

The Elks

Magazine

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SEPTEMBER, 1926
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In this Issue: Herbert and Edward Quick, Lawrence Perry, Mary K. Browne, Arthur Chapman, Bertram Atkey, John Peter Toohey and Henry Irving Dodge

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

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five
Number Four

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER
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Joseph T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director

John Chapman Hilder,
Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart,
Business Manager

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Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED**.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES!**

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS**.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE**. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE**, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG**, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED**, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE**.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

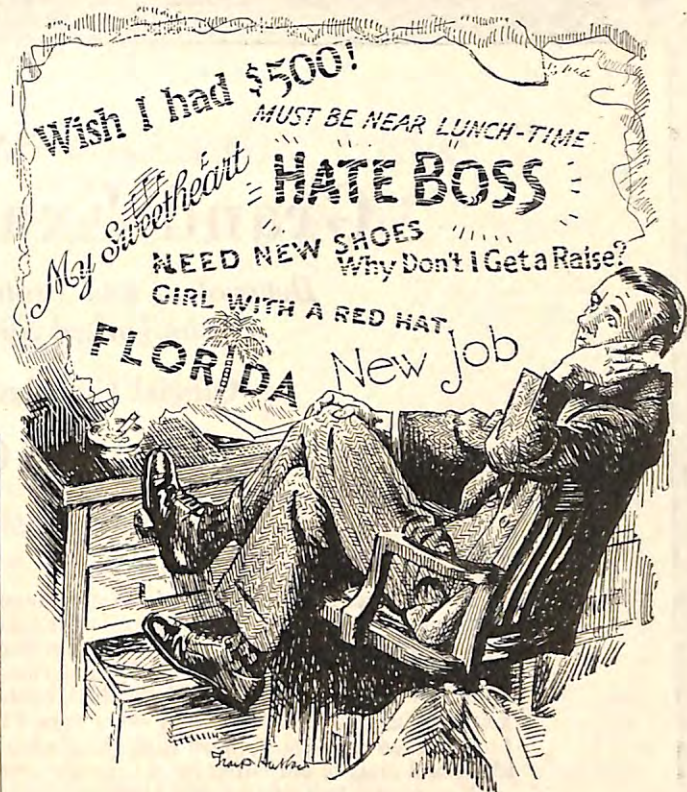
Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU**.

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM**, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

- | | |
|---|--|
| T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons." | Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board. |
| The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist. | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist |
| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver. | Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. |



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Swedet.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE**. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF!** Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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

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New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

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

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

Know Your Order Better

*Philadelphia, Pa.
August 8, 1926*

DEAR BROTHERS:

In this First Official Communication, I cannot urge too strongly that you determine, by the many means available, to know your Order better. The more we know of Elkdom, the more keenly will we shoulder our share of life's responsibilities. By reading your ELKS MAGAZINE from cover to cover you will gain a thorough knowledge of the activities of your Order as represented by the work which the individual, subordinate bodies are doing. I would urge each Exalted Ruler to avail himself of every opportunity to obtain competent speakers from other Lodges, men who are familiar with the glorious history of Elkdom and who know, also, the ideals and aims of our Order for a more glorious future.

You cannot help but place a higher valuation on your membership in our Order when you become fully informed on these matters. Such knowledge will create a desire to share this splendid history and bright future with your close friends, whom you want to bring into our fold to increase the large body of thorough Americans who are giving serious thought to the problems of their country. Spreading the gospel of Elkdom means carrying on those great principles of our Order which make for greater patriotism, better understanding of our country, helpfulness in community problems and realization of the full responsibilities of citizenship.

I would urge every member of our Order to take the first opportunity that presents itself to visit the splendid Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Such a visit will engender greater pride in Elkdom by reason of the beauty of this building which is the only structure of its kind in the world. Take with you a non-Elk. A visit cannot help but impress him and give him an insight into the ideals which actuate our great fraternity.

Certain amendments to the Law were enacted which I would recommend for your serious consideration. They will be found on pages 41 and 42 of the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

To insure a continuation of the splendid results which have been already obtained, I desire at this time to announce the re-appointment of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans, as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee. I also announce the appointment of Brother Furey Ellis of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, to be Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

As the result of the election at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago a great honor came to Philadelphia and to Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2. Your Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed home by the Mayor of Philadelphia, city and county officials, representative business and professional men, and a great outpouring of citizens and members of No. 2. With that thrilling reception still fresh in memory, I desire to say again, "Thank you, all," for the tribute paid to my city and my Lodge, and for the confidence you have reposed in me.

The Grand Exalted Ruler extends to the citizens of Chicago, and to the very efficient committees which so enhanced the enjoyment of our visit by their untiring zeal and hearty welcome, his heartfelt thanks and the appreciation of the entire Order.

As the results one obtains are increased to the extent that the help of others is added, permit me to thank you now for what you, as a member of our Order, will make possible during the next twelve months. It is with a realization of how necessary each and every member of our Order is to achieving the results which we all so much desire, that I pledge my loyalty to you in return for your cooperation.

Do let me serve you.

Fraternally yours,

Chas. H. Gabelow.

Grand Exalted Ruler

Attest:

Fred Robinson

Grand Secretary.



How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

*Read what dentists
have to say about this:*

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?

Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

83% said "Frequently"
15% said "Occasionally"
Only 2% said "Never."

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

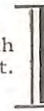
LISTERINE

puts you on the safe and polite side—

*Special
Note*



Well—it worked!
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



*Special
Note*



"The steamboat was in the very nature of things the professional gambler's paradise. There was money on board, and there was time to be killed"



Portrait of a Gambler

George Devol, Who Graced the Palmy Days of His Profession

By Herbert and Edward Quick

Illustrated by Edgar Franklin Wittmack

SOME observers declare that sure-thing gambling is an American institution. This is open to grave doubt. The practise of relieving the sucker of his money depends absolutely on the sucker's desire to get something for nothing, and this human trait is not confined to any country or any age. Probably it is what prompted Adam to eat the apple. It is unfortunate that there was no one there to psychoanalyze him on that occasion.

When people have money in their pockets and time on their hands, some one always appears to improve the time by transferring the money to his own pocket. Every Mississippi steamboat, in the heyday of river traffic, carried passengers with plethoric rolls of money or goods to the value of many thousand dollars—and its quota of gamblers. Buyers on the way to market and sellers returning from market; merchants seeking new locations for their business; army paymasters; all were attractive game for the sharpers. Sometimes the gamblers fleeced men who were taking goods to market, but they did this only if there was not enough cash or jewelry on board to make a profitable trip; cotton and poultry and mules can not be carried ashore in a pocket. Some of them liked to play with men who were transporting slaves, especially if the slaves were young women; in most cases the slave dealer could command the cash to redeem his property at the end of the trip.

When a gambler found a man absconding with his firm's money, or a bank clerk running away with a roll of the bank's funds and an adventuress who had volunteered to spend it for him, he considered the stolen cash already his, and he generally made it his before the end of the trip. One hard-boiled old student of human credulity said he considered it his duty to win stolen money, for the good of the stealer's soul. If his theory holds true, he and his fellow-workers showed many an embezzler the error of his way.

And always there were the tourists; well supplied with cash, anxious to appear good sports, and generally ready to put up their money if they thought they were sure to win. And the gamblers always made their victims think they were sure to win; led them to believe they were taking an unfair

advantage. The sure-fire method is summed up well in the old gambler's remark, "The sucker thinks he is robbing you, and you know you are robbing him."

Gambling on the upper rivers was a relatively small business; the gamblers were satisfied if they took in two or three hundred dollars a week. Homeseekers and small traders were their favorite victims, and poker their favorite game. Like their big brothers of the lower rivers, they took the boat's barkeepers into their confidence, and, for a consideration, were allowed to mark beforehand all the cards sold at the bar. They did this by stripping; putting the aces, kings, queens, jacks, and tens between metal plates slightly concave at the sides, and trimming them with a razor. The difference in shape was so slight that anybody not looking for it was not likely to notice it. Cards marked in this way could not be used for making a big coup on a single hand, but in the course of a few hours' play were very profitable to the gamblers. These fellows were versatile actors; Bill Mallen, "Bony" Trader, and the Dove brothers, Bill and Sam, could impersonate any sort of man to suit their purposes. If they wished to appear drunkenly reckless and unwary, they did it easily and convincingly by drinking quantities of the colored waters kept for them for that purpose by their friends the barkeepers.

But it was on the lower rivers that gambling assumed the proportions of high finance. In the South there was less sentiment against gambling than in the North; a Southerner who made a bet was not exposed to public censure, even if he lost it. And it was here that the traveling Yankee, freed from the restraints of home, plunged to the limit—and then made up a story that would explain to the folks at home why he came back poor.

The steamboat, a little world in itself, isolated from the rest of the world, but not so remote as to make escape impossible if it became necessary, was in the very nature of things the professional gambler's paradise. There was money aboard, there was time to be killed, and there were few restrictions on the gambler's activities. Passengers came and went; it was not often that a gambler encountered one of his previous victims or

became known as a gambler to the boat's patrons. He was known to the officers, of course; but he never won officers' money, and few captains felt it their duty to protect passengers from their own foolishness.

One of the shining figures who lived in his profession's palmiest days was George H. Devol. This knight of the pasteboards was a man of intelligence; a keen student of human nature, equipped with a delightful sense of humor. He wrote a frank and entertaining account of his adventures, in which he had no axe to grind, and made no attempt to prove anything except the folly of bucking somebody else's game; just an old man chuckling over the happy absurdity of his life, bragging a little of the tricks he played, grinning at his own and other people's foolishness.

Devol was born in 1820. At ten years of age he shipped as cabin boy on the *Wacousta*, but did not hold the position long. At four o'clock the first morning out, the second steward woke him with a kick, and the boy took a strong dislike to that steward. They fought from one end of the boat to the other, and the altercation ended only when young Devol flattened the steward with a lump of coal.

A LITTLE later Devol shipped as bartender on the *Corvette*. It was on this boat that he learned to stack cards and do other remunerative tricks. He came home and worked for a while as a calker, but one day he decided there were easier ways of making a living than pounding oakum. He pushed his tools into the river and walked off the job. For a time he ran a game of Rondo, but was raided and arrested so often that it got tiresome. The steamboats called him; with his cards and his nimble fingers he went aboard, and began the career that carried him up and down the length of the Mississippi and from Pittsburgh to the plains.

For a time Devol stayed ashore at St. Paul, running a Keno game in the town and playing poker with the Indians outside. One old chief was an accomplished gambler himself; sometimes he watched the cards as they were dealt by means of a little mirror placed in his hat which he held in his lap, and at other times he had one of his bucks walk casually about and tip off his op-

ponent's hands in the Indian language. Devol caught on to the tipping off, and turned it to his own profit. He held out four fours and a jack, gave himself an inferior hand, and ran the betting up until all the chief's money was in the pot. Then he produced the good hand, which the buck had not seen, and raked in the cash. The chief jumped up with the yell of a betrayed and ruined man, and, swinging his tomahawk, ran after the surprised and fleeing buck. Devol got into his buggy and went away from there without waiting to see the outcome of the chase.

DEVOL'S method of trimming suckers is well illustrated by an incident that happened on the *Southern Belle*, New Orleans bound. One of the passengers was wearing in his shirt-front a diamond stud so large and lustrous that some planters who were drinking at the bar with Devol remarked on its beauty. "How much will you give me for that stone?" asked Devol. "If you had it to sell," answered one of the planters, "I'd give you a thousand dollars for it."

"I'll bet each one of you fellows two bottles of wine," said Devol, "that I'll have that diamond in one hour."

They took him up at once. Devol's partner, who was in the crowd, needed no instructions; he knew exactly what to do. Devol invited everybody to drink, and the wearer of the attractive stud came with the rest. While he was drinking, the partner asked him if he knew the man who was treating. The man was politely curious, and the partner introduced Devol as a wealthy planter of fine family. The prospective sucker was pleased; he said he was a New Yorker, and expressed pleasure at meeting the leading men of the south. Of course Devol treated again on that compliment, and asked the bartender for the three "tickets to play the whiskey game with."

A planter bet drinks for the crowd that he could pick out the jack, or, as Devol said, "the card with the baby on it." The planter won; another bet cigars, and lost.

While they were lighting up, the partner made a pencil mark on the back of the jack, and whispered to the sucker, "see that mark? I'm going to play a joke on that fellow."

Then he asked Devol if he would bet money on the game. "I have two chances to your one," answered Devol, "and with those odds I'll bet a plantation and a hundred niggers."

"I'll take you for a thousand dollars," said the partner, and the two tricksters laid down their big bills. The partner turned up the marked jack, and took the money. Then he slipped away and handed it to a planter who had not seen the mark, asking him to wager it for him. The planter lost. Then the partner wanted to bet again.

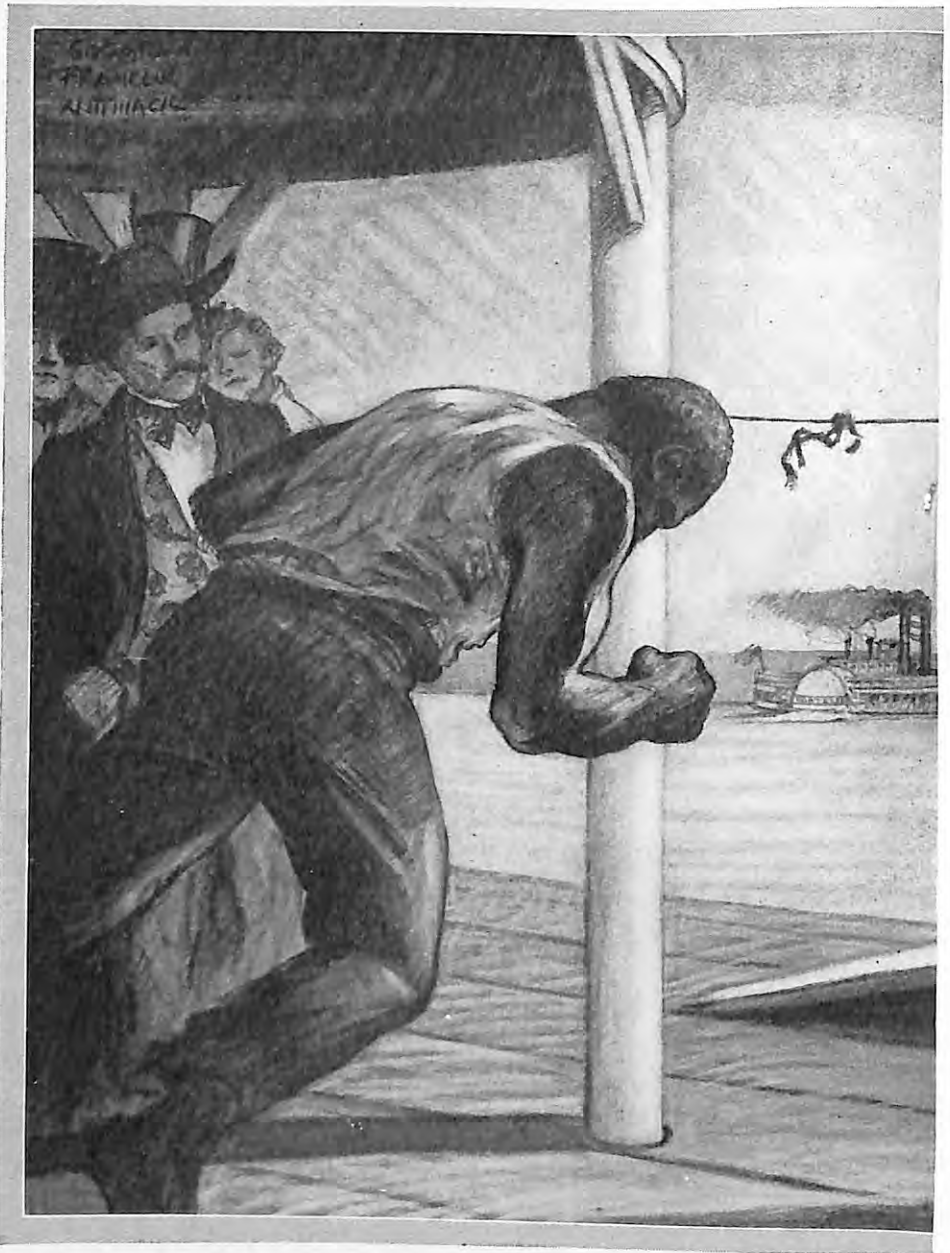
"No," said Devol, "you must have your lucky charm with you. After a man has won from me I won't bet with him again."

The man with the diamond stepped up and offered to bet four hundred dollars. "No," said Devol, "I'm going to bet only once more, and I'm going to bet this two thousand dollars I have here; that or nothing."

As the sucker turned away, the partner whispered, "bet him! You can't lose; you saw the mark on that card."

But the sucker couldn't bet; he didn't have the two thousand. "Here," said the partner, "I'll loan you enough to make it."

But Devol objected; "I won't make a bet if that man's in it; he's lucky, and has won a thousand from me already. But if you, Sir, have anything of value that you want to



Devol had taken his place with his back man's head was narrow at the top and

put up to cover my two thousand, I'll bet with you."

The partner pulled the sucker's sleeve and whispered, "put up your diamond. It's only for a minute; all you have to do is pick up the marked jack and take his two thousand dollars."

Eagerly the deluded sucker put up his diamond, his watch, and his four hundred dollars. He reached for the marked card, flipped it over—and, as Devol says, "the baby had crawled off the other side."

It was another card, marked in the same way, palmed by Devol and substituted for the marked jack.

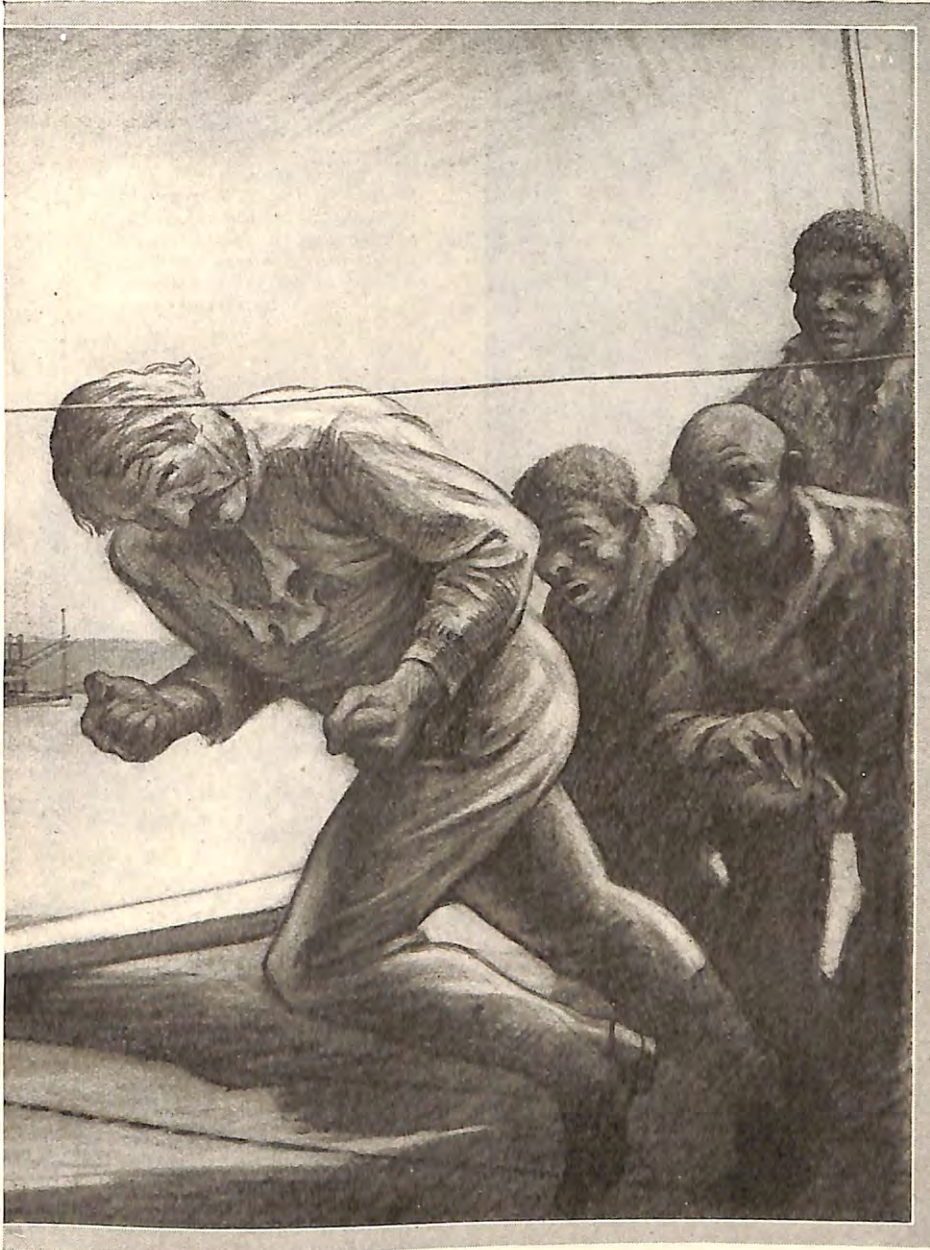
The sucker went to his stateroom, refusing the consolation of wine, cigars, or sympathy. Devol looked at his two watches; it lacked five minutes of the hour. He had won the wine, and he sold the diamond for a thousand dollars.

Devol did not always confine himself to such high class stuff as big diamonds and thousand dollar bets. Once some raftsmen traveling on deck had a game of chuck-a-luck going; the man running it had won some four hundred dollars of his fellow-raftsmen's money. Devol took a few throws and lost a few dollars. Then he laid down a dollar bill with a hundred-dollar bill concealed under it, and asked to shake the dice himself, just for luck. He shook them—and threw a set of his own, loaded to win. Then he changed the dice back and walked

away with his hundred and one dollars profit. On this incident he remarks, "a man should learn all the tricks in his trade before he takes down the shutters."

Nor did this versatile gambler always win by neat finger work. Sometimes he used his head; not for guileful thinking, but for a battering-ram. Once he took fifty dollars from a pugnacious Arkansan, and to make matters worse, the man recognized Devol as the sharper who had taken five thousand from him a year or two before. Devol's ever-present partner caught the Arkansan's gun just in time. Disarmed, the victim and the sharp walked out on deck to settle their quarrel in the good old way. The mate was glad to act as referee; on the fore-castle he made a ring of barrels, and on the boiler-deck the passengers gathered to see the fun. Devol had given his money to some friends to bet; odds started at one to two on Devol, for the Arkansan was a big fellow, and when he stripped to his undershirt and the men saw the play of his bunched muscles, the odds became one to four. This did not trouble Devol in the least; he knew his strong point.

The big Arkansan swung a haymaker that landed with a crack on Devol's bent head. This would never do; that head was hard,



to the sun. He had noted that the fire-
that to strike it squarely would be suicide

and his knuckles hurt, and he was mad. He punched Devol below the belt. Then the gambler forgot the possibility of prolonging the fight to his own profit; he was somewhat displeased himself. He landed a blow on the side of the Arkansan's neck, and the next moment grabbed him and, with the top of his own head, butted him between the eyes. The big countryman dropped like an ox.

Devol collected four hundred dollars in bets, bought wine for the crowd, and sent a bottle of wine and fifty dollars to the Arkansan as soon as he came back to the world.

A negro's head is supposed to be admirably reinforced for fighting purposes, but Devol was not afraid to back his own against any human cranium, woolly or not. On the steamboat *John Walsh*, two days out of New Orleans, Devol was standing with others at the bar when a negro fireman appeared at the little window opening on deck and asked for some whisky. The crowd almost laughed at this, but noticed that the man's scalp was split open and bleeding freely. The barkeeper passed out the liquor, with the remark, "Boy, you must have got the worst of it in a fight."

"Yassuh," was the answer. "Thank you, suh; 'nothah fireman butted me."

Just then the mate, Bill Patterson, came into the bar and saw the damaged fireman. "It beats the devil," he said, "what some niggers can do with their heads. The fellow that butted that boy has killed two or three niggers with his head, and it doesn't seem to even make him dizzy." "Bill," said Devol, "I'll take that black boy down a peg for you. Send him up here, and I'll butt him till he's sick of butting."

Solicitous bystanders clustered about the cocky gambler. "Come on," they said. "You're drunk. You'd make a poor-looking corpse with your head smashed in. Let's take a walk on deck, and see if you can tell where this old boat is."

Devol shook off the restraining hands and pulled out his wallet. "I'm as sober," he declared, "as any preacher aboard, and I've got five hundred dollars here that says I can make that nigger squeal. Any takers?"

A planter took him for a hundred and seventy-five dollars, all he had with him. The mate put up twenty-five more, and the two hundred was placed in the barkeeper's hands.

The mate went below to arrange the fight. The hard-headed fireman was reluctant to butt a white man; he feared he would kill him and be hanged for it. But the mate told him he had bet money on him, and the appeal to the black man's sporting instinct was sufficient; he promised to do his best. Devol came down to the forecabin, ready

for the encounter. He fastened a string from the jackstaff to the stairs, at the height of a man's waist. In the middle of it he tied a ribbon from a bunch of cigars. The antagonists stood back five feet on either side of the ribbon and eyed each other. Devol had taken his place with his back to the sun. He noted that the fireman's head was narrow at the top; to strike it squarely would be suicide, but there were other places to strike. "Big boy," he said, "you think you've got the hardest head of any man on the rivers. Do you want to bet money on it?"

"Yes, Suh," answered the fireman, "I've got a pow'ful head, and I wouldn't butt no white man, only Mistah Mate say it's all right. I got ten dollahs says my head's de ha'dest."

"All right," said the mate; "Both of you strike at the ribbon when I give the word. Now!"

The heads met with a crack; a glancing blow that peeled back a flap of skin above the negro's ear. They recoiled and braced themselves for another blow; at the word they struck. The big fireman dropped, blood running from his ears, nose and mouth. Devol stepped back and ran exploring fingers through his own hair. A little blood from a split scalp; just the ordinary result of an every-day fight.

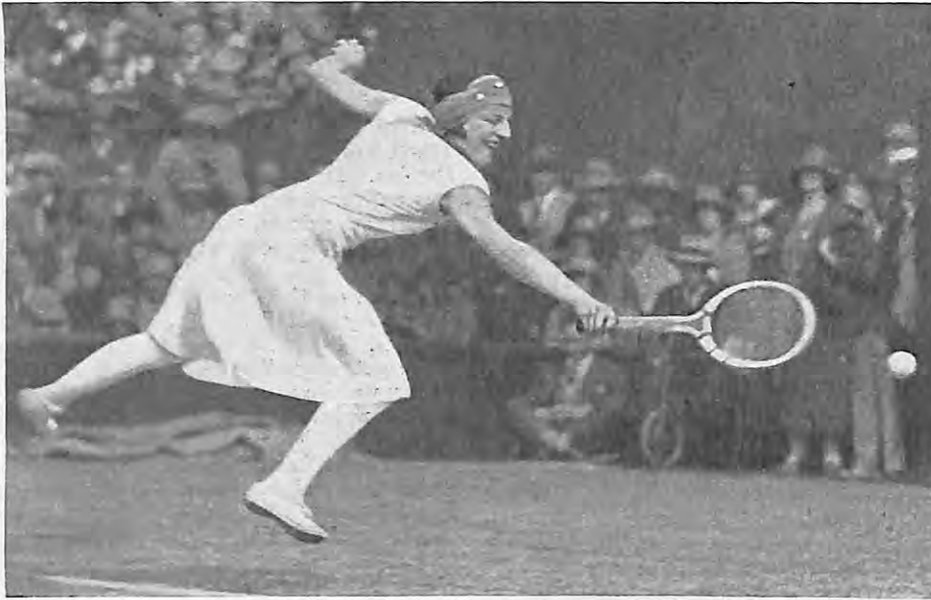
At the next town the vanquished butter was carried ashore for hospital care. At Devol's request, the mate had tucked his lost ten dollars back into his pocket. Devol could afford this little benevolence; he had taken in two hundred dollars as the price of a bump that was to him very ordinary.

DEVOL'S method of knocking out an opponent is hardly one for an amateur to follow. He must have been equipped for it by nature. In his story he says, "I am now nearly sixty years of age, and have quit fighting, but I can to-day batter down any ordinary door or stave in a liquor barrel with that old head of mine, and I don't believe there is a man living (of near my own age) who can whip me in a rough-and-tumble fight. I never have my hair clipped short, for if I did I would be ashamed to take my hat off, as the lines on my old scalp look about like the railroad map of the State in which I was born."

Devol's luck sometimes played him false. One day he won ten thousand dollars on two turns of the cards, and that night as he was dividing with his partner they discovered that the money was counterfeit. But as a rule the income was pretty sure; so sure that Devol took orders from his friends for watches and jewelry, to be delivered when won. The law seldom bothered him. When the boat, on approaching a town, blew the police signal, he and the other gamblers stored their funds with friendly officers of the boat or with the cabmen who came aboard soliciting business. His fights never made him any legal trouble. When he whipped the leader of the Pittsburgh coal-boatmen he was something of a hero. Once he was arrested in New Orleans after a stiff fight in a saloon. The judge heard the case with relish. Then he released the fighters, with the remark that he had a notion to fine them a hundred dollars each for failing to call him to see the fight.

One day while Devol was waiting for a boat at Donaldsenville a stranger approached him and suggested a game to pass the time. The old gambler accepted, and at once saw that the stranger's cards were marked in a manner thoroughly familiar to him. He won everything the stranger had

(Continued on page 67)



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Across the Net from Suzanne

Impressions of Four Matches Against Lenglen

By Mary K. Browne

*Three Times National Woman Tennis Champion
Captain, American Women's International Team*

BEGINNING with the moment I was selected as a member of our Women's International Tennis Team, and knew that I was at last to play at Wimbledon, a lifelong ambition, and to see the great Suzanne Lenglen, it loomed as a thrilling adventure. I was not disappointed; for it was far more thrilling than I had anticipated and my four tennis matches with Suzanne were more fascinating than my imagination had conceived.

My paramount desire was to help win our team match with Great Britain, but next to that came my interest in the game of the world's champion woman player. Our first meeting across the net was in the mixed doubles of the French championship held in Paris. I was partnered with Baron de Kehrling, of Austria, and we advanced to meet Suzanne Lenglen and Jacques Brugnon.

The match was a three-set affair and at one stage in the second set it looked as if we might win, for we needed only one game for the match. But, as I have since discovered, that *one* game, or the winning point in *any* game against Suzanne, is terrifically difficult to score. The match slipped away—with Suzanne playing the left court on her side and carrying the burden of play.

From the start I was conscious of the fact that Suzanne did not hit hard. Her placements were so clever, however, that she had one continually off balance and out of position. In doubles, as of course you know, the server usually tries to get to the net right after service, to cut down the return shot of the opponent with a sharp volley. The first time I received Suzanne's slow, apparently simple, cross-court return of service, I thought it would be easy to volley it. But when it met my racquet, it felt just like a baked potato or a custard pie. Suzanne had taken all the life out of that ball, by her superb control, making it far more diffi-

cult to deal with than a swift stroke. You see, you have to put the life back into the ball and the temptation is to hit too hard and too soon. Suzanne's return of service is like the slow floater of the baseball pitcher which, nine times out of ten, tricks the batter into swinging at it too soon.

The experience gained in the mixed doubles match, together with my determination to cope with this particular shot of Suzanne's, stood me in good stead later on at Wimbledon. Meanwhile, to my surprise and sorrow, I found myself drawn against Suzanne in the finals of the French championship. I had not expected to beat either Mrs. Kitty McKane Godfree, the English champion, nor Miss Bouman, champion of Holland. And I was sorry that an unkind fate should have eliminated Helen Wills from the tournament; for I felt myself to be far from a satisfactory substitute.

PRIOR to meeting Suzanne in the singles, I had watched her exhaust Joan Fry, the husky young Britisher, by using a schedule of shots designed to make her opponent cover the maximum area of court, both up to and away from the net, as well as from side to side on the base-line. I saw that Suzanne would deliberately prolong a rally, let pass opportunities to win points quickly, preferring to run her opponent out of breath. Then, having temporarily winded Miss Fry, by chasing her all over the court, she was able to run off the next few points with comparative ease. Few, if any, other players would dare to prolong a rally in this way. Suzanne's steadiness is so remarkable and her control so accurate, that she can do so with confidence.

Watching the Lenglen-Fry match, I decided then and there that I did not care to die in a foreign land, and that I'd risk all at the net when drawn into that position

To the left is a picture showing Suzanne Lenglen, feet off the ground, going after a low shot to her backhand. The picture below is a remarkable snapshot, taken with a small camera by Miss Browne, illustrating Suzanne's perfect balance at the end of a stroke, in this case a backhand drive



and that, if caught in the back-court "trap," I'd make a desperate effort to end the rally, rather than be run to death. My efforts were many and very desperate, but mostly unavailing.

In the French championship singles, I tried, upon advice, the "center theory," which is to play a slow, deep ball to the center of the back court and follow it in to the net. The idea of this theory is that it is more difficult to make a passing shot from the center of the base-line than it is from one of the corners. But against Suzanne it didn't work. She can place her shots wherever she wants to, almost every time. And your slightest move when you are at the net, to anticipate and intercept her passing shot is fatal. She observed my movement and, changing the direction of her shot at the last instant, left me off balance and helpless.

With most players, one can tell, by studying them and their style of play, what they are going to do. But Suzanne gives no advance hint of her intention. Until the ball is leaving her racquet you cannot tell what direction it will take, and by that time it is usually too late to do more than make a dive for it.

After my two experiences with her in her native country, we proceeded to Wimbledon—"the clearing house of the world's tennis skill." To my joy I found I was drawn against her not only in the first round of the singles, but also in the first round of the ladies' doubles. My friends were inclined to be sympathetic, but I thanked the lucky stars that gave me further meetings with Suzanne. I feel now that I am immeasurably indebted to her for a greater understanding and appreciation of the game of lawn-tennis.

Fortified by my French championship experience, I proceeded to lose again to Suzanne. But this time I had the satisfaction of winning more games and of coming off the court with the firm conviction that there is a game that can defeat her, though I was also convinced that I would never be the one to employ successfully the winning tactics against her.

IN MY second singles match with her, I discarded the "center theory," trying instead to drive with pace deep to the corners and following these drives in to the net with the idea of finishing the point with sharp volleys angled close in to the net. As soon as my drives began staying in the boundaries of the court, which was at the very end of the first set, I managed to win five games, while Suzanne won seven. The reason for employing this strategy was that Suzanne does not like to run. She can run faster, probably, than any other woman on the courts, but she doesn't like doing it. She prefers to stay on her baseline and make the other player run. That is one reason, in my opinion, why Elizabeth Ryan scored sixteen of the twenty-two games which Suzanne lost in three years of competition, from 1923 to 1925. For Miss Ryan has a fine drop shot with which she draws her opponents in to the net against their will.

Many people think that tennis is mainly a game of the arm and the wrist. It is true that these play an important part. Yet bodily balance and footwork are every bit as important. And it is in these last, as much as in her handling of the racquet, that Suzanne excels. Her natural balance is to be always *literally* on her toes. She is seldom, almost never, flatfooted. She is always ready, therefore, to go after a ball in any direction. Natural balance is an individual thing. Not every person is at ease on the toes, unless he or she has developed



To the right is the author of this article, Mary K. Browne, of California, noted not only as one of our foremost tennis players, but also as a golfer. Above, another snapshot of Lenglen taken by Miss Browne, showing her amazing agility and balance

the foot and leg muscles enough, by training, to be comfortable in that position. Each player should cultivate the stance which feels most free from strain, so long as it is one that gives him or her a quick start after the ball.

THE recent announcement that Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen had turned professional and was coming to America for a series of exhibition matches was the most startling piece of sporting news of the summer. If her plans go through as announced she will arrive this month to play her first tennis as a professional. Miss Mary K. Browne is peculiarly fitted to write this analysis of the famous French girl's play, for she is not only a great player herself, but a close student of the game as well.

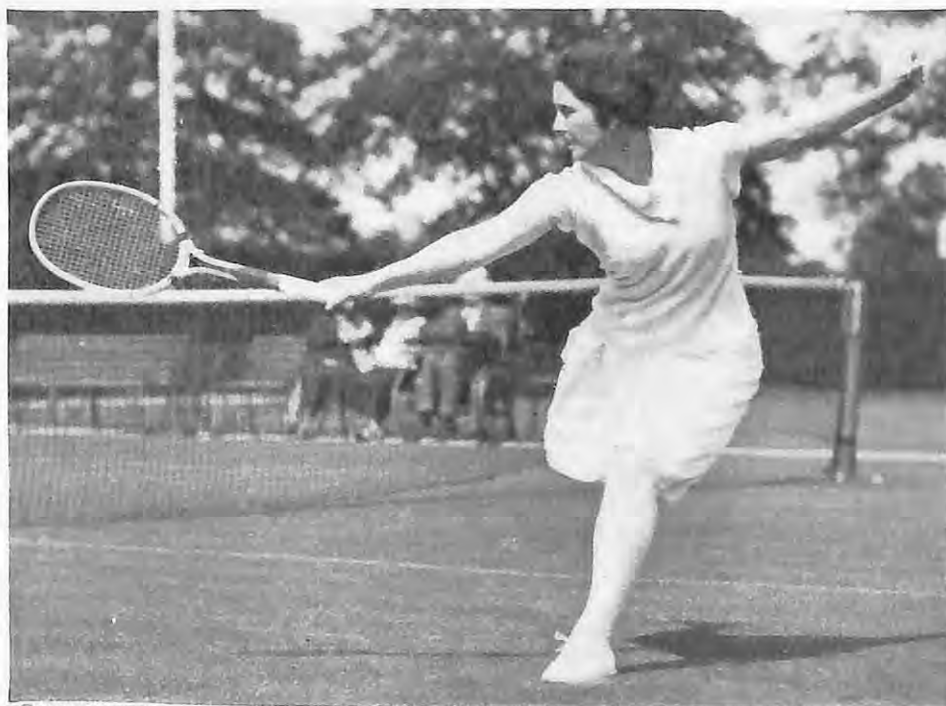
Most players, even great ones, have a weak point. In playing them one tries to discover this weakness and turn it against them. So great is Suzanne Lenglen's technical skill, however, that one is not conscious, in playing her, of any weaknesses in her array of strokes. She can return any kind of ball, with equal ease, off the forehand or backhand. The only thing she seems not to like, besides her distaste for running, is sustained speed. Helen Wills, with her very speedy service and drives, came near taking a set from Suzanne. It was only when she slackened the pace that Helen Wills lost her lead of five games to two against Suzanne at Cannes. There are few women if any who can hit as hard as Helen Wills and keep on hitting hard throughout a match. It seems to me for this reason that the type of game played by Suzanne, with its unequalled accuracy, uncanny anticipation and superb change of pace, is sounder and more suitable as a pattern for young players—especially girls—than the hard-hitting type of game played by Miss Wills.

Recently I met Helen Wills in the finals of the East Hampton tournament and was defeated by the identical score of 6-2, 6-3 by which Suzanne Lenglen beat me at Wimbledon. In my match with the latter I felt outwitted and out-manuevered. Against the former, it was more a question of outhitting than of outwitting. Helen's speed was so powerful that I was simply bowled over, but when the pace slackened, her placements were more or less obvious. They did not keep one guessing, as Suzanne does.

My fourth meeting with Suzanne was the most exciting of all. That was in the ladies' doubles at Wimbledon. In Paris I had been told by Mary Pickford Fairbanks that I ought to go on the court with a picture of winning in my mind. In this match I had that picture. Even when the French team had us, three times, at match point, I never for a moment thought we would lose.

Once Suzanne was persuaded to appear on the court, her deportment was perfect. In this match, in spite of her claim to illness, she played superb tennis, for she was handicapped by having a partner who can only play from back court and this formation against a net attack placed her in many difficult situations from which she extricated herself with amazing cleverness. I was agreeably surprised with the manner in which she took her defeat. In contradistinction to her nerves of the day before, she was calm and self-possessed. From the capricious Suzanne, one will be treated to the unexpected, both by her racquet and her nerves. Off the court again, after this match, the turmoil began which resulted in Suzanne Lenglen's final non-appearance again at Wimbledon and also at the reception at Court.

IN ALL four matches with her, I found her as fine an opponent on the court as I have ever played. She was unrelenting, but fair; wholly self-centered, but courteous; a perfectly good sport when left to her own resources on the turf and not surrounded by hysterical compatriots. I believe that had Suzanne been brought up in a different environment she might, perhaps, have cultivated an entirely different attitude toward the game.



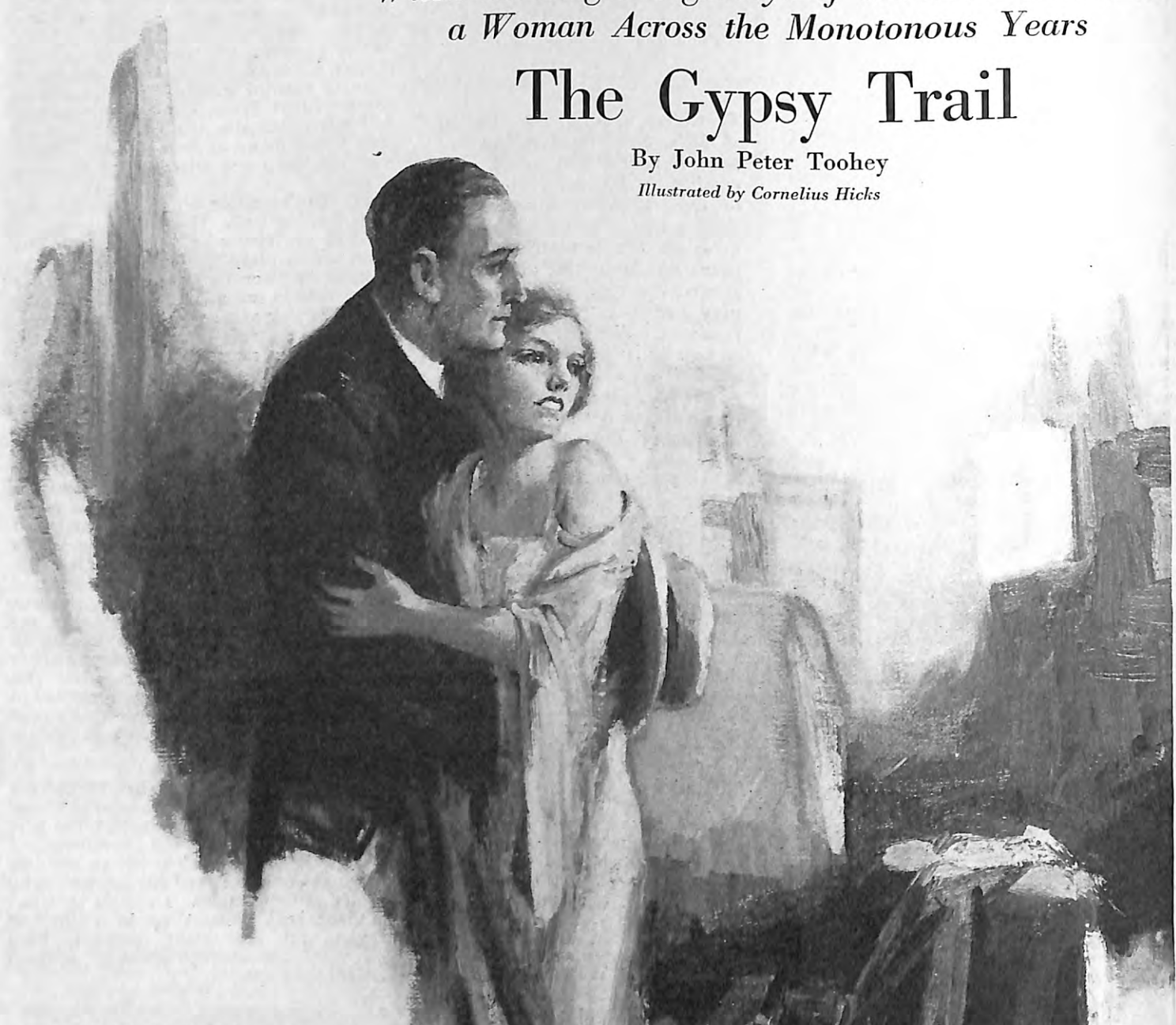
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*When the Magic Highways of the Past Called to
a Woman Across the Monotonous Years*

The Gypsy Trail

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks



GEORGE PARRISH propped the morning paper against the sugar-bowl and began to pay belated attention to his breakfast. Glancing across the table at his wife, whose silence had unconsciously brought him to a realization of her presence in the room, he was surprised to find her face hidden behind a strange looking publication which had the appearance of a tabloid newspaper.

"Well, my dear," he remarked with a touch of mockery, "so you've gone in for literature at meal hours, too."

She looked up at him with a certain absent-mindedness and hurriedly shoved the paper behind her back.

"Excuse me," she said with a nervous laugh. "I guess I should practice what I preach."

"Oh, that's all right—go as far as you like—only you might tell me just what it is you've been reading. It didn't look like anything I'm familiar with."

"You wouldn't be," she replied. "It's just a copy of a paper I used to read years ago. I found it on a trolley car yesterday."

"What paper is it?"

"You are insistent. It's the *Dramatic Times*, if you must know."

He frowned a little and viciously jabbed his spoon into the grape-fruit.

"Oh, that," he snapped. "What interest could that sheet possibly have for you now?"

Something in his manner stirred her sudden resentment.

"All the interest in the world," she replied tartly. "It's the first copy I've seen in years and it's brought back a lot of delightful memories."

"You'd be better off without them," he grunted. "I wouldn't try to tap that reservoir of impressions if I were you. It's too late now. You're not going to make me fight that battle all over again, are you?"

"I haven't any definite plans—yet," she returned, tauntingly.

He flung his napkin down on the table

with a flourish and faced a pair of mocking eyes.

