

The Elks

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Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1928



This Month: Stories and Articles of Action, Mystery, Motors, Stage and Sport

Sore throat while you wait

Working in stuffy quarters, sleeping in over-heated homes, mingling with crowds and using appliances that others constantly use, people run an almost constant risk of a cold or sore throat—or worse.

At the first sign of either, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, full strength. Gargle with it repeatedly. Rinse your mouth with it. Employ it occasionally as a nasal douche.

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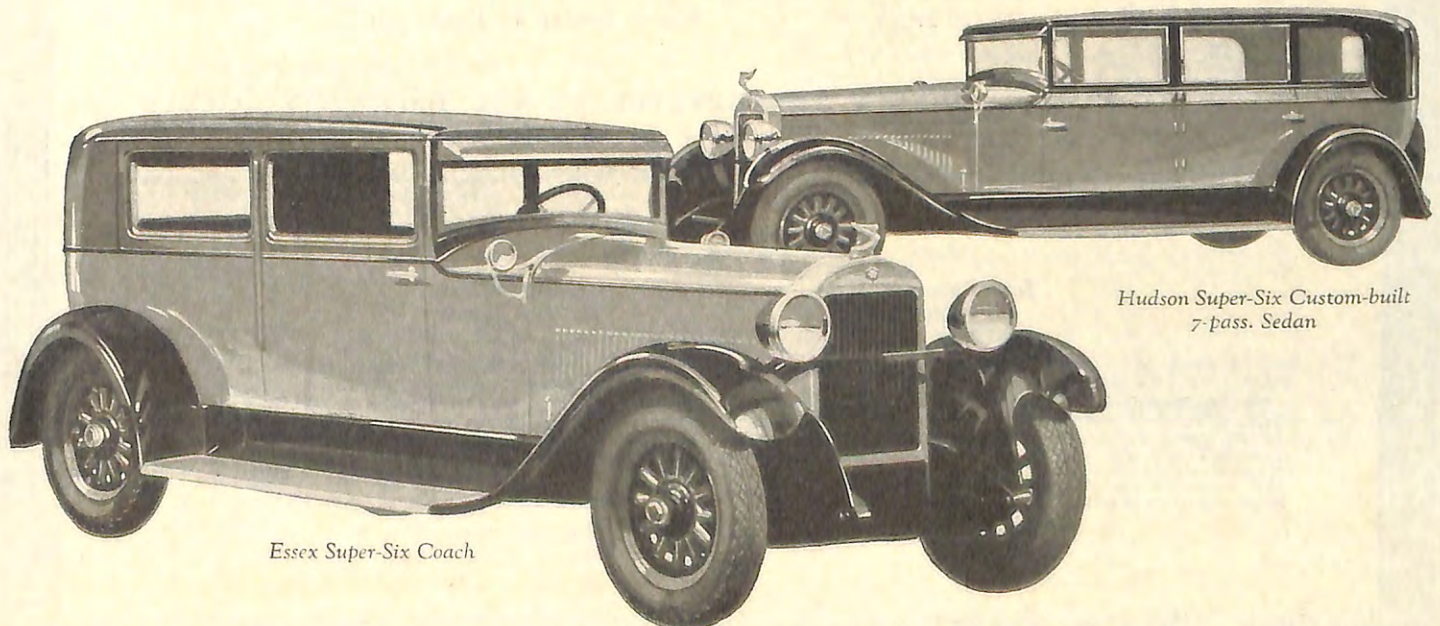
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To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance, must now be added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six
 Number Nine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for February, 1928

Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 6	4	The Light Shines Through—Part II, a romantic novel by Octavus Roy Cohen . . .	28
Sisters of the Air, a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper	8	<i>Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige</i>	
<i>Illustrations by Everett Shinn</i>		Sunny Side Up, a page of humor by Arthur H. Folwell	33
The Frying Fool, an article by Heywood Broun	12	The Old Benzine Buggy, an article by Myron M. Stearns	34
<i>Drawings by Herb Roth</i>		<i>Sketches by Albert Levering</i>	
Thumbprints and Footprints, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn	14	Editorial	38
Behind the Footlights	15	1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida	40
Our Changing Theatre, an article by George Middleton	18	<i>Bulletin No. 2</i>	
<i>Illustrated with scenic designs</i>		Grand Exalted Ruler's Southern Trip	41
How Well Do You Know Your Country? a pictorial questionnaire compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing	22	Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order	42
The Bum Sport, a story by John Chapman Hilder	24	Something About Investment Trusts, an article by Paul Tomlinson	72
<i>Illustrations by Lui Trugo</i>		Cover Design by Paul Stahr	

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

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 321, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Six

*Boston, Mass.
January 6, 1928*

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

MY BROTHERS:

The coming in of the New Year suggests that I should talk with you about many matters which have come to my attention and which seem to me to require immediate consideration.

Progress

I have been in office about six months and have visited Lodges sufficient in number and in spread of territory to form an opinion as to the trend of things. We are going ahead with remarkable strides and with fine enthusiasm in some localities. We are losing ground in others. What are the causes which underlie the progress and the retrogression? I am convinced that one of the ways in which I can effectively serve the Order is to make a careful analysis of conditions and to attempt to answer this question. Therefore, I am sending a questionnaire to the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge to obtain information to supplement my own observations and experience. I urge promptness and accuracy of reply that this important work may be facilitated.

Official Communications

Recently the secretaries of the subordinate Lodges were called upon to furnish information in connection with the audit of the office of the Grand Secretary. Much valuable time was lost because of failure or delay or inaccuracy of reply. In consequence, work that should not have taken more than a month has dragged through many months. We must have better co-operation, my brothers, if we are to conduct the business side of our Order in an efficient manner. Official communications should be given precedence over other correspondence.

Mailing Lists—Bulletins—Commercialism

The subordinate Lodges should guard their mailing lists, that they may not come into the hands of persons who wish to prey upon the Order. The mailing list for the subordinate Lodge bulletin should contain only the names of the members of the Lodge issuing the bulletin, of the officials of the Grand Lodge and State Association, and of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Examine your mailing list, Brother Secretary, and eliminate all names which do not fall within this rule.

The reports which come to me indicate that designing persons are using the information obtained from subordinate Lodge bulletins for commercial purposes. Circular letters have been sent to the subordinate Lodge secretaries by one who described himself as a member of the Order, and requested that his name be placed upon the mailing list of the Lodge in order that

Would you like two pay checks instead of one— each week in 1928?



E. J. Dryden

FRANKLY—are you in earnest in wishing to increase your income, but doubtful as to the aid you could get from home-study business training?

E. J. Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, was doubtful, too, but he determined to try, and to measure his results by the good old sign of the dollar!

He was earning \$150 a month when he started with LaSalle. His course in Higher Accountancy was completed in eighteen months. His salary-increase paid for the training plus \$1.00 an hour for every hour spent in study.

After his first lesson in Business Management, dealing with Selling, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. In six weeks he made \$750 in commissions working after hours.

He has since followed through with Commercial Spanish, and is now completing his fourth course—in American Law and Procedure. For two years past his earnings have been better than \$11,000 a year.

Again we ask—are you in earnest in your desire to increase your salary?

Send for Free Book About Your Own Field

You are faced with a problem—and the only way you can solve it is to get the facts.

A special 64-page booklet describes the opportunities in your field of business and outlines a definite plan that will enable you to realize them.

The coupon will bring this booklet to you free—and with it your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Dreaming—wishing—you've had enough of that! Send for these booklets NOW.

these
books
free



LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

My schooling stopped when I was fourteen; and when I first enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy I was earning only \$150 a month.

Yet that training enabled me to make certain suggestions to the firm I worked for which resulted in a trip to Washington with all expenses paid and a commission of \$2,126. That alone paid for the training seventeen times over!

Since then I have followed through with two other LaSalle courses; I am now on my fourth. And for two years past my earnings have been in excess of \$11,000 a year.

I used to think you were too extravagant in your claims for LaSalle training. Now I honestly believe you are too conservative. Why don't you tell the full truth about what LaSalle can do and is doing to lift men out of the low-pay class and put them in command of the really important places in the business world?

Sincerely yours,

E. J. Dryden
Auditor

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 2328-R CHICAGO

I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law; Degree of LL. B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography — Stenotypy | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy |

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

Street..... City..... State.....

he might receive the Lodge bulletin. Subsequently, the candidates awaiting initiation, whose names were published in the Lodge bulletin, for which request had been made, received a letter from a concern engaged in the business of manufacturing and selling novelties, soliciting the purchase of an emblem to commemorate election into our Order. The letter was so cunningly captioned that the recipient might well believe that it came from an official source. An investigation of this case has been ordered and every proper means will be availed of to protect the interests of the Order.

There is no official source of supplies except the office of the Grand Secretary. Give this information to all candidates for membership, that they may be protected from impostors.

District Deputies

I instruct the District Deputies to impress upon the officers of subordinate Lodges and the governing boards of Elks clubs the message which I sent out from the meeting in Chicago last September, which I repeat and emphasize: "We expect the laws to be observed. We expect the Lodges to attune themselves to the communities in which they exist. There should be nothing out of harmony between the Lodge and the sentiment of the community in which the Lodge is located. No Lodge of this Order must give scandal or bring the fair name of the Order of Elks into disrepute, and the Lodge that does so does it at its peril. That Lodge will not continue to hold its charter." The appeal of Elkdom is to the best citizenship,—to the men of character, of good impulses, of fine ideals. Our new objectives are bringing us increasingly favorable commendation. We cannot tolerate hindrance or embarrassment by those who do not measure up to Elk standards.

Junior Elks

The vote upon the amendment to Section 8 of Article IV of the Constitution of the Order was tabulated on January 4, 1928, as follows:

618,313 in favor
193,323 opposed

The amendment having received a majority of the votes cast by the subordinate Lodges, it is declared adopted and promulgated as part of the Constitution of the Order, as follows:

Article IV

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

The Committee on Social and Community Welfare is studying the Junior Elk problems and preparing methods of procedure and rules and regulations. When these have been prepared and approved, they will be given to the membership through the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Announcement

I announce the appointment of Brother S. John Connolly, Past Exalted Ruler of Beverly, Mass., Lodge, No. 1309, to the position of Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler to succeed Brother Andrew J. Casey, who resigned on account of the pressure of his personal business affairs. Also, the appointment of Linnaeus W. Losie, Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, New York, South Central, to succeed Harry G. Tolan, Hornell, N. Y., Lodge, No. 364, who has resigned.

Fraternally yours,


Grand Exalted Ruler.

Wanted—Men With Cars



W. B. Sutliff, a Pennsylvania man, took my advice, and he made \$700 in 33 days.



Mrs. J. H. Hastings, a Michigan woman, with no business experience, has won big success.



Earl Hoffman, a 19-year-old lad, earned \$1,116.80 in first two weeks.

Make Big Money My Way

\$8,000 in 3 Months

A. W. Fosgreen was tired of running a candy and soda store in a small New York town, so he got my free book, followed my instructions, and made \$8,000 his first 90 days in the real estate business.

\$20,000 a Year

J. M. Patterson, a Texas man, with a sick wife, a baby and only \$10.20 in cash, took my advice, got into real estate my way, and now he is in the \$20,000-a-year class.

\$5,500 in One Deal

Mrs. Evalynn Balster, a widowed Illinois school teacher, got my free book and made \$5,500 on her first real estate deal—more money in two days than she made in several years as a school teacher.

\$100,000 Business

Twenty years clerking in a grocery store ruined the health of H. D. Van Houten, a New Jersey man. But he got my free book, and, with his Ford car, he did over one hundred thousand dollars worth of business his first year in real estate. And, best of all, he regained his health.

Do what these folks did. Get my free book. Handle real estate my way. Start in your spare time. Build a business of your own. No capital or previous experience needed.

WHEN I say that my free book shows you how to make big money, that's just what I mean—big money! Read the records of results on this page. Then try to match them in any other business on earth.

With my amazingly successful System, wide-awake men and women, in all parts of the country and all ages from 19 to 78 are making more money than they ever dreamed possible.

But don't take my word for it. Don't take anybody's word. Get the free book of facts and proof. Learn for yourself what there is in this book for you. It costs you nothing, yet it can

bring you greater business success than any other book you ever read.

Why be satisfied with small pay? Why be content with \$20, \$30, \$40 a week? Why struggle along, year after year, on an income too small to give you the things you want? Why keep plodding away in a business that is limited in its opportunities—a business that offers you no golden future—no chance to get ahead—no chance to make really big money?

There is no room here to tell you all about the wonderful opportunities that exist for you in my kind of real estate business. But it is all in the free book. Get it now!

10 Million Opportunities

Real estate is the biggest thing there is. More than 65 per cent. of the entire wealth of the Nation is already invested in it. Its opportunities are practically unlimited. More than ten million properties are always on the market for rent, sale or exchange. Users of my scientific System sometimes make \$1,500—\$2,500—\$5,000—on single deals—more money than the average man or woman earns in a whole year of hard work.

And when you get into real estate you

get into a business as solid as the earth itself—a business that can't stop growing—a business that is not affected by human whims or a change in fashions—a business with a tremendous future—a business in which your earnings are limited only by your own ambition.

And you can now start in this business in your spare time—without giving up your present work—without making any sacrifices—without capital or previous experience.

Mail Coupon for Free Book

Clip and mail the coupon now. Don't neglect it. For if the men and women whose records of success you have read on this page, had neglected to clip the coupon—had failed to get my book—they would probably still be tied down to a small-pay job. So, don't wait. Don't delay. Don't cheat yourself out of this great chance to get into the biggest business of all, where you can make more money than you ever made before in your whole life.

President,
American Business Builders, Inc.,
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American Business
Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital
\$500,000.00)
Dept. 33-2, 18 East 18 St.,
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Without cost or obligation on my part, please mail me your free book telling how I can make big money in real estate your way.

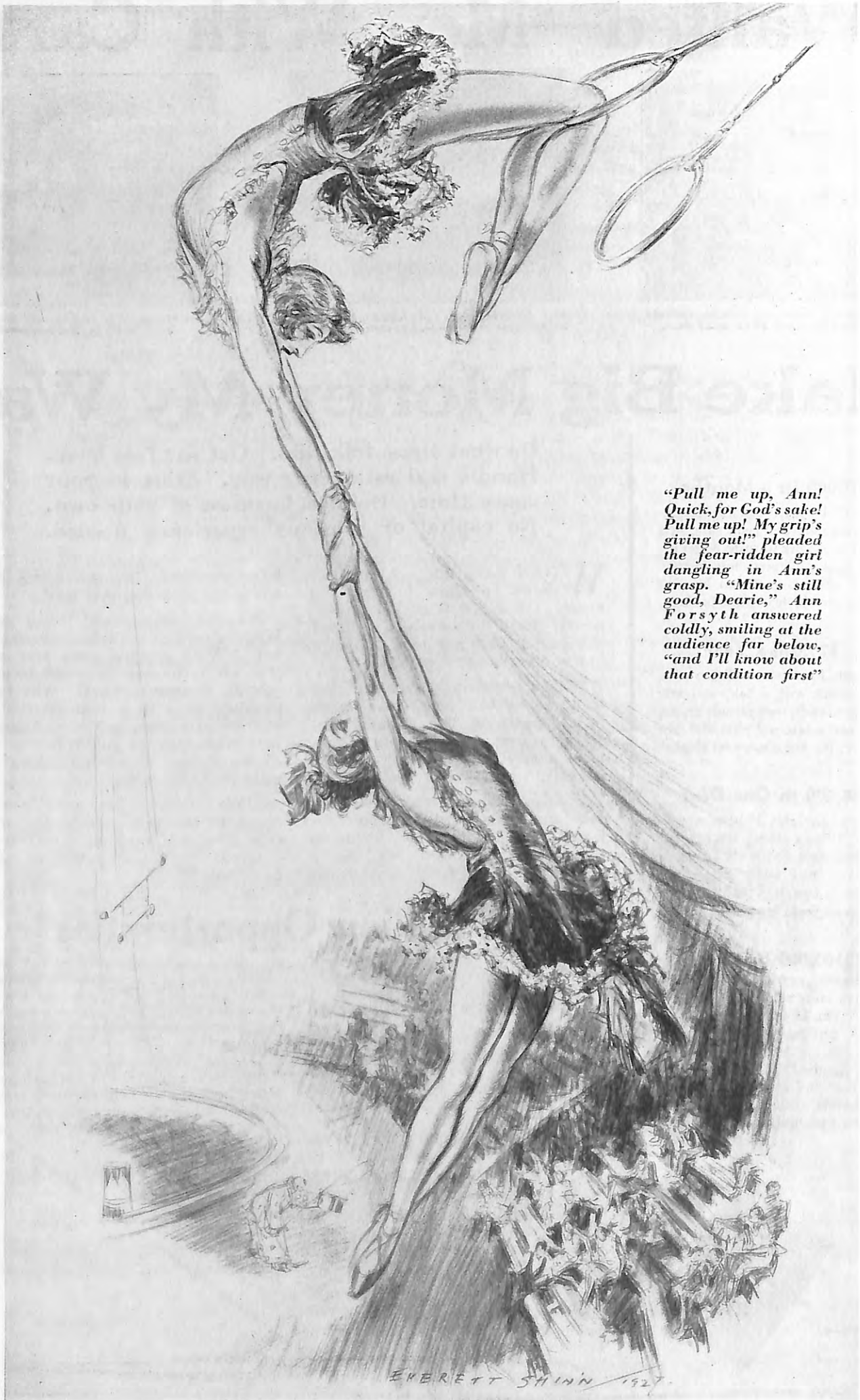
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This book brings you the secret of success in real estate. Mail the coupon!



"Pull me up, Ann! Quick, for God's sake! Pull me up! My grip's giving out!" pleaded the fear-ridden girl dangling in Ann's grasp. "Mine's still good, Dearie," Ann Forsyth answered coldly, smiling at the audience far below, "and I'll know about that condition first"



The Steely Strength of a Slender Wrist Shakes Out the Truth in This Story of Life Under the Big Top

Sisters of the Air

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

EVERYTHING else in the big top of the World's Famous halted when the Angel Sisters went into the air. The spotlights gleamed from their position about the curbs of the center ring, outlining in sharp relief the sprightly, trim forms of the two girls who gyrated on the Roman rings; seventy netless feet above the ground; the band played softly; even the concession butchers stood silent when the Angel Sisters performed. Theirs was an unusual act.

The extraordinary part of this was that the act was not unusual at all, except in the way it was done. There are only certain feats which can be performed on the Roman rings; the variety lay in the personality and the presentation; two unusually pretty girls who made their entrance to the blare of trumpets and the accompaniment of solicitous maids, ascending to the rings with laughing, childish gyrations upon the swinging tape, and the tossing of fresh flowers from their dainty corsages into the waiting hands of the audience as they paused from time to time in their long climb; these things created to a certain extent an appearance of the juvenile which heightened their performance marvelously. At last, upon the rings, they chatted and bantered, pretended to be angry with each other, launched into their feats without the slightest apparent preparation, talked and laughed and joked, even while their most difficult performances were on the way, and the audience, taken off its guard, failed entirely to note that, in the main, this act was like a dozen others which had been seen for years upon the Roman rings.

For that matter, the audiences were ignorant regarding several things. One was that the Angel Sisters neither were named Angel, nor were they sisters; their communion of the air had come, not from birth, but through the energetic offices of a booking agency, caused by the departure of a previous Angel, and the necessity for a new seraph to take her place. Shortly after this happening, Miss Ann Forsyth, being the originator, the beauty, the brains and the owner of the act, had again voiced an old complaint, to the effect that dark Angels were all of that. Herself thoroughly blonde, with the necessity for a brunette by way of comparison, the senior Angel had chosen Dot Mason, black-haired, vampish of type, almost as pretty as her employer; a good actress and an unpleasant companion. The audiences didn't know that either, just as they were ignorant that a mechanical contrivance, which was neither seen nor meant to be seen, was as much a part of the Angel act as the Angel Sisters themselves.

That, too, had been Ann Forsyth's invention, although, strong and sinewy in spite of her almost childish appearance, sure of eye and surer of grip, she had need for nothing of the kind. But there was the other Angel always to be considered; the matter of protection against a drop to the ring curbs, seventy feet below, was an important one. What the fair-haired little head of the act needed more than anything else was what is known as *ad lib*, the ability to suit actions and mannerisms to the event of the moment. Upon that was founded the success of the Angel Sisters; their capering and coquettishness meant as much as the tricks they did. Hence the device, a thin strand of piano wire, stretching from Ann Forsyth to her partner, giving and taking slack as the occasion demanded by means of a small spring-roller concealed and anchored to a belt of broad webbing beneath Miss Forsyth's costume; if by any chance her grip should slip upon the wrists of the other girl, or either fail to make a catch as they turned and twisted in the air, the wire attachment would function before a fall really began. Naturally, it would leave an Angel Sister dangling and ruin the act for a day. But a circus moves to a new town every twenty-four hours. Besides, the sharp eyes and quick working muscles of Ann Forsyth had never failed yet; the safety wire was more insurance than anything else, making for peace of mind as Ann Forsyth and her partner, whoever she might happen to be, went through their aerial caperings, a performance often prompted through its entirety by the swift working mind of the girl who had conceived it. But to-day Ann Forsyth was far from being the prompter. That office was being filled by Dot Mason.

"Smile, Dearie!" she commanded, pulling herself from a swinging catch, and for a moment resting, with one prettily formed leg hooked through the opposite ring.

"Don't call me Dearie!" snapped Ann, as she dropped from her sitting position to one where she hung suspended by a hand, using the other for purposes of gesticulation. "Set yourself for the one-half slip-catch."

"All right, Dearie," answered Dot Mason, herself taking a swinging position, "I'll set myself for the slip-catch, and I'll set myself for something else. I don't remember signing any agreement to change my language when I came over here."

"Perhaps you didn't. But there wasn't

any clause in the contract that provided for you to deliberately offend me, either."

"Oh," answered the dark Angel. "I offend you, do I? Isn't that the berries!" This was accompanied by extravagant gestures and shakings of the head, while Ann Forsyth responded as vigorously. The audience laughed; such mimic quarrels as this always preceded a good trick; nor did those spectators know that only the gestures were false as the two swung back and forth, becoming more vehement in their heightening of action, and more personal in remarks which were intended only for such other. Dot Mason doubled a pretty fist and shook it at her partner. "I'll have you know," she said, "that if it wasn't for my contract, I wouldn't be here ten minutes. It isn't my fault that you picked a lemon like Joe."

"We're not talking about Joe!"

"Use your hands, Dearie," answered Dot Mason caustically. "This act's dying on its feet."

"Sorry," then with more shaking of fists and clawing at her partner: "You leave Joe out of this!"

"Why don't you try it? You've been the grumpy one. I came out here happy and singing; you began griping the minute I started up the tape. My hair was wrong and I had on too much powder—"

"Yes, and I still say the same thing."

"That's your idea. I know how to dress my act."

"Do you? Why don't you dress it then?"

"I'M DRESSING it—you don't know a good costumed act when you—"

"I know what kind of costumes I want in my own act. I'll either have them, or I'll get some one—"

"Then get them, Dearie!" urged Dot Mason, masking her seriousness from the audience by a burlesque attack upon her partner's hair. "Does that mean my notice?"

"Just as you please!" answered the other girl, returning the simulated attempt to reach her adversary.

"Well, that's done. Believe me, Dearie, the next time I work for somebody, I'll know it! The idea, you leaping my frame just because the fellow you picked couldn't keep his hands off a little money. Is that my fault? Is it—"

"Cue for the scream," cut in Ann Forsyth, a cold tone in her voice.

Professionalism took the place of personalities. With a jumble of words, Dot Mason swung wildly, then, with a shriek, apparently forgot her hold on the ring above,

clawed desperately at the other girl, and dropped like a plummet, while the audience, taken off its guard, hesitated between a guffaw and a gasp as Ann Forsyth slipped rapidly to a hanging position from one foot, and, gauging her distance to a fraction of an inch, shot forth a hand, to grip the out-flung one of Dot Mason and catch her up from the very brink of a fall to the ground, seventy feet below. There they swung for a moment, throwing kisses and the remaining flowers of their corsages which they had saved for just this, an action which also allowed the unfastening of the tiny tungsten steel clasp which bound Dot Mason to Ann Forsyth by means of the safety wire. Quickly, then, they rose to the rings, laughingly acknowledging the applause; after that came the tapes and the descent, the waiting maids, the long, laughing walk before the grandstand, and at last the dressing tent.

They entered wordlessly, each ignoring the other, now that the communion of their act was over. No longer was Ann Forsyth the sprightly little figure that she had appeared in the big top; her eyes were tired and listless as she regarded herself in her tiny mirror; her small, strong hands trembled as she arranged her costumes for the night show and, this done, dressed for the street. Soon she passed out of the dressing tent, and hailing a taxicab at the entrance to the circus grounds, gave the hesitating command:

"If you'll take me to the county jail, please."

"County jail," repeated the driver unconcernedly, and Ann Forsyth entered the cab, folding her hands in an effort to halt their trembling. Flying catches upon the Roman rings were far easier than this. At last she was at the jail, to make her request in a whisper, then, with frightened, nervous eyes, to look about the small, square room into which a deputy had shunted her, communicating by a closed wicket with a cell corridor beyond. Steps sounded upon a steel flooring. Then the grating opened, and the features of Joe Prescott, until this morning the treasurer of the World's Famous Circus, appeared. The little star of the aerial rings moved forward swiftly, striving for words that would embody something of solace. But she only said:

"Hello, Joe."

"Hello, Ann," he replied as prosaically. Then they were silent in a wordless communion; Ann Forsyth had raised a hand that she might clasp it over the white one against the bars. At last:

"DID that lawyer come to see you? The one I sent?"

"Yes." Joe jerked at his breath again. "He came all right."

"Can't he do something: at least, about bail?"

"I guess he could—if I were anybody else. But you know the ideas people have about circus folks. I suppose he thinks that if he did get bail for me that I'd be out of the country by night." Suddenly, however, Joe Prescott dropped his pose. "Ann," he begged, "I didn't take that money. I wouldn't steal!"

"I know it, Joe." She caught his hand



again. Then: "Let's don't talk about that. I know you didn't take it—I know you wouldn't."

"But that isn't the point, is it?" he asked hopelessly.

She nodded; there was no use in attempting to dodge.

"It's all so queer, Joe."

"It's uncanny," he answered.

"Why, Ann, I counted that money into the bag, I put it into the box; it was only out of my hands from the time I started down-town until I got to the cars, and then it wasn't more than three feet from me. Yet it disappeared." Joe Prescott looked wearily at his white hand clutching the bars of the wicket.

"Come right down to it," he admitted, "I can't

blame the bonding company. I guess if I were in their place, I'd think a story like that was pretty fishy. But as true as I stand here, Ann—"

"Joe," said Ann Forsyth, thoughtfully, "have you traced everything you did? Gone over every move? You might have mislaid it."

"How could I? There were three bags of money. Two of them contained coin, and one currency. I remember plainly putting them in the box, especially because the coin bags were fuller than usual and I had to cramp the three of them a little to get them in place. But when I got to the show-train, the bag containing the currency, about ten thousand dollars, was gone."

"But, Joe, Ed Bloor always goes with you at night, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then, why on earth should they arrest you and not arrest him? At least, he certainly should be a witness for you. The bags were in the box when you started. One of them was gone when you reached the cars. He could testify that you didn't take it."

Joe raised his other hand to the bars.

"That's the trouble. Ed Bloor can't testify to anything."

"But—"

"Maybe I'd better go over the whole thing again," said the ex-treasurer, running his tongue nervously over dry lips. "You know how we've always gotten the money to the train after we've counted up at night. We've had the big-show car, with the name printed on it, right beside the treasury wagon, and started it to the train in plain sight of everybody. Then we've had the old rattletrap pulled up behind the wagon, in the shadows; it's got the box in the tonneau, you know, that Jackson uses to pick up the press electrotypes from the newspapers. Of course the box is empty at night, so Ed Bloor and I have always used that as the place to carry the day's receipts; nobody would notice an old auto like that when the flashy one, with guards riding the fenders, had gone ahead. Of course, our car is protected; Ed has his machine rifle strapped to his arm and keeps the windshield open so

that he can sweep the road if anybody should stop us." Joe halted and ran a trembling hand across his forehead. "Well, on the night of the—the robbery, Ed was a little late. I waited until I saw his flashlight coming around the side of the big top. Then, since Curtis was waiting with his team to pull out the treasury wagon, I went out to the car with the money, put the three sacks in the box, and had the motor running when Ed got there."

"Nobody could have been hiding in the tonneau of the car?"

"No. I sat in the back end while I was putting the sacks in the box. Nobody was there. When Ed arrived he did what he always does—walked all the way around the car, and threw his flashlight on the back end in the tonneau—we've always been afraid of somebody hiding there and blackjacking us from behind."

"He didn't look in the box?"

"No—he took my word for it."

"But certainly, Joe, if the sacks were there when you left the lot, they should have been there when you reached the train. One couldn't have bounced out?"

"I DON'T see how. The hasp and the bolt were both in place."

"But it's all so impossible!"

The man looked at her hopelessly, as if for an undercurrent of accusation.

"That's just the trouble. It's impossible. It couldn't have happened, if I had put the money there in the first place. Oh, I don't blame you for thinking that, Ann; I think the same way myself. I find myself wondering if I really did steal it!"

"Don't say that, Joe." She caught at his nervous hands. "There's some explanation."

"I'm afraid there's only one that'll go in court," came dully. Joe Prescott again regarded his clammy palms. "They've set the trial for two weeks from to-morrow."

"I'll be here for it."

"Will they let you off?"

Ann Forsyth shrugged her shoulders.

"They may not need to. My act'll be off for a week or so about that time. The same old thing; new partner. Dot maneuvered me into letting her out of her contract to-day."

"Gee, Ann!" The man behind the bars suddenly forgot his own troubles. "I'm sorry. Can't you talk her out of it?"

"I don't know — she's seemed determined to quit for a week or so now; I hadn't paid much attention until to-day; I guess," she laughed, "I've been too busy trying to figure out where that money went. It's been ten days now, hasn't it?" she asked with a sudden reversion to the former topic. "Certainly, if it had been misplaced around the wagon,

or lost, there would have been some trace of it by this time."

Joe nodded.

"Yes. After all, I can't blame anybody. The bonding company gave me plenty of time to make it up, or find it. My story's awful slim, Ann. For money to disappear of its own accord—" he tried to laugh—"pretty flimsy, isn't it?" Then turning the subject: "What did she do to make you release her?"





In the center of the tent Dot Mason was playing bridge with three performers from the side show. Ann felt all her old animosity rise anew when she saw them

"Oh, she just said something."
"About me?"

Ann Forsyth did not answer; Joe drew his own conclusions.

"Don't go breaking up your act on that account, Ann. Maybe she's right—I don't know. I honestly don't know, I tell you!" he exclaimed, his face pressed against the wicket. "Sometimes I catch myself wondering if my mind's all right—if I didn't lose control of myself and actually steal that money, and hide it somewhere and then not know anything about it. How could it have disappeared, Ann? How could it?"

"Joe," asked Ann with a sudden thought, "could any one have jumped on the running board, and opened that box without you hearing them?"

He shook his head.

"We wouldn't have heard them, as far as that's concerned; that old car makes as much noise as a boiler factory. But we'd have seen any one who tried a thing like that—besides, we travel about thirty miles an hour and a person couldn't possibly swing onto the running board at that speed."

Ann Forsyth turned thoughtfully.

"I guess I'll eat humble pie," she said, "and ask Dot Mason to stay."

"It'd be a lot better if you would, Ann. The worry of getting a new partner and all that—"

"I'm not thinking about the worry, Joe." Then with sudden inspiration, "Somebody couldn't have fixed that box—?"

"With a false bottom, so they could get into it from under the car? No; Ed and I thought of that. We looked the box all over. It's as solid as wood can be."

Ann Forsyth gave a gesture of futility. "It all sounds so unreasonable," she argued.

"That's just the trouble, Ann," came hopelessly from behind the bars. "It's all so unreasonable." Then with a slight tremor to his voice: "I wish you wouldn't come back for the trial, Ann. It won't be any use. I guess—" he forced the words—"it won't last long."

"Oh, I'll be back." The lips set firmly "I'll be back, Joe."

There came the sound of a creaking door, and the figure of a deputy, announcing that the time allowance had elapsed. Ann Forsyth stepped to the bars. A moment later, the chill of ice-cold lips still lingering upon her feverish ones, she went forth to her taxicab.

"Circus grounds," she commanded abstractedly, and sank into the seat, vague fears chasing through her brain in spite of her every attempt to combat them. Joe was right; his trial would not take long.

The squat tents of the World's Famous Circus held a new significance when at last Ann left the taxicab and started across the grounds toward the dressing tent. Somewhere in this mass of canvas, of human and animal and mechanical energy, there lay the pivotal impulse of a mystery which threatened not only her own happiness but the well being of a man she trusted and loved.

Somewhat frantically she crossed the circus lot, the dressing-room her haven;

there among familiar things, her trunks, her costumes, the pictures above her portable make-up table, she strove to formulate some plan of procedure out of the chaos of uncertainties which filled her mind. Ed Bloor, she felt, would help her; but there again she paused. Bloor was Joe Prescott's friend; he had already done everything within his power and had failed. A hundred other eventualities presented themselves, to be considered, seized at hopefully, then dismissed. Suddenly it became distressingly apparent that mystery cannot be solved merely by sitting down to a few moments of urgent thought; Ann Forsyth rose hopelessly and asked of an entering performer the whereabouts of Dot Mason.

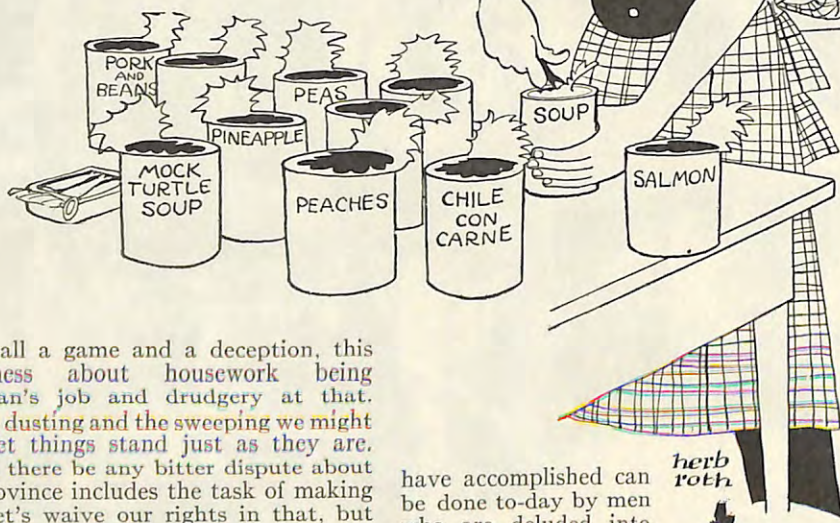
"**T**HINK she's over in the side show," said the circus woman. "Haven't you seen her yet? She was looking all over the lot for you about a half hour ago."

Bewildered at the interest of the dark Angel, Ann moved for the tent which housed the annex, or side show. The evening lull was on, time of rest when but few loiterers were about the circus lot, and the "strange people" who made up the curiosities of the smaller exhibition might revert to type as ordinary folk. Behind her platform, the Circassian Lady knit quite prosaically at a sweater-vest for the young son of her sister, married to a New York policeman. The "wild man of the Ganges," restored for this brief time to a knowledge of civilized ways and a use of the English language, complained bitterly to the "Gorilla boy" of the lack of interest evinced in him by the day's visitors. Across the tent, the Aztec

(Continued on page 50)

The Frying Fool

By Heywood Broun
Drawings by Herb Roth



Come Out of the Kitchen, Ladies, and Let the Men Revolt

IT IS all a game and a deception, this business about housework being woman's job and drudgery at that. As for the dusting and the sweeping we might as well let things stand just as they are. Nor need there be any bitter dispute about whose province includes the task of making beds. Let's waive our rights in that, but by all means men should revolt against the tradition which denies them free access at any time into the kitchen. Of all the arts cooking seems to me the most delightful and the easiest. That many actors, poets, or painters die unrecognized because they never had a chance I gravely doubt but the world is full of men who could be chefs except for the fact that they never tried. Opportunity was and is still denied them.

"Get out of my way," is the familiar remark of the woman when she finds a man advancing toward the stove. To protect her exclusive rights in one of the finest recreations which life affords, woman has created the legend that cooking is mysterious as well as boring. And that's just nonsense. The first time I fried eggs I overlooked the necessity of butter or of lard and it was difficult to scrape them away from the pan at the proper time. Since then I've made no errors. The second pair of eggs I ever fried were just as good as those which I do now. Scrambling came later and a little research is required for omelettes. The proper savor is not so hard but there is a trick in getting the whole mess out in one single piece as custom dictates. Some will tell you that the finest product can be obtained only by using a fork to whip the eggs into a lather. My own findings are that a beater will do as well and that all minute rules are sheer invention designed to discourage the beginner.

No proof should be asked to demonstrate the palpable fact that all the great cooks of the world have been male. You will not find to-day any woman presiding over the kitchen of the great hotels. The explorers, the discoverers, the martyrs of the art of cooking have been, each last man Jacques of them, members of the sterner sex. It is mere arrogance for woman to call the kitchen her own, since she does no more than imitate in a feeble way the achievements of her betters. And what the Savarins and so on

have accomplished can be done to-day by men who are deluded into the belief that their talents do not extend beyond the sale of stocks and bonds or haberdashery. The same vision which goes into floating a merger can be turned with good results into poaching an egg.

The trouble with women as cooks is that they are too conservative. Any departure from exact formula seems to them immoral. Food "like mother used to make" should not be good enough. A world which has seen the development of the airplane and the radio ought not to be content with pies done precisely after the manner which prevailed in bleak New England a century ago. Although I have not the precise statistics at my finger tips it is my impression that 85.6923 per cent. of all the pies baked in the



The trick of cooking, I've discovered, is to get a lot of things mixed up together

United States in any year are apple. Why? Apple pie is certainly one of the dullest of all desserts. Even the addition of ice-cream or whipped fails to lift it above the level of mediocrity. Apples in any form are not fit for human consumption. For that we have scriptural authority. The Puritan made apple pies out of necessity. He wrung a bare subsistence from a rocky soil which afforded few fruits and he did the best he could with what came to hand. But there is no reason why in this modern era we should make a virtue of the handicaps of unfortunate ancestors. The fact that apple pies have been served for decades is no excuse for the continuation of the practice.

AND against the Puritan we moderns also have the complaint that he fastened the turkey upon us as the chief dish of our feast day. The turkey is a hardy and an active bird or otherwise he could not have endured the Northern winters. Priscilla, Miles Standish, John Alden and the rest did not roast him because he was ideal. Nor could they qualify as gourmets. The turkey was big and not a fast flier and so he became the national delicacy of Thanksgiving. There was no choice in the matter. He simply had the luck to be available. Still more unfortunately, tradition leans to the big turkey. Whole families from the presidential one up and down pretend delight at the sight of a monster roasted with the aid of chestnuts. But if there is anything worse than a small turkey it is a big turkey. Take him at his best and he has neither the flavor nor the tenderness of a chicken. The white meat is not so much and the dark is quite impossible. We should have been a happier nation by far if the Puritans had only happened upon the rabbit, calves' liver or Irish stew as the favored dish for the Thanksgiving orgy. Turkey hash is a little better because the bird will eventually break down after protracted cooking, but by the time the hash comes round we have already been fed up with him.

One of the chief reasons why cooking in America should revert to the men is that the women have made a mess of it. Our national cookery stands low in the international scale. Generally the world awards the

palm to the French and there are sometimes good words for the Italians, but in my opinion chief honors belong without any question to the Chinese. And I mean the Chinese of this country, for I know that chow mein and chop suey are not native dishes but brilliant achievements conceived and perfected within our own land, but not by us. And it is pertinent to remark that in the various Far Eastern Gardens, Hop Ling Chung and other resorts, now happily scattered throughout the country, all the cooking is done by men. A few fine things have been done by Negro women, but chiefly under the advice and direction of Negro men. It may be observed that the success of the Chinese depends upon their willingness to take chances. There is a gallantry in their cooking. With ingredients they are generous and a scientific friend of mine has discovered by laboratory test that twenty-nine distinct articles go into the making of chow mein. However, these oriental geniuses have been wise enough never to allow the formula to become standardized. My scientific friend also learned through his analysis that the ingredients are never the same.

NEXT to caution, the chief handicap of the average woman in the matter of cooking is cleanliness. The frying-pan which has once been used must be scalded and scoured before it is employed again. This mistake is fatal. Anybody who has ever been camping knows how much better the bacon tastes at the end of the first week. That is because the frying pan has begun to be broken in. A dash of cold lake water has been considered sufficient treatment at the end of any meal and accordingly the pan has begun to develop a character and an individuality after the manner of a favorite pipe.

My own cooking is greatly hampered by intangible factors. Mostly I have to start with a clean frying-pan because they do get into the kitchen while I'm asleep and tidy up. When left alone I can reduce work to a minimum. While there is no great joy in washing dishes it need not be the terrific ordeal which women make of it. By stacking them up through the week and then having a wholesale scrubbing on Saturday or Sunday efficiency and happiness are promoted. I happen, again, to be handicapped because by the time I get to the ice-box late at night I am compelled to deal with a certain amount of food which has already been cooked after a fashion. I seem to hear a feminine sneer. "Oh, all you do is warm



Twenty-nine distinct articles go into the making of chow mein

things over." That's unfair. Warming over can be an art. Things boiled and roasted may come out brand new in flavor if popped into the frying pan. I like frying because it's much the quickest way of preparation. The theory that great things can be done only by slow and tedious methods has been exploded. Many an excellent modern novel is written in a week. Why should I give more than five or six minutes to a pair of eggs?

But there are other excellent facts besides speed which favor frying. The trick of cooking, I've discovered, is to get a lot of things all mixed up together. Watch a woman prepare a dinner and you will find the stove littered up with pots and pans. Each ingredient of the meal is being prepared separately. I'm for the democracy of dishes. If the dinner turns out to be a success these carefully sheltered concoctions will inevitably be mingled. Let them get together at the beginning, I say, and form the strong and indissoluble union which can only be obtained by comrades who have gone through fire side by side. Under the influence of heat certain affinities are set up which might otherwise remain forever unknown. Some of the food chemists maintain that there are also antipathies in the culinary kingdom. As a child I believed that lobster salad and ice cream at the same time would inevitably be fatal. That's nonsense. I've thrived on it in restaurants for almost forty years. Nor have I any admiration for folk who hesitate to mix milk and orange juice.

However, in the business of frying I have tried much more radical experiments. Sometimes I fail. No man deserves the title of innovator unless he dares enough to earn mishaps. My cooking is inspired by the same philosophy which animates

the little theatre movement. It is my aim to reach the stars or fall upon my neck. Within another twenty years I may have reached some definite theory about ingredients, but at present I proceed wholly on the system of trial and error. Last night I found inside the ice-box two bananas, a little cold turkey, half a can of cream, a tomato once surprised but now sophisticated, and a can of shrimps. Not one of these things had any individual appeal for me, and so they all went into the frying-pan along with a large lump of butter.

UNDER such circumstances there is one responsibility which the chef must not forget. It is up to him to stir as hard as he can as soon as the mixture begins to sizzle. The thing won't go unless there is a perfect merger between the elements. Every opportunity must be given to the opposing juices to make contacts and alliances. When the dish was done I had an end product in no way resembling any of the ingredients with which I had begun. To me the cooked bananas tasted precisely like the turkey. Even the dog agreed with me. He ate his share, about four-fifths of the contents of the frying-pan, with eagerness. It was a good joke on him because up to that time he had always pretended not to like bananas.

Mention has been made here of a dish being "done." This is not always easy to determine. The point of perfection may be no more than a split second and it is fatal to stop short or go beyond it. Recognition of the precise moment requires something which I choose to call genius. You know by instinct and if not you simply are condemned to be a mediocre cook who goes by recipes and engages in the somewhat dull business of doing over dishes which have not the savor of originality. There is one rule which may help a little. When the substances around the edge of the pan begin to turn black, or anything takes fire, I generally decide that I have done enough.

A true cook should be without prejudices. Particularly he should welcome the opportunities afforded him by canned foods. It

(Continued on page 71)



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Thumbprints and Footprints

And the Eternal Lure of a Detective Story

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WE WONDER just what primitive savagery it is in us that answers so eagerly to the call of melodrama! Is it because melodrama is, of all varieties of drama, the most human, the simplest, the nearest to the raw emotions?

Almost every day the reports of murders are strewn in huge type across the tops of our newspapers, and we start the day drinking the details down with our coffee. Nearly all of the early successes of the current theatrical season in New York involved murder in the first or lesser degrees. Curtains rose on smoking revolvers and curtains fell on unbelievably clever sleuths turning the neatest tricks in the pursuit of their duty. In fact, a more manslaughtering series of plays than the Broadway output this year it has seldom been our fortune to witness.

As for the movies, they have always been charmingly full of gun-play, and although the real detective story has not, as a rule, been the most successfully handled material on the screen, there have been some excellent examples of mystery stories in the films. "The Cat and the Canary"—just to mention one of them.

But perhaps, when all is said, it is in the novel form that the murder-mystery-detective yarn really reaches its proper relation to our quiet lives. Alone, in an easy chair, in a peaceful room, deep in the baffling plot of a well-written tale, the average reader can let the humdrum world go hang; can lose himself completely; can become in turn criminal and judge, pursued and pursuer. No crowded audience is seated around him, sharing or dispelling his mental participation in the mystery, as happens in a theatre; no sense of actual outrage assails him as it does in the ghastly reports of real crime in the daily journals.

No—for once he can, and in solitude, enjoy his reactions to the most elemental of games. He can crack a safe or shoot a man and immediately become his own Sherlock Holmes. He can, in the same moment, become, vicariously, the most astute of crooks and bring to justice innumerable breakers of the law. He can have, in a word, a grand time.

Always there is on the book-shelves of the publishers a fresh crop of good dripping, panting stories of this nature. They are both best sellers and old standbys, and you seldom go wrong in the choice of one of these. Whole groups of authors make astoundingly good livings by providing the public with these books. They seem to turn them out with so little difficulty that it suddenly appears absolutely foolish not to get to work some rainy afternoon and write one oneself. The formula is quite standardized and—though one doesn't wish to sound a crab about such things—the literary demands would seem quite easily met.

And yet there's a trick. A trick turned in each case so cleverly and originally that every one of these stories develops into a fresh adventure.

We have just lifted our graying head from the reading of twelve (absolutely a full dozen) of them, and although, frankly, the final solution of each mystery left us a little disappointed, we were what is academically called "worked up" over each individual problem. It was all great fun and good

reading, and we take pleasure in passing on some remarks about these thrilling yarns to you.

