



# The Elks

★

## Magazine

JANUARY  
1923



This month: Achmed Abdullah, Bruce Barton, Bozeman Bulger, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Charles H. Markham, Meredith Nicholson, and others

20 cents  
a copy

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

# Walter Camp's Daily Dozen

Now On  
Phonograph  
Records

Famous Yale Coach Says We Can  
Keep Fit in 10 Minutes Fun a Day

**T**HRILLING! That's the only way to describe this new way of keeping fit. It's like zooming along in an aeroplane—the glow and exhilaration it gives one.

Unlike old-fashioned methods, this new way creates an indescribable liveliness and energy instead of tiring and wearing you out.

Doing the "Daily Dozen" to music in your own home, is in truth a great and new idea. Its originators richly deserve the widespread commendation they are receiving. For they have made exercise a real recreation—more fun than a fascinating game!

The main trouble with exercise up to this time has been that it was too much like hard work. We devoted a lot of time and trouble developing muscles we didn't need to develop. But now people are beginning to realize that if exercise is to do us good, it is first necessary that we enjoy it. This vital fact is only too often overlooked by the average physical instructor when he puts us through the usual, uninteresting, boring and exhausting movements.

Dr. Frank Crane, in one of his recent editorials, says:

"Daily physical exercise is essential. It must be of a character to balance our daily occupation; that is, it should be an especial use of these muscles in exercises which in our regular work we neglect.

"The essential in recreation is that it shall be fun. *An hour's recreation that we enjoy is worth two hours that we take as a sort of punishment.*"

Doing the "Daily Dozen" to music is not only exhilarating fun, but it takes only 10 minutes a day. The exercises develop only those muscles on which our health depends. According to Walter Camp, the body muscles are the only muscles that average men and women need to develop in order to keep perfectly fit. These muscles count the most—yet they are the very muscles we most neglect!

In his speech before Congress, which is printed in the Congressional Record, Mr. Camp says:

"If you are going to do office work, you do not want bulging muscles. That is not worth while. It is a nuisance, and sooner or later it drains your vitality. The place where we must look out for ourselves is in our body muscles.

"Now, what do the wild animals in a state of captivity do? You do not see any lion or tiger kicking to exercise his legs. He knows his legs are going to be good enough. But what is he doing all the time? He is stretching those big muscles of the body, bending and stretching his body muscles. That is an inherited instinct in those wild animals. I made up my mind that this is what I wanted to get at, so I worked out this set of exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" made their first appearance in the training camps during the war. Army officials recognized that Swedish calisthenics and other old-fashioned methods

often tore down health and efficiency, instead of building them up, so they came to Walter Camp for a solution of the difficulty. Needless to state, the "Daily Dozen" exercises of the famous Yale coach made an instantaneous hit with both officers and boys in training. Since that time they have swept over the whole country, making hundreds of thousands of men and women fit—and keeping them so.

But music was the one thing needed to make the "Daily Dozen" the ideal way of building health. It is difficult for any one to fully appreciate the glow of health, the amount of "pep" one acquires from exercising to music until one has actually tried it. Music, such as has been selected for the "Daily Dozen," has a wonderful power to inspire action.

No matter how indisposed to exercise a person may be, just let him put one of the "Daily Dozen" records on his phonograph. The music will do the rest. It will literally sweep him through the whole twelve exercises—then, very likely he will *want to do them all over again!* This is a favorite habit with the great army of "Daily Dozen" fans.

And the result of this ten minutes' fun a day is an aid to the maintenance and the recovery of glowing health, a glorious vitality, a springy step, a bright eye—in short, a healthy and zesty man or woman tingling with the very glow of life.

But the "Daily Dozen" do not stop their wonderful work there. Far from it. If you are overweight, they will reduce your waistline. If underweight, they will help build firm, sound flesh. They revive weak, flabby muscles and assist in rebuilding them into live, vital tissue. They seem to instantly release an entirely unsuspected supply of energy which is at once reflected in a wonderfully increased capacity for mental or physical exertion.

The "Daily Dozen" are set to music on five full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records, playable on any disc machine. In addition, there are twelve handsome charts with 60 actual photographs illustrating every movement with clear and simple directions, and a little book by Walter Camp explaining the principles of his famous system. On the records a clear voice gives you the commands, telling you exactly what to do, and the inspiring music makes it a pleasure instead of a task. All you do is to put a record on the machine. Inside of ten minutes you will feel a glow that is priceless in its benefits to your health. Almost before you realize it you are enjoying better health—the greatest prize of all.



Try the Complete System Free—  
For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine, contain the complete "Daily Dozen" exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record-album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system, but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 861, Garden City, N. Y.

**FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON**

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,  
Dept. 861, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense—the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the 60 actual photographs and the beautiful record-album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the System, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

Name.....  
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City.....

If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price, send only \$10.00.

(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable cash with order.)



# Announcement

**T**HIS announces what has been already termed by many able business men "a monumental achievement in the commercial world."

Business has always wanted some reliable method—some sound plan—through which new salesmen could be developed and the production of individual salesmen bettered.

The primary requisites of such a training were that it be not only sound and practical, but of such a nature that every man would find in it material of direct bearing on and helpful application to his own individual problems.

I am glad to be able to announce that after twelve years in the building the LaSalle training course in Modern Salesmanship is now on the market.

It is winning the unqualified approval of seasoned sales executives—successful salesmen—and new men who are desirous of entering this field.

These individuals recognize in it the qualities of practicability and ease of understanding and use that have heretofore been largely obscured by theoretical discussion and individual opinions.

Twelve years is a long time to spend in building a business training service—particularly when you consider the wide and unusual resources of LaSalle from standpoints of executive, educational and financial facilities.

An ordinary sales course could have been produced in twelve months. Nationally known sales executives have repeatedly offered to prepare courses for us.

But LaSalle standards demanded something so essentially broad and sound and fundamental that the final product would not only win the unqualified approval of every important member of its executive and educational staff, but would command the immediate respect and approval of sales authorities in every line of industry.

It took years in time and a liberal expenditure of funds to build a training that we *knew* would live up to what we ourselves, the general public, and business executives expect of this institution.

To begin with, the tremendous existing mass of sales material—some of it excellent—much of it theoretical, individualistic and impractical—was carefully analyzed and examined. Then the real work started—the study of and with successful salesmen on the firing lines.

Modern Salesmanship has been built upon the basis of fundamental principles—and the practical application of these principles by seasoned and successful salesmen in every field. The work of thousands of producing salesmen has been analyzed, studied and applied in this course.

Failure, as well as success, has been considered. What not to do, as well as what to do, has been clearly outlined—made part of the training plan.

Every principle—every method of application—has been tested—tested in the hands of successful men in the field—in relation to every form of distribution of products and service.

For instance, the basics of the actual processes of selling were tested by actual use in the hands of hundreds of salesmen over a period of years.

The results of the use of these principles by salesmen—many already considered exceptional successes—were unusual and interesting.

Large increases in sales were made by men already highly productive—and new men made good. Sales formerly considered difficult were made relatively easy, by the use of the methods being tested.

This, not in one line, but in the hands of hundreds of salesmen—selling lines ranging from complasters to shoes and stoves as well as various forms of service.

In Modern Salesmanship, as the result of twelve years of original research and conscientious work in actual field tests, we offer a proved training of a character which fully measures up to the most rigid requirements from an actual result-producing standpoint.

The *right method* of transmitting information, is as important as the correctness of the basic principles themselves.

So, Modern Salesmanship puts the student in the position of working right along with a seasoned sales trainer or coach of wide experience. Through the LaSalle Problem Method, it is made easy to apply—to put into actual sales practice—the methods being acquired. It is practical training every step of the way—involving work which is practically equivalent to spending several months on the road, selling widely variant products and service.

Together with this announcement of the advent of the course, I want to take the opportunity of acknowledging the broad minded and generous co-operation extended LaSalle, in its research with the executives of the large number of concerns nationally known for their aggressiveness in sales matters.

The attitude of business in general toward the spread of sales knowledge is indicative of the change in commercial affairs in the last decade.

Where "selling ideas" used to be considered as secret sources of private gain, the general feeling in business today is that the organization and dissemination of these "secrets" through authoritative business training channels, can result only in the common good.

As this announcement goes to press, reports are coming in from successful salesmen who are increasing their yield through this training—from new men who are entering this attractive field—and from seasoned sales executives who see in this work a sound method of bettering the production of their individual men.

The twelve years spent in building Modern Salesmanship is justified. *It is doing what it was built to do.*

*The Catalog of Modern Salesmanship is now ready and will be forwarded to anyone writing for it.*

*J. A. Chapman*  
President  
LaSalle Extension University

## Modern Salesmanship

# LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Chicago, Illinois



"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

# The Elks

Volume One

Magazine

Number Eight

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

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Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**New Year's Message**

*Charleroi, Pa., January 1, 1923*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

Let us forget all about New Year resolves and just try to be good Elks every day in the year. Let us not swear off, but simply begin anew. We all made some mistakes in 1922; of course we did. Let us remember them only to avoid them, and not attempt to make ourselves do penance for what is past.

1922 is gone. 1923 leads the way. Great things are before us all, and my sincere wish is that every Elk in this broad land may rise to the opportunities before him, and by giving and forgiving, by being tolerant and considerate in thought and act, gather for himself and those about him, both in and out of his lodge, all the good things which come to those who do their best.

Best wishes for 1923 and always.

Fraternally yours,

*J. E. Masters*  
Grand Exalted Ruler

## Personalities and Appreciations

THE Order of Elks, having protested 'as one man, and with dignity and fervor, the threatened recall from America of Commander Evangeline Booth, welcomes the public announcement cabled by her brother, General Bramwell Booth, from headquarters in London to the effect that Miss Booth will not be disturbed in her direction of affairs as head of the Salvation Army operating in the United States—at least not before the Fall of 1923—and, furthermore, that nothing beyond that has been definitely determined in the matter. This statement encourages the widespread hope, both in the Order and without, that the leadership of the Army in America may remain unchanged.

### In Darkest Birmingham

NEXT month we present in his most entertaining mood an author counted among the leading humorists of the day: Octavus Roy Cohen, whose stories of the colored personages of Birmingham and thereabouts are watched for eagerly all over the country by people who love to laugh. "The Spider and the Lie"—first in a series Mr. Cohen is writing for this magazine—is one of the funniest tales he has ever told. Lawyer Chew, Florian Slappee, Ammonia Mimms and many other familiar Darktown characters whirl and shuffle through its pages. (We use the word "whirl" advisedly, as you will agree when you have read the story.) To make the pictures we secured H. Weston Taylor, who has been illustrating the Cohen negro stories for years and who knows his types from kinky crown to rhythmic toe.

"The Battle of Sedan," second in this series and equally laughable, will follow in an early issue. Make a mental note now to keep your eye open for the February number so that you can read the first Cohen story before the rest of the family corral the magazine for themselves.

### How's This for an Introduction?

"He struck the Hongkong water-front with the enthusiasm and speed of a typhoon, disguised in cordovan brogues shined to a mirrorlike glossiness, white linen knickerbockers of an audacious, hip-flaring cut, golf stockings of light brown camel's wool with turned-down tops of Royal Stuart tartan, a waist-fitting norfolk of an intensely green and intensely hairy County Sligo tweed, a tub-silk shirt in bold stripes of rose and magenta, a four-in-hand of rich scarlet, and a silver-grey Stetson hat with a puggaree band in a chaste electric blue.

"Beneath all this exuberant finery was a healthy body of twenty-five, well-muscled, sparsely fleshed, supple and strong and straight as a lance, topped by a ruddy young face with uptilted, slightly inquisitive nose, a strong jaw, violet-blue eyes, and a honey-colored, embryonic mustache. Too, somewhere inside of this sartorial splendor were three things: a flat purse containing seventeen dollars and sixty-four cents, a much thumbed poker deck, and a six-shooter—"

The six-shooter was carried mainly for show, but it came in very handily, as you will see on getting a little further into the Achmed Abdullah story, "The Ambassador of Poker," of which you have just read the opening paragraphs.

Few writers equal the vividness of Abdullah, for few have his background of travel in every corner of the globe and a first-hand knowledge of all sorts of people combined with the power to make you see the things he has seen in all their peculiar colors and aspects. "O'Sullivan Catches a Whale," another story of the Virginio-Chinese partnership of Jones & Sheng Pao, will appear shortly.

The illustrator of these two Abdullah stories is C. Le-Roy Baldrige, a young American artist who became well known while he was in the A. E. F. through his war posters and through drawings which appeared in "The Stars and Stripes." Mr. Baldrige is particularly qualified to illustrate these stories not alone because he is a splendid artist but also by virtue of a year or so spent in various parts of China. His atmosphere and character studies are authentic.

### Information, Please

ON PAGE 20 of this issue we publish a poem, well-loved throughout the Order, entitled "In a Friendly Sort o' Way." Thousands of our readers, on noting that we have signed it "Author Unknown," will probably rise to remark that the author was James Whitcomb Riley. We thought the poem was Riley's ourselves. But when we wrote to the Bobbs-Merrill Company, authorized publishers of the Hoosier poet's work, requesting permission to reprint the poem, we were informed that, although its authorship is commonly ascribed to Riley, it was not really written by him.

Ransacking the anthologies for light on this question left us just as completely in the dark as before. Everywhere we found the lines ascribed to Riley. But we have his publisher's word for it that Riley did not write the poem and his publishers, we feel, certainly ought to know.

Has anyone among you more definite information on this point? If so, we should welcome the opportunity to give the person, man or woman, who did write the poem the public recognition he or she unquestionably deserves.

### About That Story, "Goliath"

IN OUR November number we published a story by Dana Burnet, a football story entitled "Goliath." In spite of the fact—pointed out to us by a number of readers—that there was a technical error in it, it was considered by everyone we have heard from to be an exceptionally good story. The technical error lay in the delivery, by a substitute, of a message from the coach to the quarterback at the time of the substitute's taking his place in the line-up. This was a violation of the rules, for which Mr. Burnet and your editors offer apologies, but no excuses. The story was splendidly received nevertheless.

In "The Gridiron Circuit," his column on the sporting page of the New York *Tribune*, W. R. Hanna wrote as follows: "In the current issue of 'The Elks Magazine' is a story by Dana Burnet which is the best football fiction story the writer ever read. The latter's only criticism is regarding the title. He would change that from 'Goliath' to 'Gimme the Ball.'"

Seeing this kindly comment—which we appreciate—another well-known sport writer, Hyatt Daab, feeling low in mind and body as the result of overwork, lay in bed and, to use his own words, languidly turned the pages of the magazine until he came to "Goliath."

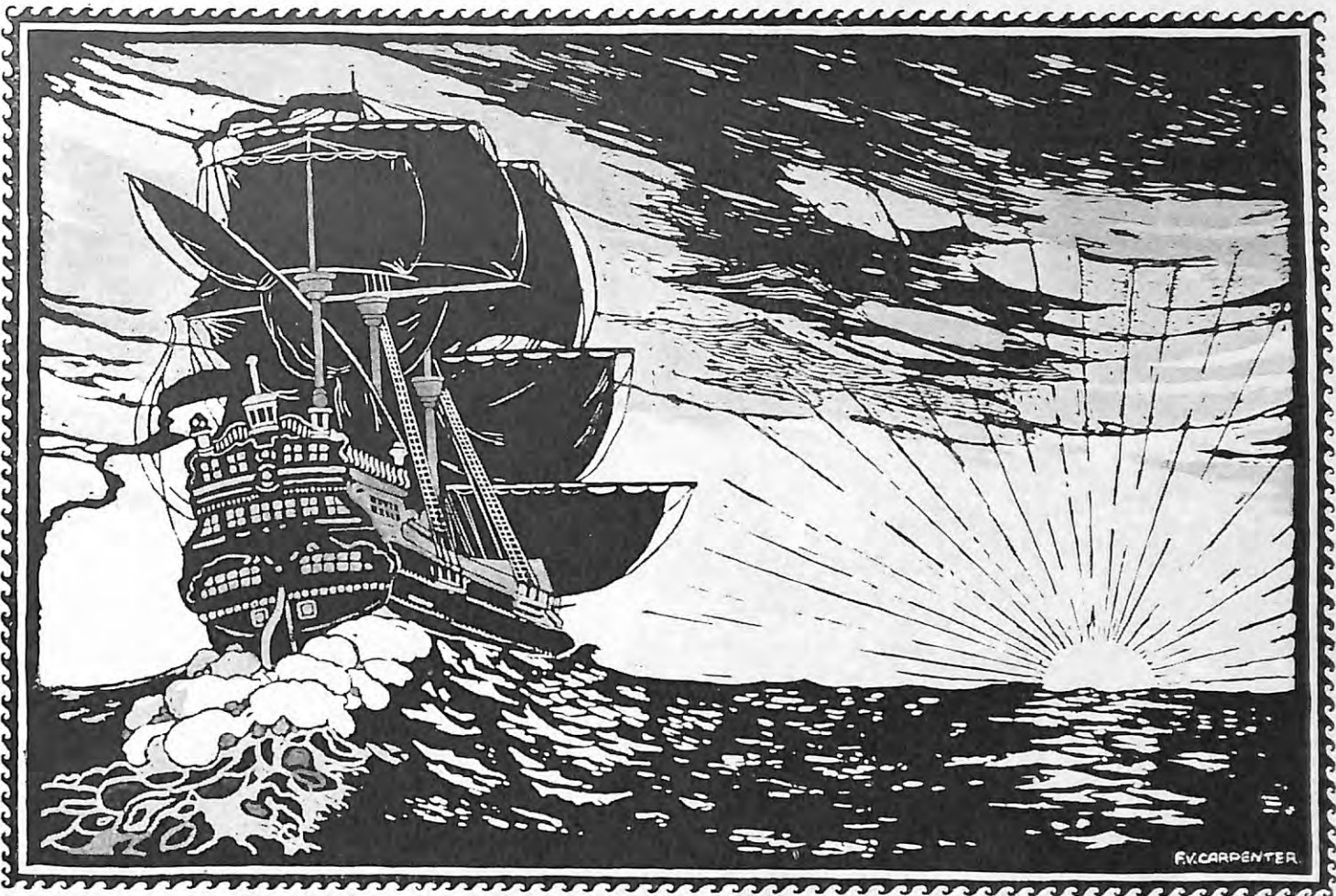
"Burnet's name stopped me—he's always good. I began to read. I liked 'Hank.' As I went on into the story I began to forget about my nerves. The gloom vanished, despite the drab, gray day outdoors. I was right at 'Hank's' elbow, fighting for him, pulling for him, shouting for him. I was in there yelling my young head off for Princeton and 'Hank.'"

"By nature I am kind-hearted, but how I did crave a good smack at that flashy little quarterback. . . . When 'Hank' started to knock those Yale boys loose from their moorings I actually writhed in glee. When he cried: 'Gimme the ball' I laughed—yes, I laughed right out loud, with the laugh starting way down in the pit of my stomach and crashing out in a crescendo of joy. And it lifted me right up out of my gloom and did me more downright good than all the medicine I had been taking. So score another one for The Elks."

Mr. Daab's letter testifies that he lay in bed and languidly turned the pages until he came to "Goliath." The italics are ours. In justice to the magazine we feel constrained to observe that inasmuch as "Goliath" was the first story in that issue the number of pages our correspondent turned languidly was not very great. (Unless, of course, he began turning them from the back.)

By the way, what do you do with your copies of The Elks Magazine when you and your family and friends have finished reading them. The letter reproduced above suggests a good use to which they might be put by those of you who visit the sick. Know any shut-ins who need to be lifted out of themselves?

THE EDITOR.



## Toward a New Day

A NEW YEAR is an inspiring thought. Not without reason has man made New Year's Day a symbolic festival. Nature herself is back of it. Though winter still reigns on the surface, and snow and icy winds keep up an appearance of desolation, we know them, so to say, to be something of a bluff; for underneath the sap is rising, and the new green life of the world is gathering its forces, the seeds are stirring in their sleep, the heart of spring is already beating, every day the sun waxes in power and the vast rejuvenescence of things is on the way. Nothing can stop it. And, with the rest of creation, Man, too, feels the far call of renewed being. His winter, too, is breaking up, the old year with its "rains and ruins" is over, all its old rubbish of regret and remorse; let the dead year bury its dead—his face is toward a new day, and as he stands up to face it, the light of it is in his eyes, and the hope and faith of it is as strong wine in his heart.

It especially behooves us that are Elks to pay heed to this call of the New Year, to see that we make of it a really *new* New Year. Our creed is simple, its tenets few; but it is a creed which embodies the essentials of true manhood and good citizenship. We aim to give in our lives unobtrusive expression of that spirit which is at the heart of all true religion: the spirit of Brotherly Love, the Do-Unto-Others-As-You-Would-Be-Done-By, the spirit of the Helping Hand, the Charity of the understanding Human Heart, which is, after all, the Divine Heart operating through humanity. We have no elaborate formulas to live up to, the practice of our belief entails no difficult or exacting sacrifices or self-discipline. All the more reason then that we should sincerely and wholeheartedly live up to the simple creed we profess. Because it is easy, let us be on our guard against too easily taking it for granted. Let us see that it is active with us, that we prove it to be a vital principle in our lives, not a mere easy-going acceptance, a genial

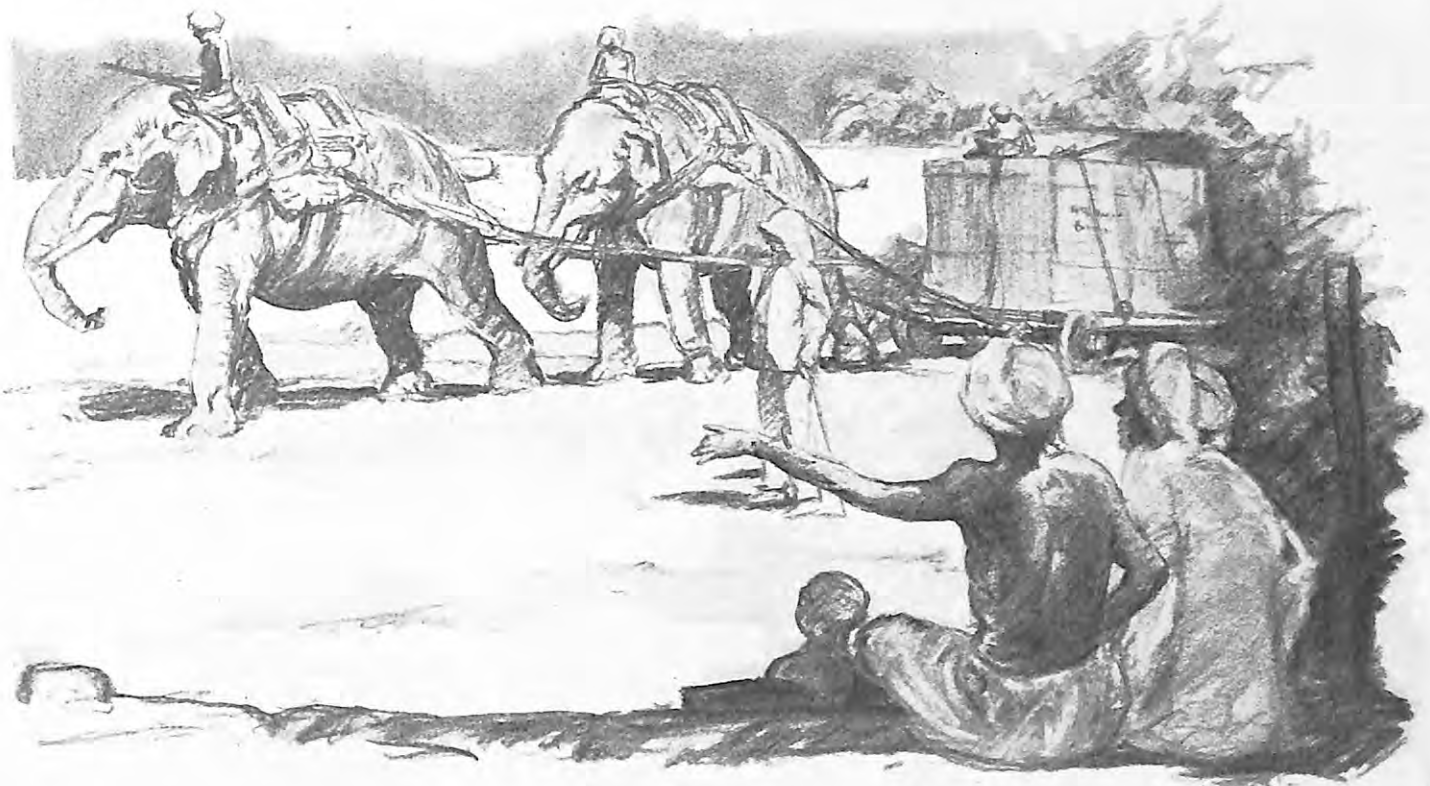
profession without performance. We are all prone, when we have subscribed to certain truths, to let it rest there, to imagine that we are doing, when we are but comfortably feeling. But, by their deeds shall ye know them! It is all very well to "belong" to the Elks—but really to *be* an Elk is the thing. To enjoy the sociability of Elk gatherings, to foregather in the family parties of our Lodge meetings, where we are all at home one with another, is well worth being an Elk for. But it is not enough for the Elk to shine among his fellows. He must see too that he carries with him those same qualities which make him a good Elk among other good Elks, into circles when there are no other Elks around, when he is about his day's business, mingling with those who do not belong to his Order, but who, by something about him, are made to feel that they, too, are his brothers, that he is the kind of man who radiates the spirit of sympathy, and active friendliness wherever he goes.

THERE never was a time in the history of mankind when the Elk spirit was more needed as a humanizing influence than it is going to be this coming New Year. There is still far too much after-war soreness and bitterness left among us, and nothing can better assist in allaying it than the application of Elk principles. With all the turmoil of contending world-interests, there is also abroad all over the earth a great longing among men to forget their differences, and to "get together" in a practical working union of human brotherhood. Of all men the Elk is the man who should lend a hand in this great work of world-fraternization, which is the inevitable next step in the progress of civilization. Let our active participation in this advance be the record which we as Elks shall not fail to make on the New Leaf which we turn with the coming of this New Year.



*He beat him into quietude with the bull-hook, cursing the while. The elephant screamed and trumpeted, striving in vain to evade the attack of the trainer*





## How the Blood-ties of the Jungle Proved Stronger than the Schemes of Men

# Brothers

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by George Wright

THE natives of Cela Loon had several reasons for the almost reverent respect in which they held Mahmout, faithful and plodding and bulky, and the less hulking, but far more important Rajah, his brother.

One of these reasons was the fact that back in the hazy days of their capture, there had been the necessity for the utmost care lest two squealing, motherless elephants should die for lack of attention. With the result that a shrewd white man had invented a haphazard story to the effect that should ever twin elephants be captured, and should ever they be neglected in the slightest manner by those in whose care they found themselves, then indeed should the bronze gods be furious and visit punishments which should extend even to the grandchildren of one's children's children. By this strategy, Rajah and Mahmout had been metamorphosed from whimpering, frightened beings to leathery little rascals of the great compound, where the laws were such as the white men who controlled it—and the Indian politics of that region—dictated, and where, as the years passed, the twin elephants became more and more important in the eyes of the natives as the superstitions and tales regarding them grew. Gossip retailed from one to another had made them little less than representations of the gods.

Twin elephants are not ordinary things—even in the land where the pachyderm is looked upon as more or less of a common being. That Rajah and Mahmout were twins was a matter without doubt. They had been watched for days before their capture, squealing and grunting in the wake of their ponderous mother as she crashed a path for them through the brakes, or paused during the noonday sultriness to

suckle them. Together they had fallen into the capture pit, while the crackling of high powered rifles ended the endeavors of a frantic, bellowing parent who had sought their rescue. Frightened, shivering things, they had been brought into the compound that night, the honored things of a native professional—for the imaginings of a British overseer already had accomplished its purpose—and honored things they had remained ever since.

In babyhood and youth they had remained together, beings apart from the rest of the great herds which formed the main working forces of the compound. Together they had lived, together they had played and learned little tricks which the natives had taught them—to dance together, to swing a child upon their clasped trunks, to nod or shake their heads in assent or dissent according to the inflection of the voice, and gradually, as they grew to the necessary tonnage of near-maturity, to be put to work side by side, the favored elephants of all the herds. Then had come the first hint of a separation.

For two things had been discovered. One was the fact that Mahmout, slower in motion and thought than his brother, was the better worker by far of the two. The other was that Rajah, independent though he might be, averse to too much labor, inclined to rebel when his tasks became too heavy, possessed a faculty of exactness which extended even to a fraction of an inch. More than once they had found him, apparently pushing at a log or loaded cart

with his every atom of strength, while in reality his great, bony forehead was not even touching the object of his labors, removed as it was by the barest hair's-breadth, while the other elephants did the work. With this, Rajah became the object

of certain interest on the part of a sharp-eyed Englishman, who in time, gave a quiet command to a taciturn lieutenant. That night Rajah was taken from beside his brother at the picket line, into another enclosure, there to begin a course of training, which consisted of nothing more than the lifting of one great forefoot and the quick pressure of it upon a block of wood. But as he worked, a native laborer eaves-dropped. The next day whispered information traveled swiftly—old Gangres, aged elephant of death, whose tremendous heft had crushed the life from scores of offenders in the so-called legal executions, was to have a successor. Gangres had failed on his last execution. He had bungled his job—and almost missed the head of his victim with that quick, downward stroke. Now there would be a younger and more exact instrument of execution, Rajah, he whom the gods had favored!

THUS it came that while Mahmout worked, a twin elephant did little more than weave at the picket line, except for the hours of careful practise in that private enclosure, and the more important moments when, a human form taking the place of the customary log, he was led to his task, to raise a hoof and plunge it downward, barely seeming to touch the object beneath him—then to be led away. Nor did the silent figure which remained behind on the ground show marked evidences of the blow—a half an inch of pressure, a slight tinge of red at the lips and nostrils—that was all.

The skull-fracture which ran from forehead to brain base was not visible!

They were twenty-five now, Mahmout and Rajah, the working elephant fully a half a foot taller than the beast of execution! Their natures divergent as their work was divergent; different in every way except one:

They still seemed to know that they were twins, they still called for each other on their daily separations, they trumpeted and squealed with happiness when brought together at the picket pin o' nights. The feed of one was the feed of the other—when a delicacy came their way, each hung back waiting, lest the other should desire it, nor did either move until wrinkled old Salee, their keeper, should designate which of the two was to be the fortunate possessor. A year passed. Two—three. Then one night, Rajah trumpeted and called in vain. Mahmout was gone.

"THOU wilt not see him again," crooned old Salee as he strove to quiet a suddenly fretting, half-rebellious elephant. "Mahmout is gone. They have taken him beyond the seas, O Rajah."

But Rajah did not, could not understand. He only knew that the thing which had been beside him from birth had disappeared and that Mahmout did not answer his call. He began to swerve and labor at his picket pins, nor did he heed the sharp pain of the big elephant hook as Salee drove it time and again into the tender flesh of his mouth and ears. Mahmout was gone, and Rajah raged through the night, a frantic, rebellious engine of destruction, plunging through the stockades, milling and stampeding the other elephants, crashing down the smaller buildings of the compound and strewing wreckage everywhere as he searched—and searched in vain.

Beyond the confines of the place which once had been his haven and his prison, he broke for the open country and then into the jungles, there to bellow and call and trumpet. But no word came. A week later amenable once more, in a blank, non-understanding fashion, they "mingled" him with other elephants and brought him again to the compound.

The next day a low-caste drove a knife into the heart of his wife and the excuse for a trial resulted in a night trip by Rajah into the private enclosure. Like Gangres, who had gone before him, he bungled the execution; but unlike the older elephant, Rajah was not displaced. For they, of the compound, knew a great many things about elephants—principally the fact that the beasts are not infallible as to memory, that, in spite of the fables which have been invented regarding their powers of recollection, they can forget or remember, according to the individual ability, like any other beast. And the handicap, almost invariably, is on the side of forgetfulness.

So they treated

Rajah with kindness, and they overlooked his outbreaks—spasms of grief for a departed brother which grew farther and farther between, finally to cease with the passing of a year. After that another year came, and still another. Then one day the overseer stood beside wrinkled old Salee at the picket line.

"We'll ship him to-morrow," came his information. "To the same aggregation that bought Mahmout. Wonder if they'll recognize each other?"

Salee nodded sagely. Elephants might forget, he averred, but Mahmout and Rajah were more than elephants. They were twins; and endowed with greater powers than the ordinary, leathery beasts of Indian burden. They would know each other when they met, they—

But Salee, it seemed, was mistaken. Two months later, after journeys on sea and land, Rajah, staring about him with small, round eyes, picking warily at the hay and bran which had been spread before him, looked upon an unknown world, and unknown companions. Beside him in the long picket line of a circus menagerie, was a tremendous, slothful appearing beast, which in its turn had forgotten also. Neither trumpeted a welcome, neither caressed the other with his trunk—there was only an uneasy appraisal, one of the other, as though some instinct, far within, were attempting to stir to life. But it grew no stronger than that faint stirring; recognition was beyond them.

Far across the way, cats paced their dens, lions and tigers and leopards. A few giraffes craned and stretched in their enclosure in the center of the menagerie; ostriches stalked about their netted prison, cockatoos and parakeets screamed within their cage; all of which instinctively interested the new beast of the picket-line. But that uneasy stirring was for only one object, the big animal which weaved beside him. Rajah did not know why, and when a passing boy tossed him a dainty, he snatched at it with his trunk with no hint of the old ceremony of waiting which had marked him as the twin of Mahmout. And the other elephant, in his turn, craned his proboscis as eagerly

with the slightest hint of food. All connection was severed—save that uneasy something far inside, the something which could not come to life.

A SMALL man appraised him when Rajah quieted from the nervousness which marked his entrance to the menagerie. A man with close-set, fishy eyes, as though there were films on them, and nervous, freckle-specked hands. It had been he who had superintended the unloading of the frightened, wondering animal in the railroad yards that morning, and with the aid of anxious assistants, had led him to his place in the menagerie tent. Now he stood, his bull-hook swinging idly at his side, his fishy eyes glancing in the direction of the new addition, finally to turn at the approach of the menagerie superintendent. That person seemed enthusiastic.

"Well, how about him, Frenchy?"

The bull-man grunted.

"Don't see much that loo's like the other one. Ain't the same size a-tall. We can't pull no twin act with them."

"Doesn't look that way. But then he's a pretty good-looking bull."

"Yeh—got a good pair o' tushes on him. Ain't broke, you say?"

"Not to anything except work, as I understand it. That part of it's up to you."

Frenchy rolled his cud of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, then straightened, clapping his bull-hook before him.

"I've got to know somethin' first, Boss."

"Know something?"

"Yeh. Have I got a contract on this trick, or ain't I? Do I stick?"

The superintendent seemed surprised.

"What makes you think anything different?"

"There ain't no kinker can raise a howl against me and get me canned? I want that understood right now. You know who's come on the show, don't you?"

Again surprise was on the menagerie superintendent's face. At last, however, he brightened, allowing his gaze to become mildly sympathetic.

"Yes, I know, Frenchy. You mean the Harringtons, don't you? I—I know how you feel about that. But don't let it worry you. They'll never say anything. Harrington's a nice fellow—really he is. Ain't his fault you know, that she used to be your wife."

"Oh, I know that."

"Besides," and the menagerie superintendent adopted a tone of paternalism, "you've got to forget that thing. It was a mixup all the way 'round. Lettie wasn't the girl for you, Frenchy. Wasn't your kind, if you'll let me say it."

"How do you mean?" There was the slightest flash of antagonism in the fishy eyes.

"How? Why, in every way. I ain't saying you're be-

*A sweeping motion of a heavy trunk, and Frenchy was hurled into the soft backpiece*





*A lecturer said  
the beast's affec-  
tion was so great  
that he guarded  
the sleep of  
his trainer*

neath her—don't get me wrong. But she's different stock, finer stuff, Frenchy. Educated—and used to things. Besides, she was pretty young when she ran away with you—just a kid and not old enough to know her own mind. Everybody makes mistakes—she made hers when she went crazy over elephants and the man that handled 'em. You two weren't ever meant for each other, and she did the decent thing when she found the kind of a man—”

“Yeh, I guess so. I ain't going to bother 'em. I'll leave 'em alone if they'll leave me alone. But I've got to know—I ain't going to have that kinker sending in knocks on me and trying to have me canned—”

The superintendent halted him with a smile.

“He doesn't have to do that, Frenchy. Not if he wants to get rid of you. Your job's safe—or you'd have gone the minute he came on this circus.”

“Gone? How?”

“Because he could have sent you. He's bought into this opery.”

“You mean—?”

“Third interest. It ain't generally known. Got every penny he ever earned in it. Her idea—she's always loved this old trick and she wanted him to have a part in it. Besides that, he's got a dangerous act and they won't insure him. A loose net, or a bum twist on that last take-off of his and he wouldn't answer the whistle any more. So

I guess he figures that this'll always be a living for her even if he should get bumped off.”

Frenchy eyed him for a long moment. Then:

“So he can redlight me any time he wants to, eh?”

“Yes, but he doesn't want to. He knows you're a good man on bulls. Besides, there's that sleeping stunt under Mahmout—it's a feature. He ain't going to throw that away simply on account of a mistake a couple of people made four or five years ago. He ain't got anything against you—he realizes it was just a boob play; so does she. If you'd ever get into trouble, they'd be the first ones to help you.”

“Yeh?” Frenchy asked it with the simulation of a pleased surprise. The superintendent nodded.

“Sure. Get that fool idea about being canned out of your head. As long as you do your work and don't butt in on them—”

“Oh, nothin' like that.”

“Sure not. It was all a mistake. Forget it.” The superintendent surveyed Rajah. “Suppose this bull will be calmed down enough in a couple of days to be able to see what he'll do?”

“Guess so. Anyway, I'll try him.”

“Fine!” Then the menagerie superintendent went on, while Frenchy remained before Rajah, his bull-hook swinging idly from a freckled hand. There was little expression in his fishy eyes—only a more marked

thinness about his usually sharp-cut lips gave evidence of emotion; nothing more.

“So I'm working for 'em, am I?” came at last. “Fine stuff, ain't it?” He surveyed the menagerie. “Got every penny he ever earned in this thing—in case he should bump off. And I'm working for 'em!”

Then he too walked on, leaving Rajah weaving at his picket-pin and striving in elephantine fashion to orientate himself to a world he did not know.

**A** RUSHING world, a blatant world, in which hurrying workmen came and went, bands played, voices shouted and squawked, and into which, shortly before the doors opened for the matinée, Frenchy returned, to push the hulking Mahmout about with gruff curses and sharp prods of his bull-hook, then to slowly scatter a half a bale of hay about the beast and between his huge forelegs.

Following which, the elephant trainer slumped into the hay and curled up beneath the swaying pachyderm. Only to kick viciously at a hoof of the big beast which had come too close to him in the swaying motion of the animal and then, when Mahmout did not cease, to rise and with swift-working bull-hook to beat him into quietude, cursing the while. The elephant screamed and trumpeted, striving in vain to evade the attack of the trainer. And with his scream came that of another animal, Rajah, his twin brother, fretting at his picket-pin,

neither afraid nor angered, yet impelled by some strange resentment which he did not even seek to understand.

But in a moment, it all had passed. The beating was over. Mahmout stood quiet with spraddled fore-legs and Frenchy surveyed the space between them.

"See that you keep 'em that way," he grunted. Then, as Rajah still fretted he turned. "And you cut out that squealin'," he ordered. "Or I'll give you th' hook too!"

AFTER which, without waiting to note the effect of his command, he slumped into the straw, curled himself directly under the hulking Mahmout, and soon was snoring. Nor was it simulated sleep; time and repetition had made of Frenchy's trick a time of actual slumber and rest; in fact, his sleep of late had been heavier than usual, for this interval made up for waking hours on the edge of a flatcar o' nights, when Frenchy, a bottle of "moon" in a convenient pocket, thought and drank, drank and thought—his mind obsessed with but one thing: the fact that *she* was back, she who had married him and left him, back with another man. Not that Frenchy still loved her; come to think of it he never had known any glowing passion. But she had married him, and in his idiom she had thrown him down. No woman can do that without his getting even!

So the sleep was deep and restful, while a mistreated, patient elephant stood placidly above him, not daring to move, and while, at the next picket-pin a big beast weaved in wonderment, his round eyes watching the figure on the ground, as though waiting for a giant hoof to rise and fall in the execution stroke. For Rajah was only an elephant—he did not know that his trick was one which belonged to him alone.

A half hour passed. The doors opened and the throngs flooded through the marquee. A lecturer paused before the elephant line and talked of the love of a beast for a man, a faithful affection so great that he even guarded his trainer's sleep. The crowd sighed and glowed in approval; then went on. The performance began in the big top, the menagerie superintendent strolled along the picket line, and with a foot nudged Frenchy in the ribs. The usual afternoon routine of the menagerie went on.

Night came and repetition of the sleeping trick and the lecture. Again Rajah watched, but this time with more of curiosity than of nervousness. A restless night in the elephant car and again the performances in another town. Two days more, each with its period of sleep on the part of Frenchy beneath the great Mahmout, and at last the time when Rajah, the twin, ceased even to regard the man who placed himself at the mercy of a beast too patient to resent even a beating. Another day and Frenchy hailed the superintendent.

"Guess this bull's used to things now," he announced. "Goin' to try him out behind the menagerie."

"Go easy."

"Sure."

Ten minutes later, nervous, fidgeting, Rajah, lis-

tened vacantly to command after command, while Frenchy forked him in the flank with his bull-hook and strove in vain to make him understand the cues to the simplest of elephantine tricks. But Rajah could not obey. Long ago he had forgotten the comicalities of his calf-hood. He only knew that a new master was striving to force him to some sort of a performance and in his turn he strove his best to obey. Time after time a raised forefoot hovered for an instant above an imaginary object, plunged downward with the speed of a trip-hammer, halted, then was lowered to the ground. It was all Rajah knew, a thing of great importance back there in the compound. But for Frenchy it aroused only disgust.

"Ain't got the brains you was born with!" he snorted. "Now git around there an' kneel—hear me, knees Rajah—knees!"

Again the only response was the raising and plunging of a forefoot. The scant patience of Frenchy reached the breaking point. His bull-hook circled, then with a curse he drove the sharp end of the weapon deep into the tender membranes of the beast's mouth. To meet rebellion! A shrill blast of a trumpet-call. A sweeping motion of a heavy trunk. Frenchy, white faced and gasping, was hurled into the soft backpiece of the sidewalling, while Rajah, trembling, stood with weaving trunk and glaring eyes, awaiting the resumption of an attack which did not come.

*Fighting vainly at the tight-strapped door, while maddened tigers leaped up and scurried*



For Frenchy only crawled to his feet and swung his bull-hook menacingly at a safe distance. He cursed—then waited until the threat of elephantine hate should pass. After which he slowly and carefully released the chain of the beast from a guy-rope stake and led the way back to the picket line, there to speak softly to his new charge as he fastened his bonds, to cajole him, even to pet him in a hesitant manner—then, the process completed, to stride to the side of the unfortunate Mahmout, and to vent, in the beating which followed all the malignant viciousness which he was afraid to release upon the beast which had aroused his anger. Nor did he cease for the screaming of the belabored Mahmout, the slinking, cringing attempts of the big mammal to evade the bull-hook; it was a trumpet call from an angered being which stood next in the picket-line which sent Frenchy hurrying away, the call of Rajah, answering that thing which stirred within him, the thing he did not, could not understand. A half hour later the trainer returned with an apple, which he fed solicitously to Rajah, after which he stood for a long moment rubbing the elephant's trunk.

"THERE, ole guy," he cajoled, "don't get sore at me because I tried to wise you up on a few tricks. Me'n you's got to be good friends."

Following which he stood for a few moments of appraisal, turned, drove his hook deep into the hide of Mahmout, then, as the murmuring of the crowd without the gates grew louder, slumped again into his sleeping mockery of the love of beast for man.

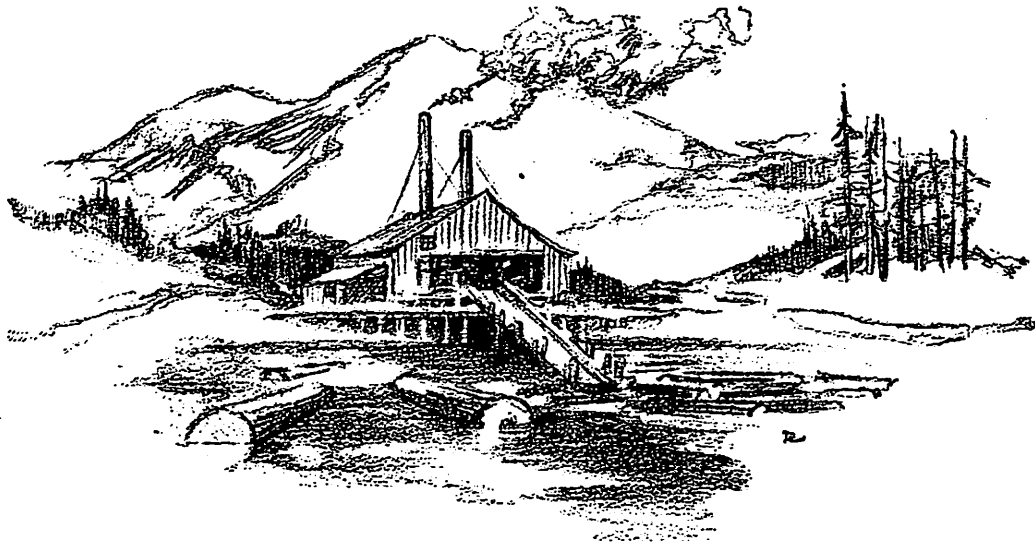
The days went by. Another trial and Frenchy ceased his attempts to train Rajah—the first incision of the bull-hook was the signal for rebellion. Untrainable—such was the word that was passed to the superintendent—untrainable and good only for parade. For Frenchy was short on patience, just as he was short on sleep. He could not command without the sweeping use of his sharp-pointed bull-hook, and that meant trouble. So he vented his spite on Mahmout, failing, in his frenzies, to note the strange light in the

eyes of the elephant which stood next in line, the fidgeting, the trembling of the giant legs, or the slow distending of the ears. Frenchy's mind was occupied with other things. Frenchy was tired. Frenchy was fatigued from loss of sleep—he spent most of his nights now sitting on the side of that rocking flatcar, thinking and drinking and wondering—how to get even. There were even times when he forgot to beat Mahmout, and merely threw himself beneath

the beast's legs without the formality of a chastisement. And there were other times when he forgot everything—

Save to stand in the big top connection watching a "feature ground and aerial," the combination of an act in a ring and one in the air, a circus trick by which an audience, striving to note two things at once, easily hypnotizes itself into believing that "there

(Continued on page 65)



## *This Thing We Call Success—*

# What Are We Going to Do With It?

By Bruce Barton

*Sketches by Edward Ryan*

**I** ONCE lived three doors away from two million dollars. We were such close neighbors that I had a chance to study the two millions and the man who owned them with curiosity and profit. This is the story of the man.