"What am I to infer from that remark?" he demanded.

"Nothing or everything, my dear," her voice was irritatingly smooth.

He straightened up in his chair and shook a finger at her.

"Look here, Marian," he said, sharply.

"I'm jumpy this morning—I didn't sleep very well last night, and I don't think it's fair of you to bring up that old argument again. It won't do you any good and it'll get us both on edge."

"I'm not jumpy and I don't propose to get on edge as you call it, and besides I didn't bring up the argument. What old argument are you talking about, anyway?"



"You know perfectly well what I mean," he growled. "The old discussion about the theatre. We haven't had any fights about that for ten years now. It's a dead issue and I don't propose to have it revived."

"But, my dear man, you're the one who's staging the revival. I haven't said a word about it!"

"Well, maybe you haven't directly," he admitted in a more mollified tone, "but you've been hinting at mysterious things and you've been reading that damned sheet. Don't you remember the agreement you made the year after we married? Don't you recall that you agreed to permanently erase from your life everything that pertained to the stage? You promised that the day we were married, but you kept

up a lot of wistful longings and sighings after you came on here until I had to put my foot down. Don't you remember that?"

"Oh, yes," she replied evenly, "I distinctly recall the night your foot came down. It made a noise all over the neighborhood. We'd been over to Indianapolis to see John Drew, hadn't we?"

"Yes, that was it and you were mooning around wishing you were back in his company again, after all you'd promised. You've been pretty decent about it since, I'll admit, but I do wish you wouldn't begin reading these theatrical sheets again and getting back mentally into that fakey, artificial atmosphere. The stage was never any place for you and it was a good job that I took you away from it. It's a false, showy, unreal

world and the people it breeds get to be just as artificial in time."

"It had a glamour for you once," she ventured.

"Of course it did," he admitted, "but I rather fancy that was because you were part of it. I haven't lost my taste for it on this side of the footlights, but I haven't any use for the other side. Be nice now and promise me that we won't have to discuss this thing again."

"And will I have to be a good little girl and burn the naughty paper?" she inquired with such a tantalizing pout that he laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, read it through if you want to," he replied, "but don't get into the habit of making it a regular thing. That's all I ask. I don't want any more foolish notions creeping into your mind. You were cut out for a home-body, my dear, and the gypsy trail was never really in your line."

With which smug observation he resumed

his joint attack on the grape-fruit and the front page of the morning paper. He hadn't the faintest notion that the seemingly placid companion of his joys on the other side of the table was calmly considering the idea of hurling a plate direct at his head. The impulse to commit this flagrant breach of the peace subsided after a minute and left a tolerant smile on the face of Marian Parrish.

IF HE had only known, the gypsy trail to the rainbow's end had been calling to her through all the long years that she had been immured in Dalton. Sometimes in the still summer evenings, as she had sat on the wide porch and looked down the tree-lined sweep of Alden Avenue, that thoroughfare had ceased to be the principal street of this stuffy little town and had become a magic highway stretching off to the great cities of the world, great cities with splendid theatres and eager audiences, throbbing with life and anxious to bestow laurels upon their favorites. And then when the alluring vista beckoned her almost irresistibly one of the children would come running around the corner of the house with the sobbing announcement that the boy next door had stolen his catcher's mitt or George Parrish would suddenly awake from a doze in the hammock and demand that the cook be instructed to make waffles for breakfast the next morning.

She continued to smile as she watched her husband slowly threading his way through breakfast. There had been a time in the first months of their marriage when he had enlivened the morning meal every day with an incessant flow of gay badinage and anecdote and when an occasional kiss had punctuated the orderly progress of cereal, toast and coffee, but that was before middle-aged dignity seemed to have settled on him over night with the death of his father, and before the responsibility of sole management of the big chemical plant beyond the railroad tracks had fallen on his shoulders. A family institution, this plant, which had brought them to Dalton after their honeymoon, and kept them there.

The little argument they had just had, she found herself realizing with something akin to dismay, had been the first ripple on the matrimonial stream in years. It had required so slight a thing as this to bring home to her a sense of the machine-like routine of their existence. Breakfast, lunch and evening meal—the care of the two children—the Monday night bridge at the Hendersons—the dreary banalities of the occasional dinners which they gave for the technical experts at the plant—the movies at the Bijou Dream—the trip to Indianapolis once every two months or so to see some widely heralded New York play with a depleted cast at the old theatre on the Circle—the annual spring shopping expedition to Chicago. The panorama of events passed drearily through her mind as she sipped her coffee and watched George Parrish. To her he was no longer the eager, ardent lover who had swept her out of the swift current of theatrical success in New York nearly a dozen years before, who had given her no time to think of what the future might hold in store and who had lavished upon her for those first wonderful months the fervors of an overgrown boy. This sedate and settled man with the graying hair and the deep lines between his eyebrows was another George Parrish, a George Parrish who was a part of the dull routine of life as fixed and unchanging as the morning visit of the ice-man and the snarly murmur of the radio in the Jenkins' house.

He faithfully adhered to his customary program when he had simultaneously finished breakfast and his paper. He arose stiffly, smoothed his hair and adjusted his neck-tie in the mirror which hung above the buffet, walked towards her in a manner which implied a rigid adherence to a stubborn sense of duty and kissed her placidly on the left cheek just under her eye.

"I think a little endive salad and corn muffins would be nice for lunch," he remarked, "and please don't forget to tell Sam to rake the manure off those tulip beds. Spring seems to be in the air."

Marian checked an impulse to comment cynically on this last remark and went into the hall to help him on with his top-coat. She watched him walk down the gravel path to the gateway and followed him with her eyes until he had turned the corner. Gone was the jaunty, springy carriage of those other days. In its place was a measured stride that bespoke dignity and a realizing sense of the importance of one's place in the community. An unconscious sigh escaped her as she went back to reclaim her copy of the *Dramatic Times*.

Curled up on the soft cushions of a big sofa in the living-room she revelled for nearly an hour in the intimate news of that other world which she had left behind her to marry George Parrish. She gorged herself on the most trivial and unimportant items of intelligence, even reading the "professional cards" in which vaudevillians proclaimed their virtues and abilities with a shameless disregard for modesty. Tucked away in an obscure corner of an inside page she came upon a little paragraph which more than anything else she had read, stirred strange urges in her once more.

"Beatrice Ellis begins a spring engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, on April 24, in Frazier Leonard's new comedy 'Bitter Sweet.' She will play a preliminary engagement in Indianapolis the week before."



Cousin Laurel was thrilled to speechlessness by the announcement when Marian reached her on the telephone

She mentally calculated the date of the Indianapolis engagement and found that it would begin on the following Monday. Bee Ellis within thirty miles of her for a whole week! Bee Ellis, intimate chum of those other days before George Parrish had appeared in the offing—wilful, capricious, adorable Bee who had climbed to stardom with effortless ease ten years ago and whose popularity in New York was so great that she hardly ever left Broadway except for an occasional season in London. The last message she had received from her had come from England a year before—written on a postal card in the long angular hand she knew so well. "They're foolish about me here," it had said. "Why don't you run over for a few weeks and let me insinuate you into the good graces of my trained troupe of dukes, earls and privy counsellors?"

She had timidly shown this to George who had said, "Oh, yes, I remember her—crazy sort of a fool, wasn't she?—no balance" and who had straightway begun to talk about some disturbing detail of management at the plant. She wondered what he'd say now if she suggested going over to Indianapolis to spend a couple of days with this friend of her youth. He'd probably put his foot down again and there'd be a nasty scene if she insisted. Still, she must see Bee if only for a few hours. Perhaps she could run over two or three times during the week on some pretext, taking care to return in time for dinner each evening.

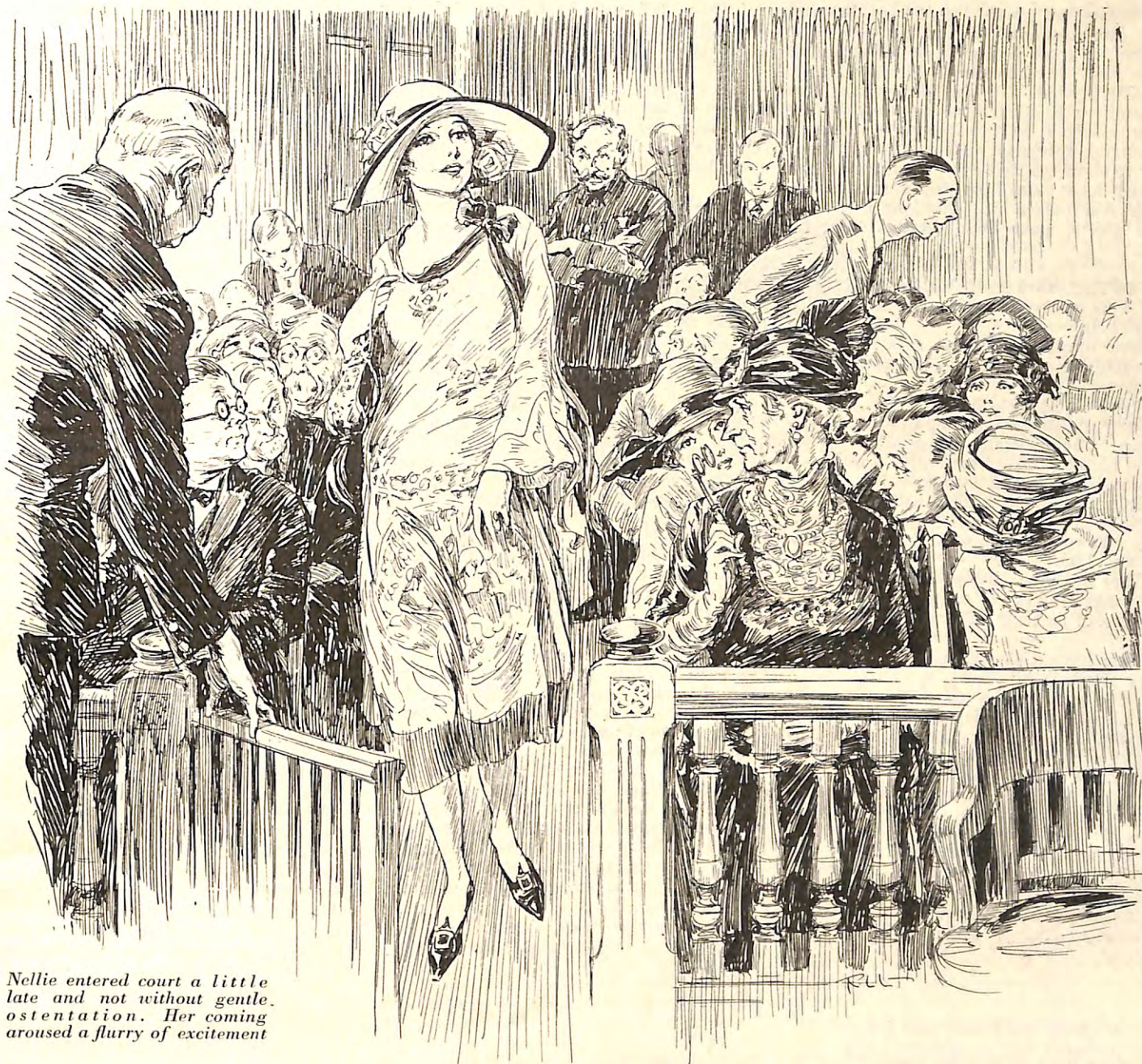
SHE was still devising plans for this adventure when George returned for luncheon and removed the necessity for subterfuge. A report about careless management at the chemical company's branch plant in California had prompted him to decide to make a surprise visit to the Pacific Coast. He planned to take an afternoon train to Chicago.

"I'll have to take charge myself and reorganize the whole works," he said. "I'll probably be gone about three weeks. Can't do it in any less. Maybe you'd like to come out with me. You could drop down to Santa Barbara for a little loaf in the sun. What do you say?"

"It's too short notice, dear," she replied with a sinking fear that he might insist, "and besides at this time of the year with the children finishing their studies before vacation and everything, I feel that my place is here in the home."

He re-echoed this domestic sentiment with a sweet suavity that grated on her, adding something about the duties one owed one's family and the sacrifice of the more selfish desires which these sometimes entailed. He was always in splendid form when moralizing and for a moment or two Marian regretted having hypocritically given him the cue for this lofty discourse. When she saw him off for Chicago on the mid-afternoon train after a limp embrace and another perfunctory kiss she could have sung aloud at the prospect of freedom which stretched before her. She dispatched a gay note to Bee Ellis expressing her determination to spend the better part of the following week in Indianapolis if she wouldn't be in the way and then confided her plans to Cousin Laurel.

Cousin Laurel was an indigent relative of
(Continued on page 58)



Nellie entered court a little late and not without gentle ostentation. Her coming aroused a flurry of excitement

The Spanking of Sammy

Part III—The Trial and the Sentence

By Henry Irving Dodge

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

SMARTY JAMES had at last made good, made good in so spectacular a way as to pass all understanding. Think of it! He actually stole a locomotive in furtherance of his loudly-proclaimed advocacy of the elopement business.

The affair made a sensation with the grownups; it created a positive riot among the youngsters. Even the superior sheiks deigned to comment upon it.

Smarty's leadership was now copperfastened. He was on a pinnacle. He had no rival. Think of it! Arrested for stealing a locomotive. Wonderful! The youngster had Lochinvar nailed to the mast, a mere piker. Lochinvar stole his girl with a horse—rather commonplace in those days. Smarty stole his girl with a locomotive,

which never was and never will be commonplace, even in these "speedy" times.

Smarty James went about with chest puffed out. He superciliously refused to recognize smaller boys than himself. He related how he did it and with each recital the act became more heroic. He had made that which was more or less of an abstract thing an actuality.

This gave a wonderful new impetus to the juvenile elopement foolishness. Small boys talked nothing but kidnaping; small girls talked nothing but eloping. Parents were on the watch now, for fair, and any suggestion of an attempt to imitate Smarty, even by means of a flivver, was met with the sternest, the most practical disapproval. Old Bill Gad was brought down from the garret or commandeered from adjacent

woods and put in a conspicuous place above the kitchen door.

I realized that my young client was fast bragging himself into jail. I constantly urged him to keep his mouth shut, and he as constantly promised to do so. I particularly pointed out and emphasized that at his trial a modest, a humble mien would be the thing, would, in fact, be a matter of the greatest importance to him. He appreciated my admonition. But I was to find out that I had some job on my hands, believe me, both with Nellie and the boy. I was to find out that I had most egregiously reckoned without my host.

"Do you think I'd better see Jim Humphrey?" Nellie asked, at our first consultation.

The impropriety of such a suggestion was clear, for Jim was to be trial judge.

"Great Scott, no! Don't even be seen with him just now. Let things take their course. I know Jim won't be too severe, if there's any way he can avoid it."

Nellie pouted. "I know Frank Morrison is going to make it hard for poor, darling Sammy. He'll do it to impress me with his wonderful integrity. He's got a chance now to show me that even I can't influence him when the eyes of the people are on him—I think it'll make a hit. It might, if Sammy were guilty, poor little darling. But he isn't."

"WELL, for Heaven's sake, Nellie, who is guilty? I wish you'd tell me. It would help me."

Nellie opened her violet eyes wide in a reproachful stare. "Those railroad people, of course."

"I don't quite get you."

"Why did they ever bring that horrid old Wheezer here—might know little boys would be tempted. Besides, it's a nuisance anyway—always making a noise."

"But, you realize, Nellie, that the railroad people won't agree with you, don't you? They will concentrate on Sam, put all the blame on him."

"They'll have little Minnie Heinke testify against him, of course," Nellie said.

"She's to be their chief witness, I understand."

"She'll have to say just what they tell her to say, won't she?"

"They won't have to tell her much. She's already been saying things that won't be favorable to Sam's case."

"I know," Nellie murmured, "she's been saying how Sammy planned it all out—coaxed her to elope—how she resisted, the little coquette, and how he kept coaxing her until she finally consented."

"You see how significant that is—how it shows premeditation, intent?" I suggested.

"You mean the railroad people have encouraged her to talk that way?"

"Stranger things have happened," I admitted.

"Then, tell me, Dick, why did they suddenly put a padlock on her lips the other day?"

"What do you mean?"

"They shut her up; they won't let her go out of her own door yard; I know it; I've had my eye on that little girl. They've found out that she knows something favorable to Sam that she might tell."

Nellie's words about the sudden repressing of Minnie Heinke gave me cause for quick and active reflection. I was convinced that her previous bragging had been more or less prompted. But why this sudden change of front? Why didn't they let her go on adding fuel to the flame against Sammy? Did she really know something of value to the boy? Were they afraid that I would get a line on it? Or did they have something that they were waiting to spring on us at the trial?

And right here, a very curious thing occurred, a thing that was to have great weight, a thing on which the whole case, it proved, was to turn. It was brought to me by the grape-vine means of communication that the District Attorney and the railroad people had suddenly decided not to make Minnie Heinke their chief witness, that they had, in fact, decided not to put her on the stand at all.

"By heck," I said to myself, "By heck!"

Within three days from Smarty's arrest and parole in my custody, Jim Humphrey, Frank Morrison, and I, Richard Atwater—in our personal capacities—had a secret conference and frankly discussed the matter of Sammy and Wheezer.

"I wish I didn't have to try the case," said Jim. "It's embarrassing. But I've got to do it—that's clear." He stared contemplatively at the end of his cigar, then: "I've heard through certain channels, Frank, that the railroad company's going to make a fight to punish the boy, make an example of him."

"The railroad company isn't going to run this case, you bet your life," Morrison said.

"Those fellows will be watching us, of course," Morrison went on.

"So will everybody else, for that matter," said the Judge.

"Suppose I ask for a change of venue?" suggested Morrison, his eyes twinkling.

"They'd say you were afraid to try Nellie James' son."

"Your only duty is to try the case on its merits, just as you see it," I said. "We know the sentiment against the boy here, and we can't blame them for it exactly, except that Sam's nothing but a child."

"It's all well enough for you to talk, Dick. You can take any case you like—you're independent."

We three puffed our cigars in silence, then the Judge said, with emphasis that reassured me: "Of course, we can't send Nellie James' boy away—that's understood."

"I've got to convict Sam," said Morrison, "I can't help it. It's so clear a case—no question about it, not the slightest."

"To suspend sentence would work out better than sending him away," I said. "To send him away would be too picturesque—would excite admiration, emulation—make him more of a little tin god on wheels than he is now."

"That's the trouble, that little tin-god business," said the Judge. "If you could only make him appear dejected, crushed, anything unpicturesque."

"I'll do the best I can," I said, with a suggestion of dubiety. "Yes, I promise you, you'll have before you a very contrite little boy."

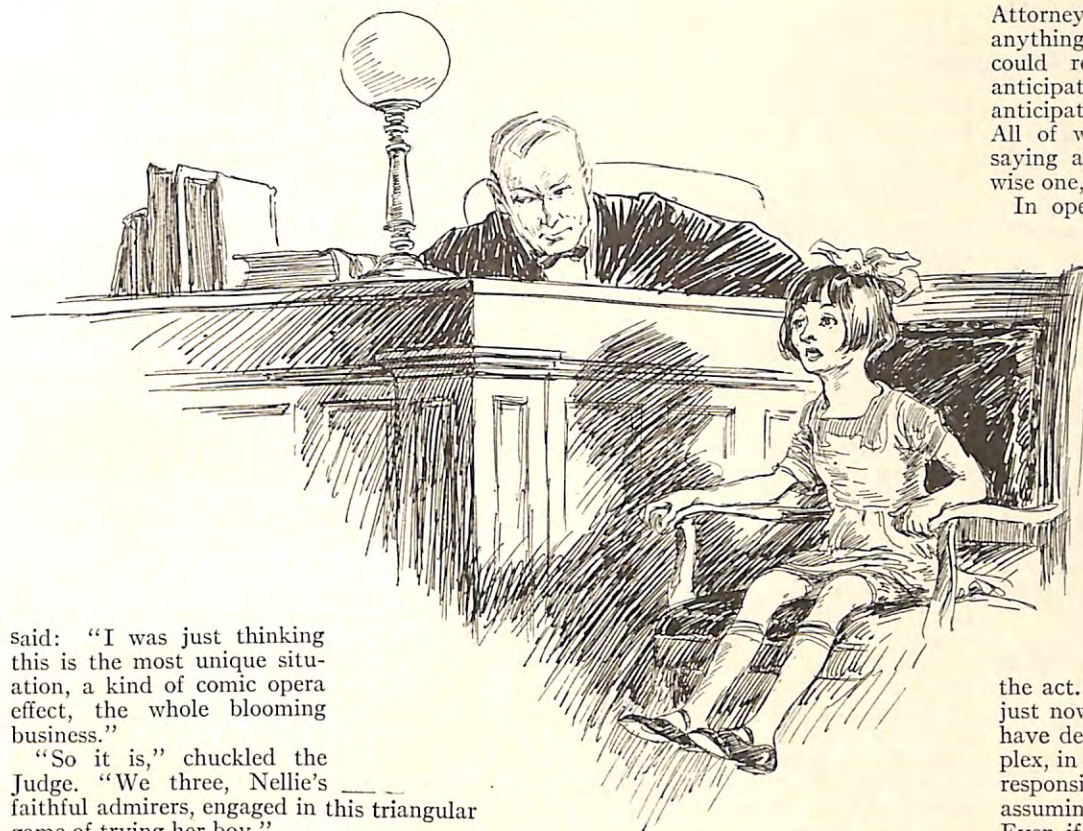
MORRISON laughed. "The way things are going now, you'll have a darned good job on your hands, Dick."

"It isn't the boy alone that's on trial, Frank. You and I are on trial, too," the Judge said, "everybody knows we're warm friends of Nellie's."

The unusual situation engaged my sense of humor. I laughed out loud. Morrison and the Judge looked at me inquiringly. I

Minnie's testimony was interrupted by Sammy, who cried out, in bravado: "You lie, I didn't"





said: "I was just thinking this is the most unique situation, a kind of comic opera effect, the whole blooming business."

"So it is," chuckled the Judge. "We three, Nellie's faithful admirers, engaged in this triangular game of trying her boy."

Sarah Illingsworth Gillespie wore her continuous-performance, black-beaded dress at the trial. She carried her stomach higher than usual, in anticipation of her enemy's—Nellie James'—abatement. She also carried her lorgnette, for the purpose of contemptuous or indulgent, off-hand gestures. The old aristocrat, surrounded by her cohorts, "yes" men and "yes" women, as follows: Ed Macy, Paul Bryce, May Scott, Celia Langley, presided, a veritable dowager, over that section of the court room in which she had established herself and her social entourage.

The remainder of the court room was occupied by the young men and the young women and the small boys and girls of the community. Sam's gang was there in full force, having come early and commandeered front seats.

I noticed that the young men and the young women were intermingled—paired off. Each young man had his best girl, apparently, with him and they occupied themselves by confidential comments, small, sophisticated gestures—the kind of gesture one sees in an art gallery where two of the young "wise ones" essay to pick flaws in a masterpiece.

One thing I will say, the young men were exceedingly well groomed, the young girls most lovely creatures in bobbed hair and short skirts and fascinating hosiery and shoes.

A DEPRESSING feature of the whole thing was that, for persons so young, they seemed sadly sophisticated, more sophisticated really than Morrison or Humphrey or I or—to go to extremes—even more sophisticated than old Sarah Gillespie, who really had more worldly wisdom than all the rest of us put together.

Nellie James' embarrassment was greatly enhanced by the fact that the old woman, whom she suspected of machinations to hit her through her boy, would be present at the trial, triumphant, exultant. Nellie, and I was much perplexed at the time by her lack of tact, entered the court room a few minutes late. She came in in her usual

style, not without gentle ostentation, I might almost say with a flourish. But, bless her heart, Nellie was never in better form, never more beautiful, never more bewitchingly groomed and costumed, from the tips of her slender patent leathers to the top of her exquisitely marcelled head.

I confess I was at fault, knowing Nellie as I did, in not having suggested to her not the propriety, but the advisability, of costuming and conducting herself in a manner to excite sympathy rather than envy on the part of the audience, and resentment on the part of the jury. For it is one of the generous propensities of persons that they like to see those in trouble manifest their trouble in their manner and attire, put themselves in the position of the suppliant.

I am sure, however, that Nellie would have paid no attention to admonition on that score. For I believe in my heart that she super-dolled up that way not only to spite her old enemies that she knew would be there, but to re-fascinate her old beaux. She didn't purpose giving her social rivals the gratification of beholding her, in any sense, a suppliant.

Out of the tail of my eye, I noted the effect of her rather spectacular advent. All eyes were fixed upon her, and I believe the witch enjoyed it. In a way, I marvelled at this, for Nellie abhorred anything like a scene, and she was now the object—no, the protagonist—of a most extraordinary scene.

Instead of the becomingly modest, if anything, I might say, Nellie affected the gay. It was a pose, but it was the pose of the queen. She was Nellie—convention, policy all might go hang, so far as she was concerned, she was a law unto herself—she was expressing herself.

She seated herself, glanced all around, nodded to this one and that one, grinning bewitchingly, like a hostess at a reception.

Her poise was inconceivable—she seemed to be taking the whole thing as a joke. And she didn't overact it a bit. She was playing a big game of bluff. And not so much of a bluff at that. For she had such confidence in her pull with the Judge and the District

Attorney that she didn't see it possible that anything but action favorable to her boy could result from the trial. She was anticipating—one might say ostentatiously anticipating—triumph over her enemies. All of which goes to show that the old saying about counting your chickens is a wise one, even if it is old-fashioned.

In opening for the people, the District Attorney said: "This little boy is accused of a very serious crime—that of stealing a locomotive, and by so doing jeopardizing human life. It isn't necessary for me to go into that part of it. Of course, every sane person will take into consideration the tender years of this boy—nine. His motive was one of adventure, no doubt. It is not claimed that it was a vicious one, but the effect of it was exceedingly vicious; and, but for the bravery and marvelous skill of engineer Smith and his fireman Scott, might have been appallingly tragic. We, as responsible men, must consider the circumstances leading up to

the act. Conditions that prevail or obtain just now in this community are such as to have developed a certain, shall I say, complex, in children. This complex is no doubt responsible for the act of this little boy—assuming that the act was premeditated. Even if done on the spur of a moment, it shows the result of certain influences that would impair the inhibition of caution, respect for law, etc. Take this little boy merely as a type—a manifestation. Children of to-day have become the most egregious little egotists ever known. They have got this egotistic complex to a degree that seems to have made them a law unto themselves. They actually flout the law of the land made by their fathers, as absurd, archaic, a hindrance to so-called 'self-expression.' Nor are the youngsters to blame." He paused, lifted his right fist dramatically, while his eyes searched the faces of the audience: "I do most solemnly charge that the responsibility for this condition rests with those who have the destiny of children in their keeping."

THIS was the conventional pose of the District Attorney—of any District Attorney. And the dear old scoundrel meant it to be very impressive. There was to it the suggestion of the gallery play. But Nellie, superior historically to Morrison, made the first score. For when he finally, climactically, fixed his accusing gaze on her, she grinned back at him delightfully, just as if the witch didn't realize at all that he meant her. But I knew she did realize it. Her act entirely killed the force of Morrison's words. For audiences are fickle, you know—creatures of emotion—caprice even.

Said Macy to Bryce: "The cat's a good actress, isn't she?"

"Just find it out, old chap?" said Bryce.

The District Attorney then introduced the testimony of the various ones—Stokes, Heinke, Mullins, Smith, engineer of the local, and his fireman, Scotty, the agent down the line at Dixon who had flashed the word to the dispatcher of the two children aboard Wheezer, and the testimony of the men at the big town who had been wired to ditch Wheezer by the train dispatcher, what they had done and how they had saved the children.

The audience, Judge, everybody, listened spell-bound.

I had contemplated cross-questioning Stokes as to Wheezer's most capricious

throttle valve. My reason for avoiding this was that if the throttle valve had been so hard to shut that a small boy couldn't shut it, it must have been very hard to open—couldn't have been opened without a pretty tough pull or struggle on the part of a youngster—which would have shown intent. I later regretted that I had not made very clear—the obduracy, the trickiness—yes—the caprice, if you please—of Wheezer's throttle.

I questioned Scotty as to the condition in which he found the children when he boarded Wheezer. I expected him to say that he found them in a state of collapse, which would have been favorable to my client. But the fireman simply declared that he was so excited, so bent on one purpose only—that of shutting off Wheezer's steam—that he didn't have time to notice what the children were doing or what condition they were in. But he asserted that later on he had noticed that they were very happy, joyously happy, which, of course, might have been an hysterical reaction from fright.

I DIDN'T find it necessary to cross-question the other witnesses. There was nothing to be gained from it. And, besides, I was depending largely upon the abject and sorrowful confession that my client would make when put on the stand.

When the last witness for the prosecution had ceased to testify—was told to step down from the witness stand—Morrison paced the floor, hands behind him. Everybody watched. Nobody suspected. Nobody but the Judge and I had any idea what was going to happen. Presently, Morrison halted, faced the Judge: "If the Court please, I move that Your Honor dismiss the charge against the defendant."

The Judge observed Morrison quietly.

The Gillespie group looked at one another without comment. At first they were all too astonished to speak.

Said Langley in an undertone: "I didn't think he'd be weak enough to do such a thing."

"You've got him wrong," said Gillespie. "Even she couldn't make him do a thing like that. He's got something up his sleeve."

Macy, Bryce and May Scott said nothing.

There was a marked rustling in the quarter where sat the sheiks and the flappers.

The little boys and girls down in front simply stared open-mouthed, not realizing the significance of what had happened.

The Judge drew figures on the pad. I fancied I saw the suggestion of a smile. Presently, he said: "On what ground, Mr. District Attorney?"

"There is no evidence of any intent to commit a crime, so far as I can see."

"Of course not," Nellie murmured. "How ridiculous!"

Nellie grabbed my arm. She half rose. I restrained her. "Be quiet, my dear," I said. "Be quiet." She didn't grin now. She was looking at Morrison with eyes full of emotion. The District Attorney, however, studiously avoided meeting her eyes. He thrust his thumbs into his waist-coat pockets and stood nonchalantly observing the Court.

Morrison's act gave me a valuable hint—for use in case of emergency. Please to remember that the only person who could have established an intent for the prosecution was the little girl, Minnie Heinke, and he didn't put her on the stand. Why? He knew that under cross-examination she'd prove a valuable witness for the defense. He had of course questioned her very carefully. He had known all along that there was no intent, that the whole thing was an accident. He had gone ahead with his case technically, conscientiously, had established facts in a most complete way. The boy had been found on a runaway locomotive. To be sure, he had no

business there. He was a trespasser. But that was not a crime. After all, it was the proper and manly thing for the District Attorney to do—no one wants to be the prosecutor of a child, no matter how objectionable in a way that child may be.

"The railroad attorney arose. "If the Court please, I protest."

"Good for him!" whispered Langley.

May Scott said: "I'm glad the railroad people have got a man here."

"He has no standing in the case," said Macy.

The Judge said: "Mr. Rushton will kindly take his seat."

"Oh, pshaw!" whispered May Scott. "Oh, pshaw!"

Langley whispered to Gillespie: "White-wash! I didn't believe it possible."

"Hold your horses, my dear! Just hold your horses!"

Nellie grinned appreciation at the Judge, who also avoided meeting her eyes.

For a few tense moments, Humphrey let his eyes rest on the pad before him, while with a pencil he scrolled meaningless figures thereon.

"Bless his heart!" murmured Nellie. "He's going to let darling Sammy go."

"Motion denied," said the Judge, very quietly.

"Thank Heaven, there's one man in this community that won't let her make a fool of him," commented May Scott to Macy.

THE Judge went on: "This case, Mr. District Attorney—and I think this will satisfy the protest of Mr. Rushton—is too serious to be dismissed without the fullest investigation. There may not have been any intent so far as you can see, or so far as I can see. But that's a question for the jury. I think I get your point of view. And I commend you for it. It would be more satisfactory all around to leave the question of intent for the jury after it has heard the testimony of the defense."

The Judge turned to me: "Mr. Atwater, you may proceed with the defense."

Everybody in the courtroom settled down for what they thought was going to be good entertainment.

Frankly, I didn't take the Judge's reasoning as sincere. It would have been easy for him to have directed a verdict of

(Continued on page 85)



It took some character to do it, but Nellie was game in this as in all else



FLORENCE VANDAMME

June Walker
in
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

FROM Cinderella to Lorelei Lee! It is difficult for those of us who saw Miss Walker last season as the forlorn waif in, "The Glass Slipper" to recognize her under the dashing blonde wig which caps the gold-digger whom Anita Loos has made immortal of her kind. Edna Hibbard plays the girl friend, Dorothy. Gurgles of delight have filtered in from Chicago and Detroit where the play was reported funnier than the book—E. R. B.



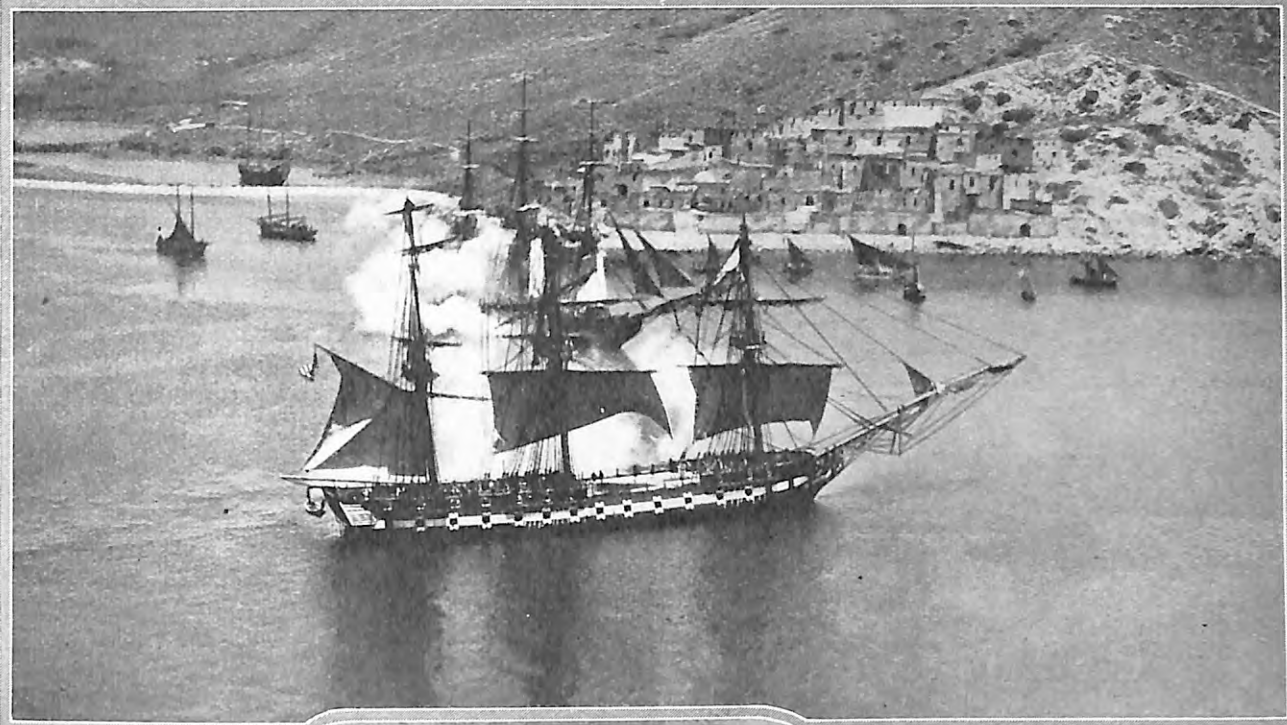
J. Farrell Macdonald as Wild Bill and Sally Rand as Caprice Jordan in "The Last Frontier." A moment of comic relief to the serious business of repelling Indian attacks in what promises to be an outstandingly good picture. Two famous Americans, Buffalo Bill and General Custer, are characters in the story



Lorna Doone Jackson has made quite a reputation as Carmen among the smaller opera companies. This year she has her chance to appear as one of the leading sopranos with the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. On their tour, which begins in New York this month and ends on the Pacific Coast in May, she will also appear in "Aida," "Lohengrin" and other rôles



Betty Bronson, who was so disarmingly gay as Peter Pan, is just finishing a picture called "Paradise" taken from Cosmo Hamilton's story of that title. Milton Sills will be the starred hero of the production



The acting of Lya de Putti, one of Germany's young screen stars, contributes very largely to the artistic and dramatic triumph of "Variety." There are only three principals in the cast and the greatest of these is Emil Jannings, who proved himself to American audiences in "Passion" and "The Last Laugh." The play has a climax that will give even the most jaded movie fan a thrill

"Old Ironsides," which has lately been so much in the public eye because of the national campaign to save its ancient hulk, has gotten into the movies in the title rôle of a stirring historical romance. Here's the indomitable "Constitution" as she looked in the jaunty days of her youth, just about to wipe out the unfortunate pirates in the Bay of Tripoli. There is also a convincing love story in which Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft have the leading rôles

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

Mr. Ziegfeld's "Great American Revue" is conspicuously short on comedy in this edition and very long on excellent dancing, of several varieties. Gorgeous it is, as we have come to expect of any spectacle sponsored by Mr. Ziegfeld, and with a very imposing list of headliners. Moran and Mack, shortly to transfer their activities to Mr. Carrol's "Vaniities," do their familiar darky impersonations, thereby providing a large portion of the evening's liveliest entertainment





A Southpaw's Sense of Humor Nearly Wrecked the Grays Before They Killed His

Comedy Stuff

As Told to Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Albert Levering

THERE is many an old proverb you get from your mother or grandmother maybe, that sticks in your mind and helps you over a hard bump in after life.

"Like cures like," for instance. That was one of the oldest ones I had. Funny thing is, when the time arrived and I could have used it with the best results, it never came into my mind at all, thereby causing almost a whole baseball season of wasted energy and worry and bad feeling and nervous prostration that otherwise could have been avoided.

That's usually the way; you may carry a flask in your suitcase on trips for twenty years and the one night you have the cramps is the night you drank all the stuff the day before.

To come to the gist of what I'm trying to say, it was in late June and the Grays were battling for first place in the league race and a cut in the world's series, me just in from a swing around the Far West colleges, looking for polished ivory. In the club office I find a letter from Tulsa which says that there is a portsider pitching for a club down there in the cactus who looks as good as Rube Waddell.

Ordinarily you would file a letter like that for future reference but this one got immediate attention, first because the man who wrote it had picked out a couple of sweet prospects for us in the past and second because the pitcher in question was a left-hander.

No manager in his right mind will ignore a tip on a southpaw because if you happen to grab a classy performer you've got the biggest star there is. Nothing can touch him for effectiveness in the box and to say that he means a couple of hundred thousand dollars to a ball club in the course of ten years is being conservative.

The only trouble is they are rarer than six-toed cats and the scout who picks up one in a lifetime can rest on his reputation the remainder of his days.

It was a certain thing that the Grays could use a good southpaw just now. We has one classy right-hander, Tommy Bean;

two who were dependable; another who was a rank in-and-outer and a left-hander who when it came to the home plate was as bad as some of those Arctic explorers who know there is a North Pole but can't locate it.

So I start pronto for yucca land. When I get off the branch line rattler and blow into the hotel of which the proprietor is the manager of the ball club, and make known my mission he shakes his head, saying he'd never heard of me. Which will give you the up and up on that bozo without further waste of words.

His name was Damon, Bob Damon, a mousey little hick with a blue cocked eye and a waterfall moustache, one of those shrewd guys who thinks if he says little and the other man says more he wins. I let him think so.

"Maybe," he says at last, "you're speaking of the Pecan Nut."

"Maybe I am." I looked at the man, suspicious. "Why do they call him that?"

"In the first place," said the manager, "because he comes from somewhere in Texas and second because you can't make him crack without a mallet."

"You talk like Caruso singing," said I. "Is he easy to handle?"

"I've found him so," was the reply. Later I found that this bird had never even tried to handle him; at the time though, what he said sounded so good that I wanted to believe it; you know how it is.

But I wasn't long in ignorance. When we get out to the corral which they called a ball park the game was held up fifteen minutes waiting for the Pecan and when he turned up he was wearing a two gallon hat and blue overalls with a gun in one hand and a string of birds in the other.

"Been huntin', eh?" says Damon quietly.

"No, fishin'." The Nut lets out a horse laugh. "Give me the ball. I'm ready to pitch. I feel just like pitchin'."

So saying he scales his sombrero to the bench and goes out on the mound just as he is otherwise. He was a tall, broad-shouldered youngster with a thin, tanned face, gleamy dark eyes and straight black hair like an

Indian's: that is to say he looked good even in his sage brush regalia.

I watched every move he made, expecting to find as many flaws as you'd be likely to find after a long hot trip like I'd just made. But there wasn't any: not a flaw—at least not in his pitching. His fast ball was something the batters had to guess at and when he wanted to break the pill it was like throwing a coffee cup against a wall.

He enjoyed the ball game a whole lot, aside from pitching. It was plain he considered himself a funny man and the way the fans laughed at the stuff he pulled showed he wasn't alone in his opinion. Maybe he was comical so far as that goes, but I wasn't scouting for no vaudeville agency; I was present to watch him pitch and that was all I paid attention to.

I'm one of those scouts that likes to be shown plenty in any given case, but had I wanted to see more than Hap Maydock showed I'd of been a glutton. Anyway, I didn't. Me and Bob Damon goes into conference as soon as the ball game is over and when it came to cases the price he charged for Maydock was about the sum a man would name who thinks he is doing you a favor to let you pay two dollars a day for a pine board room with the wash place in the cellar. At that it was considerably less than what I would have been willing to pay to get his name and Maydock's on the agreement I had made out.

Maydock and I starts for the East next morning and the big rube was quiet all the way; seemed dazed. He had never seen a city in his life and when we struck St. Louis all he did while we was there was to keep his head moving from side to side and up and down like a mechanical toy; that, and eat.



"Give me the ball. I'm ready to pitch"

Arriving in the big town the boy had got so that he wasn't moving his head at all; he just kept his eyes going. McGann took one glimpse at the yap, piped the sombrero, the hickory shirt and shiny black pants and then gave me a look.

"So this is your star left-hander that you stung the club twelve hundred for!"

McGann's temper is almost as short as he is and I must say that Maydock's appearance figured to stretch it. But he kept it in, calculating to save it up and have a real blow-off when the time came.

"Bring your sheik up to the ball park tomorrow morning at practice, and we'll see whether you're going to keep on scouting for the Grays or instead for Jack Ringling's side show museum."

SO NEXT morning I took Hap up to the park, got him rigged out in an old last year's suit and personally escorted him out to the field. The rest of the club was all there, McGann with them, batting for in-field practise.

"Ah," he says, seeing us, "so here comes the twelve hundred dollar beauty!" It was plain he was putting on fuel for the tantrum he was aiming to let go. "Boys," he says, "Europe Kenline has lassoed a fence-rider right off the top rail and is now going to show us some class as per his recent telegram to me. Warm him, Europe, and then I'm going to let the regulars have a crack at him."

It was hardly a fair thing to do, since it's asking a lot of any new hurler to go up against a gang of big league fence busters and show his stuff right off the reel. But fairness was the last thing that McGann was thinking about. He was a dollar grappler by nature and the memory of how I'd stung the club for twelve hundred was the only thing in his mind.

So I put on a mitt and tell the big kick to go.

"Yes, sir," he says. And I give you my word that since we had got into St. Louis he hadn't said nothing but 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir,' the entire time.

He works out easy and at last when he begins to make the ball do curly cues I yells over to McGann that we was ready to produce.

"All right." Mac sends the subs out into the field and calls his regulars to the plate.

Up comes Needham, our banty legged lead-off man. Usually he chokes his bat and bunts, but from the toe hold he took it was clear that McGann had given orders for every hitter to bust the ball on the nose and get the agony over with.

Needham is a tough little bird for a battery to work on but we get him into a hole with a round house out that breaks a foot from the end of his bat and a ball that drops from his chin to his waist right over the plate. Then I crosses myself and signal for Hap's fast one.

It comes. Then it goes. That is, Needham strikes at it after the ball is by him; and through me like a drink of water through a mosquito screen, singed McGann's chin, who was umpiring and then hit the grand stand wall on first bounce.

"Wait a minute," says McGann. He has the expression he always wears when he has been dealt a pat hand and everyone else at the table is drawing three and four cards. He goes out to the mound and looks Hap over as though he had never seen him before. "It's all right, Maydock," he says, "I ain't going to hit you; I merely want to see if I'm awake or is the alarm clock due to ring. Pitch some more; oh, please don't stop. Someone's playing sweet music somewhere."



Hee-hawing; and she a dame that ordinarily would have made the chief mourner at a funeral look like Zazu Pitts!

"Yes, sir," says Hap.

Both the next two pitches, which McGann called strikes on Bob Douglas, hit the grand stand, too.

"What's the matter with you, Europe," he yips, bound to have his mad out on something. "Are you a catcher or a sieve?"

"I ain't Fort Sumter, that's what's the matter," says I, dropping the mitt. "Maybe you've got some backstop on your club that's paid to take chances. As for me, I'm a scout and figure to remain one."

So McGann called in Silver Flynn, our regular catcher, and the rest of the morning the Grays ball club resembled a Mexican army in revolt, there were so many executions. The mortality was terrible and it ended only when McGann rubs his hands together and calls me and Hap to the plate.

"Boys," he said, "I suppose we could sign up this contract right in the grounds office, but I want to take you both down town to the main offices where the thing can be done proper. This is no special occasion. This is a time for ceremony. Maybe we can't get an orchestra and flowers now because it's late and I'm in a hurry; anyway the tune that we'll get John Coster—he's our club secretary—to play on the typewriter will suit us just as well. I might add, Europe," he says, taking me to one side by the arm, just as though we was Brother Elks, "that Coster will have his stenog do a little type music for you, too. You can tear up your old contract with the Grays, for the new one will sound just twelve hundred a year sweeter."