The Great Detective Stories—An Anthology

Compiled and with an Introduction by Willard Huntington Wright. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

I THIS splendidly edited volume we sought the very fountain-heads of mystery stories. We gladly tasted here the cream of those masterpieces which we have

MANY of our readers made the acquaintance of "The Old Army Game" a certain number of years ago, and now that time has softened the memory of its rigors, we believe that they will enjoy reading about it. Delos Lovelace has written a corking story of a hard-boiled regular and a company of rookies which we shall publish in an early issue. Be on the look-out for it.

so foolishly neglected in the mad scramble to keep up with more transient offerings.

Mr. Wright has traced the development of this specialized type of literature, and has given us brilliant examples of the best short detective tales that have been written during the last three-quarters of a century.

Edgar Allan Poe, as one might surmise, shows up with his classic, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"—which, if you have failed to read it, means that you have missed the greatest thriller of all.

A. Conan Doyle gets into the book with his Holmes and his Watson, both of whom he plunges deep into the unraveling of the Boscombe Valley Mystery. You remember, of course, how old man McCarthy was found murdered beside a pool in a wood a few minutes after his own son was heard threatening him. It's a good story to read again—and again.

Arsène Lupin (one of our favorite characters in fiction) appears in "Footprints in the Snow," and our Russian friend Anton Chekhov is represented through his "Swedish Match"—a most enthralling piece of work. In all, Mr. Wright includes seventeen stories in his volume.

Here indeed are the masters of spine-chilling fiction. It is well to have a knowledge of them and of their technique, for, seemingly, all detective stories are built upon the rules that they have laid down.

The "Canary" Murder Case

By S. S. Van Dine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

WE HAVE placed this particular book almost at the head of our list, because there is something extraordinarily fascinating in the manner in which it is written.

We like, to an inordinate degree, the cynical and aloof Mr. Philo Vance—society man, art collector and intimate friend of the District Attorney—who so deftly solves, for his own delectation, the mystery surrounding the terrible murder of Margaret Odell, a beautiful and conspicuous figure in the night life of Manhattan, and known on Broadway as the "Canary."

This unfortunate lady has been rudely "done in" and Mr. Vance lends his scintillating deductions to the seeming impenetrability of her passing.

Mr. Van Dine (we are assured that this is not the author's real name at all) indulges himself in the great pleasure of "writing" a book, not in merely concocting a plot to be unwound mechanically. His central character, Philo Vance, is not only supposed to use his head, but does use it, and the interest piles up page after page, and is continually searching and baffling.

Throughout the story our Mr. Philo Vance does his stuff with an air and a dashing mentality which are rare treats. We beg of you not to miss a word of it.

Mr. Van Dine is, it appears, an expert in criminal research. He is also the man who can write another detective novel for this department just as quickly as he can find another murdered lady.

By the way, "The Benson Murder Case" was his work also, but we enjoyed the "Canary" even more than we did that very stirring story.

The Bellamy Trial

By Frances Noyes Hart. (Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.)

THIS has made an enormous hit, due, obviously, to its colorful, human and emotional style.

Totally lacking in the analytical fire and charm of the Van Dine tale, it is without doubt the most romantically told of all the books of this month's talk. It is young, impetuous, appealing and is sustained in its interest in a most satisfactory manner.

Here is the story of a young woman found murdered in the gardener's cottage belonging to a great estate. Her husband and the beautiful wife of another man are jointly accused of the crime.

The story—a love story—is unrolled before our eyes in a court-room. Eight days of the murder trial—eight chapters of well-developed suspense.

A delightful red-haired girl reporter and a young man correspondent from another paper provide a little romance of their own, and form a sort of Greek chorus in connection with the tragedy before the court. Their remarks upon the witnesses and their insight into character are delightfully illuminating. Through them we get surprising human sidelights on all the events brought forward.

We have no desire to give away the plot, but we do want you to know that a most unlikely person has really committed the dreadful deed, and that after the jury has brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" for the husband and the other wife, the "unlikely person" writes a confession to the judge, who, for reasons that every broad-minded reader will appreciate, tears the

(Continued on page 74)

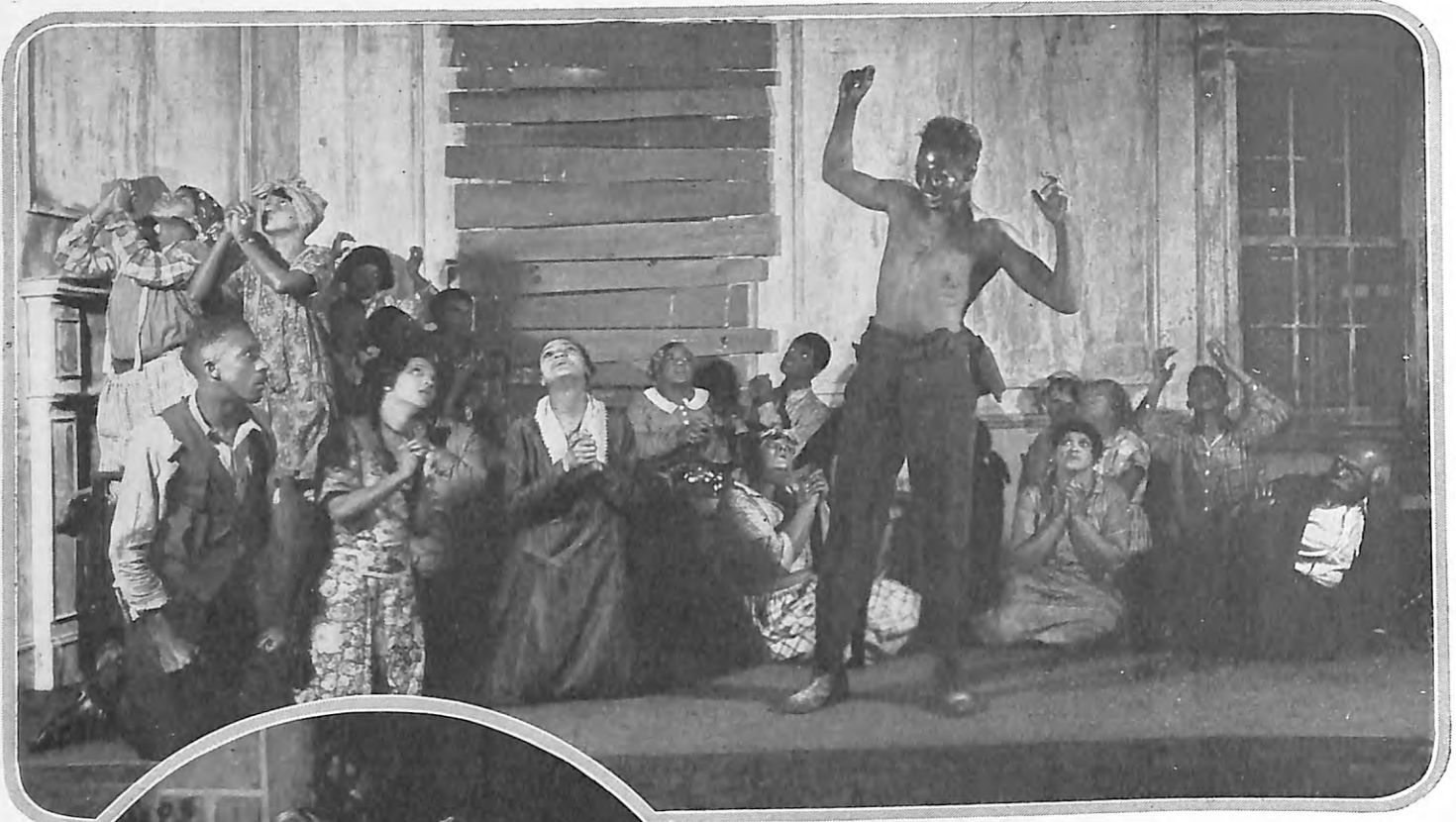


Haidee Wright and Otto Kruger

FLORENCE VANDAMM

"*THE Royal Family*" is the chronicle of a great stage clan told with wit and a great deal of wise humor by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. All the Caven dishes are born to the theatre, though there are instances of attempted rebellion against their fate. As when Gwen (Sylvia Field) chucks making her debut with her mother,

who is the reigning star of her day (Ann Andrews), and marries her nice young man. Yet the final curtain finds Gwen sneaking back, and Fanny Cavendish (magnificently played by Miss Wright), grandest trouper of them all, drinks a toast with her dying breath to the histrionic fame of Gwen's infant son. A genuinely excellent play.—E. R. B.



One of the high spots (above) in "Porgy," the dramatization by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward of Mr. Heyward's novel. This negro folk play has moments of terrific dramatic intensity, but the piece as a whole gains not a little of its interest from the magnificent production the Theatre Guild has given it. Its cast, including some of the best-known negro players, such as Rose McClendon, Frank Wilson and Jack Carter, gives a splendid account of itself



PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM

When you are tired of feasting your eyes on revues and snickering at slapstick comedies and want to see a beautifully constructed play, enriched by some superb acting, go to see Judith Anderson (above, with John Marston) in "Behold, the Bridegroom." This fragile tragedy of a social butterfly who feels herself too smirched by experience to go to her true love when she finds him, is by that same brilliant George Kelly who has already given us "The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife"

Everyone remembers Edwin Milton Royle's famous play, "The Squaw Man." Well, "The White Eagle" is this old favorite all refurbished with a pleasant score by Rudolf Friml, and reappearing as a somewhat massive but entirely satisfactory operetta. The choruses are fine and Allan Prior, kneeling at the right with Master Albert Shaw and a good Indian, is entirely adequate to an exacting rôle



"And So To Bed" is an imaginary sequel, concocted by James B. Fagan, to the immortal Pepys Diary. Herein the lovely Yvonne Arnaud (midway of the stairs) as Madame Pepys, displays her charm and indulges in jealous tantrums because of her master's reckless hospitality and wholesale devotion to the fair sex. It is a comedy full of quaint diversions, tolerably well acted, with Wallace Eddinger (right) as the great Samuel



Captions by
Esther R. Bien



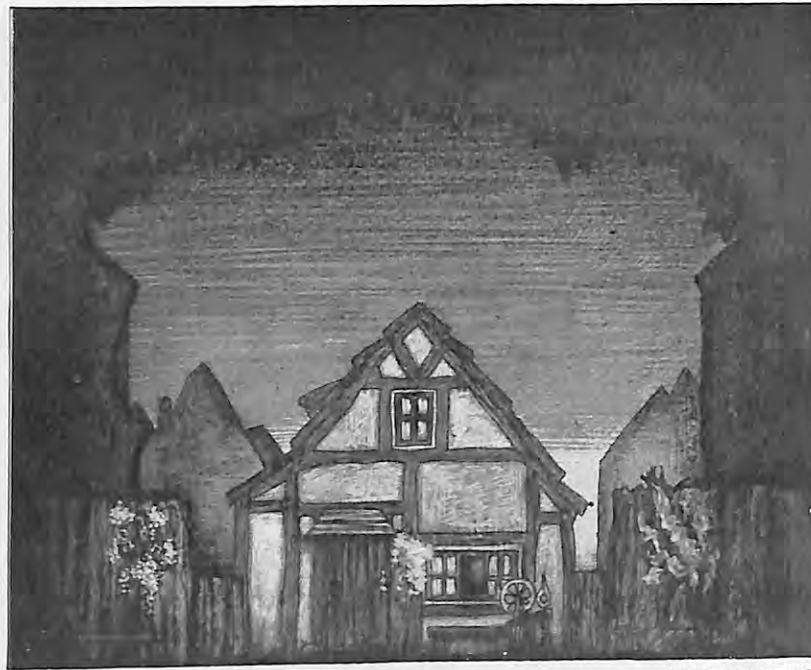
PHOTOS BY
YANDAMM

Getting off to a somewhat slow, but interesting start with a study of what the newspaper reporter thinks and talks about when stuck with an assignment in a police station where business is dull, "The Racket" speeds up tremendously the moment Edward G. Robinson (above) shoots his way in. Bartlett Cormack has given us a story of gang-leadership replete with thrilling climaxes, and rich in local color, to which Mr. Robinson contributes a notable portrait. Marion Coakley is good in the play's one female rôle



Jan Oyra and Catherine Gallimore are not the protagonists of a Chinese tragedy, as you might suspect from their picture (right), but a pair of capable eccentric dancers in one of the season's most colorful and elaborate revues, namely, the new edition of "Artists and Models." It has the traditional number of gorgeous tableaux, excellent dancing, and frequent oases of very fair-to-middling comic relief entrusted to the capable hands of Florence Moore, Jack Pearl and Jack Osterman

Robert Edmond Jones, whose lovely and original settings give him first place among our stage designers, made this drawing for "Faust," recently produced by the American Opera Company



COURTESY BERGMAN STUDIO

Our Changing Theatre

By George Middleton

President of the Dramatists Guild



THE other day a well-known manager said to me: "I don't know where the theatre is heading. The good old days are over when a drama could worry along on a few thousand a week and everybody had enough to buy Christmas presents. Now it must be fourteen or fifteen 'grand' even to stay awake, and unless we get nearer twenty a week we might as well call it a day. The road is dead; we can no longer pick up stray coin there 'cause our play ran a hundred nights in New York. The movies have killed us. The actors are organized and are actually getting all their rights. The stage hands are organized and there isn't a manager who even tries to argue with them. And now the dramatists have gotten together! We managers are the only bunch who can't get together and agree on anything. It's certainly a bum business."

"But why do you keep in it?" I asked.

"Why? I guess for the same reason you do. . . . Maybe I'm stage-struck."

OF COURSE, my picturesque friend only touched on the high spots; yet before I left his luxurious office, fitted with stage furniture from his most recent failure, he threw me a few more pearls which I've been stringing together in my mind. Certainly conditions are bad for the legitimate commercial theatres, as generally understood, and those of us who've been working in the vineyard might as well take stock and tell the sad story. I've never been strong for the charm of "the good old days" and don't know how much better the theatre of our granddaddies may have been; but in some twenty-five years of writing I've seen many changes; and the manager is right: things are not as they were.

But, then, things never are. That is what is meant by growth and decay. What the present movements in the theatre may mean only time will tell. Possibly there may be

some answer similar to the late Senator La Follette's well-known story of the weary-footed traveler who asked a passer-by whether he was on the right road to Washington: "Yes, sir; you're on the right road, but you're going in the wrong direction."

Everything begins with a play; it is the essential raw material; for the entire business structure of the professional theatre is built on this creative thought which some author has conceived and brought forth as a "show." Sometimes its paternity is obvious and untroubled and a fine legitimate play may be presented to a fond public; more often the paternity is polygamous and the public views an infant made up of many strains of music and things. We call the latter a comic opera or *revue*. But whether high born, low born or just plain child, after it has made its little bow its whole life depends entirely on the capricious charity of the public, which nobody yet has ever been able to figure out. It's all a gamble; the raw material itself is of unknown value; since, however glittering in manuscript, upon the test of production the play may be either gold or only tinkling brass. The business structure of the theatre thus begins on shifting sands.

Then again the raw material isn't all. The novelist scribbles his masterpiece and all he must worry about is the color of his book cover. What he writes reaches his public direct without any interposing personalities. But with a play, most everybody down to the office boy has some suggestion on how it should be rewritten; it needs actors who may help or hurt it; directors who may smear or save it; to say little of capital to launch it and keep it afloat—for many plays, like *Abie's Irish Rose*, would quickly have settled in the waters of oblivion if Anne Nichols, the manager as well as author, hadn't lost a small fortune

first before she finally brought its valued cargo to the eager inspection of the Income Tax Department.

And finally, no matter how irresistible the combination of all these factors, financial success or failure lies on either side of a line too thin to see; yet it divides fortune from bankruptcy. All the explanations and alibis the theatre world loves to make resolve into the fact that a play does or does not do business. The artistic merits may have nothing to do with its commercial success; in fact, only one of the Pulitzer prize plays ever did any big business, while some of the worst plays ever written have made fortunes by having what Elinor Glyn calls "it." What the public wants is "as mysterious as the way of a maid with a man."

A BIG metropolitan success often dies in the West for no discernible reason; the theatrical flowers that bloom in a Chicago spring season may rapidly wilt into pleasant memories when they are transplanted next autumn to New York; and a two years' run for a play in London may mean only two weeks in America. There's no telling what geography will do to a play; it's like morals: everything doesn't go everywhere.

Consider, too, that in Greater New York alone there are 788 licensed theatres and movie houses! The theatres have a seating capacity of over 339,000, and the movie houses squeeze in about 860,000. It is also estimated—and I'm

willing to take the Commissioner's word for it—that the theatres, with several matinées, attract a daily audience of one and a quarter times their full seating capacity; the movie houses, because they repeat their shows more often, approximately twice the number of seats; so we can venture the fact that at least 1,500,000 attend the theatres each day!

Speaking only in terms of an individual legitimate drama, see how easily it may thus be lost in the shuffle among 208 theatres;



think, too, in trying to find that particular play how a visitor may bump into any one of the 580 movie houses by mistake. Expand these facts over the land and one gets some idea of the entertainment needs of the community. Yet, while there are these corresponding sums waiting to be spent for amusements, it must be divided up; no one can predict how much any particular "show" will get. Trying, therefore, to gain some attention amid all this competition and then keep it is the theatrical manager's problem; only if its mystery is also solved can the play survive.

NOWADAYS, too, a play is either a "bust" or a "smash": there is nothing between. Owen Davis once told me he had earned most of his money on plays that drew six or seven thousand a week. Though the royalty to the author may have been much smaller than to-day he had many companies doing his piece and it played many weeks on tour. And, at that, it might not have been a great success. But it "stayed out." To-day an occasional drama, like *Broadway*, creates a sensation: yet, with its large overhead, had it played to but \$10,000 a week it would have closed at once. As it was, with admission increased over the old two dollar "top" days, it averaged around \$20,000 in New York and Chicago—to the corresponding joy of its authors, who divided a couple of thousand a week royalties on each company.

Formerly, too, a play could be "nursed" into a "hit"; this meant by losing money for some weeks the audience would gradually grow to profitable business, and if one could squeeze "a hundred nights in New York" it would be good for a long season on the road. A New York success meant something in the good old days. But few managers to-day can supply enough financial nourishment to keep it going at all, unless the play is being presented in a theatre owned by the manager himself. Then he can "pool" his rent with his running ex-



A design by Joe Mielziner for the Theatre Guild's production of "The Wild Duck"

penses and, since he owns both ends, he can thus make them meet. This is why so many managers try to own theatres and "book" their own shows into them; they lose less and make more which ever way the cat jumps. And this is, incidentally, also why there are too many metropolitan theatres.

If the producer is, however, compelled to rent a house for his production, it is either done on an outright guarantee to the owner of from three to five thousand a week—and at present in New York there are six legitimate houses rented to the movies on that plan—or else the contract provides a limit beneath which the attraction cannot play and stay. This, in theatrical parlance, is called a "stop" and when it rings a bell no traffic policeman can make things move on quicker. Just to keep some production breathing that may be playing slightly above the "stop" often costs the manager several thousand dollars' worth of red ink.

This recalls a manager who had recently broken into the producing game. A friend asked him how he was doing.

"Well, I lost \$4,000 in Buffalo last week. Is that good?"

A wise manager to-day, after he sees the notices and the second night's receipts, knows whether his play is going to run to the ticket agencies or to the store-house. One comedy recently had \$234 after the opening and closed the following Saturday; by contrast three of the present successes were sold out the second night. The reaction in the box office is now generally immediate. Managers, too, with large home-office overheads are not interested in handling a production which only "just gets by." Often plays earning him but a paltry thousand a week are ruthlessly rushed off the boards—much to actors' and authors' laments—though even such managers nowadays are getting less blasé. All these facts help explain the bewildering weekly changes taking place in the New York theatres. It's "on again, off again, Finnigan": even the playwright himself may be surprised to read in the "ads" of a sudden demise in his family. Some years ago Irvin Cobb had a play on Broadway which he came in town to see for the first time. To his delight he found crowds surging about the theatre. But when he got nearer he found his play had been closed over night and the official German War pictures had been "booked" in its place.

AS AN actor once said to me: "If I could only be sure when New Year's came around that I was to have a full season's work, I'd cut my weekly salary right in half. But I'm an actor and not a prophet. I never know whether I'm to earn \$5,000 or \$500; and strange as it may seem we actors have got to eat even when we're not acting."

The dramatist cannot foresee what his income may be, since the initial "advance" of \$500 or \$1,000 may be all the royalty he will ever receive for his months of labor; the manager's loss on his investment can be complete and final—aside from what little salvage he may later pick up, with the author, in the by-products of his play in "stock" or if sold to the movies. All of which, under the mounting costs of production, real estate values and theatre rentals, not to mention the scandalous sky-scraping cost of tickets (which the government admission tax and the speculators help along), is tending more and more to a sort of bewilderment in the commercial theatre.

Everybody feels blue and baffled as to where it is pointing; yet you find few of us ever giving it up. Maybe, after all, we keep pottering around because we are "stage-struck," as my friend suggested; maybe it's because we hope to get in on the big prizes that may happen—prizes bigger but fewer than ever; maybe because we really love the art of the theatre. . . . But I must purposely leave art out of this survey for a while.

And while we are feeling good and blue



COURTESY BERYMAN STUDIO

A street scene in Mr. Jones's sets for "Faust"

over conditions in a big producing center like New York, let's admit right away that the "road" is dead. Frank Gillmore, the Secretary of the Actors' Equity, before a recent Congressional hearing, told how, as a young man, he had "barn-stormed" through three weeks of one-night stands in Texas. Now, there isn't a single theatre in that big state exclusively dedicated to the spoken drama. Not so long ago one could route a drama over six weeks of lovely New England towns. But no longer. Florida once had some legitimate theatres amid its orange groves; and once, too, it was possible to send a play through easy "jumps" along the Canadian frontier to the Coast. But, as the manager said, "gone are the routes of our childhood."

There have been more new theatres built than ever; but the silver screen has supplanted the spoken word, and our plays, even those all dressed up and decorated with critical gold medals, stand about shivering with no place to go. Occasionally a star, like George Arliss, will come along and sell out the house (which on other days in the week is sheltering our best mad screen comics); but let some slighter attraction venture into such precincts and watch the box office receipts—if you can see them. One drama, with a year's metropolitan run to its credit and national publicity, recently played to exactly \$184, instead of the expected thousand or so, in the capital of a New England state—and it was before the flood, too. And even the one-night companies of *Broadway* have just been called in because of pernicious business anaemia.

THIS hot withering blast that has struck the one-night towns has also been felt in the large cities, though Chicago, Philadelphia, and a few others have escaped the damage. A popular star recently played a city in Pennsylvania to \$6,000 on the week, where formerly his mere name would "pack 'em in." The week following, in the same theatre, a drama by a most distinguished author, after a year's metropolitan run, with practically the same cast and the prestige of a famous producer, had 120 people in the orchestra its second night, by actual count. Another city, which a certain car made even more famous by changing its model, had four of its legitimate theatres dark when the season should be brightest.

Not only has the road contracted but even the few theatres that remain are thus only sporadically supported. Many managers don't even bother to send their plays on the road. Consequently, more and more fine plays, under the present commercial system, can never be seen in many cities. Only a big hurrah circus combination of stars, such as George C. Tyler sent out with *Trelawney of the Wells*, really attracts attention. An ordinary play can no longer be heard.

As this is beginning to read like an anthology of grave-stones, I must hurry over some more necessary obituaries, before going on to the theatre's future life. The road itself died from a complication of diseases; the complications are still with us, though they happily show signs of modifica-

tion. Second-rate companies which inflicted pain and misery on the audiences; excessive advance exaggerations of press agents the shows couldn't live up to; competitive theatre building in towns that hadn't enough people to begin to fill all the seats; the greatly increased

cost of railroad transportation without "block" reduction; all these—together with the beguiling inducements of twilight motor trips which daylight saving made possible long after theatre time—were nails in the coffin. How much the radio has also been concerned is hard to estimate; but on the night

they broadcast the Dempsey-Tunney fight, the receipts of one of my own plays were exactly \$800 below the previous night; and reports from all over America were equally catastrophic.

But one can always blame the movies. If they didn't actually take over the old "opera house," thus edging out the legitimate play, they've had nice new ones built where a fellow can take his girl to an orchestra seat for a quarter and convince her he's a real spendthrift. The lower he is in pocket the higher he would have to sit in a real theatre. So the movie gets his patronage and his girl; for how can the dust-bins that some of the old theatres still are stack up against the golden glamour of a movie palace? This lure is more profound than it may seem, for it also appeals to father, mother and the family, on the hired girl's day off. Like the Irishman who said he had no difficulty doing his duty when it followed his inclination, so comfort and cheapness make a compelling combination.

Then again let's admit right out in meeting that some movies are more interesting than many casual plays. Featured pictures like *Ben-Hur*, *The Big Parade*, which are soon circused about the one-night stands, are exactly the same presentations still running for two dollars in New York; all the

proud little county seats know they are not being fooled by second-rate understudies doing the heroes. Often, by careful timing of the presentations, the same reels can also be used in two theatres at the same time or carried by motor to the next village. It costs practically nothing to ship these films about; the publicity man in advance can afford to pay for billboards one can see a mile; the exhibitor can give as many daily shows as he wants and none of the actors in the performance get tired, have union hours or have to be fed. Economically it's stiff competition for the legitimate theatre to combat.

How have these developments affected the inner business mechanism of the professional theatre itself? Make no mistake, however, production, acting and playwriting, with a few exceptions, average as well in America as in Europe. Our public, too, is generous as few others. One of my Continental friends commented on this:

"It's quite extraordinary, your American hospitality. You don't mind which language we foreigners act in, if we come sufficiently advertised. Only recently you've had Italian troupes, Spanish artists of the first class, Argentinians, the best that France has, as well as the Russians; and now Reinhardt with his splendid German company fills your stage and your newspapers. Not only do you welcome European actors and directors but we authors find you know all about us. I don't mind telling you in my country very few authors even know each other and don't want to. Your writers seem to have no professional envy and I can speak for your kindness. Why, I haven't had an evening to myself since I landed; already your woman's clubs have asked me to give fifty lectures on the theatre of my country; and I wasn't sure, till I came, that we ever had one."

Of course, my friend is over-polite; yet there is a fine audience for the best in the professional drama, when it can be brought together. But, with all the appeals being made to the attention, it is not easy for the best to find the best. Yet, with an organized audience, such as the Theatre Guild has slowly but effectively built up (it now numbers 25,000 subscribers in New York alone, with growing guarantee of audiences in other cities), daring unconventional experiments can be made and some measure of financial success guaranteed most every offering. Could an organized audience like



Costume sketches by Joe Mielziner for the *Chauve Souris*



Catfish Alley as conceived by Cleon Throckmorton for the Theatre Guild's current production of "Porgy"

this, as well as others now in existence, only be extended all over, so that a now bewildered public could immediately pick the wheat from the chaff, the commercial results of any highly credible endeavor would be more enduring. The moral of which is that an audience must organize to protect itself!

This need of self-protection is what made both actors and dramatists organize. With production such a terrific gamble, it was natural that managers, who initiated production by accepting an author's masterpiece and by engaging actors to act it, should protect themselves and, when necessary, turn sharp corners. Often they would produce plays on a "shoe-string." If they failed both actors and authors got nothing. The popular song of my youth expressed what happened:

*It's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy—
And after you get there, it's a darn long walk
To the gay Rialto of New York.*

THE stranded thespian, with long hair and fingerless gloves, was the butt of comic papers that suspected little of the other abuses to which most all actors were subjected: paying for their own costumes, but not being paid for rehearsals lasting sometimes ten weeks; constant "lay-offs," also without salary, in "tank towns," which was terrible enough; and no guarantees or any way of enforcing whatever contracts the manager may have graciously granted. Some benevolent despots, like King Charles, never did an unkind thing; but they couldn't compete with the hard-hearted autocrats now passing into the fiction of the theatre. Further, pestiferous trade habits were growing up and a halt had to be called.

After years of effort, culminating in the spectacular and successful actors' strike in 1919 (which cost the theatre interests about \$3,000,000), the present Actors' Equity was born. Later it affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The teeth of the organization lies in "Equity Shop," which means Equity members will act only when all the company are members of Equity in good standing. Thus discipline, with legal approval, entered the theatre for the first time; basic agreements and other regulations, backed by power wisely used, have raised the actor's dignity in his contractual relations; no longer can he be subjected to former personal and economic indignities. One amusing example of what these were will suffice: before Equity entered the field many managers of "tent-shows" would glance at the seat sale and then at the clouds; if both looked bad they'd call off the performance and deduct the actor's pay. Now the storm must actually destroy part of the tent before the salary is cut. It is astonishing how the weather has improved.

Over \$30,000 is also spent annually in settling controversies, in which the individual actor would otherwise be helpless for fear of future non-employment by the manager involved; nearly \$25,000 in the last fiscal year was wired to stranded companies to bring them back to the happy hunting grounds where future jobs lay waiting; and in the same period, Equity paid to its members in 124 companies, from bonds and other securities posted with it, from seized box-office receipts or subsequent collections, over \$130,000. Some idea of the large sums



COURTESY BERGMAN STUDIO

A third set in the Jones décor for Gounod's "Faust"

which formerly must have been taken from actors, before organization, can be left to mathematical imagination. This is why practically every star and actor is in Equity, whose paid-up membership now is about 11,000—3,500 of whom are in the Chorus Equity group whose story would take several "sob sisters" weeks to write up. All actors join the Equity because they wish and they do it because they must. Even the managers who opposed it realize it is one of the most stabilizing forces in the theatre.

But Equity's problem is to keep its people employed; it is alarmed at conditions described above; hence it is a factor also deeply concerned with the general business conditions, especially since the average yearly season of an average actor is, I hear, now only about fifteen weeks.



The dramatists, too, united to save their dignity and their metaphorical shirts. For them, also, bad trade habits were blossoming and while leading writers—like the stars—could protect themselves, they were alarmed at what new writers were facing: contracts that would make even Shylock blush with envy; rights that were turned into wrongs; to say nothing of the non-payment of royalties and other similar annoyances that affected their diets. In 1925 a call to all the leading authors, after some propaganda, united them: over a hundred signed to hang together and not take any further chances separately; a new Agreement was drawn and all actually pledged and financially bonded themselves, under group arrangement, to submit no manuscripts to any manager who didn't sign it. After a strenuous six months' fight, with the usual fireworks and compromises, a Basic Agreement was ratified, definitely fixing, for five years, the terms and conditions under which writers

and managers should do business together. The playwrights, while making every concession to meet new economic conditions; facing the producer, abruptly stopped the unfair inroads upon the author's rights which certain managers had made against the protest of others.

This Basic Agreement has been autographed by nearly 400 managers—including every important one in America—since any manager wishing to produce may sign. Every prominent dramatist has joined the Guild; for the door is open to anybody who writes a play. The strength of this so-called "Dramatists Shop" is that a Guild member binds himself, in joining, to deal only with managers who sign and live up to the Agreement; the manager who signs pledges, in turn, to lease plays only from members of the Guild "in good standing;" and there are plenty of ways that black marks may be given both author and manager for departing from the definitely marked business rectitudes.

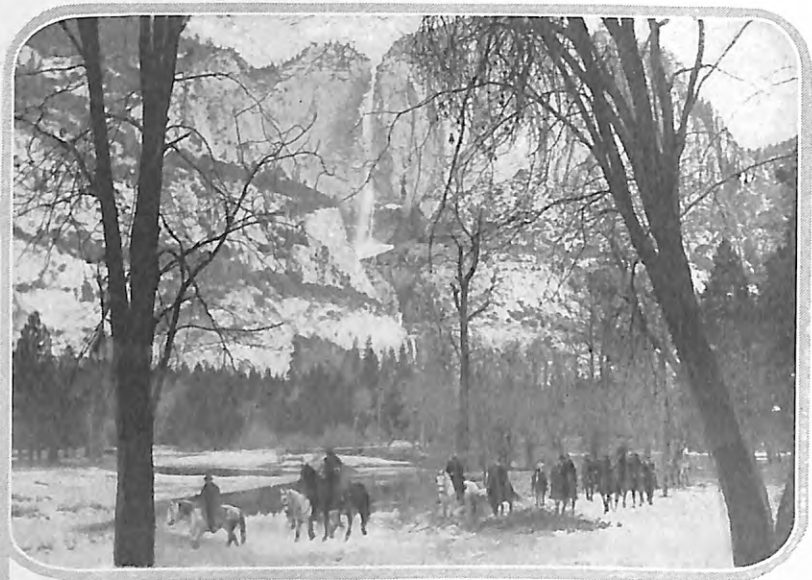
ALREADY it has worked marvels for the authors; aside from settling and arbitrating many disputes at a small expense, over 400 individual contracts have been signed and deposited with the Guild, thus guaranteeing that all those members have had fair contracts; and in one year \$30,000 royalties and moneys have been recovered for the authors, to which otherwise they would have waved a long and fond farewell. No one can count high enough even to estimate how much money must have been owed playwrights, before organization, "when shows were stranded and managers went broke."

To finance the Guild, aside from annual dues, the authors voluntarily put a small weekly tax on each play as produced. There are now over 400 regular members and, in addition, over 600 associates, who have not yet generally won productions on Broadway. But these are the dramatists of the future and they are thus guaranteed the same general protection as the established

(Continued on page 61)

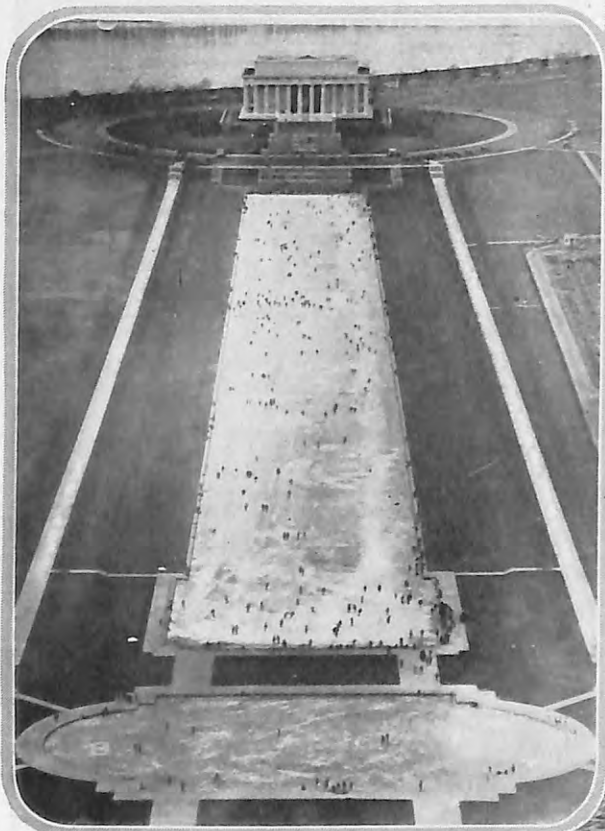
How Well Do You Know Your Country?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing
The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 71



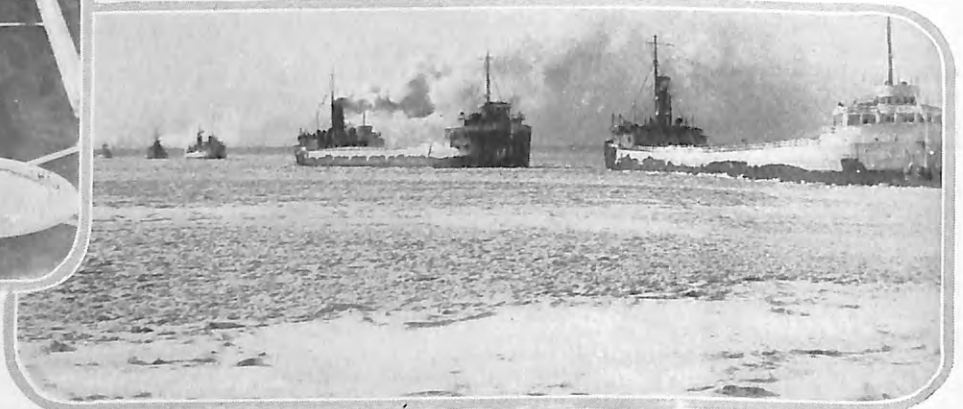
1. The upper fall in the scene above is "the highest waterfall in the world"—a sheer drop of 1,430 feet. Can you name it? And tell what State it's in?

P. & A.



2. A memorial to a truly great American, looms at the end of this lagoon (above). What is it and where located?

FOTOGRAMS



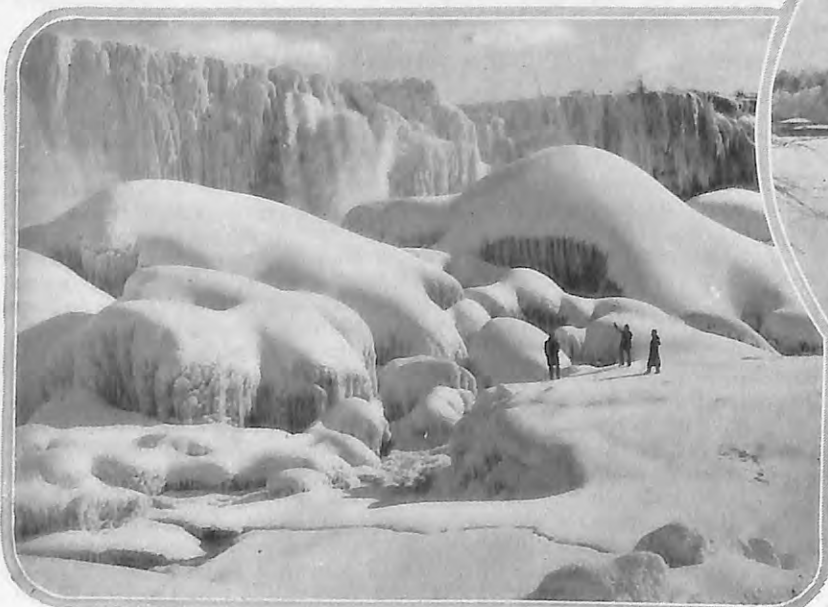
P. & A.

3. Two great canals are in the tropics: another one (above) sometimes is frozen. If it's hard to spell, give its nickname?



P. & A.

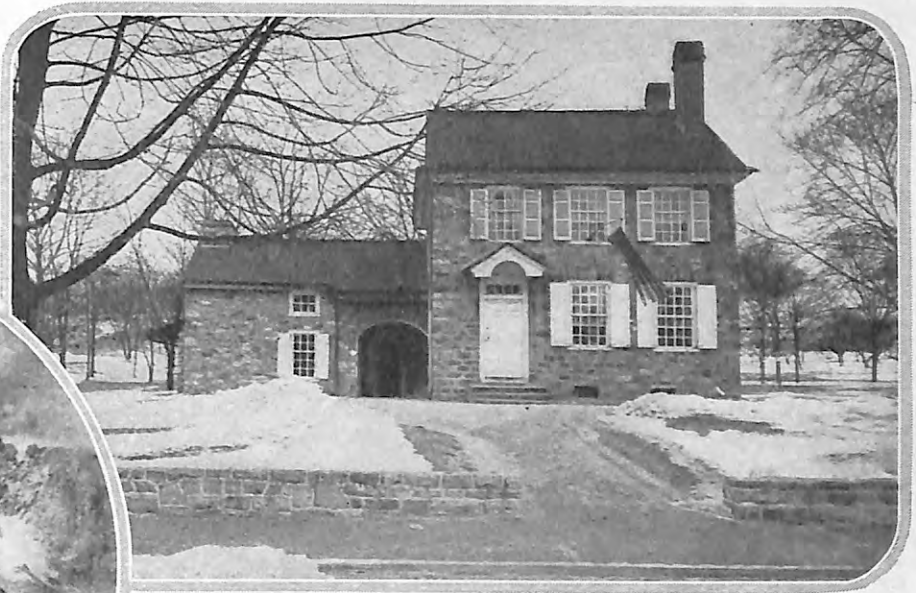
4. What lake is this (above), its fame greater in wintertime than in summer?



GALLOWAY

5. (At the left) And what natural wonder is this—rarely visited in winter?

6. (At right) An heroic general made his G.H.Q. here in a winter when his ill-shod soldiers left blood-tracks on the snow. Do you recall him and the place?



GALLOWAY



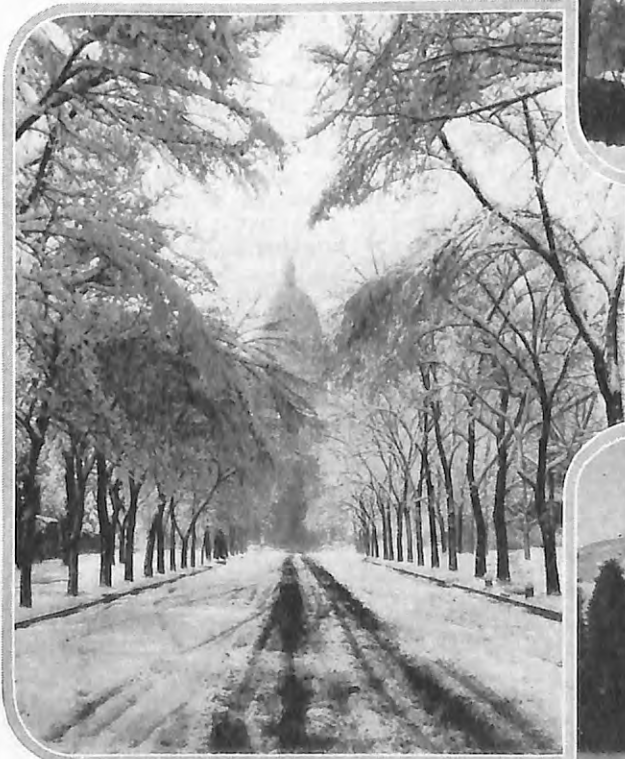
KEYSTONE

7. This mountain is celebrated for the snow-drift at its peak. What is it called? Where is it?



KEYSTONE

8. The village "green" above is clad in white—but so famous is this "green" that you shouldn't be worried. Where is it? And what is the statue here?



GALLOWAY

9. Don't guess "Washington, D. C.," for the scene above or you'll miss it 1,800 miles!



GALLOWAY

10. (Right) Do you know this majestic extinct volcano, a landmark of the Far West?

The Snow-Dodger Puts a Dash of Bitters in the Caribbean

The Bum Sport

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



AS OUR ship drew south into the Gulf Stream and balmy air dispelled the icy atmosphere which had enveloped us when we cleared New York harbor, the little man in the deck chair next to mine became more and more expansive. I had seen him come aboard, swathed to the eyebrows in fur and with his hat pulled down so that the purple tip of his nose was all that showed of his face. That same day, in the dining saloon, I had again observed him and had thought how shriveled and miserable he looked. In fact, misanthropic would be a better word. Which was why it surprised me to note that with the advent of warmth he began to lose first his frigid appearance, then his frigid manner, until, on the third day, he seemed a wholly different person.

Like one of those Japanese paper flowers that bloom when you put them into water, his face lost that shriveled quality and became blandly pink. He seemed to grow years younger. Even his attire was no longer gloomy. The third day out it consisted of a brown and white checked knicker suit, with half-inch checks, buff stockings with chocolate and orange striped tops, a coffee-hued necktie and a cloth hat to match the suit, with an orange feather stuck in the band.

We were sitting in our adjacent deck chairs, gazing into space, when he made his overture.

"This," he said, "is more like it."

"It certainly is," said I, turning to look at him.

"This is the only kind of climate fit for man," he asserted.

"It certainly is," said I.

"The climate of the northern hemisphere is nobody's business," he went on. "Winter is man's major punishment at the hands of the Almighty. Snow is the Devil and ice is Hell." He pulled a thin cigarette-case of platinum from his pocket, opened it and extended it to me. I took a cigarette, a fat Turkish one, with a mottled green paper and a gold tip. The little man helped himself, puffed luxuriantly for a few minutes and chuckled. "Yes, sir," he remarked, as

if pleased with his metaphor. "Snow is the Devil and ice is Hell."

"Ice has its uses, though," I ventured, looking at my watch. It was nearly noon and I was thirsty. My companion chuckled again.

"You're right," he said, "it has its uses. What time do you make it?"

I told him. I told him also that I proposed to have a drink and asked him to join me.

"In ten minutes," he said, "I shall not only be happy to join you, but I will ask you first to have a spot with me."

"You never drink before noon?" I inquired.

"It's not that," he replied. "I have a ritual. Every year I sail on this boat at this time, leaving the bleak North for the benign air of the Caribbean. Each trip, on the third day, when the semi-tropical sun has had a chance to thaw me out, at noon exactly I repair to the bar, to celebrate, with appropriate ceremony, my escape from the clutch of winter."

"Why wait until the third day?" I queried.

"Because sooner than that it is not warm enough. I never drink when the thermometer is low. Alcohol, contrary to general belief, cools the body. Any doctor will tell you that. I have experimented and I know from experience that the third day out it is warm enough for me to drink without danger of being seized with the chill which grips me in New York prior to sailing."

With this, the little man got out of his deck chair, stood zestfully sniffing the soft salt air for a few moments and then, with an anticipatory gleam in his eyes, invited me to accompany him.

That his ritual was well-established on board the ship was evident; for no sooner had we stepped into the bar than the little man was greeted whole-heartedly by the chief bartender and the smoking-room steward. The former set down the shaker with which he was working, wiped his hands on his apron and with a cheery "Here we are again, sir," which included me, produced two tall and beautifully frosted glasses. Into these, from the shaker, he poured a rich, milky fluid, covered with thick foam. The steward, as if by magic, produced a jar of

red caviar, little disks of toast and wedges of lemon. The ship's clock over the bar struck eight bells. The little man seized one of the frosted foam-topped glasses and motioned for me to do likewise.

"To perpetual summer," he said and, raising his glass, emptied it in one long, steady draught.

"How did you like that?" he asked, helping himself to about fifteen dollars' worth of caviar. "Good, don't you think? Well, that's only a starter. An invention of mine designed to prepare the interior for the joys that are to follow. A priming coat, as it were, to soothe the tired tissues. Have some of this."

While the two of us munched disks of toast thickly laden with the golden roe, the bartender busied himself with orders for other people. But at a signal from my companion he stopped what he was doing and brought forth a pitcher full almost to the brim with a honey-colored liquid in which floated mint leaves and rose petals. He poured us each a glass of this mixture. My little man spoke:

"We are about to begin the ceremony proper," he said. "The first libation was merely a prelude. You will not notice any effect from it. I like to drink. But I do not like to guzzle. The aesthetics of drinking are, to me, fully half the pleasure. I have no use for those who get drunk, grossly and without art or manners. Prohibition has not stopped drinking, but it has put an end to cultivated drinking. Nowadays, in the United States, nine persons out of ten merely guzzle. That is not my way. I hope, sir, that it is not yours, either. At the proper time, the steward will bring us lunch and dinner. By bedtime, we shall be pleasantly inebriated. Not comatose or slack-mouthed, you understand, but decently drunk. It will be very enjoyable—that is, I trust I am not taking a liberty in speaking for us both. You will be my companion and guest, I hope?"

