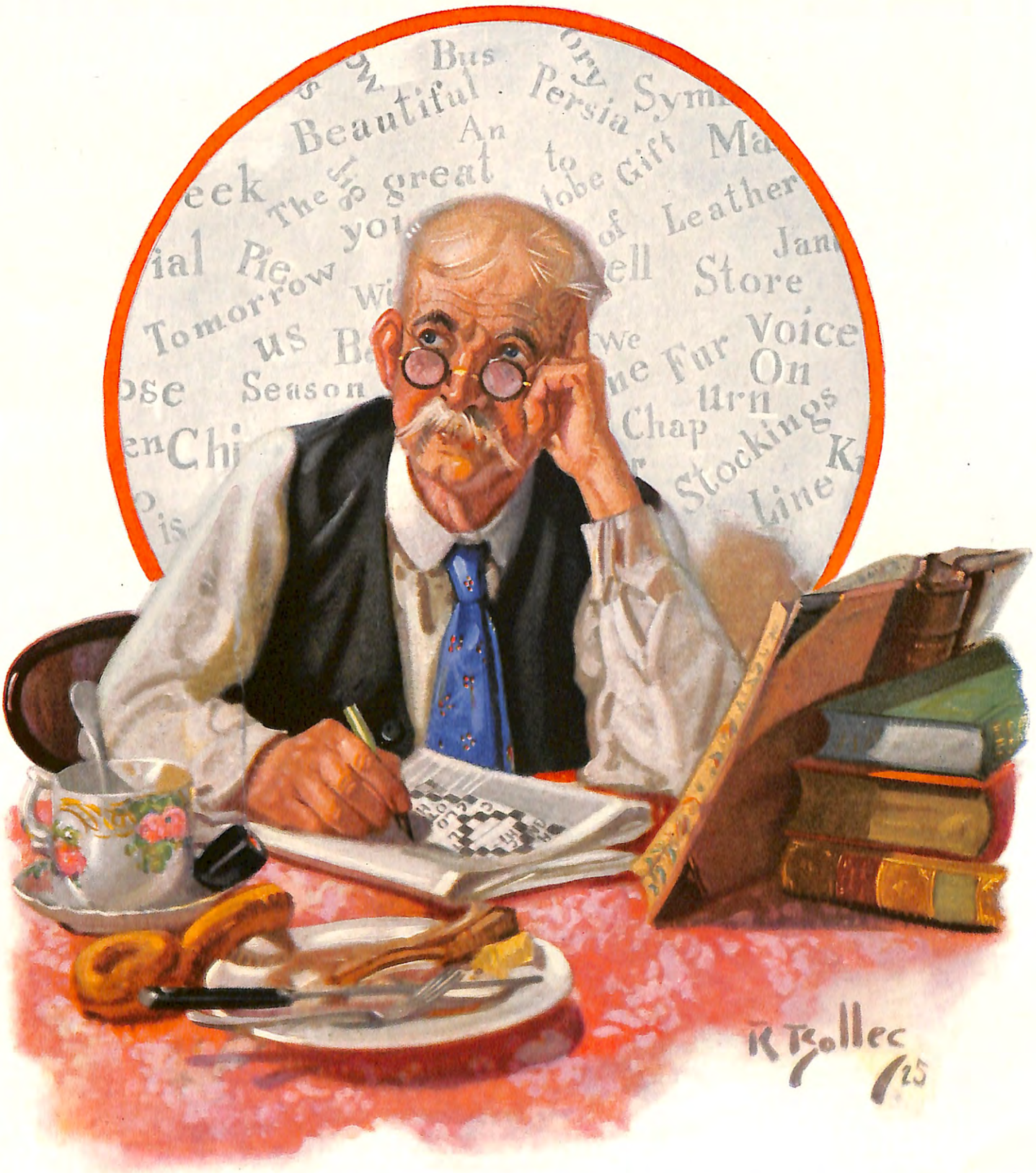
The Elks Magazine

20 CENTS A COPY

APRIL, 1925



This Month: The first chapters of a thrilling novel by Octavus Roy Cohen

This Pen-Owner Jury

Gives the Reasons Why Duofold Outsells any Other

Though Hosts of Pens are Lower-Priced

Says a hotel man

"My Duofold was used by 31,000 hotel guests and their different styles of writing didn't alter the point one iota."

Four train dispatchers declare

"It's the only pen that stands our gruelling pace, 8 hours a day, 6 days a week. It's worth twice as much in the hand as it costs in the show-case."

States an author

"It's 25-year point makes writing luxurious, it's so beautifully smooth and quiet-going. Its full-handed grip doesn't try to elude the fingers or tire the hand."

A salesman says

"I laid down a black pen in a post office and walked off and forgot it. Then I bought a Parker Duofold, and its black-tipped lacquer-red color always flashes my eye this friendly caution: 'Don't leave your pen behind!'"

Two women speak thus

"Its color makes it easy to find on my desk," says a young business woman. And a fashion writer declares, "It adds a gay touch to any costume."

Says an artist

"It has classic lines." "And balanced symmetry," adds a golf expert.

An executive writes us

"I signed 1067 checks in 1 hr., 30 min. without once refilling its Over-size barrel."

$7 is all it costs to own this speedy sure-fire writer with the Over-size Ink Capacity and the point that's guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years.

Stop at the first pen counter and try it—don't lag behind a world that now writes via the Duofold.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Duofold Pencils to match; Jr. Over-size or Lady, $3.50; 'Big Bro" Over-size, $4

NEW YORK, CHICAGO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN. · SAN FRANCISCO
THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENG.

Duofold Takes Longer to Fill Because of Its Over-Size Ink Capacity. Press the Button once, release and count 10, before you withdraw the Pen from the ink.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE **With The 25 Year Point**

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

New OVER-SIZE Duofold Pencil to match the Over-Size Pen **$4**

Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pencil **$3.50**

The Only Way Out of a Pit—
—UP!

IT was Jack London—penniless and with only a scanty education—who uttered those words—

—"The only way out of a pit is UP!"

That one clear challenge, flashing across his mind with the force of inspiration, gave the impulse to work and study which set him on his way to a brilliantly successful career.

The One Great Test—COURAGE!

It has been said that the great difference between one man and another is in the amount of COURAGE he possesses.

Not PHYSICAL courage, of course, but the courage to turn the searchlight on one's MENTAL equipment, to recognize the training which one lacks, and to do as Jack London did—climb out of the "pit."

Right now, in your own office, there are probably dozens of men who are performing the same old routine tasks they have been performing for years—tasks which literally millions of men could do equally well; yet hardly a man in the lot but thinks he is having a "mighty hard time" and that "luck never seems to break his way."

But how CAN it break his way—when he is obviously not PREPARED?

How futile, for example, to expect an employer in need of an expert accountant to appoint a man—at five or six thousand a year—who knows nothing beyond the keeping of a set of books.

—Or to expect the head of the firm to entrust his transportation problems to a man who has got all his knowledge about traffic management from the shipping room and the loading platform!

—Or to expect ANY reputable business house to choose, say, as district manager a man who has no conception whatever of salesmanship—to advance to the superintendent's desk a foreman who knows nothing about industrial management efficiency—to entrust a direct-by-mail campaign to a routine correspondent—or to appoint a "one-department man" as general manager . .

It may be RESTFUL to stand at the bottom of the pit and to gaze at the stars—but the SHREWD thing to do is to seize the rope of SPECIALIZED TRAINING—and to pull oneself OUT!

The Kind of Experience That COUNTS

—And EASIER, too, by far, than one might suppose—this climbing to a higher place by the aid of specialized training.

For within the last two decades a method of business training has been evolved which marks an advance beyond the earlier correspondence-school idea as outstanding as the advance of radio beyond the original Marconi "wireless."

Under this modern method—distinctive with LaSalle Extension University—every portion of the work is directed toward the rapid imparting of ORGANIZED EXPERIENCE.

Step by step, the member is shown the PRINCIPLES which govern the various business situations he must face in that bigger place—and step by step he fixes those principles firmly in his mind through the solving of ACTUAL BUSINESS PROBLEMS.

A dozen times a man might READ how to do a thing—how to swim, for example—and STILL be unable to do it!

But let him grasp the PRINCIPLES that govern an undertaking—and let him put them into successful PRACTICE—and he has acquired the greatest asset a business man can possess—thoroughly practical EXPERIENCE.

A Club That Everyone Likes to Join

Hundreds—yes, thousands of letters in the files of LaSalle Extension University bear out the scientific soundness of the LaSalle Problem Method.

The members of LaSalle, for example, have a club they call the "100% Club," to which no man is eligible until he has increased his salary at least one hundred per cent. Not a month goes by but what scores of names are added to its rolls.

Indeed, if we liked, we could fill this page—in close-set newsprint type—with the names of just a small proportion of the men who have actually DOUBLED and TRIPLED their incomes through the Problem Method.

These men, you will say, are men of unusual determination and persistence—

Absolutely true.

—But also true that no one KNOWS what he can do until he TRIES.

And ANY man in earnest to advance will find encouragement in the fact that the AVERAGE salary-increase reported by LaSalle-trained men is EIGHTY-NINE PER CENT.

Ask Yourself if You Can Qualify—Then ACT!

There is a certain class of men who seem content in a low-pay job.

There is still another class in whom the phrase "I can't" is so deep-rooted that they seem afraid to grasp the fairest opportunity.

Neither of these types are sought by LaSalle—nor would they profit greatly by its training.

There are countless other men, however, who appreciate what specialized training MEANS—who realize the tremendous HELP it offers—and who are not afraid to take their chance against the entire field of competition.

To men of this latter sort LaSalle Extension University has much to offer—both for mental growth and for increased earning power.

If you are in earnest when you say that you wish to get ahead, you will take your pen or pencil NOW—and check the training that appeals to you.

The coupon, signed and mailed, will bring you information that will prove worth while. —There is, of course, no obligation,

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

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

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
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- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

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

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

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

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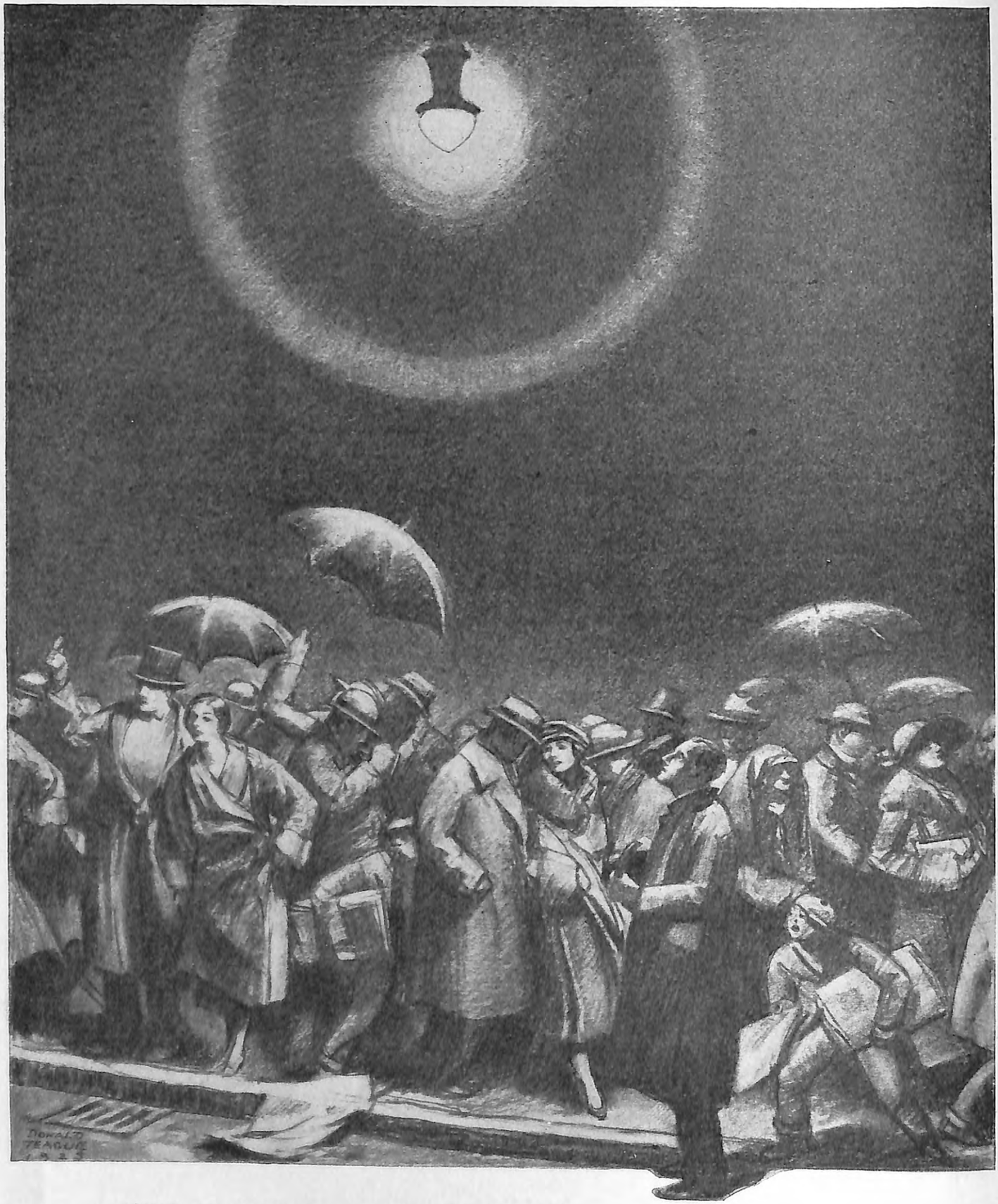

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The Iron Chalice

A Thrilling Novel That Hovers On the Brink of Tragedy By a Writer Celebrated for His Comedies

Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague

CHAPTER 1

THE tall young man in the threadbare overcoat found himself sucked into the jolly human current which eddied from the theater. For a few moments he struggled to reach the curb, then abandoned the task as impossible and permitted himself to be swept to the corner.

The street was athrob with gaiety. It was thronged with theater-goers who had enjoyed their evening, men and women and children who refused to allow their spirits to become dampened by the nasty, drizzling rain which had sprung up during the evening and which sent taxicabs and touring cars skidding on the shiny pavement. Snatches of laughter came to the ears of the young man—and bits of conversation: discussion of the play just seen or the picture viewed that evening, of warm comfortable apartments and homes, of gay restaurants where there would be music and dancing and a plenitude of rich, nourishing food.

The boy heard and a smile which was not without bitterness appeared briefly on his wide, thin lips. He heard them laughing about the weather: making mock of the cold and the rain—defying the elements to mitigate the evening's revelry. But the tall young man did not scoff: the cold was very real to him, it presaged another night of torture on a park bench, a night of chill discomfort and of gnawing hunger. His rather long, ascetic face turned northward and his soft brown eyes quested down the street all aglitter with its brummagem brilliance. Then the face became hard.

It was a face upon which bitterness did not sit becomingly. It was a gentle face, the face of a poet and a dreamer. Beneath the old felt hat was a shock of unruly brown hair topping a wide forehead which was indicative of brain and breeding. The nose was rather too long and thin, the jaw firm . . . and a soul which was kindly and patient shone through the wide-set eyes. One could readily vision the lad in dinner jacket and slouch hat squiring his lady to a limousine—yet he stood now on the outskirts of the crowd shivering and hungry—and lonely beyond belief.

His expression was that of a very young man who has been deeply hurt: there was only a trifle of bitterness in the glances he bestowed upon the merrymakers, and very little of envy. He was glad that others were happy—the fact that life had treated him unkindly did not poison his mind. Nor was he sorry for himself. He did not protest. He merely bowed his head and accepted a cruel edict—at twenty-six years of age he confessed to himself that he was beaten.

The crowd was thinning now. Workingmen and their families, downtown for a feature picture or to attend the performance of the local stock company, drifted off in their modest automobiles or on the street-cars; others departed in limousines and sedans and touring cars of more expensive make. The city's three big restaurants became urgent with life and music. Cruising taxicabs groped hither and thither in search of fares, then parked hopefully and waited.

The young man realized that he had a mission. Too, he found that his blood was chilled and his muscles stiff from the biting cold. He picked his way across the street, the water oozing through holes in his shoes saturating the cardboard inner soles which he had fondly hoped would afford some small measure of protection. And then he turned toward Markstein's.

Markstein's was more than an institution in the city; it was a fad. Originating as a high-class delicatessen, it had been adopted by the society crowd as an after-theater lunching place. There, between the hours of eleven and two at night, the élite of the city rubbed elbows with the aristocracy of the underworld: men in dinner-coats and women in décolleté gowns sat shoulder to shoulder with florid politicians, gamblers, actors, pugilists, and ladies regarding whose virtue there could be no possible doubt.

It was quite the thing to visit Markstein's after the show: his sandwiches were superlative, his delicatessen specialties choice, his near-beer so very near as to arouse a justified suspicion that someone's pre-prohibition stock was not yet entirely exhausted.

Within the place was a bedlam of chitter-chatter, a miasma of words of which one caught occasional phrases—meaningless of themselves but all playing a part in the creation of a genuine bohemianism. Here was truer gaiety than one could find at Storch's or Henline's or The Nest—the city's three pretentious restaurants. Markstein's did not lure with jazz nor even provide dancing space, yet within its walls was a refreshing freedom from restraint—one felt, on entering the place, that naturalness was not only permissible, but highly essential. And it was to Markstein's that the tall young man in the threadbare overcoat made his way, despite the fact that at the moment his fortune consisted of precisely two copper cents.

He pushed through the storm door and paused in the vestibule. He was visibly ill at ease, as one who should belong, but does not. Quickly he doffed his battered hat and threw open the too-long-used overcoat. The sack suit beneath was a cheap, ready-made affair, but despite its years of hard wear it failed to hide the graceful, well-knit figure of its wearer. Then the boy took off the overcoat, glanced at himself in a mirror and knew that his presence in Markstein's would not excite comment: one could not scrutinize too closely the poverty of apparel in view of the man's obvious gentility.

He entered the place and took his post next to a long showcase from which wholesome, toothsome food peeped: fresh-roasted turkeys, luscious baked hams, amazing cheeses, jars of wondrous pickles and huge walls of newly baked bread. The odor of it assailed his nostrils and caused a twinge of nausea, for hunger sat starkly upon him. He pulled himself together with an effort and his fine eyes roved the place: he was searching for some one—some one whom he desperately wished to find.

And at length he saw him—saw him standing alone at the far end of the shop. The boy started forward, his manner giving no hint of inner turmoil. He was rather afraid of Andrew North.

In mere physical appearance Andrew North belied his sinister reputation. As he stood now amusedly surveying the crowd in Markstein's, he looked like nothing in the world so much as the sleek and fortunate proprietor of the place.

He was a man of average height and average thickness and of thoroughly normal physique. One knew instinctively that his height would be about five-eight and his weight about a hundred and sixty. His complexion was ruddy, his hair sandy and none too plentiful, his eyes colorless and expressionless. The face was stolid—yet not vacant: a chorus girl from a visiting burlesque show watched North for a moment—and gave her verdict succinctly: "At first you'd think he was dumb. But he ain't. Not that guy."

Beckwith grew nervous as he waited for the verdict. Perhaps he had a premonition of something vitally important about to be said. Certainly he found himself waiting impatiently for North to speak

The young man approached North. If that person saw him, he gave no sign. The young man paused uncertainly, then touched North on the arm.

"Mr. North?"

Andrew North turned. He surveyed the young man indifferently: his manner neither invited nor repelled.

"Yes?"

"I would like to talk with you a few minutes."

"What about?" The voice was as expressionless as the face. The young man flushed.

"Something personal, sir. I—I don't suppose you remember me."

"You are Alan Beckwith."

"Yes, sir." Beckwith was surprised: their single meeting had occurred six months before—a brief, transient acquaintanceship under vastly different circumstances, yet now the man not only remembered his face but recalled his name. "I am Alan Beckwith, sir, and I'd like mighty well to talk with you—"

Again North spoke with disconcerting directness: "About what?"

"If we could sit down for a moment—I assure you it is important."

"To whom?"

"Myself."

"Well—?"

Their eyes met, Beckwith's gentle and pleading, North's absolutely without color or emotion. Alan spoke, his voice vibrant with passion.

"You really must give me a few minutes, Mr. North. It may not matter to you, but this will be your last chance.

"Why?"

"Because—" and the lips of the young man twitched—"because I am going to commit suicide tonight."

CHAPTER II

ANDREW North was a complete mystery: even the police did not know from whence he had come—or why. It seemed that he had always been the dominating factor in the city's underworld, yet certain police lieutenants and sergeants were given to looking back on their patrol days and remembering when North's impassive face was to be found in the vicinity of small crime and petty disorder.

Today Andrew North ruled the underworld as surely as a czar. No one could explain how he had acquired his power. Rulers the underworld demanded, but always before this they had been men of picturesque careers, men of amazing physical prowess, men who dared death if only to startle their henchmen into the belief that they were more than humanly courageous. They had always been large men, broad of shoulder and deep of chest, ready at all times for battle with fists, guns or knives. In all the history of North's career there was no record of any physical combat in which he had ever indulged, no hint of manslaughter was directed against his name, no crime ever laid directly at his door. Yet powerful brutes who could have crushed Andrew North in their two hands trembled at a single unfriendly glance from his cold, fishy eyes; they whined and wheedled about him. He was a leader absolutely ruthless and implacable.

Peculiarly enough, he appeared to be innately a gentleman. His manner was suave and courteous. He had been known to blend with a society crowd at public charity functions. He wore evening clothes easily and naturally. He sought the background and was colorless—yet his presence was always felt. His very impassive quietude gave one the impression of a terrible hidden force.

And Andrew North never smiled. For that matter no one could claim honestly to have seen genuine emotion reflected upon his face. Nor did it appear to be a pose: one gathered that he thought slowly, calmly and utterly clearly.

Now he looked into the burning eyes of young Alan Beckwith with no slightest flicker of interest, no gesture to indicate that the young man's rather startling announcement had affected him in the slightest degree. He did not bother to question the verity of the announcement. He merely turned and led the way to a tiny booth where he motioned Beckwith to a seat opposite. An obsequious waiter appeared with menu cards. North waited.

Alan ran his eye over the list of tempting dishes. Then he looked straight at the other.

"I have no money," he said simply.

"I knew that. Order."

Alan ordered. North asked for a caviar sandwich. And while they waited, Alan strove to penetrate the frigid reserve of the man.

"I'm obliged—"

"I'd do as much for a dog."

Alan's sandwiches were served. Despite his efforts at control, he ate voraciously.

"Hungry, eh, Beckwith?"

"Yes. I haven't eaten since yesterday morning."

"Take your time."

Silence—until Alan's hunger was appeased. Then he accepted the cigarette which his host offered and leaned back in his cushioned seat.

"Satisfied?" queried North.

"Yes."

"Haven't those sandwiches affected your intention of committing suicide?" He spoke of the suicide as calmly and emotionlessly as one might discuss the weather.

Alan hesitated, then shook his head slowly.

"No. I plan to kill myself tonight. Or very soon—if you will help."

"Help you?"

"YES. Oh! it's not what you think. I haven't come to you for assistance. But there are two things which are on my mind: one of them not very important, but the other exceedingly vital. And knowing you—"

"I see." North flicked the ash from his cigaret. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Family?"

"No."

"Yet you consider yourself a hopeless failure?"

"I know it."

"You are absurd."

"No . . . You don't understand. And I'm not kicking. I have a contempt for myself, just as I have for any man who hasn't manhood enough to make a living. Mind you, I'm not squealing. And I haven't quit without a struggle. I've tried and tried and tried. Not only the sort of work which I think I might do best, but ordinary day labor. Look—" He extended his hands, palms up: they were roughened and calloused. "I have dug ditches, worked in sewers, even tried to qualify as a stevedore. Something has always gone wrong. In three years I haven't known a month in which there was not worry about the next day's meals. I haven't owned a new suit of clothes in five years. I have found employment time after time with firms which have gone bankrupt owing me money—money which I have never received. I've worked as waiter in cheap restaurants just because there seemed a certainty of food . . . don't misunderstand me, Mr. North—I'm not crying that the cards are stacked against me: I'm merely confessing that I'm beaten. A man knows when he's licked—and I know it now."

"Hmm! And you wish me to help?"

"Not in the way you think. About a year ago you found me when I was almost as close to being down and out as I am now. You loaned me fifty dollars: God knows why—you haven't a reputation for that sort of thing. You haven't an idea what that fifty dollars meant to me—it seemed to promise opportunity: it was more money than I had ever owned at one time. I've often thought—" wistfully— "that a little extra money might have caused my life to be different. You see, I've never been able to afford the luxury of looking for a decent job. One must eat and cover one's nakedness. It has been a day-to-day, hand-to-mouth proposition with me. In all these years there have been two people who have been kind to me: one is yourself."

"I see. And the other?"

"Some one you don't know. A Mrs. Garrison. She runs a cheap boarding-house. I stayed there for awhile—and got to owing her some money. Then when I found that things were breaking against me, I went to her and told her I'd better get out—and pay what I owed when I could. She is a wonderful woman, Mr. North—pardon me if I seem sentimental. About fifty-five and slightly gray with worry and work, and she runs a boarding-house which exists only because she is desperate and charges the very minimum rates. A single non-paying boarder probably marks the difference between profit and loss—and I was that person.

"She asked me what I was going to do, where I was going, how I intended to live? Of course there was no answer. And then she insisted on taking a chance with me: I must remain at her house and try to obtain work . . . and all this time the bill kept piling up, and the jobs I got were infrequent and of small pay. It was all I could do to keep clothes on my back. But she wouldn't let me quit—'You'll pay me back some day, with interest,' she would say. Well—" he threw his hands wide with a helpless gesture. "I haven't—and I don't see any chance. . . . I owe her about a hundred dollars. I owe you fifty. I—well, I couldn't quite bring myself to commit suicide with those debts unpaid. And I can't pay them. I thought of you . . ."

ANDREW NORTH stared through half-closed eyes. "Just why did you think of me?"

"Because I evolved a scheme—a method for making my—my going away—a liquidation of my debts. You are the only person I know who can help."

"Yes?"

Alan spread his hands on the table. His finely chiseled face was alight with eagerness.

"I want you to lend me the money to insure my life for five hundred dollars. I'll make you the beneficiary. I know I can pass the examination—I'm in fair physical condition. Then, after the policy has gone into effect, I shall die. It will be suicide but it won't look like suicide. Only you and I

It came to him then in a golden flood of doubt and uncertainty and wonder that he was alone with his wife—

will know and you will collect the money and keep half of it. Give the other half to Mrs. Garrison. . . . Please, Mr. North: it will make my death seem decent. I'm worth nothing to anybody . . . but that way—knowing that Mrs. Garrison will get her money back with interest . . . that will seem to make it worthwhile. Won't you do that—won't you take that chance?"

For several minutes Andrew North said nothing. He smoked quietly and stared blandly at the lad opposite. Finally he rose and took from his pocket a five-dollar bill which he dropped on the table.

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "You've got me thinking. Meanwhile—take that money and eat. I'll see you here at ten o'clock tomorrow night."

Hope lighted Alan's face. He dropped his hand impulsively on North's arm. "You don't know what this means to me, Mr. North. If you only will—"

"I haven't promised a thing." The other man's voice was flat. "I have merely told you to meet me here tomorrow night."

And, without a backward glance, Andrew North moved away. Alan stared after him for a moment, then put the money in his pocket and made his way into the street.

The rain had stopped.

CHAPTER III

AT TEN o'clock Markstein's delicatessen is not crowded. The white-aproned waiters stand around in expectancy of the after-theater throngs. They tend the wants of their few patrons . . . . and they are exceedingly few, for Markstein lives by reason of the patronage of those who seek real, wholesome food after their evening's diversion.

It was into this half-empty place that Alan Beckwith came that night at ten minutes before the hour of his appointment with Andrew North. He was clean-shaven and immaculately groomed, so that his cheap clothes sat upon his lithe young figure with a queer grace. He looked around in search of the man whom he was to meet, and, failing to find him, sought a booth which commanded a view of the front door.

Precisely at ten o'clock North appeared. The proprietor smirked ingratiatingly, the waiters hovered about him to assist with the removal of the severely plain overcoat. A shifty-eyed little man at a corner table smiled a broad greeting which North acknowledged with the merest movement of his head. Then, without apparently having seen Alan, he came directly to him and seated himself with a brief, curt nod.

As usual, his face was utterly blank without, however, being in the slightest degree vacuous. Nor did he have a word to say as he inspected the menu. Andrew North was that way: he did everything meticulously and deliberately.

Beckwith grew nervous as he waited for the man to speak. He didn't understand the tension for, after all, a reprieve of a month or so was rather irksome than otherwise. Perhaps it was that Alan was a profound sentimentalist and his obligation to Mrs. Garrison weighed heavily. Perhaps it was that he had a premonition of something vitally important about to be said. Certainly he found himself waiting impatiently for North to speak.

They ordered sandwiches and near beer. They sat silently facing one another until the orders were served. Then Alan could stand it no longer: he leaned forward and his eyes burned into North's.

"Will you?"

North's answer was blunt.

"No."

The young man experienced a peculiar sinking sensation. It was as though a promised reprieve had been unexpectedly withdrawn. His emotions were difficult of analysis: last night he had been ready to die—tonight he was sorry that he must. Not that he minded dying—not that he was swerving in his grim determination. It was rather that Andrew North had seemed to extend a sort of hope . . . peculiar, too, that North should be so unemotional about it. The man was inhuman in his glassy calmness—speaking bluntly the single word which was to snap at once the thread of Beckwith's young life. Weirdly unnatural, the whole thing. Beckwith felt the unreality of the situation—yet it was characteristic of the young man that he accepted the sentence as surely as though it had been spoken by the Law.

AND then North was speaking: his flat, toneless voice betraying no particular emotion.

"Twenty-six years old," he said quietly, "and quite determined on suicide?"

"Yes."

"You call yourself a failure: a man can not be a failure at that age."

"I am."

North shrugged. "I won't argue with you. If you feel that way—the chances are you are right. When do you plan to kill yourself?"

Alan shivered. The flaxen-haired man was unnecessarily cold-blooded about it.

"At once, Mr. North. To-night."

"In the morning you will be dead."

Alan blinked: swallowed. "Yes sir."

"I wonder—"

"If I'm serious? If I have nerve enough to go through with it?"

"Yes."

A smile in which there was nothing of humor played about Beckwith's lips. "You wouldn't doubt that if you knew what I have been through in recent months. I don't expect you to understand . . ."

"Suppose I loaned you money?" North's question came abruptly, unexpectedly. For a moment Alan did not reply—then he shook his head.

(*Continued on page 44*)

Joseph Humphries, M. C., Loud Speaker

By W. O. McGeehan

WITHOUT benefit of radio or other appliances, Joseph Humphries, M. C., has spoken to over thirty million persons, largely of the male gender. You must overhaul your Pickwick Papers for the explanation of the cryptic initials, M. C. They stand, as they stood in that work, for Master of Ceremonies.

For thirty-four years Mr. Joseph Humphries, the town crier of the Queensberry Ring, has been making his portentous announcements. He has introduced them all from John L. Sullivan to Jack Dempsey. Not once in all of those thirty-five years did his penetrating baritone falter or fail. Not once in all of this time did Mr. Joseph Humphries hear the accusing cry of "Louder."

P & A PHOTO

On your left, ladies and gentlemen, is the one and only Joe Humphries, shown as he looks upon stepping into the ring to make an announcement. On the right, for atmosphere, is "A Stag at Sharkey's" one of the most famous lithographs by that famous artist the late George Bellows

In addition to the voice that has the carrying power and the booming range of a fog horn, Mr. Humphries is blessed with a dignity of demeanor that can still the tumult of a shouting mob with one gesture. It may not be altogether the compelling force of Mr. Humphries's personality that makes the angry mob be still. It may be the realization that when Mr. Humphries demands attention it means that he has something to say.

Even William Jennings Bryan, at his silver tongued best, could not awe some of the mobs that Mr. Humphries has calmed by the mere majestic raising of his right arm. They would suspect a statesman of being anxious to talk of matters not absolutely material. But they know that Mr. Humphries always has something of great import to disclose.

I grant that Mr. Humphries does hold some slight advantage in this regard over all orators striving to attract attention. No fight can proceed until Mr. Humphries makes his formal announcement. He will not orate until he has the entire attention of his audience. His announcements are not for an inattentive lot of auditors. Also, he realizes himself the full import of his messages and the greatness of his calling. When a man feels in his heart that his message demands attention, he gets it.

Frequently I have read that prizefights should be stopped because of the disorder attendant upon them. This is an error that could be made only by persons unfamiliar with this sport or industry. The prizefight is a most formal affair and the followers of the game are the slaves of form and custom. The etiquette attendant upon a prizefight is observed most rigidly.

For the very few who have not come within the range of the familiar voice of Mr. Humphries, and who have not seen the majestic upward sweep of the right arm commanding silence, I will sketch the formal opening of a bout.

THE two fighters enter the ring and occupy opposite corners. Immediately a man in decent black with a derby or iron hat on his head, climbs through the ropes and occupies the center of the ring. The tap of a bell stills the murmurs in the place.

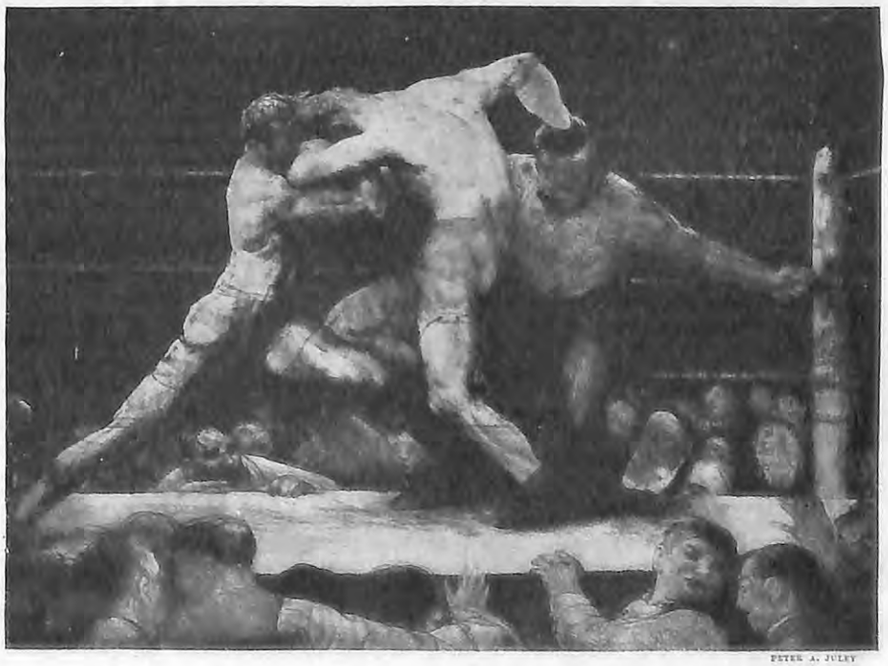
The man in decent black is Mr. Joseph Humphries, M. C. He sweeps off the iron hat and holds it at arm's length.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says. "In this corner is Battling Levy, popular son of the East Side. In this corner over here is Kid Spaghetti of the West Side.

"The weights: Levy, one hundred and thirty-five. Spaghetti, one hundred and thirty-four and—"

Mr. Humphries cuts the air with his hand. "And a half," screams the gallery, pronouncing the A as in Ah. "Right," says Mr. Humphries and descends from the ring.

This is one of Mr. Humphries's most recent pleasantries. In the Fourth Ward, where Humphries went to school, the word half was pronounced with the A as in blat and it is pronounced generally that way in cauliflower circles. But one night Mr.



PETER A. JULEY

Humphries unbent his dignity to the extent of introducing the soft Italian A, and it delighted the gallery. Even a Master of Ceremonies must have his little joke, though many sport writers have censured Mr. Humphries severely for permitting this unbecoming levity at so formal a function as the announcing of a prizefight.

Those who insist that the old order of things always is the best, will make comparisons between Joseph Humphries, M. C., and the late Billy Jordan, somewhat to the disparagement of the former. This is unfair and uncalled-for.

It is true that Mr. Jordan was impressive. He wore a set of low-slung moustaches that suggested the tusks of a walrus. His voice was the voice of the bull walrus at calling time. He had a set form for announcing prizefights that made the ceremonial one to be remembered.

ALWAYS he would wind up his introductions in this fashion:

"This is to be a forty-five round contest for the lightweight championship of the world and may the best man win. Let 'er go."

Immediately upon the conclusion of this speech the time-keeper would sound the gong and the fight would be on. There are those who insist that Mr. Humphries should borrow this set form because of its impressiveness. But Mr. Humphries, being a true artist, disdains the use of it. He prides himself upon his originality and his ability to get results in his own way with his own simple choice from the abundant English language.

The great announcer, Mr. Humphries contends, first of all must be himself. The talent is born in him. It can not be acquired by a study of the methods of those who announced before him. The Billy Jordan school of announcing may have been all right in its way, but Joseph Humphries, M. C., is no man's imitator.

Mr. Humphries must be right. His methods must be the best, otherwise he could not have held the attention of his thirty million listeners. Again, of the thousands of fighters that Mr. Humphries has presented to the public not one has ever complained that Mr. Humphries slighted him or failed to extol in impressive fashion his manifold virtues and accomplishments. As far as the prize ring is concerned there is only one Master of Ceremonies and that one is Joseph Humphries.

The life of Mr. Joseph Humphries naturally has been replete with great moments. Standing in the center of the ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres at Jersey City he heralded, in the presence of ninety-two thousand people, the "Battle of the Century" between Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion of the world, and Georges Carpentier, the popular idol of France and the heavyweight champion of Europe.

One might suppose that Mr. Humphries would look back upon this as the greatest of his great moments, this rather prolonged burst of eloquence before the first million-dollar house that a prizefight ever drew. But no.

The greatest moment to date in the life of Mr. Joseph Humphries was at an obscure function where he pointed his finger at a stout and grizzled gentleman and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. John L. Sullivan, champion of champions and the noblest Roman of them all."

Mr. Joseph Humphries, you see, is a sentimentalist in regard to fistiana. He is not awed by numbers. He is not impressed by gate receipts. He felt the glory and the grandeur that was John L. Sullivan's.

Mr. Humphries looks forward to a still greater moment before his career as Master of Ceremonies to the world of sport is ended. He dreams of it in off hours. This moment will come when he will be able to point in the direction of a friend and neighbor of the old Fourth Ward and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States and popular idol of the Fourth Ward, Alfred E. Smith."

"And if I could make that presentation just once," said Mr. Humphries, "I would be content to have it stand as my last announcement."

Until he discovered his vocation the man who has commanded the attention of the thirty million followed various occupations. He was a messenger on the Stock Exchange for a while, then at the age of seventeen he developed into a full-fledged bartender. This would indicate that young Humphries was decidedly a precocious youth.

At a Tammany Hall function thirty-four years ago Mr. Humphries found himself. In an emergency that rose when the district leader who was to have presided was overcome by his emotions and champagne, young Joseph Humphries was called upon to act as Master of Ceremonies.

He fulfilled this task with such emphasis and tact and gave such evidence of a compelling force of voice and personality that it was the talk of the function. The Master of Ceremonies made a bigger hit than any of the ceremonies. From that time on the services of Mr. Humphries as an announcer were commandeered for endless political and social functions.

This work which he did for the pure joy of it and the happiness it gave him in self-expression soon began to interfere with his mere trade of bartending. Mr. Humphries never was mercenary but he began to learn that he would have to make his art pay his living expenses. He accepted fees for professional announcing. He had to commercialize his art, but then, who does not? Of course there are announcers who might be had without fees, but these are mere dilettantes.

There is no fixed fee for this work. In that regard it is like any other profession. Mr. Humphries would not expect the same honorarium for presiding at one of the minor prizefights that he received for presiding before the ninety thousand at Boyle's Thirty Acres the day that Dempsey and Carpentier fought "The Battle of the Century."

FOR any worthy cause Mr. Humphries will announce for nothing at all and it must be said to his credit that his voice is just as resonant when he is announcing for charity as it is when he is announcing for the maximum fee. A true artist like Mr. Humphries always throws his soul into his work.

Especially at Madison Square Garden in New York is the voice of Joseph Humphries the voice of authority and in fact the only voice of authority. I felt that keenly during the National Democratic Convention when an attempt was made to present some of the dark horses to a hostile gallery, hostile to every statesman but Alfred E. Smith. I felt at the time that Mr. Joseph Humphries might have carried even this work off gracefully.

He would raise his hand with that magnificent upward sweep and begin: "In this corner the popular idol of Oklahoma—"

At this point the gallery would burst into acquiescent cheers through sheer force of habit. The voices of the statesmen seemed to jar on them and irritate them. They needed the soothing tones of the master voice.

Mr. Humphries once used Battling Siki, the Singular Senegalese, and his own nimble wit to quell a real riot at Madison Square Garden. The Judges had just given a decision that seemed to infuriate about ninety-nine per cent. of the customers. Mr. Humphries climbed into the ring to appease them. The occupants of the gallery began throwing bottles into the arena. Two persons were knocked unconscious and the police were very busy.

For once the place was not stilled by the wave of the admonitory hand of Humphries. Serious trouble impended. Humphries quickly glanced around and saw Siki.

He beckoned to the negro who climbed into the ring grinning, a grotesque figure. The tumult subsided a little.

"Battling Siki," announced Mr. Humphries. "The WHITE HOPE of Senegal." The gallery started to laugh and the situation was saved.

Of course Mr. Humphries has some practical knowledge of the Queensberry art with which his own art is so closely allied. As stock messenger and bartender he engaged in some purely amateur fistic arguments. Later in life he became manager for the late Terry McGovern.

AT ONE time Joseph Humphries was offered a chance to make considerable money out of the fight game. Jack Johnson, prior to his meeting with Tommy Burns in Australia, besought Joe Humphries to become his manager.

"I knew at the time that he would beat Burns," said Humphries. "It was an opportunity to make quite a little. But I am one of those who believe that the heavyweight championship must be held by the white race. It was for this reason that I refused. I know I may be too conservative but that is the way I am built."

For a time Joseph Humphries announced the batteries at baseball games. This was until they introduced the megaphone. Finally Humphries was ordered to employ this artificial aid. He felt that it was a reflection on his voice and his art. He refused and resigned.

The "loud speaker" employed by the ordinary orator is disdained by Humphries. He regards it as unnatural, and as far as he is concerned, useless.

"I, myself, am my own loud speaker," he says in the manner of one who knows himself and is sure of himself. One must be very sure of himself to succeed where Joseph Humphries has succeeded. Let him once lose his poise, let his voice show just the slightest symptom of a nervous tremor and his work and his reputation would be lost forever, drowned in a flood of cat-calls from a merciless gallery.

Some of the adventures into pronunciation made by Mr. Humphries showed his dauntless spirit. He was especially intrepid during that period when prizefighting was absolutely prohibited in New York State. This brought about a revival of wrestling. This sport has more absolutely unpronounceable names than the Finnish or the Welsh languages.

When a list of the performers at one night's show was handed to Mr. Humphries and he was dared to step into the ring and start the announcements he did not flinch. "A man can but do his best," he said. He went at it as only Joe Humphries would and he got away with it, as they say.

Many a lumbering Lithuanian, many a Cossack of the Don, many a bewildered

(*Continued on page 73*)

KENNETH ALEXANDER

Katherine Cornell

in

"Candida"

THIS brilliant Shavian comedy was revived somewhat tentatively this winter at special matinees. But what with the perennial appeal of the play itself and the perfection of its casting it has quickly established itself on a regular basis for what promises to be a prolonged run. Miss Cornell, who has been more and more often acclaimed the past few seasons as one of the foremost actresses of the rising generation, excels herself as Candida, and the other members of the company without exception more than merit honorable mention.—E. R. B.

WHITE

A romance of the war and its aftermath, "The Dark Angel," by H. B. Trevelyan, is crisp and entertaining up to the middle of the second act. From there on it takes a sudden plunge into extreme sentimentalism that gives it a very machine-made finish. Patricia Collinge and Reginald Mason (above) play their roles with great delicacy and convincingness

NICHOLAS MURAY

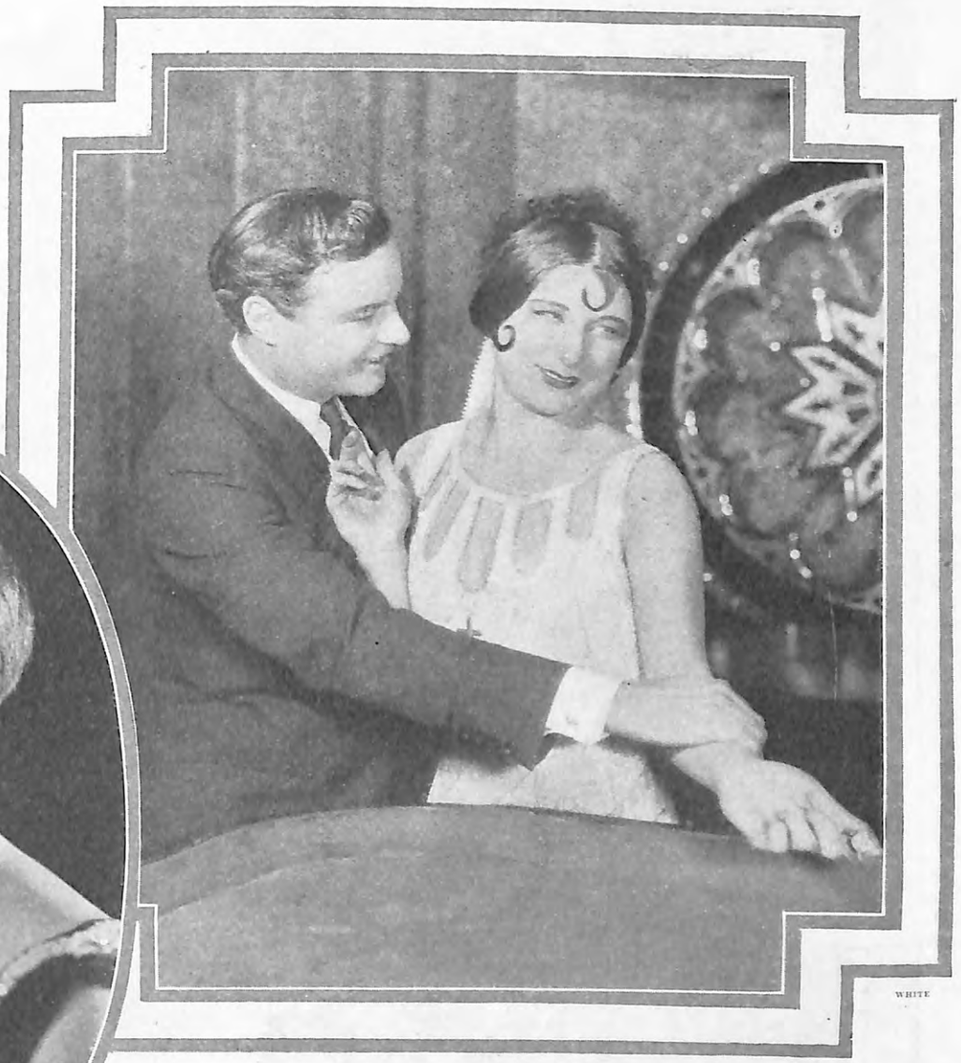
The Theatre Guild has brought us another of A. A. Milne's comedies—a companion piece to the earlier "Mr. Pim Passes By." It is called "Ariadne" and despite its characteristic whimsicalness it would be somewhat thin entertainment were it not for the extraordinarily rich and brilliant performance of Laura Hope Crews in the title role and the all-round excellence of the other actors—especially Lee Baker and Orlando Daly who supplies the broad comedy

WHITE

In a piece translated from the French of Paul Geraldy, which is called "She Had to Know," Grace George, easily one of our most distinguished actresses of social comedy, seems to have found a vehicle which pleases the popular fancy. It concerns the amusing manoeuvers of a charming and happily married young woman to determine whether she is still attractive to men. Frederick Worlock, pictured here with Miss George, is one of the experimentees

In "The Dove," the versatile Willard Mack has written one of those swaggering, picturesque melodramas of the Mexican border that gives even the villain an opportunity to appear noble and magnanimous. In this case the engaging bad man is played by Holbrook Blinn. But the lion's share of the laurels goes to Judith Anderson, lately of "Cobra." She is shown here with William Harrigan, the conquering American hero

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



WHITE

MISHKIN

Jeanne Gordon (above), a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was among those who recently took part in the festival performance of Aida that was given in Washington as a part of the inaugural celebration. When the Metropolitan company goes on tour this summer Miss Gordon will be with them as their leading contralto and will be heard in the same rôles she sang in New York during the past season

NICKOLAS MURAY

"Desire Under the Elms" is not the sort of play to see when you are tired and want relaxation—none of Eugene O'Neill's plays are. But if you are interested in seeing a vivid and powerful picture of stark emotional starvation and struggle on a hard-bitten New England farm in the year 1850, this will prove a most interesting evening's entertainment. Mary Morris (right) plays a difficult rôle with great sympathy and power

PAUL HESSE

A Scene from "Cape Smoke"

WALTER ARCHER FROST'S play is the sort of melodrama one is tempted to speak of in superlatives; not because it is brilliantly written or exceptionally cast, but because it so satisfyingly fulfills its purpose. It is intensely exciting without let down and it is more than usually well put on. James Rennie, Gerard Maxwell Willshire and Francis Corbie (left to right) are flashed here at the climax of the action in this tale of intrigue and superstition in the African diamond field—E. R. B.

