

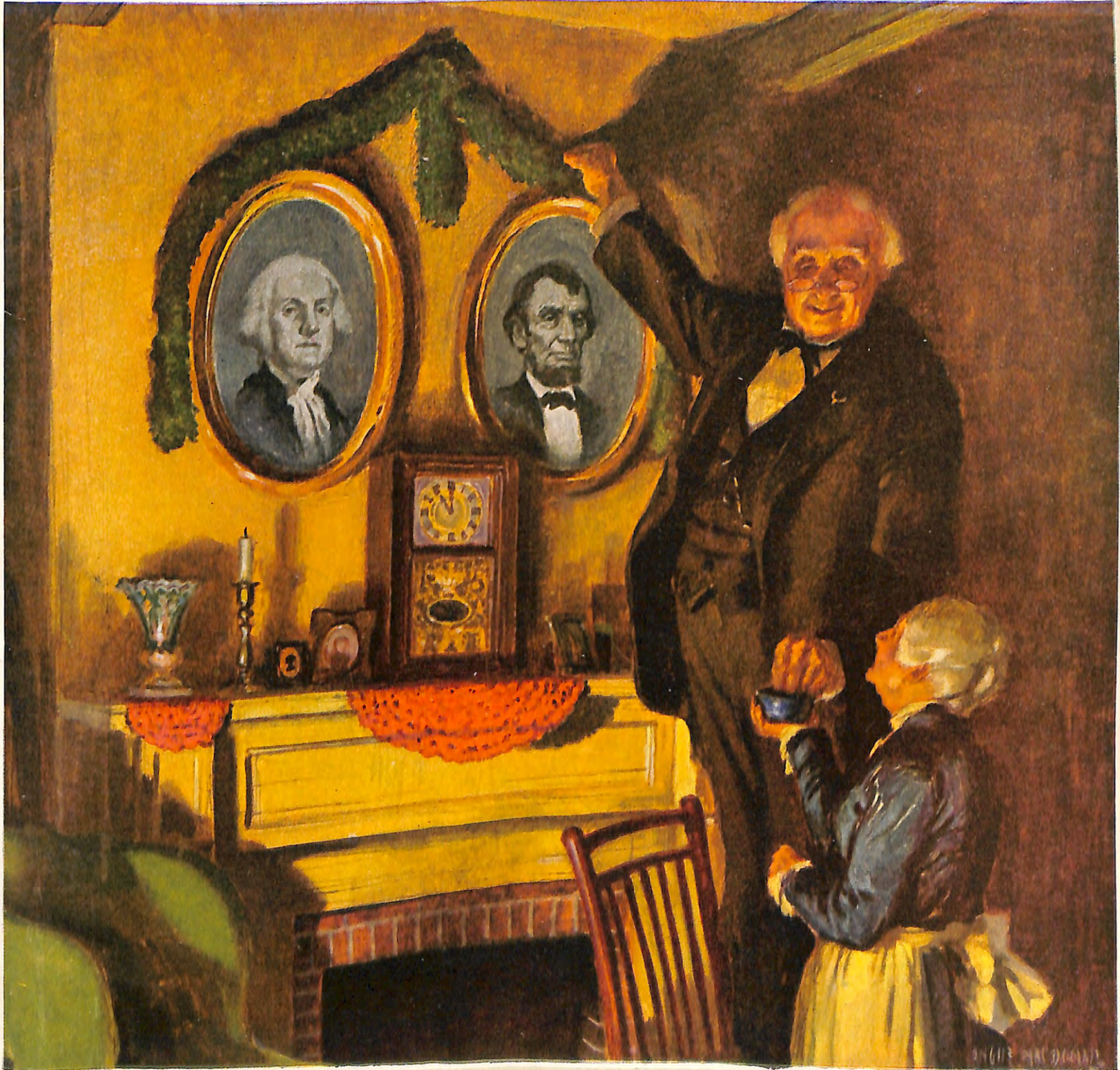


The Elks

★

Magazine

FEBRUARY
1923



Beginning in this issue: Octavus Roy Cohen's new series of inimitable Darktown stories and other splendid fiction and timely articles

20 cents
a copy

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

Man - that's great!

—the fresh, vigorous, young feeling of your skin after a Boncilla Facial Pack. It's a great business investment, a wise move in the social popularity game, too, to retain a clean-cut, live-wire, youthful appearance.



C-N-J

It's very easy to apply Boncilla Beautifier at home. The grayish clasmic pack is merely spread on the face and allowed to dry. While it is drying, its invigorating work

is going on—cleansing the pores thoroughly, smoothing out lines and "crowsfeet," building up drooping facial muscles, imparting a fresh, vigorous glow to the skin.

Boncilla Pack o' Beauty For You and For Her

Try Boncilla in the Pack o' Beauty. Costs only 50c, and contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and Boncilla Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. You can get the Pack o' Beauty in department stores and drug stores, or we will mail it to you direct postpaid on receipt of coupon and 50c.

Barber Shops
and
Beauty Shops
give
Boncilla Facial Packs



Boncilla



THE BONCILLA LABORATORIES
Boncilla Building
Indianapolis, Indiana

I enclose 50c. Please send Pack o' Beauty to

Name

Address

City State

Elks 2-23



“What to do?”— the question that makes men—or breaks them

ALMOST every day in any large business some unusual problem arises which is beyond the experience of even the best informed men in the organization. It is then that the right answer to the question “What to do?” will often make a man—the wrong one break him.

It is not unfair to say that an institution such as LaSalle—with its millions of dollars in financial resources—its staffs of highly specialized experts—its organized files of business data—its facilities for business research—is, because of the very nature of its work, in a position to give advice which no single individual could possibly attempt—no matter how important his work—no matter how wide the scope of his experience.

Daily we have cases arise where opportunity is knocking at the door of a LaSalle student—provided he answers correctly the “What to do?” of the immediate moment.

By means of a broad Consultation Service—open to all LaSalle members—law suits are averted—financing problems are solved—sales are increased, for individuals and corporations—thousands of dollars are saved in freight charges—factory costs are cut—production is increased—emergency situations are promptly and properly dealt with—all by our students, with the advisory facilities of LaSalle back of their actions.

These unusual resources are at the call of every LaSalle student. He is not limited to the department in which he is enrolled, but may avail himself of the full advisory resources of any or all of our highly specialized departments and staffs.

When a person enrolls with LaSalle, it is, in general, for the immediate purpose of increasing his earning power, by a training which will enable him to function successfully in the more liberally rewarded fields of business endeavor.

But LaSalle's interest does not rest with supplying specialized training.

On the contrary, it follows the man “on the job”—goes with him as he advances in position and responsibility—helps him make good, every step of the way. Thru all the years of his business activity

the entire educational and research facilities of LaSalle stand solidly behind him—ready to help him solve any new or unusual business problem with which he or his employer may be confronted.

It is this character of service that has been responsible for the growth of LaSalle—to proportions far beyond what any man would have dreamed a correspondence institution could reach in the field of business training.

As I look back over the decade past—consider the four hundred thousand men who have enrolled with LaSalle—everything we have done or tried to do—both in our business training courses and in our supplemental services—centers in the important work of helping ambitious men to answer with soundness and authority the “What to do's?” of business life.

The man who realizes what LaSalle training and LaSalle consultation service might mean to him and his future, but who fails to go further—to investigate—is answering his most vital “What to do?” with inaction—is deliberately turning away from Opportunity.

J. Hopkins
President
LaSalle Extension University

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. E-2 Chicago, Illinois

Upon request, the book “Ten Years' Promotion In One,” and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interests you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Just indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

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

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World



"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 Nine

Features for February, 1923

Grand Exalted Ruler—Official Circular Number Three	4
Personalities and Appreciations	6
A Month of Great Birthdays, <i>Editorial</i>	7
<i>Decoration by F. V. Carpenter</i>	
The Spider and The Lie, a darktown story by Octavus Roy Cohen	8
<i>Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor</i>	
Old Doctor Dope, article by Walter Trumbull	13
<i>Sketches by Paul Reilly</i>	
Every Golf Club Has at Least a Dozen	16
<i>Drawings by T. S. Tousey</i>	
Seven Seconds Faster, a story by William F. Sturm	17
<i>Illustrations by Douglas Ryan</i>	
Why We Laugh in the Theater, article by Montrose J. Moses . .	21
<i>Sketches by Everett Shinn</i>	
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen	25
Pretenders, Part III—a romantic mystery serial by Meredith Nicholson	29
<i>Illustrations by O. F. Howard</i>	
The Barometer of Business, article by William Almon Wolff . .	34
<i>Photographs by W. M. van der Weyde</i>	
Gold Lustre, a story by Mildred Cram	38
<i>Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove</i>	
Editorial	42
Elk Scholarship Foundations, article by Hon. John F. Malley .	44
Abou Ben Adhem, poem by Leigh Hunt	46
<i>Decoration by C. LeRoy Baldrige</i>	
Wise Words to Elks' Wives, article by Marie Broomfield	47
A Churchman on the Order of Elks, by Rev. Edward J. Donovan	48
Directory of State Associations	48
Under the Spreading Antlers— <i>News of the Order</i>	49

Cover Design by Angus MacDonall

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

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

50 East 42nd Street

New York City

Joseph T. Fanning, *Executive Director*Robert W. Brown, *Editor*Charles S. Hart, *Business Manager*

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

20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address please allow four weeks' time, and give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1923, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America

“He has a pull”

LET US FACE frankly this question of “Pull.”

It *does* exist in business. The President of a Company hires the son of a trusted friend. Why? Not merely because the young man is the son of a friend; but because the President believes *that good blood will tell.*

A Yale graduate, who is a general manager, hires a Yale graduate as an assistant. Why? Not merely because the younger man is a Yale man, but because the general manager believes that *training will tell.*



From a Drawing by J. Henry

IN Cincinnati the Board of Directors of a financial institution was considering several men for the position of Vice President and General Manager. The successful applicant—the man who now holds that coveted position—has written an account of his interview with the Board of Directors.

“I stated my experience,” he writes, “and added that I had completed the Modern Business Course of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

“I then learned that several members of the Board were subscribers to the Institute. They evidently knew that the knowledge obtained from the Course and Service gives a man a thoro grasp of the controlling forces of business, and fits him to hold a responsible executive position. At any rate, I was selected . . .”

There are men in Cincinnati who say of this man: “He has a pull with the Directors.” They are right. But the “pull” is a perfectly legitimate one. The Directors, who owe a part of their success to the training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, picked him because they believed that the same training had made him a man whose judgment they could trust.

This does not mean that every man who completes the Institute Course is “taken care of” in business. Business does not “take care of” anybody. It does mean, however, that with the knowledge and self-confidence that this training gives, you have an added asset—a favorable introduction to

the 200,000 worth-while men who are enrolled with you.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute makes no exaggerated claims and attempts to exert no pressure. It asks simply for the privilege of laying the full facts before thoughtful men. The facts are contained in a 118-page booklet entitled “Forging Ahead in Business.”

Reading it may be the means of bringing you in touch with men who will vastly widen your opportunities for success.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

729 Astor Place, New York City

Send me “Forging Ahead in Business” which I may keep without obligation.



Name *Print here*

Business Address

Business Position

Canadian Address, C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter St., Sydney



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Three

Charleroi, Pa., February 1, 1923

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

As we approach the close of another Subordinate Lodge year we naturally turn our thoughts to yearly reports and to the stock-taking which should take place at that time. There is no question as to the importance attached to this stock-taking. It will show what gain has been made, and what is needed to make the lodge stronger and better. At the same time it will show what the lodge would be better off without. Stock-taking opens the way to correct indifferent Ritual work, to improve business methods, and to get rid of dead timber. It establishes a point of departure for greater effort in the year to come.

During the year just closed America has passed through a period of industrial depression. I say passed through because the general business situation has been improving from month to month until today confidence in all lines of business is well established. We enjoy a strong banking position, have a large industrial output, have had an abundant harvest, and find a large buying power among the rank and file of our people. This condition reflects a large degree of confidence in the future. Money for all legitimate business is plentiful and will continue so indefinitely.

I bring this to your attention to remind you that now is a splendid time to strengthen the financial condition of Subordinate Lodges. Some lodges are in debt for the homes they occupy. Other lodges are assuming heavy burdens to erect new homes. I do not in any sense consider this a menace, for Elk lodges are made up of high-grade men who will fight to meet their obligations. The point I wish to make is that we never were surrounded by more favorable financial conditions, and will pass up a great opportunity if we do not as lodges make intensive campaigns for funds to pay for the comforts we enjoy. Let us remember that the sooner we meet our obligations, the sooner we will be in a position to do more, not only for ourselves, but also for those about us.

General Conditions

I have on file at this time reports from District Deputies, of visits made to more than seven hundred lodges. These reports show that a good spirit prevails throughout the Order, that the officers are competent, earnest, zealous and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, that the members are interested and enthusiastic and that contributions, that charity are greater than in any preceding year.

It is a very suggestive fact that fully ninety per cent of these reports tell of a growing interest in social and community welfare work, and it is quite evident that this work is now general. In fact I sincerely believe it is the thing uppermost in the hearts of all Elks. Let each lodge join in this work whole-heartedly, and appoint committees to take charge of this activity as was suggested by the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. I am sure that if this is done, and that if these

Committees will join in the work, putting into it their own thought, their own interest and their own personality, much will be accomplished in the general effort to make America a better place to live in. After all, this should be the great purpose of The Order of Elks.

Subordinate Lodge Officers

While I bear testimony to the true work of the great majority of our Subordinate Lodge officers, yet freedom from prejudice compels me to say that we have a few who have failed to make sufficient preparation for their work. Wherever this has been found true your Grand Exalted Ruler, through his Deputies, has endeavored to correct the situation by pointing out the worthwhileness of efficient preparation for lodge duties, and satisfactory results have almost without exception been obtained.

Prompt Answers to Requests for Assistance

No true Elk asks for assistance unless he really needs it, and when he does, it is the duty of his own lodge promptly to give definite information and proper instructions to the lodge in the city where misfortune has overtaken the brother. Exalted Rulers and Secretaries will remember this and act accordingly.

Grand Lodge Reunion

On November 25th and 26th last accompanied by the Grand Secretary and two members of the Board of Grand Trustees, I visited the city of Atlanta to take up with the Committee representing Atlanta Lodge No. 78 the matters of detail attending the Reunion to be held the week of July 9th next. I am pleased to report that no efforts are being spared to make this one of the greatest conventions ever held by our Order. Every promise made at Atlantic City will be fulfilled. All arrangements for accommodations as well as the rates to be charged will be satisfactory to those who attend. In Atlanta the Board of Grand Trustees and your Grand Exalted Ruler made a contract with the Ansley Hotel for taking care of the Grand Lodge officers and Committeemen during the week of the Reunion. Full information pertaining to the Grand Lodge Session and Reunion and the entertainment features in connection therewith will be submitted early in May.

Elks Magazine

There are many gratifying things in connection with the routine of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Office. Some of them are the daily reminders received of the fact that Elks have a genuine interest in the progress of The Elks Magazine, and do not hesitate to say so. I have hundreds of letters from all parts of the United States, telling of the new inspiration, the broader view and the better understanding of our Order that have resulted from reading The Elks Magazine, and expressing regret that it was not established many years before.

I wish to go on record here that The Elks Magazine is a great help to me in my work. If it helps me, it must also help you. It will keep you in touch with the whole Order and acquaint you with our aims and purposes. At the same time it will provide you excellent reading matter in the shape of strong articles on the problems of the day, able editorials, and fascinating and unusual fiction. It is a real high-class periodical, profusely illustrated and as well made as any monthly publication in America.

The Elks Magazine has but one message and purpose: Better Elks, better Elk Lodges and broader Elk vision.

I desire to thank the Subordinate Lodges, their officers and members for the loyal support and fraternal assistance so freely given me.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:

Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.



Personalities and Appreciations

Are You an "Average Reader"?

YOU have heard the term a hundred times, perhaps, but have you ever met one? Who is an "Average Reader"; what, precisely, is an "Average Reader" like? What is there about him, or her, that makes a reader "average"? And how can you recognize him on the street? In fact, does such a person exist anywhere, in the flesh, or is he, or she, merely a creature of the imagination, a myth built up by editors and publishers, a convenient dragon at which to shoot?

If we were to attempt for our own guidance a definition of the "Average Reader," as that entity is usually conceived, we should have to say something like this:

The "Average Reader" is a composite personality with a mind so deep, so broad, developed to such and such a degree, no more, no less. This depth, breadth and degree of development are stable and do not change.

To appeal to this measured and standardized intelligence we should have to restrict ourselves to publishing material gauged accurately to fit it. There could be no deviation from the formula.

EDITING a magazine for the "Average Reader," is a snare and a delusion. It is based on two erroneous ideas: First, that it is necessary to please the reader with every story and article and picture in every issue in order to make him like the publication; Second, that there exists such a thing as an "Average Reader" anyway.

To begin with, there is no such person as an "Average Man." That is a lazy and superficial classification. The Average Man is average only until you actually analyze him; then you find he is an individual, with tastes, crochets and quirks all his own. Take eighty men who like baseball. Does this common interest make them *Average*? Forty may be day laborers, twenty salesmen, and the rest scientists, barbers and bankers. Take eighty more who like the movies. Forty may be piccolo players, twenty college professors, and the balance street car conductors and rent collectors. Take eighty other men who all like baseball, the movies, dominoes and stamp collecting. Does the fact that these eighty have four interests in common put them in the Average class? Would it make any difference if they had fourteen common interests, instead of four? Might they not still be as widely separated as the poles in temperament, vocation and cultivation?

This has all been said before, more tersely, as, for example, in the old saw anent one man's tinned meat. We have brought up the theme, however, not for the sake of being epigrammatic, but in order to clarify our position.

OUR purpose, as set forth by the Grand Lodge, is twofold: To place in the hands of every Elk a monthly volume of fraternal information that will insure a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater fraternal activity. And not only that, but:

To publish a vigorous, high-class journal, containing matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household.

As to the first plank in our platform, we believe it has been evident that we are striving constantly to publish more and more vital Elk material.

As to the second, we repeat, in effect, what we said on this page in an earlier issue: We can not hope that every one of you will be interested by every article and story in every number. There are eight hundred and fifty thousand of you—to say nothing of your families—and, although many of you have tastes in common, you do not and never will all like the same things equally.

We recognize, of course, the fact that there are certain subjects, such as the binomial theorem, the theory of electrons, the theory of co-ordinates and other pleasant topics, which appeal to a very limited few. And you may expect us to chart our course accordingly. The point we wish to make is that even though you, personally, or half a million of you, may at some time not be enthusiastic about a certain article or story, another half million of you will acclaim it.

Of one feature you may be sure—and we believe the magazine itself bears us out: we are combing the varied fields covered in our pages in order to give you, in story, article and illustration—None But the Best.

✽

Tangible Responsiveness

THERE are thrills in every business, of greater or less intensity. One of the greatest we know of, in this business of publishing, is to receive tangible evidence that you, for whom the magazine is edited and to whom all our expressions are addressed, respond actively to our suggestions and appreciate the fare we serve you.

As we go to press with this number we are already beginning to receive letters evoked by two items published on this page last month: Information as to the probable authorship of the poem, "In a Friendly Sort o' Way," concerning which we inquired; and news that a number of Lodges have adopted resolutions in favor of the idea of passing the magazine along to shut-ins who need the cheer it can bring them.

It is not alone pleasant and encouraging to hear from you, but definitely helpful. Your letters are like the bells they have in shooting galleries which ring when the bull's-eye is hit. We are trying to hit the bull's-eye as often as we can, and if you will let us know when we do you'll help improve our aim. Thank you.

✽

Coming in Early Issues

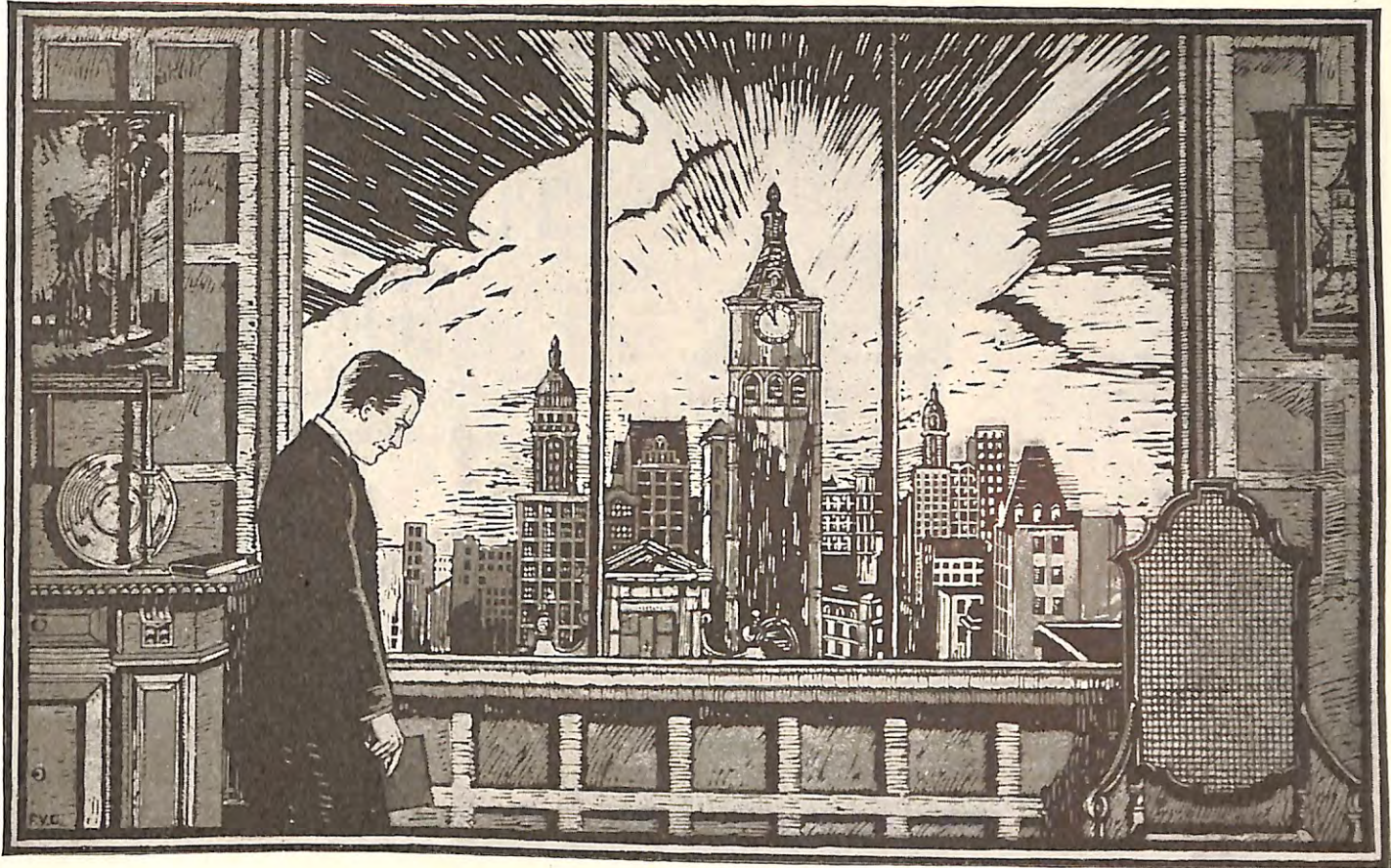
MORE stories and articles by Octavus Roy Cohen, Richard Connell, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Achmed Abdullah, Robert C. Benchley, Bruce Barton, and other headliners.

And some very good new ones:

Sam Hellman, writer of some of the funniest sport stories now appearing, is among the latest additions to our distinguished roll-call of contributors. The first story he wrote for The Elks Magazine made our sides ache. It is called "Duke's Fluke." Don't fail to keep your weather eye open for it.

Soon you will also have special articles by another well-known writer, William G. Shepherd, one of our ablest reporters and correspondents, and a contributor to the best of our contemporaries. In this number we present another newcomer in the person of Walter Trumbull, known wherever sporting articles are read. You will find his first article, on "Old Doctor Dope," on page 13. Needless to say, it is not on the subject of narcotics, in spite of the implication of its title.

THE EDITOR.



Drawing by F. V. Carpenter

A Month of Great Birthdays

FEBRUARY is a month of great Birthdays. Three Manifestations of The American Spirit mark it with a white stone in the calendar. Two of the greatest Americans first came on duty out of the mysterious ether owning this month; or should we not say—the two greatest Americans, seeing that their names are George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? Washington, February 22, 1732; Lincoln, February 12, 1809. The third birthday to which we refer is, of course, our own. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is fifty-five years old this month.

It is not with arrogance but with proper pride, that we venture to associate our birthday with the birthdays of those two great men who, more than any others, have triumphantly embodied the American Spirit, for we believe that the spirit of our Order is one with theirs, that the ideals we profess and aim to embody are ideals after their own hearts. In reverent discipleship we deem ourselves their brothers, and believe that, were they alive to-day, they would be Elks too; that, in fact, as there were Christians before Christ, these two great men were Elks by anticipation. These men, and all others in the past who embodied in their lives the cardinal principles of the Order, are so to speak, our Patron Saints, our Spiritual Ancestors to whose memories in our Eleven o'Clock Hour of Daily Remembrance we turn our eyes and uplift our thoughts.

Entirely in Lincoln's spirit is this characteristic Elk institution of the Memorial hour. We aim by thus setting aside each day a moment dedicated to the thought of our noble Unseen Brothers, that the memory of great and good men "shall not perish from the earth." As Lincoln said of the heroic dead at Gettysburg, "from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of their devotion." There is nothing so

necessary for the conservation of what is best in our civilization as it at present stands, and also for its evolutionary expansion in the future, as this prayerful remembrance of the great and good among the dead. No democracy whatsoever can dispense with great men. We need "the hero" in our national and spiritual life more than ever, and the contemporary supply of such leading figures is never so abundant that we can afford to ignore those that have gone before. For the wisdom of the dead is very great. To cast it aside is as foolish as to throw hard-earned gold into the sea. Wisdom, whatever its date and age, is always wisdom. It always applies. "Let us have faith that right makes might," said Lincoln. Is the virtue yet gone out of those forceful, inspiring words? Was there ever, in fact, a day when the remembrance of those words was so necessary for the very preservation of society as this day when the doctrine of Might is being so disastrously practised the world over? Again: "Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe"; and, yet again: "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," if this is not Elk doctrine, what is? It represents, too, the American spirit in its best expression, when it is truest to itself.

THAT this spirit should prevail America came into existence, and we had that in mind when we called the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks a Manifestation of the American Spirit. But America, like any other great nation, needs constantly to guard itself against a complacent and inoperative acceptance of the great truths on which it is founded. She needs from time to time to hear the voices of her great Master Spirits crying "Awake thou that sleepest." To this end we keep our Month of Great Birthdays, and bend our heads in silent aspiration as the hour of eleven sends up its silver chimes among the stars.

You Will Find Some Old
Darktown Favorites in

The Spider and The Lie

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor



AN EXPRESSION of unalloyed bliss decorated the ebony features of Semore Mashby at sight of the crowd which eddied impatiently about the entrance to the rambling frame structure across the road. To his ears came the soothing symphony of silver and the eyes of the emaciated little negro glistened as he grew more certainly certain that this latest—and riskiest—of his business ventures was receiving the accolade of success.

His eyes were focussed upon the ornate sign which hung above the portals of the ex-warehouse:

NIAGARA FALLS SKATING RINK
"Good Skates For Good Scouts"
Come & Enjoy the Poetry of Motion
Constant Music
Admission Fifty Cents Whether You Is or Aint
Got Skates
PROF ZERO HARRIS
World Champeen Colored Skater
Will Give Moderate Lessons at Moderate
Prices

From within came the mournful wail of a once-proud orchestration, now sadly in need of the ministrations of some kindly mechanic. This was accompanied by the rhythmic *srsssh-shrrrrsh* of wooden-rollered skates upon the well-chalked floor. Semore eased across the street and stared happily through one of the recently washed windows.

There was presented to his eyes a scene of untrammelled happiness and vast enthusiasm. The floor was a whirling mass of color. Birmingham's very bestest colored society was represented by an overwhelming majority, giving mute testimony to the fact that the recrudescence of the skating craze had swept the city by storm. Among those who disported themselves earnestly—and more or less gracefully—beneath the huge lithograph alleged to represent Niagara Falls, were Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Dr. and Mrs. Elijah Atcherson, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, the delectable Ammonia

Mims, Florian Slappey, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton; the general staff of the dusky elite and with them a crowd

which taxed the capacity of the rink to its uttermost.

Semore strutted proudly through the door, deigning to nod at the obsequious ticket-taker. As half-owner of this going business Semore regally accepted the homage of his employees. His gaze feasted upon the revellers and he felt his money-pocket growing heavier in anticipation.

Now the orchestration wheezed away to a sickening pause, then burst forth afresh in a roar of jazz. As at an agreed signal the skaters abandoned the floor and there came a spontaneous splatter of applause as a lithe and graceful figure zipped to the center and contorted itself into a series of amazing figures.

AT THE crest of the wave of popularity which had greeted the return of roller-skating rode Professor Zero Harris, until recently a stranger to the city. And now the merriment paused as Darktown stood back in willing and silent tribute to the expertness of this colored gentleman who performed for its delectation.

Zero Harris could skate. He whirled and pirouetted upon one wheel; he spun and glided and zipped about the smooth floor like a blackbird on wheels. His Cimmerian-hued countenance was punctured by a crimson-and-white smile and the friendly warmth of his personality made new friends for him with each flashing stroke of his skates.

Zero's personality had put across the Niagara Falls venture just as his unflagging optimism, combined with that personality, had persuaded the canny Semore Mashby into making the necessary original invest-

ment. Semore had been difficult to convince and only the example of the white folks at East Lake, where the municipal rink on Pershing Pier was flourishing even as the green bay tree, caused the die to be cast in favor of the pleasant-spoken Mr. Harris.

Zero Harris, it appeared, had labored for many years in and around skating-rinks at the time when the roller sport was at its zenith. He came to Birmingham with the idea of securing a position in his profession of barbering but an acquaintanceship with Semore Mashby, reputed to be the wealthiest man of color in Birmingham, and his old love for the rink sport, prompted him to undertake the task of interesting the Mashby capital in the venture.

It required all of Zero's spellbinding art, and a readiness to risk a large percentage of his own modest capital, to bring Semore in. They divided the expense of equipment, which, under their terms of co-partnership, was owned in common. The building had been secured by Semore—a rambling structure in the recesses of which Mr. Mashby had conducted a desultory warehouse business for a number of years. The doors had been flung open—and Success had flown in. And remained.

BUT now as Semore surveyed the scene of jollity he found in his heart a sentiment which was not entirely happiness. Each skater represented fifty cents to the Mashby eye and Semore felt within himself keen regret that only a moiety of that sum was finding its way into his own pocket. It annoyed him that the easy and graceful Professor Harris was sharing the financial success of the enterprise.

Too, there was a more personal angle to Semore's reluctance to share his profits with Zero Harris. And that angle was even at the moment gliding out onto the floor, hands outstretched toward Zero.

Miss Ammonia Mims had for some time been the apple of Mr. Mashby's matrimonial eye. Semore was not swayed by any grande passion. Mr. Mashby had suffered one disastrous experience with such softness, but he had also reached a stage in life where he felt that it would be well to secure for himself a Mrs. Mashby to cater to the Mashby comfort and well-being.

Ammonia rated double A-I. He was pleased by her reputation for frugality and domestic expertness. Nor was her beauty entirely wasted upon Semore. He had proceeded methodically about his courtship, quite convinced that at any moment he cared to lay his fortune at her feet she would plunge willingly into the matrimonial sea.



And so she most probably would have done had not Professor Zero Harris appeared.

Ammonia ranked as the best skater among the colored feminine citizenry and that distinction marked the bond of friendship between herself and Zero. At first it had not bothered Semore, but as he became more and more positive that with the ripening of the Ammonia-Zero friendship his own chances were fading, he grew slightly embittered. The less accessible Ammonia became, the more desirable she appeared. And so Semore stood in the background and champed and the principals in the case skated gleefully, entirely unaware of the emotional seethe within the dark and narrow chest of Brother Mashby.

"I want you to understand right now that I ain't no kind of a gal which you can skate with when they ain't nobody else which you craves for to skate with you more"

THE orchestration stumbled to a halt. Zero and his lady friend glided the length of the floor and paused before the thin figure of the co-owner of the Niagara Falls. They were palpitant with the joy and excitement of the moment. "Evenin', partner."
"Lo, Zero." Then, with his most radiant smile, "An' how you is, Miss Ammonia?" She dimpled bewitchingly. "Tol'able, thank you."

Semore eyed critically the dull green skating costume of the young lady—eyed it and decided that if she ever became Mrs. Semore

Mashby she would garb herself much less expensively. "You looks pow'ful good t'night, Ammonia."

"Aw! you g'wan, Semore Mashby."
"Ise mighty proud to see you is enjoyin' my skatin' rink."
"Our'n," interjected Zero significantly. Semore was not pleased. "I reckon it's mine just as much as it's your'n, Zero Harris."

"Well . . . I ain't said it ain't, have I?"
"No. But you looked as if you was tryin' to make Miss Ammonia think she could

thank you for enjoyin' all the skatin' which she is enjoyin' at my rink."

"Hmph! I don't care who she thanks s'long's she keeps on comin' heah an' skatin' with me."

From the other side of the floor came a terrific crash which was succeeded by a chorused shriek of laughter and a shrill, plaintive feminine voice—"Mistuh Harris— O-o-oh! Professer Harris!"

Zero was off like a streak toward the spot where the excessively portly Sally Crouch, proprietress of the Cozy Home Hotel, had found her skates unmanageable and the attraction of gravity in good working order. But when the fair Ammonia would have pursued him Semore detained her.

"JES' a minute, Ammonia. I craves to make talk with you."

She paused politely, showing to Semore the deference which was his due as one of the most substantial colored citizens of Birmingham: exhibiting toward him just that amount of impersonal politeness and no more.

"Yassuh, Brother Mashby. Shoot."
"It's about that Zero Harris feller, Ammonia; how come you to be so intrusted in him?"

A blush of pale lavender suffused her cheeks. "Aw! you g'wan, Mistuh Mashby. I ain't intrusted in Zero Harris."

Her coy manner gave the lie to her words and Semore was not pleased. "You suttinly ac's like he was the fondest man you is of."

"Well," she confessed with maidenly modesty, "they is some men who don't look no gooder to me."

"Huh! You don't even know who he is."

"Why, Mistuh Mashby; Isuttinly does. Ain't he yo' partner in the Niag'ra Falls an' ain't you-all two makin' a heap of money?"

Semore squirmed. This was rubbing it in with a vengeance. So Zero's stock soared high with the young lady by reason of their copartnership!

"He ain't no kind of a man fo' you to make ma'iage with, Ammonia. He ain't nothin' on'y a shif'less, none-thinkin' skater which if I hadn't been good enough to staht him off in this rink business, he woul'n't hahdly have a job. Now you—you is a gal which has got brains. Ise bettin' you makes mo' money than what he does. How much you gits fo' bein' Lawyer Chew's stenographer?"

HER forehead was wrinkled into a tiny frown of puzzlement. "How much I gits . . . ? I gits fifteen dollars a week, but that ain't got nothin' to do with nothin'."

"It sho'ly has, Ammonia. Heah you is lettin' yo'se'f git fond of a wuthless feller like Zero Harris which skatin' is the only thing he don't know how to do nothin' else but."

"He's the champeen cullud skater of the world."

"Them is fine words but they don't mean nothin'."

"Also he's a nice feller." She became confidential. "He's awful educated."

"Shuh! Education don't git nobody nowhere. Nobody knows nothin' 'bout Zero an' the longer he stays in Bummin'ham the less they learns. Now you is a pretty girl: you ain't so pretty as to be foolish but you is good enough lookin' fo' any man, an' I hates to see you th'owin' yo'se'f at his head like'n to what you is doin'. You is the kind of a gal, Ammonia, which ought to make ma'iage with some feller which is older'n what you is, an' settled an' ain't makin' a livin' by skiddin' 'round a chalky floor with a lot of fat wimmin like Sally Crouch."

Her eyes were demurely downcast. "Ain't studyin' 'bout no ma'iage, Mistuh Mashby. Nobody ain't be'n suggestive to me concernin' same."

Eagerly he leaned forward; tentatively his fingers rested on her wrist. "Does you like me, Ammonia?"

"Sho'ly I does. Old men is the mostest kind I like."

He staggered as though from a blow. "I ain't old. Ise jes' forty-one."

"You could of been my pa," she giggled. "Ain't that funny?"

"No!"

"It seems so to me."

"Seems like ain't is." And, as he discerned the flying figure of Zero Harris once again in search of Ammonia, he turned away with a last bitter fling of advice—"You is traipsin' 'round with Zero 'cause you think he has got somethin'. Ise tellin' you now he ain't got nothin' an' he's li'ble to lose that."

Zero claimed her, and, with arms linked, they sped away into the mass of skaters. Even Semore admitted that they presented an attractive and graceful picture as they skimmed over the smooth surface.

The Niagara Falls skating-rink was a welter of merriment and prosperity. Above the rhythmic whirl of skate-wheels and the valiant cacophony of the orchestration, Semore Mashby could hear the clink of money as it tinkled into the box-office cash-drawer, the register at the soft-drink concession, the hot-dog stand in the far corner. And each cent above actual expenses Semore was



The feet of Ammonia Mims divorced themselves from the ground. A portion of Miss Mims not generally employed in skating placed itself where the feet had been

dividing with the debonair young professor who repaid him by dazzling the young lady whom Semore had marked out as his own.

There welled in the heart of Mr. Mashby a keen sense of personal injury. He felt that Zero was doing him wrong—very wrong indeed, and Semore was of no mind to permit that condition to continue. He analyzed the situation and convinced himself that not only was Mr. Harris betraying a trust but that he was also taking more than he was earning. True, each had furnished an equal share of the money which provided the equipment and Zero was working without salary—having merely a modest drawing account to tide him over until the day—three months from the opening of the rink—when they should make their first financial accounting and division of profits; but Semore felt that without his support the enterprise would have died a-bornin'.

HE RETIRED to a far corner where he glowered upon the joyous scene, his brain busy with schemes for revenge upon the care-free Professor Harris. Finally an idea came to him and he merged into the night that he might walk a long distance and reflect upon this plan to restore what he conceived to be the equities of the situation.

Meanwhile, flushed with triumph, and thrilled by close contact with the lady who had affected him as no other woman had ever done, Zero Harris injected the full radiance of his ingratiating personality in the effort to bewitch the marvelous Ammonia Mims. Nor was he unblest by success. Ammonia liked the young gentleman and made no bones about it. Only the annoyance of her recent scene with Semore Mashby disturbed the serenity of their contentment.

"Don't you worry 'bout what Semore Mashby says," insisted Zero. "He don't mean nothin'."

"But Zero—he talked like he wasn't lovin' you none."

"I ain't cravin' him to love me, honey. S'long's you think I ain't so awful, other folks' pinions don't make no diff'rence."

"Aw! Zero. . . . But Semore is a pow'ful man in Bummin'ham."

"Shuh! He ain't got a thing but money."

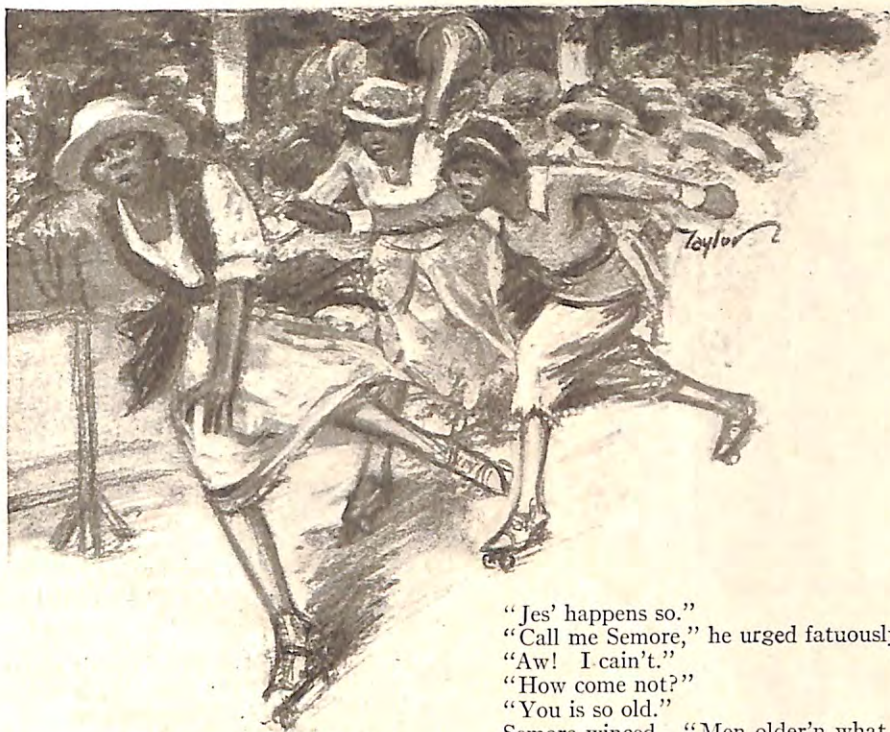
"Money counts."

"Ise gittin' money, too, Sweetness. Lookit all these folks in heah at four bits each. Two bits out of each admission goes to me after espenses is taken out. Also I an' Semore gits a split fum the hot-dog an' sof'-drink concessions. Ise gwine make a heap of money in this rink, Sugar-foot; an' when I does so I is gwine ast a suttin' young lady will she leave off her job of stenographing fo' Lawyer Evans Chew an' take a position lookin' after my house."

"You hush!"

"A'right, Ise hushin' now. But one of these days Ise gwine un-hush myse'f an' then if Ise lucky they's gwine be weddin'-bells ringin' 'round where you is at an' you is gwine be carryin' a booket an' folks is gwine be sayin': 'Don't she make a sweet-lookin' bride?'"

Their beatitude might have been slightly diluted had they at that moment glimpsed the sneer of triumph on the hatchet-face of Semore Mashby, or been cognizant of the workings of the keen brain which resided within his skull. Semore had schemed a perfect scheme; not unduly overloaded with ethics, perchance, but certainly effective. It was based upon twin desires: first, that Zero Harris should not obtain all that was legally his in the skating-rink partnership and second, that should business disaster



overtake Mr. Harris, that gentleman's chances for the heart and hand of Miss Ammonia Mims would be reduced to a minimum—or rendered altogether extinct. "Ain't her or no other gal which has got sense gwine make ma'riage with no man which ain't got nothin' an' is gwine earn less'n that in the future. Leastaways no gal which has got brains enough to be Lawyer Chew's stenographer."

Long before Morpheus obtained a strange-hold on Mr. Mashby the minutest details of his plan for vengeance had fully matured. And the following morning, after a frugal breakfast at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, Mr. Mashby presented himself at the office of Lawyer Evans Chew on the eighth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building; an ornate structure of, by and for negroes.

The suite of offices occupied by the erudite colored attorney were attractive in the extreme. A ground-glass door opened from the hallway into a large and airy anteroom in one corner of which was a near-mahogany typewriter desk where sat the trim figure of Miss Ammonia Mims.

Ammonia was garbed simply this morning in a blue skirt and white lawn waist, the latter decorated tastily with an orange four-in-hand. Her fingers were flying nimbly over the keys and her forehead was creased into wrinkles of concentration. It was not until Semore's hand fell lightly upon the soft warmth of her shoulder that she became aware of his presence.

THE clicking of the machine ceased abruptly and she turned to gaze upon the lean form of the wealthy negro. Semore's costume was inclined to be threadbare and considerably shiny, shrieking to the world the parsimony of its possessor.

"Mawnin', Ammonia."
 "Mawnin', Mistuh Mashby."
 "Has Lawyer Chew come in yet?"
 "He'll be heah mos' any minute. Won't you be seated?"
 "No'm. Not hahdly. I craves to make talk with you a minute."

She smiled in friendly fashion. "The pleasure is jes' as mutual with me as it is with you, Mistuh Mashby."

He flushed with pleasure. "How come you always to call me 'Mistuh'?"

"Jes' happens so."
 "Call me Semore," he urged fatuously.
 "Aw! I cain't."
 "How come not?"
 "You is so old."
 Semore winced. "Men older'n what I is has be'n ma'ied."

"I know, but was I to call you by yo' given name I'd feel so unrespectful."