"I shall be delighted," was my reply.

IT IS not possible, nor would it be fair to my readers, many of whom, presumably, would be sorely tantalized, to detail the varied potions which passed our lips that afternoon and evening. Suffice it to say that never, in a career marked by earnest research in the field, have I encountered so many different concoctions all flattering to the palate and the gastric centers.

As we imbibed we talked; that is to say, my host talked and I listened. I discovered that it was necessary only to prompt him, by asking a question or stating an opinion to set him off on a flow of pleasant discourse. He revealed himself as a charming companion, erudite, yet interesting. His one obsession, evidences of which cropped out at frequent intervals in the course of his

conversation, was his hatred of winter. There are many who dislike that season. I myself would willingly avoid it every year if I could. Yet I am not rabid on the subject. But my little man regarded winter with actual venom. I wondered why he was so bitter about it. Finally, I decided to ask him.

We had finished dinner—a masterpiece of his ordering—and were sipping some excellent old brandy to the accompaniment of extraordinarily good cigars, when I put my question. No sooner had I voiced it than I was filled with regret, for his eyes took on an expression of sadness. The depression, however, was but temporary. When he spoke it was with apparent cheerfulness.

"It is, of course, natural that you should ask me that," said my little man. "Ordinarily, I prefer not to discuss the matter. But I like you. And since you have listened gallantly to my invective at every mention of winter, you are entitled to know why the very name of it kindles my resentment. Once winter took from me something very beautiful. My life's work is making it pay me back."

He said no more, while the steward removed our coffee cups and tablecloth and brought in their place a bottle of fine liqueur Scotch, tall glasses and ice. Then he began his story, which, from this point on, will appear as narrative.

I WAS always small (said my little man) and never too-well covered with flesh. Even as a small boy I felt the cold and took no pleasure in being outdoors in winter. I was not a sissy. I could play baseball and box and run with the best of them. But I could not stand the cold. And when winter came I used to go out only under compulsion. There are some people, as you may know, who cannot endure the heat. It affects them strangely and powerfully. They become nervous and panicky and almost beside themselves. In my case it was the cold that affected me, but in a slightly different way. It did not make me nervous, or panicky; but it seemed to drain my vitality and it does yet. Have another of these cigars, my dear fellow.

All through my boyhood I

suffered every winter. The friends with whom I played in summer dropped away when the cold weather came on. I withdrew into myself. My father used to make fun of me, at first, or else upbraid me and call me a coward. But he could do nothing with me. We lived in the country and while all the others went skating and coasting and messing about in the snow and getting chilblains, I would stay at home, hugging the stove and reading. When the time came for me to go to college, I begged to be allowed to attend a Southern university. My father, however, had gone to Dartmouth, as had his father and grandfather before him, and he had made up his mind that I must go there, too. Dartmouth, as you may know, is an admirable institution and is located in a beautiful New Hampshire town. It is very lovely in summer. In winter it is celebrated for snow and ice sports. A little more of the Scotch, my boy?

WELL, my college days were a duplicate, more or less, of my school days. From late April to June, I was one of the most active and popular men on the campus. When winter set in, however, I became a hermit. If basketball had been in existence, I might have played that, but at that time it had not yet been invented. I boxed a little, but most of the time I sat by the fire and read and studied, much to the disgust of my summer companions.

I led a happy enough life, in spite of my half-yearly hibernations. But always in my mind was the thought that on leaving college I would so arrange things that I should be able to run away from the cold—to Florida, or the Riviera. Just how that might be possible I was not sure, for my family was not rich and I knew I would have to earn my own living.

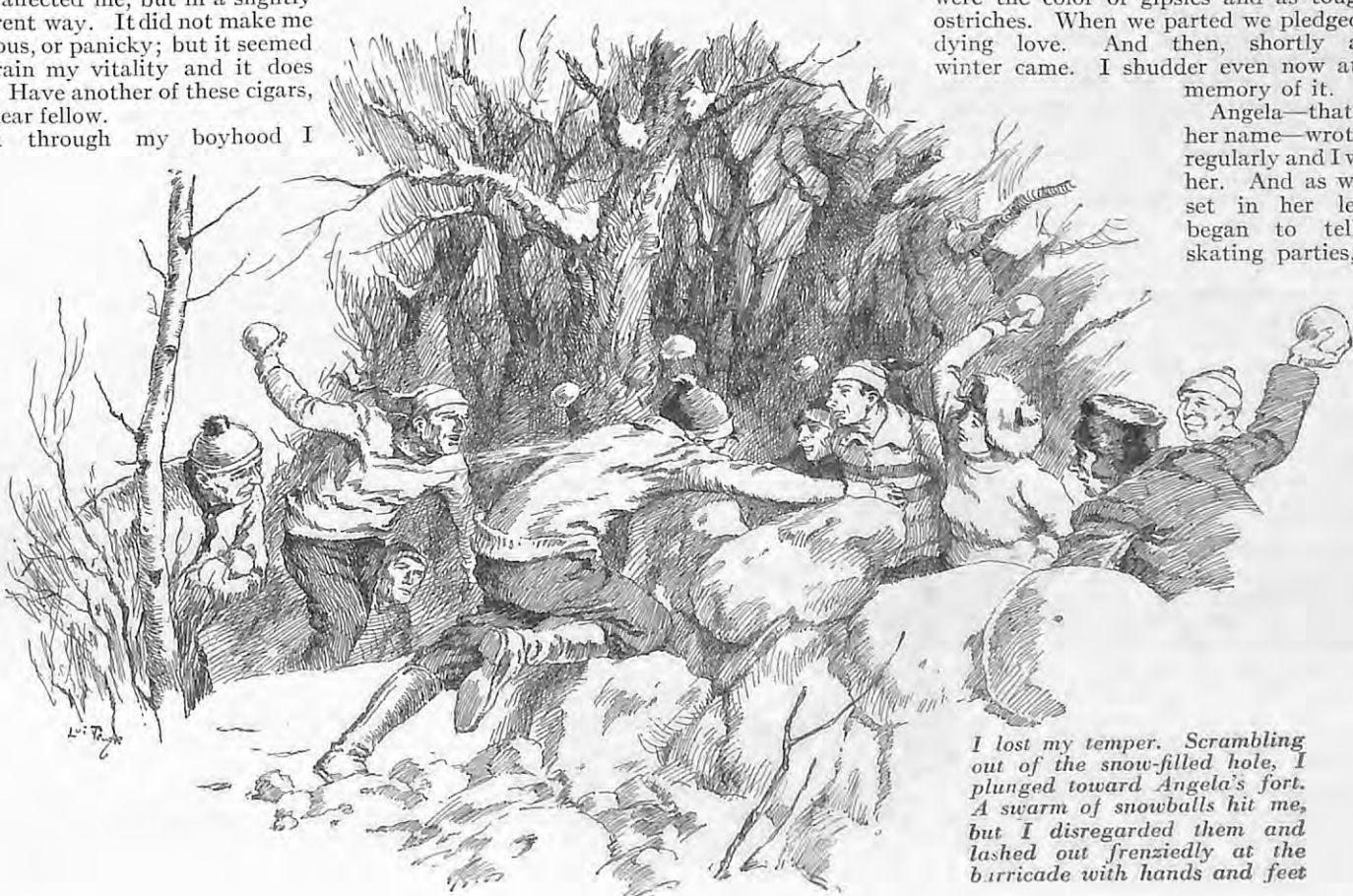
And then I fell in love. It happened in the spring of my junior year. As I have said, I was fond of baseball and pretty good at it,

too. They gave me the position of shortstop on the varsity nine. Though I was small, I was quick. I could field and I could bat—and was fast on the bases. I held down the job against all comers. Our biggest game was scheduled for the week of the junior prom. It turned out to be a real rip-snorter. The day was hot. It suited me perfectly; made me feel thoroughly alive. You know the feeling that comes to you on certain days when it seems as if you were superhuman. Whisky sometimes imparts a similar confidence. Pour me some, will you, my boy. And help yourself.

Well, it was my luck that day to be the hero of the game. No need to recount the details. The reason I remember them so clearly is that it was that day I met the girl. They were carrying me around the diamond on their shoulders when I first saw her. Never shall I forget the way she looked at me. Her face was positively illuminated with admiration. I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful. Later in the day I contrived to meet her. She was the sister of a teammate, a senior. That night, at the prom, I filled her dance card. I wrote my name on every line and defied the pack who wanted to dance with her. She was captivated by my boldness. I monopolized her completely. She was an unusual girl for that period—an outdoors girl. All games fascinated her. She told me she could throw a baseball herself as accurately and as hard as most men. I found out later that this was true. She was really a remarkable athlete. We became engaged—then and there.

ALL went well that summer. I visited her brother at their home and they visited mine. We played and rowed and tramped and swam together. We outdid ourselves in contests of strength and stamina. It's a wonder we didn't kill ourselves with exercise. When the autumn came and with it the beginning of our college semester, we were the color of gipsies and as tough as ostriches. When we parted we pledged undying love. And then, shortly after, winter came. I shudder even now at the memory of it.

Angela—that was her name—wrote me regularly and I wrote her. And as winter set in her letters began to tell of skating parties, and



I lost my temper. Scrambling out of the snow-filled hole, I plunged toward Angela's fort. A swarm of snowballs hit me, but I disregarded them and lashed out frenziedly at the barricade with hands and feet

skiing parties, of snow battles and other delights, all of which chilled me to the marrow. By that time I had gone into my seasonal retirement. But I did not want to admit to her my cold weather incapacity. I was mad about her, you understand, and eager to keep my standing in her eyes. And so, in my letters to her, I boasted of parallel exploits. I wrote of conquests over ice and snow as if I had been blood brother to Jack Frost himself. But all the while I haunted the best-heated quarters of the campus.

Then came the awful consequences of my bragging. Angela wrote that her family would like me to spend the Christmas vacation with them. There would be lots of winter sports. We would have a glorious time. I didn't know what to do. I wanted desperately to see Angela. I also wanted desperately not to be seen by her in my winter degradation, a puny, snivelling version of my summer glory. What was I to do?

I CONSIDERED excuses, but could think of none that would hold water. To say that I was behind in my classes and would have to forego the holidays was out of the question, because I had already sent Angela glowing accounts of my scholastic progress. To plead the necessity of being at home would never do because I knew Angela would write my parents begging them to release me for at least part of the time and that she would receive a ready assent to such a request. Reluctantly I concluded that the only course was to accept the invitation and force myself to make the best of whatever might befall. Your glass is empty, laddie. Fill it up. Fill it up.

That visit marked a turning point in my career. From the moment that Angela, in a smart cutter, met me at the station, things began to go wrong. Our very meeting foreshadowed trouble. Instead of rushing into my embrace, the girl held me at arm's length and looked at me as if shocked.

"My gracious," exclaimed Angela in amazement. "Is it you?"

"It is me," I replied. "Aren't you glad to see me, darling?"

"Of course, darling," she said. "But you look so—you look so different. Like a frozen turnip. Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly well, my dearest," I assured her. "It's simply that I'm a bit cold—there was no heat on the train."

Angela looked pensively at the steam issuing in a cloud from under the car I had been riding in, but made no comment. I knew, however, that she had detected my lie.

"Well," she said, "let's be off."

The drive to her home in the open cutter was torture. Soon I was quaking from head to foot.

"The country is so magnificent now," observed Angela, reining the horses to a walk. "Sometimes I wish that spring would never come. Everything is so adorable in its sparkling white coat. The air is so invigorating."

I said nothing, but sat there hoping she would not notice my jaws, which were quivering like the clapper of an electric bell, and wishing she would lash the horses to a gallop so that we might reach our destination. The girl looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"Your teeth are chattering," she said accusingly.

"It's — excess — ccess — ccess — ccess — citement," I stammered.

"Oh," said she, without conviction.

The rest of the drive took place in silence. At last we arrived at Angela's home, where, thanks to a roaring fire and a steaming glass of toddy, I managed to regain control of my twitching muscles and once more became reasonably fit for human companionship. By the way, don't you think it time that we changed from Scotch to ale? The milder drink cools the spleen and calms the brain for sleep. Steward, some ale.

WELL, as I was saying, what with warmth and a good hot toddy and an excellent luncheon and the friendliness of Angela's family, I soon looked at things more cheerfully than I had thought possible on my arrival. Two factors only marred the pleasure of the occasion. One was the curiously reserved, appraising demeanor of my sweetheart. The other was the anticipation of having to leave the comfort of the house to live up to my self-built reputation as a winter sportsman. Hoping to defer the evil moment, I craftily engaged Angela's father in a discussion of books, which led to his inviting me to his library after lunch to settle our argument by reference to chapter and page. But my stratagem was of no avail. No sooner had we settled ourselves before the hearth than Angela came in.

"Come, dearest," she said, "you and father can argue after dinner to-night, before we go coasting in the moonlight. Now we must hurry to meet the friends who have arranged a snow frolic for us in your honor."

It was on the tip of my tongue to decline. But one glance at Angela's face showed me that I had better not. I was in love with her, you must remember. I wanted to retain my standing in her eyes. And in my ignorance I thought I could do so only by acceding to her wishes. So, concealing as best I could my reluctance at moving from the fireside, I put on my things and went out.

"Where are your skates, my darling?" Angela inquired.

"Heavens, beloved," I exclaimed in well-feigned dismay. "I quite forgot to bring any." The truth was that I did not own a pair of skates and had not skated for years.

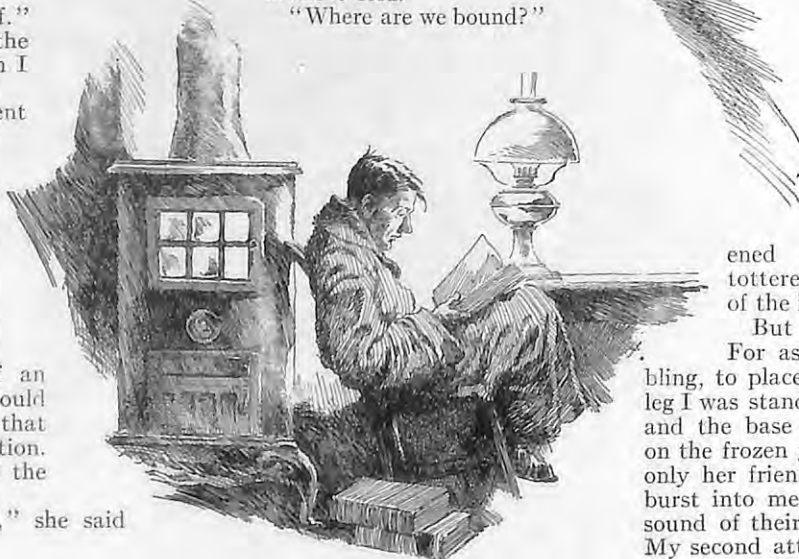
"Darling," she expostulated, "how could you forget your skates?"

"I was thinking so much of you . . ." I began.

"Never mind," she said; "we can borrow some for you. Come; we are late."

Slipping her arm through mine Angela marched me out into the cold.

"Where are we bound?"



I asked, wiping a drop from my nose with my woolen glove.

"Miller's pond," said she. "An entrancing spot. It is deep in the woods. The surface is like a mirror. Near it are clearings where the snow lies in deep drifts. We shall have a sham battle there when we tire of skating. There are two forts, each built on a little hillock. The game is to capture and defend them."

"Fascinating," I said, repressing a shudder. "The ammunition consists of snowballs, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said, her eyes shining with enthusiasm. "You will love it."

That afternoon lives very vividly in my memory. I remember it even now with pain. But it is a pain not wholly unmixed with satisfaction. For in those few hours, while I lost something very dear, I also gained something that changed the whole course of my life. I shall try to be brief, but some detail is necessary if you are to understand fully what happened to me. Do I bore you? No? Good! Before I go on, let us have more ale. My vocal cords are beginning to creak.

When we arrived, after half an hour's walk, at Miller's Pond, a number of other young people were already there. It was plain they regarded Angela as their leader. From their manner, I guessed that she had told them of my prowess. How I cursed the vanity which had made me invent the exploits I had described in my letters. How I wished I had hardened myself to the cold, instead of skulking ingloriously indoors. For in all the group there seemed to be no suffering. No nose was so wet or so grape-colored as mine.

The introductions over, every one asked how we should spend the afternoon.

"FIRST," said Angela, cheerily, "we will skate. And then we will have a sham battle. My fiancé throws remarkably well. He is on the varsity nine at Dartmouth. I think he and I had better fight on opposite sides. It will make the battle more even. Meanwhile the forts must be strengthened. My fiancé forgot to bring skates. Charles," she said, addressing a weak-faced youth about my size, "will you lend my fiancé your skates? You can be working on the fort while we take a turn on the ice."

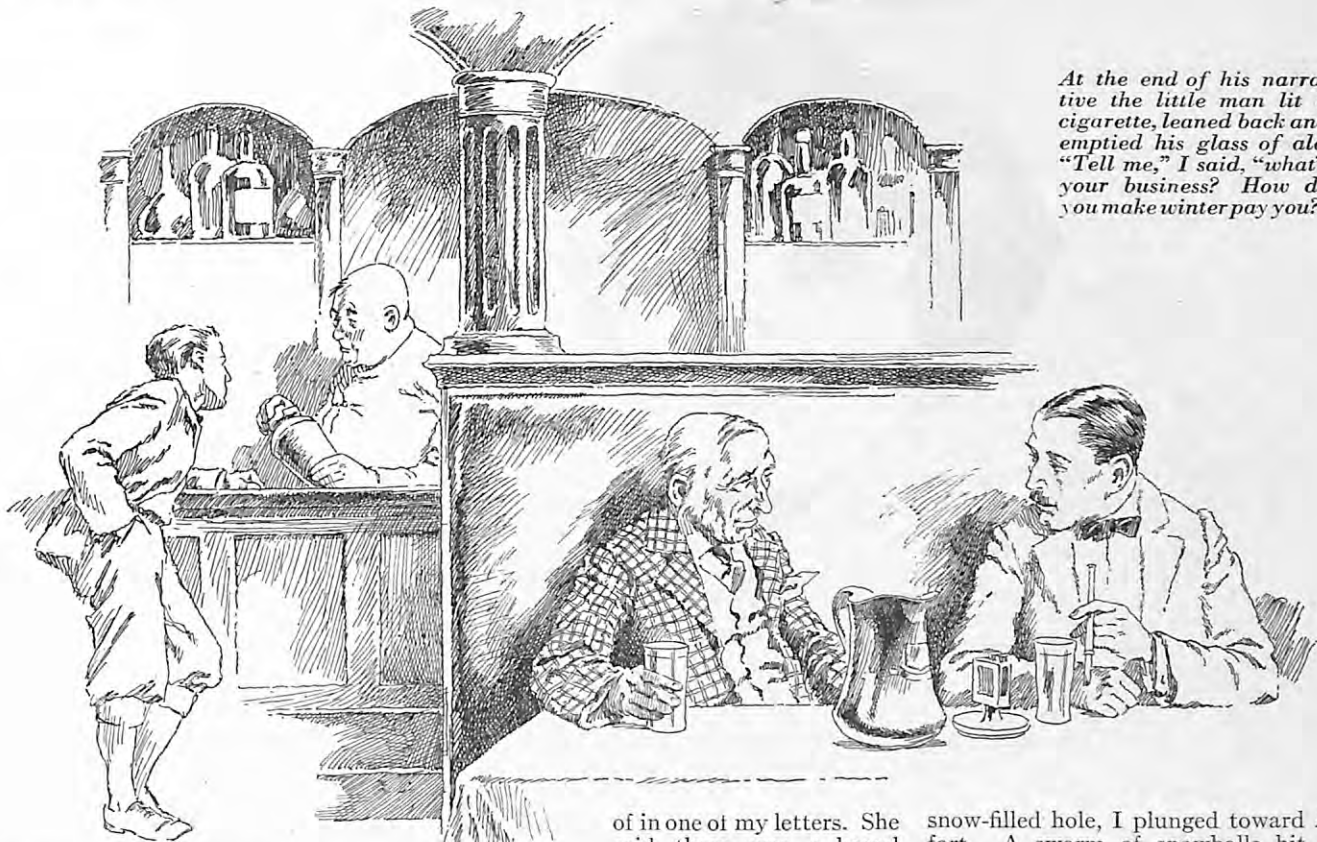
The one called Charles very amiably complied. As you may remember the skates most in use in those days were fastened with straps. The glistening steel

variety riveted to special shoes are a more recent development. The straps were wet and my fingers stiff, with the result that I made a somewhat slow and bungling job of putting them on. Angela, who was already on the pond, cutting figure eights, called out to me twice to hurry. And finally, fearing she would think I was being deliberately slow, I tight-

ened the straps and carefully tottered down the bank to the edge of the ice.

But I was not careful enough.

For as I stepped out, ankles wobbling, to place one skate on the pond, the leg I was standing on shot from under me and the base of my spine brought up hard on the frozen ground. To my chagrin not only her friends laughed, but Angela also burst into merriment at my tumble. The sound of their laughter filled me with rage. My second attempt to strike out onto the



At the end of his narrative the little man lit a cigarette, leaned back and emptied his glass of ale. "Tell me," I said, "what's your business? How do you make winter pay you?"

black surface of the pond was more successful. In fact, I surprised myself by the ease with which I covered the space between me and Angela. I found I had not forgotten entirely how to skate, though I was far from steady. On the whole, I felt encouraged.

Angela waited until I reached her and then, lightly slapping my shoulder, cried, "Tag. You're it," and glided swiftly across the pond. Anxious both to redeem myself and to speed up my circulation, I careened after her. I must have been a ludicrous figure, with my arms jerking frantically in my effort to keep balance. They all laughed immoderately. I have since realized that they thought I was clowning and were laughing with me.

But then I was angry and miserable. I was making a show of myself and I was very cold. I determined to catch Angela no matter what happened. And I bent forward and struck out after her as hard as I could go. Unfortunately, just when I seemed to be gaining on her, the strap of one skate, improperly secured, came undone. The skate turned sideways, my foot buckled and I plunged nose foremost to the ice. Assuming that this was simply another of my tricks the others roared with laughter. Angela herself fairly shrieked with amusement. As for me, I sat there swearing under my breath.

AFTER several unsuccessful efforts to regain my feet, each failure evoking gales of laughter from the others, I clenched my teeth and my fists and stood erect once more.

"You're still it," cried Angela.

"He's only got one skate on," shouted another.

"Put on your skate," called Angela.

"It won't stay on," I yelled. "The straps are too short."

Then followed a consultation. Angela was all for making some one else lend me skates. She was anxious for me to show her and her friends how I could jump over a barrel—an accomplishment I had boasted

of in one of my letters. She said there was a barrel near by at an old deserted house. But I killed that notion. One barrel, I said, was nothing. I could jump three. There was nothing to jumping just one. "I'll get some skates of my own to-morrow," I promised glibly. "Then I'll jump three barrels for you." I had no more definite plan than to postpone that exhibition. My foot had begun to hurt like thunder in spite of its numbness, but I did not want to admit it.

Angela, satisfied with my proposition, suggested that we start the snow fight at once. She divided us into sides and we repaired to our respective forts, which consisted of crude walls of snow-blocks, little more than waist high.

The ground around these forts was very uneven. And the first thing I did was to step into a hole concealed by the snow that filled it. Though the day was extremely raw and damp, it was not cold enough to make the snow dry and powdery. It was very wet snow. As I tried to clamber out of the pit I had fallen into, Angela's company opened fire on me. Most of the missiles I managed to dodge, but one launched by Angela herself landed squarely on my neck, just above my collar. I told you, I think, that she could throw as hard and straight as a boy. That was one time I did not admire her prowess. It enraged me.

Remember I was thoroughly chilled, thoroughly out of sympathy with the whole silly business. My ankle hurt like blazes, my fingers were nearly dropping off. My eyes were watering. And my nose was running. My pants were wet and my shoes sodden. I had intended to play the fool game because of my love for Angela. But when that snowball of hers squashed on the back of my neck, my love for her suddenly turned to hate.

In a vivid flash I saw a vision of the future. I saw myself harried down the years by a wife with a passion for winter sports. I knew I could never bear it.

I lost my temper. Scrambling out of the

snow-filled hole, I plunged toward Angela's fort. A swarm of snowballs hit me but I disregarded them. Reaching the barricade, I lashed out at it with hands and feet. Frenziedly I knocked it down. I turned to the other fort and scattered it in small pieces. Then, seizing a handful of snow, I ran to Angela and slapped it in her face.

"There," I shouted, "you and your snow frolics! Keep your damned snow. I hope you enjoy it."

Angela was so aghast she merely choked. The others stood rooted in their tracks. I walked away without another word. I never saw any of them again.

Somehow I got to the railroad and boarded a train and reached home. My foot was so swollen they had to cut off my shoe. The pain was terrific. I was laid up for the rest of the holidays. My father was wild when he heard what I had done. He said I was a bum sport, not worthy to be his son. He insisted that I write to Angela and apologize. I did, but she never answered. I was sorry, in a way, for my behavior. In moments of reaction I cursed myself, for I had really loved that girl. But it was all the fault of winter that I lost her. And then and there I vowed that I would never expose myself to that vile season again. And I kept my vow. I left college, went into business and succeeded from the first. Every winter I have gone down to some land of sunshine. And furthermore I have made winter pay my way. Every cent I own I have made out of winter.

AT THE end of his narrative the little man lit a cigarette, leaned back in his chair and emptied his glass of ale.

"Tell me," I said, "what's your business? How do you make winter support you?"

He took a card from his case and, with a sly smile, handed it to me. This is what it said:

Charles Francis Parker
President
The Parker Manufacturing Co.
World's Largest Maker of Skates, Skis and
Sleds
"For Happy Winter Hours."



The Light Shines Through

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige

Part II

NAOMI CRAIG had always worked for her living and it was with a feeling of keen regret that she resigned her secretaryship with a firm of structural engineers.

Events had piled swiftly upon one another. The matter of turning Avery's estate over to her amazed her by its simplicity. She had a lengthy talk with Ezekiel Brewster. The attorney suggested two courses: One the creation of a trust fund with an established bank and herself as co-trustees. "In that way, Miss Craig, the income will be as much as you can well spend."

"And the other course?"

"To leave the estate in its present highly safe and liquid form. There isn't a bond or a block of stock that isn't gilt-edged. Of course, I would advise the trust fund."

The arguments pro and con were presented to her. She discussed them at length with Don.

"Did Brewster mention the income under the trust plan?"

"His idea was that it would net a trifle less than 4 per cent. after deducting taxes."

Logan laughed shortly. "How absurd, Naomi. You know there's such a thing as carrying conservatism too far. Now of course we don't need all of the income, but it is obviously ridiculous to throw away twenty to thirty thousand dollars a year."

"But the safety of the principal . . ."

"Without sacrificing that, either, dear. I happen to know something about stocks and bonds. One can average nearly 7 per cent. with safety. It merely requires care, close attention and a diversification of investments. In other words, too many eggs should not be in one basket and all investments should be in essential industries. We can easily net 6 per cent."

He produced a notebook, pencil and the evening edition of a financial paper. For an hour he dazed her with arguments about interest, safety, taxes and diversification. He constantly used the pronoun "We"—a fact which Naomi did not notice. It had never occurred to her—since definitely de-

cidng to accept John Avery's bequest—that the property belonged to her alone. Once married to Donald it was theirs. She did not observe that he was already assuming a dictatorial air; a proprietary manner.

He swung her over to his way of thinking—much to the profound disgust of Ezekiel Brewster. That keen old gentleman wished them well. He made his final accounting and Naomi walked out into the world a wealthy woman.

That night she and Don talked of many things, but chiefly of their marriage. He fought to conceal his impatience. He was short of money and disdainful of work. He was overflowing with great schemes by which he could convert Avery's million into incalculable wealth. His confidence in himself was superb. He was sincere. He did not recognize himself as that most tragic of all investors . . . the man who believes he understands the inside of Big Business.

His fingers twitched with eagerness. He wanted to taste the delights of affluence. He wanted actually to possess the things of which he had always dreamed and which now seemed in his grasp. But he based his plea on his love of Naomi, and because she loved him very deeply—she did not pierce the mask of deception.

"We can wait a little while, Don," she argued weakly.

"Why?"

"I hate to rush things."

"We're not rushing them, Naomi. We have been engaged for more than a year—since before Avery went away—" Her cheeks paled slightly. "We haven't married before this simply because we couldn't afford it. Things never seemed to break exactly right for me. Now the financial bugbear has been removed. . . ." His arms closed about her. "I don't want to wait any longer, sweetheart."

A tired little sigh escaped her lips. "Do you really love me very much, Don?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"No-o. . . . And yet . . ."

"Thinking of Avery, I'll wager." He was smiling good-humoredly. "I'm not like Avery, dear. I wish I were. He was a magnificent chap. Born to sacrifice himself for others—and not a selfish bone in his body. I *am* selfish. I am selfish in my hunger for you. I'm impatient of delay." He brushed her cheeks with his lips. "Say you'll marry me right away, dearest. Now."

She seemed queerly preoccupied. Her eyes were focused upon the bronze tip of her tiny shoe. When she spoke it was in a rather strained voice.

"There's one thing we must agree upon before we marry, Don—something that never would have come up had it not been for this bequest from John . . . that is, it would not have been necessary to mention it if we had been saddled with financial cares."

He grew cold all over. Was this another of her absurdly romantic notions?

"What is it?" he asked with forced gentleness.

"THERE is one thing I want," she said softly—"one wish." She looked up at him with sudden accession of courage. "As soon as we marry, Don—we must leave New York."

"Leave New York?" His broad mouth twisted. He was visibly annoyed. Existence in New York had been an important part of his scheme for personal happiness. "Why?"

She did not evade the issue, now that it had been joined.

"I can't explain. You must believe me when I say that there is a very good reason."

"I suppose so. . . . But what on earth has suddenly gone wrong with New York?"

"Nothing. It isn't this city—or any other in particular. But I wish to live in—or near—Los Angeles."

His eyes were wide behind the lenses of his tortoise-shell glasses. He realized that he had suddenly stepped very close to something in this girl's life which he had never suspected and he was wise enough to pick his way with meticulous care.

One could not look at the girl, nor catch the timbre of her voice, without sensing that there was some very powerful motive behind this apparently absurd whim. Don was too wise to display annoyance. His immediate problem was to become co-owner of the fortune John Avery had willed to the girl. The question of residence was a comparatively trivial thing which could be attended to in good time.

"It does seem funny . . . this sudden desire to move out to the Coast."

"It isn't a sudden desire," she explained. "I have wanted to—for ever so long. But I had a position here which paid an excellent salary, one I probably could not duplicate out there. You had greater opportunity in New York. It seemed that we were to marry and live at first on a small income. . . ."

"I didn't know you even knew anyone in Los Angeles."

She bit her lip. "I—I don't. That is, not exactly. . . ."

"Then why—?"

"I told you that it was a secret of mine. Something sacredly personal."

HIS voice was soothing. "Wouldn't it help if you confided in me, Naomi? I can see that there is some trouble which I never suspected."

"I preferred that you shouldn't. And I'd rather not tell you. Not now, at any rate."

"After we're married?"

Her tiny figure was tense. There was a hunted light in her eyes. "I don't know," she cried. "Perhaps I shall. But I don't want you to probe. It is something which concerns myself alone. There is a very good reason why I wish to live West."

He held her close to him and smiled down into her eyes. He knew his power over the girl—he knew that she was helpless against the ineffable tenderness of which he was capable.

"Why, little sweetheart," he murmured. "Of course it is all right. It isn't easy to tear my roots out of the soil of Manhattan, but if it means that much to you . . . And I wouldn't probe for the world. I only questioned because I never before saw the light of trouble in your beautiful eyes—and I had a perfectly natural desire to help."

She clung to him fiercely.

"I know it, Don. I do know it. And I want to tell you . . . but it isn't my right to tell. Won't you believe that?"

"Of course I will, dear."

"Some day, perhaps. . . . Perhaps never. You must promise that you will wait

until I wish to tell you. If I prefer to keep the secret you must let me do so. Will you promise?"

He held her at arms' length.

"I promise, Naomi."

For a second she stared at him, then slid into his crushing embrace.

"Thank you, Don. I have been terribly afraid. . . ."

He forced a note of lightness into his voice. "And now that that is all settled and agreed. . . ."

She responded to his mood. "We'll marry whenever you say, dear."

"Next week?"

She flushed. "If you wish."

"Good. And then—to Los Angeles on our honeymoon!"

Before he left she was radiant. And he was his most charming self—gentle and loverlike—bright and cheerful. But once he had kissed her good-night and left the modest apartment house, he walked slowly down the street.

To-night he had glimpsed a new and unsuspected Naomi. He was no fool . . . he sensed the depth of tragedy which stalked her life.

He gazed long and thoughtfully down the nearly deserted thoroughfare. He shook his head slowly—

"There's some mighty good reason for all this," he told himself; "some reason that it will be mighty useful for me to know."

He quickened his pace. There was a faint, sardonic smile on his lips.

CHAPTER VII

A RUSTY, storm-worn tramp steamer lurched drunkenly through the white-capped waters of New York harbor. Off the Battery it veered to the right, apparently indifferent to the ridiculous figure it presented in this harbor where gorgeous liners, pert tugs and graceful, slender yachts rode so proudly.

With the assistance of a tug, it docked in the East River; a smudge on a particularly unpicturesque section of the waterfront. Shortly thereafter a certain member of the crew was paid off. He bade the captain goodbye and stepped on the shore of his native city.

John Avery had undergone a subtle change in the ten months aboard the *Theseus*. He seemed taller and broader and deeper of chest.

He wore vile clothes, but the opening at the throat of his shirt disclosed a chest of mammoth proportions.

The eyes still held their gentle, kindly glint; but the lids had narrowed. Seafaring life had done that: long days on deck in the blistering sun of the tropics; tremendous nights when the ocean was lashed to its ultimate fury and the icy spray cascaded over the side and drenched the Herculean figure.

IT HAD been a glorious experience for the big man. The monotony had never penetrated his consciousness. He had fitted in with the uncouth sailors, accepting in good spirit their ribald jesting and their hard humor; refusing certain offers of advancement which came from dynamic little Captain Bynum. And now, home in New York once again, John Avery felt that he was better equipped to readjust his life . . . not to pick up where he had left off, but rather to start again; to fasten his interest on something other than an unrequited love.

He moved west to the Bowery and turned downtown. Even in the teeming East Side, he was a figure to attract attention. His were the clothes of a common sailor, yet his manner proclaimed Park Avenue. He rolled slightly as he walked . . . and queerly enough it never occurred to him to take a taxi or street car. Distance meant little to him now—and time even less. In the past ten months, since signing on as a member of the *Theseus's* crew, he had journeyed to the four corners of the earth in a soggy hulk where one day was very like another and all moved in an endless, meaningless procession.

He reached City Hall Park and crossed to Broadway. He walked more slowly on that street, strangely incongruous in his ship's clothes. He entered a huge office building, refreshed his memory with a glance at the building directory and crowded into an elevator, much to the disgust of certain finicky passengers who shoved as far away from him as possible. Then, for the first time, Avery seemed to become conscious of his disreputable appearance and a faint smile appeared briefly on his bronzed face.

He left the elevator at the twenty-eighth floor and presented himself in the outer office of Ezekiel Brewster's suite. An office boy bustled forward importantly, regarding the newcomer with an admixture of admiration and contempt. But Avery paid the boy no heed—instead he was smiling at a distinctly spinster stenographer whose fingers lay limp on the keyboard of her machine. Avery shoved past the office boy and stopped at her desk.

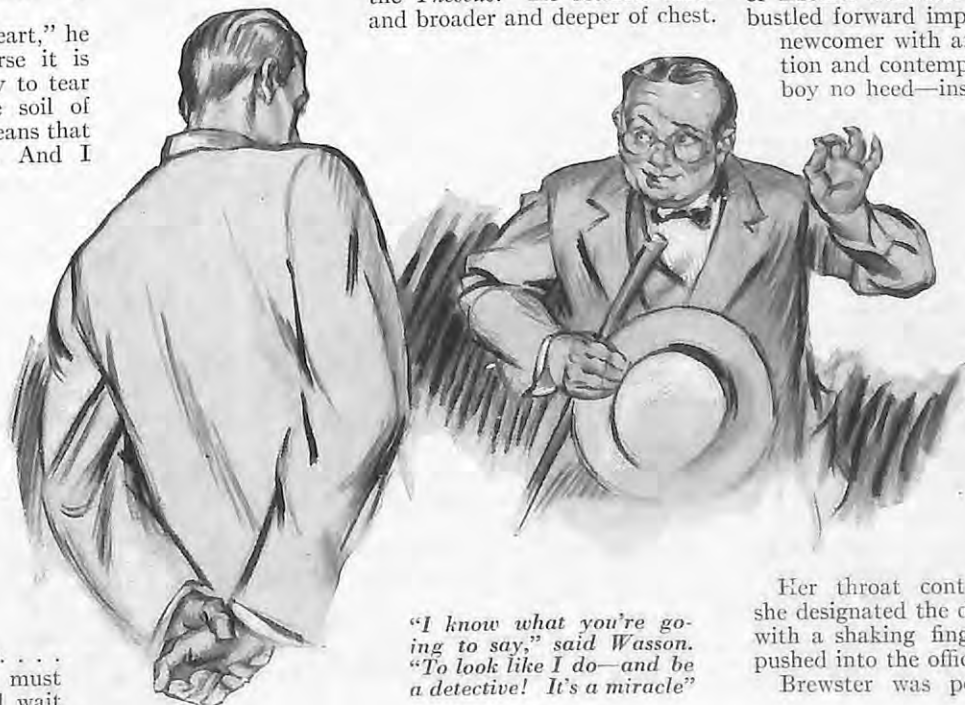
"You look as though you had seen a ghost, Miss Hawkins."

The estimable lady tried to speak and succeeded only in gasping, "Y-y-you . . . Mr. Avery . . . ?"

"In person, Brewster in?"

Her throat contracted convulsively as she designated the door of the private office with a shaking finger. John grinned and pushed into the office of his friend.

Brewster was poring over a Supreme



"I know what you're going to say," said Wasson. "To look like I do—and be a detective! It's a miracle"

Court decision when Avery entered. He was hunched over his desk like a sparrow in an eagle's nest. The reading light shone on the faint vestige of a bald spot and glinted from the glasses which were pushed up on his forehead.

Avery stood still—smiling like a boy and saying nothing. Brewster raised his eyes slowly.

The expression of annoyance fled from his wizened features, to be followed by one of astonishment. He blinked, his jaw sagged, his thin fingers gripped the edge of the desk. He half rose, then sank back into his chair. His first words came rather in the nature of a shock—they were shrill and accusing.

"You—you blithering idiot!" rasped Ezekiel Brewster.

John threw back his head and laughed. "I might have expected such a greeting from you. And I won't deny—"

John ceased speaking. He could see that his friend was strangely affected. He crossed the room and dropped his great, hamlike hand on the narrow shoulders. "I say, old man—it's not that bad really."

It was not often that Brewster gave expression to his emotion. This moment was an exception. One skinny hand reached up and rested with genuine affection on that of his young friend. Just for the ghost of a second, and then it was withdrawn as Ezekiel Brewster fled to the refuge of harshness.

"Where have you been all this time?"

"Everywhere." Avery was gleeful as a kid. "Marquesas for a year. Then Tahiti, Colombo, Penang, Calcutta, Port Said, Algiers, Buenos Aires. . . ."

"Why didn't you cable me? I thought—"

"—That I had passed out?" John's face became grave for a moment. "It was a rather hectic experience. Only a miracle saved me. I don't know what happened to the others on the *Gothic*—"

"The ship was reported lost with all on board."

"I'm sorry I didn't know that. I would have cabled, of course. Not knowing I was supposed to be dead, it never occurred to me to cable you otherwise. When I left here I told you not to expect to hear from me. I was trying to get away. . . ."

"You made a mighty good job of it. But it seems to me that right after the shipwreck—"

"I was picked up and taken to one of the Marquesan islands. No cable there. It's the farthest-away place you ever dreamed of. I stayed there for a year and by that time it seemed that I was in a different world. Eventually I got to Papeete."

"Why didn't you cable from there?"

"BECAUSE," Avery explained patiently—"I didn't think of it. I didn't know I had been reported dead. You were on the other side of the world and it never struck me that you would have heard about a dirty little steamer like the *Gothic*. I had left New York with the thought of losing myself. I had done so—and was well satisfied. I shipped on a tramp in Papeete. Time meant nothing to me and I felt I would enjoy a new experience. Fact is, I did. We limped all around the world. To-day we arrived in New York—and here I am. As to my affairs. . . ."

The attenuated attorney mopped his forehead. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated—"I didn't know it was possible for a man to be so brainless."

"Perhaps not." Avery's voice was gentle. "I never thought you'd be worrying about me. Everything seemed so far

off. . . . I had gone for an indefinite period and it never occurred that you'd even hear of the loss of the *Gothic*. It wasn't as though you expected me back at any particular time. And I warned you not to expect letters. But if you've worried about me. . . ."

"No!" sharply—"I haven't worried about you. But you've played the devil."

John seated himself. There was no longer any hint of the boyish, bantering manner he had brought with him. He sensed the seriousness of his friend's manner.

"What is wrong, Brewster?"

"Everything! In the first place, you're dead!"

A laugh danced in Avery's eyes for a moment. "Not quite—"

"DON'T argue with me. I tell you you're dead. Your will has been probated and your estate. . . ."

Avery leaned forward tensely. "What a fool I was. You mean—"

"Certainly. Lloyd's reported the loss of the *Gothic* with all on board. You had written you were taking passage on it, and the company records substantiated that fact. A thorough search was made. No survivor was ever found. I waited almost a year and then read your will as you directed."

"I see. . . . And Naomi?"

"Mrs. Logan!"

"I see. . . ." An air of solemnity hovered over the room. John spoke, as though trying to straighten matters in his own mind. "I was a fool. But when a man has gone away for an indefinite stay with the sole idea of losing himself and knows that he's alive, he never thinks of cabling that he isn't dead. It just never struck me—"

"We're facing facts now, John," said the attorney crisply.

"And those facts are?"

"That Miss Craig married that nincompoop within a month after she came into possession of your money."

"I was in the Marquesas then, I suppose." He hesitated. "And when they find out that I am not dead—?"

"Whatever is left reverts to you."

"But I thought—"

"Many laymen are idiots. I suppose you're going to tell me about a legal presumption of death. Well, listen here, my boy—all the legal presumptions in the world can't kill a live man. You're alive. Your will does not become effective until you die. The only hitch in the whole business is that if Logan has made ducks and drakes of what you left, I doubt if you have a comeback. Everything went through proper channels and the will specified that there should be no executor's bond or necessity for accounting."

Avery rested his hands on the desk. "I'm not interested in the money. I want to know about the rest of it."

"Humph!" snorted Ezekiel Brewster. "I like that young lady, John—but she's a fool. Any woman who could marry Logan is empty-minded. Of all the egregious, braying asses I ever met in my life. . . . that man with his superior air and his blot of half-knowledge—well, I'll say there's no accounting for a woman's taste."

"Are they happy?"

"I don't think so. Though my chances of finding out are rather limited. Living across the country—"

"Across the country?"

"They married in New York and immediately moved to Los Angeles—or some dinky little town near there."

John frowned. "Why Los Angeles?"

"Don't ask riddles. I'm completely dazed anyway. I can tell you that she married Logan and moved West. I can't explain either event."

John rose and walked to the window. He stood silent for a moment, then spoke without turning: "You have heard something about them, haven't you?"

"Something. I've had to keep in touch, in a way—winding up details of administration. I don't know anything positively."

"Well. . . ."

Brewster cleared his throat. "What I have heard isn't encouraging—or is, according to the point of view."

Avery's heart leaped. "What does that mean?"

"I gather that they're not hitting it off very well together. I understand that they've either separated or are going to."

"Anything—in particular?"

"Logan. Gone wild with money. He's got it, too—don't ever fool yourself about that. I think she has seen his cloven hoof, and won't stand for being ground under it. That was certain—but damned unsatisfactory. I can't vouch for details. . . . but I understand that his extravagance and his penchant for other women have helped."

"I see. . . . Even the fortune didn't bring them happiness."

"Certainly not. And the first thing to do is to get back what's left. We'll wire Mrs. Logan—"

"No." Avery spoke shortly; then, after a moment's thought—"No, we won't do that."

"But, John—"

"PLEASE. After all, this is my affair. Whatever mixup has been caused is all my fault. I'd rather not blast things without careful consideration."

"Damnfool! Logan has most of your money. . . . Logan with his pet schemes for becoming a Croesus. Logan and his wild women."

"Just the same, Brewster, I've been this long about it—I think I'll move pretty slowly."

"Piffle! Just what idiotic thought is going through your head now?"

"I'm not sure. Getting back here has put things in a different light. Even yesterday, when we were close to New York but still at sea, the past seemed unreal. I've been living a rather exotic life, Brewster. I haven't readjusted myself to the old. But I'd rather not rush into anything."

"Rather wait until that yowling hyena of a Logan has spent every cent, eh?"

"No-o. But I'd prefer to know positively what's going on between them."

"Very well. I'll wire—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort." Avery stared thoughtfully at his friend. "Instead, you'll lend me a little money—I have less than a hundred dollars. And I'll go to Los Angeles and try to find out a few things for myself."

"Enoch Arden, eh?"

"No—not at all. But I've thrown things into rather a mess and it's up to me to straighten them out without hurting anyone. There's something queer about the whole business. . . . this moving to Los Angeles, for instance. Logan was a maniac on the subject of New York. And as for Naomi—I think I'd rather see how much truth is in these stories of her unhappiness. You're prejudiced—"

"God knows that's the truth." Brewster regarded the young giant keenly. "And suppose you should get out there and find out that she and Logan are happy?"



"Then," he answered slowly—"I'll have to determine what to do. It wouldn't be fair to take away from them the money which they believed is theirs. And, knowing Naomi, I understand that the minute she knew I was alive, she wouldn't keep a penny of it."

"Logan would have no such scruples. And anyway—"

Avery spoke softly. "Let me do this as I wish, Brewster. You've always been a good friend, and I want you to continue to be. Think anything of me you like. Regard me as an irresponsible loon or a sentimental idiot. It doesn't matter. But let me do this anyway."

"Hmm! And that way is what?"

"I shall go to the Coast to-morrow. I shall keep under cover and see what's what. Meanwhile, until you receive permission from me to say something—I want you to forget that I am alive. I will pledge Miss Hawkins to secrecy. She's about as loquacious as the sphinx anyway."

