportation was furnished by various members of the Lodge who donated the use of their cars; so generous was the response for cars that there were more than enough to carry all the children. Lunch and refreshments were served to the youngsters by the members. The superintendent and nurses of the hospital and the Sisters of St. Agnes expressed their appreciation of the generosity of the Lodge and of the excellent manner in which the whole outing had been conducted.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association Holds Memorable Convention

The meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association this year at Williamsport was in every respect the most memorable convention ever held by that body in the 18 years of its existence. The total registration of State officers, delegates, alternates and committeemen reached 367—considerably more than at any other meeting of the Association. Williamsport Lodge No. 173, having begun its preparations months ago, provided a seemingly endless round of entertainments for the thousands of visitors. The whole city was keyed to a high pitch of excitement and was determined to show the delegates and their families something unique in the way of welcome and hospitality. The crowning event of the crowded four-day program of events was the spectacular parade on the closing day of the convention. It was one of the finest fraternal parades ever held in Pennsylvania and the best ever given by the Association. There were more than 3,000 uniformed members and over twenty bands in line. Fully three miles long, the parade was a dazzling display of color, good marching and splendid music. Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 and its famous bands and marching units were one of the most conspicuous spots of color in the line of march. Harrisburg Lodge No. 12 won the first prize of \$100 for having the greatest number in line. Lock Haven Lodge No. 182 won the second prize of \$50 in this event. Allegheny Lodge No. 339 was awarded first prize of \$100 for making the best appearance and Wilkes-Barre Lodge No. 109 and Reading Lodge No. 115 took the second and third prizes respectively. Bloomsburg Lodge No. 436 received a prize of \$75 for having the largest exclusively Elk band in the parade, and Reading Lodge captured second honors and a prize of \$25 in this event. In the competitive drills held on the previous day, Scranton Lodge No. 123 received the first prize of \$100, and Wilkes-Barre Lodge No. 109



was given \$75 as the second ranking team. Reading Lodge entered a first prize winning band in the band contest and won \$100. Bloomsburg Lodge took second honors and a prize of \$75. The float entered by Harrisburg Lodge in the parade won the first prize of \$50. The second prize of \$25 went to Bethlehem Lodge No. 191. Another highly contested event was the Trap Shoot held on the grounds of the Williamsport Country Club. The gunners of Reading Lodge were victorious, winning over the shooters of Lewistown Lodge No. 663, which scored second in the contest.

Bethlehem was selected as the host to the next meeting of the Association in 1925. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward J. Morris of Reading Lodge; Vice-President, George Kambach of Pittsburgh Lodge No. 11; Treasurer, Henry W. Gough of Harrisburg Lodge; Secretary, W. S. Gould of Scranton Lodge No. 123; Trustee, George Thomas, also of Scranton Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi Lodge No. 494; William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of New York Lodge No. 1; Joseph Buch, former President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and many other distinguished members of the Order were among the visiting guests of honor at the convention.

Annual Frolic of San Diego, Calif., Lodge Proves Big Success

Nearly 3000 attended the recent "Frolic" held at El Monte Park by San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168. From early morning until late in the evening the members and their families enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content and the entire affair was one of the most successful functions ever conducted by the Lodge. There was not an accident of any kind to mar the occasion; there were refreshments galore for the children; a variety of athletic events and an excellent band and orchestra provided music. Moving pictures were taken of the various events and these were shown later in the Lodge Room.

Ohio State Elks Association Meets at Cedar Point

Members of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge No. 285, in their recently dedicated Home, played host to the thousands of visitors to the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association which was held at Cedar Point. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of honor and many other distinguished members of the Order were present at the meeting, which was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the kind in years.

At the business sessions the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George A. Snyder of Fostoria Lodge No. 935; First Vice-President, Rudd B. Gue of New Lexington Lodge No. 509; Second Vice-President, John Leppelman of Toledo Lodge No. 53; Third Vice-President, Norman C. Parr of New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510; Secretary, John W. Ranney of Columbus Lodge No. 37; Treas-

urer, William Petri of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5; Trustee for the one-year term, unexpired, George Doerzbach of Sandusky Lodge No. 285, and Fred W. Maerke of Lakewood Lodge No. 1350, for the three-year term. It was decided to hold the 1925 convention again at Cedar Point.

The Association accepted a handsome silver cup generously presented by Grand Exalted Ruler Price to be offered as a prize to the Lodge whose officers best exemplify the ritual during the year. The winner of the cup will be brought to the 1925 convention to initiate a large class of candidates and to demonstrate the solemnity and significance of the ritual.

A spectacular feature of the convention was the great parade with its long line of marchers and many bands. Tiffin Lodge No. 94 was awarded first prize for the best uniformed band and marching club. Fostoria Lodge No. 935 was given second prize in this event. Bellevue Lodge No. 1013 had the largest number in the parade and was also awarded a prize. Cincinnati Lodge won the award for coming the greatest distance. Other Lodges in the parade were Toledo Lodge No. 53, with its famous "Cherry Pickers" band; Lakewood Lodge No. 1350, New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510, Elyria Lodge, No. 465, headed by the boys' band of that city, and Sandusky Lodge No. 285, headed by Ackley's Band.

At a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association held during the convention, E. A. King of Bellevue Lodge was chosen President, succeeding Mr. Price. The Convention ended brilliantly with a large ball at the Coliseum.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Opens Clinic for Crippled Children

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128 has opened a clinic in the Appleby Building. A graduate orthopedic nurse is in charge of the work. Thorough examination of the various deformities will be made and the proper form of braces and treatment will be provided by the Committee to enable the little children to regain the use of their limbs. This noble work is in line with the activities of many other Lodges throughout the Order.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Makes Many New Friends by Radio

Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 recently made its first broadcast over the radio from KLX, the Oakland Tribune station. The program was of double interest because it was put on in the name of the Lodge and because all those taking part in the event were members. The program was one of the finest heard over the air in some time. Several long distance calls were received during the broadcast, congratulating performers and asking for encore numbers. Innumerable telephone calls came from local listeners-in, bringing plenty of appreciation. Many letters were also received from distant points commenting on the class of entertainment given and requesting the Lodge to give a similar program in the near future.

Monthly Shows to be Given by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge No. 1022 has organized a committee which will plan to bring an average of at least one good road show a month to the local High School Auditorium during the coming winter. The Lodge will have a share in the total receipts and expects that the income derived from this source will be great enough to obviate the necessity of any other special entertainments.

Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge Making Plans for Dedication of New Home

Formal dedication of the new \$100,000 Home of Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge No. 1170, already occupied by the members, is scheduled to take place in October when it is expected that Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price will be present to take part in the ceremonies. A committee is working on the organization of a large class of candidates for initiation on this occasion. The new Home is one of the finest of fraternal buildings. It has a large Lodge Room,

offices, recreation rooms, library, bowling alleys, billiard room and banquet hall, all beautifully finished and furnished throughout. Immediately after moving into the Home the Lodge staged a large indoor Carnival which was attended by many distinguished members of the Order and representatives of Lodges in many parts of the State.

The last meeting in the old Home which the Lodge had occupied for fifteen years was in the nature of a farewell reception. More than 200 members were present. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Snyder of Fostoria, Ohio, Lodge No. 935 addressed the gathering, and other events, including an initiation, were on the evening's program.

Morgan City, La., Holds Its Annual Charity Festival

Houma, La., Lodge No. 1193 and Franklin, La., Lodge No. 1387 participated in the annual Elks' Day festivities conducted by Morgan City, La., Lodge No. 1121. The event was staged for the benefit of the Doll and Toy fund of Morgan City Lodge. The committee arranged a program full of interesting events for the day in which other Lodges in the region took part. Whitmore's famous orchestra from New Orleans and the burlesque baseball team of Houma Lodge were some of the features enjoyed by the several thousand who attended the festivities.

Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge Prepares for Florida Centennial Celebration

Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge No. 937 is preparing to be host to thousands of Elks from Florida and the South during the Florida Centennial Celebration which will be held at the Florida capital November 9-15. The Home has been placed at the disposal of the centennial officials for mass and committee meetings. Practically every Past Exalted Ruler and a larger number of the Lodge's 210 members are serving actively on committees preparing for the big event.

A feature of the Home of Tallahassee Lodge which will be of interest to visiting Elks is its furniture, formerly that of New York Lodge No. 1. Lewis M. Lively of Tallahassee, then Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, was in New York in 1912 when this equipment was being disposed of to a dealer. The Home of Tallahassee Lodge had just been completed, so Mr. Lively closed the deal on the spot with a personal check. Consequently few Lodges of its size can boast the splendid furnishings that Tallahasseeans proudly show to visiting members.

The Lodge was instituted in 1904 and has been a leader in the State ever since. It has furnished several Grand Lodge officers and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and has a splendid program outlined for the coming year. At present, the energies of all its members are directed toward the State Centennial Celebration.

Virginia State Elks Association Holds Brilliant Convention in Richmond

Richmond, Va., was the scene of the fifteenth annual convention of the Virginia State Elks

Association. It was one of the most brilliant and successful meetings in the history of the Association and was attended by large delegations of members and their families from every Lodge in the State. Richmond, Va., Lodge No. 45 was lavish in its entertainment of the visitors. Much important work was done at the business session of the convention, the delegates adopting resolutions creating an executive committee for the Association which will re-draft and revise the code of by-laws. The recommendation that each Lodge shall set aside a day in each year to be known as "Crippled Kiddies Day" when an outing or other entertainment shall be provided for the unfortunate youngsters, was also adopted. The following officers were elected for 1924-25; President, Hubert S. Larrick, Winchester Lodge No. 867; First Vice-President, Rudolph H. Perry, Charlottesville Lodge No. 389; Second Vice-President, David Johnson, Hampton Lodge No. 366; Third Vice-President, John G. Sizer, Richmond Lodge No. 45; Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge No. 758 (re-elected); Treasurer, Robert D. Peoples, Manchester Lodge No. 843; Chaplain, Rev. Edgar Carpenter, Alexandria Lodge; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. M. Cutting, Manchester Lodge. The next meeting of the Association will take place the second week in October, 1925, at Roanoke.

World War Veterans Hear Band Of Portland, Ore., Lodge

More than 100 disabled veterans of the World War were recently given their first outdoor concert of the year by the band of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142. The concert was played on the grounds of the United States Veterans' Hospital. Men sat in wheel chairs to listen to the music. All of the windows of the building were thrown open, and disabled fighters whose cots it was impossible to move, heard the concert from their rooms. Many of those who were suffering from less serious injuries were able to move about the grounds as the music was played.

No. 1 Endows Bed in Hospital For Crippled Children

As a fitting climax to the summer activities of its Social and Community Welfare Committee in behalf of the crippled children, New York Lodge No. 1 has directed that a bed be endowed in perpetuity in its name at the Hospital for Joint Diseases now in the course of construction at 123rd and 124th Streets and Madison Avenue, New York City.

Irvington, N. J., Lodge Will Stage Colorful "Home Town Mardi Gras"

Patterned after the famous "Last Days of the Carnival" of the world's playground at Coney Island, Irvington, N. J., Lodge No. 1245 will stage a "Home Town Mardi Gras" at Olympic Park on two nights—Hallowe'en, October 31 and Saturday, November 1. The Entertainment Committee of Irvington Lodge is to conduct the affair for the benefit of the New Home Building Fund. On the first night, designated as "The

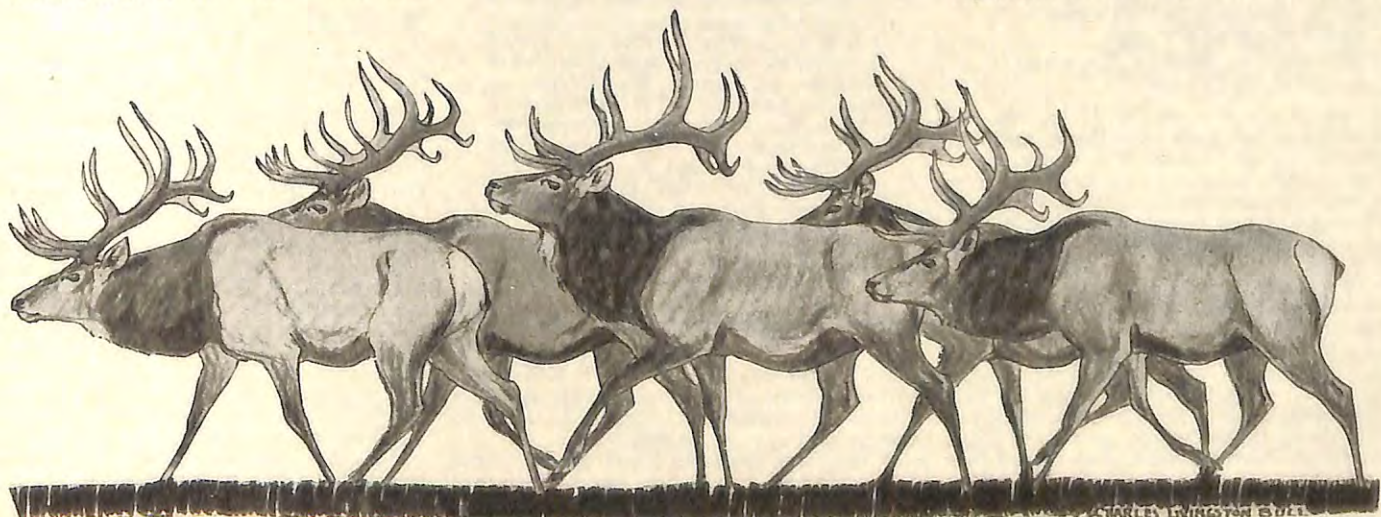
Night of the Frolic," Exalted Ruler Joseph J. Brown will throw wide the portals of the huge ball-room, which will be decorated in the best of Hallowe'en fashion, to the masked dancers who are to take part in the colorful pageant. Variegated booths to tempt the guests in skill and chance, a promenade display of gorgeously costumed women, the modern and ancient interpretation of the terpsichorean art by a ballet of fifty children, and numerous other diversions will enliven the fete. On the second night, which has been named "The Night of Knights," members of the Order from neighboring Lodges are to compete for the handsome prizes for the largest delegations. On this night, also, there are to be distributed an automobile as a door prize; two beautiful diamond rings and a diamond studded bracelet to the three most popular ladies present. A committee of fifty Past Exalted Rulers of New Jersey Lodges has been named as a Reception Committee and will assist the main committee in entertaining the visiting members.

Successful Trap Shoot at Picnic Of Watertown, S. Dak., Lodge

Firmly entrenching itself as a notable organization for sportsmanship as well as for its ability in the field of music, the band of Watertown, S. Dak., Lodge No. 838 easily took first honors in the trap shooting tournament held in connection with the big picnic recently given by the Lodge. Nearly 100 members participated in the event and a large number, including many who had not engaged in trap shooting for years, finished with high scores. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was one of the competitors in the tournament.

"North Shore Day" Was Enjoyed By 10,000 Visitors to Convention

We regret that owing to last-minute changes in the makeup of the Magazine we were not able to give before this an account of "North Shore Day," which was enjoyed by nearly 10,000 of the members and their families who attended the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston. Gloucester, Beverly, Salem, Chelsea and Revere Lodges, all were lavish in their hospitality to the visitors and vied with one another in the generosity of their welcome. The visitors left Boston in the morning and arriving at Gloucester, Mass., they were royally entertained by members of the Lodge throughout the greater part of the day. A great shore dinner was served. Tents had been arranged for the visitors to pass through, receive their rations and move along to eat picnic style in the grass. Provisions had been made for about 5,000, but when twice that number appeared the committee had its hands full. But every one was taken care of, and the visitors went away with a strong feeling of gratitude for Gloucester Lodge. The great crowd began moving to Beverly in the afternoon. Beverly Lodge gave the visitors dancing, ball games, golf, bowling and a band concert. At Salem the local Lodge provided them with more entertainment and lunch. Chelsea Lodge greeted them at 7 o'clock with open house, dancing and entertainment, and open house was also enjoyed at Revere Lodge the entire evening.



CHARLEY IRVINGTON BULL

"North Shore Day" was indeed one of the most interesting and delightful of the many events on the entertainment program of the Boston Convention.

Duluth Festive Scene of Meeting of Minnesota State Elks Association

Close to 10,000 members and their families came to Duluth for the twentieth annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association held recently in that city. It was a most interesting and successful meeting, both from the point of view of entertainment and the work accomplished at the business sessions. The band contests were one of the features on the program that was attended by large numbers. The band of Red Wing Lodge No. 845, twice winner in previous State conventions, won its third victory and the prize of \$250 by a unanimous decision of the judges. The band of Owatonna Lodge No. 1395 took the second prize of \$150. The drum corps of Stillwater Lodge No. 179 and Owatonna Lodge won first and second prizes respectively and received large silver loving cups. Red Wing Lodge was also successful in the ritualistic contests, its team winning over the degree team of Duluth Lodge No. 133. A fine silver loving cup went with the victory.

At the business sessions the delegates adopted a new constitution, allowing each Lodge one delegate to the State Association for each 100 members with a maximum delegation of 15. All past Presidents of the State body and past and present Exalted Rulers are given membership in the Association. Twenty-five delegates will constitute a quorum, providing 12 of the Lodges are represented. There are now 23 Lodges in the Association.

John E. Regan of Mankato Lodge No. 225 was re-elected president for the ensuing year. Other officers elected were: First Vice-President, Thomas B. Wilson of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44; Second Vice-President, Paul McGeary of Rochester Lodge No. 1091; Third Vice-President, Edward W. Stevens of Duluth Lodge No. 133; Treasurer, William W. Koons of St. Cloud Lodge No. 516; Secretary, Lannie C. Horne of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44; Trustee, Dr. C. R. Leech of St. Paul Lodge No. 59, for three years.

One of the most touching events of the meeting was the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Koons of a beautiful silver service by the Association. The gift was made in recognition of the fact that 21 years ago Mr. Koons was one of the organizers and the first President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and that he and Mrs. Koons have never missed a session since. The presentation was made by Mr. John E. Regan on behalf of the Association.

Successful Kiddies Day Conducted By Elmira, N. Y., Lodge

The great success of the "Kiddies Day" held recently by Elmira, N. Y., Lodge No. 62 assures the regular annual observance of this event by the members. More than 6,000 children of the city were guests of the Lodge at Riverside Park, and it required more than 500 members to dispense the refreshments and to see that every youngster had his share of the day's fun.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge Acquires Handsome New Home

Members of Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714 are now occupying their new Home at Main Street and Franklin Avenue. This removal from the Home which had housed the Lodge for over 21 years was necessitated by the recent sale of the old property to a company which will erect a large office building on the site. Norristown Lodge plans to make numerous improvements on its new Home, the most important of which will be the erection of an immense auditorium in the rear of the building. This structure will be 120 feet long by 45 feet wide, two stories in height, with a roof so shaped that any time in the future a roof garden may be erected. This addition will contain among other features, bowling alleys, shuffle-boards, pool and billiard tables, a large banquet room, a stage and four dressing rooms. On one side of the stage there will be room for the erection of a large pipe organ. The auditorium will be so arranged that it may

be used for a Lodge Room on Lodge nights, and a dance hall or theatre on other evenings.

The present building on the property, and the new structure to be built, will be handsomely furnished and equipped throughout, giving Norristown Lodge a completely modern and comfortable Home.

Taunton, Mass., Lodge Brings Civil War Veterans to G. A. R. Convention

Due to the thoughtfulness and generosity of Taunton, Mass., Lodge No. 150, thirty-two members of the William H. Bartlett Post of Civil War Veterans were able to take part in the parade at the Convention of the G. A. R. held recently in Boston. The members furnished the autos to bring the old warriors from Taunton to Boston and drove them down the line of march. Owing to the great age of some of the veterans their participation in the parade would have been doubtful had it not been for this act of Taunton Lodge. Following the parade, luncheon was served to the veterans and representatives of the Woman's Relief Corps who accompanied the party from Taunton, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Taunton Lodge again acting as host. The autos left Boston with the veterans for home in the early part of the afternoon.

Many other Lodges throughout the State performed similar acts of kindness toward the veterans, bringing them to Boston and seeing that they were properly entertained during the convention.

Unfortunate Youngsters of City Remembered by Bristol, Pa., Lodge

Bristol, Pa., Lodge No. 970 recently gave all the crippled children in its vicinity a fine outing. A committee provided autos and nurse attendants, went to the homes of the children and took them to the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia, Pa., where they spent the entire day. Toys, games, amusements and dinners were given to all the little unfortunates.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge Helps Victims of Ohio Tornado

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge No. 1331, recently exemplified again its generosity and charity by forwarding a substantial sum of money to Lorain,

Patronize Magazine Advertisers

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

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

Ohio, Lodge No. 1301 to assist it in giving relief to the sufferers of the tornado. The donation was made by Blue Island Lodge on its own initiative without any outside solicitation.

A feature in the social life of the Lodge was the picnic held a short time ago at which over 1000 members and their friends were present. More than \$800 was raised by this event.

Grand Exalted Ruler Restores Original Number to Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge

Pursuant to the authority vested in him by Section 104A of the Grand Lodge Statutes, amended at the Session of the Grand Lodge held at Boston, July, 1924, Grand Exalted Ruler Price has restored the serial number 18 to Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 1438. The latter number has been cancelled and hereafter the Lodge will be known as Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 18.

Grand Island, Neb., Lodge Has Handsome Home

The members of Grand Island, Neb., Lodge No. 604 occupy a building which is considered one of the finest Homes in the Central West. It is modern in every detail and includes all conveniences for the comfort and pleasure of the members. In the sub-basement is the heating plant. Kitchen, dining-room, bowling alleys and showers are located in the basement. On the first floor are the secretary's office, billiard and reading rooms, ladies' parlor and a spacious sun parlor. On the second floor is the Lodge room and ball-room, smoking room and a large foyer and open porch. The whole building was recently redecorated.

Grand Island Lodge has the distinction of having had a father and his four sons as Exalted Rulers. W. H. Harrison, the father, is a charter member and served as Exalted Ruler in 1909. His sons Guy L. and Fred L. held the office in 1911 and 1915 respectively. His two other sons, Ray L. and Reed L., were Exalted Rulers of the Lodge in 1919 and 1923 respectively. The four brothers are all residents of Grand Island and still active in the work of the Lodge.

Members of Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge Guests at Large Banquet

The officers and members of Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge No. 1414 were recently guests at a banquet given them at the Strangers' Club in Colon by John A. Walker, a fellow member. The whole rear porch of the Club overlooking the water had been reserved and specially decorated for the occasion. Grover F. Bohan, Esteemed Leading Knight of the Lodge, officiated as Master of Ceremonies and various members gave interesting talks. William Warren who had recently returned from the Boston Convention told of the meeting and of his experiences there. Members of a class of candidates which had been initiated at the regular business session preceding the banquet delivered brief addresses expressing their feelings on joining the Lodge. All in all it was a most successful evening and one that further exemplified the fine spirit of good fellowship pervading No. 1414.

Washington Lodges Establish Speakers' Bureau

The Washington State Elks Association is establishing a Speakers' Bureau for the purpose of assisting the Lodges of the State in securing suitable speakers for public ceremonies such as Flag Day, Constitution Day, Memorial Day, and the like. Following out the resolution recently adopted at the convention in Bellingham, the Association has begun to take a census of the crippled children of the State so that work for their benefit and entertainment may be carried on effectively and efficiently.

More Than a Thousand Kiddies Guests of Mankato, Minn., Lodge

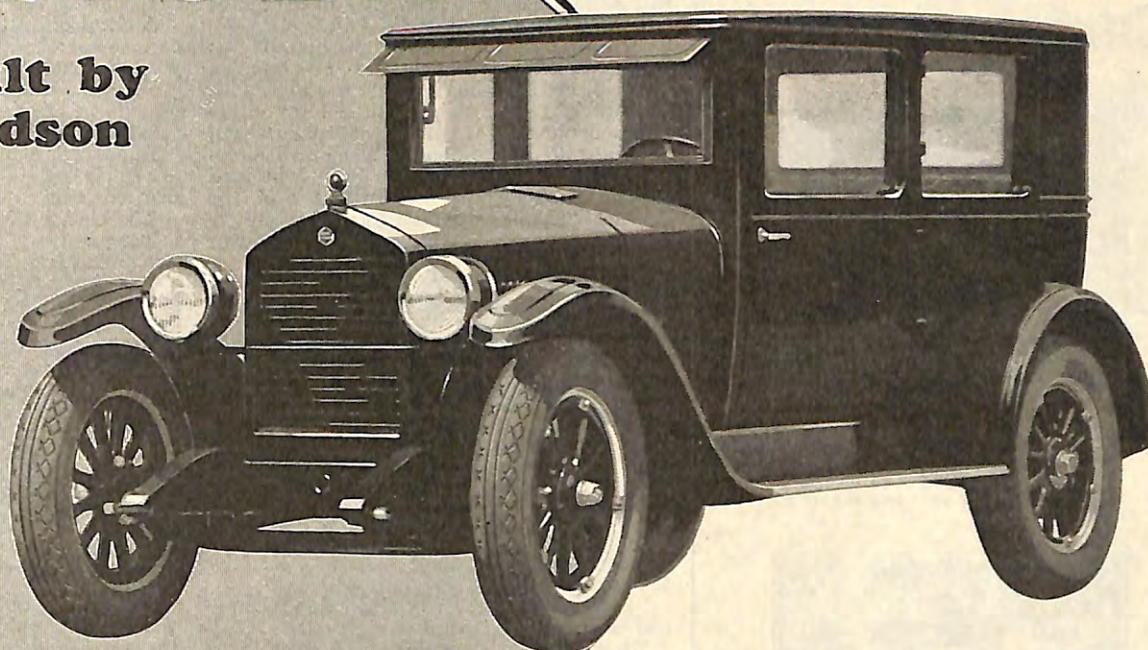
Eleven hundred rollicking children were recently the guests of Mankato, Minn., Lodge No. 225 at its third annual children's picnic on the shores of Lake Washington. The youngsters were taken to the Lake in trucks and autos. On their arrival each was given a card containing ten perforated tickets which could be traded in at the various refreshment stands for whatever the youngsters wished. Many of the children spent the tickets early, and before afternoon was far along had returned for ten more. The day was spent in a general romp up and down the shores of the lake, with bathing and boating as the main interest of the little ones. The party

(Continued on page 70)

At Open Car Cost

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Genuine Balloon Tires

Standard Equipment

The outstanding buying choice this year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach alone provides them. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. Everyone knows it gives highest closed car value. And because no other type or car shares its position it is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

Genuine Balloon Tires Enhance World's Greatest Value

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You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

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<p>ESSEX SIX COACH</p> <p>\$1000</p> <p>HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH</p> <p>\$1500</p> <p><i>Freight and Tax Extra</i></p>
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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Company (Canada) Ltd.
St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick

Aqua Velva is a new preparation for after-shaving. For trial bottle, write Dept. 510.