A Man's Home and His Garden

As Seen In Some Exceptional Books on These Subjects

By Claire Wallace Flynn

AS LIFE developes for us there is one common thought that comes—the picture of a house and a garden of our own. Big ones or little, imposing or picturesque, mansions or log-cabins, there it eternally is, that desire to possess a fortress in the conflict, a shelter in the storm. It is an untouched and primal instinct. In most cases all our striving and hope and love lead straight into such a little corner of the world, and never a man dreams of that but he plans to make it beautiful according to his light and, indeed, if he makes it that, it is bound to be beautiful.

You remember what Kipling says:

"How can I turn from any fire,
Or any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own!"

It is no haphazard gesture, therefore, on the part of writers and publishers which gives us every year some new conception of home building or garden making. There is in every human heart an emotion which answers to books that touch on these subjects, so that the audience for such efforts is almost without number.

Just think it over for a moment. Think of the great crop of smart aleck novels that have been written in, say, the past couple of years. Clever beyond a scrap of doubt, but some of them have been cheap, some cheap and nasty, some just blah, if you'll forgive the word. And what a hullabaloo they made! We have been surrounded on all sides by reviews and comment about them, and a large percentage of their names are already showing specks of dust. Pretty soon you won't be able to see or remember their titles.

Oh, they are all right in their way, godsends as far as easy entertainment goes, and laughter and an acquaintance with the lives and thoughts of some of our fellows. But the great thing is that they should not crowd out of our reading that marvelous little army of books which comes marching along year by year with but a muted sound of trumpets. (Are trumpets ever muted? Well, it sounded rather well!)

If you do not own a house, especially a house in the country, and you open one of these "house and garden" books, it sets you thinking. Why, if there are such pleasant places in the world, haven't you one? How do other chaps manage to acquire such things? If they can have them, why not you? Then, go to it with might and main. They are for the industrious and strong and thrifty and determined.

If that isn't inspirational reading, we'd like to know what is! But suppose one fails! —everyone can't win out! Well, there has been the experience of the dream, at least.

And, besides all this, these volumes are in most cases corking reading. In any well-written book on houses and home building there are history and story and romance sandwiched in among the pages.

A Most Delightful Book

TAKE, for instance, "American Homes of Today" by Augusta Owen Patterson, which was just recently been brought out by The Macmillan Company. At first glimpse here is a book designed for the millionaire—but at first glimpse only. The story of the historic background of our present popular forms of architecture belongs to us who build pleasant six-room houses quite as well as it does to the magnate with his sixty.

We can enjoy fully as well as he (perhaps better) Mrs. Patterson's gay and descriptive pen when she tells us about the "Cast Iron Renaissance" in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and when she bursts forth about the type house that "as a wedding cake would be a pastry cook's triumph, but as a dwelling is an architectural nightmare."

"'Now what the deuce style is that?' the answer is probably Queen Anne."

Thus does the book comment good naturedly upon the architectural dark ages out of which, happily, we are emerging.

The magnificent photographs of estates at first make us feel like outcast members of the human family. These prove, however, to have been inserted, not to madden us, but simply to emphasize Mrs. Patterson's enlightening definitions of the various styles that houses in America have followed. Not only is her chapter on Definitions informative, but there is sheer joy in the reading.

"The French Renaissance came to its perfect bloom in the age of Louis XIV, a gentleman who needed a space like the main entrance hall of the Metropolitan Museum to hold an afternoon tea in, and something the size of Union Square when he really gave a party." The horror, explains Mrs. Patterson, is encountered chiefly when some ambitious housebuilder tries to cram all Louis' ideas of beauty and of form into a twenty-five-foot front.

So on down through all the outstanding characteristics of architectural types—the Colonial, the English and French ideas in building, the Elizabethan and Modern picturesque, and the Mediterranean derivative. In this last, California and the southwest and Florida have come naturally by their delightful house forms.

"The Forty-Niners and the early health seekers in Florida found there remnants of Spanish architecture implanted by the first settlers and structurally fitting the geography and climate of the country. . . . There has, consequently, been a constantly increasing development of the generally Mediterranean type of building, the low-lying structure, built around one or more courtyards, with flat tiled roofs, with thick stucco walls, few windows, and deep set loggias. This is the type of building used all along the Mediterranean from Greece to Spain."

It is plain to all who ride about the country that this semi-tropical style has met with great favor. Mrs. Patterson believes in it, for instance, in Pasadena and Miami, but not so much in the latitude of Boston, New York or Chicago. Personally, I understand why it steals people's hearts away, north or south. The white walls, the dazzling roofs, the delicate ironwork around the doorway! They suggest sunshine and flowers, distant blue seas and quiet, droning hours. Of course, if it is exotic for us who live in the snow belt to have houses like these, we should not long for them. Anything to make the scenery more perfect. But, Lord! you can have your hundred per cent. Nordic Colonial farmhouse if you want it; give me one of these elysian, little red-roofed places and let me die happy!

The paragraphs on porches in "American Homes of To-day" are a delight, as are also the many suggestions about doorways, windows and other details. In fact, this book is a plumcake for richness of material. The illustrations are superb—in some cases far too superb for any poor creature who longs for a simple little Mediterranean hut.

There is, for example, mention of a certain house at Southampton—unbelievably lovely —a perfect piece of architectural work. One illustration shows the "breakfast loggia." Well, it is just *too* much! Oatmeal—bacon—simple toast—there! Never! Perhaps, some of the golden eggs of the famous goose, but even those might not be fitting! At any rate, whether you have rooms like that or not it makes you want to fix the old place up when you pore over this totally entrancing book.

If you are going to build even a most modest house, this book will present possibilities that you have never dreamed of; it will lure you to beauty that it were a crime to go without.

Practical Details and Plans

THE Atlantic Monthly Company issues a "House Beautiful Building Annual" which must be a source of greatest comfort to anyone starting on the job of homebuilding. This book "supplements, but does not

(*Continued on page 66*)

Books Reviewed This Month

American Homes of To-day, by Augusta Owen Patterson. (The Macmillan Company, New York)

The House Beautiful Building Annual—1925, Edited by Charles G. Loring. (The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston)

Small Family Houses, by R. Randal Phillips. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

The Construction of the Small House, by H. Vandervoort Walsh. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

Artistic and Practical Homes for the Average Man, by Jay Axelrod, Architect, St. Paul, Minnesota. (Published by Mr. Axelrod)

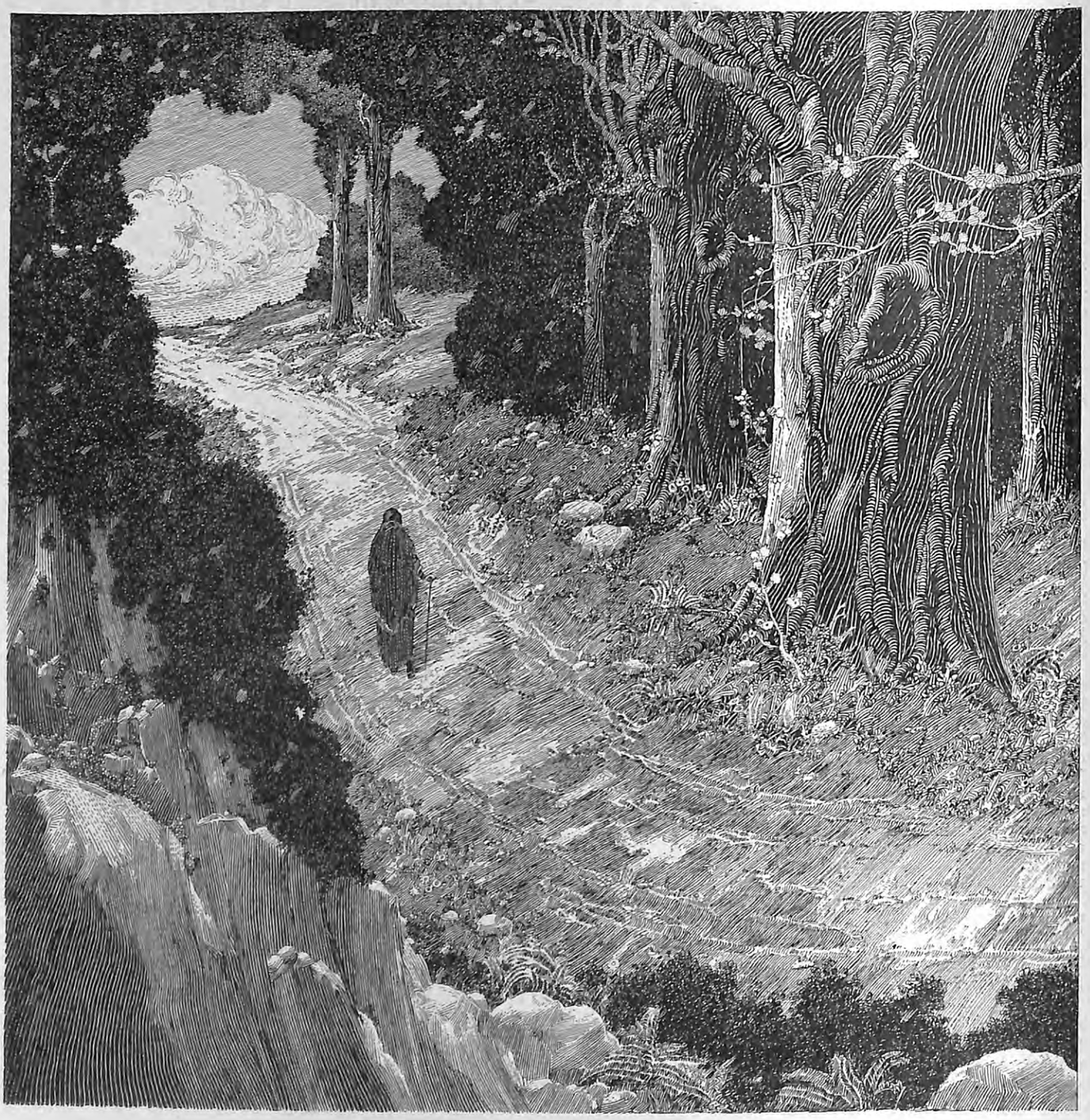
Remodeled Farmhouses, by Mary H. Northend. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston)

Gardening With Brains, by Henry T. Finck. (Harper and Brothers, New York)

The Well-Considered Garden, by Mrs. Francis King. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

Design in the Little Garden, by Fletcher Steele. (The Atlantic Press, Boston)

Spanish Gardens and Patios, by Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia)



Highways *and* Byways

THE Road is the warp and Man is the woof of the Fabric of "Things-that-are."

Roads are romance. Roads are history. Roads are drama, pleasure, pain and tragedy. The Road is the home of humanity; the cradle of world democracy; the true commoner. Over the road the doctor comes to hovel or palace, to welcome the infant into this strange state called life. Along the road the inquisitive eyes of childhood first learn the vastness of nature.

Sometime, somewhere, the chubby, child-fist of every man, be he prince or pauper, prelate, plutocrat or plebeian, has been grimed by the dust of the road—and his devious, toddling feet have obliterated the tracks of strong men.

Gay youth goes courting, while hapless hags go trudging by with down-cast eyes, hoping each painful step may be the end.

The proud groom and happy bride take no heed of the forlorn vagabond who stands beside the road, remorsefully aware of the past and hopelessly anticipating the future.

The weary feet of the toiler and the airy step of the victor; the rhythmic tramp of armies and the timid tread of waiting mothers each play their part in the symphony of the road.

The road knows the huntsman who goes forth at dawn, and the thief who plies his trade at night; the artist, who, moth-like, seeks the shady nooks at noontime; the scientist who searches, hopes and wonders in his thirst for knowledge.

Yes, the road knows them all, and at last sees each one go once again over the road to the cool, dark couch of rest eternal.

By Harold Robb Laudermilk

Decoration by G. H. Mitchell

The Character Witness

Things Do Happen in the Spring To Men Who Hear That Lady Sing

By Calvin Johnston

Illustrated by Henry Davis

THE swinging white lanterns which gave life to the night yard vanished, leaving it to the colored glow of the switch-stand lamps and fanlight of the locomotive which stood nosed against a box car. It was the lunch hour, and the crew, lounging on the bench before the shanty, were disposed to silence and comfortable reverie as the tobacco smoke drifted on the first warm, still night of spring.

All but the foreman who referred several times with righteous indignation to the huge, darkened special car looming across the tracks. "The palace on wheels of our new President," he railed, "while ourselves are lucky to travel in a caboose. Yet we be men of honesty, and he stole this railroad to add it to his system as all the world knows."

"Peace, foreman," said Denny the ancient switchman, stuffing his pipe with some irritation; "the big robbers are different from thieves. What could the likes of us get away with but coal and a few brasses by secret larceny. But the big ones stake fortune and maybe life on a finish fight like the generals of a nation."

"Big or little they are the same," insisted the foreman, shocked by Denny's morals.

"You say so," said Denny, pointing with his pipe, "and I have in mind a bandit celebrated through all the old P. D. territory, who was yet given a respectable character—listen!"

Mike Sorley you have heard me speak of before, who with his partner, old Casey, lived on a mining claim in the hills forty miles from Barlow, and two or three times a year pounced on the express cars. A regular guerrilla war he carried on with the express and railroad guards, so that if he sometimes failed to get money he never lacked for excitement. And all those years, d'ye mind, living unsuspected at his claim, mining and hunting, and raising no more disturbance when he went into town than every successful prospector.

On a pleasant day in April, it was afterward told, Sorley, seeing the green come into the hills, and a bird hop up to the cabin, complained to Casey, a wrinkled, grizzled fellow, but tough and untameable.

"Does it never occur to you," said Sorley, "you old mountain cat, to invite me to celybrate the return of spring after a winter of snow and gale?"

"And where would I invite you?"

"To Barlow and the bright lights while you stay and watch camp."

"You can play poker with me as well as in Barlow," returned Casey sourly. "As for the bright lights you will be shooting them out."

"Never but once did I do that, Casey, as you well know, and are always throwing in my face so that there is no living with you at all—" and as he talked he was leading his horse out of the shed.

"Off with you," said Casey, who paid no attention to such talk, "but remember, I have warned that you will yet get your needings in Barlow where you have no business but trouble. And this being springtime with the robins singing, you will be falling in love again as you did by moonlight with the girl last year—" he grinned with sarcasm at the memory of this, but Sorley's white teeth flashed in his beard, and he looked down from the saddle with a rollicking gray eye.

"A proper partner y'are to be putting the black dog on me a day like this," he answered, and with a joyous wave of the hand he sent his big bay down the trail which had led to many a frolic and desperate adventure.

He arrived in Barlow and put up about dusk and after dinner strolled along looking in the bright windows. There was a store he always patronized as a part of his vacations in Barlow, the candy one where he filled his pocket with peppermint sticks; then he would walk on to the gents' clothing, being a great admirer of the fashions, though condemned to wear clothes suitable to a prospector.

From the doorway of the candy shop he cast the corner of his eye along the street, being watchful of the sheriff; the officer had no evidence of the train holdup, y' understand, but sometimes for reasons of his own thought of Sorley with suspicion and bitterness.

ON ENTERING the shop Mike was surprised to discover a change in proprietors, and all for the better. "Sure the peppermint will taste sweeter," thought Mike with the sentiment of springtime, "for being handed me by a pretty young lady with gold hair and blue eyes instead of a grubby old man."

"I am a regular customer," he told her, "though not often in town from my claim." He saw that the young lady's name on the window was Miss O'Donnel and inquired the state of business.

"The secret of success here," she explained, her eyes sparkling with good humor, "is not to be caught on the wrong side of the market when the season changes from lollipops to bonbons." Then other customers coming in, Sorley resumed his walk.

Looking into the clothing store window he asked the world: "Why is it that a man with money in his belt should be dressed like a ruffian?" And it was a crafty thing to ask the question at a time when the world was putting on the dress of springtime and certain to answer as he wished.

So presently Mike returned to the hotel with a large bundle, pausing on the way to gaze into the candy shop instead of watching his step. And the sheriff, who was naturally a man of wolfish habit, peered around a corner and spotting him withdrew his head behind the corner again. "Sorley," he reflected in bitterness of spirit, "with a big bundle, stolen, no doubt. Keep on," he muttered, "with your crimes, and 'tis only a matter of time till I detect you."

But Mike, all unconscious of the dangerous presence, passed on well pleased with himself. "'Tis likely," he was thinking, "that an elegant appearance in a check suit and green tie and tan shoes, to say nothing of the derby, will cause Miss O'Donnel to stop, look and listen."

But after putting them on at the hotel he felt so like a stranger to himself that he decided to roam around till the old and new Sorley grew well enough acquainted to get on together. "Another thing," he reflected, scowling into the glass; "this beard will keep me out of the dude class." But removing it was a serious proposition, because he had always worn it when in Barlow, and committed the express holdups with his face clean-shaven. "Sure, a guard and a messenger got a glimpse of me the time my mask fell off," he thought, "and if they should be here and recognize me the dude clothes would be all spoiled with bullets."

Then suddenly he laughed aloud and winked at himself with the rollicking eye. "Sure, what is springtime for?" he de-

"Now, Sorley, you are suspected of various crimes and will stay right here under restraint, where my deputy can inspect you"

manded. "Birds and beasts change their coats then with divil a care whether the bright colors cause them to be spied by their enemies," and casting caution to the winds went to the barber directly.

"Now to get used to the clothes," he said, and though not much of a drinker or gamester visited a while at the big Turf saloon where the barkeeper failed to recognize him till he spoke and laughed.

Then Mike sauntered back into the big gambling room, which ran under the protection of the sheriff, and seated himself near the rear door, which should be borne in mind. With a glass of beer before him, he seated himself to a game of solitaire, keeping a narrowing eye on the one game running at the table in the center of the room.

THREE men sat at this table; business being slow just before the railroad payday no one else was in the room.

Mike played his solitaire with deliberation, reflecting sadly on the time which Casey threw up to him, when he had been in drink, and shot out the street gas lamps, and also been cleaned of over a thousand dollars at that center table.

"And there is Mr. Morley," he pondered, "dealing from the bottom; 'tis a testimony to the patience of suckers that he is still alive." For a moment he watched the stout man in the white, pleated shirt and white tie with a diamond pin. A bald dome gleamed above his green eyeshade and a beak hooked like an owl's stuck out beneath it.

"But where is a sucker's come-back?" went on Mike with philosophy; "if he should beat Morley to the draw, he would be framed by the sheriff who protects him."

Of the other two men at the center table one was a mouldy bar fly, sometimes sent into a game by the house to see-saw a greenhorn; the other a lanky, pale young man with a quiet manner and better dressed than was usual in Barlow.

Now Mike became interested in his solitaire, pausing only once in a while to admire his cuffs and new coat and paying attention to nothing else, when a faint voice roused him to vigilance. It came from the front, half-heard, then was drowned in the laughing, gruff tones of a man. Mike stiffened to a queer, still alarm.

At that instant the voices at the front died away altogether; there was a dead silence through the whole house, the street and town itself. Broken only by the quiet voice of the young man at the center table: "Don't deal that card. You big cheat—" A quick move on Morley's part, but too late.

While the shot fired across the table still rang in the room, Mike was at the rear door having witnessed it all; Morley's unaccountably slow draw, his rearing, staggering fall and far-flung revolver. A glance backward showed the young man sitting there indifferently, the bar fly with hands up; and being in a line with the front door that glance also showed the woman who had been talking with the barkeeper. Her hands were over her mouth as if holding back a scream; her bare head shone like gold. Mike, for the moment paralyzed at seeing her in the place, knew her eyes were blue. "Miss O'Donnel," he gasped, and was gone, for the last thing he wished was to be a murder witness in a court room where his own affairs might be inquired into. Down the alley he faded and was near the corner of the street, when with flash and report stunning him, came the rush of an enemy. For a moment he stood seized on y'understand by a nameless paralyzing terror; a scream such as no gunman, guard or sheriff ever heard from him, almost burst his throat at the second gust of thunder and rain. "The dude clothes," he screamed, and burrowed like a Jack-rabbit into the first shelter.

A NARROW doorway it was of stone, dark, and deep-sheltering, though little thought he gave to where he was but stood back triumphing as he flicked the drops from derby and coat and shoes. "Ambush me, would ye?" said Mike, and puffed the cigarette smoke into the face of the storm; "it is nature who is a jealous old vixen and would allow nobody to wear spring fashions but herself."

But as the thunder passed, and the rain settled into an all-night downpour, he became anxious. "Here I am caught within a few paces of the shooting," he reasoned,

"with nobody passing in the dommed dark alley to send after a slicker." But an outlaw and a philosopher are so much alike, y'mind, that they have often been mistaken for each other. And Mike Sorley having with ease employed reason to solve the difficulty, decided to stay where he was all night rather than sacrifice his suit to a whim of nature. A flight of stairs, closed by a door at the first landing, rose from the entry and here Mike seated himself, his meditations turning to Miss O'Donnel.

"A young lady of elegance and fashion she seemed," said Mike, "but can have little refinement to be talking to the bartender in the shebeen." He gave no thought at all to the shooting in which Morley had got what he deserved, but brooded over the behavior of Miss O'Donnel, until the door on the landing opened, and a beam from the hall above sprang down the stairs.

Two gentlemen whom he recognized in spite of the darkness as the prosecuting attorney and venerable Judge Carnes, stood beside him. They had in fact been in conference in the latter's office and come through the hall of the Court-House annex to this entrance because it cut off a block's distance to Judge Carnes' house.

"Bless the soul of me, I thought the storm had passed," said the Judge; "it is not for an old man like me to enter the downpour when a stalwart like this gentleman lets himself be marooned," and he beamed at Mike in the dusk.

"'Tis not my skin I am afraid of shrinking," laughed Mike, "but the new suit I have on."

"AS I remember," said Judge Carnes, "ther are umbrellas in my office; if," he added with a violence you would not expect in so venerable a man, "some unprincipled divil has not stolen them." And as if expecting to catch the thieves at work and sentence them to hard labor, he struck up the stairs, calling to the others to wait.

The prosecuting attorney, an unsociable man, grunted and stood turned away from Mike who, himself, smiled grimly, but did not accost him. Nobody ever did unless they had to. Attorney Gower was the stingiest and most cold-blooded man in Barlow, unless it was his friend the sheriff; he was raw-boned with a whiskey blush on his pinched little face: he was unpopular. But he was one of those politicians who organizes with the cunning of the fiend himself, and could not be thrown out of office.

Mike, knowing all this, did not accost him, but sat quietly gritting his teeth, which were set on edge by such company, till the Judge returned, calling his news gleefully.

"The robbers which over-run the county, my respects to you, Mr. Prosecutor—" he said, "overlooked my cache of umbrellas. Two for ourselves, and a third for this strange gentleman—"

"Sorley—and deeply obliged for the courtesy," said Mike respectfully.

"'Tis an old-fashioned umbrella, Mr. Sorley," beamed the Judge, whose hair shone silvery in the dusk, "and yellow. But 'tis sound and will keep off the rain. No thanks, sir; 'tis no obligation at all; if men caught on a rainy night in a doorway cannot share umbrellas what would the world be coming to?"

And with that, he and the attorney went one way, and Mike another under the yellow umbrella which in the straight-falling rain kept him quite dry to the hotel. After smoothing and hanging his clothes with all the care of a valet, he admired them and went to sleep wondering: "How can it happen that a grand man like Carnes should be living according to law? Never again will I doubt the miracles!"

All night the outlaw slept peacefully, to be awakened early in the morning by a hammering on the door and yammering of voices. Stepping lightly across the room he unlooked the door and returning sat on the bed with revolver grasped under the quilt.

"COME in," he yelled and Sheriff Grimshaw with Prosecuting-Attorney Gower crossed the threshold; little did Sorley like their company, but nothing at all did he care for that of the man who followed wearing a deputy's star. To Sorley's surprise the two officers greeted him in a friendly way, and after the door was closed Gower came at once to business.

"It has been learned from the bartender in the Turf saloon that you were in the gambling room facing the center table at the time of the attempted murder of Joe Morley."

"Attempted? Didn't the youngster kill the old crook?"

"Never you mind about his being a crook," snarled the sheriff, a surly black-bearded man with hook nose, and hat brim pulled over his eyes. Mike, who had a mortal terror of ever being one of the prisoners whom the sheriff starved, yawned and fingered the weapon under the quilt.

Gower went right on: "Remember I saw you in the doorway within a hundred paces of the Turf's backdoor. You admit being a witness? Well, now about your testimony in the preliminary examination to-morrow. Morley caught the defendant cheating, and when he said so, was shot down in cold blood."

"Go on," said Mike.

"Morley made no attempt to draw; better yet, had no gun on him," ended Gower with satisfaction.

"Great stuff," said Mike with admiration, "but 'tis not the way I would testify."

"Then you'll not testify at all," said Grimshaw.

"Let him," said Gower, "you say you can impeach the character of him before the court?"

"'Twill mean a humiliation to me, but I will do it," answered Grimshaw with rising anger. "And if I do, the Judge will order his arrest; and I believe a little investigation will show him up as a desperado."

The third visitor, the one with the deputy star, had not taken his eyes off Sorley; now he pointed his finger and started to speak.

The outlaw, who had last seen the man as an express treasure guard on the night his mask fell off, had been reflecting. "The car was filled with smoke and he is not sure of me; a curse on me for shaving off the beard!" As the man lifted his finger, Sorley laughed.

"I have not said I would testify at all," he answered Grimshaw; "in fact I have no intention of it, and faded away yesterday to keep from being called as a witness."

"I've met this Sorley somewhere."

"ABOUT one more word from that fool deputy, and there'll be three dead men here," thought Sorley, meaning the sheriff and deputy and himself.

"Where?" snapped Grimshaw, but at Sorley's curious grin, the deputy scratched his ear.

"It may come to me."

"Well, you do some tall thinking," ordered Grimshaw. "Now, Gower, I have reason for not trusting Sorley; he's liable to show up at that preliminary and testify to what he thinks will spite me. So I'm warning him to stay in this hotel till after to-morrow, or I'll arrest him on a charge of—well, of what he did to me, though it will humiliate me to make the complaint public—" Grimshaw paused and looked so hard at his confederate of the county ring that Gower knew there was a joker in all this. So did Sorley who reflected:

"Blackbeard knows that I am not to be bluffed into making myself a prisoner here."

"Why not escort him out of town as a suspicious character?" asked Gower.

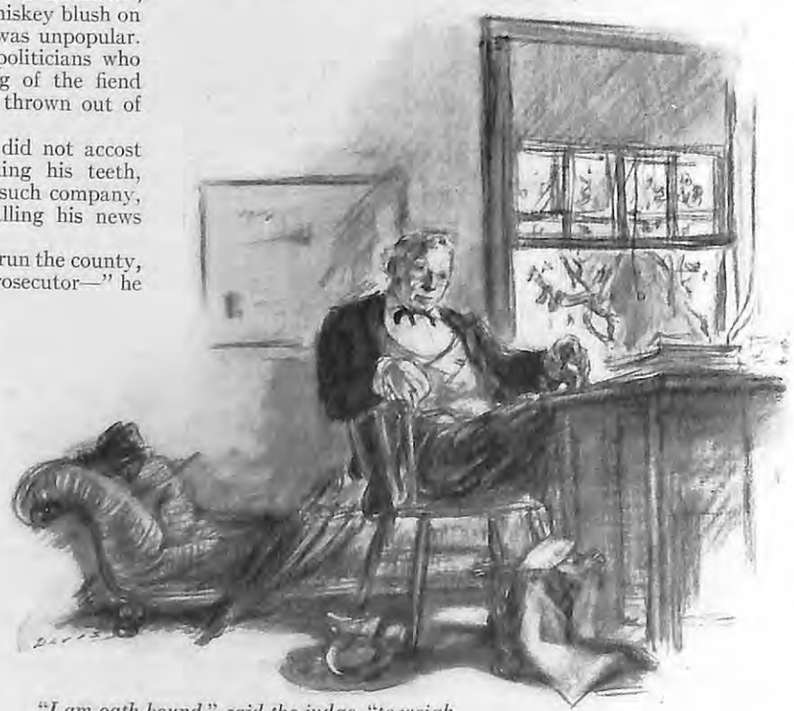
"What is the use? He would turn around and sneak back. And besides, I want him here in the hotel where the deputy can come and take a look at him—"

"I see," said Gower, rubbing his lean jaw. "The deputy may refresh his memory on how and where he met Sorley."

"'Twas doubtless in some prison," said Grimshaw, rising. "Now, Sorley, you are suspected of various crimes, and will stay here under restraint, where my deputy can inspect you."

Sorley nodded with a huge sigh. "Whatever the law says," he answered. Then his three visitors went out, the deputy taking a last long look at the grinning suspect.

(*Continued on page 81*)



"I am oath-bound," said the judge, "to weigh a man's character along with his testimony"

The Man Behind the Umpires

John A. Heydler, National League Head—and His Job

By Arthur Chapman

A CLOSE decision has been made in the course of a big league baseball game. Players are clustered about the umpire. The crowd is in an uproar, shouting according to its sympathies. A player is ordered from the grounds. Perhaps several are fined. But, after considerable delay, the game goes on. The decision stands, and the crowd, intent on the progress of the game, forgets the incident.

The owner and manager of the team against which the decision has been made do not forget so easily. The game is protested, and the scene shifts back-stage, where such matters and other disputed points in baseball are settled in the office of a quiet but determined man—the president of the league.

The president must either sustain the decision or reverse the findings of the umpire. If he decides against the field official, he may ruin the morale of his umpiring staff. Whichever way he decides, there is trouble in store, for the reason that one club owner or the other is going to take the matter to heart. One disputed decision on the field may be the cause of trouble for weeks or even months to come.

The man who shoulders these and other responsibilities for the parent organization of baseball—the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs—is John A. Heydler. The National League is celebrating its fiftieth year, and it has fallen to Mr. Heydler's lot to be twice president of the organization whose history comes pretty nearly spanning the entire existence of professional baseball. Mr. Heydler was head of the league in 1909, in the interim following the death of President Harry C. Pulliam and the election of President Thomas J. Lynch. In 1918, after John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania, resigned from the presidency of the league in which he had served as a youthful pitcher under Captain Adrian C. Anson of the old Chicago White Stockings, Mr. Heydler was chosen president. He has guided the league through years which have not only been remarkable for the growth of the organization in a business way, but have been marked by intense rivalry for pennant honors—rivalry which has done much to advance the game in popularity, but which has brought many problems to the president for solution. The number and extent of these problems can be realized only by those behind the scenes of the national game.

RUNNING a big league calls for a judicial temperament. The president is a Court of Appeals, but must make his decision without the aid of other judges. As an instance of the perplexing causes of dispute which President Heydler is called upon to adjudicate, a protested game between the Brooklyn and Boston National League teams may be cited. The decision leading to the protest came up in the second game of a double-header played in Brooklyn July 4, 1923. Fournier of the Brooklyn team came to the bat in the sixth inning and drove the ball high and far toward the right field wall. By some strange freak of chance, the ball struck a flag that was attached to a staff on top of the wall. The ball became enwrapped in the folds of the flag and then fell on top of the wall and dropped back into the park. Southworth, the Boston outfielder, recovered the ball and threw to the infield, holding Fournier at second base.

Umpire Hart, after a conference with Umpire Moran, ruled the hit a home-run. Manager Mitchell of Boston protested the game, basing his protest on the contention

F. BRUNEL

John A. Heydler, President of the National League, reporter, statistician, arbitrator

that a ball not passing out of the park should not be called a home-run. The Boston club, in supporting the manager's protest, took the ground that the flagstaff, and therefore the flag itself, were fixtures upon the wall and could only be considered as part of that wall.

President Heydler, in deciding this unique case, upheld the umpires, and the hit went for a home-run. The president cited the rule that if any artificial object be placed on the wall or railing marking the boundaries of the fair ground, and the ball strike that object and fall back in the park, it goes as a home-run. He ruled that the flagstaff is an artificial obstruction, which can be taken down at any time at the option of the club owner. The evidence of the umpires in this case was that the flagstaff was beyond the actual playing limits of the field—therefore a hit forced back into the park because of this staff must be a home-run.

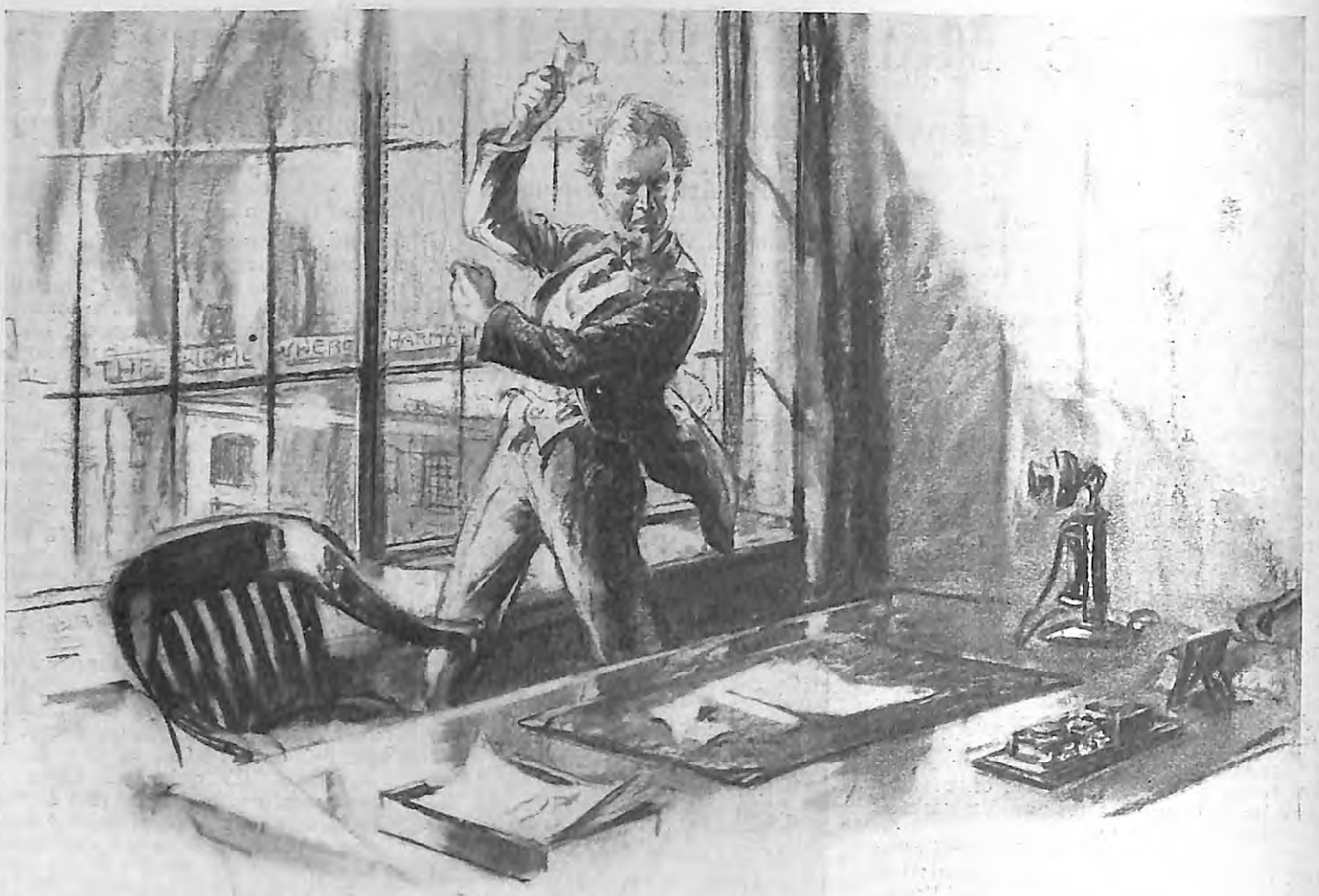
A still finer point of distinction was raised by the ball striking the flag itself and not the flagstaff. It was argued that the flag, as it fluttered in the breeze, streamed *into* the park, and that, therefore, the ball striking the flag did not pass beyond the confines of the playing field. The president held, in passing upon this point, that it was impossible to make an enduring decision on the shifting vagaries of the wind. "The staff itself was fixed beyond the wall," reported President Heydler in making his decision. "The fluttering flag may have been within or further without the wall at the moment it received the ball—that no certain evidence can disclose. Therefore the ruling of the umpires is sustained. Fournier's hit must go as a home-run. The protest is not sustained, and the game stands in the records as a Brooklyn victory."

NOT a week passes during the playing season that Mr. Heydler is not called upon to decide some vexing question which may have a vital effect on the pennant race. The eight club owners he serves have interests that conflict. Their rivalry is intense, and the apparently selfish interest they display at times is only natural. The president must be firm and stand against any harmful influence whatever if he is to be of real value to his league and to baseball in general. The head of a big business, who has two or three owners to deal with, must have tact and good judgment at all times, even though the men with whom he is working are aiming toward a common end, and are in no sense business rivals. Mr. Heydler deals with eight club owners who are at bitter war with each other at least half the year. Consequently his job is hedged about with difficulties which the ordinary business executive is never called upon to meet.

The general public has only the slightest idea of the bitterness engendered by a big league pennant race. The club owners take the defeats and victories of their teams very much to heart. This attitude is not so much due to financial considerations as to the fact that their sporting instincts have been aroused. The standing of their teams in the race is a matter of personal pride. It is remarkable how the progress of his team through the summer affects the average club owner. The long strain tells on his nerves, and by September all those magnates whose teams are still in the race are in a state of mind which makes them hard to get along with. These cares and troubles are forgotten, usually, at the end of the season, and the club owners at the annual meeting in midwinter are very different from the restive owners who are fighting every inch of the way for their teams during the summer, and who carry most of their battles to the office of the league president.

Inasmuch as the umpire is the storm center on the playing field, it is only natural that umpires' decisions should make the most trouble for President Heydler. By this it is not to be inferred that they are not good umpires. They are the league president's personal selection, and he risks his position on the wisdom of his choice. But, being human, umpires sometimes make mistakes. And the plays which they are called upon to judge are often so close that the umpires

(*Continued on page 70*)



Love in Pirtle Park

By Charles Divine

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

IN THE office of J. Featherstone Pirtle, President of the Pirtle Bass Drum Company, in Pirtle City, Long Island, sat Mr. Pirtle himself. Nobody had a better right. He had won it by years of unceasing activity. Once the business had employed only a score of hands. To-day the employees numbered a thousand, the huge Pirtle factory was humming, the Pirtle bass drums were booming.

Mr. Pirtle's office was situated in the central pavilion of the factory. Outside the windows, as far as the eye could reach or drum reverberate, stretched the succession of lawns, fountains, gravel paths, and concrete benches known as Pirtle Park. It surrounded the factory with a landscaped landscape. Mr. Pirtle thought of it as an American Versailles. The factory was the palace. The building which housed the workers' restaurant and rest-room was a sort of *Petit Trianon*. The gardens were a pictorial paradise, not to idle in all day, of course, as Marie Antoinettes and Louis the Sixteenths, but to wander through gratefully as Pirtle employees on your way home from bass drums.

It was indeed a pleasant prospect to contemplate. But this morning Mr. Pirtle's glance was withdrawn inside the office where he sat at his desk He was not alone. Standing in front of him was his nephew, Gordon, a tall, solidly-built young man who some day would inherit the business.

"Gordon," rumbled Mr. Pirtle solemnly, "a young man can't have two ambitions. I said to myself, when I was your age, I'm going to make the Pirtle Bass Drum the best bass drum in the world. I will let nothing interfere with that ambition. I will not marry. If a man waits until he is thirty before marrying, I said, the chances are he won't marry. I waited. I didn't."

Mr. Pirtle paused. It was that kind of an interview. The importance of it demanded cadences. Even a bass drum—which Mr. Pirtle's voice resembled—had its softer moments.

GORDON stood with one hand in the patch pocket of his coat, his head poised attentively, his brown eyes giving back a level gaze, his chin determined, his lips meeting in an even line of resolution, as if conquering the temptation to smile. He liked old J. F., who had put him through college—"Arts and Sciences" as a preparation for bass drums—and knew him well enough to realize that this was not a moment for levity. An interview like the present one, occurring the first thing in the morning, was significant.

And yet, impressed as he was by his uncle's earnestness, he couldn't help smiling to himself at the other's declaration that "he didn't marry." As a matter of fact, he had married, with undeniable ardor, not a woman, but a bass drum. Gordon knew that the tie was more binding than any legal one could have been, for it sprang out of love and pride. Mr. Pirtle was all drum. His heart was bound tight in the hoops that rimmed the taut vellum of the Pirtle Bass Drum. His pulses throbbed in drumbeats. The biologists who said that a man and his wife grew to resemble each other, might have found support for their argument in the person of J. Featherstone Pirtle. Not only did his voice resemble a bass drum, but he had grown to look like part of the product he had wed—the drum stick. His long, cylindrical body was the stick. His head, with its iron gray hair, was the felt-covered knob. It was a large head, with sharp eyes under shaggy brows, a generous nose, a wide mouth, and a chin with a neat but not gaudy goatee. The lips were pursed, in moments like these, to let his deep voice give vent to thumping remarks, and also in moments like these, when the rhythm of years of bass drum manufacturing seemed to have got into his blood, his thumbs hit the desk in front of him as if its surface were a drumhead.

Gordon watched those thumbs and knew they meant business.

"I didn't marry," rumbled Mr. Pirtle, carrying the theme over into a second movement, as if it were the repetitive motif of a symphony. "And to-day"—thump! went the thumb—"the Pirtle"—thump!—"bass"—thump!—"drum"—thump!— "is the finest bass drum in the world"—thump, thump! . . . "Pirtle City is something to be proud of. And Pirtle City, I think I can say with becoming modesty, is proud of me. I have done all I could to make it a happy community. My employees all have good clean homes to live in. I take care of them when they are sick, I keep them con-

With the arrival of the seventh telegram the explosion took place. It was the most startling ever known

tented when they are well. And this factory"—thump!—"is worthy of the names we have given it in our literature. *Under One Roof: A Thousand Happy Hands. The Home Where Harmony Reigns*"—thump-ety-thump!

Mr. Pirtle paused again to pinch his goatee thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger before resuming in pizzicato tempo:

"HAVE you ever considered fully the importance of the bass drum? If a violin in an orchestra makes a mistake, nobody notices it. The error passes unheeded in the general ensemble. But if a bass drum makes a slip, everybody knows it. And let me ask you this, Gordon: what gives the street band its life and energy? The drum."—thump-ump!—"What instrument of percussion has been common in some form to all nations and ages? The drum!"—thump-ump! "In ancient Greece and Rome, Egypt and Assyria? The drum!"—thump-ump! "What makes young men's pulses throb as they march away to war? The drum!"—thump-ump! "And what, in the final analysis, has, you might say, changed the map of the whole world? . . . The *drum!*" Thump-ety - thump - ump - bang!

The ink-well danced on the desk.

At this point Gordon thought that he ought to make some comment. The subject being the Pirtle Bass Drum, he said:

"You can't beat it."

This time there was a distinct smile in his eyes, but Mr. Pirtle missed it.

"No," he agreed gravely, "you can't. I'm glad you share my opinion. I want you to follow in my footsteps. Don't think of marriage until you're thirty, if at all. Don't think of anything except the Pirtle Bass Drum."

It was for this admonishment, Gordon perceived, that his uncle had summoned him to his office, after first sending his secretary, Miss Norton, out of the room, so that in impressive privacy the ukase might be delivered with the utmost effect. It had been hinted at before.

"But—" Gordon began to protest—"some day I may—"

J. Featherstone Pirtle's thumb came down gallumping.

"Some day you may inherit the business! That is what you were going to say. Some day, I may say, you *will* inherit the business—if you follow in the right path now. Keep your mind off girls. Keep it on the Pirtle Bass Drum. And you'll go far, Gordon; you'll go far." There was a finale of digital drumbeats on the desk. Then Mr. Pirtle said: "That's all, Gordon. You can go back to your room."

Mr. Pirtle pushed one of several buttons on his desk.

The response came before Gordon reached the door. The response was Miss Norton, a slim, alert young woman whose bobbed hair, in lustrous, black slabs, framed the delicate oval of her face, whose eyes were bright, and hazel-colored, fringed by dark, discreet lashes as she came forward quietly and took the chair beside Mr. Pirtle's desk.

She nodded casually to Gordon.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Miss Norton."

His reply was cool and disinterested, and he was about to step into the corridor when his uncle's voice recalled him.

"By the way, Gordon. I'll send Miss Norton into your room now."

"You needn't bother, Uncle." Gordon paused in the doorway. I'm satisfied with Miss Van Atta's work."

"Yes, but I want you to use Miss Norton more. She knows all about that St. Louis correspondence."

"All right." Gordon complies as if bowing to the will of the older man. "Come along, Miss Norton."

SHE followed him down the hall to his room. Once inside, he closed the door behind him and faced her. They were alone. Eagerly he held out his arms, and equally eagerly she darted into them, lifted her face to his. Their lips met.

They stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Martha!" he said joyously.

She smiled back at him.

"Good-morning, Gordon!" She strengthened the hold of her slender elbow at the back of his neck. This prompted him to increase the pressure of his arms. "Uhhh!" She caught her breath. "Don't squeeze me so tight! I'm not a drum."

"Yes, you are. You must be. Because a drum is the only object I am permitted to embrace around here—and hold my job."

"I wouldn't hold mine long—if J. F. caught us like this."

They drew apart. Then Gordon told her what had taken place at the interview with his uncle.

"Gee!" commented Martha. "What'll we do?"

"I don't know yet." Gordon was frankly puzzled. "We'll have to be careful. Meanwhile we'll go on bowing coolly to each other in the morning, nodding good-night at five, and meeting on the golf club road on dark and stormy nights. Eight o'clock do you hear? Don't be late. Last night I nearly froze."

"WHY didn't you wear an overcoat? I'm sorry. Miss Crisp held me up. She wanted to know what my excuse was for staying out after twelve Tuesday night."

"Did you tell her you were in safe hands in my car?"