"There's no sense—"

"I want your promise, Brewster." Avery spoke very softly: "When one has been

Driven beyond the point where her mind functioned sanely, she took the revolver from the dresser and shot him

dead for two years, it can make no difference that he chooses to remain dead for a little while longer, can it?"

And Brewster gave an amazing answer.

"No," he agreed—"Not when one's philosophy is based on sentiment."

CHAPTER VIII

BEFORE leaving New York, John Avery learned that Naomi and her husband had purchased a home in Pasadena. The information fitted in well with his tentative plans, for it enabled him to reach his Los Angeles hotel with comparatively little chance of accidental meeting with either Donald or Naomi, and to seclude himself for several days.

Acting under the advice of the shrewd Brewster, his first act on reaching the hotel was to summon the aid of Ellis Wasson, a bright-eyed, effervescent little chap who looked like a ribbon clerk and who

Brewster claimed was the keenest personal investigator on the Coast.

Wasson was a jocular sort of chap whose eyes were pinpoints of dancing laughter. Avery gazed down at the pudgy little fellow from his own tremendous height—

"You must be a wonder," he vouchsafed. Wasson twinkled up at him. "I know just what you're going to say. To look like I do—and be a detective! It's a miracle."

"Precisely." Then Avery gave an explanation of what he wished. He informed Wasson that about a year previously a Mr. and Mrs. Donald Logan had moved to Los Angeles. They had resided temporarily in one of the lavish hotels of the city and later had bought a home in Pasadena.

"I wish a fairly complete report of them since they reached here—both as to their business and personal affairs." His face flushed slightly. "I want to know what financial contacts they have established, but most particularly I want to find out the status of their domestic relationship. Do you understand?"

The little man was quite grave. "Certainly."

"I feel considerable embarrassment about this. And I would hesitate to ask any man to investigate. . . ."

"Sure, Big Boy—you're right. Feel like you're peeping behind the scenes an' it ain't fair! I getcha! But, pshaw! everybody does it who can afford. And with you being recommended by Zeke Brewster—"

Avery laughed. "I was just about to say the same thing. That Brewster's recommendation of you is the only thing that makes me trust you with this."

"Zeke knows me pretty well."

"He must." The big man grinned at the little investigator. "Tell me one thing, honest and truly."

"Shoot!"

"Do you call Brewster 'Zeke' to his face?"

WASSON chuckled delightedly. "Now, you would ask that sort of a question, wouldn't you? And whether I do or not—he looks like Zeke and ought to be called such. It'd make him forget his own idea of himself."

"Which is?"

"—That he's been a pickle for twenty years and is sour."

John extended his hand. "You'll do, Wasson. When do I get your report?"

"Some time—if then. All depends on how private their private affairs happen to be. Savvy?"

"Yes. Meanwhile, I keep to my rooms. I have no acquaintance in Los Angeles, and just for the present I wouldn't wish to risk meeting either Mr. or Mrs. Logan. You understand that, of course."

"Surest thing you know." He clapped a bright-banded hat on his big, round head.

Saying which, the famous detective bade his adieux and beat it! "Ta ta, John. See you in the future—or maybe before then."

He was gone, like the passing of a cool breeze on a hot day. John Avery found that he was grinning like a kid. Queer folks one met. The idea of this little chap being a detective. More absurd yet was the discovery of a detective with a sense of humor. Avery settled himself in an easy chair and stared through the window at the luxuriant foliage of the park across the way.

Los Angeles blossomed gorgeously under the first caress of spring. New grass lay like a delicate carpet of emeralds, the sky overhead was clearest sapphire; everywhere flowers bloomed.

The broad, straight streets were channels of evenly flowing traffic. It seemed to the man that everyone here must own an automobile, not only that, but that they must be out all the time. The sidewalks, too, were crowded, and from his window he could see a section of the grounds immediately in front of the hotel entrance. There he glimpsed scores of men and women carrying golf clubs and tennis rackets . . . thus far he had not observed a person who appeared to be interested in business. If this, then, was a sample of Southern California atmosphere—he felt that he would like it.

In the four days which followed Avery made a heroic effort to enjoy his forced idleness. He lazed around his room, reading new novels and magazines, studying political and economic reviews which were calculated to bring him back into touch with the civilized world from which he had so long been voluntarily outcast . . . and chafing, in spite of himself, against the forced indolence.

His huge muscles begged for action. He resorted to the violent setting-up exercises

of his army days and found that they were slight satisfaction after his life of the past two years. For the rest of the time there was nothing to do but think—and thinking was one thing which he did not wish to do. He preferred to leave his mind a blank until he should receive the detective's report.

On the evening of the fourth day Ellis Wasson returned. There was a tap on the door and the round, beaming face of the little fellow appeared. He closed the door, tossed his hat on a chair, and struck an attitude:

"Announcing Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective of Los Angeles and points west," he said. "Mister Holmes wishes to report that his job is did. He has trailed his quarry to their lair and what he has learned is a plenty. In other words the astoot Mister Holmes has got the real, rock-bottom, low-down, and if Mister Avery will invite him to have a chair, a cigar and a glass of ice water he will proceed to spill several items of luscious info."

Avery sighed with relief. At least this extraordinary little man signaled the end of his oppressive tedium. "Sit down," he invited. "Take a smoke and a glass of water, and let me have it."

"Mister Holmes will do none other than them things. Shall I commence or would you rather that I begin?"

"Both," smiled John. "And permit me to say that you're a fast worker."

"Slow, Big Boy—slow. That's me. It was easier than going downhill on a shoot the chutes. For a nice, quiet, wealthy gentleman I'll rise to observe that the actions of your Mister Logan are about as public as a drayhorse."

"Very well. Let me have it."

For an instant Wasson's chubby face grew serious, and Avery caught a glimpse of the keen brain behind the laughing blue eyes. Just a flash—but it reestablished his confidence in the man.

"In the first place," announced Wasson,

A FEATURE of an early issue will be Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Giant's House." It tells of that strange secret world in the heart of a child and what happens when those "giants," his parents, let selfish desires enter their house. It is a story as exciting as any we have published, and it is written with that sharp poetic insight characteristic of Mr. Benét's work.

"Mr. and Mrs. Logan were obviously in a bride-and-groom condition when they arrived here a year ago and took a suite at the Embassy Hotel. Also they seemed to have all the money in the world, or a little more than that. Lived at the hotel for about two weeks while they did a bit of shopping and house-hunting. Finally leased a place in Pasadena. Rental price six thousand a year. They bought two cars; a small coupe for Mrs. Logan and an imported sportster for the Mister.

"They employ three servants: a butler, a cook and a housemaid. No chauffeur. From all I can understand, Mrs. Logan has been living the simple life. Not so this bird Donald. In some way—probably by the wise expenditure of a little loose change—he has horned in to a certain outer fringe of the movie colony. He has estab-

lished a rep as a slinger of parties which seem popular with wild women. I gather that Mrs. Logan does not attend these parties—in fact, that she has been living a distinctly secluded life.

"It was easy enough to discover that everything has not been smooth sailing between the pair. Details, I did not bother with. That involves a form of investigation which I shall not pursue without definite orders from you. But I do know—so far as one can be certain of such things—that they haven't hit it off at all well. For six months Logan has maintained an apartment in Los Angeles where his wild parties are staged, and it appears that he has been spending a large percentage of his time in this apartment, rather than at home. There is a rumor that they are definitely separated. No divorce and no legal separation—merely that they have agreed to disagree. At least there has apparently been no husband-and-wife status for several months.

"Logan has invested considerable sums of money in several wild schemes. Only one of them, a movie proposition, seems likely to net him any return on his investment. He appears to be what is technically termed a sucker, or boob. He is, in brief, a fish. Mrs. Logan seems to have no interest in these investments, although an idea prevails that the money is hers.

"THERE is another detail which I cannot report on as fully as I would like. But there is a kitchen rumor that Mrs. Logan will do whatever Mr. Logan wishes—and that fear, rather than affection, is at the bottom of her docility. He has the reputation for being blustery in his home and the cook has averred to the servants of certain neighbors that Mrs. Logan seems afraid of her husband. "I gather also that there is some point of contact between Mrs. Logan and Los Angeles. I haven't the faintest idea what it is, but it would be my guess that whatever she is interested in here is the thing which is at the bottom of Logan's apparent power over her—and his disinterestedness in her opinion of his carryings-on. If you say the word, I'll get busy and find out what's what. Otherwise—me lips is sealed and me eyes is blind.

"I'd summarize this way: That Mrs. Logan would like to be divorced from her husband, but for some reason—not love—will not take that drastic step. I think she is afraid of him. I feel sure that they have separated finally. I would say that he is in a fool's heaven and that she is very unhappy. I am certain that there is a key to the whole situation and that Logan holds the key."

Wasson rose and placed his right hand on his breast—"Saying which, the great detective arose and bowed. His client looked at him in amazement—wondering how he ever got that way."

Avery was staring at the rotund chap. "You're right," he said. "I think you've done marvels."

"What else, Big Boy—What else? I am paid to perform such. I never make mistakes—except sometimes."

"You are sure there is trouble between them?"

"Right-O."

"You believe that Logan has some sort of a hold over his wife?"

"Yes. I may be a thousand miles off the mark, but if a guess is worth anything, I'd say just that."

Avery's eyes narrowed. "Did you get any idea as to why they moved to California in the first place?"

(Continued on page 56)

Sunny Side Up

By Arthur H. Folwell

Home Is Where the Ford Is

THE Federal Department of Labor reports that more garages than homes are being built in the United States. The droll Dr. Holmes, were he still with us, might ask leave to revise one of his best-known poems. Thus:

*Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only ask for a room with board;
(The plainest room and board will do)
And a place to keep my Ford.*

As for John Howard Payne, roaming "mid pleasures and palaces," he would probably rise to remark: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the garage."

Unconscious Humorists

*THE circus down is a sunny sight.
Broad contrasts on his face are spread.
He paints his cheeks a snowy white.
He makes his lips twin slits of red.
He dolls himself grotesquely thus
So folks will deem him humorous.*

*The city flapper on her walk
Unconsciously is like the clown.
With reddened lips and cheeks of chalk,
She flaunts herself about the town.
Low comedy is not her aim—
She gets a laugh, though, just the same.*

Cruising Colleges

(Extracts from the advertising of a new taxi service in any large city)

PUT the time you spend in taxis to some practical use. Don't hail ANY taxi. Wait for and hail a CRUISING COLLEGE. Our drivers are also teachers, their A. B. diplomas framed and hung alongside their license photos. Tell the driver where you wish to go and what subjects you wish to take en route. All instruction is oral and begins at the first traffic stop. While the red light is on, your driver



An Assyrian gentleman reads the morning paper at breakfast

outlines the principal heads of the lesson—law, languages, literature, economics—what you will. While the green light flashes and the taxi is moving, you let the lesson sink in.

Printed list of courses is to be had at any CRUISING COLLEGE CAB STAND. Fees moderate. One meter for distance, one for culture.

Learn while you wait for the traffic cop's whistle.

A New York City student writes:

"I cannot speak in too high praise of your Cruising College service. I am a young bond salesman. I took one of your taxis in Wall Street to 'sell' a prospective customer uptown. When I stepped into the cab I was gloomy and fearful of failure, but nine traffic delays, during which I absorbed the rudiments of your course

in practical sales talk, completely reversed my state of mind. I stepped out, confident, and landed my man with ease."

What the CRUISING COLLEGE is doing for others it can do for YOU. No entrance examination is required. Begin any time. Just stand at the curb and beckon.

RAINY NIGHTS IN RUSH HOURS OUR STUDENTS LEARN MOST.

In Time of Peace

"WHAT depresses me most," said the wide-awake citizen, "is our utter lack of preparedness in the matter of food names."

"Food names?"
"Of course. As a nation we wait until a war has been actually declared before we ever give a thought to food names. Look at the valuable time that was lost in the last war before we knew enough to speak of sauerkraut as Liberty Cabbage, or of German Pastry as Danish Pastry. We were utterly unready. Now, what I propose is this: Because we can never tell who our next enemy will be, we should go over our food lists and restaurant menus and select a good American substitute for every foreign name on the bill-of-fare."

"And then?"
"Why, then, the instant war is declared, we are ready. Not a day, not an hour, lost. No asking for English Beef Stew, London Broil or Yorkshire Pudding if the war should be with Great Britain. No going into a candy store and asking for Mexican Kisses, if the war should happen to be with Mexico. The substitute name, already chosen, would be on the War Department's menu list and its release would be automatic. There would be 100 per cent. American names for Russian Caviar, French Pancake, Turkish Paste, German Potroast, Swiss Cheese, Hungarian Goulash, Spanish Omelette—Good Lord! Think how we were caught unprepared in '93, plunging into war without giving thought to a substitute name for Spanish omelette!"

"And our fishermen brazenly bringing Spanish mackerel to market!"
"Precisely. You get the point. Nothing is so humiliating as the sight of a great people, utterly unprepared, trying to hate another nation on the spur of the moment."

"How about hatred camps in which men could be drilled in asking for food by the right names? A sort of memory course in case of war—any war?"

"Man," said the wide-awake citizen huskily, "it's an inspiration."

The One Best Bet

NO matter if out the frosty north
A zero spell or a blizzard blows;
Though a polar gale leaps fiercely forth
From haunts of the hardy Eskimos;
Though it snows and sleets, and sleets and snows;
Though Boreas roars and howls and hums;
Though it's cold, and steadily colder grows—
No matter HOW cold—our Ice Man comes!

Like Father, Like Son

HE was reading the letter which his teacher had given him to take home. It was addressed to his father, and the boy's fears were well founded. The letter was as follows:

"The school work of your son, John, is not in all respects satisfactory. Excellent in reading, he is poor in arithmetic and grammar. More time spent in home study should result in great improvement."

For a moment the boy's face was clouded. Then heredity asserted itself and he smiled. He was the son of a theatrical producer.

"Oh, Dad!" he cried, "how's this? 'In all respects satisfactory; excellent; great improvement'—that's what the teacher says about ME!"

As we have said, he was the son of a theatrical producer . . . It would be a pretty cold day when he couldn't turn an unfavorable criticism into a boost.

A Metropolitan Theatre Party

A THEATRE party used to be
A crowd that went one show to see.
It sat and stayed the evening through
From overture till final cue.

A New York theatre party goes
Progressively to many shows,
And covers, of an evening gay,
A lot of mileage on Broadway.

8:45—A naughty word
In "Passion While You Wait" is heard.
8:56—Across the street
"The Moron" gives a morbid treat.



At 9, the party revels in
Some spicy speech in "Sinks of Sin."
9:20 finds it going strong,
All set for thrills in "Siren's Song."

It gloats, as clocks are striking 10,
O'er shocking lines in "Kid, Say When?"
While taxis wait, with engines hot,
To speed at 10:18 to "Rot."

Oh, thus the theatre party wends
Its way until the evening ends.
This is the only way to do it—
If one would beat the censors to it.

A Sporty Course

"HOW is your father getting on with his golf?" the millionaire's son was asked.

"Marvelously!" he replied. "Dad never was so interested in anything. Golf, you see, never appealed to Dad until he hit upon the idea of buying up three square miles of improved city real estate, fixing the board of aldermen so as to have the streets closed, and then having a golf architect lay out a small private course as near to the original topography as possible. All the houses will have to come down, and it will cost Dad a fortune to restore the hills and sod them properly. He's got hold of a colonial map which shows that a pond used to be on the property, and he's set his mind on having that restored as a water hazard. But the best fun the old boy has is in thinking about the greens. He figures a ten-foot putt—at ten thousand dollars a front foot—as something to make golf worth while, if only as a stimulus to the imagination."

Mother: Aren't you ashamed, Clive, to be seen on the street with your clothes in such disgraceful condition!

Son of Advertising Man: But, Mama, think of my "attention-value"!

During a bull fight in Madrid, a bull leaped the barricade and gored a printer who specialized in bull-fight posters. Probably the printer had not set the bull's name in large enough type.

In a presidential year like this, a man may be "slated" in February and "sledded" in June.



George Heath, in a Panhard, winning the first Vanderbilt Cup race in 1904

The Old Benzine Buggy

By Myron M. Stearns

Drawings by Albert Levering

Photographs by N. Lazarnick

AMONG the scores of bright and shiny new models now being shown at the automobile shows are machines guaranteed to be capable of covering eighty, ninety, a hundred miles an hour. Even the least of American cars, selling complete for well under a thousand dollars, will run close on to a mile a minute. Forty and fifty miles an hour are becoming normal touring speeds. A one-hundred-mile trip through open country is considered a three-hour run and can be accomplished in that time smoothly, quietly and without recourse to reckless driving. In some States drivers on trunk highways are arrested if they make less than thirty-five miles an hour. Traffic must be kept moving. What a difference thirty years can make—or even twenty-five. Consider the first automobile race held in this country, thirty-three years ago.

The late H. H. Kohlsaas, at that time owner of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, had read an account of a motor race from Paris (France) to Bordeaux. He decided that America should have at home whatever publicity, excitement, or other advantages might be derived from a horseless carriage race. Accordingly he put up \$5,000 for prizes and \$5,000 for expenses, and announced that there would be a race on November 2, 1895, from the German Building in Jackson Park, Chicago, through Evanston and return. The distance was fifty-two and a half miles. President Cleveland agreed with Mr. Kohlsaas that the War Department ought to take charge of the contest because, some day, said the President, horseless vehicles might be of use to the army. So the War Department managed the race, placing Gen. Wesley Merritt in charge.

Surprisingly enough, considering the nebulous state of the automotive art in those days, the records show that there were eighty entries for the race. But as the appointed day drew near, none of the entrants was ready. They begged for more time and the date was postponed to Thanksgiving Day. By Thanksgiving, however, all but two of the car builders were still frantically making adjustments. The contest itself was once again postponed, but the two entrants who were ready engaged in a preliminary brush. One was the Duryea Horseless Car, the other a Benz "Motorcycle"—which really wasn't a motorcycle

at all. The unfortunate Duryea encountered along the road a terrified horse driven by an even more terrified farmer. There was a confusion of signals. The farmer pulled to the left, instead of to the right and the Duryea, with laudable self-sacrifice, was steered into the ditch. The Benz, therefore, won the race.

A few weeks later the actual contest took place. This time six entries actually started, representing these builders: Duryea Motor Wagon Company (car run by gas), De La Vergne Refrigerator Machine Company (gas), Morris and Salom Company (electricity), H. Mueller and Company (gas), R. H. Macy and Company (gas), and the Sturgis Electric Company (electricity). A Haynes-Apperson vehicle, which had planned to start, developed a broken wheel at the last moment. The Duryea won this time, with no casualties. It coughed its way through eighteen inches of snow and slush and sped to victory at about seven and a half miles an hour. The total consumption of gas was about five and an eighth gallons. The entire fuel cost of the trip was less than a dollar.

One of the prizes offered in connection with this race was for the best suggestion for a name with which to baptize this offspring of the family buggy. So far, such suggestions had been made as: Autokin, Ipsomotor, Autogo, Kinetar. The \$500 prize was finally awarded

for "Motorcycle," which somehow didn't take.

So accustomed are we to think of the United States as the foremost automobile-building nation of the world that we are apt to take it for granted that the self-propelled vehicle is an American invention, but such is not the case. Nor is it true that it was first introduced, as many may suppose, in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The fact is that horseless carriages were in daily use more than a hundred years ago. I used to drive cars that I thought were among the earliest invented, but I found out that in 1769 a certain Capt. Nicholas Joseph Cugnot produced a steam vehicle in France. He intended it for use as a gun tractor. It attained the breakneck speed of two and a half miles an hour; but according to reports the inventor had omitted to incorporate any steering device in his machine, with the result that it ran up against a stone wall and stayed there. He did not get very far, perhaps, but he deserves a lot of credit as a pioneer.

IN 1804 the staid and restrained city of Philadelphia witnessed a spectacle that made even the City of Brotherly Love sit up and take notice. Mr. Oliver Evans drove his new machine, a boat on wheels, through the town by its own power. Down to the water it thundered, rolled right in, kicked off its wheels, and behold! The nucleus of a Steam Navigation Company! In 1829 another truck-like monster made its appearance—this time in New York City—navigating the streets under the hand of its designer, William James, and its own steam. Then, in England, from 1830 on—automobile after automobile! Bus after bus! Why, one line alone completed 700 trips between London and Brighton, or some such a number, totaling more than 3,000 miles and carrying 12,000 passengers. The inventor-owner of the line, Walter Hancock, drove a three-seater steam phaeton around London with striking éclat, frightening horse after horse into apoplexy.

Twelve miles an hour was merely good average road speed, seventeen was touched more than once, and the inventor of one of the newer models swore solemnly before the House of Commons that he had done thirty! One steam wagon did 128 miles in a



single day, and another traveled 1,700 miles with only minor repairs.

Lack of pneumatic tires more than any other one thing drove those monsters out of existence. They were too hard to ride on. Nobody liked them much, except the men who had made them. They nearly bumped the liver out of the passengers, and tore up the roads sumpin' awful. They were really about as much like passenger-carrying steam rollers as like modern cars. Finally the feeling against them grew so strong that a law was passed decreeing that: "Any mechanically propelled vehicle must be preceded by a man with a red flag, and must not exceed four miles an hour." That took what little joy there was out of early motor-ing; you couldn't put on any speed without running over your flagman.

OF COURSE, those 1836 busses were not quite like our 1928 cars. Mostly they had firemen to stoke them, and went down the road in a thundering cloud of smoke and sparks, burning wood, or coal, or what have you.

After the steam busses were legislated off the roads, the horse once more held undisputed sway for upwards of fifty years. But, once born, the idea of self-propelled vehicles would not die. The urge to improve on existing methods of transportation has triumphed over all forms of opposition—including that furnished by the law of gravity—since the first introduction of the wheel in prehistoric times. And so, despite mechanical and legal difficulties and the prejudices of the mob, inventors kept on experimenting in the effort to bring forth a practical horseless carriage. In the interests of truth it is necessary to admit that both Germany and France were ahead of the United States in the solution of the fundamental problems of early automotive engineering. We really owe our present-day motors to one N. H. Otto, of Cologne, who, while trying to perfect the now famous Otto stationary gas engine, stumbled on the secret of the four-cycle principle on which successful motor design has since been based. Otto did not apply his discovery to the horseless carriage field, but Gottlieb Daimler, his manager, did and, with Carl Benz, constructed in 1884 the first internal combustion engine practical for automobile use. From Germany the idea of Daimler's revised Otto engine spread to France and England. In all three countries there were gasoline automobiles before we had any here. George B. Selden, whose famous suit against Henry Ford is a very important event in American motor-car history, applied for a patent

on a self-propelled gasoline road vehicle in 1879, but did not actually make any application of his idea until many years later.

It is generally conceded that the first American-made car that ran was the product of the late Elwood Haynes, of Kokomo, Indiana, who, with the assistance of the Apperson Brothers of that city, made a gasoline buggy in 1894. He towed it behind a horse out to a country road and drove it back, without the horse, at the terrific speed of seven miles an hour. It was a one cylinder, one horse-power affair, weighing 900 pounds, and it ran for a mile and a half without faltering.

We are accustomed to scoff at the skeptical attitude of the general public toward the pioneers of the automobile and their creations. Yet considering what uncomfortable, noisy, smelly, dirty and unreliable contraptions those first cars were, we must concede that it required extraordinary vision to put much faith in their future; certainly the business of making them gave little evidence, in those days, of becoming what it is today, the greatest industry in the United States.

They were fearful and wonderful contrivances, those early gas cars, as their photographs and performance records show. Ignition was by means of metal tubes, heated by liquid fuel burners, a frequent cause of disastrous fires. Carburetion was accomplished crudely in a mixing-tube, or chamber, innocent of the jets, or the float, or the needle-valve of modern carburetors. Steering was usually by means of a handle, or tiller, rather than a wheel, and the various other controls, which today are standardized, were devious and intricate.

The efforts of the early horseless carriage builders furnish an interesting illustration



of the limitations that shackle even the most imaginative minds. None of them conceived the motor car as a new mechanical entity. All of them looked upon it as an energized wagon, buggy, cart, or bicycle. The result was that many of the early failures were due to the inability of buggy and wagon construction to stand up under the strains of speed, weight and vibration which the addition of engines placed upon them. It was several years before any one realized that an automobile ought to be planned as such, without regard to the precedents of the horse-drawn vehicle. The first man to think in these terms was the engineer of the Panhard works, in France, and it was he who introduced the thought that an automobile consisted of three distinct groups of parts: (1) the frame and running gear, (2) the motor and transmission, (3) the body. And working on that theory he designed the first car having a frame in which the engine and other units were mounted and on which a separate body was bolted. He put the engine out in front, under a hood, or bonnet, instead of having it under the seat, where it could be reached only from below. That old Panhard, crude though it was, marked one of the most important forward steps in automotive design. The principle of its construction has come down unchanged to the present day.



John Jacob Astor (above) in an early touring model

But curiously enough some of the very modern designers, notably in Germany and Italy, dissatisfied with conventional practice, are reverting to the ancient practice of making the body and the frame one and placing the engine either under or in back of the seat. Their purpose is to produce shorter and lighter cars, to meet the demands of congested traffic and the high cost of fuel. How far they will go in revolutionizing automobile design remains to be seen.

So reliable are the cars of to-day that we have become accustomed to start out on long trips with never a thought as to the possibility of mechanical troubles—though they occur. But in the days of the old benzine buggy, trouble was the rule and an eventless run the exception. It is amusing to read of the experiences of some of the pioneers and enthusiasts of the late nineties and the beginning of this century. Very soon after the first car in the world coughed its way over the roads to the dismay of bystanders and horse owners, a new sport was inaugurated—automobile racing. It started in France.

The three leading French cars were the Panhard, the Mors and the Peugeot. In



Glidden, donor of the Glidden Trophy, in his Around-the-World car, with Mrs. Glidden beside him



The lady driver of twenty-five years ago

1894 a race—that was really just a trial—was held from Paris to Rouen. The first to arrive at the end of the route was a steam vehicle built by De Dion et Bouton. Then, in June, 1895, a race started at Versailles, went to Bordeaux and returned. Levassor, with a small four-horsepower Panhard, covered the 732 miles at an average speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour, and won.

IN 1896 England celebrated the lifting of her old red-flag law that had kept her back from the progress in developing the automobile that France had made, by a sort of informal international race and exhibition. A good many foreign cars were there, including a Duryea from America. The race sounded like a Fourth of July celebration. The machines popped and chortled. There were flares to light the burners, since there was no electric ignition at the time. A tricycle, overtaken by asthma, got off to a burst of startling noises, after a series of futile jumps and starts. The driver of a motorcycle, who had to start it from the ground, run along and jump on it, even as in later years, made a brave effort, but missed. The machine turned a complete circle, and ran over him! E. J. Bennington, in his own motor, burst a tire, and, in high disgust, took a train to Brighton. Duncan, in a Bollée, lost control, jumped a hedge like a steeplechaser, and subsided on the other side. Sometime later he was discovered being ignominiously towed into Brighton behind a common cart. There was a "break-down van," which was intended to keep encouragingly in the rear of the racers to render assistance when necessary. It kept behind, all right. It arrived at three o'clock the morning after the race, having spent almost the entire night repairing its own inward disasters.

In November, 1900, the first exclusive automobile show in America was held in Madison Square Garden. It was said that every member of the Automobile Club spent days before the show out scouting for enough cars to fill a portion of the ground floor. Also in 1900 came America's first opportunity to compete in a real international race—the Gordon Bennett race from Paris to Lyons, a distance of about 353 miles. Winton represented America with one of his own cars, but 175 kilometers out he buckled a wheel, and had to withdraw. Charron, with a twenty-horse-power Panhard, bent an axle and also withdrew. But when he found that everybody else was being forced

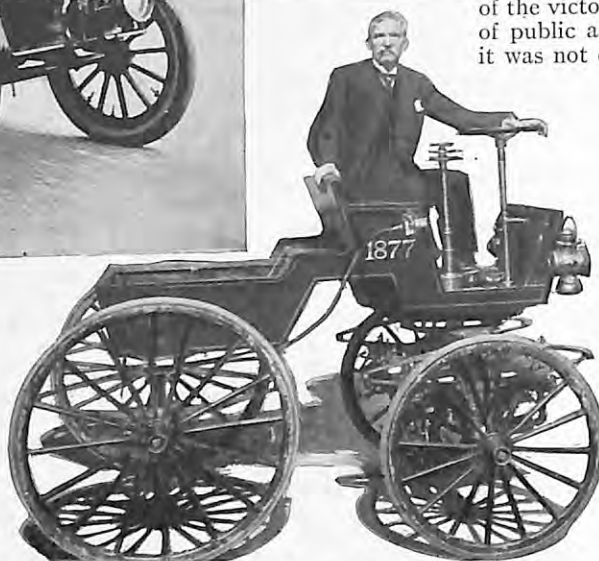
to give up, he returned and limped back to finish first at an average speed of thirty-eight miles an hour.

In 1902 Winton took part again in the Gordon Bennett race, and Mooers on a Peerless. This time an English Napier captured the cup. In 1903, the Gordon Bennett race went to Ireland. Three Napiers represented England. On one of them, the steering gear gave way in the course of the race, giving no warning whatsoever. The driver was thrown out ahead of the car, and the machine went over his body. A few steps further on it turned turtle and pinned the mechanic, who was strapped securely to his seat, under the heavy chassis, with a red-hot exhaust pipe thrust against his chest and no chance to move a muscle. The driver, Charles Jarrott, recovering from the shock of the fall, hurried to the overturned car and managed to lift it far enough off the trapped man so that he could unfasten the strap that held him in. Then Jarrott dragged him out, and collapsed himself. By this time, farmers from houses nearby came running out to the wreck to give what help they could. They found both men unconscious, one very near death. A short while later, Jarrott, recovering consciousness, found that he had been tenderly covered with a significant white



This car was considered very "ritzy" in its day, the top being the acme of elegance

George B. Selden (below) in his original machine



sheet, and was almost convinced that he was dead—as the unfortunate mechanic really was.

Aside from its sporting aspect, which did much to popularize the automotive idea, motor racing played an important part in the early development of the industry. For years the road race was considered the ideal test for new inventions and adaptations. The first impulse of every inventor and experimenter, on making a new discovery, was to build a racer, for success in a race in those days meant the vindication of the victor's theories as well as the gaining of public attention. As a matter of fact, it was not even necessary then for a car to win a race to attain distinction; if it covered the distance without breaking down it came in for a share of glory. Another form of test that originated early in the industry was the so-called "reliability run," intended to prove that the automobile would stand up under the stress of ordinary road conditions. The first of these was made by Alexander Winton, the man who is claimed to have been the first American to make and sell gasoline motor cars on a commercial basis.

In the spring of 1897 Winton set out in his initial reliability run from Cleveland to New York. It was a slow, hard trip. But it was successful enough to make him want to try again. He was convinced that the "reliability run" was an essential factor in the development of the automobile in America. Road racing wasn't enough. Road racing tested speed and innovations. But the reliability runs brought to the public eye improvements that were then incorporated in models for sale. Speedway racing, that came later, tested the motors of machines.

On Monday, the 22nd of May, 1899, Alexander Winton left Cleveland for New York with a message from Mayor Farley to Mayor Van Wyck, on a "reliability run." Winton himself was driving and carrying as passenger Charles B. Shanks, a newspaper man who fairly radiated publicity.

THEY rolled along happily enough until Wednesday. They were in Fairport, some ten miles east of Rochester, going 20 miles an hour, when the right front wheel suddenly broke from the axle. The car staggered to the bottom of a four-foot ditch. Winton hurtled 20 feet through the air, and alighted in the road with less injury than chagrin and annoyance at the fact that they had been traveling over a good sandy road and there was nothing to lay the accident to but a flaw in the axle. They were delayed 18 hours.

Frequently they were sent miles out of their way by wrong directions from people in the smaller towns, who gazed at them wide-eyed as they asked their way. "Farmers," remarked the New York *World* during the run, "take to the horseless idea with enthusiasm."

They kept sturdily on, and on May 27 arrived proudly in New York, "Coming down the Hudson" (where the boulevard was particularly good), wrote Shanks to the *World*, "we put on an exhibition spurt of 38 miles an hour!" They reached New York about five P. M., having traversed 707 miles in 47½ hours—an average of 4.02 minutes to the mile.

This second Winton reliability run was a very successful trip due as much to Shanks, it was said, as to Winton. He had been indefatigable as a publicity agent. He interested the right people, he turned in daily reports to the *World*. He talked and talked. He phoned ahead when they could be expected in various towns, and had a crowd out to greet them all along the way. Winton, as the pioneer commercial manufacturer in the gasoline automobile field, had produced a result that ran 707 miles over good roads and bad; Shanks produced a less tangible, but quite as valuable, result: publicity. Publicity that invaded newspapers and public opinion all over the country, and drew one million people, it was estimated, to see the successful arrival of the Winton car in New York.

Everybody marveled at the low cost of operation that the trip emphasized. "It wouldn't have cost \$1 for the entire 707 miles," said Shanks, "if we'd been able to buy our gasoline along the road at market prices. Why, less than 30 cents' worth of gas carried us the 218 miles we made the first day!"

The run was a tremendous stimulus for the automobile manufacturing trade, and one that the other manufacturers—Haynes, Olds, etc.—profited by as well as Winton.

The records of the Winton company showed that before the run their sales had been confined almost exclusively to engineers who were experimenting with autos; after the run sales made to the general public increased. The same issue of the *World* that described Winton's completion of the run published the desire of a group of New Yorkers to have an automobile club such as existed in Paris. "We expect," they said, "to take in about a hundred gentlemen who own private autos. Our plan is to have a clubhouse, also, where gentlemen interested in this form of sport may meet."

The day that Winton arrived triumphantly in New York, the first automobile parade ever held in that city proceeded up Fifth Avenue to Grant's Tomb, with thirty motor-vehicles participating.

In that same year—1899—two intrepid people, a man and his wife by the name of Davis, made the first attempt to cross the continent in an automobile. It was a fine gesture, but they hadn't a chance. Spewing parts of the machine all the way, they kept



Alex Winton at the wheel of first experimental model Winton



doggedly on toward Chicago. When they got there, they had exactly one piece of the original motor and running gear that they'd started with. In Chicago, hiccupping along the street, a rear axle gave out, and courage died with it. They never reached the Coast.

On April 26, 1901, the Long Island Automobile Club sponsored an endurance run that started and finished at Jamaica. Thirty-seven cars completed the 100 miles, of which 21 were certified as having finished "perfectly." But the rules were very slack, and a "perfect" performance didn't mean as much as it did later, when a car lost points if it stopped for a moment to adjust any of its parts except the tires.

Auto touring contestants took another breath. In September, 1901, the first big contest was planned and permitted by the Automobile Club of America. It was to start from New York and go to the Pan-American Exposition being held in Buffalo. There were 80 entries; it promised to be an important affair. But the party had barely reached Rochester when news came that President McKinley had been assassinated and the tour was called off.

While I was in college my own brother-in-law bought a car, and I learned to drive it. It steered with a handle that you pulled down into your lap, and had a cute little dashboard about a foot high that curved up from your feet.

In front of that dashboard there was nothing—merely the road. The engine was under the seat and wound up at the side with a crank, about like a phonograph handle, that had a sort of door-knob at the end. The gear shift was cunningly concealed at the end of the seat between the cushion and the side. When you had hold of it, no one could tell

whether you were trying to go into high speed or get out your handkerchief.

About this time the first hill-climbing contests came into existence. They were a natural outgrowth of automobile development. After the new gasoline vehicle had proved that it could go and keep on going on level ground, various clubs and associations sponsored contests that would try it out on some steep up-grade. The Automobile Club of New Jersey used Eagle Rock Hill, in the Oranges, for its tests; the Massachusetts Automobile Club found a good place near Boston; in New York City the old Fort George Hill made a pretty stiff problem, and not only hill-climbers but prospective purchasers of cars were taken there to be shown how bravely some particular machine negotiated the heights. There was a hill in Altadena where the Pasadena-Altadena contests were held. The most perilous and spectacular ascent was of Mount Washington, from Bretton Woods, New Hampshire. The climb itself was an eight-mile run, up a stiff grade, with the summit often wrapped in clouds.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., was one of the most popular drivers in those days. On November 27, 1903, he shattered the record for one-mile hill-climbing at Eagle Rock Hill with a thirty-horsepower Mors, driving himself, and beating the former record of 2 minutes and 45 seconds for gasoline cars by doing it in 1 minute and 36¾ seconds. It was a grade that averaged about 12 per cent., reaching up to 18 or 19 per cent. near the top. A few of the cars were stuck on their way up, and one ran off the road into a ditch, but no one was hurt.

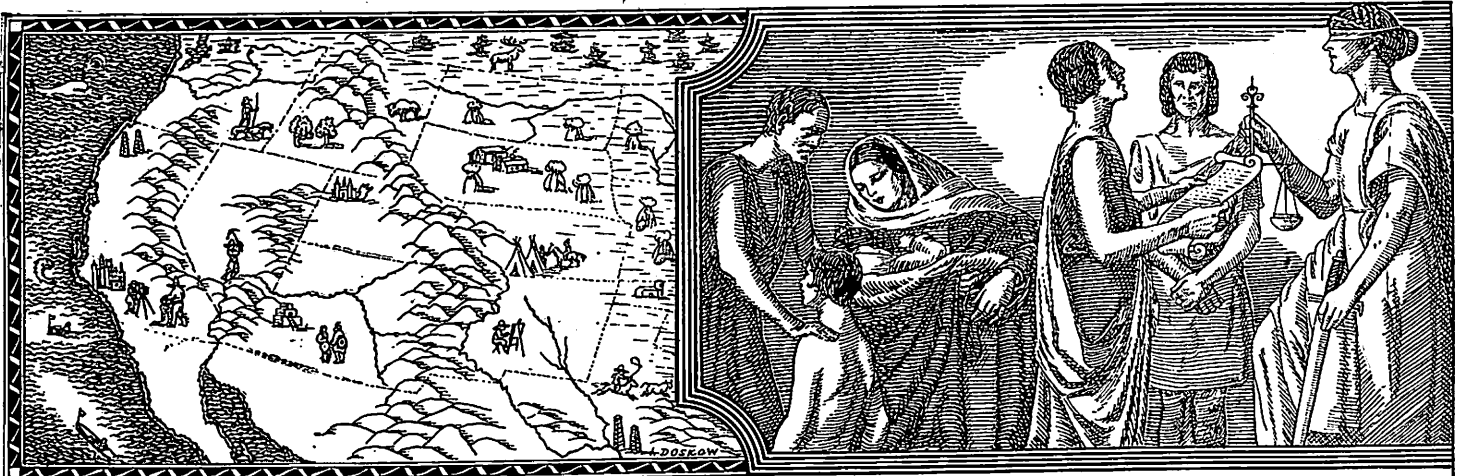
Young Vanderbilt had already participated with a good deal of success in French racing—in fact, at that time he was the holder of the world's record for a mile on level ground—and longed to see foreign cars come to compete in America. To bring that about he put up, in June, 1904, the beautiful and famous Vanderbilt Cup, a silver trophy offered to the winner of the first international motor race to be held in America.

The conditions for the proposed race read as follows:

It was to be raced for annually, under the auspices of the American Automobile Association, with the Auto Club of France as its foreign representative. The association was to decide on the course, arrange for permits, and appoint patrols.

(Continued on page 64)





EDITORIAL

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE

THE California State Elks Association has again given evidence of the fine spirit of service that pervades its membership, and of the intelligence with which its affairs are administered. Realizing its power and capacity as a benevolent organization, and recognizing the obligation thus created, it determined to undertake some major objective of serious humanitarian import. But instead of making a hasty decision as to the particular field of activity it would enter, it provided for a careful study of the whole question by a special committee appointed for that purpose.

Under the able and experienced leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin, that Committee spent two years upon a survey of the entire State and its peculiar needs, in ascertaining the thoughtful preferences of the local Lodges and their members, and in calculating the reasonable limitations of the Association. And then, in a well-considered report, they recommended the establishment and maintenance of a sanatorium and school for under-privileged boys, and particularly for those of tubercular tendencies. The recommendation was enthusiastically adopted and the Association, by formal resolution, committed itself to that splendid project.

The particular objective thus selected will, no doubt, be heartily approved by the members of the Order generally. But it is not only the appealing service that the California Association has undertaken that is here commended. Some of the State Associations have already, quite wisely, taken up wholly different and equally worthy tasks. Others will, in due course, select still different objectives. But the intelligent manner in which the California Elks provided for a preliminary study of all the conditions having relation to the proposed activity, and the thoughtful deliberation with which that investigation was conducted, is also worthy of special commendation.

It is quite easy for those eager to serve to be carried away by mere suggestions of appealing needs; and to be led into initiation of enterprises which may later be found less important or less practical than was anticipated. This is always

unfortunate, because no organization likes to abandon any good work it has embarked upon. And only a wisely guided and comprehensive preliminary study of all the conditions involved can insure the avoidance of such a mistake.

The splendid example that California has set in this matter is a specially timely one, now that the several State Associations are becoming more and more interested in such undertakings, and it is commended as worthy of emulation by those facing a like problem.

RITUAL EXEMPLIFICATION

ONE of the first subjects discussed by Grand Exalted Ruler Malley in his fine address before the District Deputy Conference last September was that of proper ritual exemplification. The importance of this matter justified its prominent place in his speech; and it is to be regretted that recognized conditions likewise prompted him thus to accentuate it.

Our ritual, which prescribes the specific ceremonies to be observed upon practically every fraternal occasion, is not designed merely to create an atmosphere of formality. Much less is its purpose to encourage empty pomp and ornate show. The Order of Elks is essentially democratic and its ceremonials are, as they should be, marked by a simplicity that is in strict accord with this spirit.

But ritual formality does have a very definite and a very important place in our fraternal life. Therein are set forth the objects and purposes of the Order. Therein are specifically embodied its loftiest aspirations. It is appropriate that this should be done with dignity and impressiveness. And the Order may well feel pride in the splendid effectiveness of its established ceremonials.

It would seem needless to state that no ritual, however beautiful and forceful of itself, can create the designed impression unless it be intelligently and effectively rendered. And yet the failure of many subordinate Lodge officers to realize this fact makes it necessary for each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler to impress upon them their official obligation in this matter.

The most important of our ceremonials is, naturally, that governing initiation of new mem-



bers. It is from this experience that they derive their first fraternal impressions, from which they should go forth inspired and enthused, and the effect of which should remain with them always.

Officers of a Lodge who exemplify this ritual in a manner that fails of this result are failing in one of their most important duties. It is but stating a plain truth with justifiable frankness to say that they should either prepare themselves to perform adequately this service or yield place to others who can and will do so.

Now that the time of selecting new officers is approaching, it is well for the subordinate Lodges to have this important matter in mind and to elect to office only those who will give it the attention it deserves.

THE MIAMI CONVENTION

THE choice of Miami as the city in which the Grand Lodge Convention is to be held next July was made only after a very interesting and spirited contest. A number of those voting against that city did so because they thought southern Florida was climatically an unsuitable section in which to hold a Summer Convention. It is quite possible that many others throughout the Order still share this view.

But those in charge of the arrangements for the meeting on behalf of the Grand Lodge, after visiting Miami and making a thorough investigation of all the conditions, express confidence that, in comfort, convenience and entertainment, the approaching session will prove one of the most enjoyable ever held.

A study of the average temperatures and prevailing climatic conditions at Miami during July discloses that, with a nearby seashore and constant ocean breezes, it has decided advantages over most of the inland cities of the country, even those much further north. Adequate hotel accommodations have been assured by contract. The character and variety of entertainment to be provided by the local committees are all that could be desired. And the interest and enthusiasm of the Elks of Florida and their friends insure a splendidly hospitable atmosphere which will contribute no little to the pleasant experience of those who attend.

The meeting of the Grand Lodge in Miami will afford members a fine opportunity to become

acquainted with a section which has become one of the playgrounds of America, while they are, at the same time, enjoying those fraternal associations incident to the occasion.

Because of these considerations it is anticipated that the approaching Convention will be a most successful one, and will attract an unusually large attendance from all parts of the country.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

THE brief ceremonial with which visiting brothers are presented to a Lodge meeting is courteous and fraternal; and it serves its designed purpose of letting those in attendance know the name of the visitor and that of his Lodge. But it is impersonally formal. There is nothing in the introduction itself to make one feel specially at home and that his welcome is peculiarly a personal one. It lacks, and of necessity this is true, the little personal touch which alone can give the visitor the comfortable feeling that he has been individualized and welcomed for himself.

Of course the naturally friendly and courteous impulses of those about him will prompt them to follow up the formal presentation by those gracious attentions that are properly to be expected. But this is not always as easy as it might be. Diffidence and other contributing causes may result in seeming neglect and, therefore, in a disappointing experience that will discourage future visits. So that any little individual touch that can be given to the initial introduction will help to break the ice of formality and lead more comfortably to pleasant association.

If the Esquire would make some preliminary inquiries of the visiting brother: as to any office he holds, or has held, in his Lodge or the Grand Lodge; what his business is; who are his acquaintances in the Lodge; how long he will be in the city; what special activities his Lodge is engaged upon; and other like inquiries; and would then supplement the formal introduction by some pleasant reference to these facts, it would add tremendously to the effectiveness of the presentation as a real, personal one. It would naturally be pleasing to the visitor and would create a desirable opening for friendly converse between himself and those seated about him.

The suggestion is offered as one the adoption of which, where practicable, would prove a pleasing and effective innovation.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Air view of Miami. The arrow points to the Hotel McAllister, official Grand Lodge Headquarters

1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

Bulletin No. 2

To the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, and the Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

Greetings!

SINCE forwarding our first official communication for your perusal, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, together with the entire Board of Grand Trustees, with J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, and David Sholtz, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, visited this city and put the stamp of approval on our tentative plans for your Convention in July.

The Governor of Florida Brother John W. Martin, was here to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, and assured these gentlemen and their ladies that all Florida, together with the goodwill of all the Southland, was behind this Convention; that as hosts to the Elks of the nation, Florida will be proud to do all in its power to make the stay of the visitors in July worthy of the proud name of the Order and its leaders.

Harry E. Platt, City Commissioner and Acting Mayor of Miami, pledged anew the hearty co-operation of the City of Miami to this meeting, and guaranteed that at its close the names of Miami and Florida would be very dear to all Elks and their friends, through all the years to come.

Grand Lodge Official Headquarters

The McAllister, one of the most beautiful and best-appointed hotels in all the South, overlooking Biscayne Bay, with its yachts and shipping, and the \$2,000,000 bay-front park right at the foot of Flagler Street, has been selected as headquarters of the Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, and District Deputies.

Grand Lodge Sessions

The new and magnificent Olympia Theatre, air-cooled and comfortable, with the vista of stars, southern skies, and tropical scenery, will be an inspiring and comfortable place to transact the business of the 1928 Convention.