"Tha's all right, Ammonia. You c'n feel jes' as unrespectful as you likes with me. Is you gwine call me Semore?"

She hesitated. "If you insis's."
 "A'right—Mist—Semore."

"Tha's better." He swallowed. "You is lookin' terrible sweet this mawnin', Ammonia."

"You quit kiddin'."
 "I ain't kiddin'. I'se on'y tellin' you—"

The door was flung open and the portly, pompous figure of Lawyer Evans Chew breezed into the room. The attorney was in fine fettle. His new Prince Albert coat fitted snugly every line of his ample figure and the patent-leather, white-spatted shoes glistened gloriously. He carried a light cane which he twirled in a gloved right hand and a Cape Jessamine smiled from the lapel of his coat.

"A-a-ah! Brother Mashby."
 "I'se him."

"What I can do you for this mawnin', Mistuh Mashby?"

Semore unconsciously lowered his tone. "I aims to converse with you on a matter of pertickeler an' impawtant legal business, Lawyer Chew."

Chew flung open the door to his private office and bowed grandiloquently. "I begs you to enter these pussonal precincts, Brother Mashby. Us will immedjitly go into conferece."

They went—after a single, vapidly flirtatious backward glance from Semore to Ammonia Mims. But once closeted with the lawyer in the latter's mahogany-furnished office, Semore found the affair of his heart submerged by his interest in a certain financial deal which was complicated as to detail and aimed at the financial destruction of Professor Zero Harris.

"In the fust place, Lawyer Chew, you know that I an' Zero is in partnership with that skatin' rink."

"I is aware of that salient fac', Brother Mashby."

"We has been runnin' six weeks an' we ain't due to settle up until the end of th'ee months. That means six weeks mo' befo' we has an accounting. In other words, except that he has a drawin' account, Brother Harris don't know where he is at, n'r neither he won't know until us settles. Now I aims that when he fin's out where he is at, he won't be there."

Chew rubbed the palms of his hands together unctiously. "Preceed, Brother Mashby; preceed. It begins to sound like you exhibited yo' perceptions when you sillected me as yo' attorney."

"IT'S thisaway," explained the little man, leaning forward in his chair. "The buildin' that the Niag'ra Falls rink is in was one which I has used as a warehouse fo' about th'ee years. The business never amounted to much an' not on'y I paid twenty dollars a month fo' same, but I ain't never had no lease, jest rentin' fum month to month. Now what I craves is this: that you should get me a five-yeah lease at twenty dollars a month or even twenty-five does the owner think maybe the propitty is wuth a little more'n what he has been gettin' fo' same. Does you understand?"

"I has a vast comprehension."
 "Also, Lawyer Chew, I craves that Brother Harris don't know nothin' about my takin' out this lease."

"You aims fo' him to think you had it all the time?"

"Ezac'ly. The way you understan's this kind of a deal, Lawyer Chew, proves to me that you is a swell business man."

"They is some which is better, I reckon, Brother Mashby—but I ain't never heard tell of 'em."

There was considerably more conversation before the smaller man departed. At the corner drug store he purchased a pound of sixty-cent candy which he addressed to Miss Ammonia Mims and dispatched to Lawyer Chew's office. Then only slightly regretting that gross extravagance, he made his way to his own musty, dingy sanctum where he gave one hundred and ten per cent. of his attention to the task of evading the usury laws of Alabama.

Semore was by way of being a money-lender. He was shrewd, grasping and rather merciless—to the end that he was the most profoundly feared and thoroughly despised colored citizen in Birmingham. A dollar meant no more to him than his chances for salvation and it was flatly against his principles to expend a single slick nickel which could possibly be saved.

Meanwhile, having set in motion the machinery which he hoped would eventually macerate Mr. Zero Harris, he forgot the affair in the twin interests of his courtship of Ammonia and his pursuit of additional lucre to add to his healthy bank accounts. And so immersed was he in both that until the storm burst he was unaware of the fact



Lawyer Evans Chew threw open the door and bowed grandiloquently



Semore insinuated himself before them. She pushed his anxious face violently away . . . and there, before them all, she flung her arms about the neck of the man who lifted her up

that Fate had stepped in and dealt him a royal flush from a cold deck.

Fate's emissary in this particular case was no less a personage than Miss Mallissie Cheese, one of the most bewitching of Dark-town's belles.

Mallissie was there on all counts. She was built on generous lines which, however, remained within control; and she was inclined to be a vamp.

THE covetous eye of Miss Cheese had fallen upon the trim figure of Professor Zero Harris and she found herself much pleased. Quite deliberately, therefore, Mallissie set about the task of appropriating Zero to her own uses. She started by paying him a bonus price for private lessons—given publicly. And Zero, being a good business man, fell into the trap. He regretted the fact that it took much of his rink time from the fair Ammonia but he was sure Ammonia would understand—so sure that he didn't even bother to explain. And even if he had explained, it is more than probable that Ammonia would not have cared to understand since she not only was vastly fond and jealous of Zero, but she despised Mallissie.

Night after night when the merry-makers jammed the well chalked floor of the Niagara Falls Skating Rink, Zero went dutifully about his task of teaching Mallissie to skate whilst Ammonia pretended to be indifferent to the attentions which she fancied he was lavishing upon the other woman. To her, there was but one construction to be put upon the situation: it was patent that Zero had succumbed to the flambouyant charms of this massive Circe. And although she maintained a courageous front, she shed many sad, salt tears in the seclusion of her golden-oak-furnished boudoir.

In blissful ignorance, Zero skated to his fall and that fall occurred one night when

a more important engagement caused Mallissie Cheese to remain away from the rink. The place was crowded with eager humanity and Ammonia was pointedly accepting the attentions of the young cavaliers who flocked about her. She was radiant in a black and white sport costume and there was no denying the fact that her skill as a skater had improved under the expert tutelage of the Professor.

He admired her from a distance for a few minutes, and then, when the music had stopped momentarily and the crowd about her thinned somewhat, he glided across the floor and bowed smilingly.

"How 'bout skatin' the next waltz with me, Ammonia?"

Events of the past fortnight had cut Miss Mims to the quick. To her mind there could be no excuse for Zero's apparent deflection. His indifference to her had been public and her vengeance was just as public. Her head tipped to one side and she arched her penciled eyebrows disdainfully.

"Says which?"

"How 'bout givin' me a skate?"

"How come you to espec' me to do such, Professor Harris?"

Zero grinned: she would have her little joke. "You is the humorestest gal, Ammonia. C'mon: le's us skate."

"No."

"No?"

"Tha's what I said. Is you blind that you cain't heah me?"

Obviously, Zero was. "Leave off yo' jokin', Ammonia—"

"I ain't jokin'."

"You ac's like such."

"Ac's like ain't is like."

"But Ammonia—"

"Don't you go buttin' me. An' I want you to understan' right now that I ain't no kind of a gal which you can skate with when they ain't nobody else which you craves to

skate with more. Tha's all, Mistuh Harris. Tha's ev'y last word I has got to say about it or you, an' the sooner you fin's yo'se'f another lady pahnter, the better off I is gwine be."

For a few interminable seconds Zero stared at the young lady in open-mouthed amazement. He skated slowly backwards, his eyes focused upon her, until a collision with the portly Sally Crouch brought him up with a grunt of apology.

NEWS of the quarrel spread swiftly about the hall and more than one feminine eye lighted eagerly at the prospect that, now Zero was an unwilling free agent, there might be some chance to ensnare his approval. More than one of these scheming young ladies took occasion to pour kerosene upon the fires of Ammonia's righteous indignation.

As for Zero Harris, he was stunned. Careful reflection provided him with the key to the situation: he knew that Ammonia had become jealous of Mallissie Cheese, and, having attained that correct conclusion he felt that a few simple words of explanation would clear the situation, but he made the mistake of attempting that explanation too promptly.

"They ain't no sense of you bein' jealous of Mallissie—" he started as he swung by her side on the floor. She flashed him a cutting glance.

"I ain't never been jealous in my life, Mistuh Harris, an' was I aimin' to be I'd pick somebody wuthwhile to git jealous of."

"They ain't nothin' 'tween I an' Mallissie."

"I has noticed that," she snapped icily. "Not even space."

Professor Zero Harris was a man of pride. Too, he realized that Ammonia was treating him with gross injustice. His head went back gamely and he determined that if there was ever to be a reconciliation the advances must come from Miss Mims. To that end he commenced to pay ardent—if insincere—court to Mallissie Cheese. Hitherto he had been impersonal. Now he went to the other extreme and Miss Cheese fairly reveled in the spotlight position which her rôle afforded.

Through the kindly offices of the gossipy Sis Callie Flukers, Semore Mashby was made aware of the status, and a chortle of unadulterated delight came from between the Mashby lips. This was far better than he could have anticipated. Once again he flung himself headlong into the courtship of Ammonia, and she, eager to inflict all possible anguish upon the apparently indifferent Zero, accepted the Mashby attentions.

But Semore was not entirely deluded. He knew that Ammonia was infatuated with Zero and that the lover's quarrel was a thing of troublous impermanence. On the other hand, if he could effect the departure of Mr. Harris from Birmingham, there was a strong likelihood that Ammonia might eventually

(Continued on page 59)

Old Doctor Dope

By Walter Trumbull

WHEN Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was on this side of the three-mile spirits limit he lectured upon his experience with many mediums, but failed to mention the most famous medium of them all. We propose to remedy this oversight by talking to you for a little while concerning old Doctor Dope.

The old Doctor has more customers and followers than all other clairvoyants put together. This is only natural. He plays upon the greatest desire of the human race, which is to pick a winner.

His clientele is enormous and comes from every class of society, every walk of life. The smartly dressed man reading the ticker tape and the ragged individual perusing the newspaper picked from a park bench are among his followers. Every speculator and gambler in the world goes to him for advice—and every one of us is more or less of a gambler.

He is a companion of the enthusiast, the idol of the fan. And his methods are strictly modern. He does his stuff with all the lights going full blast. Nor does he go into a trance. His method is more an up-to-date version of that of the witches in Macbeth. Permitting all who desire to assist him, he mixes many known ingredients in a caldron and causes them to boil and bubble. His clients then inhale the vapor so generated and they are the ones who go into a trance.

It is a very pleasing trance in which they see beautiful visions of wealth or glory, and the name of a winner appears to them in letters of gold. Sometimes these dreams come true. When that happens it is great advertising for the old Doctor. But he always has an alibi ready in case the thing proves to have been a mirage. To tell the truth, he's a tricky old fellow and he always manages to slip an extra ingredient into the brew, of which nobody knows anything until afterwards. It is this unknown quantity that frequently turns a pleasant dream into a nightmare.

Another thing about Doctor Dope is that he does his mixing after the fashion of ancient southern cooks who, asked for their recipe, will tell you that they use a pinch of this and handful of that. You know that in the Doctor's mixture, which he has named for himself, there are such things as strength, speed, weight, disposition, experience and past performance, but the proportions are seldom the same. The same holds true with endurance and condition. One day it may be the pinch and another the handful. You have to



Bury Him at Night Yet He'll Rise from the Grave in the Morning

Sketches by Paul Reilly

as the nerves. The spirit is the generator of the reserve power, the forced draught. To produce the maximum of efficiency all these must be perfectly coordinated.

There is no way to tell in advance just how thoroughly this coordination will exist at any given minute. That is why all predictions based upon the dope are preceded by the word "if." The more the dope is diluted by guesses, the less dependence is to be placed upon it. And there are a lot of guessers in the world. Many of them will lead you to believe that they have come straight from a séance with the old Doctor, when as a matter of fact they haven't been near him. They are not devotees of the old Doctor, but suppliants of that capricious female known as the Lady Luck. They belong to the tribe which backs a horse on account of its name, or a tennis player because of the color of his hair.

This same Lady Luck is one of Doctor Dope's most troublesome rivals. The Doctor is an aristocrat who strongly favors the classes. The Lady flirts with the masses. Frequently she bestows her warmest smiles on those the old man scornfully describes as rank outsiders. And these latter under the influence of the Lady perpetrate acts of malicious mischief. They often burst in upon the Doctor, upset his caldron and wake all his customers from pleasing dreams to life's cold reality.

This happened frequently in 1922. Take it all in all the year just past was a tough one for the dopesters. Somebody was continually adding something to the mixture which made it disagree violently with its addicts. New homes for the destitute were opened all over the country for those who played favorites. The old Doctor would insist that his dope was colored by irresponsible parties. And by analyzing it in the retorts of hindsight he would attempt to show you when and where.

Among the most consistent users of dope on all this spinning earth are the followers of the sport of kings. Of course the recent sport of kings has been a cross-country race to the border with their affectionate subjects, heaving bombs, a close second. But the sport to which we refer is horse-racing.

Those who play the ponies make doping them a life-work. They have many queer ideas regarding the dope. As the horse can't tell them just how much it was extended in winning a race and as they wouldn't be-

watch the old man very closely to obtain information on these points.

The more exact your information the nearer you come to reading correctly the meaning of the dreams which the dope creates. And the Doctor isn't always the only one who slips extraneous matter into the caldron. His customers are very apt to color the mixture with a dash of sentiment or loyalty to some institution or individual. If they insist upon fooling themselves in this manner they can not shift the blame to other shoulders. To be efficacious the dope must be, above all, uncolored. Prejudice will cloud it. Unsound and hasty assumptions will ruin it.

Then there is that unknown factor. Very frequently it is some form of the personal equation. You may come pretty close to doping the physical correctly, but you often have to make the wildest sort of a guess at the mental or the spiritual. The muscles, tendons, ligaments, bones and flesh are the machine to be driven. The heart, with its connections of veins and arteries, is the engine. The brain is the driver or pilot, handling an electrical system of control known



lieve the jockey if he did tell them, they take no account of time. There is a saying that there is no such thing as time on a race-track. This in a way is reasonable as the winner only has to run fast enough to beat the second horse and his jockey does not permit him to run himself out if it can be helped.

The race-goer takes great account of ancestry. His earnest desire is to trace every racing-animal back to the pair which Noah took on board the Ark. He burns to know whether his favorite inherited flatfeet from some ancestor in the traffic squad or housemaid's knee from an ancestress in the street cleaning department. It is certainly true that animals of the same strain have marked peculiarities of conformation. For example, there are several breeds which are supposed to run better in the mud on account of their hoof structure. And some strains produce sprinters, while others seem to possess the stamina necessary for longer races.

HAVING gone into the matter of an animal's ancestry, the racing dopester turns to such things as past performances, workouts, weights, condition of the track, weather conditions and riders. He figures any differences in the weights with especial care. Three pounds is commonly supposed to be good for a length either way. A true racing-fan takes a racing-form and a pencil to bed with him, figures till he falls asleep and then starts in again when he wakes up in the morning.

The ordinary follower of the ponies has, however, one peculiarity. After spending every moment away from the track in consulting old Doctor Dope, he then goes back to the betting ring and places his money on the horse which the second cousin of the third assistant stable-boy—he having gotten the tip from the jockey's uncle—tells him is a sure thing. These sure things prevent the abolishment of the book-making industry. Good old Doctor Dope disclaims all responsibility. We knew a newspaper dopester once who picked five straight winners in his printed selections for the day and lost money on every race.

But old Doctor Dope can go wrong on a horse as easily as anyone else. He may know what the animal can do but he doesn't know whether or not he feels like doing it. And he doesn't know whether the horse feels like



racing or whether he passed a bad night or is homesick for the blue grass of Kentucky.

There were a couple of bad upsets in the dope during the past season. Morvich gave the dignified old Doctor a terrible kick in the epigastrium. We well remember seeing Morvich in his first race in the east. It was the opening day of a Long Island track in 1921 and the price on Morvich was about 50 to 1. Later he was groomed and polished as became a champion, but that day he looked like a shaggy western pony and ran like a streak of light. He won that race in a gallop as he did every other race in which he was entered that season.

Hailed as a second Man-o'-War, in 1922 he was groomed for the Kentucky Derby. Many had doubted whether he could go the distance, but that race settled his status in the eyes of the public. In racing every man is to an extent his own dopester. There were several things that these dopesters didn't know. They didn't know that Morvich always had had what seemed to be a bad knee and that the Kentucky race apparently didn't do it any good. They didn't know that his workout had been unsatisfactory. They didn't know that, all things considered, the horse was probably a sprinter

rather than a distance racer. So it came as a bitter blow to the racing public when Morvich, supposedly the great, was beaten by Whiskaway.

Again Whiskaway beat him and he was beaten in two other starts. Here was a horse undefeated in 1921 and beaten in four starts out of five in 1922. But Doctor Dope was due for another thumping.

After Whiskaway had beaten Morvich the second time he was hailed as a wonder and sold for \$125,000. After that they might properly have changed his name to Fade-away. He showed nothing but a woeful lack of speed. Instead of burning up the track he burned up the bank-rolls of his backers.

Somewhat discouraged with racing, Doctor Dope's customers turned their attention to baseball. The World Series resolved itself into an old home week for New York. The Giants had shown no great strength in pitching. The Yankees were supposed to have five of the greatest pitchers in the country and they had Babe Ruth, the mighty home-run hitter. Here, said the dopesters, was a mortal cinch. The Yankees should slaughter their opponents.

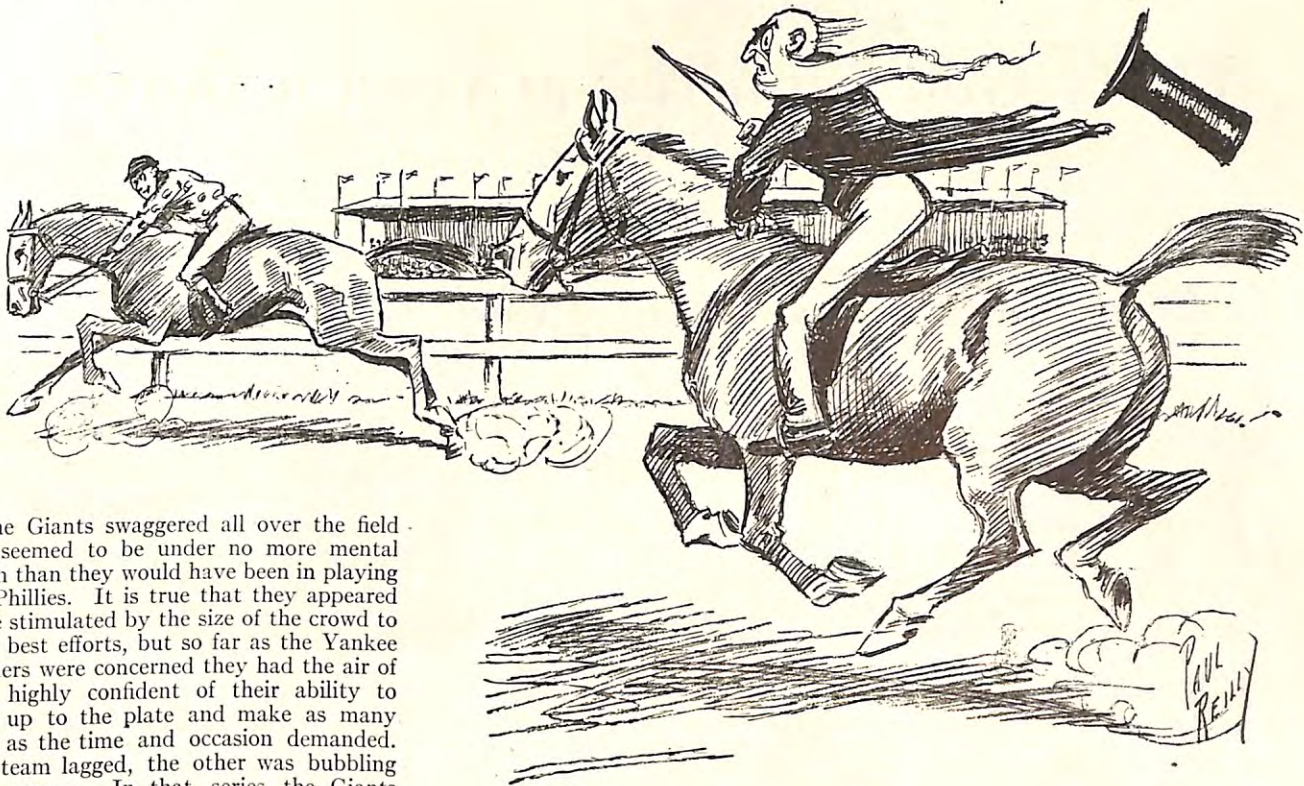
WITH this conclusion we did not agree, for it seemed to us that again the dope had been colored. Once when Michigan played Harvard about forty-five Crimson warriors in football suits ran on to the field. "What have they got here? An army?" ejaculated a Michigan player.

"Don't worry, son," said Fielding Yost. "They can't play but eleven of those men at one time."

And it was pretty much the same way with the Yankee pitchers. They couldn't pitch but one of them at a time and it has been proved that two winning pitchers can produce just as satisfactory a result in a seven-game series as could many times their number. Nor did people generally figure on the mental attitude of the two teams or the psychological advantage the Giants enjoyed in having won from the Yankees the year before. It was the personal equation again. The Giants were the money players and in a guessing contest with John McGraw Babe Ruth was one of the longest shots ever known in the history of bookmaking.

Never was the psychology of the game better exemplified. The Yankees acted as if they hadn't much faith in miracles but hoped that one might happen to save them from defeat. When it was apparent that Babe Ruth was a bust they decided that the ship was going on the rocks and stood ready to take to the boats. And this was the same team which had shown all sorts of courage and fighting spirit during the season in its own league.





The Giants swaggered all over the field and seemed to be under no more mental strain than they would have been in playing the Phillies. It is true that they appeared to be stimulated by the size of the crowd to their best efforts, but so far as the Yankee pitchers were concerned they had the air of men highly confident of their ability to step up to the plate and make as many runs as the time and occasion demanded. One team lagged, the other was bubbling with energy. In that series the Giants didn't lose a game.

But old Doctor Dope still had some rough handling ahead of him. The Princeton Tigers booted him for one goal after another. Here the unknown quantity played its part in the mixture. No one suspected the Tigers of having the mental alertness and fierce fighting spirit which they displayed. In football one can not reckon much on past performances. Practically no eleven is held intact from year to year. Even where the same men return some regular usually is crowded out of his position by a newcomer. Almost always there are seniors on the team who graduate.

In doping football teams experience is of course taken into account. But new men in the backfield or line may force an entire change in the style of play. This was demonstrated in the Iowa-Yale game. The previous year Locke had had that really great tackle Slater to open holes for him. The Yale eleven stopped Locke, but Parkin took the ball and ran the Elis ragged. They were not looking for Parkin, but the absence of one man, Slater, made his attack the more effective one.

Along with experience in football the dopester considers weight, speed, the presence of stars in the lineup, team play, the amount of material, the caliber of the material and the coach or coaching system.

It was known that Chicago had a strong team on which there was much veteran material and that it was a well-coached team. It had several star players, one of them the hardest hitting back in the country. It had beaten Princeton the year before on the Tigers' own field and in a game in which they had started as favorites. It was now playing on its own field before a home crowd.

Princeton had lost almost all of its regulars, either through graduation or from other causes. Its captain-elect had been, unjustly it always seemed to us, disqualified. It was a green team and a team without stars. Never did a coach and players face a situation in which there

seemed to be less room for encouragement.

On every known element of the dope Chicago should have beaten Princeton by at least three touchdowns and had things depended upon the known elements Chicago would have beaten Princeton by three touchdowns. On the face of things it was the stronger team to that degree. But as a matter of fact Princeton beat Chicago in one of the greatest games of football which we ever saw.

Still, that didn't mean that the Tigers would beat Harvard and Yale. A Chicago fumble had given Princeton one score and in the closing moments of the game Chicago had taken the ball almost the length of the field to within a few feet of the Tiger goal. Here an heroic stand had staved off defeat, but even the Princeton rooters who were most enthusiastic welcomed the whistle which signalled the end of the game.

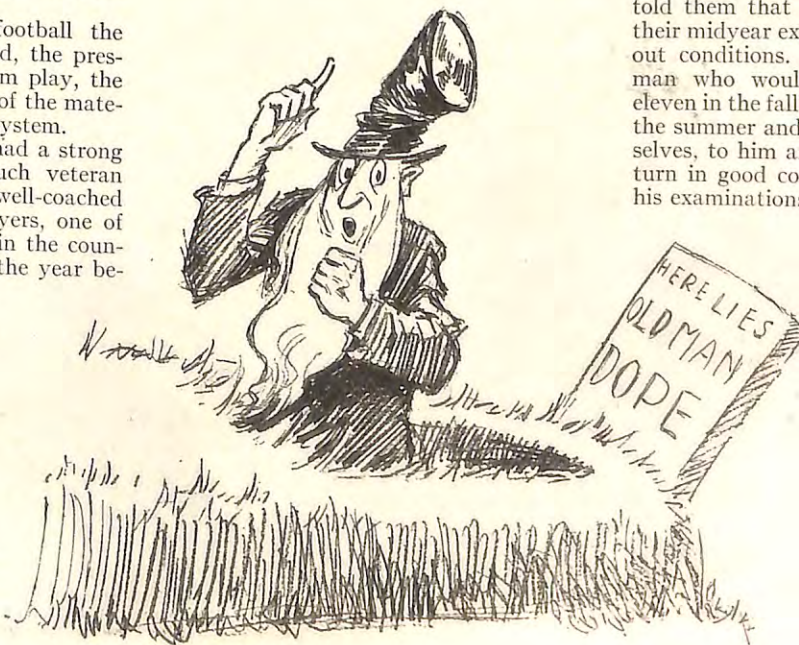
The Tigers returned east. Harvard was still confident. The Crimson was reported to have the best material that it had had in years. It was playing on its own field where a Harvard team always has been hard to beat. But again Princeton emerged with victory.

NOW the law of probabilities as well as the dope seemed to say that the Tigers were due to fall before Yale. The Blue was known to have great material and plenty of it. It did not seem possible that the Tigers could roll the dice with destiny and win three times hand running. But they did. They beat Yale.

What the dopesters who had figured Princeton to lose all three games did not know was that Roper had called all his football candidates together before they ever left for their summer vacation and had told them that Princeton must build a team from the ground up and that it was upon their shoulders that the responsibility lay. He told them that it was up to them to pass their midyear examinations and return without conditions. He told them that every man who would be a candidate for the eleven in the fall would be a candidate during the summer and that they owed it to themselves, to him and to their university to return in good condition. Every boy passed his examinations and every boy returned in fine physical form.

Then Roper spoke to them again. He imbued them with fighting spirit, he gave them his own will to win. He told them that they must go in for intensive training, that every man must know every football rule, that every one of them must be alert and ready to take advantage of every opportunity. There probably never was an eleven more alert mentally and physically.

(Continued on page 74)



Every Golf Club Has at Least a Dozen

By T. S. Tousey



Mr. Glover spends half the time of each round looking for lost balls. Though he's never been under a hundred he explains that "it isn't that I mind losing the ball,—it's the stroke. Besides, it's a Silver Prince, and they're scarce."



At 11 A.M. Millard got a "birdie" on the 13th. It's now 2:30, and if someone doesn't brain him in the meantime, by 3 o'clock he will have informed every one on the club verandah all about it.



Barlow Shuster won high honors in geometry at Monroe Tech. In spite of this he spends five minutes on each green deciding that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.



Mr. Maxter, before each stroke, has to explain to Mrs. Maxter that she must hold her hands close together. Mrs. Maxter replies that she always got better results when she played croquet by holding the hands apart . . . We will not print what the twosome following thinks of the matter.



Mr. Jones and Mr. McBee asked permission to go through the mixed foursome. Now, while trying to drive off, they have to listen to all the chatter about the impossible "hooch" which was served to the mixed foursome at last night's party. Next time they'll stay behind.



"Have to meet the wife at the club house at 12:30," shouts Lew Smith, playing around alone. "Don't mind me if I rush through you. Drive right up on me!" Result: you top your next two strokes trying to plant one in the middle of Smith's back.

"I goes down to one of the corners and watches them all afternoon"



The Laughing-Stock of the Shops Proves a Novel Theory About the Ways of Racing Cars Seven Seconds Faster

By William F. Sturm

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

I WAS busy with some blueprints on the new racing jobs, when I got a buzz from the Boss's office. It's generally regarded good business around the Midwest Motors to hop like you'd been shot out of a seventy-five when the old man wants you. So I dropped the blueprints and hot-footed it downstairs to his office. I got past the girl that says whether you can go in or whether you can cool your heels in the waiting room for an hour or two, and found the old man walking up and down like a tiger in the zoo. Soon as he saw me, he went over to his desk and set down.

"How's your family coming on, Buck?" he says.

"Fine," I tells him, "fine! The two boys will be going to high school next year, and Sue is getting along mighty fine, too; leastwise, I ain't heard no kick from the sales manager since she's been promoted to be his private steno."

The old man gets out of his chair and walks up and down again, shoving his hands in his pockets, taking them out, biting off the end of his cigar and spitting it into the waste basket, and worrying the window blinds to death by pulling this one down and shoving that one up.

"Sue's twenty-two now, and she'll be thinking of getting married one of these days, and then I'll have her off my hands." I knowed the Boss hadn't told me what he asked me to come in for, and if he wanted to bluff around the bush by asking me about my family, I was going to give him a mouthful. That last remark got him, and he started away in high.

"Yes, you marry your daughter off, and you're done with her. That's easy. But I don't have things that easy."

"Meaning which?" I asks.

"You've seen my son gallivantin' around the plant a good deal since he's been home from Boston Tech," he shoots at me; "and have you seen any signs of him buckling down to work? If you have, I'd like to know it. What with going to college and all, he seems to have got clear away from the

old Dawson idea that a man ain't worth a whole lot unless he's a producer, unless he can dig right into things and do something with that engineering course he's had. . . . How does he look to you?" The old man snaps the last remark out, sudden-like.

I didn't care to tell the Boss what I thought of the boy. Not me! I haven't lived in this old world for forty-odd years and not know that a father can call his son all the names in Webster's dope book, but let some one outside the family try it and—wham! I'm wise. So I just says: "Oh, the boy may come around all right, J. C. If you'd of gone to college, instead of knocking around with me in your younger days, maybe you'd of come home and acted just like he's acting."

"We're not discussing what I might have done," he says, kinda sharp. "We're discussing my son." I drew into my shell, head and all.

"A year's a year," he keeps on. "Jim don't seem to be no nearer getting into the harness than when he came home. Why, dammit, Buck, he can't even do a good job of cussing!"

"That ain't ruled as one of the ee-ssentials in the automobile business," I tells him, "even if they is a lot of it done."

The Boss begins whetting himself up again, walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets and looking at the floor. In a minute he stops his tramp, takes his cigar out of his mouth and slams it into the spittoon. After which he comes over close to me and says: "He'll report to you Monday morning, and you can work the thing out any way you please. Make him work, and get his hands dirty. I did when I was his age. He's under your orders. Make him quit flannel-pantsing and tennis-racketing around here like he owns the universe and don't have to pay no rent. . . . That's all."

I didn't say it, but I thought it was enough. I was opening the door when J. C. stopped me. "I know he'll come out all right, Buck. You understand how it is—he's just got too far away from things.

Get his dander up some way and he'll be a Dawson all the way through."

Struck me the Boss was trying to kid himself into believing what he *hoped* would be so. I didn't like the job, but I was willing to do anything I could for J. C.

JIM DAWSON and me had been friends for twenty years, and him being president of the Midwest Motors hadn't changed him none from the good old racing days when the two of us made two-thirds of a team, both being drivers. I can remember, too, the old Cobe Trophy up at Crown Point, when seventy miles an hour used to be fast. Jim was only a mechanician then, but he made 'em all sit up and take notice when he got out of his seat with the car going full speed down that rough road and worked his way up to the hood and fastened the hood strap, which had got loose some way. Rules said that a hood had to be down tight, and if they'd of had to stop to fasten it, it would have meant a couple of minutes lost. . . . That's the kind of father Young Jim had.

As racing manager of the Midwest, I had things pretty much my own way in the experimental department, which was really only a branch of the racing department, if you look at it right. Ever stop to think that the place to find out what you've got in a car is in the racing game, and if it stands the gaff there, it will stand it any place? Well, that was what J. C. thought, and that was why I was head of the racing team and the same thing as head of the experimental, though I wasn't around the plant much in the racing season. The Midwests had showed their rear wheels to the field in lots of races, because we had the team that could do it—consistent performance was right, if I do say so—and we had the factory support that would let us spend money like a rum runner as long as we got results.

But the little problem that J. C. had handed me was *some* problem, with no answer in the back of the book, as my boys would say. I don't know—maybe the Boss was some to blame for the way his son was. Instead of coming home from college and rolling up his sleeves and hopping into factory work, all he wanted to do was to fly around in a Midwest sport model and burn





Hobe introduces the Boss's son to Sue as one of the new racing drivers

up the roads and play tennis and golf and them other games that is all right in moderation, as they say, but that don't put no hair on nobody's chest. . . . But I had my orders.

I GOES back to the experimental and calls Hobe Bacon over to my desk, Hobe being one of the best bets I had behind the wheel and a he-man any way you took him. Purdue engineering graduate, Hobe was. Might of had a better job any time he wanted it, but always said he reckoned he'd race till he got married and then he'd get a job without no excitement in it, because he'd have enough excitement at home. Thorough, Hobe was, too. If he done anything it was done right. Strong as a bull, and he had a way of handling his strength so that hard things always looked easy for him. My idea of a man. Loyal all the way through. So that's that.

"Hobe, the old man's son is coming to work next Monday morning with the racing crew." I thought I might as well let Hobe have both barrels at once, so I went right on: "I'm appointin' you to make life hard for him. Me and the old man has got a idee that we can make him man-size."

Well, Hobe bucks, as I knowed he would. And he lays me out with some of that choice language of his he used when he was away from the shop. "Buck," he begins, "I'll consider it a favor if you select one of the other boys to bait young Jim. The Lord made us all, and if He made the Boss's son different from me or you, it ill becomes me to try to make him over. He's entitled to his own life. And if he was really cast from the same mold as his father he'll come out all right. Water seeks its level. What's born in the blood will come out in the flesh. Just because his father has 'made it easy for him,' in the argot of the street, is no reason for you jumping at the conclusion that when the test comes he will not measure up to it."

"If you'll say that so I can understand it," I says, after I gets my breath, "I'll make some answer."

"If I can make it plainer," Hobe comes back, "get somebody else to do your dirty work. It's the frog's eyebrows that I'm not going to lay on that kid just because he's taking life easy because his old man made

the mistake of not throwing him into the factory just as soon as he came home from college."

"You ain't got the right slant," I tells Hobe. "I got my orders from the Boss, and they was pretty plain. And as long as the Boss is running the factory and we're taking his money, it is up to us to do what he thinks is the thing to do, and if we don't think it is the thing to do, why, that is another thing again, as Solomon says. But I'm willing, for one, to believe the old man wouldn't have a thing done that he didn't think was the right thing."

"Perhaps you have the proper angle," Hobe says, after he thinks about the matter for a minute. "Under the circumstances, and believing that the end desired will justify the means, I am willing to accept the commission. But to have me appear as a bully to a person whom I don't even know, is asking a great deal. It's hardly fair to me. But if the Boss considers it an expression of loyalty to the factory, I am yours to command."

"**T**HAT'S all settled," I said, "and now we'll get down to business. The kid is supposed to be put at all the dirty work, the same as any other new man on the team. You can go the limit. Ride him hard. Get him so he can cuss like old J. C. could at his age, and you can take it from me that was a-plenty. I don't know how long he'll stand it, but that's the only idee I got to make him forget the flannel pants and the golf sticks and such."

"Blood will tell, Buck, I insist," Hobe spurts. "If this boy is put to the test, I tell you he'll register. And when it comes to the person that's hoist by his own petard, who will it be—me or you?"

"The ayes has it," I remarks. "But none of this high and mighty talk of yours. You remember you're a roughneck race driver, and words speaks as loud as actions in this case." I knowed Hobe could be as rough as they make 'em if he wanted to, but only when he had to hold up his end of a argument. Mostly, he didn't have much to say, but you can know that it wasn't because you don't learn it around a racing crew, but because he didn't use much of that kind of language.

"All I have to do is to talk like you, Buck," Hobe says with a grin, and I let him have his little joke without a come-back.

YOUNG Jim shows up for work the next Monday, as per the schedule. "I got a thee-ory," he says, as soon as he had been in the place five minutes, "that I may be of some aid to the factory in the experimental and racing department, as my engineering education was had at a college where engineering is the major study."

I gives Hobe the office right there to start the show, and I'll say he got off to a flying start.

"I knowed one of them college engineers once," Hobe begins, "and he told me that if my motor kept cool for a half-hour, running wide open, it was a sign that the cooling system was O. K., and I could run all day without doing any damage. Well, I was driving a little thing like a world's twenty-four-hour speedway record, and I took his word for it, knowing that if he said it was so, it was. His thee-ory was that I wouldn't have to take on water more than four or five times in the twenty-four. So I started. I only had to stop for water twenty-two times during the twenty-four. So you can see what these college thee-ories is worth."

The gang snickers at the big lie Hobe had made up. Then he brushes by us in a minute and gets Jim's coat with his right sleeve, which was full of grease. All Jim's suit was good for after that was a trip to the cleaner's. But the Boss's son didn't act like he even noticed it. "Hop into a monkey suit and you're one of the boys," I told him.

We was working on three new racing jobs that fall for the next year, one for each of the boys: Hobe Bacon, Tommy Alexander and Dooley Monroe, all old-timers on the Midwest team, and all as good drivers as they was on boards or bricks or dirt road. It was into this nest of hell-roaring race drivers that old J. C. had pitched his little lamb and expected us to make a man out of him.

"When I was in Tech," the kid tells us, "we used to keep our hands clean by putting soap under our fingernails and rubbing lather in all over our hands. Then when we washed up the grease would come off easy."

"Good thing for girls, but it don't go around here," Hobe speaks up. If he'd of

said that to young Jim's father the old man would have told Hobe to go jump in the crick and would have put soap under his fingernails just the same; but the boy didn't. He just said all right, and didn't use the soap.

One day Hobe asks the kid to hop to the crank of one of the new boats and spin her a minute. They ain't no such thing as spinning a green Midwest Motor for the average man, and young Jim couldn't even turn her over. Hobe swaggers around and shows him how easy it's done—and Hobe does it, too. He finishes up with: "You got to learn to crank racing cars if you're gonna be around the racing team."

That was only a sample of what happened every day for the next few months. The Boss's son took everything we gave him, and never said a word. Honest, I wanted to kick him for swallowing some of the things Hobe and the rest handed him. It kept me busy figuring out things for Hobe to say and do to him. And all the time I had to keep Hobe from bucking over the traces, as Solomon says. His duty was to do whatever I paid him to do. So I had to bring up that old loyalty to the factory stuff and he agreed to step on the accelerator once more.

One day Sue comes down to the experimental and all the boys speak to her, like they always do, and Hobe introduces the Boss's son as one of the new racing drivers, while the gang snickers. Young Jim bows as polite as you please. It was right then complications begin to set in. You know how it is with boys nowadays—a introduction is as good as giving 'em the freedom of your house, and the next thing I knowed the kid was calling Sue up and coming out whenever he could find a night when Hobe wasn't out there. Then Hobe begins to go around looking worried. And I had another problem on my hands. Hobe didn't say nothing to Jim, and he didn't say nothing to Sue. He wasn't that kind—he always fought his own battles.

TIME passed, as these story writers always say when they have to go around a corner. We had all three of the new boats ready to try by the first of March. I got a sledge hammer dropped on my head about that time—the Boss's son asked me to let

him drive one of the cars! I said I'd think about it, and I hot-footed it to the old man. He says sure, let him drive a car if he wants to. What is a busted-up car if it brings my boy out all right?

"We got three cars, and the three boys got contracts for this year, and they can't be broke," I tells him, and at the same time I thank my stars they got the said contracts.

"Build him another car," the Boss says, just like he was saying: "Give him another stick of chewing gum!"

"Boy showing anything?" he asks me sudden-like, and I could tell by the way he said it that a yes from me would have been worth a hundred thousand to him.

"Well, J. C., I'm going to tell you the truth—no, he ain't." It hurt me to tell the old man that, too.

"I'm pretty busy this morning," was all he said, and I took the hint.

I went back to the race crew and broke the news: "Boys,

young Jim is going to be the fourth driver on the team and I got my orders to build another car for him." What two of the boys said to that couldn't be sent through the mails. Hobe kept his mouth shut. We built the other car, all right, and when we got it done we turned it over to its driver, just like we did to the other boys. From then on every one of them is supposed to be master of his car and to get it in shape to race.

Up to that time the son of old J. C. hadn't even said damn and hadn't answered anybody back. So I was just about ready to call the thing off after six months. Meanwhile, Sue was playing both boys even, as far as I could see. As for me, as I said before, I was worried. If it had been left to me I would have picked Hobe, but I was just smart enough not to tell Sue what I thought.

The first thing on our calendar in May was the Irvington Cup road race, that

being right at home and we could drive our cars out to the course from the factory and drive 'em home at night, if we wanted to. If we had to have a joke driver on our team, I was kinda glad it was right here at home, where the folks might guess what the reason was. I thought one race would just about fix J. C. and cure him of wanting his son to drive a race car. The race was 200 miles—twenty times around a ten-mile course, with a four-mile front and back stretch and a mile on each end. That made four plenty sharp corners. The road was open a month before the race and we went to it. It was a brand-new proposition and that meant we had lots of work to do. You know how it is on a new road course: You got to pick out your slow-down points on the four stretches, so you come up to the corners as hard as you can, only slapping on the brakes barely in time to make the corner. And if you shut off a little too soon, there's some other bird on some other team that isn't going to shut off quite that soon, and he's got you by a second or so at every turn. Then, there's the matter of the right gear ratio, the right carburetor adjustment, the proper weight distribution and et cetera and et cetera, as Solomon would say.

WE WAS setting pretty, considering ourselves pretty much the berries, and good for a couple of places, beginning with first. I'll say we had speed, carburetion and everything else a good car has got to have. We sits back and strokes our beards, so to speak. Hobe and his gang was strutting around like pouter pigeons. That is, all except the Boss's son. I never included him when I talked about the race team, because he hadn't done a thing to show me he belonged, outside of clicking 'em off like the rest of the boys, and that ain't no trick in practice.

The Condor team comes to town, and they settled down to business. I begin to notice they're slipping around the course kinda fast, and when I put the old stopwatch on 'em, they was clipping something like seven seconds off the best time we done in practice. Well, you might know, I ordered all hands back into the boats and told 'em to show me how much faster they could turn



"Get your clothes on quick," he shouted



"I got a thee-ory you'd better give my car to one of the other boys and let me take theirs to drive"

it than the Condors. My stopper don't lie, and they couldn't come any closer than that seven seconds I mentioned a while ago!

I DIDN'T have enough on my mind, but the Boss has to come in and add some more. "Buck," he says, "I got a couple of men here from Australia and they're wanting to take on some good car down there. They're real sportsmen, besides being business men. So if we win it means we got a chance to go big on export. I know we're going to win, and I give them an invite to be on hand to see the race. They been looking at the Condor, too, but I know they never had a look-in with us before and I know they won't have this year."

"Sure, we'll beat 'em," I tells him, not knowing what else to say, and knowing if I told him we was beat before the race I'd quit right there managing the team. You can believe me, I was sick!

That night I got the drivers together, including the Boss's son, and I talked plain. We had every chance to build the fastest racing cars in America, money and all, and they wasn't no reason why we couldn't do it. There wasn't a job on the team

that was worth a German mark if we couldn't do that little thing. "Why is it?" I asks 'em, "that these Condor birds pick up seven seconds on you every lap?" Well, they didn't know. Couldn't understand it. They had laid over on the middle of the back stretch and had put the watch on the Condors for two miles and they didn't go no faster than the Midwests did. And if they didn't go no faster, how could they make faster time?

"I don't know how they could," I remarks, sarcastic; "all I know is that they are doing it. Stopwatches don't lie, even if we don't know how they put it over."

"I got a thee-ory—" the Boss's son speaks up, but none of us was in no mood for thee-ories, and I didn't hardly need to give Hobe the sign, but I done it. "Listen, James, thee-ories ain't worth a damn. You might be driving a Midwest, but you ain't telling us how to do anything about this race."

Young Jim shut up like a clam, and it looked to me like his jaws kinda snapped when he did.