He was born on a farm in the Middle West and being sturdy and adventuresome he drifted North into the lumber country. He must have been a very likeable chap in those days. Standing six feet in his wool socks, he could put up his fists against the best of them, and he had a laugh that swept through the camp like an autumn wind, leaving men cooler and happier. Of course I did not know him at that period, but the tales of his good looks and good nature persisted long after he had moved on, and the best proof that they were not exaggerated was that he married Marie, the pretty waitress at the boarding house, who passed out a hundred cups of coffee a day and refused as many offers of marriage.

They were married by an itinerant preacher and set to work at the grand old game of making the most of whatever you've got. Sam kept on piling boards in the yards; Marie continued to deal out coffee and smiles. But on every payday they added a little to the roll of bills that was hidden away in a safe place. The boss saw that Sam was sober and worked hard, and made him a foreman; the roll of bills grew faster until it was as big as the boarding house—big enough, that is, to buy the boarding house. Marie took over the management, hiring a couple of girls to pass out the coffee and the smiles. In five years Sam

was away from his job only three working days, and those were the days when their babies were born. They were as happy a family as you could find between the Great Lakes and the Coast, and the roll of bills kept growing until it was as big as a small saw-mill. Then they sold the boarding house and moved to a newer part of the lumber country where Sam set up a mill of his own.

Does this sound like an old story? It is the oldest in every First Reader, in Plutarch and the Bible. Wherever a man and woman have worked and saved and planned intelligently for the future the story has been re-enacted. Edward the faithful grocery clerk becomes the merchant prince; Joseph, wisest of his brethren, is made ruler of the Kingdom; only twenty years are needed to transform Andy, the telegraph messenger, into Carnegie the multi-millionaire. Since the story is so old, therefore, we may skip the intervening chapters and come down to the time when I knew Sam and Marie as the rich Mr. and Mrs. Allchin, owners of—or owned by—I never could be quite sure which—more than two million dollars.

Sam was sixty and she was fifty-five or

more, and he had retired from business. The day toward which they had worked and planned had finally arrived; they could "take things easy," they could "get a little pleasure out of life," they need never worry again. It was at this period that I lived near them, as I say, and though they are now dead and should, therefore, be spoken of only in kindness I think even their children could not deny that they were two of the most miserable people in New York.

**T**HEY spent their time and money in attempting to dodge inclement weather, but they proved to be poor dodgers. Starting South in the early Fall they would reach Florida just in time to meet the worst spell of rain within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. From Florida they would flee to California only to be greeted by the hardest frost in ten years. All the time the New York papers would be bringing them reports of beautiful warm weather on Manhattan Island, but just as surely as their house was reopened and they arrived in our midst again we were due for a couple of weeks of mud and sleet. Nature must have known that they were trying to beat the game, for she certainly marked their movements to the minute.

Along with their weather worries they had two other sources of mental affliction—their health, and the fear that something would happen to their money.

A little ache which Sam would have "worked off" in half an hour in the good old saw-mill days now sent him scouring the city for high priced





specialists; Marie's teeth, or her neuritis, or the noise that waked her up in the night monopolized the conversation at many an afternoon party to the intense weariness of the other guests. Frankly Sam and Marie were bores, though no one dared to tell them so.

They had so drawn into themselves, their own little affairs were so disproportionately important that they had no time or thought for anything or anybody.

The generous impulses which had given their boarding house a reputation all through the lumber country for its hospitality shriveled up and died. All alone in the evening Sam sat figuring over the value of the bonds and stocks he owned; every corner of his desk was filled with envelopes covered with his figuring. And every morning's newspaper had some item that destroyed any chance of happiness that day. It might be the suggestion of a new tax law; it might be a decrease in railroad rates, or the election of a radical Congressman in a western state—there was always *something*, and Sam, reading the item, estimating the amount by which his hoard would be reduced if the worst should happen, clutched his pocket a little tighter and sallied forth to grumble at the club.

THE deflation of 1921 deflated him not so much financially, as spiritually and physically. For weeks he hung around the office of his broker, watching his gilt-edged two million shrink to less than a million and a half, growing more thin and peaked every day, until one afternoon, when the office closed, the attendant touched him on the shoulder and discovered that he was dead. Marie still lives. A trust company pays her a large amount of money every month which she neither spends nor gives away. Her clothes are dowdy; she buys no books, takes no trips, cultivates no new friends. One does not form the habit of generosity when one is sixty-five, and Marie has been too long the slave of her money ever to break her chains.

Another old man of my acquaintance died a few years earlier than Sam. His career

was a novel one. In the early seventies he began the practise of law, hiring lodgings in a very poor quarter of the city. Legal problems interested him, but the people who were troubled by the problems appealed to him vastly more. Gradually he came to have quite a name in his poor section of the city as a friend to those who needed friendship.

Sometimes his clients paid him, sometimes they couldn't pay him; but his expenses were low, his wife was a good manager, and money was the last and least of their worries. After her tragic death he seemed to feel that the whole neighborhood was his family. For forty years, in shabby black clothes, he made his cheerful way in and out of homes, wherever there was need; and when he died the stores in his part of town closed their doors, and thousands followed his body.

I visited him once and, in the confidence that comes with a good cigar, I asked him how he managed to make ends meet. He rose and beckoned me into his bedroom. There, framed above the head of his bed, was this verse:

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"That," he said, "is the truest sentence ever printed in any book. I have tested it out for so long that there is no possible doubt about it in my mind. I am never more than a few hundred dollars ahead of the sheriff, but I have never—for more than one day—been entirely broke. I simply trudge along doing the things that need to be done, and something *always* turns up to meet the necessary expense."

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am paid a very good sum for writing this article. Furthermore, among the various offers that come to me from magazine editors I usually select those that pay the best. I make no bones of the fact that I want to come to the end of the year with a little more money in the bank than there was the year before. This is not an article against Success, therefore, nor an apology for those whom the world labels Failures. It is meant merely to raise some questions

that must come up in the mind of every one who gets on toward forty or beyond, and begins to be shocked occasionally by finding a familiar name in the obituary columns. Why is it that Sam and Marie with "everything to make them happy" were so utterly miserable? How was it that my amiable old friend, casting aside all thought of himself, should have lived so joyously and died with a smile? We all have some program, some thought that "when we get to such and such a place then we will do the things that will give us happiness." Are we quite sure that we know just where we are going? Is it altogether certain that when we get the things we think we want we will be as happy as we now suppose?

Two men began life together in Boston in the days before the Civil War. They bore honored names; they enjoyed distinguished careers, and each of them left the story of his life in a book. One of the books, the "Education of Henry Adams" had quite a remarkable sale a few years ago. I do not know how it may have affected you, but it left me with a certain sense of depression. Here was a man who started life with all we hope to have at the finish. He did not need to struggle for his social standing; as the descendant of two presidents his position was secure on either side of the water. He had money enough so that he might choose any work that appealed to him. He had education, foreign travel, friends—everything. Yet the book gives you the picture of a man who could never quite make up his mind that anything is really worth while. Having traveled all over the world he says that there are only half a dozen places where you can spend more than a few days without suffering from ennui. He writes and teaches History, but without enthusiasm. He has a few close friends, of congenial intellectual temper; but in the great game of living he is merely a spectator—tired, impersonal, bored.

The other man lived a very full life, contributing to his community and the nation through varied channels. His name was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Somewhere toward the back of his book there is a paragraph to this effect:

"As one grows older one discovers that the one real and enduring satisfaction of life lies in the pleasure of doing things for other people."

I have not attempted to quote exactly,





but this is the sense of his remark. It helps to explain the old man—why he lived so long, enjoyed living so heartily, and found life full of interest and thrill even up to the end. He and my penniless old friend who financed himself for forty years on his faith in a Bible verse may never have met; but they would have enjoyed each other. They had what Sam and Marie lacked, what Henry Adams sought for all his life, but could not quite lay hands on—a working philosophy of life.

WE ARE approaching the time when Americans are going to need some sort of a philosophy of living more than anything else. We have a large proportion of the world's gold; we have all the machinery for success and comfort. Nothing impresses me more, in going about among great corporations, than the fact that almost every one of them has a group of scientists continuously at work on some invention or improvement which will make the world an easier place to live in. A lot of this work of research is going to come to head within the next few years. We shall live to see the day when such tasks as milking cows, scrubbing floors, and washing dishes, any one of which can be done by electricity for a few pennies an hour, will be lifted forever from the hands, and backs of women and men. Even the families that are now lowest in the social scale are going to have comfort, and leisure, and opportunity such as never was in the world before.

As a nation we are on our way toward the sort of material success that we have always supposed we wanted. And when we get it, what are we going to do with it?

Obviously we ought to do something different from what Sam and Marie did. Obviously, if a philosophy of living is valuable, then we ought to begin now to work out—each for himself—some code that will serve us when the time comes. Being careful not to get in beyond my depth let me make three very simple suggestions.

First of all, wouldn't it help if we were to exercise our souls a little in the wholesome virtue of Patience? If we would take a little longer look at the past, and the future, be a bit more content to live each twenty-

four hours easily, without regret for yesterday or too much concern about to-morrow? In this matter the English have us beaten. They are older, more matured. They know quite well that big events move slowly; they are adept in taking things as they come.

I have just been reading a book which contains short biographies of the thirty-six men who have been Prime Ministers of England since 1721. As individuals they carried one of the heaviest burdens of responsibility that can be laid on human shoulders. Yet they enjoyed life. They dined, and laughed, and went into the country over week-ends. Six of them attained the age of eighty, and the average length of life for the whole group was seventy years. They came out of all sorts of circumstances, and varied greatly in temperament; but they had one characteristic in common, the characteristic which Fitt called most essential—Patience.

Pascal, the great philosopher, remarked that "all the troubles of man come from not knowing how to sit still." If you think that over, and apply it to the folks who live around you—the Sams and Maries particularly—you will agree, I think, that it contains a suggestion for the second item in our philosophy. The Hindus are an ancient people, and full of wisdom. They make it a rule every day to set aside at least half an hour for meditation. It may be asking too much of an American to expect him to sit still for half an hour a day and meditate. But certainly it is worth while to tap the reservoirs of satisfaction that are in great books; to build up—while one is still active—some tastes in literature and music and travel and art, that will be fast friends when the exhilaration of *doing* is over, and one must be content to watch.

Finally, there is the secret of Colonel Higginson and my penniless old friend who made investments in other lives and watched the investments grow. That secret would have been a life saver to Sam and Marie. Suppose, when they first began to get ahead in the world they had underwritten the education of a couple of young lumberjacks, or interested themselves in a hospital, or in anything—it doesn't matter what, so long as it took them outside themselves—how

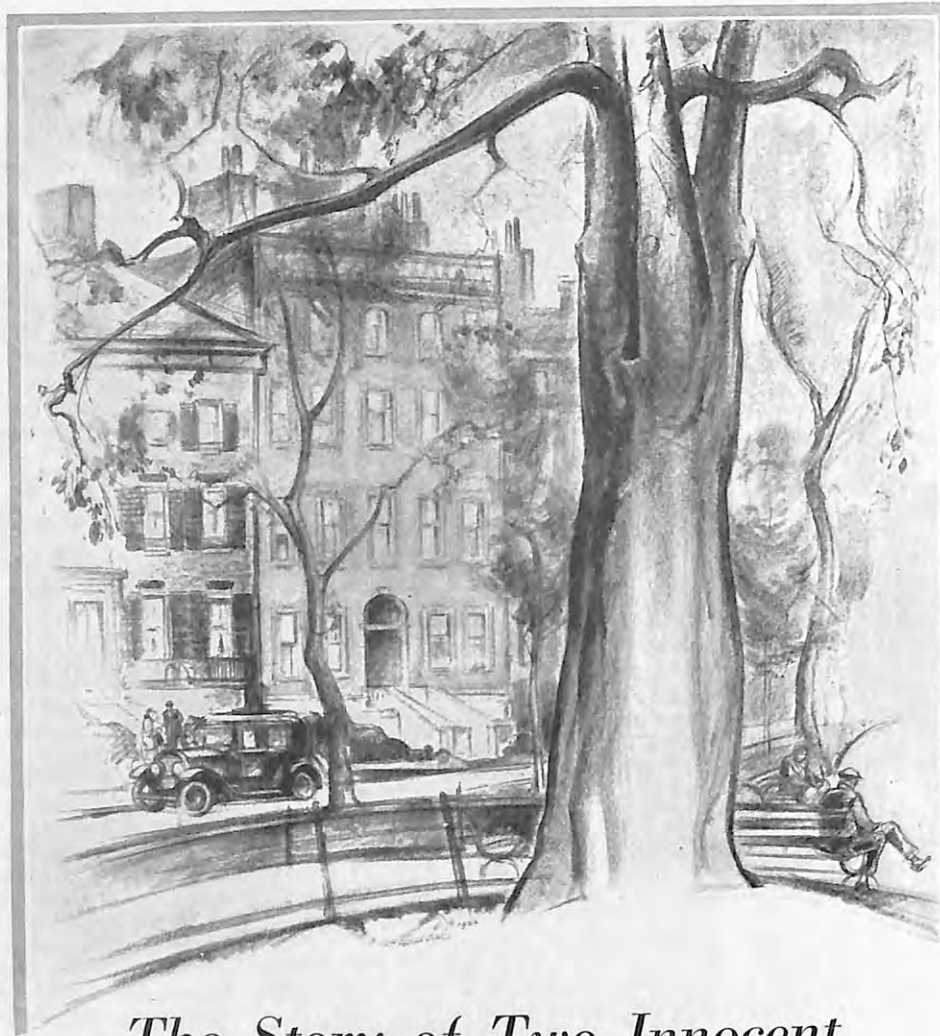
different their old age might have been. But that habit, unless formed early, is not formed at all. Avarice, and Fear which is the mother of Avarice, grow stronger with the years. Sam and Marie might have left a thousand people happier because they had lived; instead of which they left some quarreling heirs and an old desk full of envelopes, each covered with the figures of fear.

PERHAPS these three simple things—patience, and repose, and the habit of thinking of the other fellow—are not a Philosophy at all. Philosophy is a long word, and I am never quite sure of myself when I get beyond two syllables. But one definition of Philosophy I do know: it was uttered by wise old Novalis who lived two hundred years ago:

"Philosophy can bake us no bread; but it can procure for us God, freedom and immortality."

And what I have been trying to say is just this—that we have pretty nearly solved the problem of baking bread. Never before have we stood to gain so much from our technical mastery over nature. Daily, in laboratories throughout the world, great secrets and mysteries are being revealed. The physical universe, with all its potentialities, is yielding to the attack of scientific research. We will soon be in control of greater forces than we dreamed could be ours. We are on our way, in this country, to the material things we think we want. What we should worry about is the possibility of our becoming a nation of Sams and Maries. Of that there is real danger unless, in the process of getting, we recognize that there is something inside ourselves which will not be satisfied with bread. Something which speaks only when we are quiet, and grows only as it gives.





## The Story of Two Innocent Impostors and the Surprise Fate Held in Store

### Pretenders

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

#### The Story So Far

THE mystery surrounding the murder of Tom Farnam at his ranch in Warrenton, Montana, and the fabulous size of the fortune he is discovered to have left his daughter Olive have given the girl great publicity—the papers going so far as to christen her “Oodles.” There is an inexplicable delay in the girl’s arrival in New York that is beginning to cause her aunt, Mrs. Maybury Crosby, considerable embarrassment and concern. For the dignity of the socially prominent Crosby connection and for business reasons connected with the inheritance, it is imperative that Mrs. Crosby be able to produce her niece. Unable to trace the girl’s whereabouts after leaving Chicago, Mrs. Crosby boldly determines to find a substitute to double for the real Olive until her arrival. This plan is destined to realize the day dreams of Vivian Locke, reigning queen of the toilet-goods counter in the Arlington store. Vivian has always known that Romance would one day knock at her door, yet she fails to recognize Mrs. Crosby as the instrument of her fate while concluding the sale of a box of unscented soap to that lady. Impressed by the girl’s dark beauty and exceedingly pleasant smile, she ascertains by adroit questioning that Vivian has no relatives and knows very little of her parents, having been brought up by a minister and his wife in Malden, Massachusetts. Her foster parents having died within the year, she has come to New York to earn her

living. Reassured on the score of bothersome relatives, Mrs. Crosby asks Vivian to lunch with her, at the same time suggesting that she say nothing of the matter to the other girls in the store.

Half an hour later the department is thrilled for the second time by the appearance of a much-tanned young gentleman who has made sundry purchases from Vivian on two preceding Fridays. The instant she is free he addresses her quite frankly.

“My name is Paul Wendling. I am a physician. A week from to-day my mother will be in town and I should like to have the pleasure of introducing you to her at luncheon.” Disarmed by his manner Vivian accepts the invitation.

Promptly at twelve she finds Mrs. Crosby waiting in her limousine and once ensconced in a corner of the Thackeray Club, she frankly explains the situation to Vivian.

“I want to borrow you and palm you off as my niece for a day or two, or as long as may be necessary. I pledge you my honor to protect you from any trouble and I promise that you will never regret this.”

Vivian agrees to the proposition and having resigned her position on the ground of a sudden death in the family that is taking

ner out of town, she spends a glorious afternoon in the shops purchasing a suitable wardrobe with the generous allowance her newly acquired aunt has given her and finally presents herself about tea time at the imposing town residence of the Crosbys as the missing Olive Farnam. Warmly received by Mrs. Crosby as a member of the household, she is soon firmly established in the good graces of the somewhat difficult Maybury Crosby, scholar and collector of rare art treasures, by his accidental discovery of her remarkable likeness to a certain favorite painting commonly attributed to Titian.

Meanwhile, the real Olive Farnam is speeding east resolved to loose her identity in some large city because of the horror of the secret that haunts her. Although she has denied it at the inquest, she saw and recognized her father’s murderer—John Peyton, a quondam business partner who had broken with her father over a division of profits. Aroused at midnight by angry voices, she heard the shot and a moment later found the same revolver thrust into her face and Peyton threatening her with dark revelations concerning her father, and the mother she had never known if she betrayed him to the authorities.

In the dining-car Olive finds herself at a table with a Mrs. Elstun just returning with her two young children from Japan where her husband is in the diplomatic service. The children immediately take a great fancy to Olive and when the elder little girl de-



mands to know her name Olive takes the plunge into obscurity and replies—"Alice Morton." Alice so wins the affection and confidence of the children that when the girl confesses that she knows no one in New York, and has made no plans, Mrs. Elstun impulsively offers her a place in her household as the children's governess. Alice fully appreciates this mark of trust and gratefully accepts the haven thus offered her.

## Part II

MRS. ELSTUN'S mother and brother were at the station to meet them. After the rapturous greeting of the children, Mrs. Elstun found opportunity to introduce her governess.

Wendling's height and broad shoulders disposed of Alice's impression that the East did not produce the same robust athletic type of men with which she was familiar in the West. He greeted her with a formal courtesy that was new to her and explained that he would have met his sister in Seattle if it had not been for a bothersome course of lectures he was giving in a medical college.

Mrs. Elstun, who had not yet intimated that Alice was other than a chance traveling acquaintance, now announced that she was to go home with them.

On the drive to the Wendling house in Washington Square, Alice was almost as excited as the children over the unfamiliar scenes.

The Wendling house was of the old-fashioned comfortable type long identified with the Square and Alice was relieved to find it simple in its furnishings and not half so impressive as the homes of some of her schoolgirl friends in Warrenton. The house was to be turned over to Mrs. Elstun immediately, Mrs. Wendling and her son having taken an apartment for the winter, but all were to spend much of the fall at a place the family had long maintained in the country.

The pride of his mother and sister in the big handsome doctor was new to Alice's experience of family relationships. He was thirty-two she learned when Mrs. Wendling expressed regret that May had arrived just the day after his birthday; and in the rapid exchange of news she learned that he was a specialist in nervous diseases, and his lectureship was proudly pointed to as evidence of his progress in his profession.

The whole party remained together until the nursery had been inspected and the children installed in it. Then Mrs. Elstun left Alice to dress the children and take them for a walk, and went down to talk at leisure of her journey home.

"Tell me at once, May," said her mother, "where you picked up that very attractive girl for the children. She doesn't seem quite—"

"Not quite like a governess," laughed Mrs. Elstun. "She isn't; she's just a child herself. Don't

be frightened, but there's something of a mystery about her."

"Dear me!" exclaimed her mother. "I hope you are not making a mistake."

"I'm taking a chance, of course," replied Mrs. Elstun.

"You don't mean to say that you have told us all you know!" said Mrs. Wendling after Mrs. Elstun had described her meeting with Alice on the train and the children's ready affection for her. "But I'm not quite comfortable about this. The girl seems all right, and of course you couldn't just turn her loose without plans of any sort. But she might steal the children and run away with the silver. What do you say, Paul?"

"Oh, I'll trust May's judgment," the physician answered, good-naturedly. "Miss Morton strikes me as an unusually fine young woman. I'll risk my reputation that she's physically and morally sound. You can't deceive children. It's perfectly bully of May to take her in, and you may consider that I'm backing her!"

"Oh, I haven't said a word against her!" Mrs. Wendling protested. "While we're on the subject of strange girls, Paul had better tell you of his infatuation for another young woman who has no more background than this governess."

"Why, Paul! Go ahead and tell me all about it!"

"Well, I'm just a little shy," replied the

young man, coloring under his deep coating of tan.

"She is a girl with a smile who sells soap in a department store," answered Mrs. Wendling with a scorn that was heavily discounted by the good humor of an indulgent mother called upon to explain the eccentricities of a son she adores. "It was only a few weeks ago that I sent Paul with a list of things I needed to Arlington's, where toilet articles are always so much cheaper. He came back with twice the amount of stuff I told him to buy and hasn't been the same boy since. It's perfectly dreadful."

"I'D CALL it delightfully romantic. Please continue the narrative!"

"Mother's frightened to death!" laughed Paul. "I think if you saw the girl you'd say she's extraordinarily handsome. And she reigns like a queen over the soap and perfumery."

"And I suppose you drop in every day just to admire her and purchase a tooth brush," said his sister.

"I've called just three times; that's all!" "The very first time was fatal," remarked his mother. "But the worst is yet to come! He has told her that he's going to bring me in to meet her. And I think he has some idea of having me chaperone them at luncheon. You never heard anything wilder than that, did you?"

"Well, not outside of fiction. What, if I may ask, is her name?"

"Vivian Locke!"

"There's really a charm in the name. But I pant for details."

"Well, I had just got your wire that you had landed when I saw her the last time, and it was in my mind that I'd have you meet her when mother did. I really thought you might be a good fellow and go and get her for me and bring her to some place to meet mother. You see I haven't lost my senses, and I know I can't just walk into a department store and loaf around waiting to take a girl out to lunch; it isn't done!"

"I don't think it dreadful, mama," said Mrs. Elstun consolingly. "And I'm consumed with curiosity to see her. When are you giving this luncheon party?"

"Next Friday is the appointed day, and this being Sunday you haven't long to wait."

"I shall be in readiness Friday, and don't you dare disappoint me!"

"The sooner it's over the better," sighed Mrs. Wendling. "After we've seen the girl, May, I think we'll be able to handle the situation by shaming Paul out of it."

"You're taking it altogether too seriously, mama!" exclaimed Mrs. Elstun conciliatingly. "I'm sure she's nice, Paul, and I pledge myself to support the cause."

When Alice came in with the children the slight disturbance to the domestic atmosphere had disappeared, and the youngsters became again the center of attention.

## CHAPTER THREE

### I

MRS. CROSBY had dressed for dinner and she sat at her desk turning over the cards that had been left at the house on



*The Vivian of yesterday was now launched upon her uncertain career as Olive Farnam*

the announcement of her brother's death, when Maybury looked in at her.

"Well, what do you think of her?" she asked indifferently.

"Where the deuce did you find her?" he retorted.

"I thought it was understood that you were not to know where I got her. I didn't do so badly, did I?"

"Well, no," he acquiesced; "but that doesn't make the fraud any less serious."

"OH, FORGET it!" she exclaimed, with a shrug of her shoulders. "This will only last for a day or two, but if it should be necessary to hang on to her it will be rather amusing having her about. I don't remember ever to have seen you so taken with a girl. I hope you will not add to the complications by falling in love with her."

"You entirely mistake me!" he retorted. "Please understand that I'm not interested in her as a girl at all but as a type. I thought I had made that clear to you." He crossed the room with an impatient stride and took up the photograph of the unauthenticated Titian.

"I would swear that she is an Italian," he said petulantly, placing the photograph on a chair where his wife could observe it at her leisure. "And yet there's not the slightest trace of it in her speech. Her American English is quite commonplace; the dead level of our absurd schools."

On their way down to dinner Mrs. Crosby paused to knock on Oodles' door and the girl opened instantly, smiling upon them as though inviting their admiration of the new gown which she had put on.

"It fits you to perfection!" cried Mrs. Crosby.

"Charming; really quite charming," Maybury murmured, and stepped aside so that the two women might walk downstairs together.

"Don't be afraid to talk," said Mrs. Crosby encouragingly, as they entered the dining-room; "and don't worry about anything. Just be yourself, dear."

To be herself, when only twenty-four hours earlier she had been sitting in the dingy basement dining-room of Mrs. Murphy's boarding-house, was not an easy matter. The Crosby dining-room was sweet with the scent of flowers, and lighted with candles, which diffused a soft glow upon the table. The room was Maybury's particular pride, and every item of its adornment represented his flawless taste. The table was served by the butler and his assistant, and the amplex of service struck Oodles as a prodigal waste of human energy. The serenity of the Crosby table was almost disconcerting, but they were far easier to get on with than she had imagined such people would be, and they were obviously doing their best to put her at ease.

After dinner Maybury left them in the living-room, and Mrs. Crosby began giving hints as to the family connections, explaining just what it would be safe to say or leave unsaid if it became necessary to widen the circle of Oodles' acquaintance.

"It's all simplified by the fact that you presumably know nothing about your father's family."

"If I should

make a slip it would get us all into a lot of trouble," suggested Oodles, "but so long as I see only you and Mr. Crosby—"

"Uncle Maybury," Mrs. Crosby corrected, "and don't forget that I'm your aunt, Olive."

Maybury returned presently and suggested with his grave courtesy that Oodles might like to look at his pictures.

"Run along with him, Oodles. One thing is sure; there's no trash in the collection; you'll see only masterpieces."

That any one should be able to assemble so much splendor in a private house for leisurely contemplation increased Oodles' awe of the wealth of the Crosbys. The façade of the house had given her no idea of its extent, and she paused on the threshold of the gallery, which was on the fourth floor, marveling at its spaciousness. After they had completed the round, she visited a Corot that had attracted her in her first inspection, and stood before it for a long time. When she turned away with a little sigh he asked what she thought of it.

"If I could steal just one picture to carry away with me, I should want that one," she said softly.

He took her hands and bowed low.

"Your choice is better than you know! Some very discriminating critics call that the best Corot in America. And it is the picture I prize most in my collection."

IN HIS study that adjoined the gallery they found Mrs. Crosby, curled up in a big leather chair reading a novel.

She paid no heed to them as Maybury began displaying prints and photographs from cabinets whose contents he knew so well that he was able to lay his hands upon anything he wished without hesitation. At the end of the room was a bronze bust of Dante on a pedestal.

"A forbidding old fellow, but one of the great ones," he said, and quoted,

"See, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song."

With the tips of her fingers resting on the table, her head thrust slightly forward, her lips parted and a wondering look in her dark eyes, Oodles remained silent.

"What is it?" he asked after a moment. "It can't be possible you have seen that before. So far as I know there is no replica in existence and photographs of it are rare. I bought it in Rome; it's the work of a young sculptor I knew very well. He died at the threshold of a brilliant career."

"I don't understand," said Oodles slowly. "I am sure I never saw it before, and yet it seems familiar; it seems to me I must have

seen it before." She passed her hand across her forehead as she appealed to Mrs. Crosby, who flung down her novel and joined them.

"I think you're tired, little girl; that's it!" said Mrs. Crosby hastily, "I wouldn't trouble to try to remember. We all have that experience of trying to grasp something that eludes and tantalizes us."

"It's not that I'm tired; it's not like that at all. Several times since I came here I've had a curious feeling of hearing something I've heard before. When Uncle Maybury used words that I suppose were foreign words, it seemed to me that I could almost understand them. When he brought that photograph of the lady's picture, and several times when we were at dinner he used words that were not English words; perhaps they were French, but at any rate something went funny in my head— Do I sound perfectly crazy? And I felt that if I only took the time to think I could tell what the words meant. And looking at that statue gives me a queer feeling, as though something were passing close to me, something I may have known a long time ago, but it is all misty like something you might see through a fog."

Both the Crosbys were touched by the simplicity and innocence with which she tried to explain herself.

"Let me try to recall," said Maybury soberly, "just what phrases I may have used." He turned questioningly to his wife.

"Oh, I recall perfectly what you said," she answered indifferently. "They were all Italian phrases."

"I don't know any Italian," Oodles interposed. "I think I never heard it spoken except now and then I've overheard it in fruit shops or places like that. I did have French when I was in high school, but I don't remember much of it."

"We lose those things very quickly unless we have practice," said Maybury kindly. "We won't talk of this any more."

Oodles had seated herself on a low chair and with her hands clasped upon her knees directed her gaze toward a framed parchment bearing an inscription in quaint letters with elaborate rubrications upon a background of gold.

"That's rather nice, don't you think?" asked Maybury, noting her absorption. "I dug it out of an old shop in Florence."

The girl's lips moved slowly and she began to speak in the strained tone of one who is repeating the utterance of another voice heard but faintly in the distance. Mrs. Crosby lifted her head and listened as intently as her husband as the girl repeated the lines:

"Si che, come noi sem di soglia in soglia per questo regno, a tutto ill regno piace, come allo re ch' a suo voler ne invoglia;

e la sua volentate e nostra pace; elle e quel mare, al qual tutto si move cio ch' ella crea e che natura face."

Mrs. Crosby knew Italian very well and she realized that the girl had uttered the words perfectly as a cultivated Italian would

have spoken them. It occurred to her that perhaps without knowing it her husband possessed hypnotic powers to which the girl was responding. Still it was conceivable that she might be able to pronounce the words accurately without knowing their meaning, and she





*"Please let me stay a while longer. It will be something to remember all my life"*

was about to say so when Maybury silenced her with a gesture. Still clasping her knees the girl bent her head and slowly, with the same effect of repeating words at the prompting of some one who stood off stage, she translated the stanza. It was not a mere perfunctory

recital; she uttered the words as though with understanding, and when she reached the incomparable line,

"And his will is our peace—"

it fell from her lips reverently, as though she were fully aware of its significance. A tense silence lay upon the room as she concluded,

then she sprang to her feet, extended her hands appealingly to her two astounded auditors.

"What have I done; what have I done?" she faltered. The tears brightened in her eyes and a sob clutched her throat.

"What you did," Maybury answered gravely, "was to repeat a famous passage of Dante without an accent and follow it with an accurate translation into English."

Seeing that the girl was profoundly disturbed, Mrs. Crosby attempted to break the spell that held them all.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "The first thing we know we'll be in a mood for table rappings and the ouija board. I have

this explanation to offer, that sometime and somewhere, perhaps when she was a young child, Oodles knew Italian. It's not at all strange that it should have lain dormant in her subconsciousness all these years and only now come to the surface. Any psychologist could promptly explain it. Come with me, Oodles; I'm going to put you to bed."

The Vivian of yesterday, now launched upon her uncertain career as Olive Farnam, yielded, and Mrs. Crosby went with her to her room.

When his wife returned a few minutes later, Maybury persisted in discussing the girl's singular demonstration far into the watches of the night, until he had exhausted the possibilities of metempsychosis and atavism.

Mrs. Crosby begged him not to distress the girl by attempting further experiments.

"You'll scare her to death if you begin treating her as though she were a freak. Let things go along naturally and no doubt we'll find the explanation of her strange performance."

A FORMAL item in such of the metropolitan journals as record the movements of society folk gazetted the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Maybury Crosby and their niece, Miss Olive Farnam, for their estate in Southampton, with an intimation that they would not return to town before Christmas. Mrs. Crosby had been very firm with the enterprising journals which persisted in their attempts to interview Miss Farnam. Suggestions that the heiress submit herself to the camera for the embellishment of Sunday supplements evoked from Miss Farnam's aunt the most contemptuous rejection. Miss Farnam was in need of rest and quiet and might not be presented socially for a season or two, Mrs. Crosby confided to the gleaners of social small talk.

These items, reproduced in the Warrenton *Times-Herald*, caused not a little disappointment, for having relinquished to the metropolis a young woman of whom Warrenton was justly proud, it seemed incredible that she should not create an immense sensation in the highest circles. The spurious niece derived pleasurable sensations from the mention of her name in the society columns. The fact that she was not Olive Farnam, but only Vivian Locke, added to the raciness of the situation. For a day at least, she was a person of importance.

"Please let me stay a while longer," she cried ecstatically, as they were entering the beautiful gardens of the Southampton villa. "It will be something to remember all my life!"

"We haven't reached the point yet where we need talk about your leaving us," replied Mrs. Crosby, pleased at the girl's enthusiasm. "I want you to feel that you're going to stay with us forever. Make yourself perfectly at home; the more thoroughly you do that the better."

So far as she had gone with the Crosbys, Oodles was impressed by their generosity and kindness; that they should have reposed so great a confidence in her for a purpose so fantastic, quickly ceased to trouble her. The moment she tried to think of the matter as anything but a lark the danger of it appalled her.

It was with disgust rather than with alarm that Mrs. Crosby found that in the haste of her decision to adopt a substitute until her real niece appeared, she had not fully considered all the emergencies that might arise. Letters bearing the Warrenton postmark were already arriving in her care for Miss Olive Farnam. In addition to these were

numerous communications from schools, hospitals and charitable organizations in need of financial assistance. These appeals Mrs. Crosby recognized and disposed of, as her own mail was constantly encumbered with similar requests; but the letters from Warrenton gave her pause. Even if she had not respected the postal laws, it would be hazardous for her temporary niece to attempt to answer them. However, a telegram read to her over the telephone by the Southampton operator gave her a good deal of concern. It was addressed to Miss Olive Farnam, care of Mrs. Maybury Crosby, and had been forwarded from New York.

So sorry to be away during your dark hours. Be sure of my sympathy. Mighty lonesome here without you. If I thought you wanted to see me, I would come running. Take good care of yourself. D. C.

There was no manner of use in consulting Maybury, but she thought it well to acquaint Oodles with the fact that some unknown person in Montana was ready to descend upon her if given the slightest encouragement.

"Of course we could run away and dodge this person, but that might have a queer look just when we have announced our intention of staying here for a couple of months. And if we skipped and the other girl showed up, we wouldn't have helped the situation a bit. This person might come without waiting for an invitation. He may do that if he's in love with Olive, which is possible from the tone of his message. You must have had experiences of that sort, so don't be scared. Between us we ought to be able to handle him if he comes."

She had not the slightest idea as to how any one from Warrenton who called to see Olive Farnam could be disposed of; but such a situation was potentially amusing. Even in her perplexity her tone was cheerful. Though she might very soon find herself in a corner from which it would be difficult to extricate herself it was not her way to anticipate trouble.

There was also a telegram from a lawyer in Warrenton who had not previously figured in the telegraphic correspondence, announcing that he had qualified as executor of such of the estate of Thomas Farnam as lay within the jurisdiction of the Montana courts, and that if the sole heir needed money at any time, Mrs. Crosby would confer a favor by communicating with him. While Oodles was establishing herself in her room—a charming room that looked seaward—Mrs. Crosby spoke of this message to Maybury.

She read into it an expression of Western pride which would not brook any assumption on the part of Eastern relatives that Olive Farnam, daughter of Thomas Farnam, was in any sense dependent on their bounty.

In spite of the jauntiness with which she had undertaken to harbor an imposter as her brother's daughter, Mrs. Crosby was not without her moments of anxiety as the days passed with no report as to the whereabouts of the true Olive. It was clear that she had not returned to Warrenton or the Crosbys would have been advised of the fact. Just why she should have taken it upon herself to disappear was a mystery. Mrs. Crosby hated mystery, but she was at pains to conceal from Maybury her apprehensions. It was sheer good luck that the comely sales-girl had captivated his fancy, and so long as she interested him by her puzzling responsiveness to Italian suggestions he would be too preoccupied trying to explain these phenomena to worry over the calamity invited

by the temporary substitute. But he continued to insist that they couldn't sit with their hands folded, trusting fate to land their niece on their doorstep. All his suggestions as to making inquiries she dismissed contemptuously. Lawyers, detective agencies, bankers were all discussed only to be eliminated.

"Perkins!" he ejaculated when it seemed that there was no possible medium through which they dared seek the cause of the girl's tardiness.

Mrs. Crosby repeated the name musingly and nodded her acquiescence in this last despairing nomination for the delicate task.

William Perkins had been for years in the employ of Mrs. Crosby's father. He was a ridiculous little person who wore an air of mystery when engaged upon the most trifling matters. He knew all the family secrets and was a pattern of prudence, so there was no hazard in telling him of the girl's disappearance. The old retainer was summoned, and after listening to the story with his usual gravity, accepted a commission to hasten the return of the missing heiress. Maybury wrote a check to cover his expenses and bade him use his own judgment in the pursuit of his inquiries.

"It might be best to go to Warrenton at once and find out all you can. Be very careful about wiring us. In addition to our wish to shield the girl for the good of her own future there are legal questions involved which you will understand; I refer to her interest in her grandfather's estate."

"I understand you perfectly, Mr. Crosby; but you must pardon me if I suggest that this is dangerous business. I have never heard of anything like it being successful."

"This has got to be successful," said Mrs. Crosby, smiling at his anxious concern.

"I might say, Perkins," Maybury added, as the little man picked up his hat, "that it has seemed expedient for us to fill the gap temporarily by substituting another young woman. She is now with us, but this is merely to prevent gossip among the servants and make it possible to announce Miss Farnam's arrival in the press. The girl's departure from Montana to make her home with us received a great deal of publicity, you know."

"The family must be protected; I realize that," Perkins replied without emotion. "I feel that you have acted admirably in the whole matter, Mr. Crosby, but if you will permit me again, I might add that in harboring a substitute you are taking the chance of legal complications. The heir, *ad interim*, so to speak, might annoy you when the time comes to dispossess her."

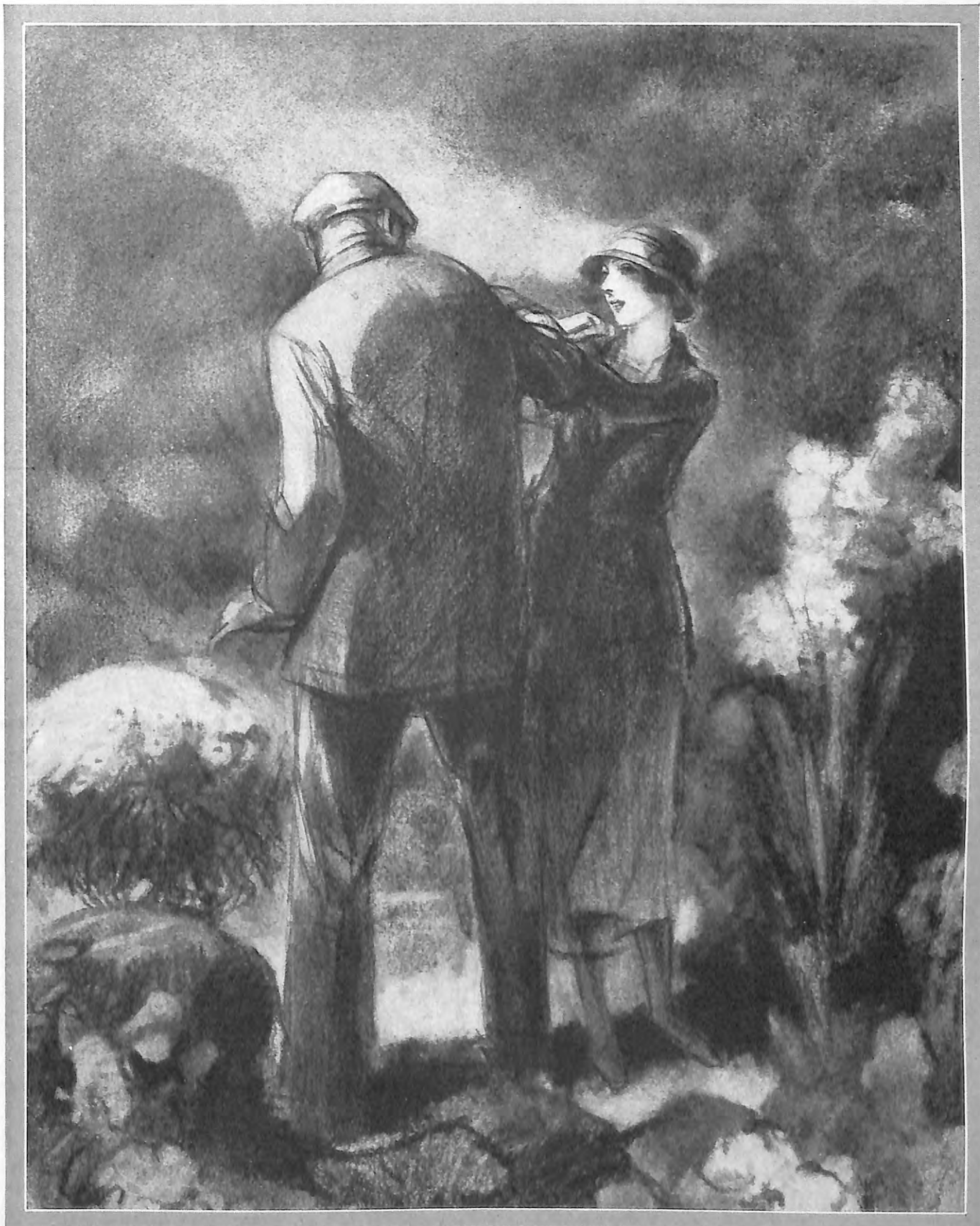
"Yes, Perkins, thank you! I believe we have considered everything."

"I shall serve you with all discretion," he replied, and bowed himself out.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### I

IT WAS lacking a few minutes of twelve when Dr. Wendling and Mrs. Elstun approached the toilet goods department at Arlington's. She had been chaffing him ever since they left his office as to his absurd obsession. Her mother had spent an hour with her that morning, urging her to discourage his further attention to the unknown young woman, whom Mrs. Wendling contemptuously called "the talcum girl." Wendling was confident that his sister would immediately recognize Miss Vivian Locke from his description, and he walked down the aisle slowly, his heart beating faster than was its habit. However, his spirits sank when he reached the show-case across



which he had made the appointment and found in Vivian's accustomed place a blonde with taffy-colored hair. A hurried glance satisfied him that Vivian was nowhere within the bounds of the department. He glanced at his watch to make sure there was no mistake in the hour, when Grace stepped forward and addressed him by name:

"Excuse me, Dr. Wendling, but were you looking for Miss Locke?"

"Yes; we had an appointment with her for to-day."

*"You thought I wouldn't follow you; but I'm not so easily shaken off, young lady!"*

"Well, Miss Locke was called away just a few days ago by a death at home."

"Did she say how long she would be gone?"

"She said she wasn't sure; that it might be only a few days, but the very last thing she said was that she might never come back, which was kind o' funny I thought at the time."

"Did she leave her address with any of

you?" Mrs. Elstun interposed, only to elicit the further information that Miss Locke had gone on the very day of Dr. Wendling's last visit to the store.

"Well, Paul, I think that's all we can learn," said Mrs. Elstun, making a note of Miss Locke's boarding place which Grace had finally been able to give her.

Mrs. Elstun's first impulse was to laugh at her brother, but seeing that he was disappointed and chagrined, she did her best to console him.

*(Continued on page 54)*



In a  
 Friendly  
 Sort o' Way

*Author Unknown\**  
*Drawing by Fred Craft*

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,  
 An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sun-  
 shine through,  
 It's a great thing, O, my brethren, for a feller just to lay  
 His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the tear drops start,  
 An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:  
 You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to  
 say  
 When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,  
 With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.  
 An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say.  
 When a hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

\* See Editorial note on page 4.

# Are the Signals Set Against the Progress of Our Railroads?

*The President of a Great Railroad Reviews the Present Situation*

By Charles H. Markham

*President of the Illinois Central System*

THE welfare of our country requires that business be developed more rapidly than population expands. The margin of increase of production and commerce over increase of population is the factor which governs the amount of necessities, comforts and luxuries each person can have. More production and commerce naturally require more transportation, since the amount of production and commerce that can be carried on is controlled by the amount of transportation the railroads can provide. In the past the material wealth of our country has increased more rapidly than that of any other country in the world, and this has been possible because our railroads have prepared the way by constantly developing and extending their plants. If we are to progress in the future as we have in the past, our railroads must continue to lead the way.