Administration Building

The 27-story City and County Building in the heart of the business district, easy of access to trains, street cars, and ships, will be the great

emporium, or clearing house, for all the Elks and their friends. In this will be located the Elks Post Office, General Registration, Baggage and Taxi Service Information, Sight Seeing, Havana and All-Florida Tours—and headquarters of the fifty-six committees.

Wide and spacious corridors and balconies equipped with everything which means convenience, dispatch, and comfort will lend a charm to the great get-together meeting of friends from all the states and territories.

You will not be officially present at the Convention until you register here, and here you will find our Committees day and night for the entire time of the Convention. All our activities start from this point. Here you register, get your badges, passes and instructions as to all activities. Your hotel reservation will be rechecked here and transportation to your hotel provided with guide. Your baggage will also be delivered from this point.

The Laymen of Elkdom to Be First

The Grand Exalted Ruler has issued positive instructions to our Convention Committee that this Convention is to be "The Convention of the Laymen of the Order"; the entertainment of the Grand Lodge Officers must be secondary to the entertainment provided for the "rank and file."

This one provision assures us that all Elks will feel that they are a great part of the Order, where the smallest Elk is equal to the greatest, and the greatest is just a "regular fellow."

Hotel Reservations

All hotel reservations must be made with the Hotel Committee of the Convention. Send in your requirements by letter or by wire now. Don't delay this, as preferred accommodations will go to those who apply early. Last-minute reservations are not encouraged, as each individual should know in advance just what his hotel will be, and the Committee and his friends will want to know just where to find him.

Your Mail

Address your mail to Elks Post Office, Miami, Florida, and we will do the rest.

Band prizes, Float prizes, Trapshoot, Golf, and Tennis trophies will be listed in a later bulletin.

Our contracts with hotels, restaurants, trans-

portation companies, taxis, and for-hire cars are binding and insure against any overcharge whatsoever.

We have even set aside a colored hotel for your chauffeur, if you come by auto, at a rate of one dollar per day.

Havana Tours and Florida Tours

Our Committees on "Tours" are providing a five-days' trip to Havana and return, beginning the day after the Convention closes. These tours will be personally conducted, and the fare charged will include everything, such as railway and steamship fares, meals en route, hotel room and meals while in Havana, and sight-seeing trips while in Cuba—no anxiety as to baggage or passports. Foreign-born guests contemplating this trip should, however, bring their naturalization papers with them. American-born travelers will not need any.

The interchange of tickets on all railway lines operating in Florida gives the visitors the opportunity of visiting the entire State at very little cost. Wherever there is an Elks Lodge in Florida, there will be welcome and entertainment for all. This is an *All-Florida Convention*, and your visit to Miami is only the beginning of the great Southern courtesies that will be shown to you at all times and places.

Jacksonville, the "Gateway City" of Florida, is preparing elaborately to meet you on the way; St. Augustine and Daytona Beach will follow in characteristic Elks style. West Palm Beach and Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando, Lakeland, Tampa, and St. Petersburg will all vie with one another in making your stay one continuous delight.

A "March" composed by the famous band leader, Arthur Pryor, and dedicated to this 1928 Convention, will be heard for the first time. Elks songs and choruses will also have their initial presentations at this meeting. There will be plenty of Elks cheer and mirth to relax the hearts of those who think they are getting old, and the reclusive will again sing with the boys and girls of Florida.

Fraternally,

1928 GRAND LODGE REUNION
COMMITTEE

JUDGE D. J. HEFFERNAN, *Chairman*
L. F. MCCREADY, *Vice-Chairman*
CHAS. B. SELDEN, *Secretary*

and all Committeemen.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Southern Trip

Mr. Malley, Accompanied by Other Grand Lodge Officers, Makes Extensive Tour

GRAND EXALTED RULER John F. Malley and his official party, consisting of J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, and Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter, Louis Boismenu, Richard P. Rooney and Clyde Jennings, and Mrs. John F. Malley and Mrs. Ralph Hagan, arrived in Jacksonville, Tuesday morning, December 6th, in the private car of H. N. Rodenbaugh, Vice-President and General Manager of the Florida East Coast Railway Company, who had courteously placed it at their disposal. On the way south the party had paid a brief visit to Petersburg, Va., Lodge, in whose city they had spent some three hours, being entertained with a sight-seeing trip and a banquet.

At Jacksonville the party was met by David Sholtz, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, of Daytona Beach; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready of Miami; Harold Colee, Past District Deputy, of St. Augustine; and a reception committee of Jacksonville Lodge.

The party was taken to the George Washington Hotel, later entertained at a luncheon, then a motor drive throughout the city of Jacksonville and a visit to Pablo Beach, after which they were guests at a banquet when the official welcome of Florida was extended by the Hon. John T. Alsop, the Mayor of Jacksonville. At 10:30 the party left by train over the Florida East Coast to Miami, where they arrived Wednesday morning, December 7th. Engineer Moore, a member of Miami Lodge, had asked for and been given the honor of piloting the train.

They were met by a delegation from Miami Lodge and its band, being escorted from the depot to the McAllister Hotel, where the Executive Committee and the Grand Lodge officers and Grand Trustees conferred regarding the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in July. At noon they were tendered a luncheon at Burdine's, the address of welcome being given by the Mayor of the city. They later went back into session, selecting the headquarters, as well as the Grand Lodge meeting-place. At six o'clock a banquet was served at the McAllister Hotel, where the Hon. John W. Martin, Governor of the State of Florida, welcomed them in behalf of the State. At eight o'clock a meeting and initiation were put on by the officers and members of Miami Lodge.

The following morning, December 8th, a motor drive throughout Miami, Miami Beach, and Coral Gables was enjoyed; then the party left by automobile for Fort Lauderdale, at which place they were met by an automobile escort of members and where the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a meeting; thence to Lake Worth and West Palm Beach, where the Grand Lodge officers dedicated the magnificent new Home of the latter Lodge, as reported in the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. A six o'clock luncheon was given by the officers of West Palm Beach Lodge. At eight o'clock an initiation was conducted by the officers and members.

Friday, December 9th, the party started for the West Coast, stopping at Fort Pierce Lodge, where a reception was held and the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the members; then across the State to Sebring and Tampa, where the Grand Exalted Ruler and party were entertained at a banquet by the officers and members of the last named, later attending a meeting of that Lodge.

Saturday morning, December 10th, the officials departed to Sarasota, being met there by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. D. Reagin of Sarasota. John Ringling, of circus fame, had his forty-piece band out to greet the Grand Lodge party. At three o'clock the officials left for St. Petersburg, being escorted by a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers and officers from that Lodge, and later entertained at

a luncheon. Grand Exalted Ruler Malley and his party then attended a meeting of St. Petersburg Lodge, addressing the membership in the auditorium of the Home.

The party spent the night at St. Petersburg and on Sunday morning left for Lakeland, where they were entertained at a luncheon by the members of the Lodge in that city. Mr. Malley's speech here, as at all his stops, was received with great enthusiasm and applause. A number of distinguished Floridians were in attendance. From Lakeland the party went on to Tampa for its second visit to the city, this time to be guests of honor at a special Spanish banquet, where dishes and decorations were all in the manner of Florida's discoverers and pioneers.

On Monday, the 12th, Orlando Lodge was visited, where the party was met by a band and motorcycle escort and entertained at an elaborate luncheon. The next stop was at De Land, where the visitors were entertained at a banquet in the Ponce De Leon Springs Hotel, which was attended by De Land members and their ladies. Following the dinner Mr. Malley addressed the Lodge, gathered at its regular meeting.

Having spent the night in De Land, Mr. Malley and his party proceeded, on the morning of the 13th, to Cocoa and Daytona Beach Lodges. The visit to the former was marked by a luncheon-meeting at the Brevard Hotel, which brought together the largest number of men ever assembled in Cocoa, when Elks from all over the State joined with the Cocoa Lodge members in greeting the Grand Exalted Ruler. While this was in progress the wives of the Cocoa officers entertained the visiting ladies at another luncheon.

In the afternoon the official party, accompanied by the Cocoa officers and a number of members, left for Daytona Beach. The visitors were met at the city gates by a police motorcycle escort and conducted to their stopping place. A banquet in the Lodge Home opened the evening ceremonies, and was followed by a regular meeting and initiation. The "John F. Malley Class" was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the officers of Cocoa Lodge conducting the services.

At St. Augustine, the next stop, the party was met by a distinguished reception committee, which included in its membership Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Senator A. M. Taylor and Harold Colee. Speaking at a luncheon in his honor at Vilano Beach Casino, Mr. Malley made an eloquent address, which greatly enthused his audience. The Grand Exalted Ruler also took occasion to thank publicly Mr.

Rodenbaugh for the use of his private car, which had been at the disposal of the party during its entire stay in Florida. Sight-seeing trips and a luncheon for Mrs. Malley were other features of the visit. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Malley motored to Fernandina Lodge for the last Florida visitation, while the rest of the party returned to Washington in Mr. Rodenbaugh's car.

Leaving Florida, the Grand Exalted Ruler's and Mrs. Malley's first stop on the way North was at Savannah, Ga. Here they were met by a committee headed by G. Philip Maggioni, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and E. Foster Brigham, President of the Georgia State Elks Association. A drive about the city, a shore luncheon and visits to two beautiful estates belonging to members of Savannah Lodge filled the afternoon. In the evening there were a dinner and theatre party for Mrs. Malley, while the Grand Exalted Ruler was banqueted at the General Oglethorpe Hotel. Leaving for Atlanta the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Malley were met at the Macon station by a delegation of Macon Lodge members and joined by Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, who accompanied them to Atlanta. Here they were guests of honor at a banquet in the beautiful Home of the Lodge. Many well-known Georgia Elks were present, including Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum. At Birmingham, Ala., his next stop, Mr. Malley was the recipient of much distinguished attention from the members, and was the guest of honor at a banquet, later attending a smoker in the Lodge Home. At Memphis, Tenn., two days later, Mr. Malley dedicated the beautiful new Home of Memphis Lodge, as reported in the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

At Chattanooga a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Menefee, greeted the distinguished visitors. Mrs. Malley was taken on a sight-seeing trip by a committee of ladies, and the Grand Exalted Ruler escorted to the Lodge Home by a parade headed by the Chattanooga Boys' Band. A luncheon, an automobile trip to the many points of historic interest around Chattanooga, and a banquet finished the day.

The last stop on the way home was at Roanoke, Va., Lodge, so well known to the Order at large for the many acts of kindness reported in THE ELKS MAGAZINE to the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford.

The Grand Exalted Ruler returned home for the holidays, to set out some three weeks later on the trip listed below. His only engagement during his brief stay in Boston was with Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, where he attended a banquet and reception on January 5th.

Jan. 14, Baltimore, Md.; Jan. 16, Louisville, Ky.; Jan. 17, St. Louis, Mo.; Jan. 19, Kansas City, Mo.; Jan. 20, Topeka, Kan.; Jan. 21, Tulsa, Okla.; Jan. 22, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Jan. 23, Wichita, Kan.; Jan. 24, Newton, Kan.; Jan. 25, Albuquerque, N. M.; Jan. 26, Prescott, Ariz.; Jan. 27, Phoenix, Ariz.; Jan. 28, Tucson, Ariz.; Jan. 29, El Paso, Texas; Jan. 31, San Antonio, Texas; Feb. 1, Austin, Texas; Feb. 2, Fort Worth, Texas; Feb. 3, Dallas, Texas; Feb. 4, Galveston, Texas.

These dates and engagements may be somewhat modified, though any changes will be but minor ones. Mr. Malley's further itinerary, among other Lodges of the Southwest, which will add many hundred miles to his travels, will be published in next month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



The Grand Exalted Ruler and H. N. Rodenbaugh, Vice-President of the Florida East Coast Railway



The magnificent new Home owned by Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge, No. 1288, characteristic of the fine Elks' buildings in Florida

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge Conducts Patriotic Initiation

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 954, recently conducted a unique initiation in which four war veterans were the candidates. The Lodge room had been specially decorated for the occasion with flags and colors of the Order, and practically every member was on hand to witness the ceremony. The four candidates, dressed in their army uniforms, were escorted into the Lodge room to the strains of patriotic music. First came Patrick Lynch, eighty-five years of age, who enlisted in the army in 1861, was retired in 1927, having served an enlistment of over sixty-seven years, participated in sixty-six battles and skirmishes of the Civil War, and fourteen engagements against the Indians; then followed L. E. Wilkinson, a veteran of the Spanish-American War; and Ned Herold and Daniel Tuohy, World War veterans. At the conclusion of the initiation Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell delivered a stirring address in keeping with the patriotic spirit of the meeting.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for New Home

The cornerstone for the new Home of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, was recently laid, impressive ceremonies, in which Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, took part, marking the occasion. In addition to many members of the Lodge, the exercises were attended by distinguished members of the Order from Western New York, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Emory B. Pratt.

The new building, which stands on the site of the former Home at Main and Cherry Streets, will cost \$150,000, with an additional \$25,000 for furnishings. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy early next summer.

Madison, S. D., Lodge Initiates Famous Ball Player

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the honor guest recently at a meeting held in the Home of Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, at which the officers of Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, initiated a special class of candidates. Elks from various parts of the State attended, and the high light of the occasion was the initiation of George Pipgrass, famous pitcher for the New York Yankees, whose home is near Madison. Among the other distinguished members of the Order present were C. H. Nelles, Exalted Ruler of Madison Lodge and President of the South Dakota State Elks Association. The occasion was a very splendid one, opening

with a banquet served by the Madison ladies, close to 600 attending the function. Brief addresses were made, notably one by Ven. Valentine Junker, archdeacon of the Episcopal Church in South Dakota.

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge Gives Banquet To Hon. Murray Hulbert

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, was recently the guest of Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, at a large banquet given in his honor. Elks from most of the Lodges in that part of the Empire State—Cortland, Elmira, Corning, Owego, Binghamton, Auburn—were present. Among the many distinguished members of the Order attending the banquet were Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association, and his staff of State officials.

Fort Worth, Texas, Lodge Building Handsome New Home

Work is progressing rapidly on the new Home being built by Fort Worth, Texas, Lodge, No. 124, and the members are looking forward to occupying the handsome new structure early

in April. The building, located at Fourth and Burnet Streets, will be five stories high and will be complete in every detail. Three floors will be set aside for living rooms available to resident and visiting Elks. As a result of the progress on the new Home, the membership of the Lodge has been increased greatly during the past few months.

Ada, Okla., Lodge Looks After Youngsters of its City

Ada, Okla., Lodge, No. 1275, recently put on the well-known Waner Brothers act at a local theatre, raising a considerable sum of money, which was spent on the poor children of its community. Paul and Lloyd Waner are members of Ada Lodge and their popularity insured the success of the benefit show.

The Home of Ada Lodge was recently used by the Boy Scouts of the district as a meeting place for their council. Following the session, ten of the leading Scouts were awarded monogrammed baseball bats by the Lodge.

Beacon, N. Y., Lodge Now Occupies Attractive New Home

Members of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, are now comfortably located in their handsome new Home, which was informally opened a short time ago. The building, recently purchased by the Lodge, has been entirely remodeled at a cost of \$14,000. Its four acres of grounds give it a most attractive setting. It is a four-story structure with ample space for all Lodge and social activities. The members are planning to dedicate the new Home sometime this spring with suitable exercises.

One of the chief organizations within the Lodge of which the members are very proud is the ritualistic team. This team, which has been active on many occasions, recently won the praise of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance when he paid Beacon Lodge his official visit.

District Deputy Brady Welcomed by Brookline, Mass., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady to his home Lodge, Brookline, Mass., No. 886, was the occasion of a very large meeting attended by many distinguished members of the Order throughout New England. District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont, accompanied by delegations from Lodges in these States, were present to greet Mr. Brady. In



The handsome bronze elk erected by Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, in its Elks Rest

the District Deputy's suite were Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the same committee; Andrew J. Casey, Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John F. McGann, H. Westley Curtis, Michael T. Burke, and thirteen Past Exalted Rulers of Brookline Lodge.

A feature of the meeting was the initiation of a large class of candidates by the Lodge's ritualistic team, headed by Exalted Ruler James M. Healy. The work was beautifully exemplified by the team, which is the present holder of the ritualistic cup of the Massachusetts Central District.

Following this most enthusiastic meeting there was a banquet in honor of District Deputy Brady, which was attended by close to 1,200. The evening was one of the most interesting and impressive occasions in the history of Brookline Lodge.

Judge William H. Sullivan, Charter Member of Norwich, Conn., Lodge

Sympathy is extended to Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1222, on the loss of one of its most distinguished members, Judge William H. Sullivan. Judge Sullivan was a charter member of the Lodge and at the time of his death was Esteemed Loyal Knight and active on many committees. He was a leader in civic affairs in Norwich, a prominent lawyer and State Tax Commissioner during the years 1912-1915. At the time of his demise he was Chairman of the Chenango County Chapter of the Red Cross and the Child Welfare Board.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Active In Work with Crippled Children

At a recent clinic held in the Home of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, some 80 crippled youngsters were examined, and it was arranged to hold an operative clinic at a later date. Other praiseworthy acts of No. 945 are its generous contributions to local charitable enterprises, the most recent being made to the Schuylkill County Crippled Children's Society and to the *Evening Herald* Milk Fund.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Welcomes Hon. Murray Hulbert's Visit

The visit of Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, to Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, was the occasion of a large banquet given in his honor. Mr. Hulbert was welcomed on behalf of the city by Acting Mayor John Ryan, by Lieutenant-Governor W. I. Nolan on behalf of the State, and by Exalted Ruler John R. Coan on behalf of the Lodge. There were short addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John E. Regan and



Class of veterans representing three wars initiated by Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge, No. 954

Dr. A. R. Cohen. Among the members from out of town who were introduced by the Toastmaster, W. C. Robertson of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, were Dr. Chester R. Leach, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association; Judge William M. Ericson, First Vice-President of the Association; O. M. Thurber, Second Vice-President of the Association; Dr. Henry Bryant, Past President of the Association; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Walter Marcum and Charles Englen. Members of the Order from almost every Lodge in the State were present, as were large delegations of city officials and members of the Minneapolis Bench.

On the following day, Sunday, Mr. Hulbert delivered the Memorial Address before a large gathering at the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis.

Lake City, Fla., Lodge Provides Milk for School Children

Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 893, has been holding boxing exhibitions every two weeks as a means of raising money for the School Milk Fund of its community. These exhibitions are held at the city ball park in cooperation with the American Legion. Enough money has been realized to date to carry out this work for the school term.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Holds Clinic For Crippled Children

The fourth crippled children's clinic held by Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, in conjunction with State and municipal health departments was entirely successful, thirty youngsters being

on hand for examination. Of these, eleven were new cases, making a total of seventy-nine listed to date. A number of new braces, shoes, crutches, necessary medicines, etc., were purchased at the time by the Lodge Committee.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge Lets Contracts for New Home

New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, will soon have one of the finest Homes in New England. The old building on Crown Street has been torn down and work on the erection of a modern structure on the same site has begun. The contracts call for completion by November, 1928, and in the meantime members of No. 25 are occupying temporary quarters at Chapel and York Streets, where a complete club and Lodge Home has been established, in which the life of the Lodge is continued.

Blackwell, Okla., Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, in addition to unusually large donations at Christmas and Thanksgiving, continues its charity work among the city's children throughout the year. Its custom of supplying free milk and crackers to poor school children which it began last year is being carried on with even greater success at present, and it is interested in many other charitable activities.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Visits Oil City, Pa., Lodge

The degree team and orchestra of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently journeyed to Oil City, Pa., Lodge, No. 344, where they took part in the initiation of a large class of candidates. The exercises included a banquet at which many out-of-town Elks were present. Following the initiation, a fine vaudeville program was provided the members and visitors.

Tonopah, Nev., Lodge Spends Generously for Charity

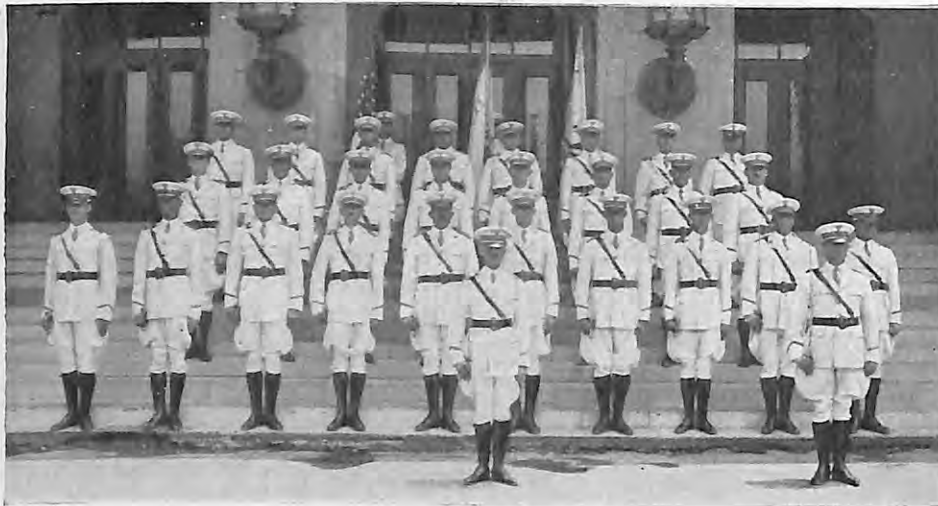
Tonopah, Nev., Lodge, No. 1062, conducted a charity ball recently which netted the Lodge a considerable sum for its welfare work among the population of the city. Most of this was spent at Christmas. The Lodge is actively engaged in many charitable enterprises and during the last year spent more than one-sixth of its entire revenue in work of this kind.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge Members Will Direct City's Business

Members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, will conduct the municipality's affairs for the next two years. Mayor Frank Francis and City Commissioners Harman W. Peery and Fred E. Williams are all active Elks. Mr. Williams is President of the Utah State Elks Association and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of No. 719. Ogden Lodge is to be congratulated on having supplied its city with its entire executive and legislative body.

The attractive float of Cisco, Tex., Lodge, No. 1379, in the parade celebrating the finding of oil ten years ago at Ranger





There is a military smartness about this Drill Team of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171

Denver, Colo., Lodge Provides Entertainments for Many Groups

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, among its many other community activities, does much in the way of providing entertainment and diversion for those residents of the city most in need of good cheer. Recent examples of this thoughtful work were two concerts, one in the auditorium of the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society, another for the patients at the Fitzsimons Hospital, and the "Newsies' Smoker" in the Home of the Lodge. This last is an annual event for all the newsboys on the city dailies and consists of a generous feast and plenty of entertainment.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Planning 25th Anniversary Celebration

One of the important Elk events in the New York territory during March will be the 25th Anniversary Celebration of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842. Extensive arrangements have been made covering a three-day period which will include a banquet in the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore Hotel on March 20th, for which invitations have been extended and acceptances received from Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, several Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and many State officers from the various Lodges throughout the Southeastern District of New York and New Jersey.

Famous Band Sponsored By Athens, Ohio, Lodge

Realizing a greater need for funds to carry on its Christmas charities last year, Athens, Ohio, Lodge, No. 973, sponsored two benefit concerts by the famous United States Navy Band of Washington. A large sum of money was raised as a result of the successful performance of the band. Appropriate street decorations and a large parade were some of the features which drew the public's attention to the appearance of the band.

Taft, Calif., Antlers Have Prize-Winning Boys' Band

Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, has an Antler Lodge which is comprised of close to a hundred active and enthusiastic youngsters. Due to the efforts of Band Director W. G. Knight and the interest of the members, this organization of boys now has a 25-piece band which owns its own instruments and uniforms. This band took part in the recent convention of the California State Elks Association at Monterey and was the winner of the much-coveted "popularity" cup. In addition, the youngsters are scheduled to play at several other important functions of Taft Lodge during the coming months.

Rutland, Vt., Lodge Celebrates With Gala Initiation

Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345, celebrated the initiation of its 500th member with a gala

meeting and banquet some time ago. A large class was initiated in the presence of many distinguished members of the Order. Among those attending were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harry W. Witters, Vermont, and Carl A. Savage, New Hampshire, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Landers, New Hampshire, many Past District Deputies and subordinate Lodge officers and members in Vermont. Following the meeting a banquet was served at the Bardwell Hotel, which was enlivened by orchestral music and several vaudeville acts. At the conclusion of the dinner a number of the distinguished members made brief addresses.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a large banquet and vaudeville show. The event was attended by more than 300 members of the Lodge, including large delegations from Royersford and Spring City and other nearby places. The speaker of the evening was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey, who joined several Past Exalted Rulers in reviewing the history of the Lodge and complimenting the membership on its progress.

New Jersey State Elks Association Meets at Vineland

The second quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held recently at the Home of Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422. There were 110 members of the Association and 74 visiting Elks in attendance, representing 38 Lodges of the State. The reports of the various committees, especially the Crippled Kiddies Committee, showed excellent progress.

The recently dedicated Home of Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488



A wide and increasing interest in ritualistic contests was also reported by the various Lodges.

One of the interesting events of the meeting was the presentation by the State Elks Bowling League of a cheque for \$300, the money to be used for the Association's work among the crippled children.

A splendid banquet was provided by Vineland Lodge, at which Weehawken Lodge, No. 1456, was presented with a loving cup for having the largest delegation at the meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the Association will be held at the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21, on March 1.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Holds "Judiciary Night"

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, held a special occasion in honor of the Bench of the State a short time ago. Invited to attend "Judiciary Night" were many distinguished members of the legal profession. Hon. Frederick W. Fosdick, Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, made the principal address, and Past Exalted Ruler Judge Edward A. Counihan, Jr., presided. A fine musical program added to the pleasure of the evening.

Rochester, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Attractive Addition to Home

The remodeled Home of Rochester, Pa., Lodge, No. 283, together with the new addition containing the grill and Lodge rooms, was formally dedicated recently with proper ceremonies and festivities.

The Home, of the Colonial type of architecture, has assumed a new beauty since repairs have been made and new paint applied. The new Lodge room occupies the entire second floor of the addition. The room is large enough to use either as an auditorium or ball room, and is beautifully finished and furnished. The new grill occupies the entire ground floor of the addition. The walls are paneled with mural paintings depicting brilliantly hued Chinese, Golden and American pheasants. At one end of the room is a huge fireplace in tapestry brick.

The formal dedication of the addition was followed by a large ball attended by the members and their ladies.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Leader In City's Welfare Work

Recently, St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, was host to 3,500 St. Petersburg children at its Annual Kiddies Picnic. The day was filled out with games and competitions of various kinds and a basket lunch was served. Moving-pictures were taken of the various activities and the reels were afterward shown at local theatres. These annual picnics are made possible by individual donations of time and cash from the members of the Lodge and are eagerly looked forward to by the children.

Another meritorious activity of this Lodge

was the sponsoring of the institution of a Florence Crittenden Home in its city. John E. Bateman of the Lodge donated a large house and lot, rent free for a period of five years, in which to carry on the work. Exalted Ruler Charles S. DuBois gave his full time to supervising the alterations needed and many members gave their time and money to complete the project. The Home was completely furnished and equipped with the assistance of other organizations in the city. The Lodge has also made substantial donations, subsequent to the opening, for the maintenance of the Home.

While not the proposer of the plan, the Lodge also rendered very material aid, both in effort and money, to the equipping and operation of a Crippled Children's Home which is being sponsored by the American Legion Post of St. Petersburg.

District Deputy Brady Pays Official Visit to Newton, Mass., Lodge

Some 500 members and visitors were on hand in the Home of Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady paid his official visit. Mr. Brady, accompanied by a suite of nearly 100, was given a rousing reception, and following the regular meeting was the honor guest at a supper and entertainment. Other distinguished guests were Andrew J. Casey, Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; District Deputy Grand Exalted Harry W. Witters, of Vermont, and many Past District Deputies and past and active subordinate Lodge officers.

Texas Lodges Observe Discovery Of Oil in Ranger District

Ten years ago oil was discovered in Central West Texas at Ranger. This event was celebrated recently at Ranger with a homecoming jubilee for the oil fraternity. One feature was an immense parade in which Lodges in the Oil Belt participated. Cisco, Breckenridge, Eastland and Ranger were represented, and their appearance was the occasion of much favorable comment throughout the district. The float entered by Cisco, Texas, Lodge, No. 1379, received honorable mention from parade judges.

Hammond, Ind., Lodge Steadily Increasing Membership

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Ottenheimer to the Home of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, was the occasion for the initiation of a large class of candidates. The ceremony was unusually impressive, the band and the drill team, all in full uniform, taking part in the exercises.

Hammond Lodge is showing marked progress, increasing its membership regularly by the initiation of large classes of candidates.

Gulfport, Miss., Lodge Owns Beautiful Home

The members of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, enjoy the distinction of having a Home



George Pipgrass (center), Yankee pitcher, becomes member of Madison, S. D., Lodge. Present at the ceremony were (left to right) Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; Charles D. Ray, Secretary of Watertown, S. D., Lodge; C. H. Hanson, Exalted Ruler of Huron, S. D., Lodge; and C. H. Nelles, President of the S. D. State Elks Association

fronting the beautiful Gulf of Mexico. It is a two-story structure of Spanish Mission type, hollow tile and stucco, and is situated in the center of attractive grounds. Gulfport Lodge is now making arrangements to enlarge and improve the building. A roof garden, a swimming pool, bowling alleys and a complete gymnasium are some of the features to be added. Part of the grounds will be used for tennis courts.

In addition to the main building the Lodge also owns a pavilion which extends over the water, where there is an excellent deep water harbor for boats.

Gulfport Lodge is a community center and is recognized as being in the forefront of all social and charitable work.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Donates Valuable Athletic Trophies

Two beautiful cups, to be presented annually to the most valuable player on each of the Pasadena High School and Pasadena Junior College football teams, have been donated by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672. In making the awards, sportsmanship and scholastic eligibility as well as playing ability will be taken into consideration by the committee, which consists of members of the Lodge and of the teaching and coaching staffs of the two institutions.

As this was written Pasadena Lodge was

planning an entertainment honoring the High School team, which last season won the Coast League Championship.

Alma, Mich., Lodge Dedicates Handsome Memorial Tablet

A significant event in the activities of Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, was the recent dedication in its Home of a new memorial tablet. The dedication followed an unusually impressive Memorial Sunday service in which many members and citizens took part. The new tablet is a handsome large white slab, conspicuously imbedded in the wall of the Lodge room. The names of the Lodge's ten departed members are inscribed on its surface in gold.

Beautiful Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge Ruined by Great Fire

Sympathy is extended to members of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, on the loss of their beautiful new Home which was recently destroyed by fire. The Home, representing an investment close to \$300,000, was one of the showplaces of the Hudson Valley. Steps were immediately taken to plan the erection of a new building.

Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge Displays Much Growth and Vigor

Though Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1416, is situated in a small community, it has displayed remarkable vigor and enthusiasm. Instituted in 1921, it has shown a steady growth not only in membership but in the number and size of its activities, social and charitable. In addition it is in excellent financial condition with no unpaid obligations and with a substantial cash balance in its treasury.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Its One Thousandth Meeting

Members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, recently celebrated its one thousandth meeting with a most elaborate program in which many distinguished members of the Order took part. The Lodge session, preceding the banquet, was featured by the initiation of a large class of candidates and by brief addresses from such well-known Elks as Governor A. Harry Moore; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, and Henry A. Guenther, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Many Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were present and these, following their introduction by



Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, has one of the most efficient Drill Teams on the Coast



The newly acquired Home which is owned by Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493

Toastmaster Exalted Ruler Dennis A. Hanrahan, gave brief talks on various interesting phases of No. 211's history. During the dinner the newly organized orchestra of the Lodge played several numbers and Wally Eames and Frank Chapman rendered song selections.

Christopher McCabe, No. 1 on the roster of Jersey City Lodge, acted fittingly as Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. The program provided was one that will be remembered long by the many who attended.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge Has Record Crowd at Charity Ball

More than 1,500 persons crowded the Glens Falls Armory on the occasion of the annual charity ball of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 81, setting a record for this outstanding social event. At eleven o'clock lights were dimmed, a spot thrown on one of the largest American flags ever seen in the city, and Exalted Ruler Harold C. Stafford delivered the Toast, after which the whole assemblage joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for New School

At the invitation of the Board of Education of the Township of Weehawken, Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, conducted the ceremonies of cornerstone laying at the site of the Theodore Roosevelt School, now being erected at Louisa Place. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Newman was in charge of the service, which was attended by members of Weehawken and many other New Jersey Lodges, who marched from the Home of 1456, escorted by their bands.

Beacon, N. Y., Members Present Flag to Sister Lodge

Paying a fraternal visit to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, members of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, presented to their hosts a beautiful silk flag. The speech of presentation was made by Exalted Ruler James A. Kennelly and Frank M. Doran, Exalted Ruler of 275, responded, extending the thanks of the officers and members of his Lodge for this token of brotherly love and cooperation.

Father Seeks Whereabouts of His Missing Son

George Ford, a member of Mandan, N. D., Lodge, No. 1256, is anxious to find the whereabouts of his son Francis, who disappeared from home last November. He is sixteen years of age, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 121 pounds, reddish brown hair, heavy eyebrows and has a large scar behind his right ear. Any information may be wired collect to A. R. Weinhandl, Secretary of Mandan Lodge, Mandan, N. D.

Past Exalted Ruler Dempsey Of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, lost one of its most loyal and devoted members by the death, recently, of Past Exalted Ruler William H. Dempsey, Jr. Mr. Dempsey was forty-one years old, a prominent figure in community affairs and an able and beloved worker in the interests of his Lodge.

"Ike" Miner Is the Grand Old Man Of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

Isaac Walter Miner, who celebrated his eightieth birthday a few months ago, was one of twenty men who organized Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, on February 7, 1886. Only four other charter members are known to be living. "Ike" Miner, as he is known to his fellow members, has filled every office in his Lodge except Exalted Ruler and Treasurer. He served as its Secretary for over thirteen years. So great a favorite was he among the members that in 1901 he was given an honorary life membership and in 1921 retired as Secretary on a pension. Though he is over eighty now, he still displays great interest in the activities of his Lodge and is still a favorite of all members, young and old.

On his recent birthday he sent his many friends a copy of this touching poem:

*To-day I am eighty,
Passing years are weighty;
Time is flying,
Friends are dying,
Sight is failing,
Hearing ailing.
It's a long look backward—
A short look forward.*

Past Exalted Ruler J. M. Meredith Of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler J. M. Meredith, the original charter member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, holder of Card No. 1, died a short time ago in San Francisco, where he was well known as bailiff of the Supreme Court of California. Mr. Meredith was the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of No. 99, and his funeral, conducted by the Order in San Francisco, was attended by Exalted Ruler John J. Doyle and other Los Angeles members.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge to Build Splendid New \$300,000 Home

As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press, work was about to be started on the new \$300,000 Home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168. The construction of this fine building, on the lot purchased some time ago by the Lodge on Cedar Street, entails the most ambitious program ever undertaken by No. 168.

The new Home, made necessary by the growth

of the membership, which now totals 1,500, will be three stories in height and in the Spanish style of architecture. The first floor of the building will in reality serve as a mezzanine, giving plenty of light and air to the gymnasium and swimming-pool in the basement. The basement will also contain handball courts, bowling alleys and the necessary boiler and mechanical equipment for the building. A patio will give entrance to the first floor, which will contain reception halls, library, offices and galleries for viewing the gymnasium and swimming-pool. Kitchens and dining rooms will occupy the second floor, along with billiard and pool rooms. The third floor will have the Lodge room and ball room. An attic story is also provided.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Closes Year of Widespread Activity

A year of widespread and unusual activity has just been closed by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. Among the outstanding community efforts have been the preservation of the birthplace of the great Southern soldier, General P. G. T. Beauregard, made possible by the proceeds of the annual Automobile Fashion Show, and the raising and distribution of approximately \$17,000 for the flood sufferers of the Mississippi Valley. Another laudable contribution to social welfare was the turning over to boys of the city schools, on certain specified days of the hot summer months, the gymnasium and swimming pool in the Lodge Home.

Approvals Given to Purchases of Property and Building Plans

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved purchases of property and building plans as follows:

Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1427. The Lodge plans to erect a building to cost \$65,000. This property is situated on the north side of Fort Hill Boulevard, one and a half blocks from the main business thoroughfare, and is centrally located. The building will be constructed of reinforced concrete, having three or more floor levels, semi-Spanish type of architecture.

Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886. Purchase of property \$18,000, the estimated cost of remodeling \$14,000, and the estimated cost of furnishing the building \$1,000. This property is located on a residential street in the business section adjoining the Post Office.

Kearney, Neb., Lodge, No. 984. Purchase of property \$40,000. This is a modern three-story house with a double garage, and the house was purchased completely furnished.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526. Purchase of property \$47,500; estimated cost of building addition \$5,000. This building is on the corner of Lee and Perry Streets, two blocks from the main business center of the town. It is of frame construction with brick foundation, two stories high, and contains eleven large rooms.

Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455. At the present time the Lodge owns fourteen acres of land on North Maple Avenue, which is the main thoroughfare. It plans to erect a new building, complete in all clubhouse details, on this site. The estimated cost of the building is \$135,000 and the estimated cost of furnishing \$15,000.

Mechanicsville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1403. The erection of a new building, estimated cost \$70,000 and estimated cost of furnishing \$10,000.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Occupies Beautiful New Home

The new Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, erected, equipped and furnished at a cost of \$400,000, is a fire-proof structure of steel, concrete and brick. It stands on the main street of Williamsport at the edge of the business district. The building is occupied entirely by the Elks. One of the features of the structure is an auditorium seating 1,200 persons, equipped with a modern stage, and capable of being turned into a dance floor or a banquet hall on short notice. The club features are contained in the basement, and include a big billiard room, a men's grill capable of accommodating 600, and a ladies' grill that will take care of 200. A modern kitchen, completely equipped, is also on this floor. The first floor contains a magnificent

men's lounge, and also a separate parlor suite for the ladies. The hotel and secretary's offices are also on this floor, with the auditorium at the rear. The front of the second, third and fourth floors contains living rooms, thirty in number, which are open to men, whether Elks or not. On the rear of the second floor is a large, well-equipped public dining room. The Lodge room is immediately above the dining room, on the floor above.

This new Home of Williamsport Lodge can accommodate every line of Elk activity. During the opening week, 1,200 members of the 1,600 on the roster of Williamsport Lodge attended an initiation session in the Auditorium, and this same Auditorium was the scene of a huge Christmas party to 800 children of destitute families who derived their holiday cheer from the Salvation Army.

The activities of Williamsport Lodge have trebled since it entered the new Home, April 1 of last year, and the interest in and success of the Lodge has increased accordingly.

**Banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler
By Pennsylvania S. W. Association**

The annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given by the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association will be held this year on February 14, at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. These affairs, starting with the dinner, at which many of the most distinguished members of the Order are honor guests, and continuing with dancing, are among the most brilliant Elk events in the East. This year an unusually interesting time is expected, as, in addition to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, some of the most notable speakers in the Order will be present.

**Washington, D. C., Lodge Will
Entertain Grand Exalted Ruler**

The dinner and entertainment in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, to be given in the main ballroom of the Willard Hotel on February 15, promises to be one of the most brilliant functions ever held by the Capital Lodge. Mr. Malley will hold a reception for an hour before dinner, following which there will be a few short speeches by some of the Order's finest speakers, and an entertainment by the best professional talent from New York and Philadelphia.

This will be only the second time in twenty years that Washington Lodge has had the opportunity of entertaining a Grand Exalted Ruler and no effort is being spared to make the event a memorable one.

**Seeks Whereabouts of Maurice De Vry,
Member of Galena, Ill., Lodge**

Information is wanted concerning the whereabouts of Maurice De Vry a member of Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882, who has been missing since December. Mr. De Vry is 41 years of age; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weighs about 222 pounds, He carried a paid-up membership card. Infor-



This large, attractive Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, dedicated recently

mation should be sent to his wife at Scales Mound, Ill.

Suffolk, Va., Lodge Holds House-Warming in New Home

Throwing open its new Home to the public, Suffolk, Va., Lodge, No. 685, held a delightful house-warming some weeks ago. Starting with a reception in the afternoon, the festivities continued through the evening and included dancing and other entertainment. The wives of the members helped receive the guests and escort them through the commodious quarters which the Lodge had just taken over. These consist of the entire second floor of the new Andrews building on North Main Street, and are excellently equipped for Lodge and club purposes. There are lounging, billiard and writing rooms and a large Lodge room equipped with all the necessities. The furnishings and decorations are in the best of taste and the whole makes a most comfortable and desirable Lodge Home. The opening was the occasion of a long congratulatory editorial in the Suffolk *News Herald*.

Cicero, Ill., Lodge Purchases Site for New Home

Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, less than three years old and with a membership close to seven hundred, recently purchased a site for a new Home on Austin Boulevard, a strictly residential location. The spacious and beautiful quarters which Cicero Lodge now occupies, including both Lodge and club features, have proved inadequate, and the officers, bearing this in mind, have adopted the slogan "One Thousand Members by March 1st, 1928." From the manner in which applications are coming in it appears this

mark will be realized easily. Once the total is reached, preparations will be made to erect a new Home.

The Social and Welfare Committee has spent considerable money for welfare work and recently conducted an athletic show which included several boxing bouts. The money realized is to be used in distributing food and clothing to unfortunates of the community.

In the way of sports, Cicero Lodge is also out in front. It boasts of one of the finest indoor golf courses and has a bowling league of eight teams, also a team which travels to Lodges in the District.

The children of the community are not forgotten and at a recent party over four hundred were entertained. The Lodge was also one of the first to sponsor the purchase of a camp site for the Boy Scouts.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Holds Services in Famous Tabernacle

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, has the distinction of being the only fraternal organization permitted to make use of the famous Mormon Tabernacle in its city. The Lodge's Memorial Services were held there this year, with many thousands of persons present to hear Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain deliver the Memorial address.

No. 85 is again this year holding the Intermountain A. A. U. Boxing Tournament in its Home. It will take place during February. The same event, sponsored by the Lodge, was a great success last year.

William K. Devereux, Past President of New Jersey State Elks Association

William K. Devereux, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, passed away at his home in Asbury Park, N. J., after a short illness. He was one of the most distinguished members of the Order in New Jersey, dean of the State's newspaper men, and a leader generally in the life of his community, having occupied many important posts. His going is a severe loss to the Order and to the many friends and associates of his long, productive life. Mr. Devereux was a Past Exalted Ruler of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, and a tireless worker in behalf of the Order's progress in the State.

Mr. Devereux is the second Past President the New Jersey State Elks Association has lost during the last year. The death of Thomas S. Mooney, which was reported in the January issue, occurred only a few weeks previously.

Provo, Utah, Lodge Entertains Champion Ball Team

Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 849, has been playing a leading rôle in various community affairs lately. Much favorable comment was accorded the Lodge recently when it entertained the members of the Provo baseball team, 1927



Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's band plays for Grand Exalted Ruler Malley (left center)

champions of the Central Utah League. The team were honor guests at a large banquet at which the City Commissioners, the Mayor and other distinguished citizens were present. The beautiful trophy presented by the league to the winning club was officially awarded on this occasion. Later in the evening there was a dance participated in by the members and their invited guests.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-sixth Anniversary

Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, celebrated its thirty-sixth birthday a short time ago, with Past Exalted Ruler and veteran chaplain C. L. Ruggles as principal speaker. Mr. Ruggles recalled the early days of the Lodge and its growth to its position of importance in the Order. Others who spoke in reminiscent vein were W. T. Shephard, one of the six surviving charter members, and Treasurer R. B. Teefy, who has been in office for more than thirty years.

Sixtieth Anniversary of Birth of Order To Be Observed February 18th

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of the Order on Saturday, February 18, 1928, with a banquet at the Hotel Commodore at which Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley will be the guest of honor. Many other Grand Lodge officers and distinguished members of the Order will be present, and representatives of scores of Lodges will also attend. Due to the fact that the event will mark the sixtieth birthday of the Order an unusually excellent program is being arranged by Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan, Chairman of the committee in charge of the celebration.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Carries On Fine Work for Unfortunate Children

The Christmas greeting from the Crippled Children's Committee, under the chairmanship of Arthur Scheffler, to the members of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, took the form of an illustrated report of its activities during the year. At the time the report was issued, there were 112 registered patients, 22 of whom had been dismissed as cured. Nearly \$5,000 was spent during the year on this splendid work. In addition to the attention given the deformities which brought the youngsters to the attention of the committee, many minor operations were performed and treatments given. The patients have had all necessary dental work performed free of charge, through the generosity of Dr. M. Olinger, a member of the committee, who made 210 fillings, extracted 125 teeth and gave many treatments.

During the three years of its operation the committee has sent more than forty youngsters to camp and to the Betty Bacharach Home and has in every way done its utmost to relieve the lot of the unfortunate children of its jurisdiction.

Willmar, Minn., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The handsome new Home of Willmar, Minn., Lodge, No. 952, was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The dedicatory address, delivered by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. K. Cohen, was heard by a

large gathering of members, including many Elks from neighboring Lodges. The dedication was preceded by a banquet at the Lakeland Hotel and a dance brought the festivities to a close.

The new Home has a frontage on Litchfield Avenue of 50 feet and a depth through the block of 85 feet. It is two stories in height, the lower floor, composed of stores, having been leased for a long period of years. The entire second floor is given over to the Lodge. A beautiful lounging room occupies practically the whole front of the building and back of that is the spacious Lodge room. The Home is also equipped with a pool and billiard room, kitchen and large dining-room. The rooms are all handsomely furnished and decorated.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Visits Residents At Elks National Home

A thoughtful action was that of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, when, following its own holiday celebration, it visited the Elks National Home at Bedford. The Christmas trees at the Home were decorated, each resident was the recipient of a present from No. 197, and a group of entertainers enlivened the occasion for visitors and hosts alike.

Antlers Lodges in Southern California To Hold Joint Meetings

At a recent meeting in the Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, attended by officers of the Antlers organization and a number of their Big Brothers in the Order, several important decisions were made. One was to hold a monthly joint meeting of the ten Southern California Lodges of the junior organization. These meetings will include initiations for the various Lodges, entertainments, and other features.

Berwick, Pa., Lodge Has Fine Bugle and Drum Corps

A musical organization that has been developing rapidly is the Elks Bugle and Drum Corps of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, No. 1138. Leading the Lodges in the State Convention at Easton last year, it won a prize on this its first appearance. It has since won prizes in competitions at Shick-shinny, Bloomsburg and Sunbury. The Corps in appearance, marching, and music has been making steady progress, and for an organization which will not have its first birthday for some time, it has quite a record. William Harry and Clarence Herr are the leaders of the corps, and Major E. L. Davis was the prime mover back of its organization.

Sympathy to Lee Meriwether On the Loss of His Only Son

The deep sympathy of the Order is extended to Lee Meriwether, Past Exalted Ruler of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, on the loss of his son, Lee, Jr., a few days before Christmas. He was twenty-six years old, a graduate of Washington University and, at the time of death, connected with an advertising agency. He was an only child and very close to the hearts of his parents. At the funeral services in the Meriwether home his father told in moving words of the mutual companionship and confidence which had existed in the family circle, and of the frankness with which the young man had sought

counsel and had told of his own problems and ambitions.