"I did not! Do you think I want to be ejected from the Pirtle Club for Girls?"

They were interrupted by a girl bringing a note from Mr. Pirtle. "In writing to the St. Louis people, be sure and use the new stationery with the slogan '*The Home Where Harmony Reigns*' and the picture of Pirtle Park."

II

When Martha Norton left the factory office at five o'clock, she walked past the Pirtle playground and followed one of the winding paths of Pirtle Park. Her step was less light than usual, her eyes less gay. There was a thoughtful melancholy in them.

All around her little streams of employees were trickling through the lanes leading to the main street of Pirtle City. Here and there a couple stopped to sit on a bench under one of the newly-budded trees. Pirtle Park, reflected Martha, provided many pleasant spots for lovers' meetings, but such rendezvous had not been within its founder's intent when he designed the gardens. For one thing, the gates were locked at sundown. For another, when any two employees of opposite sex chanced to sit on one of the benches, imbued with the spirit of the organization, one was expected to look into the other's eyes and murmur softly: "That was a beautiful bass drum you made today, Mary!" And the other, sharing the feeling of local elan, the result of dwelling together in *The House Where Harmony Reigns*, would reply: "But we'll make a better bass drum tomorrow, Jim!"

That was love in Pirtle Park.

Another thing, mused Martha, was Mr. Pirtle's desire to have sober, industrious men and women in his employ, preferably family men. But how they were to become family men without first going through the rites of romance and marriage, was a problem which she knew Mr. Pirtle deliberately banished from his consciousness. Pirtle Park was a sexless Versailles. It was as if Mr. Pirtle could bring about alliances by an instantaneous process. His thumb would thump a button on his desk. "Mary Smith marry John Jones." Push another button. "John Jones, an increase in salary." Push button number three. "One child, weight nine pounds, born to Mary Smith and John Jones. Another member of the Happy Pirtle Bass Drum Family." Push button number four. "Expenses paid by J. Featherstone Pirtle."

Martha sighed. She felt the hopelessness of her situation and Gordon's. Their love would have to wait on Mr. Pirtle's bass drums.

Happy people, ran the thought in her mind as she turned into Main Street. sing or whistle or dance or make love. The sense of harmony came from within. She didn't feel like singing as she turned into the brick and stone portal of the J. Featherstone Pirtle Club for Girls. It was there that she had to live, because room and board were moderate in price—she could buy $6.60 worth of meal checks for $6, enough for a week.

In the lobby she passed Miss Crisp, the director, a thin woman who might have been a willow reed in her youth, but now she was as withered as a dry branch. Her bleak severity was a force felt in the institutional air of the place.

Upstairs in her room—"cell" was the word for it, in the vocabulary of most of the girls—Martha got ready for dinner without any feeling of elation. Up and down the hall echoed sounds from other cells. One inmate, daring to give vent to a bold thought knowing that Miss Crisp was downstairs at the desk, was singing: "Give 'em lots of loving, treat 'em right!"

FROM the bathroom came another snatch of song, sung by two voices evincing a note of fatalism:

"Here's to the birds that fly above
And never lose a feather.
If I don't get the man I love
I'll live at the Pirtle forever!"

Martha shuddered, not at the discords, but at the dread of it. If she didn't get the man she loved, she didn't want to go on living anywhere! It was Gordon, or nobody.

After dinner she went out into the street, wrapped in her tweed overcoat. The spring night was cool.

She found Gordon waiting for her near the country club road. He drove her in his little car to a spot more remote from travelled highways, and a spot more dark. To get there they had to go over some bad bumps, but then, as Gordon told her, the course of true love never ran smooth. In addition to that, it began to run wet, with a sudden downpour of rain which forced them to sit huddled together in the middle of the car.

Gordon looked up at the top, on which they could hear the rain beating.

"Under One Roof," he quoted the Pirtle slogan, and then paraphrased: "Two Happy Hands to Hold."

Martha smiled. "The House Where Harmony Rains."

The weather only drew them closer together.

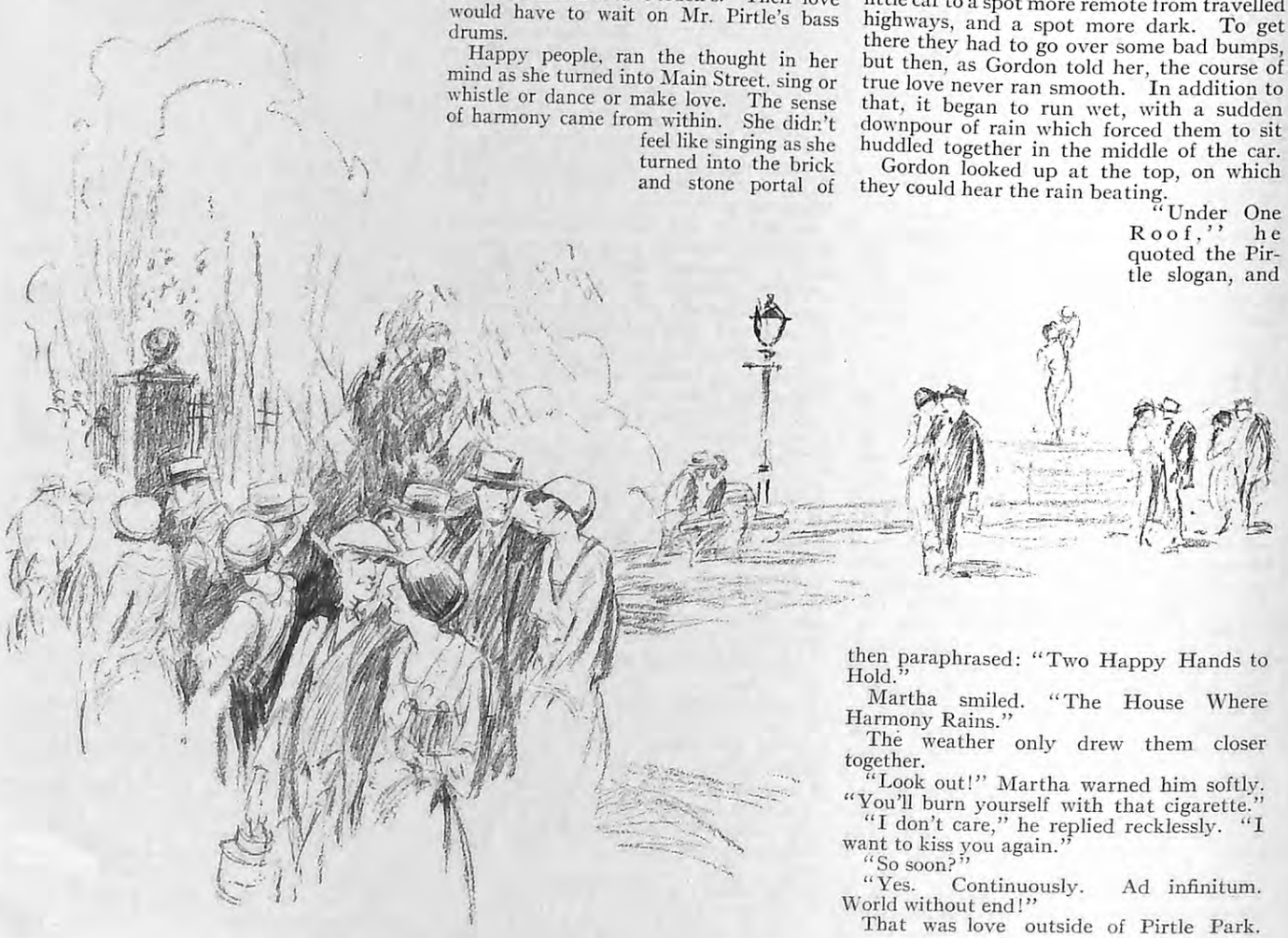
"Look out!" Martha warned him softly. "You'll burn yourself with that cigarette."

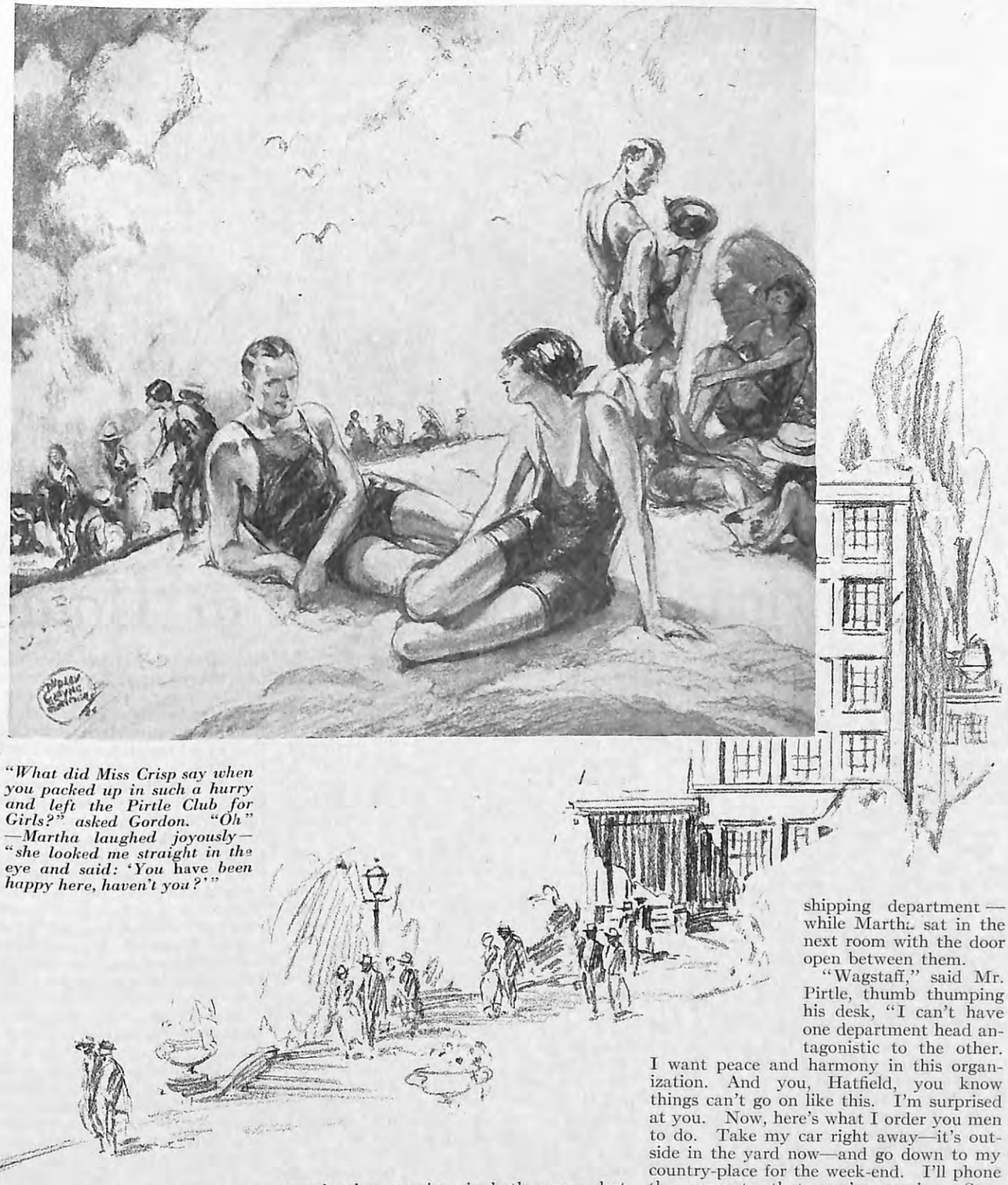
"I don't care," he replied recklessly. "I want to kiss you again."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Continuously. Ad infinitum. World without end!"

That was love outside of Pirtle Park.





"What did Miss Crisp say when you packed up in such a hurry and left the Pirtle Club for Girls?" asked Gordon. "Oh" —Martha laughed joyously— "she looked me straight in the eye and said: 'You have been happy here, haven't you?'"

Inside the park they could only be Miss Norton and Mr. Gordon. The word of J. Featherstone Pirtle stood between them, and J. F. was a man of his word.

"If we could only get married and live in a house of our own—" began Gordon.

"It would save me from going mad," finished Martha. "I sometimes think that if I have to pass another night in the club, I'll jump out of the window."

"Wait a while," urged Gordon. "I've been thinking. There must be some way to beat the bass drum business."

"Not while J. F. is there."

"Yes, but if we put our heads together—" Then he laughed. "I mean, figuratively speaking, of course."

They did put their heads together frequently that evening, in both senses, but nothing came of it that brought their problem any nearer solution.

III

April melted into May. May blossomed. Then June, with all its warm allurement, gladdened the earth around Pirtle Park. Heaven, in the words of the poet, tried earth if it be in tune. So did Mr. Pirtle. He found something lacking. Two of the Pirtle Bass Drum employees, men of importance in the organization, were out of tune with each other. So Mr. Pirtle sat in his office one day engaged in his favorite pursuit—bringing harmony to inharmonious factions.

He talked to the two men—the foreman of the hoop department and the head of the shipping department—while Martha sat in the next room with the door open between them.

"Wagstaff," said Mr. Pirtle, thumb thumping his desk, "I can't have one department head antagonistic to the other. I want peace and harmony in this organization. And you, Hatfield, you know things can't go on like this. I'm surprised at you. Now, here's what I order you men to do. Take my car right away—it's outside in the yard now—and go down to my country-place for the week-end. I'll phone the servants that you're coming. Stay there until Monday. Fish or play clock golf or anything you want to, but talk to each other. Get to know each other. Most disputes come about because people don't understand each other. I want you two men to understand each other. You're both too good for me to lose. Get along, now, and come back friends."

Thus admonished, Wagstaff and Hatfield departed as they were told. And Martha immediately departed down the corridor for a hurried conference with Gordon. "I've got an idea!" she announced.

IV

The next time they met in Mr. Pirtle's office, Gordon was markedly cool in his

(*Continued on page 56*)

Drawings made at Ellis Island by J. Henry

Henry H. Curran
United States Commissioner of Immigration

Says:—

Americanization Begins *at* Home

THERE is no way of taking part in the human jack-straw game that goes by the name of Ellis Island, without being stood up against a wall twice a day and told to explain "How we can Americanize all these foreigners who are coming in." That much is sure. I know, because for some time now I have been running Ellis Island, to the daily trip-hammer accompaniment of the old question, "How can we Americanize them?"

That is a fair question, too. You and your wife, with good reason, want to know how to take into the family these foreigners who come from every corner of the globe, who boast every race, creed, color and shape of political head; who possess every degree of innocence or rascality, virtue or vice, intelligence or ignorance; who come here to be your intimate neighbors and, shortly, your political equals. You know that they are still coming, in the hundreds of thousands every year—small wonder that you nourish a natural curiosity as to where they turn up and how they turn out! For the sake of your children, to whom you bequeath our common country in the exact mold in which you and I fashion it, you would like to have a look into the future loyalty, patriotism and understanding of the foreigners of to-day who will be the Americans of to-morrow. And so, naturally enough, you turn first to the men and women at the gate—at Ellis Island—where the foreign thousands troop off the ships and into the U. S. A. every day in the year—and to us who actually see them go by, who sort them, know them, admit or deport them, you put that puzzling old query, "What do we do with them?"

Let me say what I can of it, now in passing, while the thousands still go by. In a former article I put down some suggestions that are agreed to by those who have been at Ellis Island many years more than I, as to "how not to do it," in this game of Americanization.

By way of beginning, there is this to be said. You will have many a plan, backed by actual accomplishment in your own experience, that you find no hint of in these few words from Ellis Island. All that is so much to the good. We do not know it all here at Ellis Island, even when it comes to studying the arriving foreigners—not by a long row of apple trees. For, foreign or American or half-and-half, they are all human beings, and no one yet has made a map of human nature that can be hung on a wall and taken as a text. Human nature is a baffling, vanishing, reappearing proposition, and the end of it is never. But, if a suggestion out of our Ellis Island experience is worth something—is worth anything—then we have helped, be it ever so little. And, heaven knows, we need help nowadays in these United States of ours, if we are to continue to be a nation and not break up into a collection of contending foreign colonies that will some day make a mess over here like a second edition of all Europe at war over there! So too, it is a case of helping ourselves, if we are to be helped at all. Nobody else is going to do it.

The first thing that hits us right between the eyes at Ellis Island is the ever-recurring indication that "Americanization" of the foreigner in America is looked upon as a task to be accomplished entirely by Americans—as though we were a great West Point, training alien rookies to be American soldiers, under rigid military discipline! Well, is that so? Has the foreigner nothing to do with it at all? Has he no sensibilities, inherited affections, or options as to the speed with which he shifts his loyalties? Is he just a shadow in gray, doing endless guard mount over the Hudson, by command, and with a pounding exactness down to the last inch of the length of his pace? Or is he a human being, who may or may not be doing, or wanting to do, a little about it himself?

Curiously enough, it was at Cherbourg, in far-off France, only a few months ago, that I found the foreigner making his own groping attempts at Americanization—before ever he had set foot on American soil, and long before any American had ever got hold of him. In the immigration station behind the old French forts of Cherbourg there were several hundreds of foreigners, from every part of Europe, Asia and Africa, waiting to come to America as soon as the new quotas might open. Some had been there for months, some for only a few days. But, as they waited, one by one they began to get ready, as best they could, to meet the test that awaits them at the dreaded gate overseas—at Ellis Island. They tried to learn the language, customs, ways of America. Slow work it was, for though there are plenty of French in the hills that rise behind the breakwaters of Cherbourg, there are less than half a dozen marooned Americans to serve as teachers of "Americanism." It was slow, until an enterprising merchant set up a clothing shop against the walls of the immigration station. A rickety little shack it was—but a shack with a mission.

"Come into the American bazaar!" barked the proprietor, in a medley of continental languages. "Walk into the great American clothes emporium! Hats, coats, pants—a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar—come in and change your foreign money for fine American clothes! Come in a foreigner, go out an American! Hurry up now! Selling fast! Going, going—!"

WEARILY the immigrants wandered in. In twos and threes, then by the dozen they harked to the chant of the spider. And were there doings within? The forts of old Cherbourg never made more outcry than rose from the strife of the trafficking in that "Americanization" shack. Nor had the Kearsarge and the Alabama of 1864 anything on those immigrants of 1924! A battle is a battle, whether it be fought with guns, or with kronen, lire, francs and pesetas.

Then the immigrants began to come out. The first of them wore a sunburned derby or dicer, of the vintage of 1892.

"Ah, yes! I am becoming yet an American," he murmured, as his head winced under the prison grip of the dashing derby. At the same time he looked longingly at the loose, black smock of Russia that still hid his form down to the knees.

On the dome of the next immigrant reposed a topper of the Daniel Webster variety, badly ruffled but still shining, here and there. "Italiano-Americano!" The five-foot son of Caesar grinned triumphantly as he bent under his smoke-stack burden.

Then came a Greek woman with a waist that split hopelessly at the middle, but made up for it by the upward, wing-like projections of the sleeves, with their 1898 suggestion of tailored angels.

Saddest of all, a serious Swede clasped to his bosom a revolving dickey, resplendent in its horizontal red, white and blue stripes, but with an irrepressible inclination to revolve, instead of staying put. Sadly the Swede strove; bravely he held his own; without heritage of minstrels or vaudeville, without help of any sort, he came, saw and conquered. The dickey stayed put. Some day he will be a viking, or an alderman.

SO PASSED the first lesson in Americanization—and never an American who had aught to do with it! They were doing their best, those immigrants, all by themselves, just as the barking merchant was also doing his best by himself. Some day, perhaps, I shall see those hats again at Ellis Island. Are they on their way, perchance? Will the dickey revolve, at the gate? Or have the sailors thrown the whole array brusquely overboard, to give poor porpoises a taste of auld lang syne?

"But give us a chance!" you will say. "We cannot put an American picket in every old clothes shop abroad, to save the immigrant from adopting the American foibles of the roaring forties!" No, we cannot. But the other day I saw an American come pretty near to it.

At Ellis Island there is a stout pillar which stands between the immigrant who has been admitted and the friend or relative in America who comes here to take the immigrant in tow—to meet, greet, coddle and comfort the new arrival. It is an important old post, that tall pillar. The reunions, the comedies, the tragedies of it—ah well, that is an old story every day, at Ellis Island! But it is a careful old post. For old people, and for young girls in particular, it stands on guard until we know for sure that these helpless wards of our government are falling into good hands. Those who come to receive these innocents from abroad must prove beyond peradventure their identity, and their good intentions. Then, when all is clear and safe, the immigrant comes from one corner and the welcomer from another, and, at the post, they meet! For years the old post has been called "The Kissing Post." For years it has seen more of human life at a tense moment than all the grandfather's clocks of a whole countryside put together. For years it has held its peace. After all, it is a private affair.

But, the other day, it was not so private. There were two long-limbed lasses, embraced in a stranglehold of unabashed delight, in the shadow of the old post. One hug followed another, until even the old-timers at the island began to take out their watches, to see if another record was on its way to being shattered. Then, when it began to seem as though the clutch had been thrown in to stay, there was a quick disentanglement as the American girl stood back a pace and surveyed with sudden severity the Irish girl before her.

"Ah, Mamie," throbbed the American girl, in instant pity. "Ah, Mamie, dear, where have you been?"

It was not for Mamie to know that on the very peak of her mass of fair hair rested a flower-strewn hat with a round brim as wide as the front porch of the Lakeview House at Soakemall Lake in the Catskills. No, not for Mamie. Nor could she know that the peach-like bloom of her pretty Irish cheeks was not countenanced in modern America. Her blue eyes gazed back their innocent question. Yes, Mamie was pretty as she stood there with her bags beside her, as pretty a pink-cheeked colleen as ever tripped through Ellis Island.

Then began the Americanization of Mamie. With a two-handed grip like a football tackle, her American friend seized the flowery hat affair, squeezed the brim to a strip and pulled the whole thing down over the head and ears of the newcomer until her blue eyes were scarcely visible beneath the inverted coal scuttle that once had been a hat. Then, after a quick look of appraisal, a giant vanity box appeared from nowhere, and—puff, puff, puff! Here and there, high and low, the American girl is powdering the pretty face of the Irish girl until the old sinners hard by begin to shift nervously beyond sneezing range. Rub, pat, swab! The finishing touches are applied, even to the daub of raw red that serves as a semaphore to those who still look for lips that can laugh. And now the deed is done. Mamie is swabbed. Mamie is Americanized. Off they go together, and let no one say that to-day an American has failed to wreak Americanization upon a foreign friend at the very first opportunity.

In other words, is everything about America, past and present, so undeniably good, that when we take up "Americanization" our aim is to make the arriving aliens exactly like ourselves, in every way, shape and manner? Must we do all the Americanizing ourselves, by our own pattern? Is there nothing at all that they do better than we? Are we Americans past all improvement? Or is it fairer to the foreigner to lead him gently into those American ways, principles and traditions that we all put down as good and right, and then leave him a little leeway of fondness for things foreign that are not necessarily bad just because they are different? Yes, I think so. After all, it is the foreigner who is being Americanized. He is part of the process.

For instance, I cannot see anything baleful about a string of red peppers hanging out of a window the way they do in Italy. Nor would the brightness of a bed of Dutch tulips make me fear the future of America. And the rosy cheeks that come out of the mist-blown hillsides of the north countries—oh, take a look yourself at those lads and lasses as they trip down the gangplank and into America, and then tell me if they bode ill to the Uniform States of America! For my part, I say, my horse for a touch of Nature's color, a bit of beauty, a lilt of song to relieve the drab machinery of modern American life that so standardizes us all! Let it come, that foreign flower for our fields, and let it bow and dip and spring upright again under our American winds, so that life is brightened again for us toilers passing by! We need all we may get of beauty and grace from afar, even though it be foreign and "different!" If we would crush these individual notes out of the American lives of our incoming foreigners—just because they are not "American"—then we are crushing something that is in the foreigner himself. We are killing something that is as much a part of him as his heart and head, something that he loves—that she loves—that their little ones have already learned to love. We are beginning our Americanization work by ignoring the fact of the foreigner's very eyes. For it is only his own eyes—not ours—that he has with which to look through. And we shall have to look with him a little, through his own eyes for a bit as we stand beside him, before he can come along with his share of the give-and-take, and look at his life through our American eyes, first a little, then more and more. He is ready enough to come along with his share, if only we give him a chance. But there must be a partnership. He cannot do it all alone. There must be a partnership.

IF WE may go ahead then as partners, we discover at once that in recruiting the partnership there are ninety-five million native-born Americans and fifteen million foreign-born residents of America. Of the latter, half have become American citizens by naturalization, and half are still aliens, but there are certainly ten million of the fifteen who are not yet really Americans. Irrespective of that hurry-up, sausage-cutting citizenship process that has masqueraded so often under the name of naturalization, there are ten millions of foreign-born residents of America who are in need of Americanization effort—and most of them earnestly want it. On the other hand, there are one hundred million genuine Americans—most of them native-born—but at least five millions of them foreign-born—who are in a position to help the other ten million. For every foreigner who is ready

to become an American, there are ten Americans on hand to help him through. Surely, we have enough teachers!

Add to this the fact that a wise law has recently reduced the volume of immigration to America to something like 300,000 or 400,000 a year—a thousand a day, in the rough—and it would seem safe to say that, as long as American children continue to be born, there will always be ten teachers for every pupil in this partnership of Americanizing the stranger within our gates. So much for mere figures.

YET, there are one thousand a day still coming in, every day, for as long as the present law stands unchanged. They are a better lot than used to come. Every man and woman of the government's force at Ellis Island will tell you that. They are better. But, by so much the more, are they worth better teaching at the hands of the rest of us who are already here. Just as they are better pupils themselves, they deserve and will demand teaching that is more understanding and more helpful than any we have ever given before. And, if they do not get it, we lose just so much ourselves! because they are already a part of ourselves —every one of the thousand a day—from the moment they are admitted and come ashore. They are a slice of "us," because they are in.

Of course we Americans who outnumber the admitted alien by ten to one are not going to turn in, the whole ten of us, in every case, and press upon him ten different varieties of Americanization pill. Most of us will pay no more attention to the affair than we do to voting and to taking an intelligent hand in the affairs of our own government. We are "too busy," or too something else. Then in this particular field, there is the consideration that in such a surrounding of the bewildered alien too many gardeners may spoil the plant. Still less can we be digging up this tender plant all the time to see if down there among the roots it is really growing. In fact, we are compelled not only to do a little sorting among the ten teachers, and pick from them the one who teaches best, if we are to do this thing right; but even when we have perhaps picked out the best of the ten for the task, there must be some degree of patience in that particular teacher, if the alien's Americanism is to grow naturally and normally, until finally it comes to flower, a thing accomplished. With the gentleness of rain it must be done.

So! We are set! And right here, before ever we get under way at all, is where the alien comes in. Right here, at the very beginning of the business, he appears as full-fledged partner; because it is he who picks his own teacher, out of the whole ten of us, and does it all by himself. You and I have nothing to say about it at all. The choice is made by the alien, at the outset, and beyond any chance of change.

In the old days there were immigrants who came to our shores because they had been persecuted at home. Liberty of political thought, or of religious belief, was the lure that called them to the new wilderness. Also came the adventurers—those hardy folk who fare forth to the far places, who live best in the saddle, who know danger, shoot straight and die game. On their heels were the homebuilders, who would sooner carve a rude hut out of the forest, and call it home, owned and held—their own—than be tenants at ease of the most beneficent landlord that ever held a condescending string on old lands in old countries. So too, there were the coordinators of a newly knit industrial civilization, executives by birth, answering the call of a complex machine for heads to command the hands that ran it. With them came the laborers and the servants—the backs and hands that did the multifarious human toiling not yet swept under the mechanical sway of the uncanny inventions of to-day. And finally followed the ordinary job-hunter, from all over the globe, coming to our country for any old kind of a job, just because there are more jobs here than there are over there.

Here he is, the job-hunter, last of the procession, standing right before us here at the gate at Ellis Island! The rest have trooped by and gone with the years—pilgrims, breaknecks, homesteaders, men of wit and men of toil—they have gone, forever and ever. Only their legends survive. In their footprints stands the immigrant of to-day, as we see him at Ellis Island—just a job-hunter from afar, even as you and I, when we emerged from school or college, were job-hunters from our own doorsteps close by. The only differences are those of age and heredity and geography. And, even as did you and I in days agone, the immigrant aims high in the beginning, and in the end takes what he can get. After all, a job is a job, be it higher or lower than the first far aim. And a meal is a meal, with due meed of gratitude to the boss who makes the meal possible.

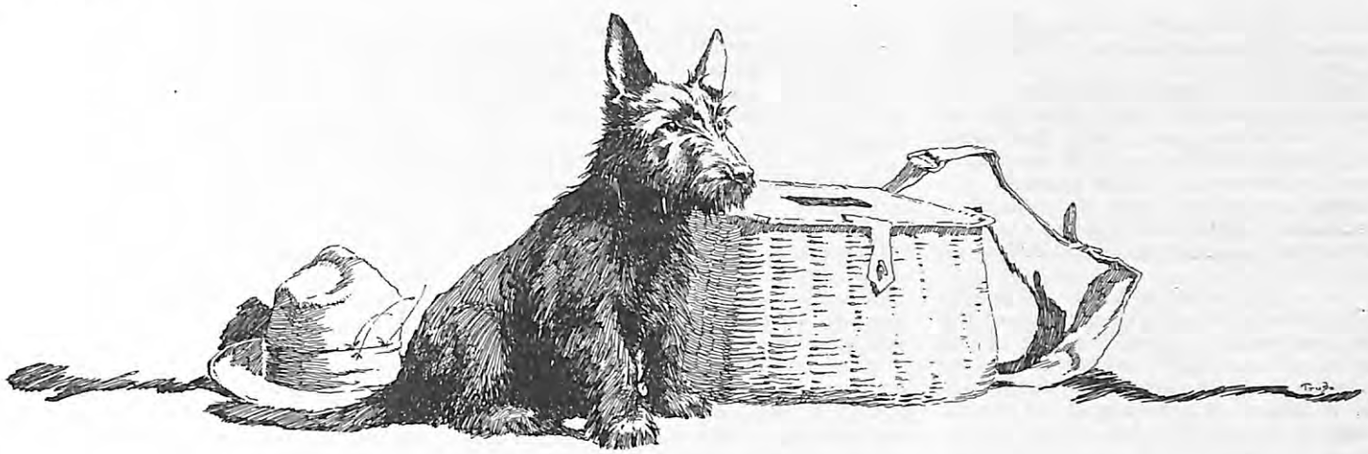
It is by that very token that the immigrant of to-day picks the American from whom he will take his first sharp-cut lessons in Americanization. Just because he is the job-hunter, he puts first among all the Americans—instinctively and instantly—the man who gives him his job in these United States. That man is the alien's benefactor, his boss, his best friend and his biggest American. That man is his type, his tin god. That man is the one in ten of us who becomes the alien's teacher, chosen and cherished by the alien himself—an involuntary leader, who represents all the rest of us Americans in what America means to these thousands of foreigners who come, and come, and stay. A partner in a precious process, that man is you.

YES, here or there, sooner or later, the alien comes to you. Think a moment! Are all your employees and dependents, at work and at home, even to the least, native-born Americans? All of them? Or is there somewhere one foreigner, if no more, whose bread and butter depend, in some nearby way, upon you? If there be such, there is in his jacket a pathos of observant devotion to yourself that perhaps you have never quite realized nor even suspected. Yet it is there.

And I wonder what you are doing about it—you who are the first American, in the eyes of this immigrant, just because you are his boss. Perhaps you have already done something about it. Or perhaps not, since you did not know that this foreigner had picked you out to be his teacher and his beau ideal of Americanism. Perhaps nobody came along and told you about that—about your being, willy-nilly, the hand-picked light to lead this new arrival in the national family. Well, if you please, that is what I have come along to tell you about myself. This word from Ellis Island is to tell you that you are elected—you are IT—be you man or woman, or be the foreigner's tie to you ever so remote. Moreover, it is a permanent position that you occupy. Your pupil looks to you not only during his first five days in America, but during his first five years here, and perchance even his first fifty years here. You are certainly in for it!

To strike right out then, how about teaching your pupil to speak, read and write good English? Or is that too obvious to merit mention? All right! Ellis Island suggestions are only pepper-pot castings, anyhow. One throw may not reach you; another may. But I know right well that there are American employers, men and women, in mine, mill, factory, office and home, who are not lifting a finger to-day to teach their alien employees, upon whom they depend, the very language of their country. This first throw is for those particular gentry, and it is a straight throw.

(*Continued on page 59*)



Straight Scotch

By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IN THE history of the Dog-Catcher Club there has always been one outstanding characteristic which set us apart from most other aggregations of fishing-fans: the surest way to win the single and collective disregard of all seven of us is to use anything but an orthodox dry-fly for the capture of trout, be they large or small. Adherence to the floating imitations of natural insects, plus an equally fanatical devotion to the undoing of big fish thereby, is the basis of our whole organization. At least, that was the situation up to the middle of last season, about the time that Bob Wallace and his dog Meg came rolling up to The Four Maples in their dust-grayed roadster. After that—well, here is the story:

There was something at once uncompromising and defensive about Wallace as he strode silently into the house that night with a bundle of rods in one fist, a huge duffle-bag dragging from the other, and the *black terrier* at his heels. A thick man, rather less than medium height, radiating tremendous power. Even in the weak light of the kerosene lamp hanging in the hall we caught, out there on the darkened porch, an indelible impression which Father O'Meara was the first to put into words:

"Be the Powers," he muttered, when the pair of them, taken in tow by old Mrs. Derwent, were out of earshot, "there walks a man for ye! Straight Scotch, be the looks of him, from the crown of that grizzled pate of his to the last hair on the tail of his tyke, and dour as a three-pounder at midday. A brace of four-square Highlanders, he and the dog, low to the ground and muscled like wrestlers. And be the same token I'll wager he's a devil with the trout, no less! 'Tis bred in the bone of the race, fishing is—eh, Mac?"

"Part of our heritage, maybe," MacGregor admitted. "The same as heather and bagpipes. As a matter of fact, Father, Mrs. Derwent tells me that Wallace—I guess this is he—is considerable of a trout-getter. Seems he's a friend of Bert Everett—you remember Bert—used to be up here every season?"

"That I do! And a fine man on the stream, he was, until he cast into the pool of matrimony and hooked a conscientious objector.

"Arrah, what a neat fly Bert was after throwing in the days of his freedom! And now the nearest he ever comes to seeing a rise is when the goldfish in the bowl on his Louis Fourteenth Street table snuffle up to the crumbs he casts upon their waters. Not a month gone I called to pay my respects and smoke a pipe for old times' sake, and there was Bert, pitiable as a caged bear, sprinkling fish food and making bets with himself as to which one of the silly little asses would get it first."

"Not very flattering to his moral courage," young Bostwick drawled with the scornful assurance of the unwed. "You wouldn't catch me knuckling under like that—or this Scotchman either, I guess. Who is he, anyhow, Mac—besides being a friend of Everett's?"

"Search me. Mrs. Derwent says she never heard of him until she got a letter from him last week asking for a reservation and enclosing a note from Bert as a sort of recommendation. She showed it to me, and the last sentence rather stuck in my head. It was this:

"'If you object to my bringing a dog, I can not come.'"

"Well," Joe Cleaves declared after a minute of silence, "I've just one thing to say: Any man who's ready to give up a trout trip because of a dog is either a darn good scout or a fool. It's a queer looking pup he's brought along with him, though; don't know what breed it is, if any."

"It's a Scottish terrier, and a mighty good one, from the glimpse I got," Mac observed. "The Governor always had two or three of 'em around the old place above Loch Muir; they kept the foxes and such varmints off our grouse moors. I've never known their like for power and uncanny wisdom packed in small space; twenty pounds of Scottie are worth a hundred of any other breed. The little rascals come closer to being human than a whole lot of people do."

"THE Campbells are coming—hurrah, hurrah!" chanted Bostie under his breath. "Trust the Scotch to stand up for the Scotch—straight or otherwise. But you're prejudiced, Mac. Don't you know there's only one dog in the world, and that's a Llewellyn setter? Why, when I was out in Pennsylvania after partridge last fall—"

"—all you had to do was sit on the porch while Faithful Fido drove the birds in out of the woods, all drawn and plucked and ready for the broiler, I suppose," Mac cut in. "Just wait till you see this terrier in daylight, Bostie; if he doesn't make the whole tribe of setters look like a flock of last year's floor-mops, I'll take to using those Cahill flies you're always boasting about."

"And a fair enough forfeit that would be," Father O'Meara chuckled, shuffling to the edge of the veranda to peer up at the night sky. "Sure, the stars do be as bright as angels' eyes, lads. A fair day for fishing, to-morrow, and 'tis meself must be turning in early that I may take the full advantage of it. Sleep well, ye benighted heathens!"

THE screen door chunked softly behind him as he entered the house. Presently the rest of us straggled after, leg-weary from the day's work on the stream. Velvet darkness settled over The Four Maples, silent save for the voice of the rapids above the house and, far back among the mountains, the faint tonguing of a hound on some unguessed trail.

Though nothing much was said about it next morning, I think every one of us was rather keen to see what Wallace and his dog looked like in daylight. We'd heard and seen just enough to get us interested—not only on the score that the Scotchman was a friend of poor old domesticated Bert Everett, but also because we view any new fisherman coming to The Four Maples in a somewhat critical fashion. Of course, we want Mrs. Derwent to make all she can out of her board and lodging accommodations. But on the other hand, the place is so small and secluded and comfortable, and we Dog-Catchers have been going there for so many years, that—well, we don't like to have every Tom, Dick and Isidore butting in.

There was no sign of Wallace or his terrier when we drifted in to breakfast around seven o'clock. Not until we were half through the big platter of trout, fried in butter as only Mrs. Derwent can fry them, did either of the newcomers put in an appearance. Then, unexpectedly, a Highland burr came rumbling in from the roadway in front of the house:

"Five cents for a' ye can get, sonny, and none less than twa inches long. I'll be doon be the bridge in an hour. Ye'll meet me there."

"Sandy's up early," Dick Somers muttered, tilting his chair to see out of the window. "Been taking a look at the stream,

I guess. That's Taylor's kid he's talking to —wonder what it's all about? Well, here he comes."

There was an element of suddenness, almost of the dramatic, about Wallace's entrance a minute later which I've often thought of in connection with what happened subsequently. One moment the doorway was vacant, empty of any interest whatsoever. The next, it framed a picture that none of us could ever forget even if he wanted to.

I was at the end of the table, and caught the full effect of it—the blocky bulk of the man, the peculiar, unsmiling line of his mouth in its setting of weather-beaten tan, the squat, gimlet-eyed dog motionless at his feet. A picture at once to repel and attract, to impress one indelibly with the air of defiance that intangibly yet unmistakably invested it. One felt instinctively that these two expected opposition and had put up all their bars against it.

FOR a good two breaths they stood there, surveying us steadily. Then, with a grunt that was probably meant for a salutation, Wallace took the one vacant place at the table and immediately fell upon the saucer of wild strawberries before him. Close beside his chair the terrier stretched out prone, chin flat on the floor and ears pricked watchfully.

I glanced around the table, half seeking a cue. The Dog-Catchers' faces were a study: Mac's, grave and taciturn; Joe Cleaves', nonplussed; Bostie's, clearly registering superiority. Only in the deep lines around Father O'Meara's mouth was there a suggestion of rising humorousness, a friendly twinkle in his eyes. I'd hardly caught it when the little priest spoke:

"Me name's O'Meara," he began, stretching a lean paw across the table. "And yours—?"

"Wallace." Though the Scotchman's voice was gruff, his handshake was quick enough.

"I'm glad to know ye. Ye should meet the rest o' these roughnecks, sir. Beginning with the fat, bald-headed hobo next the door, they're——" and he introduced us in turn.

You'd think that would have broken the ice, but it didn't. We followed up the lead variously: fishing prospects, tackle, the day's plans, even the subject of poor old Bert Everett—nothing seemed to get under Wallace's skin, and we tried them all. In fact, he apparently rather dodged anything connected with trout, as though there was something unwelcome about it. We couldn't make head or tail out of him, or any more of an impression than a mosquito does on a bear until Mac, pushing back his empty coffee cup, said:

"That's a likely looking Scottie you have there, Mr. Wallace. Good head and front, especially."

"Aye!" (there was no mistaking the interest of the response this time). "Albourne stock, she is, straight from old Beetle out of Tattenham bitch. There's no better blood than hers—eh, Meggie girl?"

At mention of her name the terrirer's ears twitched and she raised her head. Seeing her master's eyes on her she sat up, slumped grotesquely on one side of her powerful haunches, and stared at him intently.

"So—ye want to be introduced, eh?" Wallace went on. "Verra well, ye should go and shake hands wi' a' the gentlemen—like a lady, now."

No order, no directing gesture. Just that steady, deep voice, a little less abrupt than in his monosyllabic responses to us. And yet the dog went the rounds of the table, lifting a sturdy fore-paw to each of us, without a trace of fawning or hesitancy. To only two did she vouchsafe more than this gravely polite greeting: Father O'Meara and Mac, both of whom won an ingratiating wiggle of her back and tail. For Bostie she never turned a hair.

It was funny and yet it took hold of you, the way she did it. We didn't know whether to laugh or frown, and ended by doing neither. We felt, somehow, as though we were on trial for our humanity, or honesty, or something. By the time Meggie had completed the circuit and was back at Wallace's side Bostie was about the only one of the seven who wasn't wondering (and a little anxious) whether he had passed muster in her estimation. Maybe you've seen dogs like that, whose respect you'd rather have than that of a good many people.

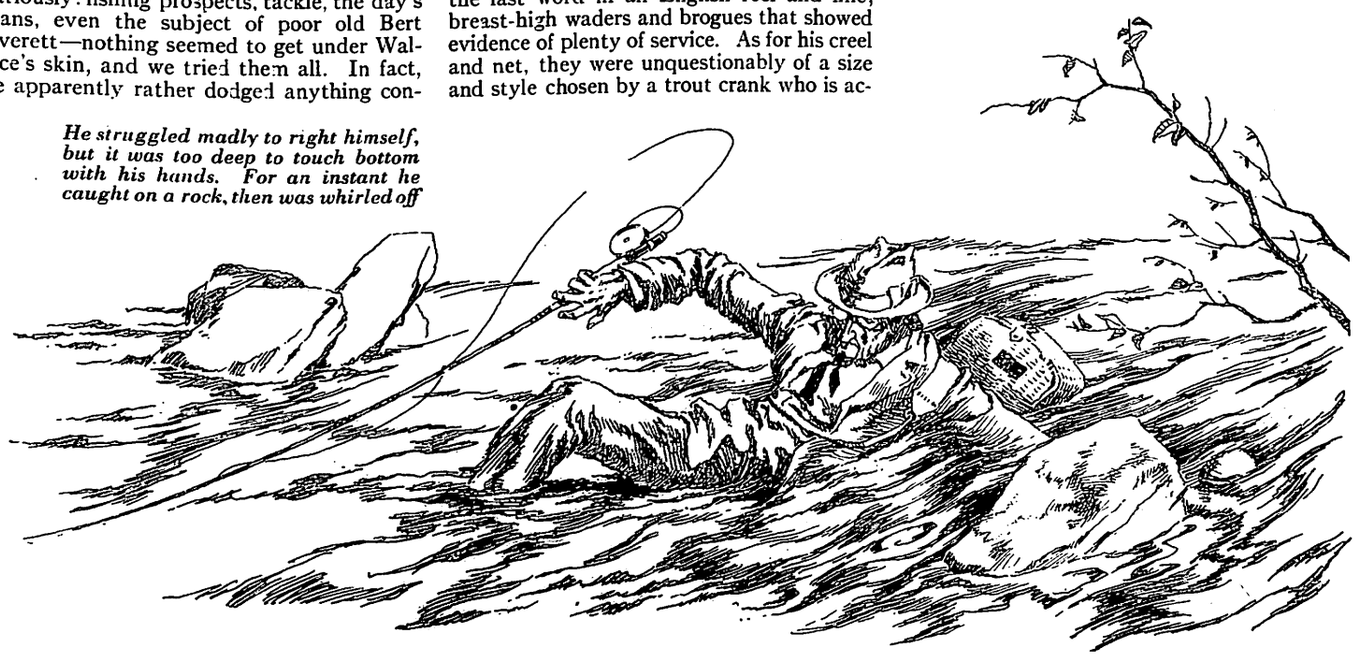
We sized up Wallace's equipment a bit after breakfast without his noticing it; easy enough out there on the veranda, with everybody getting his stuff together for the day's fishing. There was no mistaking the quality of it—a stiffish Bennard rod, ideal for dry-fly work in the hand of as powerful a man as he; the last word in an English reel and line; breast-high waders and brogues that showed evidence of plenty of service. As for his creel and net, they were unquestionably of a size and style chosen by a trout crank who is accustomed to go after big trout, and probably get them.

The one thing we couldn't get a line on was his flies. A few old battered ones were hooked askew in the band of his hat, but they looked as though they hadn't been used for years. We rather expected him to rig up there at the house the way the rest of us were doing, which would at least have disclosed his favorite pattern, but he didn't. He didn't even put his rod together—just laid it, unjointed, on the floor of his roadster, packed his creel and duffle in the baggage compartment in the rear, and drove off down the road with the black terrier planted solidly on the seat beside him. At the bridge, out of sight around the bend, we heard the rattle of the boards cease midway and then, in a few minutes, resume as he completed the crossing. Evidently his appointment with the Taylor kid, whatever its purpose, had been kept.

That was the beginning of our acquaintance with Old Bert Everett's friend Wallace and, as far as the developments of the next few days promised, that was all we'd ever find out about him. If we'd known then what we discovered later—but there's no sense speculating about that.

WE SCATTERED along the stream that first morning, by prearrangement dividing up the good water within a couple of miles of The Four Maples so that we wouldn't interfere with each other's fishing. All spring the creek had been unusually high and many of the heavier rifts were still too dangerous for wading. The trout were in them—you couldn't look out across their tumbling rush for five minutes without seeing rises—but we didn't care to risk a spill by getting out toward the middle the way we'd have to if we wanted fish. It's no joke to lose your footing when you're crotch-deep in a six-mile current whirling along over slippery boulders, as more than one coroner can testify. High waders have a disconcerting way of upending a man in such circumstances and drowning him. We were quite content to work the safer stretches and let the big rapids wait until conditions improved.

It was due directly to this discretion that none of us saw Wallace at work, for downstream, whither he had gone, the creek, aug-



He struggled madly to right himself, but it was too deep to touch bottom with his hands. For an instant he caught on a rock, then was whirled off

mented by several inflowing brooks, was so continuously risky that we never tried it except during low water.

The Scotchman wasn't around when we gathered at the house for lunch, nor had he showed up when, at three o'clock, we began hitching up for the afternoon. Frankly, we were a bit worried.

"Might be a good idea to take a look down that way and see if anything's gone wrong," Tommy Wentworth suggested, his waders in hand.

"Happens ye're right, lad," Father O'Meara agreed vehemently. "Put your shoes back on again, and we'll be on our way, the two of us. 'Tis a long walk and we must be travelin' light. . . . No, the rest of ye can go on a-fishing—there's no need for Coxey's whole army setting out on the trail of yon Scot!"

That's characteristic of the little priest—always ready to do the dirty work. But for once his self-denial met with quick reward, for before Tommy had laced his second shoe more than half-way the bridge down the road rattled and in a minute Wallace's old car hove in sight.

"How'd they treat you?" Mac asked as the Scotchman began unloading his traps.

"Fair." There was more than the usual dourness in the tone. Presently he came over and slumped into the nearest veranda chair. Around his mouth the tan was grayed with weariness.

"Ye'd best go in and get a bite to eat," the Father advised, eying him. "Or wait—there's some encouragement up in me room—"

"I've ma own—thanks." A curt nod of acknowledgment. "Heavy water, doon below."