The railway problem of the country, as I see it, is the problem of promoting an increase of transportation capacity that will make possible a rapid increase of production and commerce.

Generally speaking, there are no physical limitations upon the amount of transportation the railroads can provide. While there have been remarkable developments in the machinery of transportation in the last ninety-five years since the first railroad was built in this country, I believe that so far we have only scratched the surface and that the developments awaiting the ingenuity of railway genius will be even more amazing than those already on record. There have, however, been limitations other than physical upon railway growth, and it is my hope that this discussion will serve to make clear what has arrested railway expansion and what must be done to remedy this condition.

In the last several years there have been frequently recurring periods of business activity in which the railroads have been overtaxed, and such periods have been marked by losses of a serious nature to farmers, manufacturers and business interests generally. When we consider how widespread are the losses resulting from the inadequacy of the railroads in periods of business activity, we must regard as conservative the estimate of Secretary Hoover, that each transportation shortage costs the country \$1,000,000,000.

The period of arrested railway expansion set in about fifteen years ago. Between 1907 and 1920, the ton mileage handled by the railroads—which represents the public demand for transportation—increased 74 per cent. There was a decrease in ton mileage in 1921, due to the business depression, but the railroads have recently been handling an even greater traffic than they handled in the period of heaviest traffic in 1920.

I know of no better way to illustrate the railway situation than by giving statistics on locomotives and freight cars. The average tractive power of locomotives and the

average capacity of freight cars have been constantly increasing, but an accurate index of the growth in the railway plant is to be had in the figures on total locomotive tractive power and freight car capacity. In the five years ending with 1907 the



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total tractive power of the railroads increased at the average rate of 128,000,000 pounds annually. In the seven years ending with 1914 the increase averaged 75,000,000 pounds annually, and in the seven years ending with 1921 it averaged less than 63,500,000 pounds annually, or less than one-half of what it was fourteen years earlier.

The freight car situation is even more startling. In the five years ending with 1907 the average increase in the total freight car capacity of the railroads was 5,000,000 tons a year. In the seven years ending with 1914 their total freight car capacity increased on an average less than 3,500,000 tons a year, and in the seven years ending with 1921 the average increase was only about

1,000,000 tons a year, or about one-fifth of what it was fourteen years earlier.

A further index of the decline in railway facilities is the number of miles of new track built. In 1912 and 1913 the track built totaled 4,212 miles and 4,467 miles, respectively, but since 1913 there has been a gradual decline, and in the last six years more miles of track have been abandoned each year than have been built.

In practically every department the railroads have been forced to postpone all expenditures for capital improvements that could be put off until a more favorable time. They are short of cars and locomotives; they need more second, third and fourth tracks, more passing tracks, greater terminal facilities; grades should be reduced and curves eliminated; tracks should be strengthened by the application of heavier ballast and rail and the improvement of bridge structures.

The transportation shortage can not be remedied by one railroad or one group of railroads acting alone. Regardless of how prosperous one railway system may be and of how well it may keep its plant in advance of the needs of its patrons, in times of transportation shortage its patrons necessarily suffer with those who must rely upon less prosperous railroads. Originally the railroads followed a practice of transferring freight from one car to another at railway junction points, thereby keeping each road's freight cars on its own lines. That practice, however, was abandoned long ago. Business developed to such an extent that shipments by rail had to move throughout the country, passing over the lines of two, and in some cases even many more, railway systems. With railroads of standard gauge, a car loaded at the mouth of a coal mine, at the door of an industrial plant or warehouse, or on a siding in a small town of the great grain-producing territory can be set down at any other railway station in the United States without a transfer of cargo, regardless of how many railway lines it must pass over to reach that station. While eliminating transfer of cargo promotes the efficiency of railway operation and facilitates shipping, it necessarily follows—since freight cars are used interchangeably—that the amount of goods that can be moved by one railroad depends upon the degree to which all the railroads are able to equip themselves. This applies not only to cars but to all other facilities, for the ease with which cars can be handled depends upon the state of railway motive power, the adequacy of terminal facilities and trackage, and so on.

IN EVERY period of business activity which creates a shortage of transportation the railroads naturally suffer with their patrons. They are deprived of needed revenues when they do not have sufficient facilities to handle all the business awaiting shipment. This fact, while obvious to railway observers, is mentioned here to show that the railroads would be blind to their own interests in postponing any needed expenditures for

improving and extending railway facilities that could possibly be made.

As a matter of fact, the railroads are anxious to improve and extend their properties, but their hands have been tied by their inability to secure money. Railway earnings have been kept down by a rate policy which has not permitted the accumulation of surplus funds to be turned back into the properties. Furthermore, these restrictive policies have driven investors out of the railway securities market.

During the last seven and one-half years the Class I railroads have made capital expenditures, exclusive of the cost of new road purchased, averaging less than \$500,000,000 a year. Estimates as to the amounts which should be invested in the railroads during the next few years to let them catch up with increased business are from \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000 annually, or an increase over the rate at which investments have been made in the recent past of 100 to 200 per cent. Whether the railroads are permitted to make such investments will govern whether transportation shortages are to be avoided in the future. It is certain the railroads will not be able to make such investments unless they are permitted to realize net earnings that will attract investors.

There have, of course, been heavy increases in railway gross earnings. In 1920 the Nation paid a transportation bill of more than \$6,225,000,000, and even upon the reduced traffic of 1921 the bill was more than \$5,515,000,000. Going back to 1916—a time of lower prices in almost everything—we find the country footing a transportation bill that was only 58 per cent. of the 1920 bill and only 66 per cent. of the 1921 bill. However, while aggregate railway revenues increased, the costs of providing transportation service increased even more rapidly. The total operating expenses of the railroads in 1916 were only about \$2,376,000,000; in 1920 operating expenses had risen to \$5,826,000,000, and in 1921 they were \$4,563,000,000—the extensive decrease in 1921 being largely due to the postponement of maintenance work. In 1916 the taxes paid by the railroads amounted to less than \$160,000,000; in 1920 they were more than \$281,000,000; in 1921, more than \$276,000,000.

As this is written, the figures have just become available showing the net operating income earned by the railroads in the twenty-four months beginning with September 1, 1920, when the six months' guaranty period following federal operation came to

an end and the railroads were thrown back upon their own financial resources after being awarded an increase in rates that was expected to take care of increases in wages and other operating costs. In the twenty-four months of September 1, 1920, to August 31, 1922, the railroads of the country as a whole—and it is upon their prosperity as a whole that the business welfare of the country depends—earned a net operating income at the annual rate of only 3.47 per cent. upon their tentative valuation as prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for rate-making purposes.

Rentals and interest on funded debt, which have to come out of net operating income before any dividends can be paid to stockholders, require a sum equal to about 3½ per cent. of the tentative railway valuation. It will be seen, therefore, that the meager balance remaining after payment of rentals and interest in the last two years has been far short of compensating the stockholders, the owners of the railroads, and far short of the margin necessary to attract investors for railway securities at any rate of interest that might be offered. Necessarily, also, it has been still farther short of permitting the accumulation of surplus funds to be used in improving and extending the railway machinery of the country.

**W**HEN there are disturbing situations, such as strikes and car shortages, the public suddenly discovers how much it depends upon the service performed by the railroads and how seriously it is affected by anything which restricts them, but when the railroads are able to meet promptly and effectively all demands for transportation, business flows in its normal channels, and the public loses sight of the necessity for keeping the railroads equipped in advance of their patrons' needs.

During periods of business depression, when there is a surplus of transportation, the railroads should be most active in enlarging and extending their plants to meet future needs. This has not been possible in the recent past, however, because such periods have invariably been accompanied by a renewal of the public crusade for lower rates. Agitation for lower rates, because it drives investors away from the railway securities market, discourages the managements of railway properties when they consider recommending large expenditures for improvements and extensions. Just now one hears little agitation for reduced rates. That is because the railroads are being offered more business than they can move

promptly, and the public is brought face to face with what is the real transportation problem—the problem of securing such increased facilities as will permit the railroads to handle the peak load without delays and inconvenience. However, the situation probably will be alleviated when the stress of moving the 1922 farm crops and the unusually large coal traffic occasioned by the prolonged miners' strike is over, and if history repeats itself there will occur again the demand for lower rates.

The public should be given the advantage of the lowest possible freight and passenger rates compatible with the maintenance of an effective transportation machine, but it is not to the interest of the public, and not to the interest of any group of shippers, that rates be kept below the point of providing adequately for effective transportation.

While the public is directly responsible for the restrictive rate policy which has prevented railway expansion and penalized industry in each recurrent period of expanding business, I believe the managements of the railroads must share that responsibility with the public. The strangulation of the railroads would never have been accomplished if the public had been impressed with the importance of having railroads able at all times to perform adequate service. To such an extent as the managements of railway properties have not fully utilized their opportunities to awaken the public's sense of responsibility they have fallen short of their obligations to the properties and to the public dependent upon adequate service.

Those holding positions of trust as managers of an industry which ranks second only to agriculture and upon which all other industries, including agriculture, depend for continued welfare, should be the counselors of the public on railway questions. They should command the confidence and respect of the public, and they should be unceasingly diligent in utilizing every worthy means of building up a public opinion on railway questions that will promote railway development and, thereby, the development of the country. If they fail in this, the country is in peril.

However, the railway question is not alone a question for railway managements to solve. The country needs nothing more than it needs leaders among business men, farmers and workers with vision to see that their continued welfare is impossible without strong, efficient railroads, and with courage to face the issue and tell the truth about it.





# The Ambassador of Poker

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige



HE STRUCK the Hongkong waterfront with the enthusiasm and speed of a typhoon, disguised in cordovan brogues shined to a mirrorlike glossiness, white linen knickerbockers of an audacious, hip-flaring cut, golf stockings of light-brown camel's wool with turned-down tops of Royal Stuart tartan, a waist-fitting norfolk of an intensely green and intensely hairy County Sligo tweed, a tub-silk shirt in bold stripes of rose and magenta, a four-in-hand of rich scarlet, and a silver-grey Stetson hat with a puggaree band in a chaste electric-blue.

Beneath all this exuberant finery was a healthy body of twenty-five, well muscled, sparsely fleshed, supple and strong and straight as a lance, topped by a ruddy young face with uptilted, slightly inquisitive nose, a strong jaw, violet-blue eyes, and a honey-colored, embryonic mustache. Too, somewhere inside of this sartorial splendor were three things: a flat purse containing seventeen dollars and sixty-four cents, a much thumbed poker deck, and a six-shooter; and he it mentioned right here that Randolph C. Fairbairn, lately of Charlottesville, Va., and more recently of San Francisco, Cal., while he could riffle the cards so as to make a native-born Montanan pale with envy, carried the revolver mainly for show.

For he was not a good marksman, and had only slipped the weapon into his pocket on the advice—perhaps sardonic, since one can never tell about the Scots—of Donald M'Eachran, the chief engineer of the *Malabar Castle*, aboard which floating, Lloyd-suspected, ten-thousand-tons monstrosity Randolph Fairbairn had taken passage out of San Francisco, Westward Ho! a few weeks earlier.

Acting distinctly against his dour Free-Kirk judgment, Donald M'Eachran had taken a liking to the younger man.

"Why are you going to China?" he had asked one night, watching him play solitaire.

"I don't know. Just drifting, I reckon."

"Drifting—? What do you mean, lad?"

"What I said. Just—oh—well—drifting," the other had repeated. "Following the sun."

"The sun goes down at times—away down and out," had come the bitter comment.

"Sure enough—but rises again the next morning, sir, all warm and golden and full of hope." Fairbairn had placed the deuce of spades on the ace. "I'll be able to earn some sort of a living in China. There ought to be chances over yonder, don't you think?"

"What about your chances back home, in America?"

"I reckon I used them up."

"Every last one of them?"

"Yes, sir. As far as I know." Fairbairn had shuffled the deck with agile fingers.

"Hm— What can you do—?"

"You mean—?"

"To earn a living."

"I can play poker."

"Great heavens above!" The Scot had stared, not believing his ears. "What?"

"Poker!" Fairbairn had reiterated. "I don't mean to blow my own horn. But honesty compels me to admit that I'm one of those rare human beings who can split a tall pair without moving a muscle and fill an inside straight—and get away with it—

yes, sir! That's how I earned my passage money—playing poker on the Barbary Coast with a couple of lime-juicers."

"And you're going to try and repeat the experiment on the Hongkong water front?"

"Yes—until I get me a job or perhaps— smiling reminiscently—"until a job steps up and gets me."

"Well, my lad—" the Scot had risen in obedience to a clamoring bell from the engine-room—"take my tip. If you play—and if you insist on winning—"

"I can't help winning!"

"ALL right—you look out for yourself in Hongkong. Slip a gun in your pocket—next to your rabbit's foot."

"I will. Thank you, sir," had come the courtly rejoinder, though secretly Fairbairn had not liked the thought.

For he was an indifferent marksman, and too, he did not believe in fighting. Not that he was a coward. But he said of himself that he was a very nervous man, and there was a tale floating about his native Virginian hills how, quite against his will, he had been forced into a fight by three rough mountain-whites who, very unjustly, had accused him of cheating, and how—out of sheer nervousness, his lawyer had told the court—he had badly beaten up the same three mountain-whites, a sheriff, a deputy-sheriff, and a couple of unclassified negroes.

"Out of sheer nervousness, gentlemen of the jury!"—and, oddly, his lawyer had spoken the truth.

He found his poker game in the back parlor of the Grand Hotel, owned by Leopoldo de Sousa, a Macao Portuguese half-breed whose presence on the water front was a continuous thorn in the side of all the respectable whites and most of the respectable Chinese of the neighborhood.

Four men were playing; the usual driftwood of the seven seas, the sort which European progress chucks to the limits of a duly appreciative Asiatic world, tucked snugly in the same cargo hold with whiskey and disease. There was a British ex-skipper who had piled and lost his ship on a reef no Admiralty chart had ever heard of; a bearded Frenchman from Cochinchina who did a thriving trade in pitiful, nameless, living wares; a

Yankee mate wanted for murder in Palermo, for gun-running in Port Said, and for bar-ratry in Vladivostok; and a huge, beefy Hollander, over six feet in height, with a beet-red complexion, round, baby-blue eyes, a drooping mustache,



*He was pocketing the money when he heard soft gliding laughter from the door behind*

hands like hams, and feet like those of an aurochs, who—as he said of himself—followed bullying as a vocation.

For a few minutes Randolph Fairbairn watched the game. Then he asked politely for permission to sit in.

"Sure," the Yankee mate replied; and in a whisper to the ex-skipper: "He's my meat. I seen him first. Just pipe his scenery, will you?"

"How many chips do you want?" asked Van Alkemaade, the Hollander.

"Seventeen dollars and sixty-four cents as a starter," replied Fairbairn, emptying his purse on the table. "Maybe I won't need any more."

"Maybe the moon is made of green cheese," said the Yankee mate.

"Me—" commented the Frenchman—"I am a sentimentalist. If I love one thing it is the innocence of the very young. Deal, *mon petit!*"

**B**UT poker is a psychological, not a logical game; a psychological game, moreover, of which Randolph Fairbairn had made a profound study, both practical and academic, and the four gamblers in de Sousa's back parlor discovered this presently.

Fairbairn's face, when he picked up his hand, showed less emotion than that of a mummy; his voice, when he asked for cards, was as void of human emotion as an ossified bagpipe played by a Presbyterian highlander in prohibition time; his elocution when he said: "I play these!" was a pure product of art, a soft, gentle purr blended with a steely threat. His strategy was never twice alike; and when once in a while the others abandoned a pot to him without calling his hand and afterwards, with the spirit and voices of early Christian martyrs, inquired what he had had, he could lie like a stockbroker with a Greek mother.

He centered his attacks on Van Alkemaade's steadily diminishing pile, and it was the latter who rose suddenly and said: "Clear out. We don't want you here."

"All right, sir," Fairbairn smiled sweetly. "I hate to stick around where people don't like me. Here—cash my chips—and I'll toddle along, gentlemen."

"Cash your chips?" sneered the Hollander.

"Cash your chips—*nom de Dieu!*" echoed the Frenchman.

"My sainted grandaunt Priscilla!" laughed the British ex-skipper. "Cash your blinking chips, did you say, young fellow-my-lad?"

"Yes, sir," came the courteous reply.

"Cash your chips like merry h—I!" remarked Van Alkemaade. He waved a huge hand. "Beat it while the beating is good!" And when the Virginian insisted on being paid, he turned on him with a roar, with a flood of foul language, with insults to the other's race and nation and maternal ancestry.

Fairbairn turned pale. But he shrugged his shoulders.

"I am a nervous man," he said, half to himself. "I do not care for fighting." He picked up his hat. "Very well, gentlemen. Just give me back my seventeen dollars and sixty-four cents."

"This, *mon petit!*" smiled the Frenchman who was banker, "is what you will leave here for the privilege of having played with us."

"I won't!"

"Yes, you will!" said the Hollander, and suddenly he faced

"Get out! We don't want anything to do with people who cheat at cards!"



the younger man, his huge, hairy fists clenched, Berserker rage glistening in his round, blue eyes.

Fairbairn shook his head.

"Honestly," he said to himself, "if I don't get out of here double-quick, there'll be trouble. I am such a nervous man—and I do hate fighting—"

So he turned to go away. But his foot caught in the grass mat, precipitating him forward. He reeled directly against Van Alkemaade. His hand went up automatically, clutching for something solid to hold on to; and not knowing, never imagining what he was doing, he gripped the Hollander's nose firmly with his right hand, tweaking it with the despair of a body which feels itself falling.

The latter jumped back with a bellow of rage.

"*Goed en Bloed!*" he thundered.

He let drive from the shoulder, caught Fairbairn in the chest, and threw him half a dozen feet. The younger man reeled again. Again he clutched for support. Found none. His right hip bumped smartly against the corner of the table. Instinctively he put his hand in his pocket to rub the hurt place—and encountered the six-shooter.

"**H**EAVENS!" he said to himself, while he clutched the weapon and while he saw the Hollander advance, slowly, crushingly, like a Jaganath of vengeance. "I knew it! I just knew there'd be trouble, and I'm a nervous man—so nervous! Dear, dear—" as Van Alkemaade raised both his enormous fists—"I wish I hadn't taken this fool gun. Now I have it, I simply will have to use it, I reckon. And I never could shoot straight! Very well—if I must, I must!"

These thoughts passed through his mind in the fraction of a second. Then, all at once, there was a terrific explosion, a bullet burying itself in the ceiling, thick, acrid smoke—a yell and a flop—and there was the bully before him on his knees, howling for mercy.

Within the next half-minute it appeared that a new King, a red-handed warrior and mighty-thewed Chief had arisen in Israel. A chief by the name of Randolph C. Fairbairn, yet one gently spoken who turned quietly to the gamblers and said:

"And now, gentlemen—I hate to incommode you—but if you will be good enough to cash my chips I shall toddle along to my little bed."

They paid him and, the six-shooter in his right hand, he was pocketing the money with his left when, at the sound of soft, gliding laughter from the door behind him, he turned and saw, on the threshold, accompanied by the fright-

ened and obsequious Leopoldo de Sousa, a tall, obese, butter-yellow Manchu. His immense body was dressed in a rather extravagant and foppishly Pekinese manner—a long robe of orange-colored, satin-lined grenadine silk embroidered profusely with black bats in sign of good luck, and on his round mutton-pie cap a button of transparent red, the emblem of a mandarin of the first class, worn in calm defiance of the fact that the Chinese republican administration had forbidden the wearing of imperial insignia.

It was quite evident that he was a power in the rowdy land of Hongkong's water-front.

For, at a low word, at a wave of his right hand—a wondrously white hand with long finger nails encased in gold and lapis-lazuli—the four gamblers and de Sousa disappeared without any argument.

"Good evening," he said to Fairbairn, stepping fully into the room and closing the door. His words were well modulated, his fat face suffused with a patient kindness.

Fairbairn was proud of the fact that, himself a gentleman, he could spot another gentleman regardless if his complexion was white, green, or purple, regardless if he was a Buddhist, a Jew, a High Church Episcopalian, or a Theosophist.

"Good evening, sir," he returned the greeting with a bow distinctly reminiscent of magnolia blossoms, high satin stocks, and corn pones.

"I watched the little scene you enacted just now," the Manchu continued in perfect English, "Mr.—ah—?"

"Fairbairn, sir. Randolph C. Fairbairn, of Charlottesville, Virginia, sir."

"Charmed, I am sure. A Virginian, are you?"

"Yes, sir. An unworthy son of that great and noble commonwealth!"

"I am delighted. You see—my partner is a Virginian—" the Manchu smiled—"very much of a Virginian."

Fairbairn was astonished. "Your partner is—what?" he demanded incredulously.

"A Virginian. I am Sheng Pao—of Jones & Sheng Pao," returned the Oriental.

"Oh!"

Fairbairn was impressed. For he had been long enough around the San Francisco water-front whence men go down to the sea in ships and where they tell the gossip of the four climes, he had heard enough tales aboard the *Malabar Castle* to realize that the house of Jones & Sheng Pao was a household word throughout the Far East and the Pacific, a household word even in international banking and Oriental trading circles in New York, Paris, London, Berlin, and Brussels.

"A cigarette?" inquired Sheng Pao, offering his tortoise-shell case.

"Thank you, sir."



For a couple of minutes they smoked in silence, smiling upon each other with mutual, instinctive liking, until at last Sheng Pao turned to Randolph Fairbairn with a question:

"Pardon my inquisitiveness—but you came here to—?"

"To play poker, sir."

"If you will permit me to give you a card for the Hongkong Club, you will find milieu as well as company there much more to your liking, Mr. Fairbairn."

"Doubtless. Thank you, sir. But I couldn't afford their stakes."

"Oh—" the Manchu looked up, interested, studying the younger man intensely, a glint in his narrow-lidded, purple-black eyes, "you are—ah . . .?"

"Broke. Stony-broke, except—" laughing—"for my original pile and what I won here."

"Pardon me a second time. But I wonder if you would care to work."

"Gladly," came Fairbairn's hearty reply.

"Good. I believe in work and its shining rewards. Did not the blessed Confucius say that, if you give a man a golden pile the devil of his disease will depart in a trice?" He lit another cigarette. "My partner is away on a visit to Japan. But I know he will be as delighted as I am to have you with our firm."

"I am not a businessman," said Randolph Fairbairn, "and I do not speak a single word of Chinese."

"But you are a gentleman—and a fighting man. You see—" the Manchu

But in spite of everything which Fairbairn could say, the Manchu attributed his disclaimer of warlike prowess to "charming, youthful modesty"; and so an hour later, in Jones & Sheng Pao's Hongkong branch office, he found himself engaged as: "let me call it special messenger," said the Manchu, and he proceeded to explain to the other what was wanted of him.

"There is," he related, "an interior trade route, an overland caravan trail cutting through Southern Manchuria, through the heart of Asia. Whoever controls this controls—ah—many things. It is the most direct connecting link, commercially, between Eastern and Western Asia. It has been used for hundreds—no—for thousands of years. It is a monument to the dead centuries of barter and trade and imperial enterprise!"

Sheng Pao looked up, a high light eddying in his eyes, his fingers stabbing dramatically into the coiling shadows.

For, Mongol to the core in his lust for money and power, he was Mongol, too, in his love of ancient traditions, ancient culture, and ancient glories; and he gave to the young American a quick-moving, fantastic, motley history of this trade route that made his listener gasp; speaking of all those who had gone down the long Central Asian trail, into Bokhara and Khiva and Tashkent and yellow Samarkand, into mysterious Tibet and Afghanistan, into Persia and India and the Caucasus and beyond; Jews and Phœnicians and Arabs, Turks and Tartars and Chinese; the men of Greece and Macedonia during Alexander the Great's magnificent fling at dominion; careless, swaggering Romans; the red-faced Kirgiz and Kalmicks of the Silver Horde smuggling their tea and ginseng and soey beans under the noses of Gengiz Khan's captains; the emissaries of Nadir Shah, the Turkoman brigand and conqueror, trading opium for gun-powder with some purring vulpine

Chinese from Shensi in the shadow of a Khokand wayside shrine; the fur-capped, felt-booted ambassadors of Tamerlane galloping up and down the length of the trail, levying the tribute of the farther lands; the camp followers of Yakoob Beg's Yarkand legions reaping gold amongst the carrion of the battle-fields; the princes of Mohammed el-Ghazna's entourage bartering the honor of their scimitars for a Hindu banker's minted silver—memories all—a panorama—a clanking, immense epic of Oriental commerce!

FOR centuries control of this road had belonged to the princely Tartar clan of Seng-ko-lin-chin, the direct descendants of Gengiz Khan, though under Chinese suzerainty; and the last of this line, Prince Chang-ken-tso-fang, had recently sold an option on his ancestral overlordship of the trail to Jones & Sheng Pao.

"It means to us," added the Manchu, "what ownership of a transcontinental American trunk-line would mean to the United States Steel Trust—without anti-trust laws. It will decrease our costs of transportation to the West, while increasing those of our competitors."

"Why did Prince Hickamadoodle sell out to you?"

"He is a profligate young man who lives in Peking and who needs large sums of ready cash."

"Seems to me you did very well by yourselves."

"Yes. But—how do you say in America—something about a colored gentleman in the lumber-yard—?"

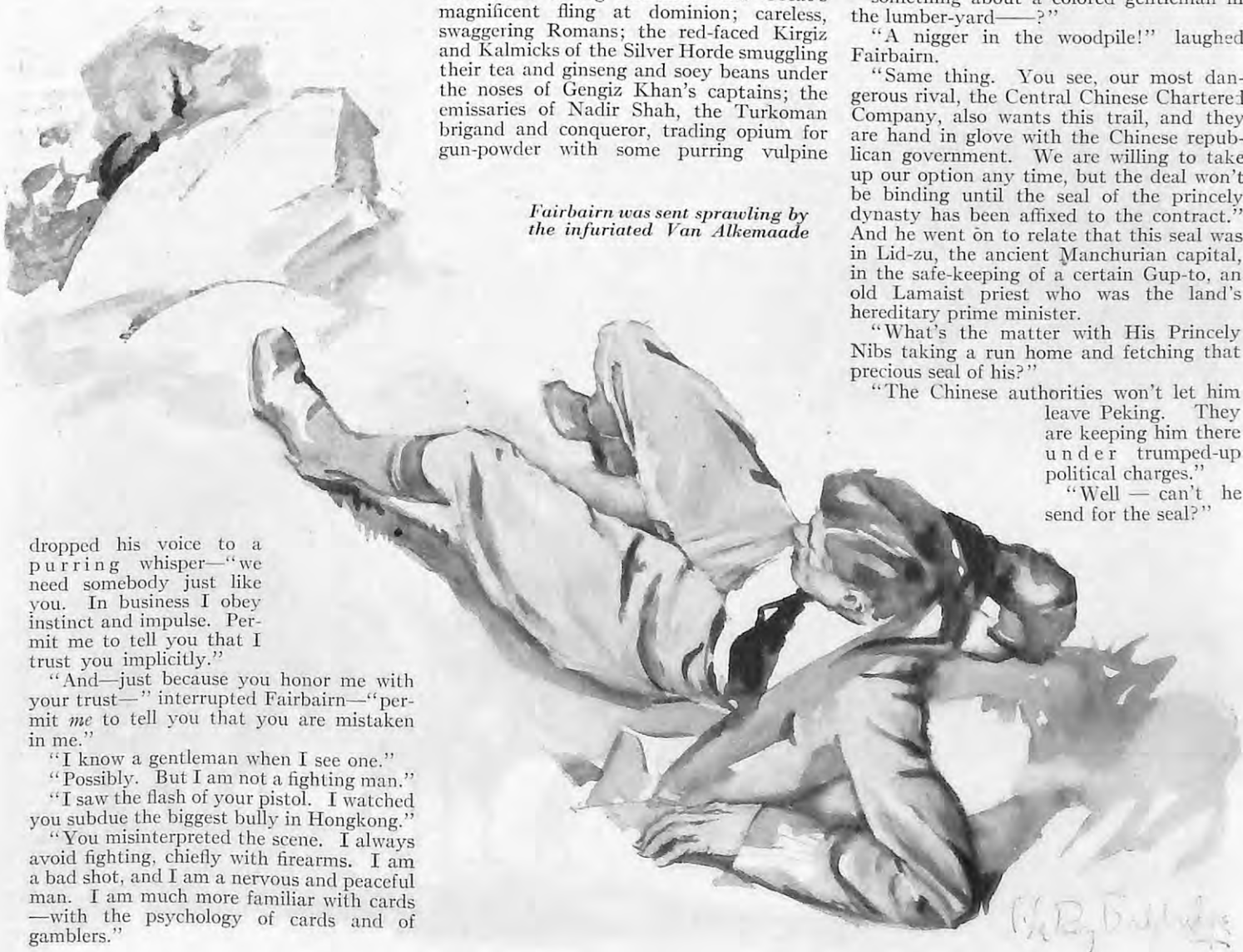
"A nigger in the woodpile!" laughed Fairbairn.

"Same thing. You see, our most dangerous rival, the Central Chinese Chartered Company, also wants this trail, and they are hand in glove with the Chinese republican government. We are willing to take up our option any time, but the deal won't be binding until the seal of the princely dynasty has been affixed to the contract." And he went on to relate that this seal was in Lid-zu, the ancient Manchurian capital, in the safe-keeping of a certain Gup-to, an old Lamaist priest who was the land's hereditary prime minister.

"What's the matter with His Princely Nibs taking a run home and fetching that precious seal of his?"

"The Chinese authorities won't let him leave Peking. They are keeping him there under trumped-up political charges."  
"Well — can't he send for the seal?"

Fairbairn was sent sprawling by the infuriated Van Alkemaade



dropped his voice to a purring whisper—"we need somebody just like you. In business I obey instinct and impulse. Permit me to tell you that I trust you implicitly."

"And—just because you honor me with your trust—" interrupted Fairbairn—"permit me to tell you that you are mistaken in me."

"I know a gentleman when I see one."

"Possibly. But I am not a fighting man."

"I saw the flash of your pistol. I watched you subdue the biggest bully in Hongkong."

"You misinterpreted the scene. I always avoid fighting, chiefly with firearms. I am a bad shot, and I am a nervous and peaceful man. I am much more familiar with cards—with the psychology of cards and of gamblers."

"That's where the rub comes in. Before the Prince left Lid-zu he told Gup-to that he might sell his overlordship of the trail and arranged with him for a certain code phrase, by word of mouth or by letter, on hearing or reading which Gup-to would forward the seal to his master."

"Well—?"

"How can he, or we, send for it? We can't write, since the Chinese are sure to supervise all our mail going to Lid-zu; and, too, they would be able to spot and intercept any confidential messenger we might send—all except you—that's why I want you, Mr. Fairbairn."

"Why especially me, sir?"

"I've been looking for somebody just like you. You are exactly the type I want. You see, you are the only one they would not possibly suspect!"

"I reckon," laughed the Virginian, "that last remark of yours was not exactly in the nature of a compliment, in fact I might say it was rather a dirty crack. Do I really look as big a jackass as all that?"

"No, no, no!" protested Sheng Pao. "But you do look—oh—a greenhorn you call it in America, eh? They would never dream that you are our trusted messenger."



Also, I repeat, if it should come to a showdown you are a fighting-man, unafraid—"

"If it comes to a showdown in poker—yes—I am a good bluffer and a good psychologist—if that's what you mean!"

"Have it your own way. But I want you to go North, to Lid-zu. You can give out you are a rich young American on a big game hunting trip—I'll see to that. Arrived at Lid-zu, you will call on prime minister Gup-to and whisper

in his ear the coded phrase which he and the Prince have arranged for."

"He'll give me the seal, I reckon?"

"No. Too dangerous. But he'll manage to send it somehow, most likely by the hand of some high Buddhist priest, and not even the Chartered Company or the Peking authorities will dare to interfere with the free movements of a priest, given the fanaticism of the Manchus and the Tartars. But—you must hurry. Our option runs out inside of seven weeks. I came to Hongkong, trying to make a deal with the British government, and I failed. You must be in Lid-zu by the end of this month. Otherwise—" he shrugged his shoulders—"the Prince will sell out to the Chartered Company as soon as our option runs out. They will offer him a large sum of ready money, more than we can afford. Here—" he gave to Fairbairn a thick roll of banknotes—"buy yourself a gun, anything you need to pass as a big-game hunter. I can not get you a guide. It would look suspicious to the spies of the Chartered Company. But the people at the hotel will help you. And now—listen—" instinctively lowering his voice—"here is the coded message for the prime minister: '*Fa-hor-qwan-na-chi!*'"

"Write it down, please!"

"No—by the Buddha! Somebody might find the paper on you and put two and two together. You must learn it by heart."

"All right, sir," sighed Randolph Fairbairn, "if I must, I reckon I must!"

And "*Fa-hor-qwan-na-chi!*" he mumbled to himself the next afternoon as, accompanied by Kung, a giant, red-faced Tartar guide and interpreter strongly recommended by the hotel, he crossed to the Chinese mainland and took train to Peking; and again a few days later, as the train pulled through the breach in Peking's outer wall—the wall the beginnings of which date back to the twelfth century before Christ, when Peking was still known as Ki, when the Ming Emperors were still Tartar barbarians near the shores of Lake Baikal who ate raw horseflesh, quaffed curdled milk out of bleached human skulls, and took no interest in the delicately tinted and ornamented porcelain with which their name is associated in American museums and auction sales.

They left Peking on camel back, traveling West and Northwest, the silent Tartar jogging ahead, crunched on his mount's hairy hump like some great, malevolent ape. Fairbairn did not like the man; tried to combat the feeling as unfair since Kung was in every way an excellent servant; tried to tell himself that it was simply the result of racial loneliness and homesickness here in the yellow heart of Asia where, down the broad highways, half the Far East seemed to be passing—flat-featured Mongolians with raucous voices, their hair burnt red by the sun; coppery Kansuh braves swaggering along with a crackle of naked steel, plum-colored coats tossed dandyishly over supple shoulders; drovers from far Si-chuen, speaking an uncouth dialect and fighting with each other and all they encountered; stately Manchus riding in gorgeously lacquered litters and surrounded by mounted servants; black-turbaned Moslems and Solon Tartars from Turkestan; furtive-eyed Honan traders, their waistbands bulging with gold; government couriers, carrying dispatches from one provincial capital to another, riding at a gallop no matter how rough or steep the road . . . they passed on, all, cold, practical, bartering, with hardly a look at Fairbairn.

Just a foreigner—said the expression in their narrow slit-eyes—just a *fan-kwai*—another one of those mad, coarse-haired barbarians! And Randolph Fairbairn told himself with a laugh that, when it came to racial prejudice, China could give lessons even to Virginia.

(Continued on page 61)



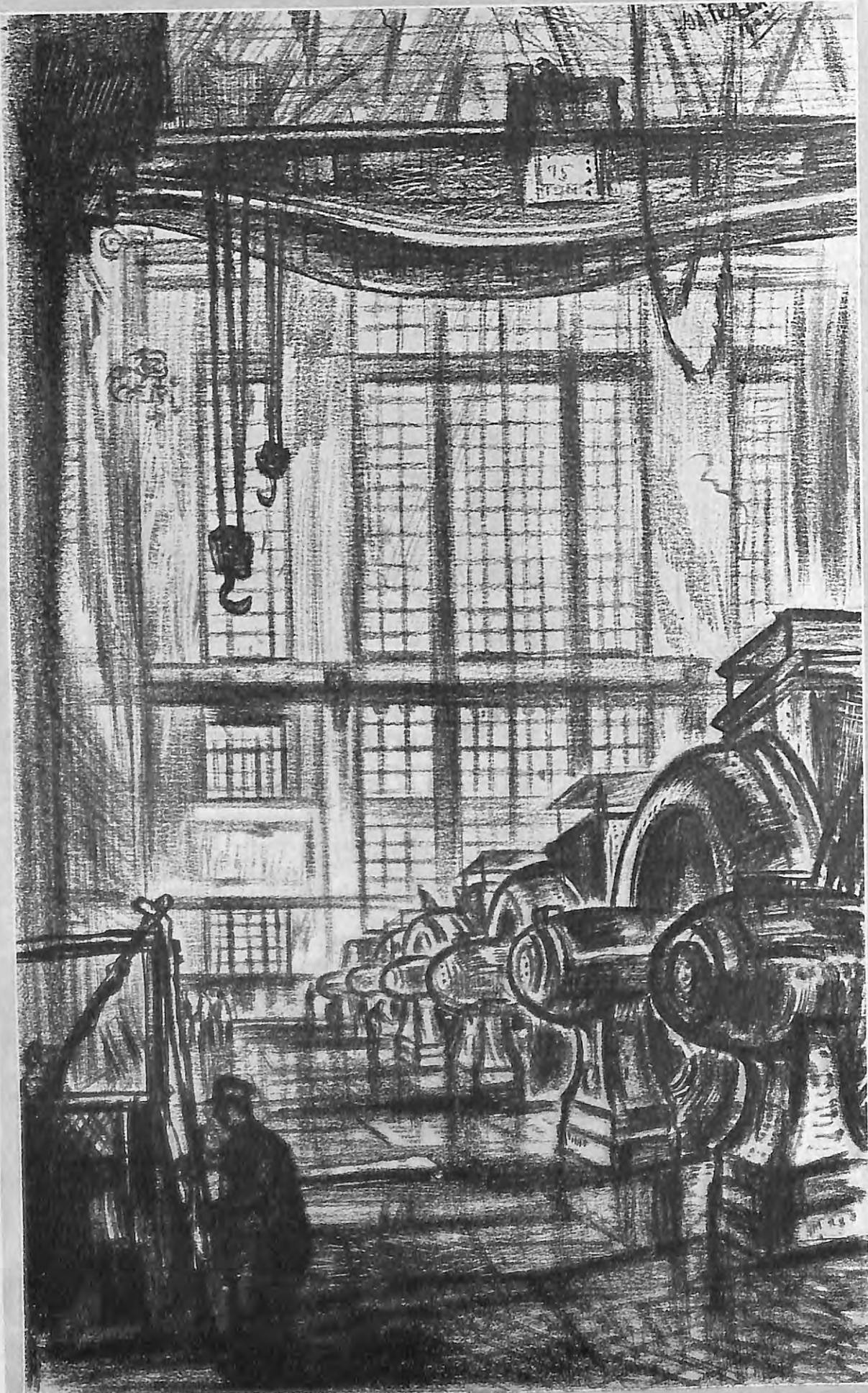
With Kung jogging ahead, he went down the long Central Asian trail, that trade route whose history was a clanking, immense epic of Oriental commerce



WHITE STU-10

*Jeanne Eagels*  
in  
*"Rain"*

*"RAIN" is a vivid dramatization by John Colton and Clemence Randolph of "Miss Thompson," a story by Somerset Maugham. It is the story of a missionary and a highly colored fugitive lady from San Francisco and what happens to them when they are penned up, by torrential rain, in a South Sea Island boarding-house. A frank, rather brutal yet fascinating play, in which Miss Eagels does by far the best acting of her career*



*Giant dynamos  
in a modern  
power-house.  
Drawn espe-  
cially for The  
Elks Magazine*

# Sinews of Trade: Light, Heat and Power

## *A Survey of the Factors in the Fuel Industries*

By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by George A. Picken

**UPON** the uninterrupted and abundant supply of power all industry depends. And, as is shown in Mr. Wolff's article, there is much confusion and waste in the business of supplying it. Lack of exact knowledge as to power resources, confusion

**O**NE American industry has for its customers every person, every business, every manufacturing agency, in the country. It is the industry, divided into three great main branches, that is concerned with the supply of fuel and of power—the greater part of which is still, and for a long time must be, derived from fuel, despite the growth in the development of power from water.

No factory to-day can operate without power. Except in special and extremely limited uses the day of the hand loom, of hand machinery of all types, has passed. Power-driven machines make practically everything we manufacture in this country. Power-driven machines, more and more, are usurping functions once performed by manual workers.

"Light—Heat—Power."

Great signs, bearing those words, are to be seen in every city. They blaze in the sky at night; they loom up, majestic and impressive, by day. The phrase is almost symbolic. "Light—Heat—Power—" The country's whole life depends upon them.

It is still easy, it is easier than it will be, a year or so from now, to look back to the early days of 1918. We were at war. In one of the most severe winters that ever afflicted the eastern part of the country, in which so much of our industrial and manufacturing activity goes on, we were making a titanic effort to build ships, to arm and equip the vast armies we had raised, to maintain, uninterrupted, the steady flow of arms and munitions and war supplies of all sorts that our allies had to have.

Our transportation system, giving ominous signs of breaking down in the emergency, had been taken over by the National Government. A growing confusion of industry, the rising menace of a grave shortage of coal, had compelled the Government also to assume control over the production and the distribution of fuel. Fuel was rationed—and, in effect, consequently, power as well. And even so the crisis was not fully met.

As a measure of conservation Dr. Garfield, the fuel administrator, proclaimed heatless days—named Monday of each week as a day when theaters must be dark, when shops must close, when no place of public resort might remain open if it used light or heat, when every industry not essential to the winning of the war must be shut down. On Sundays, in this same period, under another of Dr. Garfield's orders, no motor car could move, save in cases of real need.



*in the operation of the law under which water-powers must be developed, adherence to tradition—all conspire to create a situation which was definitely critical during the war and would again threaten the nation's industrial life should a new crisis arrive*

to acquire this information. It tried, to be sure, to get it before; the Federal Trade Commission was in the way of getting it when injunction proceedings stopped it.

Why has the cost of gasoline risen as it has in the last few years? Every man who drives a motor car has asked that question. Possibly the rise is warranted by economic conditions; even probably it is. But the only people who *know* are the great producers of gasoline.

Is the development of water-power in the United States proceeding as rapidly as it should? Has the Federal Power Act for which Theodore Roosevelt fought so long and so hard actually brought about the conservation of this last—and possibly this greatest—of all our natural resources that it was intended to accomplish? Or is it true, as man after man has told me, that the law has simply strangled small enterprises and thrust the whole future of hydraulic power development into the grip of a dominant financial group?

**I**F I attempted, here, to answer these questions I could do so only by advancing my own opinions—and this group of articles deals with facts, not with opinions. I know no one, no authority, no group of authorities, capable of giving answers to these questions that could be accepted as authoritative and final. Out of their statement here, though, two facts, of prime importance and significance, emerge. The American people are without trustworthy information as to an industry that vitally concerns them. That is one. The absence of this information has created in the past, and is likely to create again in the future, conditions threatening the whole nation. That is the second.

Fuel, practically speaking, means coal and oil. Wood, as a fuel, is almost a memory, in any large use. In the country, of course, wood will for a long time continue to be an important source of fuel for heating homes. But industrially-speaking wood has ceased to be of any importance as fuel. Wood-burning locomotives were fairly common at one time; I can not, offhand, remember any instance of their use in America to-day, except, perhaps, on logging railways.

From crude oil comes gasoline, the fuel which moves all of our more than ten million motor-driven vehicles. Oil fuel is being used increasingly by ships; any one who has ridden comfortably through Western tunnels on oil-burning divisions of the great

Doctors might drive their cars; enough taxicabs to meet imperative needs of travel were permitted to appear upon city streets.

How much fuel these orders of Dr. Garfield's saved one does not know. But, even if they accomplished little by way of conservation, those orders did do one thing—they showed Americans how dependent they were upon sources of supply that, great though they were, might, in an emergency, fail to meet all demands upon them.

We had that lesson in the war. For a time, quite a long time, the Government did actually control the supply and distribution of fuel—this vitally essential thing, this common factor of need in every phase of our life. It is to be taken for granted, isn't it, that, these things being so, the Government, through its appropriate agencies, has at its command complete information concerning every phase and branch of this industry?

You can't doubt, can you, that the Government knows exactly how much it costs to mine coal, for example? That it knows whether some mines are being uneconomically operated? That if it is true that the cost of production in inefficiently run mines, or in mines so located that production costs are necessarily very high, fixes the market price, enabling certain producers, with low costs, to reap exceptionally large profits, all the facts are known? You can not doubt, can you, that the Government has in its possession facts enabling it to determine the merits of any dispute that could conceivably arise, in this absolutely necessary industry, between capital and labor, so that, by publishing its reasoned conclusions, it can correctly lead public opinion to demand recession by whichever side is in the wrong?

**I** HOPE you are not so credulous. For, as a matter of fact, the Government has none of this information in any useful form. It is only just now, four years after the ending of the war, and following a coal strike settled just in time to avert an industrial catastrophe of the first magnitude, taking steps

transcontinental railways knows how delightful a substitute for coal as a locomotive fuel oil is. Despite the enormous spread of electric lighting the old-fashioned kerosene lamp still lights, probably, a majority of all American rural houses, and the use of oil stoves for cooking is a growing one, as recent improvements in the design of such stoves, and the introduction of quick oil heaters for water, go to show.

**E**XACT information concerning the organization and the functioning of the oil industry is as difficult to obtain as the same sort of information about coal. But it seems to matter less. The industrial organization of oil, as to production and distribution, is efficient. The great figure of the Standard Oil Company looms up. Standard Oil has been bitterly attacked; it has been savagely threatened. But it does business. On the whole, it gets along extremely well with those who work for it. It was concerned, to be sure, in one of the bitterest and ugliest of the outbreaks of industrial warfare of recent years, in Colorado. But it is a notable and a significant fact that when statements of the grim nature of those troubles were published, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., himself, went to the scene to make a first-hand investigation, accompanied by experts whose presence made a full and unbiased statement of what transpired certain.

Standard Oil has probably done unsaintly things in the past. But its course of late gives the impression, distinctly, that Standard Oil has worked out the proposition that it can make the most of its opportunities by functioning efficiently. It doesn't have labor troubles, to any great extent—and one guesses that in that it resembles the efficient housewife, who seldom has servant problems.