John Dunston, Famous Restaurateur, Crosses the Great Divide

"Jack" Dunston, a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and owner of "Jack's," perhaps the most famous restaurant in the United States, died recently at his home in New York.

Mr. Dunston was initiated into New York Lodge on December 9, 1900. From that date until his death on December 26, 1927, he was an active Elk and a liberal contributor to the Lodge's charities. He served a number of terms as a member of the Board of Governors and, at one time or another, on most of the important committees of the Lodge. He spent much of his spare time at the Home of Lodge No. 1, promoting in every way its welfare.

Mr. Dunston was one of the outstanding and lovable characters of the social and bohemian life of New York City. He was well known to Elks everywhere and "Jack's" was a Mecca for members visiting the city. His famous restaurant, over which he presided himself, was a meeting-place for the most distinguished men in public life, sports, arts and letters. It was unique. There was no music, no cabaret, just good food and fellowship. It was a special, happy kingdom, ruled by a kindly, courteous, handsome gentleman who was a delightful host and a good Elk.

Elk Spirit Played Great Part In Building of Moffat Tunnel

The spirit of the Order has played a great part in the completion of the Colorado Moffat Tunnel, that marvelous engineering feat, six miles long, through James Peak, costing \$15,000,000. Thousands of men have worked day and night through four years to finish the big job. It has been in the large camps which housed and took care of this army of workers that the Elks of Colorado have expressed the spirit of the Order. Idaho Springs Lodge, No. 607, Denver Lodge, No. 17, and Central City Lodge, No. 557, were the principal Lodges in the work. Entertainments, banquets, dances, special initiations and welfare work of many kinds were provided by the members of these Lodges during the long, trying work of construction. Constant social contact with the workers in all kinds of weather; cheer and good fellowship at all times—such were the willing gifts of these Colorado Elks.

Now when the transcontinental trains are about to thunder under James Peak, opening up an empire greater than the State of Massachusetts, rich in minerals and agricultural products, it can be realized what the spirit of the Order, as exemplified by these Colorado Lodges, has meant to every man who played his difficult part in the construction of this great tunnel.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge Pays Tribute To Work of Dr. Fred H. Albee

Dr. Fred H. Albee is one of the most distinguished orthopedic surgeons in America. In Europe, where he has lectured, and demonstrated many of his discoveries and methods, he is almost as well known to members of his profession as he is here. His name has appeared many times in these columns as that of the surgeon in charge of the operative clinics conducted by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, for the crippled children
(Continued on page 78)

You Can Still Telegraph For Reservations on The Elks Magazine Cruise

ALTHOUGH it will soon be sailing time, you can still secure accommodations—good accommodations—on the S. S. *Megantic* if you make a last-minute decision to be a member of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise to the West Indies.

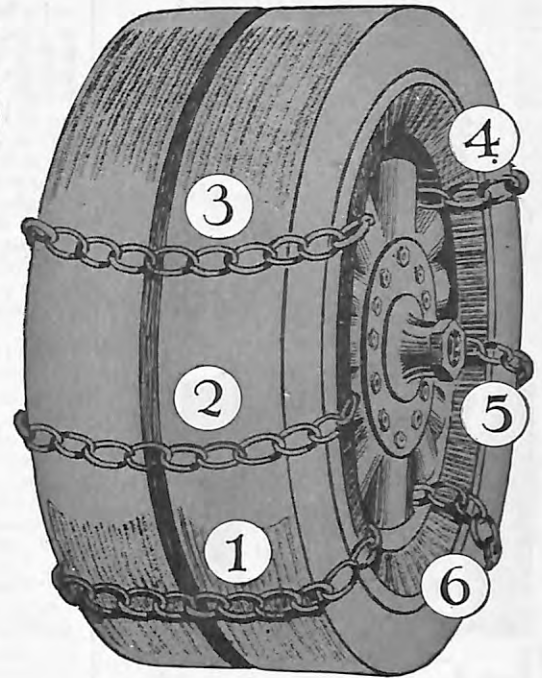
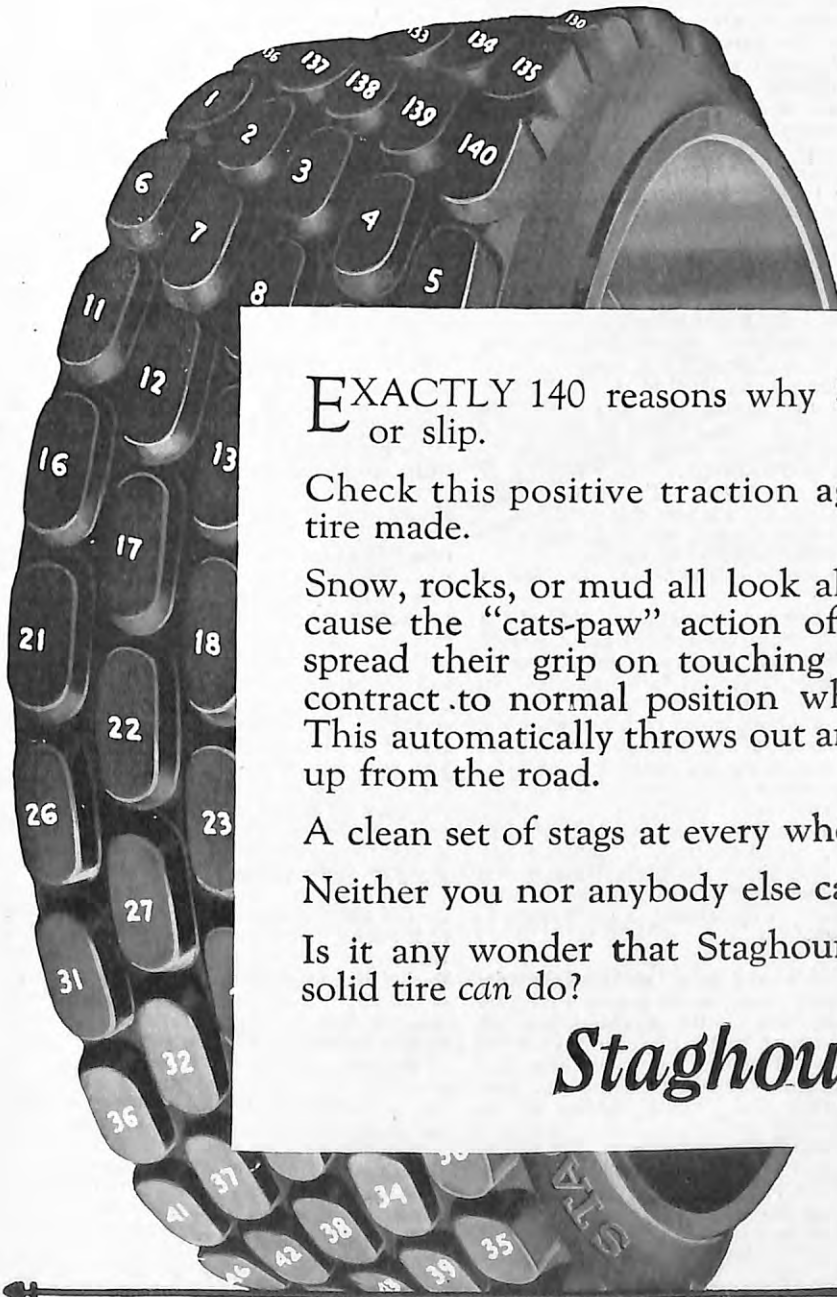
The cruise does not begin for ten more days. February 11th is the date. Then the beautiful White Star Liner, chartered specially for the Elks by James Boring's Travel Service, will clear New York Harbor, bound for the Caribbean. There is still time for you and your family, or friends, to be in on the party.

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Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

Sisters of the Air

(Continued from page 11)

twins bent over what might have been some form of strange ritual but which was in reality only a game of craps. At a table in the center of the tent sat the Hula dancer from Hawaii, the mental wizard, the show's pigmy, Colonel Atom, the top of his weazened head barely visible over the top of the table, and Dot Mason, engaged in a game of bridge.

Ann felt her old animosity rise anew when she glanced toward the foursome; this was one of the things which had first given her a dislike for her sister of the air. Circus people are clannish; performers of the big top hold no social communion with those of the side-show; the lines of society are tightly drawn; different accommodations upon the show train, different tables in the cook house, different friends, ideals and viewpoints; it always had nettled Ann Forsyth that her partner of the Roman rings should prefer what she deemed to be a distinctively inferior social stratum. Now she hesitated as if to depart, but Dot Mason forestalled the retreat. The bidding had just been completed with Colonel Atom as a successful contestant; hastily she spread her dummy hand and moved toward Ann Forsyth as the side-show midget began his play.

"Twenty-eight inches tall, weight thirty-four pounds, age forty-one," the midget squeaked in imitation of the side-show lecturer as he raised his pigmy face above his cards. "Smallest living human being exhibiting under this or any other canvas and the greatest bridge player ever known to exist in such a tiny capsule."

The bridge players laughed; Colonel Atom was one of the wits of the side-show. Dot Mason hurried to Ann Forsyth and, catching her fervently about the waist, led her to a secluded spot by the sidewall.

"Dearie," she began, "I'm just awfully sorry for flying off the handle this afternoon. I didn't mean those things I said; really I didn't."

The surrender took Ann by surprise. "Well, of course—" she began. Dot Mason talked on.

"I know how you feel, Dearie. I'd feel the same way if somebody I cared about was in trouble. Suppose," and she gave Ann a sisterly squeeze, "we just forget all about it. As for my costumes, I'll do whatever you say. Maybe my wardrobe hasn't been just what you wanted it, but we'll fix that all right. Now, you're not mad at me, are you?"

"Why, of course not," answered the amazed aerialist; "how could I be?"

"Oh, you could be if you wanted to! I've been pretty stubborn lately." Suddenly she kissed the other girl on the cheek. "I suppose it had to be something like this afternoon to bring me out of it. Why, Dearie, I don't want to leave the act."

"FOUR spades and game," squeaked the voice of Colonel Atom, as he pounded the card table triumphantly with a diminutive fist. "Greatest midget bridge player ever exhibited under canvas." Suddenly he turned, calling in a tone of petulant command: "Come on here, Dot; it's your deal. You're holding up the game."

The dark Angel disengaged her arm from about the other girl's waist.

"Then it's all right, Dearie?" she asked.

"Certainly, Dot."

"Going to deal these cards?" piped Colonel Atom and Dot Mason hurried for the table, voicing apologies for her truancy. Ann turned for the exit; the side-show held no further lure. Nevertheless, as she strolled the circus grounds, she could not help pondering upon Dot Mason's sudden change of heart; it was the first time in weeks that the girl had displayed anything akin to interest in her work. But the thought soon passed; Ann Forsyth's eyes had fastened upon what had been an object of more than ordinary interest for ten days now: the ramshackle old circus automobile from which ten thousand dollars had disappeared. At last, beside it, she opened the tonneau door and planting herself on the rear seat, regarded the box from which, according to Joe's statement, a bag of currency had departed, apparently of its own volition. Then she opened it, as though by one more examination an explanation might be

gained of an inexplicable thing. There was none. The box was solid in its every board and bolt; an old, scarred, lead-scratched container marred by the countless cuts and electro-types carried there by a hard-working press agent; a box, nothing more; it gave but little solace to one seeking the unraveling of its mystery. Barely eighteen inches long, comparatively narrow, Ann could see now why Joe Prescott could so easily be certain about having placed the three sacks therein; two would have left some space; a third, however, would have filled the box completely. At last she sighed and leaned back upon the seat, the parting statement of Joe returning to her: his trial would not take long.

It was a greatly reformed Dot Mason who joined Ann on the Roman rings that night. Cheery, agreeable, joking even when there was no necessity for it, she formed a true foil for the activities of her partner for the first time in weeks. And when the act was done she lingered in the dressing tent, talking with heightened enthusiasm of the costumes she had ordered that afternoon from New York.

"While I was at it," she added, "I thought I might as well buy a few street things, too. I've let myself get terribly dowdy lately."

Ann Forsyth smiled her approbation and went on with her packing. A moment later, with the air of one somewhat puzzled to find a reason for her interest, she asked:

"Who won the game this afternoon?"

"Oh, the Colonel," said Dot; "he always does."

ANN FORSYTH turned back to her trunks.

It had been on the tip of her tongue to remark that since a reformation was in progress it might be made complete by the substitution of late afternoon rehearsals for those bridge games in the side-show. But she refrained; Dot Mason's time and choice of associates were her own affair when not in the ring. More, as the days passed, Ann realized that Dot in her new rôle was sufficient cause for gratitude without additional attributes. Now it was the dark Angel who was holding up the standard of their act seventy feet above the ground on the Roman rings; the mind of Ann Forsyth was obsessed with the stark fact that the days were passing irrevocably toward the time when Joe Prescott must face a jury with his pitifully unconvincing story, as yet without a shred of confirmation. Neither the constant efforts of Ann Forsyth, the good wishes of the members of a great circus, hoping against their better judgment that Joe Prescott's story could be proven true, nor the investigations of kindly, gray-haired Ed Bloor had availed the slightest iota of evidence in behalf of a man doomed for the penitentiary. With this certainty in her mind, Ann had been able to find but little enthusiasm for her activities of the air; Dot Mason, however, was different. Another four days passed, bringing her costumes; Ann admired them, praised her partner as they went to the air and then, the act over, drawn of countenance, abstracted as far as all else was concerned, she moved again to the old car behind the treasury wagon. The ancient automobile had become magnet-like now; as though somewhere about its rickety frame lay an explanation for everything. Ann went there often, sitting in the back seat, and striving in vain to reconstruct what had happened when a bag of money had departed as if by its own volition. As usual, there was no answer to her queries; Ann straightened at last and called to Ed Bloor, the detective, wandering forth from the marquee.

"Ed," she asked, "it couldn't have been possible for Joe to have forgotten to put that bag in the box and for it to have bounced out of the car?"

"You mean to leave it on the back seat or something like that? Hardly. But we even checked on that. Took up the cushions of the car in case he had mislaid it, and went over every foot of the road. That was the first thing I thought of when we opened the box in the executive car and found the currency gone. Besides Joe is absolutely positive he put that bag in the box and slid the bolt."

(Continued on page 52)



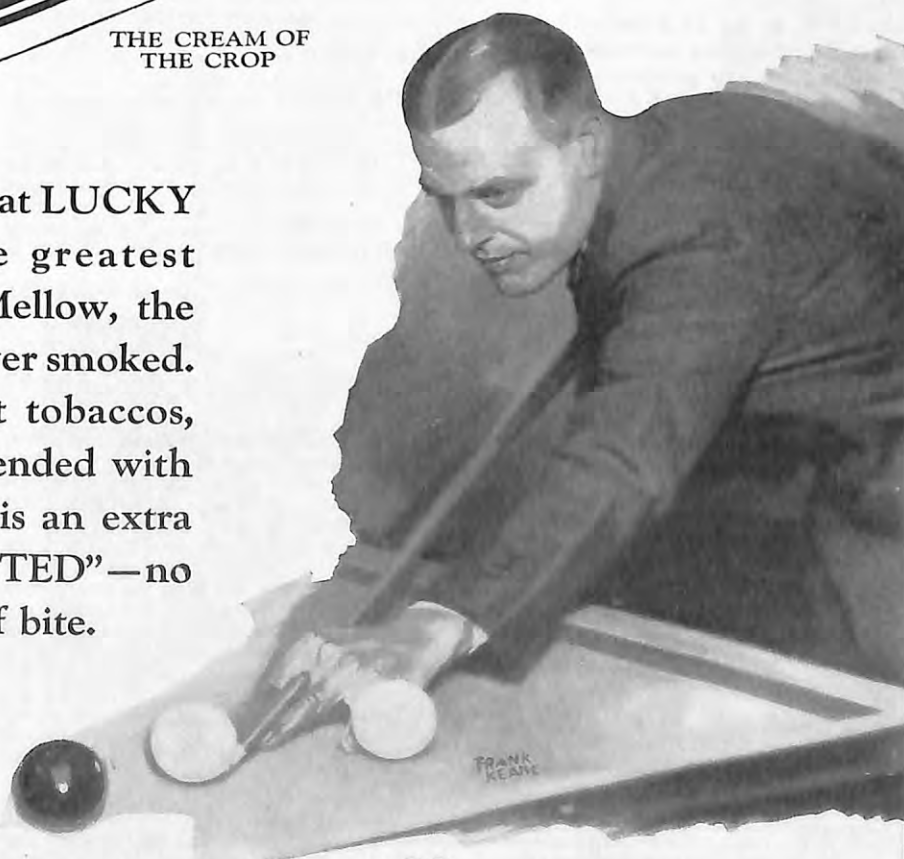
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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

Sisters of the Air

(Continued from page 50)



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It was only one of a thousand possibilities to be found silly upon reconsideration. Bloor came closer and laid a hand on the side of the car.

"Ann," he said, "maybe this is unkind. Are you sure of Joe? He didn't think anything of that Mason girl, did he?"

The aerialist flared.

"Certainly not, Ed."

"Well, I didn't know. A fellow thinks a lot of things when he gets up against a brick wall. She's been buying a lot of new clothes. About the first thing a woman thinks of when she gets her hands on a fist full of money is to throw it on her back."

"But he was hardly civil to her," Ann countered. "She grated on him from the beginning. The longest time he ever talked to her was the afternoon before the robbery, and then he was really talking to me and simply included her because she happened to be there. We were down-town and met him in front of a drug store. I commented on him looking a little tired. Then he told us about what a job he'd had that day; everybody who came to the wagon seemed to have a ten or twenty dollar bill, requiring the making of change and the slowing up of ticket selling at his window, until he was nearly crazy with nervousness—you know how Joe gets when he can't keep the ticket line moving. Well, we joked about it and then went into the store, where he bought us a soda and left us for the circus lot. As for her clothes," Ann said in defense of her absent partner, "I told her to get them. I didn't like the ones she'd been wearing."

Ed Bloor lit a cigar.

"Well, a fellow has to check on everything," he said. "As far as that girl's concerned, I don't guess she spends much time thinking of anybody but that blamed midget in the side show. Funny combination, ain't it? A good-looking, normal, healthy girl runnin' around with a dinky little thimbleful of humanity. Blamed if I didn't see 'em eating supper together in a restaurant the other night after the show; just happened to notice 'em as I passed the window. Well," he sighed, and puffed thoughtfully, "it sure takes all kinds of things to make up a circus: midgets 'n' mysteries 'n' gals, 'n' spooky cars that swallow up money right when you're lookin' at 'em. When is Joe's trial?"

"Day after to-morrow," Ann answered, with a gasp at the realization.

Ed puffed harder.

"I wish there was something we could do for the kid," came finally. "All we've got's his word. That ain't enough for a jury."

HE WALKED on, leaving Ann Forsyth staring wordlessly. Day after to-morrow! Day after to-morrow . . . then twelve men would listen to a story which even Joe Prescott's best friends could not believe. Ann shut her eyes against the thought, only to open them with the realization of a vague uncertainty which had its inception in causes other than the fears which until now had controlled her. It was a strange feeling, of groping, as though she suddenly had been thrown into a dark room, through which she struggled to find her way. As though her brain were striving to function against the paralytic influences of doubt, of lack of experience and the ability to congeal chaotic mental ingredients, whirling suddenly like debris in an eddy.

Vainly the aerialist strove to diagnose the condition. At last she left the machine and roamed dinnerless about the little town, striving to still the sudden confusion of her mental turmoil. It accomplished nothing and she turned again for the circus grounds.

"I feel just like somebody trying to get in a house without a key," she mused; then suddenly straightened, her deep blue eyes sparkling with excitement. That was it! The key! Somewhere in that conversation with Ed Bloor, there had been a word, a statement, which, if she could just recapture it, would, like the loosening of a pivot knot, relieve the tension on the whole tangled skein of circumstances which now held Joe Prescott a prisoner. Anxiously she searched the grounds for the detective,

hoping that his presence and suggestions might aid her. But Ed had gone down-town and with the sight of the old car resting behind the treasury wagon Ann went to it like one opening an album containing old and familiar things. Again she took her position in the back seat and strove to reconstruct the main points of the afternoon's conversation. It was slow work.

One by one the lights came on about the circus grounds, the ballyhoo triangle sounded on the kid show platform and the first of the evening crowd began to wander aimlessly about the lot. Ann Forsyth remained doubled in the seat of the old car, her pretty lips pursed, a frown creasing her brow and her determined little chin marking a deep red spot in the palm upon which it rested. The chaos was slowly clearing. Ed Bloor had mentioned Dot Mason's clothes in a manner of suspicion, only to withdraw his accusations on Ann's statement of her responsibility. Yet, after all, she reasoned, she had not told Dot to buy those costumes. Instead, the offer had been voluntary, bewilderingly so, at a time when Dot Mason had apparently accomplished a desire to be relieved from her contract. The aerialist sought a reason and found it—the advice of someone else that this would be a poor time to leave the circus.

"She'd be sure to think that if she had a guilty conscience," decided Ann, somewhat awed by the powers of her deduction. Then with an inspiration: "She knew about that money; Joe told us both in front of the drug store. And she . . ." Ann squirmed excitedly, "told somebody else and that somebody . . ."

As if in answer to her own thoughts, the voice of the ballyhoo lecturer drifted across the crowded midway:

"Now, friends, this little gentleman you see before you ceased to grow in his second year. Although only twenty-eight inches tall, weight a fraction less than thirty-four pounds, body so small that one can span it easily with two hands, he presents a marvel of mental and physical prowess. This little gentleman will amaze you by sums in addition and subtraction; he lifts weights and performs feats of strength far beyond the power of one twice his size and weight. Only twenty-eight inches tall, ladies and gentlemen, the seventh marvel of the world, this little mite of humanity . . ."

Ann Forsyth had ceased to listen. She had moved suddenly and now was jerking with all her strength at the rear cushion of the old automobile. Once it had been thrown aside she pawed about frantically in the darkness; then suddenly straightened. From a distance came the music of the big show's grand entrée. At the front door the ticket takers bawled their announcement of the beginning of the performance; about the menagerie, the work teams were moving into position; within a few moments the animal cages would start toward the railroad yards and the menagerie top drop to the ground to be loaded for its journey to the next town; Ann Forsyth watched it all with curious eyes nor realized the fact that she was looking upon the operation for the first time in years. Long before this she was usually in the dressing tent, making ready for her act of the night. That act was forgotten now; the aerialist was engrossed in a greater thing, an explanation of galling mystery. But was it *the* explanation? In panicky haste she left the car and moved for the front door.

"Where is Ed?" she asked excitedly.

"Just started on his rounds," came the answer of a ticket taker; "probably over at the horse tents now."

Through the maze of ropes and stakes, shadowy wagons and hulking draft teams, waiting for their loads of the night, the aerialist sped for the horse tents, but Ed Bloor had departed. Again she took his trail, but this time with a slower step; the first flush had departed; Ann Forsyth realized now that she possessed only a possibility with but little to support her theories. It could have happened in this manner. But did it? And how was she, even if she had discovered the true explanation, to prove it? Suddenly disheartened, Ann asked for Bloor at the padroom entrance, then turned with excited realization at the voice of the equestrian director:

"What are you doing in those street clothes? Don't you know the Arden act is on!"

The aerialist whirled. The Arden act! It meant only fifteen minutes in which to make ready for the ring and, thoughts of Ed Bloor suddenly in the discard, Ann ran for the dressing tent, to begin her disrobing the instant she passed its portal. Dot Mason, a worried expression upon her countenance, moved forward at her approach, with a curious query. Ann answered with actions, sweeping her hat from her head with a quick gesture and kicking off her shoes as she moved to her trunk and make-up table with the frenzy that only a performer can know when facing the unpleasantness of a late arrival in the ring. Again, as she applied the groundwork of grease paint and pawed wildly for the mascara, she heard the questioning voice of her partner and answered with an angry shake of her head.

"Stop your talking and help me get my things out," she commanded, old animosity flooding to the surface. "I've just got time to make it!"

"Don't be so peevish, Dearie," answered the dark Angel; "it wasn't my fault."

"Wasn't it?" came sarcastically, a statement forgotten almost immediately in the rush of preparation. "Get out my tights, the gold ones. Yes, and the shoes; no, not those; the ones with the white tape on them. The white tape, please!"

FROM the big top beyond, the music changed, giving evidence that the Arden act had come and gone. Frantically Ann Forsyth pursued her preparations, commanding aid of her partner and, with the irritability of desperation, giving caustic answers for sarcastic questions and snapping repartee for petulant reminders of her tardiness; the veneer of the past two weeks had been stripped away, again were they sisters only in dislike. Speeding minutes chased by while the little star of the Roman rings moved from her mirror to her trunk and back to the wardrobe racks in desperate haste, one hand plying the comb even as the other wielded the lip-stick or straightened a fold of her silken belt while Dot Mason affixed her pumps and adjusted the tape windings about her silken ankles. Again the music changed, and faster became the actions of the two women in the throes of final activities. The maids appeared, hovering about the entrance in readiness for their cue. A command came from the doorway. Ann Forsyth moved from her trunk and stood for an instant immobile as a fellow performer draped her cloak of ermine and gold cloth over her shoulders and affixed the corsage at her belt. Then at the second command she stepped into her wooden clogs and with a sigh moved forward.

"Well," she exclaimed in resigned desperation, "I know I've forgotten something, but for the life of me I can't think what it is."

"You've forgot to be on time, Dearie, for one thing," said Dot Mason acidly as they moved through the flags. Ann made no rejoinder; they were before the spectators now and the mask of angelic sisterhood was on. Past the grandstand they went, bowing and laughing, merely two joyous-hearted little sisters of the air about to gain as much amusement from their dangerous performance as the spectators who watched them. On to the center ring, as the applause rippled from the grandstand and they acknowledged it with smiles and nods and kisses tossed from airy fingers. There came the vibrant voice of the announcer; the great, yellow arcs which illuminated the tent flared, dropped to dull glowing red, then dimmed to darkness. The spotlights spluttered into glaring brilliance, the maids removed the resplendent cloaks and moved into the darkness of the hippodrome track. The tapes dropped and they took their places idly, lolling a moment before beginning their ascent. Up they went, hand over hand, in spasms of climbing or, halting in mid-air, they pretended to joke or grimaced coyly at the dark blur which was the audience. Higher, and still higher, until at last they were at the rings and bending toward each other for a sisterly kiss by which they took the attention of the audience while with a quick movement Dot Mason snapped the clasp of the safety wire to the strong ring concealed at her belt. It was then that the face of Ann Forsyth went suddenly blank. Her co-angel snapped a petulant command.

(Continued on page 54)



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Sisters of the Air

(Continued from page 53)



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"The wire, Dearie," she urged. "Give me the wire!"

Ann set her lips.

"You'll have to work without it," she answered. "That's what I forgot."

"You forgot it?" the other girl asked between trembling lips. "What on earth will we do?"

"Do without!" snapped Ann Forsyth with sudden resentment against the delay. "Quick, they'll be getting restless in a minute." Then to cover the momentary break in the act, she kissed her partner again, ruffled her hair playfully and, with a quickly pressed thumb, upturned the other's nose in the beginning of the many fooleries which made the act of the Angel Sisters different from all the rest. Dot Mason responded but feebly. A pallor had made itself apparent through her make-up; even in her safe position, one trim leg threaded through the Roman ring, Ann could see that she clutched at the tape-bound rope with a grip which whitened her knuckles. The part that a slender wire had played for Dot Mason was apparent now; with its departure confidence had departed also; marooned upon a slender ring of steel seventy dizzy, unprotected feet above the ground, the girl swayed and trembled in abject terror, while below, the audience watched with something of wonderment that the act did not proceed. Ann resorted to more fooleries and then, that her companion might be given an opportunity to restore her calm, prepared for a series of single acrobatics.

"I'll do some arm swings and poses," she suggested. "Try to pull yourself together."

The senior aerialist slipped swiftly to a one-handed hold upon the ring, swinging madly about, or shooting her lithe body straight upward only that it might drop with jolting force against the grip which held it safe, while from her ring, Dot Mason watched, and in watching gained from the exhibition of strength something of the courage she had lost. At last she joined her partner, at least in spirit; laughing and gesturing with her free hand, then, when Ann Forsyth had finished, joining with her in the acknowledgment of the applause which drifted upward.

"Give me simple things and I'll try to do them," she said hesitantly and veered into the make-believe bickering which formed the usual interludes of their various feats. With but little thought save that of the audience, Ann Forsyth dropped to a hanging position by one knee, cued her partner to do the same, then gave the command.

"Ready! Set! The one hand swing!"

A GASP came from the lips of the other girl and she attempted to remonstrate. Too late; Ann Forsyth had swung in her direction, grasped her wrist, lurched her from the ring, and now, with the girl dangling beneath her, was writhing and twisting that she might revolve at the end of the ring rope, swinging her partner in constantly widening revolutions. Again she shrieked and cried; inarticulate sounds meant merely to give animation to the act, breaking between them with the low voiced query: "Why are you sprawling that way? Straighten your legs; get that ankle against the other!"

"I can't," Dot gasped the words. "I can't work without the wire!"

"You've got to work," came grimly from above. "We're up here; we've got to go through on the act. I'm sorry I forgot it. . ."

"Oh, are you?" came in tones of angry fright from below. "It's queer you never forgot it before."

The tone of insinuation caused Ann Forsyth to halt suddenly the whirling progress of her partner, the impact of the jerk throwing the girl's body limply about in a lifeless, dead-weight movement which brought a thunder of applause from the grandstand in tribute to Ann Forsyth's strength. But the aerialist paid no attention.

"So I forgot on purpose, did I?" Carefully she gauged the strength of her right wrist and with a rocking movement shook the girl beneath her. "Do the back pull-up and come up beside me for the toe-catch."

"I can't," the remonstrance came weakly. More strongly than ever Ann realized the tremendous part which that thin strand of wire had played in the confidence of her sister of the

air. With it she had responded to every command, working with a machine precision which had relieved the safety device from the slightest possibility of being called upon to save her from a fall to the earth below. Without it she was impotent; nerves had gone ragged all in an instant, strength had departed, confidence, firmness of grip, ability to calculate distance; all these things had suddenly become as though they never had existed. Her weight dragged heavily upon the strong arm of the girl above her; her grasp on Ann's wrist was faint and slimy with the perspiration of fear, seeping even through the astringent qualities of powdered resin. Again came her voice, pitiful, pleading: "Pull me up, Ann! Quick, for God's sake! Pull me up! My grip's giving out!"

"Mine's still good, Dearie," Ann Forsyth said it coldly, mockingly, then broke the action that she might begin to swing again and, apparently forgetful of the fear-ridden girl who dangled in her grasp, smiled and with her free hand threw kisses to the audience and a posy from her corsage. The applause came again, even from the watchers of the circus; the Angel Sisters, it seemed, had put a new stunt into their act; one of endurance; a full minute now had passed in which a girl, hanging gracefully by one knee from a thin band of steel, dangled and swung and jerked another girl of her own weight by the strength of a single hand. Again the pleading came from below; Dot Mason had twisted her head and with her free hand was gesturing imploringly. Ann Forsyth answered the desperate movements with ones which burlesqued their frantic appeal; the serious aspect of the one actress was mocked with the laughter of the other. Dot Mason screamed and by a desperate twisting strove to raise herself in a one-handed pull-up; Ann Forsyth fended away the rising body with her left hand and then with a short jerk sent the form of the other girl sprawling again, inert in her grasp.

"Screams won't help you, Dearie!" she snapped. "Listen to that." The applause was roaring again. "Since you won't do an act with me, I'll do one with you."

"Pull me up!" The appeal was fainter now. Ann Forsyth obeyed until her arm was half raised. Then with a sudden loosening of her shoulder muscles she dropped to her former position, the girl jolting limply in her grasp.

"Glad to, Dearie," she said, "on one condition."

"Get me up then. My wrist's giving out." "Mine's getting tired," came consolingly from above.

"Then get me up. We've done enough for one act. The first thing you know your arm will go dead and I'll drop." The statement brought new realization. "God, Ann! Pull me up!"

"About that condition?" asked the girl above, and now her voice was trembling.

"Yes—anything—anything! Get me up. My grip's gone, I tell you!"

"I've still got this in mine," answered the senior aerialist as, summoning new strength to her numbing arm, she again swung Dot Mason in wide circles above the dizzily revolving ring banks far below. At last she halted, panting and rubbing her arm with her free hand to restore its circulation. Again came the plea of the distraught girl in her grasp. Ann Forsyth dropped her head.

"I'm ready to pull you up, Dot. We've given them enough, I guess."

"Then . . ." "Not yet," came grimly. "I'll take my condition first. What did Colonel Atom do with that money?"

"Why ask me a thing like that?"

Ann answered by a series of racking jolts, lifting the girl and dropping her to arm's length, then shaking her madly before spinning her about in a final spasm which brought the applause roaring anew. This time, however, the aerialist made no acknowledgment. Her every attention was upon the girl below.

"You told Colonel Atom that Joe had that currency. You'd wormed it out of me from time to time just how they worked the trick of getting it down to the cars. Don't try to deny it; I remember; a question to-day and one a

(Continued on page 56)



“Now I Understand Why We Never Have Anything —it was your big chance and you never opened your mouth”

“FOR weeks you’ve been talking about ‘getting up your nerve’ to go in and tell Mr. Hutchins about your plan for marketing the new floor polish. And then last night between dances when he deliberately came over to you and said, ‘Well, Barnard, I think we’ve got a winner in this new floor polish,’ you sort of wilted up and gulped, ‘Yes, I think it’s all right.’

“I could have cried—I was so mad. It would have been so easy for you to answer, ‘Mr. Hutchins, I’ve got an idea I’d like to tell you about—I’ve been giving a lot of study to this proposition and I think I’ve worked out a plan you’d be interested in.’

“That was your big chance—your opportunity to show him you had brains—and you hardly opened your mouth! Now I understand why you never get promoted—why we never have anything! You’re actually afraid of your own voice—you are the smartest man in that organization—but no one would ever know it. You can’t put your ideas across—can’t stand up for your rights—you just let them use you for a door mat. Here we are still living in a dingy little four-room flat while all our old crowd have lovely homes out in the country.

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* * * * *

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Sisters of the Air

(Continued from page 54)

week later when you thought I wouldn't notice. That's why you've been so interested in the side show. That's why you lost your ring, that day when we were riding in the old car, wasn't it . . . so that you could take up the back seat and see if there was enough space in that opening, where they keep the old tubes and such, for the Colonel to hide there until the car was on the move and making enough noise for him to get out, open the box, get the money, sneak back again and then make his escape in the darkness while Ed and Joe were carrying the box into the executive car to put the money in the safe. Wasn't that it?"

The girl below uttered an inarticulate denial. Ann Forsyth shook her viciously.

"You figured to kill a whole flock of birds with one stone, didn't you? You'd get five thousand for yourself, throw suspicion on Joe and break my nerves so that I would have to give up my act and leave it to you. Wasn't that it, Dot Mason? Be careful with your answer," she commanded. "My wrist is beginning to play out."

ONCE more a denial came from the girl in Ann's grasp and the lips of the aerialist grew gray with the anguish of body and of mind. There was no chance to change her burden from the right to the left arm; an attempt of this kind would bring about the very thing which Ann, by implication, at least, was threatening . . . but which she had not the slightest intention of carrying out.

It was the mind of Dot Mason which was making the possibilities of a drop to the ground below an implied certainty. It was her fears which had put Ann Forsyth into control; now the problem had come of how long Ann could hold that domination and yet refrain from the actual carrying out of the gruesome thing which Dot Mason feared. Ann Forsyth fought at suddenly growing fear in her own heart, fear that her grip might suddenly relax, making realism of what now was only a desperate pose.

"You tell me the truth!" she snapped grimly. "I won't wait much longer. What did Colonel Atom do with that money?"

Far below in the grandstands, a vast expanse of upturned faces watched what had been to them a tremendous exposition of feminine endurance. Again the lighter angel had swung the dark one about in jerky, racing circles. Again there had been pleadings and mocking refusals, again the jolts and supposed burlesque quarrels. At last a cry had come, happy, excited from the girl above, now she had looked up as with a realization that the audience still was there. She smiled and threw kisses and tossed the remainder of the corsage out above the grandstand. She set herself, and swinging her companion of the air in a brief finale pulled her up to the rings, where she assisted her badly weakened sister to wrap the tape about her ankles for the slide to the ground. At last they were in the ring, making their bows. The walk past the grandstand followed, and the acknowledgment of applause which came even from men and women of the circus. Finally they reached the protection of the flags and the semi-darkness of the straw-carpeted pathway to the dressing tent. There Dot Mason gave a little cry. Her shoulders slumped and her knees broke weakly; a moment more and she was a crumpled form upon the ground. Ed Bloor moved from a position in the darkness.

"What's the matter with the kid?" he asked. "The new act too much for her?"

But already Ann Forsyth was hurrying him out of the hearing of other performers, as they moved to aid the stricken girl.

"I'll look after her," came excitedly. "Get Colonel Atom. He'll confess—I've got enough to force it out of him. He's her cousin; they've done crooked things before. Shoplifting, with him dressed as a child and stealing while she pretended to buy. They'd planned this thing all season."

"But the proof!" demanded the amazed detective. Ann Forsyth hailed a passing property man and sent him hurrying for telegraph blanks that she might send a wire to a man awaiting trial.

"Proof enough," she answered. "The money is hidden in his bunk down at the railroad cars—sewed in the mattress!"

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 32)

"No. But I have a hunch that it has something to do with this whip that Logan is wielding over her."

John stared thoughtfully at the rug. Facts were dovetailing nicely. The matter of the move to California had preyed upon his mind—it was so apparently without reason. Yet here this little fellow had stumbled upon a condition which would explain the whole amazing thing. Facts, it seemed, might be easy to gather. Wasson was speaking.

"I can harvest a good deal more info, if you want it, Big Boy. There's a form of backstairs investigation which is unusually effective. Just at present I didn't go that deep into it because you didn't give the word."

"You were right. I think I've got all the dope I need. Perhaps I'll call you in again—"

Wasson bowed. "The only rival of Scotland Yard then bid farewell to the friend whom he had saved from worse than death. He walked out of the room in a slow, dignified manner."

They shook hands. The glance which they exchanged was one of deep mutual liking and respect. It was with real regret that Avery saw the door close behind him. He liked the man—and sensed the genuine power that underlay the absurd veneer.

Meanwhile he was now possessed of certain information. He understood that it was vague—that some of it was right and some wrong. But the thing pieced together too well for him to doubt the essentials.

The situation between Naomi and Don brought him a feeling of exultation. He, at least, had nothing to do with the rift in their domestic lute, and now . . . his heart sang.

He realized one thing clearly. It was his task to find out just exactly the nature of this mysterious hold which Logan held over the girl.

His first thought was to go to her—but he discarded that instantly. He gathered that Logan had most of his money, and he understood that Naomi would be miserable at the thought that she had dissipated the fortune which he had left.

Obviously, then, it remained for him to seek out Logan—to meet the man face to face and demand certain explanations.

He rather relished the self-appointed task. There was a grim sense of satisfaction in anticipating the consternation he knew his presence would strike to Logan's heart.

He gazed through the window with unseeing eyes. A smile played around the corners of his lips. For a moment he forgot his forthcoming interview with Logan.

He was thinking of Naomi—of the fact that her marriage was a failure . . . and that he had come back to her.

CHAPTER IX

THE too luxurious Los Angeles apartment of Don Logan rang with ribald gaiety. There were perhaps a dozen persons in attendance: one director of fair prominence, a continuity writer whose name has been flashed a hundred times before the screen fans of America; they were the only two who were well known. The others were hangers-on; sleek, pomaded young men who gleaned such extra work as they could at the studios and—women!

They were beautiful women—these girls from Iowa and Pennsylvania and Arkansas who had trekked to Los Angeles believing that there they would find the end of the rainbow. They had been home-town belles, sure of the power of their own beauty. But here in the world of flickering celluloid they discovered that what they had to

offer was a drug on the market—a commodity which was obtainable at the crook of a finger.

There was one in particular: a sinuous, blond creature who was seated on the arm of Don Logan's chair. She ran her long, slender fingers through his long silky hair and the deep violet eyes she bent upon him glinted with a strange fire.

Marcella Breen possessed a personality. She was vivid, she was vibrantly alive. Unfortunately, those who knew her most intimately said that she was dumb. Certainly she possessed only enough intelligence to have been swept completely from her feet by what she fancied was Logan's erudition.

She first hovered about the man because she heard fabulous stories of his wealth. And then there crept into their relationship a very genuine affection on her part. She was a strange creature, this Marcella—a hundred percent animal. She was impressed by Don's calmly superior manner, by his pretensions to culture and by his suave courtesy. Dick Randolph, an assistant director friend, once joked her with his characteristic harsh directness—

"You infernal little gold-digger—" he started, but she cut him short with a sharp glance from her wide-open eyes, a glance which somehow gave him a feeling of uneasiness.

THE party at Don's apartment was in no way unusual. It had become a nightly affair since Logan definitely had left his home in Pasadena. He found that he liked this fringe of the movie world. A creature possessed of the gift of deluding himself, he made himself believe that he was in with worthwhile film folk. Occasionally one of the real ones came to his parties, and that kept his belief in himself alive. Guests were easy enough to get—especially the girls.

Logan accepted Marcella Breen's homage with quiet superiority. He treated her with the same affectionate, superior deference which one exhibits toward a pet dog. He condescended to favor her with a certain proportion of his time . . . and she humbly accepted such scraps of happiness as he flung her way.

Secretly she fancied that it was her mentality which appealed to Logan . . . and in that belief she was cruelly right. He liked her because, first, women were a weakness of his, and, second, because he delighted to sit on a pedestal and look down upon her. He responded, not to her intelligence—but to her lack of it. It was so different from the irritating insight which had come to Naomi after their marriage . . . an insight which caused her to see him in all the tawdriness of his cheap, petty soul.

It was Naomi's awakening that had wrecked Don's matrimonial bark. Shortly after their marriage it came to him that she no longer looked upon him through rose-colored glasses. He became oppressed by a sense of his own inferiority. She took things calmly enough. She never quarrelled. But he sensed that her refusal to quarrel with him was due to the fact that she looked down upon him. He felt mentally naked before her. He was her husband—yet he was not her husband. Marriage had given her a keen insight which had never come to her before. And bit by bit—with vast reluctance—she came to realize that what she had believed was love for this man was nothing more than infatuation. She felt degraded and ashamed that she should have been victimized. She saw him as an eternal poseur, a man of many words and few ideas, a person of gestures rather than action.

She tried to play the game. It was a hopeless task. His own sensitiveness to her contempt nullified her efforts. He writhed under her unspoken scorn. Realizing that she knew him as he was—as he scarcely knew he was—he no longer posed. He let his selfishness appear; he exhibited a coarse grossness which disgusted her. Brutality she might have stood; discord she would have battled with . . . but grossness was an evil against which she was unarmored.

But before the ultimate break he had succeeded in getting into his possession considerably more than half her fortune. He had done that deftly . . . a few bonds here and a few there; substitution of one investment for another, with the new investment in his own name. She had less than three hundred thousand dollars left when he announced with gusto that he was leaving the house—to return when she sent for him. She did not answer. She did not even

(Continued on page 58)

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 57)



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laugh. That might have shown she was interested. She merely turned away and the last he saw of her was the exquisite little figure standing by the window. She radiated utter indifference—not sorrow or tragedy or fear or hope. Just simply indifference.

To-night Don was in his element. He was the lavish host, the hub of a wheel of pleasure. On the arm of his chair sat a blond creature who adored him; these men and women catered to him, toadied to him. They ate his food and drank his wine. All thought of Naomi had been banished—as one eliminates from one's mind all memory of an unpleasant dream. Let her do as she wished: he retained more than half a million dollars. He had made investments which he fondly believed would bring him incalculable wealth.

The apartment bell sounded and the Jap valet pussyfooted through the hall in response to the summons. A few seconds later he appeared in the doorway and nodded for permission to address Don.

Logan rose languidly. He moved across the room with what he fancied was superb grace and poise. The valet spoke in a whisper.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir."

"What is his name?"

"He will not say that, Sir. Only that he wishes to speak with you."

"Oh well . . ." Don moved languidly down the hall. The door closed. His thin face registered boredom, his favorite expression these days. He opened the door.

A tremendous figure bulked there; a man more than six feet in height and of amazing shoulder breadth. The man's face was naturally pleasant, but there was a certain hardness about the eyes . . .

Donald Logan shivered. One nerveless hand went to his chin . . . His heavy mouth formed a word which came hoarsely.

"Avery!"

John nodded. He was staring at Logan, but his ears caught the sounds of merriment from within the apartment.

"Party?"

Don could not answer immediately.

His cheeks were pallid and he was trembling violently. He moistened his lips, but words would not come. He answered John Avery's question with a terrified nod.

Avery spoke softly.

"Get rid of them. I want to talk with you."

Don stared. But he did not argue. He motioned Avery to follow, and directed him to a little bedroom near the entrance. Then he went to his living room. One of the guests greeted him jocosely—

"Wha's matter, ol' man? Look like you'd seen a ghost."

Don asked them to leave. They saw that something was violently wrong and the party spirit fled. They took hats and wraps and filed out of the door. Marcella Breen clung to him a moment—

"Don . . . it's nothing serious?"

"No. For God's sake, get out!"

Frightened, she moved away. It seemed to him that she whimpered, as a dog would whimper under the lash.

And when they had all gone, he walked into the room where the mountainous figure of John Avery stood impassively.

"We will go in the other room now, Logan. I fancy we have a good deal to say to one another."

CHAPTER X

FROM the moment that John Avery brought to Logan a recognition of certain disaster, the man had been fighting to get a grip on himself.

His brain functioned with lightning speed. In a flash he took stock of the situation. The knowledge of what this meant came like a blow—a stunning, crushing blow. It marked the end of his ease and indolence, it meant that he was to be thrown back into the horrors of a hand-to-mouth existence and that his plight would be worse for the very fact that he had enjoyed luxury.

There came to Don Logan the cunning and desperation of the cornered rat. It now flamed

into fierce anger. The man was not a physical coward. He possessed, in fact, a sort of indifference. And he knew something . . . the details of a certain condition . . . Naomi had told him, bit by bit, in the first flush of their married romance when it seemed sacrilege to withhold from her husband any detail vitally affecting her own life.

Don's eyes narrowed speculatively behind the glasses. His lips pressed tightly together. He surveyed Avery's figure with something like scorn. He was none the less frightened, but it occurred to him that his own tactical position was well-nigh impregnable. Courage returned to him and when he seated himself opposite Avery in the living room it was with a hint of carefully cultivated insouciance.