After a minute he dragged up from his chair and started into the house. At the door he hesitated, then turned quickly and beckoned to the priest.

"Wad ye see ma catch?" he growled, and flipped back the lid of his creel.

We Dog-Catchers have seen some good baskets of trout, but never anything to equal the one which, as we crowded around in response to Father O'Meara's gasp of astonishment, met our eyes there on the veranda of The Four Maples that June afternoon. I'm not exaggerating when I say that the five of them filled three-quarters of the big creel, and there wasn't a half-pound to choose between the weights of any of them.

"Suffering saints!" breathed the priest reverently. "Off with your hats, lads, to the master of us all! Five growling old he-dog trout in a single day—man, may I in all humbleness inquire where and how ye contrived such a record?"

A NATURAL enough question, and yet its effect on Wallace was electric. The reticence which a moment before had seemed about to break on the rocks of our admiration surged over him engulfingly. With the barest jerk of his head and a muttered "Doon yonder," he clumped into the house and up to his room. And not another word could we get out of him by hook, crook or cast.

We fished the big pool back of the house that afternoon, Tommy Wentworth and I. A grand piece of water, two hundred yards and more long and perhaps fifty from bank to bank. Plenty large enough for two dry-fly men at once, one at either end of the comparatively shallow bar that cuts it midway from the jumble of big boulders at its head to the steady, wrinkled flow at its foot. A rare good spot for rainbows, too; almost any decent day it's good for a couple upward of a pound in weight, with plenty of smaller ones to fill in the chinks.

From four o'clock until dark we stayed with it, and through all that time Wallace and his Scottie sat on the bank and watched us. One couldn't have told which was the more interested—the silent, attentive man in his rough tweeds, or the equally motionless and intent dog with her pointed ears sharply alert beside him. They seemed to follow every movement and cast we made, and yet somehow there wasn't any unpleasant curiosity about them. As Tommy said afterward, we rather liked the sensation of it, as though beneath the rough exterior of those two aloof figures merging into the deepening shadows was a sort of wistful yearning to make friends. We felt vaguely drawn to them, felt that the barrier of reserve which Wallace had built about himself would melt away when we all trudged back to The Four Maples together.

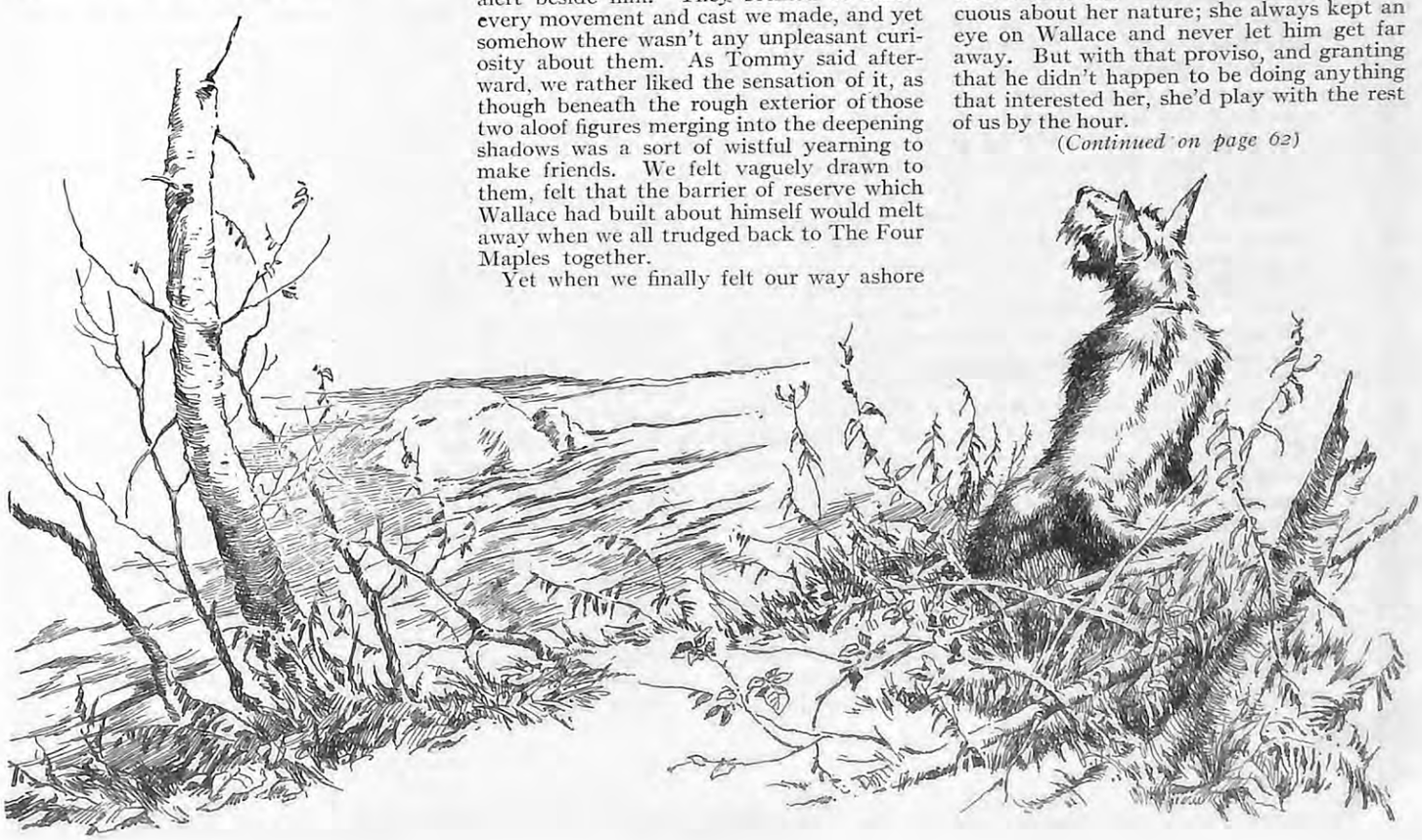
Yet when we finally felt our way ashore in the darkness they had disappeared. At the house, Mrs. Derwent told us they had come back half an hour before, eaten supper, and turned in after Wallace, almost apologetically, had asked for an early breakfast. Before sunrise, in my room at the front of the house, I heard the hum of the roadster declining into the distance.

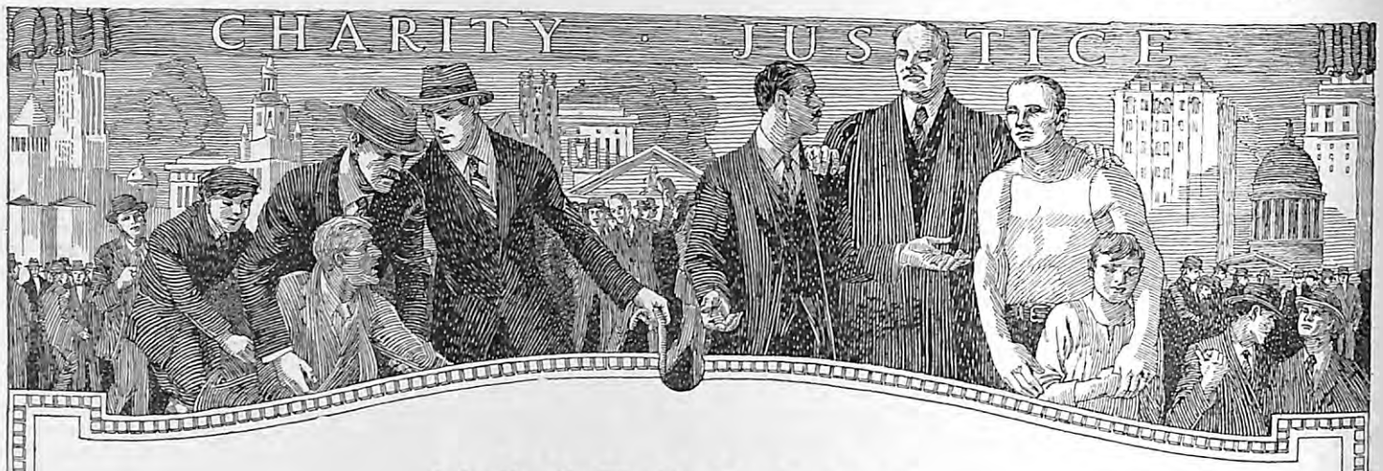
That's the way it went for several days—Wallace and his dog disappearing downstream every morning, saying nothing to anybody, and murdering trout of a size and number that we had never seen equaled in all our years on the Esopus. How he did it, by what trick of casting or manipulating the fly, even the general location of the stretch of water that rewarded him so generously, remained an unguessed mystery, for he never vouchsafed a hint of explanation. The most direct of our approaches to the subject he parried gruffly. And then, when we had drifted into discussion of our own affairs, we'd catch him looking at us with a half-wistful, lonely expression as though he wanted to join in our comradeship but knew that he never could.

In spite of the queerness of his attitude we grew rather to like the man, after a little. He possessed the quality, especially welcome in a fisherman, of attending strictly to his own business and, though the Lord knows he would have been justified in it, of never boasting about his success. Underneath his roughness, too, was a fine sense of kindliness. It showed in his consideration of Mrs. Derwent and her endless duties of running the house, in the way he talked to the two youngsters who brought the milk from the farm over at the foot of the mountain, and especially in his treatment of the terrier Meg.

If ever a dog won its way to the esteem of seven more or less hard-boiled men, the Scottie was that dog. Imagine seriousness, determination, merriment, sadness, and uncanny wisdom combined in a chunky body of which every movement spelled power and chain-lightning quickness, and you have a faint idea of her. There was nothing promiscuous about her nature; she always kept an eye on Wallace and never let him get far away. But with that proviso, and granting that he didn't happen to be doing anything that interested her, she'd play with the rest of us by the hour.

(*Continued on page 62*)





EDITORIAL

THE TRUE GOAL

THE books are closed. The record is made, whatever it may be, upon which the Grand Secretary will base his Official Report to the Grand Lodge at Portland covering the year which ended on the last day of March.

Every Elk is naturally interested in the result of the selective invitation campaign for new members. And it is hoped that the announced goal of one million members has been reached. Such an achievement would evidence a splendid growth of the Order, of which all could be proud.

But, as has been repeatedly stated in these columns, mere numbers do not accurately measure the real strength of the Order. It is only to the extent that the added membership brings character, intelligence, loyalty and enthusiasm, that it plays any important part in the Order's history. It is, therefore, of much more moment that the increased enrollment, however small, be the result of a truly selective campaign than that it should reach any definite figure.

After all, the true goal of the Order is that condition in which every subordinate lodge will be "hitting on all six"; and will be functioning with a real and practical efficiency in the accomplishment of the fundamental purposes of the Order. To some extent this will be reflected in the accretions to the rolls; and there is no desire to belittle this important feature. But the thoughtful and earnest Elk will scan the records more eagerly to learn what charity has been dispensed, what community activities have been undertaken, what humanitarian service has been performed, and what patriotic influences have been exerted, than he will to note whether or not we have reached the million mark in membership.

MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

AS THE National Memorial Headquarters Building progresses toward completion, and a visua ization of its final appearance becomes possible, it becomes more and more an object of pride to every Elk who visits it.

It is no empty boast to state that it will be, when completed, one of the most beautiful and distinctive memorials in the country. Its proportions are majestic. Its architectural design is masterfully artistic. Its interior finish is richly harmonious. And the whole setting is commanding. It is altogether worthy to commemorate those in whose honor it is erected; and to become the official capitol of our great fraternity.

There may still be some among the membership who question the wisdom of this undertaking, albeit they represent a very small minority. But there can be no division of opinion as to the magnificence of the result.

The National Memorial Headquarters Commission have builded wisely and well, under the direction of the Grand Lodge. And when the building is dedicated, and consecrated to its high service, every true Elk will feel a thrill of pride that he has had a share in its construction, and will feel an abiding personal interest in its patriotic and fraternal message to the world.

THE PROPER PRONOUN

"There is no 'they' Elk Lodge.
An Elk Lodge is a 'we' Lodge."

THIS is not a lesson in English Grammar. It is the effective expression of one of the speakers at the Conference of District Deputies in Chicago, last October, in which he discussed the indifference of many Elks toward the activities of their lodges and of the Order.

It is an unfortunate fact that in many of the subordinate lodges there are some members who are so dissociated from active participation in lodge affairs that they lose sight of their own direct interest therein and partial responsibility therefor. This not infrequently leads to an attitude of indifference which is unconsciously disclosed when such members refer to the lodge and their brother members as "they." It is a significant evidence that something is wrong.

And the fault does not always lie entirely with the Elk who thus expresses himself. The membership of a subordinate lodge, with all its diversities of age, business association, social status, and personal predilection, is a unit, in so far as its fraternal activities are concerned. Each and every one of them is a contributing factor. Each and every one of them should have such relation to those activities that he will think of them in terms of his own part in them. It is to be assumed that this is the desire of every member, or he would not be an Elk. And it is the peculiar province of the administrative officers of the Lodge to endeavor to bring about and preserve this much-to-be-desired condition.

It is recognized that this is a difficult task,

particularly with the larger lodges. But it should be borne in mind that the Elk who has a definite task assigned to him, however unimportant, is rarely a dimitter. He seldom permits himself to be dropped from the rolls. He feels himself an essential part of the organization to which he belongs. And the wise Exalted Ruler will, therefore, see to it that the greatest possible number of his members are called upon for those services which will keep them reminded of their fraternal responsibilities as well as of their privileges.

Such members will quite naturally make use of the proper pronoun in referring to their lodges. They will say "we" instead of "they." It is not a bad test of an Elk's real interest in his membership.

AGAIN—COMMUNITY CENTERS

IN RECENT years there has been a marked development in the community life of our people. There is an ever-growing realization of the mutual interests of those living in the same neighborhood and under similar conditions. Many progressive municipal governments and semi-public organizations, in recognition of this fact, are providing community houses or centers, where the people generally may meet for social entertainment and for the discussion of those subjects and administration of those affairs which are of common interest and importance.

This is true not only of rural communities and smaller towns, it is also true of many of our larger cities, of which Philadelphia is a conspicuous example. And the influence of this developed community spirit is being reflected in a happier, better informed, more contented citizenship.

It would seem that these conditions present an opportunity for a valuable civic service, of which the subordinate lodges might well avail themselves more generally, in the encouragement of the use of Elk Club Houses for all appropriate community occasions.

There is nothing new in this suggestion. It has been repeatedly made in these columns and in the official circulars of the Grand Exalted Rulers. But its importance is becoming daily more obvious to the thoughtful Elk; and the repetition of the suggestion is deemed timely.

It is common knowledge that the community activities of the numerous civic organizations are appreciably affecting the interest of many Elks in the fraternal activities of the Order, by a diversion of their attention and an absorption of their energies. The subordinate lodges should be alive to this situation. And they should strive to meet it by themselves assuming and maintaining the local leadership in all worth-while movements properly within the scope of the Order's functions.

The Order of Elks has a definite interest in all that makes for a higher and better community life. It is from that source its strength must be drawn. It is upon that life primarily that its beneficent influence is to be exerted. It should establish and maintain as close contacts as possible with all the elements of that community life. And there is no better way to do this than to encourage those contacts and associations in their own fraternal homes, where the impressions of their capacity and their purpose to be helpful are sure to be more favorable and more lasting.

LIVE AND HELP LIVE

THERE is an old aphorism with which all are familiar;—Live and Let Live. Its proper meaning embodies a quiescent sort of benevolence, in that it implies a purpose to refrain from actual injury to others, and to leave them to work out their own material salvation without active hindrance or undue interference.

The old philosophy upon which the motto is based was a long step forward as compared with the still older doctrine of the right of might, current when selfishness was a virtue; and when every man carried a club and took what he wanted—if he could. Indeed, it was the expression of a lofty ideal, as ideals were then conceived.

But the world has moved still further forward. The motto no longer bespeaks the highest conception of human relationship. Passive and inert benevolence no longer fills the measure of recognized obligation. There must be an active and practical beneficence, which is aptly expressed in the paraphrased caption hereto:—Live and Help Live.

In other words, our proper duty to our fellow men requires something more from us than mere well wishing. It calls for action. It is not negative; it is positive. The kindly feeling must be translated into the kindly act. Instead of merely letting live, we should truly and practically *Help Live*.

The order of Elks is founded on this philosophy. And it is well for us to ponder occasionally upon the vast difference between the two aphorisms.

Office of the

Grand Esquire

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

Broad Street at Vine
Philadelphia, Pa.
April 1st, 1925

EXALTED RULER AND MEMBERS:

Westward Ho!

Oh what promises a trip to the Great Northwest holds forth, for in order to reach that country where Nature has not as yet been too greatly marred by the hand of industry, every avenue lead ng thereto means a treat in store for the traveler.

Therefore, the coming Grand Lodge Reunion holds forth much to the members of this American gentlemen's fraternity, as this year's meeting will be held in the great convention city of Portland. The many points of interest en route next July will indeed be most entertaining and educational, and the feeling throughout the Great Northwest is that it is their convention, and all the Lodges in that territory are uniting with Portland, which assures the hospitality for which that part of the country has established such a reputation.

Last year's unusual demonstration in parade and public appearance has resulted in an increase in membership throughout the entire country, for the non-membership portion of your population must be impressed by such a demonstration, and filled with a desire to be a part of an organization dedicated to Americanism, helpfulness and character building.

The many committees are working day and night so that each activity may be a great big success, and the various prizes that will be offered can not help but add to the keenness of interest. Your Lodge can not call forth more favorable attention or admiration than to be represented in drill and band competition, and in the line of parade by a generous representation of your membership, floats and band.

The greatest Lodge in the Order you know is *Your Lodge.* The greatest thing you can do for your Lodge is to *Let the Rest of the Country Know It,* and the participation in this year's Grand Lodge Reunion is *The Best Manner in Which to Make This Fact Known.*

Our Grand Exalted Ruler, John G. Price, is putting forth every effort to record a marked advancement in our fraternity, and therefore, I bespeak your wholehearted cooperation in connection with the Grand Lodge Reunion next July, so that his efforts may be crowned in a flash of glory that will cause him to feel at least partly repaid for the time and effort he has given to our fraternity.

Of this be assured, from now until July, twenty-four hours of every day, I await your commands. Any questions will be promptly answered, and I would ask that all communications addressed to your Lodge receive immediate attention.

As every Lodge development is due to the support of her live wires, let every one of us become a live wire. Our slogan is *Westward Ho!* Our destination is the Great Northwest with our activities centered in the convention city of Portland. Our results a greater pride in our fraternity, and an increase in membership by reason of the demonstration.

Appreciatively yours,

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW
Grand Esquire

New Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Remarkable Building

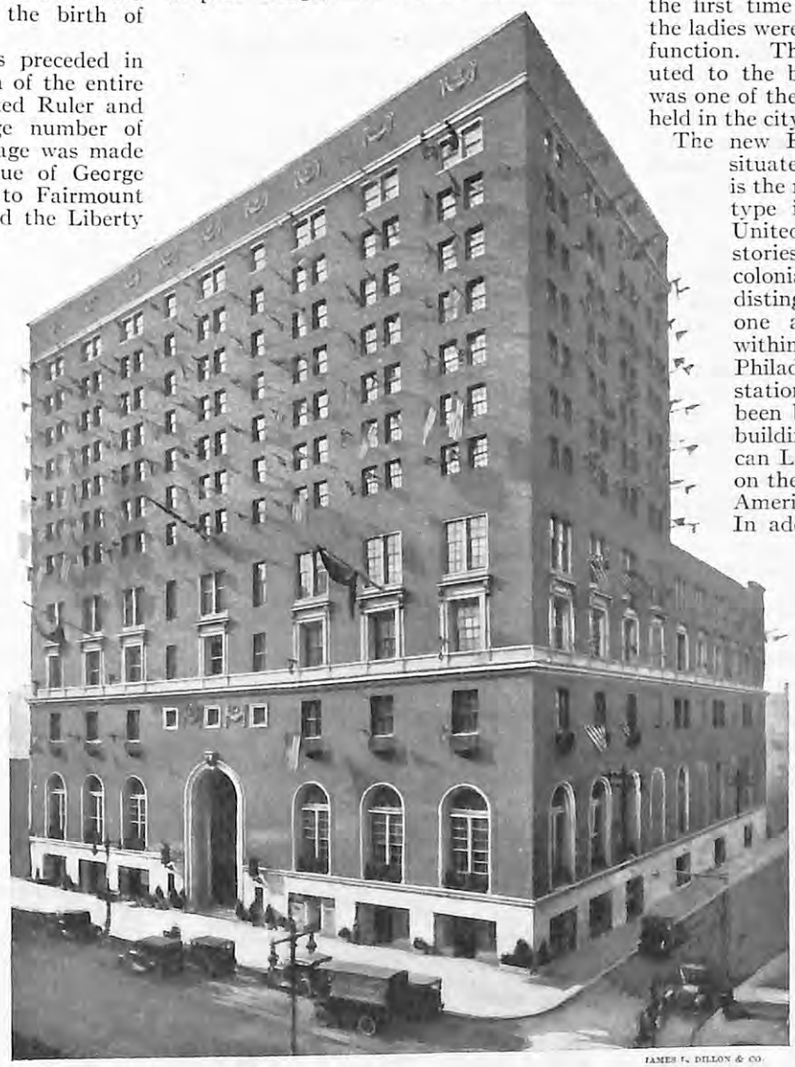
WITH several thousand persons present, among them many Grand Lodge officers and other prominent members of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price dedicated the magnificent new Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 on Washington's Birthday. It was a most impressive ceremony, fittingly celebrating the great achievement of the Lodge and commemorating the one hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

The actual dedication was preceded in the morning by an inspection of the entire building by the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party. Then in a large number of machines, a patriotic pilgrimage was made to the imposing bronze statue of George Washington at the entrance to Fairmount Park. The party next visited the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, and were taken to the home of Betsy Ross and the grave of Benjamin Franklin. In each place Grand Exalted Ruler Price placed a wreath as a mark of patriotic devotion from the Order.

When the exercises of the formal dedication opened at 3 o'clock that afternoon many thousands of men and women were present in the large auditorium of the Home. The stage, decorated with American flags and symbols of the Order, and with the Grand Lodge officers grouped about it, presented an imposing scene. The dedicatory ceremony was conducted by Mr. Price, who was assisted by the following distinguished members of the Order: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, J. Edgar Masters; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, the Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge; Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John B. Knapp; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; William J. Conway, member of the Grand Forum; Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, Harry I. Koch and Max L. Lindheimer; and F. J. Schrader, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

"THE dedication of this building marks the consummation of many years' dreams," said Exalted Ruler Grakelow in his introductory remarks preceding the address of Mr. Price. "We should feel honored by the attendance of so many of the officers of the Grand Lodge. . . . Standing to-day as an investment of $4,000,000, this building is the finest of its kind in the world. Let it be an inspiration to every member."

Grand Exalted Ruler Price lauded the achievement of Philadelphia Lodge and said that it would be an encouragement and inspiration to the Order at large. A particularly inspiring address was also delivered by Rabbi Abraham Feldman of the Keneseth Israel Temple. Others who participated in the exercises were Frank W. Buhler, Chairman of the Building Committee, the Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Davis, Chaplain of Philadelphia Lodge, and Father Ryan, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, who pronounced the benediction. Beautiful incidental music was rendered throughout the exercises by J. West Jones and his orchestra, the Glee Club of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge No. 173 and the famous band of Philadelphia Lodge.



JAMES V. DILLON & CO.

Following the dedication Exalted Ruler Grakelow tendered a banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler which was attended by all the distinguished visitors, their ladies, and by members of the Building and Bond Committees of Philadelphia Lodge. A most interesting musical program in the Ball Room followed the dinner and was immensely enjoyed by an audience that filled the great room to capacity.

The next day the visitors were taken by automobiles to Valley Forge where they were most delightfully entertained by the Rev. Dr. Burke, Chaplain of the Historical Memorial Chapel there. After an inspection of George Washington's headquarters was made, the party motored to the Home of Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714, returning in time to attend the banquet given by Philadelphia Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Talented artists, an elaborate musical program and dancing added much to the pleasure of the banquet. For the first time in the history of the Lodge the ladies were invited to attend this annual function. Their presence greatly contributed to the brilliance of the evening which was one of the most notable of its kind ever held in the city.

The new Home of Philadelphia Lodge, situated on Broad and Vine Streets, is the most distinctive building of its type in the Order, if not in the United States. Rising fourteen stories above the street level, it is of colonial architecture and easily distinguished from the outskirts as one approaches the city. It is within a stone's throw of both Philadelphia's principal railroad stations. Flagpole sockets have been built in along the curb of the building, as suggested by the American Legion, and from every window on the Broad Street façade floats an American flag, three by five feet. In addition, three large poles bear garrison-sized flags of City, State and Nation.

Massive bronze doors form the entrance to the building. A broad staircase leads to the main lobby of Italian marble and arvon, with a groined ceiling in Italian Renaissance. To the right, another staircase leads directly to the ballroom so that absolute privacy may be enjoyed here on any occasion. To the left is a passageway to the micro-drive passenger elevators, of which there are three. These elevators, with their automatic stops, are the last word in safety. From the main lobby, on the north, a door leads to the gymnasium. On the right is the hotel office, with stairways leading up to the Lodge offices and the offices of the building, and down to the Turkish baths and hydro-therapeutic department, the barber-shop and manicuring parlor.

In front of the visitor, as he enters the grand lobby, and across the length of the room, is a niche marked with a stand of silk flags of the City, State and Nation. To right and left of this niche are entrances to the Lodge room. This is a departure from the usual and is done in silver and scarlet, with many lighting effects that add much to its impressive beauty.

Another door from the main lobby, near the right entrance to the Lodge room, leads to a flight of stairs down which one passes to the gallery of the swimming-pool. This is one of the most interesting features of the

(*Continued on page 79*)

There Was a King in Oregon

The Story of "White Eagle," Unofficial Ruler of the Old Northwest

By Ben Hur Lampman

A RIVER has so many memories, the driftwood of so many thousands of years, that it may well tell off a century as mortals would a day. And if you but grant that rivers do remember—which isn't much of a concession once you yield it—then it must surely follow that the River of the West, the broad and powerful Columbia, recalls in every detail the building and settlement of Fort Vancouver, a century ago this very year; the gay songs of the Canadian voyageurs, the canoes laden with beaver pelts, the bartering savages, and Dr. John McLoughlin himself. Assuredly his river would not have forgotten the benevolent despot of Old Oregon—for Fort Vancouver, the Oregon country, and the reign of Dr. McLoughlin, once were one.

Vancouver, Washington, where the centenary of McLoughlin's settlement will be celebrated this summer, is sister city to Portland, Oregon—some miles away across the river. In a sense, both Vancouver and Portland owe somewhat of their origin to that dignified and scholarly trader who held the country when it was young, and whose fairness and equanimity remain in history as models for all who would govern wisely and well. How honorably interwoven with the history of Oregon and of Washington, and of all that vast northwestern territory once called the Oregon country, is the record of Dr. John McLoughlin, subject of Great Britain and citizen of humanity.

The two great fur companies had reconciled their long dispute by the merging of the North-West Company in the Hudson's Bay Company—and greatly to the advantage of law and order in the wild lands that were the provinces of the fur trade. It is a seeming paradox that from the ranks of the turbulent Nor'westers, and not from the relatively virtuous "Company of the Adventurers of England," should have been recruited that strong personality which was to establish the white man's justice in Old Oregon. For Dr. McLoughlin, of Scotch and Irish blood and of Canadian birth, was in the service of the North-West Company when the merger was made—and he it was, as an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was ordered to lower Columbia River and the rule of Oregon. On the roster his grade was that of chief factor, but his unofficial rank was that of "governor," with duties quite in keeping.

HE WAS a striking figure, the Dr. McLoughlin of those days, who succeeded to the restored forts of the Astorians, abandoned to the British interests at the outbreak of the war of 1812. For that matter he was such a figure to the end of the chapter. The new chief factor was in the prime of life, nearing his fortieth year; a stalwart man, six feet four inches in height, strong and resolute of feature, and crowned with snow-white hair. From this last, as from his bearing, the Indians named him "White Eagle," the title of a chieftain. They feared and venerated him, those savages—yes, and if the record is to be trusted, they held him in affection, too.

And why not? From the first he dealt fairly with them. He took an Indian woman to wife—the widow of Alexander Mackay, who died in the massacre of the Tonquin's crew. And Mackay's bairns, he fathered them as well, and as dearly as though they were his own. Church there was none, and the company was the state, yet Dr. McLoughlin launched his twenty years' rule by declaring that all his companions—and a rough lot they were, for the most part—must, if they mated with Indian women, cherish them thereafter as wives, as surely as though priest or parson had heard their vows.

Such was the man who, in 1825, quitted the post at Astoria to found a new capital for the fur trade, near the present site of Vancouver, Washington. The stockade of Fort Vancouver was the massive timbers, and the dimensions of the fort were 750 by 500 feet. Within were the factor's residence, the powder magazine, sundry structures, and the two cannon that mounted guard. Around the fort sprang up the settlement, the cabins of the hunters and trappers, and the first industrial enterprises of the Pacific northwest. The rich lands were placed under the plow, a mill was constructed, and, chance found in a pocket, were the apple seeds that grew into an orchard. Cattle were introduced, and dairy farms begun, and out from Fort Vancouver slowly spread the visual evidence of one man's dream of dominion. A very kindly dream it was.

If you think, for all this, they led of necessity a rough and uncouth life at Fort Vancouver, you are in error. A scholar himself, those who served under McLoughlin were often men of culture and education, and their few books were much conned and frequently discussed in the great hall of the factor's residence. True, word of the world came to them but infrequently, and many months after the event, but to the officers of the isolated post all was fresh—and they were far from being ill-informed of matters in the lands they had quitted. Art, science, politics, philosophy, theology were all threshed out in the log mansion by the Columbia, in a cloud of pipe smoke, those long winter evenings when the wind walked, and rain fell, and the wide fireplace was ruddy with leaping flame. Dr. John McLoughlin, with his long blue coat, brass-buttoned, and his mane of white hair, would have culture in the wilderness even as he demanded morality.

AND if there was learning there was good cheer, as well. What feasts were held in the fort on such a day as Christmas! For the fields were bountiful in that clement land; there were cattle to furnish great joints of beef and ruddy cheeses, the Columbia swarmed with salmon and sturgeon, the creeks with trout, and forest and field were plentiful with game. Wild goose, crane, swan, and ducks; blue grouse, ruffed grouse and helmet quail; deer and elk—the hunters had but to shoot and bring them in. So they made merry on holidays, and feasted without stint—and often for days together. There were wines and ciders, too, though the chief factor frowned on drunkenness, and as for himself drank but sparingly, and at infrequent intervals, of wine or cider. Of tobacco they had a plentiful store at all times, of which Dr. McLoughlin permitted himself an occasional pipe or a pinch of snuff, but such was his distrust of habit that he never carried the weed, choosing rather to accept a pipeful from a friend. Whisky or brandy there was none, nor would he suffer spirits to be used in trade with the Indians.

To have seen this wilderness monarch at the full tide of his power, and its attendant

An Invitation to Portland

From George L. Baker
Mayor of the City

IT WAS back in 1912 that Portland had the distinct honor to entertain thousands of representatives of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and to this day the citizens of Portland recall with pleasure the splendid body of men who were our guests during the convention period.

We have been told by many Elks that the Portland 1912 convention was one of the greatest that had ever been held by the order, and if the Elks who attended that reunion were pleased, we of Portland were doubly satisfied for having succeeded in a most pleasant task.

It is for this reason that the citizens of Portland, noted as they are for their hospitality, are cooperating with the members of Portland Lodge in making arrangements for the forthcoming Elks reunion to be held July 13 to 18, 1925.

Both as Mayor of the City of Portland and as Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Elks 1925 Grand Lodge Convention Commission, I wish to invite all Elks to attend this annual reunion, to partake once again of our hospitality and to enjoy that boundless scenery for which the entire Northwest is noted.

Although we are located far distant from the population centers of the East, nevertheless we have so much to offer that the trek across the continent will be well worth while.

There is no place on God's green earth where one can view such wondrous mountains, such clear and sparkling rivers, nor such large bodies of timber as are found in our great Northwest.

Few are the cities that have such natural parks as can be found in Portland and other Northwest cities. And it would be difficult indeed to find a system of paved highways leading through such scenic routes as the Columbia River highway and the Mt. Hood loop road, roadways over which you will be invited to travel when you visit us next July.

Portland wants you to come, and if you will favor us with a visit, we assure you that the city is yours and its citizens will be at your service ready and eager to do anything and everything that will contribute to your happiness and comfort.

Therefore, to the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, I extend a most hearty invitation to arrange to visit our City and State next July when the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks convenes in annual reunion for the 61st time.

pomp, one must have been at Fort Vancouver when the brigades set forth for their far posts to the north, the south and eastward. Then the lively chants of the voyageurs lifted as canoes were launched, and bugles summoned the expeditions into line. If they traveled overland, the McLoughlin himself bade his Highland pipers skirl them away, and fiddlers joined in the tune, while he and his good wife with much formality bade them farewell and a prosperous season. Picture him as he stood there, a hundred years ago, gesturing with his gold-headed cane, that amiable despot in his brass-buttoned coat, with his white plume tossed back from the brave forehead. And sometimes the McLoughlin and his wife rode for a few miles before the horse brigade, as an overland expedition was called. Bells tinkled from saddle and bridle of Mrs. McLoughlin's mount. Silver flashed, her raiment was bright as a cardinal's, and her lord was well pleased with her.

A WORD of the fidelity Dr. McLoughlin felt toward this Indian woman he had wed, as Kipling would say, without benefit of clergy. There came a time—this was in later years—when certain of the Indians gave much thought to a great medicine book of the whites. It was the Bible. Two ancients of the Salish tribe, now called the Flatheads, and erroneously, together with two young Salish braves, journeyed to St. Louis to seek the book—though none could say where or how they first had heard of it. It was this incident which aroused the missionary spirit for the spiritual conquest of the Western tribes; and this, as you know, in its turn loosed the floodgates of settlement. Dr. McLoughlin bethought himself that it were wise to have a clergyman at the fort, both for the guidance of the traders and the salvation of the Indians. At his request for a chaplain there arrived, in due season, the Reverend Mr. Beaver and his wife Jane, of the Church of England.

This couple, it should be said in all fairness, were quite unprepared for the transition, and were at once aghast to learn that the McLoughlin and his dusky mate were unwed under the law, and that the factor's chief lieutenant, James Douglas, was in no better case. All Dr. McLoughlin's fine, meticulous morality went for naught with them. Jane Beaver openly declared the Indian wives to be unfit for her superior association, while the new chaplain publicly denounced both McLoughlin and Douglas. The reactions of the two men to this affront were characteristically instant. Douglas, his Indian wife by his side, called upon Beaver and with chill formality required that gentleman to wed them. But the rage of the doctor was boundless. The Reverend Mr. Beaver must have known fear to the marrow when the white-crowned giant confronted him. A fig for the cloth! The ireful doctor drubbed him with the celebrated cane—and the Beavers boarded the first ship that touched port. As for Mr. and Mrs. McLoughlin they were married at once, at his request, by Douglas, who had been appointed a justice of the peace.

The good doctor was a firm believer in the homely virtue of toil. Liberal as he was to those in distress he had no patience with idleness, nor sympathy for the woes of the lazy. When tall silk hats began to replace the once fashionable beaver hats, the demand for beaver skins lessened sharply, and the price lowered in instant response. So that, at times, there would appear at the fort bands of vagrant American trappers, grumbling at the scurvy trick trade had served them and asking dole of the doctor. But he refused them credit, and when they suggested that they might starve—a most unlikely fate—the doctor snorted his contempt. Let him tell them, then, if he would, what they were to do.

"Go to work!" shouted the McLoughlin, gesturing with his gold-headed cane toward the fields.

Near by slouched Joe Meek, whose rifle bore the carved address of "J. Meek, Rocky Mountains." A famous trapper. A character fit for Cooper. His eyes twinkled as he dryly observed that what had been suggested "was just the thing they did not wish to do."

There was law to the farthest verge of the doctor's dominions, and to white man and Indian justice had ever an equal significance. If one slew the other, the penalty was the noose; and if a theft occurred, then the thief was tracked down, the goods recovered and restored, and the culprit punished. As the competition of American fur traders made itself manifest, Dr. McLoughlin was often called upon to remedy conditions caused by the influence of trade whisky on savage natures. The Americans employed whisky in trade, but not without incurring certain penalties. For now and then their savage patrons stripped them of their goods, and often of their lives, and it was McLoughlin's law that saw justice done. The trials were formal in all cases, but brief and most conclusive—and on at least two occasions Indian murderers dangled for their crimes.

The temper of his trusted lieutenants was as his temper. James Douglas, second in authority, and known as Black Douglas, had served as a lad at Fort St. James, far to the North. A Blackfoot drifted in from the plains, an evil fellow, contemptuous of white authority. He slew a voyageur and slipped away as smoothly as an otter. There being need for justice, Black Douglas found out the hiding place of the murderer, entered the Indian camp in open day, called the Blackfoot from his lodge and drove a bullet into his heart. Thereupon he departed as coolly as he came.

The call from the Salish, that pathetic search of the two old tribesmen for the white man's book, resulted in the sending to Oregon of two Methodist missionaries, Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel Lee, who crossed the plains in 1834 with the second expedition of Nathaniel J. Wyeth, an American fur trader, who had visited the country two years before. Although McLoughlin had welcomed him most hospitably on the former occasion, and had even given him needed aid, the doctor had beaten the Yankee at the game of trade and had forced Wyeth to sell his properties to the Hudson's Bay Company. Wyeth now returned to the contest, and with him came that influence which was to summon the pioneers to Oregon and to relegate the rule of the Old King to memory. In 1835, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent out the Reverend Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman—who was later to fall in the treacherous massacre of his flock. Almost on the heels of the missionaries set in that great Western movement which settled Oregon and determined the flag of the country.

IT HAS been said of Dr. McLoughlin by his British critics that he was too genial in his welcome of the American missionaries, willing to befriend Americans in distress. How petty is this charge. There was no room in the great, well-stored heart of this man for smallness, and it is of record that repeatedly he warned the English, that they must surely lose Oregon if they did not act to protect their interests. North of the Columbia River he hoped to maintain the British flag. The joint treaty of occupation, entered into in 1818, must soon come to an end, he knew, before the pressure of American settlement. In 1838, he visited London, personally to present these opinions to his superiors. But many British authorities

(*Continued on page 78*)

Fifty-seventh Birthday of Order Celebrated

WITH guests that included Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, many Past Grand Exalted Rulers, a host of Grand Lodge officers and distinguished officials of the city, New York Lodge No. 1 celebrated on February 14 the Fifty-seventh Anniversary of the birth of the Order. The banquet held in the Hotel Commodore, New York City, was one of the most brilliant anniversary functions ever conducted by the Mother Lodge. Speakers who reviewed the history of the Order since its beginning in 1868, and who extolled its present ideals and activities included the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Exalted Rulers of New York Lodge Murray Hulbert, who acted as the toastmaster, and William T. Phillips; Exalted Ruler of No. 1, Sol Tekulsky; Major-General Robert Lee Bullard; Congressman James T. Begg of Ohio, and Hon. William T. Collins, President of the New York City Board of Aldermen. The entire program of the banquet, including several musical numbers, was broadcast by radio and was heard throughout the country.

In addition to this major celebration of the Anniversary by the Mother Lodge, other Lodges in the Order observed the birthday in various ways. Many expressions of public sentiment toward the achievements of the Order also appeared in leading newspapers. Typical of these is the following excerpt from an editorial published in *The Enquirer* of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the foremost papers of the country:

"This splendid all-American Order has done much to extend harmony and fraternal accord throughout this nation. It has stood as a tower of strength in seasons of stress and crisis through more than half a century, ever enlarging its record for helpless. It has promulgated the philosophy of sane optimism. It has shadowed the Bible with the folds of the national standard. It has inspired a great people to do noble service in the cause of humanity. Its watchword is: For God and Country. It has enthroned Laughter as a saint in its calendar of faith.

"The voluntary beneficences of this Order go where human need requires. Patriotism is a jewel in the crown of its idealism. It proffers happiness in a chalice of faith. It realizes that all is not right with the world, and labors to make conditions more nearly right than they are. It stresses the duty of reverence for womanhood. It emphasizes the virtue of clean and honorable manhood. It sings the songs of the what-should-be, and seeks to make its songs come true. It is the friend of civic progress and virtue and the support of national aspiration in achievement. The world is a better and far happier world to-day because, fifty-seven years ago, the Order of Elks was born.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

AS a result of Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow's recent visit to Portland, Ore., and his conference there with the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, plans for the great parade that will be a feature of the July convention are rapidly being developed. Indications point to the fact that between 60 and 70 bands and drum corps, and close to 1,000 drill teams and uniformed units will take part in this event. The parade will probably be held on the afternoon of July 16. The route, while not yet definitely outlined, will be 2½ miles long, though it is estimated the marching line itself will be between 3 and 4 miles long, as 15,000 or 20,000 members will participate. It is expected that between 50 and 100 floats will be in the line of march. The parade, according to present plans, will be divided into 5 or 6 sections.

The band contest will, in all likelihood, be held at the Multnomah Field on July 14; and the drill team contest on the following day at the same place.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Making Great Strides in Progress

Every member of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 must sense a feeling of pride at the remarkable strides forward that this Lodge is taking. Two great steps in the march of progress have been made during the past few months, each of prime importance in the development of the Lodge. One of these was the breaking of ground for its new million-dollar Home which will be completed early in 1926. The second was the successful membership campaign conducted by the Lodge, which added close to 400 new members to the rolls.

School for Crippled Children Makes Excellent Progress

The school for Crippled Children which is maintained and operated by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155 has been functioning now for a number of months and the complete happiness of the youngsters who are attending it is ample testimony of its success. When the school opened there were 7 children. This number has been increased to 10 and the committee in charge intends to increase the enrollment as fast as funds permit and as suitable cases are discovered. The instruction is being carried on by a special teacher assigned to the school by the Board of Education. Desks, blackboards and other necessary supplies have also been furnished by the school board. At present the school makes no attempt to prescribe treatment for physical ills. A trained nurse, however, is in constant attendance and is ready to administer any treatment which the family physician of any of the children may have decided upon. By following this course the school assures the youngsters the best possible care without attempting to interfere with the regular treatments which they may have been getting. The committee in charge has provided a competent matron and a caretaker for the school. These keep everything in shipshape order and do the cooking for the children's lunches.

Fort Wayne Lodge has already spent upwards of $10,000 on the building and on its equipment which includes wheel chairs, hospital beds, bedside stands and other special furniture and apparatus.

Though the project is still in the state of development and expansion, there is little doubt that the possibilities are so great and the work so worthwhile that its ultimate success is assured.

Illinois State Elks Association To Meet on June 2-4

Plans are being perfected by the officers of the Illinois State Elks Association for the coming annual convention of that body. It was recently decided by the Trustees to hold the meeting at Murphysboro on June 2–4.

Member of Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge Awarded Carnegie Medal

The name of Clyde W. Jameson, a member of Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge No. 1013, was recently inscribed on the official list of heroes by the Carnegie Hero Commission. He was awarded a bronze medal for the part he played in saving the life of a fellow employee of the Nickel Plate Railroad who was trapped in a coal dock. As further testimony in appreciation of Mr. Jameson's heroism, he was presented, at a recent meeting of his Lodge, with a handsome Elk emblem—the gift of his fellow members.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Shows Progress and Activity

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge No. 519 has so substantially increased its membership in late years, that it is now one of the large Elk Lodges in its district. The Lodge owns its own Home and has spent several thousand dollars recently in remodeling and redecorating it throughout. An active interest is taken by its members in welfare work and community charities. Recently the Lodge organized an orchestra and Glee Club which have already participated in various Lodge functions and which will play an important part in the musical life of the city. Plans for the celebration of the Lodge's twenty-fifth anniversary this Fall are being worked out and a fitting program will be provided in honor of the occasion.

Study Club Is Interesting Feature In Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge

The members of Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge No. 1110 are taking great interest in the Elks Study Club which is organized and sponsored by the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. This Club takes up the study and discussion of various public questions and many prominent scholars and well known authorities are invited to address the members from time to time.

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge Closes a Year Of Many Welfare Activities

Cooperating with various other civic and fraternal organizations of the city Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge No. 920 has closed a Lodge year that has been rich in Social and Community Welfare Work. Among some of its most laudable activities in this field was the entertainment given the patients of the Tuberculosis Camp at Lake Wallum, where the Lodge presented its famous minstrel show and distributed many gifts. An outing was also provided the children of the Lodge members at Rocky Point. Two large steamers and a number of autos were used on this occasion to transport the party to the shore resort. Motion pictures have also been shown the children of the community from time to time and a minstrel show was staged for the pupils of Sockanosset School for boys. Thanksgiving and Christmas were occasions for special charities and for the distribution of many gifts among the poor of the city.

Association of New York West Meets at Buffalo

The Association of Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in New York West, recently met at the Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23 in response to a call sent out by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen of the district. Reports made by the representatives indicated that the Lodges in this part of the State were enjoying prosperity and a healthy growth in membership. Philip Clancy, Past President of the New York State Elks Association and Vice-President A. F. Leuthe of the Association reported wonderful progress being made throughout the State organization.

District Deputy Cullen of Buffalo Lodge was elected President of the district association and Charles A. Merkle of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge No. 1478 was elected Secretary.

District Deputy C. L. Haley, Jr., Reports Prosperity in Alabama Lodges

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Haley, Jr., recently paid his official visit to Birmingham, Ala., Lodge No. 79, where he was greeted by a large gathering of members and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. Accompanied by several officers of Birmingham Lodge, he later visited Bessemer, Ala., Lodge No. 721, and Blocton, Ala., Lodge No. 710. Visits were also made by him to Lodges in Florence and Ensley. Everywhere Mr. Haley was impressed by the increase in the memberships of the various Lodges visited and by their prosperity.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Has Fine Record In Social Welfare Work

Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17, by virtue of its many activities in the field of social welfare work is held in high and warm regard by the citizens of its community. Among the numerous acts typifying its generous public spirit may be mentioned the purchase of an ambulance during the World War, the building of a pavilion for the tubercular patients of Craig Colony, the furnishing and maintaining of a room in the Old Ladies' Home, the furnishing of a room in Saint Rosa's Home, the furnishing of a school room in the Queen of Heaven Orphanage, the contributions to the House of the Good Shepherd, the subscription to the Presbyterian Hospital, the annual donation to Denver's Community Chest, the helping hand extended to the Tuckaway, a refuge for homeless children, and many others in this class which have received its liberal support, to say nothing of the hundreds of individual cases, bounteously provided for from day to day.

Lyons, N. Y., Lodge Closes Year Of Prosperous Activity

The past Lodge year has been a prosperous one for Lyons, N. Y., Lodge No. 869. It has substantially increased its membership, played a prominent part in the welfare activities of its community, and conducted many excellent and successful social functions. Its beautiful Home, which it owns outright, was recently completely remodeled and redecorated. The Lodge is at present cooperating with various organizations in the establishment of a playground for the city's children.

Burlington Lodge Will Be Host To Iowa State Elks Association

The next meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association will be held in Burlington during the first week in June. It has been twelve years since Burlington Lodge No. 84 entertained the Association and those who were present on that occasion remember how splendidly they were received. Committees are already at work on plans for the forthcoming meeting, and the delegates who attend, as well as the visitors, will be royally entertained. One of the features which the committees are striving for is the chartering of a large river steamer for excursion purposes. There will be plenty of other entertainment, but the main thought of the meeting will be a real business session out of which some constructive work on the part of the Association may be inaugurated.