And, these things aside, there is this about oil, so far as that is a source of fuel and power: America can know where it stands, so far as oil is concerned. All the information that, at some time in the future, a government may feel to be requisite about so important a national asset, may not, now, be available. But we do know that the oil business is being conducted efficiently. We know that in a crisis we are not going to run short—so far as it is possible to know anything of the sort.

Coal is—well, the situation as to coal is different. The history of the coal-mining industry for the past generation is one of constant strife and trouble. There has been something like civil war in one state—West



Virginia. Federal troops went in, once, not long ago, to restore order there. Murder has been done—on both sides.

Theodore Roosevelt settled one great coal strike, in 1902. Another is fresh within our memories now. As a result of it the revival of industry, after the depression of the last two years, was slowed up. As another result there is, and is bound to continue to be, a certain amount of coal shortage in many regions and cities. Unless coal moves into the great Northwest before lake navigation ceases there is always bound to be trouble. It didn't move, this year, in sufficient quantity.

Similarly, in great cities everywhere, and in factories, there is a shortage of coal. Poor people are protected to some extent in the situations that arise in these shortages; local authorities do what they can to see to it that extortion is not practiced. But, after all, the law of supply and demand continues to operate. No measure of public control, particularly of more or less local public control, can alter the fact that when there is only so much coal available most of it is going to be sold to those who can and will pay the highest price.

Who is to blame for this constant turmoil and trouble in the matter of coal? I don't know. The government doesn't know. It is trying to find out. That is the only attempt that can be made, just now, to answer that question.

Clues there are, of course. Some things about coal are known.

We have, roughly, two sorts of coal—hard and soft, anthracite, which burns, roughly speaking, without smoke, and bituminous. There are many technical classifications and subdivisions of coal, of course, and, industrially particularly, these complicate the situation, because some factories, equipped to burn one sort of coal, can use no other. But, for present purposes, these needn't be considered.

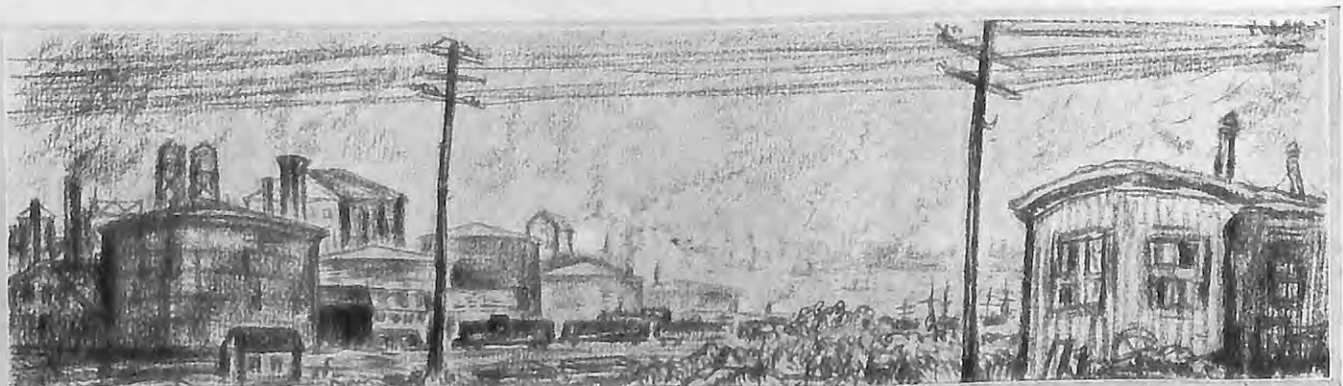
Anthracite is used almost wholly in the East; it is produced practically only in Pennsylvania. The bulk of our coal production is bituminous, and it is upon bituminous coal that our industry principally depends. Pennsylvania, Illinois, West Virginia, Indiana, Ohio and Alabama are the great sources of supply.

Coal mining problems are complicated enormously by this fact—that it is useless to mine coal unless cars to carry it from the mine are available—that is, in the case of bituminous coal. Soft coal cannot be mined and stored at the mine to await the coming of cars. As fast as it is mined and brought up it must be dumped into waiting cars. Once all the cars available have been filled and sent off, mining has to stop until more cars come.

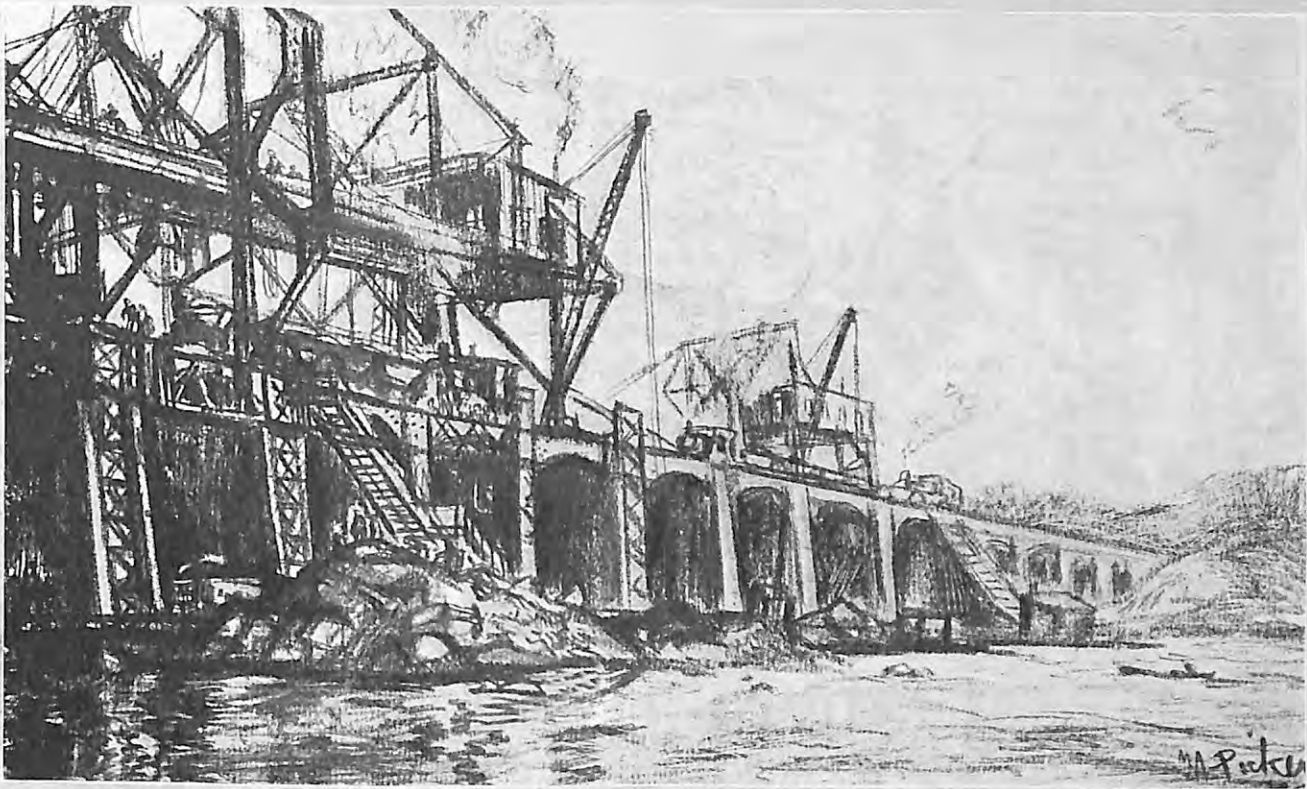
**S**O FREIGHT congestion, car shortages, enter into the situation. One result is that the coal mining industry has to employ many more men than it needs—and to employ them for part-time work. Men who work only two or three or four days a week may receive very high wages per day, and still not be well paid when you consider their annual incomes. And here is one of the most fruitful sources of coal labor trouble—because the high daily wage does, of course, enter into production costs. It is a condition that works against employer and employed alike. If miners could work every day, mining a fixed amount of coal, fewer men would be required, and definite wage adjustments could be made. But so long as car supply controls work in the mines that condition cannot exist.

Is this necessary?

Engineers who stand extremely high in their profession say it is not. Why, they ask, cannot coal be burned at the mines, in steam-power plants—be turned into electric power without passing over the railways at all? Most of the coal we mine is turned into power sooner or later somewhere; why not at once—at the pit mouth? The power thus







obtained could be carried far and near by transmission lines.

Some coal would still have to be transported by rail, of course. But, compared to the present volume of coal traffic on our railways, very little. These transmission lines are, comparatively speaking, inexpensive to build. They are, certainly, highly efficient for distances up to three hundred miles, and it is probable that power transmission over much greater distances will soon be commonplace. Power has already, in California, been sent over wires for a thousand miles; experimentally a voltage of a million has been obtained in laboratory practise at Schenectady. There is talk, highly exact and scientific talk, of wireless power transmission. It is too soon to count much upon that, but who, knowing the wonders of radio, is prepared to say that the time is not near when it will be accomplished?

But even reckoning only upon what is definitely practicable to-day a glance at the industrial map will show that the great bulk of industrial power demands could be met by power transmitted from the mining areas. Our greatest manufacturing activity lies close to our areas of coal production naturally enough, for obvious economic reasons; three hundred mile circles, drawn about our coal mine areas, would embrace so much of our industrial territory that the rest would be negligible.

Of course there are reasons why this revolutionary step has not been taken, and why there are no immediate signs that it will soon be taken. The idea is practicable enough; the Alabama Power Company located its great auxiliary steam plant on the Warrior River at Gorgas because coal mines—which it bought—were there. But the distribution of coal under the present scheme is a vested interest of great importance; railways depend upon it; a complicated mercantile structure rests upon it. It is much easier to see the benefits derived from such a plan than to discover how to put it into operation without causing heavy loss and suffering.

Sooner or later, of course, it will be done.

It never has been possible to make an omelette without breaking some eggs; it never has been possible to achieve progress without causing grievous loss. The industrial revolution, that substituted machinery for the old handicrafts, caused wide-spread ruin and suffering; it led to violence, particularly in England, of a grave sort. But in the end, always, what prevails is what will bring the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people.

It seems important, now, to decide whether certain coal fields shall be operated by miners who belong to a union; it has been important enough to lead to the open warfare in West Virginia. But the chances are that in a few years that question will, in retrospect, look like a very negligible one indeed, and it certainly seems to be true that the way in which it is settled, if it is settled any time soon, will not very materially affect the problem of coal as a whole.

So far as that goes the time is coming, although not, of course, very soon, when there will be no more coal. That is not a particularly alarming prospect, because there is plenty of time to substitute electricity, developed by water-power, for coal. There is no limit, that any one can now see, to the power that may be developed in that fashion; all we really know is that we have not scratched the surface.

**B**UT it is not too soon to give a great deal of thought to future water-power development. The time is coming, surely, even though remotely, when all our light and heat and power, for every use, must be derived from hydraulic developments. (Ultimately that will be true even of the power now derived from oil and its great derivative, gasoline, although, of course, the world's oil will probably outlast its coal.)

Water-power is expensive because of the very considerable first cost of the necessary installations. Once a stream is dammed, and the necessary power houses and machinery are installed, power thus derived is cheapest of all, and even with high first cost, water-power is still cheaper, generally speaking, than any other. Also, naturally,

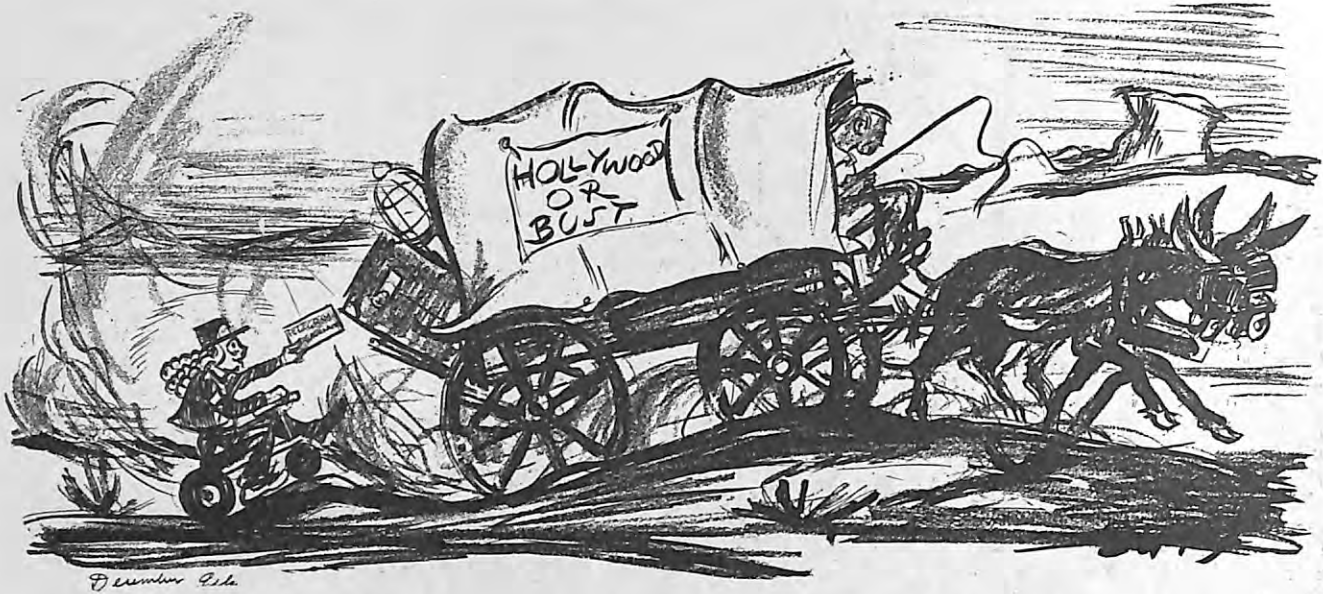
it continues, with the passing of time and the amortization of the first cost, to grow cheaper and cheaper. Machinery may have to be replaced, in the end, but a well-built concrete dam ought to last forever. There is, practically speaking, no labor problem; an incredibly small number of men can operate even the largest hydraulic power plant.

Yet there is grave doubt as to whether the trend of water-power development is to be regarded with satisfaction. For years hydraulic development awaited the crystallization of a national policy and the enactment of a Federal law. We have the law—but it is significant that the interests that opposed it most bitterly in Roosevelt's day have suddenly developed a liking for it, and that all through the West small interests are complaining that the law makes it impossible for them to carry out their plans. Until Henry Ford seemed likely to win Muscle Shoals no bid under the Federal act was made for that greatest of all Eastern water-powers; the bid that was made, it seems fair to say, was a forced one. Why is this? Is it true that the Federal Power Act, in actual operation, proves disappointing?

Here again are questions that the Government should be able to answer. Yet the Federal Power Commission would hardly welcome them, I think. It favors the present law, and it is administering it with honesty and sincere courage. But go west, go into the intermountain States, and you will find man after man who complains that water-power projects essential to local and regional development are being held up because, under the terms of the law, capital can be found only upon terms too onerous to be borne.

These men want Federal aid for local water-power projects; Federal underwriting of their bonds, for example; government loans. They say that interest charges impossibly high must, otherwise, be imposed upon projects for which, under the law, only a fifty-year license may be had, with reversion to the Government, thereafter, of dams and installations.

(Continued on page 68)



Edmund Duffy

Note.—The young man whose reminiscences I have tried to assemble just as he told them, and who has discovered what he quaintly describes as camera hypnosis, has spent the greater part of his life in moving picture studios and on outdoor locations. He is a pioneer in the new art, having started as a child actor. He is now an expert cutter and director's assistant. His art lies in a peculiar ability to weed out the chaff from thousands of feet of film and piece together the essentials of a picture play in connected form. He knows and loves his movie people, even in their eccentricities.

NOT so long ago in New York there was much astonishment and wonder over the printed details of a crime across the river in New Jersey, in which one movie man shot another. According to the newspaper accounts every step in the unfortunate tragedy was gone through with just as if it had been intended for the screen. It read like a picture story. In the pocket of the victim the officials reported having found a note written, as if for a close-up to explain the plot, saying that if he should be shot it would be done with a certain make of German revolver. Everybody connected with the tragedy talked of it as if it were a scene on the screen.

This did not strike me as remarkable, even though the public expressed amazement at the odd turn of mind that would enable persons to continue thinking in stage values while discussing real crime. I have lived and worked with movie people since I was a child with long curly locks. I can readily understand how their daily work influences their minds off the stage. They think in movie terms, and movie values—most of them. They can not forget stage settings even in outbursts of passion.

Long before this particular affair was called to my attention I had discovered a human weakness that several of us had humorously dubbed Camera Hypnosis. In my mind there is no question about its existence.

Once under the influence of the camera it is very hard for a man or woman to escape it. I have known

## Camera Hypnosis

By Bozeman Bulger

Sketches by Edmund Duffy

dozens of actors who played a certain character so long in the movies that they got to believe that they really were that character in life.

This influence is so great that men and women—even children—are able to perform daring feats before the camera that they could not possibly do otherwise. I know. I have been a victim myself.

My parents moved to Los Angeles when I was a little bit of a boy. I contributed a little to their support as a messenger boy, and in delivering messages I came in contact with the movie people. If you could see the big bruiser that I am now you wouldn't think that I was once regarded as a very pretty, sad-eyed little boy. I had long curly locks that hung down below my little messenger cap and I had big blue eyes and an olive complexion.

They tell me that I had a very wistful expression in my eyes and that I was deadly serious and intensely timid. It was my demeanor and appearance that caused a director to pick me out to play the part of an angel. Yes, sir, Little Eva never ascended any better than I did.

One day I came to deliver a message just as they were about to shoot a picture.

"Son," said the director, "get in there and hand that woman this letter. You

ought to make a bird of a messenger boy for the pictures."

I looked at him in wide-eyed wonder, but did exactly as he said without cracking a smile. He gave me a quarter, the whole troupe bursting into laughter as I made a curtsy. That went in

the picture also, though I didn't know it at the time. In those days, by the way, you could get most anybody to do a stunt in the pictures for a small fee—an outsider, I mean.

The director took a liking to me. It seems, on account of my deadly seriousness, my childish dignity. It made good comedy for him.

The moment I saw myself on the screen in a try-out projection I was a victim of camera hypnosis. I never said a word, but my whole soul was in pictures. None of these things were laughable to me. I made it a point thereafter to look up messages to take to this particular place. It never had occurred to me that my long, curly hair made me an odd-looking messenger boy.

"You are just the young man I've been looking for," the director said to me one day as I came in.

I noticed that everybody on the set was sort of suppressing a smile, but as it was none of my business, I simply stood and waited. The star was seated in a big arm-chair, wearing the lowest cut dress I ever had seen. Her face was all plastered up with make-up, her lips scarlet.

They had prepared to have some fun out of my timidity, it developed

"Young man," said the director, "I want you to go over there, throw your arms

around that beautiful young woman's neck and kiss her right on the lips."

I looked at him with the expression of a wounded deer. I just simply couldn't do it, that's all. But I said nothing.

"Now, don't be bash-



He is able to perform daring feats before the camera that he could not possibly do unless he were hypnotized



ful," encouraged the young woman, "you looked beautiful in that picture the other day, I know you will in this. Now, don't you think you could love me?"

"It's for the pictures?" I stammered, feeling all trembly.

"Sure," said the director. "Can't you do it?"

The camera hypnosis was working on me. I nodded my head and gulped.

"On the set!" called out the man to somebody, and there was a sputtering of electric lights. "Now, go!" he directed when everything was ready.

I walked over with great dignity and gallantry and kissed that beautiful young woman just as pretty as you please. And the way I did it got a big laugh from all assembled. Even the camera man laughed. And, if you know the movie business, to make a camera man laugh is quite a feat. But I didn't know I was funny. I was deadly serious and, as painful as it was, I kissed fervently.

The point I make is that under no circumstances could I have done that except through the influence of the camera. I was a ham actor at heart. I had been stung by the virus that hits the great and the small alike.

This little scene turned out so well that I was engaged regularly for child parts after that. Soon I gave up the messenger boy business and devoted myself to the picture drama until I got so big and gawky that they had to either fire me out or give me a better job. Luckily, I was observant and, besides, I kept up my studies. I learned every trick of the movie busi-

*"Is it for me, Son?" the roughrider who had been a Shakespearian actor asked me. He wore regular cowboy outfit, chaps and all*

ness as it developed and grew. That's why I have a good job now—one that doesn't depend on my looks.

Along about this time the wild western pictures came into vogue. Cowboys, Indians and heroic two-gun men were in great demand. We could get plenty of cowboys and Indians for fifty cents a scene, but the hero had to know how to act. Also he had to look the part of the leather-faced ranger who could lead a posse to the rescue of a beautiful girl or a besieged camp.

A very excellent Shakespearian actor came out there and was selected to play the part of a roughrider, a scout who chased Indians and outlaws and did all sorts of daring things. This man had never ridden a cowboy before, so I am told. Anyway, he started out as if he never had.

This man—and he was a genius—made such a hit that he became a star in rough-riding parts. Often he used a cowboy to double in the dangerous scenes, but that was no reflection on him. They all have to do that.

In three months this actor had forgotten all about Shakespeare.

One night I was sent to a well-known saloon with a note for some performer. It was one of those big saloons where men sat around the tables and often carried on conversations with others standing at the bar.

"Is it for me, Son?" the roughrider who had been a Shakespearian actor asked me.

I looked at him in boyish astonishment. The message did concern a scene in which he played, but I did not recognize him at first. He wore regular cowboy outfit, chaps and all. He also carried a big six-shooter in a holster on his hip. Across the table from him was his director, also in cowboy make-up.

The hero was showing the others five notches that he had in his gun-handle and was telling them of some of his toughest fights with the cattle rustlers in the old days. And, the astonishing feature, he believed every word of it. Even in my childish mind I could sense that.

**A**FTER that this actor always wore cowboy clothes, carried his notched gun—I mean when going about as a civilian—and would reminisce by the hour about the good old days, not one of which he had ever seen. He thought himself the greatest rider on the prairie and, to tell the truth, he did get to be a great rider. It would be difficult to make this man believe that he ever portrayed Shakespearian rôles or that he hadn't been born with a pair of chaps on. The camera hypnotized him into a different being, physically and mentally.

We have a trick in pictures of making a horse fall with its rider. It is impossible to make a horse deliberately take one of those hard spills. The trick is to ride the horse at a gallop and suddenly pull his head to one side without checking his stride. The momentum of the body will cause the animal to fall. We used to get cowboys to take this fall for a small fee. After awhile our hero actor would insist on doing it himself, dangerous as it was. He thought he had done it years before. With the camera on them they will do anything.

After I graduated from



*Hypnotized into conducting themselves at home as entertainingly as they do on the screen*

playing little angel parts I was frequently used as the little waif adopted by the cowboys, outlaws and so on. It was on one of these locations that I performed a stunt that I have never been able to do since, or before.

Having got lost from my cowboy protectors—in the story—I was pursued by a mounted band of Indian braves in war-paint. They were about to catch me as I stood on the bank of a little swampy stream. The director conceived the idea of having me dive beneath the water and stay under until the Indians looted around and went away. To do this I was to breathe through the stem of a tall reed—a cattail that grew in the swamp. This was to be considered a very keen bit of woodcraft, or watercraft, on my part.

When all was ready and I went under for a rehearsal we discovered that the reed of a cattail is not hollow. There was no other weed around that had a hollow stem.

"Can't you hold your breath that long?" inquired the annoyed director.

"I'll try, sir," I replied.

"Don't you dare come up until I strike these two rocks together to let you know that the scene is O. K.; that the Indians have gone."



When all was set I went under. Though I was almost bursting, I give you my word I held my breath for one and three quarters minutes! I would have died rather than ruin that scene! Often I have tried to do this since, but it is with the greatest difficulty that I can hold my breath for one minute.

The influence of the camera hypnotized me into doing that.

On another occasion I was the tiny son of a moonshiner. The "revenooers" were to come and I was to climb a tree and lie on a limb with a cocked rifle so as to stop them. They were to locate me and shoot me off the limb just as if I were a wildcat or a small black bear.

In the rehearsal I dropped the rifle which the men caught in a blanket. They were then to hold the blanket so that I would drop in it, which, of course, would not show in the picture.

The first time I dropped they forgot to take the rifle out of the blanket and I fell on it, my head striking the stock and knocking me unconscious.

"Well, hurry up now and do that right," the director urged as I came to my senses. "We've got to get this done while there is a good light." Without a thought of protest I climbed right up and allowed myself to be shot off again. This time they caught me. The point I make is the blind obedience of even a child to the will of the camera.

In the early days we had no difficulty in getting cowboys to take daring leaps and other hazardous risks for fifty cents, as long as they knew it was for the pictures.

A big lumbering fellow came out to our place one day to play the part of a strong man, a heroic wrestler. He had never wrestled in his life but he had the wonderful looking muscles and the giant physique. He wrestled for the sake of a widow woman and her orphan children, thus saving them from some disaster, I've forgotten what. Anyway, this big dub got to where he thought he was one of the world's greatest wrestlers and strong men. He talked familiarly about Hackenschmidt, Jenkins, Gotch, Zbysco, and all the noted champions.

To make it good he received newspaper

*With the eye of the camera upon him he quite recklessly does anything he is asked*



men and gave his opinion on all the coming matches. He even wrote a series of articles on physical culture. Yes, and we sincerely believed that he was a great athlete. To this day you couldn't make that man believe he had not mastered some of the greatest wrestlers in the world. In fact, I don't believe he ever saw a wrestling match.

This hypnosis is not limited to men—not by any means.

WHEN the vamp pictures were the rage our studio manager picked out a very pretty country girl from Iowa and declared her a vamp. Her first picture was successful and for a year thereafter she did nothing but vamp. She got to believe that she was a vamp and used to ogle everybody in the studio before she went to work.

With her first big money this young woman leased an apartment and fitted it up in true vamp style, just as she had seen in the various studio sets. The place smelled of burning incense. She had a servant dressed up like a Hindu fakir and her lounge was covered with a leopard skin and heaped with silken pillows, redolent of rare perfumes. She even smoked one of those Turkish pipes where the smoke goes through a bowl of water, the smoker using a long flexible tube for her languorous puffing. Now, can you beat that?

Not only that, but this country girl got to where she would exercise her supposed powers on the street, thinking she was ensnaring the hearts of men. She was a perfectly good, sweet girl and meant no wrong. She had simply been hypnotized into the belief that she actually was the character she portrayed.

One of the most humorous phases of this peculiar twist of the mind is the attempt of uncultured people to assume rôles of extreme gentility, even aristocracy, in their home lives. Having played Lady Gilfeather, or something, in a picture, they try to be Lady Gilfeather at home. They go through with it nicely until they get into an argument with their butler or maid, or something like that.

When I was sixteen years old I was at a party given by one of these picture-made aristocrats one night. The butler came in to ask if tea should be served. The young lady's rôle was to say: "Well, rawther."

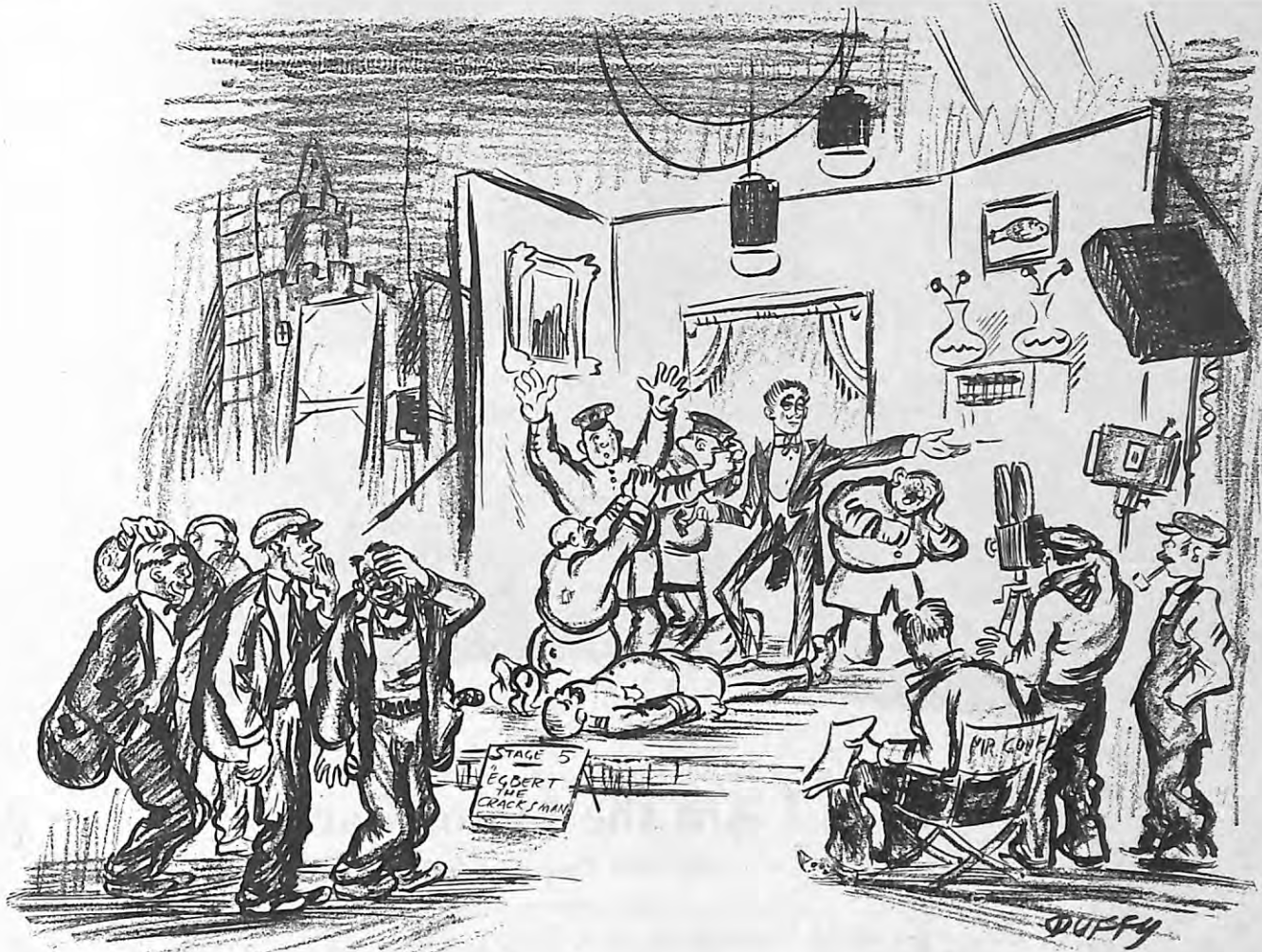
She had the accent down pat for ordinary purposes, but this night she had partaken of a cocktail. She also was with people who knew her when she worked at the telephone exchange.

"Where do you get that stuff?" was her reply to the astonished butler, who really was English and on the level with his question.

Nine girls out of ten assume the broad A in their accent within two days after they have played a society part. But they will forget when angry or excited.

To understand more clearly what I mean it would interest you to visit the homes of these people. Invariably they will furnish them in keeping with the part they have been playing. I do not criticize any one for wishing to improve his or her social status and to get away from early raising and crudeness. As a matter of fact, I think it a mighty nice thing. Just the same one can not so encourage such steps as to sacrifice his sense of humor.

It is easy for a girl and for lots of men to imitate gentility on the screen, but it's rather difficult at home, especially when domestic



difficulties muss up the plans. The only successful way to do it is for all the servants to be genuine. If they are real butlers and maids of foreign birth they can keep the lord and lady well within their rôles. But it takes a lot of stage management if the servants have to act their parts as well as the master and mistress. Our stars often find that there are some little mannerisms and looks necessary to an atmosphere of gentility, that can not be acquired on the stage. The most laughable of all their attempts is to give a dignified party.

There are a few movie actors who do not have to assume a rôle but really act themselves on the screen. Naturally, they succeed more quickly. Performers of this type are rarely affected by the camera afterwards. They are doing on the stage just what they have been used to doing all their lives. Consequently they act the same way in their homes.

There is one young man who plays the part of an awkward country boy, and he has done it so successfully that he has earned pretty close to a half million dollars. His success is due to the fact that he really is a country boy and is just as awkward and naive now as when he started. He is a real delight to all who know him and is a big factor in making the poseurs take a tumble to themselves occasionally and have a good laugh.

Realizing that it was the vogue for picture stars to have magnificent homes, lots of servants and everything like that, this young man laid

*Burglars sent to the studio are quite likely to be reformed by what they see*

out nearly one hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. He got the best architects and his place is really a marvelous piece of work. On the advice of his more sophisticated and poseur friends he engaged a corps of servants, mostly English. To see him on his great veranda conferring with his butler who looks like a major general is one of the best laughs in Hollywood. If he sees the ridiculous side of it he never lets one know. This young man never cracks a smile.

On occasions he has tried faithfully to live up to his part as the exacting master, but when they started to make a garden he forgot his rôle and, grabbing a spading fork and a hoe, showed the servant how it ought to be done.

One day this young man was receiving on the porch and was directing his many servants in a way that caused the guests to prick up their ears. Sure enough, he was learning to act his part, they thought.

About that time a flivver delivery wagon drove up the graveled road and stopped near the kitchen. We saw our host's eyes take on a new light.

"Just a minute," he said, excusing himself,

and went out to the delivery wagon with a towel in his hand.

"Say, you," he called to the driver, "pull that car up a little. Don't you see what you are doing? Look-a-here, you're drippin' oil all over my new gravel walk. Maybe you didn't know it, but it cost me five thousand dollars to put that drive in here."

The driver moved up with his car and our host, forgetful of his rôle, got down on his knees and wiped up the oil with the towel.

"What do you know 'bout them guys mussin' up my road that way," he said to the embarrassed English butler.

"I could have done that, Sir," suggested the butler, glancing at the towel.

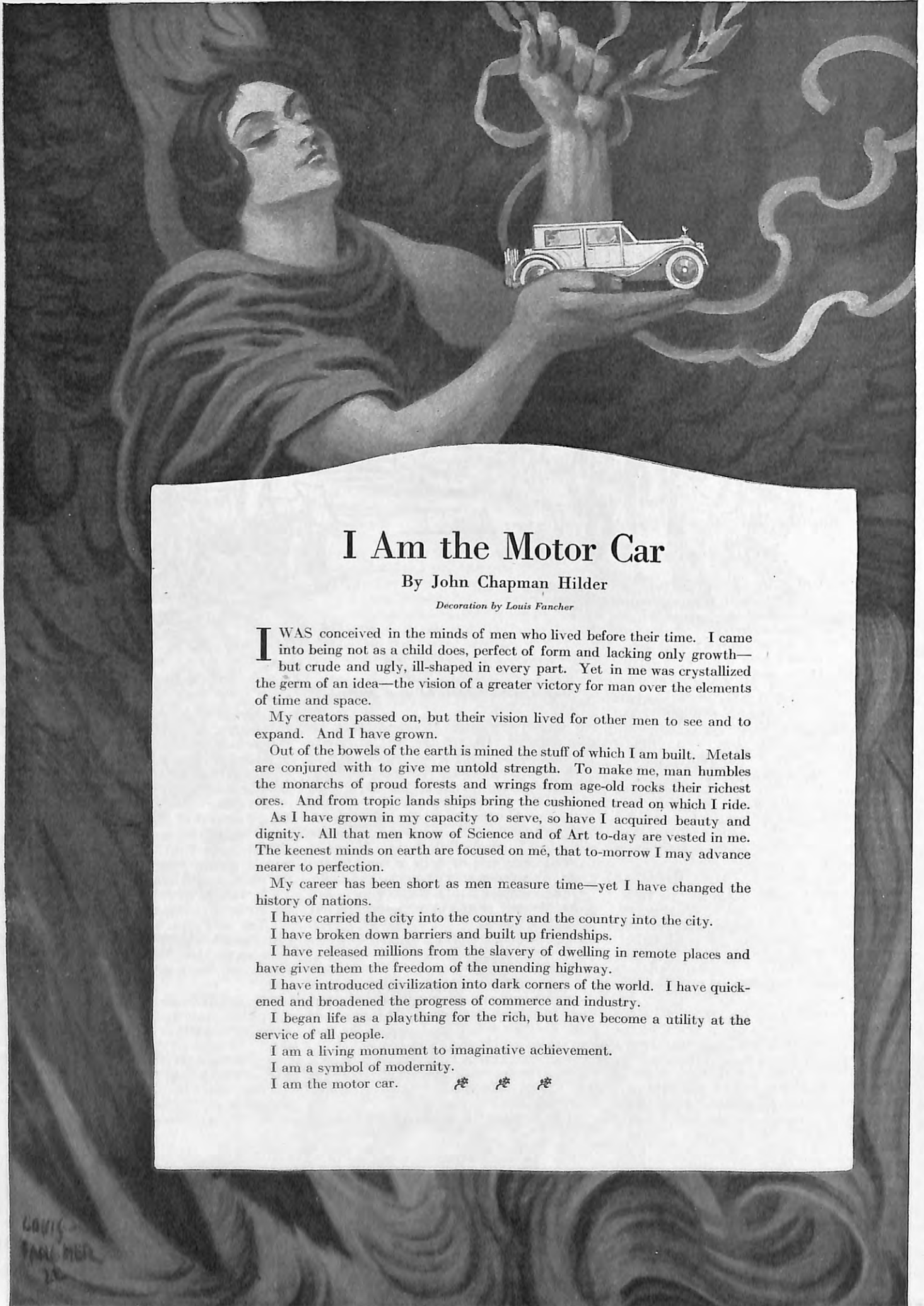
"Yes, and spoil that gold uniform that cost me eighty dollars. No you don't . . . Serve us tea, Jenkins—that Russian make—you know, that's got a lemon in it, and no milk."

This delightful young man—he's loved by all picture people and also the public—made his first trip to New York shortly after that. Though a favorite on the screen for two or three years he had never seen the big city. Often he had gone to it as an innocent country boy—in the pictures. But he wanted to see the real thing.

On the train his companions told him that he would have to practice up a little in his manners and also his dress. They explained to him that the mayor, undoubtedly, would be at the station to meet him and this would necessitate his putting on a little dog.

(Continued on page 66)





## I Am the Motor Car

By John Chapman Hilder

*Decoration by Louis Fancher*

**I** WAS conceived in the minds of men who lived before their time. I came into being not as a child does, perfect of form and lacking only growth—but crude and ugly, ill-shaped in every part. Yet in me was crystallized the germ of an idea—the vision of a greater victory for man over the elements of time and space.

My creators passed on, but their vision lived for other men to see and to expand. And I have grown.

Out of the bowels of the earth is mined the stuff of which I am built. Metals are conjured with to give me untold strength. To make me, man humbles the monarchs of proud forests and wrings from age-old rocks their richest ores. And from tropic lands ships bring the cushioned tread on which I ride.

As I have grown in my capacity to serve, so have I acquired beauty and dignity. All that men know of Science and of Art to-day are vested in me. The keenest minds on earth are focused on me, that to-morrow I may advance nearer to perfection.

My career has been short as men measure time—yet I have changed the history of nations.

I have carried the city into the country and the country into the city.

I have broken down barriers and built up friendships.

I have released millions from the slavery of dwelling in remote places and have given them the freedom of the unending highway.

I have introduced civilization into dark corners of the world. I have quickened and broadened the progress of commerce and industry.

I began life as a plaything for the rich, but have become a utility at the service of all people.

I am a living monument to imaginative achievement.

I am a symbol of modernity.

I am the motor car.

☼ ☼ ☼

LOUIS  
FANCHER  
20

# The Cruise of the Happy Reader

*Along the Coasts of Romance via Some of the New Books*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

STEAMSHIPS and railway offices are buzzing with activity just about now. The "lucky minority" are crowding forward demanding reservations and fleeing the devastations of winter. They are off to tropic lands and lazy seas, long hours on sunny decks and days spent in discovering romance-haunted towns, leaving the rest of us amidst a chill drizzle feeling very sorry for ourselves.

Books are written for these fortunate people so that such voyages as theirs may be doubly wonderful and entrancing, but there is no law, praise be to Allah! against the stay-at-homes reading them, and much, very much, may be said in favor of taking these literary journeys.

## *Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas* By C. E. Andrews

ONE day Professor Andrews, lounging along the left bank of the Seine (where the old book-stalls congregate) picked up a volume written in 1668 by one John Speed, an Englishman, who gave therein a most amazing account of things he had seen in Morocco. Here a city with seven hundred churches, one of them a mile and a half in compass; there a tower so high that it could be seen from a hill a hundred and thirty miles distant and a castle with golden globes upon it, weighing thousands of "Barbary Ducks"—(O marvelous words)

Andrews' vagrant mind immediately started off toward Africa. Later, he passed a shop window displaying a map of the French Protectorate of Morocco and a notice that a trip to Morocco from Toulouse could be made in a day by aeroplane. After that there was no keeping himself back. Discarding the air voyage as much too modern a method of conveyance to a country where time turns back some eight hundred years, he went via boat to Casablanca, the newly-built port of French Morocco, and from there he set out on his wanderings which, from the unusual charm and enchantment the book provides the reader, must have been a series of adventures blindingly sunny and shadowy by turns, mysterious and humorous, hauntingly beautiful and at times actually perilous. All the gamut that the independent traveler, avoiding the "dog-eared" paths of the average sight-seers, prays a kind heaven to send along his pathway was his. And how well he knows just what to tell, and how to tell it. In fact, let us state right here that this is a rare book of travel. But, after all, is it a book of travel? Isn't it, rather, the story of a visit to a fascinating people through whose well-defined personalities we become conscious of the romance of old Moorish cities, the limitless monotony of brown plains, the poignant appeal of brilliant minarets swimming in the sun, the unreality of age-old courtyards and faintly splashing fountains, the thrill of the Arab mountain fastness where the author was held practically a prisoner—as a crusader might have been held by the Saracens.

Where is the reader who is unmoved by such pictures and experiences told in glowing and shimmering words?

Professor Andrews takes us into a world of barbaric splendors and stormy history, into cities down whose dim streets sorcerers are still besought for talismen by veiled women, into palaces and mosques unreal in their beauty.

He meets his friend, M. Lapandéry, and we suddenly rejoice, for at a glance we know Lapandéry is going to be a great person. Here is a government official bent on a mission into the heart of the Berber country, the almost unknown, unvisited Atlas Mountains, where chieftains still rule as they did centuries ago.

Of course Andrews went along with him—turning us quite mad with envy, and with them M. Lapandéry's little eight-year-old Berber step-daughter, who thought herself quite a Parisienne but reverted to type to act as interpreter.

What a journey! We beg of you not to miss reading about it. It will make the actualities of your life seem remote and futile, and this distant land and ancient people the only real things in the world. "Paris must be some place we dreamed of once and America cannot have been discovered."

Thus are we whirled away to another continent and age. Who could withstand this,

the songs of old France. . . . At ten o'clock the Ethiopian major-domo leads in two slaves bearing on their heads trays covered with peaked straw cones. I eat ravenously . . . and roll over on my mattress in the court and fall asleep under the twinkling stars to the thin strains of Moorish music and the faint throb of a tom-tom in some distant part of the palace."

Later, this:

"My bed was in the shadowed angle of the wall protected from the brilliant white moonlight, and I lay listening to the perfect silence. . . . Then the lock of the mysterious door grated, the door opened and a lovely young girl with a two-stringed lute . . . appeared. She gives a swift glance around, walks to the fountain and sits partly in the shadow of the almond tree, with her exquisite profile turned toward me. . . . Then in a soft, scarcely audible voice she sings a homesick little tune that I cannot understand. . . . In any case, here she is, and I am broad awake and not dreaming. . . . My elbow is cramped, but I am afraid to stir lest she should know I am here and run frightened away. . . . And then I am afraid she may go away and not know that I am here!"

By all of which we see that Professor Andrews is a nice human young man (no matter how old he may be) who throws a delightful light over all that he experienced in Morocco. Ready for radiant impressions and eager to hand them on, he has written one of the very most delightful books of the year.

## *In Morocco*

By Edith Wharton

NOT quite so new a book as C. E. Andrews' on this great African country, Morocco, yet one which in this connection cannot be overlooked since it is by our leading writer, and the visit made to Morocco by her, and here so gorgeously recorded, was taken under very interesting circumstances. The War was still on, complicating travel, but

"To see Morocco during the war was therefore to see it in the last phase of its curiously abrupt transition from remoteness and danger to security and accessibility; at a moment when its aspect and its customs were still much unaffected by European influences and when the 'Christian' might taste the transient joy of wandering unmolested in cities of ancient mystery and hostility, whose inhabitants seemed hardly aware of his intrusion."

Perhaps nowhere in travel literature is there a more sweeping and throbbing picture than the one she draws of the religious ceremony of the Sacrifice of the Sheep at Meknez, and the Sultan receiving the homage of assembled Arab tribes.

"Instantly there came across the plain a wild cavalcade of tribesmen, with rifles slung across their shoulders, pistols and cutlasses in their belts and twists of camel's-hair bound about their turbans. Within a few feet of the Sultan they drew in, their leader uttered a cry and sprang forward, bending to the saddlebow, and with a great shout the tribe galloped by, each man bowed over his horse's neck as he flew past the hieratic figure on the grey horse. . . . There were more than ten

(Continued on page 70)

## Books Reviewed This Month

*Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas*, by C. E. Andrews. (Doran, New York)

*In Morocco*, by Edith Wharton. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

*Captain Blood*, by Rafael Sabatini. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York)

*Admirals of the Caribbean*, by Francis Russell Hart. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York)

*The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp*, by Harry L. Foster. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

*Bermuda, Past and Present*, by Walter B. Hayward. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

*Cuba, Past and Present*, by A. Hyatt Verrill. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

*Crusading in the West Indies*, by W. F. Jordan. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York)

for instance—the first evening of the party's eight-day imprisonment in the Caid's mountain castle:

"The flat twang of an African lute and the lazy laughter of women came through a mysterious locked door in a white arched passageway. . . . In the evening, we sit about on a rich carpet, the curtain over the doorway caught up to let in any wandering breath of air the night may bring. . . . Out in the court, the full moon silvers the almond trees . . . the Muezzin calls the night prayers in his uncanny falsetto wail. . . . Old Si Lhasen, who is squatting against the wall, rises for the invocation and then makes the three-fold prostration before the name of God. . . . Monsieur Lapandéry walks up and down the chamber singing in his magnificent baritone

## Friendship and Loyalty

### A Creed for Elks

By Rev. Edward Lindsay Powell, D.D.