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 25)

CHAPTER NINE

Morning came with a shimmer of white and silver that lay over the steppe like a jeweled net, with vaulting skies that rose through turquoise into a solid and torrid sapphire, with a slow, steady wind walking to the south; and they lost no time in making their plans.

Dolgoruki knew the way to Kuldja. It was decided that he should ride there, accompanied by the Countess, while Maguire was to fly with Ann to Ishkandar-Serai, the little town on the Tibetan border in the heart of the Pamirs where, according to Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's instructions, Ali Jangi-Dost, the yellow-bearded Turkoman shop-keeper in the Bazar of the Grain Merchants, after the correct passwords, would show him into the presence of "Monsieur George."

FOR nearly three hours the Russian explained to Maguire the technical innovations of his plane, with the instrument board—a perfect maze, every last needle meaning something vitally important, a shimmering array of tachometers, thermometers, oil and air gauges, voltmeters, gas controls, switches, and starter buttons and banking indicators—an accurate explanation, to him who knew, of all that was happening in the great motors.

Then he gave him a crude map of the region. "It's all the map I have," he apologized. "Don't worry. I'll hit Ishkandar-Serai by to-night."

"You know—there's no rail metal to follow—and very few towns to serve as landmarks . . ."

"Sure! I've done my share of night flying over the German trenches."

"Don't forget the position of the pusher motor. It has to be throttled to twelve hundred just as soon as you swing well into the air."

"I got it all pat, old man."

"There's a station of the Trans-Asiatic Telegraph Company at Ishkandar-Serai," the Russian went on. "Wire me to Kuldja as soon as you get there. You'll have to wire in Russian—the line is Russian-owned and won't take foreign messages."

"Write it down."

Dolgoruki did; read it out: "*Ousspiechno*—with success." The Kuldja agent will let it through. He is in our pay. Then you will go at once to 'Monsieur George' . . ."

"Sure. I remember. First I give him the letter, and then I'll explain to him that everything is lost and that he'd better make his get-away."

"Exactly," agreed the Russian, though he winced at the democratic phraseology. Again he turned to the plane. "Notice those gas tanks?"

"You bet. Monsters, aren't they?"

"Plenty of gas in them to take you to Ishkandar-Serai. Then—as I explained to you—you will fly with 'Monsieur George' southwest across Beluchistan into Persia. There you will have no difficulty refilling your tanks . . ."

"Got it all down. To Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, eh?"

"An American ship is riding at anchor there, waiting—we made arrangements with the captain. . . ."

It was lucky for them that the part of the steppe where they camped was a deep, saucer-like valley, with a fringe of thick forest all around which screened them, as well as the plane. For several times, while they were talking, they heard not far away the steady clatter of horses in squadron formation, and a humming of Russian songs steadily growing louder.

"They're on their way south," said Dolgoruki. "Guess I'll take a look."

Noiselessly Maguire sneaked up the rim of the valley to the farther edge of the forest, where he hid in the shelter of a huge, ball-shaped bush.

He watched them ride past: mounted men, hundreds of them, trotting beneath the device of their crimson battle flags; Cossacks, European Russians from Orenburg and the Don, and, too, hawkish, beady-eyed Asiatic Russians, Buriats and Turkomans, Georgians and Circassians; Bolsheviks all, though—thought Maguire—as

efficiently drilled and officered and disciplined as any soldiers that he had ever seen; singing Russian war songs, haunting, yet savage, as they streamed to the south:

"Soldatushki! Bravo, rebayatushki!

Droojno vraga beityel!

Smelei droojno . . ."

A cloud of dust; a glint of sun on sabres and carbine barrels; a dry rasping of lance butts; a young trooper's free, careless laugh . . .

"Vo shitiyki, vo roojyal!

Beitye . . .!"

rose the rousing chant.

An officer's sharp command: "*Niemedliennol!*"—a bugle call—a dramatic thumping of Turkoman kettle-drum—trot changing into gallop . . .

The clatter of horses drifting away—voices drifting away:

"Soldatushki! Bravo, rebayatushki!

Droojno . . ."

Then only the memory of sound. Silence.

But it was nearly noon when the last of the Cossacks had ridden away; and shortly afterwards—with many parting messages and wishes—the Countess and Dolgoruki were off to the west toward Kuldja, while Maguire, in the latter's flying suit, and Ann in a spare suit which the Russian carried in his baggage, were rocking off the ground.

"Afraid?" asked Maguire as he strapped her to her seat.

"My word—no!"

He laughed at the tiny face with the great flying goggles.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "If you could see yourself! If you'd stand like this in a corn field, the crows would die of fright!"

"What-ho!" came her rejoinder, while he opened the shutters on the forward motors and shoved on the throttles. "Your mother must certainly have loved children—to bring you up!"

"We're off!"

He locked his feet on the rudder bar, bent forward on the wheel as hard as he could, working like a maniac to get the plane's tail up.

"Gee!" he yelled over his shoulder—and Ann guessed what he was saying, though his words were swallowed in the roar of motors and propeller—"like old times! I'll say this bus answers!"

Indeed, with its immense horse-power crystallized into three perfect motors, the five tons of ship started as if shot from a gun.

Like a sentient being it seemed, a gigantic behemoth, appearing occasionally to pause, to quiver as if taking in a great lungful of breath, with a deep, expectant whine rising from its steely intestines; and Maguire, who belonged to that new generation which is as keen to the individuality, the personality, and even the idiosyncrasies of machinery as the older generation had been to horseflesh, rode the plane as he had never done before, sucking every last ounce of strength and energy from gasoline and forged steel and rubber, superbly sure of himself.

Once he over-controlled; the plane zigzagged dangerously; and he was already mentally intoning the old song—three times he had been in the guardhouse in France for singing it: "Ten thousand dollars for the folks at home!" when he straightened again, again zumped south, all the world smiling beneath him in the noon sun.

Faster and faster, while his practised ears and eyes took in the story of the motors. Hour after hour. Away up—with a clean, climbing turn, a smooth working together of rudder and stick. Still higher. Arching into the far skies.

Yet the strange sensation came to him that the very height brought the steppes and, several hours later, the rolling foot hills uncannily near; setting out, as in some delicate, minute mosaic of ancient Florentine craftsmanship, every detail of plain and river, of precipice and pinnacle and ridge.

There were moments—he was now in the heart of the mountains, his hands bending steadily to the task, the motors singing sweetly and evenly—when the peaks seemed to press up, straight up, as if trying to catch and impale the plane; other moments when the earth seemed to stand away like a sky of fantastic, multi-colored clouds jerked upside down by a Titan's playful

fist, unattainable, fabulous, belonging to some incredible world of dreams.

On, though—eating up the miles! Occasionally he consulted his map; and it was late in the afternoon—he had been making over a hundred and fifty miles an hour—when, by sign of river forking east and southeast, by sign of porphyry hog-back hills melting into a great welter of sugar-loaf, snow-capped mountains, and also by sign of an airman's instinct, he knew that the town below was Ishkandar-Serai; and then, a little to the west of it, he saw the long, narrow field which, Dolgoruki had told him, was his landing-place.

He cut to six hundred and climbed down; dropped across a line of trees twenty feet high; pulled back on the wheel; hit the ground easily on three points; made it safely.

"Here we are!"

A few minutes later he was out of the cockpit and reaching up a helping hand to Ann when again, as earlier during the day, over a thousand miles to the north, he heard the clatter of horses in squadron formation, heard the rhythm and swing of a soldier song.

"Gosh!" he said to Ann. "I guess those Russians beat us to it—must have . . ."

"Silly!" she interrupted with a laugh. "Listen again, Kid! Those are English voices—English words!"

"Gee whizz!" he replied. "You're right," waving away half a dozen turbaned brown hill-men who came running up and crowding about the plane with excited words and gestures.

And not long afterwards a squadron of khaki-clad British cavalry, followed by half a dozen light mountain guns that were manned by Hindu soldiers and drawn by buffaloes, came trotting round a bend, shouting at the top of their lungs the "Song of the Buffalo Battery," most rollicking of all the old Anglo-Indian army tunes, known and hummed and yelled from Cape Comorin to Mandalay, from the Coromandel Coast to Simla and Peshawur:

"I love to hear the sepoy with his bold and martial tread.

And the thud of galloping cavalry re-echoes through my head;

But sweeter far than any sound by mortal ever made Is the tramp of the Buffalo Battery a-going to parade.

For it's 'Hanya! hanya! hanya! hanya! Twist their tails and go!

With a 'Hathi! hathi! hathi—oh! Elephant and buffalo!

'Chow-chow! chow-chow! chow-chow! chow-chow!' 'Teri ma!' 'Chel-lo!'

Oh, that's the way they chant all day and drive the buffalo!"

"PEACH of a song. I'd like to get a copy.

I'll plug it for them in New York!" commented Maguire as, at a word from an officer, cavalry and artillery came to a halt, while the officer himself, accompanied by a crimson-turbaned Hindu soldier, rode straight up to the American.

"Saw you half an hour back," were his first words. "And may I inquire—who the devil are you? Where the devil do you come from? And what the devil do you expect to do here?"

Maguire's reply was immediate, emphatic, and rude:

"Aw—go to hell!"

"Accent and words lead me to the conclusion," came the other's drawl, "that you're not a Russian, as I had at first surmised, but just one of those nosy, impertinent Yankees!"

"And I'll tell you what you are!" Maguire flared up. "You're nothing but an underfed, overbearing, shave-tail second loot! Beat it—before I soak you one in the eye!"

He made a threatening gesture; the Hindu soldier gave an angry shout, rode close up to the American, loosening his curved *tegha* in its scabbard; Maguire fumbled for his revolver; and there was every sign of a small, but hectic international complication, when Limehouse Ann interfered.

"I say! Cool off, both of you blinking jackasses!" was her unladylike remark which caused both Englishman and American to laugh shamefacedly, and the former to declare he would take back the "impertinent Yank," while the latter allowed that he had not exactly meant all that he had said.

"All the same," went on the Englishman, "what are you doing here?"

(Continued on page 46)



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Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 45)

"And what are you doing here with your cavalry?" countered Maguire. "After all, this is Chinese, not British territory."

And the recently patched peace was on the point of being splintered again when an elderly officer, in a colonel's uniform, trotted up on a splendid mare and turned to the younger officer with words that, although doubtless English, were as unintelligible to Maguire as typical American vaudeville catch-words would be to an untraveled Briton.

"Steady on there, young 'un," he said; and when the other explained in an undertone what had happened; "I'll lay you a monkey to a new toe-cap that I'll have everything according to Cocker in the twirl of a swizzle-stick. Waltz back across the tan—what, what?—and give me a clear green to the view-halloo!"

Evidently the lieutenant understood these cryptic instructions. For he saluted and was off, followed by the Hindu, while the other jumped from his horse, took Maguire by the arm, and led him to one side. A short, clean-shaven, bow-legged, purple-faced man looking exactly like a stable groom who had put on regimentals by mistake, he surprised the American by introducing himself as Sir John Greatorex, general in command of the brigade.

He was "as delighted as dammit" to meet Mr. Maguire. As to the lieutenant—? "Comic young enthusiast—what, what?"

He explained that the Anglo-Indian government had received news from its Central Asian secret service agents of the Bolsheviks' advance.

"Nobody knows why. Everything seemed doggo. Then this shot from the blue. Nasty swine, these Muscovites, always fishing in muddied water—always trying to stir up trouble in India. So—by Jove—we jumped first, and here we are, horse, foot, and the guns, as right as rain. Young levies—" he jerked a proud thumb toward the soldiers—"but pretty good goes and don't shirk the fences—so let Mr. Trotzky's blighters come! Still—" he went on—"can't blame us for being careful. And when your plane suddenly chivvied out of nowhere—rather upsetting, what, Mr. Maguire?"

"You bet!" said the latter. He wondered how he should explain his presence. It was clear from the general's remarks that the British did not know the real reason of the Russian advance; were therefore not familiar with the fact that "Monsieur George" was in hiding here. But he had to explain his sudden arrival somehow; and so, after a second's deliberation, he told a resplendent and shameless lie.

"I'm a newspaper reporter."
 "Bull's-eye!" he congratulated himself when he heard Sir John's enthusiastic exclamation:

"LORD-LOVE-A-DUCK! 'Straordinary race, you Americans! Always a nose ahead of the field! By Jove—campaign hasn't started, may never start if the Bolsheviks see that I mean business—and here you are as right as dammit! Splendid! And—?" discreetly pointing at Ann—"this charming young gal—?"

"The future Mrs. Maguire."
 "American, too, I fancy?"
 "My word—no!" Ann had overheard; stepped forward.

Gallantly the old warrior bent over her hand. "No need to tell me where you were born," he smiled. "I can hear the sound of Bow bells in your voice." And he complimented Maguire upon his choice in an audible undertone and language quite in keeping with his stable-groom appearance: "Neat little filly. Cut pretty about the muzzle and the hocks. Tell you what! You two dine with us to-night. My missus came up with me from Peshawur—won't trust me out of her sight, the old lady. Only white woman here. Come up and peck at our curry and roast goat—what?"

Ann accepted immediately. But Maguire thought of what he had to do: his telegram to Prince Dolgoruki, his visit to "Monsieur George"—the uncertainty of what might happen afterwards. But how explain this to the other?

"I—I'm not sure that I . . ." he began lamely, when the general interrupted him: "Shorten rein a bit, old son. I understand.

Duty first. Newspaper man—comic interviews and all that. Very well . . ."

"But the way we are dressed . . ."
 "Shan't take no for an answer. I take the little gal with me. The missus will give her a change of frocks—same size as the little gal—Two-pence out o' Three-pence. You join us whenever you can. We'll wait dinner, and I'll have my man put out some togs for you. You can't miss my place. I'm occupying the commander's quarters over at the deserted Chinese barracks."

"What about my plane?" objected Maguire. "I can't leave it unprotected—may need it in a hurry—I or somebody else . . . I am—" heaping lie upon lie—"I'm expecting to meet somebody here—another correspondent from my newspaper and . . ."

"I'll arrange it." Sir John called out sharply: "Juldee—hurry here!" A Hindu sergeant ran up, and was given orders in a fantastic mixture of English and Hindustani. "You take half a troop and two buffalo guns," the general wound up, "and watch the air-plane. And whatever the foreign sahib says goes."

"Jo hookum, Khodawund—listen is obey, my lord!" The sergeant salaamed and left.

"I call that service!" laughed Maguire. "Anything else I can do for you?" asked Sir John.

"Yes. Could you let me have a guide?"
 "Rather!" Another shout of "Juldee!" another Hindu running up and receiving orders that he was Maguire's "hurkara i furash i chaukadar—messenger and servant and guard."

TWENTY minutes later, Maguire's message to Dolgoruki: "Ousspicchio—with success!" was zumming along the northern wires to Kuldja, while, preceded by his Hindu guide, he walked through the streets of Ishkandar-Serai. The little mountain town acknowledged Chinese suzerainty—except in times of strife and international complications, such as the present—but, four hundred years ago, it had been founded by Arabs who had never mixed with the surrounding tribes, Mongols or Persians, Hindus or Tibetans or Turkomans. And intensely Arab the town still was—squatting there, on the flat mountain top in the heart of the Pamirs, like the evocation of an ancient Damascan craftsman who had played with wood and stone and terra cotta, with colored squares and cubes and triangles and perverse arabesques, toying in brass and copper and glazed tiles with an exquisite sensuousness whose charm, almost Japanese in its fleeting remoteness, served only to emphasize its unintelligibility—to a western eye and mind.

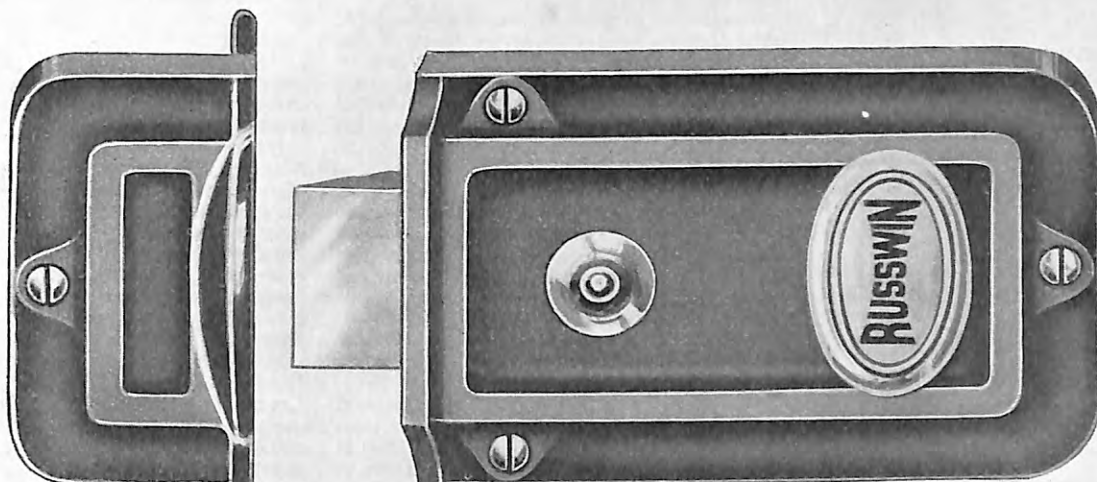
Of the east eastern—houses and gardens and mosques; and, too, the racial philosophy that emanated from them like the perfume of dead flowers; the philosophy of that desert race which will always remain an incommunicable enigma to Aryan to the west as well as Mongol and Malay of the east and African to the south: turbulent and passionate, yet immovably contemplative in silent mosque and secluded house and hushed garden and taciturn figures strangely statuesque, strangely un-selfconscious in garb and pose, in words of hate and words of love, in laughter even . . .

They reached the Bazaar of the Grain Merchants, and found Ali Jangi-Dost's shop without trouble. Here Maguire thanked and dismissed the Hindu and went inside. There was not much to see. A small room crammed with groceries in bags and boxes; a low counter; and a face, yellow-bearded, beady-eyed, hook-nosed, coming out of the gloom and catching some forgotten sun rays.

And words, in broken, guttural English: "The saheb—he wish . . .?"

Maguire remembered Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's instructions and acted accordingly—earlier in the day he had taken the letter from his hollow tooth; his fingers were now clutching it tightly. First he bargained for a number of supplies. Then, quite suddenly, he asked in Chinese:

"Ni you mai mai ma—do you sell rice too?"
 If the other was surprised he did not show it: except perhaps—Maguire was not sure—in the
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(Continued from page 46)

tiny trembling of his hairy, high-veined hand that rested on the counter.

His words, also in Chinese, were slow and measured:

"*Yau ting ho ke chik lok pun sin yat pong—my best rice costs six and a half a pound.*"

"*T'ai ho ka lo—that's too much!*" replied the American, watching tensely for the secret sign which Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin had described.

It came. The Turkoman stroked his beard with his left hand while adjusting his turban with his right; and at once Maguire spoke the final words, in English, trying to control the tremor in his voice:

"I would like to speak to 'Monsieur George'."

And then he received a severe shock of disappointment. Heaven knows what mysterious things he had expected to happen; what obscure and winding passages he had expected to be led through, blindfolded, hands tied behind his back. Instead the Turkoman pointed at the back door.

"There!" he said laconically. Perhaps he read the expression of disappointment on the American's face. For he smiled. "*Saheb,*" he asked in his broken English, "suppose you have most precious jewel—afraid thief—where you hide it?"

"In the deepest hole I can find!"

"Foolish. Thief look there first. Put it there—" tapping the counter—"thief he never see—yes?"

"You're right at that!" laughed Maguire; and he followed the Turkoman through the back door down a short corridor where his guide knocked at another door and spoke for several minutes in purring Russian with a voice that came from behind it.

A moment later the door opened, and Maguire crossed the threshold to find himself in a rather large, simply furnished room where half a dozen men were standing about. They bowed silently as he entered. He looked at them; and, as he looked, an eerie sense of unreality came over him.

They were Russians, he knew instinctively. But they seemed how—what? What was it?

"Why—" he put it afterwards, when describing the scene to Ann—"it's hard to explain what I mean. But they seemed—oh—well—call it romantic—about 'steen thousand years behind the times. It wasn't the way they dressed—all in simple European clothes, badly cut at that—nor the way they talked or behaved. But—I don't know . . . made me think of those funny old pictures where guys go about with swords at their sides and embroidered vests hanging down to their knees—and plumes in their lids. Romantic. Sure the bunk. Useless—and darned unbusinesslike. But—oh—sort of sad—pathetic—if you get me!"

One of the Russians told Maguire in perfect English that "*Monsieur George*" had been notified of his arrival and would see him in a moment.

Shortly afterwards a perceptible stiffening ran through the assembly. Hands flattened against trouser seams. Heels clicked. Shoulders squared.

"*Monsieur George*"—whisper in Maguire's ear.

And a man entered.

CHAPTER TEN

"*MONSIEUR GEORGE*" was short and slight, considerably below the average in size, in a plain, dark green uniform without gold lace or insignia except a blazing decoration pinned over his heart. There was nothing startling about his appearance, except his face. For it was veiled. Only the chasm of gray, deep-set eyes was visible, and a peaking and pleating of the veil across the chin which indicated a pointed beard.

He sat down; motioned to Maguire to come nearer.

"You have a letter for me?" he asked in a low, pleasant voice.

"A letter and a message, sir."

"The letter first, if you please."

Maguire passed it over, and "*Monsieur George*" looked at it, then called out:

"Sergey Karlovitch!"

A ruddy-faced, military-looking man stepped forward and clicked his heels.

"Sir?"

"Translate!"

The other took the letter and read it out in Russian. "*Monsieur George*" listened, was silent, then turned to the American.

"You passed through China?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What are conditions there?"

"Bad for the imperialists. Good for the republicans."

"Yes, yes—I had other information telling me the same story. And here Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin wants me to come—to help—to raid the border again"

"Why not?" demanded Sergey Karlovitch, amidst a chorus of approval. "In a week we can have our Merv Turkomans harassing the border, and then"

"Then nothing except a lot of blood spilled!" Maguire cut in, rather heatedly. He was one of those Americans—and after all, regardless if they were right or wrong, idealists or fools, there were thousands like him—who had fought with the single-minded purpose of making the world safe for democracy. And this cold-blooded proposal of border warfare with all that it meant to the harmless, peaceful nomads and villagers, shocked him to the core of his young soul.

"The Bolsheviks are moving south from Kuldja—the Chinese republicans west from Urga. Take my tip and don't start what you can't finish! You're too late!"

"Arrogance!" came Sergey Karlovitch's angry exclamation; and the others took up the word, with threats, with enraged growls, when the veiled man raised a hand, enjoining silence.

"This youth is right!" he said. "Too late! Ah—always, always, always too late!"

Suddenly he burst into an untrammelled, almost hysterical flood of words, speaking half to himself, half to Maguire, while a frightened whisper ran about the room.

"Always too late! Because my servants—they lie to me—always, always! Yes!"

He rose. He addressed the men direct, with biting, trenchant words:

"You told me that my people were satisfied, my land rich and happy and prosperous! Then I found out the truth! A real patriot—against whom you, being what you are, had warned me—took his life in his hands and told me. I investigated. The man had spoken the truth. I tried reforms. Too late! Too late! Then—"

crescendo—"came the war! You told me that my army was ready! And again you lied to me! Came defeat! Men mowed down, slaughtered helplessly, because we had no rifles, no guns, no ammunition! Disaster! Then—the revolution! I—" he bowed his head, as if in shame—"I ran away! Why? Because you told me that I could rebuild my empire with the help of Tartars and Manchus! Again you lied! And now—this—this" He shuddered; his voice became querulous, whining—"What am I going to do? God! What am I going to do?"