La Fayette, Ind., Lodge Honored By Purdue University

Purdue University recently set aside an "Elks Night" at which time all members of La Fayette, Ind., Lodge No. 143 were the guests of the University's athletic department at the Western Conference Wrestling Meet in which the Purdue team scored a victory over the University of Michigan wrestlers. Special invitations were also sent to Lodges at Crawfordsville and Lebanon, and their representatives were on hand to cheer the team to victory. The invitation was issued by the Purdue Athletic Department as a token of appreciation for the splendid cooperation La Fayette Lodge has given to athletics generally at Purdue, but particularly to wrestling. For the past two years, the Lodge has done much to stimulate and encourage the sport at the university. Each year the Lodge has presented medals to the high point winner and to the man who showed the most improvement during the season on the Purdue squad. In addition, a splendid banquet has been tendered the Purdue grapplers and their coach William von Bernuth, himself an Elk. The improved state of wrestling at the present time at Purdue is due in no small way to this interest shown on the part of the Lodge.

The meet marked the first time that an athletic event of such importance was dedicated to a fraternal order by any member of the Western Big Ten Conference.

Radio Sets Brighten Hours Of Sick Members

An idea that might be considered seriously by other Lodges was recently put into practice by Flint, Mich., Lodge No. 222. This Lodge has purchased a special radio set for the use of its members while ill or convalescing in their own homes or hospitals. Quite a number of the members have enjoyed the set during illness and it will doubtless prove a solace to many more who are shut in by sickness from communing with their fellows.

Acting on somewhat the same idea, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1, recently installed a complete radio set for the use of patients in St. Rose's Home for Incurable Cancer of New York City.

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge Takes Census Of City's Crippled Children

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge No. 474, took an active part in the recent survey of the city conducted under the direction of the State Health Department to ascertain the number of crippled children. Auburn was selected as a typical city for such a survey, and the Lodge and other fraternal organizations were asked to do the actual work. As a result of the survey, 110 crippled children were treated.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Celebrated Thirty-ninth Birthday

Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39 recently celebrated its Thirty-ninth Anniversary. The Home was thrown open from basement to roof during the evening, and several thousands of Elks and their friends filled it to capacity. An appropriate program was presented in the Lodge room, a special feature of which was the first appearance of the newly organized Omaha Elks Choral and Glee Club. Every department of the Home was thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors and the celebration was a success from start to finish.

Frederick, Md., Lodge Plans New Home. Will Be Host to State Convention

Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684, is working on preliminary plans for the erection of a new Home which will adequately take care of its growing membership. The Lodge is also making arrangements for entertaining the visitors and delegates to the annual convention of the State Association which comprises Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia. This meeting will be held in Frederick, September 1–3, and a record gathering is expected. The formation of an Elks Orchestra was recently completed and this musical unit is cast for a prominent part in the convention.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Planning For Dedication of New Home

One of the largest classes of candidates in its history will be initiated as a part of the elaborate program prepared by Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46, in connection with the dedication of its new Home this Spring. This handsome building situated on Juneau Park overlooking Lake Michigan, is one of the striking structures of the city. Not only for its size is it to be remarked, but for the excellent arrangements which provide every comfort for the members. From the living rooms on the upper floor, down through the great Lodge room, the dining rooms, the bowling alleys, recreation halls, the mezzanine floors and main lobby, to the large swimming pool and gymnasium in the basement, the building offers unlimited opportunity for service, not only to the members but to every traveling Elk who comes to Milwaukee.

Nevada State Elks Association Is Organized

As a result of a call recently issued by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Steinmiller, representatives of Nevada Lodges in Elko, Ely, Las Vegas, Tonopah, Goldfield and Reno, met at the Home of Reno Lodge No. 597 with the object of organizing a Nevada State Elks Association. After an outline of the advantages to be gained by a State Association was given by Exalted Ruler A. G. Breitwieser of Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487, who is a Trustee of the California State Elks Association, and by Howard B. Kirtland, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, it was moved that the members present form such an Association and meet at Goldfield sometime in May or June at the time of the dedication of the New Home of Goldfield Lodge No. 1072.

New Home of Excelsior Springs, Mo., Lodge No. 1001

Constitution and By-Laws, and the Ritual used by the Illinois State Elks Association were then adopted and officers were appointed to act until the Goldfield meeting. To further a healthy competition among the Lodges of the State, Mr. Steinmiller offered to presen a handsome cup to be awarded as a prize to the best drill team at the meeting in Goldfield

The officers of this new Association, with their addresses, are: President, G. C. Steinmiller, Masonic Temple, Reno; Secretary, W. S. Lake, P. O. Box 2042, Reno.

Death Comes to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Orin S. Bogardus

A real loss has been suffered by the Order in the recent death of Orin S. Bogardus, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York North Central. Mr. Bogardus, a Past Exalted Ruler of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge No. 830, passed away at Syracuse, N. Y., where he had come to greet Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and to accompany him on his trip through the State. Long prominent in the civic and business life of his community and an active and a tireless worker for the good of the Order, his death is lamented by a wide circle of friends and fellow members throughout the country.

Rochelle, Ill., Lodge Begins Promising Career

A new Lodge, Rochelle, Ill., Lodge No. 1501, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. N. Isaacson, assisted by the officers of De Kalb, Ill., Lodge No. 765. Members of the Order from nearly every Lodge in Northern Illinois were on hand to take part in the exercises and to wish a prosperous career for the new Lodge. R. L. Hydacker was elected Exalted Ruler and Edwin Sparrow, Secretary. The new Lodge began with a charter list of eighty-three members and plans are being perfected for the initiation of a large class of candidates in April, the ritualistic work to be conducted on this occasion by the officers of Dixon, Ill., Lodge No. 779. Rochelle Lodge will take an active part in the life of its community and has already interested itself in various welfare programs.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Plans Scholarship Fund

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839 is considering the establishment of a Scholarship Fund for sons of its members. It is proposed that the necessary funds be raised by volunteer contributions from the members, and that the awards be made on the basis of need, character and ability. The Lodge plans to loan the applicant enough money each year to pay his tuition and incidental expenses connected with the courses. This money will be advanced the boy without interest but on his personal note in which he will agree to reimburse the Lodge as soon as he is in a position to do so after graduating.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge Will Enlarge Its Present Home

Ionia, Mich., Lodge No 548, which recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, is building an $80,000 addition to its present Home. The first floor of the new structure will provide a store space of 90 x 30 feet and another entrance to the Home from Steele Street. The second floor will have three bowling alleys, a number of club-rooms, storage-rooms and cloak-rooms. On the third floor will be a banquet and assembly room, 40 x 90 feet with a stage 12 feet deep, and several dressing-rooms. The present banquet-room will be remodeled into a kitchen and men's smoking-room. This floor will be constructed as a unit and may be rented for various community functions. The building plans also call for numerous changes in the present building.

Ionia Lodge, which was instituted with a charter list of 48 members, now has close to 800 names on its roster and is a leader in the community life of the county.

George J. Winslow, District Deputy For New York North Central

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has appointed George J. Winslow, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, of Utica, N. Y., Lodge No 33, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of New York North Central to fill the unexpired term of Orin S. Bogardus who recently passed away. Mr. Winslow is also Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and has previously served as a District Deputy.

East Bay Lodges of California To Help Disabled Veterans

Sponsored by Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 and backed by Lodges in Oakland and Berkeley, an important charitable movement is now under way—a movement designed to promote in as permanent a manner as possible the comfort of patients confined in the tubercular hospital of the United States Veterans Bureau at Livermore, Calif. Funds will be raised by a series of benefit performances in which various other fraternal and civic organizations will be asked to cooperate. The committee in charge of the work has drawn up far reaching plans and it is expected that thousands of dollars will be expended by it in relieving the lot of the men who gave so willingly for their country and flag.

Beautiful residence recently bought by Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359 which it has remodeled into a modern Home

Salem, Ore., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home

Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336 is making plans for the dedication of its magnificent new Home which will be completed about July 1. As Salem is only fifty miles from Portland where the Grand Lodge Convention will be held July 13–17, the members of the Grand Lodge have been invited to take charge of the dedication. A great many visitors to Portland are also expected to attend the ceremonies, and the special exercises and the festivities which will mark the formal opening of the new structure.

Large Indoor Circus to Be Given By Norwalk, Conn., Lodge

A large indoor circus, to be held at the Norwalk Armory sometime in April, will be conducted by Norwalk, Conn., Lodge No. 709. The Armory will be elaborately decorated and a special program will be given every night. In addition to the usual circus attractions there will be many unique features, it being the plan of the Lodge to make the affair one of the greatest of the kind ever held in the State.

Memorial Tablet Dedicated by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge

The officers of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85 recently conducted the Memorial Tablet services dedicating the new memorial tablet which adorns the memorial room of the Home. The tablet is one of the most beautiful in the Order, consisting of four memorial plates containing over 100 names on each, and revolves on a bronze column set on an octagonal oak base. On the top of the tablet a bronze cap has on each of its four faces a clock dial indicating the hour of eleven. From each dial rises a miniature flagstaff holding a silk flag at half-mast.

New Home of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge Dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, assisted by many other distinguished members of the Order, recently dedicated the beautiful new Home of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge No. 1444. Preceding the dedication a banquet was served to the prominent visitors in the dining hall of the new Home. Following the ceremony Mr. Price addressed the large gathering, congratulating Ilion Lodge on its fine achievements during the three years since it was instituted.

The new Home of Ilion Lodge, besides being unusually attractive architecturally, is admirably equipped and furnished throughout. Bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, excellent banquet facilities, a library and a large Lodge room are some of its features.

Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Presents American Flag to Court

An American flag, representing the principles back of the oath of allegiance and the obligations which foreign born persons assume when being admitted to citizenship in the Naturalization Court, was recently presented to the Broome County Court by Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge No. 852. Howard A. Swartwood, Exalted Ruler, made the presentation in behalf of the Lodge in the court-room, and the flag was accepted by Supreme Court Justice Leon C. Rhodes in behalf of the people.

The presentation of the flag followed out the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who spoke recently at the annual banquet of Binghamton Lodge, urging Elks to aid aliens in their efforts to become new Americans.

Ohio State Elks Association Will Meet Week of August 23

Preparations are already being made by Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge No. 285 for the reception of the thousands of visitors who will attend the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association to be held in their city the week of August 23. The General Committee of the Association in charge of the entertainment and program of exercises have announced prizes for the parade and band con-

tests to the amount of $600. Practically every Lodge in the State is expected to be represented in the line of march and the event should be one of the most spectacular ever witnessed at a meeting of the Association.

Assembly of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Is A Brilliant Affair

Another milestone in the social activities of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge No. 945 was passed recently when the Twentieth Annual Assembly of the Lodge was held in Maher's Auditorium. Like the 19 other Assemblies that preceded, it was marked by a good fellowship and a dignity that made a lasting impression on all those who were present. The beautifully decorated auditorium, the special dance orchestra and the excellent supper that was served by the Lodge, all contributed to the huge success of the evening. The Assembly was also one of the best attended functions ever conducted by the Lodge, representatives from many parts of the State being present in goodly numbers.

Success Attends Free Clinic Opened By Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

The free Medical Clinic opened by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 617 which is housed in the Reitmeyer Building on Grove Street is proving itself to be one of the finest humanitarian projects ever undertaken by the Lodge, although it has only been in operation a short time. At present the Clinic is conducted like an out-patient department of a hospital with the exception that no operations are performed. Periodical examinations and diagnoses of children under six years form the main work of the clinic at present, though it is expected that its service will include adults in the near future. The Clinic occupies an office and two consulting rooms. All the medical work is done under the supervision of the Nassau Medical Society with Dr. William H. Runcie in direct charge, and a nurse, loaned by the State Department of Health, is in daily consultation with mothers who do not want to come to a clinic with their children.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge to Enlarge And Improve Its Home

At a recent meeting of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge No. 966 it was definitely decided that due to its rapidly increasing membership, the present Home of the Lodge was inadequate and that steps should be taken to enlarge the building. Tentative plans were submitted and are under consideration by the membership. These call for a complete remodeling of the present building and for the erection of a three story addition on the Palos Verdes Street lot owned by the Lodge. The membership of San Pedro Lodge bids fair to reach 2000 in the near future, which will make the new quarters imperative.

Pennsylvania Southwest Association To Hold Annual Reunion in August

It was decided recently by the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association to hold its annual reunion and picnic this year at Kennywood Park on August 5 or August 12. Chairman John F. Nugent of the Picnic Committee has announced that arrangements are being made to bring a number of internationally famous swimmers to the new swimming pool at Kennywood Park on the day of the outing as a super-attraction.

The annual banquet of the Association which was recently given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was a most brilliant affair. Representatives from every Lodge in the District were present and the large banquet hall of the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh was taxed to capacity. Many distinguished members of the Order from various parts of the country were guests of the Association.

Ensley, Ala., Lodge to Build New Home

Ensley, Ala., Lodge No. 987 is planning to erect a three-story Home on its recently acquired property at Twenty-second Street and Avenue D. The building will cost approximately $40,000 and will contain a large Lodge room, numerous club rooms, billiard room, gymnasium and other features. Construction is expected to start about May 1 so that the building can be completed during the summer.

The large dining room which the new Home will contain will be used on occasions by civic and luncheon clubs of Ensley, which for some time have been in need of more facilities for their meetings.

The handsome and commodious Home of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14

Charity Ball of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge Is Brilliant Affair

The most elaborate function sponsored by Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge No. 263 was the Charity Ball which was given recently in the Crystal Ballroom of the Hotel Jamestown. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23 was the guest of honor and many other distinguished visitors took part in the function. The Eleven O'Clock Toast given by Mr. Cullen and all of the dance music were broadcast by radio from Station WOCL atop the Hotel Jamestown. The proceeds of the ball will be devoted to the charitable activities of Jamestown Lodge.

Death Comes to Joseph Salabes, Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore, Md., Lodge

News of the death of Joseph Salabes, Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore, Md., Lodge No. 7, came as a shock to his many friends in the Order and to the fellow members of his Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Salabes passed away at his home in Baltimore after only a short illness. He was an indefatigable worker in the interest of his Lodge and for the Order as a whole.

Rabbi Morris Lazaron of the Madison Avenue Synagogue officiated at the beautiful funeral services which were conducted at the Home of Baltimore Lodge.

Anniversary Music Program Broadcast By Detroit, Mich., Lodge

Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 observed the Fifty-Seventh Anniversary of the birth of the Order by broadcasting an elaborate musical program from Station WCX which was heard throughout the country. The Lodge's band opened the program with a number of selections. It was followed by the Quartette of the Lodge, and by a group of organ numbers played on the fine instrument in the Lodge room of the Home. After the organ recital, James T. McLaughlin, the soloist of the evening, sang a group of delightful Scotch songs. Judge Joseph A. Moynihan, the speaker of the evening, delivered an interesting address on the progress and ideals of the Order.

Many telegrams from Lodges scattered all over the United States came in during the concert expressing appreciation of the music.

Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge Has Visit From District Deputy Lowenthal

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Lowenthal of Evansville, Ind., Lodge No. 116, recently paid his official visit to Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge No. 277 where he was given a hearty reception by the members. Accompanying him were E. J. Julian, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Vincennes, Ind., Lodge No. 291 and Secretary of that Lodge for 24 years; and Roy R. White, Secretary of Evansville, Ind., Lodge No. 116. Past Exalted Rulers of Mt. Vernon Lodge were present in large numbers and occupied the chairs during the meeting. An initiation of a class of candidates was followed by a supper served to the distinguished visitors in the banquet hall of the Home.

Elyria, Ohio, Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

With the goal set at 100, Elyria, Ohio, Lodge No. 465 recently wound up a two-week invitational campaign to find that it had succeeded in securing 124 new members. The initiation of this large class of candidates was an event to which Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was invited and which was participated in by many prominent members of the Order and visitors from surrounding Lodges.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Will Conduct Festival and Radio Show

Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171 plans to conduct an Elks Festival and Radio Show which will run from April 24 to May 4 inclusive at the Oakland Auditorium. Aside from the special

entertainments every night, there will be dancing and many other attractive features. The profits derived from the Festival will be used during the new Lodge year for social functions of every kind.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Glee Club Has Active Season

The Elks Glee Club of Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49 has been doing excellent work recently. In addition to raising funds for charitable projects, the members of the Club visited the Albany County Almshouse and the Old Ladies' Home where concerts were given. The organization also staged a minstrel show at Castleton for the benefit of the Sacred Heart church which was highly successful.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Will Have Indoor Circus, April 11-18

The annual indoor circus of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 will be held from April 11-18 according to revised plans announced by the committee having the event in charge. It was first planned to hold the circus in February, but certain features which will be a part of the affair necessitated a postponement. Arrangements now being completed indicate that this year's circus will be one of the biggest novelties ever staged by the Lodge.

Well-Known Comedian Given Honorary Life Membership

Thomas K. Heath, of the famous theatrical team of "McIntyre & Heath", who has been a member of Baltimore, Md., Lodge No. 7 for more than 42 years, was recently given an Honorary Life Membership in the Order by his fellow members. The honor was conferred at a special reception tendered the well-known comedian at the Home of Baltimore Lodge. Mr. Heath was presented with a handsome engraved gold card case and Mr. McIntyre, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, who was also present, was given a pair of platinum cuff links.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association Prepares for Convention

Plans for the entertainment of the nineteenth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association to be held in Bethlehem August 24-28 are progressing rapidly. Various committees are working faithfully, outlining special arrangements for the entertainment of the many thousands of visitors who are expected to be present at the convention.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees:

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge No. 1311. Erection of a new Home. The site is now owned by the Lodge and the building is to be 44 x 89 feet, two stories, of fire-proof construction; bowling alleys, billiard room, kitchen and showers will be located in the basement; lounging room, office and ladies' room on the first floor; Lodge room and ante rooms on the second floor. The auditorium will have a seating capacity of 800. The building will cost approximately $100,000 with furnishings of $10,000.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge No. 548. Building of an addition to the present Home, the addition to be three stories, with a store on the ground floor. Bowling alleys, cloak rooms, and club rooms will be on the second floor. On the third floor will be the banquet hall, kitchen, rest rooms and cloak rooms. The addition will cost $82,000 with furnishings of $10,000.

Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850. Purchase of a three story frame building at a cost of $50,000 and erection of a Hall on the same property at a cost of $25,000. The building which has ten living rooms on the third floor, twelve living rooms on the second floor, four large rooms, dining rooms and kitchen on the first floor, will be altered to fit the requirements.

Gallup, N. Mex., Lodge No. 1440. Erection of a new Home. The Lodge already owns the building site, 250 x 142 feet. The building, which will consist of two stories and basement, will be of native brick and will contain a hotel feature of twenty rooms, club features for the members, dance floor, and lower floor which will be used by the Boy Scouts, Women's Club, etc. The cost is estimated at approximately $50,000 with furnishings costing $10,000.

Help Us Make Our Mailing List Correct

THE mailing list of THE ELKS MAGAZINE *is being revised.*

A copy of the mailing list, with a stencil imprint, giving the name and address of every member of each Lodge to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE *is mailed, is being sent to every secretary of subordinate Lodges for the purpose of having these lists compared with the roster of the Lodge. The object is to have such corrections made as will insure a mailing list as nearly perfect as possible, in order to assure the delivery of the Magazine to every member of the Lodge.*

Each secretary is requested to forward immediately to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, *50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., all corrections and additions necessary to make the mailing list for his Lodge complete and accurate.*

Every member of the Order is entitled to receive THE ELKS MAGAZINE. *If you are not receiving your copy, or if it is not correctly addressed, notify the secretary of your Lodge at once.*

Monmouth, Ill., Lodge No. 397. Remodeling their present Home consisting of a three story and basement brick building. The Club and Lodge rooms, halls and entrance will be remodeled to make a modern Home, and the cost is estimated at about $23,000 with furnishings of from $3,000 to $5,000.

Joseph M. Norcross, Charter Member Of Mother Lodge, Passes Away

Joseph M. Norcross, who at the time of his death was the oldest living member of the Order in good standing, passed away recently at his home in Springfield, Mass., at the age of 84. He was initiated as a member of the Order at its preliminary organization on February 2, 1868, and was duly obligated as a charter member on February 16 of the same year. He dimitted to Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 on March 12, 1871, and was a member of that Lodge when he died.

Joseph Norrie, as he was known professionally, was one of the best of the old-time minstrel men and singers, and he continued to follow his profession up to a year before his death. His passing is the cause of deep sorrow among his many friends and life-long associates.

Madison, S. D. Lodge Shows Rapid Growth Since Institution

A steady healthy growth has characterized Madison, S. D., Lodge No. 1442 which has been in existence a little less than three years. The Lodge, which is next to the youngest in the State, was instituted with a membership of 247. It now has close to 600 names on its roster.

One of its foremost accomplishments has been the acquisition of a new $50,000 Home. Although not of recent construction, the building has been made ideal for Lodge purposes. The interior has been refitted and furnished. The entire upper floor including a large Lodge room, lounge, ladies' room and recreation rooms, is devoted exclusively to the Lodge. The building serves as a community center and many civic gatherings as well as social functions are being held in it.

Among other achievements are the organization of an Elks band of 28 pieces and a male quartet. The band was formed shortly after the Lodge was instituted and has been used in exemplifying the ritual at every initiation. The band also furnishes free public concerts at frequent intervals and both it and the quartet readily lend their services to gatherings and celebrations of a public nature.

Charity has been constantly practiced by No. 1442. Since organization the Lodge has expended approximately $3,000 for charitable purposes. It has maintained an annual community Christmas tree and has given away presents to the children besides preparing Christmas baskets and distributing them among the needy. An Elks Scholarship Fund of $2,500 has been formed by the Lodge and donated to the Eastern State Teachers College, located in Madison, for the purpose of assisting students who are short of money to continue and complete their education.

New York State Elks Association to Meet at Niagara Falls

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association will be held at the city of Niagara Falls, June 1-3. The selection was made and the dates decided at a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees and Advisory Committee held in New York City. Invitations to meet in this delightful city were presented by Philip Clancy, Past President of the Association, and expressed the combined desires of the municipality, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge No. 346, the various clubs and civic bodies to entertain the Association. The beautiful Hotel Niagara which will be complete before the date of the meeting, will be the headquarters of the Convention.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Visits New England Lodges

The Grand Exalted Ruler's recent trip through New England was everywhere marked by a splendid enthusiasm on the part of the Lodges visited, and he was everywhere impressed by the health and prosperity of the Order in that section of the country. Here is a brief summary of his visitations which included Lodges in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine and Rhode Island:

Sunday, February 15:

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at a reception given in his honor in the new Home of Somerville, Mass., Lodge No. 917. Following this he attended a special meeting at 10.00 P.M. of Brookline, Mass., Lodge No. 886.

Monday, February 16:

On this date the annual banquet and ball of the Massachusetts State Elks Association in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler was given at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. Many distinguished members of the Order were present and representatives of the State and City joined in the welcome accorded Mr. Price. One of the incidents of the evening was the presentation of the handsome cup presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson to Woburn, Mass., Lodge No. 908, awarded for its successful initiatory work in competition with 8 other Massachusetts Lodges.

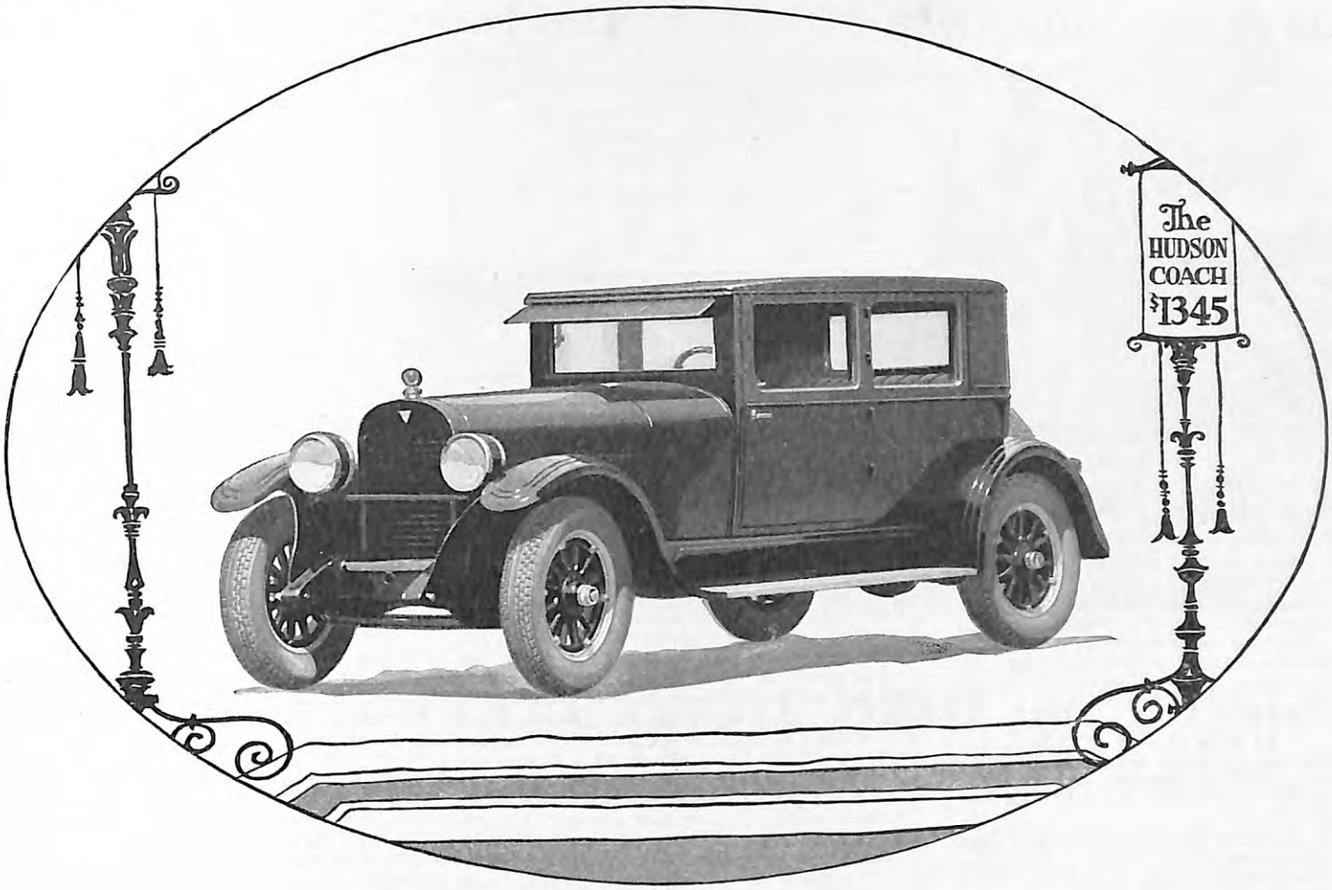
Tuesday, February 17:

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest at a banquet given by Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188. This was one of the finest meetings held in the State for some years and was attended by members from all parts of Maine. Addresses were made by Mr. Price; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Chaplain, Rev. Dr. John Dysart, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson.

Wednesday, February 18:

The Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Massachusetts to attend the banquet and ball at Haverhill given by Lodges of the Merrimac Valley consisting of Haverhill Lodge No. 165, Lawrence Lodge No. 65, Lowell Lodge No. 87 and Newburyport Lodge No. 909. The introductory remarks were made by Andrew J. Casey, Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston, Past Exalted Ruler of Newburyport Lodge and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. The toastmaster of the

(Continued on page 75)



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The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Closed Cars

The Iron Chalice

(*Continued from page 8*)

"You've done that before. I'm licked. It sounds cowardly. . . . I know I'd go on fighting if there was anybody in the world dependent on me. But there isn't. I'm tired: tired of being cold and tired and hungry and roofless; tired of being battered about and looked upon as a vagrant; inexpressibly weary of wondering and worrying where the next meal is coming from—if, indeed, it comes from anywhere; nauseated at the prospect of going on and on and on with day labor as the ultimate possible attainment. . . . I haven't had my chance: not that I'm welching—if I was half the man I should be, I'd have made the chance for myself. You know, Mr. North—it's rather queer how I've lived and thought all these years. There have been nights—hundreds of them—when I've been tired and hungry—so hungry that I've eaten scraps—and I've played a game with myself, trying to keep my spirits up and my thoughts from myself: I've walked the streets staring in at cheap restaurants watching the wheat-cake turners in the windows flip their wares about—watching them served . . . and waiting to see what portion of the dainties were left uneaten—figuring how lavishly I could dine upon what was absolutely wasted. And now—" he shook his head. "I don't think I've lost my courage. I'm like the prize-fighter who is as game as his opponent, but whose body simply refuses to absorb another punch. I've wilted." His voice droned off. Then as though clinching a decision, he nodded. "Putting it as frankly as you have, Mr. North, I'll say—yes, I shall be dead in the morning."

Through the boy's recital Andrew North had betrayed no slightest symptom of genuine interest. He had sat in stolid silence and now—as Alan ceased—he fired another unexpected question.

"I suppose you wonder why I negatived your suggestion."

"No—o. I guess it simply didn't appeal."

"That's where you're wrong. It did."

Again that queer current of hope: a hope which Alan could not understand.

"It appealed to you: the idea of protecting your loan to me by insuring my life?"

"Yes."

"Then why—?"

"It isn't feasible: that is, not as you put it up to me."

"It seems—"

"I'M RATHER familiar with insurance. I've done a little investigating to-day. There are several elements which make such a procedure hazardous. There is the possibility of suspicion afterwards—fraud and collusion. There is the question of insurable interest. Not that I don't think we could get away with it. I do. But it might enmesh me in a considerable amount of annoying red tape and unwelcome publicity. I don't like courts."

Tantalus . . . "I can see your point, Mr. North. After all, it makes very little difference whether the end comes to-night or two months from now. I'm sorry about Mrs. Garrison. I wanted to pay you, of course: queerly enough those are my only two debts—perhaps because my credit has been no good. But certainly I would have preferred slipping away from things with a conscience clear."

"I see . . ." North continued to stare blankly, fishily. "How well do you know yourself, Beckwith?"

"Why—well, I should say quite well. I've had little time to study anything else in several years."

"I wonder"—and North's voice for the first time took on a nuance of deep earnestness—"if you could accept another year of life, considering yourself a dead man from to-night on?"

Alan did not answer immediately. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Let me explain. You fully intend to kill yourself before morning, isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Constructively, then, for the sake of this discussion, we will presume that you do not die to-night: let us assume that for a particular reason you decide to live for another year—precisely one year. Could you, if you actually found yourself alive in the morning, regard yourself as having died during the night?"

Alan hesitated before answering. "Let me get this straight, Mr. North. You are tentatively proposing that—for some purpose of your own—I am to live for another year, but to live as a dead man: that is, that my own mental slant is to be that I died to-night. Is that it?"

"Precisely."

"I am to regard myself as a corpse. And a year from now—"

"You are to become one."

They were silent for a few moments. Then Alan Spoke. "I want to be honest, Mr. North. I don't know what it's all about—and no man can say positively what his reactions will be under conditions which he has never faced, but it does seem to me that since I am determined to kill myself to-night—it makes very little difference whether I die now or one year from now. Therefore, I can answer your question in the affirmative. May I ask, now, why you ask?"

"BECAUSE," answered North directly, "your proposition of last night interested me. It presented possibilities for easy money of which I I had never dreamed. The essential point, however, is that from to-morrow morning on you must regard yourself as a dead man."

"I am sure I can do that—provided there is an adequate reason."

"There is. And this is my idea. Your conception of five hundred dollars' worth of life insurance is piddling. I'll not beat around the bush. What I propose to do is this: I will insure your life for one hundred thousand dollars. Immediately as the policy is issued, I will give you twenty thousand dollars in cash. You may take that twenty thousand and enjoy life in your own way for thirteen months—I say thirteen because the life policy which you will take contains an incontestability clause which becomes effective after one year from the date of issuance—here, I'll read it to you—"

He drew from an inside pocket the blank life insurance form of a standard old-line company. His voice came quietly to the amazed ears of Alan Beckwith.

"Incontestability—This contract shall be incontestable after one year from date of issue, except for non-payment of premiums. It is free from conditions as to residence, occupation, travel or place of death, including military or naval service, unless such service shall be restricted by indorsement hereon at the time of issuance of the contract.

"Suicide—In case of suicide committed while sane or insane within one year from the date on which this insurance shall become effective, the limit of recovery hereunder shall be the premiums paid."

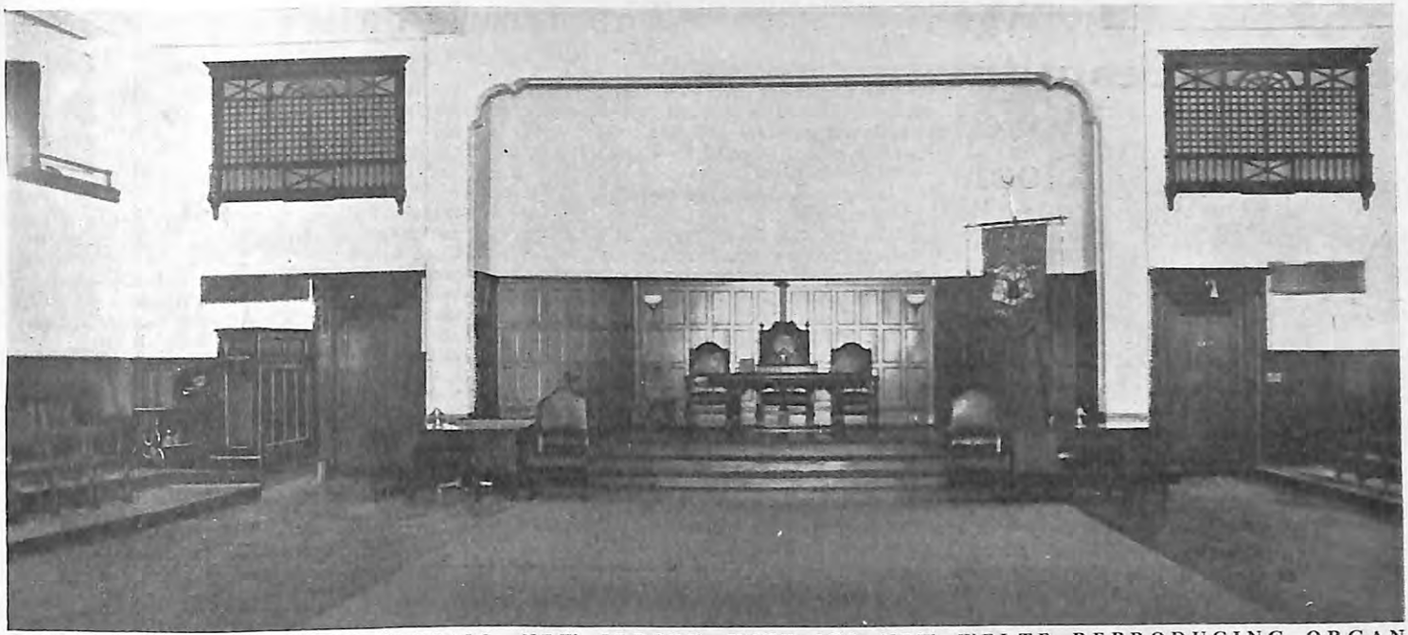
North raised his eyes from the document and focused them upon Beckwith. "You understand what that means, of course," he remarked quietly. "Its effect is that suicide committed while sane or insane *after* one year from the date the policy becomes effective shall become incontestable: in other words, that even if it should be proved that you killed yourself deliberately, the face of the policy would become payable to the beneficiary. Is that clear?"

Alan nodded. "Yes, sir."

"There is another clause, Beckwith—under the general heading of 'Entire Contract.' It reads this way: 'This instrument and the application constitute the entire contract between the parties hereto, and all statements purporting to be made by the Insured shall, in the absence of fraud, be deemed representations and not warranties, and no such statement shall avoid the contract or be used in defense of a claim under the contract unless it be contained in the application herefor.'"

North stopped reading, folded the policy and returned it to his pocket. "Simple and liberal clauses, Beckwith. If we decide to go ahead with my plan, you—in theory—commit suicide to-night. Actually, however, you agree to live for one year and a month of grace. During that time you shall have twenty thousand dollars to throw away, with which to enjoy the good things for which you have struggled futilely. At the end of the thirteenth month you kill yourself and I pocket a clear profit of about seventy-five thousand dollars. What do you say?"

(*Continued on page 46*)



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The Iron Chalice

(*Continued from page 44*)

For a moment Beckwith said nothing. In spite of himself he warmed to the prospect of another year of life—and such a year: money to spend—an assurance of good clothes; a warm, comfortable place of residence . . . . .

"Suppose I should fail to pass the physical examination?"

"In that case," answered North calmly, "I wash my hands of you. You may kill yourself at any time, and in any manner, you choose."

"I see . . . . There seems to be only one other possible flaw. You advanced an objection to my original proposition—the question of insurable interest. Won't the company scrutinize pretty closely the fact that you are the beneficiary under this policy?"

"Yes—they would. Of course your suicide is to be made to appear as an accident."

"But even at that—if they learned that you had no insurable interest—?"

"I believe they could be made to pay it anyway. But in order to take no chances, I shall not appear in the transaction at all. I will not be the beneficiary."

"No?" Alan was surprised. "Then who will?"

Andrew North leaned forward: his words came very softly to Alan's ears.

"The beneficiary," said North, "will be your wife."

CHAPTER IV

AT FIRST Alan did not understand. A puzzled expression crossed his face and he shook his head slowly.

"I have no wife," he said.

"No. Not now. But you will have."

"I? Marry?"

"Why not? From tonight you are dead. What difference does it make if for thirteen months you—as a dead man—share your roof with a woman?"

"None . . . of course it makes no difference. But the thing rather knocks me off my feet: I don't quite grasp it."

"Get this then, Beckwith: When you apply for your hundred thousand dollar policy, you are to state that you are about to get married. The beneficiary is to be named as your wife. Immediately as the policy is issued, you will marry. For the remaining thirteen months of your life you are to live with this woman so far as the public is concerned as man and wife. That is essential. Then, no matter how you die, there can be no question of the beneficiary's insurable interest. Is that clear?"

"Yes . . . whatever you say is all right. But I'm wondering, Mr. North, how you can be sure of getting the money yourself if a third person is made beneficiary."

The corners of Andrew North's mouth seemed to tighten; his answer was made matter-of-factly.

"I control this woman."

"Oh!" Then, as though fearing he had been impolite, Alan hastened to add—"I see."

"Be sure that I would take no chances, Beckwith. When I control a person—I control him. Of course you are thinking that when you kill yourself your wife might take the money from the insurance company and refuse to turn it over to me. Well . . . . she won't."

"Yes, sir."

"She will do exactly as I say: absolutely. There is no question of that."

"If you are satisfied . . . . ." Alan was distinctly embarrassed. In a second it seemed that North had lost some of his human quality—he was more the man of his reputation: cold-blooded, ruthless, venomous. "May I ask what sort of a woman this is who is to become Mrs. Beckwith?"

"I don't know that it matters. As I have stated: you are theoretically dead from tomorrow morning. Constructively you have no more interest in this woman than you would have in the type of female who might visit your grave."

"I say—isn't that rather unnecessary: putting it that way, I mean?"

"Why? I want you to realize what you are facing. As to this woman: perhaps it is enough for me to say that it is someone whom I control. She won't cause you any particular embarrassment, and I fancy that she will let you as much alone as you desire. However, you must understand that one of the conditions of this agreement is that you must live under one roof. You will have an apartment in the city here—I will rent one for you. You will meet some people—no matter how casually. It is essential that those who know you be able to testify—after your death—that you were actually man and wife. As to your domestic relations: that is a matter for you and your wife to decide. Outwardly, however, you are to be a happy, newly married couple."

"I understand . . . It's rather odd: married this way and living with a woman I don't know."

"Stop that right now!" North's voice rasped harshly across the table. "I'm not asking you to do this: get that clearly fixed in your mind. For all I care you can walk out of here tonight and throw yourself in the river. You can decide to try again and call off this idiotic suicide idea of yours. Remember, I'm not suggesting that you kill yourself. I am, in fact, telling you that it is a silly, childish, unmanly thing. But once you decide to accept my proposition you are committed to it unalterably. There can be no turning back."

"Yes . . . ?" Alan focused his eyes on the table. He waited for North to continue.

"I wonder," said the other at length, "just what you know of me?"

"Not much, sir. Only what I have heard."

"And that is?"

The boy raised his eyes fearlessly. "It is not very complimentary, Mr. North.

"Good. Explain."

A flush dyed Alan's cheeks. "Suppose you tell me what to expect?"

"Do as I say."

His manner was brusque: Alan's teeth clicked together. "Very well, sir; if you insist. I have no desire to put insulting rumor into words, but I have heard that you control the underworld of this city. I have heard that you head the biggest liquor ring in the State. I have heard that there is no form of iniquity which is beneath you and that you make your living from the operations of a band of liquor-runners, yeggmen, pickpockets and—and—" the boy hesitated.

"Go on!" commanded North grimly.

"—And even that murder might be traced to your door if the investigation could be carried far enough. I am sorry, sir that you forced me to be so honest."

"Good. I appreciate frankness. Of course you expect me to be angry—and to deny a good part of that. But I am not angry and I do not deny. Your details are slightly at fault, but essentially all that you have said is true."

They stared wordlessly at one another. Alan experienced a queer tremor of horror. He looked into the colorless orbs of Andrew North and saw no light of humanness reflected therein: the man was cool, impassive—insolent even. His face was a blank mask—it was easy enough to believe that he never smiled: through all this amazing interview Alan had seen no hint of any sort of emotion reflected in the puttyish face. Then came North's voice: monotonous, calm—as though discussing the day's market report.

"I make a great deal of money from liquor operations. I have perhaps profited from the operations of clever yeggmen. Men have opposed me—have doub'e-crossed me—and they have abruptly ceased to exist. I wish you to understand clearly what manner of man you are dealing with."

Alan merely nodded.

"I know just what will happen with you, Beckwith. You are merely human and I know human beings. Tonight you are willing to kill yourself: that is because you are without money, clothes, friends or food. If you enter into this contract you will assume a position—however modest—in the community. No matter what manner of woman your wife may be, no matter how severely you let her alone, you will yet come to regard yourself as a married man. You will have more money than you ever dreamed of; good food, excellent clothes and leisure. It is inevitable that you will desire to live. I am

merely warning you, however, that when you accept from me that twenty thousand dollars you have signed your death warrant."

"Yes . . . I understand."

"I wonder if you do? To make it quite clear: There will be no moment of your thirteen months of life during which you will not be under surveillance. Should your nerve wilt—should you try to escape—you will be killed. When the end of the thirteenth month shall arrive, it will not matter particularly whether or not you kill yourself. Failing to do so, a very efficient gentleman will relieve you of the trouble. I do not wish to appear boastful, but I believe that you will find if you inquire at the proper places, that no one has ever yet double-crossed Andrew North. And now—" his tone became more gentle and once again the steely expression fled his face, "pardon me if I have been brutal. I don't usually talk this way: I merely wanted to make it clear to you what you were going into. That is my policy in a deal of this sort. I am rather proud of my reputation as a square-shooter. I'm coming clean with you. That is so you cannot whine your way to me later and say that you didn't understand or that you have changed your mind. It will be too late then to change."

"I understand fully. And if I decide to go ahead?"

"I will stake you temporarily. Tomorrow you will file your application with a standard old-line company for one hundred thousand dollars worth of life insurance. As soon as the policy is issued you will be married—I will have attended to the renting of an apartment."

"May I ask the name of the—the woman—who is to become my wife?"

"Beverly Ames."

The name struck on Alan's ears with a shock: it had a poetic resonance; a softness, a gentleness which was not at all in keeping with the picture he had drawn. He had expected a name as harsh as he knew the woman would be—as blatant and common as this creature who was controlled by the czar of the city's underworld: this director of burglars and murderers; this blond, inhuman, bloodless Andrew North who never smiled and never frowned.

"Beverly Ames . . . " Then he added inanely. "A pretty name."

North shrugged. "What matter?"

"None—of course."

"To continue: I will give you the money to pay the first year's premium. Immediately as the policy is issued, you will marry and go to your apartment. For thirteen months you may do exactly as you wish You will be constantly under observation so that, as I explained, escape will be impossible. If for any particular reason you wish to go somewhere, you can apply to me for permission. Someone will go with you—someone competent to see that you do not violate your agreement—"

"Pardon me, Mr. North," and there was a quiet dignity in Alan's manner. "I am a gentleman."

"Rot! No man remains a gentleman when his life is at stake."

"You're wrong, sir. Perhaps you do not know gentlemen very well."

"I know human nature: that's enough. At any rate, I'll take no chances. And now—have I made quite clear to you what you are facing: that the minute you accept this proposition you have a maximum lifetime of thirteen months?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your decision?"

Alan hesitated. His heart was pounding: absurd thing, too—when he had expected to have been dead by this time—dead by his own hand. Yet there was something uncanny about the whole thing: here he was being asked to sentence himself to death. Then his head went back and his eyes met those of Andrew North squarely.

"I accept," he said.

CHAPTER V

IT WAS with a strange and unfathomable complexity of emotions that Alan pushed through the swinging doors of Markstein's and into the street a few minutes later. In his pocket was fifty dollars, advanced him by Andrew North. He stepped to the curb, waved away a taxi which slid insinuatingly forward, and stood there trying to think.

(*Continued on page 48*)

The Iron Chalice

(*Continued from page 47*)

He felt inexpressibly relieved and inexplicably frightened. He wondered whether, after all, he had made a mistake—then knew that he could have done nothing else. His decision in favor of suicide had been made the previous day in the throes of despondency and desperation. It was as Andrew North said—constructively he was dead. But the physical fact remained that he was very much alive, and that for the first time in three years confidence and hope surged within him. Yet it was hope for what? For thirteen months of the kind of living he had always desired? Immediate death held no terrors for him—certainly it had held no terrors twenty-four hours previously. He had, in fact, welcomed the prospect, never doubting the nerve to go through with it. Yet now, granted a reprieve of slightly more than a year, the mere thought caused him to wince.

It was not yet too late to turn back. But he realized that was impossible, however willing North might be. The man was unhuman and icy—but he had been fair. He had argued against acceptance—had warned him that there could be no turning back, and he knew enough of Andrew North to realize that the man did not speak idly. Queer sort of a chap, North: implacable, inexorable, conscienceless. But, by his own warped code, a square-shooter. That seemed to cover a multitude of cardinal sins. Well, he, too, would be a square-shooter . . . . . he either would quit now or go through with it: he'd play as squarely with North as had North with him. He was entering this eerie compact with his eyes wide open. There would be no welching. Besides, turning back now would put him precisely where he had been the previous night—either to prolong the bitter, hopeless, futile struggle for existence or to kill himself. That was unthinkable. Nothing remained then but to accept his thirteen additional months of life.

The street twinkled merrily. Markstein's was gorged with after-theater merrymakers. Street-cars clanged imperiously and the shriek of taxicabs made the air hideous. Men and women jostled him . . . . but he did not mind. He turned and walked slowly with the tide of traffic, and for the first time in years he enjoyed the contact of human beings.

After all, it was not an altogether inglorious way to end a life bereft of accomplishment. For thirteen months he would live as he had always wanted to live, possessed of ample means and freedom from worry. He would dress well and eat good food and enjoy unlimited leisure. He would rid himself of the terror of that thirteenth month . . . he would take his place in the community as a married man—

The thought brought him up short. Married! His forehead contracted . . . married to whom? Beverly Ames. A name: a pretty name but yet only a name. It belonged to a woman—some woman who even at that moment was somewhere in the very city with him.

Who was she? And where? And what was she doing? One of North's women—coarse and uneducated and crude . . . he was quite prepared for that, and even in the light of his new philosophy he found himself rebelling against the idea of linking his name with a woman of the streets.