I went over on the back stretch myself the next day and I took one of the boys from the shop with me and we timed the Condors over a measured mile, then two miles. Then we timed the Midwests. The three Midwests was doing the two miles as fast as the Condors—but the Boss's son was doing the two miles in something like a quarter of a second faster than the other boys! Well, if that wasn't some little piece of news! I goes back to the pits and talks to the boys one at a time and asks them if they was wide open on the back stretch. Sure, they was! I went to the Boss's son last. He was wide

open, too, as I might of knowed. And the race drivers was supposed to take care of their own cars and this kid was picking up time on my hard-boiled eggs! I'll say something to think about!

"I GOT a thee-ory, Mr. Jones," the Boss's son says to me, "that you better give my car to one of the other boys and let me take theirs. They are more experienced drivers and it will give the factory a better chance to win."

I didn't make no move to go through with the idee. It's a unwritten law in the racing game that every man's car is his castle.

"I won't keep the car," the boy goes on, "and I won't say who is to have it. They can draw straws and the long man takes my car and I take his."

I couldn't keep him from doing it if he wanted to, but in his shoes I'd never of done it. In the draw Hobe Bacon gets the car. He didn't know how to act, and I thought he'd bust up the show right there. And what the boy said to him must of jabbed him worse than ever. "We got to win this race for the factory, and if I got the fastest car and you are the best driver you

ought to have the car. We can't win the race, though, unless we find the other five or six seconds these Condors got on us."

The conference breaks up and I tried to keep away from Hobe, but I couldn't do it. He got me in a corner and starts: "Buck, I'm mighty sick of baiting this boy. Look what he did a while ago. I wouldn't have done it. You wouldn't have done it. Neither would any of the rest of the boys. I—"

"NOW, listen to me, Hobe. Here's the way things stack up: I had a talk with the Boss yesterday, and winning races or nothing else don't matter if this boy of his comes out, and the old man has a thee-ory that the only way to make him stand on his own legs is to do just what we're doing. Are you loyal to the Boss, or are you going to ruin the whole thing by acting like some slushy girl? If he ever does come out of it, why, then it's time enough for you to crawl around on your knees and knock your head in the dust to him, if you want to. But you'll get more credit out of making this boy than you would out of winning a race. And I'll see that the old man hears all about it. You ain't got any boys of your own, or you'd know just how the old man feels."

"All right, have it your way." That was all he said.

My conscience was hurting me some on the deal, and when I got a chance I told the kid it was a mighty fine thing for him to give up his car.

"That's all right, Mr. Jones," he says. That's one thing that always got my goat—always calling me Mister. "I can tune up Bacon's car and have it just as fast as my old one to-morrow—just a thee-ory I got on how to make motors fast," and when he said it I

thought there was a kinda funny catch in his voice, like that slamming of "thee-ory" at him all the time was kinda getting under his hide. . . . He makes good on getting his car just as fast as the one he gives up.

After that I didn't see him any more for two or three days. I didn't ask him where he'd been. Somehow, I didn't expect him to do much in the race, even if he was fast in practise.

YOUNG Jim showed up at the house that night, and about a half-hour later Hobe shows up. There was the two boys and me and Sue. I stayed on the front porch with them, so as to prevent murder, and all the time Jim was talking about different things and not acting like they was anything funny about him and Hobe being there together. Sue was enjoying herself, I could see that. I finally had to tell the boys they was forgetting racing orders, which was they was supposed to be in bed by eleven o'clock. I keeps Hobe a minute or so after Jim went, so they wouldn't be going at the same time and get into a rumpus.

"This thing has reached the breaking point with me," Hobe says. "I have no objection to being loyal to the factory. But I am not doing justice to myself. I have made an enemy of young Dawson and now he is mooning around Sue, and she seems to like it. I doubt seriously whether he would have been so insistent on irritating me, as he is doing, if I had not been continually irritating him—on your orders."

"And the Boss's—don't forget that," I puts in.

"He would be amenable to reason, no doubt, and would feel that I had a prior right to Sue's company. But as matters stand, what right have I to assume he will do anything, other than carry the war into his enemy's territory? That's what I get for mixing in your infernal scheme to remake him. I gave you my promise, Buck," he finishes, "but I want to know, this minute, how long I must carry on the farce."

Just then Sue comes back from the curb, where she has been talking to Jim. "Don't you men think Jim is a sensible young man?" she asks. And I believe Hobe let go of that "Oh, hell!" again, to himself.

"You remember, Hobe," I tells him, as he leaves, "you got to carry on your job till I give you the checkered flag on it. And light into the boy hard to-morrow every chance you get. First thing off the reel, you can ask him why he can't figure out what makes the Condors so fast, and say it plenty rough, too. You ain't so good on your job. You ain't got a single hell or damn out of the boy yet, and the Boss says hell and damn and what goes with it is one of the ee-entials of the automobile business. And one other thing, Hobe—get your noodle working on that speed problem. We've got to win that race. It's serious business with us."

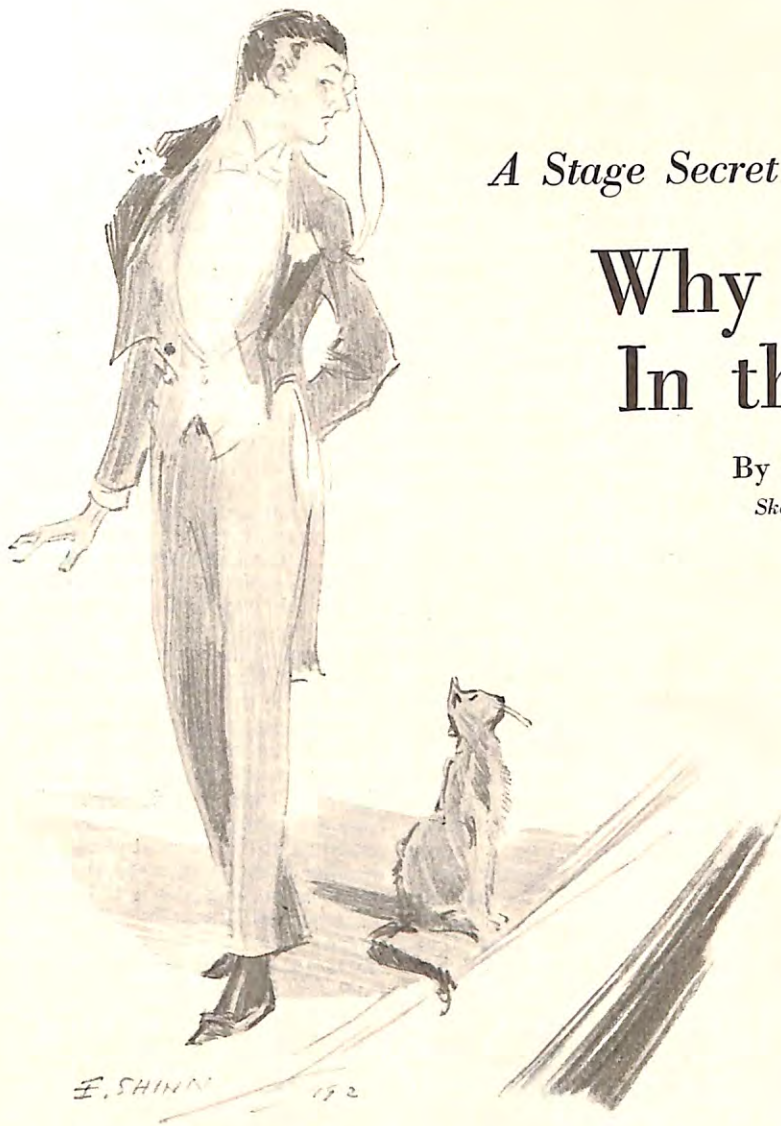
THAT remark of Sue's had set me thinking. Maybe Jim was a mighty fine boy. I ain't ashamed to say it, I wasn't sure at all he'd go big around a factory, but he had some qualities that I did like, and giving up his car was one of 'em.

I'll say this for Hobe, he's a good actor, and maybe he remembered a little about Jim trying to steal Sue. The next morning he jumps all over him. "Haven't you got a thee-ory," he says, "what makes these Condor birds so fast? How they pick up time on the Midwests? Here's one time we ain't going to flag you down if you got one of them thee-ories and it's worth a roll of tape."

And then the H. E. lets go, as they said in the war.

(Continued on page 53)





A Stage Secret Worth a Million Dollars

Why We Laugh In the Theater

By Montrose J. Moses

Sketches by Everett Shinn

and a temperamental similarity, even though man may claim the higher mental process.

You may laugh a man to scorn. The old savage instinct in us when we do this suggests that humor once on a time was brutal, that it has been refined by the ever increasing humanity in us. Once on a time the rôle of *Shylock* was played straight comic, the actor wore a red wig to heighten the joke, and the Elizabethan audiences revelled in the discomfiture of the old Jew. Then racial grossnesses were smoothed down by actors in succeeding generations, and now David Warfield is playing him for deep sympathy. The modern idea is that no joke should put one in an uncomfortable position, for then you pass into ridicule, and ridicule means that there is personal animosity in your method. And those who come to laugh begin to riot.

You laugh because the thing you laugh at is funny in itself, not because of any preconceived feeling you may have. Of course your intelligence may be quicker than that of your neighbor—you may sense more rapidly than he those incongruities which are always at the basis of a joke. The cartoonist would not be countenanced for a moment if he mixed bitterness with those incongruities. However farcical Don Quixote's romantic dreams, there is something humanly lovable about his long shanks, and the genius of Cervantes was that he commingled the two elements. When humor becomes a weapon, we laugh nervously, the bond which binds us trembles. The beware signal is out.

If a person laughs in the wrong place, either there is something the matter with the art or the artist, or there is something uneducated about the person laughing. I recall some children witnessing the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." The lovers at the moment of parting carried the kiss too long, and there were giggles in the audience. It was bad artistic discretion which was at fault. There is something wise in the ruling in the State Board of Censorship for the Movies in Pennsylvania when they decreed that a screen kiss shall be only three feet long! There is humor in this decree, but there may also be an attempt at good taste.

I SUPPOSE there is something crude in all of us which makes us laugh when we see a man slip on a banana peel or run after a hat on a windy day. The unexpected takes us also off our feet, and we give no thought to the physical discomfiture. The man who slips may break his leg; the hatless being may be stricken with pneumonia. Analyze a joke in this manner and it ceases to be one.

THERE'S the nervous laugh, there's the jolly laugh, there's the bitter laugh—there's even the laugh of cruelty. There is no more complicated psychology than that which underlies humor. You may laugh till you cry, you may laugh till your sides ache, you may laugh till you are sick. It is quite an athletic matter to laugh. Have you ever thought how easily you can insult a friend by telling him that he has no sense of humor? Have you ever heard some one say "Come on—laugh and save the situation?" To laugh betokens good health. Or if the system is laden with the fumes of overseriousness, or of tension, to laugh is like a temperamental cathartic—it clears the system of sluggishness. In fact, the ancients used seriously to believe that laughter quickened the circulation, and warmed the feet—and to tickle one into explosive joy was as much a treatment as to bleed one for fever.

There is no more fascinating subject than this, no more complicated one, on which nearly all doctors disagree. Humor is a much more difficult phenomenon to explain than tragedy. For the comic has as many different shades of meaning as the rainbow, while tragedy is either a gray day or a dark night. Death knows no nationality, but a joke has to be viséd at every boundary. Death knows no class distinctions, but jokes vary according to the refinement of a person's sense of humor. In other words, what is one man's humor is another man's poison.

We laugh when we go to the theater, and do not stop to reason why. It is a sensitive, instantaneous process. Something strikes us under the fifth rib, our funny bone is touched, and we are off. Laughter is contagious. It ripples, it guffaws, it twitters. It is a gruff, hearty, fat thing; it is a musical sound which heralds a graceful soul. There is nothing that courts the unexpected like a laugh, there is nothing that abhors the laborious like a joke. But you may have too much of a good thing, and laughter has its limits: There must be a relief. Which reminds me that there is a phrase known to dramatists who are writing serious plays. They say: "Now's the time for comic relief." There must be a normal moment in all kinds of art. I would much rather have it said of a play of mine, "It was full of laughs" or "It was one laugh after another," than "It was a continuous laugh"—for the latter process would be painful, it would be carrying the joke too far.

WHICH suggests that inasmuch as a sense of humor presupposes sensitiveness, a joke must be within bounds, must not pound on the nerves too much. Otherwise you hear a man say, "That ceases to be a joke," and anger steps in. It is not difficult to understand that only a line separates the evolution of a smile from a snarl. And when the dog shows his teeth in anger and the man shows his teeth in sarcasm, there is a physical relationship



Pause in a psychological process and you break it all up—that's why you are advised, "When angry, count a hundred." What a woeful operation it is to attempt explaining a joke to some one without a sense of humor. You feel a lowering of your vitality, the smile freezes on your face, your spontaneous laugh becomes nervous and ceases altogether, you grow irritated. And why? Because you have failed to get it over. Think, night after night, of the comedian who expects to be greeted with roars of laughter, and is faced by silence. He believes that the man in front has had too heavy a dinner and is therefore dull. One man with such a sour face may spoil the comedian's effervescence. Though the rest of the audience may see the joke, there is imaged on the mind of the comedian the unresponsiveness of that one person. He plays the rest of the evening to him. Here is a hard nut to crack. Somewhere in that man's make-up must be a risible sensitiveness. Otherwise he is not quite human. But the psychologists recognize that there are people in the world who are non-laughers, who think it is beneath the dignity of their august persons to waste their time laughing. There is nothing unctuous in their souls. They miss the joy of life; they miss the qualities of sympathy and kindness, they are humor-blind.

I WENT to a delightful evening of Tony Sarg's marionettes, playing an adequate version of "Don Quixote." Better than Sothorn, who played in a dramatization of Cervantes, was the little wooden mannikin. His stiff knees gave just the quality of painstaking chivalry which should go with the make-up of Don Quixote. The audience roared its approval; they roared at the common grosseries of Sancho Panza, the knight's body-servant, first because the two were clever, second because these little folk were manipulated by strings, and lastly be-

cause they were so lifelike and so much better than actors. A man sat next me; never a smile came from his masklike face; his wife was ashamed of him; she

poked him into animation, she was thoroughly dissatisfied with his behavior. I doubt whether Al Jolson or Frank Tinney or Sam Bernard could have moved him. But I am inclined to believe that he was ashamed to give himself away to the illusion of being entertained by mere dolls; whereas Jolson and Tinney and Bernard could talk the language he knew and understood.

At the Court of King Laughter there are many merry sights. Whether you receive them rightly or not depends on your receptive state. If you come to be amused, you are most likely to be amused, unless the comedians or the plays are so dull that they

do not meet with your expectation. Then you go away thinking, "And they call it funny!" But on the billboards recently I met with a headline that roused my resentment. "It was so amusing," read the scareline, "that even the critics laughed." I suppose the manager thought he was using a standard of comparison to measure the excellence of his wit. Comedy is so volatile that it comes unexpectedly; it will take the critic unawares; it will catch him up in the contagion of social feeling that sweeps through an audience at an incident, a quaint manner, a curious turn of character. The critic is not a fun squelcher. While he knows the difference between the grotesque and the humorous; while he can define irony and satire and wit, in the Court of King Laughter he must go with the crowd; it is a thing unheard of that at the theater a critic laughs alone.

Many writers say that comedy is full of tricks. Certainly the dramatist often plants his humor; he gives a dose of it where he thinks it is needed. I have seen Augustus Thomas, after the first night of a comedy of his, standing in the back of the theater during the second performance watching where laughs failed to make their appearance. In the quiet of his study, I surmise, he took the script and infused into it new humor where the original joke fell flat. Comedy sprang from revelry. It was typified at the Court by the Jester or the Clown. He was the official entertainer of Royalty. In books, in plays, he was always a privileged person. He could thrust into the very heart of private affairs, relieve the tension of life, insult the highborn and uplift the lowly. Look at the Clowns in Shake-

peare. Words of wisdom flow from their lips by way of contrast, as when, in Twelfth Night, the Clown faces the Lady Olivia:

Olivia: Take the fool away.

Clown: Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia: Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown: Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

SUCH humor is not quickly evident to the undiscerning, and I can not see it get across at the Hippodrome; we want something more of the slapstick order. Marcelline's whole grip in the early days was his very funny antics keeping busy doing nothing, dropping all things he was about to take hold of, walking miles and getting nowhere. He was the dumb clown, who startled you by never doing what one had every reason to believe he was going to do. The element of surprise, of disappointment started the ripple. Charlie Chaplin might be said to have made his fortune on a series of mishaps occurring at the moment of accomplishment, pushing a cart almost to the top of a hill and then rolling down to the foot again. That sort of humor is worn threadbare in musical comedy—the waiter who sedately starts to descend the stairs, and precipitately skids down the entire flight.



This is a cheap method, never failing of a nervous response, if not a hearty one. Children and the crowd will roar themselves tired over it. Such cheap humor used by the novelist, Hugh Walpole, however, may be taken as the serious turning point, as it so often is in life, in the destiny for instance of the Archdeacon, who is the central character in his novel, "The Cathedral." None has ever crossed this head and front of the Episcopal Church in the small cathedral town. But the time is coming when he will be crossed, when his dignity will be upset. In the height of his dignity he stands with the crowd witnessing a circus passing by. The procession halts for a moment, and the elephant is opposite his reverence. Catching the glint from the silk hat on the Archdeacon's head, the beady eyes of the beast are held fascinated, and with a wild trumpet of anger, the trunk shoots out, denudes the head of the sedate old man, and smashes the hat in the middle of the street. One can imagine the groundlings giving way to their full mirth. They laugh, first, because it is funny to see an elephant playful with anything familiar—that can't be seriously hurt—second, because it is a good thing to see the unexpected happening to superior people, and third, the surprise of the Archdeacon may have been upsetting and joyful. Unhatted, the dignity of the church was put on a common level. Such trivialities may be great turning points, as it was in the Archdeacon's case.

In making people laugh at the theater, the dramatist must start with some basis that he knows the majority of his audience will understand. He must talk in their language. "The applause was intermittent," I have heard it said, which means that only a few caught the meaning or intent. The rest of the audience was cold, and you might just as well count such a comedy a failure at the first. That is why such an amusing play as Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is slow to find its audience. It requires, on the part of the audience, a complete understanding of how a play is made. For these characters want to be put into a drama, and they break in upon the rehearsals of a theater company, and explain to the stage director their dilemma. What they strive to do is pure intellectual enjoyment, embodying many of the principles of the drama found in Aristotle. I fear that, to many, such abstruse humor was boring, and they were eagerly in agreement with the stage director, when he said to the most talkative of the characters:

"Oh, for God's sake, will you at least finish with this philosophizing and let us try and shape this comedy which you yourself have brought me here?"

There is an intimate camaraderie to a laugh at the theater. Recall William Collier at his funniest. Did he not almost wink at you, as though "we two" understood? And is not the entire charm of Balieff, who has come over here from Russia with his Bat Theater, that he introduces each vaudeville "stunt"—perfect of its kind, brilliant in its color, and exquisite in its acting (whether it be a dance, a song, or a little playlet)—with a heart-to-heart, bantering talk? He lightly taps his audience on the knuckles with his irony, and the way in which he says it, the comical blandness of his smile, puts us in holiday humor. If he raps too hard, then the very intimacy of his talk makes us feel that it's the other fellow he means! The Chauve Souris, of which he is the head and front, is nothing but Russian vaudeville carried to the highest pitch of art. It is a picture-book animated.

Of course you can get laughs by con-

trast, passing suddenly from seriousness to railery, and creating a quick response due to the quick transition, the chief method employed by Zöe Akins in her "The Texas Nightingale," the story of a Metropolitan opera singer who mixes temperament with the muscular manliness of the Southwest; and there is the kind of humor which used to reign supreme when the Aristophanes of America—that classic pair, Weber and Fields,—used to give us our only Music Hall. But such sheer cartoon fun has disappeared from our stage altogether, much to its poverty, and we have lost the art of burlesque. We like to poke fun at our own weaknesses, as Connelley and Kaufman did in "To the Ladies" and Frank Craven did in "Too Many Cooks"; we like to hold to merry ridicule our commercial weaknesses, as we did in the Potash and Perlmutter comedies and Megrue's "It



Pays to Advertise." But the deeper irony and criticism, the sparkling line with the sting to it, the cutting insight which mark the plays of Somerset Maugham or Langdon Mitchell in Mrs. Fiske's once-popular "The New York Idea," are not our present idea of fun. I am afraid we are not far from the mother-in-law jokes of moth-worn antiquity, and I'm afraid that much of our laughter comes with the familiar jocularity over "what every married man knows." "I saw Annette Kellerman, as only her husband should see her," wrote a critic, in vulgar mood. There is nothing subtle to our laughter in the theater. We are still children.

The humor of so many of our plays should be in a joke book and not on the stage. They come so fast that we do not attempt to remember them; we merely give ourselves at the moment. From a chapter on "Broad American Humor," I select a few at random:

"Your mouth is crowded with talk. Now spill one word at a time and you will be understood."

"My name is Solomon Yankle." "What is it in English?" "Reginald."

And the old, old timer:

"First Chorus Girl: I got a pearl out of an oyster.

"Second Chorus Girl: That's nothing. I got a whole diamond necklace out of a lobster."

SUCH jokes which are sprung upon us have about as much reason for being in the web and woof of a play as the average musical number in a musical comedy which is dragged in by the teeth merely because the composer's score has a lyric to be sung. There is nothing unctuous in the lines, they are topical, they are the things that are spread on our comic pages. They are familiar to us before they are uttered, but they are said suddenly, and we laugh.

Sometimes we will take criticism if there is a thick sugar coating to the pill. We'll take all sorts of satirical fun in our newspaper "pointed paragraphs." Don't we roar nightly over Will Rogers' sayings on the screen; they are "Cartoon" interpretation of current events. And we are a nation of current events. Look how eagerly the "Topics in Brief" are scanned in our weekly magazines. But none of our librettists for our musical comedies would dare—even granting they had the talent—to imitate Gilbert, whose humor used to whip us into

laughing at our weaknesses, like estheticism and official snobbery. In other words, I fear that most of our laughter at the theater comes from the diaphragm rather than from the heart. And what is unfortunate is that many of our playwrights aim for the diaphragm rather than for the head. Of course it may be pleaded that it is more healthy to have muscular exercise in laughter than to be moved by sophistication and vulgarity such as "Blue Beard's Eighth Wife" gave us. It may be argued that it is better for the literary critic to censure us for the former than for the public official to censor us for the latter!

The laugh which comes from a play on words savors of the intellect. When a critic, witnessing Mme. Bernhardt play *Hamlet*, said on the morrow that he felt he had seen Mlle. Hamletina, there was a world of criticism, and of visual criticism at that, in his phraseology. When Shaw wrote of "Fedora" under the title, "Sardoodledum," you got criticism in a nutshell. Punning is a little more apparent than that, a little more like slapping it in, and, as Lamb says, it's the lowest form of wit unless it comes with a quickness which suits the conventional occasion.

There's the genial humor which warms: essayists like Lamb and Samuel McCord Cruthers and A. A. Milne are full of it: Milne and Barrie depend on it in the theater; it is their chiefest charm. You will not find such ease in our collymnists. As Robert Benchley said only recently, F. P. A. and his confrères are always trying to give knock-out blows in their pithy sayings; they are trying to have a purpose in their raillery. One is led to expect it; the tune of the joke almost pops into one's own head or on one's own tongue before it is sung. But I believe there is no method in real jolly madness.

There has never been a more charming clown than Fred Stone, with his surprise bag of tricks. One has never found more rigid rules for fun than in DeWolf Hopper. Al Jolson or Frank Tinney compresses the expansiveness of the one-time minstrels in a single person. We have never yet had in our theater, except when George Ade wrote for it, anything to approach the pungency of Mr. Dooley in our newspapers. We want to see our humor, rather than feel it; we want our manners and customs and public people and national politics cartooned before our face. We are thus in the savage state. Just as the tribe chief laughs at the missionary with a top hat and a red necktie, so do we laugh at the savage wearing the same thing.

In other words, the trickery of humor might almost be taught to the saddest of persons, and the public write him down as a mirthful fellow. The good Lord stamps one with a face that brings the smiles willy nilly. To look at Balieff is to laugh; Francis Wilson has a bland dryness which provokes laughter; Willie Collier and Edward Abeles have ex-

pressions that are unailing. Ed Wynn spreads thick his nervous talkativeness. Sometimes I wonder if this is the real thing, or merely a rudimentary slapstick which betokens that, being a nervous people, we'll laugh at anything of a distorted nature. Our funny contemporary, Mr. Nathan, has written a book to provoke laughter: it is called "The Popular Theater." Never has the innocuous fun of the crowd been more understandingly pictured and pilloried than here; it makes him the poet-laureate of the white lights. Speaking of Hopper, Mr. Nathan declares that one is pretty sure of witnessing in his evening's entertainment:

"(1) the picking of a carrot and some cherries off the hat of one of the women characters and eating of them, (2) the elaborate preparation for a stupendous sneeze with the ultimate discharge of a diminutive snuffle, (3) the running of the scale with the voice, ending with a basso profundo rumble, (4) the burlesque classic dancing with the right hand held airily aloft and the left hand reaching swanlike to the rear, (5) the pit-a-pat little steps in imitation of the walk of a child, and the various equally familiar sister stratagems. Again, thus to take, for example, Jeff De Angelis, one might always expect to see, whatever the play in which the comedian was appearing, the familiar bundle of dodges beginning with the intricate tangling up of the legs during the flirtation with the leading lady and ending with the kissing of the entire chorus."

If, by chance, any of these recognizable traits are missing, the audience goes away with the feeling that there is a falling off in

the humor of Mr. Hopper and Mr. De Angelis. There is scarcely a person going to see Mr. Hopper who does not beforehand hope the audience will applaud so vociferously that he will take it as an indication that they want him to recite "Casey at the Bat."

HUMOR may be a constitutional thing; it may be inherited from generation to generation. It is told that the family of Joseph Jefferson had in it something like thirty-two members who were on the stage, all of them wanting to play in tragedy, and every one of them being comedians. In fact, our Rip's grandmother died of excessive laughing, and in his autobiography, commenting on this, Joseph Jefferson stated that he himself never laughed without a pain at the base of his brain. There is something in the metabolism of the body which predetermines whether or not one is to be a laugher. The same may be said of the constitutionally sad person. Edwin Booth's family inherited the serious strain, almost to the point of melancholia. In other words, a hearty laugh, in one person, may ring down the centuries.

Bergson has written on Laughter; and so has the psychologist Sully, and so has Max Eastman. And still there is much to be said of its use in the theater. It's a social thing, a contagious thing. I remember going to an Italian comedy, when Novelli, the great Italian actor, reached New York. The theater was filled with his countrymen. I arrived in the midst of a ripple of merriment. You could pick out the Americans by the strained stolidity of their faces. They were out in the cold; they had no basis of understanding. When Réjane came to New York in a repertory of vulgar French plays, a mere shrug of her bare shoulders used to set her kinsmen into roars of laughter; we didn't know the street meaning or the boudoir significance of such shrugs. The humor of our Pullman sleeping cars would scarcely appeal to the camel driver.

Max Eastman speaks of the droll personality—the man who makes people laugh merely because in his own person he is funny. Artemus Ward was such; so were Mark Twain and Eugene Field and Bill Nye. On any platform, just to hear them was to laugh. This was a serious handicap when they wanted to be serious. Have you ever met a humorist who did not want to be taken seriously? I know no two men who had sadder faces than Charles Battell Loomis and John Kendrick Bangs.

Professor William Lyon Phelps recently commented on the younger generation of novel-writers, deploring our tendency to laugh lightly over things we should take very gravely to heart. Molière laughed the professions to scorn; we've been laughing at the doctors and the lawyers on our stage ever since. Of course humor has its place, and oftentime the dramatist who can, however lightly, balance laughter so as not to crowd out gravity, has accomplished wonders. It's our ability to laugh which makes us realize that all the world's a stage, and not a vale of tears.





Margaret Lawrence
and
Tom Nesbit

"SECRETS" by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton is of the highly sympathetic variety of the comedy of manners. Starting with a glimpse of the heroine in her old age still faithfully watching at the bedside of her somewhat exacting John, the years are rolled back to give us a glimpse into the inarticulate, half-sensed secrets of marriage. Some very excellent acting and a fine opportunity for the charming Miss Lawrence to wear all those captivating costumes inaugurated with the crinolines of 1867

WHITE



WHITE

"Glory," by James Montgomery, the successful author of "Irene," has the somewhat uncommon musical comedy attributes of a plot with bona fide complications and an unusually charming score that is quite convincingly an integral part of the proceedings. Patti Harrold as a young country girl sings and acts in a manner that entitles her to a leading man such as Walter Regan and an altogether capable cast



KENDALL EVANS

Marion Miller as a blue bird in one of the dance numbers of the new Music Box Revue. What with a new set of tunes by Irving Berlin, a cast which includes a large assortment of beguiling entertainers and a recklessly lavish production, the revue achieves considerable sparkle and glitter to delight the eye and charm the ear



MURRAY

A newcomer this season, Helen Gahagan gives a performance in Franz Molnar's "Fashions for Men," that is forceful and smooth, even when played opposite so cunning an artist as O.P. Heggie. A gentle comedy with a hero who is quite exasperatingly good, and by way of villain a sinful old count with a weakness for being virtuous

Genevieve Tobin (left) is one of those gifted young actresses born under the guiding star of a family with a theatrical tradition. Since her debut in "A Grand Army Man," Miss Tobin has successfully run the gamut of ingenue rôles in vaudeville and musical comedy, and has arrived as the star of Guy Bolton's new comedy, "Polly Preferred"



KENDALL EVANS



ABBE

Fred and Adele Astaire whose generally delightful dancing goes far to account for the considerable success of the "Bunch and Judy." A musical comedy for which Jerome Kern has written the lyrics and Anne Caldwell the libretto. Particularly enjoyable is the gay and nimble burlesque of Russian steps which the Astaires dance to Kern's apt travesty of Russian music



WHITE

In "The Fool," Channing Pollock has succeeded in making a genuinely dramatic and moving play out of the common speculation that has fascinated each succeeding generation for 2,000 years as to just what Christ would do if he were to come among us to-day. As Daniel Gilchrist, the young man with a vision, James Kirkwood gives an almost perfect performance and Sara Sothern is excellent in the rôle of a crippled child



MURAY

For some years Joseph Schildkraut has had a yearning and studious eye on the title rôle of Henrik Ibsen's Peer Gynt. The current season which has gratified a number of pet ambitions will bring to Mr. Schildkraut this month the desired opportunity in a finely artistic production with a notable supporting cast

The return of Lucrezia Bori to the operatic stage following the almost miraculous recovery of her voice was a thrilling event of last season. The premiere youthful lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Senorita Bori has created a Juliet surpassing in its loveliness and its genuine quality of youthful passion



MURAY



E. H. HESSE

Ina Claire
in
The Awful Truth

THIS is the latest offering of Arthur Richman. Despite a grand disdain for plausibility Mr. Richman has made a stride forward in the mastery of the art of high comedy. The play is perfectly cast, and gives Miss Claire an opportunity for a bout of subtle and artful vamping versus the personable Bruce McRae. Finding herself in love with the husband she has divorced from mere caprice, she so sparkles and scintillates that against his better judgment he is once more inveigled into matrimony



*"We've simply got
to be friends now;
I'm Olive Farnam"*

The Pretenders Reveal Themselves and Fresh Complications Endanger Their Security

Pretenders

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

Part III

For Synopsis of First Part See page 54

WITH Helen on her pony and Billy in the governess' cart, Alice passed the Crosby house every morning. The children frequently reminded her that the beautiful lady of the wonderful garden had told them to come in whenever they liked, but Alice waited, feeling that the visit would be more happily managed if they watched until they again saw Miss Farnam in the garden.

She gave free reign to her imagination in speculations as to what would happen if she were to walk into the Crosby house and declare herself. Proof would be easily forthcoming; she could go into the telegraph office and summon all Warrenton to support her claims. But this would be to throw away the freedom and immunities she had gained.

The young woman so coolly usurping her place fascinated her. She had no desire to disturb Miss Olive Farnam, but the voice of the man who had slain Tom Farnam still troubled the true Olive's dreams. Having escaped from danger, it seemed cowardly to permit this other girl to run the risk of confronting a dangerous outlaw who, if he learned the truth, would be sure to find some way of making trouble for the impostor.

She considered all manner of ways of approaching the pretender and telling her enough to assure her protection. The

more she thought of this the tighter it gripped her. The huge joke of her own renunciation of the Farnam millions would be immensely augmented if she were to become the guide and counselor of the dark-eyed girl who had taken her place.

On a morning when the governess and her charges had gone out earlier than usual the quick eyes of the children espied Miss Farnam in the grounds near the gates.

"I hoped you'd be coming along and here you are! Won't you come in and play awhile?"

The children at once settled the matter. Having waited to see them established on terms of amity with her collie, Oodles led Alice to a stone bench from which they commanded a view of the entire garden.

"It's perfectly wonderful weather. I suppose you're out of doors most of the time?"

"Except for lessons; they are short and we have them in the open too, sometimes."

"You're lucky to have something to do," remarked Oodles, a little wistfully, Alice thought.

There was a shyness on both sides that yielded slowly in these first moments. Uppermost in Miss Farnam's mind was the fact that Miss Morton came from the Wend-

ling household. And it was possible that Dr. Wendling had told the governess that he had seen Miss Farnam before the meeting in the road; had indeed known her as Vivian Locke before she became Olive Farnam. This disturbed her only fleetingly; two weeks had passed since the meeting, and if the doctor had meant to make trouble for her he would doubtless have done so before now. But he was a gentleman; he would hardly expose her without giving her a chance to explain.

Alice's mind traversed a circle of doubt and questioning, coming back invariably to the conclusion that no matter who the girl was or how she might explain herself, it was a joy to know her. She was the sort of a girl, Alice felt, that she would have chosen anywhere and in any circumstances for a friend and chum.

"It must be fine," said Alice leadingly, "to be living in a big house like that, with a lot of servants to wait on you!"

"Oh, I'd always been used to waiting on myself, and it's hard to get used to the change," honestly confessed Oodles. "It's all just like a dream. Do you ever feel like that—everything a little queer and hazy?"

"Yes; I know just how you feel, for I'm in a strange place too. Sometimes I feel as though I'd have to stop being very proper and ladylike and just scream!"

"That's exactly the way I feel!"

"Of course it's different from living on a

ranch. I read in the papers you were brought up on a ranch," said Alice. "But I suppose they don't know anything about the West down here."

"Well, Aunt Olive understands about that from her hunting trips in the West. She's a perfect darling. But Uncle Maybury is very prim and dignified. He's educating me; and it's going to be an awful big job!"

"But it must be very interesting," replied Alice. "The Wendlings say Mr. Crosby knows more than anyone about art and things like that."

"I think he must! And he's discovered something queer in me. You know I never knew a word of Italian and yet he found out accidentally that I can understand it, whole chunks of Italian poetry!"

"IT'S certainly romantic that you understand Italian when you don't know how you do!"

"I'm a kind of freak, I suppose."

"Of course, there must be some explanation. Everything can be explained if you take time to it."

The conversation progressed with growing liking on both sides. For the first time since she stepped from behind the counter at Arlington's the girl who had adorned the toilet goods department of that emporium was enjoying a leisurely talk with another girl—a girl it was easy to get on with, a girl in whom she felt a singular charm and attraction. She was eager to prolong the visit.

"If you don't mind, I'll send to the house for some cookies and milk for the children," she suggested.

There was no objection to this, for the children always had a lunch at eleven, so Oodles ran across the lawn to intercept one of the laborers on the estate and dispatch him to the kitchen.

Alice's wits had been working rapidly. If it weren't for the girl's undreamed-of danger she would leave her to the enjoyment of her splendor without a qualm. But in all fairness she must be told that Peyton was likely to cause her trouble. The subject might be broached with the least shock to

the Pretender if she were to open the way by a confession that she herself was not altogether what she appeared to be.

IV

"I suppose," began Alice, when the two were settled again after lunch, "this isn't a bit proper. I'm a governess, working for wages, and you're—"

"I hope you don't think I'd care! We're in mourning, you know, and don't see anybody; and I almost die for a girl to talk to."

"I can turn that round and say the same to you! Mrs. Elstun is a perfect angel, and they're all very nice to me, but there's nothing takes the place of a girl you can let yourself just run on with! That was her brother, Dr. Wendling, the day we met you with Mr. Crosby. He told me not to be a trained nurse. I'd always thought that would be very romantic."

"I used to think of that, too," Oodles confessed. "I used to think of everything and dream and dream before—"

"I suppose we all have things in our lives we don't tell anybody; I don't mean terrible things but little things that make a lot of difference to just ourselves; but we can't talk about them."

"I was just thinking of that!" exclaimed Oodles.

"I'm—I'm a sort of a mystery, you know," Alice resumed. "It was fine of Mrs. Elstun to take me into her family when she doesn't know a thing about me."

"I met her on a train. I began helping with the children and finally she asked me if I wouldn't like going home with her and being governess. So here I am!"

"Well, there are lots of kind people in the world; I've found that out!" declared Oodles. "But of course she knew you were nice; anybody would know that!"

"Oh, thank you! But I've deceived her just by not telling her who I am, or anything about myself. I changed my name and decided that I'd lose myself absolutely. I don't think that was very wrong when I was injuring only myself. But lots of people would think me very silly!"

Oodles' heart beat fast. Miss Morton was making a confidante of her and one confidence invites, if it does not demand, another.

"Did you ever think," she asked, "how marvelous it would be if some day some one would take you by the hand and lead you away and wave a magic wand over your head and make a different person of you? I know it sounds perfectly wild, but that—that's just what happened to me!"

"Well, my case was a little different. I didn't want any magic wand to touch me on the forehead. I dodged and ran away to keep from being changed into some one else."

"But you won't go on forever being something you are not! Do you suppose anyone could do that; I mean forever and forever?"

"It might happen so, I suppose," Alice assented slowly. "All you'd have to do would be just to keep hiding and avoiding your destiny."

"It's strange you say that. That's just like my case!"

She glanced toward the Crosby house, and her voice sank to a whisper.

"You won't ever tell, not anyone, as long as you live? Well, I'm not Olive Farnam at all but a girl they picked up to fill her place because she got *lost*! Isn't it awful—that I'd let myself get into a scrape like that?"

"I don't think it awful at all," replied Alice. "I think it's the grandest joke I ever heard of. And now don't be scared by anything I say. And promise me never to tell; will you?"

Startled to find she had told her secret, the fraudulent Olive only nodded gravely, thinking more of her broken compact with the Crosbys than of any reciprocal confidence her companion might impart. Contrition lay heavily upon her, her lips were still compressed as though she had fortified herself against further incriminating speech, when Alice seized her hands.

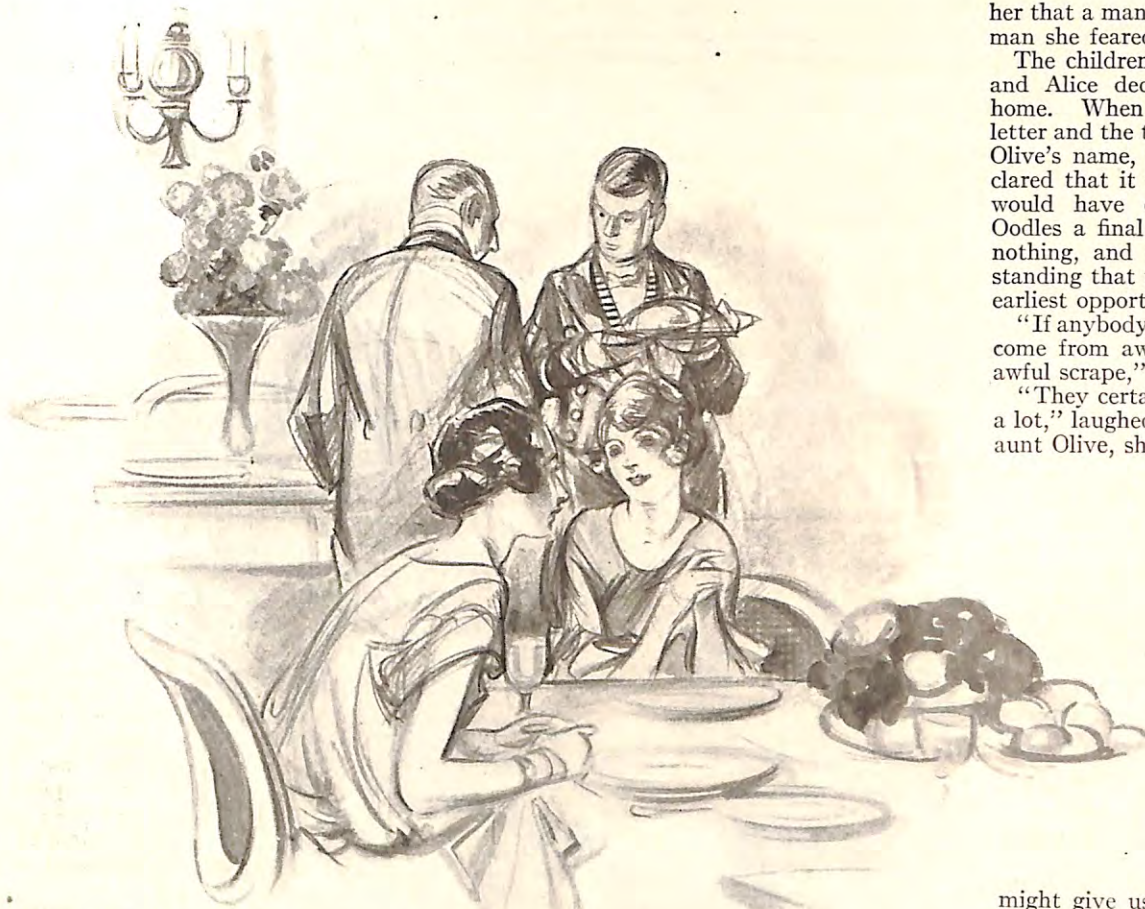
"We've simply got to be friends now; I'm Clive Farnam!"

The impostor was instantly on her feet, ready for flight, but Alice, prepared for some such move, smilingly sprang in front of her.

"Be careful! Remember, you promised never to tell! Nobody could have guessed it! Don't have the tiniest little notion that I

Wendling was about to leave, but an appealing glance from the face against the pillow caused him to hesitate





Luncheon, served in the dining-room, failed to curb their spirits. The humor of the situation laid a strong hold upon them

mean any harm to you; we're going to stand together! I wouldn't change places with you for worlds!"

"Oh, but after this I can't go on with it!" cried Oodles, almost in tears. "I'm bound to be caught and punished."

"We'll have to be sure nothing like that happens! Think what would happen to me, if you exposed me! It's just the queerest kind of luck that brought me here close to you."

"I thought it would last only a day or two, or I would never have consented to it," said Oodles very honestly. "I was a clerk in a store, and Mrs. Crosby came along one day and took me to lunch. She said her niece had disappeared and that there would be a lot of newspaper notoriety which would do her, *you*, I mean, serious injury!"

"Oh, it was Mrs. Crosby's idea!" exclaimed Alice. "I hoped you had thought it up by yourself!"

"I would never have been smart enough!" replied Oodles dolefully. "It seemed so awfully romantic that I simply couldn't refuse. But you didn't come and they brought me down here and sent word to the newspapers that Olive Farnam had arrived."

"THAT'S perfectly marvelous," cried Alice. "I was wondering all the time why the papers didn't say anything about my disappearance, but they didn't because I had arrived!"

"Of course, it *is* funny, if you look at it that way," said Oodles. "But you don't know how ridiculous it is for me to be playing a part like this. I'm not anybody at all; I don't know a single thing about my family. My parents died when I was a baby, and the people who adopted me—they were the

kindest people in the world—died when I was in high school."

"You never knew your father or mother?" said Alice. "Do you know, I don't remember my mother at all, and I have never even seen a picture of her; my father never spoke of her. She must have died when I was very little, but I have dreamed about her and wondered whether I'm like her."

"And I wonder in just the same way about my mother," said Oodles gently. "But now you will have to come to the house and help me explain to Aunt Olive—" She colored deeply as the phrase slipped from her. "I mean Mrs. Crosby."

"You see how perfectly you are taking my place!" laughed Alice. "My only reason for telling you at all is to warn you about a few things you ought to know." She frowned for an instant with the stress of her thoughts. "I want to give you a few helpful hints."

"Why, you're throwing away your whole life!"