"The British are here. They will save you," suggested Sergey Karlovitch. "You must tell them"

"No!" As suddenly as it had come the whining note left the man's voice. He was now calm, dignified. "I was willing to carry on the strife in Russia and Central Asia, even in Manchuria and Mongolia. For to all these lands I have a certain ancient right. I hid my identity because if the world knows that I am alive there will be another war—throughout Europe—more bloodshed—more strife—more misery—more widows and orphans—more people cursing my name and the name of my family! Ah—we have been cursed enough—hated enough—and I am tired—so very, very tired"

He had lowered his voice; now it boomed out again, strong and masterful:

"The world must never know. Such is my absolute will!"

Short he was and slight. Yet as he spoke the last words he seemed almost superb, thought Maguire.

"Forgive me, sir," said Sergey Karlovitch. "But the Bolsheviks are on the way. So far they, too, did not wish to have it known who you are. But if they come here and clash with the"

British—as they are sure to—they will be forced to give explanations, will be forced to tell why they came. Sir—within the next ten days the world is sure to know who you are!”

“Sergey Karlovitch, there is still one road open to me!”

“Which—?”

“Must I explain, old friend—?” *Monsieur George's* voice grew low, gentle; and, suddenly, as the meaning, the implied threat of suicide, became clear to the Russians, they crowded about him, falling on their knees, covering his hands with kisses.

Their voices peaked up imploringly, hysterically:

“Niell! Niell!”

“Pomilouitvoo!”

“Akh—Vashe imperatorskoye Velitchestvo!”

“Oumolyaon vas!”

“Veliky Tsar!”

The man smiled patiently, resignedly. He turned to Maguire with a purely rhetoric question:

“Is there another way?”

“There is!” came the American's calm reply.

“What?” excitedly.

“Yes. Remember—besides the letter, there was also a message—from Prince Dolgoruki . . .”

When the agitation had somewhat subsided, he explained everything at length, winding up with:

“SO HERE'S the airplane and plenty of gas. Too late to start to-night. But to-morrow morning—if you'll let me—I'll pilot you out of here, over to Persia, to Bushire where a ship is waiting for you.”

“Pardon me, sir!” A short, broad-shouldered man whom Maguire later on came to know as Count de Plehve, stepped forward. “I know this plane—every inch of it. I helped Dolgoruki design it.” He bowed low before *Monsieur George*. “With your permission, sir—may I be your pilot?”

“Not my permission—” smiled *Monsieur George*, “but my American friend's.”

“Go to it!” said the latter, thinking of Ann. “I have other things to do.”

Came another discussion; typically, inefficiently, wordily Russian. The Bolsheviks were on the way. They did not know of *Monsieur George's* departure by airplane. “So,” argued Sergey Karlovitch, “we're as badly off as before. They will tell the British the reason for their coming”

What was to be done?

They quarreled, debated, until Maguire cut in with:

“Wait a moment!”

He turned to *Monsieur George*.

“Pardon me” He felt strangely tongue-tied. Not that he was afraid or awed. His democracy was too deeply grained for that. But he was conscious of a curious liking for this short, veiled man, of a curious illogical sympathy, and he did not want to hurt his feelings by any too casual or too slangy remarks—“May I be quite frank . . . ?” he continued.

“Please!” replied the other. “I want you to be frank!”

“All right. Then—first of all—may I ask you a question?”

“Do!”

“If you quit raiding the border—if you leave here and go somewhere into retirement, incognito, the Bolsheviks will be willing to keep quiet about the whole thing?”

“Yes.”

“And are those your intentions?”

“Absolutely. I want peace.”

“All right. Why don't you tell the Bolsheviks so?”

“How?”

“Wire to Kuldja. Tell Dolgoruki to spread the news. And send one of these gentlemen north to meet the Bolshevik Cossacks and . . .”

“Yes, yes—you are right!” He took both Maguire's hands in his. “I—” his voice broke a little—“I wish I knew how to thank you—reward you”

“Don't say a word!” Maguire was becoming embarrassed. He felt as on that day when, in back of the trenches, the French general had kissed him. He turned to go. “Good by! And—lots of luck—just lots of luck!”

“One moment!” said the other. He un-pinned the blazing decoration from his tunic.

(Continued on page 50)

A Green Strawberry Is Not So Good

Even plenty of cream and sugar won't make it do. Over-ripe strawberries won't get your O. K. either. You want 'em ripe—just as we know that



-It's Ripe Tobacco!

that makes the best cigars. For that reason we not only use the finest of tobacco, but only ripe tobacco.

When tobacco is cut, some of the leaves are ripe. Some are not. So selection is very strict. The top leaves are too green, the bottom too ripe. They are discarded. Those between are cured by Bayuk's own original process to ripe perfection.

Then the exclusive Bayuk blending of this fine, ripe tobacco gives you Mapacuba. With its choice Havana and domestic filler and imported Sumatra wrapper, Mapacuba is a constantly mild and satisfying smoke of superior flavor. Try some ripe tobacco cigars now.

See Your Dealer

If he hasn't Mapacuba send a \$1 bill to Bayuk for a package of ten, prepaid.

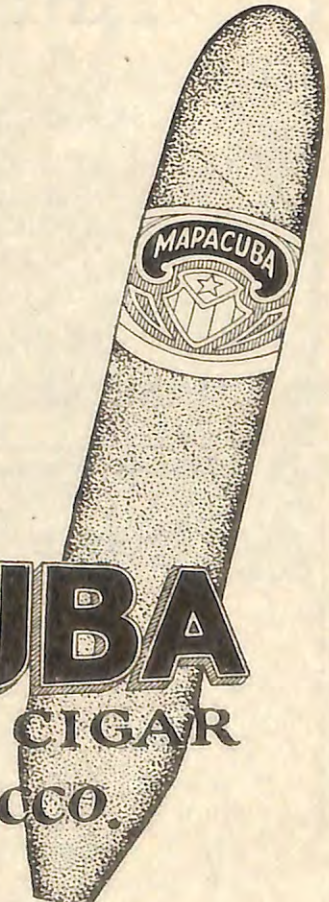
2
for
25c

15c Straight
Also 10c sizes

BAYUK
MAPACUBA
CIGAR

-It's Ripe Tobacco.

Bayuk Cigars, Inc.
Philadelphia



Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 49)



The A and Eagle Tells You Everything

The A and Eagle is more than merely a trade-mark—it's your assurance of a pure and wholesome beverage, and our pledge that the drink it identifies is a quality product from the House of

Anheuser-Busch St. Louis

For 67 Years The Best in Beverages

Manufacturers of Budweiser,
A-B Ginger Ale, Grape Bouquet,
Bevo and Malt-Nutrine

Buy by the case from your dealer

These Coupons mean Money for you

MANY advertisements have coupons—like bonds. There is profit in clipping these coupons. Do you clip them and send them in? Do you take this profit?

Watch the advertisements in this magazine—YOUR magazine. Every one of them has passed the high standard of Elks advertising censorship as worthy of the support of Elks everywhere.

"Keep this—as a souvenir. Ah—" sadly—"it meant something—in the old days"

"Oh—" stammered Maguire—"thank you." He looked at it. It was a star of large diamonds with two crossed swords in square-cut emeralds.

"And—a promise, please?"

"Tell me, sir."

"You will tell nobody who I am?"

"I don't know who you are," smiled Maguire, "except—*Monsieur George*"

He bowed and walked out of the room.

An hour later, dressed in one of the English general's best full-dress uniforms, the decoration pinned proudly on his breast, he was trying to reconcile his Irish-American prejudices to joining his host and hostess and Limehouse Ann in a toast to "the King—God bless him!"

Glasses clinked; were drained. Sir John kissed Limehouse Ann; and Maguire, nothing loath, kissed Lady Greatorex.

Suddenly the latter raised her lorgnette.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Maguire," she asked.

"But what decoration are you wearing? Looks Russian to me. Why it's the Vladimir of the First Class—the highest order of the Romanoffs—usually only given to royalty and princes of the blood!" She smiled. "One might almost imagine the late Tsar gave it to you for exceptional services"

"Well—" replied Maguire—"maybe he did!" and there was laughter at the jest.

"So dooded American," Sir John characterized it. "As keen and jolly as dammit! 'Strat-ordinary race! Bought it somewhere, I fancy—what?"

"Sure. Bought it right here in town—in the Bazaar of the Grain Merchants!"

AN EPILOGUE

SIX months.

It was New York. It was Broadway.

Outside, the crowds were fluttering hectically, in a self-immolating frenzy of pleasure, like moths to the spurt of a gas jet; motorcars were shooting north and south and cross-town with hooting horns and gleaming brasses; there was the characteristic Gotham symphony of odors, like a commingling of gasoline and blood and singed shoe leather and sweat and musk; there was, over it all, the dramatic story of the electric signs hiccupping through the sooty dusk with luminous, colored flames, purple and crimson and mandarin-blue and sharp saffron, throwing off shavings of nervous, quivering light that echoed in all the windows.

Not least of them was a great, golden sign, above the Palace Theatre, proclaiming:

"LIMEHOUSE ANN AND THE KID"

Inside, back stage, in their "star" dressing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire were facing an excited, gesticulating man—the perfect press agent from his curly hair to his bench-made brogues, from his immaculately cut, form-fitting Norfolk to his chilly, doubting eyes.

"Friends! Romans! Citizens!" he expostulated. "I can't do it! It's the bunk! Not a single paper will print it! Why—the dramatic editors will kick me out on the ear—and serve me right!"

"Boy," came Maguire's reply discourteous, "what you lack in the mug you more than make up in the yap. The story is true"

"Show me!"

"I will. Ann, dear—?"

"Yes, old fruit?"

"Show Joe the jade necklace the Prince sent you."

"Right-oh!" She opened her jewel box and took out a long string of evenly matched jade beads, grass-green and translucent as emeralds.

"A wow!" admitted Joe. "But you might have bought it."

"Ann, dear! Show Joe our bank book!"

"Catch, old trout!"

She threw it across; Joe took it; looked; whistled.

"Gee! One hundred thousand ducats! But still"

"Ann!"

"What is it now?"

"Show Joe the letter which Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin sent with the jade necklace and the second

October, 1924

check. The one that came by special messenger from the Chinese embassy in Washington"

"Here you are."

Joe read the letter; half to himself, half aloud. "So, being an old man, I made my peace with the republicans . . . 'old order is changing . . . 'my eternal thanks . . . 'accept this necklace as . . . 'shall see you if ever I come to America"

"Good grief!" Joe jumped up; grabbed his hat. "What a story!" He ran toward the door. "Front page stuff! Great! And I got a peach of a headline!"

"What is it?" asked Maguire.

"Grease Paint and Jade!" cried Joe as he dashed from the room.

THE END

The Bright Lantern

(Continued from page 31)

river that Charlotte had died hating him. It was not so. She had been different, perhaps, as all women are different after they have borne a child. But she could not have forgotten so quickly, for a silly reason, all that had passed between them. A practical joke could not have erased the memory of kisses given and received, the reckless, delicious dedication of themselves to their love. The Swedish woman was a malicious old hen. He wished that he had sent her away sooner. . . . No use wailing over spilled milk. He was in control now, and would remain in control. . . .

He found himself listening to the small, hoarse clatter of the clock on the mantel, straining to hear beyond that sound. The silence, the faint, confusing light, his isolation seemed a symbol of his state and for the first time he felt old, finished, alone.

When he heard Richard scream, he did not move. He had expected it. His face grew paler and his hands, closed upon the arms of the chair, showed white at the knuckles. But he stayed where he was. He'd show them! He'd break the boy of a silly habit, cure him, for once and for all.

The cries grew louder. A note of frantic fear, of hysteria, brought Joseph Averill forward in his chair.

Once he had heard the screams of a man caught in a wheel. . . .

He'd not go. He'd teach the boy that crying for a light wouldn't bring a woman running. . . . He hoped to God the Carpenters would not hear. The child was screeching, now. Afraid of the dark! The dark! Well, he'd show them.

A pounding at the door. They'd come. Damn them!

He got to his feet and went through the hall, opening the door with an exaggerated gesture of indifference. The screaming had ceased as if blotted out.

"What was that, Mr. Averill? Somebody screaming!"

He said in a quiet voice: "My son. He has been spoiled by that woman. He's afraid of the dark. I'm teaching him. Good-night."

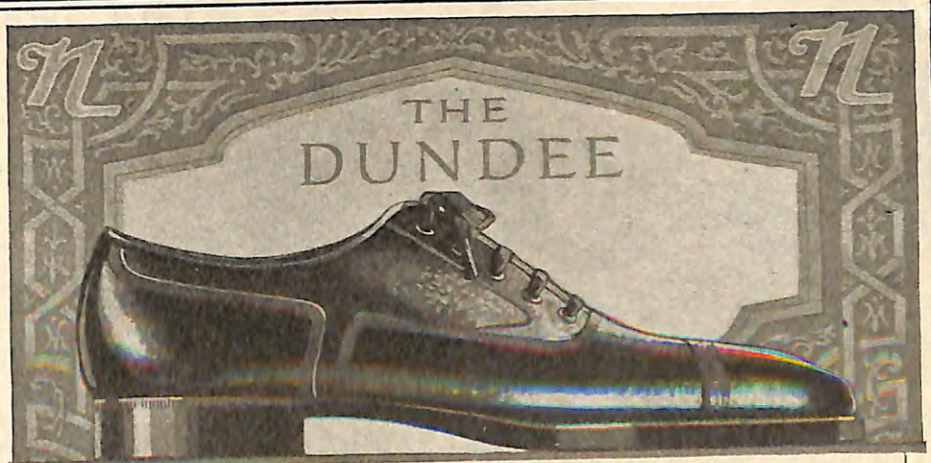
He shut the door again and locked it. Then he went back to the dining-room, blew out the lamp, and carrying a candle, climbed the steep flight of uncarpeted stairs to the upper floor. A clean, damp smell of painted walls and matting. . . . He paused outside the closed door of Richard's room, inclined his head, listened. . . . He thought, for a moment, that he heard a sort of strangled sobbing. Then it ceased. "Good boy," he thought. He opened the door and went in.

Richard lay in a tangle of bedclothes on the floor. A froth on his lips, like a bubble of soap. His body jerking. His hands rigid. His dark hair wet with the sweat of unreasoning fear. . . .

III

After that, a wick floating in a shallow pan of oil burned all night, casting a great round eye of light on the ceiling. Richard slept, curled up, with his thin, brown paws between his knees, like a little animal in a nest. The eye of light gazed down at him from the ceiling, protected him. So long as it was there, he was not alone.

(Continued on page 52)



Inbuilt quality can be imitated

HOW MANY TIMES you have seen shoes that look as good as Nettletons—for a little while. They may hold their shape and their smart appearance for days, even weeks. But months and years take costly toll of "cheap" footgear. It is then you realize that the inbuilt quality of Nettleton shoes can be imitated but not equalled. . . . A pamphlet, "Men Like to Say They Wear Them," will be sent if you will write.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
H. W. Cook, President

Nettleton

Gentlemen's Fine Shoes. Exclusively. Since 1879



billiards

a gentleman's game



AS a character builder, billiards is unexcelled. The game requires, and therefore develops, many of the qualities of mind and manner that characterize a good citizen. As a means of widening one's circle of acquaintances, billiards also is ideal.

To enable you to enjoy the benefits to be derived from this fascinating pastime, your club has been equipped with billiard tables of the highest quality. Make the most of these facilities by playing frequently on the club tables.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

The Bright Lantern

(Continued from page 51)



Begin Right~

"Well begun is half done." That is one of the great advantages in learning to play the new Lyon & Healy *Couturier* way. The old style band instrument is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Its imperfections, its "wolf" tones, the forcing, the favoring and faking are over with! *Continuous Conical Bore* instruments have made all the old hardships unnecessary.

"Learn the Easy Way"

If you have been longing for the enjoyment and increased income that mastery of a band instrument makes possible, now you can start without fear of the hardships of learning. Lyon & Healy instruments enable you to play naturally because they follow the *natural law* that "a sound wave expands diametrically as it travels." They are made with a *Continuous Conical Bore* that extends even through the valves! The result is that sounds are easy to produce. The instruments are easy to blow. They are absolutely true to pitch in every tone or interval. Tones are no longer distorted, but, even as produced by a beginner, come forth with a velvety smoothness and texture. You can play a Lyon & Healy *Couturier* instrument all evening with no sense of exertion or becoming tired!



Couturier Continuous Conical Bore Band Instruments

make learning so easy that many have taken their place in the band *within thirty days* after first starting to practice! They open to you a newer, happier, richer existence. They carry with them popularity, increased earning power, companionship in hours of loneliness.

"Write for FREE Catalog"

Mail coupon today for the amazing story! Mention whether you are interested in band instruments or saxophones. Easy payments can be arranged. Try out the instrument of your choice in your own home FREE of charge. If you keep it, you can pay for it while you are playing. Many have made all payments but the first out of their earnings. Mail coupon today!

Our Band Service Bureau will assist any School, Lodge, Church, Post, Club, etc., in their plans to organize, finance, teach and maintain their own bands. Full information on request.

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and nothing could happen to him. The long, silent hours between sunset and sunrise were safe, wonderful.

But if the light blew out in a gust of wind, if the oil burned away or the wick twisted and sputtered and wilted down; if that great eye closed... Screams, like that scream of Charlotte's, would rip the night open, tatter it. And someone, the woman from the Junction, or one of the hands, or Joseph Averill himself, would come running with a light, nerves flayed by that screeching. And always they would find Richard on the floor, struggling with his enemy, in convulsions....

For the rest, he was a healthy, eager boy. He liked to fight. He had a temper. He made friends and enemies. When he was nine, he was given a rifle and learned to use it. He could ride the farm horses without a saddle. He could swim. The shallow reaches and deep backwaters of the river knew his silvery, thin body, his dark, wet head, like a beaver's, his thrashing arms. He was the only boy in the valley who could swim under water. He liked to open his eyes upon a pale, shadowy world of sand and marsh grass, pebbles and minnows.

He was a normal, vociferous boy so long as the sun shone. When the shadows of elm trees stretched across the fields. When the river was a long yellow snake twisting across the checker-board of farm land. When the mist of late afternoon rose from the valley. Then, Richard Averill grew uneasy, glanced over his shoulder, went straight, with a purpose, toward the house on the hill. Dusk found him indoors. The startled look left his black eyes; the tightness of his shoulders relaxed; he was safe. Nor would he go out after dark unless he carried a lantern, swinging it in great, rhythmic circles as he ran. . . . Run! Run! It was behind you, over you, around you, pressing closer, stifling, killing you. . . . RUN! The traverse from house to house was a battle with unseen foes.

He was taunted. At school they called him "Lantern" Averill. Ezra Bucknell, a skinny carrot-top with a wry mouth and eyes set too high in a narrow head, invented a new gibe every day. It was Ezra Bucknell who smashed Richard's lantern on the hill road.

When Richard was ten he knew that he was different from other people. Other people had no enemy. In his striving for justification, there were moments when he thought of himself as unusual, superior to Ezra Bucknell, for instance, whom he hated. Yet Ezra was afraid of the water; he never swam beyond his depth. In his laconic, astute way, the carrot-head concealed his weakness. But Richard was not clever. He was at the mercy of his fear.

"Going home, Lantern? Got your matches?"

"Five o'clock, Lantern!"

"GITAP! GITAP! Sun's settin'."

He had to go. Neither insults nor laughter could hold him.

When he was eleven, Joseph Averill decided to whip it out of him.

He came to the door of the boy's room, looking on the threshold large and black, like a shadow.

Richard was sitting on the edge of his bed, pulling off his stockings. He looked up and smiled.

Joseph Averill glanced with contempt at the burning wick.

"Still a baby, Dick?"

"No, sir."

"Then prove it. Blow out that light! You're a laughing-stock. I won't have it said that a son of mine's afraid of the dark, like a two-year-old or a woman. Look at you! You're nearly as tall as I am. I'm going to put a stop to this nonsense. Either you blow out that light or you take a hiding. I've got the strap."

He produced from behind his back a strip of leather.

Richard Averill stared at it. He licked his lips with the tip of his tongue and smiled again.

"You ain't goin' to."

"It's time you quit being a coward."

"I ain't a coward."

"You heard what I said."

"Then I guess you'd better hide me."

Joseph Averill stood aside. "Go down into the wood-shed."

A lantern stood on a barrel in the big, draughty

shed beyond the kitchen, casting a wavering, small light upon the stacked birch, the jelly shelves, the rafters. There was a smell of ripe apples. Richard could see his breath; an early frost silvered the upper meadows. He stripped off his shirt, exposing his back, and the first blow fell across his bare shoulders and knocked him forward.

Joseph Averill lashed that thin, white back as if the blows could ease his own loneliness and bitterness. His arm rose and fell and a gigantic shadow arm rose and fell behind him.

A scream would have stopped him.

But the boy was silent. Crouched, with his hands clasped behind his neck, he took his punishment. The strap cut, slapped, seemed to slip between his ribs like a knife, struck with a dull violence. His body ached in a strange way, as if pulled apart. His head was clear; he could think; he could judge; his mind was apart from suffering.

"Had enough?"

"Baby! Coward! Damned coward!"

"I AIN'T!"

The lash hung suspended, quivering. Joseph Averill stared at what he had done. Then at his hand, at the strap. Suddenly he flung the strap from him with violence.

"Get up stairs. UP STAIRS!"

When Richard tried to straighten and could not, his father caught him up and carried him.

That night, bruised, aching, Richard lay alone, and the eye of light stared down at him from the ceiling.

IV

WHEN he was well again, he fought Ezra Bucknell in the schoolyard for saying that he'd had a "tanning."

"Everybody knows your pap licked you. Ed Carpenter heard you screamin' a mile. Ed saw the doctor go up. Licked the hide off you, too. Serves you right."

The carrot-head dodged too late and Richard knocked him down. When the others untangled them, Richard's hands were full of red hair.

After that, they left him alone. The name "Lantern" clung to him through boyhood, but if he fought, it was not in defense of his weakness.

When he was sixteen, he became acutely conscious of himself. It was no longer possible to ignore that difference or to be, secretly, proud of it.

Boys of twelve can sneak home at sundown for a variety of reasons, but a man—

He had grown tall; he was as thin as a lath, with black hair and eyes, an indifferent, almost aristocratic manner and that inner turmoil, hidden, destructive, which seemed to be the heritage of an Averill.

Between himself and his father there was no sympathy, since he had never forgotten his beating and Joseph Averill had never forgiven it. When they spoke, they were furtive, cautious. Yet Richard never lighted the wick at night without a feeling of shame, and Joseph never saw him do it without a feeling of contempt. They shamed each other. Something ugly, unacknowledged, dwelt behind their eyes.

Richard's personal struggle began on his sixteenth birthday.

The valley was deep with snow, the river frozen; the woods on the steep slopes behind the town were festooned with icicles, glittering, marvelously strange.

Richard spent the day in the woods, exhilarated by the unfamiliar contours of snow—burdened firs, birches in white shifts, crystal caves, jeweled stalactites and the frozen beauty of ferns and cones.

The valley lay below, its checker-board fields erased by whiteness. And Richard had all the detachment of a traveler, a free man in a new land. He felt superior. He forgot his limitations and imagined himself triumphant.

When he came down the hill at sunset, his snowshoes left an imprint very like a chain.

The sparkling forest behind him grew dark. Trees under snow, with night coming on. And the valley filled with shadows.

He had stayed too late.

His nerves tightened. He felt hot, then cold. A mile away the cupola surmounting his father's house glowed for a moment in the last rays of

sun-light, brazen, then merged in the blue and was lost.

Richard was alone. His fear was like a poison, slipping through his veins. It was not the sweet, slow poison that weakens; it was the frantic, swift poison that mounts.

He stumbled, fell into drifts, dragged himself across stone walls, slipped on frozen banks, staggered to his feet, and down again.

Ezra Bucknell had come up from the town and was waiting near the Averill gate. His squat figure in a mackinaw and worsted muffler hung there maliciously. He kept beating his mittened hands together, watching the road, and whistling.

When he saw Richard, he let out a sharp: "WHOOOP-EE! Comin' down to Brewster's? They're havin' a skatin' party on the Brewster pond. WHOOOP-EE! What's the matter?"

Richard shoved the hovering figure out of his way. His face was turned toward the house, strained toward the square of light in the dining-room window. Ezra whistled again, this time with a sort of appreciation. He turned down the hill, his frosty breath streaming behind him. "Fraid of the dark! Well, I'll be jiggered. 'Fraid of the dark." And then he shouted his victory at the stars: "WHOOOP-EE!"

V

RICHARD kicked off his snowshoes and went in to supper, conscious of his father's quick, appraising look. He had escaped whatever it was. He tried to smile.

"Going to Brewster's?" Joseph Averill demanded.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, sir."

Joseph, serving himself, from a crock, to baked beans, said simply: "Oh."

At that moment Richard ceased to be a child. He was "different" and stubborn, wilful in his difference. Mock him, would they? Laugh at him? They were all fools. . . .

He was eighteen when he met Sally Farnum.