He was the last of the Beckwiths, but the pride of family was strong within him. Then a faint cynical smile creased his lips. What right had he to cavil against such a detail? What difference did it make what sort of woman Beverly Ames turned out to be? He was without kith or kin—just as there would have been no one to inter his body should he have gone through with his suicidal intention of the previous night—just so there would be no one to be disgraced by this union with a woman of the underworld.

Queer thing—this uniting in wedlock with a woman he didn't know. A half million people in the city . . . . Beverly Ames was among them. Perhaps she was near him now, perhaps on the very street. A woman—a stranger—yet within a week or two she would be his wife. He laughed harshly: the very thought stripped from him the final shred of romance which had for so long permeated his life and enabled him to continue the bitter struggle.

He was naturally a gentle person and a man of dreams: dreams which had buoyed him during the first bitter days and which had died hard—very hard. This, then, was the epitaph. He shrugged and walked on, edging out of the crowd and making his way to the park.

Despite the early autumnal chill the park benches were occupied by young couples who frankly and unashamedly found fleeting happiness in each other's arms. Once upon a time such public demonstration had impressed Alan as being inexpressibly crude and vulgar. Then had come the æon-like years when he had trod the park pathways to see and to envy, for to each of these thoughtless young persons the partner was all-in-all, if only for the moment. It had been a long time since Alan had meant anything to anyone . . . the genuine affection existing between himself and the elderly Mrs. Garrison, who had trusted him—that had been his only softening influence.

And now as he walked the park again he found himself envying the engrossed young couples. Their demonstration, while crude enough, was certainly sincere. Here was no veneer of culture or education: merely a frank flaunting of natural instincts. That certainly was better by far than the mock marriage which he faced.

SOMEHOW he could not rid his mind of the fact that he was to end his life as a married man: married legally if not actually. He was to share his privacy with a woman. He had little doubt as to what type she would be and his esthetic sensibilities rebelled. Then he laughed at the very thought he had the right to rebel: he who but for the merest chance would have been occupying a slab in the morgue that morning.

He left the park and directed his steps toward the poorer section of the city: a section of past grandeur, its once-handsome and now thoroughly decrepit and archaic homes given over to cheap and genteel boarding-houses—and some which were neither quite so genteel nor so cheap. Into one of these he turned. Relic of a bygone era, there burned fitfully in the dismal hallway a single gas jet which illuminated coldly the vast expanse of red carpet and ancient furniture of front parlor and dining-room. Straight to the back of the hall he walked, and tapped lightly upon a door. Almost instantly a voice answered: a soft, sweet, motherly voice—

"Who is it?"

"Alan Beckwith."

There was the sound of the striking of a match, a scuffling of slippers and then the door opened and a little woman of fifty-five appeared, her hair grotesquely done up in curl papers. Both her hands went out to the young man.

"Alan!"

"Mrs. Garrison!" He kissed her soundly on the lips.

"Where in the world have you been? I've been worried . . . I've had dreams about you that I've been afraid to tell before breakfast for fear they'd come true."

"Bad ones?"

She shivered. "Nasty things. But here you are—" she held him at arm's length and gazed at him with maternal affection. "Alan, something has happened—something wonderful. I can see it in your eyes: you've lost that cynical, hunted look. Tell me, Alan."

"Yes." He smiled down at her: this little woman who had fought so hard for him—the one person in the world to whom he meant anything at all. "Good fortune has come to me . . . I can't give details, Garry—" (she smiled at his use of the pet name), "but they're wonderful enough. Inside of two weeks, Garry, I'm going to have money—plenty of money: more than I ever dreamed there was in all the world, and the very first thing I'm going to do is come here for you in a taxicab and pay you all that I owe and then take you to some big department store and buy you the very finest dress in the place and a hat and some chiffon stockings and a silk nightgown—"

"Don't be silly!"

"I'm serious. And then—well, I'll have something else to tell you."

"What? I'm all excited."

"This is a secret, Garry. You'll know soon

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enough. I think you'll be happy. . . . And now, I'm not going to keep you up any longer. I just wanted you to be the very first person in the world to know." He turned away, and she laid a hand on his arm.

"Where are you going, Alan?"

"To a hotel. A cheap hotel. I have enough money for that tonight."

"Why not sleep in your own room upstairs?"

"My room? Haven't you rented it?"

"No." She shook her head. "I've kept it for you, Alan. I knew you were coming back."

CHAPTER VI

THE two doctors who examined Alan for life insurance pronounced him an excellent risk—"I'd say a trifle undernourished," growled one. "You should eat more, young man."

Alan grinned. "I shall."

"Appetite been bad?"

"Not exactly."

"Fancy stuff, eh? Food to tickle your palate and ruin your stomach. I know your kind: French cooking and soda-mint tablets—yet you say you've never had indigestion."

"No. Not that I remember."

"Well, take a medical man's advice and stick to plain stuff: rare steaks and roast beef; potatoes, spinach, all sorts of green vegetables—and eat less of these dishes with names I can't understand and pedigrees I don't trust. As to the insurance, I'd say you were a one hundred per cent., A-number-one, risk."

Alan duly reported to Andrew North at the latter's seven-room apartment in the ultra-fashionable section of the city. North nodded.

"Good. I expected as much. You've had several days now to think over the matter, Beckwith. It still isn't too late to withdraw. I'm willing to accept my slight loss of money."

Alan shook his head. "No, thank you. From the moment I left Markstein's that night, I adopted your viewpoint. I visualized my body in the river—and it's there yet for all I know. For thirteen months, Mr. North, I intend to enjoy life so thoroughly that when the time comes I can dispatch myself gracefully and consider it a good bargain."

"Fine. The demise you mention is inevitable enough—whether or not you do it gracefully. Have you any idea when the policy will be issued?"

"No, sir, but I don't fancy it will take long. They say I'm a perfect specimen organically—and the recommendation went through without an if, and, or but. Merely a routine matter of sending the application and report to the home office."

"The beneficiary?"

"That is made out to my wife, Beverly Ames Beckwith."

"Correct." North consulted a notebook. "As to the payment of premium: the day you are notified that the policy has arrived, you will open an account in the First National Bank with a cash deposit of slightly more than the amount of the premium. The premium can then be paid with your personal check. As soon as that is done we will deposit to your name, in cash, the sum of twenty thousand dollars. Your marriage to Beverly will follow immediately."

"I see. . . . And when am I to meet the future Mrs. Beckwith?"

North's eyes narrowed slightly. His answer to the question was rather indirect. "You are a very queer young man, Mr. Beckwith."

"In what respect?"

"Your change of manner since the other night. Then you were doubtful and cautious. Now your attitude is—well, I might say devil-may-care."

"That is correct, sir. How else could I enjoy this reprieve? I studied philosophy once. . . . I'm trying to put into practice what I learned in theory."

"I see. I wish you luck. It will make matters much simpler for all of us." He paused briefly. "I have tentatively rented for you a furnished apartment in the Avonmont: you know the building?"

Alan did—a new, imposing structure of tapestry brick in one of the modest residential

sections of the city. The very prospect of residing there filled him with enthusiasm.

"I am to pay the rent?"

"No. It isn't much—small enough for me to be willing to shoulder it. I'm not greedy. Your apartment is of four rooms and bath, kitchen, bedroom, dining-room and living-room. The latter is readily convertible into a second bedroom. I am sure you will like it."

"There isn't a doubt of that. And now, if you have no objection, I'd like to meet Miss Ames."

"That is not convenient. You'll meet her in plenty of time."

Alan was slightly disgruntled when he left. Queer conceit on the part of North that he should refuse him an introduction to his wife to-be. No apparent reason—but then the whole situation was so bizarre and unreal that there was really nothing extraordinary about it.

Less than a week later Alan received word from the insurance company that his policy for one hundred thousand dollars had been received from the home office and would be delivered to him on payment of the first year's premium. Immediately Andrew North turned over to him an amount of cash slightly in excess of the premium and this he deposited in his own name. The following day he visited the insurance agency, calmly wrote his check for the premium and handed it over. To his suggestion that they make sure of its validity before delivering the policy they smiled, and he walked to Andrew North's apartment with his inside pocket abulge with the document which was, in effect, his death warrant.

North inspected the policy and nodded approval. "You are ready to marry?"

"Yes."

"This is your last chance to reneg."

"I haven't changed my mind."

"Come along then. I have the license. You are to be married by a civil ceremony at the City Hall."

"Why?"

"Making assurance doubly sure. I shall see to it that we have witnesses who will remember the ceremony in case any question of its validity should ever arise."

"I see. And Miss Ames?"

"Is ready. We will call for her in a taxi."

ALAN'S emotions as they drove off in the cab were a strange admixture of fear and of sheer curiosity. Here he was on his way to be married—married to a woman whom he did not know and for a period of time which was not to exceed thirteen months. Darned funny thing—this whole affair, yet apprehension of the future was momentarily eclipsed by a very natural flurry of speculation as to what manner of woman Beverly Ames would prove to be.

He had not heard the address which North gave the taxi driver—nor would it have mattered particularly since their meeting place was to be a neutral corner drug store. But Alan did not know that and so was not prepared when they paused in a quiet, thoroughly respectable section of the city and North's cold gray eyes probed hither and thither in search of the girl.

And yet—not knowing that she was in the vicinity—Alan Beckwith saw her the moment she appeared. He experienced a shock and a queer exultant thrill. He was amazed—but he knew her.

She came straight toward the cab, her delicate oval face unsmiling as though she, too, found this marriage distasteful.

She was the very antithesis of the woman Alan had anticipated. In the first place she was not a woman: his first impression was that she could not possibly be more than twenty. And she was not tall and buxom and blowsy and coarse: she was small and neat . . . a dainty little thing of soft, alluring figure; of sweet, delicate features, of chestnut hair which peeped truant-like from beneath the pert little hat; of a slightly tip-tilted nose and a small, red-lipped mouth . . and save for the light of fear in her eyes, of fear and of doubt, Alan would have known her for one of his kind.

He sat staring at her as she walked toward the cab. There was no hint of hesitancy in her manner . . . there flashed across his mind the horrid reminder that, after all—no matter what she appeared—she was one of Andrew North's women: a rare and delicate flower of the underworld—but undeniably of the underworld, else

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why her willingness to go through with this marriage?

The taxi driver threw open the door. Alan saw her cringe as North took her hand. He visioned the distaste in the glance which she bestowed upon him. And then he heard North's voice, coldly formal—

"Miss Ames—permit me to present your future husband. Mr. Beckwith—Miss Ames."

For the first time their eyes met. In hers he fancied that he discerned terror. Instinctively he extended his hand. His fingers closed about a hand that was icy cold—a hand that trembled and was instantly withdrawn.

He looked away; his eyes sought the sphinx-like man in the corner.

"Just one of Andrew North's women," he told himself. But even in the face of fact, he could not quite believe.

CHAPTER VII

DURING the drive to the City Hall, Alan strove to readjust his perspective. It was a rather difficult task. Events had been occurring much too swiftly of late—amazing developments had followed close on the heels of one another, outlook had been adjusted and readjusted with lightning swiftness. But no single occurrence had so shaken him as this meeting with the girl whom he was about to marry.

He sat next to her in the cab. As they wound through the dense traffic of the downtown section, he made an effort to study her: not that it mattered, he told himself, but then one naturally desires to know something of one's wife. And the surprise had been pleasant. The woman he had expected . . . he shuddered at the mental picture. Admitting then that Beverly was no better in character than the anticipated woman—at least she was not one of whom he need be ashamed—at any rate, so far as outward appearance was concerned.

He watched her out of the corners of his eyes. She sat stiffly in the car, staring straight ahead and seeming to see nothing in particular. The soft curve of cheek, the delicate line of her forehead, the silken tendrils of hair which peeped forth . . . they were given the lie by the firm mouth and faint tracery at the corners of her fine eyes. There was a shadow in those eyes: a deep and terrible shadow which told him that life had held for her, too, much of disillusion, a great deal which she would have forgotten, had forgetting been possible.

The eyes fascinated him. They were soft and deep . . . there was nothing of hardness about them: the corner lines had been seared by worry —by worry rather than evil. They seemed to have seen much and to have regretted the seeing. To understand and yet to loathe. They were deep wells of knowledge and, perhaps, of abhorrence.

Under other circumstances his opinion of the girl would have been flattering. Now, however, he found it impossible to escape an unsavory conclusion. Here was a girl stepping into matrimony with a man she had never before seen, under the orders of a man who dominated the city's noxious underworld. That she was doing it against her will was obvious enough—but the stark fact remained that she was doing it. From that premise but one conclusion was possible—North held her in his power, and Alan knew that the power must be very great indeed, for her unswerving loyalty was the keystone of North's plan for collecting on the life insurance when Alan should die. The insurance company would pay the money to her, and Andrew North was composedly confident that she would make no attempt to betray his trust.

Alan wondered what bond held these two. He recalled the look which had passed between the girl and North as she stepped into the cab. He was sure that there had been hatred in her eyes—hatred and fear. He was certain that there was no tie of affection between them, and for that he felt particularly glad. Of course he wasn't interested in her—not personally—but he felt a queer exultation that whatever the link between Beverly and North it was, impersonal.

He did not know that he was staring at her until she turned slowly and met his eyes levelly. For a second their glances held—then Alan flushed crimson and turned his head. He felt as though he had been caught trespassing. Her composure was perfect: a mere tightening of the firm-set lips and a faint deepening of the lines at the corners of her tell-tale eyes. And as he turned away confusedly, it was under the impression that there had been compassion in her glance. He wondered just how much she knew of him and of the peculiar circumstances of their marriage. Certainly North must have explained something . . . he found himself wondering what she was thinking of him—a man whose span of life was so definitely limited.

Throughout the first part of that ride through the city they did not speak. Alan was nervous and ill at ease. He felt keenly the absurdity of his position; the characterless and unmanly rôle he was playing.

They sat close to one another, his figure actually in contact with hers. She seemed oblivious to his nearness, and her very indifference impelled him to speak.

"I hope," he said softly, "that we are going to be good friends."

It was an inane speech, and he knew it. She turned toward him, frigid hostility in her eyes.

"I hope so."

"Under these circumstances—"

"They are not of my choosing," she interrupted.

Alan was startled by her manner, by the precise speech. He felt the color flood his cheeks.

"Nor of mine," he answered quickly. "A combination of unusual conditions—"

Again she interrupted. "I am not interested, Mr. Beckwith."

Her lips were pressed tight together and he sensed her contempt. Her attitude was unyielding. She did not protest—merely proclaimed her helplessness, and thus gave warning that there was a limit beyond which she would not go.

"You *are* interested!" Alan spoke crisply. "It is impossible for a woman in your situation to be as indifferent as you claim."

"And what does it matter to you?"

"A great deal. We are to share the same roof for a considerable time, and it struck me as sheer common sense that we hit upon a working basis."

She shrugged. "Suit yourself. I am forced to take things as they come."

He closed his lips, squirming under the icy rebuff. If she chose to regard him this way, then her troubles were no concern of his. He tried to look upon her as hard and experienced—but instinct refused to allow him to reach that conclusion. He knew that she was not what circumstance would have him believe . . . and in spite of her brusqueness, he was sorry for her. He felt the urge to comfort her and to surround her with his protection. She seemed to be alone in a world which had been unkind to her—and to have lost faith in people.

Impulsively he leaned close.

"I am sorry you feel that way," he whispered.

She turned quickly and he fancied that her eyes were misty—

"Thank you," she answered with unexpected gentleness.

Expressionless as a block of granite, Andrew North lounged in his corner of the cab and watched them. He was aloof and silent, yet one could not gather from his manner whether he was amused. North's face was inscrutable.

And so at length they came to the City Hall. North left them in the congested lobby for a moment while he disappeared into an office.

Alan looked down at the girl. He was amazed at her size . . . back yonder near the drug store she had seemed of average height; here, standing before him, she appeared unusually tiny—a wistful, appealing little figure; human flotsam tossed up by the wave of adverse circumstance: a woman unfortunate but courageous. No word of complaint came from her, there was no flash of rebellion in her eyes. Instead he saw reflected there grim and unalterable resolution. Alan spoke quietly:

"Beverly?"

She looked up swiftly, her eyes softening—he was conscious of their amber depths.

"Yes?"

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

The Iron Chalice

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"I—I am sorry—about this."

Her head moved slowly from side to side.

"Why?" she questioned heavily.

"I don't know. . . Perhaps because you are different from the woman I had expected."

She seemed to take that for granted.

Alan was conscious of a desire to spare the girl's feelings. Silly thought! Yet it persisted—

"North has explained?" he questioned.

"Something—yes." Then she met his eyes squarely. "Why don't you get out of this mess before it is too late? Don't you realize that the minute you marry me you cannot turn back?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Then why not quit now? You're not the sort of man I expected. You're different: you're finer. Don't go through with this thing . . . "

Her face blazed with passionate earnestness. Alan smiled gently. "It is too late now," he answered. "If you understand my position, you will know what I mean when I say that I died a week ago. You see, I have taken unto myself some of North's brutal directness. But that is the way I look at it, Beverly. I went into this—and I'm going through with it."

"Yes—God knows you're going through with it."

"North?"

"Yes. He'll see that you do."

He compelled her gaze and asked a question—

"You do not like Andrew North?"

"I hate him. And—" there was a break in her voice—"and I'm afraid of him."

"He's really as black as he's painted?"

"You don't know the man." Her voice was vibrant with terror. "His veins are filled with ice water: he doesn't possess a single human emotion. He belongs with the Inquisition . . . there is no crime in the catalogue which he would not commit, cheerfully and cold-bloodedly, if it suited his pleasure to do so. He is as inexorable and ruthless as the very flames which gut a building. There isn't the faintest spark of human kindness about him. He—well, that's the kind of a man he is . . . "

"And you *know* all this; of your own knowledge?"

"Yes . . . I know."

"I'm sorry, Beverly. And I'll try to make things easy for you . . . "

She looked up at him. "I believe you will. God knows why."

"Because," he said, "I am really sorry. I don't know anything about you—I don't intend to ask. But I do know *what* you are."

"And that is?"

"Something fine. It doesn't matter to me where you have been or what experience has been yours . . . the blood is unmistakable."

"Blood! Breeding! They mean nothing to Andrew North."

"I suppose not. . . . But as between us—"

Andrew North appeared and beckoned to them. They entered the office of the Judge of Probate: a musty, smelly little den piled high with books and papers. There were a dozen men present and one or two comely female stenographers who stared with friendly curiosity at the bridal couple. .

The picture they presented was attractive: Alan Beckwith more than six feet in height, slender but well formed, his face cameo-like beneath the tousled hair; the girl tiny and shapely . . . a typical young couple . . . and there was no one in the room who sensed the tragedy of the thing, nor glimpsed the hopeless light in Beverly's eyes or the firm set of her lips.

An obsequious, portly little clerk—proud possessor of a Notary's commission, bustled forth and introduced himself. His piping voice rasped upon Alan's nerves—it seemed an unnecessary touch to strip the last shred of romanticism from this highly peculiar situation. At his command they joined hands . . . his falsetto voice shrilled through the room as though the little man was quite certain that the spectators were more interested in him than they were in the young couple. At his demand for the ring, Andrew North extended to Alan a box of purple plush. Gratefully, Alan accepted it—he had forgotten the ring. And now he took Beverly's hand in his and slipped it upon the fourth finger.

Then, as from a great distance, came the nasal tones of the notary—

"—and so I pronounce you man and wife!"

Man and wife! Suddenly the drab surroundings were forgotten, the spectators blurred from his view, Alan found himself looking down into a tiny upturned face of ineffable softness—and with a firm and unyielding line of lip. . . . His wife! The hands which he held were icy cold. Then he heard the rasping voice of the Notary—

"Well, Mr. Beckwith—aren't you going to kiss your bride?"

Alan realized that he was trembling. He glanced around the room into the smiling, expectant faces. He looked back to Beverly again: she was standing there passive, yielding—indifferent.

His lips brushed hers. And quite unaccountably his lips formed words—

"Good luck, Beverly."

CHAPTER VIII

CONGRATULATIONS—some loud and boisterous, some quiet and unaccountably sincere; a bit of coarse jocularity from the officious person who had performed the ceremony; cold and clammy handshakes from Andrew North—and then they were outside again and in the taxi.

Evening. Already the big office buildings were belching forth their torrent of tired workers. Uptown street cars were thronged with men and women who fought for breathing space. The work of another day was ended—this swarm of human ants was homeward bound. . . . Alan found himself wondering about them—each man and woman hurrying to some definite destination, to some particular person or persons; doing to-night what they had done last night and the night before and what they would do to-morrow night and for countless nights thereafter. It seemed a futile sort of a thing. . . . Without knowing that he did so, he closed his fingers around Beverly's tiny hand. It lay cold and passive within his.

His thoughts were chaotic and not entirely unpleasant. There was a bond between himself and his bride—if not of understanding, then of a community of misery. They were absolutely and utterly dominated by this peculiar man with whom they rode; this expressionless, inscrutable Andrew North who had picked them from all the world—who had flung them together, uniting their destinies. It seemed incredible to Alan that he was now married to a woman whom an hour before he had never met, of whose very existence he had been ignorant a fortnight ago.

They slipped through the welter of late afternoon traffic and turned toward one of the city's modest residential sections; a recent development of quiet apartments and unassuming bungalows. They stopped eventually before one of the largest of the apartment houses, a rather imposing structure; and as they descended from the taxi North handed each of them a key. "Your apartment," he said. "And if you will introduce yourselves to the hallboy, we'll go up."

The hallboy inspected them amusedly. He was evidently aware that they were bride and groom. On the way up North spoke quietly to Alan. "Beverly's trunk is already here. You can pack a suitcase later in the evening and bring it around."

On the seventh floor they stopped. North designated their apartment and Alan flung open the door. Then he was gripped by an irresistible urge—he lifted the slight figure of his wife and carried her over the threshold. Her face was flushed—

"Why did you do that?"

"Custom." He felt embarrassed. "I'm sorry . . . but I did it without thinking."

The apartment was ablaze with light. From somewhere came the odor of cooking. And then someone appeared and smiled a greeting.

Obviously a servant: a large, comely woman of unmistakable physical capabilities. She wore a gray dress and white apron and radiated neatness.

"Well, well . . . so this will be Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith. Welcome home to both of ye. I'm Ellen, the cook and house girl . . . "

They shook hands with her. Alan liked her

instinctively; with her free and easy manner, her garrulousness, her obvious competence. He was a trifle surprised, too, at North's thoughtfulness and he smiled at the motherly air the woman assumed toward Beverly.

"You'll be coming right in with me to your room, Mrs. Beckwith, and refreshing yourself for dinner. And it is a fine meal I have cooked, if I do be saying it who shouldn't." She was pridefully conducting them up the hallway toward the room at the far end. "If it is all right with you, Mr. North—"

North nodded gravely. "Take them in charge, Ellen."

They entered the living-room, a modest little room cozily furnished. Beyond an open door gleamed the silver and napery which covered the dining-table. "'Tis for three the table is set, Mrs. Beckwith. I was presuming that Mr. North would stay to dinner with ye."

"I shall stay, Ellen." It was North himself who answered.

AND now a strange excitement seemed to have temporarily possessed Beverly; for the moment her lips softened to a smile and her eyes sparkled gloriously with keen pleasure. Alan watched in amazement—yet he, too, was not without his thrill.

Beverly took off her little hat, disclosing luxurious hair deliciously bobbed. He was a trifle surprised that it was bobbed . . . not that he had thought of it particularly . . . but now, facing him with the suggestion of a smile and only the delicate lines at the corners of her eyes to remind him of tragedy, he saw that she was little more than a child—a child none too kindly treated by life, but nevertheless immature in years.

"The place is beautiful," she exclaimed. "And I am really hungry, Ellen. I'm sure—" impulsively—"that we are going to be friends."

Ellen's hands came out. "Right you are, my darlint. You just let Ellen handle the house for ye and there'll be nothing to worry your pretty head about. And now—" she bent her head to Beverly's and whispered a moment, and then with a sly glance at the two men she conducted the young girl into another room.

Left alone with Andrew North, the old restraint returned to Alan. Unreality had followed so closely upon the heels of something equally unreal that he had not yet had time to adjust himself. He looked at the man before him: short and stolid and unsmiling. He spoke with a certain stiff formality.

"I appreciate all of this, Mr. North."

"Don't mention it."

"I trust that Mrs. Beckwith—"

"Beverly? Oh! she'll get along all right. Nice kid."

Color flooded Alan's cheeks. Quite without reason he resented North's familiar manner of speaking about his wife. It was a too-keen reminder of her status. Then he heard North's voice again—

"Here is five hundred dollars, Beckwith, enough cash to have in your pockets to-night. To-morrow at ten I wish you to be at my apartment. I will have nineteen thousand, five hundred for you there. You will deposit it to your own account immediately. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite."

Then abruptly: "How do you like her, Beckwith?"

"My wife?" Again that surge of resentment. "I feel sure we shall get along very nicely."

"How frigidly my young friend talks. Oh! well—you're quite within your rights. And from now on you can live your own life—for thirteen months. I sincerely wish you happiness."

The bedroom-door opened and Beverly and Ellen reappeared. Immediately the Amazonian cook vanished into the mysterious kitchen precincts to show again a few minutes later proudly bearing a platter upon which reposed a massive steak garnished with mushrooms. Then came other dishes of unpretentious and appetizing wholesomeness: new potatoes, spinach, rice and hot rolls. In the center of the table was a huge vase of bride roses. Beverly and Alan saw it simultaneously and together they read the card:

"To the bride and groom—with heartiest congratulations."

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They knew who had done it. North accepted their thanks with a nod, and Alan marvelled at the man's sardonic chill. Or was he sardonic? Perhaps it was his earnest intention to make this thirteen months as happy as possible. . . . They seated themselves about the table: Alan at the head, Beverly opposite and Andrew North between them. Quite simply Alan asked the blessing. With the Amen he lifted his head to find the others staring at him— What instinct had caused him to perform this simple little home rite? What forgotten memories . . . he drew a deep breath. After all, Andrew North had converted the little apartment into a homey place.

The meal proceeded in a strange, tense atmosphere. It was North who directed the conversation, such as it was. He was suave, courteous, unobtrusive. They discussed the weather, he recommended to them several photoplays then current at local houses, he held forth at length upon the excellence of the local stock company and of a musical comedy shortly to play a week at the leading theater. He talked genially about the possible contenders in the world's series, then only a few weeks off.

Alan and his wife answered as politely as they could, but conversation was an effort. Reaction had set in: the strain of the day was gone and a status had been established. Already they regarded North as an outsider and Alan, on his part, felt the man's presence to be a rather sinister reminder of the bizarre conditions surrounding this marriage.

Ellen fulfilled her promise of efficiency. Dishes appeared and disappeared swiftly and silently. A wedding-cake came in last—accompanied by a bottle of rare wine. North rose—

"To both of you!"

There was apparently nothing of irony in his manner. As Alan drank the toast his eyes met those of his wife, but his thoughts were with North. What was the man thinking? He didn't seem human—making a mock of life and of tragedy. Then he felt a pang of disloyalty. After all, the situation was not of North's seeking. He—Alan Beckwith—had gone into it with eyes wide open and against the earnest counsel of the very man who now owned his life.

After dinner the men smoked. Beverly curled up in an easy-chair under a reading-lamp: she seemed very tiny and exquisitely dainty. Her brown eyes were focussed upon Alan's lean, expressive face, and he saw in them a speculative light. Occasionally she turned her gaze upon North—and when she did so, the softness fled and in its stead came a bitter light—a light of implacable hatred and of abiding fear.

At length North rose to go. Ellen had long since departed. North bowed, shook hands with each, and the door closed behind him. For a moment Alan and Beverly stood motionless, then they turned and walked back to the living-room.

THE mantel clock showed nine-thirty. From outside came the clatter and clangor of traffic: the strident sound of street-car gongs, the shriek of automobile sirens. From somewhere came the raucous bellowings of boys at play . . . and the blare of an orchestrion at a cheap neighborhood picture theater.

The apartment was pervaded by an air of ineffable peace and quietude. The ceiling light in the living-room had been extinguished and the place was bathed in the soft glow of the reading-lamp. Their figures—hers tiny, his tall and slender—loomed like shadows in the half light as they stood side by side in the doorway.

With the departure of Andrew North the hurly-burly of life seemed to have been shut out. Finis had been written upon the life of Alan Beckwith and—queerly enough—a new chapter was being constructed: an epilogue.

He felt a contentment which he could not understand. Thirteen months seemed an eternity: he could not fear the inevitable when that inevitable was so far away. Somehow the present seemed sufficient unto itself.

Beverly moved across the room. Alan pulled himself together with a start, realizing that he had been dreaming.

It came to him then in a golden flood of doubt and uncertainty and wonder that he was alone with his wife.

(*To be continued*)

Love in Pirtle Park

(*Continued from page 25*)

attitude toward Martha. He was even slighting. Mr. Pirtle's brows came down, perplexed.

Still later, there was some friction in the business office between two women, and Mr. Pirtle went about settling it in his characteristic manner.

"Miss Simmons," he said, "you and Miss Drake go down to Atlantic City to-morrow. At my expense. Stay two days. Have a good time. But come back friends. Thrash this matter out between you."

The interview was overheard by Gordon. He said to Martha, in the hall afterwards:

"Beware! I may snap at you in J. F.'s office today."

He did. He snapped at her just inside the door of his uncle's room, with Mr Pirtle looking up, surprised.

"Miss Norton," said Gordon, flourishing a batch of papers in his hand, "about these letters you've just written, I think we could eliminate some of the waste here."

Martha bridled. Mr. Pirtle couldn't help but notice it.

"What do you mean?" she returned. "Waste?"

"You spell traveler with two l's. One is enough. It saves time and money."

"You want good English, don't you?"

"Yes, but there's no reason to be extravagant about it."

Gordon turned on his heel.

Mr. Pirtle appeared bewildered.

The next day he saw his nephew confront his secretary, complaining:

"Miss Norton, why can't I have that Cleveland correspondence?"

"You can—whenever you ask for it."

"I've already asked for it three times. How many do you require?"

"Only once. This is the first time I've heard of it. You probably only thought you asked for it. I'm not a mind reader!"

In her retort was a note of hostility which didn't escape Mr. Pirtle.

Again, a few days later, Gordon followed Martha into Mr. Pirtle's room.

"Miss Norton," he demanded so brusquely that his uncle looked up from his desk, startled, "about that letter to the Feeder Company in Philadelphia?"

"I wrote it and put it on your desk."

"Yes, but I didn't find it there. I found it in the waste-paper basket."

"The wind must have blown it there."

Gordon faced her with a level, condemnatory gaze.

"It sounds like destiny," he said.

"What do you mean?" She stood up to him defiantly.

"Just this, Miss Norton—" He held up a handful of letters in a dramatic gesture—"are you aware that drum is spelled D-R-U-M?"

"Yes," she said, and bit her lip.

"Are you also aware that if you neglect to put in the 'D' you make an entirely different word of it?"

Martha seemed to be making a desperate struggle to control her emotions. Finally she answered in a low, tense voice:

"Yes, I'm aware of that fact."

Gordon smiled with evident scorn.

"The knowledge apparently hasn't penetrated to your finger-tips," he said and went out the door.

Mr. Pirtle's jaw dropped. To himself he thought: "Good Heavens! This can't go on any longer." His mind was bothered by the problem all the rest of that day, and the next morning he summoned Gordon to his room and said:

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Love in Pirtle Park

(*Continued from page 56*)

"I'm going to send Miss Norton in to you permanently. You've got all that Chicago business to handle."

"Oh, Lord!" protested Gordon. "I don't want that girl in my office."

"Say!" Mr. Pirtle's thumb rat-a-tatted his desk, agitatedly. "What's the matter with you? Miss Norton's the most intelligent young woman in this office. Why, she's such a good secretary that I don't have to remember anything when she's around. She's an indispensable part of the Pirtle Bass Drum. I'd rather have her than a hundred—say! what's got into you? I've seen this growing for some time."

"Well, Uncle, if you must know, the best thing you could do would be to keep Miss Norton as far away from me as possible."

"That's not the right spirit!" rumbled Mr. Pirtle in all the thunder of his bass voice. "I'm surprised at you, Gordon."

"I'm sorry. But Miss Norton and I don't get on here together."

With Martha, alone, Mr. Pirtle had a separate interview.

"It's hard to explain," she said, "but there are people you just can't stand."

Mr. Pirtle squirmed in his chair.

"But my nephew's not a bad sort. You just don't understand him the way I do. He's a pretty decent young man, I think, as young men go nowadays. He's taken hold of his job here in great shape, and if he keeps it up he'll go far."

"Yes, I know." It slipped out before she realized.

"You know what?"

"I mean, I know that what you say you'll do, you'll do."

"Oh . . . yes." He grew thoughtful for a moment, and got up and paced the floor. "I hadn't counted on this—this antagonism right in my own office. It must stop. Tell my nephew to step here a moment, please. Come back, too, Miss Norton. I have something to say to both of you."

When they stood together in front of him, unsmiling, he faced them across the desk resolutely.

"THIS factory, as you know, is the *Home Where Harmony Reigns*. I have labored all my life to build up the organization so that there would be among all the workers that spirit of friendliness and cooperation. First, I set out to make the best bass drum in the world. Second, I determined that we should all be one happy family, working together without discord. In the production of the Pirtle Bass Drum I want no rift in the lute. You two young people have got to come to an understanding. You've got to get better acquainted. Here's what I order you to do. Take the rest of the day off. Gordon tell my chauffeur to drive you and Miss Norton down to Long Beach. When you get there, buy her a lunch at the best hotel. Walk along the beach. Go in swimming. Get to know each other. I'll pay the expense. And when you come back this evening, I want you to come back to Pirtle City with a better understanding of each other and determined to pull together. That's all." Mr. Pirtle thumped the desk twice. "Run along!"

They did.

They had been gone three hours when a telegram was placed on Mr. Pirtle's desk. It was dated Long Beach. It read:

1:10 P. M. OBEYING YOUR INSTRUCTIONS BOUGHT MISS NORTON LUNCH SHE ATE HEARTILY GORDON.

A quizzical look came over Mr. Pirtle's face, a look of perplexity and deprecation. It was a silly waste of money, that telegram, he reflected, but if Gordon wanted to devote part of his day-off to such telegraphic reports, well, the young man would have to be indulged in his whim. Besides, it was more or less business-like.

A little later a second telegram arrived, and Mr. Pirtle read it in a spirit of less indulgence. It said:

1:55 P. M. LYING ON BEACH IN SUNSHINE GETTING ACQUAINTED SLOWLY

Then there was a third telegram:

2:40 P. M. MISS NORTON NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL BELIEVE PROGRESS CAN BE REPORTED

Mr. Pirtle frowned. Did Gordon think that expense money was to be squandered burning up telegraph wires every ten minutes?

A fourth telegram arrived:

3:05 P. M. WENT IN SWIMMING WATER COLD BUT MISS NORTON WARMER

At this point a definite change might have been reported in Mr. Pirtle's own temperature. He was hot under the collar. "I'll show him when he gets back!" he said. The promise was still graphic in his mind when a fifth telegram was delivered to him.

It read:

3:30 P. M. SHE CAN SWIM LIKE A FISH

A noise like the angry rumbling of a bass drum came from Mr. Pirtle. Also there came a sixth telegram:

4:10 P. M. MARTHA MARVELOUS GIRL YOU WERE RIGHT

The rumbling grew in fury. Mr. Pirtle's thumbs became staccato on his desk. Then came a seventh telegram:

4:20 P. M. WE ARE ENGAGED

At this juncture the explosion took place. Nearby stenographers said that the phenomenon was the most startling that had ever shaken the factory office. The air was full of flying bits of verbal debris. While the devastation was still at its height, the eighth and last telegram arrived:

4:25 P. M. MARTHA AND I WERE MARRIED BY JUSTICE OF PEACE SAMUEL SILSBEE HOW IS THAT FOR HARMONY

Martha and Gordon sat in easy chairs on the veranda of a Long Beach hotel drinking tea and watching the crowds around them. They were also watching for any messenger boy who might come in search of them. They were waiting anxiously for news from Mr. Pirtle. That some message would be forthcoming, they had no doubt. Meanwhile they looked into each other's eyes, elated.

"What did Miss Crisp say when you packed up in such a hurry and left the Pirtle Club for Girls?" asked Gordon.

"Oh"—Martha laughed joyously—"she looked me straight in the eye and said: 'You *have* been happy here, haven't you?' And I—I didn't say anything. What could I—after that? . . . Poor dear, if she only knew how happy I am this minute!"

The next moment a messenger boy brought them a telegram. Mr. Pirtle believed in brevity. The telegram contained only three words:

DONT COME BACK

"Well," commented Martha at length, "we're on our own now. I don't mind, if you don't."

Gordon squeezed her hand.

"That doesn't count maybe," he assured her. "It was sent in the heat of anger. Wait till he thinks things over. He's bound to see that we only obeyed him, that we took him at his word. He said, 'Get acquainted,' didn't he?"

Martha couldn't deny it.

Neither could Mr. Pirtle. He was thinking of this, in the solitude of his office, where he had lingered after the five closing time, putting together pieces of evidence that came to him, making clear what his nephew and his secretary had done. He received a telephone call from Miss Crisp telling of the girl's departure from the club. In the evening paper he read of a hastily obtained marriage license. From Justice of Peace Silsbee he got word over the telephone from Long Beach that what had happened had happened. . . . And he had Gordon's last sentence in front of him—"how's that for harmony?" There wasn't much he could do.

And so, just as Martha and Gordon were about to sit down to dinner in their Long Beach hotel that evening, another telegram came from Mr. Pirtle. The first one had said: DONT COME BACK. This one added: FOR TWO WEEKS.

Americanization Begins At Home

(*Continued from page 28*)

It is true that the foreign children go to our splendid schools, and learn English there. It is true, also, that we have English-teaching night schools for the foreign adults; but it is just as true that the attendance at those night schools is but a fraction of what it might be. It is not easy for an alien to learn English after a hard day's work, and—what is even harder—after thirty or forty years of one foreign tongue and none else. It is easier to relapse into the foreign colony, of an evening, and seize what joy of life there is immediately at hand. So, in language, the children grow up quite by themselves. And so they come to look down upon their foreign fathers and mothers who cannot speak English, to make fun of them, to break away from them. It is an old story—as sad as it is familiar—but it is a story that is still going on today.

Yet there is a way. I know of men of substance and sympathy who are making the most careful efforts to teach their alien employees English, not after hours but in hours, as part of the day's work. They do it in hours because it pays to have their employees know our language. There are dividends in the contentment that comes with a readier understanding of America's problems, ways and habits of thought. There are quick dividends in the alien's independence of foreign agitators—that invariable first fruit of his comprehension of our medium of American communication. There are ultimate dividends in his settled gratitude toward the boss who treats him not only as a tool, but also as a human being. These dividends are not there for the asking. The alien, as well as the boss, knows that while the learning of English is play for his children, it is tedious, elusive labor for the alien father and mother. Neither he nor she can just learn it out of a book. There are, and must be, infinite devices to catch, hold and develop a successful attention. It is a game of artful patience on both sides, but the dividends are there, at the end of it.

So, in our scattered homes, from one coast to the other, there are American women who are helping the alien woman in this her first step towards Americanization. It is not merely a man's game. Within the American home, and even beyond it in the alien's home, this keystone work of language is being wrought by women who find the same dividends in domestic intelligence and loyalty that their husbands find in industrial contentment and appreciation. The thing pays.

The other day I sat next to another poor devil in a barber's chair. In the third chair a pretty young thing was having her hair bobbed as it never had been bobbed before. Great chunks of it fell heavily to the floor. My masculine neighbor parted with lesser and lighter chunks. In my case the parting could hardly be described as a matter of chunks. It all depends upon the supply. But the three of us were alike in our imprisonment, in the lightning play of shears about our polls and in the deluge of tonsorial conversation that fell upon us as we sat. Suddenly the talk took a lateral turn. The intermediate barber, shears poised aloft, was addressing my own executioner, over the half-shorn heads of Smith and me, awaiting patiently the end of this armistice. Beyond us, the war was still on. The bobbed chunks still fell, with thuds that were definitely not dull. The pretty young thing was impassive.

"You ought to read that new Italian paper," said the intermediate barber. "It's the best yet."

"Bah!" replied my executioner expectantly.

"It's the best of 'em all—now take the pictures—"

"Bah! I read the old one"

"Say, ain't you makin' no progress? Ain't you up-to-date Italian, same as me? Huh?"

Beyond us the bobbing suddenly ceased. The third and last pair of shears poised aloft. The armistice was complete. Smith turned his head furtively—not toward me.

"Say, when did you fellers come over here?" demanded the third barber.

"Four years ago," barked the intermediate barber.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Americanization Begins At Home

(Continued from page 59)

"Five years ago—me!" My executioner swelled slightly, shears pointed downward. I shifted, warily.

"Ye-es—and only two years—me," mimicked the third barber. "But I learn English first little bit, in Ee-ta-lee—like that—and now I read Babe Ruth in big American paper—you read Mussolini, little paper—I have beautiful customer—you have—"

The third barber halted in his scorn, in sudden dismay. The pretty young thing turned her bobbed head and looked Smith square in the eye. With a slight convulsion Smith snapped his poor dome back into place.

"For Heaven's sake, go ahead," I muttered to the executioner. And for five solid minutes, for the first time in recorded history, three pairs of barber's shears clipped in silence—almost; for surely there were sounds from the third chair. They might almost have been giggles. And once Smith sighed. But aloft there was silence, sweet silence.

So much for language. That is the first essential. The alien who can not speak our tongue is helpless; and his Americanization is hopeless.

After language comes the law—the rules of the American game. To know the rules is to play the game. Not to know them, means one foul after another, with all the penalties that attach to fouls. The old saw that "ignorance of the law excuses nobody" is a hard rule to enforce against our foreign new-comers, from the moment they set foot on shore, and yet that rule is the first and the soundest of all.

Of course I do not mean that you, who may be a bit curious about this particular pepper-pot casting, should transform all your alien employees into lawyers. Save the mark! We have enough of those fellows already. Nor are your aliens to become even sea lawyers, or station-house lawyers, or yet constitutional lawyers. But surely they should be brought to know the fundamentals of the ordinary rules of conduct and contract that are administered every day in the year by our magistrates, justices of the peace and petty judges all over the land. The minute the alien goes down the gang-plank he walks into the center of that body of law that engages our minor courts—that constitutes the rudiments of the rules of the American game. And it is only a matter of a few minutes or a few days before the alien trips over one of these elementary rules.

THAT I know, because I was once a magistrate myself. It is a safe guess that two out of every three defendants who came before me were recently arrived foreigners. Some of them knew our laws very well indeed, and were punished accordingly; but to most of them the whole thing was a hopeless maze of "don'ts"—a chestnut burr of statutory prickles, conceived in the complexities of modern civilization and born of the ambitions of a swarm of nervous American law-makers annually intent upon regulating the lives of all the rest of us.

No wonder the poor foreigner needs teaching here! If he does not learn fast his very liberty—in our "land of liberty"—may be snuffed out overnight just because nobody would teach him the rules of the game. It will pay his boss, his beau ideal, his picked American teacher to teach him something of those rules. The humble law of right and wrong has grown some amazing shoots in this statutory hothouse that so hems us in to-day. Where Moses contented himself with but ten rules we insist upon a thousand—and then we have barely begun the list.

To put the case bluntly, it pays an employer to keep his alien employee out of jail. Beyond that, it pays to keep him clear of penalties less notable but equally damaging to the value of an eight-hour day. And, beyond that, it pays to train the foreigner into an understanding of at least the most rigorous of our rules, because it makes him a better workman, a better subject for ultimate citizenship, and a better American by sheer reason of the gratitude he bears a boss who helps him as well as pays him. It pays because men that I know are doing it to-day. And they say it pays.

Is it a far cry from this to a general consideration of the life of the alien as he actually leads it here in America? The language that affords him power of communication is one thing. An inkling of the law that sprinkles his path with American "don'ts" is another. Both are essentials in the sum of the new knowledge that is making an American of him. But the life that he leads—at work, at play, at home—is the most important consideration of all.

THE life that he leads! Well, that is an easy thing to say, but a hard thing to cover. It would take volumes to cover a tenth part of its varied aspects, and then we could never be sure we had really gone a tenth of the distance! Who is there who yet knows the tenth part of the actual, unsaid life of another? Which of us has yet so finger-gripped this business of the life of others that he can say, "that much is sure—that much I know!" We may all guess. We do guess constantly. From anxious friendship to common gossip, we run the whole gamut of guessing, every day of our lives. But who of us really knows? And, least of all, who of us knows the life of the stranger within our gates? Strange to us in his old life, stranger still in his unaccustomed new life, what manner of man is he, this new-comer from afar, in the inner effects of our American life upon his foreign sensibilities, joys and sufferings? And his women and his children? Just how do they all "get it"—this new American game? Away inside, behind and beyond the surface ripples of their laughter and tears, how do they "get" us?

We may only peck at it here and there, to be sure. We shall never really know very much of the inside of it. But we may be dead certain of one thing, and that is—whatever the inside story be—it is, nine parts in ten, a matter of our own making. Language and laws are a matter of teaching—dead, necessary tools—but American life is exactly what we ourselves have made it; and it is American life and none other that the alien leads when he lives in America.

Of course, it is not all American, all at once, this life of the n wly arrived alien. There are the strings of red peppers; the songs, stories and dances of other lands; the diminishing echoes of foreign customs, foreign habits good and bad, foreign loyalties and foreign affections, foreign dress that is "different," foreign food that is oily or fishy or "funny." And there are whole foreign colonies here among us, with foreign talk, papers and points of view. We have enough and too much of that last sort of thing right now, for the good of our national unity and future self-preservation. But, after all, the injury of these coagulated colonies to the American blood-stream is still under control and, let us hope, will gradually diminish. When it comes to the lesser and more pleasing incidents of our continuing foreign influx, these more innocent echoes of peoples who are "different" need no control at all. They grow fainter, die away, disappear—often unfortunately, I think—with the march of the minutes themselves.

(Continued on page 62)

COMING IN EARLY ISSUES: During the Spring and Summer The Elks Magazine will bring you an abundance of outdoor stories and articles by such writers as Gerald Beaumont, W. O. McGeehan, Walter Trumbull, Walter Pritchard Eaton and others. And of course there will be a full measure of other good things by well-known writers, among them: Herbert Ravenel Sass, Robert McBlair, Samuel Taylor Moore, Earl Chapin May and Samuel McCoy.

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Americanization Begins At Home

(*Continued from page 60*)

Puff! They are gone! And we are squarely back on the broad ground of a distinctly American life that envelops, effaces and survives any and all of these firefly glints of foreign life that come dancing in from Ellis Island every day in the year. Sooner or later, inevitably and inexorably, it is American life as we have developed it that the alien must lead, as long as he lives in America.

How then does this American life, that you and I have made, fit the alien who comes upon it anew? Is it such as to enlist his sympathy, support and loyalty? Does it set well with him? Let us turn the light on it for a moment. Or, rather, let us turn the light upon ourselves; for we made this thing—not the alien! It is our party—not the alien's!

TAKE first a typical New York tenement. We did that—not the alien. Or a tenement in any other American town. We did that too. But it is the alien who mostly lives in those tenements, because we failed to plan our cities, and because we failed to equip ourselves with city-governing personnel that was able and inclined to make impossible such housing abortions as these rookeries that disgrace every populous spot in America. We did all that. We even let in so many aliens in a rush—instead of regulating this overseas recruiting—that it paid American landlords to rear those tenements and then sweat the last cent of rent out of the aliens who must perforce pack into them just because there were no other American roofs to be had. We did all that. Today those tenements still stand, packed with aliens and punctuated with rent raises. And yet we insist upon immediate American loyalty from the newly arrived alien! What must he think of us!