¶ I believe in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks as an Order which was not born of programme and set purpose—not an artificial and built institution, but the creation of inspiration. Out of a benevolent impulse this child of light and love comes forth as naturally as the dawn breaks on the hills.

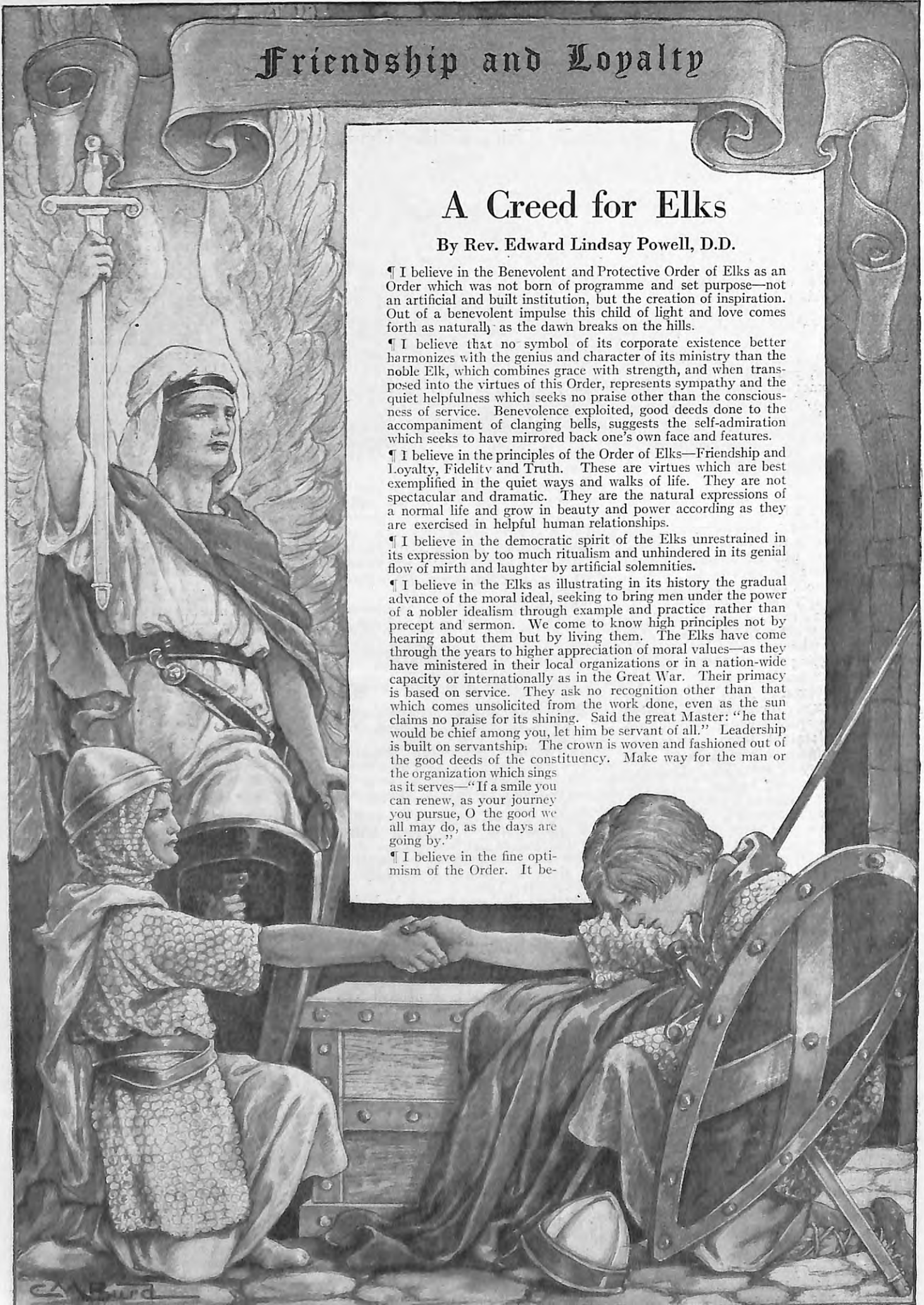
¶ I believe that no symbol of its corporate existence better harmonizes with the genius and character of its ministry than the noble Elk, which combines grace with strength, and when transposed into the virtues of this Order, represents sympathy and the quiet helpfulness which seeks no praise other than the consciousness of service. Benevolence exploited, good deeds done to the accompaniment of clanging bells, suggests the self-admiration which seeks to have mirrored back one's own face and features.

¶ I believe in the principles of the Order of Elks—Friendship and Loyalty, Fidelity and Truth. These are virtues which are best exemplified in the quiet ways and walks of life. They are not spectacular and dramatic. They are the natural expressions of a normal life and grow in beauty and power according as they are exercised in helpful human relationships.

¶ I believe in the democratic spirit of the Elks unrestrained in its expression by too much ritualism and unhindered in its genial flow of mirth and laughter by artificial solemnities.

¶ I believe in the Elks as illustrating in its history the gradual advance of the moral ideal, seeking to bring men under the power of a nobler idealism through example and practice rather than precept and sermon. We come to know high principles not by hearing about them but by living them. The Elks have come through the years to higher appreciation of moral values—as they have ministered in their local organizations or in a nation-wide capacity or internationally as in the Great War. Their primacy is based on service. They ask no recognition other than that which comes unsolicited from the work done, even as the sun claims no praise for its shining. Said the great Master: "he that would be chief among you, let him be servant of all." Leadership is built on servanthip. The crown is woven and fashioned out of the good deeds of the constituency. Make way for the man or the organization which sings as it serves—"If a smile you can renew, as your journey you pursue, O the good we all may do, as the days are going by."

¶ I believe in the fine optimism of the Order. It be-





## Fidelity and Truth

believes that in the worst man there is some goodness which kindness can develop and cause it to grow into larger and sweeter experiences. It believes in man and men respond to that faith. Suspicion and distrust chill and kill, but love brings out the best in the bad, liberates that best and sets free the real man to play his part of man and brother among his fellows.

¶ I believe in the aggressive and confident spirit of this Order. It "carries on." It does not sit in the darkness bemoaning the gloom. Rather does it concern itself with giving light. It does not worry over the sins of its brother-man, but believes in the inspiration of worthy ideals to turn them in the right way. Its spirit is affirmative rather than negative. It does not blame or warn, but invites men to higher ground.

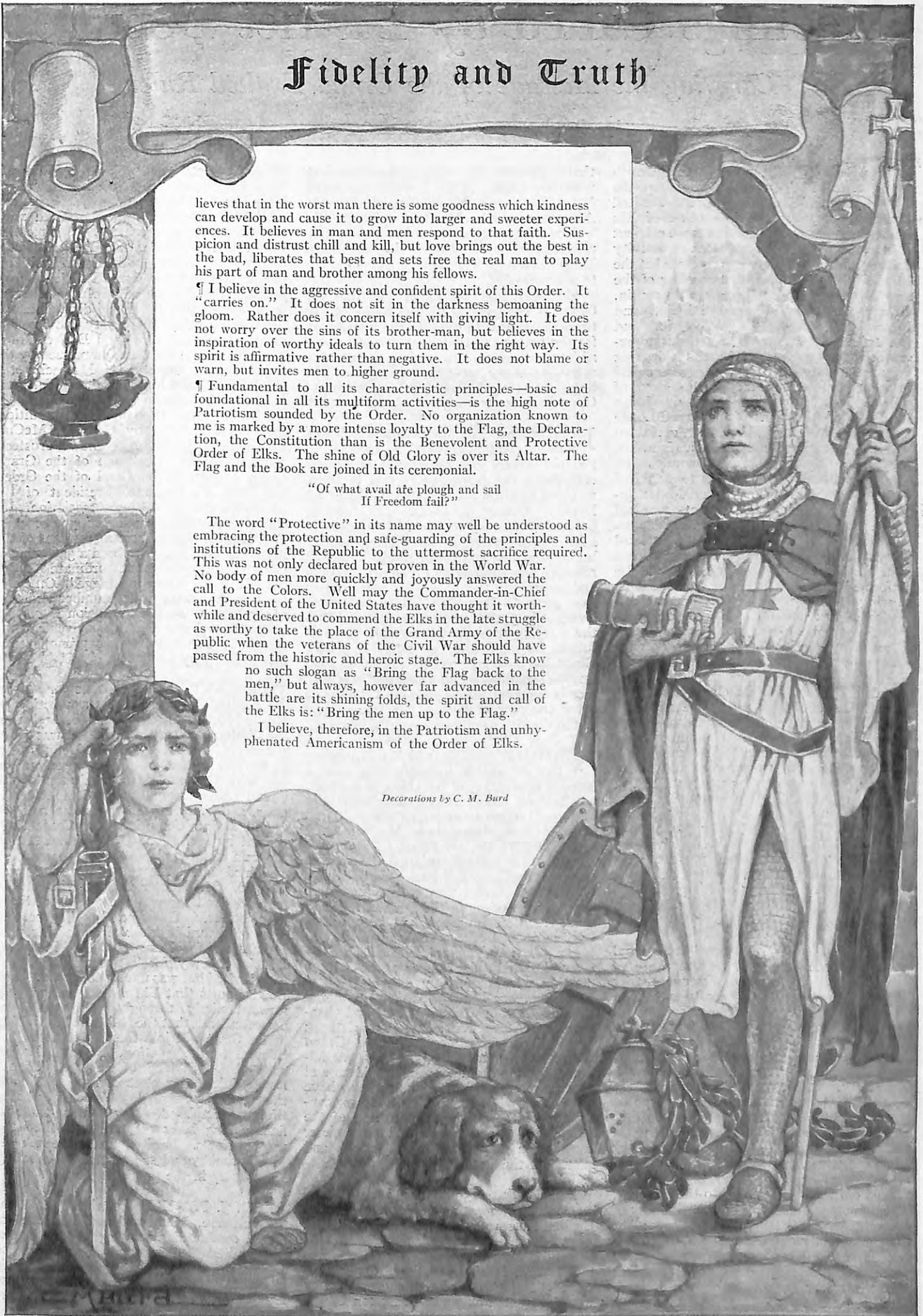
¶ Fundamental to all its characteristic principles—basic and foundational in all its multiform activities—is the high note of Patriotism sounded by the Order. No organization known to me is marked by a more intense loyalty to the Flag, the Declaration, the Constitution than is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The shine of Old Glory is over its Altar. The Flag and the Book are joined in its ceremonial.

"Of what avail are plough and sail  
If Freedom fail?"

The word "Protective" in its name may well be understood as embracing the protection and safe-guarding of the principles and institutions of the Republic to the uttermost sacrifice required. This was not only declared but proven in the World War. No body of men more quickly and joyously answered the call to the Colors. Well may the Commander-in-Chief and President of the United States have thought it worthwhile and deserved to commend the Elks in the late struggle as worthy to take the place of the Grand Army of the Republic when the veterans of the Civil War should have passed from the historic and heroic stage. The Elks know no such slogan as "Bring the Flag back to the men," but always, however far advanced in the battle are its shining folds, the spirit and call of the Elks is: "Bring the men up to the Flag."

I believe, therefore, in the Patriotism and unhyphenated Americanism of the Order of Elks.

*Decorations by C. M. Burd*



# Meetings Called by District Deputies

## *Carrying the Message of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Subordinate Lodges*

**C**ARRYING the message to Subordinate Lodges and vitalizing the program outlined by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters for the promotion of Elk higher interests and closer and more efficient co-operation in all departments of activity and responsibility, there was convened at the Elks' Club in Milwaukee, a meeting of the two District Deputies serving Wisconsin, (Harry A. Kiefer, Western District, and Edward W. Miller, Eastern District) and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries representing twenty-four out of the thirty-six Wisconsin Lodges. The meeting was called to order by President William F. Schad, of the Wisconsin State Elks' Association. Judge John C. Karel, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, explained why they were meeting. After a résumé of the proceedings of District Deputies and State Presidents in Chicago October 1 had been given, Messrs. Kiefer and Miller impressed the various details of duty required at the hands of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in administering the affairs of local Lodges, and made it clearly understood that their forthcoming official visits would be performed on a strictly business basis. The meeting then entered into a general discussion of Elk subjects of interest and subsequently resolved itself, more or less, into a school of instruction for Subordinate Lodge officers in the hope and expectancy that greater and more beneficial results may redound to the credit of the Order during the present Grand Lodge year. Questions of increase in membership, Lodge attendance, exemplification of the Ritual, and knowledge of the Statutes, were carefully canvassed. Under the head of Community and Social Welfare, the matter of assisting disabled soldiers, crippled children and doing other humanitarian work, was discussed. Under the head of Good of the Order, Junior Elks and Elk Athletic Fields were reviewed. Upon adjournment, those present were entertained at a banquet served with the compliments of Milwaukee Lodge. There can be no doubt that much of practical good will result from the meeting.

**A** JOINT meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries representing the State of Montana with Eastern and Western District Deputies Truscott and Jones, was held at Great Falls. The introductory feature was an exemplification of the Ritual impressively conducted by Great Falls Lodge. Twelve out of the fifteen Lodges answered present at the roll call and the individual attendance was thirty. C. M. Baudin, President of the State Elks Association, presided by special request. Details of the big meeting held in Chicago October 1 were reviewed and matters of interest local to Lodges throughout Montana were discussed. Special attention was devoted to the problem of getting dismissed old members back into the Elk fold. The point was made that an effective way of accomplishing this is by devising events for the entertainment of the children. Looking to the future, the gathering was undoubtedly productive of much good. One happy result was the closer acquaintanceships formed. Another was in reaching understandings

that softened and removed previous misunderstandings. Much interest was manifested in the coming meeting of the State Association which will be held at Great Falls.

A redistricting of the State was recommended for consideration of the next Grand Lodge, as a matter of local convenience, not to say necessity.

The sentiment prevailing was that the Order is changing with conditions of the times and that with the Elks the changes are for the better and that our sense of responsibility recognizes the serious importance attending every forward step taken. The hospitality extended with the compliments of Great Falls Lodge was genuinely appreciated.

**I**N accordance with the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges comprising the Northeast section of Iowa, was held at Mason City upon call of District Deputy Remley J. Glass. The meeting proceeded at once to the real business in hand. The program for better Lodges better governed and better results in all Elk respects, was thoroughly explained. Helpful and improving thoughts were advanced in the general discussion which followed. Everybody present was so well pleased that the meeting resolved to assemble again in future for a further exchange of ideas. Generally speaking, reports evidenced solid financial conditions and prosperity in sturdy membership accessions. Mason City Lodge acted the part of host. Only two Lodges in the district were unrepresented.

**A**NOTHER meeting which was productive of better understanding and a broader conception of the Order as a whole, was held by Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of those Lodges representing the Southern jurisdiction of Minnesota at Mankato upon call of District Deputy Frank J. Thompson. Several of the State Association officers were also in attendance and Past Exalted Rulers of Mankato Lodge were well represented. Only three Lodges in the District failed to qualify. After luncheon had been served by Mankato Lodge, the business session began. The various points emphasized by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters at the Chicago meeting were thoroughly discussed: The Elks Magazine; The Elks National Memorial Headquarters in Chicago; Social and Community Welfare work; State Associations; Good of the Order; and the next Grand Lodge meeting at Atlanta. This was followed by a general exchange of ideas and experiences. Much good was felt to have been accomplished as well as a clearer conception of the policy and program of the Grand Lodge and the necessity for closer cooperation in promoting the growth and success of the Order.

**M**ORE than 150 attended the second annual meeting of Massachusetts Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, with District Deputies and other prominent officials, held in Boston Lodge-rooms. Fifty of the fifty-two Lodges in the Bay State were represented. Before the officers convened, they were banqueted as guests of Boston Lodge.

These instructive and enjoyable affairs will be renewed annually, it is expected. They bring District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and all others concerned into closer and more harmonious working contact. The meeting was called to Order by Exalted Ruler Michael F. Culliney, who introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson to preside. Mr. Nicholson explained the objects and purposes. Every department of the year's program of activity and development, as outlined by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, was reviewed and impressed by the three District Deputies of Massachusetts, viz: Messrs Patrick J. Dowd, of Waltham; Fred W. Fitzsimmons, of Milford and W. H. McSweeney, of Salem. In addition, there were remarks by C. F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, and John P. Brennan, President of the Massachusetts State Elks' Association. Included among those participating were many Past Exalted Rulers from all sections of the State. Seldom has there been a gathering of more representative Subordinate Lodge officials. Each officer was tagged. On every tag was the name, Lodge number and title of the bearer. At the conclusion these tags were collected and filed as a souvenir of the occasion. The meeting was pronounced a success in every particular.

**P**URSUANT to instructions of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in the Western territory of Tennessee was called to order in Memphis by District Deputy John C. Burdick, with a gratifying representation and with Clyde Hunter, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, and F. B. Wilkinson, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, present by invitation. The Administration program of internal improvement was fully explained and hearty cooperation was pledged. Mr. Hunter discussed the benefits to be derived through the agency of State Associations. Unanimously the meeting went on record in favor of organizing such associations for Tennessee. W. P. Boyd, District Deputy for Tennessee East, had been invited but was unable to attend. Mr. Boyd reports that Elk matters are moving forward nicely throughout Eastern Tennessee and feels that the Lodges in his division of the State will join the Association. Incidental to the meeting, Memphis Lodge, with the assistance of Jackson (Tenn.) Lodge, initiated a class of 214. Although the room was crowded, the work was beautifully exemplified. Never was there a finer-looking body of gentlemen than the new affiliates. Exalted Ruler Joseph A. Isele is rapidly and substantially re-creating Number 27 in the public confidence.

**J**OHAN J. POWELL, District Deputy for Delaware, Maryland and Washington, D. C., conducted a meeting in Washington of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges constituting that jurisdiction. This followed the custom inaugurated a year ago. Earnest attention was applied to all impor-

tant details of the business in hand. President J. W. McLane and the trustees of the Maryland Association attended. One interesting feature of the discussion related to plans for the State Elks' Association meeting at Ocean City in 1923.

**EXALTED** Rulers, Secretaries and Past Exalted Rulers of the Texas Central District met at Waco. A meeting of the Secretaries was called to order by District Deputy W. P. Murphey at the Raleigh Hotel and many interesting and vital subjects were discussed. The joint meeting of the Secretaries and Exalted Rulers went into session at noon, and the topics suggested by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters were ably reviewed in the discussion that followed. A Lodge Meeting was held at 7:45 P. M. at which Gibson Gayle, Exalted Ruler of Waco Lodge, supported by the Lodge officers, gave

a most impressive exemplification of the Ritual, complete in every detail including the musical part, initiation, etc. An address by J. H. Lockwood, Past Exalted Ruler of Waco, on Ritualistic work, followed the ceremony. All Past Exalted Rulers of the District had been invited and many attended the meeting. Their experiences and suggestions were welcomed by the present Executives as helpful to them in their tasks of directing the welfare and growth of their Lodges. Grand Treasurer P. J. Brennan was guest of honor at the meeting.

**RESPONDING** to the call of District Deputy Leonard R. Ellis for the Eastern District of Arkansas, and District Deputy J. B. Ward for the Western District of the State, a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries was held in the Elks' Lodge at Little Rock. The meeting was called to

order by Myron B. Lasker, Exalted Ruler of Little Rock Lodge, who welcomed the delegates. The two District Deputies briefly outlined the objects of their call. Part of Mr. Ward's address urged the Lodges to sponsor some aggressive campaign for civic improvement as a means of increasing internal interest and of attracting outsiders to membership. Mr. Ellis pointed out the necessity of the Lodge becoming affiliated with the State Association as a big step toward increased efficiency. He also recommended the Widows and Orphans Fund to all Arkansas Lodges. After the talks by the two District Deputies came a general discussion which was productive of good feeling and a deeper sense of cooperation among all the Lodges represented. In the evening, Exalted Ruler Lasker acted as host to the officials at the Prosperity Dinner given by the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce.

## Comment on Current Elk Activities

By William M. Abbott

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

*Reporting, as Chairman of the Committee on Grand Lodge, to the California State Elks' Association, in annual session at Santa Monica, and with a large and representative attendance present, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott submitted the following, which was enthusiastically received.*

**L**AST year this Convention, in response to a motion which I had the honor to make, memorialized the Grand Lodge, requesting it to appoint a Special Committee, or take such other means as seemed proper to solve what we felt a very great problem, namely, the care of the young boys and young men of our communities. The result was that the memorial was sent to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge and referred to the Grand Lodge in proper form. There were five or six other memorials from other State Associations seeking a solution of the boy problem. Some advocated supporting the boy scouts—some the big brother movement—others the Junior Elk idea. I am very happy to report to you that the matter was presented to the Judiciary Committee on behalf of the California State Association and the various problems which faced us in the various sections of this State were explained to them. Upon the recommendation of the Judiciary Committee, the Grand Lodge appointed a Special Committee, or rather have referred the subject to the Good of the Order Committee, presided over by John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, than whom there is no better man nor finer Elk, with a heart that understands the young boys and young men problems of this country. The Grand Lodge has decided to approach this matter in a serious way, and I feel sure that when the survey of the country is completed and the Committee makes a report to the next Grand Lodge, a solution will have been found which will be satisfactory to all concerned. The recommendation of this State Association has been planted in fertile soil and is now growing into life through the Committee of the Grand Lodge. Your Grand Lodge Committee, therefore, reports progress on this matter.

There is another matter which relates to the Grand Lodge which I would like to bring to your attention and which you should know about, and that is The Elks Magazine.

I do not suppose, my brothers, that there is any need for me to say a word of commendation or praise for The Elks Magazine. The magazine speaks for itself. The National Memorial Headquarters Commission, of which I have the honor to be a member, has worked assiduously, has worked hard, has worked conscientiously. The Executive Director and Editor, great big men and splendid Elks, have gathered together a corps of Elks over there in New York and Chicago and have produced a magazine second to none of its kind in this great country of ours. I know you are as proud of that magazine as the members of the Commission who have labored so hard and earnestly to make it so great a success. It has sprung immediately into full recognition among the magazines of the country and we are confidently looking forward to the day when it will be entirely self-supporting. It is a fine thing to have had the magazine so splendidly received and shows that the membership at large appreciate all of the efforts of those directly handling the publication of the magazine. Their reward shall be in the consciousness of service well performed.

**DURING** one of my recent trips in attendance upon the National Commission, I was called to Washington, and while there I took occasion to stand before that splendid marble memorial overlooking the Potomac and the City of Washington and dedicated by a grateful people to one of the greatest Americans. It stands there glistening in the sun with thirty-six marble pillars surrounding the building on the outside, symbols of the States of the Union at the time of the martyr's death. Above this colonnade are forty-eight memorial festoons representing the States in the Union at the time of the dedication of the great memorial. I walked into the main portal and beheld the heroic figure in bronze of Abraham Lincoln, sitting in the softened and diffused glow which came from the translucent dome. The mural paintings by Guerin, one of America's foremost artists, represented "Emancipation" and "Reunion." Chiseled on the walls on either side are the famous second inaugural address and the ever-living Gettysburg speech. This magnificent memorial is mirrored and reflected in the lake which stretches down until it reflects also

that other mighty shaft reared in honor of the "Father of his Country"—George Washington. As I stood on a vantage spot overlooking these wonderful monuments, the historic Potomac and the city beautiful, the Capital of our country, there rushed in upon me the thought that here are testimonials—here are memorials—erected and dedicated by a nation not merely to men, but to the ideals for which they lived and died and which shall endure as long as time shall last.

And then I walked through the sacred Arlington Cemetery and passed under the arch and into the Memorial Amphitheatre and through the columns until I stood, even as I stand here, before a great granite block. Before it, pile upon pile, were placed wreaths and flowers from kings and princes and potentates; from past and the present President of these United States; from school children and from the humbler but patriotic citizens of our country, all making grateful acknowledgment before the tomb of the unknown soldier—he who gave his all that you and I might live—he who is unknown to us, but whose identity is known only to the great and good God who gave him life. And again the thought came to me—here is a mighty piece of granite—a memorial to him who represented an ideal and who died that our institutions and our country and the civilization we represent might "not perish from the earth."

**AND** then my mind reverted to that other great memorial which the Order of Elks is about to rear on that truly wonderful site overlooking Lake Michigan. A memorial raised up by our Order as representing the true manhood of America and an Americanism without fetish or bigotry and one which can endure the great white light of scrutiny and stand unshamed—a memorial not only to the men—our brothers—who fought and died that our institutions might be preserved—but to the achievements of our Order accomplished over a period of more than fifty years and to an idealism fostered and nurtured by over eight hundred and fifty thousand men who glory in and are proud to be counted as among its devotees, a memorial which shall forever stand as a beacon light to the countless thousands who shall gaze in admiration upon it as it points the way to the higher and bigger and better things for which our Order stands.

# The Ideal American



**A**N IDEAL American, by birth or adoption, realizes that the blessing of citizenship carries with it certain duties and obligations.

Appreciating that no nation in the world holds forth such possibilities as does his own, the ideal American fully realizes that as his country progresses he must naturally, as a co-partner, progress with it. He is therefore ever keen for its advancement, is loyal to its principles, strictly observes its laws and holds as sacred his home and family, for the strength of a nation is equal to the strength and purity of its fireside.

Representing the composite result of the mingling of the races of the civilized world, he stands to-day broad in his vision, in the full vigor of a God-endowed manhood, feeling a joy in his strength and fearlessly facing the future through a knowledge of the past and of the possibilities of the country which is his. With a heart filled to overflowing with a reverence for a Supreme Being and the milk of human kindness, he is ever responsive when the Macedonian cry reaches his ears. Such a creature is my ideal American.

—Charles H. Grakelov, *Exalted Ruler, Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, Grand Esquire.*

**T**HE ideal American is industrious. He believes that he owes it to his country to give of his talent and time in creating something that may be worth while in the erection of a materially prosperous nation.

This ideal American also has an abiding respect for the law. He believes in the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of his State and he is willing to subvert his own private views as to what is

commonly called personal liberty to meet the requirements imposed upon him by the law.

This ideal American not only has an abiding respect for the law himself but he is ready and willing at all times to safeguard and protect the fundamental law against any inroads made by radicals of any kind.

This ideal American also believes that every man and woman who is to enjoy the privileges of the greatest Government in the world should be 100 per cent. American.

This ideal American also believes that he is a stockholder in the greatest corporation in the world. He, therefore, votes whenever the opportunity offers.

This ideal American believes in the colors of the flag. He reveres the stripes of red because they bring to him the message of the sacrifice of his forefathers. He believes in the stripes of white because they emphasize the purity of purpose of our nation. He believes in the stars with their background of blue because it inspires him to be a patriot whose watchword is fidelity.

—Charles J. Orbison, *Past Exalted Ruler, Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge, No. 13.*

**S**HOULD there exist in these United States a citizen of robust health and vivid imagination, in vigor, loving the Almighty, and fearing naught; eager to defend this beloved land; pure in thought, and refined in manner; possessed with unalterable determination to enforce only the right, and to prevent the infliction of wrong; tolerant of opposing convictions honestly entertained and expressed; charitable in thought and action; owning proper pride, yet lacking envy; free from avarice; a stranger to ethical

expediency; considerate toward all; happy, and genial in disposition, ever radiating sunshine and cheer; sincere, and of integrity unquestioned and unquestionable; well grounded in useful education; able to idealize the real, striving always to raise the standard higher and higher—such would be my ideal American, man or woman.

—Joseph A. Burkart, *Past Exalted Ruler, Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15.*

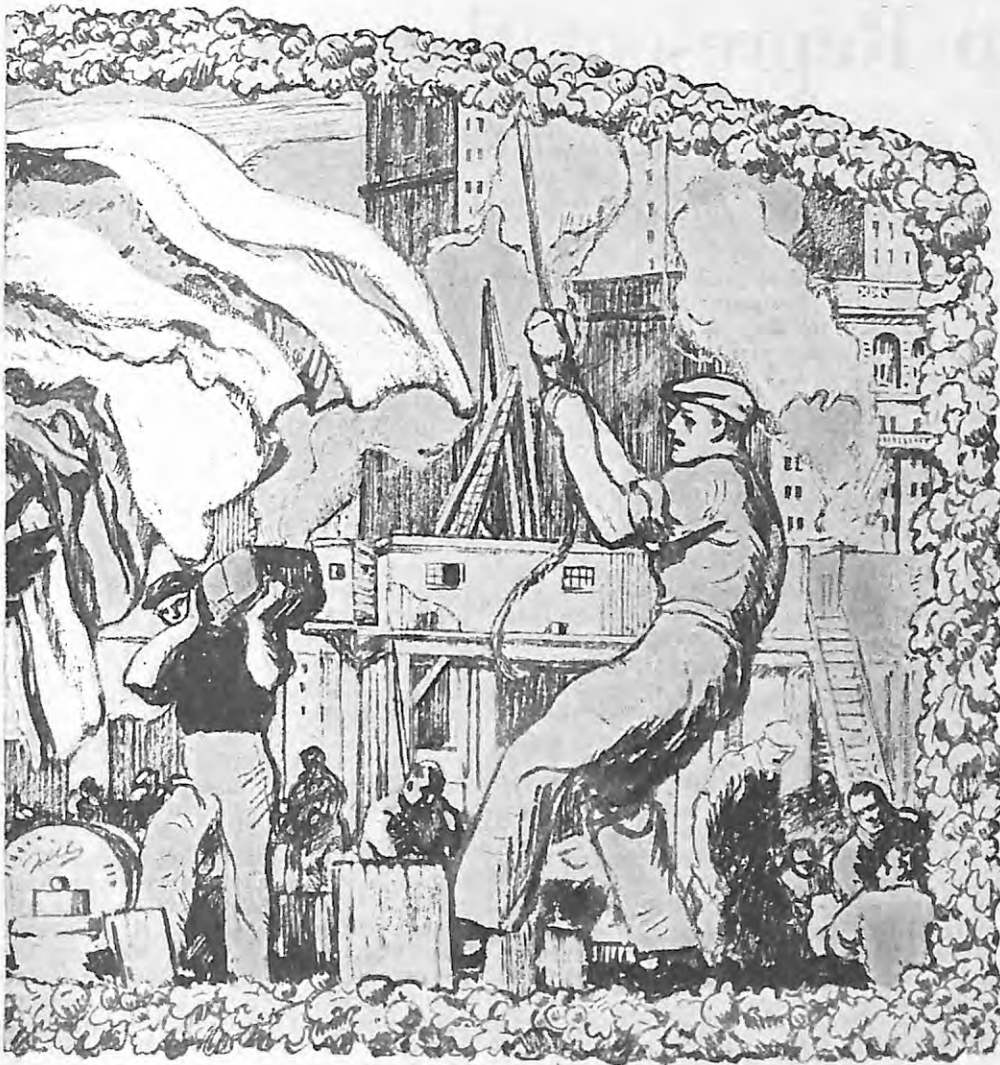
**T**HE one thing that differentiates the American from the rest of mankind is his initiative, his resourcefulness, and his indomitable optimism. In peace and in war he is unique and incomparable for his fine capacity to take care of himself.

With this courageous self-reliance, he has not hesitated to plunge into the wilderness, to cross wide-stretching plains, to brave the fastnesses of mountain ranges, and the mastery of continents.

The institutions of our fathers reveal his passionate love of personal liberty, and it is to that individual independence that he owes his superb development, his marvelous achievements, and his high and inspiring character.

—Senator Augustus O. Stanley, *Henderson (Ky.) Lodge, No. 206.*

**T**HE ideal American is one who is healthy in body and mind: charitable regarding the views of others; possessing the courage of his convictions, demanding the fullest liberty possible under the law not only for himself but for his neighbors; absolutely opposed to religious intolerance in any form; willing to do his part in securing good government; proud of his nation; the un-



# Elks Tell What He Is

*Decoration by C. B. Falls*

alterable foe of bigotry; one who believes in individual control wherever possible, and only such government control as is absolutely necessary.

If he follows the ritual of the Elk in his practical contact with his fellow citizen, he will be an ideal citizen.

—Congressman Harry B. Hawes, St. Louis (Mo.) Lodge, No. 9.

**T**HE best and noblest life is that which seeks and sets loftiest ideals; the highest to which man can attain is in the life and work of the lowly Nazarene; as the Elk's belief in the Brotherhood of Man is based on His teachings, so is or should be the life of the ideal American.

The ideal American is a fraternity man in the broadest sense and, amidst the strife and turmoil, fascinations and temptations that surround him, he holds steadfastly to those principles and beliefs that make for temporal as well as eternal good; he realizes his responsibility as a citizen and his love of country is shown in his life; his religion is a part of his daily life and evidences itself in loving service to his fellow man, thereby emulating the example of the great Master.

Briefly, he is the ideal American who takes for his rule of life, "All things ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Such rule adhered to by all would prove an effective antidote for all the ills, distempers and false isms—local, state, national and world-wide—that are so seriously affecting and threatening our institutions and civilization to-day.

—Robert E. Umbel, Past Exalted Ruler, Uniontown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 370.

**M**Y CONCEPTION of the ideal American is represented by the person in whose heart is implanted a deep sense of real patriotism—not the patriotism that finds its expression in blatant proclaiming of one's championship of the nation and lurid flag waving—but patriotism that stands for genuine love of country, a willingness to make great personal sacrifice, if needs be, in maintaining the freedom and glory of the land of our birth or adoption.

Further, my ideal American is a broad-shouldered individual of rugged honesty, unwavering loyalty to friendships, fearless in behalf of righteousness and justice, vigorous in defending and prompt in uplifting the downtrodden and unfortunate, generous in his charities, faithful to his home and fire-side and true in all things.

—George J. Winslow, Utica (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 33, President New York State Elks' Association.

**T**O FASHION an ideal American I would make a composite of the great characters of American history. That composite would reflect the tenderheartedness and love of humanity and simplicity of Abraham Lincoln, the statesmanship and learning of Thomas Jefferson, the honesty and patience of Benjamin Franklin, the patriotic ardor and devotion to principle of George Washington, the courage and firmness of Cleveland or Roosevelt, and the magnetism and charm of Henry Clay. But I would not have my ideal American, though possessed of these qualities, a super-man. I would have him regardful of common duties of

service and citizenship close at hand; I would imbue him with a religious consciousness that would express itself in an effort to make the world a little happier and better. I would have him the builder of a home, the center of a family,—and all who would know my ideal American would understand him to be a gallant gentleman.

—Lawrence A. Rupp, Allentown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 130, Chairman Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

**B**IG and broad of vision, active in all public affairs, earnest and fair in work and play, the ideal American strives in the present and plans for the future advancement of his country and his countrymen. He knows no class distinction; he believes in the preservation of all individual rights and privileges and in the enforcement of all laws. He is kind, cheerful and courteous, but when occasion demands, will fight hard and give his all for his family, his country or his friend.

While there is a difference in degree—his kind are legion—this American!

—J. G. McFarland, Past Exalted Ruler, Watertown (S. D.) Lodge, No. 838.

**T**HE ideal American of a former day as compared with our own, or of any one of the main sections of our country as compared with any other, would show a most remarkable surface of dissimilarity. But below the surface they are all alike, for in the most needful essentials those ideals inevitably agree, and it is in the certainty of that agreement that the nation finds its assured foundation.

(Continued on page 60)

# Chosen to Represent the People

## Members of the Order Who Will Occupy Seats Among the Distinguished

**T**HROUGH a combination of happy circumstance, and filling sundry positions eminent in public service and confidence, distinctions are constantly attaching to members of the Order of Elks. It would appear that the B. P. O. E. hallmark of fellowship invests the fortunate holder of the title with a supremacy in the blandishments and arts of suavity, sincerity and popularity to a degree which appeals persuasively to the voting population as often as election times roll around. As proof of the fact and as a consequence of the Ides of November, a numerous proportion of the high places (Gubernatorial, United States Senatorial, and variously) are hereafter to be administered by outstanding members of the Elk fraternity. For instance:

Heading the cavalcade, alphabetically speaking, Alabama comes first. In Alabama Gen. William W. Brandon was elected Governor. In 1905, Gen. Brandon, then a member of Tuscaloosa Lodge, served efficiently as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Alabama. It happened that a few years ago, Tuscaloosa Lodge surrendered its charter, since which time Gen. Brandon has carried a regulation Grand Lodge card provided for such contingencies.

Governor-elect F. W. Richardson, of California, can be saluted as a member of Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002.

Hon. N. E. Kendall, re-elected Governor of Iowa, is a Life Member of Ottumwa Lodge.

Henceforth Jefferson B. Browne, of Florida, will not lack for pleasant association in the role of a State Chief Justice, inasmuch as Judge J. A. Sanders, member of Tonopah Lodge, now becomes Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, which position he attained by process of rotation and re-election. Another member of Tonopah Lodge has been sent to the National House of Representatives, Hon. Charles L. Richards.

Speaking further of Nevada, after carefully balancing his record in the scales of upstanding service, the voters of that State found that it was impossible to enlist anybody more to their liking and whose position upon important questions of legislation was more in accord with their own conceptions and desires, than Senator Key Pittman. So, with a pat on the back, they have returned him to succeed himself. Mr. Pittman travels with a paid-up membership card to prove that he is entitled to enjoy all the Elk rights and privileges, and belongs to Reno Lodge.

**S**TILL others who are on Elk membership rolls and who have successfully satisfied all requirements as to leadership capacity, and who have fulfilled the destiny of re-election, are: United States Senators Frederick Hale, member of Portland (Me.) Lodge; Andrius A. Jones, member of Las Vegas (N. M.) Lodge; C. A. Swanson, member of Danville (Va.) Lodge; Robert M. La Follette, member of Madison (Wis.) Lodge; John B. Kendrick, member of Sheridan (Wyo.) Lodge, and Governor Channing H. Cox, member of Boston (Mass.) Lodge.

In Texas Senator-elect Earle B. Mayfield continued as a member of Mineral Wells Lodge until its charter was revoked and is at

present entitled to exhibit a card provided by the Grand Lodge for the unaffiliated.

United States Senator Frank L. Greene of Vermont affiliates with Burlington Lodge No. 916.

Woodbridge N. Ferris, who will for some time hereafter register as United States Senator from Michigan, proudly confesses allegiance to the Order of Elks. It was as Governor of Michigan that he was trained for public service and it was back in 1913, while he was administering the Governorship, that Senator-elect Ferris was initiated by Lansing Lodge as a special courtesy to Big Rapids Lodge, in which Mr. Ferris holds a card. Alex J. Groesbeck, commissioned to be Governor of Michigan, is a member of Detroit Lodge.

Hon. Samuel M. Ralston has been ticketed to Washington to represent Indiana in the United States Senate. From an inside pocket, he displays a card attesting that he is a member of Indianapolis No. 13. Seasoned by experience in administering the Governorship of his State, plain and unassuming but none the less devout as advocate of the common weal, Mr. Ralston is characterized by homespun dependability and is a type of the elder statesman trained in the old-fashioned school of Thomas A. Hendricks.

**I**N A non-political way, James A. Reed, who will continue to fill his seat in the United States Senate from Missouri, tells that at least a minor part of his qualifications as a success before the people is attributable to the fact that he is, and has been for years, a member of Kansas City Lodge of Elks. His recent opponent, R. R. Brewster, is also a member of Kansas City Lodge. Immediately antedating the election, the result was never disturbing to the fellowship since both Messrs. Reed and Brewster carry keys to the Temple of No. 26.

A somewhat similar situation arose in Connecticut. Governor-elect C. A. Templeton of that State is a Life Member of Waterbury Lodge. Incidentally the fact is stated that Mr. Templeton acted as Chairman of the last Elk district sheep bake at Lake Quassapaug. His opponent at the polls was Mayor Fitzgerald, member of New Haven Lodge. Thus it came to pass that one way or another, Connecticut was predestined to elect an Elk as its Chief Magistrate.

Governor-elect C. M. Walker, of Georgia, is a dimitted Elk. Formerly he belonged to Athens Lodge. Mr. Walker has promised Grand Trustee Robert A. Gordon to enter his membership in Atlanta Lodge before the Grand Lodge meeting assembles in Atlanta in July of 1923, and that it will be his pleasure to take leading part in the attendant business and festivities. The new Senator from Georgia, Hon. Walter F. George, explains that his disqualification has been that he lives in a town too small to obtain a charter for an Elks' Lodge.

Lieut.-Governor-elect of Idaho, H. C. Baldrige, belongs to Caldwell Lodge, and is one of the really big business men of that section of the country.

Senator-elect Henrik Shipstead hailing from Minnesota formerly held membership

in Willmar Lodge. After that, he moved to Glenwood and later to Minneapolis, and soon afterwards became concerned in matters political. A few months ago, when invited to apply for re-affiliation, Mr. Shipstead took the position that it would be more becoming on his part to wait until his political fate had been decided. At the same election, W. I. Nolan, member of Minneapolis Lodge, was elected Speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives for the third time. On December 3, he delivered the Memorial Address for Brainerd Lodge. As the count of election returns from the Elk point of view proceeds in Minnesota, we look southward and in Steele County we discover that the present District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Frank J. Thompson, making his first venture into the arena of politics, has been elected Clerk of the District Court. Simultaneously Judge Mathias Baldwin, Past Exalted Ruler of Minneapolis Lodge, was elected District Judge, for which he qualified January 1, 1923.

William S. Flynn, Governor-elect of Rhode Island, is a member of Providence Lodge and has been since April 15, 1914.

Hon. Burton K. Wheeler, newly-elected United States Senator from Montana, has been an affiliate of Butte Lodge for twelve years, and in that time, has never failed to take an active interest. He was Memorial orator for his home Lodge on December 3, last. Mr. Wheeler has been heretofore honored by the Montana constituency.

Governor-elect G. S. Silzer of New Jersey, has been an Elk for twenty-five years and is close to the hearts of New Brunswick members. He is renowned as an Elk orator. Of course everybody knows that United States Senator-elect Edward I. Edwards is a stalwart of Jersey City Lodge.

United States Senator-elect Matthew M. Neely, of West Virginia, is a Life member and Past Exalted Ruler of Fairmont Lodge, and a member of the Committee on Laws of the West Virginia State Association. Mr. Neely is, besides, a silver-tongued orator much in requisition for Elk functions.

In Ohio, Governor-elect A. V. Donahey bears an Elk card issued by New Philadelphia Lodge. After the excitement was all over, and everybody was offering congratulations, the officers and members of New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510 rendered homage to their frater who had been so signally honored and invited the entire populace to participate in the celebration. Formerly,—third in regular succession, to be exact,—Mr. Donahey was Exalted Ruler of New Philadelphia Lodge. History tells that there has been none better, before or since.

Walter M. Pierce, who was elected Governor of Oregon, is a member of La Grande Lodge and still another favorite Elk dispenser of eloquence. On Memorial Sunday, he spoke for his home Lodge. Mr. Pierce combines the professions of law and farming and has served in the Oregon State Senate.

Hon. J. C. Walton, elected Governor of Oklahoma, has been a Life Member of Oklahoma City Lodge since June, 1918.

Governor-elect John J. Blaine, of Wisconsin, belongs to Madison Lodge No. 410, into the mysteries of which he was initiated just

a year ago. That night he made a speech which established him as an Elk at heart with high conceptions of the ideals. Mr. Blaine, with modesty and reluctance, declined invitations to speak on Memorial Sunday, pleading that a strenuous campaign had proven too much for his powers of resistance.

In Nebraska, the Hon. Gilbert M. Hitchcock vacates his seat in the United States Senate in favor of another Elk, Robert B. Howell, who became a member of Omaha

Lodge in 1896, and who has been an Honorary Life Member since April 12, 1905.

Hon. W. H. McMasters, reelected Governor of South Dakota, is a member of Yankton Lodge, in which he served as Exalted Ruler in 1918. Beginning in his early manhood, Mr. McMasters has enjoyed enviable preferment almost uninterruptedly. Among other duties, he has served as fellow-member of the South Dakota Legislature with James G. McFarland and has twice been elected Lieutenant Governor of his State.

New Hampshire being confronted with the problem of amending and revising its taxing laws, and having urgent need for farsighted men of proven ability, three members of Concord Lodge were elected to serve in the impending session of the Legislature. They are William J. Ahern, Nathaniel E. Martin and William P. Danforth.

Hon. G. W. P. Hunt, Governor-elect of Arizona, is a member of the Order of Elks and refers fondly to Globe Lodge in which he holds Life Membership.



## Atlanta Sets the Scene

### *Details Arranged for Next Grand Lodge Meeting*

**A** MINIATURE of the reception which fifty thousand Elks, more or less, will receive, when they visit Atlanta next July for the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, was staged in the Georgia capital when Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and members of his official family visited the city to discuss and arrange plans for the 1923 Convention. Accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler were Mrs. Masters; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; C. F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esquire; Roland W. Brown, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and two members of Philadelphia Lodge, Dr. E. N. Bartlett and Louis Goldsmith, who are assisting the Grand Esquire in his preparations for the parade.

From the moment the visitors stepped from the train until they said good-by, they were made familiar with Atlanta's system of welcoming the stranger and transacting business.