She lived across the river. In the spring and autumn, when the freshets came down, the river was half a mile wide, very deep, cold and swift. A covered wooden bridge, like a jointed dragon, straddled the stream where the highroad crossed—half a mile of echoing tunnel, thick with cobwebs, dark, musty, unsteady. Sparrows, owls and swallows nested in the rafters, gleaning a bed from passing hay-wagons. In the dusty gloom of that passage, there was always the flash of wings. And below, the unceasing, liquid sliding of water.

Sally Farnum was little, dark like himself, with a small pointed face and a mop of curly hair.

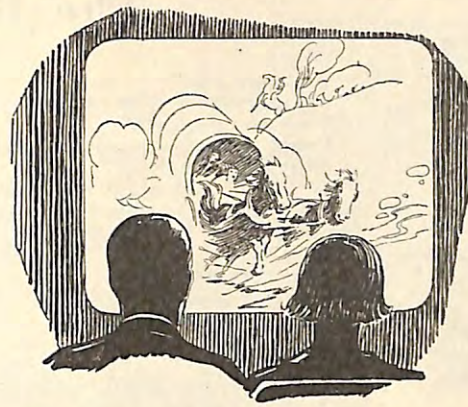
Her father owned orchards, a cider press and a harness shop. They lived in a ramshackle house with a sagging roof and many crazy outhouses and sheds. The orchard touched the house on one side; the river, here very deep and swift, pressed close upon the other.

Richard loved this girl when he saw her. She was as swift as a dragon-fly. Her eyes were never still but seemed to dart here and there. She laughed at Richard because he was serious. She hurt him, danced away from him, pretended to forget him and came back to fling her arms around his neck and kiss him, on the cheeks, the forehead, the mouth, until he laughed in spite of himself.

They wandered through her father's orchards and along the river bank in the stiff marsh grass, the shallow beaches bearing the fragile footprints of birds. They lay in the shadow of the big elm in Brewster's pasture, Richard's head in her lap. He saw her little face upside down and beyond it the sky through a moving pattern of leaves. Richard told her all his dreams. How he was going to leave the valley some day and go down to the sea and become first a sea-captain, then a diplomat and at last a great orator, swaying crowds, nations. . . . While he talked, Sally tickled his nose with a blade of grass or twisted his hair into spirals, or yawned. Because she yawned, he loved her. If she had listened he would have been silent. Telling secrets to Sally Farnum was like telling them to a swallow. But it was something to be able to look at her. Richard could not remember his mother, had never looked at a woman before, not really like this—

"Do you love me, Sally?"

(Continued on page 54)



Carry a package of Beech-Nut

NIGHTS when you take the best pal to the movies, don't forget to put in your pocket a package of Beech-Nut Mints or Beech-Nut Fruit Drops or Beech-Nut Chewing Gum. You'll both enjoy them. For they are sweet and pure beyond words, and as delicious as care and skill and fine materials can make them.

Many men find Beech-Nut Chewing Gum and Confections very comforting when they want to smoke and can't. In fact some folks are never without one of the handy little packages of Beech-Nut.

Nothing but natural flavors are used in Beech-Nut Chewing Gum and Confections. That is why they taste so good. Beech-Nut Fruit Drops are delicious with orange, lime and lemon flavors; Beech-Nut Mints and Chewing Gum have a choice of flavors, too. Pick your favorite.

Beech-Nut Chewing Gum and Confections are usually found in a prominent place in the best clubs. If you don't see them in yours, you might suggest to the manager that many members would like to have them around.

BEECH-NUT Confections

• Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

• Beech-Nut Mints

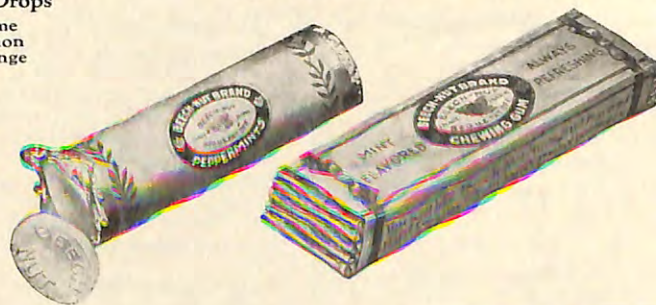
Peppermint
Clove
Spearmint
Cinnamon

• Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Lime
Lemon
Orange

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Confections



To Every Elk Merchant

EVERY merchant is occasionally requested to name his favorite advertising mediums by the manufacturers of the products which he distributes.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has over 850,000 circulation going to the best families in the country. You Elk Merchants who read this, will confer a great favor upon your representatives, to whom you have given the responsibility of making this publication a success, by advocating its use as an advertising medium where and whenever you can conscientiously do so.

ADVERTISING in your Magazine is going to assist sales in your territory where the Elks comprise an appreciable percentage of your customers. **ELKS MAGAZINE**, 50 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.



Why let this fear gnaw at your heart?

VOICES are still; smiles have disappeared; even the old home soon crumbles. Only memory is left.

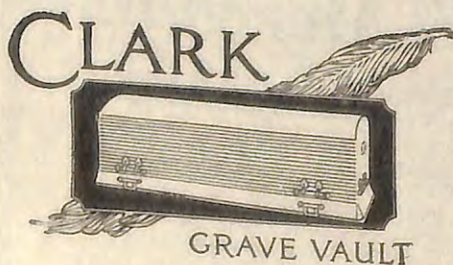
After the burial of a loved one, there can be no comfort for the sorrowing heart unless the burial protection is positive and permanent.

This protection can be secured by uncompromising insistence on the Clark Grave Vault. No vault less skillfully, less carefully or less honestly made, can afford Clark protection.

For a quarter of a century it has been recognized as standard. It has never failed.

Leading funeral directors recommend the Clark Vault and furnish with it a "Fidelity Certificate" which is proof that there has been no substitution.

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Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

The Bright Lantern

(Continued from page 53)

"Don't be a silly."
"But do you?"
"Don't ask questions!"
"I want to know. It's so wonderful."
"What's wonderful?"
"To feel this way about you. Sometimes I think you love me. And then you make eyes at Ray Brewster or Ezra Bucknell. Do you kiss them, too?"
"Sometimes, silly!"
"Then you don't love me!"
"I do. I do. I do!"

ALL SUMMER Richard thought of nothing but Sally Farnum. He was lazy, given to bursts of temper and to fits of brooding, alternately gentle and ferocious. He avoided his father, shirked work in the fields and lived in an unreal, precarious, fascinating dream. At night he would lie on his bed with his arms behind his head, smiling at the eye of light, shot through and through with the penetrating, delicious, deceitful languor of adolescence.

Whenever he crossed the river after sundown, he carried a lantern with which to combat the inimical shadows within the old bridge, or else, if there was a moon, he tied his horse to the bank, undressed, rolled his clothes into a bundle and swam across. On dark nights, he found excuses to stay at home.

There were always boys on Sally Farnum's porch. The carrot-top, squat, red-faced and secretly hilarious, as if he cherished a smutty secret, Ray Brewster. Tod Carpenter, the drummer from the Junction. Boys from the New Hampshire side and from the Vermont side. You'd see buggies tethered along the fence and horses asleep with their heads down. And there Sally would be, with her little, pointed face white as some sort of flower in the dusk, her black hair flying, like as not her head on some one's shoulder. Old man Farnum would be sitting in the shadow of the porch, tilted back in his chair with his stockinged feet up and his pipe going.

People said she was "queer," she should have been a gypsy. The women left her alone. The men said that there was always life at Farnum's, and went there, when they could, with sheepish faces. Old Farnum had the best cider in the valley. He kept it in barrels in the cellar and poured it into thick glasses that were never washed but hung to dry, upside down, on wooden pegs driven into the cellar wall.

Farnum's cellar, damp, cluttered, dark, had about it the fascination of forbidden places. Dimes and nickels from both sides of the river jingled in Farnum's pockets. And Farnum's guests as like as not walked crookedly away, tracking zigzag footprints in the dusty road.

When Joseph Averill heard that Richard was going there, he shouted: "Keep away from those gypsies. They're a dirty lot. Drunkards. Dishonest. That girl's not fit for you."

Richard turned red. He wanted to hit his father, but he was afraid of him. Presently he said in a choked voice: "They're good enough for me."

Very deliberately, he went to the barn, saddled his horse, and taking the lantern, rode through the gate and down the hill. He was conscious of his father standing near the lilac tree, motionless, and something sad, pitiful tugged at his heart. To be old, and alone . . .

Dusk closed down just before he reached the bridge. The long echoing tunnel gaped, as if ready to swallow him. He lighted the lantern, set it on the saddle and rode forward at a trot. He was not afraid, because the circle of light protected him, and he intended to conceal the lantern as soon as he reached the Farnums' gate.

He had not counted on Ezra Bucknell. The fat red-head had concealed himself half-way across the bridge; he lay extended at full length upon a beam beneath the roof, waiting for that point of light to draw near, to pass beneath, within reach of the stick he carried. He chuckled and whispered to himself, sucked in his cheeks, licked his lips, laughed in that silent, malicious way of his.

The clatter of hoofs reverberated within the wooden shaft; the bridge shook. Holding his breath, and rolling sideways, Ezra struck at the lantern, and missed. The blow, sharp and resentful, fell across Richard's face.

Richard stopped, came back, and, holding his hand against his bloody cheek, stared up at the laughing carrot-top.

"Come on down," he said. "I'll lick you."
"Afraid of the dark!"
"I ain't afraid of you!"

Richard set the lantern on the floor and got between it and his enemy. He was not challenging Ezra, he was challenging his right to be afraid of the dark.

"COME ON DOWN!"
Ezra came. He dropped suddenly, like a bear, and got his long, thick, incredibly strong arms around Richard's waist. Then he tried to kick the lantern. He kept his red face buried in Richard's shoulder, grunting: "I'll git you! GIT YOU!"

They swayed. In the faint night they looked like dancers. Richard pounded the back of Ezra's head, tore at his arms, kicked and bit him. They fell on the floor, rolled, and the horse, shaking his head, backed away.

"GIT YOU!"
Those arms around his waist were squeezing the breath out of him. Richard felt the mounting tide of fear, that hysteria which was torment, madness. If Ezra succeeded in extinguishing the light . . . the tunnel . . . the clouded night . . . the long road across the valley . . . darkness . . .

"Lemme go, you! You're CHOKIN' me!"
Possessed, Richard dug his fingers into Ezra Bucknell's thick neck.

VI

A BUGGY, driven by a man who seemed to doze, entered the bridge at that moment, and the horse, trotting in the somnambulistic manner of country hacks, clattering over the loose boards with slipshod hoofs, aroused Richard from a nightmare of effort.

Ezra's head dropped back.
The driver of the buggy, drawing rein, demanded in a quiet voice: "What's this?"

"I guess I've killed him."
Richard looked up slowly. He saw a stranger, buttoned up to his chin in an ulster, hatless, with a curious face that might have been foreign. He had never seen him before, and was never, after that night, to see him again. The man got down, and stooping, turned Ezra Bucknell over on his back, exposing to the faint rays of light from the lantern a swollen, purple face and staring eyes.

"I've killed him," Richard said again.
"Why?"

Confronted by that simple question, Richard stammered: "He tried to smash my lantern."

The man's thin hands, hands white, flexible and delicate, passed over Ezra's body from head to foot. "He's not dead . . . where does he live?"

Richard told him.
"Give me a hand."

Together, they lifted the squat red-top into the buggy and propped him up.

"Get in," the man said.
When Richard hesitated, the stranger repeated: "Get in! We'll take him to a doctor. Never mind the lantern. Your horse will follow."

But Richard took the lantern. With exaggerated care, he held it on his knees, shielding it from the red-top's sagging body. If Ezra died, he would still have his lantern! They couldn't take his lantern away! No matter what he had done, they couldn't leave him in the dark!

He glanced at the stranger. "We'd better go up the Hill Road. Doctor Condon lives there."

The man said nothing. They left the bridge and with a sense of muffled quiet, struck the dirt road. The shapes of trees and fences passed through the circle of light silhouetted like stage scenery. It was a thick, warm night and Richard noticed that the back of the old horse lathered under the harness.

They began the long climb to the town.
"I guess he's dead," Richard said.

"Maybe," the man agreed.
"I'd hang."
"That depends. What did you do it for?"

Clutching the lantern, Richard said: "I'm afraid of the dark. He knew it."

"Oh."
Glancing sideways at that foreign face, Richard explained: "I ain't a coward. It's the dark. . . ."

There was a silence. The man seemed again to be dozing. His eyes were closed. With one arm he supported the heavy body of Ezra Bucknell. The free hand held the reins. He was mysterious, remote. His nose was a sort of beak; his lips were full and smiling beneath a thin beard. For no reason except his own great need, Richard wanted to make himself clear to this stranger: "He laughed at me. He made a fool of me. He didn't understand. Nobody does! There's a girl . . . I get crazy . . . If they'd leave me alone . . ."

He broke off. Ezra moved, struck out with his hands and fought noisily for breath. Then he collapsed again.

They drew up before the doctor's house and the stranger, lifting Ezra's huddled body out of the buggy, carried it across the threshold into the doctor's office.

Richard followed. "I've killed him," he thought. Now in the warm room full of light, he could not remember how, or why. He remained at the stranger's side while Doctor Condon unfastened Ezra's shirt and applied a stethoscope to that fat breast covered with red hair.

The stranger was immovable. Still buttoned to his chin in the faded ulster, he watched everything out of sleepy, mild eyes set deep in sockets. Richard could not have said whether he smiled out of pity or amusement, or whether, as a matter of fact, he felt anything at all.

"I found them on the covered bridge this side of the Junction," he explained. "They were trying to kill each other."

Doctor Condon glanced up. Richard expected him to say that Ezra was dead. But he remarked drily: "This one will pull through. He'll be all right as soon as he gets his breath!"

The stranger said: "Ah. Good."
And with a glance at Richard, he went out. Richard followed, carrying the lantern. He stood by the buggy while the man settled himself and gathered up the reins. Most desperately, Richard waited. The stranger remained with the reins between his hands, in that sleepy attitude, as if he were never going to move. Then his eyes opened and he gave Richard a look that was penetrating, charged with vitality. He leaned forward and placed a finger on Richard's forehead.

"Kindle a light, there," he said.
Richard stood staring after the buggy. He thought: "What did he mean by that? He's crazy."

VII

A MONTH later, old man Farnum invited everybody to a cider party. Autumn had set in with heavy mists before dawn, mists that silvered the fields, drenched the foliage and, in high, sheltered places, crisped over with a film of ice that melted before noon. It was Farnum's yearly custom to treat the valley, anybody and everybody, on the night of the full harvest moon. His apples lay in heaps on the ground or were gathered into brimming barrels. Before pressing the new crop, he emptied the vats in his cellar, drained them dry. Tables and rough benches were put out in the orchard, a fiddler came from the Junction, and before sundown the roads were thick with traffic. People who objected to Farnum the rest of the year were early on hand. Custom had sanctioned this rustic bacchanal. Farmers brought their wives and daughters. Young bucks came out from the town on horseback. Lumbermen left the forests and clerks shut up shop. Carryalls, buggies, farm-wagons, gigs rattled along the highways, skirted the ridge, clipped down to the river and were swallowed up by the bridge, startling the swallows, shaking down nests and stirring up clouds of dust.

Joseph Averill stood by the gate of his house, his face dark and brooding. Gaiety always angered him, perhaps because he had for so long missed it. When Richard came out, brushed and shining, he said: "Where you going?"

"To Farnum's."
"I thought I told you to stay away from there."

(Continued on page 56)

New York Cotton Exchange Bldg.
New York
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London Guarantee & Accident Bldg., Chicago
Alfred S. Alschuler, Architect
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John Hancock Life Ins. Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Parker, Thomas & Rice, Architects
Harleston Parker Gold Medal for 1923 awarded by the Boston Society of Architects.

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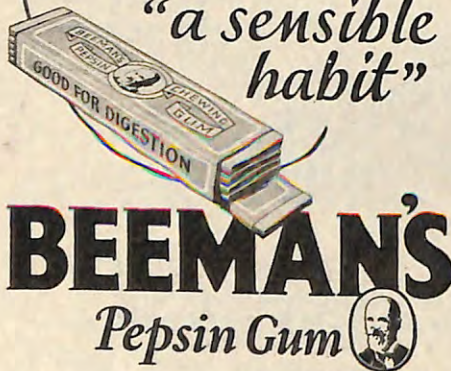
The Bright Lantern

(Continued from page 55)



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PATENTS

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"Everybody's going."
"Then I'll go. Wait for me."
"Yes, sir."

They rode together. Passing wagon-loads screamed greetings, for this was a holiday. Richard flushed and touched his hat, but Joseph was as impassive as a deaf man. He had heard of Richard's fight with Ezra Bucknell, but he had asked no questions. His chagrin and his humiliation were deep, beyond reach, like his memory of that night. . . . No, he would never again remember, or regret, or admit—anything.

Teams stood hub to hub before the Farnum house. Laughter sounded from the orchard and a crowd of men hung on the porch steps waiting for the cider. It was bitter, harsh, heady brew, the fruit of the tree, a drink pagan, dionysiac.

Sally, her hair bound in a ribbon, her eyes flashing, ran from group to group. Richard could hear her voice above all the others. When he pushed through the crowd, she eluded him, and he saw her whispering to Ezra Bucknell.

The moon came up from behind the mountains, round, red, like a double moon, a drunken, hot moon in that flushed sky.

Richard went to the orchard and spread out the supper he had brought folded in a napkin—doughnuts, ham, pickles, cookies and cold biscuits. Fallen leaves had been raked together into piles and set afire. The crowd, jocular, unrestrained, moved in the flickering glare of the flames. Others came, and others. Dogs fought in the deep grass or begged for food. A baby, somewhere, kept up a loud wailing. Richard was alone. No one came near him, although he heard people say: "Joseph Averill's here. Joseph Averill's here, the first time." Richard saw his father sitting alone at one of the tables, but he did not go over and offer some of his own supper.

He sat there, thinking of the times Sally had kissed him, remembering her waist, the funny, bright impudent look in her eyes.

The fiddler from the Junction began to play. Sally Farnum ran through the crowd holding Ezra Bucknell's hand. They danced while the others shouted and clapped. Never once did she glance aside at Richard, but every one else stared at him. It was Ezra's triumph. The fat carrot-top whirled, capered, perspired, his face pressed against Sally's black curls. Richard was sorry that he hadn't choked him to death. . . . If that stranger hadn't happened along. . . . The pain, the loneliness of youth. . . . He went on eating pickles as if nothing were the matter, trying not to look at Sally.

Farnum came out on the porch and shouted: "Cider!"

The barrels were rolled out and set on tables. Jostling, shamefaced, flushed with eagerness, the men crowded up. "WHOOOP-EE!" "Git out o' the way!" "Who's got a cup?" "Stand back thar, I'm thirsty." "Got a year's thirst, Tod?" "Where's Lantern? Light him up!"

The crowd swept down again upon the tables. Richard felt some one at his elbow, and turning with a frown, because he expected to be laughed at, he found Ray Brewster's sister, smiling up at him. "Hello," she said.

Richard was suspicious of kindness. He managed a faint smile. "Hello."

She spread out a paper box full of sandwiches and began to eat with evident pleasure, turning her eyes up to him with a look full of bland curiosity and admiration.

He had never paid the slightest attention to her. In school he was familiar with her smooth, blonde braids, her narrow shoulders. A quiet, too quiet girl. For his taste, he preferred girls like Sally Farnum. . . .

"Shall I get you some cider?" he asked, after a moment.

"If you please. I'll keep your place for you." When he came back, she moved aside for him. And to his amazement, leaning forward, she whispered: "I wish you had choked him to death. I hate him."

He stared at her. Her enormous eyes were as innocent as ever. She bit into a sandwich, tossed those thick braids over her shoulder and repeated, "I hate him. He's a toad."

"Do you mean Ezra?"

"Of course I do." Lifting her eyes again, she said: "I wouldn't dance with him."

"Would you dance with me?"

They rose together. Something extraordinarily light and joyous had happened. They went out into the trampled grass between the trees, Richard put his arm around her, and they danced in the light of the ruddy flares, the orange light of the moon. Richard saw his father's face, watchful. And the bright, startled eyes of Sally Farnum. And Ezra Bucknell's pig stare. But none of them could hurt him because Ray Brewster's sister liked him well enough to dance with him. . . . He didn't know her name.

"Belle," she said.

"I'm Richard."

"I know."

When the games started, Richard joined the men and boys, took his place in the shifting line with something of his father's indifference. The women, sitting at the tables or along the stone fence or on the porch steps, formed an audience, but Sally Farnum mingled with the men, her white dress flashing in and out of the line, her voice strident. Richard watched her, wondering whether he would ever be free of the feeling he had for her. . . . a girl like Belle Brewster couldn't compare with her. And yet she was cruel, unkind, spiteful, dishonest. . . . When she came close to him and he saw how flushed her cheeks were, how swift her breath, he grew hot all over, as if he had a fever. "Sally," he whispered. She touched his arm. "You're going to swim the river, aren't you? It's awfully cold and some don't dare—you'd win."

"No," he said sharply. "I won't swim."

Sally Farnum laughed. When he caught at her hand, she slapped him.

He wished, now, that he had never come, that he had never offered to take part in the games. He hung back, while the others raced, leaped, wrestled, performed all sorts of tricks. Ezra was bursting with pride and importance. He won everything. In the dull red glare beneath the old trees, he was like some sweating demon, triumphant and malicious.

Richard wondered what they would do, in the end, to make a fool of him before that crowd.

When Sally Farnum came down the line with a hat full of paper slips of odd lengths, he tried to get away. But they weren't to be cheated.

"Richard! You ain't goin' to hide? Everybody takes a chance!"

The men crowded around Sally.

"What's this, Sally?"

"What's the game?"

"Kiss the winner, Sally?"

Richard came slowly back. "Yes. Will you kiss the winner, Sally?"

She tossed her head. Her quick eyes saw that Joseph Averill had shouldered his way through the group and that he was watching his son. She called to him: "Take a chance, Mr. Averill? The one who draws the longest spends the night in the barn."

Joseph Averill's expression did not change, but he indicated, by a gesture, his acceptance of the challenge.

"In the dark," Ezra Bucknell remarked with a giggle. "All night, in the dark."

Richard insisted: "You'll kiss the winner, Sally?"

"Yes," she cried. "Dead or alive!"

She snatched the hat away from a dozen hands grasping for chances. She shut her eyes, tilted her head, and announced in a shrill, excited voice: "I'll choose. Blind. No cheats." The men jostled each other, snatching the paper slips. Joseph Averill watched Richard, his look intense, fixed and full of meaning.

It came Richard's turn and he took from Sally a longish slip of paper. He stood holding it, staring down at it.

Sally Farnum turned the hat upside down. "Richard! You've got it."

They began to push and pull him in the direction of the barn, Joseph following and, behind, a scurry of curious women, children and dogs. The moon was low now; dew had fallen, and the grass was heavy, wet. Something sinister, something cruel, had taken possession

(Continued on page 58)



Posed by Beba Daniels and Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Courtesy Famous Players-Lasky.

She dreamed of a world made for Romance

SHE hated her drab existence—the wife of a provincial French doctor. Why had fate condemned her to this life, when her heart was filled with dreams of another world—a world of luxury and fashion, of fair women and gallant men—a world of love and romance!

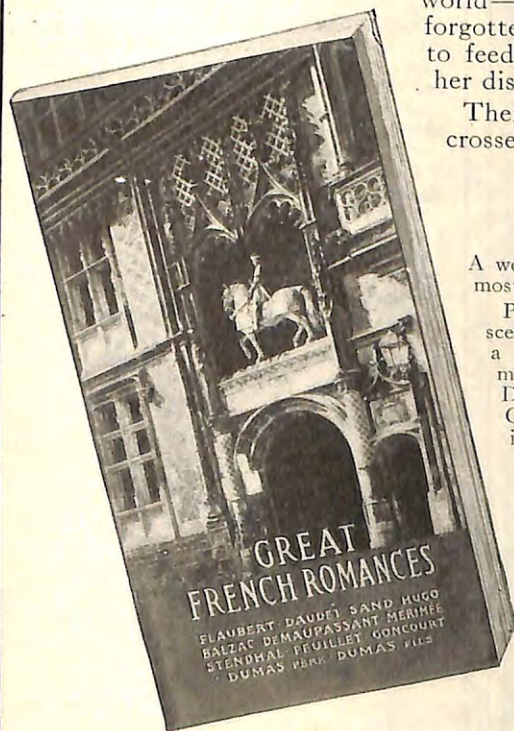
Came the night at the chateau, when she glimpsed the glittering splendors of that other world—never-to-be-forgotten memory to feed the fires of her discontent.

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The Bright Lantern

(Continued from page 56)

of these people. They wanted to inflict punishment, to turn their harsh wit against an exposed and sensitive heart. They laughed and shouted because Richard let himself be pushed along. He glanced up at the stars, few and faint.

The barn was on a small slope behind the house, and had not, to judge from its appearance, been used for years. Farnum had neither cattle or horses. The enormous façade of the deserted building was broken by a loft window and sliding doors fastened by a padlock. When Sally Farnum ran ahead to unfasten the lock, a girl's voice called from the crowd: "AIN'T YOU ASHAMED, SALLY FARNUM?"

Richard heard Ray Brewster say: "Shut up, you little fool!" And he knew who had spoken.

The door slid back upon a gaping space, square, empty, enormous. The darkness loomed like a transept without beginning or end, a place . . .