"Suits me fine," I says, "but Mac, don't ever say I concealed nothing from you. This bird, Maydock, is a left-hander you know."

"Sure, I know. You don't think I thought he pitched with his leg, did you?" Then he gives a start. "What do you mean, 'left-hander'?"

"Well, he's a left-hander."

"Yeh?" Mac stares at me. "Come square now, Europe, just where's the speck in this peach?"

"Well, on the square, the speck is that he's a comedian."

"Eh?" Mac turns his head and looks at that sad-faced spectre, who is staring around at the big steel and concrete stands with his mouth open and no expression in his face. "A comedian! What the—" He looks as though he's going to swing on me.

"All I know is, Mac, that's what they told me. And he's a left-hander you know."

"SO HE'S a left-hander!" mimics McGann. "And a comedian! Well! Well!" Then he stops his comedy. "All right, Europe, we'll go down town and you needn't tear up that contract of yours just yet because, you see, I might die laughing at your humorist and then you'd go to jail for murder because you would be responsible and the extra twelve hundred jack wouldn't be any use to you."

Nothing I could say did any good, as I knew it wouldn't—not even calling him a welcher. The only contract that was signed that day was Hap's. But I got mine all right four days later when Maydock was put in against the Trojans and let them down for two hits and no runs.

There wasn't any holding McGann at all. His lid was just rattling with surplus good humor. Maydock had no pitching faults that anyone could see, was a natural hurler



"Let them laugh" yells Hap. "As long as they think he's funny they'll never get another laugh out of me. A comedy team, eh! Let me tell you, if he ever tries comedy with me, I'll knock what he thinks is his brains out"

and wherever Flynn wanted the ball, there the ball came.

"The only trouble," says McGann, "when he handed me my new contract, 'is he's got so much smoke that Silver's left hand is raw. There evidently ain't any mitt that's big enough and thick enough to take all the shock. Someday Flynn will get one of [those bullets on the finger and it'll be found around back of his shoulder. And Curtis can't hold him at all. Better run out to Indianapolis and see if old Chief Jenkins is still able to stand up."

We had let the aged Indian out the year before because his dogs were gone and his batting eye dim, if not worse. But there was one thing he could do and that was receive. He just absorbed lightning.

As luck would have it when I got there I found he had gone into the bootlegging business—which in Indiana is no business to be in—and was being treated with kindness but firmness in the county hoose-gow.

By the time I got back to the club with my report Hap had turned in a no-hit, no-run game against the Plaid Sox which was important, but not so important, at least to me, as the fact that he had begun to feel absolutely at home, all his shyness and strangeness wore off.

When I ran into him in the hotel where most of the bachelors of the Grays live he was sitting in the lobby diked out in a three-alarm suit and a bamboo cane. Which is the way with a big leaguer. He may have come from a settlement where they have moss for sidewalks and a wash tub behind the kitchen stove for anyone who gets the crazy idea he needs a bath.

But give him two weeks in the big league and he owes half his pay to the tailor and looks down upon the ordinary citizen, no matter who he may be, the way a movie star regards an extra.

As soon as he sees me, he gets up like a reception committee.

"Hello, Europe, old fel. Back to the old home, eh! I'm cer'nly glad to—" Then he suddenly pulls a terror-stricken face, shooting out one hand swiftly, pointing behind me. "Don't you hit that old man with no club," he yells.

Of course I jumps five feet from the lobby floor and pulls a Charley Weinert duck—all for nothing. There was no one behind me, that is, except McGann and he, of course, had never made a move to hit me.

NOW I figure that what followed was McGann's own fault. In other words he laughed. It's all right to hand a ha-ha to a comedian if you want to encourage him to be a comedian, but if you hold other ambitions for him a laugh is not my idea of any way to proceed. They say a tiger is a decent and law-abiding and God-fearing animal until he tastes human blood after which all bets are off. That's the way McGann's mirth acted on Hap Maydock. It appeared he could get applause in the big town and from a big league manager just the same as from the gaffers in the cactus and you could see him swelling under the knowledge. Of course something else would sure have happened to fire him up, but I'm merely telling what did happen.

He was due to pitch on the next Saturday against the Bears and as he was already becoming a sensation in the league everyone of the thirty or forty thousand fans who sat in at the game was waiting for him.

He got a big hand when he appeared and he took it like he had been used to having a big time crowd cheer him. But inside he was all inspired, as was easy to tell by the way he slapped the ball when he caught it and the tricks he did with it. He pulled the disappearing act he had showed out in the sticks the first day I saw him pitch and then added a lot of frills such as making the ball run down his arm and over his shoulder

into the other hand, or into his back pocket while the crowd sat pop-eyed.

Larry Mullins, our captain, who is something of a matinee idol with all his good looks and classy playing got sore right away.

"What we running here, Mac," he says, coming up to the manager, "a freak show or a ball game?"

But the manager waves him aside.

"Let him alone," he says, "the crowd is with him, ain't it? Look at the movie men and photogs coming up to mug him. He's an attraction, my boy, and I wish some of the other players was."

McGann has the reputation of being a good manager and so he is, but his brains was certainly on sick leave that day. In his behalf, though, I might remind you that left-handers like this bird simply wasn't.

He went out there on the diamond when the game started and proceeded to do things with the old apple that few pitchers have ever done. The Bears was like a high school team against him and Hap worked as serene and quiet and business-like as a cigar maker rolling a smoke.

That is he worked so up to the Bears' last half of the ninth with the score four for us and none for the Bears. Then as he got to the mound he turns to the outfielders and motions them to come in. But the outer guardians all stay where they are until he motions again.

"Hi, you boys," he yells, "come in here."

They come in slowly while the game is held up and McGann beats it from the dug-out to the box.

"What's the matter now?"

"Oh, nothing," replies Maydock, stretching himself, "excepting I won't need no outfield this inning."

"You won't need no—!" Then Mac chokes, gets purple and begins to draw upon an imagination famous for its inventiveness



for words to fit the situation. But Hap merely looks over his head, his eyes half closed while he works dreamily upon one of those bales of eating tobacco known as Waco Cud.

"I just can't finish no ball game with them outfielders there," he says, "because when I'm feeling like I do now they're just an insult to me."

By this time the outfield trio has gathered around and McGann who has still got his eye on the attraction side of his new trained seal, calms down.

"All right," he says, "this once, Maydock, I'll do it. But get this from me, if you lose this ball game I'll shoot you back to the cactus and see that you don't never play another big league game."

"That's fair," grins Hap, and thereupon while the crowd roars and shrieks and the outfielders camp around the bases, he strikes out three Bears in a row.

You can imagine what the newspapers did next day. Nothing like what Maydock had pulled had ever been seen in a big league park, or maybe anywhere else. Two of the biggest and solemnest dailies had leather-headed editorials on the possibility that in time to come maybe, ball games could be played just with pitchers and catchers, which did not make any noticeable hit with the majority of the Grays.

In the days that followed, while he didn't pitch, he was just as much of a show as though he did, that is before the game, with his ball juggling and curious antics and the rest of the players would not have been ball players if they hadn't got a little sore. But Mac didn't seem to notice it. To look at him you would think he had decided that baseball and vaudeville was twin sisters.

If this was the case he changed his mind the following Thursday when, all things being equal, Hap Maydock was due to work. The fans knew this and out they poured in numbers that was a record for a mid-week game.

Maydock turned up late in the dressing room, everyone else on the field. When finally he appeared he was towing five of the funniest little dinges you ever saw. Where he had collected them and how he had got them outfitted in their comedy clothes, I can't say. Anyway, there they were, trailing behind Hap like a string of smoke behind a B. and O. engine.

McGann, who is wild, runs down the field to meet him.

"What do you think this is!" he yells. "Is this an orphan asylum or a ball game?"

Hap held out his hand—and mind you the spectators who had tumbled to the show was roaring and cheering and giving the scene the biggest hand that any Broadway comedy had got that season—waving Mac aside.

"Got to have these boys," he said. "Can't nohow pitch without 'em. Remind me of my home town. They camp here or I don't pitch."

"You don't pitch, eh!" Mac jumped up and down like he does when an ump has missed three easy ones in an inning. "Well, I don't think you will. We'll see."

He sticks him up against the grandstand and has Flynn warm him up and believe it or not anything he had ever made that ball do before was simple to what he now made it do.

Dinges or no dinges, winning this ball game would put the Grays into first place and Mac had to use him. For seven innings the game seemed to be a cinch, the Sox

having no runs and only two hits, one a Texas Leaguer and the other a bunt that the batter hit by mistake, while the Grays had batted out three runs.

Then in the beginning of the eighth, with one down, Mullins on short stop boots an easy one and Wicke at third picks up a bounder and fires it into the grand stand. Result two rounds. In the outfield Ferguson misjudges a liner and Pegram, the Sox batter, makes the circuit.

You catch what it was; the Grays was laying down on the pitcher. And it was natural. McGann could stick on fines the way a man spreads wall paper and he did not need no big excuse to display his gift. Yet here he was letting Maydock get away with murder. It was a wonder to me that the ball club hadn't cracked before it did.

But Mac kept his head and when the inning ended with two batters popping up flies that no infelder could have dropped and got by with an alibi and the players came into the dugout, they nearly dropped dead to find the manager was all smiles.

Maydock is first up in this inning and as soon as he goes McGann turns to the team.

"Gather round me, boys," he says. "Now listen: we've got a nut hurler here who can pitch us into the world's series and that's hay in the barn

for us all. He's got to be studied and then handled and I'm the bird can do it. Meantime don't you boys go chucking away no ball games; instead if you must waste

(Continued on page 52)





U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE

The site of Mitchell, Nebraska, before the coming of water

Magic Water

By Arthur Chapman

AN IDAHO farmer entered a local bank something over a year ago and announced that he wanted to borrow enough money to buy seed potatoes.

"How many acres do you intend to plant?" was the cautious inquiry.

"Two hundred. I've studied the situation and I believe potatoes are going to be the money crop this year."

A brief consultation was held and the farmer was advised that his request had been turned down.

"All right," was his reply. "I'll get the money somewhere else, and then, when I sell my crop, I'm coming back here and buy a controlling interest in this bank. You fellows will all be working for me next fall."

The farmer was as good as his word. He borrowed the money from other sources and "plunged" in potatoes. Every acre he owned or could lease was planted to potato seed. The Idaho potato crop in 1925 sold as high as \$800 an acre, and the

been going on in the West since the first crude ditches of the pioneers were laid out. To-day those ditches have been developed into irrigation works which have cost millions. Irrigation has become "big business." It has made agriculture the chief source of prosperity in one mining state after another, and irrigation waterways have become permanent scenic features in regions where the flumes of the gold miner long ago passed into decay.

An example of the commanding position taken by the once-despised "pumpkin roller," or "nester," is to be found in Colorado, where twenty-five years ago mining was the leading industry, with agriculture playing a very poor second fiddle. To-day the annual returns from Colorado's agriculture are millions ahead of the returns from the mines, and the gap is

growing steadily. Sugar beets alone pay Colorado farmers approximately \$12,000,000 a year, equaling the output of the mines of Cripple Creek at the height of that camp's glory.

The possibilities of citrus fruit growing in California have attracted an enormous emigration from the East—not so picturesque an emigration as that to the gold fields of '49, but more permanent. The placer fields of Bret Harte's romances long ago became peopled by ghosts, but the costly, cement-lined ditches which curve so gracefully about California's historic hillsides, with not a drop of precious water wasted through seepage, form a source of wealth as lasting as the hills themselves.

Nobody "bothered" with agriculture in the Nevada of Mark Twain's day. Later on, Goldfield, Rawhide and other camps went the same way. But in the meantime the homesteader was beginning to establish himself. The government helped out by building the large and expensive Newlands reclamation project. There is a flourishing agricultural colony on this project. The farms furnish winter feed for much of Nevada's livestock. Without the Newlands project, the support of schools, courts and government in general in Nevada would



The great Arrowrock Dam, the highest in the world, is the fountain head of the vast Boise project in Idaho

This photograph shows how the released waters of the Rio Grande project are applied to the planted land

farmer was among those getting top prices. With his profits he bought a controlling interest in the bank which had turned down his request for a loan.

The land on which the farmer raised the crop that brought him wealth in a single season was desert not so many years ago. It was no different from millions of other acres of sagebrush land which yielded nothing but scanty croppings for sheep and cattle. But the Federal government had constructed a costly dam. Ditches were built through the Idaho hills. Then came the touch of magic water and the land became productive and proportionately valuable.

It was the sort of transformation that has





To-day a thriving city replaces the lonely ranch buildings

be a problem. In like manner, irrigation has saved the day in other arid western states where mining and timber resources have shrunk.

YET mining and irrigation farming in the West have always gone hand-in-hand. Without the mining camps as local markets, farming would have had a slow start. Location stakes were hardly driven in new mining camps before homesteads were driven on neighboring lands by canny settlers who were ready to supply the miners with farm produce—at "bonanza" prices. But everything was not always rosy for these homesteaders who took up lands adjoining such ideal markets. Here is the story of a Colorado pioneer who forsook the miner's pick for the irrigator's shovel and rubber boots:

"I was mining, up Central City way, when a chap come along with onions to sell. He wanted \$1.50 for a dozen, and they was little and strong. But I just had to have some of those onions. Then I got to thinking that if onions was that price, there must be more money in farming than mining. I took up a ranch near Golden and went back East for seed. Everything come along fine. All I had to do to get water was to dig a ditch from a creek that ran past my place. When my crop was pretty well up, a friend dropped in and offered me \$1,800 for my cabbages. He wanted to pay me in gold dust right there, but I didn't want the stuff around the house and told him to write a check when he got ready. I set on my front porch and smoked and dreamed about the wealth that was coming to me. I figured that I had at least \$30,000 in my crop. As I set there, I saw a cloud over Table Mountain. It was a queer cloud—seemed to be millions of diamond points, jest *skintillating*. Grasshoppers! They settled down inches deep

and when they got through feeding, all that was left of my crop was a measly handful of lettuce under glass."

Yet, in spite of occasional visits of grasshoppers, the pioneer irrigators in the West found things literally "made to order." They picked out the choicest locations, where water was easily accessible. Ditches were run with a plow and scraper. Timber was cut from adjacent forest land. Help was cheap and plentiful.

Take the case of "Uncle Pete," one of the pioneer irrigators at the headwaters of the Arkansas River. Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike had explored this region not more than forty years before "Uncle Pete" took up his land. The rancher had nine miles of water frontage on a creek coming out of the Wet Mountain Valley. Just where no one could take out water above him, he tapped the stream with an irrigating ditch. Mexican laborers attended to the details of irrigation, and "Uncle Pete" sold all his wheat, oats, corn and vegetables at mining camp prices.

"Uncle Pete's" situation would be different to-day. He would find no more creeks on which he could locate. He must seek higher land—and it costs money to make water run uphill. Reservoirs and costly ditches must be constructed if one is to get water to those upper levels. There will be neighbors above and below him, all as eager for water as he, and he must irrigate only when it is his turn. He must pay water charges which sometimes seem prohibitive. His Mexican labor would cost many times the wage paid in early days. His neighbors below him would be bringing suit if he took out more

water than was his by right. In fact, "Uncle Pete" would find that irrigation farming has developed from a more or less haphazard occupation into a highly organized business on a co-operative basis. Also he would find that, with local markets over-supplied, he must meet the exigencies of general farm conditions. Likewise it would be found that certain crops, intensively grown under the hot suns of the semi-arid regions, make the farmer subject to extraordinary demands of labor. Having in mind the millions of dollars that have been added to the agricultural wealth of the country since alfalfa was introduced to the West, the writer of this article ventured to mention that subject to a New Mexico farmer who was helping with the haying.

"That's one way of looking at it," remarked the ranchman, "but many's the time I've wished they had found some kind of a crop that wouldn't grow so fast. Here



In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river is the site of the proposed Boulder dam, the largest in the world

The crest of this roller dam on the Grand Valley project in Colorado is raised or lowered as required

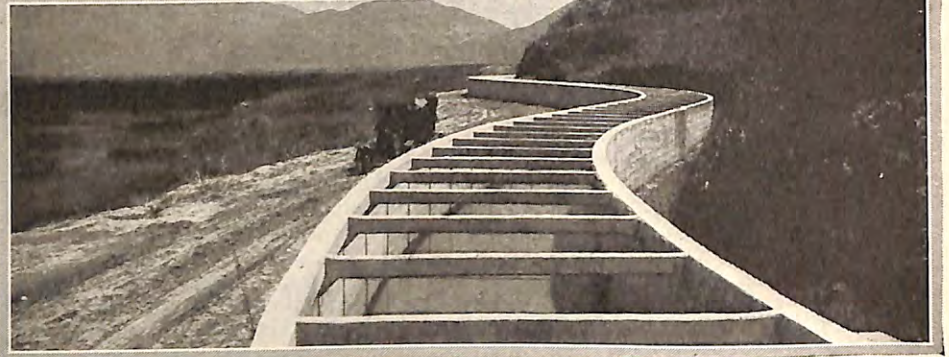




The homesteader's first crop on irrigated land, bears little resemblance to the desert plants which preceded it

The High Line Canal on the Strawberry project in Utah (Middle Picture)

Nearly 60,000 crates of strawberries like these are shipped in a few weeks from the Imperial Valley in California



I am with four cuttings of alfalfa staring me in the face every summer. I get one crop cut and think maybe I can squeeze in time for a little vacation, but before I can turn around there's that darn alfalfa ready for bringing in again. Alfalfa ain't a crop—it's a slave driver!"

The first irrigators in the Southwest were the aboriginal inhabitants, some of whom have disappeared leaving their identity a mystery. One can find the traces of primeval irrigation works among the cliff ruins of the Mesa Verde in Colorado. They can be found along the plateaus adjoining the Rio Grande in such long-abandoned centers as Puye and Frijoles. He can trace them along either rim of the Grand Canyon and near the buried cities of Nevada. In fact every ancient settlement in the Southwest drew its sustenance from irrigated soil.

When the Spaniards came to the Southwest, in the middle of the sixteenth century, they also practiced irrigation, but its first real fulfilment came with the Mormon hegira to Utah in 1847. When the first Mormon pioneers under Brigham Young settled on the present site of Salt Lake City, they lost no time in digging irrigation ditches and planting crops. Brigham Young realized that irrigation farming, in which dependence is placed on a single source of water supply, must be co-operative in order to be successful. He could not afford to let his Salt Lake City community become too large, so he sent little bands of Mormon pioneers to distant sections of the State. Missionaries like Jacob Hamblin devoted their lives to conciliating the Indians, thereby saving the defenseless agricultural communities which were scattered throughout the state.

A FEW months ago I talked with one of these Mormon pioneers in the marvelously fertile Dixie section of Southern Utah. He told me how he and his companions planted mulberry trees beside their irrigation ditches that they might produce their own silk. They raised cotton and built cotton mills. They had to make themselves entirely independent of the outside world, because it was a matter of weeks of tortuous travel to Salt Lake City by ox-team. The only way they kept alive was by the strictest sort of co-operation. A certain percentage of each farmer's crop was paid to the church as a community tithe, and this is done to-day. When a man's needs were greater than his resources, the community stood ready to

help him out. Flocks and herds were grazed in increasing numbers on the surrounding ranges, but it was intensive agriculture under irrigation that saved Utah from disaster.

To-day Utah's Dixie has come into its own. The railroad is within a few miles of the heart of the district, and the automobile truck has completed the transformation conquest. Zion National Park is bringing increased numbers of visitors who must be fed and taken care of. Tourists are eating of Dixie's luscious figs and melons and wondering that things of such quality can be grown in the heart of a seeming desert. There is talk of ambitious projects, financed by outside capital, to harness the available water supply, to the last drop. Jazz and the movies are enthroned in little towns where the pioneers met to discuss what should be done in case of impending Indian attacks. The old silk and cotton mills are closed, as it is cheaper to ship in all commodities than to manufacture. Prices of water rights have gone to figures that would amaze the old-timers who laid out the ditches. In fact this most remote of communities is undergoing the changes which must come to any district where water, soil and sunshine can be made to work to man's profit.



The success of the Mormon community experiment in Utah began to be noised about the West in the decade following the founding of Salt Lake City, and irrigation took a firm hold everywhere. The term "to irrigate" sometimes meant more than to apply water to land.

"As you didn't irrigate and you didn't fumigate, I knowed you must be a parson," said one shrewd native to a tenderfoot who had declined both a drink and a cigar.

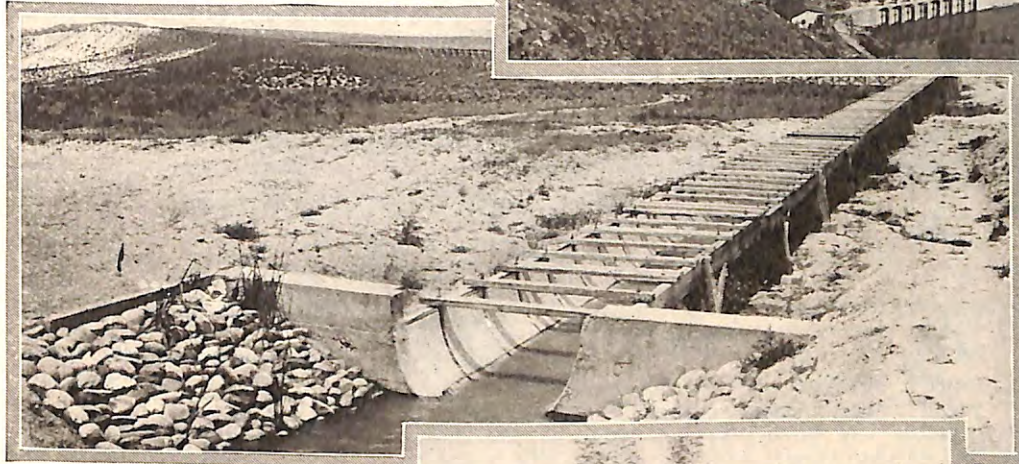
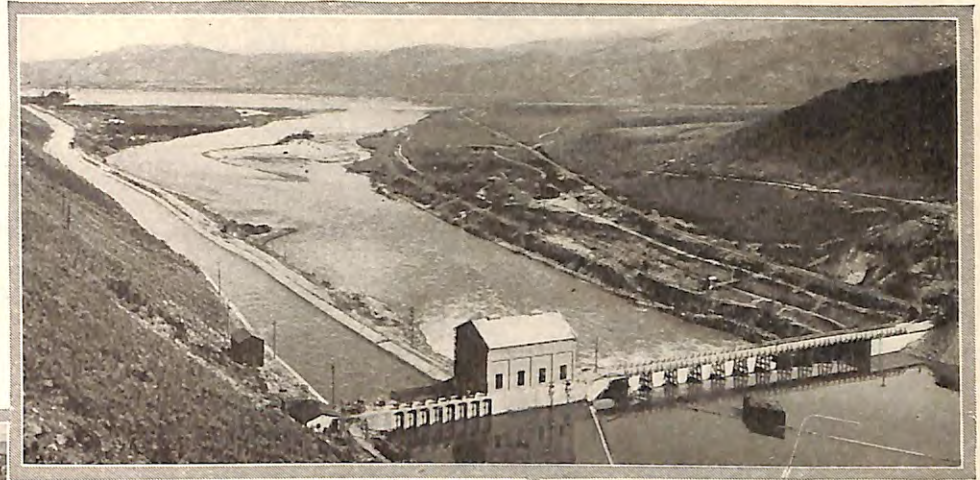
The greatest impetus to irrigation of Western lands came from an unexpected quarter. Horace Greeley, whose writings on agriculture had made the New York *Tribune* a power among farmers, conceived the idea of establishing a colony in the West. Greeley was

enthusiastic about the possibilities of the West, both in an agricultural and mining way. His favorable report on the gold discoveries in Colorado in 1859, after personal investigation, had much to do with starting a rush which was second only to that of California ten years previously. Greeley had no patience with the generally accepted theory that the Far West was a desert, fit only for mining. He believed that through irrigation much of the so-called desert land could be redeemed. To test out his theory, he commissioned N. C. Meeker, an editorial writer on the *Tribune*, to found a colony on the Cache La Poudre in Eastern Colorado.

This power plant, part of the Brice project in Idaho, was recently completed to make double use of the flow of water

The middle picture shows an open flume on the Boise, Idaho, project

The man with the shovel, who makes irrigation ditches sit up and do tricks among his orchard trees and field crops



they will be overshadowed by the final irrigation development of the Colorado River. The Boulder dam, in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will be over 700 feet high and will raise the surface of the river 550 feet. This dam will be more than twice as high as any now in existence. The highest dam in the world to-day is the Arrowrock dam in Idaho, which is 349 feet from foundation to crest. The highest in any other country is the Camarasa dam in Spain, which is 335 feet high.

The dam across the Colorado River will create a reservoir eighty-six miles long, holding enough water to cover 26,000,000 acres of land a foot deep—or sufficient to cover to that depth the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and the District of Columbia. The average flow of the Colorado River for the calendar year is about 16,000,000 acre feet. The lake, therefore, will hold the discharge of the river for one and one-half year. The great floods which now come down in the spring will be caught and held back, to be released later, when needed. No water will flow over the dam. All that goes down the stream from the dam will be let out through regulating gates, cut through the towering cliffs between which the dam will be built.

Through Greeley's articles in the *Tribune* a splendid band of pioneer farmers was gathered. These men knew nothing about farming by irrigation, but they had the community spirit which counts. The Greeley colony was a success from the start. The Greeley settlement to-day is classed by economic experts as among the leading agricultural communities in the world. It is communistic only in spirit, the lands being privately owned, but it was the Greeley theory of community self-help that put the colony over the top.

Greeley, for whom a tract of land had been set aside, dreamed of spending his declining years in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains—a dream that never materialized. Meeker, a few years after the launching of the colony, was appointed agent for the Ute Indians in Western Colorado, and lost his life in an uprising on the reservation.

The transition from the primitive ditches of the pioneers to the enormous irrigation works of to-day has mostly come about in the last twenty-five years, since the Government took hold when private capital could go no further.

Not many years ago I was present at the opening of one of the most impressive and costly of these systems—the Uncompahgre project in Western Colorado. President Taft pressed a button which released the headgates and allowed the waters of the Gunnison to flow through a six-mile tunnel, under a towering mountain, to the valley of the Uncompahgre. An untold wealth of water had been going to waste in the foaming Gunnison. For miles, where that stream is enclosed in the vise-like clutch of the Black Canyon, the Gunnison roars like a caged tiger. To transfer water from such a stream to the broad but insufficiently watered valley of the Uncom-



pahgre, with a mountain range intervening, seemed like an impossible task—but government engineers revel in the seemingly impossible. They swung themselves from dizzy heights and even traversed the canyon in small boats. Surveys never have been made under more difficult and dangerous conditions, and but for the risks taken by these intrepid men the project never could have been completed.

On the opening day, as we stood at the mouth of the tunnel and saw the waters of the Gunnison flowing into the broad valley of the Uncompahgre, where now there are nearly eight hundred miles of ditches, a young settler near me sighed and said:

"And now I've got to go home and tell fairy stories to my kids!"

Wonderful as are some of the completed projects, such as the Uncompahgre and the Roosevelt, Shoshone and Arrowrock dams,

THE very thought of harnessing this river, which flows so sullenly through the mightiest of gorges, and which has been traversed only by the daring Powell and a few other explorers, appeals strongly to the American imagination. It is one of those heroic enterprises which challenge the best resources of the engineer. When the Boulder dam has been completed and the resulting reservoir has been formed, the Grand Canyon will be a mystery no longer. Tourists will float in safety between those frowning walls which for centuries have seen no visitors except those intrepid souls who shot the rapids and dared the falls and whirlpools of the lower canyon.

No less titantic than the dam in Boulder Canyon will be the all-American canal, through which the waters of the Colorado River will be carried to the waste acres of the Southwest, to make those acres fertile. This canal will start at the Western end of the Laguna dam, a diversion dam on the Colorado built about twenty years ago by the Reclamation Service. It is located about eighteen miles from the international boundary line between Mexico and California. The canal will follow the west bank of the river until it comes within a mile of the

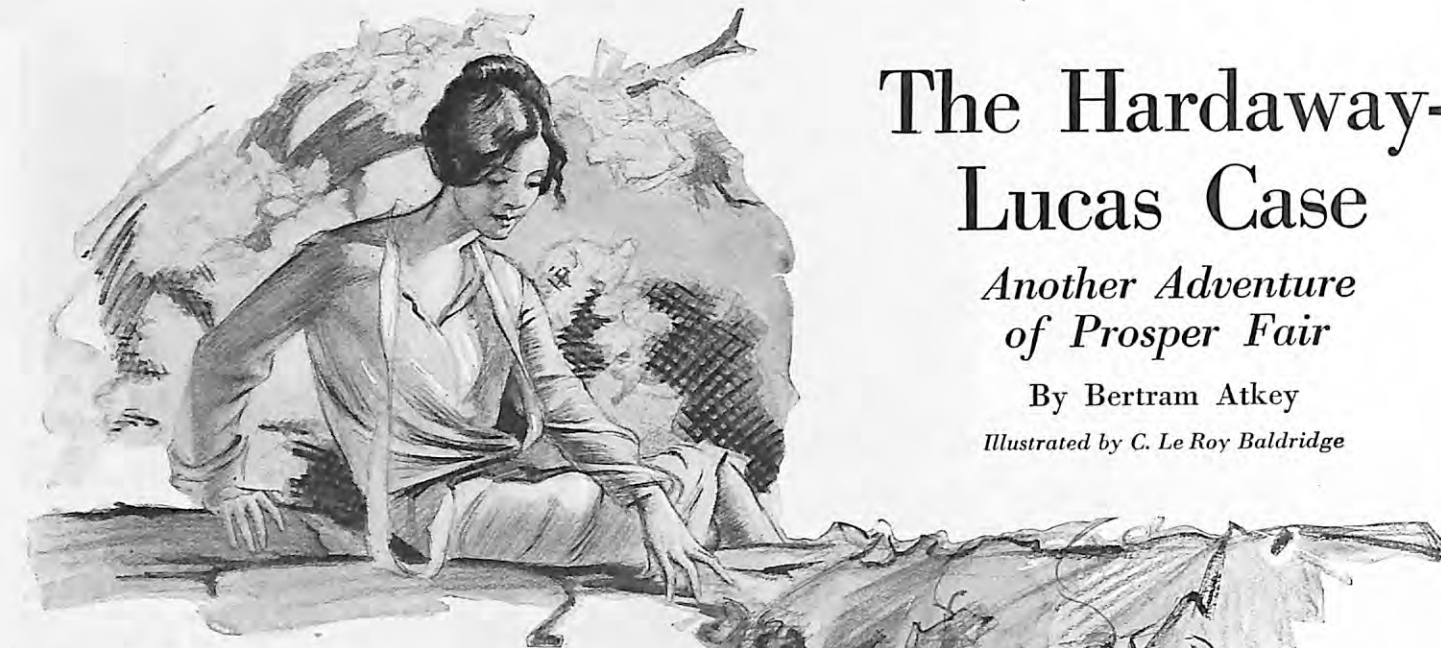
(Continued on page 70)

The Hardaway-Lucas Case

Another Adventure
of Prosper Fair

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige



"FOR what I think I may fairly describe as the very first time during this trip, *mes enfants*, we are definitely and indisputably benighted en route," said Prosper to his "children."

"Definitely benighted," he repeated, and switched on the big headlights of the caravan. The powerful rays cut through the hanging veils of the night like white-hot bars, lighting up the road ahead perfectly, but only serving to accentuate the darkness on each side.

"But it's nobody's fault. Accidents will happen and who could have foreseen that Plutus was going to fall into the well? Nobody. It will always be an entirely inexplicable mystery to me that he did not beat his brains out against the side of the well as he descended, for it was the crookedest well I have ever seen—even in my dreams where all wells are 'crookit.' However, as our young companion has escaped with nothing worse than a swollen lump upon his head (which, I observe, does not appear seriously to handicap his activities) we may forget the time and trouble it took to fish him out, and merely remarking—perhaps cold-bloodedly—that 'all's well that ends swell,' we will proceed to find a night's lodging without further delay! How say you, my merry men all? Good! Forward, Joseph—through the darkness!"

And, lighting a cigarette and remounting the elephant, Prosper proceeded to get his expedition into motion again.

He had wasted—as may have been gathered—some two hours in rescuing Plutus from a well in an untenanted cottage garden that afternoon. Plutus had fallen a victim to the science of a wise and ancient gray rat inhabiting that garden who, pursued by the ever energetic semi-terrier, had sought refuge under a dead cabbage leaf which the wind had blown to the exact center of the completely rotten boarding covering the mouth of the well. Plutus had aimed carefully at the cabbage leaf and with a mighty stiff-legged bound had reached it. The rotten wood had crumbled beneath him, and his white hairs had gone down in sorrow to the bottom of the well—while the rat, chuckling no doubt, had proceeded homeward to what he probably considered a well-earned rest.

The rescue had been a matter of some difficulty for several reasons which need not be detailed, but Prosper had achieved it.

The result of the delay was that night had

caught them on the road instead of cozily encamped—no suitable site having yet appeared unto them.

They did not greatly care. It was a miscalculation which happened so infrequently that there was, indeed, a sensation of novelty about it. Besides, they all knew that Prosper was as capable in the dark as in the daylight.

But perhaps ten minutes or so after Mr. Fair had switched on his electric lights, a fat blob of rain came swinging out of the dark and spread itself wetly about Prosper's face.

"Ha!" said Prosper. "There is moisture abroad—or, at any rate, the menace thereof! Forward, Joseph mine! Through the darkness, as before, but I venture to suggest with an increase of speed."

THE rain blobs came thicker, faster, and blobbier than ever. They splattered on Stolid Joe's broad and leathery back quite noisily, much to the elephant's apparent enjoyment. But Prosper kept him at it. His hide may have been constructed of fabric resembling triply-water-proofed, and quadruply-mackintoshed horn or gutta-percha, but he was the only one of the party who wore that particular quality of hide, and—as Prosper pointed out—what was merely like refreshment to him was apt to be extreme discomfort for one, or possibly two of the others—to wit, Patience and her owner. Plutus, of course, was amphibious.

There bore down upon them from behind a thing that hooted long and stridently through the darkness, and Prosper gingerly steered the elephant well in to the left side of the road. A light motor car went whirling by, and Prosper noted that the face of the driver seemed very pale in the glare of the caravan lights, as the man turned to stare for an instant at the gigantic bulk of Stolid Joe. The next instant the motor seemed to leap high in the air, coming down with a rattling crash that must have put its teeth

permanently on edge—the teeth of its gear-wheels. Something cracked noisily, the car skidded across the road and, oddly, clean back again, gave a curious, seasick sort of swirl and came to an abrupt standstill, having turned completely round, so that its nose now faced Stolid Joe instead of its back. Skidding cars do this sort of thing on moderately rare occasions, especially when the driver, traveling a little too fast, turns his head to study elephants at night and quite unwittingly drives over a milestone—even as this one had done.

"Dear me," said Prosper mildly. "How very complicated. The gentleman must be an extraordinarily skillful and ingenious driver! I should never dare to attempt such an intricate reel or figure as that—unless, of course, I had previously fitted my car with roller skates! No, indeed!"

Stolid Joe approached the car till his trunk, thrust out inquiringly, almost touched the radiator, and then stopped abruptly.

The white-faced man in the car must have imagined that he was at least the plaything of evil spirits, for in his gaze as he stared at the mighty blackly-shadowed bulk of the elephant looming over his little car was a species of dazed terror and awe.

Prosper observed it and, gazing down at the completely be-mazzled and bothered motorist from his perch upon the elephant's neck, reassured him.

"Compose yourself, my dear sir," he said, not loudly, but clearly and distinctly. "It is merely a slight, unrehearsed effect. Life is full of them. Your car hit a milestone and it put her *rather* out of her stride. It has bent the car a little—in places—but parts of it are still excellent, I feel sure. . . . It is an elephant which is gazing at you—not a dragon. He is quite tame and of a mild and friendly disposition. Do you sit quietly there and recover yourself, my good friend, while I dismount and examine the car."

He slid down and went to the man in the car, who appeared to recover his power of speech as Prosper approached him.

"Might of broke my neck, easy!" he said over and over again, rather shakily. "Might easily of broke my neck! Wish it had! Lord, I wish it had! Wouldn't of cared if it *had* broke my neck!"

Prosper stooped over something which lay in the road.

"Really, you know, that is rather morbid," he said soothingly. "Try to take a cheerier view. Try to forget it. Concentrate all your will-power upon forgetting it. Think of something else—why, my dear sir, the very thing—this milestone! Throw off your gloom and come and help me lift this milestone and throw it into the ditch. . . . Ha! 'London seventy-nine-miles!'" he quoted, from the milestone, and laughed. "You have traveled over seventy-nine miles in half a second, my friend! Not bad going, that, I think you will agree. Probably a record, I venture to suggest."

And with such light and airy badinage Prosper aided the man to recover his nerve to the extent of leaving his car and helping him heave the milestone off the road, whither the impact of the car had knocked it.

"I think we may congratulate ourselves upon the stone being so loosely rooted in the ground, don't you?" said Prosper. "Even as it was, your car leaped it like a stag!"

The man stared at him dully.

"I wouldn't of cared if it had broke my neck," he said again. "I been done."

"Been done?" repeated Prosper, puzzled for a moment.

"'ad," continued the man, blinking owlishly in the glare of the caravan lights.

"'ad—?"

"'ad—properly 'ad. 'ad on, mind you—'ad properly on a bit o' string. If I'd of 'ad my heart cut out it wouldn't of made more difference to me," said the man, and turned to look at his car.

"'ad uphill and down dale—that's what I been," he muttered. "'ad my heart cut out and very near broke my neck and done for my car! And there's folk what call me 'Lucky' Lucas! Lord!"

Prosper let him run on for a little, while

he personally assured himself that the car was not irretrievably ruined. Ten minutes quick examination revealed the pleasing fact that beyond a torn-off wheel cap, a tire stripped completely from the off, front wheel, and a slight loosening of some of the spokes of the same wheel, nothing was seriously wrong with the car.

"**W**HY, my dear sir, there is nothing wrong—using the term in its most generous sense. If you have a spare tire, produce it, and we will fall to with a will and repair and build up again the wreckage. Build up and restore. Even as the humble ants diligently fall to without comment, upon the task of building up their hills when they are devastated by the hoof of the galloping hunter!"

The person who claimed to be known as "Lucky" Lucas, stared at Mr. Fair, opened his mouth, then closed it abruptly, and began to grope in the tool box for the jack while Prosper began to unstrap the spare wheel from its place.

It was not long before the car of Mr. Lucas was made ready for the road again. Prosper worked well and wisely, and Mr. Lucas realized it.

"You've done that in a quarter of the time it would of took me," he said. "And I'm very much obliged to you. I hope," he continued, "that you won't put me down as a fool, but I've 'ad trouble. In fact, I been done—been 'ad. That's why I been sort of flustered, what with the milestone coming on top of it. But I'm much obliged to *you*, anyhow!"

He made as though to step into his car, but hesitated. He drew a big card from his pocket and offered it to Prosper, who read it, and discovered that the gentleman was Mr. Landseer Lucas, Dealer in Antiques, of Bournemouth and Southampton. Also he was a buyer of old gold, old silver, old brass, old teeth, old false hair, and similar old bric-à-brac. He observed that Mr. Fair would always be welcome at either of his little places. He expressed a rather vague hope that Prosper would let him know if he ever wished to sell Stolid Joe or buy a nice little bit of genuine Chippendale.

Prosper readily promised to do

"Compose yourself, my dear sir. Your car hit a milestone and it put her rather out of her stride," he said

so, and Mr. Lucas finally tore himself away.

"A queer person, my littles," said Prosper as the red tail-light died out down the road. "And one possessing a remarkable degree of vitality, I should say, if we are to believe that he really has had his heart cut out. Personally I take the view that the gentleman was exaggerating his anatomical shortage. But, after all, who knows? Let us abandon these profitless speculations and go forward, comrades! *En avant*, Joseph! Stop at the first barn you come to. Patience, my pretty one, come walk with Prosper." And once again they faced the rain-blobbed darkness.

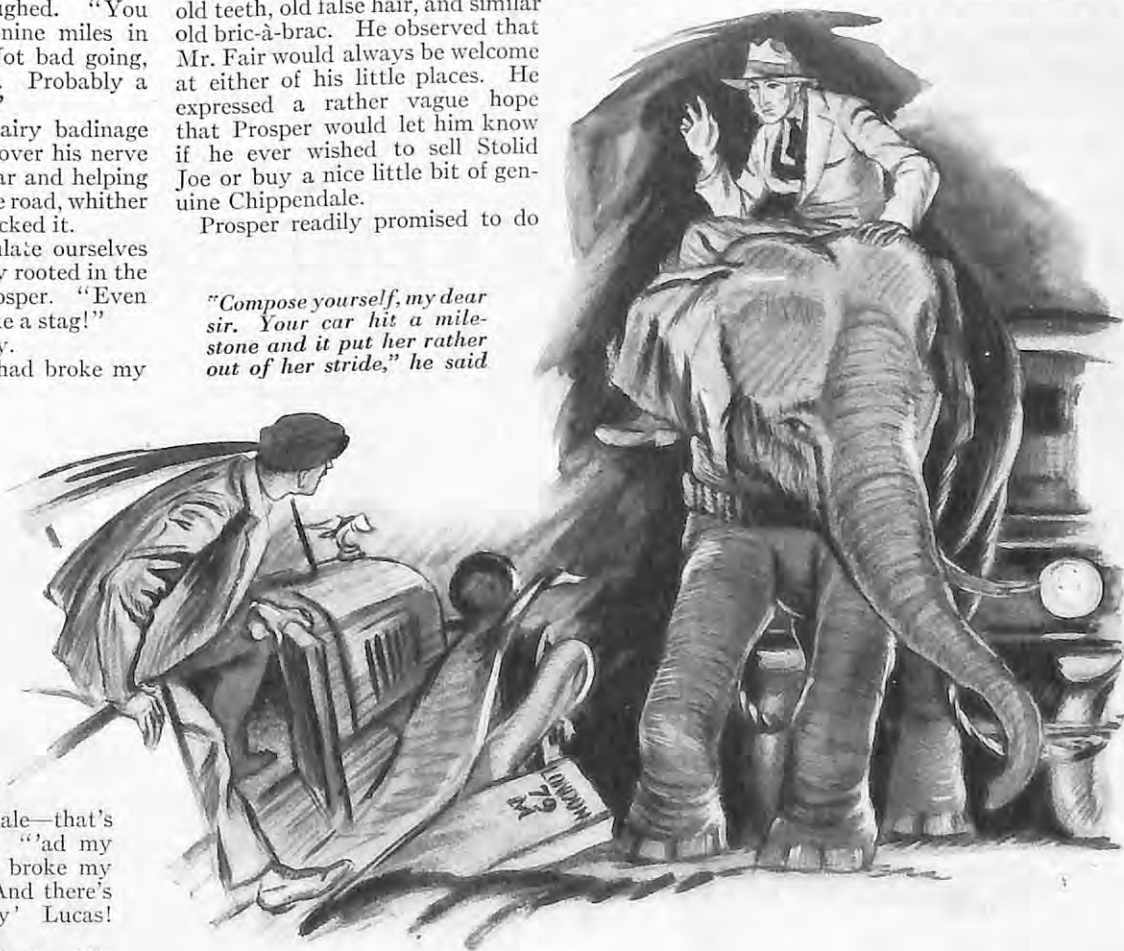
BUT in less than a quarter of an hour the rain had increased to such an extent that it rendered the immediate discovery of a shelter, or, at least, a well-sheltered site, imperative. So that when, rounding a slight bend in that lonely road, Prosper and his friends saw not far ahead of them the glow of light from several windows and, as they came nearer, the looming bulk of a barn behind the house of lighted windows, their spirits rose, and Mr. Fair girded up his loins with a will, preparatory to achieving the permission of the proprietor to bed down Joseph and Patience in the said barn.

It was a good-sized house, rather too big, Prosper thought, to be considered a farmhouse, yet not quite big enough to be classed as a mansion.

He brought the elephant to a standstill outside the gates of the drive and bidding them tarry there and put their trust in Providence, he proceeded to the house.

Groping among wet ivy he discovered a bell which he rang diplomatically—not too loud and long, nor too imperatively, but firmly and with dignity.

The door was opened by a neat, pleasant-looking maid, revealing beyond the curtained



archway a comfortable, oak-panelled hall, well lighted and warmed.

"Is Mr. (cough) at home this evening?" inquired Prosper.

"Mr. Hardaway? Yes, sir. Will you please come in?" said the maid.

Prosper smiled.

"Thank you," he said, and entered.

"Perhaps you will tell him that Mr. Prosper Fair would feel very greatly indebted to him if he will spare him a few moments."

"Yes, sir."

The maid vanished beyond the curtain, and Prosper heard her voice in the hall beyond.

"Who? Prosper Fair? Never heard of the man. What's he want? Go and ask him what he wants?" said a voice, rather harsh, and faintly metallic, from the other side of the curtain.

Prosper nodded, smiling.

The maid reappeared.

"Mr. Hardaway wishes me to ask you what is it you wish to see him about, sir," she reported, rather shyly. Prosper sympathized with her, as he did with most (though not all) servants charged with discourteous messages.

"WHY, with pleasure," he said. "I have called to ask Mr. Hardaway if he will extend to a caravaning tourist, on this most inclement night, the hospitality of his barn."

"Yes, sir." The maid retired again. She seemed a little confused.

"Well?" snapped the metallic voice.

"The gentleman wishes to know if you would extend a caravan in a tourist on this inclement hospital and a barn, sir?" faltered the maid, evidently a little out of touch with the situation. Prosper understood that she was nervous and afraid of her employer.

"Eh? What are you talking about?" snapped the metallic voice.

"Gentleman wishes you to extend the caravan and the tourist in the inclement hospital and the barn, sir," said the maid, still more confusedly, but sticking to her guns.