Or let us go farther afield—actually into the fields. I know of a gravel pit in a prairie state that is owned by an American farmer. That farmer is honest with the kind of honesty that will lose a fortune and grin, rather than lose one per cent of the self-respect that enables him to look the world square in the eye and tell it to go to the devil. And this farmer was poor. But his gravel pit was rich, waiting only to be worked. And the county supervisors wanted the gravel out of that pit for a needed nearby county road. So there was shortly an offer, and a bargain, and then—a hitch. Something had halted the transaction. There were hints, then insinuations, then guarded intimations—from a "friend" of the supervisors, to the farmer. Then the farmer put on his hat one night and walked, unexpected, into a meeting of the county supervisors.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know that if I say the word, you will pay me more for that gravel than it is worth. I know that the difference between the value of the gravel and what you pay me is the graft that I have got to pay back to you. And I know that if you don't get that graft, you won't buy the gravel in my pit. Instead of that you'll go to the foreigner who owns a pit ten miles away, who has poorer gravel, but who will do business. With the haul and all, you'll pay for his gravel twice what you'd pay for mine. That comes out of the pockets of the tax-paying farmers of this county. You'll take it out too, to get yours. And you're all Americans—everybody in the transaction except the foreigner who takes this tip from you on the American brand of honesty."

The supervisors, silent till now, began to hem and haw and shift, and the supervising faces were something more than ugly.

"Now, wait till I'm through!" shouted the farmer, as he banged his hat on the table. "Wait a minute! I know what you're going to say, for one of you has said it already. You're going to tell me that if I don't shut up and come across you'll turn your whole rotten political machine against me, ruin me, and run me out of the county, yes? Am I right? All right. Now here's what I came over here tonight to tell you. And that's this: I won't sell you my gravel on a bet—not on any terms. And I won't keep my mouth shut. And you can go ahead with your scheme for Americanizing the foreigner who has the other gravel pit. And, more than that, you can all go to hell!"

In his anger the farmer threw his hat to the floor, stamped it into shreds, then strode out of the room. But somehow the ruin of the hat did not seem funny.

Subsequently, the farmer made good his promise not to keep his mouth shut. Nor has he yet been run out of the county. On the contrary, there is a chance that a supervisor or two may shortly be run out instead.

This is a true story. I can lead you to that gravel pit tomorrow.

So, too, there is more that can be said about this business of American life when we "see oursel's as others see us." A deal more. But perhaps those two examples are enough. You will think of some others that have come out of your own experience of life. You will know, as well as I, some of the rotten sides of American life, just as you will know its pure and splendid sides. Other countries too have their good and bad spots. The country the alien comes from may be no better than ours. It may be worse. The alien himself may not be as fine a fellow as you and I—or he may be finer!

The point I want to make is that we cannot helpfully "Americanize" this alien unless we offer him a brand of American life to be "Americanized" into that is better than the life he has just left behind. We can teach him language and laws; customs and manners he will pick up himself. Finally, we can naturalize him. But when it comes to life itself, in all its manifold aspects, we have a different job ahead of us. We have got to begin with our own aggregate national life. Is all of it fit to teach?

That is a fair question.

Charity begins at home.

So does Americanization—as long as the alien has eyes and can see for himself.

Straight Scotch

(*Continued from page 31*)

Father O'Meara was her particular favorite, and she'd always look for him first when she came clodding down from Wallace's room with the old tennis ball which it was her endless pleasure to tease someone into throwing for her.

"Sure, and here comes the old lady again, all set for a game!" the priest would chuckle delightedly, reaching for the ball. "Out there on the lawn with ye, now, Mrs. Johnny Evers!"

Maybe she understood the words themselves—I wouldn't have put it past her. There's no doubt, at least, that their meaning was clear to her. As soon as the Father's fingers closed on the cloth she'd turn and scuttle a dozen yards away, whirl around and crouch, waiting. And whether he threw fast or slow, low or high, she'd nail that ball with a snap of her long, punishing jaws that never missed. We'd sit there for an hour watching, not as you watch an ordinary game of that sort, but rather as you would follow the work of a perfect shortstop with plenty of chances coming his way. The thing wasn't ridiculous or tiresome, the way she did it. No, it simply inspired a sense of deep respect.

Looking back on those days, I think that one word "respect" sums up better than any other the way we felt toward both Wallace and his dog. And then one noon Bostie, in his infernally cold-blooded way, threw a monkey-wrench into the middle of the whole works.

We knew something was up when he lounged into the room where the rest of us were finishing lunch, hung his hat deliberately on the back of his chair, and sat down. There was a half-scornful, half-disgusted expression on his face which wasn't natural with him.

"I've been down to the Railroad Pool," he began, "looking over the water in the Big Rift. In a few days it'll be low enough for us to fish."

"That sounds good to me, lad," Father O'Meara exclaimed. "'Tis meself has designs on some of the monsters that do be always lurking there in mid-channel."

(*Continued on page 64*)

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Straight Scotch

(Continued from page 62)

"Well, they're on the job as usual, Father," Bostie answered. "I saw three beauts taken between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Who got 'em? Anybody we know?"

"Yes—Wallace."

"Oh—so *that's* where he's been putting in his time, eh?"

"Uh-huh. I watched him from the bridge. Almost under me, he was, planted like a rock in the full force of the pitch, with the water piled up to his waist and his trout-hound superintending things from along shore. How the devil he stood up against that current is beyond me. He was running an awful risk of taking a ride with the undertaker."

"Look at the build of him and you get the answer," Joe declared. "Solid, like a billiard-table. Did he tell you what fly he was taking 'em on, Bostie?"

"No, he didn't; but it was easy enough to see. Gentlemen (Bostie paused to make certain he had our undivided attention), gentlemen, there in broad daylight, unashamed and with malice aforethought, on the grandest dry-fly water you ever saw, he was finishing with three treble hooks and—*minnows!*"

It sounds foolish as I think of it now—the shock of those last words of Bostwick's. But you other fly-fishing purists know the jolt it gave us who are bound hand and foot by the cult of the feathered hook. It was a good deal as though somebody should come up and tell you that old Bill Jones, whom you've always considered as honest as the sun, plays poker with a stacked deck.

We didn't believe it at first, but Bostie stuck to his story and, when we came to think it over, it certainly did check up with a number of points that had been puzzling us. The Scotchman's reticence in talking fishing to men whose feelings toward live bait he probably knew, the apparent absence of usable flies in his outfit, his sticking to a part of the stream where we wouldn't see him—it was all evident enough now. Even his unexplained instructions to Taylor's kid were clear: he had been arranging with the boy to catch minnows for him. Yes, the mystery was gone now, and the interest, too. Big trout taken on bait don't mean much more to the Dog-Catchers than would cod hauled out on a hand-line. Especially when the bait is hitched to three young grappling irons that don't give the fish a sporting chance.

WALLACE showed up a little later, more silent than ever. He must have known that Bostie had seen and reported, for there was an almost open challenge in his manner which hadn't been there for days. The dog seemed to sense that matters were awry, for she stuck close to his side and kept looking up at him wistfully.

We didn't say anything about it. There was really nothing that could be said, without rubbing it in in an uncalled-for way. We simply ignored him and let it go at that, for a man who would use minnows on water as superb as the Big Rift—especially when the trout were rising freely to flies—had no place around the Dog-Catchers.

I say *we* didn't speak about it, but that is a little misleading, for the attitude wasn't quite universal. Bostie is the hot-headed kind that can't let that sort of thing pass unnoticed, and he took the first chance to say what he thought. Before we could head him off the beans were spilled.

"Minnow fishing is a game-hog method," he declared, giving Wallace a dirty look. "We don't stand for it around here."

For a minute there was dead silence. The audacity of the youngster dazed us. After all, the Scotchman had a right to fish as he wanted to so long as he kept within the law.

Wallace's face went white, then flushed slowly.

"Young mon," he said, and there was a coldness in his voice that sent shivers up your back, "if ye mean wha' I think ye do, I'll thank ye to apologize."

"Not to you!" Bostwick flashed back. "If you don't like what I said, you can—"

He never finished the sentence, for a strange thing had happened: where a moment before had been an empty space of bare floor between the two men, suddenly there appeared a squat,

black figure with glittering eyes and a heavy, long-jawed head that sank slowly lower and lower as its owner moved toward Bostwick step by deliberate step. No growl, no spectacular rush; just that implacable advance, silently grim, fearful in its menace.

"Doon, Meggie!" Reassurance and command mingled in Wallace's words. "There's no need!"

The dog stopped, bristling, stood her ground a moment, then backed to her master's feet. Not for an instant did her eyes waver or her vigilance relax.

MacGregor pushed back his chair and rose. "Bostie, you're a dam fool," he said succinctly. "Come on, you're going on the stream with me—right now!"

We hardly knew what to think of the affair, after it was all over. I don't believe any of us approved of Bostwick's course, though we more or less shared his sentiments. Only Father O'Meara, in his quizzical Irish way, rather took Wallace's side.

"Arrah, he's not as deep-dyed a villain as we may think," he argued as Dick Somers and I trudged up the road with him on the way to the Rip-Rap Pool for the evening fishing. "I'll grant his methods are terrible unethical, but his heart may be right. Many a good man goes wrong because he knows no better. I'm even thinking I might fish the same bit o' water with him, and he gives me leave."

WE COULDN'T help smiling, for we knew the old man was set on getting at the Big Rift now that the water was lowering. But our levity failed to shake his defense of Wallace in the slightest degree. Knowing him, we weren't surprised next morning to see him climb into the roadster beside the Scot and, with Meggie on the seat between them, disappear down-stream in a cloud of dust.

Where the road swung up to the bridge above the Railroad Pool, Wallace parked his car in the grass and began unloading the duffle. While they climbed into waders and brogues Father O'Meara spoke eagerly:

"Ye say ye like the water best above the point? Fine! For meself, the lower stretch cannot be beat. Shall we divide it that way—eh?"

"Aye—if ye wad," the Scotchman eyed the priest's slender frame thoughtfully. "Yon's the heaviest water, though, wi' the river in spate as she is. I dinna can ye make it—"

O'Meara nodded, fumbling for the tiny bottle of fly-oil that hung from a button of his coat. "Never fear—I'm old friends with every rock and eddy, no less. Are ye ready ye'self? We're off, then!"

Contentment and keen anticipation were in the priest's face as he pushed out through the last of the willow scrub and reached the edge of the stream, for it was one of those soft, southwesterly days which sometimes come in June to delight the trout man's heart. Not for twelve whole months had he fished the Big Rift, by long odds his favorite water. Now that it was again at hand, he felt supremely happy.

For a minute, there on the bank, he stood looking out across the tumbling, boulder-strewn current that pitched down toward the broad pool a quarter-mile below. With an expert's eye he noted its varying shades—yellows and buffs and whites where the bottom rocks showed in the shallows, blue-green and purposeful in the deep channel beyond. Hasty and tumultuous though it all was, there was something in the overtones of its mighty voice that, riding on the balminess of the young summer morning, called him irresistibly. He splashed out into it, whipping his rod sharply to lengthen line as he passed beyond the reach of the willows. Instantly Wallace, the dog, time and the world itself, ceased to exist for him. Heart, mind and body he sank into the absorption of the sport.

Through perhaps an hour he fished steadily, edging his way along a slow step at a time as his fly sought out every promising wrinkle, swell and miniature backwater. Physically he seemed divided into two distinct and yet harmonious parts: above water, an eye and arm and wrist at once intent, delicate and finely tuned to the last degree of accuracy; below, hob-nailed, halting feet that sought grip along the treacherous bottom, held it with dexterous strength for a space, then moved on cautiously for new trials when the darting, hovering, floating fly asked for fresh nooks to explore.

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Straight Scotch

(*Continued from page 65*)

With his third trout, Father O'Meara looked up and about while his Spent Gnat, swinging free in the sunny breeze, dried from its last encounter. He was almost in midstream, with the current surging noisily at his thighs, but he twisted around to see how Wallace was faring. The Scotchman was nowhere to be seen.

"That's queer," the priest muttered. "He should be up yonder, somewhere—happen he's hid by that point; there's a good spot there close to the bank, I recollect. 'Tis sure he's not far off, for yon's his tyke, watching me as steady as the Holy Church. She knows, the little black varmint, what all this wading, and stumbling and casting do be about!"

It seemed indeed as though Meggie did understand, for she was squatted alertly on a rock that rose from the bank directly opposite the priest, her pose keenly alive with interest. Motionless, beady-eyed in her intentness, she followed the old man's every movement. Yet the only sound she made was a high-pitched whimper of excitement, unheard above the tumult of the stream.

The fly was dry again, as Father O'Meara, a smile lighting his face, turned again to his sport. Fifty feet across stream, and a little above him, a good fish was rising on the lip of a back eddy formed by a huge flattish rock. He lengthened line, found that the intervening current dragged his fly under like a shot, and started to work nearer to his objective.

Forty feet, thirty-five—another yard and he would be able to float the Spent Gnat perfectly over the exact spot.

And then, swift and implacable, peril leaped upon him. For under his foot a stone tilted, throwing him irreparably off balance. A lunge, a desperate, futile scramble, and he was down, swept into the full grip of the rapid. His cumbersome, chest-high waders, half full of air, buoyed up his legs beyond hope of control. He struggled madly to right himself, but it was too deep to touch bottom with his hands. For an instant he caught on a rock, clutched at it despairingly. A choking, half-strangled respite that gave him a ray of hope. Just a glimpse of blue sky, seen through a smother of foam, before his grip slipped, green water closed over his head, and he was swept away like an inverted bottle.

Bit by bit, as one assembles the parts of a cut-out picture puzzle, we pieced the story together that evening at The Four Maples: Meggie's frantic barking that had summoned Wallace from his fishing behind the point, the two of them tearing pell-mell down the bank to get below the priest, the Scotchman's battle with the stream to reach the body and bring it ashore, the desperate half hour of first-aid before the old lungs worked again of their own accord and the gray eyes moved dazedly. A strangely laconic, simple story, as Wallace told it reticently under the fire of our questions. But for the sight of Father O'Meara, rapidly recovering under the influence of warm blankets and a bit of liquid encouragement, one might have doubted the grim reality of it.

"So I br-r-ought him back in the car, and put him a-bed—and that's a'," Wallace concluded. "If ye'd gi'e thanks, let it be to the tyke, wha called for help. But for her, I'd never ha'e known."

George MacGregor slowly relaxed, drew a deep breath, and rose from his chair by the priest's bed.

"Gentlemen," he began, "a grim tragedy has just brushed by us. The two who pushed it aside, who saved Father O'Meara's life at the risk of their own, have done a priceless thing. We can't repay them—they don't want payment—but we can give them one small token of our esteem.

"Gentlemen, I call for a rising vote for the election to the Dog-Catcher Club of Mr. Bob Wallace as a regular life member and of Miss Meggie Wallace as an honorary life member with full and unlimited privileges, including a special blue-plate service at our annual dinner."

It hit the Scotchman like a six-pound shot. For the first time, as he sat looking up at us, we saw him disarmed, embarrassed, grateful. In his confusion he dropped his hand to the black terrier's head as though for reassurance. In a minute he spoke haltingly:

"Ye ha'e made us verra proud, the day—Meggie and I. I didna' think . . . Everett said ye a' fished the dry-fly and wad ha'e nought to do wi' a minnie man. But when I swa ye a'—the guid times ye ha'e thegether, and hear'rd ye talk . . . I wanted to be one wi' ye. And noo I am—and—and—I thank ye!"

He hesitated, half frowning as he glanced from one to another of us. The old challenge came back into his voice:

"But ma minnies—ye forget. We've fished wi' 'em mony a year, Meggie and I, and we canna gi'e them up—never. Ye'll no forgi'e that, I take it."

"Minnows'? It was Bostie this time, his mask of irony gone as he clapped an impetuous hand on Wallace's shoulder. "Why, you doggoned, stubborn old Scotchman, we don't give a damn, now, if you fish with *whales!*"

A Man's Home and His Garden

(*Continued from page 15*)

supplant the architect" and its compilers hope that it will save the layman both mistakes and money.

Here is a friend, indeed, who leads you gently from the moment that you catch your architect down to the installation of the last little electric buzzer in your finished house. Leads you through the black forest of terms in which you might be lost if you didn't know their meaning, past all the deep pools of contracts and construction.

If you are going to build or alter and you trust "your man" absolutely, you will probably determine that you won't have to bother about reading up on these matters, but don't tell me that anyone wouldn't gloat a bit to be able to look over plans and talk in a cold, calm voice about cost plus contract, batter boards, pebble-dash, membrane water-proofing, "out of true," and terrazzo. It is a great idea to have a knowledge of such things. Very impressive to the other fellow.

So, then, "The House Beautiful Building Annual" is by all means an excellent manual for any prospective builder or remodeler. It also abounds in admirable illustrations showing houses of a practical and charming nature.

Blue prints are explained on one hand, and on the other engaging views of good interiors lure one on until it would be a bloodless creature indeed who could read through to the end without wishing to rush out, pronto, and select a tidy little site.

All the Way from England

JUST in case any one might think that we were wandering too far afield with our Italian and Spanish houses, we want to tell you of a little volume by R. Randal Phillips—"Small Family Houses"—published in London and New York simultaneously. This collection of houses, suited to the needs of the small family, are all English houses—delightfully livable country and suburban affairs—which, in the main, could be adapted very well to our requirements and climate.

It is easy to trace the close relationship of the two countries in these good little homes. The Georgian examples are quite familiar to us as are some of the plastered cottages and half-timbered houses. The interiors, too, have so much the look of our own homes that any thought of strangeness vanishes. It is only in the kitchen and the scullery, and in the lack of wide and wind-swept verandas that we realize we are an ocean apart.

The book, however, is too good for anyone contemplating building to overlook. For example, take the lovely house "Cropthorne" at Four Oaks, Birmingham. Here is a place following the best traditions of both English and

(*Continued on page 68*)

"Where and How Did You Learn to Play," She Cried —and I Told Her

For some time I had been enjoying hugely the absolutely bewildered look on her face. She was my aunt, and she knew that at the time of her last visit—a year ago—I couldn't have struck a true note on any instrument to save my life.

Oh, I wish you could have seen her expression of amazement when I told her that I had learned to play right in our own home, with no teacher actually present at all, and in odds and ends of time.

"Can it be possible?" she repeated over and over. "Can it really be possible?"

THAT it is possible—even *easy*—thousands of people have proved to their own satisfaction, delight, and profit.

Many of them had never seriously touched an instrument before beginning to learn by the startlingly simple and natural method of the U. S. School of Music. Some could play a little. Many had spent varying sums of money trying to learn by old-time methods, only to give up in discouragement.

Have you ever thought of how simply and naturally you learned to talk? There were no tedious "exercises," no tiresome "numbers," no puzzling "tricks." You never regarded it as work in the least. First thing you knew, you could talk—that's all there was to it.

Just Like That

Just as easily and naturally as you learned to talk, you can learn to play your favorite instrument by the new and wonderfully fascinating method of the U. S. School of Music.

You won't have to go for lessons; they will come to you. You won't have to wait for a teacher when some little point has slipped your memory; you can refer to the print-and-picture lessons at any time. You won't have to wait a long period before beginning to play tunes; you will begin to practice them right at the start.

And—if your experience is like that of hundreds of others—you will progress in an astonishingly short time to the point where your friends, too, will be exclaiming: "Where and how did you learn to play?"

Pleasure and Profit

The U. S. School of Music does far more than just "teach folks to play." It makes of those who follow directions faithfully the kind of players that attract attention and are able to derive profit as well as pleasure from their musical skill.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and Composition
Violin	
Drums and Traps	Sight Singing
Banjo	Guitar
Tenor Banjo	Ukulele
Mandolin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Clarinet	Harp
Flute	Cornet
Saxophone	Piccolo
Voice and Speech Culture	Trombone
Automatic Finger Control	
Piano Accordeon	

The following expressions are typical of the hundreds received from delighted people of both sexes, of all ages, and from every walk in life:

"I am very well pleased with the course of violin lessons I received from you. I have a daughter 15 years old taking the full course. When she had taken only 16 lessons she could play any piece written in C, 1 sharp, 2 sharps, 1 flat. All the neighbors were surprised—some thought she had been taking lessons 2 or 3 years. Yet she had lessons only four months." JOHN BRUNK, State of Washington.

"I would not take $1000 for the knowledge I have gained from your lessons. My husband and I bought a house and lot a short time ago, and I was able to pay $1,100 toward the place, all of which I earned with my music, thanks to the U. S. School of Music." MRS. MARY A. OLSEN, California.

"When I sent in for your cornet course, I was somewhat doubtful if such a thing were possible. After I had received it and finished about 7 or 8 of the lessons, I was able to play several pieces of popular music, while my wife played the piano and my sister the violin. And here is the best part of it: before I received your course I could not pick out one note from another. That is, I could not play the cornet by note." CLAREMONT I. GRAY, Massachusetts.

"Since finishing the course I have been teaching, playing in churches and at recitals, and receiving a fine salary. I have made money, come into contact with new friends, and greatly increased my popularity." RUTH M. PEACOCK, North Carolina.

Musical Talent not Necessary

No musical talent nor gift of any kind is required in order to learn by this new and amazingly easy method.

The mass of our students is made up of everyday folks, very few of whom were conscious of either talent or "gift."

Mechanics and business men—busy housewives and their daughters—it is from these, chiefly, that our most flattering endorsements have come.

Children of tender years have become proficient musicians.

Ask for Our Free Booklet and Illustrated Folder

No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

In order to make it clear to you—to show you just how and why it gets results twice as fast as any old-time method—we will send to you upon request an interesting free booklet and a valuable print-and-picture folder that will make clear the method by which so many thousands have learned. The method is the same for all instruments.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really *do* want to gain the proficiency in music that will add to your happiness, increase your popularity, and open the way to greater income—ask *at once* for the free booklet and illustrated folder. Getting them will cost you nothing and place you under no obligation.

Now—before the great demand has exhausted our supply of the booklets and folders—sign and send the convenient coupon. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **U. S. School of Music 3624 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

Please write plainly

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3624 Brunswick Building, New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, **"Music Lessons in Your Own Home,"** with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, illustrated folder, and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

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

A Man's Home and His Garden

(Continued from page 66)

American moderate-sized houses. There is hardly one of us, I think, who would not be glad to own "Cropthorne." The photograph is particularly appealing with its view of a small pool well placed in a limited lawn space. What cannot be done with a bit of ground and a good imagination—and some drain pipes, of course!

What Price Houses?

MR. H. VANDERVOORT WALSH, in "The Construction of the Small House," says that at the end of 1920 the cost of building materials had gone up to 300 per cent. increase over 1913 prices. Early in 1922 they had dropped to 155 per cent., and though they had steadily decreased they have not quite reached normal level yet. However, from all the brave books that have come pouring in on us, it decidedly seems a good year to build.

Mr. Walsh is Instructor of Construction in the School of Architecture, Columbia University. As such, he surely has much practical information to give not only to the man who wishes to build himself a home, but the man who actually does build it—the architect.

Once the great step is taken, once you say, "I am going to build a house!" go quickly and invest in this helpful and concisely written volume. The experienced man or the novice at building or altering will bless us for suggesting it.

Plans and Specifications

"ARTISTIC and Practical Homes for the Average Man" is a book of photographs, drawings, designs, plans and so forth, all of excellent type and most interesting development. Mr. Jay Axelrod, the author, is an architect and he offers to supply sets of the working drawings, specifications, et cetera, of the houses illustrated and described in the book.

The Farmhouse and the Imagination

NO TRUE home-loving American can, I am sure, pass a farmhouse without wishing he could lay hands on it, and remodel it "nearer to the heart's desire."

That sort of playing at good fairy to these old Cinderella houses is now almost a natural trait, not only a national fad. So, it goes without saying, that there have been numerous books written on the subject.

A very excellent one, "Remodeled Farmhouses," by Mary H. Northend, a past master on such themes, was published several years ago by Little Brown and Company. It is still as popular as ever, though doubtless there are many more happily converted farms which now could be added to this good collection.

The fascination of remodeling needs no explanation. It holds the same lure that drives a plain woman into a "beauty shop," or a man to take over a useless factory and make the thing spin. It is the old cry so dear from childhood of, "See what I can make out of this!"

Miss Northend's collection of houses, adequately described, were almost wholly found in New England. The Eastern states afford a greater chance of coming this way into possession of a country house than any other part of the Union. The book, however, is so rich in pictures and inspiration for both the inside and outside of the house that its suggestions would be appreciated in any section.

So much for houses!

They are wonderful, of course, and awfully necessary, and all that—but not so wonderful and, who can be sure, perhaps not so necessary as gardens!

Flowers, Plants!—And Vegetables!

READ Henry T. Finck's book (what can't the man write about!), "Gardening with Brains," and I'll wager you'll never want to live indoors again.

Of the pages of this extraordinary volume, Luther Burbank said that they were, in his opinion, "the best that have so far been written on garden subjects." And that's praise from a pretty high quarter.

There is no withstanding Mr. Finck. You simply must garden whether you have a garden or not.

He starts you off breathlessly. The site is selected—the seeds ordered—the tools bought—

the ground spaded up—humus put in, or on, or whatever way it goes. No, you can't rest yet! Here come the seeds. In they go. Now, hours of toil, all very nicely enlivened, to be sure, by Mr. F.'s most entertaining advice, stories and encouragement. It rains. On with your rubber coat and hat and out again, for this is great weather for transplanting. The sun shines. You work hours before breakfast. You eat—your own home-grown vegetables. You save the wood ash from your fire and use it to fertilize the tired earth. No rest—no waste—no want.

Flowers everywhere! Vegetables until you can't waddle!

This is the picture of effort and reward that "Gardening with Brains" gives you. It is an exciting garden book, and there are not many such.

At this writing, my own garden consists of some small window pots in which are grown lilies of the valley. Still, it gives me a profound sense of fellowship to learn (through Mr. Finck) that phlox means flame, that you can tell whether your soil needs lime by putting one end of a piece of blue litmus paper in a tumbler of water thickened with dirt from your garden, and leave it for an hour. If your soil is acid, the paper will turn an intense red. Also, you should use your feet in gardening, says Mr. Finck. What with your entire back, all your available hands, and your brain, I do think the man is asking too much!

There is another quarrel I have with him, too. He scorns the common purple and yellow pansies. Why, sometimes it saves the whole day, a hot spring day, to see the flowerman come along a city street with a wagonload full of these common beauties—"twenty-five cents a basket!"

Well, let him rave. We like what we like. Better get his book, though, and at any cost.

Enchantment

"DESIGN in the Little Garden," by Fletcher Steele, is one of the books that will really help you to beautify your garden. From a big place to a small lot, the author has been at great pains to show us how beauty may be gained—what judicious planting will do, what paths and arbors, fences and grass can accomplish. ". . . a cool, quiet green place, rarely drawing attention to itself but content to be . . . a place to live and think, and perhaps at times to dream."

Strange bits of garden wisdom, he, too, passes on to us—such as painting the bottom of an artificial pool a mixture of blue and white to produce the proper cloudy reflections. Now, who would, in a world so full of crude and tangible things, ever have thought of that! His chapter, "The Traveler Sees the Little Garden," takes us over to England, France and Italy, and again Italy wins with me, I like the way those people do things! Even if you have no garden this volume will prove sheer enchantment.

The Magic of Names

I WAS conscious of the strange magic of names all the time that I was reading "The Well-Considered Garden," by Mrs. Francis King.

Cocquelicot, Sea-holly, Arabis Alpina, daffodils called Artemis and Firebrand, and an old friend with the beautiful name of Verbina Dolores! Who can gainsay that there are odors and colors in such words! Who, owning a little patch of land, can withstand their promise!

Mrs. King's book does not concern itself, as did Mr. Finck's, with practical details as to how to make your garden grow. It confines itself largely to those combinations of flowers which are most in keeping with the house and the terrain and which most add to their beauty.

And so we are back to the house again—a good place to leave off, and so let someone else have a word to say in this magazine.

P. S. Alas for good intentions! I meant not to mention this book, "Spanish Gardens and Patios," fearing to dwell too much on the Mediterranean influence, but this book is far too wonderful to ignore after all. Here is a style of garden, distinct and beautiful, a revelation for artists, architects and home owners. The authors, Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne, who are among the best authorities on Spanish architecture, and who live in Spain, have produced a book of utmost beauty. The illustrations are rare. This is an expensive volume. If one does not care to invest in it, try at least to get it from a library.

The Man Behind the Umpires

(*Continued from page 21*)

are accused of making mistakes when in reality they have not erred. The four or five embattled club owners who are still in the pennant race are not inclined to take the broadest views, because they, too, are human. The fight over a questioned decision is transferred to the president's office. There is no roaring crowd to throw its vocal and psychological influence in favor of one side or the other. The final decision must be given calmly and dispassionately by one man. It is because of his ability to meet baseball's many emergencies that Mr. Heydler is at the head of the National League.

IT IS only fair to say that, so far as President Heydler is concerned, disputed decisions usually remain as the umpire has left them. It is seldom that the findings of an umpire are reversed. There is no big league president who has shown greater faith in his umpires than Mr Heydler has displayed toward his staff. He picks men in whom he has the utmost confidence, and then he gives them a free hand, which has been proved to be a successful rule in any business.

In choosing his umpires, Mr. Heydler has displayed rare executive ability. The man who can successfully perform such a task must of necessity be a keen judge of human nature.

The National League has a staff of eleven umpires. Nine of these are veterans. The others, who have shown the right basic qualifications, are being broken in to the technical details of umpiring. This may surprise the fan who looks on an umpire's job as a soft berth for some player who has reached his time of retirement. President Heydler, imbued with the modern spirit which calls for the maximum of speed and efficiency in baseball, says unhesitatingly that players do not make the best umpires. They are too close to the players, and a natural bond of sympathy is likely to be too strong. There are great umpires who were players, but most of them to-day come from outside the playing ranks.

"What are the first qualifications you look for in an umpire?" President Heydler was asked.

"Character and associates," he replied, without hesitation. "We must have men who are above reproach—men of the highest type. Then an umpire must have the sort of personality that commands respect. It isn't enough for him to be a terror on rules and discipline. There must be something more. I've had men come to me highly recommended, and I knew as soon as I looked at them that they would not do. They just didn't have the personality. An umpire to be successful must give the impression that he is 'on the job'—not just dragging through the game. A man like Tom Lynch, for instance, created that impression as soon as he stepped on the field.

"Umpiring has changed a lot," went on Mr. Heydler. "For instance, you don't see anything more of the old-time umpire who stood at full height behind the plate all through the game, judging balls and strikes. Watch an umpire like Klem, for instance, and you'll see him doubled up sometimes like a jackknife, with his head down by his knees. That is the way he follows every curve that comes up to the plate, and that is one reason why he is such a masterly judge of balls and strikes. Also it is why he is kept behind the plate most of the time, which is hardly fair to his teammate, Wilson, who is kept on the bases.

"The minor leagues furnish a good many umpires. Quigley came to us from the International League. We have scouts watching the work of the umpires as well as the players in the minor leagues, and, if anyone of exceptional ability shows up, we try to get him. When they come to us there is a course of training they have to go through. Bob Emslie is a great help in this work of schooling new men. It is a fact that we have had umpires come to us from the minors who did not know where to take position on the diamond. It is the aim nowadays to have the umpire as nearly as possible on top of the play. Study the press photographs of close plays on the bases, and you will generally see the umpire in the picture. The possible plays are figured out with mathematical exactness, to enable the umpire to be on the spot when the decision is made. Take a play where the ball has to be shot from first to third and then back again. It is almost humanly impossible to cover such a play as ordinary plays are covered, but the umpire is supposed to figure the possibilities with such exactness that he will be in the very best possible position to pronounce judgment. So you see it is not so strange that men who have not been coached in these things do not know where to take their position in the field.

"Then, too, an umpire has to study players and know what they are likely to do. There are some players who might pull off anything in a game. Such men will make plays that are entirely out of the calendar and cannot be foreseen. Other players can be relied upon to make certain plays according to set formulas. A good umpire makes a study of every player's game."

"Do you choose young men for umpires?"

"Men who are too young will not do. The average umpire is six or seven years older than the average player, I believe. If an umpire has good judgment, it is because he has some age and experience."

Mr. Heydler is enthusiastic about his umpires. This enthusiasm comes from his knowledge of the capabilities of the league staff. When an umpire shows that he does not "have the stuff," his official life is short. The symptoms of lack of nerve are soon apparent and the candidate for staff honors disappears. While he is on the field, however, any umpire under Mr. Heydler is supreme. How the umpire feels about his own position is shown in an instance concerning a big league president—not Mr. Heydler—who sat in a front seat just before the calling of a World Series game a few years ago.

A photographer on the field was taking pictures right and left. He had a big camera, and he interfered with the view of some of the fans during practice, but, in response to frequent boos, he announced:

"I am here by permission of the league president."

An umpire walked over and ordered the photographer off the field, disregarding his reiterations that he was there by permission of the head of the league. Everybody looked at the president, who smilingly let the umpire have his way.

Mr. Heydler regards the umpire's position as the keystone of the game, and, like the official mentioned, would never think of interfering with one of his staff on the field.

An incident which shows how deeply Mr. Heydler feels about his umpires occurred at a dinner given by Bucknell College when Umpire Charley Moran was called there as coach. The president of the college made some remark about the "lion and the lamb" sitting together in friendly fashion, and went on to say that he supposed that the National League president and his umpires were not always such good friends as they appeared to be that night. When Mr. Heydler got up to make his talk, he digressed from the subject long enough to declare that he was not only the best friend the umpires had but often he was their only friend, and he was their friend for all time.

In his consistent support of umpires, Mr. Heydler must back them up against the club owners who pay him a salary to conduct their affairs. With the growth of baseball in general, and the increase of the investment represented, the position of club owners naturally becomes more exacting. The umpire has greater responsibilities than at any previous time in the history of baseball, which is the reason why the league president devotes so much of his time and energy to perfecting his staff and insuring against legitimate complaints, not only from the club owners but from the public, which has grown more discriminating and genuinely critical, if less partisan than in former years.

"Is baseball to-day a better game than twenty years ago?" was asked of Mr. Heydler.

"It is a much faster game. Perhaps it is not any faster behind the bat, as occasionally a team can afford to carry a catcher who is a little slow. But speed is demanded in every other department of the game. It used to be that there was room for a slow man or two in the outfield. A good hitter who was slow on his feet could be used in right field. But nowadays outfielders have to be fast without exception. The same is true of

first basemen, who are now chosen for their fielding ability as well as their ability to hit.

"When the first bunting was tried by men like John Ward and others who saw the advantage of getting to first in speedy fashion, the crowds were critical. They said such men could not hit, and were bunting to cover the deficiency. Nowadays every man on a team has to be able to 'lay down' a bunt. In the outfield, men are set back seventy-five feet farther than they were years ago. The so-called 'lively' ball has quickened the play all down the line. It is simply that baseballs are better made now. They contain better materials, from core to cover, and are better wound. That is all that makes the difference, but it has made the whole game faster.

"Another big change in baseball comes not from the inside but from the outside. I refer to the modern spirit of fair play. It used to be that the cry of 'Robbed by the Umpire' was constantly raised by the home newspapers as well as the home crowds. Nowadays you seldom hear such a complaint. This is because the newspapers now engage experts to report the games—men who in some instances command larger salaries than league officials. These men write unbiased accounts of the games. This has led to a different attitude on the part of the public. The crowd naturally likes to see the home team win, but the game must be won fairly. It is actually a fact that if an umpire appears to favor a home team now, it is a matter for unfavorable comment. This change of sentiment has made it possible for a team to win as consistently away from home as on the home grounds.

"The elimination of the rowdy player has marked another welcomed change in baseball," said Mr. Heydler. "It was a long hard job getting this element out but now it is out to stay. The club owners have helped to eliminate the rowdy. Also they have helped in other ways, such as eliminating the bonus system. It used to be that a pitcher was promised a bonus if he won so many victories. It is easy to see where such a plan affords all sorts of possibilities for trouble."

MR. HEYDLER has been long regarded as one of the most expert of baseball statisticians. He has been responsible for much of the simplification of baseball statistical work. The official scores of all the games are handled through the president's office. The official scorers, who are chosen by the home teams, send in their scores at the conclusion of each series. These figures are tabulated and kept up-to-date, the team averages being kept in one ledger and the individual averages of players in another. So smoothly and efficiently does the system work that it is seldom that a question is raised by any player.

The interest of the public in official figures is more pronounced now than at any other time in the history of baseball, according to Mr. Heydler's observation.

"As far along as 1892 " said Mr. Heydler, "the publishing of figures during the playing season was hardly known. Those that were printed in the newspapers varied so far from the official scores that they were hardly worth while. Now the great press associations carry practically the official scores. The newspapers have found the public keenly interested in the publication of baseball figures during the playing season."

Mr. Heydler's statistical skill has for years been of great value in the drafting of schedules, the difficulties of this work not being generally understood.

"Complaints are sometimes heard because certain teams are lying idle while others are playing " said Mr. Heydler. "It must be taken into consideration that in two States—Massachusetts and Pennsylvania—Sunday baseball is not allowed. Yet the same number of games must be played by all the clubs during the season. Allowance has to be made for the cities in which there is no Sunday ball."

Mr. Heydler is head of an institution which is valued by conservative estimate at fifteen millions of dollars. He has been keenly interested in the celebration of the entry of the National League upon its fiftieth playing season. Local celebrations will be held in the various league cities in the course of the season of 1925. At the regular spring meeting of the league, in February, sessions were held in the old Broadway Central Hotel, in New York. It was in this hotel, then

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The Man Behind the Umpires

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the Grand Central, that six men, representing the professional interests of eight cities, withdrew from the National Association of Baseball clubs "because of the abuses which have crept into our national game," and formed the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs. These men pledged themselves to clean baseball—a pledge that has been scrupulously kept. They were men of business integrity, and their ideals have been maintained by their successors, as shown in the fact that every obligation of the National League has been met to the dollar.

As president of the league, Mr. Heydler is naturally proud of the results achieved—results which were not secured without a long, hard struggle against adverse conditions financially and against the continued efforts to enable evil influences to regain their hold on the sport. Gambling was rife in professional baseball when the National League was formed. It was eliminated by the new league at the outset, and when, a few years later, its ugly head was again raised, President Hulbert forever banished four offending Louisville players from organized baseball. When, in a still later year, the same evil appeared in the World Series, in which certain members of the Chicago American League champions were found guilty of conspiring with gamblers to throw games, President Heydler demanded with no uncertain voice that the National Commission be "scrapped" and an outside, unprejudiced court established. This was brought about in the appointment of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis as baseball's High Commissioner.

AGAINST all predictions, the National League survived the Brotherhood war. It saw a rival organization, the American League, founded and made prosperous. But the parent baseball organization went on prospering also. When the National League was founded, and for many years thereafter, the game was carried on under the severest handicaps. The price of admission was small. Parks were cramped and inadequate. The returns to club owners in many cases were negligible. In fact, as former President John K. Tener pointed out to the writer of this article, it has not been until recent years that any large fortunes have been made in baseball.

The National League, in spite of the handicaps which sometimes seemed to threaten the very foundations of organized baseball, continued to grow in the affections of the sport-loving public. This was largely due to the integrity of the men who were chosen to preside over the league's destinies. The first president of the league was Morgan G. Bulkeley, who served in 1876. The following year, William A. Hulbert of Chicago was chosen, serving until his death in 1882. A. G. Mills was president from 1883 to the close of the season of 1884. He was succeeded by Nicholas G. Young, who served until 1902. "Nick" Young piloted the league through years which were perhaps the stormiest in its history, and his name is synonymous with all that is excellent in organized baseball. Harry C. Pulliam was the fifth president of the league, serving from 1903 to 1909. Mr. Heydler, who had been engaged as Mr. Pulliam's private secretary and who was also secretary and treasurer of the league, acted as president after Mr. Pulliam's death. In addition to carrying on the duties of the president's office, Mr. Heydler continued to act as league secretary and treasurer. In 1910 Thomas J. Lynch, who had been known as the "king of the umpires," was chosen president of the league, serving until 1913, when John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania, took the reins and successfully guided the league until 1918, when he resigned to go into other business. After Mr. Tener's resignation, Mr. Heydler was elected president of the League, and has since been in control.

"The tremendous growth of baseball as an institution is perhaps best shown by the valuable properties that are now owned by many of the clubs," said Mr. Heydler. "When the present circuit was established in 1900, after the change from the twelve-club league, there were small parks in Brooklyn, Boston and Chicago. New York had the old Polo Grounds, with its wooden stands, which did not seat more than twenty-five or thirty thousand people. Now the Polo Grounds will accommodate 55,000. Pittsburgh had a little wooden stand in Allegheny. Mr. Dreyfuss went to an outlying section of Pittsburgh and built Forbes Field, in the face of prophecies that he was courting disaster. Now the property around Forbes Field has been built up and has increased tremendously in value. The same was true in Brooklyn, when Mr. Ebbets built the present Ebbets Field. He did a great deal to make valuable the section of the city in which he located his park. In Chicago the small grounds on the West Side have given way to a fine and commodious park on the North Side. Yet when the park was built, it was in a section of the city which was developing slowly and apparently was an unpromising location for a baseball ground. The men who built big parks under such circumstances must be given credit for their foresight. They believed not only in baseball but in the progress of their cities.

"With the growth of baseball crowds, the expenses of the game have grown likewise. Salaries have gone up. Star players now command many times the top figures of old days. It used to be that only a few teams indulged in spring training trips. Now such trips are considered necessary for every team. More players are carried than ever before. Traveling expenses have increased tremendously. Items of expense which were once small have now assumed amazing proportions. Take the item of baseballs. It used to be that foul balls were retrieved and thrown back into play. Now it is simply a case of good-bye if a ball is hit into the crowd. A team used to take a trunkful of old baseballs on a training trip, for use in training. Now if a pitcher wants to toss a few balls in practice, he demands a new ball. Apparently it is simply the spirit of the times."

President Heydler's offices are in New York, in the heart of the uptown business district. The head of the parent organization in baseball is at his desk early in the morning attending to the mass of detail that comes up every week. As an instance of this detail, it may be mentioned that the contracts of some four hundred baseball players must pass through Mr. Heydler's hands every season. Only in one matter have the duties of the president of the National League been lightened in recent years. This is in the matter of the World Series. Since the appointment of a baseball High Commissioner, World Series affairs have been taken from the shoulders of the chief executive.

"The most approachable man in New York" is a term often applied to Mr. Heydler. There are no cordons of secretaries and office boys surrounding him. His offices are simply furnished. If it were not for the photographs of baseball players and officials on the walls of the outer room, one might imagine the suite to be that of some lawyer or representative of a business many removes from the national game. It is not until one broaches the subject of baseball that one realizes what a study Mr. Heydler has made of the game and how his one thought is for its advancement as a vehicle of clean, popular entertainment and the physical and mental upbuilding of the American people.

Mr. Heydler feels deeply on this last-mentioned subject. He feels that the public needs baseball—needs to play it in youth, as well as to see others play it. Wherever he goes, his keen eye searches for sand-lot baseball games. In spite of the popular growth of many other outdoor sports, he cannot see any waning of interest in baseball among the youth of the land.

"One significant thing is that we recruit more players from small towns than from the big cities," said Mr. Heydler. "Of course there are players like Frisch who are big city products, but most of the men who play baseball professionally are from small places where there is plenty of room for the game. I believe that big cities like New York should make every effort to provide places where schoolboys can play baseball. Wherever there is a chance to play, I see games going on, with interested crowds watching. It is a shame that so many boys have no place but the street in which to play a game that will do so much for them."

Mr. Heydler started out in life as a printer's devil in a Rochester newspaper office. He was always interested in baseball. As a mere youth in Washington, D. C., he made baseball statistics his hobby. He was employed in the Government Printing office there, and later was a re-

porter on the Washington *Star*. He did a good deal of umpiring—mostly college work at the University of Virginia. His ability as an umpire brought him frequent employment by President Young. Umpiring was not systematized in those days as it is now, and a local substitute was often used.

Mr. Heydler's splendidly compiled reports, and his able umpiring, brought him to the attention of Harry C. Pulliam. Mr. Heydler became President Pulliam's private secretary in 1903 and in 1907 assumed the duties of secretary and treasurer of the league.

The most marked characteristic of Mr. Heydler is his serenity. Few persons can truthfully say that they have seen the calm-voiced president of the National League unduly excited over anything. No umpire of his own choosing has to make more difficult decisions than Mr. Heydler is called upon to give out as the final arbiter in baseball disputes, yet the president of the league thrives on a sort of work which would tell severely on the nerves of a man with less poise.

Mr. Heydler's other hobby besides baseball in his younger days was his love for a military organization in Washington, known as the Washington Light Infantry. He was secretary of that organization for several years and spent much of his leisure time working for its interests. The boys drilled and had their armory under John Albaugh's Opera House, and some of them were often called upon to act as "supes" in the old-time Shakespearian productions. Mr. Heydler often carried a spear and shield for Barrett and other old-time stars.

The president of the National League likes to play golf, and he loves to drive a car, but he takes these forms of recreation in moderation. If there is a big league game on, he is among those present, enjoying the spectacle as much as any other fan, but always keeping a keen and judicially appraising eye upon the players and especially upon the umpires, in the hope of finding some way to improve the game which has called him as one of its high stewards.

Joseph Humphries, M. C., Loud Speaker

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Bulgarian gasped and protested gutturally as the fearless Humphries mispronounced him. To one of these who was protesting Joe Humphries retorted, "Well, then, why don't you get a name somebody can pronounce? Don't blame me. I am not your godfather."

After that the reputation of Joe Humphries for erudition was established if there had been any dispute about it. Linguists sat back and gasped as he went through his announcements. He hesitated at no name, Russian, Greek or Basque. Before the night was over he was looking at the promoter with a challenge in his eyes that said, "Bring on a few more languages for me to conquer. I can just murder languages." And he certainly did that.

Joe Humphries dislikes long speeches, not that he could not make them but he knows that his hearers are more insistent upon terseness than the late Joseph Pulitzer. Nor do the listeners at prizefights regard with much favor any deviation from the formal and established diction.

Of course there are occasions in which a Master of Ceremonies may unbend to a certain extent and become politely jocular without lapsing into mere vulgar levity. Mr. Humphries has a dry humor and sometimes gives his crowds an inkling of it. But he knows just how far to go without altogether dropping the formal constraint.

For instance, the evening I sought Mr. Humphries for some first hand information there was an added and improvised bout between two unknown negroes. Mr. Humphries felt that he might be allowed a little latitude in this case. He raised his hand and began, "In this corner, Joe Snow, over there, Jim White, these boys being rival gunners on the Battle-ship *Pullman*."

"You do not think that I went too far in kidding the boys, do you?" asked Mr. Humphries later. "You know that they will not stand for much frivolity at these affairs."

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Joseph Humphries, M. C., Loud Speaker

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While a stickler for formality in speech and demeanor, Mr. Humphries is averse to wearing formal dress for these occasions. "Yes," I know," he said, "that in England and in some parts of this country Masters of Ceremonies wear evening clothes. But somehow I do not think that this dress is appropriate for prize-fights. You will notice that the various armies have abandoned the custom of wearing dress uniforms.

"Then again in the circles in which I travel the boys might not like the idea. I want to be Democratic in my dress as well as in my politics and I do not wish the boys to think that I am putting on dog because of my position, or trying in any way to high-tone them."

But there was one occasion on which Mr. Humphries was induced to set aside his prejudices, if, indeed they might be termed prejudices. This was when Miss Ann Morgan turned fight promoter and became the patroness of a bout between Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell, a portion of the proceeds of which were to go for Miss Morgan's fund for devastated France. Mr. Tex Rickard assisted Miss Morgan in this enterprise.

"JOSEPH," said Mr. Rickard, "you must dress for this occasion. People will expect it of you. This is a formal affair and I do not wish all of these nice people to go away with a poor opinion of the fight business. What would Miss Morgan say if the Master of Ceremonies on this night was to appear in his day clothes?"