Richard went in. A soft rustle all about him and the frightened squeak of mice. . . . He kept his back turned, until he heard the snap of the lock, then he whirled around and flung himself against the door. Sally laughed. "I'll let you out in the mornin', Richard! I'll kiss you in the mornin', dead or alive!"

They were gone. The murmur of voices, the shuffle of feet passed. He was alone. . . .

But on the floor, at his feet, there was a patch of light, round, red as a doubloon. He stooped to touch it and it passed across his fingers, his wrist, his arm . . . moonlight! It fell through a knot-hole and was no bigger than a coin, but it was light, and he pounced upon it. Down on his knees, he tried to grasp this little disk, to keep it. It eluded him. It was moonlight, after all. . . . And as the moon set, drawing nearer and nearer to the sharp, black rim of the mountains, the round patch of light moved, slantwise, to the wall, climbed an inch or two, hung there, then, horribly, split in two . . .

VIII

JOSEPH AVERILL walked away with the others. The laughter and shouting died down, as a wind falls, and some one remarked: "The moon's low. Time to go home." It was suddenly cold. The women gathered up their baskets and wraps. The last barrel of cider was drained, turned upside down. The last zig-zagging rustic unhitched his team and drove away. "Frost to-night."

Joseph Averill waited on the porch until Sally Farnum came. She pulled off the blue ribbon which bound her thick hair and wound it over her fingers. She was smiling to herself, and Joseph Averill saw the thin, red curl of her lips, her teeth, white, small, sharp, like a cat's. "Give me that key," he said.

She drew back. "A game's a game! He's got to stay till mornin'."

"Very well! Morning. I'll see that he stays."

She shook her head. Before he could stop her, she had run indoors, upstairs, beyond his reach.

Hurrying, with tense shoulders, he went back to the barn and listened for those screams. He heard nothing. He thought, with a wave of bitter exultation: "Perhaps he'll hang himself. This is a lesson. Serves him right."

And turning up the collar of his coat, bracing himself, he waited.

IX

RICHARD held in the palm of his hand the half of a doubloon. He had caught it at last, yet when he closed his hand upon it, it remained on his knuckles, and when he moved his hand away, it clung to the wall, and when he slipped his cautious fingers beneath it, he scooped it up. . . .

KINDLE A LIGHT, THERE. . . . Where? How? What had that fool, who spoke with such authority, meant? Think light, perhaps. If he could think light. . . . Wouldn't it do?

"Oh, God, help me!" Between him, and ugly terror, a mystery, something too simple to understand. . . . Kindle a light?

The red ellipse faded; it was the mere spectre of an old moon. In a moment, it would be gone.

He could scream and pray, but no one would help him, come.

If he could see light as he saw other things—the ocean, for instance. A little light. A bright light. A lantern. His own. . . .

Never to be afraid again, because always, here, within him, there would be a light. . . .

The stranger had meant THAT!

Suddenly Richard tossed the moon away and kindled his own light.

In the morning, they found him asleep in an old sleigh.

What had happened was so very simple he never thought to explain it to them.

He smiled at them instead, and woke free.

Failures

(Continued from page 8)

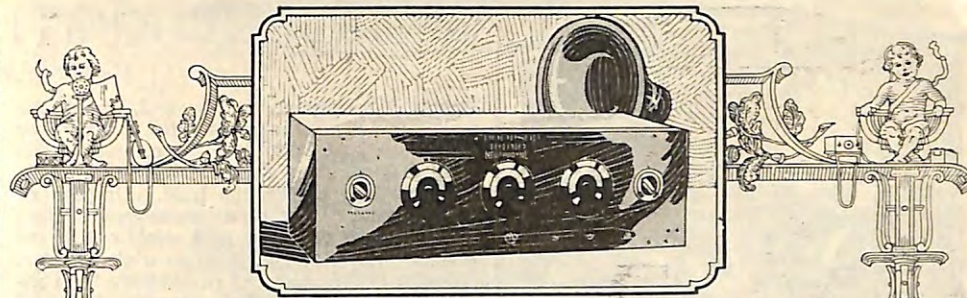
of men we grow less certain that any judgment can be final. The fact that a man is up to-day is no promise that he will be up to-morrow—staying power is rarer than climbing power, on the whole. And those who have been quite definitely tagged and pigeon-holed as "failures" have a surprising habit of leaping out of the discard, shedding their tags and writing their names on the active list again. So true is this that I have come to have a horror of the words, "He's slipping, or "He's not what he used to be" or "His best days are over." These are murderous words, they travel on wings, they hunt out the souls of men and strike terror; they slip into offices and lock the doors of opportunity; they breed suspicion and expectation of failure. On the contrary, the dead are every day restored to life and hope by a suggestion, a bit of encouragement, a cordial comment. This reads like a platitude, but it is splendidly and solemnly true. Quite unconsciously, by word or look, we contribute to the measure of men's hope or hopelessness. The border line between failure and success is sometimes as slender and unsubstantial as the two little words "they say." And you and I are *they*.

Being thus judges, juries and executioners in the matter of men's reputations and careers, it behooves us to remember four simple truths.

1. First of all, whether just or unjust, the fact remains that there is a decided element of luck in every human career. Only God knows how large or how small that element may be, only He can tell whether another man, under similar circumstances, would have made better use of the good luck or triumphed more sturdily over the bad; but the luck itself is never entirely absent. Have you ever chanced to read a little volume entitled "His of History"? In crisp chapters, very stimulating to the imagination, it tells how different the course of human affairs might have been if certain trivial factors had been altered. Take this instance for example. One summer day in 1746 a British man-of-war anchored in the Potomac, just below the present site of the capital. On shore, in the hospitable home of Mr. Lawrence Washington the officers of the ship were enjoying dinner, while the younger brother of the host, an alert lad in his teens, listened enviously to their tales of adventure and triumph. His father was dead and his mother had reluctantly been prevailed upon to let him have the desire of his heart. A midshipman's warrant had been obtained for him, and at that very hour his baggage was aboard His Majesty's ship in the river. There he himself would be within a few hours, a sailor of the king.

But at the last moment his mother rebelled. She could not bring herself to surrender her boy and as her signature was necessary to the formal acceptance of the warrant, her veto stood. The luggage was brought back on shore, and a sadly disappointed youngster saw the ship of his dreams sail away. Suppose the other thing had happened; suppose George Washington had gone that day into the service of the English king—he would almost certainly have stayed in the service and risen to high rank. The sentiment of the Virginians was sharply divided on the subject of the independence of the colonies. Lawrence, the older brother, was staunchly loyal to the king as long as he lived, as were the Fairfaxes, one of whose daughters he married. George Washington, the English navy commander, would have been a powerful foe. Without

(Continued on page 60)



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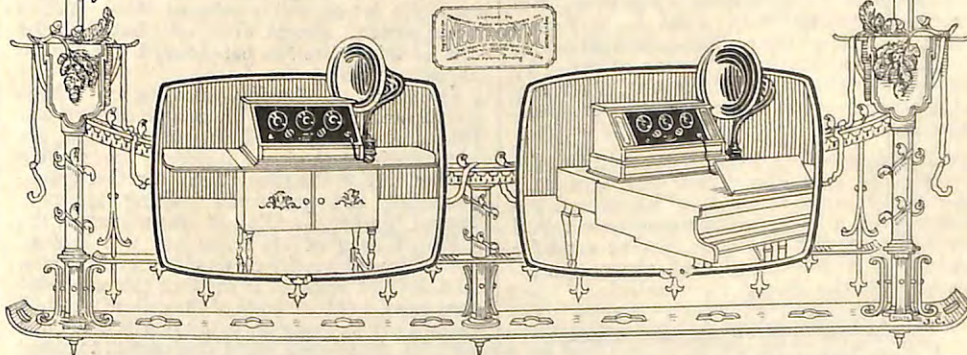
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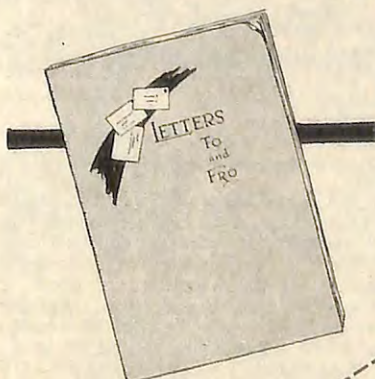
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E 3

Failures

(Continued from page 59)

George Washington, the General, could the jealous and divided interests of the colonies ever have been kept faithful to the common cause through those seven disheartening years? It is problematical, to say the least. Grayson of Virginia said: "Were it not for one great character in America, so many men would not be for this government; we do not fear while he lives, but who besides him can concentrate the confidence and affection of all Americans?" And Bancroft, the cool historian adds: "The country was an instrument with thirteen strings, and the only master who could bring out all their harmonious thought was Washington. Had the idea prevailed that he would not accept the Presidency, it would have been fatal." A sobering thought, is it not, that the destinies of a nation should hang upon the triumph of a mother's tears over a youngster's hopes?

If Abraham Lincoln's father had moved South from Kentucky, as he once contemplated, instead of North into Indiana and Illinois, would the son have grown up with Southern sympathies and joined with his neighbors in the Southern cause? Could the North have triumphed without the calm faith and patience of his leadership? If the Southern forces had marched straight on to Washington after the initial victory at Bull Run, as they might have done and as General Beauregard wanted them to do, would that have forced the North to an immediate armistice and compromise? Suppose that Jeff Davis had accepted the offer of the East India Company to sell the Confederacy ten first class ships in 1861. The armies of the South were winning victories; the North had not yet had time to organize effectively on land nor to institute the blockade which was such an important factor in the final result; suppose the ten ships had been turned loose to prey on Northern commerce; suppose there had been no blockade of the Southern ports; would we now have two republics instead of one? Is our whole history different because of these seemingly small decisions?

ONE is tempted to linger too long with this unique little volume, but you may find it, if you are interested, in the libraries or the book-stores. Instead of plundering it further for examples, let me tell a personal story. It has no importance except to myself, but it is the sort of thing that has happened, I imagine, in almost every life.

It was on the Sunday preceding my college commencement, and, with a half dozen other fellows, I was stretched out under one of the big trees in front of our fraternity house. Up the walk, from the street, I saw a rather unprepossessing old gentleman making his way toward the house. His suit was unkempt; the yellowed brim of his straw hat was broken, and he leaned heavily on an old-fashioned cane. The thought occurred to me that this was some unsuccessful old graduate of the college who had saved up his money to enjoy one last reunion with his classmates. "If I don't speak to him," I said to myself, "no one else is likely to, and he will go back home disappointed because the boys at the fraternity house failed to give him a welcome." Accordingly I got up and met him at the top of the steps.

"I am a very unworthy member of this fraternity," he panted, holding out his hand.

"Unworthy is right," I said to myself, but I gave him the brotherly shake.

"My name is Curtis," he continued, "of the Hudson Chapter."

I led him into the house and he wrote his name in our visitor's book—"William E. Curtis, Washington, D. C."

"Why!" I exclaimed, "you aren't—are you the William E. Curtis of the Chicago Record Herald?"

He smiled and acknowledged it. I stretched out my hand again feeling very much embarrassed and ashamed of my previous thoughts. For William E. Curtis in those days was probably the most influential newspaper correspondent in the United States, the dean of Washington reporters, the intimate friend of Roosevelt and the confidant of great men around the world.

He stayed at the college several days, gathering material for a series of articles.

In one he dealt with college fraternities, quoting the president to give the faculty point of view, and myself as president of the senior society, representing the student body. The editor of the *Record Herald*, recognizing my name as that of a Chicago boy, sent out home for my photograph and it appeared in the paper with the article.

It happened that an alumnus of the college of the class of 1888 was riding into Chicago from his summer home in Lake Geneva that morning. He saw my picture, read the article and wrote me a letter inviting me to call on him. I did so later and he asked me about my plans.

"I am going on to Wisconsin University," I answered. "I have a fellowship in American History there, and the promise of the head of the department at our own college that he will give me an instructorship after I have had a year or two of graduate work."

"That is an interesting plan," said he, "but doesn't it occur to you that you ought to have a year of experience in the practical world before you commit yourself finally to an academic life? How do you know that you may not like business better? You have been on the campus for four years; why not see the other side before you decide that you want to stay there permanently?"

"I am running a group of magazines here," he continued. "They are small and struggling but they have great possibilities. I need a young man to understudy me. Come in here for a year and try it; if you don't like it, you can then go on with your university work and your teaching."

It sounded reasonable to me; so I went into the business of publishing for a year, and I have been in it—in one phase or another—ever since. Whether I could have succeeded as a teacher of history I do not know. I might have done better and been happier; but, for the purposes of this story, such conjecture is beside the point. The fact is that I am in the business of writing, advertising and publishing *not* because of any well thought out plan; *not* because of wisdom and courage and the triumph of a sturdy purpose over discouragement. Not at all. I am where I am because, on a certain Sunday morning in June, I happened to see a rather faded old gentleman stumping up the front walk of our fraternity house, and spoke to him; and because another man, riding into Chicago one Monday morning happened that particular day to read the *Chicago Record Herald* instead of the *Chicago Tribune*.

A very trivial anecdote with which to clutter up the pages of a great national magazine, I will admit; but the memory of it has had a considerable effect upon my thinking about myself. It has effectually prevented any tendency to regard my own career with anything like self-satisfaction. How can I, how can any man, indulge himself in vanity when the course of his life is shifted by such trivial happenings? And how can we assume to pass final judgment upon the man who has "failed" without knowing what similar incidents have deflected him? Perhaps he happened to be studying in his room, instead of lying lazily under a tree, when the man came up the front walk who could have caused his picture to be published in the papers. Perhaps by no greater margin than that he missed the chance that marked the difference between success and failure.

2. We who are fortunate are the inheritors of vast stores of wealth for which we are in no way responsible. This is the second thing that ought to sober our thinking and temper our judgments. What kind of fairy decided that I should be born into the home of a clergyman instead of the home of an illiterate or an intemperate father? Is it in any way to my credit that I grew up in an atmosphere of good conversation, good literature and good ideals? By what merit of mine was it determined that I should be elected to go to college, when ninety-eight per cent. of the boys born in America are not? How am I responsible for the fact that clean blood flows in my veins, free from taint and disease?

These blessings are the free gift of a clean-living ancestry, unpurchasable at any price, and precious beyond all calculation. What sort of a human being would I be if there were traces

of epilepsy in our family? If I had been compelled to leave school at fourteen and go to work in a factory? If my parents had died in my early youth and left me to blunder along the road alone? I might have won through to decent self-support; I might even have been sturdier and more resourceful than I now am. But there is a very good chance, on the other hand, that I might be one of those baffled, restless souls, untrained for any profession, seeking constantly for help, never finding a real niche.

You and I are the inheritors of great fortunes. It behooves us to remember this when we meet the man who seems never quite able to put things across. It is easy to say "It is all his own fault." But to be sure of that judgment one would have to go back a hundred years and inquire "Who were his ancestors? What did they bequeath him in the way of hidden weaknesses which have caused his best efforts to come to naught?"

3. This does not mean that there is no such thing as free will or personal responsibility. It may not be wholly true that

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

BUT it is true that success is possible for many more men than actually attain it; and that wishing too often takes the place of working. In this respect I feel that our modern education is somewhat to blame. Education was once seven parts discipline and three parts hard work. Today the whole effort is to make it "interesting," to let the child wander about in search of "self-expression," to allow him to drop one thing and take up another as soon as his interest lags. Our success literature catches up the lad where the schools drop him, and fills him with a vague notion that if he can only hitch his wagon to some star in the business world he will be lifted easily and joyously into independence.

A young chap from a country town, whom I had known quite casually, came into my office one afternoon. Without any preliminaries he exploded his purpose:

"Bruce, I want to meet J. P. Morgan," he said.

It rather took my breath away. My relations to Mr. Morgan are precisely the same as my relations to the Eiffel Tower; I have seen each once, but only from a distance. Obviously, however, this chap had great faith in my powers, and my vanity would not allow me to disillusion him.

"Mr. Morgan is in Europe," I answered. (I had read it the previous day in the newspapers.)

The young man collapsed. His jaw dropped; he did not know what to say next. As he sat there I could construct, in my own mind, the whole story. Back in the little town where he worked, he and his wife had been reading some story of business successes. He had closed the book, and looking at her, had exclaimed:

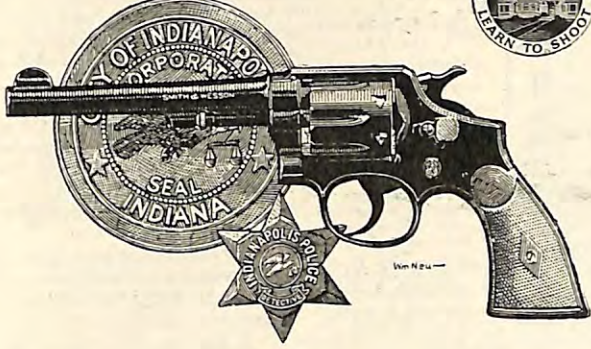
"If I could only get with Morgan, I'd be made. I'm going to New York and do it."

So they had taken enough of their savings to finance this wild expedition. And now, having arrived in the city and discovered Mr. Morgan's absence, he was utterly deflated; his thinking had gone no farther than this. I talked to him a little bit. I told him that the way to get with Morgan was the way Henry Davison had done it. "He was such a good teller in a country bank that a New York bank heard of him," I said. "When he got a job in a New York bank he became so thoroughly familiar with every detail of the national banking situation that, in the panic of 1907, Morgan discovered his knowledge, became dependent upon it, and knew that he must have Davison for a partner.

"Or take George Perkins," I continued. "He started in as an office boy at the New York Insurance Company. He made such a marvelous record as a business getter and an organizer that Morgan sent for him. Perkins himself told me that he hesitated to accept Mr. Morgan's offer, though his friends called him a fool. He loved the work he was doing, and wanted to stay with it and see it through. . . . It's the men who are hard to get whom Morgan wants," I added, "not the men who leave their jobs and come knocking at his door."

I went on in this strain for a few minutes, but

(Continued on page 62)



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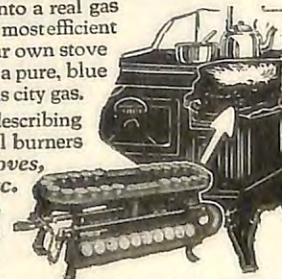
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Failures

(Continued from page 61)

I doubt if the young man heard it. He was buried in the ruins of his dream. After a little he shook himself, rose, walked out of the door, and made his way back to his country town. He is up there still, I imagine; still believing that if Mr. Morgan had been at his office that day he might have had a different and more glorious career.

For such men—and there are thousands of them—not very much can be done. They wait half-heartedly, neglecting the thing that is given them to do, and hoping that somehow, some time, a great man will see them, pick them up as protégés and "make them." And they will never believe the hard truth that, no matter how many lucky breaks there may be in life, only one man can really "make" a man, and that is the man himself.

4. Finally, I imagine that all of us tend to grow more tolerant as we grow in years; or at least we *should*. There are so few things of which we can be absolutely sure; the causes of so many human events are hidden in the obscure shadows of heredity, environment and chance. Only the Pope has had the courage to announce himself infallible, and even Popes have not always acted as though they were absolutely certain. I have always relished the comment of the (then) Holy Father upon the death of Richelieu. "If there is a God," said that great authority, "then he (Richelieu) will pay dearly for his conduct; but if there is no God, then he was a truly admirable man." . . . *If there is a God . . .* even the head of the Church himself, must take that great fundamental truth on faith, and many of the less important truths likewise.

Since we are what we are, therefore—finite beings baffled by the mysteries of infinity, atoms tossed about so helplessly on the surging seas of time, surely it behooves us to have an immense measure of charity toward each other. Certainly no one of us ought to utter carelessly the word "failure" which has such far-reaching power to blight another human life. The Master himself never used the word. One of the striking facts in His career was unwearied willingness to

give men another chance. "The law says that we should forgive our brothers seven times," they said to Him. And He answered, "I say forgive them seventy times seven." He had no rebuke for the penitent woman hurried into His presence by her foul-minded accusers. When Simon broke under the strain and denied Him thrice, He did not say, "Simon, you have failed at a critical time; I am sorry, but I must have men around me who will stand firm under all conditions. I have given you your chance and you have fallen down; I shall have to replace you with some one else." Not at all. He said, "You are called Simon. Henceforth you shall be called Peter (a rock) and on you as a cornerstone I will build my church." He knew that a man who has failed once may, from the remorse of that very failure, be strengthened and made twice as useful in the years to come.

He had time for failures—time, even when there were a thousand demands pressing upon him, and his hours were only a few. Coming down to Jerusalem for the last time, bearing upon his burdened mind His own approaching death, and His concern for the whole race, He heard His name called from the roadside.

"Jesus," came the piteous cry, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

The disciples sought to hush the suppliant. They explained to Jesus that the interruption was unworthy of His attention—only a useless blind man, a roadside beggar, a failure from whom no good could come. But Jesus brushed them aside and called the man into His presence and healed him. It would be wonderful if we could know the later history of that man. What became of him? What work did he do? What, if anything, did he contribute to the progress of the early church? The Gospel narratives are silent. All we know is that the world had branded him as hopeless—blind, a beggar, utterly down and out. But He, who saw deeper into the possibilities of human life than any other who has ever walked the earth, looked at the poor chap and believed that he was worth another chance.

This Job of Umpiring

(Continued from page 10)

always searching for talent: they are willing to pay money to get it—and pay good salaries to keep it. Then, in addition, there is the lure of the world's series money. The winning teams always split up a fortune and getting into this series means anywhere from \$4,000 to \$6,000 for the players. In addition there is the second-place and third-place prize money, which is attractive.

The old-time ball-player, through the winter months, was pretty largely dependent on his employer. I know of one pitcher—famous fifteen years ago—who was always broke and in debt to his club at the end of the season. He always borrowed money on his next year's contract to tide him over the winter. When he was finally released he actually was in debt, to his employers, to the extent of more than \$3,000. They let him go, and canceled the obligation.

Most regular players on big league clubs are independently wealthy. They aren't the "slaves" that people think of them as being. Always, of course, there are spendthrifts. These exist in all professions and businesses. But spendthrifts among ball-players are in the decided minority. During the spring training season there is prevailing talk of bonds, and real estate and bank accounts—far more of that talk than there is of practical jokes.

There is little or no sllyarking after practice periods. Ball-players are pretty well content to return to their hotel and indulge in quiet games of pool, billiards, dominoes or an occasional card game for small stakes. Most present-day ball-players keep themselves in pretty good shape during the off-season months; the life of a big league player is never very long, at best, and it is up to him to keep himself in shape, and save his money, if he expects to live when his playing days are over.

So, as I say, the spring training season has

lost much of its color. There are regular team meetings at which the manager, or one of the coaches, is privileged to quiz the players on rules; in this respect players and fans are frequently weak. The umpire, on the other hand, must know the rules, backwards and forwards.

The umpire who hesitates, even momentarily, in giving decisions is lost. There was one big league umpire of a season or two ago who formerly was a star pitcher. Apparently he had all the attributes of a good umpire. He had poise, determination, fearlessness, adaptability and came into the staff with a great baseball record. He didn't succeed as an umpire because he invariably hesitated when confronted by a play that necessitated an immediate answer.

I recall one game, with the bases filled, two out and three balls and two strikes on the batter; the runners started to advance with the pitch. It was a ball, making ball four and entitling the batsman to first base and all runners to advance a base. The runner going to third overran that bag and the catcher, by a snap throw, nailed him before he could get back, making the third out and retiring the side.

The runner, who had been on third and who had started for the plate, was about ten feet distant from his objective when the third man was retired and the team in the field immediately set up a howl against scoring the run.

"Yuh can't score a run after the side has been retired," bawled the manager.

"Who says so?"

"The rules say so," he yelled, and began quoting them.

"I know all about them. I'll tell you something else," explained the umpire, "ordinarily a run can not score after a side has been retired but in this case it's different. When the bases are filled and the batsman received a base on

balls, all runners are entitled to advance a base and this, of course, entitles the runner from third to score. The fact that the man coming over from second pulled a bit of bad base running, being retired before the run was over the plate, cannot be given any consideration.

"Technically, the run scores the moment the base on balls was given."

There was another play, a few days later, that apparently switched this decision right around.

Washington was playing Philadelphia in the American league and the score was very one-sided in favor of Philadelphia with two out, a runner on first and Washington at bat in the last half of the ninth inning. The runner stole second, and also swiped third, unmolested.

The fans set up a howl for him to steal home. The Philadelphia pitcher had started his wind-up, when the runner set out for the home plate. The pitchers with the picture before him, caught the humor of the situation and continued winding up. The runner slid over the plate, got up, dusted himself off and was half way to the Washington bench when the delivery was made.

The batter, swinging, drove a fly to left field which the outfielder caught, retiring the side, and ending the game.

"No score," cried the umpire.

The manager of the home team rushed on the field.

He got his explanation, in these words:

"On the surface it would seem as though the run should count, because the runner was over the plate before the ball was delivered. However, the inception of the play was in the winding up on the part of the pitcher; its completion was the fly ball which the outfielder caught, retiring the side. The rules say that a run cannot score on a play in which the batsman failed to reach first for the third out.