"Girl, you're a stupid fool—" snarled Mr. Hardaway, and to Prosper's immense delight the pretty little worm turned.

"And you're a beast and bad-mannered, bad-tempered common bully!" replied the girl, swiftly. "I've never liked you nor your house and I won't put up with your vile temper and bullying ways any longer. I shall leave to-morrow. So—there!"

There was an excited sob from the girl, a muffled oath from the invisible Hardaway, and Prosper, his blue eyes sparkling, stepped into the hall.

"Right well and gallantly said, pretty one," he observed gaily. "But I think it is only a little misunderstanding?"

Mr. Hardaway, a biggish, dark-visaged, thick-jawed gentleman, of perhaps forty, with a morose mouth and scowling brow, clad in riding clothes, rose from a deep easy-chair by a big fire, and put his cigar on an ash tray.

"LET me explain," said Prosper. "I am engaged in touring the countryside with a caravan. The night is dark and the elements are unfavorable. I called to ask your good leave to stable my animals in your barn this night. The maid misunderstood. It was my fault. I should have explained more clearly. Let me say frankly that I am grieved and sorry. It was—again—my fault entirely."

But the pretty maid would not have it. Evidently there were old grudges to pay.

"No, sir. It wasn't your fault. It was his bullying, glaring, snappy, overbearing way! You are a gentleman, anyone can see that—but he isn't and never will be. Everybody hates him and everybody despises him."

And so saying she disappeared.

Mr. Hardaway looked Prosper up and down. Then he jerked his head to the door.

"Get out of it, you damned tramp! What d'ye mean by it? Clear out!" said Mr. Hardaway, as offensively as he could.

Prosper laughed—a whole-hearted, healthy laugh of sheer enjoyment.

"You ass," he said, friendly, "You overdo things, altogether. It isn't necessary. . . . Look here, my dear chap, lend me your barn, and be reasonable. Make it up with that pretty little parlor maid. What will your wife say at losing her? The servant question is—"

"At losing whom?" interrupted an icy, glass-edged voice from Prosper's side. He turned and bowed deeply to the lady who had entered, a thinnish lady, rather *passée* but still good-looking in a somewhat acrid, slightly bitter way. Evidently Mrs. Hardaway.

"At losing your really very capable little parlor-maid, madam," said Prosper. "There has been a rather complex misunderstanding all round. The parlor-maid, not quite catching my meaning when I, a belated tourist, begged permission to take shelter for the night in Mr. Hardaway's barn, misunderstood his reproof and became a little confused and hysterical. She has decided to leave. I think—"

The thin lady fastened a glare upon Hardaway, so sourly venomous and bitterly disdainful, that Prosper almost felt sorry for the man.

"Ah," she said, calmly, "your disgusting temper again. When will you acquire sufficient intelligence to learn to address the servants properly?" She favored Prosper with a sour-sweet smile.

"Forgive him," she said, stabbingly,

"he is so completely without self-control as to be practically half-witted. It is very pitiful."

"Look here, don't make me out such a fool, d'ye see? I won't stand it—" choked Mr. Hardaway, black-faced with rage. But the slender lady turned on him like a razor.

"Hold your idiotic tongue, you great lout!" she snapped, viciously.

"I shall do as I like," growled Hardaway.

"I will have you thrown out of the house if you cannot behave yourself," replied the loving wife. "Ah! I thought that would silence you. Understand clearly we want none of your pot-house manners here!" She turned to Prosper.

"There is no reason at all why you should not use my barn," she said. "Please take care to set nothing on fire."

Prosper bowed.

"I am immensely indebted," he said. "Thank you a thousand times."

And withdrew—vaguely conscious as he went, that the acid and, evidently, utterly fearless lady, was turning hungrily upon her silenced husband, presumably to tell him what she really thought of him.

"A charming pair," mused Prosper. "On the whole I should be inclined—were I a betting man—to lay long odds on the lady!"

He carefully steered his expedition down the farm road to the barn, halted them outside for a moment and went forward to explore. The doors of the barn were open and as he stepped in, he was aware of lights in the big building and of a familiar voice which, in a tone of soliloquy, was muttering:

"Might of broke my neck! Wouldn't of cared if it 'ad. After cutting a man's heart out pretty near—"

"WHY, it is Mr. Lucas! My dear sir, again we meet!" said Prosper, and stepped forward to greet the dealer in antiques, who appeared to be looking over his car.

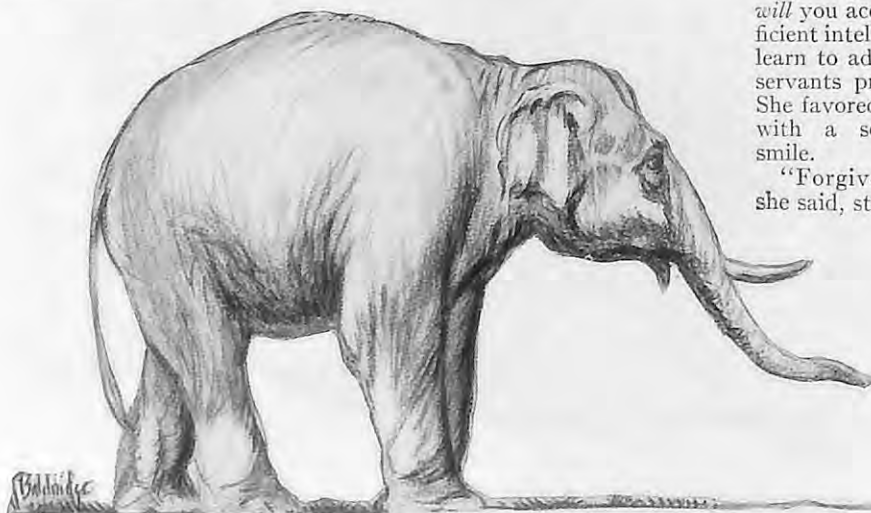
Mr. Lucas seemed surprised but pleased to see Prosper. They had quite a little chat together. Mr. Lucas, it appeared, was dining with the Hardaways that night—over a matter of business. Prosper, introducing himself as "Fair, the Arbitrator," taking a rest from business, explained the circumstances of his arrival there.

Mr. Lucas pricked up his ears as Prosper mentioned his "profession."

"Arbitrator, eh? Shouldn't have thought it—though, come to think of it, I dunno why—"

Here he was interrupted by a maid who announced that dinner would be served almost immediately, and Prosper was left to his own devices—greatly to his satisfaction. He fell blithely to work, preparing the evening meal, chatting to his companions, as was his wont.

"If I, my littles, were a painter man, do you know what I would do?" he said, absently. "I would paint the proprietress of this good barn and her husband, discussing the servant question. And I should call it 'Snapdragons at Home.' . . . Patience,



my dear, if I were to address you, Joseph and Plutus in the way our hostess addresses our host, your hair would turn white in a single night. Joseph's tusk would fall from its socket, and Plutus would bite himself badly. Yes, indeed. But do not look so anxious, Patience mine—that will never happen—never! You shall have sugar-cocoanut, to prove it—so shall little Joe—and Plutus shall have bestowed upon him the two chop bones that I have kept for a rainy night. . . ."

The time passed very pleasantly—Plutus making an occasional round of the more obscure parts of the barn to warn the denizens of the holes in those places to stay carefully at home. They chatted over their tour, and unanimously agreed (according to Prosper) that it was all very jolly, and further passed a resolution that they would often go touring this way. In short they



were getting on beautifully, as usual, when, suddenly Mr. Lucky Lucas arrived in a somewhat heated condition, excitedly demanding that Prosper should 'be a gentleman and a friend'. To accomplish this, it appeared, all that was necessary was that Prosper should accompany Mr. Lucas back to the house and—being an arbitrator—settle a knotty point for them.

"After all, there's something in folks calling me 'Lucky' Lucas, ain't there? We want an arbitrator—a good 'un—and here's you, the very man, out in the barn. That's what I call a bit of luck," burred Mr. Lucas, "luck for us—we get the thing settled—and luck for you, you getting your fees."

Prosper did not dispute it, and so they went off to the house together, leaving the others to continue the chat interrupted by the dealer in antiques.

"IT AIN'T what you might call a large matter, but it's an awkward one," said Mr. Lucas, as he piloted Prosper into a well-furnished sitting-room, wherein the Hardaways were awaiting him.

"Ha! Bring on your arbitrator—and much good may he do you," said Hardaway with heavy and unpleasant sarcasm as they entered.

The lady was at him like a whip snake. "Will you hold your tongue, idiot?" she lashed across at the man. "Keep your disgusting wit for your rag-tag gutter-

"Girl, you're a stupid fool. . . ." snarled Mr. Hardaway, and to Prosper's immense delight the pretty little worm turned. "And you're a beast and bad-mannered common bully!" replied the young girl swiftly



snipe friends who appreciate it. *We* despise it."

Hardaway grunted heavily and was silent. Prosper, in re-

sponse to a lemon-saccharine smile and a gesture from madam, took his seat at the head of the big dining table, which had been cleared of everything but Mr. Hardaway's enormous Sheffield-plate beer tankard, and an inkstand, paper and pens—presumably for Prosper.

"You are an arbitrator by profession, I understand, Mr. Fair?" inquired the lady. "And, I may add, by inclination," replied Prosper, ingeniously evading the direct affirmative.

"And you are prepared to settle a dispute between myself and my husband and Mr. Lucas?"

"Undoubtedly."

"The matter must be regarded as wholly confidential," continued the lady.

"An arbitrator is accustomed to keep confidences absolutely. Naturally I shall do so."

"And your fee?"

"My fee, usually, depends upon the amount involved—if an amount is in question. But, in this case, unless the matter is involved, let us say one guinea."

"Easy earned!" muttered Hardaway.

"Be silent, you great, hulking stable-boy!" hissed his wife, with a dagger-like side glance. "The fee will be satisfactory. Do you agree, Mr. Lucas?"

Mr. Lucas, who seemed half afraid of her, (not unreasonably) agreed.

"Very well. Then I will state my case. And kindly do not interrupt until I have finished," she said.

"Proceed, madam," said Prosper, and composed himself to listen. So did Mr. Lucas.

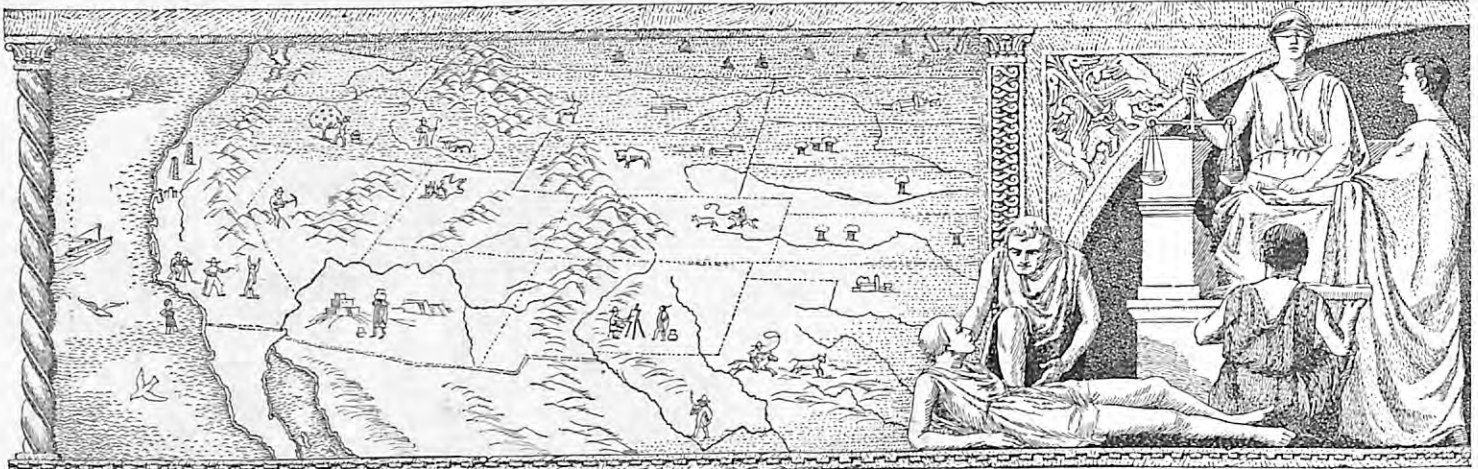
"The facts are as foll—" Here Mr. Hardaway gulped noisily at his tankard, and his wife whirled at him:

"If you cannot swill your horrible brewage without making those unpleasant noises you had better go out to the stable and finish it there," she recommended.

Mr. Hardaway stared steadily at the wall, and after a moment, the sweet lady turned to Prosper.

"I WILL put the case quite fairly," she began again with a steely glance at Mr. Lucas, who looked both doubtful and uneasy. "Some time ago Mr. Lucas fell in love with my step-daughter—who is now at school completing her education. Very properly Mr. Lucas approached myself and my husband, who is co-trustee with me of the estate of my first husband, the late Mr. St. John Singleton, the girl's father. We approved of Mr. Lucas's proposal but stipulated that Sybil should complete her education before she was—er—formally informed of our plans for her. To this Mr. Lucas agreed and then expressed his desire to show his gratitude to us in some tangible form. Curiously enough, there happened at that time to be some little delay in the arrival of certain dividends due to me, and naturally you will understand that Mr. Lucas's offer was very opportune. I must explain that under the terms of my late husband's will the income of the residuary trust fund, and also several valuable articles of jewelry, become the absolute property of Sybil when she reaches the age of twenty-one. That was in the event of my marrying again—as I have done—pitiful fool that I

(Continued on page 64)



EDITORIAL

OUR NEW CHIEFTAIN

THE ELKS MAGAZINE seizes this first editorial opportunity to extend fraternal greetings to the new Grand Exalted Ruler; to felicitate him upon the deserved honor that was so generously conferred upon him at Chicago by the unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge; and to express to him the sincerest of good wishes for a happy and successful administration.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow brings to the high office a combination of qualifications that admirably equip him for the efficient and acceptable discharge of its exacting duties. He is endowed with a charming personality, enjoys a wide acquaintance throughout the Order, possesses an accurate knowledge of its history, its traditions, its aspirations and its needs, and has had extended experience in the conduct of fraternal affairs, in which congenial field his unusual ability and his capacity for constructive leadership have been splendidly demonstrated.

His earnestness and enthusiasm, which have been consistently displayed in the past, give assurance that he will win a loyal and devoted following among his official associates, and the membership at large. Under such auspicious conditions the Order may look forward in confidence to a year of notable fraternal achievements.

PREVENTABLE LOSSES

THE fact that the Grand Secretary's Report to the Grand Lodge at Chicago disclosed a small loss in membership during the past year, should not cause the Order any serious concern. In so large a membership, distributed among so many subordinate Lodges operating under constantly varying conditions, it might well be the case that fluctuations have occurred in the aggregate during the year, above and below that contained in the previous annual report. Certain it is that the losses sustained by a few of the larger Lodges which have undertaken to rid themselves of burdensome "dead timber," will more than account for the small decrease reported.

But the fact remains that the condition is worthy of considerate attention. If the Order is to maintain its full strength and power, and keep itself adequately equipped to meet the grow-

ing demands upon it for service, the subordinate Lodges must be watchful of preventable losses.

The loss from lapsations and dimits is a needless and preventable waste; and every effort should be made to reduce it to a minimum.

It is rarely the case that an Elk willingly forfeits his membership, if his Lodge is properly functioning and he is made to realize that he is playing an essential part in its worthy activities. And wherever the number of withdrawals is undue, the trouble is with the Lodge and with those charged with the active administration of its affairs.

The best preventive against such losses is an executed program of benevolent service that commands the attention and the respectful admiration of the community. Such a program involves the active participation of a large percentage of the members; and it is an established fact that a busy Elk is not a quitter.

An active Lapsation Committee is also helpful. Many members lose interest in the Lodge because they are made to feel that the Lodge has lost interest in them. Mere presentation of periodical bills for dues is not a very convincing evidence of such interest; nor does the mere receipt of the Lodge bulletin add greatly to the proof. But a visit by a Committee carries conviction of fraternal regard and appreciation. And where such Lodge interest is manifested a responsive, renewed interest on the part of the member is almost inevitably assured.

If the subordinate Lodges will but realize that it is as important to retain an older member on the rolls as it is to add a new one, the problem of a satisfactory increase in membership will be solved.

THE BALLOT

THE right to vote upon all questions presented to an Elks Lodge is one of the highest privileges of membership. The exercise of that right, which is required by statute, constitutes one of its most important functions. This is particularly true with reference to the balloting for candidates seeking admission to the Order. Unfortunately, the power of this ballot is sometimes sadly misused by those who forget the obligations that should govern its exercise.



The distressing spectacle of a Lodge split into factions, because of the obviously concerted misuse of the ballot by groups of members, is, unhappily, not unknown in the Order. In some extreme cases it has led to the complete disruption of the Lodge.

This is not a creditable condition in any organization. It is distinctly discreditable in a fraternity whose cardinal principles embrace charity, justice and brotherly love. And if any one of those virtues be properly exemplified, the condition can not exist.

There is no fixed standard of membership that admits of exact determination. The requisite qualifications, in the abstract, are, of course, well understood. But the possession of these qualifications by any particular candidate is a matter of opinion, about which men may sometimes honestly differ. The exercise of the ballot is a peculiarly personal matter. Each one must decide for himself the vote he is to cast. And when he has registered that decision, under his obligation, it should lead to no ill feeling on the part of other members, whatever the result.

But prejudice, envy, jealousy, or other personal sentiment not based on honest judgment, should have no place in the mind of the voter; else the ballot is not cast under the obligation but rather in violation of it. And it is where such motives have controlled the ballot, or are suspected to have done so, that there are disturbances of that fraternal accord which should prevail in every Elk Lodge.

It is easy to moralize and to theorize on this subject; but, as in all matters in which human nature is a factor, the result in any given case cannot be predicated on the rules laid down. It is well, however that we be reminded of the considerations that should control our action. And if each member, in casting his ballot, would do so as a loyal Elk discharging a fraternal duty to the Order and to his Lodge and not as an individual swayed by personal prejudice, either for or against the candidate, there would be no just basis for that resentment and distrust that tends to mar the harmony that should be maintained among Lodge brethren.

And if there be no basis for such sentiments, then they are not likely to be entertained. Certainly they are not apt to be treasured to become motives for reprisal and for revenge, the most

nourishing food upon which factions are fed.

An Elk should bear his obligation of membership in mind always. He should be particularly careful to observe it in casting his ballot. He should also be equally careful to observe it in his attitude toward others who vote their honest convictions, even though they differ from him. Where such a spirit prevails, "balloting for candidates" loses its ill repute as a breeder of discord.

HEART-WARMING

IT IS hoped that every member of the Order has read the "Summary of the Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare," by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, in the August issue of the Magazine. It is heart-warming. It brings a real thrill of pride to every true Elk.

The amounts involved are surprisingly large, running into the millions. The number of people affected is impressive, actually hundreds of thousands. But these are mere statistical figures. As Chairman Sullivan states, these can not present the true picture which grips the heart. That is to be found in the stories of the individual cases and special incidents which are tucked away in the memories of those who had their part in dealing with them.

But the article referred to calls attention to a few characteristic incidents which give some indication of the tremendous scope of the Order's activities, and some little insight into the human appeal of the special cases when the real facts are known.

The full report of the Committee submitted to the Grand Lodge again justifies our proud claim that the Order of Elks is the greatest of all charitable and benevolent fraternities. It is indeed a heart-warming document.

ANOTHER NEW CONTEMPORARY

THE *American Legion Monthly*, with its first issue in July, displaced the weekly that had theretofore been published as the official journal of that organization. The new periodical appears in an attractive cover, is conveniently proportioned, and contains reading matter of a quality and variety that will prove interesting and instructive to its readers.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends a cordial welcome to its new contemporary and wishes for it the prosperity and success it so well merits.

The Social Side of the 1926 Grand Lodge Reunion



P. & A. PHOTO

The delegation of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, which will entertain next year's Convention, marching in the parade

THE second city of the United States, with all its enviable reputation for open-hearted hospitality to the stranger within its gates, never acquitted itself more splendidly than in the entertainment of the Sixty-Second Grand Lodge Reunion. To Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, which planned and carried out the stupendous task of providing for the comfort and happiness of some quarter of a million visitors, the thanks of the whole Order are due. No out-of-town member, no matter how far from home, need have felt a moment of loneliness, for everywhere was the evidence of a hearty fraternal welcome. From miles of splendid decorations on Michigan Boulevard, through Lincoln Park, and on the business streets of the loop district, to special entertainments in all parts of the city, everything had been done to assure him of a happy and worth-while visit. The 1926 Chicago Grand Lodge Convention Committee was made up as follows: William J. Sinek, General Chairman; James L. Dillon, Vice-Chairman; Sam Rosenthal, Secretary and Melvin A. Traylor, Treasurer. Frank Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Officials' Committee; Richard Barnett, Reception Committee; Louie Forman, Down-State Reception Committee; E. J. McArdle, registration; Guy Guernsey, entertainment; P. L. McArdle, legal; W. G. Minnemeyer, yachting; H. R. Everding, trap shooting; Edward P. Rupert, decorations; Theodore W. Saveland, hotels; Albert Cook, bands; Max Ephraim, floats; Colonel Walter J. Fisher, parade; Mark Salomon, grandstand, and John F. Delaney, publicity.

The Grand Lodge Reunion and Convention was officially opened at the public exercises held in the Auditorium Theatre on Monday evening, July 12th, but as always happens so delightfully on these occasions, there were many preliminary and impromptu festivities during the three or four days which preceded the actual opening of the session. Sight-seeing tours in auto busses and lake steamers, meetings with old friends, and the reception and escort of Lodge delegations provided plenty of color and occupation for the early arrivals. On Saturday the first social function on the program was held—a dinner, followed by an entertainment and dancing, for Grand Lodge officials and members of their families. On Sunday these ladies and gentlemen were again the guests of Chicago Lodge, this time at a theatre party.

By Monday morning Michigan Boulevard, the surrounding streets and the lobby of the Congress Hotel, official Grand Lodge headquarters, were alive with Elk colors worn by the crowds of out-of-town members and their ladies, and there was a feel in the air of the near approach of great times. Lodge bands began to make their appearance and lively music added

The Purple Guards of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, again the prize winners in the drill team contest



P. & A. PHOTOS

to the holiday atmosphere pervading the city.

In the morning the Grand Lodge party was taken to Olympia Fields where, following a luncheon, the men played in a golf tournament and the ladies were entertained at bridge. A baseball game, horse racing, a band concert, the open house entertainment at the home of Chicago Lodge and swimming in Lake Michigan at the many excellent beaches of the city occupied the daylight hours of most of the visitors until, at 8:00 P. M., the convention was officially opened at the Auditorium Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 13, was the first big day of the Convention and afforded the visitors their first real chance to see what the committees of Chicago Lodge had accomplished in the way of an entertainment program. From nine o'clock in the morning until late into the night there were activities to suit every taste. The two-day shoot of the Elks National Trapshooting Association started at nine and continued until sun down; from 1:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M. Chicago Lodge held open house; all day there were motor and steamer trips to be enjoyed; at 2:00 P. M. the visiting Lodge bands gathered for the band contests; and four o'clock saw the start of the balloon race for prizes offered by Chicago Lodge. The winning balloon in this event landed approximately forty hours later in Florida,

establishing a record flight for bags of its size. At five o'clock the yacht races arranged by the convention commission took place, and at eight o'clock came the opening of the Grand Ball for visiting Elks and their ladies.

The Band Contest was held in the stadium on Soldiers' Field, which provided a classic setting for the keen and friendly rivalry of the afternoon. The musicians from Detroit, Michigan, Lodge, No. 34, gave an almost perfect performance—the judges rated them at 90.8—and repeated their success of last year in carrying off the first prize of \$600 for Class A bands. The band from Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, with its military evolutions and escort of honor from the Lodge's drill team, scored a great hit with the large audience and won the second prize of \$400 for the fine rendition of three selections, for which they were given a rating of 88.6. Reading, Pa. Lodge, No. 115, won third place and a silver cup with a score of 81.8. The splendid band of Chicago Lodge, which last year gave Detroit such a close run, did not, of course, compete with the visitors to its city. First prize [of \$400 in the Class B division was won by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, with a score of 85.5; Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, was second, 80.3, and awarded \$250, and Denver, Colorado, Lodge, No. 17, took third place and a silver cup, 70.1.

This beautiful entry of the Indiana State Elks Association won the \$750 trophy for the best float in the parade



KAUFMANN & HADY CO.

Glimpses of the Many Happenings of a Busy Week in Chicago

On the right is shown the crowd around the reviewing stand, which had been erected on the steps of the National Memorial Headquarters Building. Below is the crack band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, winners for the third consecutive time of first place in the national band contest



P. & A. PHOTOS

A band which did not compete but which delighted the audience with their selections was the Mexican Boys Band of El Paso, Tex., Lodge, No. 187. These youngsters, ranging in age from four and a half to sixteen years, were attired in picturesque Mexican costumes and played a number of pieces of Mexican music. In the Circulating Band Contest held the next day Seattle Lodge was first, winning the prize of \$100; Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, which was second, received \$50; Detroit, Mich., Lodge won third place and \$25 and Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge was fourth.

An interesting development of this year's contests, and one that should make this fine program feature even more popular and satisfactory was the formation of an association of band directors and the drawing up of a set of standard national rules for the conduct of all future competitions. This was done at a meeting presided over by Albert Cook, director of Chicago Lodge's band.

It would be a delightful but impossible task to report the many unofficial dinner parties given by members of the Order to their friends; almost every evening saw gatherings of from 10 to 100 kindred spirits dining together. One such occasion at which Louie Forman, President of the Illinois State Elk's Association was host, brought together nearly 100 State Association presidents and secretaries. Another was that given by Grand Esquire William J. Sinek in the banquet hall of the Home of Chicago Lodge to some hundred Illinois Exalted Rulers.

The outstanding event of Wednesday, and of the entire convention, was the dedication of the superb Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. A special report of these ceremonies was printed in the August issue. The solemnity and beauty of the dedicatory services were in the best traditions of the Order, and made a deep impression on the thousands of spectators who crowded the lawns of Lincoln Park in front of the building.

In the morning, while trap shooting was continued at the Lincoln Park traps, the drill teams were competing in their colorful contest

at Soldiers' Field, five miles away. It would be hard to find a more suitable place for the drills than the stadium, with its huge amphitheatre overlooking Lake Michigan enclosing a perfect drill ground. As the famous teams of other contests marched on to the field they were greeted with applause by the enthusiastic audience. The Purple Guards of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, winners at Portland last year, put on a hard, fast and impressive drill and again won first place and the beautiful \$600 trophy, with a score of 98.5. The fine, well-trained team from Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, was second with a score of 98.2 and was awarded a trophy valued at \$200. The Withington Zouaves of Jackson, Michigan, Lodge, No. 113, their quick-step drill and wall scaling operations cheered to the echo by the onlookers, took third place and a \$100 trophy with a score of 97.5. Other teams, in the order of their places, were those from Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, with a score of 97.4, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, 91.9 both of which were awarded \$50 trophies, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, 83.1 and Seattle, Wash-

ington, Lodge No. 92, 73.2. The members and supporters of the first four teams were in a fever of doubt as to which had won until the report of the judges was published, so closely contested had been the drill. It was a thrilling morning as the competitors went through their evolutions with a brilliant sun shining on sabres and rifles and emphasizing the striking uniforms. The prizes, and those for the band contests, were awarded to the winners on Thursday night at the Home of Chicago Lodge.

That evening, at the official opening at the huge new Aragon ballroom, Grand Lodge officers and members of subordinate Lodges and their ladies, to the number of many thousands, witnessed the coronation of Miss Fidelity, the Convention Queen, by Exalted Ruler Alexander Wolf of Chicago Lodge, and enjoyed several hours of dancing and entertainment.

EXPERIENCED judges of crowds estimated that there were half a million visitors to Chicago on Thursday, the day of the parade. And anyone who had the good fortune to be there that day will say that half a million Elks and their friends can add a lot to the brightness and gaiety of any city, even one as large as Chicago.

Preceding the start of the parade the Grand Lodge officials and the members of their parties were tendered a luncheon at the Drake Hotel by Chicago Lodge. From there those who were not to ride in the parade were taken to the reviewing stand at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Starting promptly on time the bands, drill teams, delegations in costume and in street clothes, marched up Michigan Boulevard and through Lincoln Park, every inch of the way being lined with spectators. At four o'clock the police motorcycle escort at the head of the parade reached the reviewing stand, closely followed by the honorary escort from American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars Posts, with their colors. Then came the enormous delegation from Chicago Lodge, with bands and floats, followed by other Illinois

(Continued on page 82)



P. & A. PHOTOS



Scene at the Lincoln Park Traps, Chicago, during the progress of the shoot

The Elks National Trapshoot

Excellent Scores Mark Second Annual Event

THE second annual Elks National Trapshooting Tournament, held at the Lincoln Park traps in Chicago, in conjunction with the Grand Lodge Reunion, was a great success, and one of the largest shoots, with the exception of the Grand American meets, ever run off. Of the more than 600 shooters who sent in their entries 220 actually faced the traps, an excellent showing when the great variety of other attractions offered the visitors during the week is considered. Exclusive of practice shots, a total of 47,900 targets were trapped during the two days of competition.

The opening day of the shoot was partly cloudy, with a stiff Northeast breeze which, while it kept the temperature comfortably low, affected considerably the flight of the targets and was responsible for a few "below average" scores. In the class championships, shot in four 25-target events, the contestants were divided into four classes: Class A, 95 per cent. and over; Class B, 91 per cent. to 95 per cent.; Class C, 85 per cent. to 91 per cent., and Class D, below 85 per cent. Of the 206 entrants, A. Buse, of Hammond, Ind., was high gun with a straight run of 100, despite the somewhat "hard" targets. C. C. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, missed one target in the first event, and was second, with 99. S. M. Hannah, of Jackson, Mich.; R. A. Metzger, of Council Bluffs, Ia., and D. M. Hudson, of Hammond, Ind., made 98 each. The professional division was headed by Earle Donahue, of Carlinville, Ill., with a 99, going straight in the first three events; C. D. McGary, of Hammond, Ind., was second with

96, and J. R. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill., third, with 95.

The doubles championship, decided at 25 pairs, turned out to be an unusually popular event, 100 members taking part, and resulted in some excellent scores. Frank M. Troeh, of Portland, Ore., won first place with a 49; Dr. H. E. L. Timm, of Whiting, Ind., broke 48, and G. F. Egbers, of Spokane, Wash.; D. M. Hudson, of Hammond, Ind., and Mark Arie, of Champaign, Ill., 47 each; J. R. Graham of Ingleside, Ill., was high professional with 46.

The Lodge five-man team championship was decided on scores made in the 100 target race. Eighteen Lodges entered and first place was won by Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, whose team, made up of D. M. Hudson, A. Buse, George M. Yeider, J. M. Wilcoxson and Ed. Bohling, had run up a total of 473 out of a possible 500. The team from Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, No. 531, R. A. Metzger, D. C. Beck, W. V. Mayne, G. F. Larson and W. M. Deatherage, was second with a score of 468. Third place was a tie between Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, and the Twin City, Michigan, team, each having a total of 462.

Mrs. W. P. Andrews, of Atlanta, Ga., holder of many women's titles, was high gun in the woman's championship with a fine 87. Mrs. O. W. Ruppert, of Belleville, Ill., was second with 64.

The second day brought excellent shooting weather, the stiff breeze that affected the targets in the opening events having abated, and a large gallery turned out. First on the program was the state team contest. The make-up of these teams was decided the day before in the 100

target event, when the five high guns from each state became its representatives.

Eight teams took part, and it was one of the most hotly contested events of the whole program, a single target separating the first three teams, while there were only five between the first and fifth teams. Each man shot at 100 targets and the Wisconsin team, C. C. Mitchell, L. D. Frint, A. H. Pitz, D. C. Hayward and Leo Host, ran up a score of 478 to win first place. Iowa, represented by R. A. Metzger, G. F. Larson, H. M. Jones, F. Boyd and H. M. Cooper, was second with 477, and the Illinois team of M. Arie, C. M. Powers, C. C. Fischer, J. C. Shrieve and Dr. Winbigler, third, with 476. A straight 100 gave B. K. Mace, of the Washington team, the high individual score.

The Elks Handicap, 100 targets at from 16 to 23 yards, was started as soon as the state team event had been decided. One hundred and eighty-three shooters faced the traps and the last shots, fired about 6 o'clock, brought to a close a splendidly successful and enjoyable meet.

At the annual election of officers, Mr. H. R. "Hy" Everding of Portland, Oregon, the President and founder of the organization, was elected Honorary President for life. Charles S. Hart was elected President and Charles D. Ray of Watertown, South Dakota, Vice-President. It was decided by the Directors present that the remaining officers would be appointed when a decision was reached as to where the next tournament would be held. This will be in Cincinnati in conjunction with the next Grand Lodge Convention.

(Continued on page 83)



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

P. & A. PHOTO

The Wisconsin State team, C. C. Mitchell, Leo Host, A. H. Pitz, L. D. Frint and D. C. Hayward, which won the interstate shoot. To the right is the championship team of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485; D. M. Hudson, George M. Yeider, J. M. Wilcoxson, Ed. Bohling and A. Buse

Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order

To the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America

Brothers:

The Good of the Order is the achievement of its cardinal virtues.

In discussing the Good of the Order, therefore, its past, its present, and its future should be kept in mind.

The Past

Our past record of achievement is noteworthy. We have achieved and practised to a marked degree the first of the cardinal virtues, *Charity*. Our "timely relief" and our reasonable charities, though "unannounced," have brought hope and a day of happiness into a million homes.

The establishment and success of THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been of inestimable value in uniting us into "one great brotherhood." It has promoted our second virtue, *Justice*, by disseminating knowledge and information, without which justice can not survive. It has given unity and direction to all our efforts for good, and the day of its usefulness to our Order is yet in the early morning.

The Present

As our past is noteworthy, so is the present significant. But yesterday we dedicated a temple to our third cardinal virtue, *Brotherly Love*, magnificently yet tenderly symbolizing our motto, "*An Elk Is Never Forgotten*." It is altogether fitting that we should do this, for all who worship at this shrine of memory shall be taught to emulate the virtues of the dead in loyal service to the living.

We are passing through a period of transition. The old convivial *Good Fellowship* is evolving into a new *Fellowship for Good*. "He Went About Doing Good" has been made our captain's motto, and the success of each subordinate Lodge is determined by the extent to which it has put that motto into practise.

The fact that some of the subordinate Lodges have decreased in membership is significant,

but not necessarily alarming. It but illustrates the fact which the writers of our ritual foresaw, that neither "friendly association nor timely relief" will hold our Order together and carry it onward. "Far above and beyond these is the mystic tie which unites us in one great brotherhood."

That tie is the "mystic tie" of service. Through our program of *Social and Community Welfare*, crippled children are being restored to health, Scout Camps and Community Playgrounds are being sponsored; and the advantages of education are being made available to boys and girls otherwise unprovided for and unequipped.

In so far as subordinate lodges serve their respective communities, they grow and prosper. Elksdom must achieve its destiny of success through service. The character of our membership and the character of our activities determine our present standing in our respective communities, and will determine what the future of our order shall be.

The Future

The Order's future is rooted in the character of the present and the achievements of the past. The practise of the virtues, *Justice* and *Brotherly Love*, will be as important in the future as it is to-day. *Charity* will always be "the noblest of all the graces." But the future will require of us that, hand in hand with *Charity*, we shall develop and practise that virtue which is "rarer than all," *Fidelity*.

Experience has shown that self-reliant manhood does not thrive on charity alone. *Fidelity* requires that the aid we give shall be co-extensive with the need we serve. Ofttimes it is guidance, experience and counsel that is needed most. Ofttimes it is capital and not charity that is needed to maintain a home in self-respecting independence. Those who need assistance need it as much in February and in June and in September as they need it on Thanksgiving or on Christmas day. Does not *Fidelity* require that we equip the needy with the requisites of self-realization and success, and that we "stand by"

to extend the helping hand of counsel, guidance or encouragement until success is won?

In each community there are individuals and families who are in need, not of charity, but of constructive and directive assistance; people who require not a gift of food or money, but a loan of capital, accompanied with experienced counsel and guidance in the use and management of it, and the obligation to pay it back with interest.

An example will illustrate: In a Mid-Western city some years ago, three of our brothers learned of a widow and four children struggling vainly to keep the family together. The oldest girl was a senior in high school, the second, a boy, was in his sophomore year, the baby was only two years old. The scant family savings were used in paying the expenses of the father's funeral and last illness. It had become necessary for the two oldest children to leave school, but being untrained, profitable employment was hard to find. The mother said she could weave rugs at home if she had money with which to buy a loom. Our brothers loaned her one hundred and fifty dollars to buy the loom and raw material, and one of them, an experienced business man, helped her with her purchases and sales. Then they loaned her a hundred and fifty dollars more so the two children could return to school.

That was four years ago. The mother's rug business has prospered, the two oldest children have graduated and are holding good jobs. The three hundred dollars with 3 per cent. interest has been repaid, and the family is self-supporting and happy.

In the same city a man had lost both legs in an accident. As soon as he was able, he learned the shoemaker trade. He had a sickly wife and three small children. He was unable to find employment. He had no capital with which to open a shop of his own. Our three brothers loaned him the three hundred dollars that had just been repaid to them by the first family. He now has a paying shoemaking business of his own. He is a good citizen and a producing member of society.

(Continued on page 79)

National Prize-Winning Essay on "Old Ironsides"

We are happy to publish here the winning essay on "Old Ironsides," in the national contest among school children, sponsored by the Order. Julia Kochevar, who wrote it, lives in Grand Junction, Colorado. She was first awarded a bronze medal, for her essay was adjudged the best in her State. Then, in June, came the national award, and the gold medal. Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge, No. 575, sent Julia to Chicago, where she read this essay in a business session of the Grand Lodge.

THE ship *Constitution* was built in Boston and was launched in 1797. A short time after her launching she saw active service by helping to put an end to the unjust exactions of the Barbary pirates. Early in the war of 1812 she made a remarkable escape from a whole squadron of pursuing English vessels off the coast of Jersey. That war would again have made us subjects of Great Britain were it not for *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides." She it was that by her victories stunned the British navy, thrilled the United States from end to end, and gave new courage and hope to our disheartened people.

To-day our "Old Ironsides" lies rotting and falling to pieces in Boston harbor. For nearly one hundred and thirty years she has been with us. She fought our fights and won our battles, and now shall we let her perish? Shall we prove so ungrateful?

The British nation has never permitted the *Victory*, the flagship of their great Admiral Nelson, to fall into decay. As often as it is necessary they rebuild it. Why? They want to preserve it as a monument to the valor of British seamen, so that the youth of Britain may never forget what victories their nation has

won. Is our "Old Ironsides" less deserving of consideration? Can we afford to let this venerable relic of past victories, our symbol of bravery on the sea, be destroyed? No enemy gun succeeded in sinking her, shall we do what her enemies failed to do? God forbid. It must never happen. "Old Ironsides" must be preserved. "Old Ironsides" is our family heirloom. She belongs to all generations of Americans. We shall

save her. Thousands of patriotic Americans to come will reverently tread her decks, they will go down into her lonely cabins, once crowded with life and death, they will gaze upon her guns that gained our victories, and from all this they will get new inspiration and a renewed and increasing love of our country and of our heroes whose daring and whose bravery have kept us free.

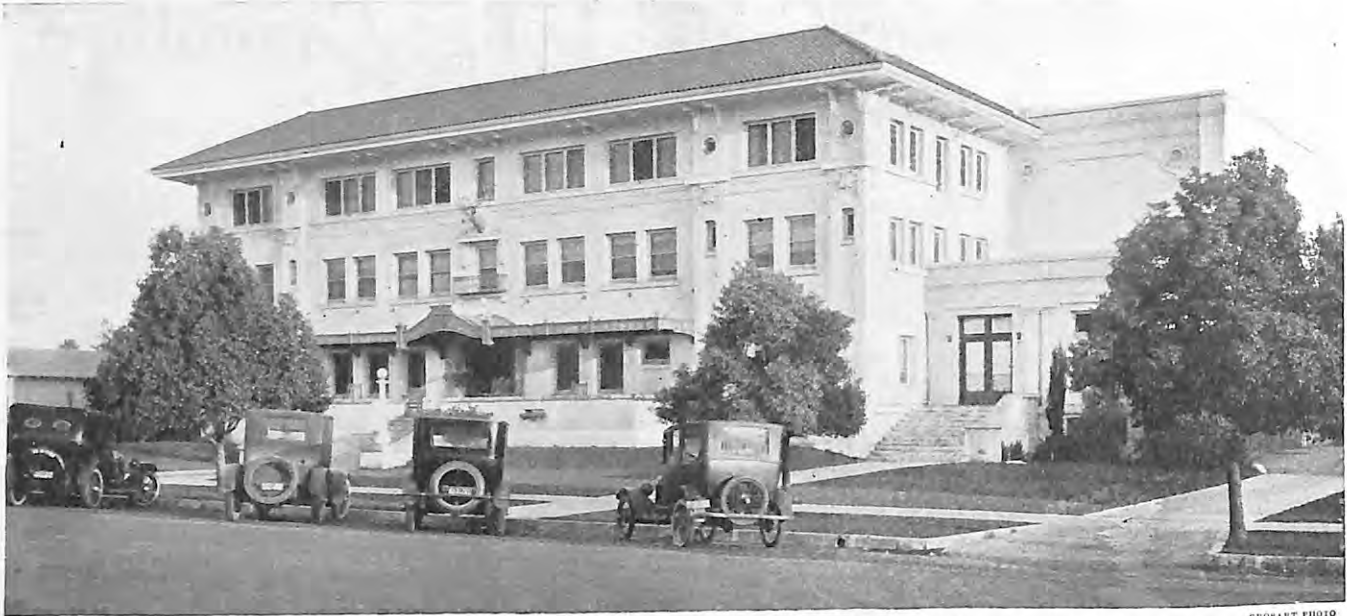
Twice before the cry went forth. "Old Ironsides" is unserviceable; she should be dismantled," but loyal American hearts understanding the meaning of patriotism said, "No, 'Old Ironsides' shall not be dismantled, she shall live." To her mast we shall tack the patriotism of our young Americans, around her let us gather the aspirations and ambitions of our youth. With her as a guide they will sail triumphantly on, fearlessly buffeting the billows that rise up to engulf them.

"Old Ironsides" will make our boys and girls better citizens. Through her they will get a greater appreciation of American bravery, loyalty and justice, all clustering around and strengthening our faith and trust in our peerless country, the United States.

Our souls thrill at the realization that "Old Ironsides" is a living embodiment of all that is high and holy in the cause of liberty. We would not give up our liberty without the supreme struggle; so we keep "Old Ironsides," the instrument that secured that liberty and handed it down to us that we may enjoy its blessings. Not only are we fired with enthusiasm, but the flame of that greatest inspiration of man—patriotism—will burn in the breasts of the generations of Americans to come, because "Old Ironsides" will be there to kindle the spark.



Julia Kochevar, winner of the contest



This is one of the many beautiful Homes in California—the spacious new Home of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Manila, P. I., Lodge Celebrates Its Silver Anniversary

THIS year Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the granting of its charter. For a quarter of a century the Lodge has been the heart of the American community out in the Far East. It was chartered under date of June 14, 1902, only four years after the American occupation of Manila; but the first meeting looking toward organization was held on September 21, 1901. Mortimer L. Stewart, whose life was an essential part of the history of the American community there during two decades, was the first Exalted Ruler.

The Lodge's first Home was in a low one-story rambling structure that in Spanish times had been an artillery barracks. This building, on *Calle Palacio*, after serving the Lodge for a time, was taken over again by the Government and now houses the Philippine Public Library in one wing and the Bureau of Agriculture in the other.

When a new era for Manila was inaugurated with the American occupation in 1898, sanitation was undertaken and the city began to expand. The Lodge then moved into a temporary building only a block away from the present permanent property on the Port Area. A few years later, in 1910, it moved into its own building—a half-million peso structure.

The Lodge has developed in a pioneer way, typically American. Independence Day and Flag Day have yearly claimed its patriotic attention. The first is an occasion for open house and jollification. On Flag Day formal services are conducted in the afternoon. They are always carefully planned, and evoke the sincerest devotion to the principles of the country and of the Order. On such occasions both President Taft and Major-General Wood have been guests; and none is so high as not to feel honored by an invitation to be present and to participate in the program.

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge To Have Beautiful New Home

Work on a bond-selling campaign to raise funds for the construction of a new Home was started some time ago by St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 820. The new Home will be built on the lot owned by the Lodge on Cordova Street, facing the beautiful garden of the Hotel

Ponce de Leon. Plans call for a building of Spanish architecture, with a long, arched arcade and a picturesque tower. In addition to the Lodge and club features, which will include a number of living rooms for members and visiting Elks, there will be space for stores and offices.

Iowa State Elks Association Meets at Clear Lake

For the first time in the history of the Iowa State Elks Association, its annual meeting was held this year in a place other than a Lodge city, the twenty-first annual convention of the Association convening at Clear Lake, Iowa, which was again chosen as the meeting place for 1927.

The entertainment features included golf and bridge tournaments, a splendid banquet attended by several hundred Elks and their ladies, dancing, boxing bouts, boat trips, and fishing. A number of those who attended combined the convention with brief vacations, remaining a week or two at the lake.

Judge John C. Karel, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, a member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee,

tion is sponsoring. A gratifying sum is in hand for this purpose and it is expected that the coming year will see further substantial progress. An increase in the Lodge membership of the Association was also reported by Secretary J. Lindley Coon.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Jesse Ward; Vice-Presidents, Dr. John A. Walsler, J. F. Cahill and G. E. Walters; Secretary, J. Lindley Coon; Treasurer, E. A. Erb; Trustee; Adolph Henighbaum. Henry Louis, Remly J. Glass and E. R. Cooper were re-elected as the Scholarship Committee.