It would not be important to describe the reception and entertainment accorded the Grand Lodge officers on this occasion were it not for the fact that the same manner of hospitality is promised to every Elk who arrives there next summer. The truth of this statement is vouched for not only by John S. McClelland, Chairman of the 1923 Convention Board of Atlanta Lodge, but also by Clifford Walker, who will be Governor of Georgia at the time the Convention meets; by Mayor James L. Key and by Hon. Clark Howell, Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who represented the press of the city, and by others equally authorized to speak for the Georgia metropolis.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters announced his approval of the arrangements that had been made and predicted a new record, both in attendance and enjoyment, for the annual meeting. He said:

"I am entirely satisfied with the plans which have been presented for our approval in Atlanta. I find nothing that should have been provided for that has escaped your attention. While there may possibly have been a few misgivings among some of the Grand Lodge officials as to the ability of a city of the population of Atlanta to provide adequate accommodations for so large an attendance, that apprehension has been

entirely dispelled by the progress you have made for our reception. I am especially gratified that your program provides for such ample recognition of the unofficial Elk who attends. Our recent conventions have not met my expectations in this one particular; and I will be rejoiced to witness a return to the general enjoyment of the earlier Conventions of our Order, when all who came received a personal welcome and were included by the wholesale in all the pleasant events mentioned in the program."

**A** LARGE part of the two days the official party was in Atlanta was devoted to completing the necessary preliminary business details connected with the meeting. The Hotel Ansley was named as the Grand Lodge official headquarters for the Convention. Other hotel contracts were entered into. Extended and important conferences were held with railway officials concerning rates and the movement of trains. Southern railroad men, who were present, expressed a desire to cooperate to the fullest extent with the Grand Lodge and the convenience of its members and accompanying friends, not only in the matter of train movements, but in the storage of cars in Atlanta during the continuation of the Convention. The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis system, which controls a very large amount of trackage in the heart of the city, informed Mr. Masters and the Atlanta Committee that it was prepared to clear every track and provide parking facilities for 1,800 cars in spaces that are as convenient to the center of activity as are the hotels themselves. Baths and sanitary arrangements of all kinds will be installed, with ample electric lighting of the yards and cars. Other roads also made similar offers, which practically assures any delegation, desiring to live in its special train, the opportunity of so doing with the utmost comfort.

Although hotel accommodations are limited in a comparative sense, it was established to the satisfaction of the Grand Lodge authorities that the city would be abundantly able to provide for everybody.

Regarding the possibilities for the parade Mr. Grakelow said after the conference with local Elk leaders: "The line of march could scarcely be improved upon. The streets are broad, the place of assembly enables ample space for massing our divisions without confusion and the terminal point furnishes a large number of streets through which the disbanding marchers may find their way back to the center of the city. Philadelphia will have at least six hundred men in line. New England is preparing to enter a thousand, and reports from many parts of the country lead me to think that we shall have the most spectacular parade in our history."

Apart from the business session, the visitors were kept enjoyably occupied every moment of the time. A dinner given on Saturday evening at the Hotel Ansley was attended by a large number of Georgia and Atlanta prominents, including Mayor Key and Governor-elect Walker. A reception and dance at the Elks' Club followed. Sunday was devoted to an automobile tour through the Atlanta environs. Dinner in the evening was a typical old-fashioned Georgia repast, served at a suburban resort.

Incidental to the visit, Mr. Masters spoke a word of greeting by radio to all Elks throughout the country who might be "listening in," and voiced his approval of the arrangements in process of completion by the Atlanta Committee.

**O**N THE final day, Mr. and Mrs. Masters, Mr. Robinson and Roland Brown motored over to Chattanooga, where they were enthusiastically received by the Elks of that historic city. Mrs. Masters was honored by a special escort of Past Exalted Rulers of Chattanooga and their wives, while Mr. Masters was otherwise busy, and driven to Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and later was honor guest at a luncheon at the Patten Hotel. A reception dinner to the Grand Lodge party and fifty members and their wives was given in the evening. Mayor A. W. Chambliss welcomed the visitors. Among other things, he extended through the guests a hearty invitation to all Elks to stop off and visit Chattanooga Lodge on their way to the Grand Lodge meeting next July.



# The Diplomat Asks the Senator

## To Explain the Real Mission and True Meaning of the Order of Elks

**A**MONG the favorite questions of ship news reporters, interviewing foreign notables on the decks of incoming liners, is "What do you think of our skyscrapers?" It is a good question for more than one reason: in the first place, the panorama of slender shafts of stone and steel and glass are visible to the visiting celebrity before he has actually set foot on the dock; and again, the skyscraper is distinctively American—it symbolizes the country.

There are other things in the United States no less indicative of its daring of conception and the faith in that conception leading to its achievement as a reality. One thing is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It may be likened to the skyscraper in that it again is distinctively American. Such an organization, however, to alien eyes, is astounding; secret, yet not conniving; philanthropic without being so labeled; big, yet tenaciously coherent.

A member of the Order has recently visualized some amazing features of the Elks in a novel manner—that of seeing it through the eyes of an Oriental diplomat of perception and understanding. The idea is presented in two letters, one from this diplomat addressed to a United States Senator; the second, the Senator's reply. The correspondence follows:

"My Dear Senator: With great respect and affection I salute you, my true friend, and hope that good health and great happiness are your constant companions. If not, my house is a house of sorrow. Since last we met, I have seen and heard much of your wonderful country. This summer, I had pleasure of invitation by member of Congress to visit Atlantic City and see parade of Elks Order. It interested me greatly, thousands men walked in line and while all was for holiday, music and singing and noise and things to eat and drink, I could see there was serious purpose in it all. I asked gentleman next to me about the Elks, if it amounted to much; he told me there was a million members, all American—they had Homes and Lodges in all United States, they were kind and charitable like most Americans and have lived in country for many years. I asked him was it a religion; he said no. I asked him was Elks secret society that wanted to change government and make new religion like we have in Far East; he said no, no, Elks helped and fostered both government and religion, was approved by United States President and applauded by all religions of Western civilization.

"My friend, I do not understand and you must help me understand. In my country, from your point of view, we stand on our heads, we read our books from bottom of page and the lines run from right to left. You are so different here in America. We have in our far country, societies that look like this but they are no good. They breed religious bitterness, hinder good government and teach our people to hate one another; they pull down, they don't build up; they do not understand freedom and good feeling like all you Americans. Help me to understand. For friendship and kind-

ness and all that is best in the world comes from perfect understanding.

"Will you not tell me, as you promised, of this thing in American life, of these Elks, so I can tell my people of it? Stop their tongs and evil bands that work in secret against our Nation's greater growth and our

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**"THE Order of Elks was founded by simple, lowly, far-seeing men who would keep ever present before the eyes of the Nation the purpose and faith of their fathers. Its simple creed is American patriotism, universal freedom in thought and religion and the equality of all men. Stripped naked of all symbolism, this is the great secret of the Order of Elks; the Flag, the Bible and the Antlers mean this and no more."**

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people's higher good—all through bitterness and narrowness and hatred.

"Because, if as your President once said to the Elks of such Orders as theirs—'They strengthen the Nation's arm in time of war and bring to our own people kindness and understanding in time of peace,' then will I do a great thing for my people if I can have them understand and stamp out their tongs and secret bands of hate and build up, like you Elks, an Order of kindness and love. Help me to understand, my friend, so I can tell them of it back home, half-way round the world; tell them I have learned great things for them, from the Elks and from you.

"I renew to you, my friend, the assurances of my most distinguished consideration."

**"YOUR Excellency and My Friend: In the first greeting, I salute your great Nation; in the second, I greet you as a man.**

"With us Americans, to call a man friend means much; it means we value him with our brains and love him with our hearts, and the spirit of your letter shows that I can give both love and respect in their fullest measure to you.

"What you say of perfect understanding is true; it is the greatest thing in the world. Were it brought about among all nations and all men, then would hatred and meanness and war perish from the face of the earth. Ignorance and envy alone uphold your evil tongs and secret bands. Without them and with understanding, the relations of man to man everywhere would be just and righteous altogether.

"You are correct, my friend; the real mission and the true meaning of the Order of Elks is not shown by its bands and flags and marching thousands and things to eat and drink; its millions of money and its

million members. These are but the fleeting outward evidence of an inward thing; they mark the froth and enthusiasm of the Order.

"It is a secret Order, but even some Americans are born so blind and deaf to the secret, the tongue of no man can teach it to them. And others from a far country, half-way round the world, know the secret without being told. And you are among those who hear and see. Let us see in a simple way if you and I know what America is and what is the mission of our young nation among the sons of men. If we are wrong, those who do not believe as we do may rise up and set us right; and if we tell the true story, maybe those who do not know may change their beliefs.

"It is the school-boy history of the American people that when our forefathers crossed the stormy seas and came here and made a new nation, they were impelled to do so because they were men and women who believed above all else in three things they could not have in full measure in the old country:—religious freedom, civil liberty and equality of man to man.

"They made a new nation of the free thinking and free living of all other nations and all the laws in all our books mean no more than that we wish to keep those three things our forefathers came here to find.

"But with the passage of time, some of their children seem unmindful of the causes that brought their fathers hither; they have displayed that religious bigotry from which they fled; they have tried to deny that freedom of thought, which is the basis of their national institutions and to make high birth and great wealth alone the test of worth and forget the equality of man to man.

"In the words of the founder of this Republic, they need to be 'reminded of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here.' Hence the Order of Elks was born, founded by simple, lowly, far-seeing men, who would keep ever present before the eyes of the Nation the purpose and faith of their fathers. Its simple creed is American patriotism, universal freedom in thought and religion and the equality of all men. Stripped naked of all symbolism, this is the great secret of the Order of Elks; the Flag, the Bible and the Antlers mean this and no more. The Order grew rapidly and in a few years nearly a million men have sworn allegiance to its simple purpose. Hence we have established a fraternity of our citizens,—not to change the Nation's mission, but to make it secure.

"You can not join our ranks, my friend, because you are not an American, and the aim of the Elks is to uphold the American Nation. But in your distant country, if you found an order with the same purpose, you will do much to stamp out those secret tongs and evil bands that breed bigotry and meanness and hatred of man to man and uphold love of your country, as the Order of Elks in our country upholds the love of ours.

"I await with expectancy, your Excellency, greeting you in person and conversing with you at length on those things that lie nearest the hearts of both of us."







# Under the Spreading Antlers

## They Tell These Tales

### *Well Done, Good and Faithful, Everywhere Throughout the Order*

**E**LK Clubs and Homes are headquarters for Santa Claus and members of the Order en masse have become his obedient messenger crew in distributing the joys and substantial of remembrance. Christmas trees grow indigenously and bloom with all manner of seasonal gifts in the soil of good fellowship. It is merrily in the heart of every Elk to see that everybody finds his or her bit of enjoyment in the Christmas sunshine. And in the bonny and mellow after-glow, when the last of the delivery wagons has discharged the last of its Yuletide freight and all the remembering ministries have been translated into hallowed memories and the Recording Angel has inscribed the last entry in the Book of Gold and the members are assembled in jolly camaraderie in Home and Club to enact the Christmas scenes all over again, there comes the golden vesper hour that sweetens and perfumes and adds its elixir to the brimming cup that exalts the Elk spirit into the upper ether. So it was everywhere—East and West, North and South, and throughout our insular possessions—Elks have been simultaneously busy radiating the drab places of life with their devotions of Christmas cheer; and the portals of heaven have been softly saluted with praises and benedictions for the coming of the Elk.

### *In Enduring Memory of Patriotism and Sacrifice*

On Armistice Day (November 11) New York Lodge dedicated a memorial to the patriotism of its members who served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States during the World War. It is a tablet of cast bronze of beautiful and original design, erected upon a mahogany base in the ante-room of the Lodge Room. The tablet is surrounded with an ornamental border of oak leaves and medallion inserts bearing the insignia of the various branches of the service. A surmounting frieze contains a group of allegorical figures symbolizing Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. There are three hundred and fifty names on the "Honor Roll," seven of them set in a panel apart from the rest, decorated with a shield and crossed palms and in-

scribed "Pro Patria Mori." The exercises consisted of special ritualistic services prepared by Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan and exemplified by the officers of the Lodge, singing by the Elks' Glee Club and a stirring, patriotic address by Col. Raphael A. Eagan, 107th Infantry, A. E. F., and Past Exalted Ruler of Newburgh Lodge No. 247. The inscription on the tablet reads: "This tablet is dedicated by New York Lodge No. One, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in enduring memory of the patriotism and sacrifice of its brothers who served their Country in the World War—1917-1918."

### *Birthday Felicitations Extended to Astley Apperly*

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly, who lives in Louisville and who is punctually present at all sessions of the Lodge there, has been commemorating a birthday, but whether it was his forty-eighth or whether these figures should be reversed in vindication of truth, remains insolubly a mystery. The occasion was enlivened by the attendance of all Past Exalted Rulers of No. 8, who, marshalled under the leadership of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred O. Neutzel, arrived unexpectedly at the Apperly home and proceeded to take possession and make merry with congratulations and a Christmas Gift in advance and with speech and story and melody until the midnight hour. Not alone those who companioned with him on the festal night, but every member of the Order of Elks who remembers Mr. Apperly with affectionate appreciation unites heartily in the salutations and best wishes that were extended. Mr. Apperly was born in England, served in the United States Navy, was initiated as an Elk in 1886, and began holding office at once and never stopped until he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler for the period 1893-94.

### *National Memorial Headquarters Commission Conducts Meeting*

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was in executive session at its New York office on December 11th.

The drawings and specifications in course of completion by the Architect for the Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago were carefully reviewed and considered by the Commission. Special attention was given to the interior arrangements of the building.

Matters relating to the Elks Reconstruction Hospital, at Boston, were considered and in this connection Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, appeared before the Commission.

Other details requiring the consideration of the Commission, including the publication of The Elks Magazine, were discussed and disposed of.

### *Honoring Their Heroic Dead; Canal Zone Soldiers and Sailors*

A tablet was unveiled in memory of Canal Zone soldiers and sailors who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. Led by the Elks, every organization on the Isthmus was represented at the ceremony. President Porras was conspicuous in the throng. Members of the American Legion took prominent part. A magnificent wreath of roses was tendered with the compliments of Balboa Lodge No. 1414.

### *Mechanics of Kindness Constantly in Action*

Ensley (Ala.) Lodge throbs with the better life of its community. Numerically and regulated by the extent of population, the Elk members do not count extensively; but in heart and helpful qualities, they are a dominant factor of Ensley. The Elk mechanics of kindness are constantly in action in that city. Boy Scouts use the Elk parlors as a regular meeting-place. The Civic Club holds all its sessions in the Elks' Home. When anybody wants to do anything for the public good in Ensley, its citizens know that the Elks always take the leading part. During the Christmas Holiday season, the Elks' Club is a storehouse for Santa Claus. The Lodge was organized under Gen. W. W. Brandon, who was then District Deputy and who has just been elected Governor of Alabama. In jovial spirits and with everybody's congratulations extended, the Lodge celebrated its seventeenth anniversary not long ago.

### *Ten Members of One Lodge Elected to Administer Public Trust*

Members of Owatonna (Minn.) Lodge are popular with the people of their home community, judged by the fact that ten of their number were chosen to administer public responsibilities at the November 7 election. Owatonna registers 8,500 population. To begin with, Exalted Ruler W. C. Zamboni is

Mayor of the city. Besides, he is President of the Commercial Club and President as well of several business corporations, and has just been elected to represent Waseca and Steele Counties in the forthcoming session of the State Senate. Other Owatonna Elks who will serve their home constituency in important relations as a result of the November election are: John Lewer, Representative, Waseca County; Fred A. Senn, District Judge, Steele, Waseca, Rice and Dodge Counties; Harold S. Nelson, County Treasurer, Steele County; D. F. De Groat, County Attorney, Steele County; Frank M. Pratt, Register of Deeds, Steele County; A. J. Bosshard, Court Commissioner, Steele County; W. A. Manthy, County Treasurer, Waseca County; Henry Gallager, County Attorney, Waseca County, and H. C. Van Loh, County Superintendent Schools, Waseca County—surely an exceptional, not to say unprecedented, record.

### *Isolation Does Not Mar Fraternal Spirit of These Lodges*

Special festivities marked the installation of Charles S. Sprague of Goldfield, (Nev.) Lodge, as District Deputy for Nevada. Goldfield Elks entertained with a banquet which was attended by more than fifty members of Tonopah Lodge, led by Exalted Ruler Piercy. The Tonopah Elks, with their orchestra, arrived and departed by special train. Goldfield and Tonopah Lodges are isolated in the Nevada desert, many miles from the center of the Order's greatest activities; but there are, perhaps, no Lodges anywhere that exemplify, in a more marked degree, the true spirit of fraternity, visits being exchanged frequently. This very isolation is what doubtless brings these Lodges so closely together and increases the warmth of mutual friendships. Goldfield's and Tonopah's Annual Charity Balls netted large sums this year. Being the two chief events in their respective communities, they were liberally supported by the gold and silver miners whose patronage is proverbially generous.

### *Elk Property Exempted from Taxation*

In response to its application for exoneration from taxation of its Lodge and Club property, following a decision handed down by the West Virginia State Supreme Court, exempting like properties belonging to other organizations, Parkersburg Lodge has received official notice from the State Tax Commissioner to the effect that its property, organized for charitable and benevolent purposes, and whether incorporated or not, is relieved of taxation.

### *Our Loved and Lost: Elk Tribute of Remembrance*

Reports indicate that never in the history of the Order of Elks was the Memorial Day service more universally and impressively celebrated than this year. Observing the real spirit and intention of the sacred occasion, our homage was not paid with minor chords of grief or the remorse of tears for losses sustained by untimely visits of the Death Angel; but with music, and scattering the incense of remembrance, and with eulogy upon lives rich with inspiration and strength of character and fragrant with the love of fellowmen. With leading orators of the Order speaking practically in every American city having 5,000 population or more, such services afford opportunity to take the public into our confidence and to share with these friends a knowledge of the corner-stones

upon which our fraternal structure has been built. The Elk attitude of mind on Memorial Sunday is well symbolized in the lines:

Memorial Day, it consecrates  
The passing year with song and prayer.  
It opens wide sweet Memory's gates,  
And blesses those who wait us there,  
While at their feet it softly showers  
Love's votive gifts of tears and flowers.

### *Two Excellent Ideas Put Into Elk Practice*

Yankton (S. Dak.) Elks, this year as last, extended their Christmas cheer to every town within the jurisdiction of that Lodge. The effort was made as an experiment last year and the plan worked out splendidly—in fact, exceeded all expectations. A list of needy in each place was sent to the secretary. These lists were tabulated and labels and

## Looking to 1923

**MAY every day of the New Year and every year that follows be radiant with happiness and prosperity for you and yours.**

*THE ELKS MAGAZINE*

Christmas sacks distributed back to each Committee. After that, the sacks were filled and delivered by the Elk members appointed for the different towns. Yankton Lodge paid all the bills. There was such hearty approval of the enterprise that the plan was repeated in 1922. This Lodge has a Ladies' Committee composed of the wives of Elks. The Committee has charge of Saturday afternoon dancing parties for the children of the community, which take place monthly in the ballroom of the Elks' Club. The parties always conclude with refreshments served in the banquet rooms. Those ranging in ages from two to nineteen are eligible to participate. Such events bring the mothers of the children into the Home more frequently and establish a kindlier feeling toward the organization. This is the second year of the reign of the Ladies' Committee.

### *San Antonio Broadcasts Band and Choir Concert*

On Christmas Eve the sixty-piece band, reinforced by a choir of fifty voices, representing San Antonio (Tex.) Lodge, gave a concert that was broadcasted to the uttermost parts from the powerful radio station located in that city. Previous to the concert, a special invitation was extended to Lodges generally to listen in and enjoy the music. The San Antonio Elks' Band has become nationally famous. The choir aspires to become correspondingly celebrated.

### *Getting Fixed For Atlanta in 1923*

San Pedro (Calif.) Lodge is planning to send its band to Atlanta next July as an escort to its Grand Lodge delegate, who in

all probability will be Exalted Ruler Frank R. Cryderman, who is also a Vice President of the California Elks' State Association. A fund of \$8,000 is being raised to defray expenses. Plans for the trip include a special train. At least 150 San Pedroans have pledged to make the trip. San Pedro is the port of Los Angeles.

### *Honolulu Happiness Enjoyed by Little Folks*

Further proof of the interest of far-away Honolulu in the welfare and happiness of its children was given when local Elks entertained the orphans of Honolulu City with a performance of "The Kid." The week before the showing of this amusing screen comedy, another group of children was taken to see "Orphans of the Storm." Over 1,000 youngsters enjoyed the hospitality of the Elks on these occasions.

### *New Bedford Members Never Tire Doing Good*

New Bedford, Mass., is working out an ambitious social programme to be featured during the coming winter. The Elks of New Bedford won laurels for the Lodge during the past outing season. Children from hospitals, orphanages and homes were royally entertained on several occasions, to the number of 2,000. The worthy poor were made happy in connection with the annual Christmas distribution. The fund for these purposes was provided in a novel manner by a pyrotechnic exhibition illustrating how the Navy has been scrapped. Thousands witnessed the illumination.

### *White Silver Trophy Inspires Activity in Illinois*

With the appointment of Louis Forman, of Bloomington, Past District Deputy of the Central Illinois District, as Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, the Illinois State Elks' Association, at a conference of officers and trustees at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, arranged plans for preliminary district competitions. Five such contests will be held, with a silver cup going to the winning Lodge. The district victors will meet in the finals at the annual convention of the Illinois Elks at Moline, Ill., next summer, where they will compete for the beautiful trophy donated to the Association six years ago by Charles A. White, former Grand Treasurer. Monmouth Lodge now holds the White prize cup. Plans also were laid for work by the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, with Gus Pollack of Chicago Lodge as the Chairman. The Trustees discussed plans for the 1923 gathering at Moline, and decided to meet in that city on February 4 to outline details with the Moline Committee.

### *Ground-Breaking At South Brownsville*

South Brownsville (Pa.) Elks held ground-breaking ceremonies for their new Home. Practically every member attended the event, which was in charge of the present officers, all Past Exalted Rulers, and charter members of the local Lodge. The building when completed and fully equipped will cost close to \$100,000.

### *New Home of Columbia Lodge Becomes a Civic Center*

Columbia (N. C.) Lodge, with a membership numbering 670, has overcome the misfortune incident to the fire which destroyed

its home and furnishings in 1921 and compelled the occupancy of temporary quarters for nine months. In point of convenience and good taste, the permanent quarters are pronounced the equal of any in the Southeast. Columbia Elks, complying with expressed preferences of the Grand Lodge to make every Subordinate Lodge a civic center, have organized their facilities upon the idea that, except when the Lodge is in session, the public is more than welcome to conduct meetings for any purpose advancing the civic welfare. A club has been organized to attend the Grand Lodge meeting in Atlanta. Other plans looking ahead include the entertainment of the South Carolina State Elks' Association, June 14 and 15, 1923, when it is expected that every Lodge in the State will be represented.

#### **Automatic Chimes Installed In Massachusetts Lodge**

Revere (Mass.) Lodge has installed a set of chimes which automatically sound the hour of eleven each night. The "Beach City" Lodge has the distinction of being the first Lodge in Massachusetts to purchase chimes. The bells are operated by a master clock inside the building. Other smaller clocks in various rooms of the Lodge are equipped with bells that ring at the designated hour of eleven. The installation ceremonies were of double significance inasmuch as the guest of honor at the occasion was General Clarence R. Edwards, head of the Department of the Northeast. It was the first reception tendered the General since his initiation by Revere Lodge about a year ago. Many other Elks of prominence and city and State dignitaries were included among those who contributed to the success of the affair.

#### **Magnificent Elk Specimen Installed by East Stroudsburg**

Elks of East Stroudsburg, Pa., installed a mounted elk in their Lodge. From tip to tail, the animal measures nine feet nine inches, with an antler spread of forty-eight inches. On the night of the parade the members wore decorations of white and purple and carried flags, preceded by the officers of the Lodge on foot. "Brother William," as the mounted elk is nicknamed (the largest specimen of his species in Pennsylvania), caused endless trouble along the line of march. When mounted on the truck he reached nearly fourteen feet in the air. He became caught in a profusion of telephone and electric light wires, but finally he was established on his throne in the Elks' Home. East Stroudsburg Elks are interested in building a Clubhouse and in establishing playgrounds.

#### **Quite Enthusiastic Over New Building**

A new Elks' Home and Club are on the way for Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge. The first step will be to accept an offer of \$240,000 for the old building and site. Already another location has been prospectively selected, but it may not provide sufficient ground floor space to accommodate applications already received for business leaseholds. Meanwhile, and before plans have been matured, signatures have been affixed to an advance subscription paper for stock to the amount of \$100,000 in the enterprise. Enthusiasm is at high pitch. Sacramento has increased its initiation to \$100. The Lodge works closely with the city commission in furthering community interests.

#### **Tragic Accident Takes Life of C. E. Benjamin, Jr.**

The death of C. E. Benjamin, Jr., and his wife on the eve of Armistice Day came as a shock to every citizen of Conneaut, Ohio. Mr. Benjamin, as Secretary of Conneaut Lodge since 1914, was known and respected throughout the Order for his ability and pleasing personality. The couple were among the most popular of the city's younger set. The fatal accident occurred at a grade crossing where the Ford coupé which Mr. Benjamin was driving was hit by a New York Central train.

#### **Jackson (Mich.) Elks Raise Potatoes for Charity**

The Elks of Jackson, Mich., have just completed a work of charity that should be of interest to every Lodge. Last summer they acquired, through the kindness of a farmer, the use of a seven-acre tract of land just outside the city. This they planted with potatoes, the members themselves doing most of the work and seeing the crop through to harvest. As a result of this co-operation, over 1,000 bushels were dug this fall and every bushel was distributed, under the direction of the Elks' Potato Committee, among the charitable institutions and poor families of the city. This is not the first time the Jackson Elks have taken care of the needy in this unique way. The practicability and success of the scheme will doubtless commend it to many other Lodges.

#### **San Mateo's Ball Game A Help to Santa Claus**

The annual Christmas charity baseball game, staged by the San Mateo Elks, was full of thrills. Many famous stars of the big leagues appeared on the Burlingame diamond with the result that a large crowd filled the grandstand and a substantial sum was added to the Christmas Fund.

#### **Williamsport Plans Spring Ground-Breaking**

At a special meeting, Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge voted unanimously to begin work next April on their new Club-house. When completed, it will be one of the finest structures of its kind in Central Pennsylvania, representing an investment of \$350,000.

#### **Westchester Celebrates Happy Occasion**

Westchester, Pa., enjoyed a golden night when Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow and the Degree Team of Philadelphia Lodge assisted in initiating 850 members. The Philadelphia visitors were accompanied by their band of 85 pieces and the mounted guard and drill corps of ex-service men. Previous to the ceremony, there was a street parade. After the initiation, a vaudeville show was given. A midnight feast followed.

#### **Community Interests Will be Discussed**

Columbia (Mo.) Lodge announces a series of monthly smokers to be enjoyed by its members and their friends, and to be addressed by local leaders speaking upon subjects of community interest. The first of these was in the nature of a reception in honor of the University of Missouri Football Team and the heads of the several athletic departments. Dr. J. C. Jones, President of the University, was the principal orator.

#### **Disabled Veterans Dined by New Orleans Elks**

New Orleans Lodge gave a dinner to over 200 American boys returned from the World War with the medal of disability. This dining of the city's disabled veterans, established two years ago by New Orleans Elks, was carried through on Armistice Day amid impressive ceremonies.

#### **Brownsville Reorganizes; Denton Hails New Legion Commander**

Brownsville (Tex.) Lodge has been reorganized with H. L. Fitch as Exalted Ruler and Charles Reid as Secretary. Many of the old and influential members have become reinstated. Brownsville Elks share with Denton (Tex.) Lodge the honor of having had the largest percentage of members in service during the World War. Col. Alvin M. Owsley, Commander of the American Legion, is a Past Exalted Ruler of the Denton Lodge. His election to the post of Commander was fittingly celebrated by his home town, the local Elks taking leading part in the festivities.

#### **Elks' Indoor Fair Draws Great Crowds**

The Lorain (Ohio) Elks' indoor fair, held in the auditorium of their new home, won supremacy for a week over all other local events. A flying aerial act, special music and an Elks' Queen contest were responsible for the crowds that flocked to the fair. The profits were added to the building fund.

#### **Bronze Statuary Commemorates Elks Who Fell in World War**

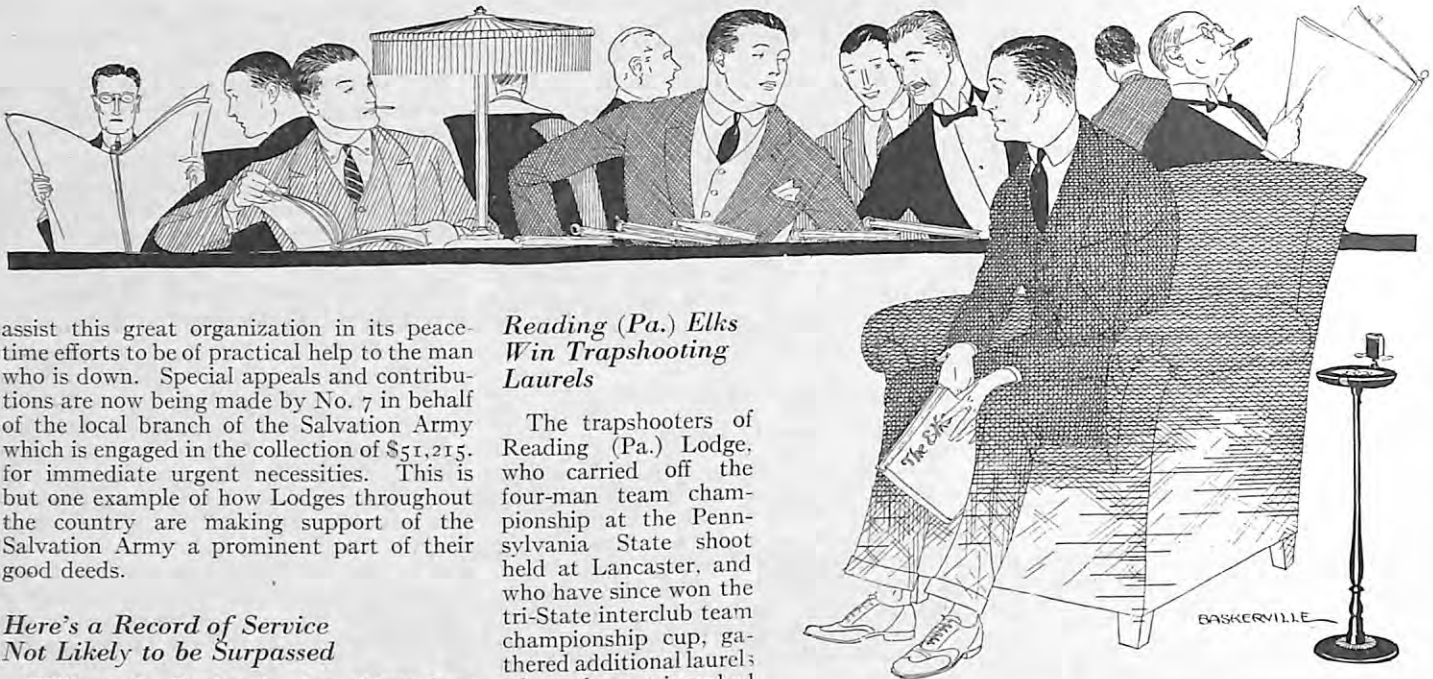
A handsome memorial to those who fell in the Great War has been erected by the Elks of Columbia, Tenn. The names of those members of No. 686 who gave their lives are engraved upon a bronze tablet forming part of the base; upon this a striking bronze elk is mounted, making the total height a little over nine feet from the ground to the electric-lighted tips of the antlers. The memorial stands in a commanding position directly in front of the Club-rooms. This beautiful statuary is the most impressive tribute that has been erected in the city to honor the fallen heroes. It was made possible through subscriptions taken among the members of the Lodge.

#### **Brightening the Lives of Homeless Children**

More than a thousand homeless children, assembled from the various institutions of Boston and vicinity, were entertained by Boston (Mass.) Lodge. The entertainment lasted one full week. Each day after the children had enjoyed the performance of "Forget-me-not," a story of the life in a founding institution shown on the screen at the Orpheum Theatre, the young folks were given possession of the Elks' dining-room. Many merchants of the city contributed dainties in the way of candies, toys, etc., while the Lodge provided the children with all they could eat of ice cream, cake and milk. Every child was presented with a gold Elk badge and a flag.

#### **Elks Cooperate With Salvation Army in Good Work**

Baltimore (Md.) Elks, aware of the close intimacy established between the Order and the Salvation Army, have undertaken to



assist this great organization in its peacetime efforts to be of practical help to the man who is down. Special appeals and contributions are now being made by No. 7 in behalf of the local branch of the Salvation Army which is engaged in the collection of \$51,215. for immediate urgent necessities. This is but one example of how Lodges throughout the country are making support of the Salvation Army a prominent part of their good deeds.

### *Here's a Record of Service Not Likely to be Surpassed*

William G. Benbrook, for thirty-three years Mayor of Natchez, Miss., continuously, charter member of Natchez Lodge and its first Secretary, is dead at the age of eighty-five. He had just been elected to his seventeenth consecutive term as Mayor and had held public office in that city fifty-two years without ever being defeated at an election—a record that will probably stand. Mayor Benbrook was a veteran of the Civil War and a close friend of the late Henry Watterson, whom he had known ever since the days they both wore the gray uniform.

### *"Build a New Home" Defiance, Ohio, Slogan*

"A New Home for No. 147" has become the slogan of the members of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge. While the amount to be expended remains as yet undetermined, during the next two months, preparations will go forward to accumulate whatever sum is voted by the Lodge and meanwhile to obtain official approval of the plans and be all ready to break ground in the early spring. A Building Committee is directing the movement.

### *Nashville Elks Plan Boys' Welfare Work*

Dr. J. M. Maxon, Bishop Coadjutor-Elect of the Episcopal diocese of Tennessee, and a former member of Galesburg (Ill.) Lodge, spoke before the Nashville Elks asking their cooperation in assisting the boys of the community to better and fuller lives. As a result of Dr. Maxon's address, a committee was appointed to help out other local bodies in the propagation of boys' welfare work. It is proposed, among other things, to carry out a well-constructed athletic programme in the different settlements so that boys may have pleasurable occupation during their recreational periods.

### *Bakersfield Stages Mardi Gras and Circus*

Bakersfield (Calif.) Elks provided a series of days and nights of revelry, from October 20 to October 26, when the Lodge staged a Mardi Gras and Circus. Popularity contests were featured. A queen was crowned and the prettiest baby was selected. It was a week of rare jollity in the Rand district.

### *Reading (Pa.) Elks Win Trapshooting Laurels*

The trapshooters of Reading (Pa.) Lodge, who carried off the four-man team championship at the Pennsylvania State shoot held at Lancaster, and who have since won the tri-State interclub team championship cup, gathered additional laurels when they triumphed over the Lancaster (Pa.) Lodge in the initial of a series of three-team shoots for a handsome hall clock valued at \$300. Conditions called for eight-man teams, 100 targets per man.

### *Silk Flag Presented Des Moines Lodge of Elks*

Des Moines (Iowa) Lodge is the recipient of a beautiful silk flag, presented by the Sons of Veterans Auxiliary in appreciation of the assistance rendered the entertainment committee of the G. A. R. at its encampment festivities in Des Moines last September. Des Moines' annual Charity Minstrel Show, always a leading event in the social life of Iowa's capital, was again a successful and brilliant affair.

### *Concordia Entertains With Luxurious Feast*

At its annual feast, Concordia (Kans.) Lodge entertained approximately 2,000 members invited from various Lodges in Northwest Kansas including Topeka and Salina. This annual feasting and meeting under Concordia auspices, is the biggest and most enjoyable Elk event of the year in the Sunflower State. The Lodge presented a class of 200 to be initiated. Following the ceremony, there were entertainments of divers kinds, including a show at the Brown Theatre. The main feature was the banquet. These annual banquets are the pride and joy of Northwestern Kansas. Tables are heavily laden with choice selections of game and all the substantial and delicacies of the season. There was a sparkle of oratory, but only enough to give accent to the abounding good fellowship.

### *More Short Chapters Recalling Early Elk History*

Slightly extending the summary recalling Elk events that helped to make history during the pioneer period, these supplemental chronicles are continued from our publication in December:

The year 1888 was not productive in an historical sense, but, in 1889, we resumed making history. In the beginning of that year, it was ordered that annual elections should take place in all Subordinate Lodges at the last regular meeting in May. Terms

of all Grand Lodge officers were re-enacted at one year and all Committees appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler were made subject to the same provision. Ten per cent. of the per capita tax was allotted for Grand Lodge expenses. Grand Exalted Ruler Hamilton Leach recommended that more than one Lodge be organized in cities of the first class, but this recommendation was never seriously reported upon. The strengthening of charity funds was warmly advocated. The salary of the Grand Secretary was jumped from \$500 to \$2,500. One piece of legislation read: "The first Sunday in December annually is hereby designated as a day to be celebrated as a Lodge of Sorrow by all Lodges of Elks."

The Grand Lodge, having become migratory, met in Cleveland in 1890. A new Constitution was adopted and Memorial tablets were directed to be installed in all Subordinate Lodges. Dimit cards were authorized for the first time. In 1891, occurred the first division of a State into more than one district, Ohio being the State. It was divided into Northern and Southern jurisdictions. The total number of Lodges had grown to 196; total membership to 15,472.

In 1892 the question of providing an Elks' National Home for the aged was first discussed. Upon the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin B. Hay, the forget-me-not was adopted as the floral emblem of the Order. Royal Purple was made the official color of the Order.

When the Flag, together with the Bible and the Antlers, was first placed on the altar, there was no accompanying text to explain. In 1895, the Committee on Work and Ritual, meeting in New York City, and being reminded of the omission, invited Thomas F. Brogan, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, to prepare a suitable ceremony to take care of the deficiency.

Mr. Brogan complied with the request and later his words were incorporated in the Ritual, and with certain modifications, have been repeated ever since.

### *Nine Hundred Guests At Home of Boston Elk*

Outstanding among the Bay State's many social functions was a mammoth reception to over 900 guests held in the sumptuous

residence of C. E. Osgood, member of Boston (Mass.) Lodge. Hundreds of Elks and their escorts—leaders and representatives of all walks of life—were in attendance. Governor and Mrs. Channing H. Cox were guests of honor. In keeping with the Governor's proclamation, during the course of the evening, the guests paused for a moment in silent meditation, in tribute to the birthday anniversary of the great American—Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Osgood has the distinction of being the only Boston Elk ever initiated outside of the Lodge quarters. A year ago, during a brief illness, a degree was conferred upon him at his home. A special dispensation was granted Boston Lodge so that it was enabled to bring the degree outfit to his residence. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson presided during the Ritual ceremony. The Governor, other City and State dignitaries, and many Army officials were present at the initiation.

### **Sousa and His Band Play for Crippled Children**

The Springfield (Ill.) Lodge gave a band concert at the State arsenal, John Philip Sousa and his famous band being the attractions. A matinee and evening performance netted the Lodge a handsome profit which will be used for the annual New Year's entertainment of the members. A pleasing feature of the concert was the attendance of almost one hundred crippled children as guests of the Elks. The youngsters were taken from the St. John's Sanitarium and brought home again at the end of the concert in automobiles. Work on the new \$500,000 Lodge building is progressing so rapidly that the Springfield Elks anticipate occupying these new quarters within six months.

### **Latest from Everywhere Reported by Radio**

Somerset (Ky.) Lodge has installed a complete radio receiving outfit at a cost of \$600, this being the first outfit of such magnitude operated in that section of the country. At the time of the Centre-Harvard football game, returns were received by radio at least thirty minutes ahead of the telegraphic advices.

### **Northwest Elk Bowlers Will Conduct Annual Tourney**

The date for the first annual bowling tournament to be participated in by Elk teams of Minnesota, the Dakotas and North Wisconsin, has been announced by the committee. Minneapolis will have the honor of entertaining the first tournament which will be held the second week of the coming February. Each annual meeting will be held concurrently with the International Bowling Association tournament, thereby attracting a great many members of the Order who have bowled at this northwest classic each year.

### **Boonton Lodge Home Will Be Remodeled**

Boonton (N. J.) Lodge, with 240 members, recently purchased a Home for \$15,000, and at a single meeting subscribed \$5,000 for twenty-year non-interest-bearing bonds with which to remodel the property. The Home is to be dedicated on February 22 next, the second anniversary of the Lodge.

### **Two Hundred Children Enjoy Peanuts with Circus Elephants**

Two hundred children were entertained by the Elks of Albuquerque, New Mexico, at a circus matinee performance. The juvenile guests were admitted to the menagerie one hour before the doors were opened to the public. The elephants gave an at-home party and assisted the visitors in eating two barrels of peanuts. Incidentally, mention is made of the interesting fact that, included in the array of performers connected with the circus, eighty are members of the Order of Elks.

### **Owensboro Elks Present Flag to R. O. T. C.**

Owensboro (Ky.) Lodge, true to its spirit of patriotism, presented the Reserve Officers' Training Camp of the local High School with

a handsome silk flag; a parade in which members of the Legion and Owensboro municipal band took part, preceded the ceremonies at the High School. Dr. M. G. Buckner, Chairman of the City Board of Education, received the emblem on behalf of the pupils.

### **With One Voice Freeport Elks Resolve to Build New Home**

The Elks of Freeport (N. Y.) have decided to sell their present Club-house and to build a new home on a new site. The rapid growth of the Lodge and its increasing activities have made this a wise and practical move. It is estimated that the new building and grounds will cost approximately \$200,000.

### **Your Elks' Card May Help You Anywhere in the World**

An Elk membership card is as good as a passport in any foreign country—at least that is the conclusion that must be drawn from the experience of Hans Oberleitner, member of Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge. All his baggage was stolen in Italy including his passport, and other papers of identification. He was told by the American Consul that no passport could be issued him without the necessary orders from Washington, a detail that would probably take sixty days. Mr. Oberleitner rummaged through his pocket and found his Elk membership card. That was enough identification for the Consul. "Any man," he said, "who is an Elk is entitled to all possible courtesy." Within a few hours, the traveler was on his way home.

### **Elk News Crisps Reported from Far and Near**

The next South Dakota State Association meeting will be held at Sioux Falls in June. . . . Binghamton (N. Y.) Elks have purchased valuable ground in the business section of that city and are preparing to erect a Club-house. . . . Elaborate dedicatory services and a banquet marked the christening of the Muncie (Ind.) Elks' Home. . . . William B. Pruder, Treasurer of Savannah (Ga.) Lodge, has missed only five meetings in twenty-seven years. . . . March 22 Newark (Ohio) Elks will celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. . . . Paducah (Ky.) Lodge contemplates a new Home to cost \$200,000. . . . The indoor carnival conducted by Newark (N. J.) Elks was a great success in every way. . . . Carlinville (Ill.) Lodge has purchased and thoroughly refurbished a three-story brick building to be used as its Club-house. . . . Pine Bluff (Ark.) Elks are soon to occupy their new Home. . . . A reception and dance featured the opening of Roanoke (Va.) Elks' new Home. The event was a real homecoming for all members of the Lodge. . . . Adopting the idea of speakers for its regular meeting, Warrensburg (Mo.) Lodge heard an interesting discussion by Dr. E. L. Hendricks on "How a Lodge May Function in a Democracy". . . . Madison (S. Dak.) Lodge, only four months old, already boasts a membership of 300. . . . DuBois (Pa.) Lodge has awarded contracts for its new Club-house which will ultimately cost \$150,000. . . . A \$200,000 addition to the home of Erie (Pa.) Lodge is in course of construction. . . . Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge grows by leaps and bounds. A class of 300 was recently initiated. . . . Songs and violin music were part of the opening entertainment of the season at the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va. . . . Harry M. Love, Supreme Keeper of Records and Seals, Knights of Pythias, paid fraternal respects to the office of Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson. His expressions were quite complimentary. . . . Bristol (Pa.) Lodge has handsomely refurbished its Home. The improvement was duly celebrated with a social session. . . . "The Follies of 965" proved to be the most profitable and enjoyable entertainment ever given by Malden (Mass.) Lodge. . . . Lincoln (Ill.) Lodge, after a successful membership campaign, realized necessity for a new Elks' Temple. The first step, a five-days' carnival, netted \$5,200. . . . Lancaster (Pa.) Lodge has retired another \$81,000 of its bonded debt. . . . Casper (Wyo.) Lodge, by its wholesome and wholesome exemplification of the cardinal principles, is constantly adding best citizens to its roll of membership. No opportunity is neglected to serve the common weal.