"But there's something I've got to tell you," Alice went on. "It's about what happened at the ranch the night father was killed. It's so horrible—" she pressed her hand to her eyes for a moment—"I can't think of it even now without terror. But I want you to know that the murderer threatened me. And it troubles me to think that he may try to follow me—that he may come here and do you some injury. The Crosbys, of course, know nothing about that."

Oodles listened breathlessly. She was debating with herself as to whether she should tell of the encounter with the strange man who had accosted her as Olive Farnam, but Alice's agitation was so great as she recalled the night of her father's murder that Oodles decided it would be a mistake to tell

her that a man who was in all likelihood the man she feared was already seeking her.

The children had run ahead to the gate, and Alice declared that she must hurry home. When Oodles spoke of Conwell's letter and the telegram they had sent him in Olive's name, the governess laughingly declared that it was exactly what she herself would have done. She extracted from Oodles a final promise to tell the Crosbys nothing, and they parted with an understanding that they would meet again at the earliest opportunity.

"If anybody who had ever seen you should come from away out yonder I'd be in an awful scrape," protested Oodles.

"They certainly would think I'd changed a lot," laughed Alice. "I'll say this for my aunt Olive, she paid me a high compliment in picking you out to fill my place."

CHAPTER SEVEN

I

"Oodles has a cold," said Maybury Crosby. "She didn't seem at all comfortable at dinner. I think it would perhaps be well to have a physician look at her."

"Ridiculous," Mrs. Crosby ejaculated. "The doctor at Southampton wouldn't do her a particle of good."

"I was thinking that this might give us an opportunity—I was just wondering," he went on, "whether Dr. Wendling may not be at Onamatogue."

"Wendling's a nerve specialist, and probably wouldn't come if you called him. And it would be foolish to expose Oodles to the scrutiny of a person whose business it is to look at people carefully. So far we have been very lucky!"

"I HAD something else on my mind. Calling him to make sure that Oodles' cold is not serious would give me an excuse that I've been waiting for, to talk to him about something else that he may be able to advise me about. Yesterday Oodles came into my study and sat down at the table where I had left a volume of Tasso lying open. She at once became absorbed in it. She began reading aloud in that same rather strained tone you will remember she used the first night when she repeated those lines of Dante. She kept it up for five or ten minutes, and when I went back to her she had closed the book and was staring with a vacant gaze at the wall. I pretended that I hadn't noticed anything, but she seemed nervous for some time afterward. It's because I'm concerned about this that I want to talk to Dr. Wendling. Such cases are right in his line. If we asked him to drop in just as a neighborly favor to satisfy us that the cold amounts to nothing, I could find a way to broach this matter delicately—very delicately, of course."

"It would have to be most delicate," she commented with faint irony. "If there's something in Oodles' mind that we know nothing about, the first thing a scientific man would ask for would be the full history of the girl. You're taking a big chance, my dear Maybury, in fooling with the thing at all. The case is so extraordinary that his curiosity as a man of science would be immediately aroused."

The common sense of this was unassailable, and Maybury dropped the matter. However, the next morning Oodles' cold was no better. She registered a slight tem-

perature, and after another conference Mrs. Crosby reluctantly agreed that it might be wise to call a doctor. It was decided that Dr. Wendling was preferable to the village practitioner, and Mrs. Crosby took it upon herself to do the necessary telephoning. It was at the luncheon hour that she heard his voice on the wire.

When Dr. Wendling returned to the table it was necessary to answer his mother's question as to who had called him and his announcement, with professional brevity, that Mrs. Crosby wished to consult him, caused the governess to lift her head quickly.

"I tried to persuade her that I'm out of general practice, but she appealed to me on neighborly grounds."

He was trying to conceal the fact that Mrs. Crosby's call astonished him greatly. If it had been herself or her husband, he would have thought nothing of it, but to be summoned to attend Miss Farnam was bewildering. Once Miss Vivian Locke, alias Olive Farnam, became his patient he could not honorably betray her, though when it came to that, he was without any proof that she was not the veritable niece of Mrs. Crosby.

He had not meant to confess that it was Miss Farnam who required his services; but his mother's further questioning made it necessary.

"It's Miss Farnam I'm to see. She has a slight cold and her aunt refused to act on my gentle hint that she call the village doctor."

"Be sure and tell us all about the famous Oodles," was Mrs. Elstun's parting admonition. "I'm simply wild to know what she's like."

OODLES, chafing under her enforced imprisonment, had only a few minutes' warning of the doctor's approach.

"We're not really alarmed about you," explained Mrs. Crosby, "but you never can tell where a cold will lead to. I never have colds myself but your uncle Maybury snuffles at the slightest provocation, and he's quite sure you're in mortal danger. Luckily Dr. Wendling is at his mother's at Onamatogue today, so we've asked him to stop in and look you over."

At the mention of Dr. Wendling, Oodles gasped, then coughed to hide her perturbation. That she might become the patient of the young physician had never entered into her speculations. But for her promise to the real Olive to continue at the Crosbys, she would have made a clean breast of her acquaintance with Dr. Wendling.

"I'm afraid," ventured Oodles, "that we're taking an awful chance of getting into trouble by calling a doctor."

Mrs. Crosby laughed merrily.

"Too late to worry about that now, anyhow. It's all a beautiful muddle but I wouldn't change it if I had it all to do over again."

Mrs. Crosby met Wendling at the door of the sick room and made quick work of her thanks for his kindness in coming, and introduced him to his patient.

"Dr. Wendling, our niece, Miss Farnam!"

"I should say at a glance that you're not dangerously ill," he said with an encouraging smile; "but it's against the rules to say that to a patient without going through the form of an examination."

He sat down beside the bed, counted her pulse and produced a thermometer. He was acting his part splendidly.

"I won't write a prescription. A gargle of salt water, snuffed a little to clear the nasal passages, a hot bath and a little quinine at bedtime ought to end your discomfort."

Absorbed and unconscious of her auditor, she gradually yielded herself to the spirit of Chopin



"I'm so relieved!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "Thank you for not giving me a lot of dreadful medicine," said the patient.

Mrs. Crosby sent to the kitchen for salt and when it was brought retired to prepare the solution. Crosby looked in, anxious for the doctor's report, and expressed his relief that the matter was so simple.

"Oodles is very precious—much more important than any of my art treasures!" he said to Wendling. "Art seems futile when nature is capable of such work," and with a graceful wave of the hand toward the patient, he left the room.

Mrs. Crosby, having been assured by the doctor that the gargle had been perfectly compounded, was hovering about when Simmons knocked to announce that Mrs. Glendenning was calling.

"Dear me! It's my Aunt Rachael and I wouldn't dare excuse myself. Of course, it's you she wants to see, Oodles; she's your great aunt, you know; but I'll get rid of her."

Wendling had risen to take his leave, but an appealing glance from the face against the pillow caused him to hesitate.

"Please don't hurry, Dr. Wendling," said Mrs. Crosby, from the door. "A little chat with our patient will assist the cure; and she's seen no one since she came to us."

"Thank you! But don't let me be a nuisance to you, Miss Farnam."

"It was awfully nice of you to come at all. I suppose I'd have to be quite out of my wits before you'd take any serious interest in my case. To be honest with you I'll tell you that I had a terrible case of fright when I heard that aunt Olive had asked you to come to see me."

"You thought of me as a calamity?"

"Well, not quite that! I thought of you as a danger, though."

"That's much better!"

"IT'S awfully kind of you to be pretending that we never met before," she said lowering her voice, "but of course we have!"

"I'd be ashamed to admit it if I'd forgotten! If we haven't met before then I'm the victim of a most singular hallucination."

"I don't know how long we can talk," she whispered hurriedly, "but I'd like to tell you—"

"I should feel hurt if you thought it necessary to tell me anything!" he said smiling broadly; then earnestly, "Of course I felt a good deal cut up when you broke your luncheon engagement with me, but even that doesn't have to be explained."

"I was awfully sorry about the luncheon."

"Oh, I was more than sorry! Your sudden disappearance was a little hard to explain to my mother."

He was meeting the situation as she had

hoped and expected he would meet it. His ease and good humor, his manner of conveying to her the idea that she had no cause to fear him.

"I don't want you to think me terribly wicked in making the change. I only had to tell two or three lies. Really, that was all!"

"I've been guilty myself of fibbing."

"But you never pretended—"

"Oh, I pretend all the time! I lie to my patients outrageously."

She raised herself impatiently and bent toward him.

"The more I want you to know, the more you try to keep me from explaining all this! I want you to know!"

"But I don't care! I was never more honest in my life than when I tell you that I don't care to know how you came to be here; but there's just this thing that I would like to say." His tone was very kind and he met directly the gaze of her great dark eyes. "Just viewing it from the outside, I should say that it's a dangerous game."

She beckoned him to draw near and whispered:

"It wasn't my idea at all! It was Mrs. Crosby; she asked me to do it!"

"Mrs. Crosby!" he stared blankly.

"The other girl didn't turn up and Mrs. Crosby was afraid it would look bad—be a kind of disgrace to the family—and she asked me to let her pretend that I was her niece until the real Olive came."

"What a preposterous thing to attempt!"

"It's all true enough; it happened just that way."

"What's going to happen when the other girl does show up!"

"Suppose you tell me the answer!"

They both laughed. She found it a great relief to be able to laugh with some one about it—some one who had known her in her previous existence which now seemed so remote.

"I can see just how this game would

amuse Mrs. Crosby," said Wendling, "but I never heard of anything so charged with danger to all concerned as this escapade," he declared, frowning.

"Please don't talk so! You're scaring me to death!"

"I don't mean to do that. The danger isn't really to you. If I'm a judge of character, Mrs. Crosby's a good sport and would never let you suffer. What might happen to her if she got caught makes me shudder."

"I don't think she worries a particle."

"Of course I have no business to be lingering." He glanced at his watch. "I shan't have the slightest excuse to come back professionally. But I suppose I might take advantage of this introduction to call again socially. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby wouldn't mind that?"

"I don't believe they would, but of course we're in mourning and not seeing people."

"Oh, I get the point of that! The fewer people that see you, the less danger. And remember," he said, clasping her hand, "I'm your friend."

"Thank you, yes! You don't know how much better I feel for telling you."

IN THE hall Wendling encountered Crosby, who had been waiting for him to leave the sick room.

"I wonder if you could give me a few minutes, Doctor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Crosby," said Wendling, wondering at the man's gravity.

"I shall be as brief as possible," Crosby continued. "Candidly, it's my niece I shall speak of, but perhaps the best way to state my case is by putting it in hypothetical form. Suppose you were to come by chance upon a young woman who had studied no foreign languages except French, but who was able, quite unaccountably, to read another language—we will say Italian. I'm speaking from personal knowledge when I say that I know of such a case, and that the young woman is sincere in saying that she

cannot explain her singular gift. In my groping for an explanation I have fallen back upon a word I know nothing about—*atavism*."

Wendling's face lighted but he shook his head.

"You are touching on a phenomenon of the greatest interest, but it is a field in which we only grope. An aptitude for languages might appear in an individual and be traceable to an ancestor, but that the language itself should be transmitted is quite a different thing. Science is of little help to us, so to understand the case it becomes necessary to exhaust the whole ancestral line. I should want to witness personally exhibitions of this genius or talent or whatever it might be called. I suppose you could arrange that?"

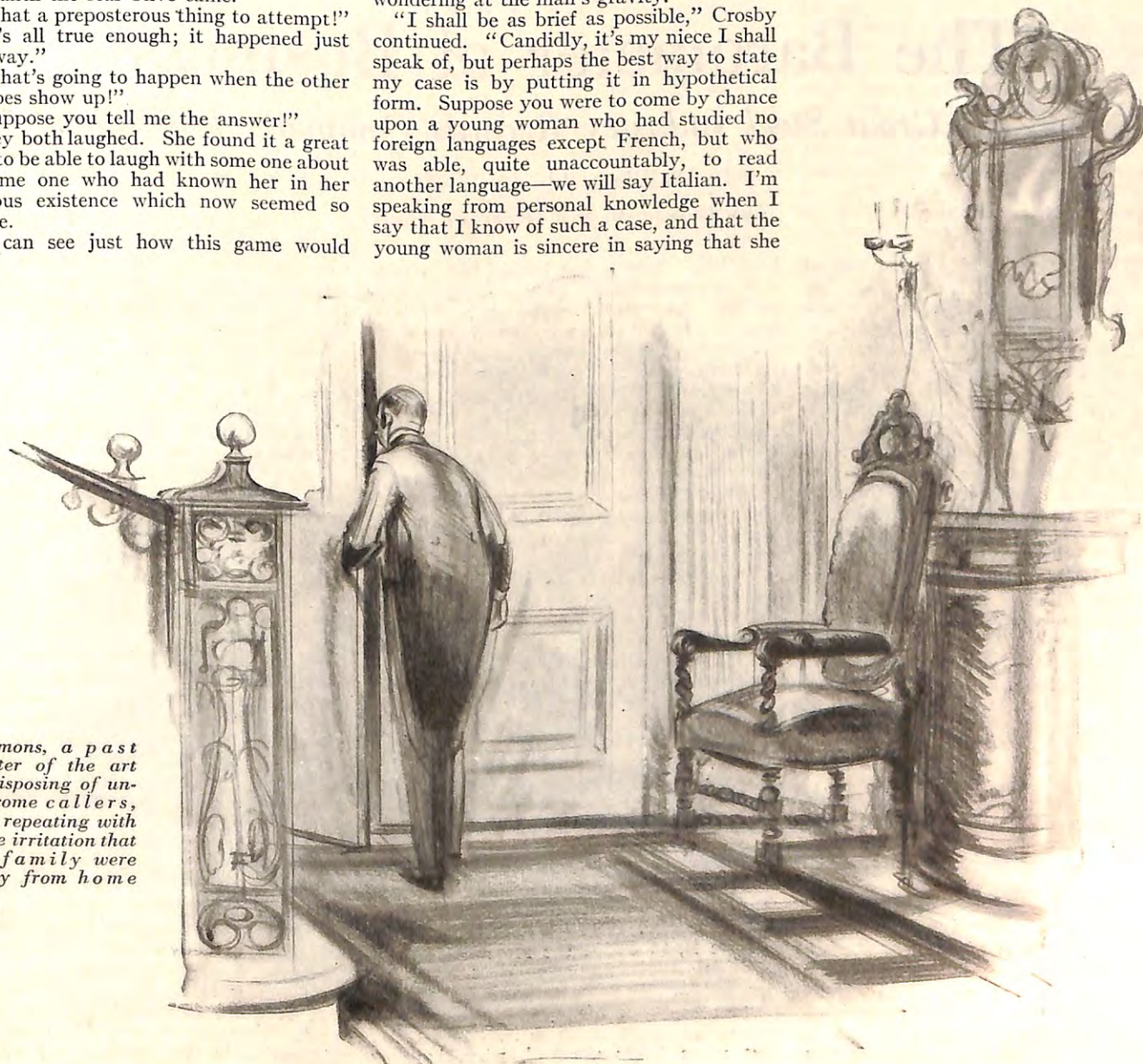
"Yes; at least I should try to do so."

Maybury pondered, twirling his glasses.

"Knowing nothing about the girl's mother, we confront a blank wall there," he volunteered. I judge that our niece was three or four years old when her father settled in Montana; before that he had been a rover and had lived in many out-of-the-way places. The papers sent us by the authorities at Warrenton shed no light on his marriage."

Wendling knit his brows but his stress of thought was not due to an effort to explain Vivian Locke's ability to understand Italian,

(Continued on page 54)



Simmons, a past master of the art of disposing of unwelcome callers, was repeating with some irritation that the family were away from home



The Barometer of Business

How the Great Steel Industry Records Commercial Weather

By William Almon Wolff

Night Photographs by W. M. van der Weyde

WHY is "steel" the barometer of business? There is no dispute that that is so; in times of business uncertainty nothing is quite so significant as the United States Steel Corporation's quarterly report of its unfilled orders. But why is this true? That leads to another question: What is this business, this industrial entity that we call "steel"?

It isn't, by any means, only the United States Steel Corporation. That great organization has never controlled the steel business; has never wanted to achieve a monopolistic position in its field. It has been, from the first, much too intelligently directed to harbor so dangerous an ambition. Steel is still, to a very considerable extent, a competitive business. Agreements of various sorts there are, beyond doubt; Pittsburg rules prices; competition is, certainly, not destructive. But it exists, and it probably always will.

Steel is a misnomer, in a way. It should be, at least, iron and steel. And the word steel itself is about as distinctive and as definitive as the word people. There are many sorts of steel, and some of the substances called steel are really iron, just as some called iron are really steel. However, these matters of definition are not particularly significant here. It's enough to remember that there are, in fact, different sorts of steel; that the steel rail over which you ride in a train is of a different steel from that of which the body of the coach you ride in is made, and that still a different steel was used in the high speed tools that were used in making that body.

Before you have steel at all, of course, you

have iron. Steel is iron treated in a certain way and containing a certain percentage of carbon. So "steel" begins with the iron ores in which America is marvelously rich. No finer ores are to be found in all the world than those of the Lake Superior region. Usually, when "steel" is said, a good deal of finished iron production is included in the meaning of the word. Iron, as well as steel, comes out of Pittsburg and Birmingham, Youngstown and Bethlehem and Gary.

Historians speak of an iron age. But this is more truly an iron age than any that went before it. Modern life without iron and steel is unthinkable.

Our whole life is one constant demand for products of iron and steel. Transportation depends upon steel—for rails, for rolling stock. Automobiles and their engines could not be made without iron and steel. Road-making machinery is of iron and steel.

Modern construction in cities is based upon structural steel. Reinforced concrete calls upon steel for support. Build a wooden house in the country, and you will be a customer of the steel industry for nails and plumbing fixtures, at least. Think of the steel that goes into safety razor blades, into needles, into pins; the iron required for every electric installation. It would be possible to go on for page after page like this, citing the uses of iron and steel, but it is unnecessary. You can do it for yourself.

Here is, in effect, the reason for steel's position as the barometer of business. The demand for iron and steel can't fall below a certain point, or life, practically speaking, life as we know and live it, would cease. But when times are bad, when building

stops, when travel falls off, when freight shipments dwindle, it is this vast and sensitive industry that gives the first warning signs. All over the country, business men, sensing a coming slump, tighten up. Jones decides to wait a year before adding to his store. Brown thinks he'd better make the old car do for one more season. Farmer Smith tells his boy they'll let that pasture-fence stand a while longer.

And everywhere other Browns and Joneses and Smiths are making similar decisions—and postponing orders that would, ultimately, swell the volume of orders for steel and iron products. Naturally, inevitably, steel is the barometer of business. No other industry is so swiftly, so universally, affected by feelings of pessimism and optimism.

THE story of the iron and steel industry in America is one of the most brilliant and picturesque chapters of American history. Great names flash through it. It is like the story of some war with the names of generals gleaming against a background full of the color of adventure and embattled struggling. Carnegie, never to be forgotten, and his coterie of brilliant young men—Schwab, Carnegie's aid, becoming president of the great Steel Corporation, branching off to breathe new life into Bethlehem; Schwab, again, grasping opportunity in 1914, when the world went to war, and being almost the first, if not actually the first, to realize what that catastrophe must mean. Gary, whose name today is almost synonymous with that of the industry of which he is the head. Then Corey, out of the monstrous corporation in the presidency of which he

succeeded Schwab, but still in steel—until, just now, Bethlehem has swallowed up his Midvale company. Here are great names, but one in a hundred, a thousand!

Look at the cities steel has raised, with their spreading acres of homes and shops, their palls of smoke by day and night, their flaming furnaces reddening the sky for miles around! Pittsburg, Gary, Youngstown, Bethlehem! Try to count the wealth that steel has added to the nation's riches, and be dizzied in the attempt!

Before you can have steel you must have iron. And iron begins as ore—as the rich magnetite, the almost equally rich hematite, limonite, down to siderite.

Man must have discovered the properties of iron when the world was very young. Primitive man, when he mastered fire, found a strange, new substance that remained when certain rocks were melted on his hearth. His acquisition of knowledge about iron was one of his first great steps upward from savagery. We can not know when this took place—iron is older, far older, than history itself. The earliest iron vanished long ago, for iron, with all its strength, is short of life; it rusts in contact with the air; becomes an oxide of iron, dissolves into a reddish powder, and is gone. But we do know that iron was well known to the ancient Greeks, the Hebrews; Tubal Cain, in Genesis, seventh in descent from Adam, was an iron worker; Alexander the Great knew four sorts of steel, at least.

But ancient as was the knowledge of iron and of its smelting, comparatively ancient as was the knowledge of the tempering of iron for steel, real progress in the arts of iron and steel-making was slow. Even to-day primitive methods of iron-making persist in many parts of the world. Yet amazingly fine results were achieved, primitive though some of the methods were. It may be, indeed, that we have lost some things—certainly we have no steel to-day as marvelously tempered as were the blades of Toledo and Damascus, if we can believe the stories of them that have come down.

Modern iron-making began with the invention of the blast furnace. In the old

forges iron was not melted so that it could be poured; they yielded lumps of fine metal which could be reheated and shaped and tempered to make steel. Then came the blow furnace and cast-iron—the great step.



The molten metal could now be poured into moulds. Then came the use of coke instead of charcoal.

In America iron-making began early. An iron furnace was begun on the James River in 1620, but had to be abandoned; iron was actually made at Lynn, in Massachusetts, in 1645. The chain that blocked the Hudson at West Point was made at the Stirling forges in Orange County, near Tuxedo. New Jersey was active; Pennsylvania, with its vast future in steel still unseen, came late—it made no iron until well into the eighteenth century. But Pennsylvania turned early to the blast furnace. After the revolution, when Washington was inaugurated, every state was making some iron.

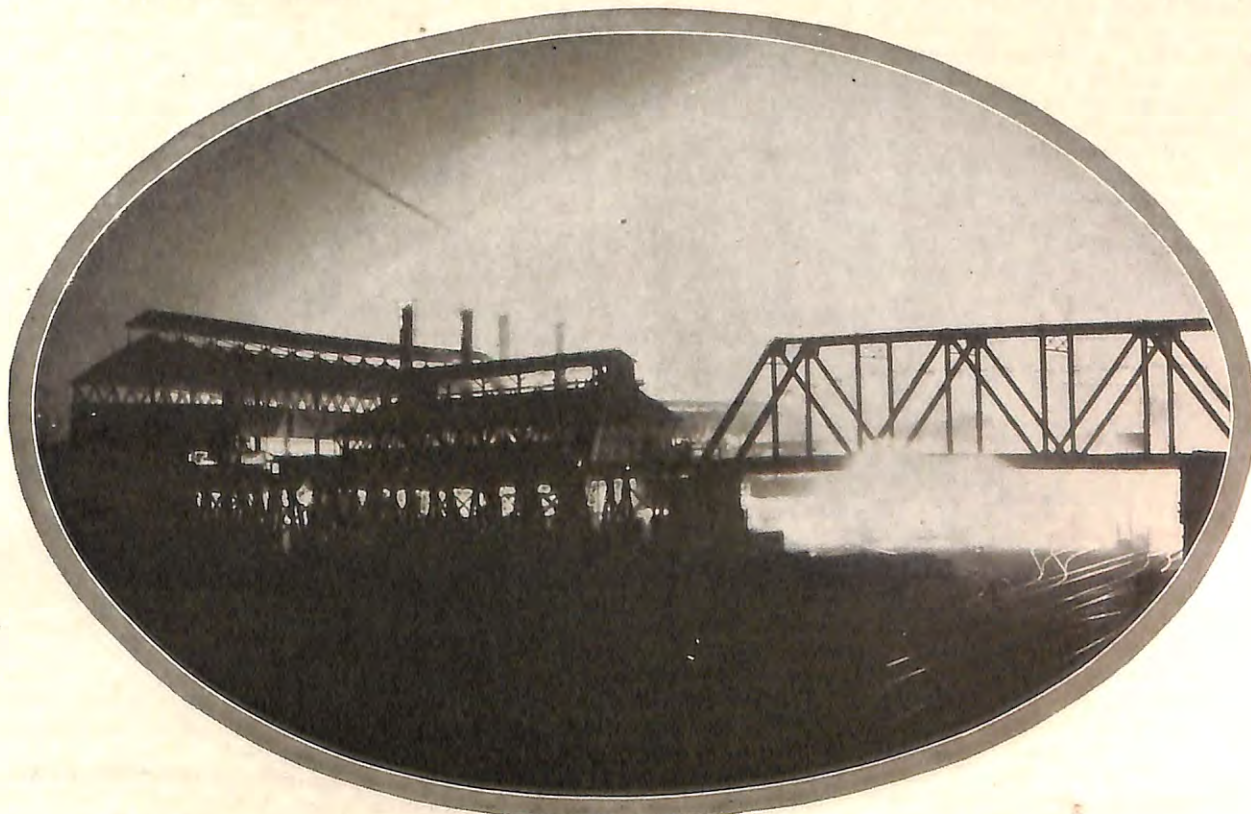
But American iron-making still depended on charcoal, and in no iron ore district could the forests hope to keep up a sufficient supply for long. England gained a long lead by developing the use of coke; America lagged far behind. In 1840 anthracite was successfully used. But at last Connellsville coal was developed, a coal ideal for coke-making; upon this rose the great Pittsburg industrial district.

Nature conspired to make Pittsburg what it still is—the world's greatest iron and steel center. The configuration of the land almost compels railways to pass through this spot of the meeting of rivers. Here, in the surrounding hills, is coal; natural gas abounds. Forty miles away is the coking-coal of Connellsville. There is a good deal of iron ore—although most of the ore that Pittsburg uses comes from the incomparable Lake Superior mines—again with cheap and easy transportation. In the valleys all about is limestone, the essential reducing agent in the treatment of iron ores.

Gary and Youngstown are closely linked, in a sense, to Pittsburg, as is Bethlehem. Birmingham, Alabama, is another spot favored by an amazing geographical situation. The city lies in a bowl surrounded by hills that are almost literally solid iron and coal. Colorado's growing iron and steel industry is based upon local coal and iron fields. Other centres are growing, as in Buffalo and Cleveland, where Lake Superior ore, shipped by water, meets fuel carried short distances by rail.

Pittsburg's preeminence will last for a long time, but some of the factors that created it have vanished. Coke that, a few years ago, would have been useless, is now available. Thanks to the by-product oven, impurities are sometimes a source of profit. It is through these by-product ovens that the incredibly valuable coal-tar derivatives are obtained—for use in aniline dyes, in numberless drugs, in synthetic perfumes, in the making of sulphate of ammonia and of other products almost too numerous to be listed in anything but the catalogue of a mail-order house.

Through the first ninety years of the nine



teenth century Great Britain held world leadership in the making of iron and steel. Cort devised the puddling furnace, and the making of iron passed from the control of the smith to that of the machine. Neilson, also an Englishman, invented the hot blast for the blast furnace. And then came Bessemer, and the real beginning of the age of steel.

Now steel is simply iron with a specific carbon content; the manufacturing problem is one of achieving precisely the right mixture of iron and carbon. It used to be necessary to burn *all* the carbon out of the iron—which is then, practically, wrought iron and, to get steel, to restore the carbon by a slow and costly process. Bessemer simplified this process. He used a great retort, and blew air under high pressure through it. Enormous heat was generated; the carbon was burned out; the wrought iron so obtained was made steel again by the addition of an alloy of ferro-manganese or spiegel iron, each having a definite, known, carbon content.

England's supremacy now seemed unshakable. But, as a matter of fact, it was near its end. The demand for steel, now that it had been cheapened by the Bessemer process, grew amazingly. Railway expansion was possible; structural steel for buildings was no longer a dream. The steel ship displaced the iron ship that, a few years before, had been revolutionary. Steel fences, made of wire, have changed the whole character of agriculture on a large scale.

The open-hearth process is costlier than Bessemer's, but the product is finer, and the tendency to-day is to supplant the cheaper process. And before us lies the day of the electric furnace, in which the finest steels may be produced more cheaply than by the crucible process, which has never, owing to its expense, become general. The future of the electric furnace depends wholly upon the cheapening of electric power and the availability of water-power. Henry Ford, obtaining the Muscle Shoals power on his own terms, could probably make fine steels by the electric-furnace method at a cost that would enable him to sell automobiles

at a price I should be afraid to mention, lest it expose me to ridicule.

The organization of the steel industry of to-day rests upon the foundation built by one great man—Andrew Carnegie. The



story of industrial steel as it has evolved into latter-day forms is the story of Carnegie and the Carnegie Steel Company.

Primarily Carnegie began as a supplier of raw materials. His business was the making of steel ingots, reducing a complicated statement to a single phrase. He did it with surpassing skill; with what was, in effect, genius. To his own account he turned the accident of Pittsburg's geographical location; the confluence of the Ohio, the Alleghany and the Monongahela Rivers; the surrounding hills, with their ores and coals; everything. To his own account he turned the brains of one young man after another.

Carnegie made steel. That sums up the

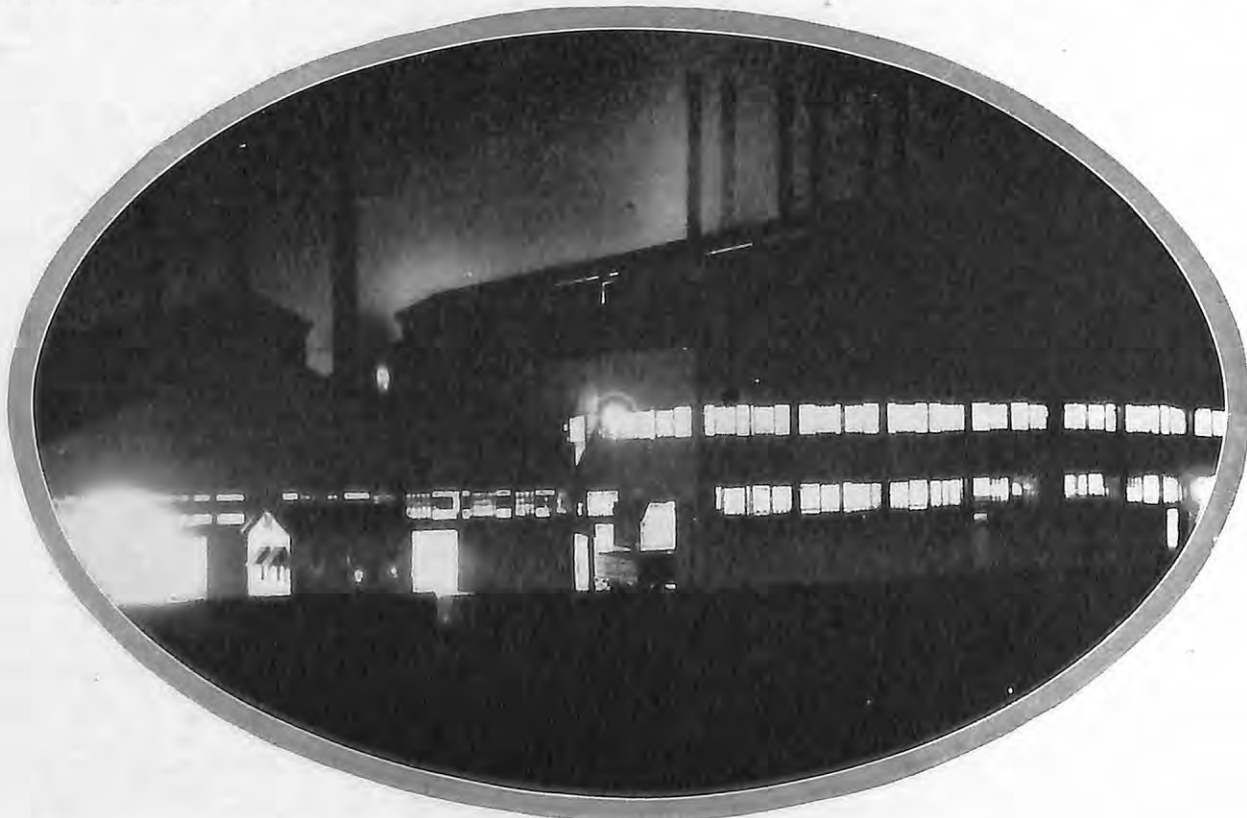
man's career. Three words—yet millions might expand them, ornament them, make their meaning clear. What did it mean to make steel—as Carnegie alone was content to make it? It meant raw material. Ore. Fuel. It meant the cheapest and the best processing. It meant the ruthless scrapping on Tuesday of a new device installed at great expense on Monday if something better had, overnight, been found. It meant a business courage, a sureness and swiftness of decision, such as no business, anywhere in the world, had yet had at its command.

It meant, some declare, a ruthless exploitation of labor. This is not the place to discuss that; to describe the terrible Homestead strike; the labor policies that, inherited to some extent by the successors of the Carnegie corporations, are still matters of sharp and bitter controversy. Industrially, the steel industry is still, from labor's point of view, largely unorganized; the recent strike failed disastrously, and, for one reason, because its highly radical leadership never, at any time, even came near to enlisting public opinion on its side.

Carnegie and his company rose to greatness, to wealth, to power, upon the rising tide of American prosperity that followed the ending of the Civil War. There were interruptions; panics; periods of depression. Still Carnegie survived. His company emerged unshaken from the dire times that followed the panic of 1893.

Now, in those years after 1893, the steel industry was shaking and crumbling, considered as a whole. The time was one of cut-throat competition. There was rebating, there was price cutting—even as, earlier, in periods of rising business curves, there had been feverish jumps in price, and an utter absence of stability.

Naturally, it was the finished products that saw these variations; their makers who were at one another's throats. They tried trade pools and gentlemen's agreements—in vain. Sometimes with a cynical disregard for their words, sometimes by tactics of evasion, pools were shattered by their members, agreements broken. Money was lost; companies faced ruin.





Not Carnegie. More and more his company dominated the field of the supply of steel itself—the steel from which rails, and plates, and structural shapes, and wire, and nails, and all the countless other steel products, must be made. Blow hot, blow cold, it mattered little to Carnegie.

He made steel—and sold steel. More and more cheaply did he make steel, as, day by day, the efficiency of his plants increased. Cheaper and cheaper did the delivered ore and coke and coal become as the means of handling these products of the mines were refined and improved. More and more did the machine supplant and supplement the man.

At last, after McKinley's election in 1896, prosperity loomed ahead of all America. Pools and agreements had failed to stabilize the steel situation; now recourse had to be had to a device stronger, more full of promise—the trust. Independent, separate, producers were merged into great corporations that bought out each individual producer—at a liberal figure.

THIS work was the work of Wall Street, of financiers. The common stock did not always represent actual values, by any means; future earnings were capitalized. These stocks had to be sold; to make them quickly saleable dividends had to be earned. Reserves were, to a great extent, ignored; money that should have been laid aside was paid out to stockholders. All very well, this, while the tide of prosperity continued.

But in 1900 clouds rose upon the sky of steel. Here was the situation: There were three great producers of unfinished steel—ingots, bars, billets, plates, slabs—Carnegie Steel, Federal Steel and National Steel. These were the giants of the group of great finishing companies: American Tin Plate, National Tube, American Steel and Wire, American Steel Hoop, American Sheet Steel. Pittsburg was the home of the Carnegie and National Companies; Federal was at Chicago, on the lake.

Facing hard times the finishing companies sought a means to cut down costs. Naturally, they turned to the sources of raw

material. Why not make their own unfinished steel?

They had Carnegie's supreme example before them. His company was wholly, gloriously independent. He had bought out Frick and his coke as long ago as 1882. By 1897 Carnegie was in control of whole ore regions about Lake Superior and had a contract, good for fifty years, calling for the delivery of a million and a half tons of ore a year. The company owned a steamship line on the lakes and the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, which ran from Lake Erie to Duquesne—and which it had practically rebuilt and made into one of the finest ore carrying railways in the world.

Cost fluctuations in raw materials and transportation, you see, now worked for Carnegie and his company—and against all others. And there was envy among the steel finishers, and a great desire for emulation.

American Steel and Wire fired the first gun in 1900. It bought coal lands and ore lands, and steamers on the lakes. It announced plans for furnaces at Chicago and Pittsburg. It was going to sell itself the steel ingots and billets it needed. Its example was quickly followed by other finishers.

Carnegie and the other suppliers of unfinished steel could hardly greet such news with enthusiasm. Their market was threatened. They could reduce the volume of their business, or they could seek new outlets abroad. It came to that. And the prospect was one they frowned upon. Immediately they launched a counter-attack. If the finishing companies meant to supply themselves with raw steel, they would turn their raw steel, now to remain unsold, into finished steel products.

Carnegie's action was characteristically prompt and thorough. In January, 1901, he announced his intention of building, at Conneaut, on Lake Erie, the lake terminal of the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie, the greatest finishing plant the world has yet seen. The ore was to come in at the docks at one end; the finished product was to go out at the other, a mile away. The

empty ore cars, returning from Duquesne, would bring cheap fuel. A new railway was to be built out of Pittsburg to tide-water and the eastern market in general.

Now here was a threat of competition to make the finishers tremble. For Carnegie stood in a position of power utterly beyond their reach. The Carnegie properties were concentrated in and about Pittsburg; American Steel and Wire, just as an example, had plants in ten States. Moreover, surplus earnings, not Wall Street promotions, had financed the growth of the company; it rested upon a cash reserve of untold millions.

"I know very little about stocks and bonds," said Mr. Carnegie, naively, with his Scotch burr. "I make steel—and sell it."

Innocent old Scot! His company was undercapitalized. It had not sold stock to build a new mill, to recreate a railway, to buy up ore lands. It had done these things with undivided profits. In two years it made a profit of \$70,000,000 and put \$20,000,000 into improvements.

The finishers lost all their enthusiasm for their great plans when they heard Carnegie's few, pointed remarks. What was the use of saving money on raw materials if Carnegie meant to undersell them—and, obviously, he did? They weren't a bit sure that he couldn't undersell them, even, at a profit, after their prices had been pared down to make them sell at a loss. They didn't want to back down, though; they had announced their plans; they had their prestige to think about. Still, when all was said, they couldn't go against Carnegie; it wasn't in the cards they held.

They had only one alternative, and knew it. They had to eliminate that tough old Scotsman, with the twinkle in his eye and the grim set jaw that his friendly, genial, white beard only half concealed. How? Buy him out. They counted the cost, and shuddered. But they could make that up, they hoped, later, when they floated the greatest of all corporations.

They counted the cost. So did Carnegie. And he had learned addition in a different

(Continued on page 72)



Gold Lustre

*It Was the Symbol of His Fame and Fortune—
and He Had Forgotten the Formula*

By Mildred Cram

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

"THAT'S gold lustre, that cup. . . . It reminds me of a story, a true story of my youth, a queer story about a man. . . . I'll tell you—"

There was no excuse for this man Alfred's appearance, or for his lamentable condition.

The beach at Apia had never known such a frayed and exhausted seeker after something unbound. He was a disgrace, an outrage, an offense to the eye. His clothes were fastened about him with the aid of a rusted safety-pin, and even at that he was as naked as most natives. But whereas the native's nakedness is glorified by polished brown skin, this Alfred was white all over; unsanctified by the touch of the sun.

He was very tall, lean to the point of emaciation. He left in the burning sands a foot print shallow and narrow, the impress of a gentleman. For this reason the sight of him irritated the officials of Apia.

He had washed ashore from a passenger steamer. Or, more exactly, he had been kicked ashore, being, as he was, "without funds." Then he was a distinguished-looking man wearing a white sun-helmet draped with puggaree, eyeglasses and a beard. A professorial, self-contained person, unless you happened to look into his eyes.

Then you saw that something was very wrong with the inside of his head. A maggot in his brain. An agony of some sort. Confusion dwelt behind his eyes, crisscrossing their surface like the bars across the windows of a crazy prison.

He looked out at you with a frantic, an imperative question. In the end you turned away, unable to bear that look.

He became a wanderer in the streets of the town.

It is strange how a man can arrive at the ends of the earth, well-clothed, well-brushed, apparently sane, but without purpose, objective, intention or "funds," as Alfred arrived in Apia that red-hot noon in February, Nineteen Six.

For three days he sat where they had dumped him. Now and then he was seen to take a piece of chalk out of his coat pocket and to mark with it on the wharf. Presently he sat in an island of letters and numerals. The water-front loungers stopped to squint and to speculate.

"Addin' up your bank account?"

"What's that, a laundry list?"

"Hi, bloke. Gimme the answer."

Such pleasantries as these did not penetrate the stranger's faculties of attention. He went on, chalking down those undecipherable symbols, curly-wigs, a series of x's, a row of little o's, heaps of dashes one upon the other and a mysterious jumble of numbers all set askew.

"He's looney."

"He's cracked."

"Say, Bo, what's the score?"

If he heard, he paid no attention. They saw him pass his hands across his eyes. But they never caught him eating, for the simple reason that he hadn't a penny in his pocket. Nor did he seem exactly to care. He grew pinched with hunger, there before the curious on-lookers.

He was dying on the wharf, they said.

Charley Roberts heard this bit of morbid gossip across the bar at the Tivoli:

"Sure as you're living, sir, he's starving. Hasn't moved an inch in three days. Just

keeps on chalking down some sort of gibberish. It looks like a formula. Or a doctor's prescription. Damned if I can make it out."

"I'll take a look," Charley said.

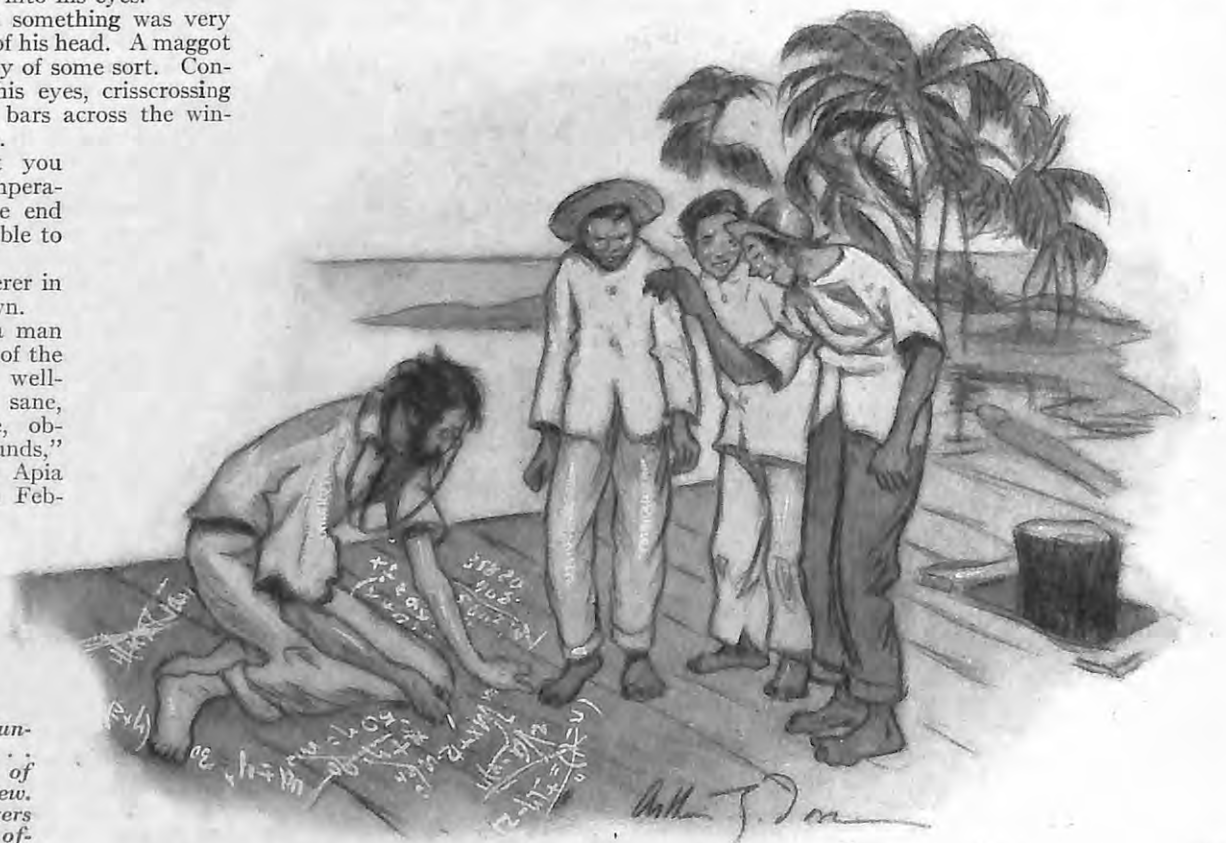
He strolled to the water front and found the stranger collapsed upon himself, like a folded concertina—just a huddle of arms and legs. His sun-helmet had rolled off and a native had solemnly confiscated it for his own use. The brave banner of peacock puggaree now adorned the pate of a brown boy from the station. And you saw the stranger's hair, thick, brown, silvered at the temples.