"Therefore, the run does not count even though the runner was over the home plate."

Two fairly knotty decisions but ones that had to be given correctly—and without hesitation.

THERE was a play that caused a great deal of excitement in Havana a few years ago.

It was unusual because it meant a tie in the pennant race of the Cuban league or a victory for one of the clubs. It caused so much excitement that the Havana morning newspapers held up the printing of their edition several hours so that the play could be ruled upon by Billy Evans, the American league umpire.

Here is the play—

There was a runner on third, two out and three balls and two strikes on the batter. The next delivery was a wild pitch, making the fourth ball. The runner on third scored and the batsman went to second as the wild pitch rolled to the grandstand. The runner on his way to second, failed to touch first base. The first baseman called for the ball from the catcher and upon receiving it touched first base, the batsman who had received four balls standing on second base in the meantime. The batsman was called out for his failure to touch first base, retiring the side.

Does the run count?

Evans was requested to cable his decision as the paper could not go to press without having the dispute settled. He cabled that the run counted.

The rules say, of course, that a play cannot score in which a runner fails to reach first for the third out. That was the contention raised in support of the fact that the run did not count, since the batsman was retired because of his failure to touch first. However, the batsman was entitled to first base because of the base on balls. It is impossible to deprive him of that to which he was entitled. For failing to touch first on his way to second he made himself liable to be put out, but it in no way affected the scoring of the run which crossed the plate on the fourth ball, a wild pitch.

In a game played in the City league of Gloucester, Mass., the score was 3 to 1 in favor of the team in the field in the seventh inning. The opposing club had runners on second and third bases, two out and two strikes and one ball on the batter. The pitcher started his motion, stopped, and continued it again. The batter struck out; the team at bat immediately protested to the umpire, claiming a balk and

(Continued on page 64)

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Its results are so sure—so immediate—that we want you to see what it will do for you in a brief ten days—at our risk. Tear off the attached coupon. Sign your name. It will bring a complete description of this remarkable reducer. Also full details of our FREE OFFER which permits you to wear the Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer for 10 full days—at our risk. You are to be the sole judge of its ability to reduce your waistline and abdomen. If you are not entirely satisfied it costs you nothing.

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Send it today. Right now while it is handy. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to reduce WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL.

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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss

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Please sign your name Mr., Mrs., or Miss



This Job of Umpiring

(Continued from page 63)

after a heated argument the umpire allowed the balk; the batter then walloped a home run.

A big league umpire was appealed to. He rendered this decision:

"The calling of a balk is largely a judgment play. What one umpire construes as a balk might not be so called by another arbiter. But, when a pitcher hesitates in his motion it is unquestionably a balk.

"If the umpire did not see such a hesitation on the part of this pitcher, as he claims, that is all there is to the play. It is a legal pitch and if the batsman, with two strikes, swings and misses, he certainly should be declared out.

"The umpire was in error in permitting the teams to take the field on the theory that he did not see the play. The making of a home run, after the side had been retired, furnishes legitimate grounds for a protest."

In Boston, in a twilight league game, an umpire sent a batsman to first because of a "balk" by the pitcher. This runner scored the run which decided the game. This also caused a rumpus and one of the American League umpires decided it by telegraphing:

"A balk can only be made with runners on the bases. With the bases empty it is impossible for any umpire to call a balk."

Last summer a fan took a pet bulldog to a game. The fan had taught the dog the knack of retrieving a thrown ball. In the first inning, with two on the bases, the batsman hit the ball in the general direction where the fan was sitting and the dog broke loose and grabbing the ball in his mouth ran around in circles while the fielders were trying to catch him. Both runners scored and the batsman circled the bases, apparently making a home run.

I was appealed to, the team in the field yelling vigorous protests. I ruled that it was unfair to permit the runners to advance while the dog was in possession of the ball because it was impossible for the team in the field to make a play. I stopped the runners at the bases last touched prior to the dog getting the ball.

In another game played on an open field, the batsman drove the ball into the outfield and it embedded itself in an open tin can. The fielder, unable to get the ball out of the can, threw ball and can to the infield. One of the infielders got it, touched out the batter, who was trying to make third. In the meantime the ball was still in the can so that its surface was not in view. The team at bat contended that the runner was not out since he had not been touched by the ball. On that point the dispute hinged.

A dash of common sense was needed here. The runner was declared out.

In another case a runner attempted a steal of second. In sliding into the base he knocked the ball from the hands of the fielder making the touch. It was a warm day and the runner's shirt was open in front. The ball bounded inside. It was lost to view and the runner, getting to his feet, started for the plate. The fielders began a frantic search for the ball. As the runner neared the plate the catcher went out to meet him, grabbed him around the waist and getting hold of the ball that was under the shirt, insisted that he had made a touch and the runner was out, even though the shirt separated the ball from the catcher's fingers.

The sensible thing to do here was to send the runner back to the base where the collision occurred. That was done.

The financial returns from umpiring are interesting. In the big leagues the umpires receive anywhere from \$5,000 to \$7,000 or \$8,000 a season. It all depends on their length of experience. In addition to this money there is the pot at the close of the season in the World's Series, or in the different city series that may be arranged. All in all we do pretty well. We earn it, too. When you stop to consider that the plate umpire makes an average of 200 decisions in a regulation game and he is right 98 per cent of the time you can see that he must be fitted for his job. Looking back over the years in the game I can honestly say that I don't think I missed more than three or four decisions, on balls and strikes, during a game. This may come as an unpleasant shock to the fans who sit in the stands and figure the umpire

is "missing 'em" because the batters are howling.

THE umpire doesn't miss many because he is right in the angle of the balls' flight. The batter, standing to one side, is not always able to judge. Frequently, too, he protests in protecting himself. He won't admit that the pitcher has outguessed him. I recall one game late last season where a star slugger was called out while holding his bat on his shoulder.

He set up a fearful wail, and I finally had to fire him out of the game. His teammates roared; the fans screamed; I had to fight my way through the crowd that swarmed on the field after the game. In the clubhouse, a few minutes later, I looked up from unlacing my shoes to see this star slugger framed in the doorway.

"Well, you big clown, you made it nice for me out there this afternoon," I snapped at him.

"I didn't mean it, honest I didn't," he replied. "I was just sore—damn sore to think that southpaw showed me up."

"It was a strike—then," I had to laugh. "I ain't saying it was a strike," declared the ball-player. "I ain't saying it wasn't. I'm just telling you that I'm sorry the gang got on you."

How would you begin to argue against an alibi like that?

The Soft Pedal

(Continued from page 15)

resign in person before he could be dishonorably dismissed.

He swung into the Bulletin building with something of his customary jauntiness ten minutes later and he held his head high as he rode up in the elevator. On the fourth floor he paused for a moment from force of habit at the letter-box just inside the gate and reached into the "M" compartment. A single white envelope waited for him there, a Bulletin envelope with his name neatly typed on the outside.

"They've beaten me to it," he groaned as his shoulders sagged and the seven devils of despair entered then and there and took possession of his spirit.

He tore the envelope open listlessly and drew out the letter inside. At first glance it seemed a little longer than the customary curt note of dismissal proper in the circumstances. He read it, his wonder mounting as its meaning slowly came to him.

My dear Mr. Morris:—

I feel that I must personally thank you for the fine reticence you displayed in your handling of that disgraceful Chinatown story this morning. Your treatment of this "news event" was in complete harmony with the ideas that I have been trying to put in force in this office recently and will serve as a model of good-taste and discrimination for, I hope, years to come.

I am enclosing a small bonus check for you and I have given instructions to have your space guarantee increased beginning next Monday.

Permit me again to thank you and to assure you of my sincere appreciation. Drop in on me some evening and we will have dinner together.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY MUSGRAVE.

P.S.:—I am also writing Mr. Halligan congratulating him upon having had the good sense to realize that your angle on this outrageous affair was the correct and only legitimate one. I have told him that it establishes a precedent which must always be followed carefully in this office.

H. M.

CHARLEY, in a slight daze, reached into the envelope and took out a pale-green check for fifty dollars. He still had it in his hand as he strolled over to the city desk where Halligan was just settling himself for the night's work. The editor smiled sheepishly at him as he approached.

"I'll bet you didn't get a check," said Charley, jauntily, waving the slip of paper under Halligan's nose.

"No," replied the other, "all I got was a check-rein!"



Photo by H. E. Neef

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And don't think it is *not* for you,—that is, if you are the average man of intelligence and ambition; with a tongue capable of telling the sales story we give you to tell.

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Suppose you were in Frank De Prie's shoes, with an \$85 a month job. Suppose, like him, you cultivated a hearty dislike of getting nowhere and went out and made \$81 in three hours selling Fyr-Fyters and averaging \$150 a week ever since. Would it please you?

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While you are earning this real money selling Fyr-Fyters you accumulate a knowledge that has made many a Fyr-Fyter man known in his locality as a fire prevention expert. More prestige, more earnings—you get somewhere.

Payne Made \$185 in a Single Day

Fire hazards were responsible, not particularly Payne or any particular ability Payne has. He took the wonderful story of Fyr-Fyter with him, presented it as we told him to and reaped his reward. So can you—and why not. It's not an idiot's proposition, but neither does it require exceptional experience or ability.

Fyr-Fyter Men Laugh at \$50 a Week Jobs

Find a Fyr-Fyter man but who'll smile or laugh outright if you offered him a \$50 a week job. Why should I work for \$50 a week when I can make that in one or two days selling Fyr-Fyters? And if you become one of us like Payne, Hobe, De Pries, and any one of a hundred of others, you'll laugh at \$50 a week, too.

A Permanent Income

Every day in the year you can cash in on the need for Fyr-Fyters and the growing popularity of Fyr-Fyters as the one sure means to nip the fire demon at the start.

Every home, factory, garage, auto owner, institution, building, farm, yacht and a hundred other places are where you can introduce and sell Fyr-Fyters in the powerful, sales-compelling way we show you how to use.

You can build a place for yourself in your community, looked up to and respected, not only for a successful man of high earning capacity, but one who has brought the great and invaluable boon of real fire protection to his locality.

Every Fire Alarm Makes a Hundred Sales

Fear of Fire is in the heart of every man, woman and child. Every fire alarm brings home the truth, every clang of the fire engine gong or blast of the siren, every newspaper fire story sinks deep in the public consciousness, statistics tell of colossal losses of five hundred million dollars a year and a toll of 17,000 lives. And you can bring this all home to the thousands in your vicinity to the tune of real profit—for you.

Your Opportunity

We are now increasing the Fyr-Fyter sales force to national proportions, repeating the tremendous success in every locality. We want you if you've got the ambition to make from \$20 to \$50 a day. You can do it.

Let Me Prove It to You

What I can't tell you here I'm willing and anxious to tell you in a letter and literature I have prepared. Challenge me to produce the proof by sending in the coupon on the right—and I'll do it.

R. C. Iddings, Pres.

The Fyr-Fyter



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Free yourself of embarrassing mistakes in speaking and writing. Wonderful new invention automatically finds and corrects your mistakes; gives you a powerful mastery of language in only 15 minutes a day.

Many persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "e's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.



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For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the **mistakes you yourself make**—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

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Name

Address

City

The Man Outside

(Continued from page 18)

no doubt, in a hundred homes in a thousand cities and towns and villages. No one, naturally, would have guessed the agitation in Mr. Ogden's breast just below where a letter was hidden. Few would have noticed Mrs. Ogden's involuntary, spasmodic starts when the elevated trains thundered by.

Mr. Ogden laid down his paper and looked at his watch. "Do you think she really likes him, Kitty?"

Mrs. Ogden bit a white thread with teeth that were still white and even. No need to tell Mrs. Ogden where Mr. Ogden's thoughts were. "Yes, she likes him," she answered.

"You mean enough to—to—"

"NO; SHE wouldn't marry him," said Mrs. Ogden calmly. "She wouldn't—" Mrs. Ogden bit off her sentence as she had bitten off the white thread.

"She wouldn't what, dear?"

"Well, she wouldn't marry any one as long as she felt she had to help us, George." Mrs. Ogden said it a little defiantly.

"But that—that's awful, Kitty!"

"It's true, George."

"We don't want to stand in the way of her happiness."

"No, of course we don't. We could manage without Millie's help. Somehow. But she won't see it."

"You've talked with her about it, then?"

"A little. Only since this young Stevens came along. And she won't say much."

"She really likes him then?"

"Well, I wouldn't say it had gone awfully deep, dear. Not yet. Maybe it's only an infatuation. She seems a little doubtful of him at times. But she does like him."

"But this is terrible, Kitty,—if—if we're standing in the way."

"Well, there it is, George!"

Mr. Ogden brooded for a moment. Then he pushed his hand into his inside pocket and drew forth the letter. "Kitty! Read that!" he said.

Mrs. Ogden read the letter. She read it and re-read it. And reading it did extraordinary things to her. Her cheeks were pink. Her eyes glistened. Her head came up. One saw now why she had been called "Proud and pretty!" George Ogden, watching her, recalled Eddie's words, "Proud and pretty—that was Kitty. Always!" And, unaccountably, watching her, his heart sank a little.

"Five hundred a month!" said Kitty presently, saying it all in one long, deep breath.

"Yes, but you see he says I'll have to give up my position, Kitty."

"He says what you need is a good long rest—that's true, George."

"Yes, but it's—it's charity, Kitty."

"Not from old friends. Why, they're all almost like your brothers, George. You'd do the same for any one of them. And there's five of them, George, and, as Eddie says, the hundred a month each means nothing to any of them."

Mr. Ogden gave his peculiar, choked laugh. "And I thought you were so proud, Kitty. Why, I just said to Eddie the other day you'd always held your head so high."

"Nobody need know, George—that's what Eddie says."

"But we've got along all right. It—it hasn't been so bad," said Mr. Ogden pleadingly.

"Oh, I've hated it, George! I've never said anything but I've hated it. Those elevated trains! We can get a little apartment somewhere where we won't have to hear them all the time."

"But—it is charity."

"Five hundred a month, George!"

"I can't do it, Kitty. I can't accept it!"

"Eddie says it's to go on *ad infinitum*. What's that mean?"

"Forever."

"Forever! Isn't that wonderful? I thought maybe it was only for a year or so until you got your back rested up."

"My back's all right."

"I know better than that, George. Don't think you've fooled me. I've heard you groan at night. And didn't the doctor tell me what you needed was a good long rest?"

"No; I—I can't accept it, Kitty."

"You always were too proud, George."
"That's what Eddie said, but—I can't accept it, Kitty."

Mrs. Ogden sat silent. She knew very well that she hadn't failed. She had kept her best card in reserve.

"And what about Millie?" she asked presently.

She did not look at her husband then. She knew it would be a little too cruel to look at him just then. She heard something that was like a long moan come muffled from Mr. Ogden's tightened lips.

And it was not until several moments later that he said, "We—we won't have to tell Millie about it, will we? We don't have to do that. I mean we'll just tell her that it's money left over from the wreck—some money that's come to us unexpectedly."

"Yes, maybe we'd better say that," Mrs. Ogden agreed quietly. "Millie's a lot like you, George."

IV

THEY told Millie the next morning at the breakfast table.

"Dad!"—Millie rose and ran around to kiss him—"Oh, dad, it's too wonderful. I can't believe it! Now you can take that long, long rest."

"Yes, Millie. And you can take up your painting again if you want to. You can give up your position and go to that art school you've talked about."

Millie's apple-blossom complexion flamed to geranium. "I don't know that I want to take up painting now, dad."

"You don't! Why not?"

Millie did not look at her father or her mother. "I—I think I'll get married."

"Millie!"

"Yes, dears! Don't look so awful! Be happy with me"—she gave each a hand; and the gossamer veil of lassitude had vanished entirely now; she shone, she sparkled with happiness—"Wayne asked me again last night and I told him no; but now—"

Mrs. Ogden was weeping gently; Mr. Ogden, although he was not weeping, looked even more miserable.

V

NOR could Mr. Ogden bring himself to tell the truth down at the office of the Amalgamated Machinery Company.

"I've—well, I've come into a little money," he explained haltingly to the office-manager of the Amalgamated Machinery Company, "and as the doctor said I ought to take a rest—"

"I'm sorry to see you go, Mr. Ogden"—it is worth noting that the office-manager always addressed Mr. Ogden as "Mr. Ogden."

"If it were not for my back, Mr. Short—"

"Perhaps we could arrange a leave of absence?"

"No; no! It's very kind of you, but—"

Nice people indeed, Mr. Ogden reflected; a nice place to work. He couldn't see why Eddie Barnstable had acted as if the position he occupied were such an ignominious one. Ten days later when he said farewell to the Amalgamated Machinery Company and to the fledglings and to his own desk in the outside office he felt a genuine regret that he was leaving.

On the other hand, it was delightful to be able to rest and not to be forced to worry about resting. The doctor had advised that he stay quietly in bed for a full week. And this Mr. Ogden did with the greatest relish. It really was blissful. In fact, he quite let himself go. He claimed all the privileges of an invalid. He made Kitty and Millie, when Millie was at home, wait on him with the utmost care and diligence. He complained when his chicken broth was too cold and when his poached eggs were too hard. But he did all this complaining with a twinkle in his eye and his wife and his daughter simply laughed at his complaints and humored him and loved him. Mrs. Ogden almost acted as if she enjoyed having him an invalid.

But in a week's time he was up and around

(Continued on page 67)



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PHONE

The Man Outside

(Continued from page 66)

again. He felt inexpressibly better. And it was not many days later that he felt inexpressibly restless.

Millie, meanwhile, had given up her position and was attending classes at the Art Students' League.

She brought home some of her sketches and both Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Ogden thought them quite wonderful but Millie herself was not so well satisfied. "If you saw some of the things other students do—" she said doubtfully, surveying her sketch with disfavor, her pretty head held on one side, her finger on her lips.

So the first month of Mr. Ogden's freedom passed.

It was a curious month—that first blissful week in which he had rested, followed by a happy week in which he had puttered around the apartment doing odd jobs that Mrs. Ogden had wanted done ever since they had moved in; a third week in which he enjoyed walking around the streets, peering in at windows, stopping to see a moving picture occasionally; and then a fourth week in which time seemed to stumble along with dragging feet, an interminable week in which he really didn't know what to do with himself.

He thought of his polished mahogany desk in the outside office of the Amalgamated Machinery Company. There, it was true, he had been merely the man at the outside desk and it wasn't much to be—he admitted that. (And again he recalled with indignation Eddie Barnstable's attitude toward his job.) But now he wasn't even the man at the outside desk. He was the man outside. It almost seemed to him as if he had become the man outside of everything—outside every interest that holds the world of men together in a fine network of industry and endeavor. And he wasn't as old as all that! He was too young, he thought angrily, to give up work, effort, ambition. And all the time he couldn't forget that he was living on charity. Phrase it as you would that was the bitter, unpalatable truth.

At the end of this first month, Eddie Barnstable sent the second check for five hundred dollars with a letter that was like an encouraging pat on the back. Yet Mr. Ogden didn't feel that way about it. After reading the letter he tore it up viciously. He didn't even look at the check. He handed it to Mrs. Ogden as if it were something contaminated and contaminating.

"You take this to the bank, Kitty," he said. "But you said you wanted something to do, George."

"I don't want to do anything where that check's concerned."

Mrs. Ogden looked worried. "Now don't be highy-tighty, George. It's time you got over feeling that way."

"I don't think I'll ever get over it," Mr. Ogden murmured morosely.

"You ought to when you think of Millie. Look how happy she is."

Yes, Millie was happy. Mr. Ogden couldn't deny that. And as long as Millie was happy he should be content. As long as Millie was happy that was all he should ask.

And then—this was in the third month—Millie was no longer happy. Neither Mr. Ogden nor Mrs. Ogden could understand it.

A FEW days later, however, Millie told her father the truth impulsively, involuntarily almost, as if she could not hold it within herself any longer.

He was sitting in the tiny front room wondering whether to go out, whether to stay in, wondering what in the world he was to do with himself. It was early in the afternoon. He was alone, for Mrs. Ogden had gone out to do some marketing.

He heard the front door open and close, and he called, "Is that you, Kitty?"

"No; it's Millie, dad."

"Home so early, dear?"

Millie entered the room and laid her gloves on the table. Then she removed her hat and standing before the mirror that hung over the mantel touched her lovely hair lightly with her fingers. "Yes, I—I didn't feel like working up at the school to-day."

(Continued on page 68)



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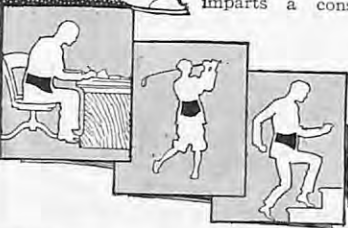
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UNION SUITS

TWO PIECE

The Man Outside

(Continued from page 67)

She sat down in a chair opposite her father and, suddenly, to his utter consternation she leaned over and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Mr. Ogden jumped up and put his arms around her slim young shoulders. "Why, Millie! Why, Millie dear! What is it?"

"Dad, I'm so unhappy."

"What is it? Tell your old dad."

"It's about Wayne."

"What about him?" said Mr. Ogden beligerently.

"Oh, it isn't anything like that, dad. But he's had a good offer from a firm out in San Francisco and he wants me to get married at once and go out there with him."

Mr. Ogden caught his breath. Nevertheless he managed to say, "Naturally he wants you to go with him, Millie."

"But I—I can't go, dad. I can't leave you and mother. I just can't."

"Is that why you've looked so unhappy lately?"

"Yes."

"You've got to live your own life, dear. Your mother and I don't want to stand in the way."

"Maybe you and mother could come out there later?"

"Ye-es."

"But when I said that to Wayne he was horrid. He said I seemed to think more of you and of mother than I did of him."

"Well, it's natural for a young man to be a little jealous, Millie."

"But that isn't the worst of it, dad."

"What isn't?"

"When he said that I knew it was true."

"What was true?"

"I do love you and mother more—a thousand times more! I—I've made a mistake. I don't love him. That's what's so rotten. I thought I loved him but I don't—and I don't know what to do about it. It's so unfair to him—it's so rotten unfair."

"We all make mistakes like that, dear."

"Did you ever make a mistake like that, dad?"

"Well, you see, your mother and I were different. We were the exception. We knew at once and—and we've never changed."

"But then I must be rotten, dad. I'll have to go through with it."

"You can't go through with it, Millie. Not if you don't love him. That would be the worst mistake of all. A horrible mistake!"

He was kneeling beside her now, this dignified, elderly man, his arms completely enfolding her, his withered cheek against her soft, smooth cheek.

"I don't know what to do about it, dad."

"Tell him."

"I—I can't."

"It's the only honest way, Millie."

"You see, it came so suddenly. I thought I wanted to marry him but I knew I couldn't on account of you and mother—"

"Don't say that, Millie."

"Well, I couldn't!"

"Yes, you could. If you really love any man, your mother and I don't want to stand in your way. Remember that! We'd rather do anything, have anything happen, rather than that. Are you sure you don't love Wayne?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"Well, promise me this, Millie: if a man you really love ever does come along, you won't let us stand in the way."

"All right, dad. I promise. But I don't love Wayne. I really don't. You see, I thought I wanted to marry him and I couldn't and that made me think I wanted to marry him terribly. And then you got that money and I could marry him and I lost my head—oh, I don't know what I'm saying. It's all so mixed up and I feel that I've been so rotten about it."

"Don't say you're rotten, Millie. We're only rotten when we do a thing of this sort deliberately. You didn't. But it would be rotten to marry him not loving him; to marry him not even letting him know you don't love him."

Millie leaned back to gaze into her father's eyes earnestly. "Yes, I suppose that would be the rottenest thing of all," she said reflectively.

VI

MILLIE saw young Wayne Stevens that night and long after Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Ogden had retired to their own room they could hear the faint murmur of voices in the front room. Mr. Ogden could not sleep. Nor could Mrs. Ogden.

"Are you still awake, dear?"
 "Yes, Kitty."
 "Don't worry about Millie. She's young. Youth recovers quickly."
 "I wish I could help her."
 "You have helped her. She's always gone to you for help, George. It's you she loves."
 "Don't say that, Kitty."
 "I don't mean it unkindly, George. It's often that way. If—if Millie had been a boy I'd have been the one. Daughter to father. Son to mother. Go to sleep, dear. Don't worry."
 "All right, Kitty."

But he didn't go to sleep. He lay there waiting—and after a very long while he heard footsteps in the narrow hall. He heard the front door open and close. And then he had an almost irresistible impulse to rise and offer such consolation to Millie as he could. But he knew that the young must fight their own battles of this kind and that alone, perhaps, they fight them best, most valiantly.

In the morning he rose unusually early but it seemed that agonized minutes and hours passed before he saw Millie.

The father and mother were lingering purposely at the breakfast table when she came in. She was still pale but she was tranquil.

She glanced from her father to her mother. "Did you tell mother, dad?"

"Yes, dear."
 "I'm glad you did. Well,—it's all over."
 "You told him?"

"Yes! He's going away"—the fingers of her hands were twining and intertwining and she watched them for a silent moment—"It's the best way. Even Wayne admits that."

"You'll soon feel better about it, Millie."

"Yes, I know. I feel better about it now, dad. More honest anyway."

"And you can go on with your painting now and really make something of it."

"No, dad!"
 "Why not?"