. . . . Contracts for the final plans of the \$500,000 Elks' Home of the Wichita (Kans.) Lodge have been signed. . . . Elks of Reading (Pa.) Lodge heard testimony from the lips of John L. Greenhouse as to the comforts and kindly treatment accorded at the Elks' National Home. . . . Officers of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, together with members of all uniformed units, will initiate for West Chester, Pa., one of the largest classes ever introduced in the Shipbuilding City Lodge. . . . Hon. Joseph E. Warner, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was Memorial Day Orator for Revere (Mass.) Lodge. This Lodge, under the instruction of a staff of well-known Lodges, has developed one of the strongest semi-professional football teams in the Bay State. . . . Worcester, Mass., contemplates an addition to its Home. . . . Representatives of the G. A. R., Spanish War Veterans, American Legion and other patriotic organizations, attended the New Rochelle, N. Y., Elks Armistice Day ceremony. . . . At the hour of eleven, taps were sounded over the Memphis, Tenn., Elks' Rest in Forest Hill Cemetery, marking the close of a dramatic Armistice service. . . . The celebration by St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge of its thirty-sixth anniversary was splendidly attended. John H. Mitchell was toastmaster once more, a rôle in which he has starred brilliantly almost ever since the institution of the Lodge. . . . When fire left the Masons of Salina, Kans., without a Home, local Elks made arrangements to accommodate the members in their own Club-rooms until the new Masonic Temple is ready for occupancy. . . . Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson spoke Memorial Sunday for Flint (Mich.) Lodge. . . . St. Louis has enjoyed a notable membership accession, resulting from no special efforts to that end. . . . Eleven Lodges in the State of New Hampshire have united in contributing liberally to a fund that purchased for the Glen Cliff Sanitarium a radio outfit complete with an amplifier and an extra antenna. . . . C. F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was Memorial Day Orator at the service conducted by Boston Lodge. . . . A turkey dinner, a parade with red fire and the initiation of the largest class in its history completed a distinguishing combination of events for Henderson (Ky.) Lodge. . . . John P. Brennan, President Massachusetts State Elks' Association, was Memorial Day orator for Camden (N. J.) Lodge. . . . Irvington (N. J.) Lodge will musically educate free of cost, for instruments and uniforms, twenty of its members to play in its band. . . . Gary (Ind.) Lodge has purchased a lot in Evergreen Cemetery to be known as "Elks' Rest," and to be marked with a memorial reproducing a specimen of the animal elk in bronze. . . . When St. Augustine (Fla.) Lodge invited Palatka, Jacksonville and Daytona Elks to join its jubilee, there was hearty response. The Daytona delegation attended by air service under pilotage of Commodore Frank Gheen. . . . An exciting hunting contest, followed by a game supper, was staged by Mt. Pleasant (Mich.) Elks. . . . J. R. Hebborn, probably the oldest Elk, celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday at Salinas, Cal. Fellow members of No. 614 took part in the jollification. . . . Money raised by the Elks' circus at Grand Forks (N. Dak.) will go toward building a Boy Scout Cabin. The event, lasting three days, was most successful, over 2,000 people being present on the closing night. . . . Bogalusa (La.) Lodge thrives with unprecedented prosperity. . . . A. Worth Averitt wears an inscribed gold watch in appreciation of 150 applications submitted. . . . Atlantic City (N. J.) Elks celebrated with feasting the successful conclusion of the drive to raise \$500,000 for its new home. Covers were laid for 1,000 members. . . . United States District Attorney A. C. Hindman, member of Balboa (Canal Zone) Lodge, has been visiting Washington, D. C., on official business and stopped en route to congratulate The Elks Magazine. . . . A substantial profit was realized by Eastland (Tex.) Elks from their annual minstrel show and musical revue. . . . The thirty-second anniversary of Stillwater (Minn.) Lodge marked the formal opening and dedication of the new Club-house. Stillwater will now have one of the finest Homes in the Northwest. . . . John P. Hill, founder and first Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge, as entered in the Lodge record, was laid to rest with all the Elk honors. . . . Union Hill (N. J.) Elks made a "big day" of its corner-stone laying.

# Pretenders

(Continued from page 19)

"Please don't let mother see that you're really cut up about it. I'll go down to the boarding house and make inquiries after luncheon without letting her know I'm doing it, and if you really wish to pursue the matter further you can probably find out where the girl went."

At the Thackeray where she had been waiting, Mrs. Wendling received with perfect composure the news that Miss Locke would not share their luncheon.

"I am not at all surprised; but I won't deny that I'm relieved!" she exclaimed. "Of course a girl like that wouldn't want to meet your family; that's the last thing she'd want."

"Oh, this will never do!" exclaimed Mrs. Elstun, feeling that her mother was altogether too hard on Paul. "I don't believe for an instant that this girl has been setting a trap for my little brother. That would be to admit that Paul has no sense or judgment, and we know it is a professional matter with him to study people."

"Some unhappiness has come to the girl," said the doctor, soberly; "and I'm sorry."

He dejectedly bade the waiter remove the plate which was to have been Vivian's and ate with a poor appetite the luncheon he had ordered by telephone.

## II

MRS. ELSTUN kept her promise to visit Vivian's boarding house only to learn that that young woman had left no address, but indicated her purpose to return as soon as possible.

"Did she have callers—young gentlemen, I mean?" Mrs. Elstun inquired.

Mrs. Murphy squared herself in the doorway and enumerated and described with great particularity all the young men who had ever called upon Vivian.

"I know every wan av 'em! An' they's the finest lot av young gentlemen that ever come to my house. I allus talked to 'em all meself before I let her go out with any wan av 'em. But she was sharp enough to pick the daycentest wans herself. You could be searchin' from the Battery to Harlem, ma'am, and you wouldn't find the likes av Vivian. No goirl with a smile like hers would ever be doin' nothin' wrong."

Mrs. Elstun reported the result of her visit to her brother that evening. He was taking his disappointment hard and she was heartily sorry for him.

"Mrs. Murphy's enthusiasm about the girl was almost equal to yours. The poor thing seemed heartbroken at losing the girl."

"She can't feel any worse than I do," said Wendling ruefully; "and after this I can never satisfy mother that the girl is thoroughly respectable."

"Oh, she'll turn up again. Of course it may be possible she has eloped with one of these suitors Mrs. Murphy described. You never can tell."

"Well, of course that's possible," he admitted reluctantly. "I only hope no harm has befallen her. It's rather odd that neither the boarding house woman nor the girls at the store seem to know where she flitted to."

"I shouldn't lay too much stress on that. From all we know she's a self-respecting, rather reserved girl who doesn't take people readily into her confidence, and she evidently left in a great rush and forgot to leave an address."

"I know you think I'm an awful fool, but I don't believe I'll forget her very soon. I admit the preposterousness of that when I saw her only three times. But she's one in ten thousand. She really is, May!"

## CHAPTER FIVE

### I

ON THE fifth day at Southampton a heavy shower in the afternoon was followed by a brightening of the sky that called to the open, and Oodles set out alone for a tramp before dinner. She was just entering the Crosby grounds on her return when she encountered a governess' cart near the gate. Two children had alighted and were peering through the hedge.

"Won't you bring the children in?" said Oodles pleasantly, turning to the governess who stood by the cart.

"Thank you very much, but I don't believe we have time to stop. We got caught in the rain in the village and must hurry home."

"Come in and look at the garden anyhow, if you haven't seen it before."

It was in this fashion that Olive Farnam, masquerading as governess for Mrs. Herbert Elstun, encountered Miss Vivian Locke in her role as the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Maybury Crosby. It may have been that the authentic Olive had purposely stopped the cart near the entrance to the Crosby grounds in order to inspect her aunt's estate, and possibly catch a glimpse of the Olive Farnam whose arrival there had been announced in the newspapers. The girl known to her employer as Alice Morton had been enormously surprised by the cool manner in which the press had disposed of her. Having expected a great furor over her disappearance, she was astounded to find that she had not disappeared at all; and so completely had she accommodated herself to the ways of the Elstun household that she entertained serious doubts as to her own identity.

"These are Mrs. Elstun's children from Onamatogue," she said. "I am Miss Morton. The children want to go in at every gate we pass. They have been in Japan a long time, and everything is strange to them."

"That is quite natural, of course," said Oodles, the impostor. "I am sure Mrs. Crosby would be glad to have you stop in whenever you are passing."

"Thank you; I shall be glad to remember that."

"Your children would help the looks of the garden very much," said Oodles. "It must be fun to take care of children; I should like to do it myself."

"You—you live here?" inquired Mrs. Elstun's governess.

"Yes; I am staying here just at present. I am Miss Olive Farnam, Mrs. Crosby's niece."

"Oh, yes; I've heard that you were here."

"This was the first time that Vivian Locke, late of Arlington's, had proclaimed herself Olive Farnam, and she rather flattered herself that she had made the announcement convincingly. At any rate Mrs. Elstun's governess accepted her unquestioningly.

"We have driven through Onamatogue several times," said Oodles; "the beach is very fine there."

"Yes, but it is too late for bathing now. Nearly every one has gone and we have the beach pretty much to ourselves."

"It's nice to be lonesome sometimes. I'm glad Mrs. Crosby is going to stay late. I want to see how it all looks when the snow comes."

The children by this time had exhausted the possibilities of the garden and were now climbing the steps.

"I will go back to the road with you," said Oodles. "You are not afraid of being caught in the dark?" "No," said the governess. "Only I don't want Mrs. Elstun to be worried."

"It's easy to see that the children are very fond of you."

The little boy had run back and taken the governess' hand, and young Helen, after bestowing upon the lady of the villa a child's frank inspection, drew close to her.

"I got a horse in town and we go riding in the park. Do you have a horse?"

"Yes; my aunt and uncle are very fond of riding and we go out nearly every day."

"Alice is a wonderful rider," said the child with a glance of admiration at the governess; "she stopped a runaway horse in Central Park."

"Oh, that wasn't as grand as it sounds!" laughed the governess. "Helen ought to tell you that I almost got arrested for riding on the lawn."

In her utter ignorance of the fact that she was subjecting herself to the scrutiny of the girl she impersonated, Oodles was finding a distinct pleasure in meeting a young woman of her own age who, in her occupation as governess, probably was much more familiar than she was with the ways of society folk. In all the circum-

stances it would be imprudent to give more than the perfunctory invitation she had already given to the children to come into the grounds whenever they liked, yet on the other hand youth called to youth and she wished she might see this agreeable Miss Morton again. Helen curt-sied and gave her hand to Oodles, and the little boy drew off his cap and bowed with comical gravity. Oodles watched them out of sight, little knowing the conflicting emotions that surged through the governess' mind as she drove away.

The veritable Olive did not resent the effrontery with which the dark girl had introduced herself as Olive Farnam; in so far as she grasped the situation, she was relieved to have so completely obliterated herself that another was already established in her place. While it was impossible that the bright, clear-eyed girl who had met her so graciously could deliberately have planned so stupendous a fraud, yet in no other way could she account for her presence or the assured air with which she had given as her own a name that did not belong to her. As she urged the pony homeward through the gathering dusk, the fear from which she had fled rose hastily before her. Her heart was torn with self-accusations for her stupidity in thinking she could so easily escape from the dread of her father's slayer.

"Alice is not happy! Alice did not like her drive today," said the little boy, cuddling close to her.

She was grateful for the light and cheer of the Wendling house. She compared its simplicity and comforts favorably with the elaborate Crosby establishment. If only the world would be satisfied to go away and leave her to herself she could be very happy, but the cloud that had darkened the horizon was not easily to be dispelled. Her depression was noticed by Mrs. Elstun, who went up to the children's rooms as usual after dinner and found Alice reading to them.

"I thought you seemed tired when you came in. Won't you go to bed and let me look after the children?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly well; thank you!"

"We've never discussed your privileges; it's only been your duties and that isn't fair. I'm going to ask you to tell me when you'd like a day off or an evening."

"I'm perfectly content," said Alice; "I've enjoyed every minute I've spent with the children."

MRS. ELSTUN was observing her carefully. She had not ceased to wonder that the girl had so completely severed all ties with her past, referring in no way to her family and neither receiving nor writing letters. But the girl's work was wholly satisfactory; and even Mrs. Wendling confessed that it was a pleasure to have her about.

Dr. Paul Wendling had accompanied his mother and sister to the country that afternoon and he, too, was depressed. Mrs. Elstun summoned him to the nursery when the bed-time romp, which was countenanced as a high privilege and the reward for good conduct began, as it usually did, with a sudden mischievous outbreak by one of the youngsters. When peace was restored Wendling still lingered for the joy of their prattle.

"We stopped to look at a garden and there was a pond in the garden and a beautiful lady talked to us and told us to come again."

"Where did all this happen?" he asked the governess.

"It was the Crosby place, Dr. Wendling."

"Oh, yes; that's one of the finest estates on the island. Was it Mrs. Crosby who spoke to you?"

"No; it was Miss Farnam who was so interested in the children."

"Miss Farnam," Wendling repeated, frowning. "Oh, yes! I had forgotten; she must be Mrs. Crosby's niece, the girl who held the headlines for a day or two."

"The one they called 'Oodles,'" remarked the governess with a smile.

"Delicious! Did she look dreadfully rich?"

"Oh, quite beautiful! She didn't put on any airs with us, did she, children?"

"She was nice; she was almost as beautiful as Alice," declared the little boy.

"We weren't talking about Alice," said the governess, coloring.

Mrs. Elstun came in to hasten the retirement of the youngsters just as Helen was saying that

(Continued on page 56)

STANDARD LOADS of

SHOTGUN **DU PONT** POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS				SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES				
	12 GAUGE	oz DRAMS	oz SHOT	16 GAUGE		oz DRAMS	oz SHOT	20 GAUGE	oz DRAMS
Turkey Geese	3½	1-1/8	2¾	1	2½	7/8	2 & 4		
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-1/8	2¾	1	2½	7/8	4 in flight 0 over deeps		
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-1/8	2½	1	2¼	¾	6		
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6		
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-1/8	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½		
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	8		
Reed Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	10		
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½		

**BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS**  
 If BALLISTITE (dense) Powder is desired order by grains.  
 A comparison follows of Bulk and Dense Loads:

DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
3½ equivalent to	28	2½ equivalent to	20
3¼	26	2¼	18
3	24	2	16
2¾	22	1¾	14

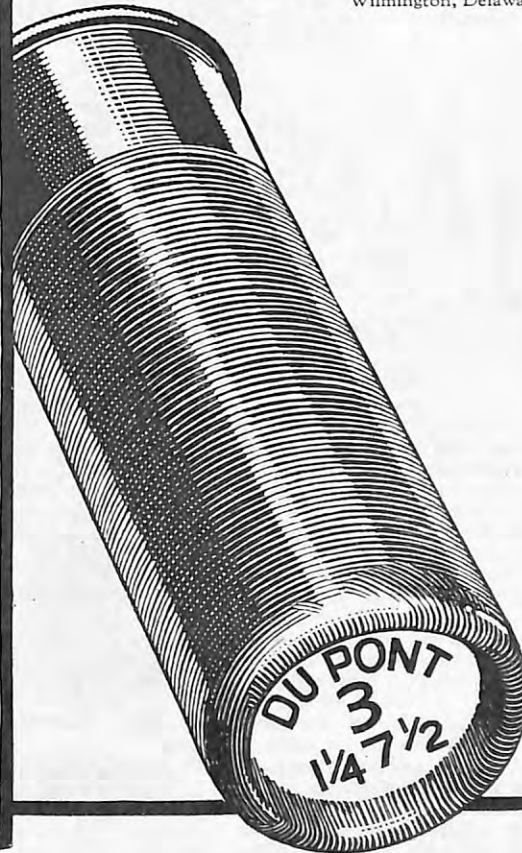
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**SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS**



## Pretenders

(Continued from page 54)

she thought the beautiful lady must be a princess. Mrs. Elstun looked at her brother meaningfully.

"You see, Paul, there's romance all round us! One princess disappears and while you're pursuing her with the precious slipper in your hand, up springs another! You'd better let the children take you over to the Crosbys' and introduce you!"

"Oh, my ambitions don't run so high! Miss Oodles! The very thought of so many millions discourages me."

### II

AT DINNER the pretender told of her encounter with the Elstun children and their governess, and listened carefully to Mrs. Crosby's summary of the Wendling-Elstun family history.

"Very nice people! I knew Mrs. Elstun slightly when she was a girl, and her mother was an Arnold—old Rhode Island family. I still run into Mrs. Wendling now and then. Mrs. Elstun's brother Paul is a doctor; nerve specialist; expert witness in these will cases when they try to prove insanity. He's getting on prodigiously."

"Dr. Wendling!" the Vivian of yesterday repeated faintly.

Mrs. Crosby assented absently and entered into an animated discussion with Maybury as to whether it was Paul Wendling's grandfather or possibly an uncle who had once been secretary of something, or a United States senator.

In the excitement of her translation from the toilet goods department to the bosom of the Crosby family, she had utterly forgotten Wendling's promise to introduce her to his mother. She questioned whether she should not at once tell the Crosbys about Wendling's visit to the store and of her broken engagement with him, but as Maybury monopolized her for the evening with what was, in effect, a lecture on the life, character and services to art of a gentleman named Giorgione, she had no opportunity to speak to Mrs. Crosby; and she hadn't the heart to disturb Maybury with the revelation.

The discovery that Dr. Wendling was not only a visitor in the neighborhood but that he was known to the Crosbys, troubled Oodles less as she pondered it after a dreamless sleep. She reasoned that a busy man, as she imagined him to be, would in all likelihood soon settle himself in town for the winter and the chance of meeting him again was negligible to the vanishing point.

She had finished her breakfast and was dreamily propped up in bed reading one of the books Maybury had recommended, when Louise appeared with a message that Mrs. Crosby would like to see her.

She threw on a wrapper and went to Mrs. Crosby's room, where she found that lady sitting up in bed reading letters.

She waited for Louise to remove her breakfast tray and then, making sure the door into Maybury's room was closed, she laughed merrily.

"Isn't this perfectly screaming! Fairfield of the Gordon Trust Company is coming out today. There are questions, it seems, about the guardianship. My brother died without making a will, and you're supposed to have had a mother, you know!"

"A mother!" repeated Oodles aghast. "Is she coming here?"

Her tone and manner evoked from Mrs. Crosby another outburst of merriment.

"The trust company people have got to have a guardian for you, and naturally your mother would have the first right. But is the dear lady here or in heaven? That's what's troubling the trust company; they want it proved."

"They'd naturally expect me to know something about my own mother!" said Oodles. "Maybe, I'd better go."

"If you desert me now I shall drown myself!" cried Mrs. Crosby, clutching Oodles' hand. "Do you know, this is going to be a lot more fun than I had ever imagined it would be. All my life I've wanted to do something outlandish; something really perilous! Falling off mountains is nothing compared to this!"

"I suppose now that we've started it doesn't much matter what we do," commented Oodles, catching Mrs. Crosby's daring spirit.

Mrs. Crosby was irresistible. If she had been a poor woman in need, playing a dangerous game for personal advantage, Oodles felt that she would be intolerable; but that any one should be taking so great a risk merely, as now seemed to be the case, for the joy of the deception, invested the lady with a delicious charm.

"Oh, somehow we'll wiggle out of it!" said Mrs. Crosby with a sigh. "Do you know, another screaming thing about it all is Maybury's interest in you! When I told him I was going to find an understudy for our unknown niece he almost had a stroke. But now he doesn't think of you as a fraud and impostor at all. He sees in you Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura, and all those foolish old girls! Tell me honestly, haven't you been deceiving us a little bit about yourself? At some time you have known Italian, haven't you. Let me into the secret, and I promise not to breathe a word of it to Maybury!"

"I really don't account for it; honestly I don't!" The tears sprang to Oodles' eyes. "As I told you I was brought up by a minister and his wife. They were poor but they did the best they could for me and gave me all the schooling they could afford. I had the high school French, but never a word of Italian."

"Forgive me for mentioning it! I merely thought if there was a joke about it I'd like to know. I always enjoy puzzling my dear husband, and I've been doing it ever since we were married! What must you think of me!"

"I think you are wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" cried the girl. And she sank on her knees by the bed and laid her cheek wet with tears against Mrs. Crosby's face.

"I'm a silly old fool! I ought to have had children of my own. You are the dearest thing that ever came to me."

"I'll miss you all the rest of my life when I go away," said Oodles, mournfully.

"But you're not going—you're not ever going away!" declared Mrs. Crosby. "I didn't know that any one could ever so completely fill my heart as you do. But now I've got Fairfield to get rid of. You don't figure in the matter at all. Just the slightest illness of course; nervousness, due to the shock of your father's death; that let's you out! Meanwhile you and Maybury had better go for a walk."

### III

MRS. CROSBY had spoken truly when she said that Maybury's interest in Oodles was now wholly dissociated from the purpose of the girl's stay in the house. In the recesses of her mind existed vestiges of a culture that exercised a spell upon him; and she was beautiful, she was adorable, the loveliest girl he had ever known.

Oodles greeted his gallant speeches with the old Vivian smile that had always been her shield. She would not have been human if, in the masquerade life she was leading, she had not enjoyed the companionship of this middle-aged aristocrat who knew, she verily believed, everything there was to know in the world. The attitude of the Crosbys to each other struck her as singularly strange and different from anything she had ever known or imagined of the marital tie. Mrs. Crosby's manner toward her husband was rather maternal, the good-natured indulgence of a mother who is amused by her child's toys.

"It may be," said Maybury plaintively, as they moved along at a quick pace, "that my whole life has been a mistake. Your aunt Olive loves doing extraordinary things, while I've always kept my nose in books."

"I should like to live my life over again," he added after a pause, "just to experience the sensation of recklessness, of doing impossible things!"

She did not know how absurd it was that Maybury Crosby should experience this belated hunger for excitement, the thing which all his life he had most studiously avoided and deplored in his life.

They prolonged their tramp until the sun was well down to make sure that Mrs. Crosby had disposed of Fairfield before they returned.

A carpenter who had been building some new

stands in the conservatory was loitering at the gate for a word with Maybury as to some further work that was to be done.

"Don't wait for me, Oodles; I'll follow in a minute," said Maybury.

She walked along the path and paused midway of the garden balustrade for the joy of the shadows below.

"Good evening, Miss Farnam!"

No sound had given warning of the approach of the man who stood suddenly beside her. His voice, gruff and with a tinge of mockery, caused her to spring back against the balustrade. Crosby was only a short distance away, and a cry would have summoned him, but, thoroughly frightened, she was unable to command her voice.

"You thought I wouldn't follow you; but I'm not so easily shaken off, young lady!"

She attempted to dart past him, but he seized her arm and gripped it tight.

"You'll wait till I get through with you! I want a hundred thousand dollars your scoundrelly father beat me out of. Don't—"

She was holding her head away from him, hoping to escape before he became aware of his mistake; for it flashed through her mind that this rough stranger towering above her was seeking Olive Farnam and that it was of the utmost importance that she should get rid of him before he learned of his error. She was renewing her struggle to free herself when the lights were switched on in the lamps scattered over the grounds. The two were only a few feet from one of the posts, and as the globe brightened he caught her shoulder and peered into her face. With an oath he released her, but he remained staring at her dully.

"Excuse me, Miss! I thought you was some one else!"

He flung round and dashed away, springing lightly over the low hedge that lined the walk, and vanished in the dusk.

Maybury's voice, lifted in a good night to the carpenter, followed by his quick step on the walk, instantly quieted her fears. Presumably he had not witnessed the marauder's precipitate flight toward the side entrance. The man had accosted her as Miss Farnam, and his words pointed unmistakably to some previous acquaintance between him and Tom Farnam's daughter. His attack greatly complicated her situation as an impostor. She quickly decided that it would be dishonest not to confide in the Crosbys, and with this resolution she stepped into the path to intercept Maybury.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded, seeing that she was trembling.

"You didn't see a man running toward the lane gate?"

"A man?" he cried.

"A man spoke to me here. I was standing right by the lamp post, and he crept up behind me—"

He took her arm, but she was now quite composed and moved at his side steadily, answering his further questions, describing the strange visitor as best she could.

They found Mrs. Crosby dressed for dinner and reading in the living room.

"What's happened? You both look like ghosts. Maybury, you ought to have more sense than to keep Oodles tramping so long! I got rid of Fairfield long ago, and sent him off to catch the five-twelve."

"He suspects nothing?"

"What could he suspect?"

"Well, some one suspects something! Oodles has been attacked! A man accosted her in the garden, called her by name, demanded money, and then when the lights went on in the walk he said he was mistaken and ran away!"

"Really, this is most deplorable!" Mrs. Crosby murmured.

A rigid cross-examination by Maybury brought out every detail of her experience that she could remember.

"He must have known Tom," said Maybury reflectively. "A personal enemy, I should say. And he must have known Tom's daughter by sight at any rate. It might be well to notify the town police."

"We will tell nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "It's unfortunate, of course, but there's no reason why we should be excited."

"Not excited!" Maybury exclaimed. "I tell you the danger is very great!"

(Continued on page 58)



# Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only *absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong* that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

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Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.

Do you know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

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With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you

need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of *what is right* under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

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## Pretenders

(Continued from page 56)

Oodles, feeling herself responsible for a situation that threatened disorder to the household, saw only one solution of the problem.

"I think," began Oodles brokenly, "that the best thing is for me to go; right away, I mean. Then if he comes back he won't find me—and he—"

"He won't find you!" Maybury repeated. "You mean you would leave us!"

Maybury was waiting for his wife's decision, but her silence becoming intolerable he flung round at her exclaiming:

"Oodles is not to go! If that scoundrel comes back it will be the worse for him!"

"I hoped you would see it that way; it's all settled!" she replied calmly. "Now, come, Oodles, let's hear nothing more about leaving. It would be calamitous for you to go. That man might pursue you and we'd be powerless to help. And when my niece turns up, as she's bound to before long, you are to remain with us just the same."

"Quite that; really quite that!" Maybury ejaculated, with infinite relief.

### IV

"**O**ODLES, go down to my room and bring that bunch of mail from the lower right-hand drawer of my desk," Mrs. Crosby said after dinner, as they sat in Maybury's study. "I have a perfect right to acquaint myself with the correspondence of my niece. We will need all the data we can get to fortify us against any more such visitors."

Oodles brought the letters, and Maybury sat by while they were opened and read aloud. The lawlessness of the proceeding gave him a fear-some joy, though the letters proved to be commonplace enough until the last one was reached.

"Ah! Here we have something!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. She turned to the last page of the letter and scanned the signature. "Dick Conwell, and undoubtedly the sender of that telegram. In fact he refers to it. Listen to this:

"My dear Olive: Of course you must have understood that only the most pressing business could have kept me away in your time of sorrow. I was trying that Collingford cattle case at Cheyenne, and there was a whole army of witnesses to examine and it kept me much longer than I had expected. I sent you a telegram as soon as I got home to explain my silence. Your father was a good man but he is beyond my grief or pity, and it is of you that I am thinking now. It is night, and I am writing in the office where I can look down on the street where I used to see you ride by so often. I suppose you will never live here again. There was something I wanted to say to you, but I'm afraid to say it now. If I thought you wanted to see me you can be sure I'd come as fast as the train could get me there."

After "Yours sincerely," there was this postscript:

"I won the Collingford case."

"That's a nice letter," Mrs. Crosby commented. "The something he wanted to say means of course that he wanted to ask her to marry him."

"He may give her up. He rather implies that that's what he will do if he doesn't hear from her," suggested Maybury, scanning the letter and noting the "Richard Conwell, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law," neatly embossed at the top.

"I think maybe Olive would want to make some reply if she were here," suggested the pretender.

"That's a capital idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby.

She decided that a message should be dispatched to Conwell in the morning to allay any fears he might have as to Olive's safe arrival. In a town like Warrenton every one knew every one else's business, Mrs. Crosby reasoned, and in all likelihood Conwell would let it be known that he had received a message from Olive direct. Perkins, who had reported his arrival in Warrenton and wired an address, must be warned of young Conwell's interest in the missing girl. But it would not do to speak of this to Oodles, who had not been made aware of Perkins' errand.

"Here's something else!" Mrs. Crosby exclaimed, holding up an envelope she had over-

looked in her first reading of the letters. "This is written by Olive herself to some one in Denver and returned by the postoffice for more complete address. On the back is written, 'Olive Farnam, Warrenton, Montana.' This is lucky, for we can get an idea of what the girl's like from her handwriting."

"You don't mean to go in for forgery!" cried Maybury.

"It would be fun to carry on a correspondence with these people I never saw or heard of before," said the girl, inspecting Olive Farnam's handwriting over Mrs. Crosby's shoulder.

The girl to whom Olive Farnam wrote had been a fellow student at St. Margaret's, and they had evidently been partners in no little mischief. The writer as she revealed herself was a wholesome, cheery, natural person, who found the world a pleasant place to live in.

"I think I could love a girl like that!" whispered the pretender wistfully. "I wish I could know her!"

"I feel a whole lot easier about her," declared Mrs. Crosby after pondering the letter for some time. "It's as plain as daylight that she's playing a trick on us, and I'm perfectly satisfied that we've done the right thing in not wiring out there that she hasn't reached New York."

"From the tone of her letter I judge she'd be quick to see the joke of what we've done. It might even amuse her to roam the world for years and leave her substitute to enjoy her possessions!"

"You don't really think that!" gasped Oodles. When the servants were out of the way they went below to make sure that the doors and windows were carefully locked.

"There are plenty of firearms in the house, and I'm a good shot!" declared Mrs. Crosby unpacking her hunting equipment. "We'll distribute my artillery around in convenient places."

### CHAPTER SIX

#### I

"**H**OW'S the governess coming on?" asked Wendling when he came out for the following week-end.

"Perfect in the part!" his sister replied. "My only trouble is that I don't know just how to manage her. There's something in the girl that makes it impossible to treat her as a servant. Not in her own conduct, mind you; but it's clear that she's capable of better things. I don't feel comfortable about keeping her. You haven't heard anything of your Vivian I suppose?"

"Not a word! I've been too busy to think of her. No doubt she ran off with a better man." "Your paragon would hardly be so bold a liar. Mama doesn't understand at all why you haven't married a girl in your own circle."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I'm too busy to play with these young women who have no thought but to be amused. They're all alike and they don't inspire me a bit. Come and ride with me this afternoon. I've been worrying so much over other people's nerves that my own are jumping."

"Awfully sorry, Paul; but I've promised Miss Morton the afternoon off, and I've got to stay with the children. She didn't ask it; in fact, I've had to force the usual privileges on her. Maybe—"

"I see what's coming! Maybe, I'll accept Miss Morton as a substitute! Mother will require powerful bromides if you expose me to such blandishments. She hasn't read English novels all her life without knowing the deadly peril of the demurest governess. Well, if you insist on throwing me at the head of your governess be prepared to take the consequences. I'll say for the girl that she does know a horse!"

"Remember you're on an island and don't ride into the ocean!" Mrs. Elstun admonished as they rode away.

**I**N THE quiet roads and lanes they had sought they had passed only half a dozen people, and both became alert on the way home when they saw a man and woman approaching them on horseback.

(Continued on page 60)



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followed fifteen years of remarkable adventures on the seas, out of which Conrad emerged weakened by terrible experiences, but with his first novel.

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# Pretenders

(Continued from page 58)

"These coasts are not wholly deserted after all," he remarked. "That looks like Mr. Crosby, but I don't make out the woman. It's not Mrs. Crosby, I think."

"It's the niece, Miss Farnam. You remember she spoke to the children and me one day at the entrance to their place."

"Oh, the great heiress, you mean; the 'Oodles' of the newspapers?"

The road was narrow and as they were about to meet, Wendling drew in his horse to allow Miss Morton to precede him. Crosby, too, fell back to permit his companion to ride ahead. The Olive from Warrenton and her substitute passed with a smile of recognition. Wendling raised his hat and bent a gaze of polite curiosity upon the young lady whose eyes met his with a look of surprise that became instantly a plea, an appeal. He had meant to satisfy his curiosity as to the appearance of the newly-found niece of the Crosbys, little dreaming that he had ever seen her before; but to find that she was not a stranger but a person with whom he had held speech turned his fleeting glance into a blank stare of amazement. Involuntarily he flung back his horse; the hand he had lifted to his hat remained there as he turned and gaped after her. She had averted her face immediately, but the one glimpse had been enough. There was no question of Maybury Crosby's identity, and with equal certainty he knew the dark-eyed girl to be the Vivian Locke he had seen at Arlington's. She and Crosby had brought their horses at a trot, and Wendling gathered himself together to find Miss Morton waiting for him.

"Miss Farnam—that was Miss Farnam?" he inquired with affected indifference.

"Oh, yes, certainly! She introduced herself to me as Miss Olive Farnam. Don't you think she looks as though she had the oodles of money they say she has?"

He missed altogether the faint mockery in her tone. She had been both surprised and amused that he had been so upset by the passing of the girl to whom so great a fortune was attributed.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that; she's very like some one I've seen somewhere. Maybe only an imaginary resemblance."

"She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw!" Alice declared warmly.

"An unusual type; and her eyes are distinctly

fine," said Wendling, and then, as though troubled for fear it was ungallant to be laying so much stress on dark eyes when he was addressing the possessor of very handsome gray-blue ones, he added, "We'll agree that she's handsome and wholly worthy to possess millions. But she's hardly my ideal of a western girl; maybe that's because Crosby suggests so strongly the most thoroughgoing Easterner."

"But if you'd passed me in the road in the same way, riding with Mr. Crosby, where would you place me?"

"Oh, I should say instantly that you were a fine representative of the free, untrammelled West!"

"That's only because any one could see that I'm not all smoothed out like Miss Farnam. Less money has been spent on me, you see. And these old riding clothes are about what you'd expect a rude Western girl to wear. Miss Farnam was dressed correctly—not a flaw, I suppose."

"I didn't notice her habit," he protested, and he caught her biting her lip. The thought that she was laughing at him was irritating. He could not take her into his confidence and tell her that he had seen Miss Olive Farnam in the role of a clerk a fortnight earlier at the toilet goods department at Arlington's.

He resolved to say nothing to his sister about the re-appearance of Miss Locke; the potentialities of the situation were too heavily charged with danger to take any risk.

He weighed in a nicely-balanced scale his duty in the matter, reaching each time the conclusion that it was none of his affair to warn the girl of the risk she was taking, or drop a hint to the Crosbys that they were harboring a person who was not what she purported to be. The quick glance the reputed Miss Farnam gave him in the road lingered exasperatingly in his memory and he recurred to it confident that he had not been mistaken in assuming that the message she flashed him was an appeal for silence. Or, in another mood, he translated it as a call for help. The best answer he arrived at for all his questions was that there might be an explanation that would leave the girl blameless, though, to be sure, he was unable to see how or when this might be forthcoming.

(To be continued)

# The Ideal American

(Continued from page 45)

In all the ideals and aspirations which patriotism embodies, the true Elk shares. He must define and declare his love for his country and his reverence for the flag and all it typifies before he is considered eligible for membership in the order. He is staunchly proud, in widening degree, of his city, state, and nation—for patriotism may as truly play its part in the local affairs of a small community as in the international affairs of nations.

He sees in the flag the tangible and ever-brilliant emblem of the purest and noblest aspirations to which the most eloquently inspired orators in our history have given utterance. To him it calls for the best and worthiest that in him lies. When he bares his head in salute as he sees Old Glory flying, he can say as Daniel Webster said:

"Thank God, I—I also—am an American!"  
 —John C. Karel, Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge, No. 46, Member Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order.

honors the flag. He will fight for the principles it represents. He is a MAN. The more one tries to picture him the weaker and faultier the picture seems to grow.

—W. H. Wheadon, Secretary, Denver (Col.) Lodge, No. 17.

THE ideal American is the person who can stand between two oceans and between two foreign lands and announce that all creeds and politics and beliefs are of the subordinate, and, that law, and equal opportunity, and righteousness are the prime and superlative things for which to strive.

The American, in his present-day glory, stands unafraid. He is flag-loving, government-supporting and willing to lift all to his vantage ground, or to fight all who would pull him from it.

—William Hawley Atwell, Past Exalted Ruler, Dallas (Texas) Lodge, No. 71.

WHAT is the ideal American citizen? He is one who measures up to a few very important requirements. He is the child—America is the mother. He must live not for self but for her. He must attune his being to her ever righteous ambitions. He must give his all—brain and brawn; heart and soul—that she may survive and develop along God's requested lines of life. He must live and work and die that she may live, survive and develop. He must always and forever give to her and not take from her. He who is this and does this is the ideal American citizen.

—T. F. Roark, Gardner (Mass.) Lodge, 1426.

## The Ambassador of Poker

(Continued from page 26)

Near the frontier the country grew deserted. Civil war had passed there recently, blighting, burning, killing. For days they traveled over a plain, thinly dotted with desert vegetation; then, at the end of the week, they passed a basaltic ridge and descended into a steaming valley.

"Manchuria!" said Kung, laconically, pointing a bony finger.

Three days later they pulled up their camels on a small hill shadowed by enormous, gnarled thorn trees.

Kung pointed.

"Look, master," he said. "We are nearly at our place of destination. To-morrow morning early we shall be there."

"Why not make Lid-zu to-night?" asked the Virginian.

"Impossible." Kung shook his head. "They close the city gates at sundown, and there is no good camping place near the walls. Here we have fuel and shelter and—" pointing vaguely—"over there a spring."

"All right. You're the doctor!"

So they unsaddled, hobbled their camels, and Kung, picking up the canteen, said that he was going down the hill to get water for their supper.

"The spring is easily twenty minutes from here, so I'll be gone quite a while," he said. "If you want to rest in the meantime—?"

"Bully idea!" replied Fairbairn and, using his saddle for a pillow, was asleep almost at once.

But it was not long before he found himself suddenly awakened by a sharp voice that boomed out of the trooping, blotched shadows in back of him where a narrow trail twisted up through the jungle of gnarled pines and thorn trees and toward a sweep of rugged, fantastic basalt hills.

"Hullo there, young fellow-my-lad!" said the voice.

Fairbairn rose and turned. He was startled to hear words, English words without the Mongol sing-song, here in the clogging, silent loneliness of Manchuria. Then, as he stared into the shadows, as issuing from them he saw the British ex-skipper followed by the other three gamblers with whom he had played in de Sousa's water front dive, he reached for the high-power rifle which he had bought in Hongkong on the morning of his departure to lend color to his tale that he was going on a big-game hunting expedition. But he obeyed immediately when Van Alkemaade bellowed at him to raise his hands above his head and to keep them there until further orders.

A few seconds later the Yankee mate—whom the others addressed as Elliott—had searched the Virginian's pocket and had found and confiscated the six-shooter.

"Good," said the Hollander, waving his red fist beneath Fairbairn's nose. "Now your fangs are drawn, you infernal little murderer!"

"You may drop your mitts!" chimed in Elliott.

"Thank you, sir," Fairbairn replied politely and, suddenly, shouting with all the strength of his lungs: "Kung! O Kung!"

Elliott laughed.

"Save your breath," he advised. "Kung has been well paid to bring you to this particular spot—well paid even before you left Hongkong." He picked up the high-power rifle and played with it. "A peach of a weapon," he remarked. "and, incidentally, it's this weapon which gave your game away. I happened to see you buy it over at Smith & Utrecht's store."

"And—?"

"I got curious. A fellow who gambles at a low shebang and doesn't own a red except seventeen bucks and the little he won from us, can't afford to invest three hundred beans in a shooting iron. So I inquire some more—and I find out about the Tartar guide and the big-game trip—all on seventeen smackers! Then I recall that Sheng Pao talked to you down at the waterfront. Fishy—says I to myself—and I talk it over with my pals, and we go and make a deal with a party who ain't exactly twin-brothers to old Sheng Pao in loving affection—"

"Oh—?" Randolph Fairbairn remembered what the Manchu had told him—"you're in the employ of the Central Chinese Chartered Company, I reckon?"

(Continued on page 62)

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## The Ambassador of Poker

(Continued from page 61)

"We work for anybody who kicks through with the kale. We ain't snobs. Money don't smell, is our motto! And just now our job is to see to it that you don't set foot in that little burg over yonder before the end of the month, five days from to-day. That's why we followed you all the way until we got you into a good and lonely place. That's what we are paid for, and we're honest crooks, ain't we, Frenchy?"—with a wink at the Frenchman.

"*Mon ami,*" agreed the latter, "you have pronounced there—*comment dire?*—an entire nose-full!"

"Your nose may be full," commented Van Alkemaade, "but my stomach isn't. Which reminds me—who is going to cook? I am sick of it."

So, it appeared, were the others, and when the British ex-skipper suggested Kung, Elliott told him that the latter was by this time doubtless well on his way to his black felt tent in the heart of Tartary.

"All right," said Van Alkemaade, turning to Fairbairn, "I guess it's up to you."

"What do you mean?"

"You are appointed chef!"

"I won't do it!" exclaimed Fairbairn. "I hate to mention such an obvious fact. But permit me to remind you that I am a gentleman from Virginia—not a hash-slinger!"

The Hollander grew an angry red.

"As fresh as ever, aren't you, you damned little pimple on the nose of humanity?" he demanded thickly. "You're going to do exactly as you are told!"

"And no blinking back-talk!" added the ex-skipper.

"I won't do it!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" laughed the Yankee mate. "You are going to cook for the lot of us—and I warn you, Dutchy and I are mighty fussy about our eats!"

"Right!" joined in Van Alkemaade. He took Fairbairn by the shoulder and twirled him around. "Look—over there—see my pack? Open it and take out the raw materials and fix up a lot of food and see to it that the bacon is crisp! Remember you've lost your gun, you murderous little wretch! Get busy!"

"And that ain't all!" came the Yankee's afterthought. "You're going to be our maid-of-all-work until the end of the month. And we ain't going to take no chances with you either. At night, when we turn in, we're going to hog-tie you, and during the day—well—" he patted his revolver—"we got our little persuaders all cocked and primed. We ain't going to bump you off and I hope it won't be necessary to cripple you for life. But if ever you attempt to skip the landscape we'll pump you so full o' holes the guys in back of you'll complain of the draft. Now fix us supper!"

DURING the next twenty-four hours Randolph S. Fairbairn worked as he had never worked before. Between spreading and airing blankets, cleaning up, oiling boots, and cooking for four husky men as well as for himself, he had hardly enough time to call his soul his own. Too, there were the camels, his own and those of the gamblers, to be taken care of. He made no attempt to run away, and it would have been useless. For the men were in grim earnest. All day he was watched by one or two of them, or the whole four, and at night he was trussed up. They bullied and abused and dragooned him, but he never complained. He rarely spoke. He just attended to his manifold duties. Yet, deep in the back cells of his brain, the germs of a plan were slowly evolving—a plan, though, which demanded a certain conjunction of circumstances. Could he force these circumstances? He wondered; fretted a little.

Then, late on the evening of the second day, he smiled suddenly to himself—a maddening, rather supercilious smile—when he heard Van Alkemaade complain that it was all very well, that "sure enough we're earning our pay. But—God—I was never more bored in my life!"

"Same here!" agreed the ex-skipper. "If there's one thing I hate it's scenery in the raw!"

"But what can we do?" demanded the Frenchman.

"Not a dog-gone thing," sighed the Yankee, "except take off our shoes and stockings and count our toes, or maybe make mud pies, or..." He interrupted himself as he saw the Virginian, whose back was to the company, bending busily over a flat, low tree stump. "Hey!" he cried. "What you doing there, runt?"

"Nothing much," drawled Fairbairn. "Just playing solitaire."

"What? You got cards with you?"

"Never without them, sir."

"Well—you're going to be without them right here and now. Pass them over." He took the deck from Fairbairn and turned to his friends with a whoop of joy. "The country is saved, fellows! Come on in."

"*Mon petit,*" said the Frenchman to Fairbairn, "I feel like kissing you—from sheer gratitude!" and Fairbairn smiled, as he told himself that his thought germs had sprouted.

DURING most of that night and all the following morning—the third day, Fairbairn considered, and only two more before he had to be in Lid-zu—the four played poker, draw and stud, deuces wild and seven-card-peak, while the Virginian, whom they had put between them so that they could watch him, looked on, thinking quietly, sharply, all his mental faculties centered on his plan for escape—a plan built on his intense understanding of the psychology of poker and poker-players. It was in the early afternoon that, squinting at Van Alkemaade's hand and seeing him exercise very poor judgment in drawing to his cards, then lose the pot, the Virginian decided that the moment had come. He broke into withering, sardonic laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the Hollander, glaring at him.

"At you, sir."

"Oh—you are, are you?"

"Absolutely!"

"And why—? Hey—answer me—why?"

"Your holding that ace for a kicker when Elliott raised before the draw! Why—I knew better than that in high-school!"

"Yes—" sneered Van Alkemaade—"you're a h—l of a fine poker-player! Think a whole lot of yourself, just because you beat us that one time. You were lucky that day—and you couldn't do it again!"

"Couldn't I?"

"Indeed you couldn't!"

"I could, too!" insisted Fairbairn.

"Oh—I'll teach you a lesson, you little wart. Got any money with you?"

"Yes. Quite a roll. From Sheng Pao. You forgot to pinch it when you searched me."

"Never mind," said the Hollander, "we're going to get it honest. How many chips do you want?"

And so the four-handed game changed into a fivesome, and all afternoon they shuffled and dealt and drew, and, as on that day in Hongkong, Randolph Fairbairn won from the very first.

Never in all his life had he played a better game. Every once in a while he let one or another of the four bluff him on purpose and walk away with the pot. And then, the very next deal, the man who had bluffed him successfully would rise to the bait with the alacrity of folly and greed. He would even rise to the naked hook, and Fairbairn would be there with "the goods," playing for blood, merciless, iron-visaged, like a god of destruction. At other times he would play a slow, waiting game, for a long time, half asleep, until the others would have a conception of him as a man who was sick of bad luck dogging him; and then, all at once, magnificently, he would shatter these conceptions of his opponents with a fact of thumping force; a big full, or four of a kind, or some such trifle.

"God—what luck!" exclaimed Van Alkemaade as Fairbairn topped his three nines with three tens.

"Your deal!"

"How many?"

"I reckon I play these!"

"Of course you would!"

"Damn!"

But if poker is a psychological and not a logical game, it is also psychological and not logical in the atmosphere which it creates; and so gradu-

ally, as they dealt round after round, the four gamblers forgot where they were and why. They forgot the trees, the jungle, the wilderness, the whole yellow Continent. To them there existed only the game, the soft thud of the cards, the clink of the dry beans which they used for chips, and their luck, good or bad, until finally Van Alkemaade rose, just as he had done on that day in de Sousa's water front dive, and told Fairbairn that he was not wanted any longer in the game.

But this time Fairbairn protested. "I appeal to you, gentlemen. I did not ask to sit in. Van Alkemaade asked me!"

"Right-oh!" said the ex-skipper; and they overruled the Hollander, who sat down again, glaring at Fairbairn out of round, baby-blue eyes.

He glared yet more intensely when, shortly afterwards, he saw Fairbairn glide his right hand over the discards. The Virginian did it rather clumsily—naturally so, since never before in his life had he done such a thing.

Once more the Hollander rose. This time his voice was as cold as ice. He was less furious than indignant. For a gambler, as were the others, he took a keen pride in being an honest gambler as he saw honesty. He might refuse to pay his losses. He might bully the winner or even black-jack him. But—cheat at cards? Never!