"He's fainted," Charley said in a shocked voice. "Here, give me a hand."

THEY lifted him to his feet and held him until his wits flowed back again. The first glance out of his eyes was tranquil, sane. Then something snapped and he was behind the bars again, in torment. His glance fell on the scrawled figures and he began to whimper: "I can't remember. I can't remember."

"Don't you try," Charley said. "You come with me."

They got him to the Tivoli and gave him a job behind the bar. That first day he was careful, slow, as if eager to please; and well he might be, for there were very few jobs



He sat in an island of undecipherable symbols . . . a mysterious jumble of numbers all set askew. The water-front loungers stopped to squint and to offer unheeded pleasantries



Kneeling at his side, Slavens' daughter was feeding him out of a bowl—some native mess

to be had in Apia in those days. They gave him an apron and a bowl full of meat and rice. And he ate decently, where another man would have bolted his food like a hungry wolf.

Charley Roberts stood in the doorway, where he could keep an eye on that pride of his heart, "the largest verandah in the South Seas." This derelict, he decided, was a gentleman. An English gentleman. He had the voice and the manners, the air of undisputed superiority.

Once, when Charley wasn't looking, he fumbled in his pocket for a piece of chalk and scratched on the bar.

Charley moved over.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"Well, attend to business."

"I'll try."

And, for a month or so, he tried, or seemed to. But his mind was on his trouble, and whenever a thirsty sailorman tacked into the Tivoli for a glass of beer, like as not Alfred served him champagne. Which pleased the sailorman but disagreed with Charley's cash balance.

And presently Alfred found himself without a job.

YOU'D see him prowling along the beaches, clad in dingy linen already frayed at the elbows, and every now and then he'd lean down and scratch in the sand and groan and scratch again. Whatever it was, it eluded him. Since he wasn't the ordinary rum-soaked, flea-ridden beach-comber, but a gentleman, he was spoken of at Moore's store, and one day Moore sent for him and offered him a job.

"I'm very much obliged, Mr. Moore," Alfred said. "I'll do my best. But I'm absent-minded—or something."

"Surely you prefer making a decent living to starving on the beach?"

He passed his hand through his thick

brown hair sprinkled with gray. "I'm not certain."

"Well. I'm offering you a chance to feed and clothe yourself. We don't like loafers about the town. Bad example. The natives—you understand. A white man is supposed to be superior."

"Great God. I am inferior to the meanest jelly-fish. I have no memory."

Mr. Moore was embarrassed by the violence of the man's contempt, his self-hatred. "Well. Well. Nothing to be ashamed of, losing your memory. So long as you don't mislay your honor."

"Honor. A potent word, Mr. Moore, not easy of definition. Like courage. Or fidelity. A shade of meaning, this way or that, and you find extenuation. I no longer know what is right or what is wrong. My standards have collapsed, like a house of cards that you blow over in jest." He threw back his head and his lean throat worked. "I have been betrayed!"

"Well. Well. Some men take betrayal hard," Mr. Moore remarked blandly. "Some men commit suicide. Others are more simple. They kill. Or they forget."

Mr. Moore waved his hand largely. "Now, I have a piece of advice to offer you. Accept it or let it alone, it is one. I know nothing about you and it occurs to me that you keep your affairs to yourself with more than the usual tenacity. But I'll say this: when a gentleman starts to slide down hill in the South Seas, he slides rather faster than a hard-shelled Cockney. The climate assists him, and the rum, and there's always some one lower down in the scale to point out the descent. You can go to the devil along the equator without the slightest effort. If you don't mind my saying so, you look like a dirty beach-comber."

"I suppose I am."

Moore snorted. "How about the job I'm offering you?"

"Thanks awfully. I'll do my best."

Which was fair enough. Only that before the month was over, Alfred was no longer measuring calico behind the counter at Moore's store. He was on the beach again, clad in his old gray-white linen rags, barefoot, his hair tangled. They said in Apia that he couldn't for the life of him remember who Robert Louis Stevenson was, and this was more than Moore could put up with in a clerk of his. "R. L. S." he'd thunder at Alfred. "Great Scott! I've told you ten times! He lived with me when he was building Vailima. Don't forget again!"

BUT Alfred always forgot. He would be scratching under the counter with a piece of chalk, letting Moore's reminiscences roll off his consciousness. Moore would be saying: "I recall Stevenson dictating to Lloyd Osbourne on the verandah. No effort. No strain. Beautiful words. . . . You heard what I was saying, Alfred?"

"No, sir."

"Robert Louis Stevenson!"

"I don't seem to remember. . . ."

One day Moore gave him the bounce. Charity is one thing, ingratitude another. Moore argued that a bit of human driftwood, like this elegant Alfred, owed his benefactor at least a polite recognition of a pet, particular enthusiasm. He turned him loose into the tropic noon, to do his forgetting on the foaming strand. Only Moore didn't put it that way. He said: "That chap's infernally damned careless with his memory." Or something of the sort.

By this time everyone knew that Alfred wasn't a murky, evil, slippery representative of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, a white man gone yellow, burned dirty by unfamiliar suns. He had charming manners; despite the ruin of his clothes, he carried himself with distinction as if he were accustomed to drawing-rooms and garden parties; he bore the patina of good living, of authority, of

possession. His voice was gentle; he had, at moments, a slight trace of arrogance, confounding in such nameless and featureless jetsam—almost, he made you feel that he was indisputably your equal—which was unpleasant, considering the state of his linen and his deplorable lack of shoes.

He went out with Captain Steffany on the *Manua* and very nearly ran her on the rocks off Pago-Pago. He had the wheel, but his mind was on that unsolvable problem, not on the harbor. So Steffany put him ashore again. Then he tried for the *Dawn*, a reeking schooner in the black-bird trade, but Allen wouldn't have him, and no wonder. He was a skeleton by this time, with madness in his eyes.

YOU'D see him drifting up and down the streets in the moonlight, bearded like an ascetic, stopping now and again to write his mysterious formula in the dust.

I was then in command of my own schooner, the *Leone*. I had come over from the Tonga Islands, cruising for copra; and Apia seemed a metropolis, the Tivoli a gathering-place of all the witty sophists in the Pacific. I was a youngster in those days, proud, full of illusions, having never come to grips with facts. Never. The *Leone* was a spirit maiden—slim, white, swift, impeccable, the love of my life. I had brought her across wide, dark depths, with none but myself and a crew of three natives to guide her. She was at once my bride and my faith; she was all I owned; my little fortune had been expended on her shining sides, the line of gilt that accentuated her grace and elegance, her brass fittings. Beside the dirty *Dawn* in the harbor of Apia she was like a swan. I left her, to seek feeble gaiety ashore, with a certain reluctance, a certain boastfulness, as a lover goes among men knowing that his heart is secure, his love inviolable.

I was short-handed and looking about for help, not native. My Tonga lads were poor company. I wanted a white man to whom I might confide my dreams and my passion. Then, there was no woman in my life, only vague imaginings, a reaching forward toward experience that was the more poignant for being unrealized. I had not crossed the shadow line. Not yet.

"You'd better try Alfred," they told me at the Tivoli. "He's a nut, but he doesn't drink. Perhaps you could do something with him. You'll find him at Slavens'. Slavens' girl's taken a shine to him."

A smile went 'round the verandah, showing here and there, malicious or gratified, in the light of the swinging lamps. Some one laughed and a fat fellow in a white suit said: "That bloomin' gentleman's too bloody fond of hisself to work. Let's a woman do his workin' for him. Ho! That's wot I calls easy pickin'."

Charley Roberts interrupted: "You can keep your tongue off Slavens' girl. And off Alfred, for that matter. All of you."

I had heard enough to be interested in this mysterious Alfred. So I went to Slavens' native thatched house on the outskirts of the town. The big half-caste greeted me with a flash of white teeth, a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder: "You're looking for Mr. Alfred? He's inside. Very sick."

In the shadowy interior a hammock had been slung, low, to catch every fiftul breath of air. A man lay sprawled at length, his bare feet elevated, his hands dragging on the ground. He was deathly pale and in his wide-open eyes, staring up at me, I caught that look of a prisoner.

At his side, kneeling, Slavens' daughter

was feeding him out of a bowl—soup, perhaps, or some native mess. I had heard of her throughout the islands, but I was not prepared for her beauty, her body, smooth,



He clung there, staring down in horror. She was tangled in the anchor chains. . . . a torn, pallid thing, beautiful in death

light-brown, delicate, with wide shoulders and indented hips, the thighs of a boy; her strongly native face, the surprising blue of her eyes; her lustrous hair falling clear of her waist like a black waterfall. . . . Clara Slavens, siren of this island, a woman mentioned lightly with a certain accent, a creature strange, indifferent, inscrutable, touched with the sadness but not the irony of two races. . . .

She fell back on her heels at sight of me, her uplifted gaze stricken with dread.

"Mr. Alfred?" I said.

The man in the hammock nodded.

"I am captain and owner of the schooner *Leone*," I explained. I told him what I wanted—he could expect hard work and plenty of it; but here was a white man's job ready to his hand, and a white man's pay, if that meant anything.

He struggled into a sitting position. "Awfully good of you—" he began.

Then his eyes fell on Clara Slavens and

I saw what mischief had happened. Love leaped between them like something concrete, visible. It mattered very little that she had given casually to this one and that one, caring nothing for any man. It mattered very little that the tattered wreck in the hammock had been an English gentleman and that he had lived by her charity. They loved. They cried aloud to each other in their hearts. But it was mischief all the same. It was another step down toward ignominy and surrender, a door through which Alfred should never have passed. Not with that manner of his, that flavor, subtle and disturbing, of hedge-rows and clipped lawns.

He should have strangled his love before he had crossed the sill; his pride should have turned him back, before he had tasted the bitter sweetness of Clara Slavens' kisses, kisses slow and exquisite, sad and tormenting, unforgettable, terrible.

He stared at her.

"Don't go," she said.

He got to his feet and stood swaying, coughing. "I've been sick," he explained. "But I'll come. It's extraordinarily kind of you, Captain —"

"Quinn."

"Captain Quinn."

The half-caste woman got to her feet with a quick, supple motion, a spring, feline in its dexterity.

"DON'T GO," she said again.

HE CAUGHT her arms and the bowl of food fell to the ground, splintering. "I must," he said. "I must remember—Here, I can not. At sea, perhaps—"

You can imagine that I did not fancy my new acquisition overmuch. It seemed that I had saddled myself with a maniac. He might do quite well as a deck-hand, but as a receiving instrument for my own adolescent vaporings, not at all! He had a well-developed phobia of his own. I saw that every stick and post of the Slavens' dwelling was criss-crossed with chalk-marks from the ground to as high as a man could reach, tip-toe.

Embarrassed, I watched him pry Clara's slender fingers loose, one by one. I regretted my quixotic offer. There were dependable men in Apia for the asking. . . .

"I'm leaving at dawn," I said hopefully.

But he wasn't to be discouraged. Not he! He caught the woman into his arms and kissed her as I've seen few women kissed, deeply, as if forever. Then he ran outside and I had to hurry to catch up with him.

I found him panting, tottering on his pins.

"I'll do my very best," he assured me.

Confound it, he was pathetic but he was also commanding; there was a spark of majesty behind those rags, those tag-ends of Piccadilly linen!

I couldn't make it out. Most men would have stayed in that hammock, taking sweetness from Clara Slavens' lips, until the need





to remember was erased by sensation, until conscience was drugged, until it seemed best to sink deeper and deeper into the casual acceptance of beauty that was his for the asking, priceless, not paid for.

But here he was, wavering beside me, bound for the *Leone* and God knew what.

We went aboard and I gave him a decent pair of shorts, and a coat. Clothed, he was transformed.

The sun went down, a gilded disc, red-hot. And a cool twilight fell upon the harbor, upon my schooner, tugging ever so slightly at her anchor. A cluster of lights sprang out ashore, threaded the water; somewhere a man was singing, one of those native wails with a grunt at the end, a teasing sort of melody.

My Tonga boys came aboard, black and woolly, with greasy bodies that showed a ripple of muscles as they passed the lamp. Bill. Tifa. Frank. Their eyes slanted round at Alfred, sizing him up in their own artless way, which may have had in it a cannibal relish of his size and whiteness.

"Ugly-looking devils," he remarked.

"Children," I explained. "Cowards. Ridden by superstitious fear."

WE STOOD side by side, staring out at the town and the mass of the hills behind.

"That girl," he said suddenly. "Clara Slavens. Don't think I ran away because I wanted to. The contrary. It was the only decent thing I could do."

"She loves you."

"Yes. There are ways of knowing."

He lifted his head. "Curious. To be loved now—when I can't remember—"

"What can't you remember?" I asked sharply. I met his eyes.

"Why, my formula," he said.

Then he told me what he hadn't told any one in Apia, not even Moore, who liked getting people's stories.

I saw him clinging to a deck-chest in a tangle of gear and rigging. I heard Tifa yell: "Too much devil. Me kill 'm—"

It seems that he had suffered a unique tragedy—one of those comic twists of fate that enmesh sensitive people and trip them up on the very threshold of fulfilment.

He was a potter, a son and a grandson and a great grandson of potters. His name was not Alfred at all, but a name you'd know if I told you, so I rather think I won't. A name with the traditional glamor of the Della Robbia, familiar to every lover of ceramics.

He told me that he grew up in an atmosphere dedicated to beauty. He himself was consecrated to the designing and making of china when he was born; in his cradle, he played with clay; the potter's-wheel was his first toy. At eighteen, he was sent to China, and then to Japan, to study the secret, the mysterious processes of glazing and firing.

I know nothing about such things. But I remember how he spoke that night on the deck of the *Leone*, in Apia harbor, beneath a hot sky swarming with stars.

He made me feel his love of these things, his passion for delicate cups and saucers, plates, vases, figurines.

He became a master. William Morris and de Morgan admitted that no other member of his famous family had produced such immortal, perishable loveliness.

When he was twenty-two, he fell in love. Her name was Julie and she was as romantic as her name, on the surface. He said that she was a beautiful bit of glaze—she fooled his father and his grandfather. She was gold as a buttercup, with warm skin and tapering fingers. Bisque, he said, and just as fragile. Only he found that out too late!

He had to have something to offer her. He couldn't ask her to marry him unless he could first place at her feet a rare accomplishment, a proof of his genius.

He would walk out into the country plotting and planning, searching his imagination. He'd spend days at a time shut in his laboratory, testing his dreams. He was infinitely patient, devout. And one night, like an answer to his prayer, a formula popped into his head. He saw it, he told me, written on the empty air, as if some one had scratched with a luminous pencil—words and letters glowed in the shadows of his workroom. There was nothing for him to do but to follow directions—the thing was so clear, so exact, so unmistakable.

HE WORKED in a feverish hurry, behind closed doors.

When he emerged, a full forty-eight hours later, he carried between his two hands, reverently, the first gold lustre cup.

Gold lustre!

When he spoke those words aboard the *Leone* that night, I confess they meant very little to me. His voice shook as if he had mentioned a deity. The sound struck into his heart, inflicting a wound. You could see.

Gold lustre!

Well, it seems that he had accomplished enough for one man's lifetime. He showed the cup to his father before he took it to Julie, since he was a craftsman first and a lover afterward. It was thin as a leaf, and bright as metal, a cup apparently chiselled from pure gold; it had about it a peculiar brilliance, a marvelous texture and shimmer.

There had never been anything like it in the world.

Those bright letters scrawled on the darkness had vanished, but he remembered the formula. It was worth, he knew, a fortune. He did not dare put those magic symbols on paper. Written down, they were an invaluable property, loot. Safer to trust to his memory than to confide his secret to any one, even his father!

(Continued on page 67)

EDITORIAL

Are You An Elk?

HOW many times has the above captioned question been addressed to you? And when you have replied to it, what did you have in your mind as the basis for that reply? Your membership card, the recollection of your initiation, the thought of your Lodge associations, the privileges of the Club House? Or did you recall your obligation assumed before the altar and think of the living response of your daily life?

It would, perhaps, be surprising if it could be known just how many times each day this question is asked. Those who regard themselves as privileged to answer affirmatively usually add: "I am a member of Blank Lodge, Number Blank." In all fairness it may be conceded that the information thus accorded is all that the inquirer usually seeks. But in all frankness it must also be admitted that too frequently such a reply states the whole, the exact, and the unfortunate truth.

It is in no spirit of pessimism and with no intention to unduly criticise, that the suggestion is implied that many Elks regard their membership in the Order too lightly. It may be safely assumed that the percentage of such members is no larger in our Order than it is in others. But with the sole purpose to invite a wholesome and helpful introspection, and a serious consideration of a subject of real importance, it is suggested that every Elk ponder this question as if it were addressed personally to him, and with a real significance.

You may be a member of a subordinate Lodge of the Order; you may even be a member of the Grand Lodge; you may be able to name the cardinal virtues of the Order and may be familiar with its ritualistic ceremonies; but—*Are You An Elk?*

Is your patriotism so sincere and so much a part of your daily life and thought that you honestly cherish your country's institutions as a priceless heritage to be guarded with vigilance and care? And do you lend willing and intelligent activity in the performance of those civic duties which insure their preservation and perpetuation? Or do you indolently withhold yourself from those activities, regarding them merely as opportunities to serve selfish ends? Are the laws of your Country authoritative rules of conduct which you loyally observe? Or are they held in derision, to be disregarded and evaded whenever obedience becomes irksome? Is patriotism, to you, a constant inspiration and an incentive to every peace time service within your power to render? Or is it a mere war-time sentiment to be fired only by danger from a foreign foe?

Do you recognize the practice of Charity, not only as a humanitarian duty, but also as a definite fraternal obligation? Are your eyes ever watchful, and your ears ever alert, to catch the messages of opportunities to exemplify that virtue? And is your heart kept ever quickened and softened to unostentatious response? Or do you content yourself with an occasional contribution to the charity fund, with no effort or purpose to personally identify yourself with its effective and intelligent administration?

In your daily association with your fellow men, do you practice the Elkly Justice which is so tempered with mercy that it ever bears in mind the injunction—"seventy times seven" shall the erring brother be forgiven? Or is your heart schooled to that harsh and rigid rule—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?"

Do you regard your fraternal relationship to your brothers as one involving obligations of helpful association, of inspiring example, of ready sympathy, of constant kindness, and true Brotherly Love? Or do you feel that mere good fellowship with selected companions is the limit of your socially fraternal duty?

And in all your relations and contacts of life, is your mind and heart steadfast and constant, faithful to the ideals of the Order in adversity as in prosperity, in sorrow and trouble as in happiness and joy? Or is your loyalty to those ideals impulsive and occasional, as your emotions may be aroused? And do you shun the contacts of misery and distress, seeking only those of pleasure and comfort?

It is in the answers to these queries that must be found the true and significant response to the question, —*Are You An Elk?*

You may wear the emblem of the Order conspicuously displayed upon your breast; you may exhibit with just pride the bejewelled card case containing the certificate of your life membership; you may recite with accuracy the motto of the Order and speak volubly and enthusiastically of its splendid Americanism and of its Cardinal Principles. But, unless you have caught the real spirit of the Order and learned that it always seeks to serve rather than to be served; unless you have become imbued with a sense of personal obligation to translate those Cardinal Principles from mere beautiful expressions into practical exemplification in your daily life; then unhappily you speak the whole, the exact, and the unfortunate truth, when you say: "I am a member of Blank Lodge, Number Blank."

Official Lodge Room Department

THE failure on the part of subordinate Lodge officers to memorize their respective ritual assignments has long been a subject of criticism by District Deputies in all sections of the country. The frequency with which this complaint is made and the noticeable infrequency of any comment upon other lapses in official deportment, justifies the assumption that too little consideration has been accorded to this feature of what may be termed, "Lodge room etiquette."

It is true that the exemplification of the various ritualistic ceremonies of the Order without the use of books is a specially imposed statutory duty. And it is essential, from every consideration of effectiveness and beauty, that this duty should be recognized and faithfully performed. But it is no less important that officers should at all times conduct themselves in accordance with those rules of deportment which are not to be found in the books, but are born of good breeding, sound judgment, gentle courtesy and thoughtful consideration, and the observance of which contributes so materially to the pleasure and attractiveness and impressiveness of Lodge meetings.

The conduct of the proceedings is primarily in the hands of the Exalted Ruler. If he presides with dignity and firmness, with impartiality and courtesy and good temper, his manner and bearing assure due decorum and impart a proper atmosphere and tone to the entire Lodge session.

But if he be undignified and inattentive; hesitant and indecisive; or dictatorial and arbitrary; his demeanor is just as inevitably reflected in the attitude and conduct of all present.

The Exalted Ruler who lounges in his chair, with a cigar between his teeth; who addresses the Lodge from his seat, who permits a slipshod attention to the business in hand; who ignores the breaches of Lodge formalities by other officers and members, and who seems to regard the meeting as an informal social gathering rather than the session of a legislative body convened for the transaction of important business, is not an inspiring example. He is rarely an efficient leader in other Lodge activities.

He may recite the ritual with letter perfection; but if he does so while leaning indolently against his pedestal, or with his hands in his pockets, he is an unimpressive exhibit and materially detracts from the designed effectiveness of the ceremony.

And yet these are not imagined lapses. They are all too commonly observed in many Lodges throughout the Order.

The same rules apply, of course, to other officers of the Lodge. Their respective stations are positions of dignity and distinction; and they either contribute to, or detract from, the desired effect proportionately as they keep this fact in mind or disregard it.

This is particularly true of the Esquire. The portions of the ritual assigned to him, in all the ceremonies of the Order, are peculiarly impressive and beautiful. And his deportment during their rendition is of essential importance.

A careless handling of the emblems as they are placed upon or removed from the altar, a slouching physical carriage, the undignified escort of candidates during initiation, a facetious deportment in approaching the various stations, and a lack of attention to the lectures, are delinquencies that mar the ceremonies and lower the tone of the whole occasion.

These suggestions are quite elementary, it is true, and have no application to the many splendid Lodges of the Order whose meetings are a delight and an inspiration to all who attend them. But the all too frequent disregard of them by others justifies these observations. It would be well if the lay members of the subordinate Lodges would bear them definitely in mind when officers are to be elected. After all it is in their power alone to apply the remedy.

District Deputy Conferences

THE first meeting of District Deputies, called by Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain in 1921, was an experiment; but the splendid results obtained proved its value. And the second conference, called by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters in 1922, has fully demonstrated the wisdom of providing for such gatherings each year.

In the past each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler has administered the affairs of the Order in the various Districts through personal representatives with whom, in most instances, he had no personal acquaintance, and with whom actual contact was limited to brief and hurried interviews at Grand Lodge sessions, when their terms of office were practically ended. The written instructions which were from time to time issued from headquarters were necessarily of limited scope; they could only deal with matters of general import; and the District Deputies were left much to their own devices in solving the problems that confronted them in their respective jurisdictions.

The natural result was a feeling of official detachment, a lessened sense of responsibility to central

authority, and a less effective administration of District Deputy duties. And this in turn reflected itself in a correspondingly less accurate and comprehensive knowledge of conditions throughout the Order on the part of Grand Lodge Officers and Committees.

But at the conferences which have been held, the Grand Exalted Ruler has been enabled to meet each of his District Deputies in person at the beginning of his term of office; to explain in detail, and with a freedom and fullness not otherwise possible, the policies to be pursued, the specific activities to be encouraged, the dangers to be avoided, and the faults to be corrected. The Chairmen of the Grand Lodge Committees have had opportunities to address the Deputies upon the special subjects committed to their supervision and to explain the definite character of assistance and cooperation desired. And the Deputies were enabled to confer with each other as to their individual problems and to secure helpful suggestions born of experiences in other Districts.

These personal associations, brief as they have been, between those having so many interests in common, have created an esprit that has promptly manifested itself in an aroused enthusiasm and a stimulated loyalty and devotion. The Deputies have returned to their fields of labor equipped for service as they could not otherwise be; with an inspired zeal and with a proper sense of obligation as a constituent part of a great administrative organization. And the result has been a more efficient performance of duty, earlier official visits, more promptly submitted reports, and a more timely attention to matters requiring consideration. And the Grand Lodge officers have been enabled to conduct the business of the Order with a fuller and more accurate information as to conditions in every section of the country.

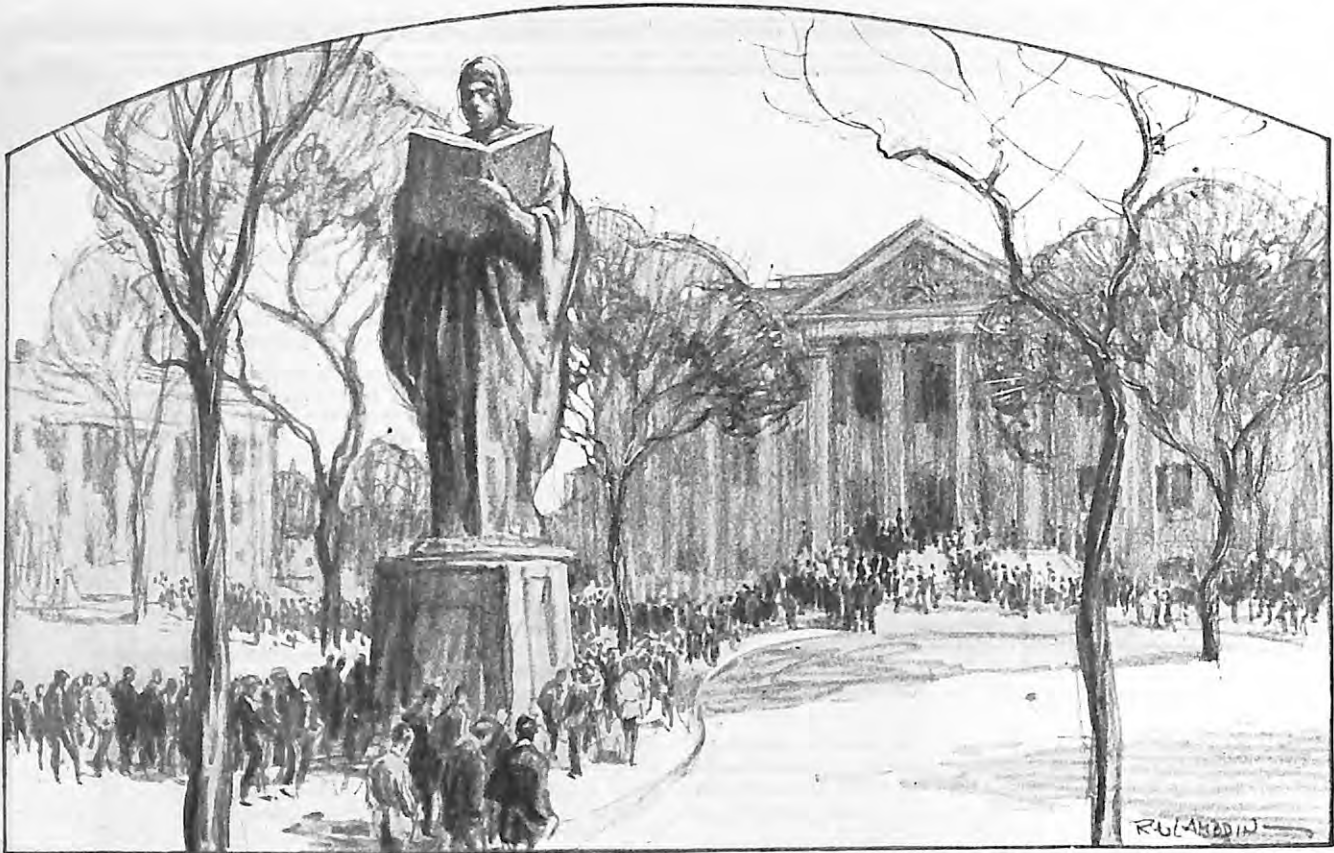
It is believed that the Grand Lodge will wisely recognize the value of this innovation and will make suitable provision for such conferences each succeeding year.

Processionaries

FABRE, "The Insects' Homer," relates an interesting experiment he made with certain caterpillars called "processionaries," because of their habit of following one another—nose to tail—in a long unbroken procession, apparently without aim or objective except that of the one which happens to lead. He placed a complete circle of the caterpillars upon the narrow ledge of a moulding around the circumference of an earthenware jar. There was no leader; each one had his head to the tail of the one in front. And they marched in solemn parade around the endless track for eighty-four hours and apparently only a chance diversion saved them from literally marching themselves to death. No single one of the insects had sufficient initiative in all those hours, to leave the procession, to crawl off the ledge and to branch out for himself.

How like some men, who are ever content simply to follow blindly the lead of the man in front, without knowledge or thought of that one's aim and purpose. Ploddingly, they make the daily rounds on the ledge of life; doing the things that others do, and for no other reason; and thus setting an example which in turn is followed by those very ones whom they ape.

But it is well to remember that no human processioner has ever achieved a place in history. His only biography is contained in the directory. And his friends are put to it to evolve an epitaph for his tombstone, usually compromising on something noncommittal, as "Requiescat In Pace."



*"They That Instruct Others Unto Justice Shall
Shine as Stars for all Eternity"*

Elk Scholarship Foundations

By Hon. John F. Malley

Chairman, Good of the Order Committee

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to the Trustees to be designated by Springfield Lodge No. 61, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of said Springfield, the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars in trust for the following purposes,—the income therefrom shall be distributed by the Trustees . . . to assist needy and deserving young men, residents of Springfield, to obtain education . . . according to the discretion and judgment of said Trustees."

THE foregoing is a copy of a portion of the will of a departed brother of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, who died in 1918. Mark the date! We have been reading, during the last year, so much about the scholarship funds and general educational work of other organizations that I think we should refresh our minds by a look into the record. We will find that the scholarship foundation by a fraternal order is an Elk institution.

When I read the section of the will which introduces this article, I wondered if a seed which I had planted had come to fruition, for the testator was living and present at a meeting of Springfield Lodge on the night in 1916 when I made my official visitation as District Deputy of Massachusetts West and outlined to the members of my home lodge a plan for the establishment of Elk scholarships. The idea had come to me while I was preparing a speech on the "Big Brother" movement which the Order was fathering. It seemed to me that a big brother could do no more meritorious act for the younger and less experienced member of his family and community than to assist him in obtaining a college education. I recalled the obstacles which I had encountered when, as a student

in the college preparatory course of the local high school, I had looked forward to the day of graduation, hopeful that I could find some means of continuing my education through college. The expense, as I calculated it, was prohibitive. Had I known at the time of the funds within the reach of those whose scholarship standing merited the award, of the methods of self-support and self-aid which could be availed of by one courageous enough to try, and of the many opportunities offered by the colleges of America to the young men who, after entering, found themselves in financial difficulties, I would have viewed the situation with greater hopefulness. Those who had gone before and had overcome similar difficulties could have told me. They did, in time, and many difficulties proved more apparent than real.

Therefore, it occurred to me that many of the students in our high schools were confronted by what seemed to them insurmountable obstacles to a college career. Did they have big brothers to whom they could go for advice, from whom they could obtain the knowledge which would enable them to use their energies to the best advantage? What better work for the local Elk lodge than through a committee to constitute itself the Big Brother of the youth of the community? These questions helped to shape the plan.

In order that the idea might not be burdened by financial obligations seemingly beyond the means of the smaller lodges, I

did not advocate the creation of a scholarship fund in the beginning, but advised the appointment of a permanent scholarship committee. The work outlined for the committee was calculated to train the members in the basic problems of their task. They were to compile statistics in regard to the scholarships then available. The colleges of Massachusetts offered many. Each State senator in Massachusetts had the awarding of two scholarships in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by reason of a State appropriation given each year to that institution. Everyone did not know these facts. The boys of families in which there was no member who had been "over the course" could not be expected to have knowledge of these opportunities. The actual expense of a college career was to most an uncertain and, in all probability, a very much exaggerated figure. That a boy once in college and through the freshman year with creditable scholarship record had only to present his case to the proper faculty member or bureau at his university to find that he would be given assistance in a financial way and put in touch with methods of self-help which would make failure impossible, save from his own want of courage and energy, was a fact which was brought home to very few of the ambitious boys during their preparatory course. Let the committee take up this work and, having become well informed, spread the propaganda among the students of the local high schools, was my thought.

I HOPED that from this small beginning which involved the expenditure of no money by the Elk lodges there would develop

such enthusiasm for the work that plans would be made to establish in the lodges funds, the income from which would be used to give financial assistance to deserving boys until they were able to shift for themselves. Some progress was made, but the movement lagged. It needed the endorsement of one high in the official circles of our Order. I mentioned the idea to Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain shortly after he took office. All Elks are aware of his enthusiasm for this work as an Elk endeavor. Wherever he spoke to Elks of the good work upon which they could embark, he recommended heartily the establishment of at least one Elk scholarship in every lodge. The movement took on new life and attracted the attention of the progressive lodges of the Order, with the result that to-day a number of boys are launched upon their college careers under the guidance of the Elk lodges of their respective communities.

With no thought of overlooking the excellent work along this line which is being done by other lodges, but with the desire to make plain the proposition by a concrete example, I speak of the scholarships recently awarded by Lawrence (Massachusetts) Lodge.

WHEN Lawrence Lodge No. 65 became interested in the scholarship proposition, a committee was appointed by the exalted ruler to study the question and report a plan to the Lodge. After the favorable report of the preliminary committee had been accepted, the Scholarship Committee of Lawrence Lodge came into existence by appointment of the exalted ruler, in accordance with the vote of the lodge. The first committee consisted of five members appointed for one, two, three, four and five years respectively. Appointments at the expiration of the initial terms to be for five years. This committee was recruited from the best material in the lodge. The appropriation for scholarship purposes is \$2,000 per year, of which \$500 is awarded to each of two successful candidates, and the remaining \$1,000 becomes a part of the permanent scholarship fund. It is planned, by these annual appropriations and by entertainments, gifts and the methods usually resorted to to raise money, to bring the fund to an amount sufficient to yield an annual income large enough to carry on the work without additional assistance from the Lodge. The committee has prepared a booklet in which has been gathered information culled from the college bulletins and catalogs, and from the correspondence which the committee has had with the officials of the numerous educational institutions. This booklet is distributed in the preparatory schools in order to spread by printed propaganda the slogan that a college education is not a luxury for the rich, but is a reward within the reach of every ambitious youth. During the month of September, members of the committee visit the preparatory schools by arrangement with the school committee of Lawrence and talk to the students, explaining the purposes of the Elk Scholarship Foundation of Lawrence Lodge, the way in which the students may avail themselves of the opportunity offered by Lawrence Lodge and, generally, the ways and means by which an ambitious young man may obtain a college education without financial burden to his parents.

There are five preparatory schools within the jurisdiction of Lawrence Lodge. The principal of each school, at the invitation of the Scholarship Committee, selects ten

students of the senior class as candidates for the scholarship award. The committee lists the fifty eligibles and starts the preliminary work of sifting. Questionnaires are prepared and propounded to the candidates, their parents and their references, in order to search the lives, the needs, the resources and the habits of the candidates. The committee arranges a series of semi-social gatherings to which the eligible class is invited and brought in intimate touch with the members of the committee. In fact, the committeemen live with the boys as closely as circumstances will permit in order that the decision to be made, when they begin the necessary eliminations, may be based upon the best evidence gathered from personal contact with the boys. The scholarship average which the student has maintained through his course is only one measure of his fitness. Character, initiative, ability to carry on under adversity and to take advantage of opportunities of self-aid are given their proper weights when the scale is held for the final decisions. The methods which should be used in this elimination process will vary in every community where the scholarship plan is adopted, according to the personnel of the committee of award. But this may be said in support of the method of Lawrence Lodge. Whenever a final vote has been taken, the Scholarship Committee has been unanimous in its decision. In June of this year, two of the eligibles were awarded the freshmen scholarships of \$500 each. The successful candidates were permitted to select the college they wished to enter.

THE members who now belong to the Scholarship Committee, two of whom have spent their lives in educational work, declare that if no money awards were made, the beneficial results arising from the spread of information in regard to educational opportunities among the youth of Lawrence would compensate abundantly for the effort made. Let the members of the subordinate lodges who are frightened by the word "fund" catch the full import of this message from the Lawrence Scholarship Committee. There is no lodge so financially "strapped" that it cannot engage to some degree in this Elk educational undertaking. The only investment required is Elk enthusiasm and Elk energy. After a start has been made and interest has been aroused, the financial investment necessary to enlarge the scope of the work will be regarded as insignificant.

The Lawrence plan is more ambitious than most Lodges will desire to undertake, yet it does not place a heavy burden of annual expenditure upon the Lodge. It is proposed to carry two boys in each class of the four-year college course. The freshman year endowment will be \$500 per student, the sophomore year \$300 per student, the junior year \$200 per student. The senior year will call for no financial aid, because the boy who is made of the right stuff will have availed himself of the opportunities of self-aid offered by his college to such a degree that he will be independent of the financial assistance of the Lodge by the time he has reached his senior year. This statement is not a guess, but is based upon the statistics compiled by the officials of the leading educational institutions of the country. The detailed information upon this point can be obtained by anyone.

INDEED, the Dean of one of the foremost universities in the country has said that the financial resources of his institution available for the assistance of students, who have completed the freshman year with credits of scholarship and of character, were so great that he regarded scholarship foundations from outside sources as a duplication of effort if they were to be used to give financial assistance to the student for a period extending beyond the freshman year. Of course, all universities are not so fortunately situated, but even those with lean endowments offer opportunities which permit the cutting down of the outside assistance as the student advances in his college course and becomes familiar with the "ropes." It will be seen, therefore, that even the large scheme of Lawrence Lodge, which, when the wheel has made a complete revolution, entails the carrying of eight boys each year, will call for an annual payment by the Lodge in scholarship awards of only \$2,000. That is 5 per cent. of \$40,000. The goal towards which Lawrence Lodge is headed is a scholarship foundation of \$40,000 invested to produce a 5 per cent. return making the plan self-supporting.

The lodges of our Order have not been appalled by the proposition of raising many times that amount for their clubs and temples. They have been successful in all such undertakings because they have been imbued with the proper Elk spirit. The same spirit will carry through the scholarship foundations. If the subordinate lodges are reluctant to act individually, the state associations can take up the work and award scholarships by districts, using the present territorial divisions of the Grand Lodge District Deputies. It is not too much to hope that in time the Grand Lodge may have a great scholarship foundation which will make possible the distribution of scholarships according to a plan fashioned after the appointments which the Federal government makes to West Point and Annapolis. But the beginning of this movement should be in the subordinate lodges in order that experience may be the guide for the greater undertakings of the future.

WE SEEM to be guiding the progress of our Order by the needs of the rising generation. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, you did it to me," is the divine benediction upon our endeavors in this direction. Let us continue to shepherd the children, with special solicitude for the unfortunate. Let us enlarge our efforts to strengthen the race by encouraging outdoor sports through our recreational activities. Let us play with the boys and by example and by precepts, similar to the Scout Code and the Elk Ritual, mould their characters to the cast of real manliness and true American citizenship. Yes, but let us perfect him by giving him a disciplined and cultured mind.

Make a start, my brothers, and show the people of the nation that the movement which had its inception in the Order of Elks can attain the largest degree of success under the beneficence of the greatest of American fraternities. What more indisputable claim to everlasting renown could we have than that, through the generosity and encouragement of our Order, over fourteen hundred of the youth of America were each year graduated from our institutions of higher education, adequately equipped for the battle of life! What magnificent replacement groups from which to recruit the Elks of to-morrow, the stalwarts who are to "carry on" for God, for Country and for Fellowmen.



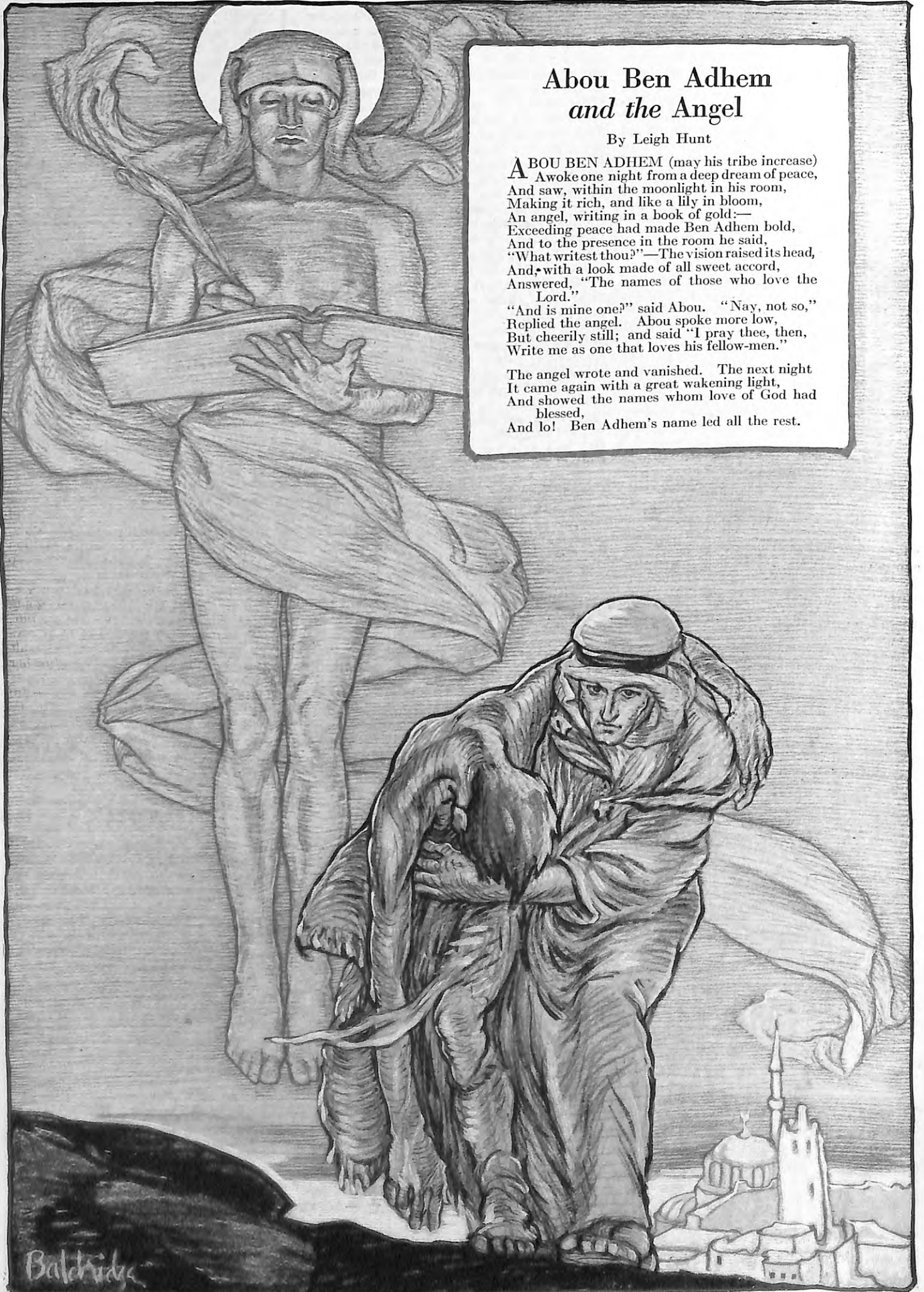
About Ben Adhem and the Angel

By Leigh Hunt

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



Wise Words to Elks' Wives

On Showing an Interest in Their Husbands' Membership

By Marie Broomfield

SOME time ago, Betterhalf and I were royally entertained by a small but progressive Lodge of Elks in the western part of New York State.

On leaving, my casual remark that I derived almost as much pleasure from being an Elks' wife as my husband did from being an Elk, caused an ejaculation of surprise from the member who had acted as host.

"Do you mean to say you don't object to his attending meetings? Or that you don't think he spends too much time at his Lodge?" he asked.

"Goodness, no!" I hastened to assure him. "I'm continually chasing him off to meetings because I think he should go more frequently than he does!"

"Shake!" exclaimed our host, extending his hand, "you're the first woman I've met who was not jealous of her husband's Lodge!"

Recently, a young wife, calling on me, indulged in some very caustic remarks relative to her husband's spending his evenings away from home, said she wished he had never joined the Elks and that his being one did him more harm than good.

"How often does he go to meetings?" I asked.