"I'll never be any good at it. That's the one thing I've learned up at the art school. I'm going back to business. I am good at that."

"But, Millie, can you get your old job back?"

Millie's head came up. "Maybe not. But I can get a job and perhaps a better one than I had. I know I'm going back to work."

Mr. Ogden sat silent for a moment. Then, abruptly, he said, "And I am, too!"

"George!" said Mrs. Ogden.

"Yes, I am, Kitty," he said to her. "I am! I can't stand this any longer. It—it is charity. I'll write Eddie to-day and tell him he needn't send any more money"—he turned to Millie—

"Millie, I didn't tell you the truth about the money because I was ashamed to tell you the truth. But I'll tell you now. But, first of all, I want you to remember the promise you gave me the other day."

"What promise, dad?"

"That if a man you really love comes along you won't let your mother and me stand in the way."

"Yes, I remember, dad. What about the money?"

He told her.

When he had finished there came faintly to this rear room of the apartment the roar of the elevated.

"And what about the elevated, George?" said Mrs. Ogden, a little tearfully. "We'll always have to put up with it now."

"Oh, no, we won't, mother!" said Millie defiantly.

And "Damn the elevated!" said Mr. Ogden.

"Well, I don't know that I do mind it as much as I did," said Mrs. Ogden. And she sighed.

Visitors to the offices of the great Amalgamated Machinery Company once more are impressed by the man who sits at the outside desk. And many an observing visitor murmurs to himself, "Why, the old boy looks as if he were the president of a bank! Wonder how he ever got here? And yet he looks perfectly contented!"

And the remarkable thing, of course, is that he is contented—perfectly.

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30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance where there was a young woman I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was *trying* to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Someday I would show them. Someday I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do? A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I *would* come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mail-box—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before Jack's dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling. I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause!

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 30 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight!

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

was back in town by six o'clock and not a mishap occurred to mar the joy of the day.

North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Active In Community Welfare Work

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1011 is doing good work. The Lodge is one of the first in Massachusetts to take up Boy Scout work. It has given the troop the use of its Home for meetings, and three members of the Lodge have formed a Troop Committee. The Annual Kiddies Outing was held recently and 250 kiddies and their mothers had a wonderful day. An added feature was the taking of a number of invalid ladies on the outing. The free use of the Home is enjoyed by every civic and community movement in the city, including the Red Cross, District Nursing Association, and various patriotic societies.

Grand Exalted Ruler at Kentucky State Elks Association Meeting

Delegates from nearly every Lodge in Kentucky were in Louisville for the sixteenth annual reunion of the Kentucky State Elks Association and were handsomely entertained in the new \$1,600,000 Home of Louisville Lodge No. 8. Chief of the attractions was the presence on the last day of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who made his first speech to any State Association since his recent election, at the morning business session. At a noon luncheon in the auditorium of the new Home Mr. Price was again the principal speaker, and he made an inspiring address upon the present aims and objectives of the Order.

On the opening night the visitors attended the regular Lodge meeting of No. 8 and saw its degree team initiate a class of thirty candidates, following which a vaudeville entertainment was given for visiting members and ladies and members of Louisville Lodge. In this the talent was furnished by members of the local and visiting Lodges.

On Tuesday there was a joint luncheon meeting with the Louisville Optimist Club, and in the afternoon the ladies were guests at the local theaters and were entertained with a swimming party in the pool at the new Home, while the members went to a ball game. That evening the annual reunion ball was given, and on Wednesday, following the Elks luncheon addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Price, the visitors were taken on an automobile ride around the city. In the evening a steamer was chartered and they were entertained with a steamer ride up the Ohio River.

More than 200 delegates attended the reunion and the meetings were most profitable and pleasant. Next year's reunion will be held in Henderson. Officers elected for 1924-25 were: President, Pat J. Carroll, Covington Lodge No. 314; First Vice-President, D. D. Crabbe, Winchester Lodge No. 539; Second Vice-President, Joseph Kerna, Frankfort Lodge No. 530; Third Vice-President, E. B. Morris, Bowling Green Lodge No. 320; Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville Lodge No. 8 (re-elected); Treasurer, Thomas R. Monarch, Owensboro Lodge No. 144; Trustees, Carl A. Wells, Paducah Lodge No. 217; Clyde R. Levi, Ashland Lodge No. 350 and M. Schwarz, Shelbyville Lodge No. 1368.

Crippled Kiddies Go on Outing With Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge

Over 50 crippled kiddies of Warren County were recently guests of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395 at an outing of the Lodge held in Bushkill Park. The youngsters were taken from their homes to the Park before noon in autos, and upon their arrival at the park were given a ticket for all the various amusements. Music was furnished by the St. Michael Orphanage Boys' Band in the morning and afternoon. At one o'clock a delicious dinner was served the kiddies. There were many entertainment features provided by the members of the Lodge and their families, the chief event being a ball game between the married and single men. One of the largest crowds that ever attended a crippled

kiddie outing was on hand to assist in making the affair one of the best so far conducted by the Lodge.

**Welfare Work Capably Managed
By Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge**

The very active and efficient Social and Community Welfare Committee of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877, with the cooperation of the automobile owners of Rockland County, N. Y., entertained over 2,000 children recently on an automobile ride to Bear Mountain Park where luncheon was served and various games played. It was one of the most delightful day's outings since the inception of this practice by the Lodge. Youngsters from eight Homes, Convents, Crippled Children's Home, the Tubercular Hospital, Five Points Mission and the Alms House of the County enjoyed the hospitality of the Lodge, this being the largest number ever entertained by it at one time. The Welfare Committee, comprising 38 of the best known members in the various sections of Rockland County, has an excellent organization. It holds meetings at various points in the County, to discuss and to act on all matters for the benefit of the community, especially with regard to children and poor families. The work already performed by the various members has created very favorable comment by the charitable organizations of the State and County, one of which has expressed a desire to cooperate with the committee to avoid duplication of benefits. Its work having become so extensive in detail, it has been necessary to employ a secretary to take care of all records and correspondence and to report all cases to the chairman, who in turn allots the case to some member of the committee residing within the same neighborhood, for investigation and action. This committee will have charge of, and distribute the Christmas presents of the Lodge which are annually given to the worthy poor of the County.

**Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Host
To Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge**

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 1378, recently played host to members and officers of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99 who came to initiate a large class of candidates. A banquet was served in the patio of the Home before the Lodge sessions, and a luncheon after adjournment. On but few occasions in Southern California have so many prominent Elks and distinguished citizens attended a single Lodge session.

**Prescott, Ariz., Lodge Holds Outing
For Boys and Girls**

Unparalleled in the history of the city, the first annual picnic and water carnival given recently by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge No. 330, for the children and grown-ups of the community, outstripped anything ever attempted in the way of showing both the young and old of the region a rousing good time. Approximately 2,500 people, most of whom were children, joined in the outing which was held at Granite Dells. Games and sports of all kinds, excellent refreshments and everything imaginable to make it a perfect day, were provided by Prescott Lodge for its guests. The water carnival in the afternoon proved especially popular with the children, more than 500 being in the pool at one time.

**Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Gives
Kiddies Joyous Outing**

About 1,000 youngsters recently enjoyed a delightful afternoon as guests of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1014 at Capron Park. A good-sized representation of members helped to make the event a success. Track events, a Punch and Judy show, merry-go-round, ice cream, and music by the Boys' Band were some of the features. Many desirable prizes were awarded the winners in the various contests.

**Eighty Residents of National Home
Guests of Sells-Floto Circus**

When the Sells-Floto Circus pitched its Big Top in Roanoke, Va., recently, its General
(Continued on page 72)



from one Elk to another—

When it comes to choosing a gift for a man it is hard to find anything more acceptable than a genuine

RAZO-NIFE
"NOT A DULL MOMENT"

the handy pocket knife with the real razor edge—sharper than any pocket knife made. If the recipient-to-be is an Elk, give him one with his lodge emblem on the handle, as illustrated. No matter what his affiliations may be you can get a Razo-Nife with the proper emblem on it or without any emblem at all.

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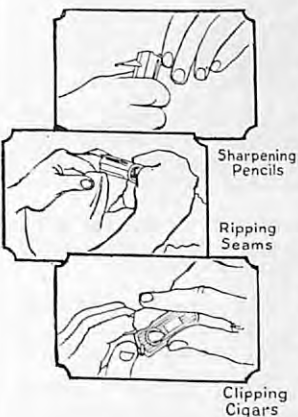
they make new knife blades for Razo-Nife—replaced in a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snap into place—always sharp and ready to do all that can be expected of any pocket knife. Made of solid jeweler's grade mirror-polished nickel silver—handsome—durable—efficient.

Price without emblem, each **\$1.00** Price with emblem, each **\$1.50**

If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon.

Business Executives:

Give Razo-Nives to your customers at Xmas. They're wonderful good will builders. Can be made up with your own trade mark, firm name, or other special lettering. Packed in handsome Xmas boxes. Send \$1.00 for sample and ask for special quantity prices.



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New Fall Style for Women Patent Colt, Centre Strap Pump, with Elastic Gore, \$6.00



New Broad Toe for Men In Black Velour Calf, also light Russia Calf, \$7.00



W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES AT 7 YEARS OF AGE

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FOR 38 YEARS, W. L. Douglas' name and portrait have stood for quality, for economy and for satisfactory service. W. L. Douglas shoes are exceptionally good values. Only by wearing them can you appreciate their superior qualities. The exclusive, smart models, designed especially for young men and women, are leaders everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$7.00 SHOES are remarkably good value. Seldom have you had the opportunity to buy such high-grade shoes at this popular price. Shoes of equal quality, comfort and service are rarely found in other makes at our prices.

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W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, 178 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)



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There will always be a demand for well trained accountants—men whose training combines a knowledge of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management and Finance. Few professions offer better opportunities to men of ambition and intelligence. The tremendous business growth of this country has created a rich field for the expert.

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The LaSalle Problem Method will train you by mail under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former comptroller and instructor, University of Illinois, member of American Institute of Accountants, and a director of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a staff of 75 instructors—legal staff, organization and management specialists; business efficiency engineers, including 31 C. P. A.'s. You will be given whatever training, instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any extra expense to you. Our big free book on the accountancy profession fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs, from the simplest bookkeeping principles to the most advanced accounting problems. All text material supplied in the course has been especially prepared in clear, easy-to-understand language, so that you can readily master the principles by home study.

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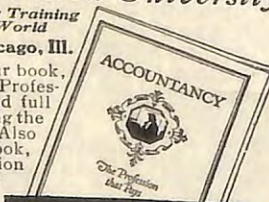
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 - Personnel and Employment Management
 - Expert Bookkeeping
 - Business English
 - Commercial Spanish
 - Effective Speaking
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Name.....
 Present Position.....
 Address

Manager, "Zack" Terrell, invited every resident of the Elks National Home located nearby at Bedford, Va., to be his guest at the afternoon show. More than 80 accepted the generous invitation and were taken to the circus. After the performance was over Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 entertained the visitors at its Home for dinner, and residents of the Home and members of the Circus exchanged many interesting reminiscences.

Central Pennsylvania District Association Holds Monthly Meetings

The regular monthly meetings of the Central Pennsylvania Elks District Association are proving a great success and are a real help in building up closer cooperation among the various Lodges participating. Meetings of the Association have been held recently at Latrobe, Pa., Lodge No. 907 where 72 Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries attended, and at Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175. The members of the Association also enjoyed a picnic recently which was held at Idlewild Park.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees: Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10. Erection of a new building on a site which it already owns and which is valued at \$350,000. The building is to be thirteen stories of concrete, limestone and brick and to cost \$2,500,000 with furnishings of \$300,000.

Waco, Texas, Lodge No. 166. Purchase of a Home at a cost of \$11,000. It is expected that an addition to the building will cost \$10,000.

Gulfport, Miss., Lodge No. 978. Purchase of a building site to cost \$6,500 and erection of a building at \$22,500 with furnishings of \$2,000. Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge No. 1448. Plans approved for the financing of the construction of a new Home at a later date. It is planned to issue \$50,000 in registered bonds to members of the Lodge in denominations of \$100 each.

Butte, Montana, Lodge No. 240. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$107,000 with furnishings of \$15,000. The Lodge owns the building site for which it paid \$30,000. The building will be three stories with full basement, of reinforced steel and concrete structure, the exterior to be finished in brick.

Waukesha, Wis., Lodge No. 400. Erection of an addition to its present home. The plans call for a building of brick, tile and concrete construction, two stories, to cost approximately \$50,000 without the bowling alleys, with furnishings between \$3,000 to \$5,000.

Wallace, Idaho, Lodge No. 331. Erection of a new Home on a site owned by the Lodge, the building to cost \$60,000, and to be two stories of brick construction.

Trinidad, Colo., Lodge No. 181. Erection of new Home on site owned by the Lodge and valued at \$17,500, the building to be three stories of brick construction with club and grill rooms on ground floor, banquet and dance rooms and parlors on second floor and the Lodge rooms to comprise the third floor. The building is to cost \$40,000 and the furnishings \$8,000.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276. Building of new Home to cost \$415,000 on a site to cost \$65,000.

Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lodge No. 140. Erection of new Home of steel concrete and brick construction at a cost of \$70,000 on a site valued at \$18,000 owned by the Lodge.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485. Purchase of new Home, the property to consist of a square block of five and one-half acres, a thirty room dwelling with seven baths, and numerous other buildings, at a cost of \$75,000.

Vancouver, Wash., Lodge No. 823. Addition to present Home at a cost of \$20,000, the addition to be of brick, and one story.

Renovo, Pa., Lodge No. 334. Erection of new Home at a cost of approximately \$90,000 with furnishings of \$10,000. The building is to be three stories and of brick construction.

Wisconsin State Elks Association Meets in Milwaukee

Thousands of members from every section of the State came to Milwaukee recently for the twenty-second annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. It was one of the most brilliant and successful conventions ever held by the organization, and Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 outdid itself in welcoming the visitors and in providing a fine program for their entertainment. Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler of No. 46, Hon. John J. Blaine, Governor of that State, and Hon. D. W. Hoan, Mayor of the city, welcomed the delegates at the first opening business session of the Association. Impressive ceremonies were held on the lake front, in Juneau Park, when a tree, dedicated to the members of the Order who gave their lives in the World War, was planted. Following the ceremony the visitors and members of Milwaukee Lodge took part in a special program including addresses, vocal selections by the Elks Chorus and music by the Elks band which played later at the State Fair Park for the benefit of the visitors.

The following day was marked by the arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson who were the honor guests that evening at a large banquet held at the Hotel Pfister. Mr. Price and Mr. Robinson addressed the diners. Other speakers at the banquet were Judge John C. Karel, member Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. W. Arnold, and William F. Schad, retiring President of the Association.

A colorful parade, made up of marching clubs, bands and long lines of delegates, featured the closing day of the convention. Governor Blaine took part in the procession, riding in an automobile containing officers of the Association. The Governor and his party reviewed the marchers at Mason Street, between Jefferson and Van Buren Streets. Large crowds of spectators cheered the paraders and their bands as they passed down the lines.

The following officers were chosen for 1924-25: President, George L. Dwinell of Waukesha Lodge No. 400; First Vice-President, Carl Riggins of Oconto Lodge No. 887; Second Vice-President, Robert S. Daly of Beloit Lodge No. 864; Third Vice-President, A. W. Holland of Superior Lodge No. 403; Fourth Vice-President, J. F. Dittmann of Oconto Lodge No. 887; Secretary, Theodore Benfey of Sheboygan Lodge No. 229; Treasurer, Louis Uecker of Watertown Lodge No. 666. The Trustees, all re-elected, are Edmund Grassler of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46; A. J. Horlick of Racine Lodge No. 252; Thomas Welsh of Janesville Lodge No. 254; Knute Anderson of Eau Claire Lodge No. 402; Dr. J. H. Wallis of Rice Lake No. 1441. It was decided to hold the 1925 convention at Superior.

Mr. William F. Schad, who has served as President of the Association for three terms, was presented with a handsome lamp on his retirement as a testimonial of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow members.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The Home of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, which was seriously damaged by a tornado, has now been entirely repaired.

Glendive, Mont., Lodge recently held its fourth annual picnic at Enoch Harpster's Grove, five miles from the city. About 400 members and their families attended.

Many from various Lodges in the region joined the members of Ottawa, Ill., Lodge in their twenty-fifth annual picnic.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge has completed the financial negotiations necessary to the erection of its new \$256,000 Home.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge recently held a large clam bake at the Rome Fair Grounds.

Lodges from all over the county attended the Corn Roast held at Homestead Park by Homestead, Pa., Lodge.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge now boasts an Elks Drum Corps of twenty-four members.

(Continued on page 74)



SUCH TALES AS MEN TELL — UNDER THE HAUNTING STARS!

From "The Isle of Lost Ships." Courtesy First National

DID you ever listen to a fearless, big-hearted man, hardened by the sun of many climes, tell an awe-inspiring story in the dead of night?

Tales of love, in remote seclusion, removed from the stress and press of everyday events—love between men and girls far away from civilization's teeming tides, possibly deserted on a tiny

island, possibly surrounded by strange, chattering people of exotic races.

Tales of adventure in the mysterious China Sea where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky, and the sun grows blood red while you look at it.

Tales of romance of the far-flung world. Of meetings and friendships with other hearts and souls that are caught in the swirling currents of life.

Posed pictures courtesy Metro.



CONRAD

Master of High Adventure

Such tales as men dare tell under the haunting stars are told as never before in literature by "the greatest novelist"—Joseph Conrad. How does it happen that he can do this? Because Conrad himself is the fearless, big-hearted man hardened by the sun of many climes. He followed the lure of the wanderlust up and down the seven seas of the earth. He sat on the very porch of that bungalow above the rocks of the Java Sea. He looked and searched for men and life in the narrow streets of that town in Southern France. He signaled from the quarterdeck to that silent, mysterious figure that one passes in the West Indies. He swapped tobacco and liquor over the cafe tables of many an Oriental bund.

—1 "Well! If the girl did not look as if she wanted to be kidnapped! She now stood framed in the dark background, her lips slightly parted, her hair in disorder after the exertion, the gleam not yet faded out of her glorious and sparkling eyes." Thus does Conrad paint the elusive Nina, the Malay girl who married a white-trader in *Almayer's Folly*.

—2 "Certain streets have an atmosphere of their own. One of such streets is the Cannebiere. If Paris had a Cannebiere it would be a little Marseilles." Thus begins *The Arrow of Gold* in a street of sunny southern France, and the romance of Dona Rita.

—3 "Through the mesh of scattered hair her face looked like the face of a golden statue with living eyes. Her lips were composed in a graceful curve, the upward poise of the half averted head gave to her whole person the expression of a wild defiance. Then she smiled. 'You are beautiful,' he whispered."—From the picture of a native princess whom blundering, voluptuous Willems discovers in the jungle during a wonderfully dramatic moment in *An Outcast of the Islands*.

—4 "His strength was immense, and in his great lumpy paws, bulging like brown boxing gloves on the end of furry forearms, the heaviest objects were handled like playthings."—Such was the extraordinary boatswain who played his part in that drama in the China Sea as told in *Typhoon*. Conrad's variety of vivid characters is one of the outstanding qualities of his work.

—5 "This coast has been known for ages to the armed wanderers of these seas as 'The Shore of Refuge.' It has no name on the charts, but the wreckage of many defeats unerringly drifts into its creeks."—This was the strange spot of foreboding in the South Seas where the Travers yacht struck on a reef, and where Lingard fell in love with the beautiful wife of the yachtsman in *The Rescue*.

Out of all this wealth of marvelous experience, out of such penetration and understanding of human nature, with an imagination heightened by outward inspiration and inborn genius, he created these stirring novels for you and me.

Conrad does for his readers what no other writer can! You are bound to listen, and once you do you will be spellbound—for these are such tales as men tell under the haunting stars!

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The rarest opportunity is afforded you to discover this surprising writer through the Personal Edition. This is the *only* Subscription set of Conrad on the market. It contains the ten most compelling titles: *The Arrow of Gold, Victory, Almayer's Folly, Lord Jim, Youth, An Outcast of the Islands, Typhoon, The Rescue, Chance, The Shadow Line*. It contains in addition the author's own prefaces, not found in any edition prior to this except the de luxe edition. The binding is rich blue cloth, with gold stamping, gold tops, and reinforced with head and foot bands. A set worthy of its author! And at present offered as a great bargain, in order that you, too, may know love, and thrill with these marvelous Conrad stories. Ask for a set to be sent for your inspection to-day.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 72)

Roderick G. Waller, Grand Master Independent Order of Odd Fellows, State of New York, was recently initiated into the membership of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge.

The Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge recently gave a public concert at the Bonny Oaks Industrial School before an audience of 3,000.

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge has donated and installed a drinking fountain for the children's play grounds at Turners Falls.

Having recently reached a membership of over 4,000, Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge has now set out to increase this to 5,000.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge extends an invitation to all members when in the vicinity to stop in at the Betty Bacharach Home, which it owns and operates, and to give the children there a cheering word. There are quite a number of crippled children now under the care of the Lodge and the improvement in their condition is remarkable.

The nineteenth annual picnic of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge was held recently at Lake Harbor, on Lake Mona. Indoor baseball, races and games of all kinds, and music by the Grand Haven twenty-piece band were some of the features of this successful outing.

The officers of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, accompanied by a large delegation of members, recently visited San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge where they initiated a large class of candidates for the coast Lodge.

A. Allan Leslie has been elected Secretary of Porterville, Calif., Lodge to succeed Edward F. Halbert, who resigned to assume his new duties as local postmaster.

Novel games, including a prize Hose-coupling Contest, were some of the features of the annual outing conducted recently by Leominster, Mass., Lodge.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge recently held its first picnic. The event was such a success that it will be an annual feature of the program of the Lodge.

A benefit ball game was staged by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, the proceeds of which went to the Lodge's Empty Christmas Stocking Fund.

Buffalo, N. Y., held its annual Fall Frolic at Doid's Wheatfield Farm. There were all sorts of games, athletic events and plenty of good music.

Sandwiches, ice cream, milk, candies and fruit were provided the large number of crippled children which Belleville, N. J., Lodge recently took on an outing at Olympic Park.

Pecor Point was the scene of the annual picnic held recently by Oconto, Wis., Lodge.

Camden, N. J., Lodge, in common with many other Lodges of the State, has been doing most excellent work in helping crippled children by furnishing them with expert medical care.

Approximately 1,000 orphans of the various Washington asylums were recently guests of Washington, D. C., Lodge at Glen Echo Park.

In line with its excellent welfare work, Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge recently took a large number of crippled children of the city to see a circus.

One delegate from each Lodge in the State will be selected to cooperate with Portland, Ore., Lodge for the entertainment of the Grand Lodge Meeting of 1925.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge held its annual stag outing at the Wayside Country Club in Saxonville.

Valuable prizes were awarded the winners of aquatic events at the annual Water Carnival conducted by Bristol, Pa., Lodge.

Bathing, baseball, horseshoe-pitching contests, foot racing, wrestling matches and all sorts of amusements were provided the members of Linton, Ind., Lodge and their families at the outing held at Shady Beach.

A trap shooting match and many other sports were features of the picnic held recently by Lancaster, Pa., Lodge.

Elk Lodges in the State of Oregon will give the use of their Lodge rooms to classes in Americanization.

The comic opera *Mikado* was successfully staged by Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge at the Whitman Amphitheater for the benefit of the Boy Scouts.

A picnic and barbecue was given recently at Indian River State Park under the auspices of Petoskey, Mich., Lodge and Cheboygan, Mich., Lodge.

A dance was given recently by New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, the proceeds of which will be used to reduce the mortgage on its Home.

The annual clambake of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge was held this year at Champlain.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge has inaugurated a series of "open nights" on which non-members are invited to the Home. Special entertainments and refreshments are provided on these occasions.

Officers and a large delegation of members of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge recently paid a visit to Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge. The visit was returned a few days later when members of Hempstead Lodge were guests of honor at a Fair conducted by Glen Cove Lodge.

Winchester, Mass., Lodge recently held a successful carnival in the Town Hall.

Butte, Mont., Lodge transported the Butte Miners Band recently to Salem, where it took part in the formal opening of the children's pavilion.

The minstrel troupe of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge entertained the disabled World War veterans at the Government Hospital at Allingtown.

The fortieth annual outing of New Haven, Conn., Lodge was held at Tabard Inn.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Natick, Mass., Lodge took care of 700 children on a recent outing.

Work on the new Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge is progressing rapidly.

When the Christy Brothers' Circus came to Bedford, Va., recently, the management saw to it that the best ringside seats were reserved for all residents of the Elks' National Home who cared to attend the performance.

The Drum Corps of Portland, Ore., Lodge won first prize as being the best unit in the "Pageant of Progress" which celebrated Longview's first year as a city.

A beautiful Wurlitzer organ costing close to \$10,000 is being built for the new Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. The organ is the generous gift of Past Exalted Ruler Henry M. Dietz of the Lodge.

Officers of the Pacific Fleet and their wives were guests of honor at a dance recently given in their honor by Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge will dedicate its beautiful new Home some time in October.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge is taking steps to organize a drill team.

Elaborate plans are being worked out by Gloucester, Mass., Lodge for the "Venetian Fiesta" which it will hold at City Hall during the latter part of October.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge is making extensive alterations in its Home. Among other improvements the floor space of the Lodge Room is being doubled, and new furnishings are to be added.