The argument could not be denied. Mr. Humphries could not even demur. "Very well, Mr. Rickard," he said. "It goes against the grain, and I know that the boys will not like it, but I give you my word that I positively will appear for the first and last time in the soup and fish."

Mr. Humphries on that evening, which always will occupy a prominent place in the social and cauliflower annals of the country, did appear in a Tuxedo of antique cut. It was impressive though a bit tight. Somehow it had a rather funereal air about it.

Mr. Humphries explained. "I had that Tuxedo made twenty-one years ago. I was very sick at the time—sick unto death. In fact, that is why I had my tailor knock this suit together. I wanted it to be buried in. But I was spared, so when the suit did come I put it away against the time when I should happen to die. It was to be used exclusively for a burial suit.

"Do you know that some of the boys actually guessed my secret? Well, they did. When I was coming in the door, one of them pipes up and says, 'Joe, what are you dressing for the funeral for? You aren't dead yet, are you?' And another one says, 'Wait a minute, Joe, till I run out and get you a lily to hold in your hand. You'll look even more natural with some sort of a flower.' And another one sings out, 'I'll bring all the gang from the Fourth Ward around to the wake.'

"All in all the experience was very embarrassing. You can see how it would make a man feel a little queer all dressed up in his burial clothes and him not dead yet, nor wishing to be. But I carried the affair off well, I think."

Mr. Humphries confided in me that his ambition is to announce to an even hundred million people before he dons this ceremonial garment for the last time. But he has a few misgivings in regard to the march of science.

"I don't know about it," he said, "this business of radio is killing the art of announcing. They are making the loud speakers louder every month and I regret to say that these mechanical devices are making a popular appeal. It may be that I will be driven out of the profession before I am ready to retire by these diabolical mechanical devices and that machine-made announcing may take my place.

"Well, then, I must bow to the inevitable. Some day a young man from the electrical company will be saying, 'In this corner the Edison microphone, champion announcer, over there Joe Humphries, the ex-champion.' But let this be my epitaph, 'Joe Humphries was his own loud speaker.'"

Under the Spreading Antlers

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evening was Dr. William D. McFee, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association who presented the speakers: Mr. Price, Hon. Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. Frederick McGregor, Mayor of Haverhill; Grand Secretary Robinson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson. A delightful musical program had been arranged for the occasion by James E. Donnelly, Exalted Ruler of Lowell Lodge. The banquet was also attended by ladies and it marked one of the largest Elk gatherings ever participated in by them in Massachusetts.

Thursday, February 19:

In the afternoon a reception was given to Mrs. Price and the ladies of the party by the Emblem Club of Providence, R. I. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest that evening at a banquet given by Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14. Many prominent members of the Order joined the Hon. Joseph H. Gaynor, Mayor of the City, in welcoming Mr. Price. The address of the Grand Exalted Ruler was broadcast by radio and during the evening congratulatory telegrams were received by him from many of his friends in the Eastern part of the country.

Friday, February 20:

A luncheon and reception in the beautiful new Home of Worcester Lodge No. 243 was followed by a banquet given by Springfield Lodge No. 61 at the Hotel Kimball.

Saturday, February 21:

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party visited the new Home of Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359 where they were the guests at a luncheon and reception. In the evening Mr. Price attended a banquet given by Hartford, Conn., Lodge No. 19 at the Hartford Club. Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter was the toastmaster. The address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Stevens who is also the Chaplain of the Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied on this New England trip by Mrs. Price; Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary; Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain; John F. Malley, Chairman Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary (who had arranged the itinerary and was in charge of the party); James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Andrew J. Casey, Member of Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Bernard E. Carbin, Member Grand Lodge Committee on Auditing; John W. Kaufman, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. John W. Kaufman, and Edward McGrath of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge.

In each of the States visited the Grand Exalted Ruler was also accompanied by the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in those States.

Charles Edward Osgood, Prominent Member of Boston, Mass., Lodge, Dies

The recent death of Charles E. Osgood is the cause of deep sorrow to his fellow members of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 and to his many friends throughout the Order. He was one of the city's leading merchants, a man of high ideals who brought to the Order a steadfast loyalty and an unselfish interest in all its activities. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Boston Elks National Convention Association, he was very largely responsible for successfully raising the New England Convention fund for last year's Grand Lodge Convention. His gracious personality and his generous hospitality endeared him to many members who attended that Boston meeting. Something of the spirit in which he considered his obligations as an Elk is found in his beautiful Eleven O'Clock Toast printed in the September, 1924, issue of this magazine.

The passing of Charles E. Osgood is deeply felt by all who knew him.

Death of Frederick W. Upham Mourned By Members of Chicago, Ill., Lodge

Frederick W. Upham, former Treasurer of the Republican National Committee, passed away recently at Palm Beach, Florida. Mr. Upham, one of the outstanding personalities in the business and public life of the country, was a member of Chicago, Ill.,

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Under the Spreading Antlers

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Lodge No. 4 and his death was keenly felt by all his fellow members.

He was initiated into the Order in 1921. In this connection it is interesting to recall what he said shortly after he became a member. "President Harding got me into the Elks," he said. "I had hardly gotten into the campaign when President Harding said to me, 'Fred, are you an Elk?' I said 'No.' 'I don't understand how a man who loves the American flag and its principles as you do has gone this long without being a member,' the President said. So I joined and when I went to Washington I said, 'Hello, Bill,' to him."

News of the Order From Far and Near

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge is organizing an Elks orchestra.

A demonstration was recently given by the local Boy Scout troop before the members of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge.

Members of Pomono, Calif., Lodge are now occupying their new Home.

A Punch and Judy show, music and refreshments were some of the things recently enjoyed by the youngsters of the city who were the guests of Medford, Mass., Lodge.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge is organizing a Boy Scout Troop which will be composed of the sons of members.

Plans are maturing for the May Festival which will be conducted by the Welfare Committee of Newton, Mass., Lodge.

Preparations are being made by the Lodges in Georgia for the Annual Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association which will be held in Savannah June 11 and 12.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge will form a Fife and Drum Corps.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge will organize a Boy Scout troop which will be made up of boys from the families of members.

A twelve-act show was recently given at the Chelsea Naval Hospital by Quincy, Mass., Lodge.

The trustees and members of the House Committee of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge recently submitted a report covering a period of nine months since the Lodge's institution which showed assets of over $11,000.

At the annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Connecticut held recently at Middletown, Past Exalted Ruler John A. Condon of New Haven Lodge was elected President for the coming year.

The Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge which won the first prize at the last national convention has been selected by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price as his escort at the coming Grand Lodge Convention in Portland next July.

Many distinguished members of the Order were present at the celebration which marked the 25th birthday of Kingston, N. Y., Lodge.

Malden, Mass., Lodge has donated a sum of money to the Malden Council of Boy Scouts.

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge has contributed sums of money to the Agency for Dependent Children; the Chamber of Commerce fund for new industry; and to the committee of Baltimore, Md., Lodge in charge of films for the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

The 40th anniversary of New Haven, Conn., Lodge was celebrated on March 9.

The 1925 Convention of the Arkansas State Elks Association will be held in Pine Bluff, May 11-12.

The school children's entertainment given at the Natick Theatre under the direction of the Welfare Committee of Natick, Mass., Lodge drew a crowded house, and was attended by many of the teachers as well as the pupils.

Harry M. Ticknor, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and Past President of the California State Elks Association, has been elected to the important post of President of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Association.

The Lodge room of Mount Holly, N. J., Lodge was recently destroyed by fire, the Lodge losing nearly all of its equipment.

Past Grand Treasurer Charles A. White, accompanied by Mrs. White, recently made a tour to the Hawaiian Islands where he remained for a month. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price requested Mr. White to represent him in an official visit to Honolulu Lodge and appointed him a District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for that special purpose.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge recently decided to become reinstated as a member of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association from which it has been absent for a number of years.

Honolulu, T. H., Lodge recently entertained the children of the district at a large outing. Sam Robley, Boy Scout Executive, of the Lodge and John Aasen of Waco, Texas, Lodge arranged the sports program of the day on the spacious grounds of the Home on the beach at Waikiki.

Belleville, N. J., Lodge recently laid the cornerstone for its new $100,000 Home.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge has a band of 35 pieces. All the players are professional musicians connected with big musical organizations of the city or State and all are members of Ogden Lodge.

Denver, Colo., Lodge is making extensive plans for the celebration of its 43rd birthday on April 16.

The officers of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge accompanied by a large number of members, recently visited the new Home of Union Hill N. J., Lodge where they initiated a special class of candidates.

The Mirth Quake Minstrel Show of Duquesne, Pa., Lodge scored a great hit with the public, playing two nights to packed houses at Carnegie Free Library Auditorium.

Close to $7,000 was recently raised by Omaha, Neb., Lodge for the Elks Kiddie Camp which it will establish for the under-nourished children of the city.

William A. Bane, Secretary of Seattle, Wash., Lodge for the last 18 years recently resigned his post much to the regret of the entire membership.

James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association recently paid an official visit to Albany, N. Y. Lodge on the occasion of that Lodge's observance of Past Exalted Rulers Night.

The Dutch Room in the Home of Framingham, Mass., Lodge has been assigned for the special use of the G. A. R. veterans who recently became members of the Lodge. This room will be their G. A. R. headquarters, and the parlors will be used for their Post meetings.

South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge dedicated its handsome new Home early in March.

Among the many guests at the Military Night recently conducted by Wakefield, Mass., Lodge were military and naval representatives from many foreign powers, members of Uncle Sam's forces, the G. A. R., and Spanish and World War Veterans.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Timothy E. McCarthy was presented with a beautiful Nash Sedan car on the occasion of his official visit to Boston, Mass., Lodge.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge is working out plans which entail the sale of its present property and the erection of a new Home.

The annual Charity Ball of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, recently held at the Hotel Commodore in New York City, was one of the best social events ever conducted by the Lodge. Close to $6,000 was realized for the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Salem, Ore., Lodge recently entertained more than 600 ex-service men at its Annual Open House, and members of the Local G. A. R. Post were guests of honor, being escorted to the Home by a special detail.

Mendota, Ill., Lodge has won the La Salle County Club Bowling Championship and secured the 1924-25 trophy which now becomes the Lodge's permanent property.

Famous Naturalist Discovers That Animals Know and Obey the Ten Commandments!

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON finds that birds and beasts live according to the same standards of morality that guide all upright men and women, the world over. Does this mean that the Laws of Moses are therefore fundamental laws of nature, instead of merely rules for human conduct? Was Moses one of the greatest observers of Nature who ever lived?

IT is well known to everyone who has studied the world's religions that "The Ten Precepts of Buddha" are strikingly similar to "The Ten Commandments of Moses." In fact, the moral code of every primitive race—even of the most obscure African tribe—recognizes theft and murder as crimes, abhors "false witness" against a neighbor, and frowns upon the man who "covets" his neighbor's property, including his wife. It is therefore perfectly obvious that these instincts of justice are the foundations of all human law.

But now Ernest Thompson Seton has gone a step farther. He makes the startling statement that the animals also *know* and *actually live by* the same broad principles of conduct that Moses laid down to guide the children of Israel in their conduct to each other.

Mr. Seton declares that a bear knows by instinct that it is wrong for him to steal from his brother bear—and that the growl of a dog with a bone is really a warning to other dogs to respect the command, "Thou shalt not covet!" All animals, says Seton, have an instinctive horror of murdering members of their own species. They also abhor liars. He gives a striking illustration in which a pack of wolves showed their dislike of lying by punishing a member of the pack who gave "false witness."

These are indeed absorbingly interesting revelations, if true. They open up many fascinating speculations, such as—How did the human moral code originate? Was it revealed from heaven, or is it inherent in all animal life?

But Seton's Proofs are even more fascinating

For over thirty-five years Ernest Thompson Seton has made notes of the behavior of animals in all sorts of situations—and from these wonderful records he has collected many instances which actually *prove* that the wild creatures do really observe and enforce among themselves exactly the same moral laws that govern men and women today.

He even gives examples showing that all the higher animals are striving for a form of marriage that will enable them to observe the *seventh commandment!*

These striking episodes of animal life are wonderfully interesting whether you believe in Darwin's ideas or are a Fundamentalist, and if you are a nature-lover they will give you a fresh, vital interest in the lives of all wild creatures.

No one but a truly great observer of animal life could have collected and interpreted these incidents. Yet that is what this famous naturalist has done. And now these fascinating observations have been published in an absorbing little book that is full of meaning for everyone who believes that the whole creation is governed by an All-Wise Intelligence.

The Ten Commandments in the Animal World

It is a truly amazing disclosure. These remarkable observations and deductions are taken direct from the notebooks of this great pioneer naturalist and authority on Indian life and woodcraft. They have been put into a handsome volume, richly bound in dark green cloth and stamped in gold.

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—that centuries of obedience to a certain law of Moses make the wolves the most successful wild animals in America?

—why the victor in a fight between two cats does not pursue and kill his defeated foe?

—that the breeders of blue foxes, and other fur-bearing animals, find great difficulty in mating brothers and sisters, because of the foxes' instinctive regard for the seventh commandment?

—how squirrels put "ownership marks" on the food they bury, and why other squirrels respect these marks?

—why association with man is always ruinous to the morals of the animals?

—that it is useless to bait a wolf-trap with part of a dead wolf? To what commandment does this show instinctive obedience?

—which commandment a big dog obeys, when he recognizes the rights of a small one, whom he could easily put to flight?

This wonderful book answers all these fascinating questions. Send for it now!

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Please send me a special introductory copy of "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World," by Ernest Thompson Seton. If remittance of one dollar is not enclosed herewith you may send the book C. O. D., plus a few cents postage.

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There Was a King in Oregon

(*Continued from page 37*)

thought of the Oregon country only in terms of furs and barter, and one of them had reported, in fine disdain, that the entire territory wasn't worth having, since the salmon wouldn't rise to the fly. The gentleman was greatly in error. He was even in error in a piscatorial sense—for that bravest of all the salmon clans of Oregon, the huge, sea-run steelhead trout—in all essential respects the Scotch and English salmon—does rise to a fly. What an immeasurable advantage it was to America that the English never discovered this fact. McLoughlin returned to his fort in 1839 disappointed and saddened.

In 1841 came Sir George Simpson, to see the controverted country for himself—and a shrewd guess has it that his subsequent anger was kindled more at the sight of American settlement than by Dr. McLoughlin's kindness to Americans. But he stormed at the chief factor because he had extended credit to the missionaries and the settlers, and waved aside the explanation that if aid had not been given them they must have starved, or have been slain.

In they poured, the pioneers of the Far West, the covered wagons, the sunbonnet women, the spare, resolute men—and at Champoeg, on the Willamette River, in 1843, they held that memorable convention which established civil government in Oregon, and which two years later was followed by the framing of a constitution and the appointment of a governor. In Congress the Oregon question became the question of the hour, and the cry of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was lifted. The British Government, however, decided upon a course "consistent with justice, reason, moderation and common sense," and in 1846 the treaty was agreed upon, defining the existing boundaries and acknowledging American claims of discovery.

The reign of "White Eagle," who for twenty years had kept peace in the Oregon country, was at an end. Resigning from the Hudson's Bay Company he removed to Oregon City with his family. Of life he deserved something better than those closing years. Like many another amiable and conscientious man, whose code demands of him a fine impartiality, Dr. McLoughlin now came to the day when his generous and honorable motives were misconstrued both in America and England.

Thus he was depicted in Congress as a hateful "old monopolist," whose fatherly influence over the coast tribes was a grim threat against American settlement.

And in England the hue and cry rose to a similar violence. He had, it was charged, proved unworthy of his nation and his trust; and almost treasonable significance was ascribed to his friendly services to American traders, missionaries and pioneers. The fine humanity of these acts was twisted out of semblance and made to take sinister form. Both Congress and Parliament in turn belabored the reputation of a bewildered and sorrowful old man.

"In my old age," said Dr. McLoughlin then, shaking his white plume, "I find myself a man without a country. Having renounced my allegiance to Great Britain, now I am rejected by the United States."

To the credit of his Oregon neighbors it should be said that commonly they were grieved to see this sorry requital of his services. He has been called the "father of Oregon," and in their hearts they knew he was deserving of honor. Moreover, they knew him for a kindly gentleman, incapable of smallness or of double-dealing. He had welcomed, warmed, fed and defended them, when they were friendless, hungry and in danger. What were the reactions of the McLoughlin to these misfortunes? Why, as to that, he played his natural rôle of gentleman to the last. He became, if anything, more gentle, more tolerant, and filled the few remaining years of his life with good deeds.

Dr. John McLoughlin died in 1857, in his home in Oregon City, and his resting place is beside the Willamette, that had carried his canoes and known him for its over-lord. He died without lands, without honors, an alien in the province he had won. And death, in that way it has, washed clean his record, expunging the slander and envy that had sullied it.

New Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge

(*Continued from page 35*)

building. It is a standard pool and the largest in the East. It is the only one which conforms to the official water-polo pool and will accommodate 800 spectators. It holds 176,000 gallons of fresh water which is constantly entering and leaving. The gymnasium, with every known appliance, is the delight of hundreds of the members. Below are lockers for 1,600, bowling alleys and handball and squash courts. Below all is the engine room and the laundry and the mechanical apparatus including the pumps for the ventilating machinery which change the air in the entire building every three minutes.

Returning to the main lobby the visitor finds rising on right and left, as one faces the main entrance, wide stairways with Italian marble balustrades leading to the Memorial room, which is another of the striking features of the building. Here will be carved, in enduring bronze, the names of deceased members. Here, also, are two fine examples of the mural painter's art—"The Faults of Our Brothers We Write Upon the Sands" and "Their Virtues on Tablets of Love and Memory." These were executed by a noted Philadelphia artist.

On the right of the Memorial room is a beautifully furnished library with shelf space for thousands of volumes over which a competent librarian presides. With a nucleus of 3,000 books bequeathed to the Lodge by a departed member, the Lodge has determined to add to its collection as fast as the opportunity presents itself. A room of the same size, on the left, is the main lounge room. It is furnished sumptuously and is most inviting. The Memorial room, with its cathedral window throwing its lights and shadows on the mosaic floor and elaborately decorated ceiling, is an impressive sight as one turns to descend the stairway.

In the mezzanine floors over the hotel office are rooms for committees, a room for the units of the Lodge with lockers for uniforms, and showers and all other needed equipment. Here on the second mezzanine is the office of Charles H. Grakelow, five times Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, three times Grand Esquire, to whom all members of No. 2 give credit as responsible for this modern structure.

Above this is the beautiful blue and gold ballroom with its remarkable stage fitted for any size theatrical production. To the right are kitchens for serving banquets, and to the left are dressing rooms to accommodate 200 persons.

Each of the lounges, already mentioned, is tastefully furnished and can be used for a private party of about 150 guests. Retiring rooms, cloak rooms and all other equipment are complete.

Above the ballroom balcony is the club floor and the main restaurant. The restaurant, in gray, with black and white tiled floor, will seat 600 guests. Here, from 11 A.M. to 1 A.M. may be found a constant succession of members and their guests, for this is the only public portion of the building, except, of course, when the athletic departments are conducting games or contests or when the ballroom and its lounges are in use.

The grill room is attractively fitted. A uniformed Tiler bars further inspection at this point. Members only are admitted to the club rooms which include a sun parlor, a loggia, recreation rooms and billiard and pool tables.

The kitchen, with its complete equipment for the handling of food from the raw supplies to the finished dish, is located on an insulated floor above the club room and restaurant and below the first floor of living rooms. There are six floors devoted to these living rooms, 210 in all. Each room has a tiled bath and shower and is beautifully furnished in colonial mahogany. For the traveling Elk who comes to Philadelphia these rooms, located in one of the handsomest buildings of its kind, with every convenience and comfort, should be particularly attractive.

Another excellent feature of the Home is the roof garden where during hot summer days huge umbrellas will shade tables in one of the coolest spots in the city, 100 feet above street level.

These are some of the outstanding features of this remarkable Home which stands in the City of Brotherly Love, an enduring monument to that tenet of the Order and to Charity, Justice and Fidelity.

Municipal Bonds

By Stephen Jessup

BONDS may be divided broadly into two classes, Secured and Unsecured. The unsecured bonds in this country comprise chiefly Government and Municipal bonds. All Government bonds are unsecured. Some municipal bonds are secured by a definite pledge of property, but the great majority are unsecured. The opinion is freely held that in pledging specific property to secure its obligations, a community tacitly admits a certain degree of weakness.

By the term "municipal bonds" is meant not only those issued by cities and towns but also those issued by States, counties and districts.

Municipal bonds are one of the oldest types of securities, older than corporation securities or even Government bonds. They are regarded generally as second only to United States Government bonds in safety.

Considering that most municipal bonds are not secured by the pledge of property or specific assets, it is obvious that their soundness depends on the ability and good faith of the issuing community to fulfill its promise.

A municipal bond is a direct obligation of the issuing community and is payable from direct taxes levied against all taxable property in the community.

In estimating the soundness of municipal bonds, the investor's first consideration is whether or not their issue has been made in accordance with law—whether the community is permitted to issue the bonds, and whether in doing so it has complied with all the legal requirements.

His next consideration is whether the community's taxing power is sufficient to meet its obligations, and whether the community has met them promptly and faithfully in the past. The taxing power of some communities is limited by law. No court can compel a city or town to levy a tax not authorized by law.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that the promise contained in the bonds of municipalities is enforceable by the courts, while this is not the case with the bonds of States or the Government.

While, generally speaking, municipal bonds are payable out of the revenues of the entire community, there are some quasi-municipal bonds which are payable only out of the revenues from some specific source or out of assessments against a limited amount of property. Some bonds are issued for improvements that will benefit a certain group of taxpayers. These bonds are payable out of assessments against the particular group benefited, and may be payable only as the assessments are collected. Clearly, such bonds are not as sound as those which are a general obligation of the entire community.

An attractive feature of municipal bonds, especially to investors with large incomes, is that the income from them is exempt from all Federal income tax and also from the income tax in the State in which they are issued.

This feature has greatly increased the popularity of municipal bonds since the War, and, combined with the widely-recognized soundness of these bonds, has resulted in their maintaining a market price offering the investor a modest yield. Their yield, in fact, is on the whole considerably lower than the yield obtainable from good corporation bonds. The yield on good municipals varies from 4% to 5% and rarely exceeds the latter figure.

In New York and many other states the law restricts to certain types of securities the investments that may be made by savings banks, trust funds held in trust for minors, widows, charitable institutions, endowments and other beneficiaries. Municipal bonds are included in these eligible types of securities.

In addition, municipal bonds are bought to a considerable extent by insurance companies, banks, trust companies, corporations and individual investors, especially those with large incomes. Combined with Government bonds, they constitute an excellent investment medium for women investors and all investors whose first consideration is safety.

No important American municipality has defaulted on any of its bonds in the last decade. As is generally known, Southern States defaulted their obligations following the Civil War, but for that matter the record of Northern States is not entirely unblemished, if one wishes to go further back into history. The States of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Michigan stopped the payment of interest on their bonds in 1842; Illinois in 1841, and Indiana in 1840. In 1860 Minnesota declined to pay either the principal or the interest on some of its bonds.

It is safe to say, however, that those unfortunate occurrences were due to conditions which have long since passed.

A RECENT amendment to the New York State banking law allows investments of savings banks and trust funds to be made in the securities of any State of the country. This has removed the disqualification placed upon the securities of cities located in States that had defaulted their debts at any time since 1861. The amendment, in other words, admits the securities of Southern cities to the class of those which are "legal investments."

The New York law prescribes that legal investments for savings banks and trust funds cannot include the bonds of any city that has a net debt exceeding 7% of its assessed valuation for taxation purposes.

On the whole, Southern municipal bonds give the investor a higher yield than he receives from Northern municipal bonds. The return is from half of 1% to 1% greater. Among the several reasons for this may be mentioned: interest rates in the South are generally higher than elsewhere, due partly to the necessity of borrowing much of the new capital required in outside markets, which is a result of the expansion taking place in the South; there is sometimes a marked difference between the size and the credit standing of communities in the South and

corresponding communities in the North; perhaps a memory still lingers of the doubtful credit which used to attach to many of the Southern States as a result of the defaults that occurred following the Civil War.

On the other hand, a favorable feature in the South is that its inhabitants enjoy the lightest tax burdens per inhabitant of any States in the country. Figuring the tax burden to include all State, county and local taxes, Florida ranks twenty-ninth, Louisiana thirty-fifth and the ten remaining Southern States from thirty-ninth to forty-eighth inclusive.

As in the case of other types of securities, municipal bonds should be purchased through bond dealers of reputation, who investigate the legal and financial phases of such bond issues before recommending them to their clients, and whose recommendation is a fair assurance of merit.

Investment Literature

"Eight per cent. and Safety" is the title of a new booklet recently published by Realty Sureties, Inc., 2720 Broadway, New York City. They will be glad to send a copy on request.

George M. Forman & Company, 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., have recently published a very interesting book on starting and building a fortune through Real Estate Bonds. A copy of same will be sent postpaid without any obligation.

Adair Realty & Trust Company, Atlanta, Georgia, will be glad to send you a copy of their new list of offerings. Address Department H12.

S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, will be glad to send a copy of their new thirty-six page booklet, "Forty-three Years Without Loss To Any Investor."

Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C., have gotten out a new book entitled "Safety Supreme," which will be sent free on request.

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet, "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send on request the following booklets: "Your Money—Its Safe Investment; Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds; Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages; Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail."

Arnold & Company, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send a copy of their interesting booklet, describing Arnold's Certificates, on request.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

The Character Witness

(*Continued from page 20*)

The outlaw putting on his clothes, thought with admiration of Grimshaw: "He knows I'm not to be bluffed, and says everything to make me mad but in a legal way before witnesses, including the hotel manager who was in the hall. Then he orders me as a suspicious character to stay here, and orders his deputy to make it so disagreeable that I'll make a break in desperation. And once on the street—ah, Sorley, but you are not going on the street to furnish a target as an escaping prisoner."

The deputy came back to search for weapons.

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The Character Witness

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"Under the pillow," said Sorley reflecting: "First play; they thought I would resist one man to be shot down by the second from the door."

He then went down to breakfast and later sent the seventy-year-old bell boy out for a book. "A story book about bad men," he said in the deputy's hearing. "I am fast being made into one and will want to learn how they get their start."

The deputy seemed discouraged at meeting that rollicking gray eye and broad grin, for Sorley's only hope to mask himself from the memory of the former express guard was by an expression entirely different from the one worn by a midnight robber fighting his way into a shattered car.

"By the Rock of Cashel," swore Mike to himself, "the pleasant expression of me will be spoiled for life; never will I smile again without thinking of the cursed deputy hounding me to it." However having got his book of bad men, he read at it all day in the lobby. As the feeble and cowardly deeds of most of the so-called bad men amused him, he could wear his pleasant expression without effort and so enjoyed the stories doubly. Once he laughed heartily.

"What's it about?" asked his persecutor who had come to stare at him again.

"'Tis about the James boys shooting up a deputy sheriff," laughed Mike; the other scowled but could not resist the good humor and was grinning when he walked away.

Mike looked after him struck with the philosophy of the situation; once he had read in a book, "To forget is to be happy."

"Yes, perhaps, never in the history of forgetfulness," he reflected, "has anyone been happier in it than that dom deputy. And he is not aware he is happy in it, and keeps trying to remember the one fact that would destroy him—gun or no gun."

He followed his line of philosophy by asking if any man knew when he was happy. "I do," he answered for himself; "if it is not happy to sit here safely and smile out on the street ambushed by death, then what is?"

He admired his dude clothes which had helped to deceive the deputy, grinned, and returned with enjoyment to his story. Yet in thirty minutes he was the most miserable of men, and proved in his own case that happiness depends entirely on forgetfulness. This was in the late afternoon.

THAT day had begun in a warm, bright dawn which showed not a cloud to remind people of the stormy night before. Judge Carnes coming out on his porch beamed up at the budding maple tops with sunshine scattered over them; and at the lawn covered with spangles, where robins with their ears to the ground listened for angle-worms or pulled them out stretching like rubber snakes.

"'Tis a good day," he told his old housekeeper, "for you to visit your ill sister on the farm. Take the new buggy, and keep a careful rein on Jake, for as I can testify even the aged feel like kicking up on such a spring morning."

He crowned the silver hair with a soft old hat and strolled lightly away, returning the bows of neighbors or stopping to exchange a word over a front gate with the children. Never a man in all that county was ever so loved and respected as Carnes, who could be however stern enough in the Court where he had been Judge since it was organized.

The spring session being near its close there was little on the docket, and he passed the greater part of the day nursing along the memories of the morning. The world at that hour had looked clean and wholesome, particularly to a man who had been weeks in the dingy court-room listening to evidence of that same world's depravity. He sentenced his last convicted prisoner the minimum with a word of kindly counsel late in the afternoon, held a brief conference with Gower on the preliminary examination of the morrow, and sat alone in the darkening room musing on the incidents of the session. One ruling which had been violently disputed coming to mind he went to his office, and lighting the lamps, became interested in the authorities, by statute made and provided, y'understand. Once he remembered dinner

time, and then that his housekeeper would be away for the night, and he could eat downtown any time. So he mused again among the musty books, and not till ten o'clock with a mind absorbed in making the authorities agree, did he put out his light.

On his way downstairs, however, a flash of memory renewed the scenes of morning—the sun-topped maples, the robins on the lawn, the breeze that just ruffled his hair, and with a jaunty air he stepped from the entry into the balmy April night. Only to be met and driven back by a cold blast of rain, for April was balmy no longer.

"Bless the soul of me, it is raining," said the Judge, "and what a rain. I will get the umbrella," and so remounted the stairs to his office where he kept his umbrellas cached.

Now, 'tis the privilege of the saints and their business to keep cases on the secret thoughts and actions of us. But it is not for the likes of me to pry into the private doings of any one, much less those of a man so venerable and respected as Judge Carnes. If after searching his office and suddenly remembering what had become of his umbrellas, he leaped into the air, and tugged at the white locks with grinding of teeth,—'tis not for me to be guilty of contempt of court by saying so.

It is enough to say that after a time, hearing a smash of rain as hard as a fist on his window, he reflected, "'Tis near eleven, the lights of the stores are out; nobody will be abroad—" so he stretched on the office lounge to wait in patience till the April shower had spent itself.

Once he stirred, thinking drowsily: "Surely those were gun-shots," then drifted back to sleep. But his sleep was like an unholy graveyard where many troubled ghosts keep starting up. With gun-shots echoing in his dreams he muttered of Morley the wounded gambler and felonious assault. "Three years—hard—labor," he muttered. Much later, helpless in that mysterious spell of night which is not slumber, d'ye mind, but misery which a person fears to wake from lest he find himself in worse—much later, then, he asked, "Who's there? Who is there?" There could not have been an answer because the room was empty except for himself and the dream devils who at once seized on him again.

THE preliminary examination was set at ten in the morning, but a number of people were busying themselves about it much earlier, among them being Kitty O'Donnel. The girl of the candy shop and bar-room was now at the Jail, where 'tis certain Mike Sorley would not appear to criticize her lack of refinement, if he could help it. At nine she kissed the prisoner goodbye with a trembling little smile and word of hope, and ten minutes later knocked timidly at the door of Judge Carnes' office. Whatever might have been the mood of the venerable man the night before, and I am telling no tales, mind you, he beamed as usual, though with a countenance that showed the batterings of nightmare. Then recognizing the mistress of the candy shop, though she had but lately arrived in Barlow, he showed her to a chair, full of respect and sympathy.

"As you may know," she began bravely if tearfully, "I am the sister of the young man who is to be examined for shooting the gambler, Morley."

"I know you for the girl who brought her brother here for his health," replied the Judge, "and supported him and tried to keep him out of trouble. Very loyal and courageous you have been, and I only wish the law could show sympathy."

"It can show justice," said the girl with surprising spirit.

"And will, as I administer it," replied the Judge more sternly.

"When it will not permit the only eye witness we have to appear on the street except in peril of his life?"

"What is this? Who is the witness and where is he?"

"Mr. Mike Sorley, a miner," answered Kitty, "and a bad reputation the officials give him, and will impeach his testimony. He has been under guard since the affray in the saloon, as a suspicious character. But he is the only witness I have."

"One moment," said the Judge leaving her to

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The Character Witness

(*Continued from page 83*)

glance into the court-room where he espied and beckoned the sheriff.

"You have a man under guard named Sorley?" he asked Grimshaw, who nodded and explained that he was a suspicious character.

"He is one of the State's witnesses to the Morley shooting," lied Grimshaw frankly, "though if I was Gower I wouldn't risk such a crook on the stand. Anyway, the State don't need him."

"Well, have him here," said the Judge, "the defense wants to put him on if Gower doesn't."

Grimshaw laughed. "They must have got to him," and started for the hotel.

Judge Carnes returned to the office. "How, Miss O'Donnel, did you get into communication with this witness under guard; how did you hear of him?" he asked curiously.

"Last night he broke guard and came to my candy shop," explained Kitty, "but I was on my way to your house to beg you to free Brother Billy, and promise we'd leave Barlow. Mr. Sorley asked the neighbor I'd left in charge where you lived, and hurried after me. But the guard caught sight of him and began shooting; Sorley doubled a corner, outran the guard and in a few minutes came up to your porch telling me not to be frightened. Then I remembered him as a customer who had been in the day before, though he had shaved off his beard."

"So I did hear shooting last night," reflected Judge Carnes. "Still it would seem impossible from the distance of the candy shop, and through closed doors and windows."

"Mr. Sorley knocked as I did," went on Kitty, "and peeped through the shutters; but the house was dark and empty. You were not at home, and as he had seemed a shrewd, good-humored man the day before, and I haven't a friend in town, I asked him what to do about Billy—"

"Haven't you an attorney?" asked Judge Carnes.

"I couldn't raise the money, and they wouldn't take the case on credit—"

"I'll appoint one," said the Judge.

"Mr. Sorley told me that he'd seen me in the saloon where I'd gone after Billy—he was a witness of the shooting and said—" she whispered the words wide-eyed—"that Morley was the one who cheated, and tried to draw his revolver when caught, and it stuck in his pocket! You'll believe his evidence, won't you, Judge Carnes? It's as good as the gambler's and the other witness. People say you're so kind—" and Kitty would have dropped on her knees to him, but for a cold, stern voice forbidding. It was, she recognized with terror, the Judge and not the man speaking.

"I am oath-bound, Miss O'Donnel," he told her, "to weigh a man's character along with his testimony. But I will hear the rest of your story."

"I have told you all of it," said the girl, drooping. "We came back to the candy shop—and I went in—and later I heard more shooting—"

"Where?"

"Down this way. They may have killed him."

THE clerk called from the door, and the Judge went into court, his curiosity as to whether he had only dreamed the shooting satisfied. "'Twas the second fusillade I heard," he told himself; he stood aside just within the court-room as Kitty O'Donnel passed to sit at her brother's side, and met her glance now proud and accusing.

"The world is in league to condemn her brother!" said the Judge to Attorney Gower. "Because I answered her troubled tale in a judicial way, she would never be convinced that justice was done if I presided. Send across the street for Squire West, who has equal jurisdiction in binding cases to the Grand Jury. He does so during my absence on the circuit, and in this case I disqualify."

He did so before the clerk and when West, Justice of the Peace and real estater, came in, waved him to the bench with a word of explanation. When he seated himself near Kitty at the lawyers' table she asked in surprise why he was not presiding. With that same sternness of manner he gave her the same explanation he had given Gower, adding: "West is a business man, not a lawyer; you will be better satisfied."

Little difference the change meant to Gower, though on second thought he was rather glad of it; and he smiled with contempt of Carnes who, to please a pleading woman, had sworn himself off the bench.

The examination began after a green young attorney, appointed by West for the defense, had consulted with the O'Donnels and discovered they had only one witness.

"'Tis unfair to me," said the attorney who was not so green in human nature as he was in law; "'tis unfair to me that I have not been given time to coach my witness. Of course the prosecution will have its own perjurers letter perfect."

There was nothing to do but put on the witness and take a chance. "Mike Sorley," he summoned; "take the stand; hold up your right hand." Then sizing up the sturdy miner in corduroy, with the humorous face, had sense enough to say after the preliminary questions: "Tell the story in your own way."

Without haste or hesitation Sorley did so, sticking so close to the legal matter-of-fact that Gower could not have objected had he chosen to. Nor did he cross-examine, only asking after the defense had gleefully turned over the witness:

"You live on a mining claim in the northwest part of the county? You are acquainted with Sheriff Grimshaw? And met him on your claim last September? You have been convicted of disturbing the public peace here in Barlow?" To all of these Mike answered "Yes," after the defense's objection had been overruled.

"This is not a jury trial and I'm not a lawyer," observed Squire West. "All I want to find out is if this prisoner should or shouldn't be bound over to the Grand Jury. I want to get at facts whether in legal order or not."

NOW Mike's evidence had made a good impression on the Squire and audience, which was not outweighed by that of the two witnesses for the prosecution. 'Twas easy to doubt the saloon hanger-on, though Morley, his head bandaged where the bullet had grazed it, told a straightforward story.

"Letter perfect," muttered the young attorney with envy, and indeed the witnesses followed exactly the testimony as Gower had outlined it to Sorley the day before.

The latter looked with sympathy at the O'Donnels, and Kitty, who sat proudly upright by the drooping remorseful brother, returned him a glance bright with gratitude and hope. It did not seem possible to her that the gambler's story could be believed before that of the miner. Even her attorney seemed encouraged. Then came the death blow; Grimshaw took the stand.

"Faith, if all the bad truths against a good man were bunched against him, he would be in ruins at once," thought Sorley; "then what show have I got—"

And indeed he had none, with Gower going after his character hammer and tongs. 'Twas testified that Grimshaw when pursuing a criminal had stopped at Sorley's camp, and been locked four days in a log cabin with a stray half-wild man to guard him while Sorley and his partner rode away. "Either on some raid," said Grimshaw, "or to hide out loot they thought I'd come searching for."

"He is getting warm," thought Mike with admiration.

The old spree when the witness shot up the town was gone into. "Casey ought to be here to listen to him," groaned Mike to himself; "'twould warm the cold, hard heart of the old catamount."

Next, the belief of the deputy that he had seen Sorley in some prison.

"Put him in convict clothes," snarled Gower in triumph, "and the recognition will be certain."

"That," thought Mike, "is a chicken which can't come home to my roost; Gower is going too far; nobody will believe—" and turning to grin at those around him, he encountered the wide eyes of Kitty O'Donnel fixed on him with horror.

"What a dreadful ruffian," she thought, and her pride was humbled to dust to think that they had nobody but him to testify for them.

The hardened cheek of Sorley blushed as he turned away, unable to meet the accusing look. "Yet all the mess I have got into here," he sighed, "was because I bought the dude clothes so she would admire me. And shaved my beard —bad scran to that deputy—"

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Character Witness

(*Continued from page 85*)

And still they were working on his character, dressing it out with horn, hoof and tail and even introducing the book of bad men he had been reading yesterday and describing his amusement over the crimes.

"I bought the dude clothes, and she did not even see me in them," resumed Mike, staring at the floor; he dared not listen, or look up to meet the glare of Squire West or the audience. The last words he heard of the examination were "desperado," "reptile," "monster," all supplied by Gower. Came a hush as the witness left the stand, a shudder through the court-room.

"I am a hung man," thought Sorley, so striken he forgot who was on trial. Then—

"Your honor I desire to take the stand; Mr. Clerk administer the oath—acquainted with Mr. Sorley intimately—honest—sober—a man among men—"

Strange words these; the dazed outlaw raised his head, rubbed it with both hands, blinked; but there was no doubt that Judge Carnes was on the stand.

"I say with a fuller knowledge of his character than those who because of some youthful prank, suspect the basest criminality—"

"Object to it," whispered the maddened Grimshaw to Gower; "'taint legal."

"Object!" snarled Gower out of the corner of his mouth; "look at Carnes' face. I have to practise in this circuit." And fact it was, that while the witness spoke with earnestness from the heart, the venerable countenance turned full on Gower darted the glance of an avenging devil.

"I know him to be," continued the man whose word was law and gospel in that circuit, "the soul of honor; I recommend those, who because of higher position could not be so befouled by a prosecuting attorney, to follow in his steps. I ask no better lead myself."

A sigh through the court-room, a burst of handclapping—"Order," roared Squire West. "When you vouch for this Mr. Sorley, Judge, his evidence goes with me. Case dismissed, thrown out of court, ought never to have been brought in here—"

In passing, Judge Carnes invited Sorley to his office, where he observed: "'Tis a bright day, and as I have been missing my horseback exercises during court session I will ride with you if you are starting soon."

"At once," said Mike, and they went to the stable together, the Judge discoursing on the prospects of a garden. When a quarter of an hour later they stopped at the hotel for Mike's stuff, Kitty O'Donnel found them.

"I wish to thank you so much," she said, reaching both hands to the Judge.

"Now," thought Mike all in a broad smile, "I do not mind at all the blackguarding I got, with Kitty O'Donnel to approve of me."

"And you—" she said to Mike, but the hand she held out trembled, and deep down in her eyes was the horror of the ruffian described by Gower and Grimshaw.

WITH a queer little shock Mike left them to go to his room. "Such is always my luck with the girls," he sighed. "Now why should Miss O'Donnel be the only one not to believe in me, her own witness?" The puzzle was too much for him, and he gave it up, gazing sadly at the dude clothes. "If Casey should see them 'twould create more scandal than my shooting out the lights, and I have had quite enough of scandal," he said, and took them down to the seventy-year-old bell boy.

Then with his roll at the cantle he rode alongside of Judge Carnes far out on the wilderness road. They discoursed of many things, but never of the incident of the trial, till they came to the place of parting.

"You were at my house last night?" said the Judge, thoughtfully.

"I slipped away from the guard," explained Mike, "when I heard it raining, and ran into the candy shop to learn where you lived. But the guard saw me leave and began shooting—"

"But you found the house I know," said the Judge; "and were you in the shooting downtown later?"

"I was, but ducked into our entry of the night before and upstairs; the door to the court house was not locked, and I went on to your office—

I hope," Mike interrupted himself with anxiety, "I did not disturb you after you had so kindly loaned—"

"The yellow umbrella," finished the Judge. "I found it set against the wall this morning.

"And Gower, the stingy old hound," continued the Judge with that indignation which always mastered him when on the subject, "Gower, who kept the umbrella I loaned him would put calumny on you! Not in my court. I am not the one," he said with earnestness, "to instruct others how to pick their heroes. But for mine, give me the man who would break out of captivity and twice run the gauntlet of a fusillade of bullets, to return an umbrella when it was raining. Sir, I am honored in your acquaintance."

So the outlaw and his character witness parted; and when Mike would think of his testimony he would jubilate in song; but when he remembered the look deep in Kitty's eyes he would stop.

"Anyway," he said at last with defiance, "I took back the umbrella and saved outlaws a bad name." He stroked his cheek and was reminded that thus shaven he went into action; the rollicking gray eye kindled. "Have they stopped shipping treasure, Mr. Sorley?" he asked; and in his badness and recklessness laughed loud and long at thought of the shattered, smoky car, the patter of bullets.

"And the swift night ride, and saddle-pockets stuffed with gold," he laughed, and sent the big bay clattering up the starlit trail with fierce, brooding old Casey waiting at the end.

Poems Inspired by the Order

By William F. Kirk

The Old Boys

TWO groups of men in every club abound—
The youngsters and the Old Boys. In their play
The Old Boys often show the young the way,
Though with less speed the Old Boys step around.
Unlike the young, the veterans know their ground
And learned their lessons in a vanished day.
They tried the byways and the roads that pay
And learned to move where Life's real joys abound.

Young Mr. Hothead, sure of all you see,
Hark to their counsel when the Old Boys speak!
However wise you reckon you may be,
The Old Boys have the wisdom which you seek.
How wise we were at twenty! How we strive
To be one-tenth as wise at forty-five!

* * *

The Spread of the Antlers

THE spread of the antlers, a wonderful span!
It links us together from East coast to West,
For an Elk is an Elk and a man is a man
And the best will forever join hands with the best.
In the name of Fidelity, wonderful word,
The Elk toast we drink and the purple we wear.
No city too large to be proud of our herd,
No hamlet so small that an Elk is not there.

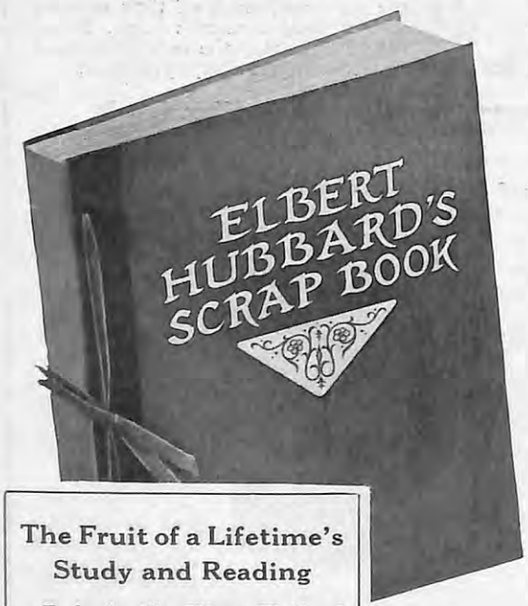
The spread of the antlers! It shelters the home
Where the near ones and dear ones our coming await,
All wide and true blue as the heavens' blue dome,
Observing as Love and unswerving as Fate.
Oh, friendship is precious and comradeship fine
And brotherhood teaches the lessons it sees,
And fellowship's rare and forgiveness divine—
But the spread of the antlers is greater than these.

For the spread of the antlers halts not at the grave
But hovers unceasingly over the mound
Where the slim weeping willows in Summertime wave
And the blossoms of Memory hallow the ground.
The spread of the antlers! It softens the strife
From the first flush of youth to the last feeble breath,
Protecting the Chosen forever in life
And lifting the gloom from the portals of Death.

Why Elbert Hubbard Was Prepared to Write "A Message to Garcia"

"The thing leaped hot from my heart, after a trying day," wrote Elbert Hubbard of his Message to Garcia, that amazing literary trifle conceived and executed all in the space of an hour. A simple bit of writing, yet instantly its message flashed through the world. It was taken up by every country, translated into every written language, circulated among people in every walk of life. Over forty million copies were printed in the author's lifetime.

People read and were astonished. The man must have been inspired! But behind that flash of inspiration they did not see the years of arduous study, the research and preparation.



His Great Source of Inspiration and Ideas

Elbert Hubbard was that amazing paradox, produced once in a century—an idealist with the soul of a poet, the heart of a philosopher, and the sound practical mind of a business man. He seemed a master in everything he undertook. He wrote and spoke with authority on a vast number and variety of subjects. He was editor and publisher of the Philistine. He was an artist, a craftsman, an executive, a philosopher. Celebrated writers said, "this man wields his pen like an archangel"—and popular orators despaired of holding audiences spellbound as he did for hours at a time.

The enormous output and unexampled versatility of the "Fra," as he was lovingly known to thousands, amazed everyone. How did this self-taught man make himself a master in so many fields? Where did he find the inspiration for carrying forward his great work?

The answer is to be found in his *method of preparation.* Elbert Hubbard knew what he needed to keep his spirit fresh and his mind alert, what he needed to be able to write and talk intelligently on many subjects. He waded through tons of literary rubbish to find the one thought or idea that would help him most—and that thought or idea was preserved in his private scrap-book.

The scrap-book grew slowly with the selections accumulated through a lifetime of reading and study. It became Elbert Hubbard's greatest scource of inspiration and richest storehouse of ideas. He turned to it again and again for stimulation, for encouragement, for vision. And it never failed him. It helped him immeasurably to become a brilliant lecturer, prolific writer and extraordinary business man.

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