"Why," she retorted indignantly, "he's been there three times!"

Further inquiry revealed that the poor man had joined in January and had attended three sessions in five months!

The two incidents recorded above are recommended to the serious consideration of women who are blessed with husbands who are Elks but who are such poor wives that they not only fail to appreciate the blessing to themselves but also mar the husbands' pleasure in such associations by being either indifferent to it, or spitefully jealous, and peevishly nagging whenever meeting night or other visits to the Lodge room are mentioned.

The average woman, nowadays, has her clubs, circles, organizations and classes. From a long acquaintance with club women truth compels the candid admission that they are not the best homemakers.

Theoretically, yes. Practically, no.

I know quite a few men who dine at their clubs because their wives are too busy with outside interests to attend to home matters. That however, is another story.

It has always been my contention that a man's real enjoyment in connection with some organization or club depends entirely on the way his wife regards such membership. Just as a woman makes or mars the peace and happiness of the home circle, so does she make or mar the pleasure her husband finds in club affiliations.

Very few men join anything against the express disapproval of their wives. And if willing he should join, why in the name of goodness should she find fault every time he goes to a meeting?

It is his duty to attend all sessions. It is also necessary to keep in touch with the spirit of good fellowship by dropping in for a chat with the boys. Not to the extent of neglecting his home and family, of course, but a good Elk never does that unless home is not the kind of home if should be, and he

is positively driven to his lodge-room for peace and comfort.

There are such cases. I know many, and am heartily glad such men find refuge under the antlers.

Men are gregarious. They can't help it. They were born so. No matter how much a man loves his wife and enjoys her companionship he must associate with his own sex. And nowhere can the right kind of a man get more real enjoyment than in the society of a herd of clean-minded jolly good Elks.

The Order stands for the highest type of Americanism. It calls out all that is noblest and best in human nature. It preaches and practises charity, fidelity, loyalty and justice. It makes the good better and the unsteady more steadfast. A man is always a better husband, father, son and brother for being an Elk.

Why then should any woman jibe and nag and complain if her husband enjoys such association? How can it possibly harm him?

I wish it were possible to convince such fault-finding wives of the harm they do by failing to interest themselves in Elk matters, by objecting to the husbands' going to meetings, by indulging in a spiteful silly jealousy because they can not know what is said and done in secret sessions.

Nothing can be more discouraging and disheartening to a man returning home from an unusually interesting meeting, eager to talk things over with his wife, than to be greeted with:

"So you've been to your old Lodge again? Pity you can't spend an evening home once in a while! If being an Elk teaches you any thing, John Henry, it should tell you your first duty is to your wife and family!"

And John Henry, chilled and disappointed, shuts up like an oyster and thinks things that leave little scars on mind and heart.

"Or, how can a man start off to a meeting with any degree of pleasure, with this ringing in his ears:

"Off to your Lodge again? Why not take a room and live there? You must think a lot of your home to be so willing to spend all your time away from it!"

All these spiteful little remarks I've heard many a time, and just as often have I tried to do a little home missionary work by praising the Order and explaining how much a man, even the best, needs its wonderful work and influence.

It is true many men do not try as they should to interest their wives in matters of interest to themselves, but even then it is up to the wife to create a feeling of mutual interest.

Men, after all, are only boys grown a little taller, a little older. They always retain the boyish desire to talk things over with some one. Just as the tiny lad hurries home from school to tell mother of something that occurred during the session, so the worthwhile husband likes to talk things over with his wife, if she is the right kind of a wife.

Two of the greatest thrills I've experienced in a lifetime full of thrills ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime.

One was the time I heard my little nephew say of me to his playmates:

"My auntie is such a good chum that I do believe if I asked her she'd take off her stockings and shoes and wade in that gutter with me!"

The other was the night Betterhalf came home from a meeting, his eyes shining, his face aglow, as he exclaimed:

"O, Buddy! Such a grand meeting! I couldn't get home quick enough to tell you about it!"

I've been an Elk's wife seventeen years and have never once regretted the fact. I don't expect to.

On the contrary, I am very, very proud of the fact and count among my most cherished possessions my Elk card, small Elk pin and various mementoes of B. P. O. E. conventions and gatherings. I've met Elks and visited Lodges from Maine to California, Michigan to Florida, and have a collection of letter-heads secured from Lodges no amount of money could buy.

Professional duties prevent my own special Elk from attending sessions and going to his Lodge as often as he should; but, with no desire to throw bouquets at myself can truly say I would never find fault because he spent some time with his brother Elks.

For I really think I get as much pleasure and benefit from being an Elk's wife as he does from being an Elk. Not only because it is another instance of mutually sharing a good thing but because the bits I glean about the Order make me broader-minded, more liberal, in vision and viewpoint.

Sometimes, after I have expressed a pretty strong opinion of some one, male or female, he smilingly quotes:

"Their faults we write upon the sand." And then I say to myself:

"You nasty little cat, you've got to travel some to keep step with an honest-to-goodness Elk!"

TO THE wife who does not quite comprehend the needs and longings of the best side of man's nature and disposition, let me say this:

Talk to your husband about the Order; ask him why he is interested in it; get him to tell you about its work, its aims, its principles; meet as many other members as you can and compare them with men who are not Elks; let him tell you, so far as is permissible, what goes on in the Lodge; treasure for him the little framed flag, his cards, and the many little keepsakes he values; polish his Elk button and pin when—or if—they look dingy; show him you are interested and note how quickly he will respond; and above all things, don't be jealous of the lodge-room, for if you are the right kind of a wife it can not wean him away from you.

But, believe me, sisters all, no matter how prone we are to pat ourselves on the back and gloat over our wifely virtues, we wives, good, bad, and indifferent, have got to trot along at a pretty fast gait to keep up, spiritually, with a true Elk.



A Churchman on the Order of Elks

Reverend Edward J. Donovan Tells His Conception of Its Mission and Its Possibilities

HOW the Order of Elks has appealed to eminent churchmen, the reasons why they became members and their impressions of the Brotherhood and its achievements in behalf of a greater country and a happier, patriotic people, never fail to prove entertaining.

A number of ministers (by the oddity of circumstance, all of them of the Protestant faith) have recently related through the columns of The Elks Magazine their appreciation of the Order of Elks and paid tribute to its tremendous power in fostering the public welfare and an era of better understanding among men.

The newly-appointed chaplain of the New York State Elks' Association, Rev. Edward J. Donovan, pastor in charge of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Bay Shore, L. I., and chaplain of Patchogue Lodge, No. 1323, is widely known throughout the Empire State as well as throughout the Order. In the recent past, Father Donovan has been twice honored by the Elks. A fraternal visit by the members of Patchogue Lodge to St. Patrick's Church was one instance. On that occasion, and referring to the sacred edifice in which the service was conducted, Father Donovan remarked:

"The corner-stone of this beautiful temple is Faith. As I speak, I visualize another magnificent temple towering high in these United States of America, the mighty Memorial Building of the Order of Elks, the foundation stone of which is Charity."

On another occasion, when a testimonial banquet was given in honor of Father Donovan's selection as State Chaplain, men representing all departments of public and busi-

ness life were in attendance, among them United States Senator William Calder and Mr. George J. Winslow, President of the New York State Elks' Association. Expressive of his conception of the Order, and its destiny, Father Donovan has prepared the following for The Elks Magazine:

"The Order of Elks occupies a unique and distinguished place in our national life. There are many fraternities, but only one Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—only one of its character and kind.

"As Elks we are uplifted by high and lofty principles. These include civil and religious liberty guaranteed under the Constitution to every man. The spirit of the Order is wonderfully typified in the Golden Rule. The Golden Rule is as old as the ages and true as Holy Writ: 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even unto them.'

"We are living to-day in an age of social and religious unrest. National, racial, political and religious prejudices prevail. Bigotry rears its ugly head to terrorize and poison the ignorant. We look to the Order of Elks to exercise the influences that will correct much of this. Since our Order stands pre-eminently for mankind in teaching the Golden Rule, we feel that it simply must become more and more a growing power in directing human destiny.

"Professor West, in his book, 'The Story of American Democracy—Political and Industrial,' says that if civilization is to be saved from world-wide collapse, human fraternity and solidarity must be established, not upon competition and class struggle, but upon Brotherhood. The Order of

Elks is a real Brotherhood. It is a fraternity built upon Truth. It is a fraternity reaching with helping hand outside the Lodge-room. It is a fraternity as broad as the world and as deep as the sea in Justice, Brotherly Love, Fidelity and Charity. Such a Brotherhood will prove a mighty factor in restoring world contentment.

"**W**HEN in the all-wise providence of God the time had come for the deliverance of the Jewish people from Pharaoh, the Lord God looked for one to lead His people into the Promised Land. The Scripture impressively says: 'The Lord God sought unto Himself a man.' The Lord God seeks constantly for men to serve as leaders in His Church. Similarly, the Nation and State seek for those who shall direct. In every avenue of endeavor, individuals are sought to guide and inspire. The Order of Elks seeks the best men. Some one has said: 'He who saves a man whom God has made, is next in greatness to the God who made him.'

"The business of Elks is to make men better, to encourage and to help, doing individually at least one good turn every day.

"The work of the Order of Elks is as vast as human life itself. We are on the threshold of a new and better age. People are going to become less selfish and more interested in each other. Realization will come that every individual is a part of the great social order and that mutuality of interest brings happiness and prosperity. The Nation is measured by its citizenship. The Order of Elks is measured by the class of its membership in right living and doing."

Directory of State Associations

1922—Presidents and Secretaries—1923

Alabama—No Association under authority of Section 230 et sequentia. (Grand Lodge Statutes).

Alaska—No Association.

Arizona—President, H. B. Cassidy, Phoenix; Secretary, A. John Frey, Phoenix.

Arkansas—President, J. F. O'Melia, Fort Smith; Secretary, A. W. Parke, Little Rock. Annual meeting, May 21, at Texarkana.

California—President, Richard C. Benbough, San Diego; Secretary, O. P. Sloat, San Bernardino. Annual meeting at Eureka, 1923.

Connecticut—No Association.

Colorado—President, John R. Coen, Sterling; Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo. Annual meeting at Colorado Springs, date to be announced.

Delaware—Affiliated with Maryland Association.

District of Columbia—Affiliated with Maryland Association.

Florida—President, C. C. Kirby, Jacksonville; Secretary, P. M. Henderson, Lakeland. Date and place of annual meeting to be executively decided.

Georgia—President, Harry G. Butler, Savannah; Secretary, Thomas B. Lamar, Columbus. Annual meeting, July 9-14, at Atlanta.

Illinois—President, W. W. Arnold, Robinson; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle. Annual meeting at Moline, date to be announced.

Indiana—President, Dr. A. J. McDonald, Bedford; Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville.

Iowa—President, Henry Louis, Iowa City; Secretary, James O'Brien, Des Moines. Annual meeting at Marshalltown.

Idaho—President, Charles L. Stewart, Boise; Secretary, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello.

Kansas—President, Lewis F. Goerman, Newton; Secretary, W. H. McKone, Lawrence. Annual meeting in October at Wellington.

Kentucky—President, Clyde Levi, Ashland; Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville. Annual meeting at Middlesboro.

Louisiana—No Association.

Massachusetts—President, John P. Brennan, Cambridge; Secretary, Jeremiah J.

Hourin, Framingham. Annual meeting, June 17-18-19, at Greenfield.

Michigan—President, Aldrich Baxter, Detroit; Secretary, George D. Bostock, Grand Rapids. Annual meeting, June 20, at Petoskey.

Minnesota—President, John P. Murphy, Hibbing; Secretary, Lannie Horne, Minneapolis.

Missouri—President, Lee Meriwether, St. Louis; Secretary, Samuel D. Byrns, Mexico. Annual meeting, June 14, Poplar Bluff.

Mississippi—Disbanded and reorganizing.

Maryland—President, J. W. McLane, Crisfield; Secretary, F. B. Gerald, Crisfield.

Maine—No Association.

Montana—President, C. M. Bandin, Kalispell; Secretary, J. M. Minor, Anaconda.

Nevada—No Association.

Nebraska—President, W. W. Jenne, Falls City; Secretary, J. H. Cuddy, Chadron. Annual meeting at Scottsbluff.

New Hampshire—No Association.

(Continued on page 73)



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Grand Exalted Ruler's Engagements for February

FEBRUARY 6.—Guest of Honor of Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15.

February 14.—Guest of Honor at banquet in Pittsburgh of the Southwest Association of Pennsylvania.

February 15.—Guest of Honor at anniversary banquet of New York Lodge, No. 1.

February 16.—Guest of Honor at reception and banquet tendered by Newark Lodge, No. 21.

February 17.—Guest of Honor of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211.

February 19.—New England Elks' Banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officials, at the Copley Plaza.

The succeeding three days will be devoted to visiting Lodges in the Boston vicinity.

Aside from the dates above specified, the Grand Exalted Ruler will apply his remaining time in paying fraternal respects to Lodges in Ohio and Pennsylvania during the month of February.

Chicago Breaks Record. Plans Elaborate Home

Following the initiation of a class of 700, the largest in the history of Chicago Lodge, the last mortgage bonds on the present Club-house were burned. Extinction of these bonds impressed the fact that No. 4 had outgrown its present accommodations. Immediately plans were inaugurated for a new home at an estimated cost of from two to three million dollars. A few days subsequent to this record-breaking initiation, approximately 6,000 Chicago Elks participated in another history-making event commemorating the remarkable growth of the Order in that city. The celebration took the form of a banquet tendered by Chicago Lodge to its own membership and to as many other Elk guests outside of Chicago as could attend.

Oregon Elks Minister to Victims of Flame-swept Astoria

Elks of Astoria, Ore., were among the first to organize relief work for the thousands made homeless by the great fire that swept that city. In applying these splendid efforts, they were led and encouraged by

members of Portland Lodge and reinforced by other Lodges which sent delegations with funds to Astoria as quickly as the news went out describing the extent of the disaster. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, acting for the Grand Lodge, urged the members of all neighboring Lodges to cooperate in alleviating the wide-suffering and to this appeal there was hearty response. The Oregon State Association, combining efforts with all Lodges affiliated in that State and working closely with the Christmas Committee of Portland Lodge, made it possible for Astoria, although its home had been devastated, to disburse its Christmas benefactions as originally contemplated. The difference was that, by reason of the privations inflicted by the fire, the requirement was much larger and more urgent. Yet every detail was administered in fine style and in conformity with the spirit of the Order.

Elk Lodges Are Prosperous In the Land of the Midnight Sun

The rigors of climate and the comparative isolation from the center of Elk activities have little effect on the growth and prosperity in good deeds of the Lodges in Alaska. Word comes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE about these outposts of the Order through George G. Miller, Past Exalted Ruler and Treasurer of Skagway Lodge, who is visiting Washington and New York on business connected with the United States Customs Service. His account of the Elks in Alaska is a story of which the whole Order may be proud: Juneau has 550 members and owns its beautiful Home; Ketchikan started with 100 charter members and the total membership is now 240; at a recent initiation, 39 candidates were admitted in one night. Anchorage Lodge also owns its Home. Skagway's Home is completely paid for and its strong-box guards an additional asset in the shape of a good-sized sheaf of Liberty Bonds. Speaking in detail of No. 431, Mr. Miller gave some interesting facts. The members have built a finely equipped theater in which entertainments of a high order are given regularly. There is a bowling-alley attached to the Lodge that is rarely idle. The library is perhaps the biggest attraction. It is up-to-date in every way, its scope being indicated by the fact that it subscribes to over fifty magazines. Extra copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE are always available to all

visiting members. Surrounding the Lodge are beautifully kept grounds full of maple and cottonwood trees planted by the original members of Skagway when the Lodge was instituted fifteen years ago. It is estimated that over six thousand tourists come to Skagway during the course of the year and that one-quarter of these are Elks—so that entertaining has become a fine art with the members as it also has with all the Lodges in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

"Krippled Kiddies' Day" In Arkansas and New Jersey

The Elks of Arkansas have set apart January 6 as "Krippled Kiddies' Day." Year after year it is expected that henceforth on this date Elks throughout the State will, by personal effort and cooperation with all agencies, develop interest in this class of unfortunates and make it possible for them to enjoy the ordinary pleasures of childhood. It is the idea of the Arkansas Elks to support the work now being done at the Arkansas Children's Hospital. Elk efforts last year in its behalf made possible the endowment of a ward in that institution where the children of the poor will receive treatment without cost. This highly laudable character of work has been paralleled by the New Jersey State Association which recently took action by which the New Jersey Elks will father the crippled children of the State by providing for their vocational training along the line for which each individual is inclined by choice or adapted by physical condition. Other State Associations are expected to formulate plans for cooperation among their Lodges along the same lines to the end that this movement may become nation-wide.

Anniversary Banquet By New York Lodge

February 15, New York Lodge No. 1 will celebrate the fifty-fifth birthday of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks with its usual "Anniversary Banquet." The affair will be held at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, with Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters as the guest of honor. Invitations have been extended to the officers and official staff of the Grand Lodge. The banquet will be held on the eve of the actual date of birth, which is February 16. Mr. Masters will be the twentieth Grand Exalted Ruler banquetted upon the Order's birthday by New York Lodge.

Elk Building Operations Never More Active than Now

Throughout the Order, where multiplied millions have already been invested in such possessions, there has never been a time when building operations were more extensively and ambitiously conducted than at present, or when more new buildings were planned and awaiting official sanction to start the contractors. (Happily all such transactions are prudently safe-guarded under operation of law.) These facts are to be accepted not only as evidence of fraternal growth and prosperity but as significant of better times generally for everybody. On the part of practically every Lodge, the controlling desire appears to be to own a Home and Club and to own one worthy of the rank and file and in keeping with the dignity and prestige of the Order. Everything must be substantial, not to say sumptuous. Apparently the standard set among Elks is that the best can be none too good. The purpose is to provide not merely a place of assembly for the cultivation of the social graces. The Homes and Clubs now being built, after the manner of those which already thickly dot the landscape, are appointed and furnished in the perfection of good taste, and the accessory equipment, with few if any exceptions, is both extensive and expensive.

Pasadena Elks Look Ahead. Entertainment Committee Active

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge is going ahead in a good, healthy manner. The rapid growth in membership has necessitated the appointment of a committee to select a location for a new and larger Home. There has also been appointed an Entertainment Committee composed of twelve members, each to hold the Chairmanship for one month. The duty of each succeeding Chairman is to furnish a special program every meeting night. The last Thursday in the month has been set aside as "Family Night." In this way no one member of the Committee is overworked and a certain amount of friendly competition is aroused. Many prominents have spoken or are scheduled to speak before members—the Governor, Superior Court Judges, Ministers, Superintendents of Public Instruction, etc. Pasadena Lodge is likewise the Big Brother of three Orphan Schools, and the Committee on Children's Welfare finds pride in making certain that deserving youngsters are provided with the good things that make the life of a child enjoyable.

Ritualistic Contest For the Nicholson Cup

Annual renewal of the ritualistic contest for the James R. Nicholson Trophy Cup is scheduled to take place in the home of Boston Lodge. The invitation is extended heartily to all Massachusetts Elks to witness the ceremony. Lively competition is anticipated. Several Degree Teams that will enter are said to be letter-perfect in exemplifying the work.

State Association Projected for Wyoming

With the thought in mind that Wyoming should enjoy the advantages afforded through the agency of a State Association, District Deputy R. E. McNally has pioneered plans to that end and has sent letters to Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all Lodges concerned, inviting them to meet in Cheyenne and discuss the question to a conclusion one way or the other.

Shooting Wild Ducks Furnishes Food and Fun

Dodge City (Kans.) Lodge provided the double pleasure of fine shooting and furnishing the poor with game dinners. Plans were organized among the members, team captains were named and the contest was on in a hurry to decide who would bring back the biggest bags. As a consequence, there was an abundance of ducks to fill all the baskets and to provide a rare treat for everybody entitled to share in the division of the spoils. This Lodge has been especially industrious in Welfare Work. The prize awarded for bringing home the most ducks went to Exalted Ruler Madison who bagged an even two hundred.

The Art of Understanding What to Do and How to Do It

Hereto appends a moral that adorns a short story. Postmaster Harsin of Asbury Park, N. J., is not an Elk, but in all other respects exceedingly sagacious. And so it happened that when the Santa Claus mail began piling up just before Christmas, he quickly bethought himself of a certain method of delivery and response that would permit no sting of disappointment. Forthwith Postmaster Harsin turned over every such communication to the officers of Asbury Park Lodge of Elks. The Elks were experienced in such matters and knew precisely what to do and how to do it. The result was that every request sent Old Santa via this route was filled to the letter. Accordingly, many little folks were made exceedingly happy.

Elks of San Diego Active "Big Brothers"

The Big Brother movement in San Diego, Calif., has gained fresh impetus by the appointment of Charles K. Jackson, Lecturing Knight of San Diego Lodge, to the Chairmanship of the local organization. Hardly a day passes without some record of the fine work being done by San Diego Elks in this field of welfare activity. A fitting example of what No. 168 is doing was exemplified recently when a youngster, fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for vagrancy and sent to the Detention Home, was taken to the depot and placed aboard the train for Dallas, Texas, where his mother awaited his return.

Radio Broadcasting Brings Lodges Closer Together

The radio is rapidly becoming the means of bringing many widely separated Lodges into closer touch with one another. Through the courtesy of the Westinghouse Company, Raymond J. Miller's Memorial Address before Homestead (Pa.) Lodge was broadcasted from the K.D.K.A. Station at East Pittsburgh. Letters have come from all parts of the country indicating the success of the experiment. The Memorial Service of St. Louis Lodge was also broadcasted by the Post-Dispatch Radio Station, K.S.D. Elks in Missouri and adjoining States, who could not attend their own services, were thus enabled to participate in the St. Louis exercises.

Okmulgee Elks Submit Plans for \$200,000 Temple

In the very near future, after official sanction has been awarded, work on a new Home for Okmulgee (Okla.) Lodge of Elks is expected to begin. For several years,

such a temple has been in contemplation. Some time ago, a very desirable site was acquired. The plans, as submitted to the Board of Grand Trustees, call for a three-story building. The dimensions are fifty by one hundred and twenty feet. The cost, when completed, is estimated at \$200,000. The third floor will be devoted to sleeping-rooms. The second floor will be occupied by the lodge-room, which will be equipped in a manner to permit its easy conversion into a ballroom and for general assembly purposes where Community Welfare subjects may be discussed. On the first floor will be lounging-rooms, billiard and reading-parlors and a general reception hall. Bowling alleys and a swimming pool will be installed in the basement.

\$125,000 First Night Receipts. Some Seats Sold for \$1,000 Each

San José (Calif.) Elks' production of "Foxy Quiller" was perhaps the most successful amateur entertainment ever staged in the Pacific West. Receipts reached a gratifying total of \$125,000 on the first night. These proceeds were applied to the local Community Charity Chest and to the Empty Stocking Fund of No. 522. Seats on the opening night commanded as much as \$1,000 each, and cheaper ones were sold for \$100. Splendid success attended the company on its one-night stands in Santa Cruz and Salinas.

Progressive Ideas Put Into Practise by Indiana Lodge

A constructive plan has been launched by Richmond (Ind.) Lodge. No. 649 has established two scholarships in the Richmond High School for boys and girls who have successfully overcome financial handicaps in completing their courses. The scholarships, valued at \$300, will be awarded on Commencement Day, with the idea of enabling some poor boy or girl to attend college for a year, or otherwise be the means of obtaining vocational training. The basis for the scholarships, as worked out by the Lodge and the High School authorities, are: (1) Handicaps undergone and those likely to continue; (2) perseverance in the face of difficulties; (3) scholarship; (4) mental attitude; (5) participation in school activities; (6) dependability; (7) potential worth. The High School will offer six candidates from which the Lodge will make its selection. Another progressive step taken by Richmond Lodge is the establishment of a permanent Elks' Christmas Fund, placed at the disposal of the Secretary of the local Social Service Bureau, to be used for emergency cases not otherwise taken care of under the scope of the Bureau's activities.

Frolic and Feasting Follow Season of Gift Giving

It was to be anticipated that the Order of Elks, acting in united capacity and energized and equipped for all emergencies, would, during the season of Good Cheer, think first of the children of misfortune and of the aged and indigent and provide for their comfort and enjoyment both as a privilege and duty; and after that they would give a thought to themselves and celebrate in the companionship of their own when New Year's arrived. Without exception this was the procedure. Incidentally and modestly, it can be reported in a whisper that never before have Elk Lodges welcomed their opportunities with greater unanimity and more resplendently than this last

Christmas time. The very name Elk became a synonym for Santa Claus. Every Lodge is to be credited with contributing its full quota, whether that quota was expressed in terms of hundreds or thousands. In other words, no expense was spared in accenting the joy of being alive. A wonderful part was that those Lodges and individuals who gave the most were the ones who received the most in return. The paramount effort was to overlook no worthy person. Generally speaking, these efforts succeeded remarkably well. Among the poor, it is going to be a long time before the delight of these Christmas benefactions subside into echo. Those who enjoy intimate contact with the activities of the Order and are in possession of first-hand information on the subject, conservatively estimate that not less than one million, in one form or another, sipped the sweets of Elk Christmas bounty. This is another way of saying that, by and large, every member of the Order counted as a responsible means of affording happiness for somebody somewhere.

New Home for Eveleth Ready During Coming Summer

In keeping with the spirit of progress so much in evidence in the Iron Mining section of Minnesota, the membership of Eveleth Lodge, No. 1161, has decided that the old home has outlived its usefulness and, with the steady growth in numbers, it was resolved to build a new home. Construction is already well under way and the new Club building, to cost approximately \$100,000, it is promised, will be completed during the course of the coming summer.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Attends South Brownsville Banquet

The new South Brownsville (Pa.) Home became a certainty when sufficient bonds were subscribed at an enthusiastic meeting which followed the first annual banquet. Nearly 400 visiting Elks and members of No. 1344 heard a most instructive address by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters. From the time that Toastmaster Wood N. Carr of Uniontown (Pa.) Lodge opened the speaking until Exalted Ruler A. H. Neaman declared the meeting over, the celebration was without a single dull moment.

Logan Elks Plan for New Home

The plans for financing and building the new Logan (W. Va.) Home are now in the hands of the Grand Lodge officers. No. 1391 proposes the issuance of \$50,000 ten year 6 per cent. coupon bonds and their sale to members; the purchase of a \$14,000 lot, already selected, and the erection of a two-story brick and stucco home to cost around \$36,000, furnished.

Compacting Energy For Effective Results

Under leadership of District Deputy Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, Pa., Lodges comprising the Pennsylvania North Central District have organized an Association. Two meetings have already been held. The first was for the purpose of perfecting the organization. The second was held at Sunbury early in the present year. The new Association is patterned after the Pennsylvania Southwest Association of which Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters is a leading spirit. The business in prospect was explained and outlined by

Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow and F. J. Schrader, former President of the State Association. The officers chosen include H. R. Davis, President, and J. F. Hassenplug, of Milton Lodge, Secretary.

Gary Elks Prepare To Build Home

Gary (Ind.) Elks are determined to erect one of the finest homes in the State. Following official approval, architects began working on plans. The Building Committee consists of all present officers of No. 1152 and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Chairman Clyde Hunter has divided the committee into sub-committees for every branch of the work. Nothing will prevent the early ground-breaking.

Rather Large Docket Confronts Grand Forum

The Grand Forum will be in regular session in New York City February 15 and 16 under call of William J. Conway, Chief Justice, and as required by law. The docket is rather large. A full attendance is expected.

Fatal Summons For Morris O'Dell

Morris O'Dell has passed to the Great Beyond. At the fifty-second annual session of the Grand Lodge, held in Baltimore in 1916, he was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and served for one year. Mr. O'Dell was the first President of the New Jersey State Elks' Association and the first Past President of that organization to answer the fatal summons. A number of representative Elks attended the funeral ceremony which was conducted at the Home and under auspices of Camden Lodge No. 293. Death occurred January 4, 1923.

An Elk Choir Winning Laurels

The Elks of Williamsport, Pa., have a choir which has become well known throughout the city and the neighboring districts by its beautiful rendering of Church music. The choir, made up of thirty-five voices, has been heard in almost every Church of Williamsport. It is considered such an important addition to the regular Sunday service that its appearance is always advertised in advance, and every pew is filled. Besides presenting a varied program of classical music, the choir leads the congregational singing.

Oklahoma Elks Project Handsome Home

Proposals for a new Club-house to be erected by the Elks of Oklahoma (Okla.) have been presented to the Grand Lodge officials for approval. The property on which the building will stand already belongs to No. 417. The additional expense is estimated at \$300,000. The building will be five stories high, and have an auditorium on the first floor with a seating capacity of 1,200. The second floor will provide a club-room, dining-rooms, kitchen, library, secretary's office and card-rooms. On the third floor will be the lodge-room, 60 by 100 feet, preparation rooms, gymnasium, showers, etc. It is planned to commercialize part of the building by renting stores on the street level and by dividing the fourth and fifth floors into offices, thirty-six on each floor.

Joplin Elks Propose Novel Community Festival

Plans for a mammoth Fall Festival to be held in August or early September of 1923 are being discussed by the Elks of Joplin, Mo. A committee has been appointed to take the lead in perfecting an organization of all civic, charity and fraternal bodies of the city to put on the festival as a community charity affair. It is hoped to obtain enough money in this manner to care for most, if not all, of the local charity work during the remainder of the winter. The general scheme is to make the event similar to the Elks' Charity Carnival which was so successful last year.

Bellingham Elks Support Scout Campaign

Elks of Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge are actively supporting the Boy Scout organization in its effort to raise \$6,000. Arthur K. Powlinson, Regional Director of Boy Scouts, appeared before the members of No. 194 and won its cooperation in furthering the growth of the movement.

Delightful Surprise For Elk Pilgrim in Egypt

Evan Edwards, member of Manila (P. I.) Lodge, writing THE ELKS MAGAZINE from Cairo, Egypt, has this to say: "After two months of travel through Java, Burmah and India, and being forced to be without reading from the home land, I came to Cairo, Egypt, and in the hotel reading-room here I find the November number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. You can't imagine the pleasant surprise and enjoyment I got from it. I hope I may be so fortunate as to find the December number when I get to Paris."

Sandusky's New Home Will Be Ready July 1

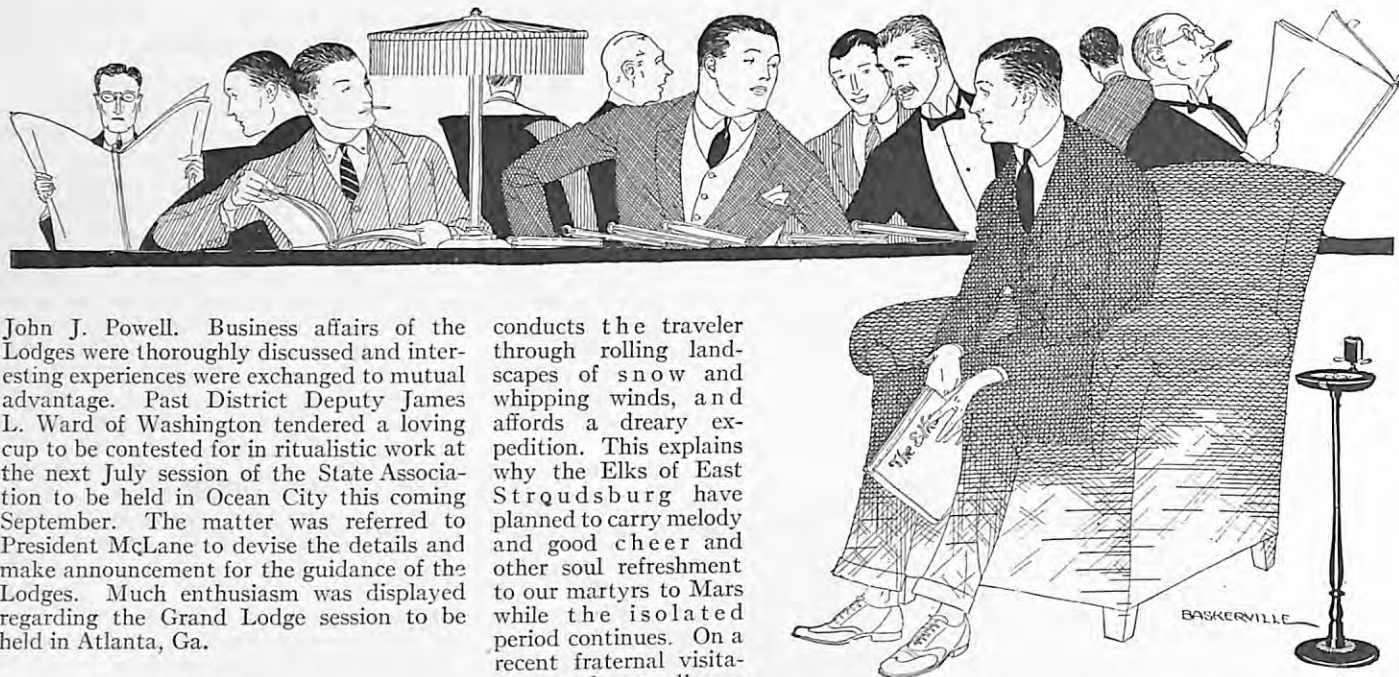
Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge, operating through the Sandusky Elks' Home Association, has broken ground for new Club-house quarters expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$125,000. The hope is to have the building complete and ready for occupancy not later than July 23. Inasmuch as Sandusky and Cedar Point are where the Ohio State Association meetings are frequently held, the new Home should prove to be a splendid convenience for visiting Elks.

Elk Leaders Broadcast Oratory

Newton (Mass.) Lodge recently broadcasted snappy, effective three-minute speeches made by Governor Cox, Mayor James M. Curley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Charles F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; and John P. Brennan, President of the Massachusetts State Elks' Association. The addresses were alternated with vocal and instrumental selections.

Successful Meeting Discusses Business Affairs

Quite a successful meeting of the State Association, Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, Past Exalted Rulers and many others representing the jurisdiction composed of Maryland and Delaware and the District of Columbia, was held in the Home of Washington Lodge and presided over by District Deputy



John J. Powell. Business affairs of the Lodges were thoroughly discussed and interesting experiences were exchanged to mutual advantage. Past District Deputy James L. Ward of Washington tendered a loving cup to be contested for in ritualistic work at the next July session of the State Association to be held in Ocean City this coming September. The matter was referred to President McLane to devise the details and make announcement for the guidance of the Lodges. Much enthusiasm was displayed regarding the Grand Lodge session to be held in Atlanta, Ga.

Muncie Elks Realize Long-Cherished Dream

The new Lodge and Club Home of Muncie Elks, lately dedicated with impressive ceremonies, was built and equipped at a total cost of \$200,000 and realizes a long-cherished dream. The site was purchased ten years ago. The Lodge was instituted, back in 1892; since then the membership has grown uninterruptedly. The *Muncie Evening Press* issued a special edition containing a complete description of the building with historical data and resounding with warm words of appreciation. Above the main entrance is placed an enormous bronze elk head. At night the front will be illuminated with shower lights. The flag pole is installed directly above the elk head. The marble columns, the birch-mahogany inlaid doors, the terrazzo stairways, the plastic electrical fixtures and the Ionic architecture blend into a harmonious whole which cannot be surpassed. It is the last word in this style of architecture and in the years to come Muncie citizens will point to it with pride. That the Elks' Home will become the social center of Muncie seems more than likely.

Bakersfield Corner-stone On Washington's Birthday

Bakersfield (Calif.) Elks plan to lay the corner-stone of their new Home and Club-house with fitting ceremonies on Washington's Birthday, February 22 being the thirteenth anniversary of the occupancy of their present Home. The new structure will be erected at a cost exceeding \$400,000 and is to be one of the show places of the State.

Elks Carry Good Cheer To World War Veterans

At Ponco Pines Vocational School, on a plateau near East Stroudsburg, Pa., a number of former service men have been repeatedly entertained by the Elks. In this way East Stroudsburg Lodge renders tribute to disabled World Warriors. Ponco Pines, picturesquely set amid groves and lakes, entices many summer tourists who, in their turn, are interested in the soldiers. This interchange of fellowship naturally terminates when Winter comes. A visit to Ponco Pines, during the frozen months,

conducts the traveler through rolling landscapes of snow and whipping winds, and affords a dreary expedition. This explains why the Elks of East Stroudsburg have planned to carry melody and good cheer and other soul refreshment to our martyrs to Mars while the isolated period continues. On a recent fraternal visitation, and preceding a concert by the Elks' Band, Past Exalted Ruler Clinton B. Eilenberger was chief host and toastmaster.

Wild Duck Banquet Precedes Decision to Build

The fellowship of Moline (Ill.) Lodge enjoyed a wild duck banquet which was well attended. The dinner was immediately followed by a special meeting held in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce to consider building a new home. The plans submitted call for a structure 58 by 158 feet in dimension, consisting of two stories and a basement, everything to be fireproof. Approximately \$175,000 will be required to do the work. The latest statement issued by the lodge shows actual assets to the value of \$215,000. Besides, it has been decided to increase the annual dues on and after April 1, 1923, and also to raise the initiation fee when the building is completed. By November 1, the expectation is that the membership will have grown to 1,200.

Historic Gavel Presented Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge

In memory of her husband, who was an Elk, Mrs. Z. Alexander has presented William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, with a gavel which came from a Kentucky coffee-tree said to have grown at Mt. Vernon, Va., which was long the home of General George Washington. The legend concerning this tree is that it was brought from Kentucky by Thomas Jefferson and planted in the yard of Washington's home by General Lafayette of France.

Planning Grand Lodge Expeditions to Atlanta

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge is organizing a large delegation to attend the Grand Lodge annual meeting in Atlanta this coming July. Southbound, the trip will be made by steamer to New Orleans and completed by rail to Atlanta. An Elks' Band of 80 pieces will accompany the expedition. George T. Reddick has been asked to plan the trip south for Iowa Elks. Mr. Reddick is Past Exalted Ruler of Iowa City Lodge and Past President of the Iowa State Association. His itinerary will be to rendezvous in Chicago; visit Indianapolis, Cincinnati and

Washington en route to New York; embark by steamer to Savannah, Ga.; thence by rail to Atlanta; visit historic Southern scenes and battle-fields on the return trip. T. A. Morken, representing the Minnesota State Association, is busy in behalf of the Elks in that region along lines similar to those above described.

St. Paul Annual Banquet A Glittering Occasion

The annual banquet of St. Paul Lodge was a glittering occasion. The attendance crowded the hall to capacity. Hon. James G. McFarland was guest of honor. He responded with a stirring message from the Grand Lodge. Another sparkling contributor to the oratorical division of the program was Hon. W. I. Nolan, Speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, who spoke in a humorous vein. District Deputy Frank J. Thompson keyed himself quite happily. John H. Mitchell graced the head of the festal board as toastmaster. Good cheer abounded.

A Million-Dollar Home for Memphis

Plans are being formulated by Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge for the building of a new Home and Club-house—a project that will cost close to a million dollars all told, and give No. 27 one of the finest edifices in the country. It will be a Home in the true sense of the word, not only for Memphis Elks, but for all visiting members of the Order as well. Definite plans for financing and building are being submitted to the Grand Lodge for approval.

Northwestern Elks Shooting for the Head Pin

Walter A. Ryberg, Clerk of the District Court, and member of Minneapolis Lodge, is slated to be the first President of the newly formed Northwestern Elks' Bowling Association. The tournament will be conducted February 15-18 on Minneapolis alleys, and Elk bowlers are expected to attend in large numbers from all neighboring States. This movement is a natural result of the installation of Bowling Alleys in many Elk Homes and Clubs.

(Continued on page 75)

Seven Seconds Faster

(Continued from page 20)

"You've said about enough, now." Young Jim walks up to Hobe like he might be aiming to tap him on the jaw. "I've stood for the royal raspberry from you ever since I went to work, and I want you to know I'm through taking it. I'm no damn fool!" Yes, sir, that's just what he said, and if old J. C. could only have been there his ears would have stuck up. "You've been racing for years. We'll see how smart you are. On *dope* you ought to beat me forty ways. It means a lot to the factory to win this race, but it can't be won with a five or six-second loss on each lap. Buck—I mean Mr. Jones—hasn't found it; you haven't found it; the other drivers haven't found it; I haven't found it. All races ain't won with your hands and feet," he goes on; "your head is supposed to be used for something besides a place to hang your hat. The Midwest hasn't got a chance to win this race unless it can hop its lap time up beyond the Condors. Now, go to it."

I had got Hobe in a awful jam. Here was the kid turning on him and sure shooting the liquid fire right into his eyes, as Solomon says.

FOUR days before the race, and the Condors was still knocking off the laps way under the Midwest. They was smart about it, too. They had their tent way up the road, and they never made any adjustments any place except at the tent. At night they kept a couple of men on guard. I know, because I offered a mechanic looking for a job one for life if he'd nose around the Condor layout and find out just what kind of stunt they was working on their cars. I couldn't figure it out. And I wasn't considered no poor racing manager, either. All the time the old man keeps talking about how sure he was that we would put it over and how it would mean the beginning of some real export business. If he hadn't been so busy entertaining the Australians he'd of found out our trouble long before. I got to worrying about young Jim telling him the whole thing at home. If he did, I was cuckoo, that was all.

The Boss's son acts like he's got water in his gasoline. He'd go around with a far-away look in his eyes, making marks on some paper he always carried in his pocket, until he got me so nervous I told him to tear himself away from my sight. Which he did, spending his time up in a tree behind our camp armed with a pair of field glasses like a sailor on a desert island looking for a sail.

"What you doing—trying to see what makes the Condors so fast?" Bacon asks him at noon when he comes down from his perch.

"Just got another three-ory," Jim answers, and his mouth kinda wiggled a second like he might of wanted to cry—or then again like he might of started to laugh, if you know what I mean. He didn't pay no more attention to Hobe. And after lunch he disappeared.

I heard the clock strike twelve while I was trying to sleep that night, and right after that I heard the phone downstairs ring. I didn't pay no attention to it. I made up my mind that anybody with no more sense than to call up at that time of night didn't need a answer. The bell keeps ringing, and Sue asks me if I want her to go down and answer it. I tells her no, and then I went down and stuffed my handkerchief behind the bell and let it ring. I was thrashing around trying to sleep a half-hour later when I heard a pounding on the front door. You can guess I was some mad. I got up and went down to open up before the door was tore down. . . . There stood young Jim.

"Get your clothes on, Mr. Jones!" he squeals. "We got to get to the factory quick!"

"Not unless I know what for," I tells him, sure now that his mental generator had got a short circuit.

"I got the answer!" he yells, "come on out to the factory and I'll show you!" Next thing I knowed, he had me out to the curb and in his car. He never said another word until we got to the factory.

"Front wheel brakes!" he yelled while I was opening the door to the experimental.

"Crazy as hell!" I thinks, getting ready to jump if he made a move.

"Front wheel brakes—brakes on all four wheels! That's what makes the Condors so fast! They slow down quicker on the corners!"

You could of knocked me over with a straw. Right then I knowed why they had their garage hid away from the rest of us. That was why they always went past the starting line in practice like a bat. These Condor folks had got a Frog managing their crew and he had brought the idea over with him. The Condor had beat us to it, and they was trying 'em out at the only place on earth they would make a lot of difference—a road race, where we had to slow down four times on every lap. They could drive up to the corners, and slap on their brakes and slow down twice as quick as we could—without a skid, too.

"Where'd you get the dope?" I asks him.

"Dug it out," he says. "I had a theory that if they wasn't no faster than we was on the straightaway and was still making better lap time there was a reason, as the advertisement says. So all I had to do was to figure out the reason. I kept figuring and figuring until they wasn't nothing left but the corners. Then I goes down to one of 'em and lays in a clover field, where nobody could see me, and watches 'em all afternoon. Their slow-down point is almost twice as close to the corner as ours. Simple, wasn't it?" he says.

"Simple as Simon," I grunts. "But all you found out ain't going to do us no good now. It's too late," I says, wringing wet all over.

"Too late, your granny!" he tells me. "I know what we can do. *Make* some kind of front wheel brakes. I made a study of 'em in Tech. Now, let's hop right on the job and see what we can do."

I told him I'd get the whole shop force at the factory and get 'em working on the job. But he tells me it's no use, that they'd be in the way. We could figure the thing out and give 'em the work to do in the morning.