Ensley, Ala., Lodge to Build New Home

Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, is erecting a fine new two-story \$35,000 brick Home on the site of its old building. The Lodge is active in building up its membership and the attractive new Home that is planned should bring many applications.

Woodward, Okla., Lodge is Energetic In Many Fields

Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355, recently conducted a large carnival which was attended by many of the region throughout the week. As a result of its success, the entertainment and charity funds of the Lodge were increased very materially. Woodward Lodge is showing activity in many fields. Recently it purchased a fine lot at the corner of Main and Eleventh streets, as an investment; also a two-story building, 254 x 150 feet, at the corner of Main and Ninth Streets, which it will remodel as a new Home for itself.

Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge Will Celebrate Silver Jubilee

Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, September 12, with an "Elks Day" in which a barbecue, athletic meet and a festival will be the feature events. The program will be opened Saturday afternoon with a large parade. A number of other Lodges in the Southeastern District have been invited to attend the festivities and large representations from these are expected. Hon. Arthur S. Maudlin is Chairman of the committee in charge of the Silver Jubilee program.

Notice to All Lodges

THE offices of the Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson, are now permanently located in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Lake View Avenue and Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and all communications should be addressed to him there instead of to the Congress Hotel, his former address

was the principal speaker at the banquet. In an eloquent and much applauded address he discussed the Grand Lodge, its purposes, responsibilities and opportunities. The chief topic of discussion at the business meetings was the Elks Scholarship Foundation which the Associa-

**San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge
Dedicates New Post Office**

The city's beautiful new post office was recently dedicated by San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322. Congressman Arthur M. Free was the principal speaker on the program and was the honor guest at the exercises. P. A. H. Arata, the present Postmaster, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Exalted Ruler Charles J. Kelly and Dr. H. A. Gallup were among the other distinguished members of the Order who took part in the ceremonies.

**Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge Aids
College Students**

The College of Idaho, at Caldwell, is a beneficiary of Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448. Shortly after the institution of the Lodge, the sum of \$500 was set aside as a revolving fund to be loaned to worthy senior students to enable them to complete their graduation. Many students have taken advantage of this opportunity and much good has been accomplished. The Lodge also awards, each year, two medals to members of the graduating class, upon recommendation of the faculty. The Lodge has also erected a tablet in the corridor of the administration building, upon which are inscribed the names of the students receiving the medal awards each year. At the close of last year's football season, the members of the college team which had won the Northwest Intercollegiate Championship, were each presented by the Lodge with a sweater.

Caldwell Lodge has also sponsored the local group of Campfire Girls and arranged each year for their vacation in some mountain resort.

**Home of Hammond, Ind., Lodge
Is City's Social Center**

The handsome Home of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, has become one of the most popular places in the city. Located in the downtown section, it is a very active center for social events and meetings of all kinds. Scarcely a day passes without several civic bodies meeting as Committees in its hospitable rooms. The Home is admirably equipped and excellently furnished throughout. There are billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, shower baths and large lounging rooms, to say nothing of a restaurant which is famous among the dining places of the city.

**New Jersey Lodges Helping
Many Crippled Children**

The Elks Lodges of New Jersey have been pioneers in the work of helping crippled children. At the recent meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in Asbury Park, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the State Committee in charge of this work, made a most interesting report of the year's activities in this field. We are very glad to reprint the following excerpts from his report:

"Practically every Lodge in the State of New Jersey is busily engaged in the humane work of 'Helping Cripples to Help Themselves'—528



The Lodge room in the recently dedicated Home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6

cases were registered with the various committees making a total of approximately 9,739 cripples contacted by the combined Crippled Kiddies Committee—approximately 548 operations have been reported—seven Lodges alone reported 13,126 treatments—we have made a careful estimate and in our judgment conservative figures would be 50,000 treatments given at the various clinics—441 cripples were provided with braces—69 cripples had braces replaced as they had outgrown their old ones—81 cripples were admitted to the Betty Bacharach Home for cripples for convalescent care—12 wheel chairs were provided for cripples—76 cripples were placed in profitable employment befitting their vocational handicap—21 were placed for custodial care in various institutions—2 were placed in institutions for the deaf . . ."

**Biloxi, Miss., Lodge Has Large
Summer Initiation**

The summer initiation of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606, was a wonderful success and was conducted in excellent fashion under the direction of Exalted Ruler John E. Breaux, who was Grand Inner Guard in 1924-1925. A large class was initiated and several hundred Elks were present, including members from Pascagoula, Miss., Gulfport, Miss., and New Orleans, La., Lodges. The New Orleans delegation was headed by Exalted Ruler Sidney Freudenstein. The initiation was followed by a banquet and vaudeville entertainment including personal appearances of several nationally known radio artists.

Biloxi Lodge, with its beautiful three-story

Home, is open every day of the year and is visited by scores of out-of-town members who frequent Biloxi as a summer and winter resort.

**Golden Jubilee Pageant of San
Francisco Lodge a Great Success**

The Golden Jubilee Pageant, with which San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of its institution, was gratifyingly successful. For six nights the Civic Auditorium was crowded with Elks and their friends. The "Treasure Island Phantasy," in which, with beautiful lighting and scenic effects, a cast of more than 250 typified the growth of the Lodge from its humble beginning to its present proud place in the Order, was probably the finest production of its kind that San Francisco has seen for many years. Among the educational exhibits in the auditorium was a demonstration of the methods of forest fire prevention, a cause to which the California Elks are pledged by State Association President John J. Lermen, Past Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge.

The financial success of the Pageant is a high tribute to the energy and devotion of the members who worked on the Committee, took part in its conduct and did zealous work in selling tickets. Approximately \$17,000 was realized by the Lodge as clear profit.

**Residents of Elks National Home
Enjoy Outdoor Show**

Residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were recently visited by a large group of members from Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321. A big troupe of performers accompanied the members and a most delightful entertainment was staged for the residents on the lawn of the Home.

**Everett, Wash., Lodge Doing
Much Welfare Work**

Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, is one of the most active Lodges of the State in Social and Community Welfare work. Its activities cover a very wide field and its benefactions have been felt in every part of its jurisdiction. It has cooperated with the city in beautifying the parking strips and unsightly vacant lots; hospital treatment and care have been given by it to many children and adults; it has awarded a free scholarship and otherwise interested itself in the education and development of the youth in its community. This is just to mention a few of its many laudable acts.

**Cumberland, Md., Lodge Seeks
Information on Home-Building**

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, is contemplating the erection of a new Home to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The Lodge would like very much to hear from other

The fine Home of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52





The handsome and commodious Home occupied by members of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485

Lodges who have built Homes costing from \$75,000 to \$100,000, so that it can have the benefit of their experience as to costs and the best methods of financing such an undertaking.

Members of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Form Minstrel Troupe

A number of members of the Glee Club of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, a short time ago founded an organization which they called the Elks Merry-makers. This is a permanent minstrel troupe whose happy duty it will be to carry cheer to the "shut-ins" of the various hospitals, orphanages and homes of the State. The "Merry-makers" should do much to relieve the tedium of life in such institutions and their activities will certainly add to the great esteem in which the Order's charitable activities have already caused it to be held in New Jersey.

Elks of Covington, Ky., Lodge Stage Large Parade

The Elks of Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, and surrounding Lodges staged one of the finest parades ever witnessed in the city on the occasion of the Lodge presenting the city with a handsome flag on Flag Day. The Grand Marshall of the parade was L. J. Dominick, Esteemed Loyal Knight of Covington Lodge. There was three divisions, each headed by an honorary Colonel. Platoons of the American Legion Posts at Covington, Ludlow and Newport, assisted by a color detail of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. Army, played a prominent part. In addition every organization in Covington was in line, including the police department, fire department, National Guard, Civil War Veterans, Spanish-American War Veterans, city and county officials, junior orders, and Boy and Girl Scouts. It was an event that will be remembered long by the thousands who witnessed it.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Loses Prominent Member by Death

In the recent death of Thomas F. Martin, Secretary of State of New Jersey and a Past Exalted Ruler of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, the Order in New Jersey lost one of its most prominent members. Mr. Martin was well known as a newspaper owner and publisher, as well as for his political activities, and New Jersey Elks have lost a loyal and devoted brother.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Has Great Membership Increase

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, has had great success with its selective membership

campaign. Recently a class of 180 candidates was initiated, and every month has seen classes of approximately this size taken into the Lodge. The figure set by Indianapolis Lodge is 4,000 members. On July 1 there were 3,100 members in good standing, and 100 candidates awaiting initiation, so that the goal will in all probability have been reached when this item appears.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Its Flags

With impressive ceremonies, and in the presence of more than 5,000 persons come to do honor to the emblem of the Nation and the Order, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, dedicated the flags that decorate its new Home. Escorted by an Honor Squad of Police, an Army Color Guard, a Navy Color Guard and the officers of the Lodge, the three banners, carried by members of the Drill Team, were borne through the great bronze doors of No. 99's Home. Acting Esteemed Leading Knight Ira F. Thompson, on behalf of the Elks Building Association, the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Order, presented the flags to Exalted Ruler Richard H. Hilf, who accepted them for the Lodge and, with the assistance of Inner Guard Edward A. Gibbs, took them from the hands of the Drill Team members and



In the Elks Rest of Newport News, Va., Lodge

snapped them to the halyards. As the national flag was raised, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," while the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and "I Love You, California," greeted the banners of the Order and the Bear State Republic as they were hoisted to the peaks of their staffs above the entrance. Following the raising the well known contralto, Lillian Scanlon Gee, sang "America," after which the audience, led by the band, marched to the Lodge room, where a concert was given by the musicians, and the Sunday vesper recital played on the Lodge's magnificent organ.

New Orleans, La., Lodge to Hold Track Meet

On Saturday, September 4, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, will hold a track and field meet for members at the Tulane University stadium. Arrangements were made for a number of preliminary work-outs at the Stadium, and the meet will include the standard A. A. U. events—the 100 and 220 yard dashes, the 440, the mile run, high and broad jumps, high hurdles, pole vault, and hammer, javelin and 56-pound weight throwing.

Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge to Build New Home

A new \$100,000 Home is soon to be erected by Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge, No. 1480. The tentative plans call for a three-story and basement building, with a roof garden. The main dining room will be in the basement and the club and living rooms will be on the second floor. The third floor will be used for the Lodge room, reception room and ball room, while the first will be rented for business purposes.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Lays Preventorium Cornerstone

The officers of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently laid the cornerstone of the Sun Mount Preventorium in Placer County. The Lodge has been very much interested in the humanitarian work that the Preventorium will do, and felt highly honored when invited to conduct the ceremony. The cornerstone was laid in accordance with the ritual of the Order, and the orator of the day was J. R. Hughes, a member of the Lodge. The Elks Band, as well as a large number of members, attended the ceremonies. Prior to the laying of the cornerstone the band gave a concert for the patients of the Weimar Sanitarium. This is an annual event and is appreciated greatly by the patients.

Memorial Tablet in Memory Of P. F. Carcaba

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, was recently the recipient of a handsome bronze memorial tablet, the gift of Mrs. P. F. Carcaba, whose husband was one of the charter members of the Lodge. The tablet will be erected in his memory in the new Home which St. Augustine Lodge now has under construction.

Ogden Lodge Celebrates Jubilee and Entertains Utah State Elks Association

The thirteenth annual convention of the Utah State Elks Association and the Silver Jubilee celebration of Ogden Lodge, No. 719, brought to Ogden one of the largest gatherings of Elks ever seen in the State. A whole week was given over to the business and festivities of the double occasion. There were three parades, golf and trap shooting tournaments, boxing bouts, a monster barbecue, a street carnival, a splendid fireworks display, and dancing, card parties and sight seeing trips every day. A national touch was lent by the presence of the prize-winning drill team of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, and the drill team and Big Brother Band of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, who stopped off on their way to the Grand Lodge reunion in Chicago, and took part in one of the parades. *The Elks Booster*, a fourteen page newspaper devoted solely to the interests and news of the Order, which has a circulation of 15,000, testified to the energy and thoroughness which the Jubilee Committee, headed by Secretary E. T. Spencer, brought to the occasion.

James M. Shanly and Hardy C. Hutchinson, Past Exalted Rulers of Oakland Lodge, addressed the convention of the Utah State Elks Association on the Big Brother work of their Lodge. Park City was selected as the next meeting-place of the Association, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Ben Beveridge, Park City Lodge, No. 734; First Vice-President, E. T. Spencer, Ogden Lodge; Second Vice-President, W. H. Nightenale, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85; Third Vice-President, W. F. Jensen, Logan Lodge, No. 1453; Treasurer, J. Edward Stein, Provo Lodge, No. 840; Secretary, J. A. Barclay, Salt Lake City Lodge.

Plans of Ventura, Calif., Lodge Are Approved

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the following building plans of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430: The erection of a two-story and basement building on a site already owned by the Lodge. There will be twenty-seven living-rooms, each with bath. The first floor will contain the Lodge room, lounge, reading-room, billiard-rooms, officers' room, cloak-room, etc., In the basement will be a large hall with stage; kitchen, showers, etc. The estimated cost of the building will be \$115,000, the furnishings, \$15,000.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Gives Kiddies Happy Outing

The crippled children who are under the care of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, have been guests at outings for the past several years at the shore and other places, but never have they been given such an enjoyable occasion as that which was accorded them this summer at the Biltmore Hotel, in Wildwood.

Eighteen autos transported the little guests and their mothers to the shore where they were welcomed by the officials of the town. There were shore dinners, bathing, and a fine entertainment by the comedians and other vaudeville artists from the shore theatres. Millville and Wildwood merchants contributed thousands of suitable presents to the youngsters. Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Committee, was in charge of the arrangements for the day.

Danbury, Conn., Lodge to Have New Home

Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, conducted a most successful fair recently which netted the Lodge over \$20,000. The sum has been placed in the Lodge's building fund and work on the erection of a new Home is expected to be started shortly. Danbury Lodge now has close to 1,000 members and every month records the initiation of a large class of candidates.

Danbury Lodge plays a prominent rôle in the life of its community, taking part in all civic events. Recently a float, representing Washington crossing the Delaware, brought the Lodge first prize in the city's Fourth of July parade.

Oklahoma State Elks Association Will Meet in Muskogee in October

Committees of Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517, are hard at work preparing for the annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, which will be held in its city October 3, 4 and 5. Every effort is being made to provide a thoroughly enjoyable time for the hundreds of Elks and their families who are expected to attend.

New Jersey Lodges Do Relief Work In Explosion Disaster

The relief of distress, sympathy with the afflicted and love of mankind were fittingly demonstrated in the work of members of Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, who responded so nobly to the task of caring for injured persons at their Home, which was transformed overnight into a first aid station, Red Cross and naval headquarters, at the time of the explosions at Lake Denmark, N. J., when Government arsenals there were struck by lightning.

Exalted Ruler Earl C. Nelson and Past



The Home of Ouray, Col., Lodge, No. 492, is picturesquely situated

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Vreeland, along with other Past Exalted Rulers, worked tirelessly for many hours. High ranking officials of the army and navy praised the Elks for their work and for placing the Home at the disposal of the authorities in the emergency. Antitoxin was administered to marines and refugees at the Home, where Dr. Leonard Smith, of East Orange, and other doctors conducted an emergency hospital for cases not serious enough to be sent to the Dover Hospital. Mr. Vreeland guarded the door of the building night and day to keep the curious from questioning and disturbing the sufferers.

The service of Dover Lodge in this connection is another example of its readiness to serve its community at all times. The Lodge's record in welfare work is a large one and includes many acts of charity, chief among which is perhaps its laudable and generous welfare program for the care of crippled children.

Morristown, N. J., Lodge, No. 815, also was of great assistance in the disaster and helped many of the refugees from the devastated areas. Under the leadership of J. Paul Jamieson, Secretary of the Lodge, relief units were organized among the members. These went through the towns of Morristown and Morris Plains, gathering clothing and arranging quarters for the homeless. It was a most laudable work, well executed in the face of difficulties and was deeply appreciated by the sufferers.

Five Months Required for Reply to Mail Sent Guam Lodge

J. H. Underwood, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, has sent out an interesting statement along with a roster of the Lodge membership, in reference to United States mail connections and service in that part of the world. He points out that not less than three months, and usually five months, must elapse before a reply can be received to a letter sent from the United States to Guam. There is no direct mail connection between them, everything from this country being dispatched from San Francisco but making connections for Guam at Honolulu, Japan, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. This requires about thirty-five days' actual transit and there is nearly always additional delay in

making connections. The membership is made up largely of officers and men connected with the United States Navy, and of the 183 members of Agana Lodge, only about forty live on the island of Guam. Six officers of the Lodge are Past Exalted Rulers.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Entertains Orphan Children

More than 400 children were recently fêted at the annual orphans' picnic conducted by Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, at Carsonia Park. Guests of the Lodge comprised the children from St. Catherine's Female Orphanage, the Home for Friendless Children, St. Francis Orphanage and the inmates of Beulah Anchorage.

From the time of their arrival at the Park until their departure early in the evening, the children were the recipients of royal entertainment and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. All the amusements at the Park were free to the youngsters, and there were gifts of toys, candy, ice cream, cake and other goodies. Races, contests and games of various kinds with many prizes were also much enjoyed by the children.

Taft, Calif., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Dayton

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. E. Dayton recently instituted Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, with a charter membership of approximately sixty-five. Some thirty additional members were awaiting initiation at the time. The officers of Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266, conducted the ceremony and there were representatives from many other near-by Lodges.

Death Takes William F. Maines Of Providence, R. I., Lodge

The recent death of William F. Maines, Past Exalted Ruler of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, on his sixty-first birthday, was the cause of deep sorrow among his innumerable friends throughout the Order. Mr. Maines became a member of Providence Lodge twenty-seven years ago. He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and in 1914-1915 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Charters.

Accommodations for Traveling Elks

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

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593
 Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 201
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatsville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 358
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 559
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1201
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 64
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222
 Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 674
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge No. 1323
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Pendleton, Ore., Lodge No. 288
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24
 Rocheville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 841
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1302
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 41
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 559
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

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

He was a most ardent worker for the advancement of his Lodge and gave generously of his time and energy in promoting the interests of the Order generally.

The funeral services, conducted by Providence Lodge in its Home, were attended by representatives of the Rhode Island Lodges and many hundreds of his friends and associates.

Cincinnati Looks Forward to Grand Lodge Meeting

That the people of Cincinnati, Ohio, are looking forward to the meeting of the Grand Lodge in their city next July is evident from the following editorials taken from two of the city's leading newspapers:

"Acceptance by the Grand Lodge of Elks of Cincinnati's invitation to be her guest for the 1927 session is gratifying to local pride. It is an evidence that the so-called 'best people on earth' have agreeable memories of former entertainment. They sampled Queen City hospitality something like a score of years ago and liked the flavor.

"They had a good time, and as we recall it, a lively one and made friends of the city and the citizens. So we are glad to have them say they will come again.

"No doubt upon this return visit many changes will be noted and some alterations in the program of entertainment. But no matter where they went something of the same sort must be confronted. It is trite that times change and we change with them. Perhaps the Elks also have changed and so will not be greatly impressed after all with the difference.

"But these experiences are part of the warp and woof of life. There will be new friends for the old, new forms of expressing cordiality of hospitality, new methods of entertainment and attractions for enjoyment. As bearers of Cincinnati's invitation no doubt Mr. Herrmann held out intriguing prospects. Well and good. What he promised Cincinnati will perform literally as to letter, liberally as to spirit."—*Commercial Tribune*.

"Who has not heard songs of the white and the purple heather? And white and purple heather are sweet with entrancing perfume. White symbolizes purity, purple is the symbol of royalty. Combined, white and purple are the colors of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. In 1927 white and purple will be the colors of Cincinnati—at least for a few days—for the next Grand Lodge conclave and Lodge reunion will be held in this city.

"The B. P. O. E. is distinctly and exclusively an American Order. It will receive adequate and appreciative welcome and honor at the hands of the most American city in the country, as Cincinnati is admitted to be.

"The coming of the antlered thousands to Cincinnati next year is highly complimentary to the city whose appeal was so ably presented at Chicago by August Herrmann and other Cincinnati live-wire Elks.

"The sixty-third Grand Lodge reunion of the Order will bring more people to Cincinnati than ever before attended a convention in the city—and such people!

"The Elk is a cheer-bringer and a benefactor; he is a pioneer of happiness whose ideal is unselfishness. The Order does not have commerce with politics or religion. It contents itself with exemplifications of sympathy, charity, love. And all its good works are voluntary. It recognizes no compulsions to goodness. When its chevaliers of joy and good-will come to Cincinnati next year, generous will be its welcome. It is a splendidly representative organization. The city hopes and believes that when the delegates of 1927 have departed from our gates they will carry with them warm memories of the splendid character and quality of Cincinnati's hospitality."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Compiling Record of Ex-Service Men

A complete record of each of its ex-service members is being compiled by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015. This will include not only those who served in the World War, but in other engagements as well. A record of this kind should be of great value both to the Lodge and the individual. In case of death, the information

will be available without the necessity for embarrassing recourse to the member's family; or, in case of wounds or sickness for which compensation is due, it will enable the Lodge to assist the member in presenting his claim to the Government. Questionnaires have been sent out, and it is planned to keep the record up to date, inserting new data as the occasion arises.

Officers of Oregon State Elks Association Visit Doernbecher Hospital

Officers of the Oregon State Elks Association, together with the trustees of Portland Lodge, No. 142, recently visited the new Doernbecher Memorial Hospital for children and conferred with the administrative officers concerning the floor which Oregon Elks have pledged themselves to equip and maintain. As reported in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in the account of the annual convention of the Oregon State Elks Association, funds for this splendid charity will be raised by a voluntary annual contribution of one dollar, on his birthday, by every Elk in the state.

Newport News, Va., Lodge Dedicates Elks Rest

The beautiful \$10,000 Elks Rest in Greenlawn Cemetery was recently dedicated with impressive ceremonies by Newport News, Va., Lodge, No. 315. The principal address of the occasion was delivered by Congressman S. Otis Bland, a member of the Lodge, who made a special trip from Washington for the purpose, while the handsome bronze elk standing on the plot was unveiled by the six-year-old son of Exalted Ruler A. L. Bivins. A large audience witnessed the services.

San Francisco Elks Feted By Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

Some 150 members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, were given a royal welcome by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, when the ship on which they were touring stopped at the far Northern port. A formal reception was held in the Lodge Home but the real celebration took place in roped-off streets of the city. The Juneau City Band and uniformed escort led the visitors to the business district where high carnival was held.

Juneau Lodge is extremely active in many ways. Among its boys' work has been the formation of a Junior Elks Baseball League. Some forty youngsters have been uniformed and organized into teams which play regularly.

Morristown, N. J., Lodge Plays Host to Orphans

Morristown, N. J., Lodge, No. 815, recently played host at Monroe Manor to the orphans from the Parsippany Home. First the kiddies were treated to a long ride in autos through the mountains, following which there were games and contests for valuable prizes at the Manor. It was a most enjoyable day for both the youngsters and their hosts.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge Will Hold First Annual Fashion Show

During the week of October 25, a Fashion Show on a grand scale will be held by Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, to raise funds for its charities and for the entertainment of the 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion and Convention. It is planned to make this an annual event, and the committee in charge is sparing no effort to make it the most brilliant affair of its kind that Cincinnati has ever seen. Music Hall has been reserved for the occasion and the entire building will be made over into a fitting background for the beautiful exhibits.

New Lodge at Goodland, Kans., Is Instituted

Goodland, Kans., Lodge, No. 1528, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred A. Durand. The Exalted Ruler is E. W. Sullivan; Secretary, J. M. Yearick.

(Continued on page 78)

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Comedy Stuff

(Continued from page 25)

money why waste it economically; take a ferry boat ride and throw dollar bills, one at a time, to the fishes. Now go in there and hit and leave that fat-headed boob to me."

All this listened well to the boys and they go out and bat themselves to a two-run lead, score five to three which is the way the game ends. Grays in first place in the race.

McGann showed that he hadn't talked just to hear himself, for next day when Hap parades in with his side show, he, of course not being due to pitch, in walks five of the darkest colored ladies you ever saw. They were dolled up like jazz queens and each wore a sash with Hap's name on it.

An usher put them right into the first row back of our dugout and as soon as Maydock appeared they greeted him like a brother. The laugh, of course, was on Hap. He wasn't anyone to conceal his feelings and the spectacle of those dusky queens lamping him and showing extreme partiality started him on a grouch against all races from pale yellow to jet black that was almost homicidal.

That day was the last anyone saw or heard of Maydock's body-guard.

FROM then on throughout July and August the principal thing about the Grays' race for the pennant was the battle between Maydock's sense of humor and McGann's ability to think up ways of beating it. It got to be a hoodoo with him, got his goat so that whenever you ran across him alone you found him talking to himself. And you didn't blame him either. By this time most men would either have been a murderer, or a suicide, or both together.

One afternoon, for instance, in the third inning against the Buccaneers, Hap got to watching Sid Harris, the Buck's slow ball pitcher, one of the best slow ball pitchers I may say that ever floated a balloon up to the plate. Of course this was due to hit the moron in exactly the way it did.

"Here I am," he complains to McGann, "throwing my head off every time I pitch and Sid out there isn't working as hard as a hobo on a woodpile after he's been fed."

Nothing Mac could say would turn the hunch aside and he goes out there in the box lofting up slow ones until the only way the Grays could have overcome the lead would have been with an adding machine.

So next time Hap works, still stewing and puzzling over how to get by with a slow ball, a leather-lunged fan that McGann had planted in the stand gets up with a megaphone and keeps yelling: "Oh Maydock's arm has gone. Poor boy! Poor lad! He's lost his whip!"

The crowd took it up and of course no cocky sap like Maydock who has been feeding on the applause of the mob can stand that. He opens his smoke box and almost bores holes through Flynn's mitt.

That was the last of Hap's slow ball but Mac was beginning to sag so that his knees knocked when he walked. You understand it's all right to be a contender in almost any kind of competition if you've got a willing spirit and gameness, but when you stake yourself to the job of antidote to a comedian you've leaned against a proposition that makes the shell game look like simplified spelling.

One afternoon, the day before Hap was due to pitch again I catch McGann pulling vacantly at his coat buttons—always a bad sign.

"Don't take it so hard, Mac," I says. "What's the sense of straining yourself this way when all you've got to do is to use your head?"

"Use my head!" Mac drew back his hand, looking me over slowly as if trying to pick out a spot that would cause suffering before death came. But he changed his mind, grabbing me by the shoulders, staring into my eyes. "Use my head! What do you think I've been using, my feet? If you've got an idea of your own produce it. I won't drop dead of surprise. I may faint; but don't be scared. I won't be dead. What is it? Shoot."

"Mac," I says, "do you remember that day in the lobby of the hotel when I blow in from Indianapolis and Hap makes me duck with his stall about a man behind me with a club?"

"What's that got to do with giving me an idea?"

"Well, right after it, your sister-in-law comes into the hotel to meet you."

"Maybe she did. I don't remember. Why?"

"I remember on account she give Hap a very friendly look and he had his chest out all the rest of the day."

"Aaah!" Mac give me the razzberry sign. "Ellen McGann never gave no one a friendly look in her life. It ain't done."

The chief was pretty near right at that. Ellen was a natty looking little filly, swell dresser and pretty good-looking, except that her eyes is as hard as dimes and about the same size and her mouth makes a snapping turtle's beak look like the bill of a dove. They say Tom McGann, who was a contractor, made her a widow because he couldn't see no other way of getting rid of her. He had left her a nice little income and now her one big yen was to marry a ball player. No one had ever seen her crack a smile in her life and the members of the Grays ducked her like bean balls.

"She gave Hap a friendly look all right, Mac. I saw her. And Hap was asking me about her only the other day. She's the first girl ever lamped him that wasn't wearing a gingham dress. Take it from me everything's set and if you edge it along there won't be as much humor left in Maydock as there is juice in a prune."

Mac thought a minute. Then he hit me a crack on the back.

"Europe, you said it! Old man, anything I've ever said about you at any time, any place and under any circumstance I take back and apologize. For brains there is you first, then some distance back Einstein and Edison and after that the rest of us. Europe, you've got Lincoln beat with me; he only saved the country. We'll hook 'em up." He scowled. "I wouldn't do no such trick to any enemy I know and I've got plenty, but Maydock is outlawed; anything goes and this is going. Why that woman—" Suddenly he grows stiff, his eyes popped and glazed.

"Hey, Mac! What's the matter?" I start for him to grab him, thinking he's sick, but he aims a wallop at me which I duck.

"Leave me be," he says in a choked voice. Then he begins to swear, like a man reading a poem, quiet at first and just a little slow but working up gradually like an engine leaving a station. I've heard some swearing in my time in the big leagues, some of it pretty artistic, too; but for originality, comprehensiveness, color and general style I had to hand it to McGann. It wasn't just plain cussing, it was an oratorio. All he needed was a red back drop and a sulphur stick and they wasn't really required at that.

I look at him with my mouth hanging as he sticks out his hand pointing.

"Look," is all he says. I follow the direction of his finger and there is Hap Maydock close to the grand stand putting over a sword swallowing act with a ball bat.

"Yeh, Mac. That's an old one; I've seen him do that before."

"Oh, you thick red neck. You—" He runs to me, grabs my head and turns it to the grand stand. "Look!"

And then I see. There in the middle of a bunch of fans is Ellen McGann and you can believe it or not her head was thrown back and she was laughing. Not laughing, hee hawing; she was shaking her hat crooked and the tears were streaming down her cheeks—Charley Chaplin would have given her a thousand a week as a capper for his shows; and she a dame that ordinarily would have made the chief mourner at a funeral look like Zazu Pitts!

"Come on." Mac turned toward the dressing room, looking and walking like a man ninety-two years old.

Two weeks later Ellen McGann and Hap was married and when Hap at the end of the ceremony grabs the bridal nosegay and takes a rabbit out of it even Father Ryan had to laugh. As for the bride, after they had held her up and slapped her on the back, she was able to totter to the carriage, still ki-yiing over the nifty her funny man had pulled.

Up to the wedding, that is from the time he had popped the question until he was hitched

Hap hadn't been no good to the club at all. Not that he pulled any circus stuff, seemingly he was content with the applause of just one girl. But he wouldn't pitch. Said he wasn't in no mood for pitching and when Mac made him warm up he didn't have enough on the ball to cover a sausage.

All this was coming at a bad time. Thanks to Maydock and the other pitchers who had taken a tonic from the example Hap had set we had got out to a good lead in the race. But now it was September and with our star lefty not taking his regular place in the pitching order and the players disgruntled under their skins, the Grays machine began to stall and skid.

Right behind us was the Trojans, going like clockwork and spoiling the reputation of every pitcher they faced. That was a great ball club, the Trojans, and Pal Finnerty, their manager, was never known to miss any tricks in the ball yard or out of it.

They was due to turn up on Monday for the first game of the series that would decide the pennant and by that time McGann and the Grays and everything connected with the club was in such a condition that anything was liable to happen.

I've always noticed that when a club or an individual gets that way things do happen. They're set for it and fate don't overlook 'em. The Grays certainly wasn't overlooked that Monday.

First of all Hap Maydock turns up from a two-day honeymoon in Newark fit and raring to go.

"Put me in there to-day chief," he says to McGann, "and I'll do the family I married into proud. The papers say we want two of these three games to win the pennant. You can work me in two of 'em; for just now, seeing I'm hitched up to the finest little lady in the world I'm feeling so good that slinging a sledge hammer twelve hours at a stretch wouldn't seem like nothing."

Mac studies him, looking for some lurking devilment, but Hap's face is all lighted up with good intentions.

"All right, Hap, you work, but no comedy stuff. We're in a hole now that ain't no joke and joking of any sort isn't going to pull us out. Do you get me?"

MAYDOCK straightened up, insulted. It never had got into his thick dome that his humor was about as popular with the manager and the ball club as smallpox. About half an idea at a time was all he could hold and the only thing he knew was he was getting laughs from the stands and anything Mac or the other players had said he had put down to jealousy.

"Jokes is jokes wherever they are," is the crack he makes. "My wife says that my comedy has brought many a dollar into this ball club and cured her of rheumatism besides. Look at the way the papers has played up my stuff." (So they had but in a sarcastic way, kidding Maydock, and he of course, never tumbling to that.) "I'll let you know I've got an offer to go into big time after the season and I'm booked clear to Seattle and back."

"Oh, all right, all right." Mac waves his hands. "But if you lose this ball game you'll go further than Seattle."

"Not without taking a boat," grins Hap, "because you see there's where the Pacific Ocean begins."

Mac waves his hands again, turns him over to Flynn and comes to me.

"Europe, maybe there will be dynamite and maybe there won't. I don't know. Maydock is talking big but he don't act like he's got an idea in his cracked brain. If he has he's got me beat, that's sure. I'm done. He wants to work in two of the games. That's encouraging, ain't it?"

"It depends on how easy you are encouraged, Mac. I'm past building any dope on Maydock. You'd better lay off, too, or you'll see the world's series from a strait jacket. Either he pitches us in or he don't and there's nothing else to it. He ain't the only pitcher we got at that. Kismet."

McGann sighed. "Kismet is right. Europe, I ain't as a rule religious, but I been praying all night. I ain't had the Grays ball club in a world's series in ten years and now, being so close—" He rubs his hands through his hair.

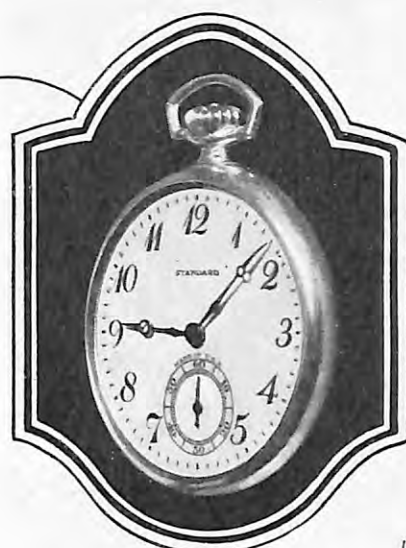
(Continued on page 54)



15-jewel Keystone Standard; Victory white or green rolled plate case of beautiful design; attractive gift box; \$15



15-jewel Keystone Standard in the famous Jas. Boss 14K white or green gold filled case; handsome gift box; \$25



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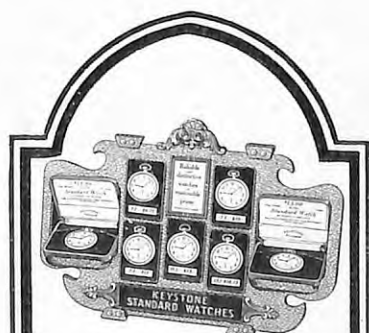
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Comedy Stuff

(Continued from page 52)



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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Elks—9-26

And then, well, right then, although he didn't know it and I didn't either, his prayers was answered—or what began to happen was ordained, as Father Ryan says, from the time that Hap Maydock come into the world with a tenth of his allowance of brains.

It came quiet and unimportant just the way most big things do.

"I think, Europe," Mac says after a little pause, "you'd better trot out that catcher, you dug up who is touted to be able to hold Maydock's stuff. Call him to the pen. It's that fat fellow over there in the skin-tight uniform, ain't it?"

"Yes," I says, "that's Schmalz."

You may recall that McGann had ordered me to locate a catcher that could hold Maydock even if he couldn't do nothing else and you remember I went to Indianapolis after Chief Jenkins.

Well, after falling down on him I remembered that up in Minnesota there was an iron man back stopping for Tom Dunn, who runs the ball club up there. Dunn used to be on the same club with McGann and me and his judgment is the best in the world. I wire him and he replies that while this bird in question, Schmalz, can't hit and is as fast as an anvil on the bases he has got a good arm and can pick bullets right off the muzzle of a six gun.

I show the telegram to McGann and since we was one under our August limit of players and the world series dead line was due to fall five days later he wires Dunn he is mailing him a contract and a check and for him to keep the big fellow in pickle until we sent for him.

So here he was now, big as a house and with hands that looked like boxing gloves. Mac puts him up against the stand and tells Hap to warm up with him, tipping off the southpaw that Schmalz has confided he is impatient by nature and afraid he'll get wore out waiting for Hap's fast one to arrive.

All of which, naturally, was a josh. Schmalz was one of those quiet birds who hadn't spoken an unnecessary word since he had showed up with us. He was built on the lines of Honus Wagner, only bigger, and he looked a lot like him, too.

Anyhow, with the tip-off that McGann had given him you can imagine the brand of tobasco that Maydock poured into that big Dutchman. Hap didn't give him any of the best of it as to distance either, being at least five feet closer than he would have been in the box and Schmalz at the plate. But no difference. Schmalz picked off the rifle shots and tossed them back asking if them was his slow ones and when Hap, sore as a crab, tried to cross him with an unexpected break Schmalz pounced on it like a hawk onto a pullet.

McGANN stopped the show, for fear Hap would throw his arm into the mitt along with the ball and after he lets the rookie peg down to second three or four times he waves him to the dugout and comes over to me.

"You certainly pick ball players, Europe."

"Sometimes," I says.

Mac glances at me.

"What do you mean by that? What's in your head now?"

"Nothing, Mac. Oh nothing at all, I assure you." But there was just the same. Some way in watching this beezeez, Schmalz, I had got an unhealthy notion about him. I couldn't just say what it was; maybe it was a queer twist to his big nose, and a little habit he had with his upper lip. Anyhow it was something that made me uneasy.

Something, I says to myself is wrong with that bird. And something's going to happen sooner or later that's going to send McGann to the lunatic asylum and me back to the billiard parlor I own in Chicago. I got the feeling in my bones and it's been my experience that when a hunch like that hits me I might just as well save time by engaging the mourners.

But as it turned out I wouldn't have had no time to hire nothing; for at that minute McGann who is feeling so good about Schmalz that he can't choke down the impulse to run his luck out to the limit, gets the idea he'd like to see what the big boy can do with the bat.

At the time, the team is in batting practise for the game and he tells Schmalz to pick up his bat and go in front of the cage after Hap Maydock gets his two hits.

As to Hap, his wife had just come into her regular seat back of the dugout and he evidently yearned to show her that he was still happy and light of heart even if he was married to her. Anyway there he was with his familiar box of batting tricks and finally he pulled a new one of catching the ball as it came to him in his right hand and then tossing it up and batting a fungo fly a mile. The crowd yelled, of course, and Hap, with his actor grin, drops his bat and walks over to the stand to reap the wifely reward for his comedy.

McGann starts over to him with fire in his eye when a roar from the crowd causes him to stop.

WHETHER Maydock's monkeyshine had fired him up, or what had happened—I'm figuring it was due to Maydock, though—Schmalz had gone to bat and when Rawlins, who was pitching to the batters sent him up a slow one, Schmalz turns right around and lofts it clean over the grand stand back of the catcher. A shiver goes down my back and I turned to watch Maydock. He's standing like a statue, frozen stiff, his eyes glued on the Heinie while the big fellow, solemn as a judge poles twelve fouls in a row either over the left field stand or into them.

Rawlins is white with rage but nothing he can throw keeps Schmalz from turning it into a foul. Well, as soon as the crowd gets onto what he is doing there is a yell and Schmalz, imitating Maydock's self-conscious manner of accepting a hand, gets a second outburst of mirth that crackles around the field like a lumber yard fire.

And when Hap, sore to the bone at the big Dutchman's success, makes a raspberry sign as he walks from the stand to the dugout the fans give him a regular shiver, as any crowd will do when they see a guy losing his goat.

But until the game started Schmalz seemed content with the success of his initial try-out in the comedy line and while Hap tried to burn him away from the plate and back into the cactus the catcher took everything that came as indifferent as though he was receiving bean bags.

It wasn't until the third inning when he came to bat for the first time that he decided it was time to unhook some big time stuff and show all these city guys just what was in him when he settled down to business.

He gets two strikes and two balls while he is deciding what to do and then when the pitcher unlimbers a fast one Schmalz grabs his bat like a billiard cue and pokes the ball into the infield like a man playing pool.

It was just at this minute that McGann blows. While Schmalz had been putting on his foul ball stunt in batting practise Mack had been up in the stand, talking business with the club president, old Wolverton, and so he had not paid any particular attention to what was going on.

But when Schmalz began to act up at the plate Mac had leaned forward viewing him with what I might call acute suspicion. So now he jumps up with a war-whoop.

"Another comedian!" It sounded like an Indian death yelp. He paws at his collar as though he figured he might get the words he wanted out of his shirt. "Another—" He kicks up a spadeful of dust on his brogan, darts a glance at the Dutchman who is dusting for first and then makes for me on the gallop, his good right fist swinging free.

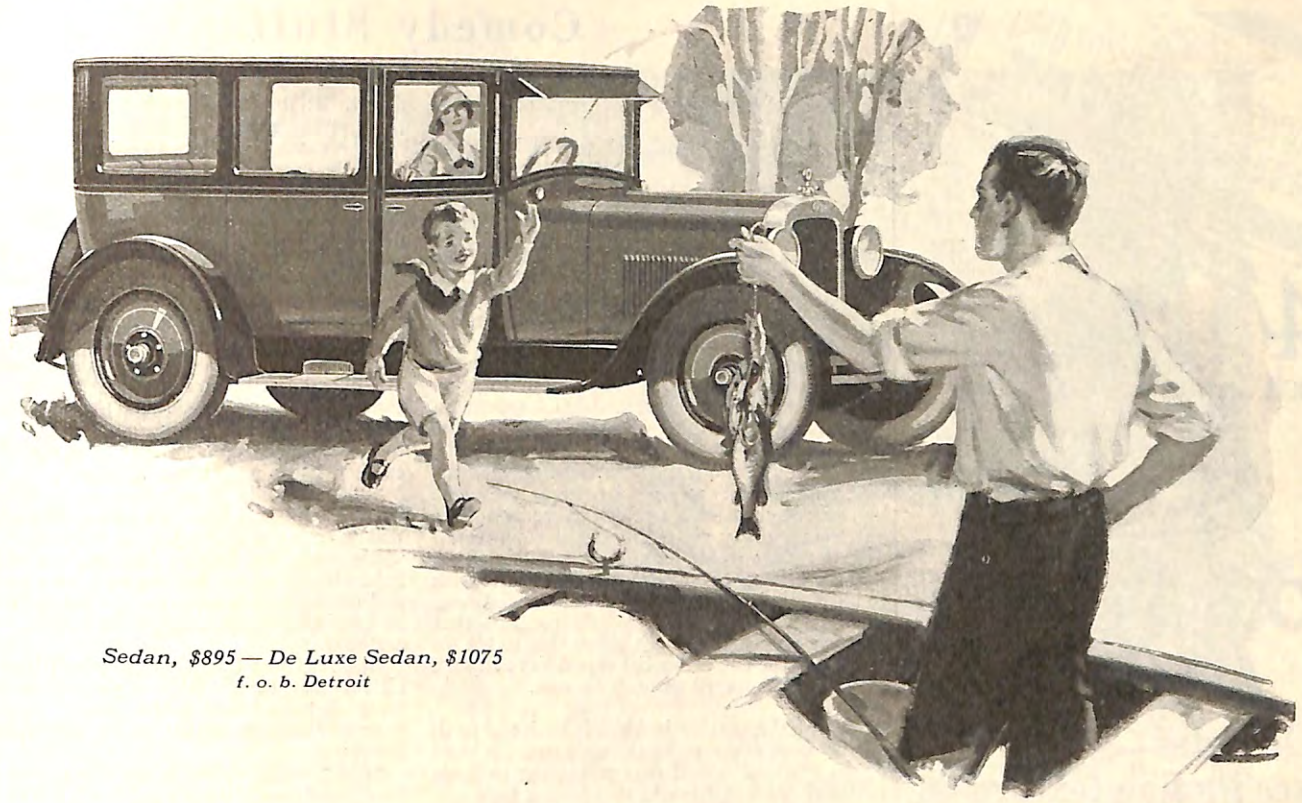
As he comes I grab the fist, ducking his left hook at the same time.

"Mac! Hold on! Look, for the love of Mike! Schmalz is safe!"

And he was. For as he thundered for the bag, the ball streaking across the diamond in time to cut him off he suddenly utters a honk, like an automobile.

It was so life-like that everyone started. As for Brannigan on first base he was taken clean out of the ball game and was in the middle of a roadway with a sight-seeing bus heading into

(Continued on page 56)



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Comedy Stuff

(Continued from page 54)



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him and blowing for him to get out of the way.

Does he drop the ball? I will reply simply to that. He does.

And if you've ever seen a crowd yammer and howl and hit one another on the back and jam one another's hat down over eyes, you will understand what was happening among the thousands who packed the stands and were close enough to hear what had occurred.

As for McGann he subsided. It was too much for him. He hadn't a kick in his system and when Mac can't growl about something he's the same as dead. Schmalz had faded him for sure.

But it wasn't a marker to what happened a minute later. On third was Larry Mullins, the Grays captain who had got on with a single, stole second and advanced to third on the mix-up at first. This was good news as the game had every indication of working out as a pitcher's battle and every run either team could screw over the plate would look like a million dollars.

Well, Schmalz stands on the bag and begins to kid Ernie Roth, the pitcher for the Trojans. Roth is a hot-headed guy and the line that Schmalz passed out about being able to hit his stuff with the end of his bat would have a much more even-tempered moundman sore.

FINALLY after they had had it back and forth between every pitch Schmalz puts his hand up to his mouth and says something to Ernie that no big leaguer would take from a busher.

"Is that so!" yells Roth walking out of the box toward first.

"Yes, that's so, you stripe of yellow paint," jeers Schmalz. "If you come any nearer to me I'll walk out there in the diamond and show you up."

"You will!"

"I will." With that Schmalz deliberately walks off the bag, his big fists doubled, while Roth, who prides himself upon his reputation as one of the best two-handed wallopers in either league, advances to meet him with that cheerful gleamy expression of Jack Dempsey all groomed to tackle a set-up.