He stammered forth that two seconds earlier he had discarded the queen of spades, and that:

"Look!—Fairbairn won that last pot on a full house—three queens and a pair of deuces! And—look!—Damn it all—look!" He pointed at the Virginian's cards which lay face up. "The queen of hearts—the queen of diamonds—and the queen of spades! You—you—cheat—you—"

Suddenly his cold rage left him and he became incoherent. He took Fairbairn by the neck, shook him, then sent him sprawling into the thick undergrowth that surrounded the camp.

"Get out and keep away!" he shouted. "We don't want anything to do with people who cheat at cards!"

He picked up his rifle, threateningly drew a bead; and Randolph C. Fairbairn ran down the trail as fast as he could, unhobbled his camel in the twinkling of a moment and was off toward Lid-zu at a thundering gallop.

And, five weeks later, in Hongkong, Sheng Pao introduced Randolph C. Fairbairn to his partner Blennerhassett Jones, who had just returned from Japan.

The two Virginians bowed to each other with exquisite politeness.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Fairbairn."

"Charmed I'm sure, Mr. Jones."

"From Charlottesville, Mr. Fairbairn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any relation to Mr. Jefferson Fairbairn?"

"Mr. Jefferson Fairbairn was my father's uncle, sir."

"Didn't Mr. Jefferson Fairbairn marry one of the Barton girls from Richmond?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am delighted. Miss Barton was second cousin once removed to my father on his mother's side, Mr. Fairbairn!"

"I am charmed, Mr. Jones!"

They bowed again; again shook hands while the Manchu looked on with never a smile.

"I understand," continued Blennerhassett Jones, "that during my absence my partner engaged your valuable services, Mr. Fairbairn?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am very glad. By the way, knowing China and the temptations which China holds out to the young Americans, we always insist on one condition with our younger employees."

"Yes, sir?"

"They must give us their word of honor not to touch a card as long as they are with our firm."

Blennerhassett Jones smiled fleetingly at Randolph Fairbairn who smiled back. "But we have decided to make an exception to this rule in your case. You may play all you want to. And now—if you care to have lunch with me, I shall mix you a real mint-julep."

"Do you smash the mint with a spoon, sir?"

"Always, sir!"

And both Virginians bowed ceremoniously to Sheng Pao and left the room arm in arm.



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E. P. MORRIS,  
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Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

I am delighted with the lessons. People are amazed at the ease with which one grasps the idea from your directions. I feel grateful to you.

GRACE THREFAILL,  
Guler, Wash.

I have made use of all the instructions sent me and am well pleased with the course.

BEULAH ROGERS,  
4471 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Your course has given me a good knowledge of dancing. I am getting along fine.

WILLIAM KOLICH,  
Elizabeth, N. J.

I know your lessons pretty well. I attended a dance Thursday and got a compliment on my dancing. You know I never danced before and when I got into the ballroom I was the equal of them all. They sure were surprised.

ARMOND MAROHL,  
Mayville, Wis.

I must say that your dancing course is just simply great! Last night was the first time I danced. I even danced with the best dancers around here, and they all marvelled at how well I danced.

HILDA WERTH,  
Hampton, Neb.



# Brothers

(Continued from page 10)

was so much you couldn't even see half of it." But Frenchy could.

But Frenchy divided his attention between that act on the ground, where a pretty, light-haired girl moved swiftly about in a steel arena peopled by hissing, creeping leopards, and the act in the air, where high at the apex of the tent, a man worked on a single trapeze, twisting and swinging there in a half hundred difficult convolutions, at last, as a finale to his performance, to shoot forth into a "two and a twister" somersault, and drop into the protecting net below. Not until the whistle of the equestrian director sounded and the property men loosed the props of the net as the aerialist came to the ground did Frenchy cease his watching. Even then, on the way back to his elephants, he often would halt, to look over his shoulder to where a man in silken tights stood waiting at the door of the leopard arena, that he might accompany his wife to the padroom. And one day, the trainer stood even longer, staring blankly far after the time when they had disappeared at the flags leading to the dressing tent, not even remembering the picture of Harrington with his arm about the little, fair-haired wife, remembering nothing in fact save one pounding, flashing revelation. He had known it all his circus life—why had he not thought of it before?

It had occurred to him that a circus performance is a rushing thing, that every minute, every second counts, that it works as a vast piece of swift-moving, delicate machinery, all dependent upon one impelling power, and that power the whistle of the equestrian director. It had occurred to him that the property men who stood at those net poles were thinking of their next bit of work, not of the man above them, that they moved as automatons would move, that they never looked up, but stood, muscles bunched, legs braced, ready to swing loose those props and drop the net the instant the whistle sounded. And suppose that shrill command should come a second too soon, while Harrington still was in midair, doubled in his "two and a twister?"

And suppose—it was hours later, when the circus was on the move—suppose just at that moment, Lettie should hear the screams, the crash of a human form upon the ground, the rush of frightened workmen? Suppose—

He rocked with the swaying motion of the flat car. His fishy eyes half closed. He smiled, very thinly, and reached into his coat pocket for the bottle. A drink. Two. Three. Then the whole diabolical picture came before him.

Suppose that while the commotion in the big top was at its worst, that something should happen out there in the elephant lines. Fire for instance! Suppose—!

And so he sat and rocked and drank and thought, a vision before him, of a man flashing through the air, of a whistle sounding from somewhere beneath the seats, of a swift action on the part of property men and then a screaming, twisting being which strove vainly to right himself, only to crash, a crumpled mass of silk and tinsel, to the ground. Of a girl in a leopard cage, her control of the slinking beasts gone, fighting vainly at the tight-strapped door, while maddened cats leaped and scurried about her, their poisoned claws turning to streaming red the white of her shoulders and breasts. Of a red glare from the menagerie, of the queer, high-pitched chirrup which precedes an elephant stampede, of tremendous, rushing black forms—milling crowds, cracking seats, ripping canvas and hades come to earth! A vision such as only the poisoned mind of him could create—the man broken, the woman torn, the circus wrecked!

**B**OTH ends against the middle! That was it! He smiled as he thought of it. And all so simple! Merely through the theft of a whistle, a few carefully laid plans, and swift action. Nothing more was needed. With the first excitement there would be no one to search for the source of the signal which had come too soon. Attention would be on the ring and not on the darkness under the seats whence he could rush to the elephant picket line and the completion of his plans.

But suppose that he could be suspected, even arrested? The thought did not worry him in the slightest. It would be next to impossible to bring proof before a jury—a few months in jail; that would be all. Frenchy had been in jail before. It meant to him little more than three meals a day and a place to sleep. Especially should he possess the serenity of the knowledge that one woman in the world had learned her lesson. And that a man had paid for usurpation. He drank again.

"Better frame th' thing up to-morrow," he muttered as he stared blankly out at the blackness of the passing country. "No time like gettin' at it when it's hot. 'Sides, good town to-morrow. Ought to be big house at night. 'At's when I work it—with big house. No chance gettin' caught."

An hour passed. The supply of the bottle grew low, then disappeared. Frenchy muttered to himself in unintelligible fashion. His head slumped on his breast. When he moved again it was in response to a gruff kick from the night watchman.

"Fall off there some night if you don't watch yourself. Better crawl under a wagon."

Frenchy obeyed, and lay for just a moment staring before sleep lowered his eyelids.

"Pull it with big house," came thickly. "No-body ev' get wise."

**A**ND when he awoke the next morning, his eyes more fishy than ever, the sentence still ran through his head. Unsteadily he reached the circus grounds, to eat sparingly at the cook-house, then to seek out a source of supply among the razorbacks. A quick sally into the emptiness of an unloaded horse-car, an exchange of money, and the hip pockets of Frenchy bulged beneath his coat. When parade time came he again was alert; his eyes slightly glazed, but watchful. His hopes were coming true; the curbs were packed, the sidestreets glutted with automobiles from the country districts. It would be a big house, both matinee and night. Frenchy's chance!

For in the afternoon, he could make his preparations in safety. There is little time for circus men to seek the reason for an employee's temporary absence when in the midst of a turnaway crowd. There is little time also for idling about and observing things which might be noticed on a dull day. Frenchy was free—free to wander the booths of the five and ten cent stores, and to pilfer a whistle of the "police" variety when the girl at the counter was not looking. Free to fill two of his empty whisky bottles with gasoline from the tractor tank and hide them while the driver snored away the hour or so of his afternoon period of rest. Free to wander about the big top and to notice the arrangements of the grandstand—so that he might know every foot of his path when night came. Free to dream of the thing to come, of the panic and horror—and that girl at the leather-strapped door of a leopard den, struggling in vain to reach a crumpled thing on the ground, too anguished even to feel the sweep of the claws which might tear her life away. Free—to plan, to conceive, to narrow his fishy eyes, to slink behind the big wagons of the circus lot and pull hard at the first of the two bottles he had purchased that morning. His time was coming. Both ends against the middle! They might live—he conceded that. The silken aerialist might survive broken bones and torn tendons. The girl of the leopard cage might some way escape. But there was one thing of which he was sure—fire, destruction, maddened spectators, crashing seats—then the damage suits. They might come forth scarred, but alive, these two. But they wouldn't have their show!

"Bo' ends 'gainst the mill," he muttered. "Guess bet' see 'bou' chandelier."

For now it was evening. The matinee crowds were gone. In the big top and menagerie tents the chandelier men were working at their nightly task of arranging the giant gasoline-mantle torches which would illuminate the canvas. Frenchy strolled within, and stood peering at the man who worked at the centerpole just behind the elephant line.

(Continued on page 66)

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# Brothers

(Continued from page 65)

"Ain't tied ver' tight," he volunteered as the "Chanty" man lighted the chandelier rope about the pole. The other individual grunted.

"Stuck the end through the hole, didn't I?" Frenchy did not reply. He wanted no tightening of the rope—merely an alibi when the fire came. One jerk would be sufficient for his purposes—the gasoline and hay would be waiting below when the torch came down. He ambled on—to the rear of a lion cage where no one might see. The time was growing closer. He needed courage.

Night came and the chandeliers glowed. In the sideshow, the bands played. In the big top a man in street clothing tested his trapeze and its guy wires before going to the dressing tent to robe himself in silken white. A fair-haired young woman passed through the menagerie tent and tossed a bit of catnip into a leopard cage. Frenchy watched them from the shadows, then reached again for his pocket. Only, however, to straighten.

"Bet' not take too much," he whispered. "Got to be steady on my pins. Pretty stewed now."

He moved out into the light, and glanced through the marquee. The crowd was massed—as far as he could see. What he wanted! A turnaway! There'd be no chance for detection with that crowd. Nor would there be a chance for the crowd itself, once the crash came, the leopards roared and raced and leaped, uncontrolled, and the black monsters of the picket line thundered through the menagerie connection. Frenchy tightened his jaws with the thought of it, and blinked his fishy eyes nervously. Things were bleary—he wished he hadn't taken that last drink. But he'd be all right—that little sleep under Mahmout would straighten him up a lot. A little nip when he woke up—

"Frenchy!" It was the menagerie superintendent, calling from across the tent. "Into position here! Got to open up a bit early—crowd's heavy!"

"Com' up!" The elephant man started forward, halted, waited until the superintendent had turned away, then with a swift motion, reached into the straw beneath a lion's cage and hastily placed two bottles of gasoline beneath his coat. Then to Mahmout and a swift lunging of the bull-hook, while the beast quivered in fright, and a rumbling trumpet call came from the animal beside him, a call unnoticed. For Frenchy already was in the hay, shoving the bottles of gasoline deep into the fodder that they might be in readiness when the moment came—it must be a matter of quick action, with never a moment lost, never a—

Shouts from the marquee. The first of the night crowd surged into the shadowy tent. Frenchy settled himself and closed his eyes. For once he strove to remain awake, to think, to plan, but in vain. The drowsiness of his purchases was on him; vaguely he heard the droning of the crowds; then came unconsciousness.

An hour passed. He awoke, to the music of the band within the big top, marching at the head of the "tournament" which opened the performance. He turned slightly, only to feel a tugging at his coat, and dimly realized that one of the big hoofs of Mahmout held him prisoner. He cursed, and kicked, savagely. The

beast moved swiftly in fright, swung far to one side, then moved back again as a faint popping came from the hay, accompanied by the odor of gasoline. Frenchy half rose to his knees, and stared.

"What's matter wi' fool?" he asked vacantly. "Stepped on that bottle—wi' gas in it. Busted it. Fool! Bet' cover it up with dirt—deep 'fore somebod' smells it. Fool!"

He bent to all fours and began to scoop up the soft earth of the menagerie, pulling it swiftly to cover the tell-tale odor of the gasoline bottle. Soddently, wearily he worked, at last to lose his balance for a moment and sprawl as he reached too far. Then to lie quiet—a new throng, the last of the crowd was coming through the menagerie, and the voice of the lecturer was sounding:

"And here is one of the most remarkable instances of animal love ever exhibited. You will observe Mahmout, the largest member of the elephant herd, standing guard over his master. Now, I don't want to take your time further—the big show is just starting—"

The crowd went on. The lecturer turned away. A moment Frenchy lay in quiet, then slowly raised his head.

"Guess I better get back an' lay still 'while," he mused, "some more might come in—"

Without gauging his direction, still sodden, still dizzy, he crawled for a distance of a few feet, groped hazily, then at the touch of the rough hide of an elephant's leg, slumped into the hay. While above him—

The eyes of Rajah, the executioner, looked down in wonderment at a human form beneath him. His great head moved slowly from side to side, his pig-like eyes rolled uneasily.

His trunk curled. Time and again his gaze circled, as though in searching. There was always another figure present at such times as these, turbaned, dark-skinned old Salee, to grunt the signal. He waited. But there was no signal. No Salee.

He trumpeted in a high-pitched, querulous manner. He weaved uncertainly and repeated his call. Again his head swung. Then slowly a great foot raised—

Higher—higher. But there came no command. Beside him, Mahmout, the brother, munched at his hay, and sniffed warily at the odor of gasoline. A lion yowled in the cat cages across the way. Again the eyes rolled; the trunk curled tighter than ever. The figure beneath stirred, as though to move away, then slumped again for just an instant.

And in that instant, the great hoof of Rajah plunged swiftly downward, to strike, to halt, then slowly to be lowered to the ground. There was no movement from the form beneath, only a sudden reddening at the ears and nostrils, and the forming of a slow froth at blueing lips. Within the big top the band played the slow, lilting music of the first "mixed number." At the flags, a silken tighted man, his arm about a fair-haired little woman, looked through to the hazy brilliance of the big top, its swaying figures, its crowded tiers of spectators, its colors, its flags, its happiness, then turned to the woman beside him.

"Peach of a crowd to-night, Sweetheart," he said. "This town always was good to us."

# Camera Hypnosis

(Continued from page 37)

He fell for it and for a whole day was very preoccupied. On the day of arrival he had his valet lay out his clothes—the right clothes for an official call. The Englishman togged him out in a frock coat, pearl gray trousers, silk hat, patent leather shoes and a cane.

In that rig he landed in New York. The mayor didn't meet him, strangely enough. But to save the boy's feelings representatives in New York did arrange for him to call on the mayor and he did his stunt in all the official make up.

Several of our best performers, after leading prosaic stage lives, have become dare-devils over

night. One picture was enough to hypnotize them. One of the stars who had been accustomed to playing as leading man or juvenile in society dramas was given the part of a daring automobile driver. He could drive a car—most everybody can—but he had never been in a racer in his life.

In this particular picture the interests of the plot centered in the daring of this rider, risking his life for the sake of a girl, and so on. There was a big cup race—and everything.

The picture was a success. In a few weeks that actor owned a powerful racing car with a huge number painted on it. He drove at break-

neck speed and apparently was willing to risk his life just for the fun of it. As a matter of fact he got to be a really good man at the wheel.

To show how firmly he believed himself a racing driver he issued a challenge to the winner of the annual cup race and also had his name entered for the next Grand Prix. It was with the greatest difficulty that his manager succeeded in persuading him not to thus risk his life. It was explained to him that he was too badly needed on the screen to take any such chances.

Our daredevil star finally consented to the withdrawal of his name but insisted that he could handle a car just as well as any man in the race. And, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he should go into a race sometime and win it. He certainly would take any kind of a chance before the camera.

While the movie camera hypnotizes actors into conducting themselves in their home life as they do on the screen it also hypnotizes prominent citizens into doing things before the camera that they would not do in the ordinary course of their lives. For instance, it is very difficult to get a prominent man, even the President, to act just as he ordinarily does when he knows the camera is on him.

A friend of mine, an expert camera man, was in Europe with President Wilson's party during the peace negotiations. Often he had to take moving pictures of a group of dignitaries. Notwithstanding his request that they continue their conversation and movements just as they were doing, the moment the machine started clicking they would all start acting. Just observe the crowd at a ball game or race track some day when the movie man is taking shots. They will start playing unnatural parts just as they think the picture ought to look. They will do anything but remain natural.

Often I have thought of this influence of the camera seriously and have wondered if it were not possible to use it for the formation of good character as well as for the eccentric.

I really do know of one case where a genuine reformation was brought about by continuous work in the pictures. Whether it is solid enough to last, of course, I can not say.

We were putting on a picture in which we had to have a type, as we call such people, to portray the part of a parson, or sky-pilot. The story was of a rough dance hall and a gambling den in which a reformed outlaw and drunkard saved wayward men and women by being able to understand their weaknesses and talk to them in their own language.

A man showed up at the studio whose face was lined with the effects of dissipation. He also had gray eyes that gave one the impression of having looked at great distances—across the prairie, for instance. Also these eyes at times had a dangerous glint, indicating that it would be unsafe to trifle too far with the owner. This man was the exact type for our sky-pilot. Our only problem was to keep him sober and straight, and teach him to act.

Before we had been on location twenty-four hours our director knew that he had picked up a jewel. The man got the idea of the story immediately. His principal scene was one in which he had to minister to a fallen woman, a habitu  of the gambling den and dance hall—a woman that the regular, straightlaced preachers would not see. This idea appealed to our man and he did a really good piece of work. We could see that he felt it.

This man was used so often in such r les that in time he got to believe that he really was a sort of selfmade evangelist, going around doing good among people spurned by society.

I don't want to encourage anybody to send burglars to the studios to have them reformed, but there are possibilities in the idea.

On the other hand one might say that the playing of burglar parts might induce a man to become a burglar in time. That is not likely because it becomes too apparent to the actor that the work he is doing is bunk—that a house could not be robbed as it is done in the pictures. There is a lot of difference between stepping through the window of a darkened residence and stepping from an arm chair into a burglar scene in a studio. Another thing—the burglar in a play or picture is rarely a hero and does not arouse the sympathy of the audience, except in such cases as Jimmy Valentine. Even there he has to be reformed to be a hero.

(Continued on page 68)



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## Camera Hypnosis

(Continued from page 67)

When I was younger I had an idea that women were vainer than men. That is a false idea, take it from me. When it comes to vanity a she-vamp can't hold a light to a he-vamp.

At one time, if you will remember, there was a great run of pictures in which handsome, irresistible men were featured. It got so that every company had to dig up one of these male beauties or lose a lot of money.

We engaged a big, strapping fellow who screened well, especially his eyes. In a short time this fellow got to think himself the handsomest thing that ever walked. I have known him go to a department store and buy some trifle, announcing his name and address in a louder tone than was necessary. Thereupon he would stroll up and down the aisles to give the shoppings a treat, knowing full well that the word had been passed of his being in the store.

One day this handsome brute called me into his dressing-room.

"What'd you know about this?" he said, opening a small jewel box. "Here's one that'll knock 'em dead."

Slowly and seriously he opened the box and exhibited a beautiful set of amethyst studs and buttons of a shade to match his eyes!

That, as we would say now, was the gnat's nightie. When a big boob, coming from behind a cigar counter, had come to think himself so handsome that he had to wear jewels to match his irresistible eyes—well, I'll tell the world that men have got it all over women when it comes to vanity.

And, speaking of press notices, nearly all the common herd of movie actors get to where they believe all that their press agents say about them.

I remember one girl whose press agent had got some stuff over saying that she spent her off hours studying domestic science. It sounded so good that the young lady very quickly believed it true. As soon as possible she found out what domestic science was and, after reading one chapter, would talk learnedly about the matter to whoever came along. She didn't save it for the newspaper people and magazine interviewers, but actually tried to pull it on us.

I often have wished I was enough of a scientist to understand the real mental processes of people who do these things. I suppose, though, it would take an expert psychologist to determine what it is that makes some actors keep on doing the things in life that they do before the camera and makes others perform hazardous stunts while in make-up that they could not possibly do while leading a normal life.

I have noticed that those who get to where they believe themselves the character they portray are usually our most excellent artists. It requires great concentration for a person to lose

his own identity entirely and feel the part he is playing. And one must do that to be a success; to make the audience feel that his actions and his expressions are genuine.

My amateurish explanation is that this concentration becomes so intense that few actors can throw it off at will. To drop a rôle at the stage door is not so easy as you might think. The impression that such people are vain and stagey is an unjust one. They can not help it.

There is a very handsome young fellow who came from some town in Colorado and who plays perfectly the type of the aristocratic and athletic young Englishman. In a month after he started playing that rôle he developed a sort of Harvard accent. It has become so natural with him that he can use no other. He is not a bit foppish, either. In fact he's a doggone nice fellow and a good sport, loved by everybody connected with the movie stage.

Of course, most of you have heard of the stage mothers. There are any number of them who have played mother parts so long that they go around mothering everybody about the studio. They do a great service by guiding and protecting young girls and children. Some of these wonderful mothers are old maids, but you would have an awful time making them believe it.

A few years ago I was assigned to help the casting director select a type to play the part of a man who was supposed to have a hypnotic eye. The expression of these penetrating glances was an important feature in the story. We finally succeeded in getting a man with dark brown eyes that seemed to look right through us.

So often was this man pictured with that uncanny gleam in his eyes that he believed himself actually endowed with great powers. He even tried to use it on the business manager to get a bigger salary. Yes, and he got it, too.

This fellow used to go around the parks and other public places, making people fidgety by glaring intensely at them. It was not a bad stunt for him, at that. It got him lots of press notices,—as well as a poke in the hypnotic eye occasionally.

You may laugh at these people or you may lose patience with them at times, but I must make a confession: I'd give most anything right now if I could drop the work I have to do and be that little boy with the wistful eyes and the curly locks again. I never pass a boggy stream but what I have the old yearning to dive under and breathe through a reed or hold my breath for two minutes while the Indians in warpaint search the surrounding country. I'd like to be shot off the limb again and I believe I could do a lots better job at kissing that beautiful girl. Anyway I'd like to try.

I'm not entirely cured of camera hypnosis.

## Sinews of Trade: Light, Heat and Power

(Continued from page 33)

These questions are complicated to a degree that forbids the making of wide, sweeping statements. Generally speaking, there is very little sentiment among business men for anything like government ownership and development of water-power projects; you would have to go even farther, certainly, to find business men who looked with favor upon nationalization of the coal mines.

Labor has voiced a demand, not, however, as yet, with any great degree of positiveness, for such nationalization of the coal mines. But there is much doubt as to how far labor would be disposed to go in pressing that demand.

The relations between capital and labor in the coal-mining industry are peculiar and to a very high degree complicated. The industry is only partly unionized, and much of the trouble that constantly crops up is due to that fact, and to the attempts of the unions to organize non-union fields and of the operators in those fields, notably in West Virginia, to prevent them from accomplishing that object.

The United Mine Workers is a powerful and well-led union. In the districts it has organized its position is very strong. Under agreements

with the operators union dues are collected by the operators, the money being withheld from pay envelopes. Wages relatively very high prevail; the present scale, renewed for a year as the result of the union victory in the recent strike, is still a wartime scale.

In the non-union fields the wage scale is lower, but, paradoxically enough, wages, reckoned by the year, are likely to be higher. The different wage scale creates a lower production cost in the non-union territory, and automatically regulates, to some extent, production in the union fields, by making it unprofitable to operate certain mines, certainly at anything like full time, where conditions make costs high—this wholly aside from wage charges.

It isn't possible for anyone to present a really accurate and impartial statement of the situation revealed by the strike. Here is a series of biased and partisan statements.

"We had to try to reduce wages," say the operators in the union fields, the ones against whom the strike was called. "We were unable to go on paying the war wages and competing, with any hope of success, with non-union fields. The only reason we were finally able to renew

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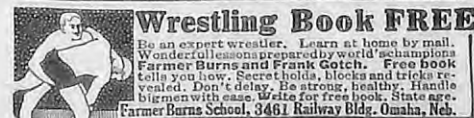
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the old wage agreement was that the strike had so greatly reduced coal stocks that it was essential to mine coal, no matter at what price it had to be sold. We feel that we made our fight in the public interest."

"We had to fight to maintain the wage scale," say the union leaders, "because the spasmodic and irregular working conditions in the coal mining industry make a daily wage figure irrelevant. Our men are barely scraping through as it is; if wages were reduced they couldn't manage at all."

"We regard the strike as convincing evidence of the soundness of our position in fighting unionization of our territory," say the non-union operators. "It was continued production in non-union fields that prevented a disaster this year. It would be suicidal to allow the United Mine Workers to attain a position in which the union could, at its pleasure, shut down coal mining altogether. The country would then be wholly at the mercy of an irresponsible organization."

There is merit in each of these statements. Here is another. It was made by a friend of mine, a man employed by one of the great coal carrying railways, who is familiar with conditions. He is not an important person; his views are his own; he has, it may be assumed, somewhat better information than the average man upon this subject, but is in no sense an authority. With these qualifying explanations I will set down what he said to me, in the early days of the strike, for what it may be worth:

"This strike will go along just so far. The reason it began was that the big operators were quite willing to see it come. They had great surplus stocks of coal unsold. Summer was coming on, and coal sold during the summer is sold cheap. They were perfectly willing to see stocks run down, and they will be just as willing to resume mining as soon as they are exhausted and they can get a bigger price for new coal. They don't care what wages they pay, because wages are paid, in any case, by the consumer."

You come only to confusion, you see, when you try to get to the bottom of this business. The government has had to recognize that, and the commission that has just been appointed to secure the facts concerning coal mining will, if it does what it was created to do, take the first essential step toward clearing up the muddle. Its only function is to ascertain facts, and that is an excellent thing, because any attempt, at this time, to create a commission or any other government agency capable of dealing finally with the coal problem would be doomed to failure.

But if, to-day, we are still, in every phase of fuel and power discussion, in darkness and confusion, there is light ahead. One brilliant study of the power situation has already been made; in the power survey of the eastern states, made by the United States Geological Survey, there is a wealth of invaluable information and suggestive, constructive observation. Out of this survey has grown the great super-power scheme, which, in the next few years, is bound to come to some sort of realization.

The power survey discovered and listed all the power available in the east. That meant, and means, power coming from hydraulic installations; power generated in great steam power plants, like those of the Edison Company in New York City and the Public Service Corporation in New Jersey; power developed by factories for their own use, by electric railways and trolley companies—power of every sort.

The super-power scheme, still in the process of development, involves the concentration of power where and when it is most needed. Assume a case. In the manufacturing district about Philadelphia there develops a sudden demand for more power than is available. Factories are shut down, or are unable to open, for lack of power.

Within reach, by comparatively short transmission lines, is the great Virginia water-power district, where a number of hydraulic installations of the Virginia-Carolina company develop a vast quantity of power. But—for the moment all that power is needed by regular customers. There has been, perhaps, a dry season with low streams; there is, at any rate, whatever the reason, no power available to be sent north to Philadelphia.

But, farther south, with touching transmission  
(Continued on page 70)

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## Sinews of Trade: Light, Heat and Power

(Continued from page 69)

lines, are the Georgia Light and Railways Co. and the Alabama Power Co. Under present practice, even if they have power to spare, these companies can not achieve practicable, commercial transmission of this surplus power to the manufacturing district about Philadelphia.

What they can do, however, is to transfer power to the Virginia-Carolina lines, which, in turn, can send their power on to Philadelphia. Locally these power companies in adjacent fields are constantly hooking up with one another's lines. Under the super-power scheme such hooking up will extend, ultimately, all the way from Birmingham to Boston, and by a series of transfers a surplus of power in Alabama will be available to relieve a shortage in Massachusetts. It won't be necessary to build thousand-mile transmission lines, entailing tremendously high voltages—although, as has been said, that will soon be possible in places where the necessity may actually exist for such lines.

To some extent, even to a great extent, the supply of power is subject to public regulation. Every state has legislated upon this subject, recognizing that the sale of power is a public service; usually rates are subject to state supervision and control.

But some of those who have given thought to the subject regard it as essential that government activity should go much farther; that, especially in cases where the power is derived from rivers, the state itself should develop and sell the power. One argument for this is that the methods of financing power developments bring about the imposition of unduly large interest charges, charges much larger than would be involved were cheap public credit employed. And it is suggested that, as a matter of fact, certain great financial interests are on the way to achieving something like a monopolistic position in water-power development.

Here, again, no private inquiry can hope to develop the truth; only the government could do that. There is some evidence that tends to confirm this view; a consideration of the relations of the General Electric Co. and the Electric Bond and Share Co. to water-power developments all over the country in the last few years provides food for thought. But it does not, at present certainly, furnish any ground for sensational statements.

What happens, obviously, in any present discussion of the fuel and power situation in the United States, especially in the relation of that

situation to the industrial situation at large, is that you go around in a circle; you end where you began. You go in asking certain questions; you come out asking them still.

Ultimately they will have to be answered, because in a matter so vital as the supply of the power essential to the functioning of its industries, no nation can afford to remain without exact and precise knowledge and understanding. It may very well prove that, except as to the mining of coal, the present system is adequate and economical; it is certain that in industrial regions served by the great companies that develop power from water the supply of power is constant, relatively cheap, and in practically every way satisfactory. The Alabama Power Co., to cite one of many examples that might be chosen, has been a great factor in the amazing industrial development of that state.

But it will certainly do no harm, it will, on the contrary, be of great service to the nation, for all the essential facts to be known. For it can not be said too often, or too emphatically, that upon light, heat and power depend the well being, the prosperity, and the very existence, of all Americans.

## The Cruise of the Happy Reader

(Continued from page 39)

thousand horsemen and chieftains from the Atlas and the wilderness, and as the ceremony continued the dust-clouds grew denser and more fiery-golden, till at last the forward-surfing lines showed through them like blurred images in a tarnished mirror. As the Sultan advanced we followed, abreast of him and facing the oncoming squadrons. The contrast between his motionless figure and the wild waves of cavalry beating against it typified the strange soul of Islam, with its impetuosity forever culminating in impassiveness."

The meetings of Mrs. Wharton with Chieftains and Caid and her association with General Lyautey, French Resident General of Morocco, and Madame Lyautey, make vivid contrasts between the old native life found in Moroccan cities, where "if one lose one's way . . . civilization vanishes as though it were a magic carpet rolled up by a Djinn," and of the important position of France in Morocco and the exciting beginnings of its civil administration.

No visitor to the southern shores of the Mediterranean can better gain an appreciation of the strange mystery of that part of the world than through a perusal of these two books on Morocco. The knowledge and insight thus acquired will double the delight of visiting any of the countries of Arabian Africa.

### "Captain Blood," by Rafael Sabatini

IF YOU are headed down toward the alluring West Indies let us beg of you to take passage on Captain Blood's pirate ship, the "Arabella." Then will the islands take on a robust and thrilling meaning.

"The 'Arabella' must have been a comfortable, even luxurious affair. It was, originally, a Spanish galleon but Blood appropriated it one dark night at Barbados and he seems to have found on it rich carpets and furniture and much wine and fine food—not to mention a ravishing suit of black with silver lace which became exceedingly the Captain's nice Irish-English type.

William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English at Yale, recently, and much to the horror of certain of the *literati*, asserted that, above all other books, he had found Louis Tracy's "Wings of the Morning" the most exciting novel he had ever read. He couldn't possibly, when he wrote that, have read Sabatini's tale. We'll match "Captain Blood" against "Wings of the Morning" any time!

It is ringingly written, shows splendid study of the history of the Caribbean Buccaneers, has a dauntless hero and invests a group of islands and a summer sea with romance and glamor.

Who, for example, after reading the book, could go to the West Indies and step ashore at

Bridgetown, Barbados, without the strange feeling that he might actually see handsome Peter Blood standing there amongst the other young political prisoners sent out by England to the Colonies to be sold as slaves? What tourist could sail away from that little island and not remember how Blood also sailed away—captain of the stolen galleon and bound for an astounding career as buccaneer, leaving behind in Barbados the lovely Arabella Bishop?

The trail of the ironic and adventurous Peter runs from island to island and ripples over the face of the Caribbean. At Tortuga, headquarters for the sea-rovers, he put in for reinforcements. The Virgin Islands recall the affair of Lavasseur and Mademoiselle d'Ogeron and her timely rescue by the peripatetic Blood.

Go further south in search of sunshine and the story of Peter Blood goes along, too. Touch the Spanish Main and what do you think of? Why, the redoubtable Captain Peter and the Battle of Maracaibo—Blood's masterpiece. When you put in at Jamaica, your fellow tourists may dash ashore and play tennis on the courts of a great hotel or visit a tiresome botanical garden, but *you*, wise reader of romance, will wander about seeing Peter Blood honored by his king, made Deputy-Governor of this luscious island and clapping in his arms at last the proud Arabella. It seems all to have happened yesterday, so briskly has Rafael Sabatini told the story.

Peter was, alas, not the complete pirate. A doctor and a gentleman, his buccaneering style was, at moments, somewhat cramped. But he is a figure of daring and a fine chap. If you are planning a flight, even only as far as Bermuda, to know Peter will make your trip more of a delight.

### "Admirals of the Caribbean," by Francis Russell Hart

IT IS no secret, we suppose, that Sabatini used the historic Morgan as a model for Blood. The game of tracing an historical novel to its source and tributaries has its own charm, and while ordinarily a book entirely devoted to the true record of privateering and buccaneering might suggest research more than entertainment, the tale of Captain Blood has made the pirate profession so shockingly attractive and human that this actual history of certain "gentlemen of the blue" becomes a treat. It's the old story of the novelist luring us on into deeper reading.

"Admirals of the Caribbean" is dramatically presented with records never before published, interesting old maps and engravings. Here are the accounts of Drake, Morgan, Hawkins, de Pointis, Vernon; Rodney, and other filibusters

—"Pirats," an old book calls them, giving us authority for a delightful spelling. In Mr. Hart's book we find Morgan capturing the City of Panama from the Spaniards; Martinique being wrested from France by the English Rodney who later captured Morro Castle, Havana. Sir Walter Raleigh, seldom associated on this side of the water save as a colonist of Virginia, turns up as the conqueror of the Spanish garrison of Trinidad. So much capturing and recapturing! The Caribbean was a great battle ground, but now the islands lie quietly in the tropic sunshine with those once bloody waters peacefully lapping their quaint wharves and the edges of white towns which lure us thither by their beauty and still more by their glorious past.

### "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp," by Harry L. Foster

WHILE we're prowling, either in real ships or simply in books, among the southern lands, don't let us overlook the experiences of a young American, Harry Foster, who went down to South America with hardly a cent in his pockets, and took life as he found it. Bolivia, Peru and Brazil saw him as he worked his way from town to town and camp to camp, down the Amazon and across the Andes. A great zest for life and for the varied companionships life threw in his pathway gives the book unusual merit and its young point of view casts a revealing searchlight on many South American modes and manners.

### The Grim Facts

FOR those who take their winter migration less romantically and demand some hard facts, there are recommended such books as "Bermuda, Past and Present," by Walter B. Haywood. This volume, though it concerns itself in part with such episodes as the rôle Bermuda played in our own Revolutionary and Civil Wars, is also of the Bermuda of today, making the beautiful island's points of interest doubly lovely by the charming way they are described.

"Cuba, Past and Present," by A. Hyatt Verrill, is an invaluable volume for the visitor to the greatest of the West Indies. It is a super-guide book and book of travel in one.

For the religiously inclined, "Crusading in the West Indies," by W. F. Jordan, will hold much interest. Mr. Jordan is a brave enthusiast who went forth for the American Bible Society to distribute bibles in the West Indies and some parts of Latin America. Here are the romantic isles seen through the scrupulous eyes of a missionary. His portrayal of tropical scenery, of

(Continued on page 72)

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You owe it to yourself to find out at once, whether you or your children have latent ability to play any chosen musical instrument; or to sing; or to become a leader of band or orchestra; perhaps to write the music for a song that may bring fame and wealth.

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This free test is contained in a remarkable Book entitled "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." This book also reveals the wonderful new easy method whereby you LEARN MUSIC BY PLAYING ACTUAL SELECTIONS instead of by playing scales. It shows you how you may surprise your friends by entertaining

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- |                 |                          |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| Piano           | Hawaiian Steel Guitar    |
| Organ           | Guitar                   |
| Violin          | Harp                     |
| Drums and Traps | Cornet                   |
| Banjo           | Piccolo                  |
| Tenor Banjo     | Trombone                 |
| Mandolin        | Saxophone                |
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| Ukulele         |                          |
| Guitar          |                          |
- Automatic Finger Control

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If you like music—instrumental or vocal—do yourself justice by getting this free Book at once.

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Instrument.....

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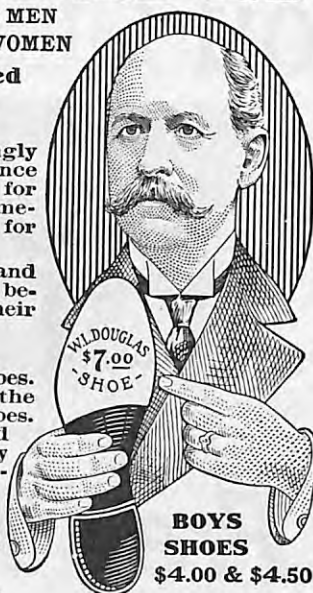
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## The Cruise of the Happy Reader

(Continued from page 70)

the courtesy and kindness of the people, of his success and failure, are all graphic and earnest and doubtless very helpful to his co-workers. He makes us feel rather ashamed of ourselves for the way we have been gloating over pirate tales and urging others to pass good, Christian hours reading them—but the mood passes!

It would seem, looking back upon this group of books, that the critic was wrong who said that travel books had been done to death. The volumes just mentioned disclose chapters bathed in sunlight; a young aliveness prevails and in the writing there is much deftness, clearness, insight and beauty—surely the hall-marks of artists!

### To Read on Deck

**"Treasure Island,"** by Robert Louis Stevenson. This classic and magic book insists on heading this list. It speaks for itself. It says: "If you're sailing toward the Carib Sea, read me—or read me again. I'm one of the best books ever written. I'm the very heart of 'schooners, islands and maroons and Buccaneers and buried Gold' beating between two covers." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

**"The Mercy of Allah,"** by Hilaire Belloc. The brilliant, satiric pen of a famous English novelist at work. Mahmoud, rich merchant of Bagdad, relates to his penniless nephews the history of his career, a narrative which, clothed in Oriental colors, bites into our own modern business methods. Dazzling. Delightful. (D. Appleton & Co., New York)

**"The Coasts of Romance,"** by Crosbie Garstin. In this record of an ambling trip to Gibraltar, Algeciras, Tangier, Cadiz, Seville and Madrid, the quality of intense human interest rather than local data is outstanding. (F. A. Stokes, New York)

**"Kit Musgrave's Luck,"** by Harold Bindloss. A Spanish trading vessel with Kit working his way East as supercargo. A good beginning for a tale. A girl waiting at home for him and stunning adventures in the smuggling game along the Gold Coast—all the elements to make a good afternoon's reading—if the sea is calm. (F. A. Stokes, New York)

**"Sweet Waters,"** by Harold Nicholson. Constantinople—so prominent now that the amazing Kemal Pasha is putting it on the front pages of the daily newspapers—is the background for a story of love and intrigue. Well written. Exciting. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston & New York)

**"The Hawk of Egypt,"** by Joan Conquest. Is it the movies with their pictures of flying Arabs and the more or less willing ladies who are carried off by delightful sons of Allah that have given us so keen a taste for this sort of thing? However, if we have the taste, here is something to gratify it, done—says the publisher's announcement—with "intensity . . . madness." What book-reviewer would dare add another adjective? (The Macaulay Company, New York)

**"The Lost Horizon,"** by G. Colby Borley. An entertaining novel of love and revolution with the Canary Islands as a picturesque background. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

**"The Isle of the Seven Moons,"** by Robert Gordon Anderson. A romance of suspense and mystery, admirable for working up a spirit of adventure when traveling toward the southern isles. (Putnam, New York)

**"The Shadow of the East,"** by E. M. Hull, author of "The Sheik." A tale of an Englishman in the Orient. Love—sacrifice—despair—final happiness. We are afraid this is a "popular" novel. (Small, Maynard & Co., New York)

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In certain cases copies of the June and July issues could not be delivered because of wrong addresses.

Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

Membership payment of the subscription price is only to be made through and as directed by their Subordinate Lodges, and not to The Elks Magazine direct.

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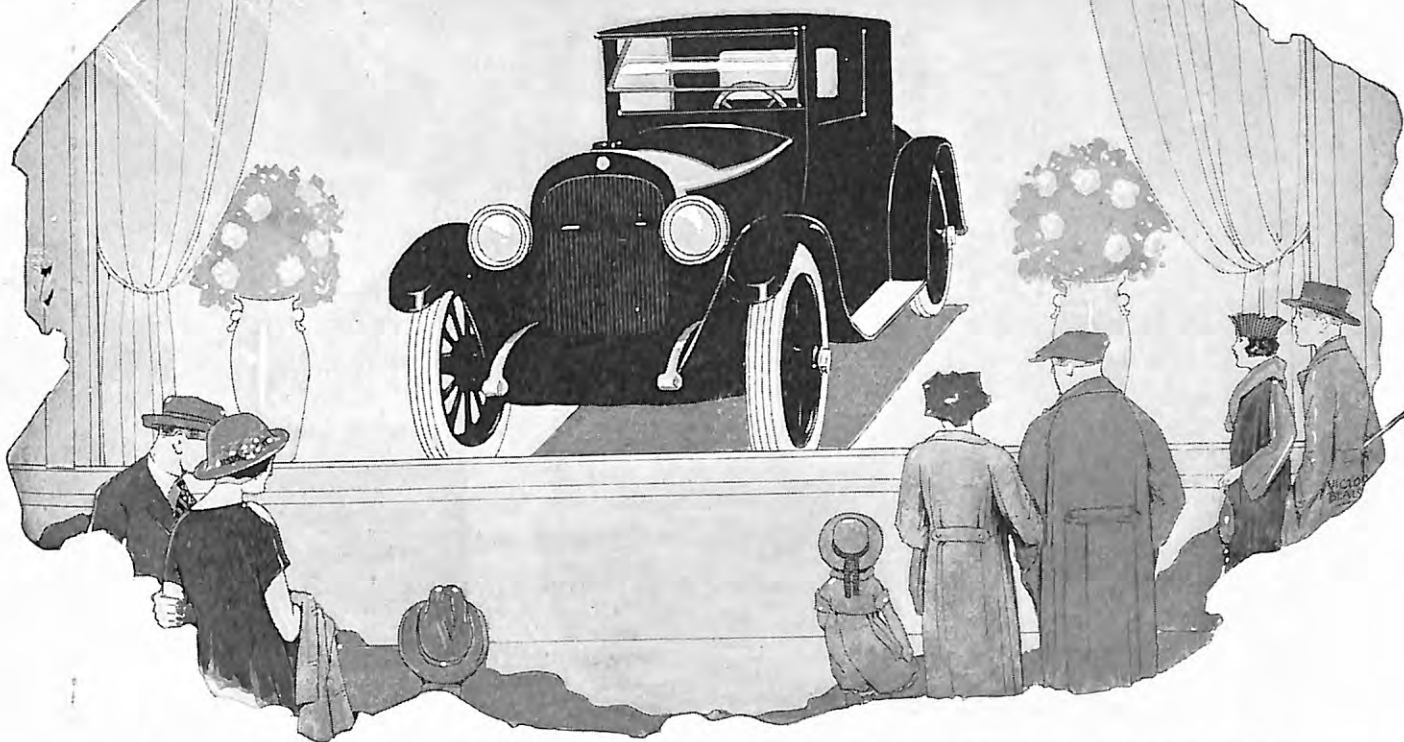
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Automobile Dealers Wanted! Right now automobile manufacturers are on the alert for new dealers and distributors. There are many golden opportunities for progressive men—opportunities that may contain just the car you want to sell. The Automobile Department of The Elks Magazine is in touch with many of these opportunities and will be glad to place you in contact with them if you are interested. Write to the Automobile Department of The Elks Magazine after reading the message below.

## Could You Succeed in the Automobile Business?

**I**N ONE middle-west town an old automobile dealer who can now write his check for six figures left from the decimal point, gave the reason of his success as "a car and a price to fit the town."

How would you go about building an automobile business in your town? What system of service or sales would you initiate to build a business distinctively your own?

### If you have sold big units you can sell automobiles

Some of the outstanding successes in the motor car business have been made by men who started agencies with no other previous experience than that of selling big units, such as pianos, machinery, or real estate.

If you can sell these you can sell motor cars. Don't let the lack of previous experience deter you from going into this highly profitable and permanent business, *but fill out the coupon now.*

Check the priced car you want to sell and mail

The automobile industry is emerging from one of the most successful seasons it has ever had. Cars have sold in even greater numbers than they did before the war. And right now manufacturers are making plans for an even greater business in 1923.

Here is a matter to engage your interest now. Agencies for popular cars at popular prices are available in hundreds of cities and towns—

the coupon to the Automobile Editor of The Elks Magazine. He will have the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

If the car you prefer to handle is already represented, do not let that prevent you from naming it, as there are many territories which are subject to division and readjustment. So write today.

agencies for the car you'd like to sell. Make an effort to get that agency, to cash in on the big years ahead for the great motor car industry, to be the man in your town who has made a fortune in automobiles.

*Fill in This Coupon and Mail Today*

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<input type="checkbox"/>	Over \$2500	
Name .....		
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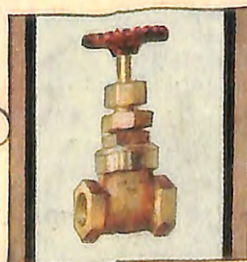
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