IT MIGHT sound all right to say we went ahead and got the four jobs equipped and goes in and runs the wheels off the Condors and takes first, second, third and fourth. But we didn't. That is, we didn't get the four jobs ready. But we did get two sets made and young Jim makes me put one set on Hobe's car. And I was the guy that says the second set goes on the kid's car—I didn't care whether he had a chance to win or not. He'd figured the thing out and he had a right to have a set. We barely had time to try out Hobe and Jim's cars before the course was closed the day before the race for a final oiling and going over.

I don't need to take up much time telling about the race, except to say it was the first time brakes on all four wheels was ever used in America. Maybe you seen the race. If you did, you'll remember what happened. If you didn't, here it is:

They sends the cars off two at a time, like they always do in a road race. In the draw for position Hobe Bacon and a Condor gets away first, and thirty seconds later the second pair floats away, the same being Jim and another Condor. The timers keep track of the time the cars get away, and when it's all over they dope out the winner by taking the fastest time made.

There was sixteen starters and the race didn't no more than start till they begin to drop out. A couple of 'em didn't pay no attention to the corners, they was going so fast, but went straight ahead into the baled hay that was piled there to keep 'em from going through the barbed wire fence. One car swallows a valve. A Bluebird had to change so many tires the spectators got to thinking it was in a tire-changing contest. Just the usual amount of trouble you'll see in any race, whether it's on a speedway or on the road. Only one thing I got to say, and that is that the Condors' four-wheel brakes worked, and so did ours.

About the fifteenth lap, with only five more laps to go, Hobe begins to draw away from the Condor that started with him. That sets everybody talking. The crowd wasn't paying a whole lot of attention to Jim, but I see he is

taking the measure of the Condor that started with him. He flies past and then he bores on ahead to get the Condor that's running behind Hobe. Well, he takes that bird, and that don't leave nothing between him and Hobe. I didn't expect him to catch Hobe, but if he stayed where he was we had first and second place tied in a knot. All I was afraid of was that Hobe and Jim might bust up trying to beat each other, because I knowed they wasn't going to be no monkey business with them two.

At two laps to go Jim was running right on Hobe's rear wheels, and all he'd have to do was to hold it there and he'd have first place won. You remember he was thirty seconds behind Hobe when he started. The starter gets out his green flag and snaps it in Hobe's face to tell him he's on the last lap, and Jim was so close up the starter had to make it go for him, too. Past the grandstands they whizzed, and they wasn't a car within a mile of 'em. The grandstands was all excited, too, everybody standing up and looking up the stretch.

"They're coming!" yells a man next to me. "Can't tell who's ahead."

"Well, you might know Hobe would be ahead," one of the boys from the factory says, and sure enough he was right. Hobe flies across the line and the checkered flag tells him it's all over, but I'm telling the world that Jim was so close behind him that the starter didn't have time to wave it twice, before Jim was by. If you've got the dope you'll know that meant that Jim had whipped Hobe by not less than twenty-five seconds. Well, I didn't worry none. Getting first and second place ain't so bad, me being manager and entitled to a handsome cut of the prize money.

When the boys climb out of their cars Hobe walks over to where young Jim is just getting his racing-hood off. He holds out his hand to Jim and then he orates loud enough to be heard clear to New York: "Buck, you sign this boy right up now for five years. He's the fastest thing on four wheels I ever drove against. He just naturally kidded me along on that last lap. He could have passed me any time he wanted to. I'm for him, and I don't care who knows it. And if any man in this outfit gives him the razz from now on he's gonna have two men to lick, meaning him and me."

I looked at the boy. He was standing there, kinda queer-like, listening to what Hobe was saying. "Bacon is exaggerating my driving," the boy says. "He's a real driver. We both drove the wheels off the Condors and I guess that was what we was supposed to do."

Can you beat that? Well, I can't.

The old man had got across from the grandstand by this time and he rushes right up to his boy, with the Australians trailing along like a comet's tail, and clear out of the old man's mind.

"Jim, son, when they's work to be done, I guess the world can put the Dawsons down at the top of the list, eh, boy?"

"I got a three-ory it can, Dad," the boy says, and his eyes begins to water through his smile. . . . The old man still had his arm around the boy's shoulder when I left a half-hour later, and the Australians was still waiting.

"ISN'T Jim a fine boy, father?" Sue says to me when we went out on the porch after supper, there not being a word said about the race at the table. "Wasn't it wonderful for him to find out about the brakes, and wasn't it a wonderful race he drove, even if he was a green driver?"

"I'll say it was!" I tells her, and then I thought I'd make her feel easy, so I said: "And I wouldn't blame you a bit if you was partial-like to him, Sue. He's sure one fine boy and—"

"Partial to him!" she snorts. "You're barking up the wrong tree. Jim's got a sweetheart in Boston. And I think Hobe is the finest young man I ever made eyes at. Jim's got a sense of humor, too. Now that the thing's all over, I'll bet he was just trying to worry old Hobe about me, just like Hobe was worrying him."

I was gradually getting my breath.

"When it comes to managing a racing-team, father," she tells me, "you're not so bad, but you got a plenty to learn about women—yes, and men, too. You better run along and sign Jim and Hobe up for a few years before some other smart factory gets an idee on the matter."

Wouldn't that freeze your radiator, now—honest, wouldn't it?

Pretenders

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 causes 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 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. Mrs. Crosby, shopping in the Arlington, is 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. Inviting the girl to luncheon at the Thackeray Club, Mrs. Crosby frankly explains the situation and Vivian agrees to impersonate the missing Olive.

Soon after Mrs. Crosby's visit 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, tells her his name and asks permission to introduce her to his mother at luncheon the following Friday. Disarmed by his manner Vivian accepts the invitation.

At tea time that afternoon Vivian presents herself at the Crosbys', and is 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 lose her identity in some large city. 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. Peyton, aware of her knowledge, threatened 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 meets a Mrs. Elstun, returning with her two young children from Japan. The children take a great fancy to Olive and when the elder little girl demands 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 offers her a place as the children's governess and Alice, gratefully accepting this haven, presently finds herself established in the Wendlings' comfortable house on Washington Square and later accompanies the family to their country place near Southampton.

On the first evening in the Crosbys' home Vivian makes the puzzling and disquieting discovery that she can read and translate Italian perfectly though not able to recollect ever having studied the language. To avoid complications the Crosbys also retire to their estate at Southampton and so Vivian is unable to keep her appointment with Dr. Wendling, nor can the doctor and his sister, Mrs. Elstun, discover any trace of her whereabouts.

While walking in the Crosby grounds one evening Vivian is attacked by a rough-looking fellow who gasps with astonishment when he sees the girl's face and slinks away with a muttered "I thought you was some one else." The Crosbys, convinced that the man had intended some harm to the real Olive, open the mail addressed to her in search of some clue. The only letter of any significance, however, is signed Dick Conwell and is evidently from a young lawyer in Warrenton who is in love with Olive and is only deterred from asking her to marry him by the vastness of her fortune.

Alice, out driving with her young charges, encounters the Pretender near the gates of her aunt's estate and invites the children to play in the garden, at the same time introducing herself to the astounded Alice as Olive Farnam. A day or so later Olive and her uncle, out riding, come face to face with Alice and Dr. Wendling, also on horseback. A look of recognition passes between Olive and the doctor and Alice's announcement that the girl is Miss Farnam leaves Wendling puzzled and distressed as to his best course in trying to solve the mystery of the masquerade.

(Continued from page 33)

so much as by a sense of confusion that Crosby should be confessing his ignorance of the mother of his wife's niece when the girl whose strange gift inspired the interview was in no manner related to the Crosbys. He had only Vivian's word for it that Crosby knew she was a substitute for his wife's niece, but he was confident that she had told the truth. In spite of his befuddlement Wendling grasped joyfully at the thought of continuing his visits. The sweetness, intelligence and humor of the girl who had so charmed him as she stood behind the counter at Arlington's had reasserted their spell upon him and her fascinations were enhanced by Maybury's revelations.

"I belong to a skeptical profession," he observed, "and I should like to observe the girl during one of these manifestations. I shall make an excuse for dropping in next week, when I shall be at Onamatogue again; perhaps we can surprise her into a demonstration. Undoubtedly you have stumbled upon a case of the greatest scientific interest. The inheritance of acquired characteristics is still a moot question. I caution you that the phenomena you describe are so extraordinary that if they were to become known, your niece could hardly escape a great deal of publicity."

"Dear me! That is to be avoided at any cost!" Crosby exclaimed.

Maybury accompanied him to the door where they met Mrs. Crosby, who had just bidden Mrs. Glendenning farewell.

"I'm sorry to have missed so much of your visit, Dr. Wendling. I wish you would drop in whenever you find it convenient."

"Dr. Wendling has already promised to come

in next week. I was speaking to him about Oodles," said Maybury.

"Oh, about your attempt to hitch the dear child to the Renaissance! I'm sure there is some perfectly natural way of accounting for her strange ability."

"Whether there is or not, I shall be glad of an excuse for becoming better acquainted with her."

"Won't you dine with us, quite *en famille*, next Friday night?"

"Thank you! I shall be very happy indeed!"

"I'm afraid you've done it now," Mrs. Crosby remarked as they watched him ride away.

"Well, I told you I was going to speak to him about it," retorted Maybury defensively.

"Just about the time we have a very pretty love affair on our hands Tom's daughter will turn up, and we'll be obliged to explain how we came to introduce Dr. Wendling to a girl we know nothing about."

"When it comes to that, we know as much about her as we know about Tom's daughter," he replied testily.

"There's something in that," replied Mrs. Crosby with a grim smile. "The more complicated this thing gets, the more diverting it becomes!"

AT THE University Club Wednesday night Dr. Wendling ran into Fred Tomlin, a Boston lawyer, who had been in his class at college. They lingered long over their dinner, talking of old times and comparing notes as to their progress in their respective professions.

"You are a big success, Wendling. I want you to know how tickled I am that you're making such a go of it!"

"I heartily reciprocate," Wendling replied. "I catch a glimpse of you now and then as you step on the high places. Some of the fellows around the club have met you in legal battles and pronounce you a dangerous antagonist."

"Well, I manage to keep smiling, but I have my troubles. The job that brings me down here now isn't really a legal problem at all but a job for a much shrewder detective than I've proved myself to be. I wish people wouldn't be so foolish as to die without taking somebody into their confidence about all their private affairs."

"My cases stop at the grave," said Wendling with a grin. "What kind of a snarl is bothering you now?"

"A young woman who's taken it upon herself to become exceedingly difficult to find."

Wendling's fork slipped from his fingers and rattled noisily on his plate.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed quickly.

FOR an instant he speculated as to whether Tomlin might not be engaged in search for the Farnam heiress, but the lawyer went on briskly:

"I mustn't bore you, and I'll shorten the yarn as much as possible. You probably know of the Hastings family—New Hampshire stock. They were textile manufacturers through several generations, but finally, by some freak of nature, produced a scion who refused to spin and weave. This chap was George Grayling Hastings, who started out to be a painter, lived in Italy long enough to become saturated with Italian life, and married an Italian girl. His family was

peevish by his conduct, and cut him off in the usual way. After a time he brought his wife and their one child to America. He changed his name on his return, and that caused a lot of bother. I have been at work on this thing for a couple of years, and made a trip to Italy for data to establish the identity of the child. Then his wife and he both died within a year. He seems to have been at pains to conceal his daughter, who was only two or three years old when he and his wife passed out. The little girl was taken care of by a minister and his wife who took the child into their home without knowing who she was, or if they did, had pledged themselves not to divulge the secret. A few of Hastings' boyhood friends who had run into him gave me the name he was known by, or the quest would have been abandoned long ago. Death seems to have had a particular grudge against the Hastings family, and as the result this girl comes in for a considerable fortune, if we can find her."

"I shouldn't think it possible for a girl of that sort just to fade out. The foster parents must have had relatives who'd keep track of her."

"As a matter of fact, they didn't. They died while she was in high school, but she managed to graduate—showed her spirit by working her way through. She was employed in one or two places in Boston and then came to New York. I traced her here through my agents; then the bird flew!"

"Hard luck, I should say," remarked Wendling. "What name did you say Hastings went by?" he asked carelessly.

"Arthur Locke! The child was baptized Beatrice in Florence; I've got a certified copy of the record. But he turned her over to the Malden minister as Vivian. Beatrice Hastings or Vivian Locke."

"Charming names," murmured Wendling.

He was personally experiencing for the first time a curious sense of unreality such as had often been described to him by nervous patients. It seemed incredible that in a nation of a hundred million souls he could be hearing in this casual way a story that bore upon the identity of Vivian Locke. It was odd that he should know of two missing girls, and that one of them should be masquerading as the other. Vivian must certainly be released from her engagement with the Crosbys before he even hinted to Tomlin that the girl he sought was within easy reach.

"I've exhausted all the possibilities," Tomlin went on. "I know what she did when she came here—all straight enough and where she lived. The devil of it is that she has simply vanished into thin air. You've got to admit that that's disturbing! I'm trying to work it out myself to protect her from newspaper notoriety."

"Of course I see the importance of that," Wendling assented. "Go on and tell me some more."

(Continued on page 56)

Is Your Wife Marooned During the Day?

Have you ever considered what is meant by the hundreds of cars parked in the business sections during business hours?

Most of them carried business men to work, leaving their wives and families at home, marooned because the family's one car is in daily use by the husband and father.

That is one reason why architects and builders now find that all suburban and many city homes must be provided with twin garages.

for Economical Transportation



UTILITY COUPÉ

with Fisher Body makes an ideal extra car, especially in combination with a 5-passenger touring or sedan.

The wife finds it of every day utility

for shopping, calling, taking the children to school in bad weather, etc.

Its price and upkeep are low yet the quality is high.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT, MICH.

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

SUPERIOR Two Passenger Roadster . . .	\$510
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Touring . . .	525
SUPERIOR Two Passenger Utility Coupe . . .	680
SUPERIOR Four Passenger Sedanette . . .	850
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Sedan . . .	860
SUPERIOR Light Delivery	510

There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the World. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered.



Pretenders

(Continued from page 54)

"Well, as I said, she got through the high school by her own efforts, but that done she was up against earning a livelihood at once; she finally took a regular job at Arlington's, where they made her head of the toilet goods department. I've traced her there and that is where we strike the impasse! She left Arlington's only a month ago—left in the middle of the day, saying she had just received word of the death of her father—a story that is purely imaginative, for not only do we know that her father passed out years ago, but her foster parents died two years ago. We can't avoid the suspicion that there is a man in the case somewhere."

"Oh, no!" cried Wendling impatiently. "You have no right to assume that!" He was struck suddenly with fear lest his own visits to the Arlington store might have been communicated to Tomlin.

"Well, I'm not assuming it! Her Irish landlady told me in great detail about the few young men who called on her and took her out to the theater and dances. I have had them surveyed and they are very decent fellows. Losing the trail here, and thinking she may have had some reason for returning to Boston, I have renewed inquiries there and gone over Malden with a fine-tooth comb. But here I am up against my brick wall again looking for a girl I never saw, who, without knowing it, has turned her back on enough money to buy Arlington's if she wanted it!"

WENDLING was guiltily aware that this was the point at which he should tell Tomlin all he knew of Vivian. But it would be unfair to Vivian to disclose her whereabouts when to do so would widen the circle of those who knew that Olive Farnam had never reached New York.

"Of course what you've got to find," he said, "is her motive for breaking all ties and stepping into the void."

"Precisely, and there we are thrown back on movie stuff—the possibility that some cave man has swung his club over her head and carried her away."

"I'll wager nothing of the kind has happened! More likely some suitor was annoying her and she ran away to escape his attentions."

Tomlin smiled. "Let me show you something—" He sent to the check room for his portfolio and laid before Wendling several photographs.

"Never by chance saw a girl who suggested her? I'm catching at my straw, you know."

"Wouldn't say I hadn't; but I'll be on the lookout. A high-bred face, and once you see those eyes you're their prisoner forever."

"I see the spell's at work!" laughed Tomlin. "It will be my duty to find a suitable husband for her and you shall have the first chance."

"I'll remember that," returned Wendling lightly. "She's half Italian," he went on, remembering Maybury Crosby's curious story, "but of course she never knew the language?"

"Oh, no! Hastings spoke and wrote Italian like a native. He published some translations of the Italian poets under the name of Locke—a little volume that collectors prize."

"What was the mother—the usual beautiful peasant girl?" asked Wendling.

"No; the daughter of a respectable unsuccessful painter with whom Hastings chummed over there."

"Of course you'll eventually find her at work in some other store, and it would be a pity for a girl like that to find herself on the front pages of the newspapers."

"I'll keep on as I'm doing for a week or two longer. Meanwhile as you visit the hospitals keep your eyes open."

"That's an idea," Wendling replied as he rose to go. "I'll certainly keep Vivian in mind!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Though Oodles recovered quickly, as the doctor predicted, she kept to her room for two days longer merely for the luxury of quiet, intensive thinking. The obdurate Alice must be brought to her senses; and she decided to make a last appeal to the girl to terminate a situation that had become intolerable.

The opportunity came sooner than she had expected. The Crosbys were imperatively summoned to Albany, where a lawsuit affecting the title to a tract of valuable real estate was unexpectedly set for immediate trial.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby impatiently when Maybury handed her the telegram. "That case has been hanging on for years and why should they choose this particular time for calling it. I've a good notion to refuse to go!"

"I hate it as much as you do, but we're both necessary witnesses. If we default we lose a lot of money. Kenyon has exhausted all the possibilities of delay, he says, and the plaintiffs won't submit to further postponement."

TO ADD to their annoyance at being thus called away, a letter from Perkins carried important news. His communication was of length, and contained this paragraph:

Mr. Farnam's death continues a subject of lively interest. His movements in the West before he located in Warrenton are being investigated. The whole matter is quite complicated, but I'm fully satisfied the girl reached Chicago. There is, of course, no suspicion here that your niece is not with you. Your message to the mayor announcing her arrival in New York was reproduced in the local newspapers. Young Conwell is a fine fellow, and as attorney for the Executor he has visited Nevada several times, and is there at this writing in connection with the continuation of the operation of the mining property. As his letter indicated, he seems to have been quite attentive to your niece, but your telegram sent in her name has satisfied him for the moment. So far your end of the case is all right. But it is possible that a former business partner of your brother—a man who had a grievance against him—may be taken into custody. If so your niece would immediately be called as an essential witness. I need hardly suggest the danger of such a situation, should it arise.

"The old fellow is really showing more intelligence than I expected," was Mrs. Crosby's comment. "It would be highly entertaining if they caught the murderer and we should have to produce Oodles to identify him!"

"If the man who accosted Oodles in the garden is Tom's murderer, we needn't fool ourselves into believing that we shan't hear from him again. It's clear that he is a blackmailer, and having murdered Tom it's not at all likely he will hesitate about another murder—"

"Well, he certainly won't gain anything by shooting Oodles. For all he knows the New York police are waiting to nab him. It's a fair assumption that he is completely in the dark as to Olive's whereabouts. And having made one mistake he will probably lie low for the time being."

"Oh, don't worry at all about leaving me," Oodles protested, when Mrs. Crosby told her they were obliged to leave. "It will be a little lonesome, of course, but I'll put in a lot of time reading."

"Of course you'll get along comfortably. Just be careful to be in by nightfall, but through the day you can roam the grounds as much as you like. As a precaution I'll have one of the men patrol the grounds all night."

"Oh, I shan't be at all afraid! The only thing I dread is eating alone!"

"I was going to suggest," Mrs. Crosby remarked carelessly, "that as you and Miss Morton are on very good terms, you telephone her to come over and spend as much time as she could with you. She could bring the children; Mrs. Elstun might let them stay all day."

"Oh, fine!" cried Oodles.

The Crosbys were hardly out of the grounds the next morning on their way to the station when Oodles fell upon the telephone. An hour later Alice appeared alone. Mrs. Elstun had suddenly decided to run over to Easthampton to spend the day, she explained, with an old friend who wanted to see the children.

"She hadn't really meant to go to-day; it was just her kindness in wanting to give me a day all to myself. The dear youngsters rebelled a little; they're crazy about you, you know."

"I've got heaps and heaps to tell you," said Oodles when they were established on the stone

bench where they had exchanged their first confidences.

"Everything happens to you! Things go on with me in the most commonplace fashion; but that's just the way I want it to be!"

"I've been thinking," remarked Oodles, "that while the Crosbys are gone it would be perfectly grand for you to give up your job and move over here. Please don't look so scared! You see, while Mrs. Crosby has contended that she wasn't at all anxious about keeping me, she hasn't been letting things drift as I thought. I only found that out yesterday. When you didn't arrive they sent a man right away to find you—"

"Where? To Warrenton? But I'm not in Warrenton! All he can find out there is that I left for Chicago."

"Oh, not necessarily. You can't tell but he knows just where you went and what you're doing and all about it."

"If I believed that," said Alice wide-eyed, "I'd skip! Every time I come over to Southampton and see all this grandeur and think of having to be a society girl it makes me gladder than ever that I kept out of it all. I don't know that I'd care to do this governess stunt all my life. I must get back where there's more room; I'm not keen about large cities."

"I don't understand you at all," said Oodles gently. So far as hating society and conventions is concerned you haven't a thing on Mrs. Crosby. You and she would get on beautifully together."

"That may be all true, but it doesn't mean that she wouldn't want to turn me out a finished product. I get so homesick to see the hills and the cattle."

"Oh, I know what's the matter with you!" cried Oodles, seizing her hand. "You're in love—you're in love with Dick Conwell! The telegram and letter aunt Olive opened showed that he is a fine fellow and very deeply interested in you!"

"How perfectly ridiculous!" cried the governess, "but I do like him, and he's ever so nice. And it would be ever so romantic if he knew I was lost and began looking for me!"

"That's just what he would do!" replied Oodles tensely, fully imbued with the romantic aspect of the situation.

"BUT I've thought that all out since you told me the other day about his letter. It wouldn't do to have Dick come down here to see me, and it would be like him to do that! So I've written him a letter, and am going to mail it from here so it will have the Southampton postmark. That will satisfy him that I'm all right. I hinted that there are so many things to do getting settled it would be better if he waited—"

"You don't suppose he's going to wait very long! Not if he's the man I think he is, he won't! And when he comes the jig is up with me!"

"Oh, not necessarily! It would make everything a lot more interesting and exciting."

"Yes," Oodles assented ruefully, "and being a lawyer he'd probably think it was a bigger fraud than it really is, and go right out and have me arrested."

"Not after he saw you, he wouldn't!"

"You're certainly a Farnam all right! You're so much like your aunt that it makes me laugh. Every time I hint that I want to quit she laughs me out of it. You know she even insisted on calling Dr. Wendling over here to look at me just because I sneezed, and introduced me as her niece!"

"Oh, yes; wasn't that perfectly delicious? Mrs. Wendling was terribly set up about it. She's keen to have him make a brilliant marriage, and the very thought of his seeing you before any other eastern man, tickled her almost to death. When there isn't company the children and I are always at the family table, and I got the full benefit of his account of his call. He told Mrs. Wendling and Mrs. Elstun that you were adorable."

"Was that really what he said?"

"The very word! He seemed to be in high spirits and very happy. I believe he's in love with you already! And he told us they call you Oodles; that's delicious! And you're going to see him again. He spoke of that."

"It was a mistake to ask him."

"Well, it's perfectly screaming that I'm living right in the house and he just thinks I'm a poor girl his sister picked up out of kindness."

The burden of her guilt lay heavily upon

(Continued on page 58)

Enrolling New Members and "Selling by Lending"

THIS is the pleasant and rather novel method the Decorative Arts League has adopted. It sells its productions simply by lending them, and by taking them back cheerfully if the borrower does not want to keep them. In the ordinary commercial sense of the word it does no "selling" at all.

Each of its productions, loaned in this way, has to sell itself, all by itself. There is none of the annoying persuasion or artifice that is too often associated with the sale of works of art. If it does not sell itself to the borrower it simply comes back, and that is all there is about it.

Yet this, as you will see, is by far the best way in which the League could carry on its work.

As soon as you are a Member of the Decorative Arts League you find that you have the privilege of borrowing, in exactly the same way, a wide variety of different art productions, of beauty, dignity and permanent utility, for your home or as gifts.

Now just how much that means to you depends of course on your own tastes and instincts, in forming and maintaining that environment which, in the eyes of all who know you, is the reflection of your own quality and character. If you are one of the gentlemen or gentlewomen the League is formed to serve, you do not accept and admit as part of your environment the sort of thing that will grow stale and tiresome in a few months; you recoil from the vulgarity of constant changes in the furnishings and decorations of your home; you realize that the articles of beauty and utility you buy for your own home are things you will live with for a long while; and therefore you choose with the utmost care any article that is to become a permanent part of your surroundings. You reject mere novelties; you refuse everything that is garish—everything that does not meet the one sure test of true art and real beauty, the test of never wearing the eye.

The borrowing privilege that is yours, as a Member of the League, at once takes all the anxiety and uncertainty out of the problem of selecting the right things for your home; all risk of spending your money for some purchase which might prove unsuitable. It transforms the problems of choosing beautiful things for your home, and makes it a real delight.

This system of "selling by lending" is pleasanter not only for "the Corresponding Members" but for all the workers in the League,—for artists, craftsmen, office workers and executives. Because the League can always feel sure that everyone who owns any of its productions has bought it because he wanted it; because he had ample time to prove to himself by comparison that it had an artistic value far greater than could be procured for the same money elsewhere; and he has kept it because he wanted to keep it.

The Decorative Arts League (Incorporated) is a self-supporting institution operated on a strictly business basis to unite the purchases of a large class of people in this country who are desirous of securing a higher standard of art in the things they acquire for the decoration of, and use in, their homes.

Each Corresponding Member is a unit in the cooperative plan for acquiring, producing and distributing meritorious designs. Corresponding Membership is voluntary, free and without responsibility, financial or otherwise. All responsibilities are carried by the corporation.

The League does not wish to increase the price at which it has offered this lamp. To be compelled to do so will be to admit that the League has made an unwise experiment; and that, in its effort to prove its idea of selling works of art at very low prices, it has fixed a price that is far too low.

However, if after a certain period sufficient for a fair test of its idea, it finds that not enough persons respond to the offer; or that they respond too slowly, and that the cost of selling the lamp is, for that reason, higher than was expected; and that the lamp has been sold at a loss,—then in that case the loss will be stopped at once. No more lamps will be sold at this price.

The experiment, if it is resumed, will be on a basis of a much higher price; perhaps the originally contemplated price of \$36.00, rather than \$19.85.

The League has a guarantee fund for such risks, but does not wish to draw upon it. It is in position, however, to promise now that none of those who have received or will receive this lamp at the special price (\$19.85) will be asked to make any additional payment whatever, to make up the loss. The lamp is sold with that distinct understanding.

Audits to determine the degree of success of the League's experiment, and to detect any serious loss before it proceeds too far, are made at frequent intervals. It is entirely possible that at the next audit, within a few days, the League's auditors may call a halt, and no more of these lamps, thereafter, will be sold at this price. After that day all such orders will be declined.

Certainly in offering this lamp at so low a price as \$19.85 the League is making a very daring experiment indeed; as anyone who sees the lamp will at once agree.

Borrowing a work of art is the best and pleasantest way to find out if you want to keep it,—

—having it in your own home three or four or five days, using it, comparing its artistic merit and value with the values you are offered in your own city or in Fifth Avenue retail establishments,—

—and, entirely at your leisure, satisfying yourself that it is all that you expected, and that it is double or treble the value you could get for the same money elsewhere.

CERTAINLY the pleasantest and most confident way to do it,—particularly when from first to last you know positively that if you do not want to keep it you have only to send it back.

—when you have the calm certainty that any money you have deposited will be returned to you in full—willingly, pleasantly, promptly, and without the slightest suggestion that you are under any obligation whatever.

Noted Artists Designed it in Collaboration

A painter, a sculptor and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp—Olga Popoff Muller, a pupil of Rodin; Andrew P. Popoff, student of the Beaux Arts, and John Muller, architect of many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty.

The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace, which at once distinguish it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of factory "designing departments."

This low present price is a test

This lamp was designed to sell for \$36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at \$19.85

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised.

If you wish to borrow one before that happens your request should be

Mailed AT ONCE.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Members' Privilege of **Borrowing and Returning** Art Productions of the League is extended to Readers of **Elks Magazine**. [Greek Pompeian Floor Lamp]

No money need be sent with this

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full.

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges. If I do not return it in 5 days I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months, the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

Signed.....
 Address.....
 City.....
 State.....
 (Cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.)

A work of real art and true beauty cannot be judged by a mere illustration. No picture can do real justice to the charm and dignity of this superb and ever-pleasing classic design. Owned exclusively by the D. A. L.



Hand the Carrier \$3.85

(deposit when borrowed)

Total Price \$19.85

Note the cleverness of this exclusive Decorative Arts idea,—a shade so exquisitely ornamented that it can be used without any draping or covering whatever, and yet at the same time the ideal base on which you can make and fasten silken covers of interchangeable designs and colorings, in limitless variety, harmonizing with any surroundings in which the lamp may be placed.

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap are cast in solid Medallium. The upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations are in three colors; the top and bottom bands in deep red, the design in dark green, background graded in brown.

Inside the shade the reflecting surface is of a delicate pink tone, diffusing a warm and mellow glow. The gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Just above the bulb another pivot enables the shade and the bulb to be tilted to throw the light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is inside the shaft and arm.

The lamp is complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds.

After you have received this lamp we ask that you visit the art importers, the jewelers, the large stores and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find any lamp that, at twice or five times this price, even approaches it in artistic perfection.

Then, if you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days. We will return your deposit at once and in full, and you will be under no further obligation whatever.

If we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions we would do it,—but we cannot.

\$3.85 Deposit. (Hand it to Postman.)

Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

I am a reader of **Elks Magazine** February 1923



Pretenders

(Continued from page 56)



Elks Club Building, Jersey City, N. J. Wm. Neumann, Architect.
This is one of many Lodge homes built of Indiana Limestone.

Indiana Limestone Assures Distinctive Beauty and Permanence at Low Cost

It has been said of Indiana Limestone buildings: "They are representative of sound dignity and are easy to live with and be looked upon with satisfaction with the passing years."

Some of the Indiana Limestone structures of which our Nation may justly be proud are: in New York City, notably the Grand Central Terminal, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the new Cunard Building, and the Trinity Building, known as "New York's Great Fire Wall"; in Washington, D. C., the Scottish Rite Cathedral, acknowledged to be an architectural gem, the U. S. Treasury Annex and Chamber of Commerce Building, and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving; in Boston, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; in Dallas, the American Exchange National Bank, and new Magnolia Petroleum Company building, the largest in the South; and in New Orleans, the Hibernia Bank building. A number of State Capitols have been built of Indiana Limestone: at Indianapolis, Ind.; Frankfort, Ky.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Jackson, Mich., and just recently it was selected for the construction of the Nebraska State Capitol, to be erected at Lincoln, Neb. Impressive examples of its use in Chicago are the Institute of Arts, the Drake Hotel, the Federal Reserve and Illinois Merchants Bank buildings, the magnificent new Methodist Temple, which when completed, will be the tallest church in the world, and the University of Chicago group.

Buildings like these, erected for all time of stone from the greatest quarry deposit in this country, constitute additions to American architecture that will serve as inspirations to better building for a long time to come.

**INDIANA
LIMESTONE**
THE NATION'S BUILDING STONE

Booklets will be
mailed on request

Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association
Box 759, Bedford, Indiana
Metropolitan Service Bureau, 622 Marbridge Bldg., New York City

Oodles as she realized the increasing intricacies of the labyrinth. A dozen times it was on the tip of her tongue to tell Alice of the beginning of her acquaintance with Wendling, and that he knew in just what manner she had come into the Crosby household, but she smothered this impulse in her fear that Alice would be likely to see in Wendling a menace to her own freedom. But she was more and more disturbed by the growing weight of her responsibility. She had betrayed the Crosbys in telling Alice and Dr. Wendling of the substitution; she was deceiving Alice as to her acquaintance with Dr. Wendling, and in telling the doctor only half the story, she was not playing fair with him.

"Don't you see what all this is leading to—it's going to cause me a whole lot of trouble! If the Crosbys ever learned that I knew you almost from the first, they'd think I didn't tell because I didn't want to give up my place here. That would be horrible, and you know I don't feel that way about it at all!"

"They are never going to know anything!" declared Alice. "And I tell you it's perfectly all right for you to stay right on here and go clear through to the end of your life in my place. You've got all the qualities and tastes a girl ought to have to sit in the high places, and the Crosbys will be glad to forget about me."

A prolonged argument as to Alice's duty got them no further than their previous discussions. Alice was very gay, like a schoolgirl on a holiday. Oodles noted anew her loveliness, and the daring spirit that shone in her eyes, demanding that the adventure go on.

LUNCHEON, served in the dining room, in the usual ceremonious fashion of the household, failed to curb their spirits. The humor of the situation laid strong hold upon them. Afterwards they lounged for a while in Oodles' room—which might at a word have been Alice's—and the usurper gave the true and lawful Olive the mail addressed to her that had continued to accumulate. Alice read her letters with unfeigned delight. Several had arrived only that morning, and one of these, typewritten on the official stationery of the prosecuting attorney at Warrenton, she read breathlessly. An exclamation of dismay caused Oodles to turn to her quickly.

"I can't do it; I will never do it!" cried Alice, tearing and crumpling the sheets.

The change from her gay spirits of only a few minutes earlier when she had read aloud letters from girl friends, bewildered Oodles.

"What has happened? Please don't look like that!"

"They want my help in finding the man—the man—that—"

She caught herself up quickly, and walked to the window.

"I'm so sorry you're troubled," said Oodles. "If there's any way I can help—"

"No one can help," said the girl stolidly. "Father was killed, you know, and they're asking me to come back to help find the murderer. And that's really why I ran away; it wasn't just a whim; not just that I would hate the life here!"

"I know very little about it, except what Mrs. Crosby told me the first few days. She knew very little herself, and of course it wasn't a thing she'd want to talk about."

"Oh, she couldn't know! This letter makes a real danger for you and the Crosbys. They have a clue of some kind and that letter said it was necessary for me to come back. And if they should send here for me you would be caught and I wouldn't want any trouble to come to you."

"If only you would pack your trunk and move over here! To-night, I mean! And tell the Crosbys all you care to tell them. You may be sure of their help."

"You don't know! This is something I could never tell even them. And they'd be sure to take me back to Warrenton!"

Persistent efforts to persuade her of the wisdom of transferring herself at once to the Crosbys were of no avail. Clearly alarmed by the letter, the daughter of Tom Farnam was more obstinate than ever in her refusal to declare herself. But now it was not the matter of continu-

ing her freedom that troubled her, but Oodles' plight.

"That doesn't matter in the least!" Oodles repeatedly assured her. "I can get out of all this whenever I please, but you're too important! Promise me you will stay right there with Mrs. Elstun until we can think of some way to manage. And now then, let's not talk about it any more; it makes me nervous. Come and play for me."

First, tentatively, as an accompaniment to their talk, Alice played, rattling through recent popular airs, and then, with a gradual change of mood, she suddenly struck into the deep chords of Rubinstein's *Melody in F*, and then, absorbed and unconscious of her auditor, yielded herself to the spirit of Chopin.

HALF an hour passed and Oodles was dreamily staring into vacancy when Simmons appeared at the door. She tiptoed from the room so as not to disturb the rapt player, and found that she was wanted at the telephone. Mrs. Crosby was calling, but only with a kind and reassuring message and a characteristic fling at the law's annoyances.

The telephone cabinet was in a side hall, and when Oodles emerged she heard Simmons' voice at the main door, engaged in a colloquy with some one. She stole into the main hall where the butler's broad back was plainly visible as he held the door slightly ajar, parleying with a man outside.

Simmons, a past master of the art of disposing of unwelcome callers, was repeating with some irritation that the family were away from home. The gentleman on the threshold refused to be dismissed. Oodles was confident from his even tone, touched with a certain ironic deference, that he was not the man who had accosted her in the garden.

(To be continued)

The Spider and The Lie

(Continued from page 12)

come to his arms. Not that she could ever be unduly devoted to him. Semore's conception of matrimony was far too practical for that. "If I gits that cullud man away fum town, she's jes' nachelly boun' to marry me to save her own face."

And so, with Semore deluging Ammonia with attention and Zero constantly in the society of the Junoesque Miss Cheese, the cosmic scheme of the principals was at sixes and sevens. And it was during that period that Lawyer Evans Chew summoned Ammonia into his private office and dictated to her the terms of the lease which he had that day succeeded in securing from the owner of the warehouse in which the Niagara Falls Skating Rink was located.

The lease was for a term of five years at a monthly rental of twenty-five dollars, and it was executed in favor of Semore Mashby. Ammonia looked up from her notebook—

"To Semore Mashby?" she inquired, "or to Mistuh Mashby an' Mistuh Harris?"

"Semore." Chew shook his head. "I got a hunch he is fixin' to do Zero dirt."

"How come?"

"Them two fellers ain't gwine have a settlement fo' another th'ee weeks yet an' Zero mos' likely ain't thought nothin' 'bout the rent. Now heah goes Semore leasin' the buildin' himself which he has rented fum month to month befo' an' the chances is he's gwine stick the partnership heavy fo' rentin' fum himself."

Miss Mims had not failed to absorb some elementary legal knowledge during her tenure in the Chew office. "That don't sound right, Lawyer Chew."

"It ain't," vouchsafed the attorney. "An' Semore is on'y gwine git away with it on account Zero ain't gwine know nothin' 'bout it. Y'see— He lighted a fat cigar and orated pompously—"Accawdin' to the laws an' statutes as made an' provided by the noble an' sov'ign State of Alabama, when one copartner makes a contrac' which affects the copartnership, same inures to the benefit of that partnership."

"You mean," asked Ammonia meekly, "that if he puts a heavier rent on the partnership than what he is payin' he ain't got no right to do same?"

(Continued on page 60)



Helps you men look your best

How a certain ingredient in Williams' actually benefits the skin

MEN used to think that all a shaving soap could do was to give a good heavy lather. But the makers of Williams' were not content with a shaving soap that merely did that. They knew the troubles men have with sensitive skins. They knew they could help those men—all men—by giving them a soap which is beneficial to the skin also.

What one ingredient does

There is in Williams' a certain ingredient which is distinctly helpful to the skin, leaving it supple, soft and pliant after every shave. You can feel the smoothness of this ingredient by simply rubbing a bit of Williams' Shaving Cream between your fingers.

Williams' lather containing this ingredient is heavier, thicker,

more profuse than you are accustomed to. It acts as a cushion for the edge of your blade, keeping the skin resilient and making the whole shave a delightful one.

Soothing after-effect

After the shave, this same ingredient has a pronounced soothing effect on the skin. You are pleasantly aware of this effect because of the feeling of utter comfort and relief that comes at the end of every Williams' shave. Use Williams' regularly and see how helpful to your face it is.

Trial Tube Free

On request, we will send you a "Get Acquainted" tube which contains enough Williams' Shaving Cream to let you test it fully. Mail coupon below.

For men who prefer the Stick, Williams' Holder Top Stick gives you the genuine Williams' in stick form.

Send coupon below or use a post card

Williams'

Shaving Cream

FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE TUBE

The J. B. Williams Company,
Dept. 32. Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free "Get Acquainted" tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

Name _____

Address _____



78 Seconds, Men

from Lather to Towel!

*The World's Fastest Shave
—We Invite You to Try It*

Millions of men now are shaving a quicker way. The fastest in the world—78 seconds from lather to towel.

And every shave a super-velvet shave. For you can't shave quick with a dull-edged blade.

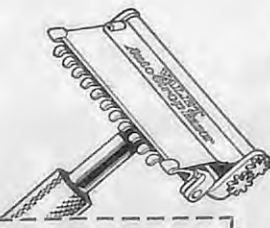
We've processed a barber's edge—the keenest edge known on a safety blade! That's the story in a few words.

Now we invite you to the greatest shave you've ever known.

\$1 or \$5

The Valet AutoStrop comes in two styles. \$1 and \$5. The four-dollar difference is in the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. The 78-second shave you'll find in either one you choose. Gold plated and sterling silver sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to \$25

Valet AutoStrop Razor



MAIL THIS
if your dealer cannot supply you
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
666 First Avenue, New York City
Enclosed is one dollar (\$1.00) for which send me one of the Model C Velvet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City and State.....

The Spider and The Lie

(Continued from page 59)

"Uh-huh, on'y mo' so. Even though this lease is gwine be made out to Semore Mashby it might jes' as well be made out to Mashby & Harris, on account it belongs to the partnership no matter which way you figures it. The on'y trouble bein' that since Zero Harris don't know nothin' 'bout this trick Semore is doin' him, he's gwine be squeeze out of a lot of money."

"I see." Ammonia gathered pencils and notebook and departed the private office. But even after slipping the legal cap paper under the platin of her machine, she did not begin typing the lease.

SEMORE'S procedure was now very clear to her, and her first sentiment was one of unholy joy that some one was about to bring suffering to the man who apparently had abandoned her that he might pursue the flagrant Mallissie. But gradually that feeling subsided in bitterness against Semore Mashby and a wish that she and Zero were friends again that she might pass on to him the proof of his partner's perfidy. At length she tossed her head. That was out of the question . . . and she had the satisfaction of knowing that whatever Zero's true feelings might be regarding her, he would suffer by reason of their quarrel.

The lease was duly executed and delivered to Semore Mashby, and that skinny gentleman indulged in a large and joyous smile as he tucked it away in his rusty iron safe.

An era of magnificent prosperity had descended upon the Niagara Falls Skating Rink. Flushed with success, Zero's inventive brain was working overtime and he commenced promoting a succession of special affairs which taxed the capacity of the rink to its uttermost.

First there was a masquerade on wheels; an affair of scintillant glory. Closely following that he promoted a skating race between the young men of Birmingham. The night of the race the rink was crowded and the enthusiasm was tremendous. It was quite evident that roller racing promised to be a prominent and lucrative source of income to the rink.

Other skating races followed. It was plain that the new sport had intrigued the fancy of Birmingham's colored populace. There were amateur races and handicap races in which Professor Zero Harris zipped to triumph over the most adept of the local champions. There were obstacle races and hurdle races and backward skating races and relay races. That portion of the dusky population which was inclined to risk a dollar or so on its own judgment commenced infesting the rink. The racing fever doubled the popularity of the Niagara Falls and Zero's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost in attempting to conceive additional types of races.

Nor had the era of amazing returns born of the racing interest escaped the attention of the avacious Mr. Mashby. That maclent gentleman, secure in the knowledge that his percentage of profit was to be large and juicy, was on the qui vive for any form of entertainment which would increase the already enormous popularity of the rink. And so there came to him eventually an idea which promised to pay dividends in cash as well as in his courtship of Miss Ammonia Mims.

He conceived the idea of a skating race for ladies!

A dry chuckle escaped him when the idea arrived. He knew that Ammonia was easily the best of Birmingham's feminine skaters: she was not only master of the more elementary fancy figures but she could make genuine speed about the smooth, well-chalked floor. By promoting a race for the fair sex, then, Semore realized that he was affording her the opportunity for a triumph such as she had never before experienced. The night of the race would be a red-letter one for her, and he planned the regal presentation of a silver cup to her immediately at the triumphant conclusion of the contest.

He suggested the plan to Zero and that gentleman sparkled with enthusiasm. "Fine! That's a swell idea, Semore."

"It come right out of my own haid." He

hesitated, but only for a moment. "Who you reckon is gwine win same?"

"Shuh! They ain't on'y one woman is gwine skate fast enough to say she's in the race."

"Who is her name?"

"Ammonia."

Semore simulated surprise. "You reckon she's gwine win?"

"Hot dam! Semore—they ain't no woman in Bummin'ham can skate as fast frontways as she can backwards. They ain't no mo' chance of beatin' that gal in a skatin' race in Bummin'ham than they is of makin' a cullud man sadder'n what I is right now." He laid a gentle hand on Semore's shoulder. "What you reckon is catin' that gal?"

"Ammonia?"

"Uh-huh."

"I dunno, Zero. Co'se I sispec's—"

"What?"

"Well, she was tellin' me t'other day that she was sick an' tired of you. Said you wasn't no good, or somethin'. Anyway, she wasn't complimentin' you none."

Zero writhed. Then, alone, he gave thought to the words of Mr. Mashby and a bit of light penetrated.

Semore had been unnecessarily frank in passing along the good word and there had been an evil glint in the Mashby eye. Too, Zero hadn't been unmindful of the avid attention which Semore had been paying Ammonia. It was possible . . . but Zero shook his head determinedly. He wouldn't believe that. Still, here was Semore promoting a skating race for no reason in the world save to give Ammonia a chance to shine before the public, and Zero knew the young lady well enough to realize that she would be duly grateful to the creator of this opportunity.