But before he reaches Schmalz an idea occurs to him. Ernie is a mighty handy pitcher, as I have said, but when it comes to ideas outside of the actual work of pitching he is a little shy.

So any one could see he was proud of himself as the thought hit him, by the way his head went up and the pleased expression that drifted across his countenance.

Schmalz notices the changed aspect but he keeps his hands ready as the two meet and theumps come running up to stop the battle.

But Roth makes no move except to bow low. Then as he rises he touches the big fellow with the ball.

"So! You'll show me up you big simp. Well, I've showed you up. Old Hickory. You haven't got any brains at all and you're out."

"Oh yes, of course." Schmalz raised his head. "Yes, I'm sure out ain't it. But you're out, too—a perfectly good run."

So saying he pointed to Buzzer who was crossing the plate with his head up, grinning like a gargoye.

Believe it or not the little show Schmalz had staged got over so well with me that I had forgot all about our runner on third.

Well, while the umps got a hold of the raving Ernie Roth and held him tight, the whole Grays ball club was giving him the razz and you never heard such a rowdydow in a ball park in your life. This was comedy, comedy with the fur on it and practical results in the shape of a run to back it up. How could McGann say anything? Anyway, he didn't.

You could see men falling in fits with laughing and Hap Maydock, knowing as well as anyone that his line of stuff was milk and water compared to what Schmalz was pulling, sat with his back to the scene, thinking and conjecturing and straining his intellect so hard that he sounded like a motor truck shifting gears.

But nothing came of it. All he could do was to pitch and I will say for him that he was making a nifty job of that.

And Schmalz meantime was getting a hand whether he tried to be funny or whether he

didn't. That is the way when you get a reputation; anything you do is a big noise.

If he swung two bats before his turn at the plate the crowd would let off screams and it is an actual fact that a fat man fell into a fit when he thumbed his nose at the field ump—behind his majesty's back of course.

And Hap meanwhile, looking more and more like a thunder cloud that is just laden with murder and destruction.

Then finally in the ninth, score one to nothing in our favor, Schmalz poles out a three bagger. Buddy Anderson, the Trojans' third baseman, had a bad left hand and every time he got a chance he took off his glove to massage the sore. Seeing this Schmalz drew several throws down to third, knowing that Willie Hart, the Trojan catcher, had a whip like a rifle shot.

Suddenly while Buddy is treating his hand, Schmalz grabs the glove from under his arm and throws it to one side. Just at the minute Hart whips down the ball as Schmalz had figured. It hits the sore spot, Anderson makes a bad muff and our comedian races for the plate, laughing his head off and gesturing, while the stands rock and roar.

And it is just then that Maydock blows out all his four tires. With a yelp of anger he jumps from his seat in the dugout and runs over to McGann, seated in his usual place in the corner.

"Chief"—his voice is so thick you could hardly understand what he said—"I'm through."

"Through?" Mac stares at him. "Through with what?"

"I'm through providing the laughs for this ball park if that bird Schmalz stays with the team. Funny! If he's funny I'm an undertaker."

Mac starts a whoop and dives for him. "Why you blathering iron-dome! Who ever wanted you to—"

But I grab the manager by the arm as a thought hits me big.

"Wait a minute, Mac, let me talk to him. Hap you say Schmalz ain't funny. Maybe you don't think so, but the fans do. They're laughing yet."

"Let them laugh," yells Hap. "As long as they think he's funny they'll never get another laugh out of me. Schmalz! He's the saddest picture for a funny man—"

Again I catch McGann as he starts for the pitcher.

"Hap," I says, "this ball club thinks he's funny and you and he is going to double in a comedy team from now on—Schmalz and Maydock."

"We are, are we!" Hap grabs his hair with his fist and tries to pull out a bale. "A comedy team, eh! Let me tell you, if he ever works in a comedy with me I'll knock what he thinks is his brains out."

By this time McGann is on. He beats his fist into his hand.

"You'll team with Schmalz in comedy, or you'll be let in for a fifty dollar fine. Now go out there on the mound and pitch and let me hear no more out of you."

Hap shakes his glove in the manager's face. "I'll pitch, but that's all I'll do and you can smoke that in your pipe."

Which is all he does. And somehow after the game Mac forgets about the fine.

MAYBE you'll recall two things about the world's series which we get into with the Badgers. First, Hap Maydock's winning three games out of five and Dutch Schmalz's comedy stunts while the crowd was gathering.

In fact there was nothing to mar Dan McGann's complete enjoyment of the series—excepting of course, the night before the fifth game when Hap gets arrested for wife beating.

But even that came out all right, for when the case is up in court in the morning it turns out Maydock had only given her a smack and when he tells the judge what the matter was he was discharged without even a reprimand.

What did he tell the judge?

Why he said that the woman was laughing around the house all the time and that he wanted to be quiet especially while the world's series was on.

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The Gypsy Trail

(Continued from page 14)



**"Sensitive skin
and stubborn beard"**

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

**Here's the first Contest
Prize Winning Letter**

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue?

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super-Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship, we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,

(Signed) H. R. Bowen

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The secret's in *Dermtation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination, any way. By elimination you find the right job, the place to live, even the right wife. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

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THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

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George's who had been through Vassar and an unfortunate love affair in her youth, and who had been rescued from a melancholy middle-aged decline in a small New England village two years after the birth of Marian's first child. She had been offered the post of governess in the household and had accepted with an alacrity that had been pathetic in its implications. She was a birdlike self-effacing little creature who read Jane Austen and who was constantly complaining that there was no one in Dalton who had ever heard of that ornament of English literature. Marian found her in the nursery reading to John, aged eight, and little Roberta, aged six. Cousin Laurel was surprisingly sympathetic to the idea.

"It'll do you good to get out of this humdrum life here," she said enthusiastically. "It must be wonderful to have some part of your past that you can go back to and relive as it were, something that you can pick up again with a little thrill. My own's so dun colored that it gives me an ache every time I think of it. Don't mind about the children. You'll only be a short distance away, and I'll let you know if anything out of the way happens."

Marian was a little disturbed to find that the children were not the least bit distressed at the prospect of separation. Their sole interest in the projected trip concerned the nature of the presents which they felt she would bring back to them as a matter of course. Roberta thought that a nice doll's house like the one Cousin Laurel had said had been made for the Queen of England would be the right sort of a gift.

"And don't forget to have little bits of books in the bookcases and real little automobiles in the garage, mumsy," she insisted.

"Aw, that's silly, that is," said John contemptuously. "What good's an old doll's house? Why don't you ask her to get you something useful, like a big tent for the backyard that you can use to learn how to be a soldier and plan to defeat the enemy in and defend your country and everything like that? When are you goin', mother—to-night?"

"No, dear, not until Monday or maybe Tuesday."

"Aw, gee, not until next week," he replied dejectedly. "Golly, that's going to be a long time to wait."

IN THE days that intervened before the arrival of Bee Ellis' buoyant telegram on Sunday evening they almost wore her out with urgent demands that she start at once, and when she kissed them good-by on Monday morning they were still insistent about their prospective gifts.

"Selfish little things, aren't they?" inquired Cousin Laurel.

"Terribly. I never realized how much before." She looked back as the car sped down the street toward the station, hopeful that there would be at least one little hand to wave her a good-by, but they were busy at play once more, and only Cousin Laurel was following her with her eyes, a slim, sagging figure in gray. She read Bee's telegram over again on the train.

"Your letter gave me more of a kick than I'd have had from the pint of champagne I couldn't connect with here. If you don't come Monday morning I'll get the governor to send the military after you. Reservations made at the Wabash, but come to the theatre the minute you hit town. Rehearsal at ten-thirty and God how we need it. Love from

BEE"

She feverishly saw her bags into the hands of the hotel porter in Indianapolis and stepped into a taxicab. She was trembling with excitement when she passed through the stage door at the opera house. The door-tender had gone forward when she gave her name, and as she stood in the shadows she saw him step into a pool of soft light in the center of the stage and draw a tall, slender woman aside. The next moment the tall, slender woman was running toward her with the lightness of a child and she knew that it was Bee Ellis. Tears crept into her eyes as she found herself engulfed in a fierce embrace.

"My dear," she murmured. "It's been so long, so terribly long."

The other woman drew away a little and caught her hands.

"A little more dignity perhaps," she said appraisingly. "That's the only change I notice. I'll take that out of you in a couple of days. Let's go into my dressing-room and dish the dirt."

Marian smiled through her tears at the sound of the old colloquialism as Bee Ellis stepped away to attract the attention of the stage manager.

"Go on without me for a little while, Thompson," she called out. "Something important's come up."

"Really, you know, you shouldn't. I can wait."

"Well, I can't," replied the other woman positively. "What's a new play to an old pal? You don't imagine I'm one of these serious artists, do you?"

SHE linked her arm in that of her old friend and led her to where a half-open door let into a lighted room. Marian thrilled as she passed through it and caught the old familiar musty smell. She blinked at the dazzling brilliance of the frame of lights around the long mirror. Gay chintz curtains draped the windows, and a lace-edged white cover lay atop the dressing table. There were wicker chairs and a light blue rug, and masses of pink carnations foamed out of the tops of two great vases.

"I didn't know they had dressing-rooms like this anywhere except in New York," she gasped.

"They haven't, my dear. I carry the whole production intact. I don't believe in old proverbs. When in Indianapolis I'm going to do as New Yorkers do. Take off your hat, sit down and let's look each other over."

Marian, tremulous under the calm scrutiny of the deep-seated dark eyes that were turned on her, found it difficult to look steadily at Bee Ellis, but the furtive glances which she darted at her friend of other days told her at once that the years had fallen on her like a gentle rain, leaving scarcely a trace of their passage. Her thin, sensitive face seemed, as ever before, to be always concealing a lurking smile and her eyes had still their old brilliant sparkle.

"I was afraid," said Bee Ellis gaily, after the mutual inspection was over, "that Dalton dry-rot might have set in. I'll confess I fancied that you'd be serene and settled and—and even sedate."

"But why?"

"I don't know—it usually happens. Remember Mildred Morris who married that rubber man out in Akron just after she made that big hit in 'Impatience'? She called on me on her way to Europe a couple of years ago and she looked like a clergyman's wife. A matron, my dear, a fat and lumpy matron with one of those terrible hats on like Queen Mary wears—you know the kind—they're made of reinforced concrete. She was as dignified as the principal of a girl's school and I'm quite sure she reads papers every Thursday afternoon before a woman's club on 'Aspects of Byzantine Culture' or something equally snappy. You don't go in for literary Thursday afternoons, do you?"

"I might—in desperation, I mean—if there was anyone in the darned old town with gump-tion enough to start them. It's really pretty dull sometimes."

Bee Ellis shifted uneasily in her chair and laid a sympathetic hand on Marian's arm.

"My dear," she murmured, "I've caught you just in time. How's that impulsive husband of yours? Still as wild about you as ever?"

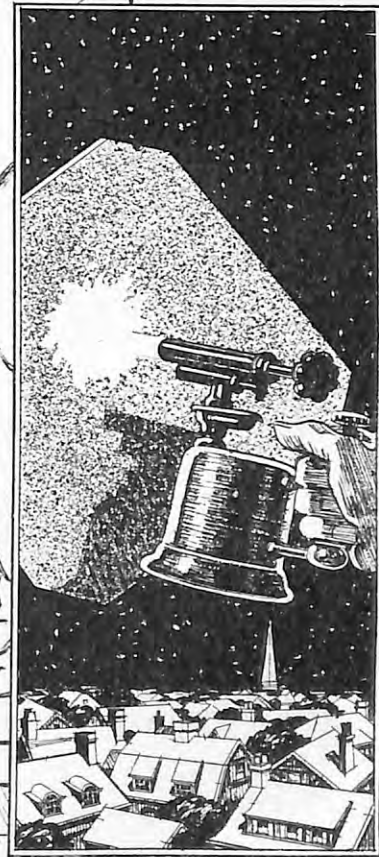
"Oh, yes," she replied, quietly. "I suppose he is—in his own way."

"Which is another way of saying that he forgets your birthdays, reads the morning paper at breakfast and regards you more or less like a nice piece of ornamental furniture. The children are a help, I suppose."

"Of course—they're a great comfort—always."

Marian tried for a moment to grow wistful about them, but she found this impossible. She didn't feel wistful and she knew that it would be futile to pretend an emotion under the searching eyes of Bee Ellis. That slender

(Continued on page 60)



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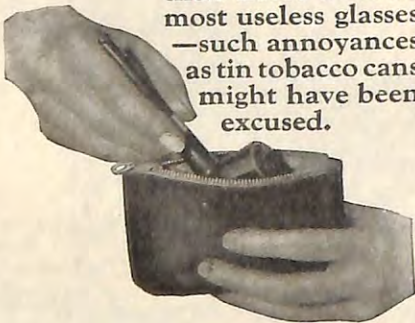
The Gypsy Trail

(Continued from page 58)



**Excusable—
back in the 90's**

When men choked their throats with collars as tall as billboards and pinched their noses with almost useless glasses—such annoyances as tin tobacco cans might have been excused.



But now—

Those days are gone forever. The "Locktite" Tobacco Pouch with the Hookless Fastener has taken the place of the tin can. It opens wide and closes tight with a Z-Z-Zip! Lies flat and comfortable in your pocket. \$1.00 and up wherever smokers' articles are sold.

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\$1.00
and up

"Locktite" Cigarette Case holds a full pack of twenty, keeps them fresh and straight. \$1.00 and up.

celebrity rose briskly and adjusted a few stray hairs in front of the mirror.

"I've got to go back," she said. "Come on out and sit on the sidelines and tell me how bad I am afterwards."

"I'd rather stay here for a few minutes if you don't mind. It's the first dressing room I've been inside of in twelve years; it's a rather nice feeling, just being here. I'd like to bask a little. What's your part in the new play like?"

"Hussy, my dear, at heart. The author's in Europe. He's camouflaged her a lot. She's supposed to be inscrutable and as mysterious as—what's the line?—Oh yes, as mysterious as night in the desert, but she's really just a plain hussy. She's a lot of fun. Calls her principal lover 'boy,' raises no end of devilment with his strait-laced relatives and wears four gorgeous gowns. Wait till you see them."

She was gone in a flash and Marian, relaxing languidly in the big wicker chair, gave herself up to her surroundings. Through the stream of her consciousness there drifted vague, nebulous fancies which presently resolved themselves into a definite pattern. She was back again at the Empire on an opening night. This was her dressing room. She had just come off the stage after a clamorous curtain call which she had shared with John Drew and the echoes of the still insistent applause sounded all about her. Presently the room seemed peopled with enthusiastic friends proffering congratulations and she was caught up in a whirl of delectable excitement. "Adorable, my dear"—"stunning—perfectly stunning"—"another performance like this and you'll be in the electric lights."

"Excuse me, lady, but I've got to fix one of the windows."

The house carpenter, coatless and grimy, wedged through the door, bringing Marian Parrish back to a real world once more. She laughed nervously and stood up quickly to let him pass. She moved out into the gloom of the stage, blinking at the darkness and wondering if Cousin Laurel would remember to see that Roberta had spinach once a day as Dr. Jackson had ordered.

She sat down on a "prop box" near the edge of the proscenium and revelled for half an hour in the behind-the-scenes atmosphere that had once been such an intimate part of her life. All the old smells and sounds assailed her. She even grew a bit sentimental at the sight of a group of idle stage-hands playing cards in a little room in a far corner. There had always been that card game during the progress of the play and she sighed at the memory of the times she had peered over the participants' shoulders while waiting for a cue. The theatre cat, ambling aimlessly through the darkness, brushed against her skirt and she stopped to gently stroke it. "The dear, dear theatre." Barrie had called it that. Dear, understanding, sentimental Barrie!

AT FIRST she had paid but little heed to the rehearsal, but presently it was borne upon her that Bee Ellis and another actress were going through the same scene over and over again with monotonous persistence. The other actress was a worried-looking angular woman with reddish hair who seemed to grow more nervous and tremble with each repetition and whose distress at her failure to remember certain speeches eventually became so disturbing that Marian couldn't bear to watch her. She wandered back to the dressing room again and was giving her face a few experimental touches before the mirror when Bee Ellis appeared in the doorway.

"Did she get on your nerves, too?" Bee asked.

"I suppose you mean that poor woman with the red hair. Who is she?"

"She's a rotten understudy they sicked on to us just before we left New York. Jane Dixon, who's playing the part, is in bed over at her hotel with a cold, and there's a remote chance that she may not be able to go on to-night. I've been through that second act scene seven times and this poor dumb-bell doesn't seem to know whether she's supposed to be my mother or the fiancée of my chiropodist. There ought to be a law against such people going on the stage.

You'd better come over to the hotel for a bit of lunch. We'll be at it all afternoon again."

Marian found that a bedroom opening off the sitting room of Bee's suite had been assigned to her and that her things had been laid out with scrupulous care by Martha, her friend's maid, the same stout and jolly colored woman who had served in this capacity in the old days. She rather enjoyed being kissed and fussed over by this genial soul.

"It sure does look as if you-all's been livin' in some kin' of fairyland, Miss Marian," Martha remarked enthusiastically when the first greetings were over. "Mah goodness, honey, you don't seem no older at all than when you was playin' that last part with Miss Bee. I was kin' of afraid you'd be kin' of settled like."

They had their luncheon sent up and they lingered over it in a warm glow of reminiscence. Marian luxuriated in idleness during the afternoon and Bee Ellis found her napping when she came back from the rehearsal in a disturbed state of mind.

"Dixon's fool doctor won't let her go on to-night," she remarked, "and that understudy is just naturally going to mess things up so that I'll probably have hysterics. I was an utter ass to ever agree to leave New York. You'd better buy yourself a first aid package at the drug store and come back at the end of each act. I'm not sure just now whether you'll need to use it on me or on that red-haired person."

The opening of "Bitter Sweet" wasn't as calamitous as Bee Ellis had predicted. Marian found herself sharing all the thrills and tremulous excitement of the people on the stage from an aisle seat in the fifth row. The unfortunate lady with the auburn hair had very little to do in the first act and while she was utterly negative she didn't seriously upset the proceedings. Bee was her old exotic, subtle, alluring self, but in the years which had passed since Marian had last seen her she had acquired a serene poise and a masterly self-assurance which easily explained her dominant position in the metropolis. Marian slipped up the aisle in a shower of applause from the crowded house and found her testily submitting to Martha's ministrations in the dressing room.

"She missed four cues in that act," she complained. "I hope they have a comfortable jail in this town. I know I'm going to commit aggravated assault and battery before the next curtain's up ten minutes. You'll bring me jelly and fruit, won't you, dear, if they lock me up?"

WHILE the threatened assault did not take place at the specified time Marian felt that it would have been amply justifiable. The red-haired lady made a sorry showing in the crucial scene of the play, a brilliantly written interchange between the "hussy" and the worldly-wise and cynical wife of one of the numerous men in the case. It was a brittle scene of high comedy which should have exploded all over the stage. Bee Ellis saved it from complete collapse but Marian, sitting breathless, realized better than any one in the audience what might have been done with it. Fearful that her presence back stage might add additional fuel to her friend's wrath she remained in her seat at the end of this act and found a certain vicarious satisfaction in the compliments which those around her were paying Bee.

The certainty of ultimate Chicago and New York success seemed to Marian to be written large all over "Bitter Sweet" when the final curtain fell, but Bee Ellis was not so sanguine.

"I won't be able to tell definitely," she said, "until I get the feel of an audience's re-action to that second act. I couldn't get anything to-night with that false alarm playing opposite me. I decided not to kill her. She isn't worth it. We'll see what happens to-morrow night when Jane Dixon steps in."

Jane Dixon, however, was not destined to have her chance at the rôle. A telephone message the next morning awoke Bee Ellis from a restless sleep, and Marian, still in bed, heard enough of the one-sided conversation to realize that something decidedly agitating was in the air. Bee was limp and worried looking as she appeared in the doorway of her friend's room. She

grasped the door-knob to prevent herself from sagging.

"My knees won't work," she murmured. "They always give way when I get a knock-out punch. Dixon's got pneumonia. That was her doctor on the phone. He says she's in a critical condition and that even if she gets well it'll be three weeks before she can leave her bed. I guess we'll have to close and go back to Broadway. I won't risk Chicago and my reputation with that lame excuse for an actress."

"But you can get somebody on from New York," suggested Marian. "Put in a long distance call and get your casting agent busy."

"There isn't time. It would probably take forty-eight hours to find the right actress, if there is such a person and another twenty-four to get her on here. That'd be Friday. There wouldn't be time enough for rehearsals with a Monday night opening staring me in the face. The game isn't worth the candle. I'll have to quit."

SHE slipped away from the door and threw herself despondently on the foot of her friend's bed. Her customary self-reliance seemed to have vanished and she cried softly as Marian's hand ran sympathetically through the tangled masses of dark hair that flowed over the counterpane.

"Two months of the hardest kind of work I've ever done in my life and all to no purpose," she murmured between sobs. "I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it."

"There isn't anything in this business that can't be done if one has to do it. You're making difficulties for yourself—imagining them, my dear. I remember that I went on once in 'Caprice' on forty-eight hours' notice and made a real hit. Why, what's the matter?"

Marian started back in fright as Bee Ellis snapped up to a sitting position and caught both her arms in a taut grip.

"The matter is that I'm just a plain darned fool," she replied briskly. "Worrying about closing and getting an actress on from New York and everything when the inevitable actress is right here on the job."

"You don't mean—you can't possibly suggest that—"

"Of course I mean just that. You're going to play that part. You're going to go in on short notice again and you're going to make another real hit. The thing might have been written for you."

"But—but I couldn't—I wouldn't dare—it would—" Marian could hardly speak so chaotic were the mental images that were surging through her mind.

"Couldn't—wouldn't dare! What kind of stuff and nonsense is that? Wouldn't it give you a real kick to get out before an audience again after all these years you've been stuck away in that one-horse jay town? You don't want to be a mere vegetable, do you? That's what you'll become if I let you go back there again without a touch of real adventure. I've been watching you carefully ever since you came on. The theatre's got in your blood again. Give it a chance."

"But George—he wouldn't allow me—we had an argument just before I came away—he's set against me even thinking about the stage—he—"

"Doesn't even want you to think about it, eh? That's fine! What are you anyway, Marian—one of these jelly-fish wives who salaams seven times when the lord-high lays down the law? I'd make you do this thing even if he were at home, but you tell me he's out in California. He won't know anything about it until it's all over and if he raises any ructions then I'll guarantee to give him a talking-to that'll make him feel as small as a side-show midget."

Marian found herself trembling with a strange elation.

"I'd really love to do it," she stammered, "but I'm afraid. You don't understand what it is to have your life run along a groove for so long. I've longed for something like this for years—God, how I've longed—but now—now—well, I'm foolishly afraid—just like a little child."

She wrapped her arms around the other woman and sobbed hysterically on her shoulder. Bee Ellis mothered her for a few moments and then straightened up.

(Continued on page 62)

Try this new shaving method

See how it softens your beard at the base in a really scientific way

HERE is a shaving cream, developed to soften your beard in a scientific way—a way that means quicker, smoother shaving, and leaves your face smooth and comfortable all day long.

It is a unique shaving method—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

The name of this product is Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It was designed especially to soften the beard at the base with moisture.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

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Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form. In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every tiny hair.

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In this way the beard comes properly softened right where cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.



ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.



In addition, this creamy lather gently lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience as you have never enjoyed before.

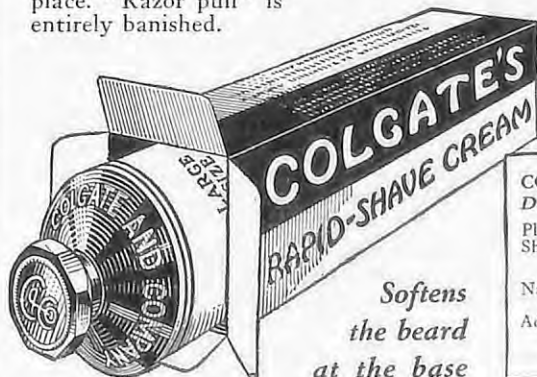
Unlike any cream you've ever used

It is interesting to note the difference in the comfort of your shave when you lather up with Colgate's—to discover how clean and cool it leaves your face, how smooth without the usual dryness.

You can prove these truths to your own satisfaction simply by comparing Colgate's with any other shaving cream you may have used.

Just clip the coupon—and let us mail you a generous trial tube. Then note what a remarkable difference it makes. Note its extra speed, its greater comfort, in the luxury it brings to shaving.

Once you have used it, you will never go back to former methods.



Softens the beard at the base

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The steel used is the highest grade razor steel money can buy. Every blade is individually inspected by trained operators, after each one of the ten separate operations necessary in the manufacture of the finished product.

The final test, before packing, is the severe hair test—a unique precaution taken by the Durham-Duplex Razor Company alone, to insure uniform high quality. Each edge must cut a human hair three times before being packed in the special patented folders, which in turn make it possible for the user to receive his blades in the same perfect condition that they left the factory. Nothing is allowed to come in contact with the edges after the final inspection.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied users, make the statement that Durham-Duplex blades are *The Blades Men Swear by—not at*—a conservative fact, rather than an idle boast.

If you, too, want a blade that you can Swear by—Not At, and want to test its merits for yourself, simply fill in the coupon below and mail it to us with 25c. We will send you a regular Durham-Duplex razor (same as those packed in our \$1.50 and higher priced sets) with one blade, already for shaving.

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including two 50c packages of 5
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Interchangeable Blades, 50c
for package of 5

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I enclose 25c for razor and blade—Check type preferred. E-9

Signed _____

Address _____

I prefer Straight Type Safety type.

Hoe Type Safety type.

The Gypsy Trail

(Continued from page 61)

"That'll be about all of that," she announced with finality. "We both ought to be spanked—a couple of supposedly sane, grown-up women blubbering all over the place like a pair of school-girls. The first thing we've got to think of is your wardrobe. Dixon's about your size. I'll have a dressmaker in to see if we can't—"

"But nothing's decided yet, Bee. I haven't said I'd do it. . . ."

"You haven't, but I have. You'll play on Friday night if possible and on Saturday afternoon for a certainty. You'll open in Chicago and you'll play there long enough for us to get the right sort of a substitute on from New York. There's no use in your objecting any more. It's settled."

MARIAN was obliged to admit to herself that it seemed to be. She voiced a few more protests which diminished in intensity with each repetition and finally gave in. She tried for a few moments to tell herself that she was being forced into submission by a stronger will, but when Bee Ellis left the room to telephone and she had time for thoughtful reflection she came to the knowledge that she was really heeding an inner voice, the voice that through the years had been urging her to follow the phantom lights that danced along the gypsy trail.

George would be furious. Of that there could be no possible doubt. But, she told herself, there wasn't anything he could do about it except raise an awful row. And wasn't the thrill of it all worth a half a dozen rows? She remembered the smug oiliness of his moral discourse on the duties of a good wife and mother when he had come home that day to announce his departure for the coast and the cold perfunctory formalism of their farewell at the station. There would be endless years of this routine, middle-aged, decorous existence. Wasn't she entitled to one little crowded hour, to one plunge into the tinsel joys of the magic world out of which he had swept her into the drab dreariness of Dalton? A strange exhilaration filled her as she bounded suddenly out of bed determined to enter upon her adventure with all the enthusiasm at her command.

The activities of the strenuous day which followed tired her far less than did the usual round of household duties at home. There were four hours of the hardest kind of intensive rehearsing, an exasperating fifty minutes with a crotchety dressmaker and a mad search through a string of shops for just the right sort of little things which would give the indefinable personal touch to her appearance. Marian found the members of the company unselfishly helpful at rehearsal and her old aptness as a "quick study" came into play with great effectiveness. When Bee Ellis, worn and haggard looking, called it a day she already knew long snatches of her part and was eager for "just another run-through of the second act."

"It's a re-birth, my dear," said Bee. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You look as if you'd just come out of a Turkish bath and the rest of us are dying in our tracks. You're going to be wonderful, I don't mind telling you. You could stand that little old town of yours on its head if you'd invite a few of the prominent citizens over here for the Saturday night performance. Want to give 'em something to talk about?"

"No—no—we mustn't do that"—Marian was panic-stricken. "It's funny. I haven't thought of Dalton since I decided on this, or of the children, or of home. I've got to let Cousin Laurel know. I'd better go over there tomorrow night and break the news to her."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said her friend decisively. "I'm taking no chances with you. For all I know you might slip back into the old routine again and leave me flat. You can get her on the phone at dinner time. That's as far as I'll go with you."

"But the children—I must see them."

"It'll do them good and you, too, if you don't see them until this little flyer is all over. If you went to Europe or sent them to a summer camp you wouldn't see them for a much longer time. Be sensible."

Marian demurely accepted this advice.

Really, the urge to return to Dalton was not very strong. It was prompted by a none too resilient sense of duty rather than by any strong emotional longing. Cousin Laurel was thrilled to speechlessness by the announcement when Marian reached her on the telephone.

"It's too wonderful," she gasped, after a few inarticulate moments. "It's like—like a real romance. Please forget about everything here and have your fling. You're so sensible in taking it this way. Some women might choose another course. I'm sure I might be tempted to if I were you. Take the stopper all the way out, my dear, and let things fizz all over the place. . . . Yes, I'll remember about Roberta's spinach and I'll have John's hair cut, and I'll give Mrs. Marsh that pattern. Just stop thinking about such things. They shouldn't be important to you now. Write me a long letter and send me the criticisms from Chicago. Good-bye and good-luck."

When she hung up the phone Marian found herself weeping a little at the poor drab soul's understanding and enthusiasm. A few misgivings gripped her, but not for long. After all she would be home again not later than the end of next week. Bee had her agent searching in New York for some one to play the part and had given instructions that the substitute reach Chicago not later than the following Monday. She dismissed her fears and applied herself assiduously to the task of learning her lines.

She was ready for her plunge on Friday night. She approached the ordeal in a tremble of nervous excitement though she was secretly confident of her ability to make a real success. The part was flashy and vivid and she had got the "feel" of it at the first rehearsal. The technical tricks that had served her so well in the old days had obeyed her summons and on Friday afternoon she had gone through the play in such high spirits and with such ease that Bee Ellis and the members of the company had been somewhat aghast at her fluency. The star drifted into her dressing room just before the overture that night and carefully inspected the result of the ministrations of Martha who had been loaned for the occasion.

"My dear," she said enthusiastically, "you look absurdly wonderful. You'd better be prepared to stave off movie offers. They'll be after you in a flock. Good luck and God bless you."

SHE kissed her and was gone. Fifteen minutes later Marian found herself out on the stage speaking her first lines and thrilling at the realization that she was out of her rut for the first time in twelve years, that she was once again something more than the "homebody" that George had so unctuously lauded and that in the crowded, dim, old-fashioned auditorium there were perhaps a few who were thumbing their programs because of the sight of a remembered face and wondering who she was. She felt so perfectly at ease that she was able to smile for a moment at their imagined discomfort when they would find opposite the designation of the character she was portraying the meaningless name of "Grace Denby." She had insisted upon hiding her real identity after a hectic argument with Bee.

The performance passed off with surprising smoothness. Marian was mistress of herself throughout. At the end of the second act she shared the curtain calls with Bee Ellis and relived again the successes of her earlier days. She had played the crucial scene with just the right note of hard brilliancy and her friend, spurred on for the first time by a worthy antagonist, had risen to heights she had hitherto been unable to attain. She was flushed and radiant as she caught Marian in her arms at the end of the play.

"What price Dalton now, old girl?" she inquired. "We'll get over with a big smash in Chicago. There isn't a doubt in the world."

Bee was a good prophet. The Chicago opening was sensationally successful. So vociferously insistent were the curtain calls after the second act that she stepped forward and made a graceful speech in which she thanked the members of the company for their cooperation and "more particularly Miss Denby who stepped into her

role on three days' notice, after a long retirement from the stage and who has graced it with an artistry that is as finished as it is rare." Marian, blushing in the left entrance, suddenly found herself dragged out before the audience again and was so startled that it was not until the curtain had descended amid a brisk tattoo of applause that she realized that she was sharing the honors alone. Bee had slipped off stage behind her as she came on.

"What price Dalton now, my dear?" her friend again inquired tauntingly a minute later in the star dressing room. "What price the 'dull routine that irks the soul of man'?"

The company manager came back just then to announce that at least two of the critics had remembered Marian and were determined to print her real name. He wanted permission to give it to the others and Marian reluctantly permitted this to be done. She got a new thrill the next morning when she and Bee read the reviews together in bed. Bee pounced upon the papers when they were delivered and read bits of the criticism aloud.

"HERE'S a flossy one," she said gaily. "Miss Ellis, with all her brilliance, was crowded hard for first honors by Marian Palmer, who, it will be remembered, retired into obscurity many years ago after her marriage and immediately following her great success in 'Patchouli'. Programmed as Grace Denby, for some unfathomable reason, she gave a fascinating study of a jaded, cynical woman fighting social ostracism with a barbed tongue and sublime self-assurance. It was a bravura performance of the first order and it is earnestly to be hoped that it marks the beginning of a fresh career upon the stage. It may be added that Miss Palmer was an enchanting picture to look upon.' I think, my dear, that it would have been perhaps better for me if I'd kept that red-haired scare-crow."

The other reviews were equally flattering and Marian kindled at the memory of them while a competent actress from New York rehearsed the rôle of Mrs. Sanchez and Bee Ellis pleaded incessantly with her friend, urging that she continue in the part for a few weeks longer. Marian refused to be persuaded out of her determination to end her adventure on Saturday night.

"I'm just playing hookey, Bee," she said wistfully, "and I've got to go home and take my medicine like a soldier though I must admit that I don't relish the prospect. It would be far pleasanter to drift along with you."

The two friends, with arms linked, were leaving the stage for their dressing rooms after the final curtain on Wednesday night when the doorman approached them.

"There's a gentleman outside to see Miss Palmer," he announced. "He wouldn't give me his name. Just said to say he was a friend from Dalton, wherever that is."

"It's probably your pastor, my dear," remarked Bee, cheerily, "gathering material for a sermon on the evils of the modern theatre. Better see him. It won't do for you to be up-stage to home-town folks."

"Stick by me, Bee, I'm afraid," said Marian, as she nodded to the doorman. "Something seems to tell me that I'm going to feel terribly embarrassed."

A moment or two later she saw George Parrish step through the door leading to the hallway and she felt herself go cold all over. He was smiling and he came towards her with arms out-stretched. In a daze she felt herself enfolded in a crushing embrace and his lips against hers. Bee Ellis gasped hysterically.

"Who's this Lochinvar?" she inquired.

"Just a muddle-headed dumb-bell who happens to be her husband," remarked George Parrish. "I don't blame you for not recognizing me. I've taken on about forty pounds and a lot of ridiculous airs since I last played stage-door Johnnie. Marian, dear, you were wonderful—simply wonderful!"

Marian found her voice with difficulty.

"But I thought you were still in California," she stammered. "I didn't mean to—I was—well, what I mean is I just did this as a favor to Bee and I—"

"Don't start apologizing," he broke in. "Your story won't go down. You did it because you wanted to do it and it's a darned good job

(Continued on page 64)



Xpert's On the Job!!

Pick up your heels . . . stretch your legs . . . show your speed!! . . . Don't let that hound step on your toes! . . . R-U-N — you little gray ghost of the grass. . . . It's your last chance—for Xpert's on the job!!!

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Western

AMMUNITION

The Gypsy Trail

(Continued from page 63)

you did. I did a lot of thinking out there to-night after I got over my shock when you made your first entrance and it suddenly came to me that you've been living a stifled, pent-up sort of a life all these years and that I've been seventeen assorted varieties of fool for not realizing it. Things weren't so bad as reported out on the coast and I came back in a hurry. Got in this morning. I had to spend the night in town and when I saw that Miss Ellis here was playing I thought I'd drop in and take a look at her."

"If that isn't the most perfect *amende honorable* ever uttered I don't understand the English language," remarked Bee Ellis.

"I can't begin to tell you the queer way I felt all through the play," rattled on George Parrish. "There was a prosperous looking party sitting next to me—puffy duffer in his middle fifties—who was raving about you to the woman with him. It was all I could do to keep from leaning over and saying 'That's my wife you're talking about—isn't she perfectly adorable?' I haven't felt so enthusiastic about anything or anybody for years. When do we start to celebrate? Wouldn't you both like to come out for what they used to call a bottle and a bird in my father's day? I know a certain head-waiter who can be approached."

Marian, aglow with strange emotions, put her arm in his and squeezed it timidly.

"We'll make a night of it, George," she murmured. "Our first real night out in a great many years."

"Oh, don't throw that up at me. 'That's all shove be'ind me—long ago and fur away.' I'll smoke a cigar out in the alley. It'll bring back the time when I used to wait outside the Empire stage-door and wonder what on earth was keeping you. Don't be long."

The supper was an absurdly lively affair. The conversation was largely reminiscent and the three lived over again the courting days when George had impetuously swept in from the west and had conquered Marian by the sheer momentum of his ardor. It was long after two o'clock when Bee Ellis ventured to bring the talk around to practical realities.

"Of course, you know she's quitting on me Saturday," she remarked casually.

"You don't mean you're giving up the part, Marian, do you—not seriously?" George inquired anxiously.

"Of course I do," she replied. "After all I'm a married woman and there's a home and children and a few other trifles like that."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "Cousin Laurel will manage things beautifully. You'll need more than a couple of weeks to get the

Dalton kinks out of your system. Finish out the run here in Chicago anyway. Why, there are a hundred fellows I want to send seats to. Have a heart. Don't you suppose I want to be envied a little? I wouldn't be human if I didn't."

"You're a dear," murmured Marian. "I'll think it over."

He came up to their suite when they arrived at the hotel after a somewhat noisy ride in a taxi. He had persisted in singing "I want to Live in Loveland with a Girl Like You" from one of the old Lew Fields' shows and at least one policeman had forcibly remonstrated. Bee Ellis discreetly left them alone for their farewells and wondered if she could hold Marian.

GEORGE was at breakfast with them the next morning when a bell-boy brought a letter for Marian. She paled a little when she read it.

"It's from Cousin Laurel," she said quietly. "Roberta ran a fever of 101 yesterday afternoon and Dr. Jackson isn't sure what it is. That Talbot girl will have to go on to-night, Bee. George and I are going home."

"Of course, that would have to happen," broke in George impatiently. "It's probably something simple like measles. Cousin Laurel's just needlessly alarmed. Children run temperatures awfully easily. Least little upset starts them going. She'll be all right to-morrow. She's probably all right now. I'll go home if you want me to and get you on the phone to-night if it's anything serious. No use in your quitting now that you've made such a hit. Please let me go."

Marian reached across the table and laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"We're both going, dear," she said in the same quiet, firm voice. "Some other time—who knows?—You may be able to show me off to those friends of yours. I've had my little fling and it's been a blessed joy in many ways, but I guess maybe I've really grown into something of a homebody, during all these years."

Bee Ellis, who had realized that objection was futile, said good-bye to her in the lobby while George fussed with the head-porter.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You've lost a great opportunity to make a new career for yourself." "Perhaps," replied Marian softly, "but I've found something better."

"What?"

"My old lover. Here he comes. Isn't he adorable?"

She flushed scarlet as envious tears crept into the other woman's dark eyes.

The Hardaway-Lucas Case

(Continued from page 33)

have been!" She favored Mr. Hardaway with a glance like a poisoned assegai, and continued—"The form in which we decided to avail ourselves of Mr. Lucas's offer was to accept from him a loan of five hundred pounds, paying no interest, but depositing a diamond necklace with him as security, this necklace to be returned on the day that Sybil marries Mr. Lucas, which we had expected to arrange to be the day she becomes twenty-one. On that day Mr. Lucas had agreed also to give us a receipt for the money. This was satisfactory to everyone—but suddenly a hitch has occurred. Mr. Lucas pretends to have made two discoveries—one being that Sybil is secretly engaged to a gentleman of whom we know nothing, and the other being that the diamonds in the necklace are paste."

"Not paste—*glass!*" said Mr. Lucas.

She struck like a viper—

"Be so kind, Mr. Lucas," she said with her curious sour-sweet smile, "as to refrain from interrupting until it is your turn to speak."

"He *claims* that the diamonds are false. In reply to these statements both I and my husband say, flatly, that we know nothing of Sybil's secret lover and that when the necklace was handed to Mr. Lucas the diamonds were diamonds. Mr. Lucas, it seems, wishes to have something done about the matter. What he

wishes, and why, I do not understand. But what we require is that the false diamonds are replaced instantly by real ones as good as those we handed to Mr. Lucas, and at once, as Sybil was twenty-one years old yesterday. It is upon that point we wish you to arbitrate."

She ceased; "Lucky" Lucas groaned slightly, and Mr. Hardaway took a long pull at his tankard—a comparatively silent pull.

Prosper turned mutely to Mr. Lucas.

"'ad," said that lucky person, feebly. "up'll and down dale. Properly. . . ."

The lady's lips curled in icy disdain, but she said nothing. She merely sat there, looking as pleasant and sweet as a tarantula.

"Please state your case, Mr. Lucas," said Prosper.

Mr. Lucas, who was plump, bald, a man nearing middle age, wiped his brow with a bright silk handkerchief.

"Mrs. Hardaway told me that the young lady wasn't engaged to nobody and that it would be easy to arrange the marriage," he said. "And she said the necklace was worth a thousand pounds. I made a mistake in not examining the necklace when I got it home. I'll own that the necklace I saw here in this very room when we settled it and I parted with the five hundred looked like di'monds—I could have swore they was di'monds—but well, they ain't. They're



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glass. When I found out—from a friend o' mine at Bournemouth that Miss Sybil was a-carryin' on with her gent over the school wall, sort of, I takes out the necklace out o' my safe—and in a flash I sees 'tain't di'monds at all. Why, look here, it ain't fair!" Mr. Lucas began to get excited. "Have I gotta lose everythink, damme! Have I gotta lose the girl—God bless her pretty little face, I don't blame her for it—but have I gotta lose her, and the five hundred I lent, and, on top of it all, buy a thousand pounds' worth of di'monds to replace the di'monds I never had! Lord lumme, some people haven't got half a neck on 'em!" concluded Mr. Lucas, in his emotion throwing restraint to the winds. "I'm willing to give back the necklace I was give. And maybe knock a few pounds off the five hundred I want back, but I'll do no more!"

And so concluded the speech for the defense. Prosper looked at Mr. Hardaway. But that gentleman had nothing to say. He was engaged—still silently—with his tankard.

"I see," said Prosper, very truly. He saw everything, and though no sign of it appeared on his unruffled countenance, all his sympathy went out—not to the razor-edged Mrs. Hardaway, nor to the enamoured Mr. Lucas, but to the daughter of the late Mr. St. John Singleton. What was she doing at school at the age of twenty-one? Obviously she was kept there by her stepmother and her stepmother's second husband to be out of the way. They were trustees of her fortune, and presumably her guardians—but she would have been better off with a brace of wolves for trustees and a pair of vultures for guardians, reflected Prosper.

Mr. Lucas was all very well in his way—but it was not a way which would appeal to any decently educated and even moderately well-bred girl. The man was a rough diamond, possibly well-to-do, but the modern girl of twenty-one, when money is not an object, has very little use for rough diamonds.

Prosper rapidly turned it all over in his mind. The fact that the Hardaways and Lucas were willing to submit their case, presumably with the intention of abiding by his decision, to a stranger, was overwhelming proof that none of them were sufficiently clear of conscience to submit the difficulty to the right person—namely, a judge in a court of law. And people who are chary of the law usually have their reasons therefor. Prosper wondered how deeply the worthy "trustees" had eaten into the girl's fortune. Unless there was some shrewd old solicitor watching her interests he feared that now she was of age Miss Sybil would discover that very few interests worth watching were left to her.

But that meant the Hardaways were criminals! Prosper realized that perfectly. He decided to be frank.

"I am sure that you will not misunderstand me when I say that the whole business seems to have been seriously improper," he said, quietly. "To raise money upon articles of jewelry held in trust. . . ."

"I disagree," snapped Mrs. Hardaway.

Prosper nodded. "You are entitled to do so," he said. "What says Mr. Lucas? Do you disagree, too?"

Mr. Lucas looked anxious.

"Well, I dunno," he said. "I shouldn't want to mix little Miss Sybil up in anything that wasn't straight. I'd sooner lose the money—damme if I wouldn't. Five hundred won't break Landseer Lucas, come what may."

Prosper warmed to him.

"That is very graceful and chivalrous of you, Mr. Lucas."

"You are not asked to arbitrate upon grace and chivalry," said Mrs. Hardaway, chillingly; "will you be so good as to confine yourself to the plain facts."

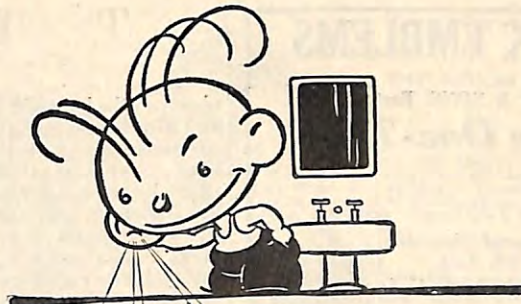
Prosper bowed, smiling.

"Again, dear lady, you are right," he replied. "Come then, to facts. I may take it—to be perfectly frank, that Mr. Lucas suggests that the false necklace was substituted for the real one after he had seen it and paid the five hundred pounds but before he left this house with a necklace in his possession. Is that it, Mr. Lucas?"

The lady stiffened.

"Yes!" said Mr. Lucas simply.

"Contemptible, detestable, unspeakable liar!"
(Continued on page 66)



What is the "man's world" saying

1. Wash the face
(but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)
3. Shave

"Barbasol cut down my morning task from 20 minutes to 10, or almost enough time saved for the prescribed reading of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books."
—W. E. B., Northampton, Mass.

"No hot water, no rubbing, yet the razor went through the beard as it would through butter, and left face fresh and cool. What has been a complicated process has become as simple as washing the face."
—J. H. B., Denver, Colo.