Physically he was no match for Avery, but he had a contempt for the big man's brain. For one thing, Avery was a sentimental idiot—and because of that Don felt that he held the whip hand. He was miserable—but there was more than a ray of hope in his misery.

The smaller man was a creature of violent reactions. The very desperation of his situation gave him a confident insolence, now that the first shock of recognition had passed, and it was he who broke the hostile silence.

"Well," he observed smoothly: "What about it?"

John breathed deeply and let his huge figure settle back into the chair. There was a not unkind light in his gray eyes.

"I'm here," he remarked easily.

"I see. Miracles always happen to the wrong people."

"So I understand. You don't ask for details, so I won't give them."

Don's confidence was mounting. "What are we going to do about it?" he inquired.

"About what?"

"Your return?"

The man was amazing. Avery felt somewhat at a loss.

"The perfectly obvious thing," he answered.

"I shall of course take over my estate—"

"Yes?" Don's eyebrows arched inquiringly.

"You are sure of that?"

"Certainly."

"Mmm!" A brief pause—and then: "You have seen Naomi?"

"No. I figured it would be best to have a talk with you first."

Logan's heart sang exultantly. That had been his single remaining fear—that John had already seen Naomi. The man would not be difficult to handle. Naomi would have proved impossible. He felt now that he commanded the situation, and he was converted from a weakling into a man of very definite power. His lips curled.

"You were very wise," he remarked. "Very."

"Thank you."

"I take it that Naomi does not even know you are alive."

"That is correct."

"Who does know?"

"Ezekiel Brewster."

"That old crab!" Logan removed his glasses, polished them with scrupulous care and returned them to his rather large nose. "Just what is it you wish to know, Avery?"

"Everything. And most particularly about you and Naomi."

Logan studied him intently. "You know more than you hint," he observed caustically. "Therefore, I'll start out by confession that Naomi and I have quit."

"You are planning a divorce?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," announced Logan with cool insolence—"I prefer to remain married to her."

"Why—if you don't care for her?"

"I may need some more money."

The eyes of the men met and held. Each realized that the issue had been squarely joined. But whereas Logan was tense and hard, Avery exhibited no symptom of emotion, unless one observed a vague glinting of steel gray in his eyes.

"When it is known that I am alive, Naomi will not have any money."

"You will take it from her?"

"I won't have to. She will return it to me."

Don rose with a harsh laugh. "What a damned fool you are, Avery. There are several reasons why Naomi won't return your money. The first reason is that she hasn't got but about three hundred thousand dollars of it left."

"And the rest?"

"I have it."

"I see . . . Do you fancy that it isn't mine? The courts will take it from you."

Logan sneered. "No, they won't. Because the courts won't be asked to do so."

Instinct warned John to be on his guard. He did not change his position and his voice continued in its slow, friendly drawl:

"Why not?"

"Because I say so!" Logan had gone mad with the sense of his own power. "You're dead, Avery—and you're going to stay so. If you want a little money, enough to keep you going, I'll give it to you."

"You are very kind."

"Don't be sarcastic. And don't think I'm a fool. I'm not discussing legal presumptions or any other formal tommyrot. I'm merely stating a fact."

"Don't you think I'd like to understand?"

"I SUPPOSE so. Let me say in the first place that I have obtained possession of all but three hundred thousand dollars of the money you left. I didn't do it by underhand methods. I am still married to Naomi and intend to stay so. She and I lived in this apartment together and therefore she cannot divorce me on the grounds of desertion, which is her only chance. And it suits my plans to continue to be her husband."

"I know where I stand, Avery. All my life I've wanted money and luxury and position. I've got it now—and don't you ever get the idea into your head that I'm going to let it go without an awful fight. It means too much to me."

"I see . . . But really, Logan, I don't see what you can do about it."

"Is that so? Well, I can explain so that even you will be satisfied."

"Suppose you do."

"Very well. But first, I'll tell you what you're going to do after we've finished talking. You're going to leave here—and disappear. You're not going to see Naomi—now or ever. I don't know where you came from, but you're going straight back there—and you're going to stay."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Remember this: Naomi is not unhappy. I can't say that she's perfectly happy, either. But your staying is merely going to bring her a misery which she has not yet known."

Avery was puzzled. He saw that the man before him believed he was telling the truth. He sparred for time.

"Why?" he inquired.

"For several reasons. I'll come to them in a moment. I'm giving you all the bad news first. And I want to warn you not to try any physical force on me. I don't scare easily, Avery. And I'm fighting for too big a stake. So just take my word for it that you'll have to do as I say."

"I can't accept your word for that, Logan—without knowing why."

Logan paced the room slowly. Suddenly he paused in front of the chair in which the big man sat and stared down at him.

"You love Naomi, don't you?"

John's cheeks paled. "Yes," he answered without equivocation.

"Your chief desire is to shield her?"

"Certainly."

"That settles it. You'll do as I order."

"I still don't understand . . ."

Logan spoke harshly. "You'll do what I say because if you don't you'll bring hopeless misery to Naomi."

"I'm afraid—"

"Well, I'm not. And you'll understand aplenty by the time I've finished. At first I thought I wouldn't lay all my cards on the table. But I've changed my mind. I think you are level-headed enough to see that you're not able to buck me."

Don sank into a chair. "I'll say this first," he remarked softly—"I can't do anything with you. But by the time I've finished talking you'll understand this: That the first break you make—the first order of mine that you disobey—Naomi will pay . . . and she'll pay in a way which will make you suffer keenly."

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)



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"You are sure?"
"Absolutely. Not only that, Avery—but you'll kill your last chance of getting her."
Avery was controlling himself with an effort. "Let's have it all, Logan. Admitting that I'm going to do whatever you say, it's certainly reasonable for me to ask why, isn't it?"
"It is!" snapped Logan—"And I'll explain."

CHAPTER XI

LOGAN bent forward in his chair and turned his sparkling eyes on Avery's big figure. He spoke in harsh, grating tones.

"Why did we move to the Coast?" he asked abruptly.

John shook his head. "I'm sure I don't know."

"You know there must have been an excellent reason, don't you?"

"Naturally."
"I knew it too. But I didn't know what that reason was. Before we were married Naomi told me that she intended to insist on living here. She made me promise that I would not attempt to discover that reason."

"And you broke your promise?"
"Hell, no!" The thick lips curled into a sneer. "I didn't have to. She told me."

"I see. . . ." Avery did not know that he was gripping the arms of his chair until his fingers were white.

"It's a pretty sordid story, Avery. I'm going to tell it to you as it came to me—and you can draw your own conclusions. Ready?"

"Yes."
"In the first place, Naomi has a sister. Surprised, aren't you? Frankly, so was I. Now see if you can get this: that sister is to Naomi what a daughter is to a mother. Her name is Hilda. And she's a poor, weak, colorless sort of a woman. No pep. Washed out. But from the time they were orphaned, Naomi—who happens to be two years younger—looked after Hilda and mothered her. I want you to understand that nothing in life means quite as much to Naomi as Hilda.

"Now it seems that before either of us knew Naomi, Hilda married. And the man she married must have been a bird. Naomi has told me the whole thing. He was one of these weak, nagging individuals who talked through his nose and had a grudge against life. He was soft and flabby—an undersized, spiteful runt. Naomi bucked the marriage, but Hilda was crazy about him—and they married. Hilda herself isn't anything to boast about in the way of strength—this man was less than nothing. They made a great couple.

"Of course Naomi saw what was coming. Hilda was a competent stenographer. The war was on then and there was plenty of work for her at good wages. And from the third month of their married life, this fellow Harris decided that he needn't bother with menial toil. In other words, he just sat back and quit doing anything.

"That was the beginning of their trouble. Naomi went to visit them and begged him to get a grip on himself. He merely whined and said that his health was bad. According to Naomi they lived a vicious life—one eternal round of privation, quarreling, discomfort and always his eternal overtone of nagging. She said he whined. I'll hand Naomi that much—she made me hate that fellow with her.

"Queer thing, though. He didn't actively mistreat Hilda. Just whined at her and nagged her and wouldn't work. You ever been nagged, Avery?"

"No-o. I don't believe so."

"Then perhaps you won't understand what happened. It didn't happen in a day or a month—or even a year. It took three long, bitter years of increasing misery. Naomi was almost distracted. She begged Hilda to divorce the man, and he refused to consider such a thing, even had Hilda agreed. She was like a prisoner, yet, with a senseless perversity, she refused to leave him. Harris must have come to hate Hilda. I believe that he kept her in a state of misery bordering on insanity. Nothing she did was right (I'm giving you Naomi's version now, and I believe her!). He took what money of hers he could get his hands on. He whined at her day

and night. If he had beaten her or cursed her things would have been different. But he only nagged. Blah-blah-blah! Whine-whine-whine! She couldn't get away from it. She'd come home exhausted at night after a hard day's work . . . and he'd sit around all evening nagging, finding fault, criticizing. Follow me?"

Avery was keenly alert. He was looking at Logan through new eyes—the man talked vividly and with feeling. It was almost as though he himself suffered with the unfortunate sister of Naomi Craig. Logan drew a deep breath and started again.

"The condition was intangible. Things got so that every time he opened his lips Hilda felt that she'd shriek. Naomi says that she was afraid the girl would go crazy. And all this time they were drifting from place to place. He always thought he had a good job waiting for him in some other town. There were weeks of hardship and privation—sometimes when they didn't have food to eat. Naomi sent them what she could. It's a thing that we can't understand sitting here. We can't grasp the growth of insanity; we can't sense her feeling that she was beating against invisible bars. Remember she couldn't get away from him. Not for a minute. Night after night he nagged at her. He whined . . . she probably would have relished it had he struck her. But he wasn't that kind. Just a weakling; a crier. Hilda's nerves got raw—just as raw as a piece of hurt flesh. She quivered when she looked at him. Naomi continued to try to persuade her to leave the man. For some unaccountable reason, she wouldn't.

"They drifted into a little city in Iowa. Place called Wintersburg. Things had been breaking pretty bad. Hilda's physical health was terrible. She'd have been victim to nervous prostration if she'd been able to afford such a luxury. They went to a cheap boarding house: a rough, uncouth place where nobody knew anything about them—and didn't care. They had a room way off in what had originally been an attic.

"Hilda was on the ragged edge. She was tired, worn—and even hungry. I can understand her feelings coming home at night from nerve-racking work—tired in mind and body—to see this little chap sitting there comfortably, his acid tongue full of criticism, his eyes hard, his body weak. Whining all the time. I see you're aching all over. I did too, Avery. You can feel the build-up over a period of three years, can't you? With always the certainty that there was to be no end.

"And then one night in Wintersburg it happened. Naomi isn't very clear what it was. Hilda isn't certain either about it herself. She admits, though, that Harris didn't strike her. He didn't even curse her. She was merely driven beyond the point where her mind was able to function sanely.

"There was a cheap little revolver in the drawer of their battered old dresser. She shot him!"

His voice trailed off. Avery felt himself tingling.

"And then . . ."

"She dropped the gun and walked down the stairs. Evidently no one heard the shot. Hilda walked out of the house. She had the queer sanity of a crazy person. There was a fixity of purpose, a single obsessing idea. That was to reach Naomi.

"SHE had a little money and she went to New York. Naomi says she doesn't remember the trip, at all. She found Naomi and told the story. They checked up on Wintersburg. It had been a two-day story for the newspapers there. A strange couple had appeared and rented a room. They had been heard quarreling on several occasions. One morning the man's body was found—and the woman had disappeared. A true bill was returned by the Grand Jury and Hilda Harris was duly indicted. Then, because it was a mean, sordid thing and because the police found no clue, the thing was forgotten.

"Hilda was afraid to remain with Naomi. Remember, the person who has committed such a deed reads accusation in the glance of every stranger. There was a terrible fear that the effort would be made to trace her. The thing was the most terrible event of her life. It never

occurred to her that it could be forgotten. They were afraid that they'd discover Naomi was her sister and so track her down. Naomi sent her as far away as possible. To Los Angeles. She took the name of Prentice—Ethel Prentice. She's working here as a stenographer and boarding at a cheap little place downtown. And that, Avery, is why Naomi wished to live near Los Angeles—to be near the sister whom she loves more than any thing or anybody in the world."

Avery was impressed: he was shocked by the story and amazed by Logan's dramatic powers. And then he watched a strange metamorphosis. He saw the man turn from the sympathetic narrator of a tragedy into the shrewd, selfish, calculating wastrel.

"That, Avery, is the reason you will continue to be dead. That is precisely why you will make no attempt to recover the money which you will to Naomi."

"I see . . ." The big man was glad that the conversation had come back to this ground. He realized that he must proceed carefully. "Why?"

"Because," explained Logan coldly—"because, if Hilda should be arrested now, the chances are she'd be convicted. She might have been convicted then. Remember, the man never struck her—he was not brutal. And it is very difficult to make a jury understand that killing can be justified by nagging. We understand, Avery—but a jury wouldn't. Especially after all these years. It was a sordid little newspaper story then; but the arrest of the sister of the wealthy Mrs. Donald Logan on a charge of murder would make excellent copy. It would ruin Hilda and, I believe, wreck Naomi's life. You can judge of that as well as I can. Am I right?"

"I believe you are," responded Avery slowly. "And the thing you threaten is . . . ?"

"Just this." Logan had risen. His heavily featured face reflected absolute implacability. "If you do not do exactly what I say—I shall crack down on Naomi. You will get what you want—and you'll ruin her by doing it. I'm playing for big stakes, Avery—and I'm going to see the thing through. You've got your choice: either drop out . . . or bring misery to the woman you pretend to love. Which will it be?"

The big man met Logan's eyes squarely. His voice was flat and even.

"I reckon there's nothing for me to do, Logan," he answered quietly—"except to hear your orders and obey them."

(To be continued)

Our Changing Theatre

(Continued from page 21)

authors receive, on what is at best a rocky road to Dublin. There are, further, over forty English dramatists associated with the Guild: Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Pinero, Jones, Maugham, Granville-Barker, Drinkwater, Milne, Masefield and all the others, whose names are household words; already, too, European groups of authors are making moves to unite with their fellow writers here for reciprocal advantages.

But as my picturesque friend said: "the managers themselves, owing to old personal rivalries, are not organized to state their own collective needs. Yet, they, too, are seeing they must, not entirely for self-protection, but because only if these three groups unite to correct conditions mentioned above can the economic crisis in the professional theatre be avoided. Already such efforts are being made by actors and authors; for these two strongly organized factions are not thinking merely of protecting their own members; they are looking ahead to the general good of the whole professional theatre.

Is it so hopeless? Does this all mean the theatre itself is going to the bow-wows? Let's look for the silver lining they say the clouds have. Take the movie: is it holding its own public? Perhaps the same number of people go; but now pictures must be supported by vaudeville. The movie houses are competing—not with other films—but with big names and vaudeville acts. In the scramble after attractions, soaring sopranos are jostled against Channel swimmers and aviators who have flown into the clouds and the head lines. Thus the expenses are

(Continued on page 62)

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Our Changing Theatre

(Continued from page 61)

beginning to pile up; one house paid a celebrated violinist \$3,000 weekly, to add the drawing power of his two obligatos a day to the waning light of the star. De luxe movie houses are nearly all committed to this suicidal policy; none of them dare let go, without dropping out of sight because the others are all doing it. The smaller ones are already crying "Hold, enough."

What an exhibitor can afford to pay for a film is limited by his average box-office receipts; he cannot raise the admissions much further without committing suicide; he must therefore rent less expensive films so he can also pay for the "hoofers" and fancy dancers. To meet this reduced revenue a less amount will be spent by producers themselves on making films, except for "specials." Thus, inevitably, the economic factor will tend to cheapen the quality of the films—with the obvious results. The old indiscriminate acceptance of any film is already gone. We know certain stars draw more than others; and so do they, when it comes to signing their golden spangled contracts. Stories, too, have varying popular appeal. But both stars and stories can now "flop" like any ordinary drama. So if in time the movies should fail to hold their public, would this mean the road itself could ever be recovered, even in part, for the professional theatre?

In the meantime, while metropolitan road shows are getting the cold shoulder on the stony highways, there are important developments, away from New York, which mean continued vitality for the theatre. The "resident non-touring stock" companies, playing a different piece each week in the same town, are increasing like the proverbial rabbits. As I write, this winter week alone, 160 such companies are operating. In the West these often develop "runs" lasting several months. Plays which sometimes burned but a brief moment in the Broadway electric have unexpected incandescent vigor elsewhere; for, oddly enough, the biggest stock money-makers are often "flops" on the White Way. Not only do these stock houses employ ten to fifteen actors, with salaries that may vary from forty to four hundred a week, but the weekly royalty return to author and manager, which is generally equally divided, varies from two to six hundred. And when the returns are all in, after several years, the final stock value of a play may be forty or fifty thousand. This is the salvage which may float in from a metropolitan failure.

THOUGH now, with some exceptions, these stock companies run throughout the year, until recently they were only summer affairs that lasted from the closing of the Broadway season till the annual fall opening. During this period it was possible to engage at reduced salaries the actors who were mighty glad to bridge over the lean period. Sometimes there were thus formed companies of unusual brilliance that revived many of the same plays they had initially performed in metropolitan theatres. To-day, more and more, we are once again reverting to a custom which I've heard old gaffers speak of, when Fechter and the elder Booth trod "the boards": the visiting star system. As plays, nowadays, are released for stock, many companies find an "added attraction" in asking the stars themselves, who created the roles, to come and play for the local critics. The stars, who aren't averse to picking up some pin money with which to help along their winter wardrobe, are only too happy to oblige: it doesn't mean extra study, there's lots of publicity; so the whole community benefits by the combination. This is generally done during the summer time; but should the present conditions continue I'm willing to predict that a permanent stock company with visiting stars or "especially engaged" actors may be what is ultimately in store for the smaller cities.

Aside from thus keeping old plays alive these stock companies perform another useful function: they often bring new plays to birth. Most plays are never brought into New York without a preliminary "try-out" on the road. All the cities near New York are known as "dog towns"; and many a one has been kept awake nights with the wailing. Every new play goes out and some

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of them stay there: the cemeteries of Washington and Baltimore, to mention only a few near the producing center, are full of plays that went wrong and never got started right. It's surprising how peacefully a play can expire once it is shown an audience. Instead of going to the large expense involved in a regular production, the author often consents to letting the manager see "what it looks like" in stock. If it dies there the wake doesn't cost much; a few bunches of flowers and a new play the following week make everybody but the author forget. Yet many a good play has stood up against this test; managers have thus found out real values or ways of rewriting before the regular production. *Polly with a Past* and *Peg o' My Heart* are among the big hits that commenced in stock; the former being secretly tried out by Mr. Belasco under another name one year before it was rewritten and produced at his own theatre. *The Squall*, which has just been blowing over fifty weeks in New York, was tried out last summer at Skowhegan, a unique "stock" company in Maine, at the end of a trolley line where the actors play in vacation time for almost nothing a week because they have such good fun and good companionship. Each year companies, like Stuart Walker's in Indianapolis, produce new plays which the metropolitan managers go out to see and judge, and sometimes buy. Thus there is a certain experimental value in professional stock theatres which must be mentioned.

THOUGH inventors may make new kinds of things which will create new kinds of audiences, the dramatic instinct is fundamental and will always leap up when the chord is touched. That is why the theatre itself, as an institution, can never die; why there is hope for better readjustments of supply and demand in important developments of a non-commercial character now taking place. These lie in the producing groups not literally tied to the apron-strings of commercial managers; but which, none the less, suggest a great public waiting in turn to be tapped by them.

The most astonishing of these is the "little theatre" movement and prevalence of amateur organizations. At present there are about one thousand little theatres dotting the landscape from Duluth to both seas; and over four thousand amateur groups that burst out with from one to a dozen plays annually. For a while such amateurs were a jest; but Antoine in France and Stanislavsky in Russia began as amateurs and their groups developed into the famous *Theatre Libre* in Paris and the *Moscow Art Theatre*, which all wandering lecturers tell us fertilized the entire field of dramatic production. So whatever temporary pain some of these groups may inflict there is always hope.

The word *amateur* means loving a thing, I'm told, and this devotion to the beautiful art of the theatre, in spite of its imperfect expression, is declaring a new salvation no longer to be sniffed at. The audiences which attend these performances may never see a professional production, for frequently these groups have sprung up where it has no longer paid the commercial manager to take his offerings. The problem of the legitimate theatre, therefore, is to cooperate with this large audience hungry for plays and to capture it. Until some such sort of cooperation is worked out the commercial theatre cannot expand naturally. But these groups are not overlooking their opportunities; it is they who are eagerly reaching into the best of the professional theatre has and flying back home with the finest of those plays which managers find unprofitable to tour. And more and more professional actors are taking up the spear with their amateur brothers; so a sort of liaison has already been made.

It doesn't make much difference where these amateurs get their stage and scenery. They fix it up themselves. The first performance of the Indianapolis Little Theatre was in a sculpture hall of an art institute, with a stage only twelve feet wide. The Washington Square Players talked over their great adventure, a branch of which later evolved into the most striking theatre in America (the Theatre Guild) in back of a bookstore, part of which later was to be their first stage. In Fargo, N. D., an old abandoned chapel was redecorated, while in Galesburg, Ill., the Prairie Playhouse had been a saloon where two murders had been com-

(Continued on page 64)

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Our Changing Theatre

(Continued from page 63)

mitted that had nothing to do with the acting. The Provincetown Theatre, out of whose door first blazed the dazzling genius of Eugene O'Neill, was born in a smelly fish house on a wharf; and only last year, in its cozy remodeled private residence, this same grown-up group, which had given *The Emperor Jones* its first production, also gave Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom*, destined to win the Pulitzer prize as the best play of the year. Grocery stores and high school lecture rooms, portmanteau platforms and what-nots have thus served as the stage on which these amateurs and semi-professionals expressed their love of the theatre. And new groups are still being born every month.

For scenery all sorts of make-shifts have been resorted to. With the need of economy these amateur painters find cheap cuts to thrilling effects. And most of the plays they first did lent themselves to pictorial presentation, for the painting was better than the acting and, as someone rashly remarked, more colorful. The artists created and they copied European producers; as this was a simplified and suggestive method, not only were dollars saved but art ideals were disseminated. The cost of one realistic stage set in the average conventional metropolitan production would pay for five or six of the others. I know, for example, that Belasco, with his mania for perfection, spent \$30,000 on a scene in one of my plays. The original Provincetown sets cost less than \$25 each, and one could always repaint them.

But these groups, sometimes urban, more often rural, also had to have something to produce. For reasons of easy production they first turned to the one-act play—those lonely little dramatic waifs now practically cast out of the professional theatre. Here the literature of the world was searched; an evening of such plays gave variety to both acting and pictorial presentation. In this shorter form also the local playwright, incapable as yet of sustained effort, first sent his fledglings on their timid flights to fame. In reading over old programs of these groups I find names then unknown—like O'Neill's—which have since become celebrated.

Often these young writers, as was also the case with the Irish players, furrow the fields of folk lore; many a short play has vividly caught the legends of an earlier epoch or the way of the homely life about. These, too, as in the case of the Carolina Players, an off-shoot of the North Dakota Players, have already contributed to the beginning of a native drama, redolent with the soil and catching the subtle fragrance of a highly characteristic communal life.

And as this spade work goes on turning up new fields, and in spite of my managerial friend, who eyes all such movements with disgust, I've a sneaking suspicion that maybe here is being mined the real American drama of the future, faulty as its technique may be, not true to the conventional canons of the theatre, but life itself. Time will tell that little secret, too.

Of course, much of the early experimental period has been outgrown by some groups; there are little theatres to-day especially constructed with marble fronts that have the finest possible mechanical equipment back-stage. Others are

already highly organized and financially successful, like the Cleveland Play House, built out of an abandoned church. Not only has it a resident repertoire theatre, with a semi-professional cast, but it has a studio attached for experimental purposes. Twelve plays a year of the finest artistic appeal with over seventy to its present credit, it can command for each production an audience of over 4,000. There are theatres of this type in nearly as many American cities as Lindbergh flew over. Even at the risk of seeming irreverent I must mention here that plans are now under way to build a sort of "Jack and Jill" theatre to house "amateur dramatics." Some society women are back of it with check books ready to write \$500,000 for the theatre destined to seat five hundred. It's also only going to cost a half dollar to enter. One of the startling novelties, if we can believe the press report, is that every seat will be equipped with ash trays, chewing gum slot machines and, what is most important, a place to park the discarded gum. So art goes marching on, with a smile here and there.

Up to twenty years ago a college man in any department of the theatre was as rare as a socialist vote in the House of Lords. Most of the managers had been actors and most of the authors had been both. The old way of entering the theatre was by a stage door—like *Topsy*, a person just grew up in the theatre. The old hodge-podge method of production, when plays were so often arranged around a company, made a good practical "hack" writer all that was necessary. And then for American production a fine memory and a reading vocabulary of French and German were what was most needed. Here and there real writers began to emerge, but, however qualified some of them were, it has only been since the beginning of this century that men of academic cultivation in America turned toward the writing end of the theatre. And in a quarter of a century nearly all the colleges not only teach play-writing; but most of them have their own theatres, produce and act their own plays, make their own scenery and continue to send forth real playwrights to compete amid the hazards of Broadway!

The writing and producing of plays is thus being taught not only in finely equipped theatres theoretically but also practically; for more can be learned through the heart-breaks of one production than from all the books in creation. Thus our youth is being shaped for the future; the inherent love of the theatre is being rounded and sharpened to a conscious point. How can this education ever be lost—whether actually used to create new beauty or only used to enjoy beauty when created by others?

So we come back where we started: things are bad; but things are good. How can this vital wide-spread interest in the drama be captured for the legitimate theatre? How can it be so organized that when what is best in the legitimate theatre puts its foot forward it will be encouraged to walk further by all those who really love the theatre? Many are bewildered at the problem; but the material for its solution is at hand. The theatre itself can never die; there are so many stage-struck mortals to keep it alive!

The Old Benzine Buggy

(Continued from page 37)

Not more than ten cars might represent any one country.

The race must be run on a highway—not a track—over a course not less than 250 or more than 350 miles.

It was to be international. It was open to all to whom the Gordon Bennett Cup was open.

The entry fee was \$300 for each car, half of that to be returned if the car actually started.

Cars might be any horse-power. They must weigh not less than 881 or more than 2,204 pounds.

Cars must carry two passengers, weighing not less than 132 pounds apiece.

The race was scheduled for Saturday, the 8th of October, 1904. Two days before Mineola hummed with activity in preparation for the expected crowds. The course was nearly thirty

miles long and triangular in shape, extending from Queens Village to Jericho, and from Westbury to Hempstead. There were no hills to speak of, but in some places the road was only 15 feet wide. There were four dangerous, right-angle turns. The Automobile Association spent \$5,000 to sprinkle the course with oil—90,000 gallons were used. One hundred and fifty deputies—at \$3 each—were appointed to patrol the roads and warn the public away.

A grandstand was built to accommodate a thousand people. There sat society. But all through the night before the race the other 99,000 or so spectators who attended the race thronged down to the course in private cars, on bicycles, on foot, or with whatever conveyance they could get. They stormed the hotels, and the price of a bed mounted to \$10.



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The race was to start at six A. M. At four the course had already begun to wake up, and by six there were 800 people in the grandstand—of whom perhaps twenty were women—and thousands waiting along the route for the race to begin. The most popular places, of course, were the dangerous corners, and these were crowded with people who insisted on standing as close to the danger line as they possibly could, hoping that they might have the good fortune to see a terrifying and spectacular catastrophe in which no one, miraculously, would be injured. The general feeling of anticipation along those lines had been encouraged by a news headline in the day's paper describing an automobile accident in New York in which a car leaped a bridge, was carried 200 feet by the train it subsequently encountered on the railroad track below and dissolved into atoms. Three dead, six injured. Great!

Automobile racing in the Vanderbilt Cup days was a sport for brave hearts. It took nerve to drive in one of those races, and it took nerve to watch one. The common bystander pressed against the ropes at the side of the track. Presently one of the \$3 deputies standing inside the ropes would jump into the middle of the course and wave a red flag. A hundred yards or so further down the course the next flagman would see him, jump into the middle of the course and wave his warning for the benefit of the spectators and flagmen beyond. That meant a car was coming. Then the car would roar past, with the driver gripping the wheel and his mechanic pumping oil like mad. It was a most devilish performance, like a personally manned cannon ball straight from hell. How it came about that most of the crews and spectators were not killed has always been a mystery to me.

IN THIS first Vanderbilt Cup Race there were eighteen contestants. The distance was 324.4 miles—10 laps. The winner was George Heath, driving a Panhard at an average speed of 52.2 miles an hour. On July 25 of that year Heath had driven a Panhard to victory in the Circuit des Ardennes race in France, at an average speed of 57 miles an hour over 370 miles.

In 1905 the Vanderbilt Cup Race was held again on Long Island, Vanderbilt himself acting as referee. The crowds were even thicker than they had been the year before. Parking places for cars were sold at \$50 apiece for the night before the race. Hotels were overcrowded again, and people paid \$10 for the privilege of sleeping in billiard rooms. Official deputies of the race, sleeping in their tents along the road, were awakened every few minutes and offered \$10 for their cots.

The year 1904 seems to have seen the end of public opposition to the automobile, though there were still plenty of hampering laws on the statute books. But for that matter, hampering laws are still on the statute books of some communities, where absurdly low speed limits are held over from the early days and, what is worse, are enforced according to the whims of grafting local constables.

There were nineteen contestants in the second Vanderbilt Cup Race. Eight cars finished, and the other eleven were strewn, more or less in pieces, along the course. The distance was 283 miles. Hemery, a Frenchman, driving a Darracq, won with an average speed of 61 miles an hour—61.49 to be exact, 9.20 miles better than the previous year. Hemery's stained face was kissed clean by his enthusiastic and congratulatory compatriots.

Contrary to the newspaper predictions and the expectations of the crowds, there were no catastrophes in the 1905 race. But in 1906, when the third race was held over the now famous course, the crowd exceeded all previous years and, massing at the most dangerous corners in the hope of excitement, got beyond the control of the track officials. Two spectators were killed by skidding cars. In view of these accidents it was decided to hold no more races on Long Island and, since no suitable course could be found, there was no competition for the Cup in 1907. In 1908, however, the race was again held on Long Island and, for the first time, was won by an American. George Robertson, driving a Locomobile, covered the 258-mile course at an average speed of 64.38 miles an hour. Two

(Continued on page 66)

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The Old Benzine Buggy

(Continued from page 65)

other races were run on Long Island in 1909 and 1910, but fatalities to onlookers and contestants and a dwindling interest in the sport sent the event to Savannah and later to California. But during those six historic races, which tried out motors, springs, transmission, ignition, lubrication and balance, the average speed of the winners had risen from 52 to 65 miles per hour. The contests had served as manufacturers' laboratories, in which improvements and new ideas were developed and tested, to the great benefit of motor car design.

As the speed of the Vanderbilt Cup entries mounted other types of races had come into existence. On circular tracks Barney Oldfield became the best-known American racing pilot.

BARNEY OLDFIELD was a spectacular driver. At the Empire City Track, in 1902, he made a mile in 55.45 seconds—the world's record for circular tracks. In Detroit, in 1903, at the Grosse Pointe Track, he had a serious accident in the 10-mile open contest. He was going 50 miles an hour, when a tire blew out. The car hurtled 50 feet through the air and plunged into a fence, killing a spectator and throwing him 75 feet on its way. Oldfield threw himself back on the flat deck of the car and miraculously kept his seat. The car was a wreck, and so, for a time, was Oldfield, with a broken rib and a lovely collection of cuts and bruises.

Since he held the world's record for a mile on circular tracks, the young traveling salesman, twenty-five or twenty-six years old at the time, could have driven in the State Fair at Milwaukee, on September 12, 1903, and he was seething in fury at the accident that prevented him from taking part in the five-mile race. Frank Day, a young man about twenty-two years old, volunteered to take his place and drive the car—Oldfield's car—that was said to be the one which held all records of from one to ten miles at the time. Oldfield consented. Day started happily enough, but had completed very little of the race when he swerved into a fence, and the car went over. Day received a blow on the back of his head from which he died almost immediately.

By 1904 Oldfield was driving again. In the World's Fair at St. Louis he was piloting his "Green Dragon" against Webb and other competitors. Somehow Webb and Oldfield got off to a false start, and although the starter tried his best to recall them, neither knew that he had made a false start. They kept on going, thinking the shouts of the crowds to "Go back!" were cheers. Suddenly Webb skidded. He was ahead of Oldfield, and the turn brought him almost directly in front. It raised a thick cloud of dust that made it impossible for Oldfield to see that he had passed a turn. He kept on going straight, crashed through a fence, killed two men, and demolished his machine. He was carried off the field, and was heard to mutter that it was "certainly his last race." Fifteen thousand spectators were watching the race, and saw the accident, but news of the two deaths was kept from them. Webb's 60 horsepower car won the real race, and won the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition Trophy, valued at \$500.

Meanwhile, out in the West, eager for new thrills, the people organized the first race across the desert from Los Angeles to Phoenix—a distance of approximately 480 miles. This was in 1908, starting at midnight of the Sunday before Election Day. It drew crowds to the Fair Grounds in Phoenix to see the finish. The winner that year was a White steamer, which made the distance in thirty hours and 36 minutes. The roads were just sand, and some of the cars took to the railroad and ran for miles on the ties to avoid bad stretches. As they hurried steadily on through the darkness, their way was lighted by the huge bonfires lit for them by thoughtful citizens in the little towns they passed through.

The next year the race was even more popular. On Tuesday, November 9, 1909, Joe Nikrant and his brother Louis smashed the previous year's record to pieces by cutting off eleven hours. In 1910 an Abbot-Detroit car skidded on a bad stretch, and tossed the mechanic, Al Berry, onto the road. The driver kept on

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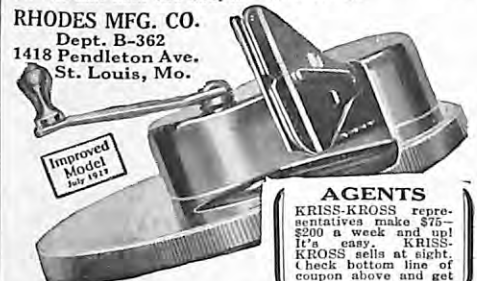
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going for a mile before he missed his Man Friday, then had to turn, go back and get him, and take him to the first hospital he could make. But perhaps the most spectacular desert race of all was that of 1910, the year the \$3,500 cash prize went to a "youngster," Olin Davis, driving a Locomobile. Twenty-four cars started; and seven arrived in Phoenix within the time limitation. Ten of the lost seventeen were wrecked along the road. Barney Oldfield collided with a wagon, stopped to repair damages, got started again, then had a broken jackshaft, and had to drop out. After dark the Simplex, driven by J. W. Rice and F. W. Jarres, struck a stump and went over. Jarres's hip was broken, and they were both badly bruised. The machine lay on Jarres, with Rice, nearly unconscious from the shock, trying helplessly to turn it over, until three other contestants came along and together they managed it. Jarres refused to be put off, insisting on finishing the race, hip or no hip, and reaching Phoenix. Finally Rice consented, and they put Jarres back in and started off again. The Simplex had sustained a smashed wheel and a broken steering rod, but they managed to patch her up temporarily. Soon they met Oldfield limping disgustedly home. His steering gear was promptly transferred to the Simplex, and Oldfield himself went along to help hold Jarres in the swaying seat. At Palomas, Jarres was unconscious, and had to be left there for medical attention. And after all that, the Simplex had fourth place.

A Marmon, driven by Guy Ball, took such a jolt at a bad place in the road that it knocked off all its spare tires. Along the road Ball met Charles Soules mourning over a wrecked Cadillac. He courteously surrendered his tires, and the Marmon had gone scarcely a mile before she sprang a leak and needed one, but with the help of the Cadillac's tires she came in second. A Buick was third. The men all reached Phoenix with parched and mud-caked faces and cracked lips. The winners called for water before they were ready to listen to the applause for them.

While these spectacular events, with their world's records and violent deaths and hair-breadth escapes—events in which the cars were as distinctly individuals as were their drivers—held the attention of the sporting public, another sort of contest was coming into being, in which there was the germ of that standardized production which has been the greatest single factor in the extension of automobile ownership.

CHARLES J. GLIDDEN was a wealthy Bostonian, keenly interested in the development of the American automobile. He had owned and driven cars since their first appearance. In August, 1904, he and Mrs. Glidden were making a tour of the world in their 24 horse-power car, with Charles Thomas for engineer. In November of that year the A. A. A. accepted his offer of a silver cup to be competed for in 1905, in a reliability run under rules made by the association. Contestants were to drive stock cars—models that were on the market for you or anybody else to buy the same year as the run. The Vanderbilt Cup would test speed; the Glidden Cup speed and reliability.

The association had sponsored a tour in 1904 to the St. Louis Exposition. There were no such severe rules in these runs—or even in the earlier of the Glidden Tours—as were laid down for the later ones. There couldn't be; the automobile was still too uncertain. But in June the association issued a little pamphlet for the participants in the St. Louis Exposition, reminding them that that was a tour, and neither a speed contest nor a reliability run. "The tour is open to everyone," it stated, "and ladies are welcome. There is no prize—the reward is a certificate of performance. Fill in your entry blanks with the distance you plan to cover, the number of passengers, etc., and file it with \$10 entry fee. You pay your own hotel bills, the association provides garage accommodations. And," it added warningly, "two stout pieces of rope about ten feet long should be carried in every car for use on the wheels in case of slippery weather to prevent skidding, and also for either being towed or for helping an unfortunate fellow tourist."

Seventy-seven optimists purchased 20 feet
(Continued on page 69)



FRIEND OF MAN

Man's deepest joys have always come from things that do not change—such as the devotion of a faithful dog, or the quiet companionship of a good cigar . . . like Webster.

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FACTORY PRICES SAVE 1/2 Choice of fine cabinets offered

BIG NEW Ultra Selective BATTERY or All Electric MIRACOE 1 dial sets

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“Jim Rhodes is the busiest man I know ... yet he seems to be posted about everything”

“WHAT I’d like to know is how he ever finds the time to keep in touch with books, art, music, history and philosophy. He seems to know about everything—”

“He must devote hours to reading.”

“Not Rhodes!” some one said. “He’s too busy, just been made junior partner of his firm, you know.”

“Then how does he keep so well-read? He knows more about what great men thought and said than any one I ever knew. Just tonight I heard him quoting from Carlyle, and Shelley and Hugo.”

“I knew him three years ago. He was just a straggler at the edge of society. How did he ever become so important?”

Tom Kingsley smiled at our apparent discomfiture. He had been quietly listening to our conversation. Tom and Jim Rhodes were good friends, we suddenly remembered with embarrassment.

Tom Kingsley Explains His Secret

“I think we all should know the answer to that,” Tom said. “He made himself *interesting*.”

“Jim Rhodes used to be handicapped by lack of *knowledge*. When he’d hear other men speak he felt uncomfortable. He didn’t enter a discussion for fear he’d reveal—not his ignorance exactly, but his lack of *knowledge*. He became shy and self-conscious, and of course people are sorry for a man who is self-conscious, but they don’t *enjoy* him.

“Jim wasn’t getting anywhere—in business or among the people he liked and admired. So at last he did the sensible thing. He got himself a copy

of that famous book of ideas and inspiration—The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book. It showed him the way to make himself interesting. Soon he was sure of himself, and he acquired that marvelous new poise and self-possession. I admire Jim Rhodes. He made himself successful in business, and the most popular man in this club, through sheer perseverance.”

“And you really think that the Hubbard Scrap Book helped?”

“Certainly! It was the spark that set his own imagination afire—that gave him the cultural background he missed by not going to college—that gave him vision and knowledge. Why, it took Hubbard a lifetime to find the things that were gathered into that Scrap Book. It is a digest of the finest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years. I have a copy myself—and I keep it handy so that I can read a page or two whenever I’m feeling mentally tired. It’s like a tonic!”

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

Elbert Hubbard set about deliberately to make himself a master in many fields. When still quite young, he started reading the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find ideas. He selected only what he thought was inspiring and great.

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tains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

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A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in the square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

The Old Benzine Buggy

(Continued from page 67)

of rope, paid their \$10, stowed their wives in the back seat, and started for St. Louis on a blistering hot 25th of July. Sixty-nine of them succeeded in covering the 1,964 miles, and achieved St. Louis sixteen days later.

In 1905 the first of the Glidden Tours with the Glidden silver trophy as prize left New York for New York via Bretton Woods. Thirty-four cars started on July 11. In Bretton Woods their drivers saw a hill-climbing contest. A 60 horse-power Napier roared indignantly up the hill through a dense fog at 20 miles an hour and won the contest. But the laurels of the day really went to a three horse-power Indian Motor Bicycle, which came in second and astonished everybody by its successful performance.

On July 22 twenty-seven of the thirty-four cars completed the 870 miles and returned to New York, eight of them proudly announcing that they had been arrested on the outskirts of Leicester for speeding. They had been traveling more than twelve miles an hour, Authority said, and fined them \$17 apiece! The Glidden Trophy for good behavior went to a 30 horse-power Pierce-Arrow, driven by Percy A. Pierce himself, and carrying five passengers.

The 1906 Glidden Tour took forty-eight cars from Buffalo to Quebec and thence to the White Mountains. Thirty cars finished the 1,134 miles and, although rules were a little stricter and more detailed than in 1905, thirteen cars had perfect scores. A Pierce-Arrow won again, this time a 40 to 45 horse-power.

Between 1907 and 1910 rules for reliability runs became more and more strict. They were aimed to make it absolutely certain that entries were stock cars—models that were actually on the market at the time. Only repairs to tires were permitted on the way without losing points.

It was in 1909, also, that the Munsey Tour, from Washington to Boston and return, was held. It was an important tour for the automobile manufacturers, largely because of the public attention that was aroused. All the Munsey papers, of course, gave it a great deal of space. Even to participate was good advertising.

EARLY on September 21 they left Washington, with twenty-six cars, representing twenty manufacturers, starting in the order of their prices. A Ford No. 7 pulled out first at exactly seven A. M., and a Renault was the last to go at 7:34. Two pilot cars went ahead, and a press car carrying Munsey reporters kept near the middle of the procession, passing and being passed, and ready to be in at the death in case of accidents. Another press car carried a doctor. One woman was in the race—Mrs. Frank P. Hall, of Washington, who rode in her husband's Columbia, and received cheers all along the way.

As they passed through the small towns the citizens, fairly used by this time to hurrying to their kitchen windows to see one automobile go by, gaped in astonishment as a procession of thirty panted along their roads. At Baltimore a short stop was made for checking; at Philadelphia they were cordially entertained at the Hotel Walton.

As they went through Allentown, the Columbia in which Mrs. Hall was riding skidded over a sharp curve in the road at the foot of a hill and struck a telegraph pole. Mrs. Hall broke a collar bone and a rib, and was dispatched, disappointed and protesting, to the hospital.

For the first part of the trip the weather was good; but toward the end rain and mud made going very difficult and uncomfortable, and delayed the cars. Two missed the road and got completely lost. Near Coxsackie, the Maryland car locked its steering gear and demolished a rail fence.

Finally, however, the 1,300-mile trip was finished, and the contestants returned in triumph to Washington. Only one car had made a perfect score—an Elmore, that won first prize in its class. Penalties were made for everything but adjusting tires—for being late in starting, for adjusting the carburetor directly after the start, for tightening a hub cap, repairs to the fender, brakes, clutch, oil rods, etc. The Ford lost 1.4

points for adjusting its carburetor and re-starting the motor. Observers had to keep a card during the trip, noting what was done to the car, and submit it to the chairman.

Prizes were awarded in divisions made according to price: \$850-\$1,250; \$1,250-\$2,000; \$2,000-\$3,000, etc. The winners in their respective classes were the Ford, a Maxwell, a Pullman, the Elmore, which had a perfect score; an American Simplex, and the Renault.

IT WAS in 1910 that the Cadillac company took two of its cars, disassembled them, threw the separate parts into an indistinguishable heap, and from this confusion put together two new cars that ran. Until then interchangeable parts had been unknown. True, the beginnings of mass production had been made. Cars had been built in quantities from one design. They looked alike and, so far as possible, were alike, but they were put together, and all final adjustments made, by hand. Parts were ground and fitted to take their places, not in any one of the models manufactured, but in the particular motor and on the particular chassis which a skilled mechanic was given to fit them into. As early as 1898 John W. Bate, of the Mitchell Lewis Motor Car Company, accepted, and delivered, a contract for 500 three-wheeled machines for the European market. The successful filling of this pioneer order for quantity production is one of the notable events of automobile history. Ransom E. Olds and Alexander Winton also produced large quantities of cars in the early days, and in 1908 was seen the birth of quantity production on its present gigantic scale. Walter E. Flanders, acting as production manager for Henry Ford, in two days less than one year rearranged the Ford plant, installed new tools and built 10,000 cars. By this startling feat Flanders earned a \$20,000 bonus and a commanding reputation in the automobile industry which eventually carried him to the presidency and general management of the Maxwell Motor Company and further laurels.

The perfection of a manufacturing system which made possible such vast, and therefore economical, production of automobiles was no more than accomplished when two other factors joined it in launching the almost universal ownership of motor cars characteristic of America today. Sound financial policies and sales outlets adequate to the enormous output had already been introduced into the industry. The automobile was ready to flood the country—and the last dam was broken by the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in favor of Henry Ford in his long-drawn-out patent fight with Selden and by the introduction of the electric self-starter. This last, the invention of a genius named Coleman, who, though almost unknown to the public, has been compared with Edison in the number of his contributions to electrical science, was credited with having created, by 1917, a million new automobile buyers. How many million more the self-starter is responsible for by now is a dizzy calculation—one way to get an idea of it, though, is to compare the high proportion of women drivers today with the occasional hardy spirit who toiled her own car in the days of the hand crank.

On May 8, 1879, George Baldwin Selden applied for a patent which covered the essential principles of the automobile. Selden was an eccentric, irascible genius, who was to keep the industry in a turmoil for many years and whose conduct was to do as much to hamper it as his original invention did to make it possible. Following his formal application for patent, Selden received little or no encouragement from those he endeavored to interest in its development. For fifteen years he was to fume, helpless in the face of the doubting business men of the time. Nearly any other inventor would have forced the issue of the patent as quickly as possible and taken the chance of interesting capital to manufacture the vehicle. But Selden knew from bitter experience that a pioneer patentee seldom received any material reward. Why, he argued, should he let the actual patent be issued, only to have it expire by limitation before he could profit by it? So for fifteen years, by every legal means, he protected his applica-

(Continued on page 70)

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BY THIS amazing system (the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine), you can weigh what you want and take off or put on weight where desired. Approved by physicians. Endorsed by thousands. Following the 30-Day Program will enable you to take off at least 10 pounds and convince you that you can be youthfully slender, perfectly formed.



This Program (complete with daily menus, exercises, instructions) is given you by the makers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale that makes weight control easy and safe, warns you if you are starting to gain or lose.