Red Men's Hall was filled to capacity when Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge gave its second annual Bubble Dance.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge is building a one-story addition to its Home.

Lodges in Florida devoted September 4 to the entertainment of the children in their respective communities.

The Arkansas State Elks Association is planning to raise \$5,000 to be donated to the Children's Hospital now nearing completion at Little Rock.

Work on the new Home of Lynn, Mass., Lodge was recently completed.

The big annual picnic of Erie, Pa., Lodge was held recently at Waldameer.



"Filet Mignon, Please!" -and She Thought it Was Fish

"FILET MIGNON, please," she had clearly told the waiter just a few moments ago—and now he brought her steak.

"Why, waiter, I didn't want steak. I ordered Filet Mignon."

"Yes, Madame, that Filet Mignon is very good."

"But I thought Filet Mignon was fi—" and then she checked herself. Oh, what an awful blunder—her cheeks burned with humiliation! Why had she ever supposed that Filet Mignon was like Filet de Sole! How queerly Bob stared at her—how quizzically he smiled. Was he thinking

that she wasn't as cultured as he had supposed her to be? Perhaps he was even wishing that he hadn't invited her.

Why had she dared to come! She didn't know how to conduct herself in a restaurant; she had never even seen the French words on the menu before. Now her embarrassment betrayed her—it was evident that she had very little social experience. She was painfully conscious of her crudities. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

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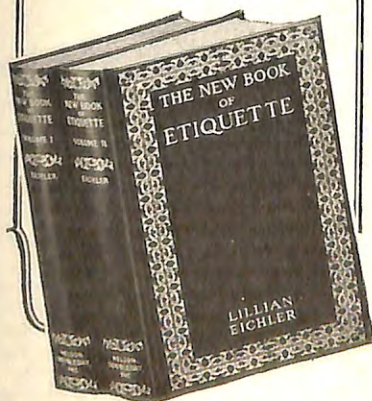
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- how to plan a bridal shower?
- how to introduce people?
- how to entertain at a club?
- how to set a table for a formal dinner?
- how to pronounce French words?
- how to give and receive gifts?
- how to acquire confidence?
- how to tip properly?

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Why Security Prices Vary

By Stephen Jessup

YOU have noticed undoubtedly that the quotations for securities vary considerably. These differences may be classed roughly as two kinds: the daily fluctuations, and the fundamental class distinctions.

Daily Fluctuations

In general, stocks fluctuate more widely than bonds. The reason for this is that the current market price of a stock not only reflects the condition of the company, or of the business in which it is engaged, that exists at the moment, or the prevailing supply and demand in the stock, but also contains an implied prediction as to what such conditions are going to be in the future. This looking ahead or "discounting" the future is one of the chief functions of the stock market. It is generally recognized that the stock market discounts business conditions as far ahead as six months. Stocks advance or decline in *anticipation* of favorable or unfavorable events to come or circumstances to be disclosed in the future. The actual occurrence of such events or the definite appearance of such circumstances is simply the *realization* and often comes as no surprise to Wall Street.

This explains why stocks sometimes decline when good news, such as an increased dividend, is announced, or advance when bad news, such as the reduction or elimination of a dividend, is made known. The stock had advanced or declined in anticipation of the news. Once the news was public property there was no further incentive for the movement. And as such movements are usually carried too far, as soon as they are ended there is a relapse in the opposite direction—just as the pendulum when at the end of its swing starts back again.

The prices of bonds fluctuate also, and for similar reasons, but in a more restricted way. Probably the chief reason is that while stocks offer more possibilities for advances or declines, due to wide swings in business and earnings, bonds are limited in their scope. A homely parallel would be the opening of a door; the side at the hinge travels much less than the side bearing the doorknob. Even if a company is sound and its business good, its bonds can hardly be worth much more than par. Good bonds are usually quoted around or slightly below par, their price changes from day to day in response to current supply and demand, and tends to approach par as maturity draws near.

Bonds and other securities, such as preferred stocks, paying a fixed return are influenced greatly by the interest rate on money. Broadly speaking, and assuming ultimate safety of principal, money is worth from 4% to 6%. The interest yield on bonds competes with this value of money. For instance, suppose that the rate for money is 5% and a gilt-edged bond paying 5% interest is selling at par, 100. If the interest rate on money is advanced to 6%, the bond paying 5% becomes worth less than 100. Its price declines to a level at which the yield on it is nearer to 6% than to 5%.

Similarly, if the interest rate on money is reduced to 4%, the bond paying 5% is worth more than 100 and its market price consequently rises to a level at which the yield more closely approximates 4%.

In short, the interest rate on money influences the market price of all securities paying a *fixed* return.

Taking the value of money broadly to be 5%, it is obvious that bonds paying from 3% to 8% and having maturities of from one year to one hundred years should not all sell at the same price. Those with a low interest rate and a long maturity will sell below par. Those with a high interest rate and a short maturity will sell at par or above par. The yield on all will keep step with the current value of money.

Other reasons for the daily fluctuations in the prices of stocks and bonds were given in an article in this magazine for October, 1923.

Fundamental Differences

Even if there were no daily fluctuations, there would be wide differences between the prices of various securities, just as there are differences

in the prices of hats or any other articles, in the sizes of buildings, in the height of people.

Primarily, of course, the success of a company determines the market price for its stock. Other things equal, if two companies are engaged in the same line of business and one earns and pays dividends and the other does not, the stock of the first company will command a higher price than that of the second. But "price" is a relative term, and, paradoxical as it may sound, 60 may not always mean less than 80. On the contrary, it may mean much more.

Stocks are quoted in dollars per share. Formerly most stocks were of \$100 par value per share. This meant that for each share of stock the company had received \$100 in cash or its equivalent in property or value. It was comparatively easy to see at a glance whether a stock was at, above or below par and to what extent. It was comparatively easy to judge relative values. Under those conditions it was obvious to a child that a stock selling at 50 was worth exactly half as much as a stock selling at 100.

Then stocks were issued with a par value of less than 100. Some of these par values were \$50, some \$25, some \$10, some \$5, some even \$1. Consequently two shares of a \$50 par stock would be the equivalent of one share of a \$100 par stock. The quotations would differ considerably, and one would have to know the par value in order to appreciate the relative values. For example, the par value of United States Steel is 100 and of Pennsylvania Railroad is 50; Steel at 95, therefore, is not really selling higher than Pennsylvania at 55. On the contrary, two shares of Pennsylvania would be worth 110, or, as a direct comparison, 15 points higher than Steel.

Several good mining stocks were issued at \$10 and \$5 par and rose in price to \$50 or more. The latter figure, on a 100 basis, would be the equivalent of 500.

It is obvious, therefore, that a \$100 par value stock at \$50 is selling at half its supposed worth, while a \$10 par value stock at \$50 is selling at five times its supposed worth. But without knowing the par values one would be inclined to assume that both were selling at the same level. The *price* is the same, but the relative *value* is vastly different.

A certain oil stock is steadily quoted about 15, and another about 6. At a casual glance these figures are not impressive. But the par value of the former is 10 and of the latter 5, so that the former is selling at the equivalent of 150 for a \$100 par stock and the latter is selling at the equivalent of 120. Steel at 120, therefore, would be worth no more, on a comparative basis, than the oil stock at 6, since the same amount of money would buy one share of the former or twenty shares of the latter, and a 5% dividend on either would be the same return on one's money. Consequently anyone who thought that the steel stock was worth \$114 per share more than the oil stock would be quite mistaken.

FREQUENTLY \$100 par value stocks are split up into shares of smaller par value, resulting in a lower quotation. A recent illustration is that of a manufacturing corporation. Its stock, \$100 par, was selling around \$120 per share. The par value was reduced to \$25 and each share was exchanged for four new shares. The quotation for the new shares was about \$30. The price had apparently dropped \$90 per share overnight, but actually there was no difference.

The varied quotations, and particularly those for \$100 par stocks which were selling at less than smaller par stocks, became confusing and the idea of no par value was invented. Many people consider that no par is really the best form, on the theory that it is most easily recognized to be the true prevailing value of the stock, irrespective of any arbitrary price label. After all, the value of any stock is the equity in the company—the surplus of assets over liabilities divided by the number of shares. If this equity value is, let us say, 40, the price of the stock should be 40, whether the stock certificate bears on its face a stated par value of 100, or 50, or 10, or 1.

On the whole, most stocks still have a fixed par value, and it is therefore necessary to know how the capitalization of a company is constructed in order to judge what the price quotations really mean.

Bonds

Bonds are quoted on the basis of \$100. Most bonds are in denominations of \$1000, but whether the denomination is \$1000, \$500 or \$100 the quotation is a percentage of 100. When you see a bond quoted at 98 it means that, if it is a \$1000 bond, it is worth \$980, and, if it is a \$500 bond, it is worth \$490.

The broad principle governing the investing of money is that the return is in proportion to the risk. The acme of safety at present is a Government bond paying, say, 4%. For each additional 1% of interest return there is a corresponding slight lessening of the quality of the bond. The returns on bonds vary all the way from 3% to 8%. The calibre of bonds varies all the way from a Government obligation to the mere promise to pay of a new and untried company.

Probably the chief factors that govern the price of bonds are: actual security behind the bond; credit standing of the issuing company; rate of interest; date of maturity; the value of the money; changes or expected changes in the company or its business which are reflected in an increased supply of or demand for its bonds. This last factor is comparable with the circumstances that influence the fluctuations in the prices for stocks.

In most cases the first two factors are present. The security is greatly in excess of the bond issue, and the company enjoys a good reputation. The chief points of difference lie in the other factors. Perhaps the two dominant ones are the rate of interest and the date of maturity, for these directly produce the yield on one's money, and that yield, as already explained, competes with the current value of money.

The matter of yield is not thoroughly understood by many people. Because a bond pays 5% interest on par it does not follow that the yield is 5%. The price of the bond and the date of its maturity must be considered.

If a \$1000 bond is due in 10 years, bears interest at the rate of 5%, and is bought at 90, the yield is 6 2/3%. This figure is arrived at as follows:

The direct annual interest is \$50. This is 5% on par, but it is 5 5/9% on 90, for instead of spending \$1000 to obtain the \$50 interest, the purchaser has only to spend \$900. Moreover, at maturity the bond will return its face value of \$1000, which gives the purchaser an additional (Continued on page 78)

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

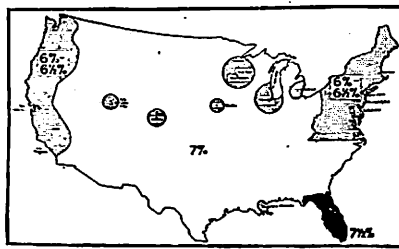
"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital"—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6 1/2 per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

Adair Realty & Trust Co., 800 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York City, are distributing an interesting booklet which explains the many advantages of buying high-grade bonds and stocks on the Partial Payment Plan. In requesting booklet please mention E. M. 253.

Lisman's Review for August is featuring bargains in railroad bonds, copies of which may be had upon application. Write to F. J. Lisman & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 20 Exchange Place, N. Y. City.

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Why Security Prices Vary

(Continued from page 77)

\$100. This \$100 spread over the ten years is at the rate of \$10 per year, which is an extra 11-9% per annum. Adding this to the 5-9% gives a total annual yield of 6-2/3%. This figure is called the "yield to maturity" and should be taken into consideration whenever bonds are quoted at less than their face value.

Other things being equal, as a bond approaches maturity its price tends to approach par. A bond with a moderate interest rate and a maturity many years away usually sells somewhat below par, for its current quotation competes with the prevailing price for money.

A good railroad bond paying 3 1/2% or 4% but not maturing for, say, fifty years can sell in the seventies without reflection on its intrinsic worth, for at that price level its yield would merely compare with the yield of another bond paying a higher interest rate and maturing in less time and selling at a higher price.

In short, do not judge a bond solely by the price, but to understand in a general way what the price means, and why prices vary so greatly. Remember that you should always look for three separate figures: the quotation in dollars; the interest rate, and the date of maturity.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 11)

obvious. It went to Babe Ruth who was the most useful player not only to his own club but to the American League and to all baseball.

We find now and then that the baseball player is about as mercenary as any of the professional athletes. I do not blame him for this because baseball is a business and we live in a business era. But there is a little sentiment left.

When they asked Babe Ruth what form he would wish the award to take, the Babe said that he wanted only a diploma which would testify to the effect that he was the most useful player to his club. When the Babe was going badly a short time ago he felt very keenly the criticism and the derision that was turned in his direction. Under a rather rugged exterior the Babe is quite a sensitive youth. The testimony that he had retrieved himself in the eyes of the inmates of the stands and bleachers meant more to him than money.

ONE must not fall into the error of gauging the popularity of a sport by the number of spectators that gather to see a championship event.

For instance, the sparse gallery that follows a championship golf match must not be taken as an indication that there are not a million golfers in the United States. The fact that there were only a few thousand present at the finals of the American Women's Tennis Championship matches does not mean that there is very little interest in tennis. A billiard championship match would draw only a few hundred, but there are a hundred thousand or more billiard players who are interested in billiards.

Two of the elemental sports which have hundreds of thousands of devotees have no championship meets from which we could gauge the interest. These sports are hunting and fishing. There is no possibility of a championship hunting or fishing tournament, yet I am inclined to believe that these are the two sports in which nearly every human being has indulged at some time.

Here is another point at issue. The sport that

draws the biggest gate, professional boxing, has the smallest number of persons who actually play the game. On this basis it is the most useless of all of the sports and not to be compared with golf, tennis, hunting and fishing and the games that really do help to build up fine specimens of manhood and womanhood. Prize-fighting deserves the least consideration of all, yet it gets the most in money and in newspaper space. It must be that we are interested in the things that we cannot do ourselves.

I submit that a game which had produced Miss Helen Wills as a model for American girlhood is of infinitely more value to the country than the game which produced Mr. Jack Dempsey and Mr. Benny Leonard. Everybody will agree and immediately after turn from the tennis court to watch a slugging match in the nearest prize-ring.

THE football season is at hand and the members of the faculty of the various colleges have ceased to worry over the growth of the "gladiator spirit" that they felt was sweeping the colleges after last football season. Old grads are beginning to recall the days at the dear old alma mater and to complain about being stunted in the allotment of tickets to the big games. Everything seems approaching normalcy for the season.

As far as I can ascertain, all of the debates that took place over the development of football and the exalting of the gladiator have resulted in no particular changes or reforms. The prospects are the same as those which held at the start of last year's season, that all the tickets for all of the big games will be sold and that a pleasant time will be had by all the old grads.

This, to my mind, is as it should be. An inter-collegiate football game is about as good and as healthy a show as the world of sports can produce. It strikes me that the reason that there are no particular reforms instituted after all these prolonged and learned debates is that the debates have revealed that there are no particular reforms to be made.

Easy Reading

(Continued from page 22)

Paris in the days of Louis the Eleventh as he used in this book. That is the way of all historical research. And most certainly he has stowed away in his portfolio much, much more about François than he was able to crowd into his bright blue volume. What then? Is all this to be wasted?

Isn't there a play there somewhere? Three dashing, brave, glamorous acts that might call for—oh, well, "fly high, kid"—John Barrymore? We do hope that someone will show Mr. Anderson this suggestion.

"THE SINGING SEASON," by Isabel Paterson. The world is a happy hunting ground for those writers who make up their minds to weave a romance of some far country in some past day.

Mrs. Paterson, a talented and well-known New York newspaper woman, chose out of all history Spain in the thirteenth century. This is neither an easy milieu nor an easy age to handle. But the author has art and has accomplished wonders. Her story is enthralling.

Sigismund, the great merchant who is a descendant of the Moorish kings, and his daughter

ter Isabella, are truly appealing figures. They are real and human enough to be lifted out of their Spanish trappings and clothed in the things we are wearing to-day and turned into breathing people whom we should adore to know. Not many characters from historic romances could bear such a translation.

The plot has to deal with the perfidy of the Spanish king and the tragic fate that overwhelms the house of Sigismund. There is also woven into this the love story of Isabella and the young chaplain. We think that we have rarely met with a more vivid, buoyant and adorable picture than that of the manner in which the merchant prince would often return to his house in Cordova.

The great patio shimmering in the sun. The hail of knocks on the main gate. The drowsy place coming alive with servants. The girl with her heart in her eyes watching for her father to be admitted. A spring and she is in his arms. His white burnoose streaming behind him as he swings the light form up. Her foolish little slippers fall off. Sigismund laughs his glory in her. The patio canaries break into song.

Mrs. Paterson has certainly caught and maintained a charming style. Throughout the book are passages of unusual beauty and qualities of real romance and strength. If you like these things—and who does not?—look no further; "The Singing Season" is for you.

Some Modern People

"THE COMING OF AMOS," by William J. Locke. It is hard to write Locke's name without putting after it, "author of 'The Beloved Vagabond.'" It is equally hard not to weigh his latest novel with his most famous one. Such is the tragedy of having written so great a story as the "Vagabond." It simply will not lie down and give the other children a chance.

In this new story, Amos, just off an Australian ranch and raw, red and redoubtable, is injected into the super-sophisticated society of the Riviera. Locke knows perfectly how to open a show with such a situation. This author has another sterling trick. He knows how to make a hero endearing and boyish and masterful at the same time. He also is a past master at drawing fascinating women. Beautiful, of course, and with "just that touch of mystery." They are always types and generally darlings.

Finally, in this case, he writes a half preposterous, wholly exciting tale with such finished art that though we sometimes say: "Oh, heavens! Mr. Locke, you are piling it on a bit thick," we just have to read to the end. Melodrama, poetry, psychology—what a hodge-podge this account of an uncouth Australian and the lovely exiled Russian Princess! It would be utterly and terribly beyond all endurance if any but Locke had attempted it. But here is a writer who knows how to charm, how to fascinate. What does it matter what material he uses! A splendid love story for a dull evening.

"ORDEAL," by Dale Collins. It is a strange thing that just as Joseph Conrad joins the "great dead," a young Australian named Dale Collins should produce as his first novel a story that might easily have tempted the master.

What Conrad would have done with the framework of "Ordeal" has nothing to do, however, with the excellence of Mr. Collins' performance.

We have here a group of worldly folk on board an American yacht in the Pacific. The boat is not seaworthy and is, besides, undermanned. The Pacific in August is treacherous and brutal. Ted, the steward, is a politely malevolent person who hates everyone on board and has a passion to have them some time in his power.

His chance comes. Storm and a resultant heart-sickening calm put the little craft and all its company in his hands. Ted the steward becomes Ted the sultan, the master of their very existence, the arbiter of life or death. A loathsome creature, half crazed with his power over these fine people, who obey him like slaves. Then comes the end, as fateful as the finale to some Dunsany play—"A Night at an Inn," or "The Gods of the Mountain."

Upon this structure Mr. Collins has built a story that mounts chapter by chapter. His style is thoroughly modern. He knows his sea and his ships. In fact it is a whacking piece of work. Personally we know of no man who has not "fallen" for it. Our own copy is worn out with lending.

"THE WIDOW'S HOUSE" by Kathleen Coyle, an English writer, is handled very differently from any of the books we have mentioned this month. It is the slow but definite and convincing solving of a tense human tangle.

It is the story of the love affair of a woman of middle years, the widow of a sailor, and a young teacher and archeologist who comes to board in her house. There is, also, the other woman, a girl his own age, who finally marries the young man. Nothing new, you will say, about a three-handed love game like this. True enough, but there is much that is new in the author's understanding of human motives, in her broad vision and in her reserved yet striking phraseology.

Annie, the widow, is a real personality and thoroughly British. One might search through hundreds of American books without meeting even her second cousin.

Frankly, while admiring the implication of this story and its dignified and careful presentation,
(Continued on page 80)

LAST CALL

for Lodges Desiring to Raise Funds this Year

IN the September issue of this publication we said—
"Last year it was necessary for the B. C. McGuire Company to decline contracts from some twenty lodges.***** And if you wish to benefit by the services of the organization which was so successful for many of the leading lodges last year, a talk with one of our experts is essential now."

A month has passed since then. There is just one month's less time remaining to organize and put into operation the activities by which you hope to raise your Charity Funds before Christmas or New Year's Day.

Now we are compelled to say—

After October 15th, the B. C. McGuire Company will be unable to accept any new contracts for operation in 1924.

So, if you wish to avail yourselves of the *McGuire Plan*, it will be necessary to make your arrangements *within the next two weeks.*

If you wish to enlist the services of an organization of 150 trained experts and the experience of ten years of service to lodges and philanthropic organizations [during which the B. C. McGuire Company has raised for Elks' charity and building alone, hundreds of thousands of dollars]—

If you wish to collect funds *without the investment of a dollar of lodge money*—

If you wish the lodge to get a full net return—

If you wish a campaign *without any committee work whatever*—

If you wish to be able to *predict the results with more than usual certainty*—

And have the advantage of a plan *which has never failed to accomplish its purpose*—

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Kindly address your letter for the personal attention of Mr. Charles E. Rock, President.

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Easy Reading

(Continued from page 79)

the thing did not deeply thrill or move us. That, however, is not important. That there are many readers of this magazine who will find much more in this piece of work than the reviewer did is almost certain. It is for them that we have mentioned "The Widow's House" here.

After all, we should want to drown ourselves if we had to like all the books our neighbors rave over.

From This to That

"HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES" is by Ring Lardner. Everyone is talking about it. Everyone is "discovering" what a really great writer Mr. Lardner is, since he shows a serious side to his work, and every one is buying his book. Just for fear that some folks might think that we didn't know anything about the current fiction, or that we were grouchy or *something*, we also want to put in our voice about this volume.

We have read it and have found in this collection of short stories some very, very good things. In some cases we had met and admired these yarns in the magazines when they first saw the light of print.

We like Mr. Lardner's style and his use of the vernacular, which, in his hands, becomes a perfect record of English as it is used at ball games and amongst "regular fellows." We recommend everyone who likes Americanese, good plots and honest-to-God characters to read this book.

But, do not, as one poor creature that we know did, go out and purchase this volume thinking that you will be possessed of a text-book on story-writing. Mr. Lardner's book could doubtless teach you more than any text-book, but he's just having a bit of a clever joke in his title and in the notes which precede (and richly add to) the contents.

"LIONS 'N TIGERS 'N EVERYTHING" is by Courtney Ryley Cooper, author of "Under the Big Top"—a stunning picture of circus life. Mr. Cooper has worked with a circus, has lived with it, and has dreamed it. Also, he was once press agent and secretary to Buffalo Bill. Now he lives in Colorado and writes.

This volume, as its name implies, is chock-full of dramatic stories of the inside of the Training Den for the wild animals of the menagerie. Mr. Cooper gives us the thrilling history of "Old Mom," leader of an elephant herd, who saved the circus from destruction. There are anecdotes of animal gratitude and animal vengeance, of man's courage and woman's scorn for danger. This is all good stuff. Your boy will "eat it up."

"LAUGH IT OFF," by Strickland Gillilan, is a sure cure for gloom and fear and their attendant vices. It is one hundred and twenty pages of tonic done up in small doses and disguised as verses, page-long articles and crisp little paragraphs, all breathing the delightful common-sense of this humorist-philosopher.

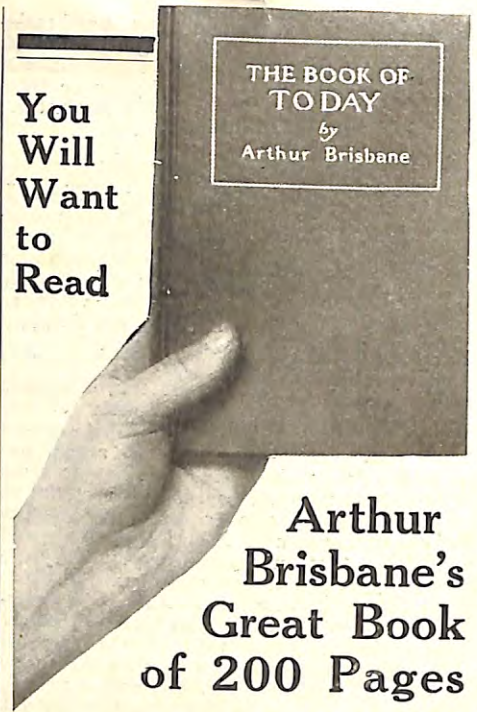
Shake well and swallow at least two of these whenever you have a "low feeling." Taken out loud, they are better than ever.

"BLUE BEADS AND AMBER," by Mary Virginia Harriss. Not so long ago a certain blue volume found its way into this department. It was a dainty book containing some breathless, fragile little poems by a child, a little girl of twelve who seems to have written them standing on one toe while a sunny breeze blew the hair back from her face.

Twelve years old and a poet! Not a prodigy, thank heaven, but a little human being who has somehow found joy in trying to write with "unpremeditated art" about the world as she sees it. Such a pretty world—pear trees, a clearing in the wood, the clock that sends little girls to school, a child's sudden fear that she might lose her mother—

Where is the right word to tell others of so fragrant a little piece of work? To pull it apart at all, even most gently, is almost to kill it. This book really must be approached in the same spirit as that in which an audience should go to see a performance of "Peter Pan." If it doesn't believe in fairies, it had better stay at home.

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