"You can imagine what saving half an hour every morning means to a Florida real estate man!"
—G. O. F., Tampa, Fla.

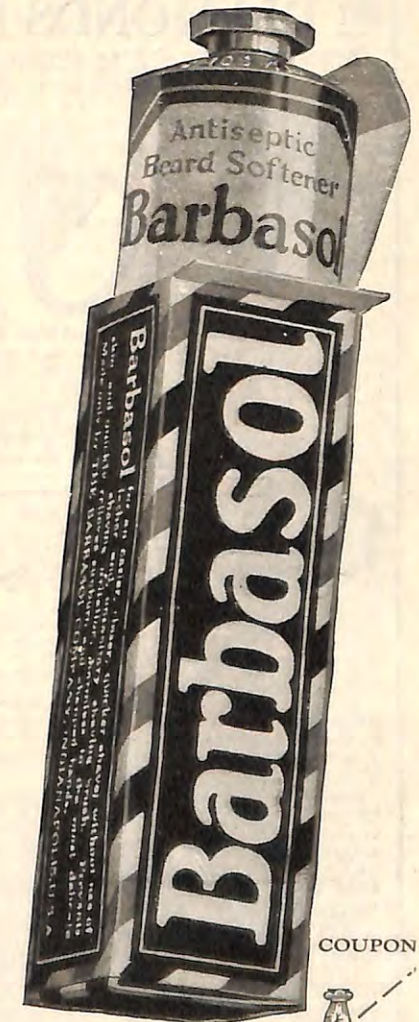
"We are still waiting for Tom Marshall's cigar, but we don't need to wait any longer for a good shaving cream. Barbasol is it!"
—M. D., Chicago, Ill.

You can have the full names and addresses on request, but we would rather send you the trial tube, 10c. Line forms on the right. Just use Barbasol three times according to directions—wash the face, spread on (but don't rub in) Barbasol, and shave.

Wonderful for Sunburn

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I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

spare me a minute. I would like to hear more of the gentleman in Paris. . . . You will find me in the barn!"

Mrs. Hardaway stepped forward, horrified. What! A Duke consigned to the barn! *The barn!* A Duke!!

"Oh, but—Your Grace—" she began.

But His Grace was gone. . . .

Portrait of a Gambler

(Continued from page 9)

except his clothes. The stranger went away and shortly returned with an officer who took Devol before a justice of the peace. Devol told the justice that the stranger had tried to cheat him with marked cards. To prove it he took the cards and began to read them from the backs. As he called "Ten of hearts" and turned the card face up, the justice seized it and examined it carefully. Then he glared at the stranger, who, apparently, was no stranger to him. Turning to Devol, he said. "Sir, I owe you the drinks. That man has been skinning me with those marked cards for over a week. I recognized that ten of hearts because it fell in the spittoon last night, and the tobacco juice is on it yet. The defendant is released. The plaintiff is under arrest and is fined one hundred dollars for gambling. The court will now adjourn to the nearest bar."

Devol always managed to escape the wrath of his victims. Once he trimmed a whole crowd of Arkansans, and jumped overboard and swam ashore when they started hunting him with their guns out. Again he disguised himself as a preacher and walked calmly up the gangway at the next town. On another occasion he won all the money of a crowd of tough characters, blacked his face and hands with soot from the cook stove, and borrowed a rough old shirt and pair of pants from a deck hand. When the boat landed he shouldered a plow and walked ashore, between two lines of men waiting for him with drawn pistols. He hid in a cotton field and walked to the next landing, where his partner had left the boat and was waiting with his clothes.

Capt. Dan Musselman, of the *Belle of Memphis* did not allow gambling on his boat, but Devol traveled on the *Belle* just the same, showing suckers how he, a poor countryman, had lost his money to card sharps—and inducing them to bet. On this boat a passenger complained to the captain after losing nine hundred dollars to the poor countryman, and Musselman ordered Devol to leave the boat at the next town, which was Hickman. Devol did not want to land at that town, one of his recent victims lived there. Therefore he put on an air of outraged dignity and refused to stay on board another minute if he couldn't be treated well. He demanded that the captain land him and Dunlap, his partner, in the woods. Desiring peace on board, the captain complied.

Dunlap didn't like the arrangement very well, nobody was waiting for him in Hickman, and it was a rainy night, but he stuck with his partner. They built a fire and lay by it all night, Dunlap so close that toward morning his coat and one leg of his pants caught fire and burned off. At daylight he walked into Hickman, where he bought some clothes, took the next boat down, and had the captain stop and pick up Devol.

A passenger on the *Robert E. Lee* lost to Devol eight hundred dollars, all he had. Desperate, he drew his pistol and demanded the money back. Devol smiled and whispered, "I'm not going to keep your money, I'll give it back to you, but not in this crowd; if I did, all the others would want theirs back. I'll tell you how we'll do; you bet your pistol on the next turn. I'll bet eight hundred against it and lose. Then we'll both be all right."

With more trustfulness than sense, the sucker put up the pistol and lost. Devol turned the muzzle on him and said. "You have acted the wet dog about losing a little money, and you get nothing. I'm going to give this pistol to my friend the mate. If he'll sell it to you, and you can raise the money, you can get it from him, but don't pull it on me again or you may get hurt. Now get out of here." And the unfortunate sucker had to go.

(Continued on page 68)



She doesn't fear the dentist

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.

Neglect punishes FOUR out of FIVE

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

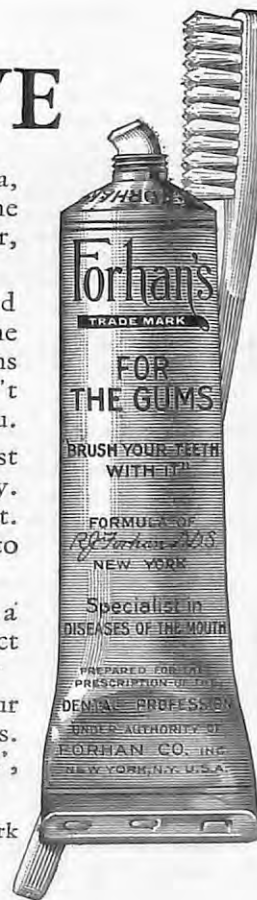
Start today to brush teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's if you would be with the lucky who escape pyorrhea's ravages. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious infection chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Portrait of a Gambler

(Continued from page 67)

"I aint"
"He don't"
"It's me!"
"You was?"
"Can't hardly"



What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

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

One night when business had been good and the trimmed suckers had retired to wonder how it happened, Devol was standing at the bar, while his partner still sat at the fateful table. A steward hurried up and said to Devol. "Dey's a woman lookin' fo' you wid a pistol dis big. Her husband one of de men you beat. Where you want to go?"

"I'll stay here," answered Devol. "Barkeeper let me have that old empty gun you keep back there."

THE woman rushed in, waving a pistol and demanding to be shown the dead-beat. Devol raised his hat. "Madam," he said, "I saw what happened this evening, and I sympathize with you absolutely. A gambler deserves to be shot. That pistol you have—it looks as if it had been loaded a long time. I'm afraid it wouldn't go off. Here; I am a United States detective, and am obliged to keep the very best arms. Take my gun; there is the gambler sitting at that table. Go after him; I assure you there will be no unpleasant consequences."

The woman aimed at the face of Devol's partner and demanded her husband's money. The gambler laughed. Down snapped the hammer, once, twice, six times. Nothing happened. The woman dropped the pistol and looked at the kind detective, to find him laughing too. He gave back her gun, after drawing the loads. His partner gave her a hundred dollars. They said the laugh was worth it.

En route from Cairo to New Orleans during the Civil War, the possession of much money lured an army paymaster into betting thirty-five hundred dollars against Devol, with the inevitable result. At Memphis the paymaster complained against the gambler, but the wily and experienced Devol was not to be caught by a small thing like the United States Army. While the soldiers searched the boat for him he lay securely in the little locker forward of the main hatch, where the mate had hidden him and concealed the trapdoor by piling barrels on it. After eight hours the boat left for New Orleans, and Devol, sweaty and thirsty but safe, was released and told his fellow-passengers he had had a delightful time in the town.

The morning on the *Fairchild*, after Devol had done some very successful playing the evening before, some of the financially depleted victims complained to a Federal detective who had been peacefully sleeping while the play was going on. They went so far as to offer the detective half of all he could get back from the gambler. The detective approached Devol, covered him with a pistol, and demanded all his winnings. Devol, however, had learned that on some occasions a man may aim a pistol without firing it. He counseled calmness, and proceeded to demonstrate the game to show it was fair. His partner worked the old trick of the pencil mark on the winning card, and the detective fell for it, proving that he was both human and inexperienced. He lost all he had.

The detective forgot all about the passenger's money—all he wanted now was to get his own back. Devol made him a proposition, and on its acceptance gave the detective five hundred dollars. Then the guardian of the law reported to the passengers that the game was fair, and if they had lost they had nothing to blame but their own lack of skill.

When he could, Devol always picked his victims with care. Once he sat down beside a prosperous-looking man and offered him a cigar. The man refused, declaring that he never smoked, chewed tobacco, or took a drink of liquor in his life. "Then," remarks the old student of human nature, "I knew he would be a darling sucker."

On another occasion he fleeced a man with excessively beautiful black whiskers. After a few minutes the man understood the trimming he had received, and said to Devol, "I see you have beaten me, and I have only my own foolishness to blame. But there are a number of men aboard who look just as prosperous as I; tell me why you picked me for the sucker."

Devol answered, "If you'll pardon me, I'll ask you a question; do you dye your whiskers?"

The man hesitated, but admitted that he did.

"I knew it," was Devol's answer. "And that's why I picked you for the sucker."

Devol, like most of the other gamblers, was free with his money when he felt that way, especially as open-handedness gave him a reputation for being a good fellow. Once at Natchez the ladies of a church sent an embroidered lap robe to the boat, hoping to raise a hundred dollars on it. Devol took ten chances at five dollars a chance, and won. He put the robe up again, got the blackest man aboard to draw, and won again. He put it up a third time, and sent four hundred dollars to the ladies of the church.

One of Devol's strongest points was his versatility. Before the Civil War an old steamboat was used at Baton Rouge for a wharf-boat and travelers' hotel. It was frequented by professional gamblers and the poker games were stiff. Devol and his partner for some time kept the stateroom nearest the bar, and by a little ingenuity won much money. There was a knot-hole in the floor under the table where they always played; under this hole they rigged a nail on a string in such a way that when the other end of the string was pulled, in the stateroom, the nail jumped up through the hole. They bored a hole in the stateroom wall so that a person in the upper berth could see their opponent's hands, and hired a boy to watch. Then Devol would slip off one of his boots, put his foot over the knot-hole, and take the signals; one pull, one pair; two pulls, two pairs; three pulls, three of a kind; and other signals for other hands.

ONE evening things began to go wrong. The pots were big, but the signals had stopped. There was only one explanation; the boy in the upper berth had gone to sleep. As Devol's opponent raked in a fat pot, Devol jumped up, grabbed the spittoon, and hurled it against the stateroom wall, where it broke and fell with a clatter. With a few remarks about the kind of luck he was having, he sat down and resumed the game. The signals were coming now, and he had no more reason to complain of his luck. After the game was over one of the players asked him why he threw the cuspidor. "One time," Devol answered, "an old nigger told me it was good luck to kick over a spittoon, and my luck was so rotten I thought I'd do better than that, so I smashed it."

"Yes," rejoined the other player, "I noticed your luck changed just after you threw her."

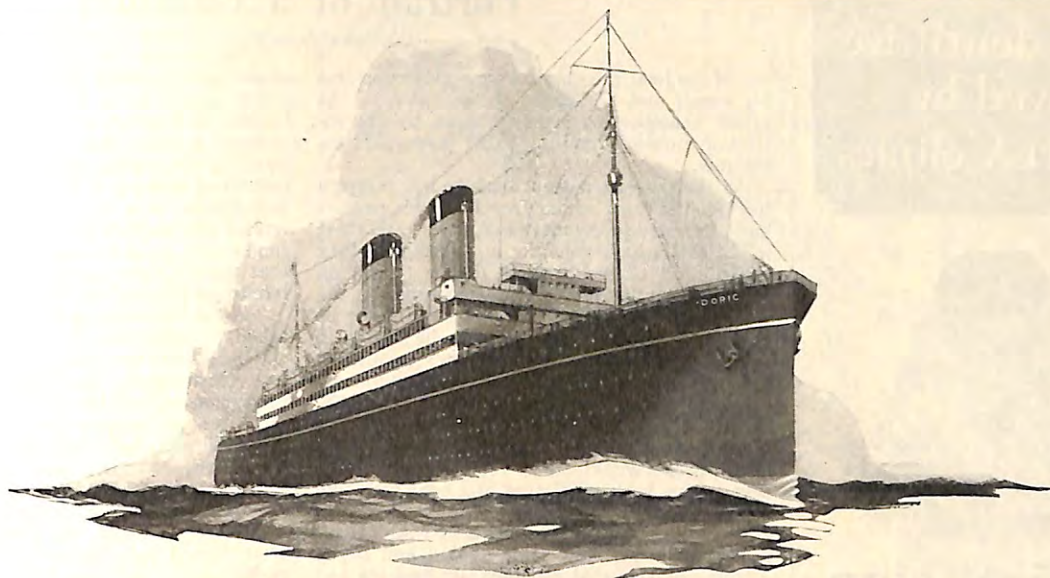
Sometimes on the boats the passengers did not appear at the bar fast enough to make a profitable evening, and in these cases the gamblers generally thought of something to bring them out. One night there was no man ready to be trimmed. Devol knew that one of the passengers had been drunk and flashing money; accordingly he bribed a partner to knock at the man's door and tell him the boat was on fire. In a few moments the man came tumbling out, asking where the fire was. The gambler told him the only fire was under the boiler; if he thought the porter told him there was a fire, he must have dreamed it, and maybe he needed a drink. In a short time Devol won five hundred dollars from him, and as the sucker went back to his stateroom he muttered, "I wish the boat had been on fire."

Devol and his partner boarded Captain William Eads' boat one night at St. Charles, after the passengers had gone to bed. Not a sucker in sight. Young Bill Eads, son of the captain, was one of the pilots. He was off watch, and was having a few drinks and indulging a grouch because his father had that day married a girl very much his junior. "Look here, Devol," said young Bill, "If you say so I'll get the suckers out of their holes for you, and have some fun for myself too."

"Go ahead," was Devol's answer, "Suckers and fun are the two things I like best."

Bill left the bar. In twenty minutes everybody aboard was awake and out hunting for fresh air, including the old bridegroom and the young bride in their brief costumes, sneezing, weeping, swearing and hunting for young Bill. Old Bill knew well enough it was his son who had put the red pepper on the hot stove, but the son was not to be found. With the airing

(Continued on page 70)



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Portrait of a Gambler

(Continued from page 68)

out of the boat the old man's modesty overcame his wrath and he sought the seclusion of the bridal chamber, so rudely broken by the intruding fumes, promising to fix young Bill tomorrow.

All the passengers went back to bed except a few good suckers whom Devol and his partner had interested in the matter of monte, and these might better have gone, for in a short time they contributed twelve hundred dollars to the resourceful gentlemen of the pasteboards.

Almost any man will bite on some game he doesn't know, provided he thinks he is sure to win. The gamblers knew this; they even knew it about themselves, and, while they bit on others' games just the same, they used the knowledge to their profit. Sometimes on the boats passengers who knew a few of the gamblers' tricks would stand around, pulling the prospective suckers' sleeves and coat tails and warning them not to play. Once on the *Grand Duke*, out of New Orleans just after Mardi Gras, a man named Picket came aboard and began warning players that monte was a delusion and a snare. Devol and his partner closed up the game; they might have made some small winnings, but Devol wanted to beat Picket. He sat down in the barroom and pretended to be suffering with tooth-ache. All sorts of remedies were suggested. The barkeeper recommended hot salt. Devol went to the pantry for some salt, wrapped it in paper, and laid it on the stove to get warm.

While the package was heating a second time, Devol went to his stateroom. The barkeeper said, "Let's have some fun with Devol." He threw the salt out of the paper and substituted ashes.

Returning, Devol picked up the package and held it to his face. "Mr. Devol," asked Picket, "Do you know that salt turns to ashes when it is heated?"

"Nonsense," answered Devol; "Salt won't burn." And he laid the package back on the stove.

"I know it will burn," said Picket, "and I'll bet you the drinks there is nothing but ashes in that paper."

Devol jumped up angrily. "I'll bet five hundred dollars," he said, "that there's nothing in it but salt."

Picket bet three hundred and fifty dollars and his watch. Another man bet five hundred that Picket would win. The stakes and the package were given to the barkeeper. He opened the package and poured on the bar—a handful of salt.

Devol had prepared two packages alike, and switched them, by this little sleight of hand trick winning a good bit of money and beating the man who had crabbed his monte game.

There were times when a gambler aboard could make himself very useful. One such occasion was on board Captain Leathers' *Magenta*, during the Civil War. The boat was loaded heavily with cotton and had on board

about two hundred and fifty passengers, principally cotton brokers. The *Magenta* made the landing at Memphis, and after supper, instead of starting again, the crew snugged everything down for the night. Devol was on board in the pursuit of unwary dollars, and asked the clerk, Bob Owens, the reason for the delay. Bob replied that there was a charge of about a thousand dollars to be paid on the cotton, he had not that much money in the office, and it was too late to get it from the bank.

"You'd like to start to-night, wouldn't you?" asked the gambler.

"We sure would," answered the clerk. "But how are we going to do it? We can't ask the passengers to loan the boat money."

"Just wait for me a few minutes," said Devol, "and I'll see what I can do about some money. You know, that's the stuff I deal in."

In ten minutes the resourceful dealer in other people's money came back and handed the clerk a thousand dollars. The charges were paid, the boat loosed her lines and rounded into the night.

Devol went back to the crowded bar and opened a game of rouge et noir, the biggest game of his long and active career as a steamboat gambler. There were about twenty-five players, and the smallest bet was fifty dollars. The cotton brokers felt pretty good about getting away from Memphis that night, and to make them feel better the gambler opened four bottles of wine after every deal. The wine cost him five dollars a bottle, and his bar bill for the evening came to three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The game was ended when a loser began to kick vociferously. This man's complaints aroused the ire of some other players who wanted to throw him overboard and continue the game, and Captain Leathers appeared to restore quiet aboard. The captain looked at the gambler and shook his head. Obediently Devol closed up his game, winner by nineteen thousand dollars.

THE big games now are the stock market, the shady promotion scheme, the boom in worthless land, varied by the wire-tapping game and countless smaller swindles in which the victim is made to believe he is taking an unfair advantage of somebody. Methods have changed, but human nature is much the same. And as long as supposedly intelligent men and women will believe that people with shady schemes are looking for folks to benefit by them, or that a sure and highly profitable enterprise has to come to the public for funds, just so long will the swindlers live like kings of finance, and the victims wonder how it all happened. The old gamblers of the river steamboats knew well the rule which, if followed, will keep a man from being swindled. They knew it, but they were human and sporty and they disregarded it, and most of them died poor. It was, and is, a very simple rule: Never play another man's game.

Magic Water

(Continued from page 29)

Mexican line. Then it will turn west, through a deep cut, keeping north of the boundary and entirely within the United States, finally reaching the Imperial Valley. A large outlay of money will be required, in making cuts, to keep the canal entirely within the United States, but any possible international complications will be avoided.

The third great feature of the Colorado River development is a power-house, to be built just below the dam. When the reservoir is filled, water at the outlet gates will be at a pressure head of over 500 feet and will make possible the generation of a million horsepower of electrical energy.

The total cost of the Colorado River development will be \$125,000,000. The dam will cost \$40,000,000, the all-American canal will cost \$30,000,000, and the power plant \$135,000,000. The additional \$20,000,000 represents interest to be paid on the Government bond issue by which it is proposed to finance

construction. This interest will be paid only while construction is going on and until revenue from water and from power becomes available.

It is estimated that the revenues from power alone will pay the interest on the development and create a sinking fund to redeem the bonds in less than fifty years. Water sold from the all-American canal will return the entire cost of the structure and pay its operating expenses. In addition there will be revenue from water sold to cities and carried in great pipe lines for which the coast cities of California have already voted bonds. Through a 300-mile pipe line Los Angeles will be provided with power for household and industrial uses. Seven States are interested in the division of the Colorado waters and the distribution of electrical energy from the project. About \$2,000,000 has been spent in studying the river and preparing plans.

Not only will the Colorado River development add 4,000,000 acres to the 2,000,000 now irrigated from that stream, but it will mean the

saving of the Imperial Valley from destruction. Water is running short in the Imperial Valley. When ditches run dry in a cloudless land, there is tragedy ahead. There are 60,000 people in the Imperial Valley absolutely dependent on the waters of the Colorado River for their livelihood. There was water enough until a few years ago. But projects higher up the Colorado basin have depleted the supply. Still other projects, on branches of the Colorado, are in contemplation. The State of Colorado is even going to tap the river at its source, high up in the Rockies, and carry water through a six-mile tunnel from the western slope of the Great Divide to the eastern slope. The water users in the Imperial Valley had only one-third of the water they needed in September, 1924. All their late crops were burned, with a loss of \$6,000,000. The total crop in this valley is worth from \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000 a year. There is a large population on the Mexican side also dependent on the flow of the Colorado River. Model farms have been created and towns and cities have been built in the Imperial Valley, yet Dr. Elwood Mead, United States Commissioner of Reclamation, stated unreservedly to the writer of this article that everything is working to the doom of this rich settlement "with all the certainty of a Greek tragedy" unless the Colorado River project is completed. With the Boulder dam impounding an inexhaustible reserve, the water demands of the Imperial Valley will never be greater than the supply.

OWING to the tremendous cost of some projects, water rights have gone up to fabulous values. The projected irrigation works in the Columbia River basin will cost \$200,000,000. The water right for a single acre will cost \$158. To that amount must be added the cost of changing the raw land into farms, which will average \$100 an acre. It is only the skilled farmer, working with the best tools and the best stock, who can make such a farm pay. Yet many individuals, without previous experience in farming of any sort, are taking up this form of agriculture which calls for the specialist.

Misunderstanding of conditions of soil and climate is another fertile cause of failure. A prospective homesteader, who was without sufficient capital and experience, contemplated taking up land in Arizona and getting it under ditch. It was explained to him that land which had been sun-baked for centuries required different treatment from ordinary land, and that in all probability he would have to spend the better part of his first year leveling, watering and preparing the soil. After it was patiently pointed out that he would probably starve to death before he completed his preliminary work, he remarked plaintively:

"You don't want a farmer—you want an engineer!"

Quite the reverse was the case of a young foreigner, with limited capital, who settled on land included in a government project in the Northwest. He got night employment in a near-by town and put in most of his hours in daytime improving his ranch. He was of rugged constitution and stood the strain of from sixteen to twenty hours of work out of the twenty-four. He won out, and to-day has a well improved ranch which is paying him well enough so that he can devote his entire time to it, but he went through two years of unremitting toil which would have broken down an ordinary individual. He had built a shelter for himself and his work team; he had fenced off his lands to keep out range cattle and sheep; he had grubbed sagebrush until every muscle and bone in his body ached; and he had smoothed off the inequalities of his land so that water would flow evenly over it—but at a physical price which the city man might look on as exorbitant. Yet the records of the Reclamation Service are full of such stories, which tell of triumph over adverse conditions and which indicate that the spirit of the pioneers still survives.

It is not surprising that, as the value of water increased in the West, men began to fight over it. The first settlers looked upon water much as they regarded the free land. The water was just a necessary part of the gift provided by a generous God and an open-handed government. It belonged to the first man who took up a homestead on a stream or at a water hole.

(Continued on page 72)



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Magic Water

(Continued from page 71)

Differences of opinion began to arise. Cattle-men drove away or shot down the homesteaders who took up water holes. Water users down-stream brought along their shotguns when they sought to dissuade their neighbors at higher altitudes from "hogging" a creek. Soon after the founding of Greeley, a war was threatened between the colonists and some water users who had settled farther up the Cache La Poudre. The more hot-headed members of the Greeley colony seized their rifles and started out to avenge themselves on the homesteaders who had dared preempt the headwaters of the stream. All the persuasive powers of the colony leaders were needed to prevent a conflict.

BATTLES over water have now shifted to the courts, with entire States involved and millions at stake. Colorado has been the particular target of surrounding States. Being the highest State in the union, in the matter of general altitude, Colorado is at the head of several watersheds. The waters of the Arkansas and the South Platte are born in Colorado, but in their route eastward they traverse other States. The Laramie and North Platte begin in Colorado and flow through Wyoming. The headwaters of the Colorado River are high up on the western slope of the Great Divide in Colorado. The Rio Grande begins as a trout stream in Colorado, but, by the time it reaches New Mexico and Texas it is a large, sluggish, muddy, but none the less valuable river from the viewpoint of the irrigation farmer.

So complicated are the legal questions arising from the use of water for irrigation purposes that many attorneys in the West specialize in untangling the knots which sometimes involve entire States.

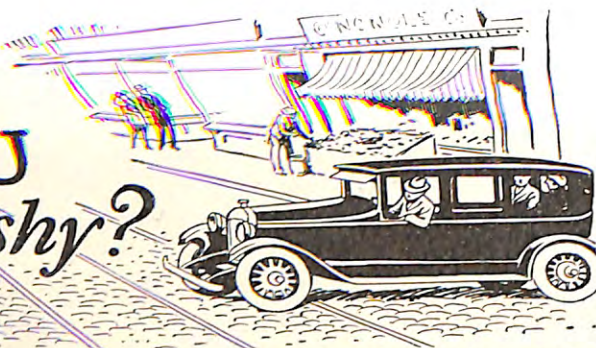
In spite of this war over water, which first took the form of personal conflict and then took a less sanguinary but more costly shift to the courts, irrigation has progressed until this country now has 20,000,000 acres under ditch. We are second to India, which has 50,000,000 acres of irrigated land. Russia has 8,000,000 acres, Egypt has 7,500,000 acres, Japan 7,000,000 acres and Chile and Java each 3,000,000 acres.

The investment in irrigation works in this country runs into billions. Some of the structures on the twenty-four government reclamation projects are famous throughout the world. In twenty-three years under the Reclamation Act the Federal Government has spent \$160,000,000 on irrigation projects. Some costly mistakes have been made. The element of land speculation was not kept out of some projects at the outset. The combination of high prices for land and high charges for water proved too much for many settlers. Deferment of water right payments did not bring the expected relief. The purpose behind the moratoriums was commendable, but the relief went to the non-debtpayer. Since the spring of 1925 relief has been extended only in individual cases, and then only after proof that the delinquency was due to obstacles which the settler was unable to overcome. As a result of this policy, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been collected where blanket deferment would have resulted in non-payment.

Specialized farming has done much to tide the irrigator over a period that has led to much protest from the regions where general crops have been raised. Irrigation at its best means intensive farming of special crops. When it was suggested that long staple cotton could be grown in the Southwest, the idea was received with doubt. Yet approximately 100,000,000 pounds of long staple cotton are being grown annually on the government irrigation projects in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Millions of dollars are thus kept at home instead of going to the long staple cotton growers of the Nile Valley.

Spectacular returns have come from certain crops. Settlers on the Yakima project in Washington sold \$700,000 worth of cherries last year, realizing as high as \$3,000 an acre. Certain districts have produced crops of extraordinary quality. Some of these have been developed through painstaking experiment on the part of individuals. The late George W. Swink, a ranchman in the Rocky Ford district of the

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Arkansas Valley, Colorado, developed the Rocky Ford cantaloupe. When he began his experiments he was laughed at, but he lived to see the farmers of the Arkansas Valley collecting big prices for the melons which have blazoned the name of Rocky Ford to the world.

In a few years the inevitable rival appeared. The Rocky Ford cantaloupe, grown at a high altitude, was a late crop. Ranchers in the Imperial Valley planted Rocky Ford seed and beat the Arkansas Valley melon to market by several weeks. Rocky Ford was not dismayed. Chemists had discovered that sugar beets grown in Colorado carried an unusually high sugar content. Sugar factories were established in the Arkansas Valley, and the fields which had known the toothsome cantaloupe were turned over to the unlovely but paying beet.

Twenty-five years ago the potatoes grown in the Greeley, Colorado, district were famous. They were sold at fancy prices to the big hotels and restaurants in New York, and "Greeley reds" were featured on Pullman diners. But the Greeley potato growers put so much fertilizer on their fields that the land became too rich in nitrogen. The potato crop was a failure, year after year, and it looked as if Horace Greeley's colony would settle into an ordinary farming community, producing only general crops. But the sugar beet again saved the day. Sugar factories dot the northern Colorado district, and sugar beets are bringing wealth to the Greeley ranchers who once specialized in "potatoes de luxe." In the meantime Idaho, with a lighter and newer soil, took up potato culture and won out. When a charge of twenty-five or thirty cents is paid in a New York restaurant for a baked potato which is featured on the menu as an Idaho russet, the grower may not get his just proportion of the charge, perhaps, but he gets enough to erase the frown of worry from his brow. Potato growers in Idaho are well organized. Their potatoes are sorted and graded with meticulous care, and they are getting the top of the market in consequence.

The range of crops grown under irrigation is amazing. On one Federal project in California—the Orland—a farmer may be raising such ordinary crops as alfalfa or barley, while his neighbor may go in for almonds, English walnuts, grapes or olives. Date palms wave in some of the southwestern projects, while in those farthest north only the hardiest crops can be raised.

OWING to the initial costs that confront the settler, this form of farming is not for the man without capital. Dr. Mead, who before becoming Federal Commissioner of Reclamation, was engaged in solving reclamation problems in Colorado, Wyoming and Australia, has found that the average prospective homesteader does not have over \$2,000 available capital, whereas from \$5,000 to \$7,500 is required on some projects.

What is the appeal of irrigation, that has kept men fighting the desert for centuries? Perhaps the appeal lies in the fact that one is never permitted to lose sight of the scientific side of irrigation. The farmer becomes a chemist, whose laboratory is a certain area of land. Everything but the water is at hand. There is bright sunshine, and the soil has not had its mineral ingredients washed out by centuries of rain. Release the headgate, and the desired quantity of rainfall is secured. It is all a matter of mechanical and mathematical certainty.

Then there is the lure of social conditions. Irrigation units usually are small. This has led to closely-knit communities. To roll along a perfect motor highway through one of the numerous "orchard towns" of the West, where one tiny and well-groomed fruit farm joins another, and to see the children going in buses to community high schools which would be a benefit to any city, is to realize that the ancient institution of agriculture has been given a "new kick."

The real thrill, however, comes in looking upon the great irrigation works—the dams which are as permanent as the pyramids, the tunnels which burrow under mountain ranges, and the cement-lined waterways which have succeeded the primitive furrows laid down by the plows of the pioneers. In the words of a prideful native who was exhibiting his orchard: "It isn't till you see all this money being spent to pull it up under the trees instead of seeing it come down over the tops free, that you realize what water really means!"



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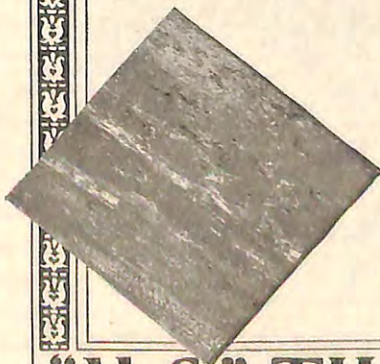
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(Continued on page 76)



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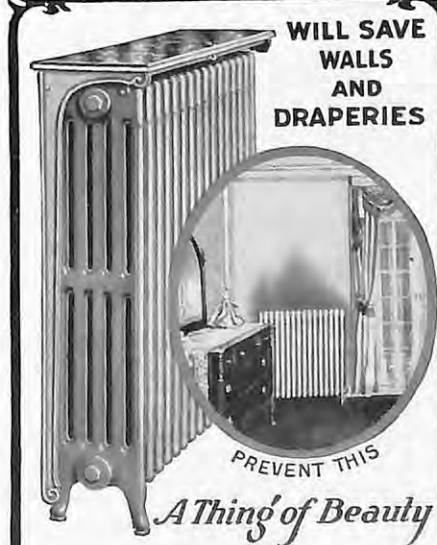


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Z

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Aids American Legion Bazar

The Brookville, Pa., American Legion recently sponsored a three-night bazaar and lawn fête for the benefit of the Pennsylvania Memorial Home located in that town. This Home is the only one of its kind in the country that admits and cares for the soldier and his wife. Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, gave its support and took the Keystone Band, with Professor Richard Ramsey as Director, to Brookville where the band rendered a fine concert of classical and patriotic music.

Death Takes Frank A. Brown Member of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge

Members of the Order throughout the Northwest are deeply grieved at the death of Frank A. Brown, long an active member of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255. For many years Mr. Brown served as Secretary of his Lodge and was Esteemed Loyal Knight at the time of his death. He was also a prominent figure at all meetings of the North Dakota State Elks Association and was a Trustee of this body. A leader in the life of his community and a faithful and loyal worker in behalf of his Lodge and the Order at large, his passing is the cause of great sorrow among his many friends and associates.

All Lodges Warned to Be on Lookout for These Two Men

All Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for the two men who, posing as members of the Order, have obtained money under false pretenses. One of these carries a card on Joliet, Ill., Lodge, No. 296, having the name of P. J. Egan; the other has a card made out to John G. Bailey, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. Secretaries of these Lodges have reported that no such names exist on their rolls. Each of these men has a very good appearance and is of average weight and height, about forty-five years of age. These men should be held and the Secretaries of Joliet and Milwaukee Lodges should be notified immediately should they present their cards. It is suggested that a notice to this effect be posted on the bulletin boards of all Lodges.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Looks After Children

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842 has continued to carry on its welfare work throughout the summer. One of its chief charities was to provide a two weeks' vacation for the children who would not have been able to enjoy such an outing had it not been for the generosity of the Lodge. The youngsters were sent to a camp in Sullivan County where they had a delightful time. The Lodge also played host to 200 children at a big league baseball game in the Yankee Stadium. During the coming month the Lodge plans to give the youngsters another outing, this time at Rye Beach, New York.

New Mexico State Elks Association Postpones Convention

The annual convention of the New Mexico State Elks Association, originally announced to be held at Las Vegas, July 2 and 3, has been postponed until the Fall.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The Midwinter session of the Washington State Elks Association will be held in Seattle, the first Sunday in January, 1927.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge recently held its annual Stag Outing and Field Day at Dold's Farm.

Some 400 youngsters were made happy on the occasion of the annual Kiddie's Day Outing held by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge.

The performance of the Elks Follies, given by the dancing classes of McKeespport, Pa., Lodge, for the benefit of the Milk Fund, was a great success.

Homer Ross, of McMinnville, has been appointed Secretary of the Oregon State Elks Association.

The annual Clam Bake of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, will be held this year on September 19. Committees have been hard at work for some time preparing for this big event in Rahway Lodge's year.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge is contemplating

extensive changes in its Home which will provide for a banquet hall and a new Lodge room.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge has voted an annual contribution to the funds of the Monmouth County Boy Scouts.

Lockport, N. Y., Lodge voted a sum of money to the Children's Preventorium in its city.

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge recently gave an outing and picnic for the children of its jurisdiction.

One of the features of the dedication of the new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, was the presentation by Ventura, Calif., Lodge, of a giant cake on which the Home was accurately reproduced in sugar. The cake was the work of W. C. Baker, a member of Ventura Lodge, well-known for his artistic achievements in this field.

Our sympathies are extended to Marysville, Calif., Lodge, whose Home was recently destroyed by fire.

Report of the Committee on Good of the Order

(Continued from page 39)

He has already repaid one-half of the loan with interest; and the fund is again reinvested to help another family along a similar road to independence.

These families have been transformed from a social liability into a social asset, from tax-consumers into tax-producers, and, above all, each member of the family has been started on the road to self-realization and personal achievement.

Such is Fidelity. The constructive assistance given by our three brothers to these needy families and the success achieved therefrom have brought additional funds to their disposal and new helpers to carry on the work of direction and advice, until to-day a Fidelity Fund of ten thousand dollars has been offered to the Elks Lodge of that city, as soon as the lodge is equipped to handle the money and do the work. The money is to be kept in trust as a revolving fund which shall increase from year to year as money and property will be donated and devised. Each investment will be repaid into the fund to be used again and again in like manner in carrying out a continuing program of constructive helpfulness.

To attract and wisely handle such a Fidelity Fund, the Lodge must have a standing committee, or preferably a separate corporation, in order to insure continuous ownership and responsible management. The committee or corporation should be so related to the subordinate Lodge that each may be profited and helped by the other, and yet it must be sufficiently removed from the Lodge to protect it from lodge politics and impulsive action. It must have and merit the confidence of the community it serves.

The establishment of such a Fidelity Fund would accumulate an ever-increasing supply of money, property and workers. It would put at the service of its community, and at the direction of Elksdom, a perpetual fund and a company of workers devoted to helping the needy to help themselves. The public-spirited and charitably inclined would liberally support such a program, and Elksdom's heart and genius for service would build an agency in every Elk community, whose continuing and constructive power for good to the community and to Elksdom can not be measured.

Your committee on the Good of the Order, therefore recommends that the next committee on the Good of the Order, to be appointed, be instructed to make a further study and investigation of the project herein suggested, and, if found practicable, that such committee, under the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler, shall co-operate with the Committee on Judiciary in drafting a plan, and proposing such constitutional or legislative changes as may be necessary, to enable the subordinate Lodges to organize to carry on such service, and to acquire, hold and dispense money and property for that purpose.

Respectfully submitted,

I. K. LEWIS, Chairman.
HORACE W. AMPHLETT.
B. W. ARNOLD.

BIG OPPORTUNITY

FOR CLOTHING AND TAILORING SALESMEN

Simpson's made-to-measure Virgin woolsuits and overcoats at \$23.50 represent the pinnacle of value-giving in the tailoring field. They sell easily and win permanent friends. Our reliable money back guarantee insures customers a square deal. Our superb values insure the salesmen a quick and profitable success.



SUIT OR OVERCOAT \$23.50 VIRGIN WOOL UNION MADE TO MEASURE-

We Occupy These Entire Buildings

Due to our new and bigger values our business is growing faster than ever. The same overcoats that were sold last winter for \$31.50 now sell for \$23.50. They are truly the biggest values in tailoring and bring record breaking sales and earnings for salesmen!



EVERY FABRIC TESTS ALL VIRGIN WOOL



- a BIG OPPORTUNITY with a BIG CONCERN

IF YOU are seeking a permanent money making connection with a big, wide awake, rapidly growing concern, that you can represent with pride and confidence, we would like to send you samples of cloth and our free book, "The Simpson Plan." This book tells how others have increased their earnings and found permanent success with Simpson. It shows photos and records and contains the proof of what others have done. It proves what you can do even by starting in your spare time.

No Experience Needed

We will teach you the business

Many of our most successful salesmen never had any tailoring or selling experience. Chadwick, who has made more than \$6,000 a year for more than four years, was an accountant. Loggan was a carpenter. Ulon, who averages \$73.00 a week, was an elevator operator. Levitt was a soldier. Reis, Ryan, Anderson, Feldman, Johnson and scores of others who have been with us for years make \$50 to \$125 a week. We will teach you the business as we taught them.

You have the same opportunity and can start in your spare time if you wish.

Simpson's suits are splendidly tailored to fit, to wear and to satisfy. No price will buy better style or better fit. Our standard is seldom equalled except in high priced clothes. Dollar per dollar, we give you the world's best tailoring buy.



LEVITT says: This is my 4th year with Simpson. Each year my earnings increase. Last year I made \$6,000.

BIG SAMPLES

The samples of cloth each measuring 6 x 9 inches, complete with supplies in easy to carry case, weighs only seven pounds, but gives a variety unequalled in any but the largest stores. You must see these goods to appreciate their beauty and value.

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	Spring 1924	Spring 1925	Spring 1926
E. Sorter	\$1,355	\$1,735	\$2,078
*A. Anders	591	891	1,223
Chas. Wick	2,102	2,666	3,610
*O. House	510	808	

* Indicates spare time men
28 records like this in one city last year alone.
Repeat orders bring increased earnings.

Our Financial Responsibility



Three big banks, Continental and Commercial National Bank, Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank and Foreman Bros. National Bank will gladly answer your inquiries regarding our financial responsibility and integrity.

\$25,000 Bond Every Simpson representative is furnished with a \$25,000 penal bond guaranteeing that if we do not live up to our guarantee the Union Indemnity Company will make good. It pays to represent a big and reliable firm.

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"The Simpson Plan" gives the experience and opinions of 163 other salesmen who started from scratch with Simpson. Let us help you out of the rut.

Mail the Coupon Today!

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\$60 to \$85 a Week

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EVERY FABRIC TESTS ALL VIRGIN WOOL



The Finest Fabrics & Biggest Values in Our History

This showcase with nearly 200 pure wool fabrics must be seen to be appreciated. The assortment is beyond all comparison the most attractive we have ever shown, the finest in quality, the most complete in variety, the biggest in value, every shade, every color, every pattern, every weave in suits, topcoats and overcoats, union made to measure for \$23.50. No price buys better fit or style. They are guaranteed for service, for hard wear and for quality, and for all around satisfaction. And our DeLuxe \$31.50 values sell to the best trade—sell, satisfy and repeat. Only Two Prices, \$23.50 and \$31.50

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Your Name _____
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A MAN WITH A THOUSAND DOLLARS

A MAN with a thousand dollars walked into the offices of S.W. STRAUS & CO. about 20 years ago.

He invested his funds in a first mortgage security, explaining that he wished to reinvest the money when the mortgage was due and build up a permanent investment fund, as a guarantee against old age and in order to leave something behind him.

Today, this man has more than \$50,000 invested in sound, first mortgage securities. He has never had a large income; never made a "lucky" financial stroke, but he has invested his surplus, reinvested his interest and maturing funds and added what he could from time to time. Today he is known as a substantial, successful citizen and faces the future without fear.

What this man has done you can do, too. The important thing is to start right. Select conservative, safe securities. Straus Bonds furnish an ideal medium for building up a fortune. Investigate the STRAUS PLAN. Write today for literature which will show how you, too, can obtain financial independence. Ask for our

BOOKLET I-1620

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

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STRAUS BUILDING 565 Fifth Avenue at 40th St. NEW YORK
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STRAUS BUILDING 79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

44 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

Testing Bond Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

EVERYONE knows that the first essential of a sound investment is safety of principal. Most people understand that the second requirement of a sound investment is assured income. More and more people are coming to understand that even if an investment meets these two tests successfully it still falls short of the highest standards unless it is also readily marketable.

If, however, the principal of an investment is perfectly safe it is probable that an assured income will be forthcoming; if there is no question about principal and income, the chances are that the security will be in demand and easy to sell. The prime thing to consider, therefore, is safety of principal, and there are certain tests, which, while they may not apply to all cases, are of pretty general application. The particular tests mentioned in this article were suggested by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* and offered to the public in an article recently appearing in that paper; they were designed with especial reference to public utility bonds, but the basic principles should apply to other bonds as well.

The "yardstick," as it is called, is based on earnings, and the measuring is done by applying five tests to gross and net earnings and then doing what at first glance might seem to be working backward. In the first place this formula requires that fixed charges be covered by net earnings at least two times. If, for example, a corporation had \$20,000,000 of 5% bonds outstanding, interest would amount to \$1,000,000 a year and net earnings would have to total at least \$2,000,000 in order to satisfy this requirement.

The second test is that the amount of bonds must not exceed nine times net earnings. In the example just given this requirement would not be met, because the bonds total ten times net earnings, and net would have to be increased by about \$225,000 in accordance with this formula the bonds in question were to be passed as sound.

The third requirement of this yardstick is that the amount of bonds must not exceed gross earnings by more than five times. If gross earnings were \$6,000,000 a year and the bonds totaled \$20,000,000, the requirement would be successfully met, for in such a case the total of bonds is only three and one third times gross.

Test number four requires that the balance of gross, after all charges, available for depreciation and for dividends, should be at least 20%. If this balance were \$2,000,000 it would be satisfactory because \$2,000,000 is 33 1/3% of the \$6,000,000 gross earnings. The fifth requirement is that fixed charges must not exceed 25% of gross earnings. In our example gross earnings are \$6,000,000 a year and fixed charges—interest on the bonds—amount to \$1,000,000. This test also is successfully passed, and the only requirement not met is number two, namely that the amount of bonds must not exceed net earnings by more than nine times, but according to this yardstick, the bond would be thrown out, and not recommended as a sound investment.

Applying these tests to the figures given below, however; real figures, incidentally, of a real company:

Amount of bonds.....	\$105,000,000
Gross earnings.....	60,000,000
Net earnings.....	20,000,000
Fixed charges.....	4,500,000
Balance.....	15,500,000

Fixed charges are covered by net earnings more than four and one-half times instead of only two times, as required. Bonds exceed net earnings by only about five times instead of nine as allowed. Gross earnings in this case amount to 57% of the total of bonds, whereas the yardstick states that 20% is all that is necessary. The balance of gross after all charges, available for depreciation and dividends, is 26% as compared with the 20% required. Fixed charges according to the yardstick should not exceed 25% of gross, and here they amount to only 7 1/4%. In other words, this company's bonds

pass all the tests with flying colors; in practically every instance they have a wide margin to spare, and the formula indicates that they are of the highest grade. As a matter of fact this is the rating generally accorded these particular bonds, no matter what tests are applied.

It will be noted that no mention is made in these tests of the value of the property securing the bonds; everything is based on earnings. At first blush this seems to be all wrong, and yet as one thinks about it, the idea is not such a preposterous one after all. If the property pledged for the payment of an issue of bonds is comprised of collateral, consisting of other securities, it is possible to determine the actual market value of the pledged securities and to know that they could be sold for a price in excess of the amount of the issue they secure. When the property so pledged is real estate it is not so easy to determine its true value; it is a simple matter to tell what the property and improvements cost, but it is not always possible to sell a thing for what it cost, and while experts can be called in to appraise the property and put a value on it, and their opinion may be sound, it is after all an opinion. Parenthetically, of course, a good bond issue is always for a much smaller amount than the cost, or appraised value, of the property securing it. When one comes to the matter of earnings, all opinions are eliminated. Earnings are in dollars, and the figures are there in black and white; estimates are not used because facts are available. And if earnings are ample there is going to be little doubt about the payment of interest charges.