Procurable at most department, hardware, physicians' supply and drug stores.

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See this 3/4-1/16 ct., sparkling solitaire at \$69.50. Try to match at \$116.00. Radically low prices for any quality, any size diamonds. This dependable house plainly lists, describes and guarantees each and every quality. The exact grade you want, unquestionably in latest list of Unpaid Loans - Diamonds also from other unusual European cash deals. Free, all details; guaranteed amounts you can borrow; other guarantees, etc. Examine diamonds free at our risk. Lists limited - write at once.

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The Old Benzine Buggy

(Continued from page 69)

tion. Even when the patent was finally issued on November 5, 1895, he met with much difficulty in securing the manufacture of his car. It was not until 1899, after a series of heart-breaking vicissitudes, that he actually closed a contract with the Columbia and Electric Vehicle Co., a New Jersey corporation with a factory in Hartford, Connecticut. Selden has been harshly criticized for what the public regarded as his obstructionist tactics, but what he did to protect himself was perfectly legal and, from his point of view, equally reasonable. After all, there is no reason why genius should contribute its efforts gratis, while the business man is not only expected but licensed by public opinion to get his, and all he can of it.

FROM 1899 until 1911 gasoline automobile manufacturers in the United States paid a royalty of from four-fifths to one and a quarter per cent. on the retail price of all cars sold. The fees, amounting to large sums, were split by Selden and the Electric Vehicle Company, which had a sweeping license agreement with the inventor. The toll was a heavy one and the licensees wriggled and squirmed, but as the United States District Court had upheld the Selden patent, there seemed to be no way out.

Henry Ford, however, had refused to join the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, and had continued to make his own engine and to pay no royalties. In the suit for infringement against Ford, the Electric Vehicle Company won in the lower courts. But Ford fought on and, in 1911, after an eight-year battle, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals decided the case finally in his favor.

Many men have been undone by writing indiscreet letters. It was an entry in a personal notebook that eventually defeated Selden and loosed his hold on the industry. Ford proved that his engine was built after the type developed by Otto, the German inventor, while the Selden patent covered, he claimed, a motor designed after one by Brayton. Selden's notebook entry referring to the four-cycle Otto motor as "another of those damned Dutch engines" clearly established in the mind of the court the justice of Ford's claim. As nearly all manufacturers were making motors patterned after the Otto type, it meant that Ford's fight, which any of the other manufacturers might have waged, and his victory, released the whole industry from the heavy burden of royalties. Prices came down, demand increased and production shot up.

Nineteen eleven was the beginning of the modern automobile era. Mass production, interchangeable parts, the self-starter and freedom from the hampering Selden patent fees brought it about. In 1909 80,000 passenger cars had been built; in 1910 the figure jumped to 185,000. Two hundred thousand was the total of 1911, a figure which, by 1916, was to become 1,617,708. The automobile had come into its own.

In 1911 Disbrow's straightaway speed, in a specially built car, of 81.65 miles an hour was considered marvelous. In 1925 DePaolo's speed of 101.3 miles an hour in the five-hundred-mile race on the Indianapolis Speedway was considered excellent, but not marvelous.

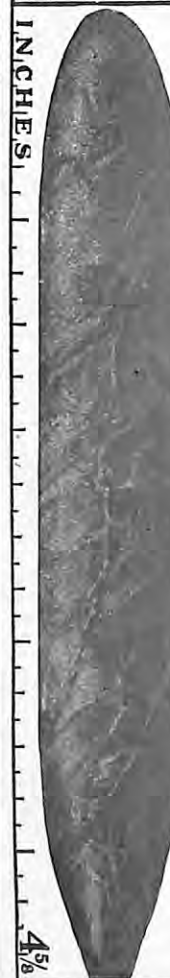
Last year, strictly stock American machines ran 25,000 miles continuously at an average speed of more than a mile a minute. And other cars set up performance records for speed, durability and economy which the pioneers would have laughed at as impossible. Cars are all so good nowadays that we are no longer astonished that they break records. We thought Major Seagrave's mark of 207 miles an hour at Daytona Beach was rather wonderful. But even that may be, probably will be, bettered this year. It is interesting, but not terribly important.

The important thing is that improvements, such as better lubrication, carburetion and fuel, higher compression, four-wheel brakes and other refinements have turned the old benzine buggy into a swift, smooth, comfortable, dependable means of every-day transportation at a cost that brings it within the reach of practically everybody.

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GIVEN In. platinum fancy engraved case with jeweled tip. Six jewel movement. Black silk ribbon, sterling clean complete with box. Set in 12 boxes famous White GLOVERINE. Save for cuts, burns, sores, etc., at 25c each. Beautiful art picture FREE with each box, and remittance per plan in catalog. Our 32nd year. Be first. Write quick.

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The Frying Fool

(Continued from page 13)

stands to reason that the various tinned soups are likely to be better than those which are brewed by the amateur hands in the average home. These are, you see, the product of men who have chosen to make soup a life work. The housewife goes about the preparation of any broth with a heavy heart. She cooks not because she loves soup but because she happens to be married to Fred, or Jack or Harry. It is a cauldron of last resort which she feeds. Incidentally, soup is the one thing for which I do not use a frying pan. And in the matter of soup I am willing to admit that a slightly greater amount of time may be needed. Soup should never be left to shift for itself. It should be stirred and sniffed at frequent intervals and often ten minutes over a good hot fire will be none too long.

Aesthetic arguments may be raised against the acceptance of canned food. I have said that cooking is one of life's finest recreations. Some will contend that the growing popularity of tinned delicacies has killed the possibility of individual effort. There could also be the contention that canning leads to standardization. But these objections will be made only by those who lack imagination. One need not be slavish in the hands of the wholesalers. There is still the possibility of working out new combinations and new mixtures within the frying pan. The canned commodities may be looked upon as so many notes of music. Flung together in one way a certain melody is produced and with some slight changes the whole air is altered. An ice-box is limited in its capacity, but with a closet full of canned goods the number of possible combinations is vastly increased. I am no mathematician but I believe that with as few as two dozen assorted tins the potential number of mixtures is practically without limit.

At least, up to date I have not exhausted them. Fine cooking should be done late at night when the city slumbers and there are few outside noises to distract the attention. Beyond the sound of sizzling nothing much should assail the ears. Under such circumstances the sense of smell has a better chance to function. It is perhaps worthy of remark that cooking is the only art in which smell becomes creative. I am not demanding absolute silence. With a frying pan on the fire there is every reason to have a good song ringing clear.

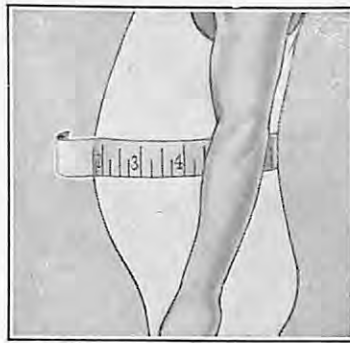
Answers to

"How Well Do You Know Your Country?"

- (1) Yosemite Falls, Yosemite National Park, in California.
- (2) Abraham Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.
- (3) Sault Ste. Marie Canal, Michigan. Nicknamed "the Soo."
- (4) Lake Placid, N. Y.
- (5) Niagara Falls.
- (6) Gen. George Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge, Pa.
- (7) Mount of the Holy Cross, in Colorado.
- (8) Lexington, Mass.; monument to the captain of the "Minutemen," John Parker.
- (9) State capitol of Colorado, at Denver.
- (10) Mt. Shasta, northern California.

It Was from Oakland

IT HAS been pointed out to us, by Markell C. Baer, attorney for the Board of Port Commissioners of the Port of Oakland, Cal., that the article entitled "America Takes to the Air," by Burt M. McConnell, slighted that city. The article spoke of the "San Francisco-Honolulu" flights of Maitland and Hegenberger and the other trans-Pacific flyers. The fact is, however, that the flights were started, not from San Francisco, but from the Municipal Airport of Oakland—across the Bay. Inasmuch as the Oakland Field is one of the finest in the world and a possession the city is very proud of, we are very glad to have this chance to give it its due.



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Something About Investment Trusts

By Paul Tomlinson

THE fundamental principle of the investment trust is the distribution of risk by the investment of funds in the securities and bonds of a great number of enterprises, investments in any one security usually being limited to a fraction of the capital, say 10 per cent. Such distribution of risk seems to be one of the most practical forms yet devised of affording the investor a secure channel for profitable investment." These words from the *Federal Reserve Bulletin* not only state the purpose of investment trusts very concisely, but constitute high praise of the idea which prompted their existence.

Investment trusts originated in the British Isles a half century ago. In the United States investment trust experience covers a range of about six years, the development really all coming since the war, and broadly speaking investment trusts in this country are of two kinds. These two broad classes, to quote the words of one of the authorities on the subject are:

1. The discretionary type, where a change in the securities held takes place from time to time through substitutions.

2. The non-discretionary type, where substitutions may not be made in the securities selected.

In a survey of the activities and forms of investment trusts, together with recommendations for their regulation and supervision by the New York State Department of Law made by Mr. Albert Ottinger, Attorney-General of New York State, these two classes are referred to as Management Investment Trusts and Fixed Investment Trusts. Every investment trust will fall under one of these heads regardless of its capital structure, i.e., it will be discretionary either in a limited or an absolute way, or it will be fixed or absolutely non-discretionary.

Investment trusts are highly regarded and very popular in Great Britain. The shares of more than one hundred and forty of them are traded in on the London Stock Exchange; their total resources exceed \$600,000,000, and at times their notes have been sold to yield only one-half of 1 per cent. more than the obligations of the British Government itself. During the War, when British industry and finance were thoroughly disorganized, the investment trust companies continued to pay dividends at before-the-war rates. A recent analysis of twenty-one representative Scottish trusts and twenty-three English showed an average dividend return of 10.9 per cent. for the Scottish trusts, and 7.72 per cent. for those in England. No wonder the idea has spread to the United States.

Now the primary purpose of an investment trust is investment and reinvestment in securities. An investment trust company is formed, shares of stock, bonds perhaps, are sold. The money thus raised being invested in securities of various kinds and of various corporations which are held for the investment trust security holders, and the income collected for their benefit. Suppose, for example, a company called the Eureka Investment Trust sells 1,000 shares of stock, one share each to a thousand different people at \$100 a share; the \$100,000 thus realized is invested, \$5,000 in each of twenty different

corporations. Each owner of a share of stock in the Eureka Investment Trust then has a proportionate interest in each of these twenty different corporations. As an individual it is not probable that he would be able to diversify his security holdings to such an extent, but due to the fact that he owns a share in the investment trust he enjoys the benefits of diversification, a boon to all investors.

In the management type of investment trust the directors or managers have discretionary powers and can sell one security and buy another when in their judgment such a course is advisable. Fixed trust shares cannot be sold; the certificates of participation or beneficiary shares carry pro-rata ownership in definitely specified blocks of securities deposited with a bank or trust company acting as trustee, and these securities remain the same during the life of the investment trust. The "life" varies; one investment trust in New York terminates in ninety-nine years, or June 30, 2026, when the deposited securities will be sold and the shareholders will receive their proportionate shares in cash.

Financing, holding, and operating companies have long been familiar to American investors, and, in the public utility field especially, are of considerable current interest. The financing, holding, or operating type of company occupies a most important position in American business and finance. But, to quote the words of Mr. Leland Rex Robinson, one of the foremost authorities on investment trusts in this country, "it must not be confused with the investment trust, which exists solely for the efficient investment and reinvestment of its capital over a wide range of securities, and strives for a combination of continuous supervision of investments and distribution of risk which could not possibly be obtained in any other way."

TO QUOTE Mr. Robinson further: "Some investment trusts limit this distribution of risk to the securities of one country; others buy only common stocks or bonds; still others confine their investment activities to one industry, or a group of related industries. The great majority of investment trusts, however, including practically all of the great and conspicuously successful companies of London and Edinburgh, interpret diversification of holdings as (a) international; (b) inter-industrial, and (c) involving the purchase of bonds as well as shares."

In this country the management type of investment trust preceded the fixed type. At the present time also the management type of trust is of greater importance from the viewpoint of number of organizations and total amount of paid-in capital. Many of them have been organized by powerful banking groups, and in capital structure, investment management, distribution of risk, and establishment of reserves they may be compared with the typical British investment trusts. They are not all of them exactly alike, of course, and some specialize in one field of investment interest, some in another. One, for example, may limit its investments to American bank stocks, another to Canadian bank stocks; a third may specialize in

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railroad securities, a fourth in public utilities, and so on.

It is obvious that in the management type of investment trust, where limited or unlimited power is given the managers to buy and sell securities for the trust, the character and ability of the managers are factors of the utmost importance. The managers are really trustees with discretionary powers, and they should constantly supervise the investment fund. It goes without saying that they should not speculate with the funds at their disposal. In general they should invest these funds in a large variety of securities in order that the law of averages may operate in protecting the principal and income. They should limit their investment in any one security so that their holdings do not call for representation on the board of directors, and involve them in the responsibilities of management.

Able managers, of course, try to earn a higher return than that ordinarily received on other investments of comparable safety, accomplishing this end through:

(a) The favorable average interest and dividend yield which the trust receives through the careful selection and purchase of securities, and which tends to be higher than could be secured with equal safety if the capital were not sufficient for considerable diversification;

(b) Cash investment profits, the result of managerial skill;

(c) Proper investment of earned reserves and surplus accumulated year by year from net income.

The cost of raising capital for investment is generally less in the management type of trust than in those of the so-called "fixed" variety, and many management investment trusts write off the costs of raising new capital out of earnings. Many investment trusts of the management type keep increasing their capital, some by occasional new issues, some by frequent ones. The main considerations, however, in the case of management trusts are the latitude in the matter of investments given to the trustees or managers, and the experience, ability, and integrity of these men. When the trust indenture of one company provides that, "the trustees shall have power to manage the investment fund in the same manner and to the same extent as if they were the absolute owners thereof, and in connection with such management they shall have each and every power which would be incident to absolute ownership of the investment fund," it is obvious that the prospective purchaser of shares would want to have every confidence in the trustees. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that able trustees can manage a fund much more efficiently than a layman, and that under skillful management the chances of making profits are greatly enhanced.

(Continued on page 74)

Investment Literature

"Ideal Investments" is the designation universally accorded Smith First Mortgage 6½ per cent. Bonds, which carry attractive tax refund features. A history of the house and information relative to their bonds and the safeguards that surround every issue they offer may be obtained by addressing the home office of the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investing for Safety," the newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real-estate bond issues.

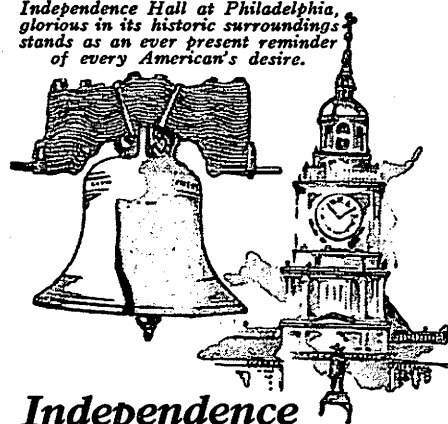
"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail"; The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

"A Fixed Investment in America's Prosperity" is a very interesting booklet on Investment Trusts prepared by American Basic-Business Shares Corporation, 67 Wall Street, New York City. They will be glad to send a copy of this on request.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York, are distributing to investors an interesting booklet, "Odd Lot Trading," which contains valuable information to both the large and small investor and shows the many advantages offered to traders in Odd Lots.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

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A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds—Clearly describing the development and value of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds as an investment.

The House Behind the Bonds—To help you judge the character of our issues by describing our personnel and method of securing offerings.

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Something About Investment Trusts

(Continued from page 73)

In the case of a fixed investment trust, management—the essence of the type of investment trust just described—is largely non-existent. The purchaser of shares in a fixed trust acquires an interest in certain specified securities deposited with the trustee, but has no claim on a general investment trust fund. The trust indentures under which these shares are issued require that in each deposited block securities be purchased in the proportions specified. The selling prices of shares issued by fixed trusts are based upon the market values, at a given time, of the deposited securities, plus a fee for administration and underwriting expenses.

For example, a fixed trust is created, and it is decided that in the trust there will be twenty-five different common stocks of American corporations, perhaps five shares of some, six of others, three of others, and so on. The total value of these twenty-five different stocks, deposited with the trustee, is, say, fifteen thousand dollars; a thousand shares of investment trust stock are issued against the deposited shares, and the value of each investment trust share is therefore fifteen dollars. If a dollar a share is charged for expenses the purchaser pays sixteen dollars a share for his stock. Now it may be that a year later the market value of the twenty-five common stocks deposited with the trustee has risen to eighteen thousand dollars, and if that should happen the value of each of the thousand shares of trust stock are not worth fifteen dollars apiece any longer, but eighteen. Similarly if a new block of investment trust shares were issued a year later, secured by the same stocks, and in the same proportions, the public would have to pay nineteen dollars a share for them, i.e., eighteen for the stock and one dollar for expenses.

There are usually—sometimes, however, they are limited to one class of securities—a varied assortment of industries represented by fixed trust shares, the income from the underlying securities units being derived from a wide range of productive sources. One unit of one fixed investment trust, for example, covers one hundred and two different stocks representing over twenty different kinds of industry, and nearly every part of the country. Another offers shares representing participation in units consisting of common stock in thirty leading American basic industries, and advertises that, "directly or indirectly a part of almost every dollar that is spent in the United States finds its way into the treasuries of these great corporations." If this is a fair statement then it is also true that as a holder of shares in this fixed investment trust, "your income benefits directly from the earnings of these basic industries so

that in a sense . . . you are taking money out of one pocket and putting it in another."

Few investors are able to buy shares in one hundred and two, or in thirty, different corporations. As holders of fixed investment trust shares, however, they secure the benefit of all income from underlying stocks, including extra cash dividends, proceeds from the sale of rights and stock dividends, and the cutting of melons.

It is considered good business for every investment trust to have a reserve fund as a protection against contingencies, and to assure the purchaser of shares a steady income. The best way of accomplishing this is by appropriations out of current income, which not only increase the stability of dividends and reduce fluctuations in the market price of investment trust issues, but build up on a compound interest basis the earning assets of the fund, and give shareholders reason to expect a steady increase in earnings. One fixed investment trust with headquarters in New York City takes all earnings from stocks in each unit above a certain fixed sum and places them in a reserve fund until this reserve reaches one thousand dollars a unit. This thousand dollars is in cash and will be used only to make up any deficiencies in dividends payable on the trust shares; if such a need should arise and the reserve fund be depleted it would be built up again by once more allocating to it excess earnings in good years.

Investment trusts, new things in the United States, are gaining in public favor every day. American capital paid into these organizations in the last six years has reached the amazing total of six hundred million dollars, and is steadily increasing. During the few years of their existence in our country there have been certain abuses perhaps, but no one can quarrel with the idea of investment trusts. It is excellent. The fact, also, that Attorney-General Ottinger has made recommendations to the New York State Banking Department for the supervision and regulation of investment trusts is proof that they are becoming important financial organizations, and being recognized as such. Supervision by the State authorities, moreover, will be a safeguard for investors.

Investment trust shares, like other investments, are not to be bought blindly, but for the small investor wishing to enjoy the benefits heretofore limited to the man of large wealth they offer inducements which are decidedly worth investigation. One man may prefer the management, another the fixed type, but both have their advantages, and it is far from rash to predict that investment trusts in the near future will be recognized as one of the most important factors in the investment world.

Thumbprints and Footprints

(Continued from page 14)

incriminating sheets of paper to pieces and calmly burns them up in a brass ash receiver.

What magnificent gestures find their way into books of this ilk!

Miss Brown of X-Y-O

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A THICK London fog—a level-eyed, trim young stenographer hopelessly lost—a convenient doorstep to rest upon—a servant suddenly appearing behind her and demanding (after some questions as to her profession) that she come immediately into the house—a young man discovered lying wounded on a sofa near the fire—a young man who chances to be a famous explorer and Foreign Office agent who has been chased across two continents—a young man who must give some trustworthy person some dictation before he dies!

A pretty good start for a novel of mystery and adventure, don't you think?

The notes he must dictate are of international pricelessness—notes about the anarchist movement now finding its way into the Advanced Labor Party of Parliament, a movement that may precipitate a great war at any moment.

Naturally you might think that, even deeming

himself in a dying condition (he has been shot), he is taking a ridiculously giddy risk in letting his man, Mergen, bring in a little fog-lost girl from his front steps. But you will agree, once you have read Mr. Oppenheim's description of Miss Brown, that Colonel Dessiter knew a lady and a heroine when he saw one.

She is to guard the dictated notes with her life. They hold a secret, the revelation of which would stand governments quite upon their heads, and little Miss Brown, who has come to realize that her days up to this thrilling foggy one have been quite nothing at all, gladly accepts the post.

Miss B. does, as might be expected of her, her total duty not only to the Colonel's trust but to her King and country, and is rewarded with a tidy little income and the love of a fine gentleman.

Meanwhile, as you may imagine, the anarchists have left no stone or bomb unturned in their efforts to obtain Miss B.'s notes and papers. But the blue-eyed girl is not to be caught napping.

Despite its melodramatic and sensational cast of countenance, this novel succeeds in being absolutely delightful. Its breathlessness is stimulating and Miss B.'s marvelous calm saves the whole thing from going over the edges. Mr. Oppenheim's master touch in the telling and the

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LOOK OUT! Serious automobile and many other kinds of accidents happen every minute—few escape them—suppose you meet with an accident to-night . . . would your income continue? Pneumonia, appendicitis and many other ills in the policy, which are prevalent now, can cause serious financial loss to you . . . prepare Now.

Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

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tremendous kick of the thing makes for astonishingly good reading. We recommend it most heartily.

But oh, for a stenographer of Miss Brown's sense and sensibility! We can not understand why Colonel Dessiter, even admitting that he has traveled the wide world and known women in every land, so to speak, should have waited until the last page, even the last line, before he did his duty by her!

26 Mystery Stories

Old and New, by Twenty and Six Authors. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott. (D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

THIS striking group of tales by the world's best authors, among whom are Edith Wharton, Camille Flammarion, Zona Gale, Guy de Maupassant and Wells, are not detective stories but a collection of mysterious experiences with the supernatural which, in most cases, fall short of any adequate explanation.

Their unusual and ghostly content gains much force and dignity from the superb workmanship which envelops them. They form a "draughty" sort of volume, through which a weird wind seems to blow, creating a fine sense of mystery and other-worldness for the enchanted reader.

The Melody of Death

By Edgar Wallace. (The Dial Press, New York.)

AGAIN London. A London in which lives a fine young chap who is not only high-minded and a great favorite, but who is unfortunately threatened with serious illness. The fatality of this illness—or the non-fatality of it—is to be told to him through the strings of a violin. (You see, he's a bit musical himself and given to such notions.) If the doctor finds that he is going to live, a musician is to play "The Spring Song" beneath his window some night. If he is doomed to death by cancer, it is to be "The Melody in F." In this strange way he is to get the news.

It all sounds supremely silly, put baldly like that, but it actually makes a good situation in the story.

On his wedding night, while he is discovering that his bride has married him solely for a fortune which he knows he will never get, he hears beneath the windows of his living-room a street musician playing the "Melody in F." So there he is in a nice pickle.

He must provide for his wife and that quickly if his exit is so shortly ordained. To that end he becomes a skillful crook—and still not a crook, as you will see. This is one of the few cases where you can have something both ways at once. In fact, he is, in a way, almost a philanthropist.

The girl in the book is no good at all. A cold-blooded young creature, if you ask me, but you can't expect to have them all as darling as little Miss Brown.

P. S. Forgot to say that the street musician (but you will have guessed this without my telling you) mixed things up grandly, as they assure me street musicians have a way of doing, and played the wrong tune. It should have been "The Spring Song."

The Clifford Affair


By A. Fielding. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

"Then this way, sir." Maybrick led down to a door at the farther end of a little passage. Pointer stepped into a tiled bathroom. In the bath-tub—it was not a pleasant sight—lay a man's body, stripped and headless.

"Where's his head?"
 "Not on the premises, sir. Gone. Like his clothes. All gone."

AND with that, naturally, Scotland Yard gets busy, but not as intelligently busy as Pointer, Chief Inspector, independently becomes. The case fascinates him, drives him to ceaseless deduction and study and watchfulness, and the Clifford affair consumes him like a fire. With a man of parts (as C. I. Pointer is) as principal sleuth, and a good plot, and a whole book in which to write and write as the spirit moves him, what weaver of detective yarns could fail to make a good story!

Mr. Fielding is a very generous man. One (Continued on page 76)



WHAT more powerful magnet to draw to your home congenial friends—to keep the young people happy and contented under their own roof-tree—than a billiard table?

Dull evenings vanish. In their place a continuous round of fun, laughter, excitement and the absorbing interest of one of the greatest of all sports. Giving you as well mild exercise that you need—twisting, turning, stretching and walking.

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables
 From \$15 Up

There's a beautiful Brunswick table for billiards or pocket billiards to fit any home and any means. They come stationary, portable or convertible in a number of sizes. No extra space or room needed with portable or convertible styles.

Send for pictures and full descriptions. No obligation. Prices as low as \$15. Convenient terms. Mail coupon today.

Play Billiards

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
 Dept. H-232, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Gentlemen: Please send me complete information about your Home Billiard Tables.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
 Est. 1845 Branches in All Principal Cities



AGENTS

HERE is a new Household device that beats a vacuum cleaner and all attachments. It not only sweeps thoroughly and cleans walls and ceilings but also washes and dries windows and scrubs and mops floors. Requires no electricity. Every home a prospect. Only \$2.95. Over half profit. Write your name and address at the edge of this ad and mail to us today for complete selling terms.

—Harper Mfg. Co., 551-6th St., Fairfield, Iowa.

NEW! A BIG HIT!

The Little Checkwriter with the Big Protection

Prints and cuts figures in acid-proof ink. Results equal to big machines. Self-feeding, self-inking, light, handy.

AGENTS—\$5 Or More An Hour!

Be a check-protection expert—stop check frauds—make \$25-\$50 a day. Everyone who writes checks wants the Arnold. Lowest price, biggest profits. No competition. Permanent, dignified position with big immediate earnings and brilliant future. Swears made \$500 last 10 days—Bache made \$3,000 in a month—Bowerman averages \$25 a day. Write quick for details and free ample offer.

THE ARNOLD CHECKWRITER CO., Inc., Dept. B-46 FLINT, MICHIGAN

TO INVESTMENT HOUSES

DO NOT fail to read Mr. Tomlinson's articles which are now appearing in the Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The article appearing in this issue deals with an entirely new form of security in this country—Investment Trusts—and is exceptionally interesting.

Every month Mr. Tomlinson writes on some phase of Investments, which is invaluable to prospective investors.

Financial Department

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or, by a stretch of the imagination, a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our

soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of old age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 732, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

Tear Off and Mail at Once

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. 732
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

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

Thumbprints and Footprints

(Continued from page 75)

series of events does not satisfy him. He likes to evolve an intricate pattern, delicately hinging incidents which if you touch one of them rudely the whole structure of explanation comes toppling down, and you, along with Inspector Pointer, have to begin all over again to try to find the head that belongs to the gentleman in the bath-tub. And find it you do, in one of those square tin cracker boxes such as you see at the grocer's. And now, I'm wondering if any of us shall ever again be able to eat a *saltine*, or a *water-thin* without trembling, and one erstwhile innocent taste for *social-teas* has been utterly ruined.

It is the very dickens to try to give some idea of the plot of a tale like "The Clifford Affair." Say more than one word and we are in danger of giving the whole thing away, and then where does the fun come in for you when you read it?

You will have to be content with knowing that it has to do with some very nice people living on the outskirts of London, and that the murder has ramifications extending into the very Court of King Alfonso of Spain and others of as exalted a position. What struck us as particularly pleasant was the fact that a busy Inspector of Police recognized, instanter, quotations from Tagore when they were casually hurled at him.

England beats us in matters like that.

The Castle Rock Mystery

By George Gibbs. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

MR. GIBBS presents a very pretty problem. He gives us a young writer of mystery and detective stories who has been mentally whittled down to the danger point from overwork, and who takes actual participation in a crime committed in his neighborhood while in a subconscious state.

He, of course, realizes nothing of this participation, and joins the local authorities in their very active and interesting efforts to solve the murder mystery.

Imagine his perplexity! He finds quite damning finger-prints that are his own, and footprints that fit his own shoes, and so on. This is a clever conceit, and makes for increasing the mists which close around the death of a strange man at the lonely Trudeau place called "Castle Rock."

Joe Brock, the writing fellow, being on friendly terms with old Mr. Trudeau, goes over to his neighbor's on that fatal, dripping and dour morning, and finds Trudeau vanished, an unknown man shot to death in the library and a book, a volume of Anatole France, which he could swear on every Bible since the Gutenberg one, had been in his own bed-room the night before, reposing on top of the Trudeau bookcase.

How did it get there?

We think that we would like to put a little check beside the title of this entertaining story—the kind of check which would make you know that we advise you to read it. It is decidedly fresh in a realm of romance where originality is difficult to find.

The Procession to Tyburn

By William McAdoo, Chief Magistrate of the City of New York. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

AND now we leave the land of make-believe criminals and invented mysteries and become absorbed in a most remarkable and outstanding work by the Hon. William McAdoo, who in his introduction to this history of crime and punishment in England in the eighteenth century has written a most comprehensive essay on criminology, with penetrating observations upon criminal practice in our own times and on "the eternal relation between the criminal and society."

The material for this unusual book was found in a rare work of three volumes, "The Criminal Recorder," issued in 1804, by a man whose real identity has never been discovered.

The chapters include biographical sketches of London's notorious pirates, traitors, murderers, pickpockets, swindlers, and so on down

(Continued on page 78)

Take 6 to 10 Inches Off Your Waistline in 35 Days



The Director Belt has made a big change in my waist measure. It took off 7 or 8 in. in just a few weeks and I am losing fat right along. I gladly recommend the "Director."—Wallis Bennett.



I used to measure 46 in. around. My Director Belt has taken off 9 or 10 in. and I'm just about the right size now. I also feel much more active than before.—H. W. Quaintance, Chicago.



Three months ago I had a big, flabby stomach. Was fully 15 in. over size. The Director Belt has reduced me 11 in. I will soon be back to normal.—N. W. Johnson, New York.



The Director Belt reduced my girth fully 8 inches in less than 2 months. I haven't felt as comfortable in years as I have since I began to wear it.—E. Tumler, Milwaukee.

"I REDUCED from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

Let us prove to you, without your risking a penny, that you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove to you that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight will be removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it will be correctly supported, giving you freedom of movement and natural grace you have not known for years.

Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece, of finest mercerized web elastic. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother with. It is light and compact and can be worn with perfect ease and comfort on any or all occasions. You will not be troubled with sagging trousers, vest creeping up and wrinkling coat in business hours. It improves wonderfully any man's appearance in a dress suit.

The improvement in your waistline comes as soon as you slip into this new belt. You look and feel years younger. The Director gives the necessary support to the stout man and serves to place the abdominal weight where it belongs. You no longer have that dragged-down feeling. Shortness of breath disappears.

With every step you take, with every movement of the body, the Director gently kneads and massages the abdominal muscles, disperses the fatty deposits until they are finally absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure in front is held firmly together, strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging does not permit additional fat to form.



Gone—that ugly bulge and you feel and look years younger

You Take No Risk Whatever

Doctors not only endorse the Director, but many of them wear it. The Director improves health as well as appearance. It won't cost you a cent if you don't want the Director after you have seen it and tried it on.

"It's comfortable and I like it," is a statement made in hundreds of letters in our files. Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements, instructions for self-measurement and letters from Director wearers. Use the coupon below, or just write a postcard asking for our free trial offer.

Do You Have
A Large Waistline
Tired Back Muscles
Afternoon Fatigue
Shortness of Breath
Uncomfortable
Clothes

Do You Want
Better Appearance
Added Energy
Better Health



Send for Free BOOKLET

This Coupon Brings FREE TRIAL Offer

LANDON & WARNER, Dept. 2-D, 332 S. La Salle St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Mail This Coupon Today

Name

Street

City State

Thumbprints and Footprints

(Continued from page 76)

the scarlet category. The death penalty was inflicted even for petty thefts in many cases in those days, and justice seems to have had a very hard time of it. As a contrast, Mr. McAdoo points out that now many a murderer may hope to escape the extreme payment for his crime.

The book was originally intended as a handbook for social workers, and for the medical and legal professions, but the increasing interest in crime as a social problem and as a psychological study, tends to make this astonishing record of Tyburn one for general reading.

The House of Disappearance

By J. Jefferson Farjeon. (The Dial Press, New York.)

HERE is a snapshot of this one.

Mr. Elderly of Greystones, telephones the police from his study and asks in a voice of terror that they come to him at once. Then, something interrupting him, the message breaks off—

Out on the lawn of Greystones, two young people—Mr. Elderly's niece and her adored Peter Armstrong—argue about the weather. Twenty-five minutes later they are still at it; shall it be a mackintosh day or shall it not! Suddenly the police arrive, and excitement mounts to white heat when, all returning astounded to the house, they break into the locked study and discover that Mr. Elderly has vanished—like smoke.

And that is the beginning of that. Now you find out what has happened. The answer is obtainable at any book-store.

The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road

By William Gillette. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

WHILE we are about this business of rounding up this nice little herd of sleuth and crime stories, we must put the brand "O. K." on "The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road" which is an admirable detective tale by no less a person than William Gillette, the famous actor who for many seasons played the part of Sherlock Holmes in the stage version of A. Conan Doyle's world-famous story. The puzzle to be solved in this instance concerns itself with the murder of one Michael Haworth immediately after that young man has sold the rights of his remarkable motion-picture invention to a shady company of promoters.

Mr. Gillette clears up all the tangled strands of his mystery, and adds, besides, in his book, a very beautiful romance. We liked reading this yarn very much.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

of its jurisdiction. More than 100 children of Rahway and vicinity have received incalculable aid at his hands.

As a testimonial of their regard for this famous surgeon and in appreciation of his devoted services, Rahway members held a reception and dinner in his honor a short time ago. A large proportion of the Rahway Elks, and distinguished members from all over the State, were in attendance. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman, and Harris Cohan, Secretary, of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, came to pay their respects, and a letter congratulating Dr. Albee and the Lodge was received from Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey. Frank W. Kidd, President of the Rahway Hospital Association and vice-chairman of the Lodge's committee in charge of the work, was master of ceremonies, and Chairman M. F. Quinn presented to the guest of honor a gold life-membership card and an engrossed testimonial, as well as other tokens of the Lodge's appreciation to the doctors, nurses and assistants who had taken part in the work.

Dr. Albee's speech consisted mainly of a description of the methods of modern bone surgery, which he illustrated with two reels of moving-pictures showing operations being per-

FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!



Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin*—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically, *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

.....FREE TRIAL OFFER.....

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,
216 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 190,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

formed. The whole was an evening of the greatest interest and spirit, a fitting finale to the year's work.

District Deputy Edgarton Visits Wallingford, Conn., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Edgarton to Wallingford, Conn., Lodge, No. 1365, was the occasion of a large gathering of members and visitors from near-by Lodges. After the meeting and initiation, excellently conducted by the officers of No. 1365, there was an entertainment and supper in the club rooms. Among the well-known members of the Order who attended the session and spoke briefly were Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Lieutenant-Governor Brainard of Connecticut and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Donovan.

Crippled Children Happy Guests Of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

One of the finest parties that have been staged in the Home of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, was one tendered recently to the crippled children of the city. Under the direction of the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Committee, of which Governor A. Harry Moore is Chairman, a most elaborate program of entertainment was provided for the youngsters. In addition, there were many gifts for every one of the children, to say nothing of generous supplies of ice-cream and cake.

District Deputy Cavanaugh Visits Victor, Colo., Lodge

Accompanied by Exalted Ruler Harold D. Hahnenkratt and other officers of his home Lodge, Florence, No. 611, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Cavanaugh paid his official visit to Victor, Colo., Lodge, No. 367, a short time ago. Following the meeting and initiation, Mr. Cavanaugh outlined the plans and wishes of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, making a speech which deeply impressed his hearers.

Montclair, N. J., Lodge Reports on Work With Crippled Children

The report made by Chairman Frank J. Dunnion of the Crippled Children's Committee of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 891, shows a large amount of work excellently done. So complete has been the work of the committee that to-day there is not a child in Montclair needing attention who is not receiving the best that can be provided. The problem of vocational training for its wards is now being taken up by the Lodge. Below is a partial summary of the activities in behalf of the unfortunate youngsters:

Number of cases, 46; conveyed to clinics, 601; operations, 9; braces provided, 1; orthopedic shoes provided, 3; X-rays taken, 14; deformities cured, 3; casts applied, 2; visits by chairman, 260; outings, 3; placed in special school, 1; artificial legs provided, 1; canes provided, 4.

Lansing, Mich., Officers Initiate Class for Detroit Lodge

One of the largest and most successful initiations ever held in the Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, was conducted by the officers of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, a short time ago. A capacity audience of members and visiting Elks was on hand to enjoy the fine exemplification of the ritual by Exalted Ruler C. L. Stebbins and his staff. Exalted Thomas G. Carroll thanked and complimented the Lansing officers for their impressive conduct of the ceremonies, and praised the choir and drill team for their part in the delightful program. The visitors were later guests of honor at a social session.

J. W. Fallon, Secretary of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge

His fellow members of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, and his many friends throughout the Order were saddened to learn of the death of J. W. Fallon, who passed away recently at the Holy Name Hospital at Teaneck, N. J., from injuries received in an automobile acci-

(Continued on page 80)



**Over 100,000 Now In Use
100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong**

"Made to Order" for ELKS

Newly patented, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card case—just what every ELK needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear. New, ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold. Made of high grade, black GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1-10 14K Gold corners and snap fastener. Size, 3 1/2 x 6 closed, just right for hip pocket (flattens to only 1/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 23K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine calfskin key case (illustration at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!

Free Examination! Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No string to this (the genuine calfskin key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10 (my price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust ELKS as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

Send Coupon today for HALVORFOLD and Key-Case



HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 2EK 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$5.00. Either way key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 5 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection give here your Member's No. and Lodge Emblem

Name

Address

25¢ Off (to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied)

REDISCOVERED!



From the land of beautiful, healthy hair comes this secret formula by Dececco. Banishes dandruff—that unsightly handicap to appearance. Dandruff often creates a wrong first impression. Further than that it is the agency that forecasts unhealthy scalps—falling hair—baldness. Remove dandruff! Put the scalp in healthy condition. Care for the hair as you would any organ of the body. It will repay you—appearance means so much in social or business associations. Dececco's formula is not an experiment. Long in use, a family finally fell heir to the formula and guarded it jealously, until Dececco again gave its benefits to the world. Furthermore, it restores gray hair to its natural color. It is absolutely harmless. It is not a dye. Put a one (\$1.00) dollar bill to this advertisement and send it to us today. You get a full size four-ounce bottle, sufficient to prove to you its remarkable results.

WALL-GREG SALES CORPORATION DEPT. E JOLIET, ILLINOIS



New! THE MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

Breath-taking Beauty! Quality! Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Write now for prices on this delightful home equipment.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO: SOLID KUMFORT, Louis Rastetter & Sons, 1300 Wall Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set, tell me where I can buy it, and the price.

Name _____ Address _____ Date _____

My Dealer is _____



LASTING RESPECT



TRUE respect never can be manifested by a mere gesture. The salute to the flag must be founded upon patriotic citizenship.

Likewise, the farewell to a loved one should be followed by a conscientious fulfillment of the obligations due to those precious remains.

Thousands of families are solving this problem by using the Clark Grave Vault. They know it affords positive and permanent protection. They consider it as essential as a casket.

They know that this vault, being designed according to an immutable law of Nature, can not possibly allow any moisture to enter.

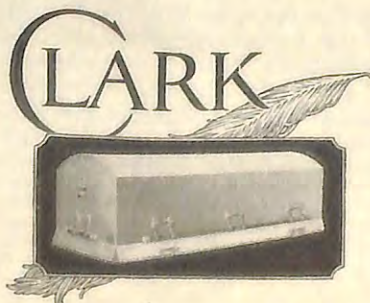
Further, because the Clark Vault is made entirely of special quality 12-gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Ingot Iron, it is highly rust-resisting. In the finer models a plating of pure cadmium is added, giving the greatest rust-resistance known to science. This cadmium plating is done by the famous Udylite process, exclusive on this vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend the Clark Grave Vault and give with each one a 50-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

The Clark Grave Vault Co.
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

dent. Mr. Fallon was a leader in the activities of his Lodge, and was its Secretary at the time of his death. He was a prominent citizen of his community and held the office of Police Commissioner.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge to Entertain Elks National Bowling Championships

The Eleventh Annual Bowling Championship Tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America will be held at Louisville, Ky., starting on Saturday, March 24, and continue until late in April, with entries closing on Thursday, March 1, the Entry Fee being \$3.50 per man for each event. The headquarters will be at the Home of Louisville Lodge, No. 8, and the games will be bowled at the McComb Recreation Alleys, where twenty newly equipped alleys will be available.

The tournament has attracted many Elk bowlers in the past, and last year's event, held in the Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, broke all records for entries. Three hundred and forty-three five-men teams were entered, with a prize list amounting to \$8,075. When the tournament was awarded to Louisville Lodge, they promised to do all in their power to break Milwaukee's record, and from present indications there is great possibility of doing so, as inquiries have already been received from Lodges who have never before participated.

A committee consisting of President John J. Gray, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Art Williams and Henry Peachey, Past Secretaries, who visited Louisville Lodge a few weeks ago, to make all necessary arrangements, were told that Secretary William Bauer and the Louisville Committee are leaving nothing undone to make the coming event the largest and best ever held. Those desiring further information regarding the tournament may write William H. Bauer, Secretary, care Elks Club, Louisville, Ky.

"Do Good Committee," Organized at Cost of Five Dollars, Raises Thousands

Reporting the activities of the "Do Good Committee" of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, in the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, a typographical error made it appear that this active charity committee in raising \$20,000 during the past few years had done so at a cost of \$5,000. This should have read five dollars. So well organized is this committee and so enthusiastic are its members that its operation has cost only this small sum.

District Deputy Tolan Warmly Received at Visit to His Home Lodge

The visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry G. Tolan to his Home Lodge, Hornell, N. Y., No. 364, was one of the outstanding features of the annual open-house programs conducted recently by the membership. Mr. Tolan was given a hearty welcome by Exalted Ruler Dr. F. J. Frantz, and many members took part in the reception and meeting. Following the initiation of a large class of candidates, Mr. Tolan was the chief speaker at a banquet given in his honor.

Norman M. Vaughan First President Of Missouri State Elks Association

In the presentation by Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, of Fred A. Morris as a candidate for reelection for Grand Treasurer, he is erroneously credited with being the first President of the Missouri State Elks Association. Norman M. Vaughan, Past Exalted Ruler of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417, formerly a member of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, enjoys the distinction of having served as the first President of the Association, and Mr. Morris as its second President.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge duplicated its generous Thanksgiving party by giving the young-

sters and needy of its community a Christmas party that will be remembered long by the many who were the recipients of the Lodge's beneficence.

Though Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge has only 127 members, it distributed close to fifty baskets of food to the needy of its city at Christmas time.

Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, delivered the Memorial Day address at one of the largest services ever conducted by Portland, Ore., Lodge.

An Elks pin belonging to O. S. McDowell is in the possession of W. F. Garnett, Secretary of Hopkinsville, Ky., Lodge, who will be glad to return it on proper identification.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge produced its annual minstrel show recently. It was a great success in every respect.

Elks of Billings, Mont., Lodge staged a most successful minstrel and vaudeville show recently under the direction of Nat Hilt, a member of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge.

The children of the district were recently treated to a special matinee performance of the motion picture "Moulders of Men" by Hancock, Mich., Lodge.

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge has recently re-decorated and refurbished its entire Home.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge maintains a Good Health Clinic with a trained nurse and an assistant on duty daily.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge celebrated, on December 31, its fifty-first anniversary with a dance and dinner.

The Finance and Building committees of Cumberland, Md., Lodge recently submitted a plan for a new Home and its financing to the members.

The Boy Scout troop sponsored by Toledo, O., Lodge is engaged in collecting books for donation to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

Clinton, Mass., Lodge will put on an entertainment this month at Rutland for the patients of the U. S. Veterans Hospital.

Ashland, Ore., Lodge has recently purchased a snooker pool table and a portable motion-picture projection machine for use in its Home.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge some weeks ago, entertained the members of the Grand Jury at a dinner in its Home.

Merced, Calif., Lodge members are planning a trip on February 5 to Yosemite, where they will be entertained by the Antlers Club.

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge will hold its annual ball February 3.

On February 10, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge will hold a swimming meet for the children of members.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge is planning to have prominent business and professional men of the State make brief educational talks at its winter meetings.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary with a banquet at the Hotel Statler on March 18.

Orange, N. J., Lodge will hold its annual charity ball February 21, the day before the Washington's Birthday holiday.

Butte, Mont., Lodge marked its second anniversary in its present Home with an entertainment and dance.

Ouray, Colo., Lodge is offering a bonus of \$25 for every mountain lion killed between Ridgway and the south boundary of Ouray County. This is in addition to the reward given by the Denver Post for the animals which are preying on the elk and mountain sheep of the State.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge will hold, some time this month, a "Frederick Warde Night," in honor of the beloved actor, who is one of the Order's oldest members.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge will hold its annual charity ball on February 3, at the Commodore Hotel.

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is an architect's
vision realized...

ALWAYS

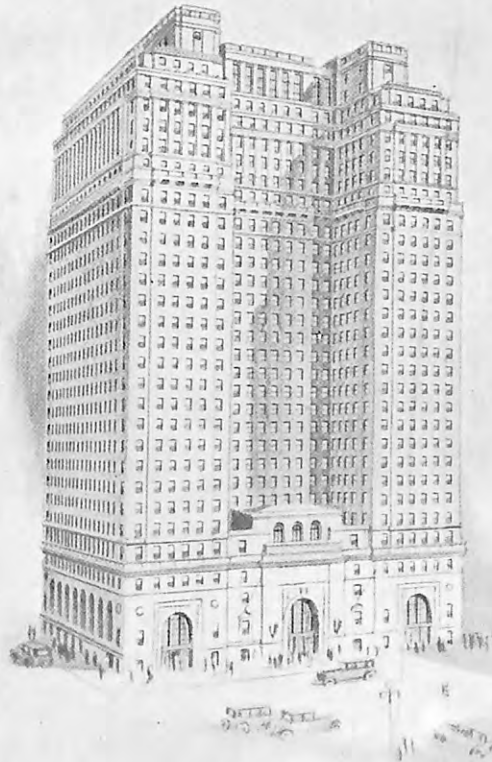
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