We do not mean to say that property value has no bearing on bond safety. Certainly no bond can be considered safe, or classed as a sound investment, that is not well safeguarded by a definite pledge of real or personal property. The five tests we have mentioned, however, are designed to be applied to a bond circular which usually is all the prospective purchaser sees, and bond circulars too frequently fail to state the valuation of the property. These tests, therefore, work backward from those usually in force, and the question of safety is determined by earnings, the theory being that if earnings are satisfactory all the other factors which enter into the matter will prove satisfactory also.

In addition to the tests, the article gives an interesting definition of safety. Safety is what every real investor wants above everything else, and as the five tests are based on earnings the definition of safety given concerns itself with what is called investment yield or interest return. What is being defined is a sound bond and a sound bond of course is a safe bond; a bond, however, that is safe for a business man might be unsafe for a widow, and for the sake of clarity a distinction is made between absolute safety and relative safety:

"ABSOLUTE safety represents payment of interest for the use of money involving no risk to the loaner. In other words, it is what is known as true interest. At this time true interest for long term borrowing seems to be represented best by Liberty Bonds netting about 4%. There is one factor in connection with Liberty Bonds, which tends to put their interest return slightly below true interest, namely, they are probably the most easily marketable security in the world, with a minimum of difference between their buying and selling price. The investor must pay for that advantage. Allowing one-half of 1% for marketability, then, a rate of 4 1/2% would represent trade interest. That security would be as safe as a Liberty Bond, but would not be quickly marketable. It would represent absolute safety.

"Investment yield, or interest return, is made up of two things. First, absolute safety, and, second, payment for risk. The risk payment might be termed insurance. In other words, if a bond yields 6%, 4 1/2% could be attributed to safety and 1 1/2% as insurance for the risk assumed. In the long run, that 1 1/2% insurance is supposed to make up for any losses that might arise from taking that extra risk. The general rule is that the higher the risk, the higher the

yield, though the rule is always amended by the individual status of the investment.

"The problem can be compared to that of life insurance. An older man is more of a risk and his rate is higher than that of a younger man. One man's health may normally be poorer than another's, but rates are based on average expectancy. A man is accepted or rejected according to whether his health approximates the average. It all depends upon the individual case. Rates are calculated mathematically to make up for the average possible loss, due to the greater risk assumed.

"A similar situation exists in the investment field. Relative safety, then, would mean an interest return of between 4½% and say 6½%. Of that 6½% return, over two-thirds would be due to safety and the other third to insurance. If the rate was 12½%, only one-third could be due to safety and two-thirds to insurance. It would be very clear in that case that the security would not even be relative safety and could not be called sound."

IT SHOULD follow, if this definition is correct, and if the five tests are sound, that a safe bond will not yield a high rate of interest. And high yield has been the cause of many an investor's downfall. Many people overlook the fact that money is a commodity and that a borrower seeking funds must pay a price for these funds commensurate with what he has to offer in exchange. A corporation seeking a loan goes to the bankers, and with a statement of assets, liabilities, and earnings tries to borrow on the most favorable terms. If it has excellent security to offer—the property values, earnings, and credit—it can obtain funds at a low rate of interest, but if there is doubt about the security the price charged is high. The bankers may actually fix the rate, but their decision is determined by their opinion of what the investing public is willing to pay. An investor may be willing to give \$1,000 for one 5% bond due 1940, but for another bond also due 1940 he may demand an 8% return on his \$1,000, because the property pledged for the payment of the loan, and the corporation's earnings and credit, are not as satisfactory as in the first instance. Really this is another way of saying that corporation number two must pay more for its money than corporation number one; it does not mean, however, that the investor who buys the second bond is getting more for his money than the man who purchases the first.

High yield is generally obtained at the sacrifice of security and the investor must decide whether his circumstances warrant his assuming the risk. Safety for most investors is of primary importance; yield should be a secondary consideration. Everyone wants to get the most for his money; all men like to make a good bargain, but the difficulty is that what may on the face of things appear a bargain sometimes proves to be the exact opposite. And a difference of 2% on \$1,000 amounts to only \$20 a year, about forty cents a week. Is a difference of forty cents a week sufficient to justify the risking of a principal sum of \$1,000, the savings possibly of years? One bond service company gives its highest rating to bonds which fulfil the following conditions:

"Broadly marketable, suitable for investment by trustees and fiduciary institutions, and liable to but slight market fluctuations other than through changes in the money rate. The factor last named is of importance varying with the length of maturity. Such bonds are mainly senior issues of strong companies, and are most numerous in the railway and public utility fields, though some industrial obligations have the rating. The prime feature is a showing of earnings several times or many times interest requirements with such stability of applicable earnings that safety is beyond reasonable question, whatever changes occur in conditions. Other features may enter, such as a wide margin of protection through collateral security or direct lien on specific property as in the case of high class equipment certificates or bonds that are first mortgages on valuable real estate. Sinking funds or voluntary reduction by call or purchase are often factors, while guarantee or assumption by parties other than the original debtor may influence the rating."

The investor may say that this is all very well, but where is he to get the information
(Continued on page 82)



**A Bank with over 70,000
Depositors
Assets more than
\$60,000,000**

The most certain protection for your heirs is to appoint an organization such as THE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY as executor. Our experience in estate administration naturally far exceeds the experience of an individual executor and your heirs will appreciate the quick, clean-cut, business-like manner in which your affairs are settled.

The Law fixes the fees; they cannot be too high and frequently the cost is less than your estate would have to pay for the well-intentioned efforts of friendly inexperience—

Further details are yours for the asking

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Testing Bond Investments

(Continued from page 81)

necessary to enable him to apply the five tests and decide whether a bond is absolutely or only relatively safe, or whether it satisfactorily meets the conditions imposed by the definition just quoted. The answer is that probably he cannot himself get the information, and if he could it is doubtful whether he would always be able to read the story presented by the facts and figures obtainable. It is not an easy matter to interpret a statement of assets and liabilities or a statement of profit and loss. Moreover, in deciding on an investment it is advisable to study such statements not only for the current year but for several years past. This is the business of an investment banker, and while it is decidedly to the layman's advantage to have a working knowledge of what is essential to a good investment, and to know what tests are to be applied in order to determine this fact, it can do no harm to call on an expert for assistance.

Investment Literature

"Forty-four Years without Loss to Any Investor," S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2105 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

"Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds," Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., will send information on the advantages of having a trust company handle your estate.

"Safety and Service," Davenport & Rich Mortgage Co., 214-218 N.-E. Second Avenue, Miami, Florida.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Social Side of the 1926 Grand Lodge Reunion

(Continued from page 37)

Lodges. Following this special escort of honor Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov and retiring Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell rode together, and arriving at the stand, descended from their car and took up their place as reviewing officers.

The members of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, Grand Lodge officers and Committeemen, Governor Len Small of Illinois and Acting Mayor O'Brien of Chicago, followed them to their seats on the terrace. From four until six o'clock, to the tune of dozens of bands, the splendid pageantry of the Order passed in review. To select for special mention any of the units in line would be to neglect many others equally deserving of enthusiastic praise. Perhaps, however, it is permissible to write of the brilliant groups from Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. In honor of the election of their fellow member, Charles H. Grakelov, to the post of Grand Exalted Ruler, the Philadelphians turned out in all the glory of their many costumes. Headed by the figure of William Penn came the motorcycle squad,

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They are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 in maturities of 2 to 10 years, and constitute an ideal investment for savings or surplus funds in all instances where safety and high interest return are essential.

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the Mounted Guard, the foot Guard of Honor and the picturesque string band, their troubador capes swinging in the breeze. And then the Mumpers, with their amazing costumes and gyrations—probably the most striking unit in the parade.

The winners of the various parade prizes were:

Best Stand of Colors and Guard: Marine Post 273, American Legion. Floats: Indiana State Elks Association, first prize, \$750 trophy; Michigan North Association, second prize, \$500 trophy; Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, third prize, \$300 trophy; Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, fourth prize, \$200 trophy; Ohio State Elks Association, fifth prize, \$100 trophy.

Best appearing Lodge: Philadelphia Lodge, first prize, \$250 trophy; Oakland Lodge, second prize, \$100 trophy. Honorary mention: Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34; Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252; Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339; Cincinnati,

O., Lodge, No. 5; McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136; Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115; Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46; Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. Largest number in line of march: East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, first prize, \$250 trophy; Michigan City, Ind., Lodge, No. 432, second prize, \$150 trophy; Philadelphia Lodge, third prize, \$100 trophy. Farthest from home (as the crow flies) Oakland, Calif., Lodge, first, \$200 trophy; Seattle, Wash., Lodge, second, \$100 trophy. Best Bugle and Drum Corps: St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 50, \$100 cash prize. Best Novelty Band: Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, \$75 cash prize.

And so came to an end the elaborate social program of the Convention, but far into the night one heard the strains of band music as the visitors enjoyed one more evening of merry-making before setting out for home.

The Elks National Trapshoot

(Continued from page 38)

WINNER	TROPHY	PRESENTED BY
	<i>State Team Championship</i>	
Wisconsin	1st Gold Medals	Chicago Lodge No. 4
Iowa	2nd Silver Medals	Chicago Lodge No. 4
Illinois	3rd Bronze Medals	Chicago Lodge No. 4
	<i>Lodge Team Championship</i>	
Hammond, Ind.	1st The Elks Magazine Gold Medals	The Elks Magazine Cup, Chicago Lodge No. 4
Council Bluffs, Iowa	2nd Silver Medals	Chicago Lodge No. 4
Twin City, Mich.	3rd Bronze Medals	Chicago Lodge No. 4
	<i>Elks Amateur Singles Championship</i>	
A. Buse, Hammond, Ind.	100	\$100 Bench Made Suit, Hart-Schaffner & Marx
	<i>Elks Professional Singles Championship</i>	
Earle Donahue, Carlinville, Ill.	99	Bronze Elk Figure, Charles S. Hart
	<i>Elks National Amateur Doubles Championship</i>	
F. M. Troeh, Portland, Ore.	49	1st Diamond Elk Ring, Jason Weiler Company
H. E. L. Timm, Whiting, Ind.	48	2nd Clock, Leo P. Cummings
D. M. Hudson, Hammond, Ind.	47	3rd Set of Sasieni Pipes, Sasieni Company
	<i>Elks National Professional Doubles Championship</i>	
J. R. Graham, Ingleside, Ill.	49	"Point" Blanket, The Patrick Company
	<i>Elks Amateur Handicap Championship</i>	
H. W. Maginnis, Minneapolis, Minn.	(20 yds.) 99	Silver Service, The Elks Magazine
	<i>Elks Professional Handicap Championship</i>	
J. R. Graham, Ingleside, Ill.	(23 yds) 87	Revelation Suit-case, Revelation Company
	<i>Women's Event</i>	
Mrs. W. P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga.	87	1st Clock, H. R. ("Hy") Everding
Mrs. O. W. Ruppert, Tulsa, Okla.	64	2nd Clock, H. R. ("Hy") Everding
	<i>Class Trophies</i>	
A. Buse, 100	A 1st All-American Radio	A. A. Radio Company
C. C. Mitchell, 99	2nd "Point" Blanket	The Patrick Company
D. M. Hudson, 98	3rd Taxi Trunk	Wheary Trunk Company
R. A. Metzger, 98	B 1st Spartans Radio	Sparks-Withington Company
B. K. Mase, 97	2nd "Point" Blanket	The Patrick Company
C. C. Fischer, 97	3rd Taxi Trunk	Wheary Trunk Company
Leo Host, 97	C 1st Silver Pitcher	W. H. Fawcett
J. C. Shreeve, 96	2nd "Point" Blanket	The Patrick Company
Dr. E. S. Winbigler, 96	3rd Taxi Trunk	Wheary Trunk Company
C. G. Wehr, 95	D 1st Silver Fruit Bowl	Chas. D. Ray
C. B. Corse, 93	2nd "Point" Blanket	The Patrick Company
James Knox, 91	3rd Taxi Trunk	Wheary Trunk Company
	<i>All-Round Championship</i>	
D. M. Hudson, Hammond, Ind.; Class, 98; Handicap, 96; Doubles, 47.	22 day trip on The Elks Magazine Cruise to West Indies, Dec. 28th to Jan. 18th, 1927	James W. Boring Travel Service
Total, 241		

(Continued on page 85)

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Financial Department
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

They Called Me "Grouchy" Until I Learned Music

- It Was As Easy As A-B-C !



"LADIES and Gentlemen! 'Groucho' White will now give you a few impersonations of an Egyptian mummy."

That was one of my wisecrack friends trying to create a few laughs for Helen Carlton's guests—at my expense.

But, oh boy! What a shock he and the rest of the crowd were in for. Just wait.

"Come on—be a good sport—give us an imitation or two," said Sally Wales gleefully.

I kept very solemn. "I'm not very good at such things, but if you really insist—well then, I'll do my best."

Slowly I strolled across the room, trying hard to look perplexed and deep in thought. I wanted them to enjoy fully their little joke at my expense.

I solemnly faced the giggling crowd. "Let me see now, folks—have you any suggestions?"

"How about imitating King Tut," someone shouted—"or Mr. Long, the undertaker?"

"No—imitate a pianist," said Bill Wallace. "Yes," they all roared, "there's a piano—make believe you can play it—imagine you're Paderewski."

"This is going to be terrible—he can't play—he hasn't any more music in him than a wooden Indian."

I didn't crack a smile. "All right, if you don't mind, I'd like to try." I swung around to the piano and to their complete amazement I started to quietly play one of McDowell's most famous Woodland Sketches, "To A Wild Rose."

They Were Dumbfounded

My hilarious, boisterous friends were instantly silent. They could not believe their ears. Not a sound could be heard but the soft melody of the piano. You'd think some great personage had entered the room. Without the slightest trace of nervousness I confidently continued until I had struck the last chord of this fascinating composition.

Instantly I knew that my triumph was complete—that my social misery was over. Now it was my turn to laugh and be gay. No longer could anyone call me "Groucho".

After their enthusiastic applause had ended my dumbfounded friends surged around and practically smothered me with compliments.

"Extraordinary! Superb! Wonderful!" I simply couldn't keep track of all the good things they were saying about me.

"When did you learn to play? How did you do it? Who was your professor? Let us in on the secret, will you?"—came the steady bombardment of questions.

"Of course I will—it's no mystery. Some time ago I made up my mind to quit coming to your parties. For they were a torture and a punishment to me instead of a pleasure. I tried hard to mingle with the crowd and be a regular fellow. But it made me so ripping mad and grouchy to always be a spectator while others entertained mus-



ically. I couldn't help putting on a long face while other fellows, who could play, always came out 'first best' with the girls I admired. I was simply 'out-of-luck' socially.

"But shortly after, quite by accident, something wonderful happened. I was propped up in bed just finishing the last installment of a thrilling magazine serial. On the opposite page something caught my eye. It was an announcement concerning an Easy Way of Learning Music without a Teacher. Could this be possible? Evidently—for it told how thousands and thousands of others, who were no different from me, had become accomplished musicians in this simple manner. And the U. S. School of Music agreed to back up everything they claimed by sending a Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The very next morning I mailed the coupon to the U. S. School of Music and took my first step towards speedy popularity. The Demonstration Lesson and also a wonderfully complete booklet arrived promptly. And I received the surprise of my life. The information was so convincing and interesting and the Demonstration Lesson was so much easier than I ever dreamed it would be that I quickly decided to take a chance. And as you well know I made no mistake."

I Had Loads of Fun

"There was no teacher necessary—no interruption to my regular duties. I learned in my spare time at home and actually enjoyed it as much as I would if I were learning a new game. There were no long sieges of dry, practice periods. And I could play real tuneful pieces from the very beginning—by note. Before I realized it I had progressed to a point where I could play almost anything. I tell you it was a great feeling."

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- Clarinet
- Flute
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- Cornet
- 'Cello
- Guitar
- Hawaiian Guitar
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The Elks National Trapshoot

(Continued from page 83)

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C. G. Radloff.	91	2nd Pipe	Von Lengerke & Antoine
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C. D. Rimbey.	93	1st Elk Emblem Knife	Von Lengerke & Antoine
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M. L. Sullivan.	92	2nd Traveling Case	Loftis Bros. & Company
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W. F. Lammers.	93	2nd Traveling Case	Loftis Bros. & Company
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A. Buse.	94	2nd Traveling Case	Loftis Bros. & Company
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Bart Lewis.	92	1st Wurlitzer Portable Phonograph	Wurlitzer Company
C. C. Mitchell.	92	2nd Traveling Case	Loftis Bros. & Company

The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 18)

acquittal and placed the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of the District Attorney. He had something else up his sleeve, I was convinced. And subsequent events proved that I was right—the Judge did most decidedly have something else up his sleeve.

Very good! The first thing for me to do was to call Sammy to the witness stand. I began my examination without comment as to the merits of the case. For I considered that Morrison had made everything clear in that respect. I reckoned that if the Judge were looking for any intent on the part of the boy to commit a crime—and I knew full well he was not looking for any such intent—Sam would clear himself in the shake of a lamb's tail. Could anything be quicker than that?

I arose and was about to address a question to the witness when the Judge halted me: "I beg your indulgence, Mr. Counsel for the Defense, but I'd like to ask the witness a few questions. There are certain things I'd like to know about this case. Then, if you like, you're at liberty to take the witness in hand."

Langley said to Gillespie, in an undertone: "The scoundrel! Don't you see, Sarah, he's checkmating Frank Morrison. If Morrison hadn't asked him to acquit the boy he'd have done it anyway. Morrison took the wind out of his sails, stole his thunder, and now he's going to make a gallery play. He's going to acquit the boy anyway—he's going to do it himself. You see if he doesn't."

"Just you hold your horses, my dear," said Gillespie.

With a gesture of acquiescence I resumed my seat—reluctant acquiescence I made it appear. But, believe me, I was only too glad to have the Judge do it. For I felt that I would be apt to make a mess of examining a small boy in a case of this kind.

I confess my client gave me the shock of my life, caused me to realize that I had neglected one very great essential—getting acquainted with him; made me realize that I'd lost track of the morals and mental processes of youngsters, that I'd taken too much for granted. I should have been warned from what I had learned about Sam and should have provided—so far as

possible—for the most unlooked for contingency which confronted me in court, almost knocked me off my feet.

But now, as I suggested, the shock of my life! I found that my young client had lied to me—most egregiously lied to me. In the unromantic quiet of his own home he had told me what I believed to be the truth, that the starting of Wheezer was an accident, that the whole thing was unpremeditated. I felt the utmost confidence when I put him on the stand that he would tell the plain, unvarnished tale as he had told it to me. I had reckoned without my host in this, that the telling of a story by a small boy in the presence of a lawyer and in the boy's own home, where there's nothing romantic to stimulate him, was a very different matter from the telling of the very same story when confronted by the stimulating presence of his gang.

I had admonished Sam for publicly bragging of his exploit, and he had promised to be good. He had actually appeared contrite—which was reassuring. Also, I depended on the very serious nature of the court proceedings to impress him—prompt him to tell the truth, be of humble mien, and the like.

But when Sammy saw the gang facing him, close up, in the front seats, it was a chance he couldn't resist. The small-boy-and-girl contingent kept exchanging glances, nods of approval and grins. And Sam kept grinning back, sympathetically, as much as to say: "Trust me! I'll show 'em! I'm all to the mustard!"

Under the gentle guidance of His Honor, he told how he boosted Minnie into the cab, pulled open the throttle-valve, gave Wheezer "the steam," as he put it. He told how Wheezer took to the main line with him, Sammy, sitting heroically on Stokes's bench. He puffed out his chest as he told how, presently, the little girl begged to be saved; how she clung to his knees, wailing, as he sat there nonchalantly watching the landscape go by.

I made a mental note of Minnie Heinke's wide-eyed amazement as Sammy proceeded.

When the boy paused for a moment, the Judge said: "Did you start the engine?"

"Sure! I started it. I can run an engine."

(Continued on page 86)



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The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 86)

this boy all these questions. I've been trying to get at the real intent on the part of the defendant. Intent is a hard thing to trace sometimes—it always has a background somewhere.

Gillespie nudged Langley and shot a spiteful glance at Nellie.

"Remember," the Judge continued, "the defendant is only a small boy. He's not responsible, in a sense, because he has been subject to certain influences which he couldn't resist. Who's to blame for all this? It's clear that a boy of so tender years can not himself be responsible for an act of so great audacity, stealing a locomotive. He's not a vicious boy."

"How absurd," said Nellie, sotto voce. "Of course not."

"He's a very intelligent boy," the Judge went on.

"Certainly," murmured Nellie.

The Judge turned to me. "Mr. Atwater, have you any more witnesses?"

"If the Court please, I'd like to have little Minnie Heinke take the stand," said I.

Minnie, no less surprised than everybody else, walked falteringly to the witness stand.

My first question was: "Minnie, you've heard what Sammy James testified to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it the truth?"

"No, sir, it ain't the truth—it's a lie."

Sam's mother flushed hotly, but her brother, Joe, shot me a look of appreciation; for Joe, too, had sensed the attitude of the Judge and the jury—Joe understood.

"In what respect is it not the truth?" I asked.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"How much of it is the truth and how much of it is a lie?"

"It's all a lie—every word of it. He's just tryin' to show off."

I fancied that I saw a suggestion of relief in the Judge's eyes. I looked at Frank Morrison. His eyes, too, showed relief, great relief, although Minnie's testimony was dead against the prosecution. I was about to ask further questions, when the Judge raised his hand: "It will simplify matters if we let the little girl tell her story in her own way," he said.

Humphrey turned and spoke gently: "Go on with your story, Minnie!"

"It ain't a story; it's the truth, sir."

"Very well! Go on!"

"Sammy talked nothin' but 'lopin'—he was always talkin' 'lopin'."

The erudite Judge frowned perplexedly: "What is your idea of 'lopin', little girl?"

Minnie looked perplexed: "I ain't any idea o' 'lopin'."

The gavel sharply checked an outburst of laughter.

THE Judge pondered a bit; then, kindly: "Go on, little girl, tell us everything that happened. You say he asked you to elope. You mean run away?"

"No, sir, not run away. Cause I asked him if that's what he meant and he said: 'No, we'll just go aboard Wheezer and play we're 'lopin'."

"Play you were going to run away and get married?" the Judge suggested.

The bare idea of such a thing made Minnie snicker. "Why, no, sir—just 'lope—like the big sheeps—not get married."

The Judge put his hand to his mouth quickly, and the audience, taking the hint, refrained from laughing.

"Go on, little girl!"

And Minnie, proceeding, testified in her own way that Sam hadn't stolen the locomotive but that the locomotive had stolen Sam; that it was only a case of make-believe. She told how Smarty was fooling with the throttle; how she warned him to be careful; and how he said: "I can't pull the throttle out. Sometimes old Stokes can't; and he's big and strong. I've seen him put his foot against the engine like this, and jerk and pull and cuss cause he couldn't budge it."

"Go on," said the Judge, "what then?"

"Sam said: 'I guess they got it locked.'"

The Judge broke in: "Sam believed the throttle was locked then, did he?"

"Yes, sir. Sam said: 'Never mind, here's what Stokes does anyway—like this.' And Sam

gave an awful jerk and that iron bar thing came out all of a sudden, and Wheezer jumped ahead like everything. Sam tried to show off—he seen I was scared—and he jumped up on Mr. Stokes' seat and yelled at me: 'Don't be scared cause I can stop him whenever I want to.'

'Stop him!' I yelled. 'Sam, stop him!' And Sam said: 'Aw, go on, you're scared.' I said: 'Don't let's 'lope any further. Let's stop 'lopin'—I don't like 'lopin'! It's awful! I didn't know that 'lopin' was like this.'"

The Judge rapped sharply with his gavel, checking the imminent laughter.

"Go on, little girl!"

"Sam pushed the iron bar with all his might. I said: 'Let's stop 'lopin'.' Sam said: 'I can't stop 'lopin'.' Wheezer won't let me.' I said: 'But you said you knew how to handle Wheezer.' And Sam said: 'I did, but they went and done somethin' to him.' I said: 'Sam, I'm scared. Ain't you scared?' 'I guess I ain't,' he said. But he was scared—a good deal scarer than I was. I said: 'You bad boy, stop him, I tell yer! I don't want to 'lope any more.' And he said: 'I tell yer, Wheezer won't let me stop 'lopin'.'"

There was a titter conspicuously among Sam's adherents and the superior sheep, the little skirts and the big skirts.

The Judge said: "What then, little girl, go on?"

"Sam kept saying 'abracadabra,' but Wheezer wouldn't pay any attention to it."

"How singular! And what's 'abracadabra'?"

"Sam said it was a magic word that'd stop anything."

"And 'abracadabra' didn't work, eh?"

"Not so's you'd notice it."

Again the Judge rapped with his gavel.

"Pity 'abracadabra' wouldn't stop some of the foolishness around this place!"

"Yes, sir," said Minnie, not comprehending. (Laughter by the Gillespie contingent.)

"So Wheezer wouldn't pay any attention to 'abracadabra'?"

"No, sir, cause he kept goin' faster and faster."

"What did Sam do then?"

"He got scarer—he got to cryin'."

By this time the court-room was very tense.

"Yes," said the Judge, "what then?"

"I was down on the floor of the cab, holdin' on to an iron thing, cause Wheezer was wobblin' so."

"You were scared too, eh?"

"Yes, I was terrible scared, but I wasn't as scared as Sam was, cause he got down in the bottom of the cab and he grabbed me around the knees and he begged me to save him."

"What?" said the Judge, "a sheep get scared like that—a superior sheep grab a little girl around the knees and beg her to save him?"

"Oh, but Sammy ain't a superior sheep—he's only a little sheep."

"Of course not," the Judge said, "I couldn't imagine a superior sheep doing that sort of thing. Did Sam try to stop the engine?"

"Yes, sir, he tried hard to stop him, just as soon as he started him, but he couldn't. He tried to stop him, but he was too weak and little—he kept sayin' 'abracadabra.'"

"And what did you do?" the Judge asked.

"I wiped the tears off his cheeks."

There was a loud guffaw by a small boy in the audience.

"You did not," yelled Sammy.

"I did so—you know I did."

Cried Sammy, with great bravado: "You lie, you didn't."

"Why, Sammy James, I don't lie. You begged me to save you—you know you did—you was cryin' like a baby."

A court officer approached Sammy evidently to enforce observance of the proprieties, for the Judge said: "Let them go on. We can get at the truth this way." He turned to Minnie. "And what did Sam do then, little girl?"

"He kept on beggin' me to save him and cryin' like a regular baby."

The Judge was silent for a few moments; then: "And that's why you haven't any idea of elopin' now?"

"Yes, sir."

The Judge turned to me: "That's all, Mr. Atwater!"

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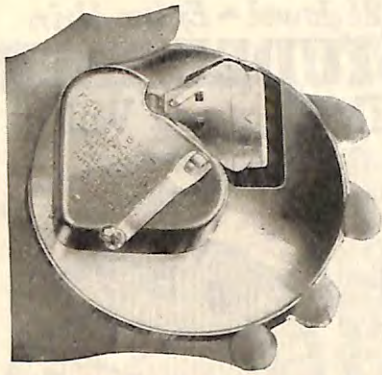
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LIQUID ARVON

The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 89)

I turned to Morrison: "The witness is yours, Mr. District Attorney!"

Morrison hesitated. The railroad attorney crossed to him and made a suggestion. Then Morrison shook his head. Apparently, the railroad attorney urged, but again Morrison shook his head: "I don't care to cross-examine the witness."

"I see nothing to be gained by it," the Judge commented. He turned to me: "Is that all, Mr. Atwater?"

"That's all, if the Court please!"

The Judge pondered and drew figures on the pad before him, while we all sat silent, expectant. Presently, he turned to the jury: "Gentlemen of the Jury, I see no evidence of any intent by the defendant to commit a crime. You will therefore render a verdict of 'Not Guilty', as charged in the indictment."

The foreman said: "We so find, Your Honor!"

The gavel quickly checked an imminent demonstration on the part of Nellie's friends. They had to content themselves with whispered comments. The gang of youngsters down in front simply grinned and wagged their heads. The Gillespie contingent was stoically silent, except Langley, who whispered to her chief: "For Heaven's sake, what next?" And her chief murmured back, consolingly: "Don't be an impatient ass, Ella. Wait! Just wait and see!"

You've heard of a silence that could be cut with a knife. This was one. It was this that accentuated the indiscretion of Nellie's words. "I knew Jim would do it." Everybody looked at her because everybody had heard what she said—particularly the Judge.

"Quiet! Nellie. Quiet!" I admonished. "Why should I be quiet now—it's all over?" There was a laugh that fairly shook the room; for everybody had been eavesdropping.

I arose. "If the Court please, I move that the defendant be discharged."

This was a mere formality, to be sure. But the courtroom hung on every word, so great was the suspense. The Judge must have pondered for fifteen seconds; it seemed an hour. One could have heard a pin drop.

Nellie was regarding the Judge, perplexedly regarding him.

Frank Morrison was standing with hands thrust into his pockets, staring at the Court. It was as if a beehive had suddenly become transfixed into motionlessness. A lot of statues we all looked. A tableaux group.

Presently, the Judge said, very quietly: "Sammy. You will again take the witness stand."

The youngster did so.

"Sammy," said the Judge, very impressively: "You're still under oath."

"Yes, sir."
"You know what a serious thing it is to lie ordinarily, but how very serious it is to lie when you're under oath on the witness stand?"

"Yes, sir."
"You did lie when you gave your testimony—you admit that, don't you?"
Sam, slowly: "Y-es, sir."

THE word "perjury" was passed in whispers from person to person throughout the courtroom. Humphrey sensed it. "No!" he said. "Not that!" He paused: "This case has been very perplexing. I would have hated to send the boy away for a long term. I confess his attitude of boastfulness, his utter lack of realization or repentance for his act, disappointed me. I congratulate counsel for the course he took, the unusual course of making his own principal witness out to be a liar—in order to save him."

"But, Jim," Nellie protested, "Sam had no idea of lying."

The feeling at the moment was so tense that no one seemed to notice so flagrant a violation of court etiquette by Nellie. Even the Judge didn't seem to notice it. He smiled. "Of course not, Mrs. James. But he's a great little opportunist."

Again the gavel descended sharply. The Judge gave the audience a severely admonishing look.

"Perjury," the Judge resumed, "is a very ugly word. I don't purpose to stigmatize a mere child with it. In fact he is not a perjurer."

A flutter of gloved approval by Nellie's adherents.

The Judge knitted his brow: "But, this boy has committed a very grave offense against the law—" he paused, to give dramatic weight—"one that cannot be overlooked, even because of his extreme youth. He has been guilty—by his own confession here—of contempt of court!!! This offense is punishable by a term in prison!!! I regret it, but I cannot condone this offense. The boy must be made an example of!!!"

This was climactic.

Profound silence in the courtroom. There was apparent depression among Nellie's friends, much repressed exultation among the friends of Old Lady Gillespie.

"Yes," said the Judge. "It is quite impossible to condone it, even because of his extreme youth."

"My purpose in punishing this boy," the Judge went on, "is two-fold: to correct him, and also as an admonition to the parents of children in general, who are really more to blame than the children for the fool notions that are allowed to flower in the minds of the very young." He paused, while we all waited, then said: "While I have little faith in youngsters being disciplined by the modern—" he emphasized modern—"parents, I am willing to parole this boy in the custody of his mother."

THERE was a murmur of joy among Nellie's friends—much congratulatory nodding back and forth; silence among the Gillespie cohorts.

And now came the terrible "BUT"—the most dreaded word in the language—a darn sight worse than "IF." "But," the Judge said—he paused for the devilish word to sink into our consciousness. The hearts of Nellie's friends went a stroke slower; the hearts of the Gillespie contingent a stroke higher.

"But," the Judge repeated. "Mrs. James must first demonstrate to the Court that she is able to handle him."

"I promise you I can handle him," said Nellie. "It is not good manners to question the word of a lady," the Judge said, "but this is the law." "How can I satisfy you?"

"Easily enough." The Judge drew figures on the pad before him; then said in a very low voice: "You might administer a good spanking to him right here now."

I put a restraining hand on Nellie's arm, but it was no use.

"Why, Jim," Nellie cried. "I've told you many times I wasn't strong enough to do that. I never did such a thing in my life—I never even attempted it."

"That's just the trouble, dear lady—you never even attempted it."

The Judge paused: "How then do you know you can't do it?"

This was a stickler, but Nellie met it after her evasive fashion.

"You know I've always advocated not spanking children."

"That's just why we're here now, Mrs. James."

"But, Jim, you don't expect me to spank him right here before everybody?"

"My dear lady, the boy committed contempt of court right here before everybody."

"I give you my word, Jim, that if you will let me take him home I'll—"

The Judge lifted his finger.

"Unfortunately, dear lady, you have so often declared your inability to chastise the boy that I'm compelled by my sense of duty to satisfy myself that you actually can do it—that you are physically able to."

Nellie urged: "But, Jim, you don't mean it—you can't mean it—before all these people?"

"I exceedingly regret it, dear lady, but it's either that or the reformatory."

Nellie said nothing further to the Judge. She rose. "Sammy. Come here!"

Instantly, Sammy became the protagonist. I doubt if he'd ever heard his mother speak that way. It was like the crack of a whip to a colt. His gang, full of expectancy, was grinning at him.

That was enough.

"I won't!" he said, stoutly.
I never saw so sudden a shifting of attitude.



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Nellie was the actress again. "If you don't, dear boy, I shall come and get you!"

A court officer moved towards Sam. The Judge lifted a finger. "Let him alone," he said. "Sammy, do you hear me?" Nellie demanded. "Aw, yes, I hear yer."

Sam looked askance. Such abasement in the presence of the gang was inconceivable, terrible! Such a humiliating tumble from the pedestal to which they had exalted him! Loss of prestige inevitable!

Then Nellie did a thing that made all of her old ex-suitors love her more than ever. It took some character for the leader of the Stanwich super-aesthete set to do it. But Nellie was game in that, as she was in all else! She even affected to enjoy it, although I knew she was boiling within. How clever she was, turning disaster into victory, robbing Old Lady Gillespie's revenge of its sting. She laughed joyously, gleefully, as she turned back her cuffs and laid hold of Sam. It seemed to me as if she had got the strength that beautiful, exquisite women get from the fact that she was not struggling to punish her offspring but to protect him. And it was a struggle—a real struggle. For Sammy wrestled, writhed and twisted,—tore her sleeve. In the tussle her hat fell off.

Presently, Nellie, with a quick movement, got the wriggling little leader by the collar and swung him over her knees, took off one of her most engaging slippers, and walloped him, walloped him hard and fast. Once Sammy put his foot up and Nellie hit the heel of his shoe with her hand. His flying feet knocked the slipper from her hand; it flew, grazing the nose of one court officer and landing squarely on the chest of another. Both were quick to regain it and hand it to Nellie that the chastisement might go on unabated. Nellie all the while spoke in terms of reproach, motherly terms. She almost cooed to the boy, cooed reproaches: "You lied to me, Sammy. I didn't know you'd lie. You lied to Mr. Humphrey. I'm astonished! That's what I'm punishing you for—lying—lying." In that way, actually, the great actress took the sting out of the scene. Everybody sympathized with her. Sammy bawled and yelled, cried loudly for mercy, until the Judge raised his hand and said: "Enough, Mrs. James. I see you're capable of managing the boy. I suspend sentence and parole him in your custody."

The Judge nodded to the Clerk, and the Clerk cried out: "Court adjourned!"

THE same evening Nellie handed me a check. "What's this—counsel fee?"

"Silly, of course not. You're to get it cashed and hand Smith, the engineer of the local, \$1,500 and Scott, the fireman, \$1,000."

"With your compliments?"

"For Heaven's sake, no, silly. Don't let them know."

"Who then?"

"Tell them it's from yourself."

"The deuce I will! What do you think I am?"

Nellie clapped her hands: "I know. Tell them it's from *pro bono publico* or any other old Santa Claus. Be sure and respect my confidence, Dick."

I promised. But just the same I didn't respect her confidence. I told Smith and Scotty who the money was from. They both asked me to give Nellie their love and to tell her that she's the best sport they ever heard of.

A few months after the spanking of Sammy the Gillespie coterie was having its regulation or customary Sunday after-service symposium on the lawn outside of St. Andrew's Church.

Ed Macy, who had been abroad for two months, had returned to Stanwich the night before. "I saw an editorial in a French newspaper the other day, Sarah," he said. "It was based on a news item about a small boy having stolen a locomotive for elopement purposes, and led back to the spanking of Sammy in court by his aristocratic and very dainty mother, the ridicule that ensued, and how it was taken up. The French writer thought it a darned good idea. He paid us the compliment of characterizing it as peculiarly American, from the stealing of the locomotive for elopement purposes to the spanking of the boy."

"Judge Humphrey told me," said Bryce, "that from long experience in trying cases of all kinds, he had deduced that ridicule was the

(Continued on page 92)



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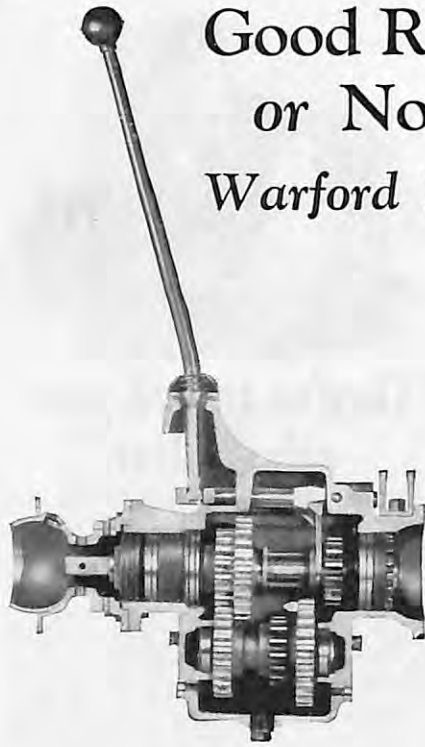
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The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 91)

greatest force in putting down absurdities, foibles, foolishness and other practices that lead to crime, such as the hip flask and the elopement craze."

"It certainly killed that silly-ass elopement talk around here," said May Scott, "showed up the utter foolishness of it."

"Best of all," snapped Gillespie, "it put a crimp in that silly-ass express-yourself fad."

"Crimp?" Langley uttered. "It absolutely eliminated it."

"No one in Stanwich now dares call a girl a Jane or a skirt for fear of being called a sheep," observed May Scott. "Hip flask talk is anathema, where it used to be a boast."

Said Bryce: "Humphrey's idea is getting to be world-wide. I'll bet Nellie's in high feather."

"That's just some persons' luck," said Gillespie,—"being pushed into the limelight by the efforts and brains of somebody else."

"What I'm interested in," said Macy, "is how the Judge and Nellie are coming out after the way he made her ridiculous."

"Not coming out at all," said May Scott. "She shook him."

"What makes you think that?" said Bryce.

"Why, it's notorious," Langley affirmed.

"They haven't been seen together since the trial."

May Scott said: "It's narrowed down to Frank Morrison and Dick Atwater."

"Quiet!" said Macy. And everybody looked.

NELLIE was approaching on the arm of Frank Morrison. She grinned at the coterie as she passed and the ladies of the coterie grinned back with reciprocal sentiment.

Macy observed: "She certainly has beautiful teeth, hasn't she?"

"And she hasn't shortened her skirts perceptibly," said Bryce. "Humphrey's act didn't depress her to that extent."

"You really think she lost him?" said Macy.

"No!" said May Scott. "He lost her!"

"You mean he escaped?" Gillespie asked.

Macy said: "I think it was loss on both sides."

"But how do you know he lost her?" Bryce asked.

"Why, it's perfectly clear to everybody," said Langley. She laughed. "You and I will have a chance now, May."

"I don't like to get my chances that way," May Scott said. "I'm a poor relation and I'm accustomed to having beautiful, but rejected things, thrust upon me. But there's a limit."

"What do you think, Sarah?" Bryce asked.

"Can't tell what these fool women will do," said Gillespie. "What's your own opinion, Bryce, you're so glib about asking everybody else's."

"My opinion, Sarah," said Bryce, "is based on a little circumstance. I was passing the post-office this morning and old Smithers was just coming out the side door. He's an awful grouch, but we're good pals. So I asked him if he had anything for me that might have come in the late mail last night after closing hours. He went inside and presently handed me this."

Bryce took from his pocket a large square envelope, and from it withdrew a double note-sheet and handed it to Sarah. Old Lady Gillespie read the thing casually, then put on her glasses and scanned it carefully. Her only comment was: "After all, I'm not surprised—fool women and fool men."

Without another word she passed the thing to Langley, who read it carefully. "Well, did you ever?" said that lady and passed it on.

May Scott read it and simply commented: "People will do these things with their eyes open."

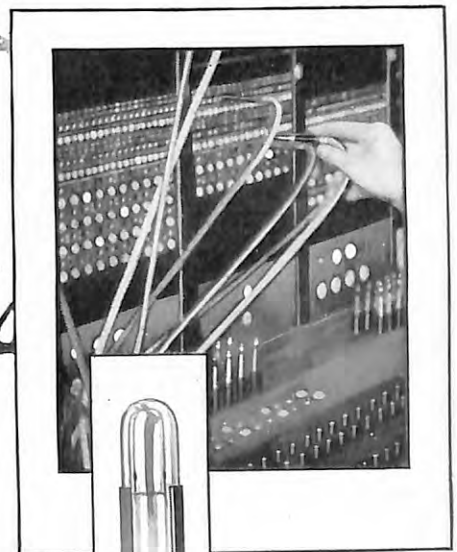
"Great Scott!" said Macy. "What's this?" He read aloud:

"Helen H. James

and

Judge James L. Humphrey
announce their engagement the
eighteenth of May."

After a silence of about half a minute, Old Lady Gillespie simply said: "Come to lunch with me, Macy." She took his arm. And so the coterie broke up.



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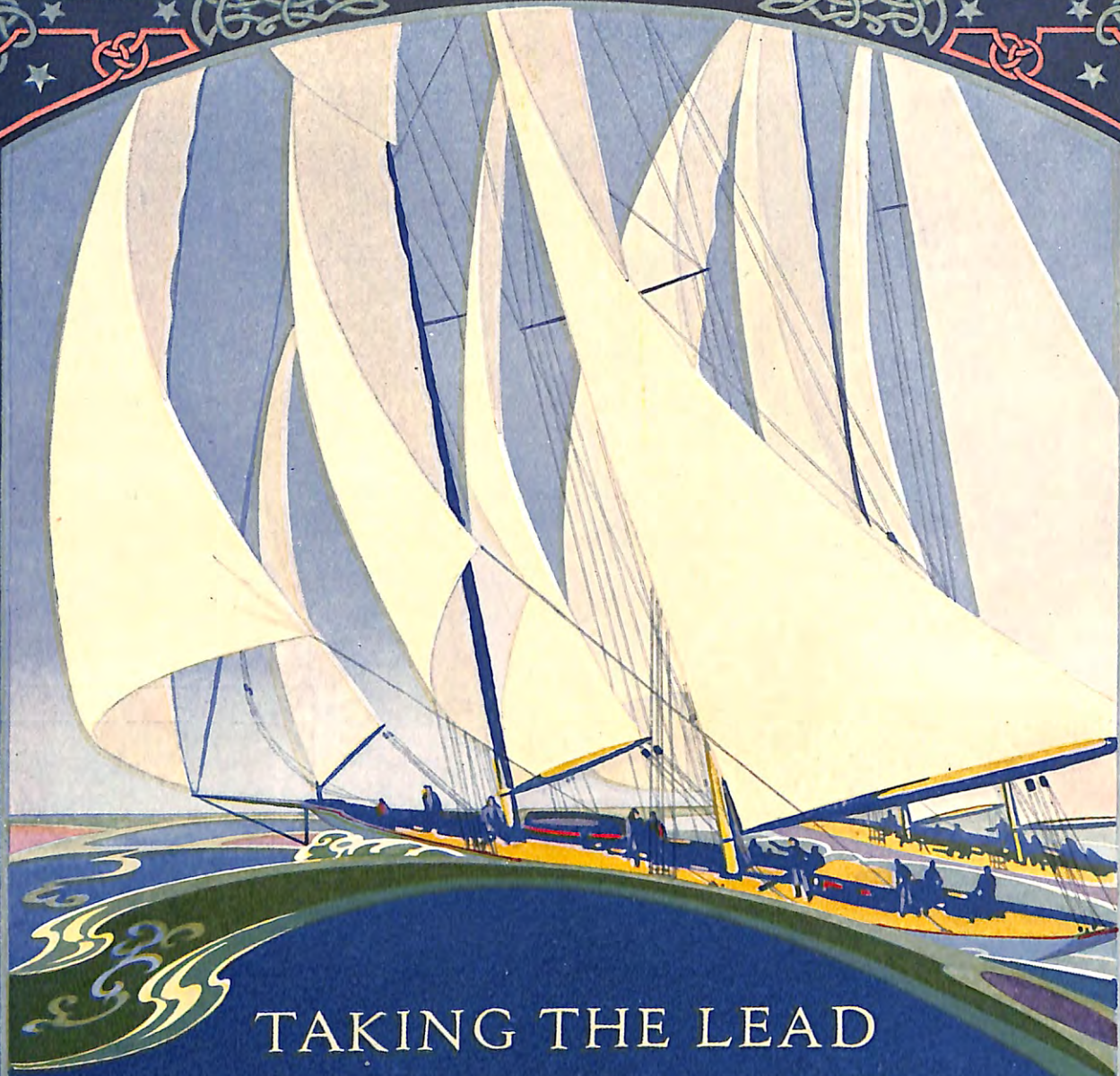
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