Doubt assailed Zero. He felt guilty for harboring that doubt but it persisted despite his best efforts. He attempted to gain the ear of Ammonia but his very eagerness fortified her in the determination to punish him for his attention to Miss Cheese. Great clammy gobs of gloom settled about the shoulders of Professor Harris. He was majestically unhappy, and Ammonia, seeing and understanding, was elated. She redoubled her efforts to be nice to Semore Mashby and allowed that gentleman to think he had made a great coup in promoting the women's skating race.

THE idea of a skating contest for the colored ladies of Birmingham was received with a storm of approval. While it was generally conceded that there was none who could hope successfully to compete against Ammonia there were many who yearned to try. Within forty-eight hours of the announcement, seven entries were received. And no less than three of them were skaters of genuine ability. There was Mrs. Evans Chew, a sinewy matron; and Miss Ella Dungee, whose natural strength and avoirdupois imparted to her efforts an unnatural speed. And there was Mrs. Maudine Pigford who stroked evenly and powerfully and possessed a world of stamina. Altogether it was a foregone conclusion that Ammonia would win, but that she would not be without opposition was equally certain.

The Niagara Falls attained the end of the third month of its existence and that night after the retired to the seclusion of the latter's office for their first settlement. Zero was eager and alert, but there was about Mr. Mashby a peculiar diffidence, which, however, escaped the eye of his partner.

Semore seemed loath to begin, but eventually he laid before him on the desk a sheet of paper containing figures.

"It's thisaway," he explained to Zero. "Us has been runnin' fo' three months. Su'tractin' our runnin' expenses durin' that time we shows a net earnin' on the runnin' of the rink of five hundred an' ten dollars. Is that satisfactory?"

Zero's eyes glistened. "Sho'ly am, Brother Mashby."

"Yo' half of that," pursued Semore, "would

(Continued on page 62)

A SPECIAL OFFER OF David Grayson

"The Apostle of Friendship and Contentment"

WITH the new year comes this cheerful news: A complete set of David Grayson's works in a handsome uniform binding! These are perhaps the most delightful and unusual books ever written. Their philosophy is friendship, contentment, and a love of the great and wonderful outdoors.

If you do not know David Grayson, you have still a rare gem to add to your crown of acquaintances. Know him and you know a host of people—good, wholesome friends that you may have known before but did not appreciate. Grayson will throw a bright light on their lives—and on your own. Oh, Grayson will stir you. If he doesn't, examine yourself—the fault is with you. Grayson gets to the heart of every normal human being. You, he will bring back to contentment, back to the joy of living.

David will introduce you to his sister, Harriet, the finest lady (your mother excepted), that ever knitted before an open fireplace. What a wonderful woman she is! How neat she keeps the little farmhouse! No wonder it's the best spot on the farm! The cheerful hospitality of the place; the homely entertainment she gives to David's queer acquaintances. But that is not all. Harriet makes the best mince pies you ever tasted. Ask any man what he thinks of Grayson and he will first talk of Harriet. The girls love her, too. Everybody is reading Grayson and meeting Harriet, and many other real friends.

The Joy of Contented Living!
The Joy of Friendship!
The Joy of the Outdoors!

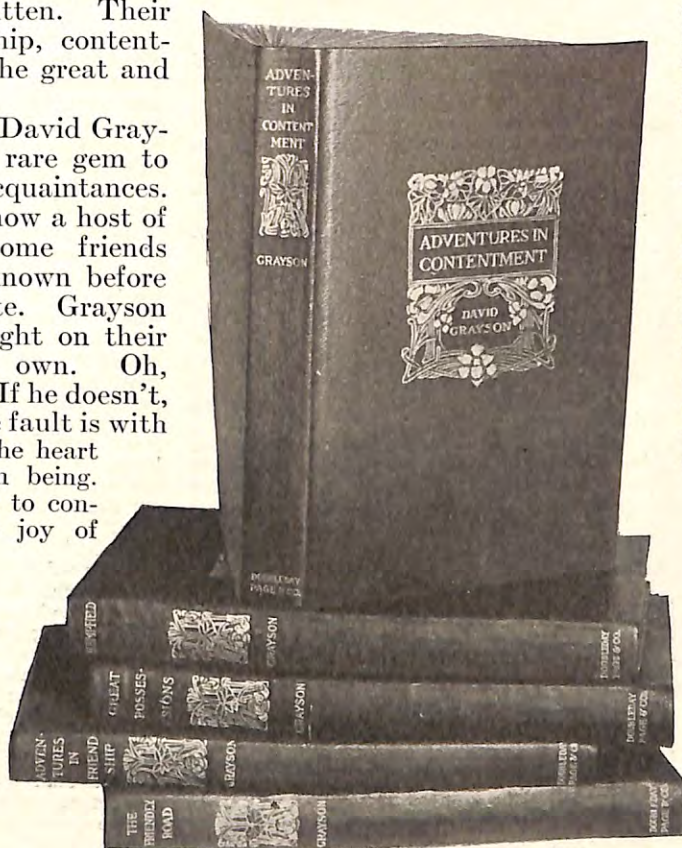
Three themes that are the most delightful in life. David Grayson has taken them and with inspiration he has made his famous books. The atmosphere is one of relaxation, cheer, and goodwill. The style is friendly, chatty, and restful—it is David Grayson at his best.

Genuine Leather Sale

This Special Offer will enable you to get these great and helpful books, if you order today, in a beautiful dark green limp leather binding for what has been the cost of ordinary cloth binding. The spirit of these books is also displayed in the scores of quaint pen and ink drawings with which they are profusely illustrated. It is a combination of delightful books that you will always treasure. While the stock lasts we agree to send them postpaid on approval to those who sign the coupon.

Grayson is an instructor in the art of living. Read him and understand.

"What the world most needs today is a philosophy of friendship, contentment, good-will. That is the philosophy which these books so charmingly set forth."



This is what he does: He gives you a new grasp on life through his Adventures. Gives you a kinder feeling toward all humanity through his Friendships. Teaches you to be self-contained in his Contentment, and keeps you in tune with Nature through his Possessions. He makes you a better man or woman.

Adventures in Friendship

David Grayson makes friends for the enjoyment of their association. He gives us delightful character pictures of the sturdy country folk who are his neighbors. You will find yourself included in his list of friends after you have read "Adventures in Friendship" and will be happy when he speaks to you through his writings—breathing the spirit of humanity.

Adventures in Contentment

This is the first Grayson book the reader should open. It speaks of his escape from death in the city and his finding of real contentment on a farm. Every city dweller born on a farm feels the longing at some time or other to return to it. To those who do not know the joy of life in the country this book will be a revelation—to all it will be a source of happiness.

The Friendly Road

We wander with Grayson from the dusty highways with their smell of gasolene into shady byways. How pleasant these roads in the summer-time! And when he speaks of breathing in the crisp morning air, we take a deeper breath ourselves, and fancy that we smell the ripened fruit and the wholesome fragrance of the countryside on a bracing fall morning.

Great Possessions

So full of the fragrance of the country is this book that we find ourselves wondering whether we are reading or doing deep-breathing exercises. Grayson unfolds humanity's possessions—shows what they are and how you and I should use them.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dept. 1222, Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

According to your special offer you may send me the Library of the Open Road, in five volumes, bound in flexible genuine leather and profusely illustrated. I will return it within five days if not satisfactory; otherwise I will remit promptly \$1 first payment and \$2 per month for only five months, the special price. (Cash discount 5%.)

Name.....

Address.....

EL PRODUCTO



*Puritano
Fino
13c or 2 for 25c*

*Escepcionales
3 for 50c*

An Elk is Always a Booster

When an Elk finds a good thing he tells a brother Elk about it. Perhaps that is why America's fastest selling high grade cigar is so popular in the B. P. O. E.

Do you know this mild Havana with the distinctive uncopiable blend, which you will find in no other cigar at any price? Do you know El Producto, the cigar made in a size and shape to suit every smoker's preference, and selling from 10c to 30c?

G. H. P. CIGAR CO., Inc.
Philadelphia

New York Branch
131-133-135 Prince Street

Indianapolis Branch
235 East Ohio Avenue

for real
enjoyment

The Spider and The Lie

(Continued from page 60)

be two hund'ed an' fifty-five dollars, but you has drawn out one hund'ed an' sixty."

"Tha's right. Tha's right, Brother Mashby—I ain't 'sputin' you on that." Zero did a little quick figuring. "So you jes' gives me the ninety-five dollars which is due me, an'—"

Mr. Mashby arched his eyebrows inquisitively. "Says which?"

"Says you gives me my balance of ninety-five dollars."

"You ain't got no sech of a balance."

"How come not?"

Semore strove to conceal his nervousness under a brave exterior. "Fac' of the matter, Mistuh Harris, you not only ain't got no ninety-five dollars comin' to you, but you owes me one hund'ed an' five dollars cash money!"

Zero gasped. "Wha's that you is sayin' with yo' mouf?"

"I says you owes me one hund'ed an' five dollars."

"You is crazy as you looks."

"Huh! You don't know what you is talkin' about."

"An' you ain't talkin' about nothin', Semore—an' you is likely to forget that. What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains—speechifyin' 'bout no owin' you money. How come you to spill so much foolishment fum between yo' lips?"

Mr. Mashby replied with excessive dignity. "You fo'gits the rent."

"The which?"

"The rent."

"Which rent?"

"The rent which Mashby & Harris, proprietors of the Niag'ra Falls Skatin' Rink, is payin' to Semore Mashby fo' said rink."

Zero shook his head slowly. "How much that is, Semore?"

"Sixteen hund'ed dollars a year. Tha's four hund'ed dollars a quarter; two hund'ed I pays an' two hund'ed you pays. You has ninety-five dollars comin' to you an' you owes two hund'ed fo' rent. So you ain't got nothin' comin' to you an' besides that you owes me one hund'ed an' five dollars."

Mr. Harris rose and crossed the room. The thing was not entirely clear to him but he had a hunch that he was being stung. He spoke without turning. "Ev'ything you gits, you gits," he summarized. "An' ev'ything I gits you gits."

"Looks that way," agreed Semore genially. "Fact of the matter is, my young friend, it seems like to me you has made a bad business deal. Looks like the best thing you can do is to get out an' find you a regalar job to earn that hund'ed an' five dollars you owes me. 'Cause the longer you remains where you is at the worsor you gits into debt."

ZERO'S slender fingers were trembling. He was a wizard on wheels but not very expert with figures. His next remark was made in a low, puzzled voice as though intended for his own enlightenment—"I wuks hahd fo' three months an' gits nothin' an' then at the end of that time I still has that much, less a hund'ed dollars." An idea smote him and he whirled. "How come this rent business ain't never been mentioned befo'?"

"Never was due ontill now," returned Semore logically.

"Hhm! It seems wrong."

"Seems ain't is. Now I tell you what I is willin' to do, Zero. I'se willin' you should assign to me all yo' right, title an' interest in the Niag'ra Falls fo' one hund'ed an' five dollars, same bein' how much you owes me. I goes ahaid an' operates same entirely at my own expense an' releases you fum all obligation. Don't that sound fair?"

"Mm-hmm! It soun's so awful fair that somethin' tells me it ain't."

"The longer you keeps on wukkin' fo' the Niag'ra Falls the less you has got."

Zero's eyes narrowed. "Cain't quit now," he said positively.

"How come not?"

"Pussional reasons."

Semore understood. He understood even more clearly than Zero.

Professor Harris desired to retain his position and his partnership, even at a loss, because by so doing he would be enabled to remain in the vicinity of Ammonia Mims—which was the very reason that Semore yearned for his removal to parts unknown and decidedly distant. And now that he had put a shady transaction across on his partner, Semore felt none too easy of mind. He knew that murder will out and he feared that eventually Zero would learn of his double-dealing.

WITH Zero elsewhere, Semore would have in his sole possession a going business and a clear road to the heart and hand of Ammonia. He launched into impassioned oratory calculated to induce Mr. Harris to depart Birmingham. But his argument was futile, Zero was too deeply enamored of Miss Mims to consider any proposition which might remove him from the rink.

Until late that night Zero walked the streets alone, giving melancholy thought to his sudden break in luck. Where, only recently, there had been a sunshine flood over the universe, all was now dark and gloomy. He was estranged from his particular lady friend and the business which he so fondly had fancied was earning him a comfortable livelihood had suddenly turned out to be a liability.

At two o'clock in the morning he was making his way mournfully down Avenue F when the door of Lawyer Evans Chew's house opened and Florian Slappey, the Beau Brummel of Darktown, emerged. Florian was fresh from the triumph of holding an ace-high full against a similar hand topped by jacks and he was at peace with the world. He tossed a bit of airy persiflage over his shoulder at the dejected co-members of the Full House Poker Club who stood upon the Chew veranda—then, seeing his lonesome friend, linked arms and strolled down the street with him.

"You look like you happened to an accident, Zero."

"I did."

"You an' Ammonia?"

"Uh-huh. An' somethin' else, also."

"Lemme heah which's what."

Welcoming the opportunity, Zero passionately poured his troubles into the receptive ear of his exquisitely haberdashed friend. At the conclusion of the miserable story Florian stopped short in his tracks and stared in amazement at the lugubrious Zero.

"Sufferin', wiggilin' tripe! Zero. An' you mean to stan' up there an' tell me with yo' two han's that you ain't gotten wise to what that mis'able, no-count imitation of a man is puttin' over on you?"

"Reckon so."

"Well, I'll be sprinkled with powdered sugar an' et fo' a waffle! Why you poor, unthinkin' half wit—you ain't got the sense an' idjit is born with. If you was to put all of yo' brains in a thimble an' look at them with a micerscope there wouldn't nothin' be seen. As simple as you is it's a wonder you don't strap yo' skates on yo' head an' do fancy figgers upside down. Does you get what I'se drivin' at?"

"No-o. Not exac'ly, Florian—but I has got an idea you ain't complimentin' me none."

Florian loosed a flood of explanation which was surcharged with invective against the perfidious Mr. Mashby. "An'," he concluded, "by doin' such he aims to take yo' business away fum you, run you out of Bummin'ham an' ma'y yo' gal."

"No?"

"Yeh. An' you is enough of a sucker-fish to fall fo' it."

"You mean Semore is studyin' 'bout ma'yin Ammonia?"

"Suttinly."

"An he figgers that does I git out of town he can do same?"

"You is tootin' now, Son."

Zero smashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "Dawg-gone his hide! I'se gwine teach him. I'se gwine git revenge fo' all this dirty work." His face was working with passion and Florian was a trifle apprehensive lest the irate Mr. Harris might go too far.

"Wh-wh-what you aims to do to him, Zero?"
 "I'se gwine keep on wukkin' at the rink!"

And he did, but no longer did he work in the dark. Florian had put his own doubt into words and he saw clearly that Semore Mashby was both enemy and rival in the guise of friend. As for Mr. Mashby, that gentleman was figuratively patting himself on the back. He had anticipated trouble, but, obviously it never occurred to Zero to inquire more deeply into the matter of extortionate rent nor the status of the leasehold and Semore was happy in the knowledge that no matter what the result of his courtship he yet had swung a lusciously profitable deal.

MEANWHILE Darktown as a whole was happily unaware of the dissension. It knew only that the Niagara Falls was about to stage a fifteen-lap race between the fastest-skating ladies of Birmingham and that a handsome sterling silver cup was to be given to the winner.

The skate-loving dusky populace had fattened upon the racing sport and was clamoring for more. Now its desire was to be gratified and in addition it was to be handed a distinct novelty. Other contestants signified their intention of entering and day after day the rink was patronized by fair damsels who sacrificed grace and deftness in their earnest pursuit of speed.

The day of the race found Zero busy with decorations. The silver trophy had been purchased and engraved and was on display in the center of the rink. At noon Zero telephoned Ammonia.

"Miss Mims?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "This is Zero."
 "Who Zero is?"
 "I'se he."

"I ain't the kind of a gal to make talk with strange gemmen." The receiver clicked on the hook and Zero turned miserably away.

He understood now why Semore had conceived the idea for the race. It afforded Ammonia public opportunity for triumph and it was a cinch that Miss Mims would be grateful to the man who made that triumph possible. Zero knew full well that Semore had lost no opportunity to make capital of the fact that the plan for the race was his, nor that he personally had selected the trophy.

By seven o'clock that evening the rink had been prepared for the gala event of the night. Ropes had been stretched around the floor of the rink to mark the inner boundaries of the racing track. These ropes were attached to stakes which had been stuck in the floor with the help of slender and sharp nails. Within the enclosure and at each of the four points of the compass had been placed small tables. On each of these tables was a large can of powdered chalk. Each can had a perforated top and each was to be presided over by a man whose duty it was to keep fresh chalk sprinkled on the track during the course of the race that the skates might not slip on the sharp turns. Semore Mashby himself had insisted upon presiding over the chalkbox at the curve nearest the finish line.

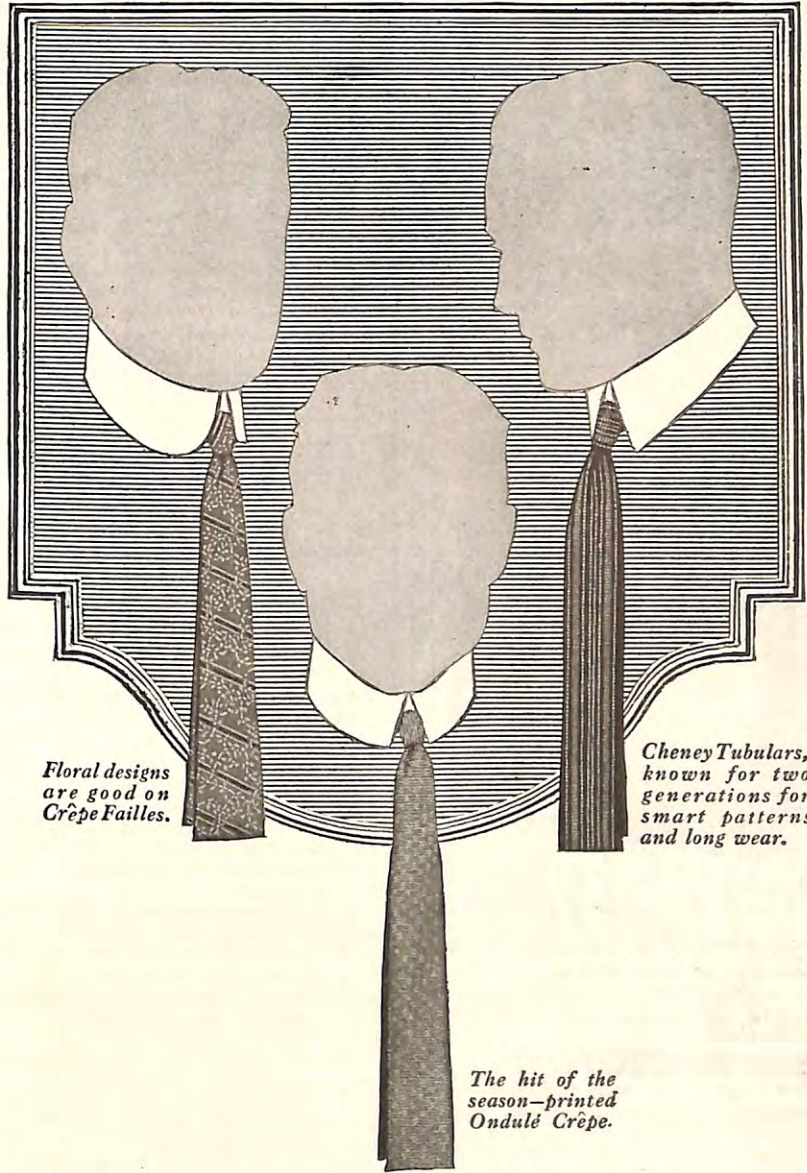
Long before the hour for starting the contestants arrived and the eager public commenced jingling its four-bit pieces into the box office. Semore overcame his scruples for one evening and wrenched from his pocket the price of a taxi, in which he conveyed Miss Mims to the rink.

Ammonia's advent was the signal for tumultuous applause. She was clad in a new sport suit of white trimmed lavishly with cerise. On her ample feet were new laced boots and she wore about her ebony throat a lamb's-wool scarf such as she had seen in moving pictures of colder countries.

She donned her skates and slid out onto the floor, stroking easily around the track. Zero Harris, whose rôle was that of master of ceremonies, eyed her longingly and only the fear of public rebuff deterred him from again seeking a reconciliation.

As a matter of fact, Ammonia had long since wearied of the warfare. But lest he might presume that her pride was not so strong as his, she maintained an attitude of severe aloofness which dissuaded him from attempting eleventh hour

(Continued on page 64)



Floral designs are good on Crêpe Failles.

Cheney Tubulars, known for two generations for smart patterns and long wear.

The hit of the season—printed Ondulé Crêpe.

Good to Look at —and Long Wearing

REMARKABLY good to look at are these new Cheney Cravats for Spring. Their good looks result from their distinctive up-to-the-minute patterns; their long wearing qualities come from their sturdy construction and carefully woven fabric.

There are patterns to suit every preference—colors to please every taste.

Cheney Tubulars are famous for the sturdy service they give. Your haberdasher has them.

CHENEY BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Makers of Cheney Silks

CHENEY CRAVATS

Look for this Name on the Neckband →

The Spider and The Lie

(Continued from page 63)

You Need This 33rd Anniversary Free Book!



New Styles!

SENSATIONAL transformations in fashion came so thick and fast this season we stopped the presses to include in our new 312-page Style Book all the last-minute changes!

Endorsed by IRENE CASTLE!

dancer, movie star, style authority and America's best dressed woman. She says:—"PHILIPSBORN'S 33rd Anniversary Style and Shopping Guide excels them all and offers wonderful savings."

The Style Store of 3 Million Families!

PHILIPSBORN'S Shopping Guide is the Style Store of 3 million families. We celebrate our 33rd Anniversary by giving our customers the best styles and the biggest bargains in all the world. Our goal is one million more customers for 1923. WE WANT YOU AS OUR CUSTOMER.

We Prepay to Your Door!

We don't want our customers to be put to the trouble of figuring postage or express charges. We save you this money. It costs us one million dollars a year to prepay delivery charges.

Our "Money Back" Guarantee!

Our most liberal money-back guarantee covers every purchase. We take all the risk—every penny refunded unless you are thoroughly pleased. This also means return delivery charges.

Easter is Early—April 1st!

Send Coupon or Postal NOW!

Your name and address on coupon or postal will bring you this beautiful book by return mail FREE! Be sure to send TODAY!

PHILIPSBORN'S
Founded 1890
Department - 112 - Chicago, Ill.

PHILIPSBORN'S, Dept. 112, Chicago, Ill.
Please send copy of PHILIPSBORN'S Style and Shopping Guide.

Name

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

Local Address

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

amends. She glanced at his melancholy face occasionally from out the corners of her eyes. She noticed, too, that although Mallissie Cheese was present and making a patent effort to intrigue his interest, Zero had no thought for her.

The hall was a welter of color and gaiety. Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was harmoniously on hand. The eleven contestants circled the course with a greater or less display of awkwardness and nervousness. Only Ammonia Mims seemed satisfied. That lady knew that the event had been originally planned for her benefit and she was mindful that the crowd looked upon her as an uncrowned champion. It promised to be a large evening for Miss Mims and she felt a warm glow of friendliness toward all humanity—even Semore Mashby.

Mr. Mashby made his way through the excited throng toward Zero's private office. The aisles were blocked and as he attempted to shoulder his way a bit of disconcerting dialogue came to his ears.

"This race sho'ly gwine be a fine thing fo' Zero Harris," commented the first voice.

"How come?"

"He's pow'ful fond of Ammonia Mims, ain't he?"

"You said it."

"An' Ammonia is gwine win, ain't she?"

"Uh-huh. Barrin' accidents."

"An she's gwine be terrible grateful to the man which taught her to skate."

"Shuah—but I heard tell it was Semore which fust thunk of havin' the race."

"That don't make no diff'ence. Does a gal git popular on account she does somethin' she is gwine be grateful to the man which taught her how to do same?"

Semore passed out of earshot. His forehead was creased with worry. This, indeed, was a new angle to the situation. It had not occurred to him that Ammonia's gratitude would be directed other than in his direction. Contemplation of that possibility was vastly disturbing. "Daw-gone!" he soliloquized, "if tha's the way she looks at it, I mos' hope she loses." He nodded slowly—"Yassuh—I kinder fin's myse'f wishin' that she was to lose. Then she'd know what a po' tripe Zero is. Hmml! that idea is suttinly wuth thinkin' about."

HE returned to the enclosure and beckoned to Ammonia from his post at one of the little tables. He had surfeited himself with knowledge of skate-racing strategy and the most salient detail of that knowledge he now sought to impart to the young lady.

"I has arranged things so that you is closest to the ropes when the race stahts, Ammonia. You jes' keep on the inside an' all them other gals will have to swing wide on the turns so you won't have to travel near so far as they does."

Ammonia nodded. He laid a tentative finger on her arm—"An' don't you go forgittin', Miss Mims, that I thunk up this race—also boughten the solid silver cup which you wins."

She flashed him a radiant smile. "I ain't forgittin', Mistuh Mashby. I never forgits nothin', no time." And in her mind at that very moment was remembrance of the deal by which Semore had euchered Zero Harris out of many dollars which were rightfully that gentleman's. She shook her head . . . if only she and Zero were friends that she might pass on to him her understanding of the business dilemma in which he found himself. That and her plans for his extrication. But Zero stood humbly in the background, presuming no advances, and she, as a prideful young lady, could not make them herself.

A whistle shrilled, the orchestra droned off into silence, the crowd stilled. At a signal from Zero Harris the eleven contestants rolled nervously to the thin black line which marked the starting and finishing points. This line was just beyond the sharp curve at the north end of the building. At the curve was the little table at which Semore Mashby presided with his can of powdered chalk. At each of the other three tables were young men, also armed with the necessary chalk. With some difficulty Zero

lined up the racers, putting Ammonia nearest the ropes. They were restive and ill at ease.

Zero's announcement made up in simple clarity what it may have lacked in oratorical power. Fifteen laps—a solid silver trophy to the winner, as well as the title of lady champion skater of Bummin'ham. He turned again to the racers.

"Is you-all ready, ladies?"

There was a nodding of heads.

"On yo' mark! Get set!" And then the tiny revolver cracked and they were off.

ELLA Dungee and Ammonia Mims flashed ahead of the crowd, each starting with the peculiar little running step employed by the more expert skaters. But although Ella was speedy, Ammonia's easy stride was sufficiently strong to enable her to hold the inside and she rounded the first curve inches ahead of Ella and comfortably in the lead of the others.

The crowd was in an uproar. Shrill yells of encouragement came to the ears of the various dark horses. Before the completion of the first lap the racers had divided into two distinct groups: the leaders consisting of Ammonia, Ella Dungee, Mrs. Evans Chew and Mrs. Maudine Pigford.

As yet they were not spurting. Ammonia, stroking easily and powerfully, was setting a comfortably fast pace. It was plain from the start that Miss Mims was to have no serious opposition.

At his little table Semore watched the contest delightedly. Zero, too, seemed pleased, but his expression was a trifle tinged by doubt.

They completed the second lap, and the third. Maudine Pigford was tiring and Mallissie Cheese was pulling away from the tailenders and bidding for a position among the leaders. They rounded the north curve, swung by Semore Mashby and set off on the fifth lap. At a signal from Semore, each of the officials seized his can of powdered chalk and sprinkled it on that section of the track immediately before him.

The pace was faster now, Ammonia still leading. They whirled around the south end, sped down the backstretch and swung into the curve at the north end. The crowd was one vast wave of enthusiasm. Ammonia lengthened her stroke. She held close into the ropes as she neared Semore, crossing right leg over left with each powerful thrust. The gap between her and Mrs. Chew, her nearest rival, widened. She smiled warmly at the wizened Mr. Mashby and then—

Something happened. It happened suddenly and completely and it happened in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Mashby.

The feet of Ammonia Mims divorced themselves from the ground. A portion of Miss Mims not generally employed in skating placed itself where the feet had been.

There was a roar of surprise sprinkled with laughter and coupled with a howl of advice. Somewhat shaken and visibly annoyed, Ammonia clambered to her feet and set out in pursuit of Ella Dungee and Mrs. Chew, both of whom had passed her. She could hear occasional bits of merriment but she was undaunted. Employing all of her latent speed she had passed both the leaders before again reaching the turn where Semore Mashby stood industriously sprinkling chalk upon the floor.

Ammonia was angry. Laugh at her, would they? She determined to make a runaway race of it right there. Her feet fairly twinkled as she rounded the curve and shot by Semore's post.

And then it happened again. Only this time it occurred twice as forcibly. The rink trembled as Ammonia sprawled. The crowd shrieked with laughter. The other skaters, swinging wide to avoid the prostrate figure, shot by. She noticed the other women on the far turn—all swinging wide. She alone had the knack of holding the inside without slackening speed.

She rose and steadied herself with an effort. And, just when she would have retired from competition, Semore bent over her eagerly—

"You go on an' win," he commanded. Meekly she turned to obey, but as she swung out in

(Continued on page 66)

Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?

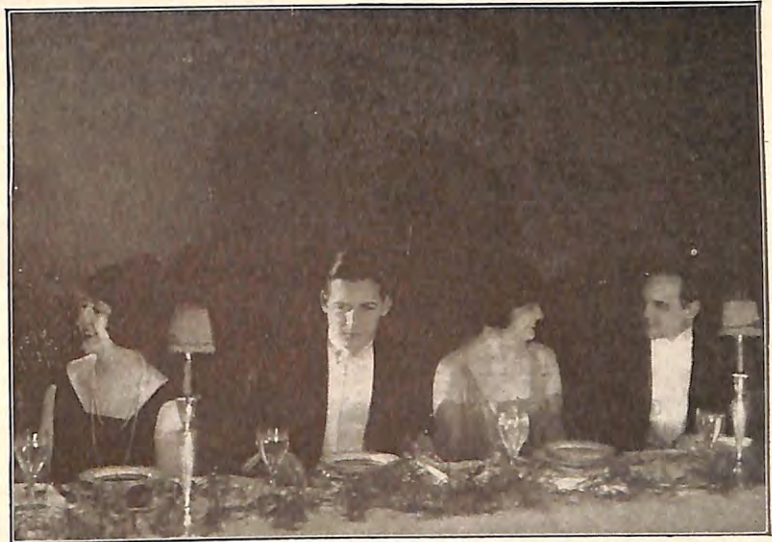
HAVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady, or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your



hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.

Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

THE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance, who does not know how to mingle with the guests and exactly what to do and say under all circumstances, feels alone, out of place. Often he feels uncomfortable. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, afraid of saying the wrong thing, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to be tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think

about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

The Easiest Art to Master

Music, painting, writing—most arts require long study and constant application. Etiquette, which is one of the most useful arts in daily life, can be mastered in almost one evening.

Do you know when to use the fork and when your fingers, when to rise upon being introduced and when to remain seated, when to acknowledge an introduction and when not to, when to wear full dress and when to wear informal clothes?

Etiquette tells you everything you want to know about what is worn and what is done in good society. It reveals all the many important little secrets that every well-bred man and woman knows.

By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, by making clear every little point of conduct, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secrets of making people like you and seek your company.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

The Book of Etiquette—Authoritative and Complete

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every phase of etiquette. It solves every problem that has ever puzzled you.

In the Book of Etiquette you will find absorbing chapters on dinners, on teas, on weddings, on engagements. You will find a most fascinating chapter on the bride's trousseau, and a wonderful chapter devoted to the business woman. There are chapters on introductions, on correspondence, on speech, on dress. Nothing is omitted, nothing is forgotten. Whatever you want to know you will find fully explained in this famous, authoritative work.

Sent to You Free for 5 Days' Examination

Won't you let us send you, entirely free and without obligation, the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette? No money whatever is necessary. Just let us send you these famous books free so that you may read the chapters that interest you particularly. Keep the books for 5 days and examine them thoroughly. Within that 5-day period decide whether you want to return the books without one penny's cost to you, or keep them and send us only \$3.50 in full payment.

You will be the sole judge. This is a free proof offer—the Book of Etiquette is sent to you free for examination before you purchase it. You are urged to take advantage of this offer at once.

Just clip and mail the coupon, and the Book of Etiquette will be in your hands in a day or two. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1222, Garden City, N. Y.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Nelson Doubleday, Inc. Dept. 1222
Garden City, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5, with 5 days' free examination privileges.
(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$3.50 cash with order)

Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.



K A R P E N F U R N I T U R E



Our portfolio of sketches is sent on request. We solicit correspondence either direct or through your local dealer. Send us floor plans if complete furnishingscheme is desired.

We Specialize In Lodge Room Furniture

Karpen designers have had many years of experience in designing and building furniture equipment for lodge and club rooms.

We bring to the task a wide experience and a thorough knowledge of requirements. Many of the finest lodge rooms in the country have been furnished and equipped from special Karpen designs, and our experts have developed some of the handsomest and most impressive fittings to be seen anywhere.

If your architects have designed and specified special furniture and fittings, our factories will make accurate and artistic renditions of these designs.

All Karpen furniture is the best that skill of craftsmanship and the finest materials can make it. We build for the generations. Let us figure with you on your plans. Address us direct or through the local Karpen dealers. Ask for sketches.

S. KARPEN & BROS.

801-811 S. Wabash Ave.,
CHICAGO

37th and Broadway
NEW YORK

Factories—Chicago, Michigan City, Ind., Long Island City, N. Y.

Manufacturers Karpen overstuffed genuine mahogany, cane, handwoven fiber rush and reed furniture; office and Windsor chairs.



Are Scissors Used More By Men or Women?

We were curious as to the number of women as compared to men who clipped coupons from the advertising pages of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We asked one advertiser, whose product was used by both, to give us some light on the subject.

His answer was, "Of the 1729 replies received from my advertisement in the October issue, 1166 were sent in by men and 693 by women.

This is but one of the many proofs confirming our contention that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is read by every member of the family and is interesting alike to all.

This February issue contains more advertising than any previous issue since the inception of this publication.

The responsiveness of the Elks and their families to the advertising in this, their magazine, is attracting the attention of national advertisers in increasingly greater numbers. Elks know that every advertisement in this magazine is guaranteed by its official publishers, with a money-back guaranty. Consequently they have no hesitancy in replying to its advertising and clipping the coupons called for in the various advertisements shown on its pages.

The Spider and The Lie

(Continued from page 64)

pursuit of the others, his voice came to her ears in well-meant advice.

"Keep yo' feet, Ammonia. You ain't never gwine win this race sittin' down!"

Murder flamed in her heart then, with Semore as the murderee. She knew that she would get even with him. She'd humble herself and make friends with Zero Harris and she'd tell him about the trickery of Semore in connection with the lease on the rink—she'd make it plain to Zero that when Semore took the lease in his own name it was the same as though he had done so in the name of the partnership and that the benefits of the low rental were his as well as Semore's. She'd tell him all that—because she despised Semore as the author of her miseries.

She was stroking mechanically now, head swimming, body aching from too violent contact with the floor. Her triumph had fizzled. She was tasting gall and wormwood. She had been made publicly ridiculous. Perhaps even Zero would have none of her now. The thought hurt . . .

Her speed was not yet gone. She knew that she couldn't win, but at least she could come in ahead of Mallissie Cheese—and there was some little satisfaction in the thought. She negotiated the lower turn in safety, sped down the other side and swung once again toward Semore. And once again in that fatal spot her feet parted company with the ground. Even the shriek of delirious laughter from the crowd failed to drown the crash.

This time Ammonia sat. She sat motionless. She ached all over. She saw Semore's anxious face in close proximity to hers and she reached up and pushed it violently away.

Semore took the hint and as he backed away Professor Zero Harris skated across the track and lifted the battered form of Ammonia Mims in his sinewy arms.

"C'mon, honey . . ."

It was the first kind word which had come to her out of the storm of ridicule and there, before them all, she flung her arms about the neck of the man who held her. "Oh! Zero . . ."

"C'mon with me, sweetness. Don't you go racin' no mo'."

Semore insinuated himself before them. "Ammonia—"

"Git away fum heah!" she sizzled. Then she faced Zero. "I'se got somethin' to tell you, Zero; somethin' about that Mashby man which you is gwine be happy to heah—"

THEY retired to the side lines and watched Mrs. Evans Chew win a stirring victory from Ella Dungee. The presentation of the cup was an hilarious affair. Ammonia turned wearily to the stalwart and loyal Zero. "Take me away fum heah, honey. I never want to see a skate no mo'."

"Jes' a minute." He took her by the hand and towed her across the floor. The crowd was elsewhere, clustered about the triumphant Mrs. Chew. They were alone on the track near the spot where Ammonia's three catastrophes had occurred. Zero directed her attention to a glistening section of the floor immediately in front of Semore's post. "See that?"

"Uh-huh."

"Feel it."

She applied a finger to the smooth surface. "It's slick," she said.

"Sho'ly it is, Ammonia. Now look heah." He picked up the can of powdered chalk which Semore had used and sprinkled a bit on the floor. "Rub that," he commanded.

She did so, and immediately the floor became slippery where the rubbing occurred. She raised puzzled eyes to the face of her adored one.

"What is it, Zero?"

"It's thisaway," he explained. "Semore Mashby knowed that I an' you was suttin' to make up sooner or later did you keep on comin' to this rink, an' he figgered that if'n he could git you so disgusted with skatin' that you woul'n't never come heah no mo', us woul'n't never be frien's again an' he could make ma'iage with you. So—" He drew a deep breath. "All what that man done was to empty the powdered chalk out of that can and put powdered wax in it instead. He knowed you was the on'y lady which could skate good enough to take them turns close—an'

so—ev'y time you made this curve yo' skates hit that powdered wax an' you hit the floor."

Wrath enveloped her. She was all for committing manslaughter right then and there. And while Zero personally removed her well-waxed skates she told him of Semore's perfidiousness.

"Oh! sugar-foot," he murmured gratefully, "you has sho'ly tol' me somethin' now. I'se gwine make that cullud buzzard wiggle . . . You sho'ly was sweet to tell it to me, Ammonia."

"I'se gwine tell you ev'ything I knows, Zero. An' is you gwine tell me ev'ything, too?"

"I suttinly is," he swore. "Fum now on." To himself he added: "But they ain't no sense in bein' fool enough to tell her it was I which put that powdered wax in the can Semore used."

Gold Lustre

(Continued from page 41)

He told me that it was his intention to make the gold lustre peculiarly his, so that when he died, the formula would—die with him.

He was so sure of himself that he took the precious cup to Julie and offered himself together with his masterpiece.

She held it against the light. "Isn't it pretty?"

"It will make us rich, Julie."

Whereupon, she kissed him, brushing his lips with a kiss like peach-bloom.

They were married.

"You'll think it's strange," he said to me that night in Apia, "confoundedly strange, that I can talk to you about my wife when you've seen Clara Slavens in my arms. Two hours ago. . . . My wife didn't merit any sort of honor, and Clara Slavens does. You understand?"

I didn't, but I nodded. Clara Slavens was a wild, sweet woman; there was no honor about her, however.

He told me that he loved his wife as no man should love a woman. I took it that he worshipped her beauty, believing that the inner woman must have the same proportion of loveliness.

They lived in a small English city and he began at once to manufacture gold lustre. He would prepare the material in his laboratory and deliver it to workmen himself. He was always present at the final ceremony of baking the stuff—if that's what they do. I'm totally ignorant of the process. I only remember that he accentuated the secrecy with which he worked. The china was enormously successful, and since it was unique, enormously expensive. Collectors fought for it. He designed and delivered "services" to all the crowned heads of Europe—Wilhelm of Germany, Vittorio Emanuel, Wilhelmina, Gustav—an imposing list.

No one ever saw him prepare the formula, not Julie, not his two children, not even his father. The magic proportions were locked away in his brain, as you lock jewels in a casket. He alone possessed the key.

Well, I know what you're going to say. That he forgot.

Of course! But it was the manner of his forgetting that interested me. He might have gone on making money and being an artist and loving his wife and children, if fate hadn't played a scurvy trick, one of those chance knock-outs that puzzle the Christian.

One morning he kissed his wife on her pink and white cheek, and went to his laboratory to mix up that potion of his. An order had come in from a Belgian millionaire—four hundred plates and six hundred goblets, *toute de suite*.

It was a sunny June day—one of those English days of roses and honeysuckle. Alfred—I'll call him Alfred—crossed the lawn, turning once to wave his hand at his two youngsters, a boy, blond, like the mother, and a girl, dark and gentle, like himself. Then he went into his laboratory and shut and locked the door.

He had never been happier. Life was fair—a clean sweep, as far as his eye could reach.

He put on his apron and rolled up his sleeves, whistling. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of his wife's white dress as she moved about the garden, gathering roses.

He paused, as always, resting both hands on the edge of the big vat into which the materials

(Continued on page 68)

"AND all this time I didn't know you could get those delicious Beech-Nut Confections right there in the Club."

How many Elks have thus been spoken to in their own homes by their own wives and daughters?

Yet it's true. Most Elks Club cigar stands *do* carry those mouth-watering little Beech-Nut Fruit Drops, and the throat-clearing Mints, besides of course, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum, a superfine gum made of *pure chicle*.

Ask for these Beech-Nut Confections. The folks at home want them. Why shouldn't they have them? The best is none too good in the home circle of an Elk. Take them home with you.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor."
Canajoharie New York



- BEECH-NUT Confections**
- Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
 - Beech-Nut Mints
 - Wintergreen
 - Clove
 - Spearmint
 - Beech-Nut Fruit Drops
 - Lime
 - Lemon
 - Orange

Elks and their families, if in the vicinity of the Mohawk Valley, are invited to inspect the Home of Beech-Nut at Canajoharie, N. Y.

9 Elks' Clubs Out of 10 Are Brunswick Equipped

Experienced buyers of club-house equipment appreciate Brunswick quality—the standard of the world in Billiard Tables and Bowling Alleys.

So the B. P. O. E. and the B. B. C. Co. naturally got together long ago.

And over 94% of Elks' Club Houses have Brunswick equipment where it applies.

Catalog and Price List on Request

We manufacture and stock at all Branch Houses smaller sized carom and pocket billiard tables for the young folks at home. Priced from \$30 to \$150. The "Home Magnet" is an interesting booklet on the subject—sent free upon request.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI

Branch Houses in All Principal Cities

Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from
JASON WEILER & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.
and Save One-Third

For over 46 years we have sold direct to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we are able to save you one-third on regular prices. Money refunded on all purchases unless entirely satisfied. Following are a few of the many items selected at random from our free catalog. Mail coupon below for free copy.



34600B Solid Green Gold Lapel Button with small perfectly cut blue white diamond \$5.00



31358B—This beautifully designed Solid Gold Lapel Button. \$1.65



34725B Elk's Membership Card Case (illustration is greatly reduced; actual size 2 inches long. Can be attached to Waldemar chain if desired. In either Sterling Silver or Gold filled . . . \$4.00)



34622B This heavy solid gold Ring with platinum front. Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, mounted with perfectly cut blue white diamond . . . \$37.50
 Same style ring without diamond \$18.00.



34618B Platinumfront Lapel Button, perfectly cut blue white diamond \$15.00



34755B Elk Solid Gold Charm with raised platinum. Elk head, clock in colored enamel. Plain back on which initial or monogram can be engraved . . . \$7.50

Our Free Catalog Shows all the latest styles in Elk Charms, Rings, Buttons, Fountain Pens, Card Cases, Ladies' Pins, Brooches, etc., etc.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, and save 20 to 40% on dealer's prices. Our long established foreign agencies in Amsterdam, London and Paris prove their ability at all times to obtain the finest diamonds at the lowest possible market prices. Write for beautifully illustrated free diamond catalog on "How to Buy Diamonds."



1 carat \$145.00
 This 1 carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut, mounted in Tiffany style 142 solid gold setting. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our \$145.00 price



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring . . . \$75.00
 Perfectly cut blue white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller perfectly cut, blue white diamonds on the sides. The ring is 18K solid white gold, beautifully pierced and carved.

1/4 carat	\$31.00
3/8 carat	50.00
1/2 carat	73.00
3/4 carat	108.00
1 carat	145.00
1 1/4 carats	217.00
2 carats	290.00
3 carats	435.00

We refer you as to our reliability to the publishers of this magazine or any bank or newspaper in Boston.

Write for FREE Catalog

164 Pages beautifully illustrated including Jewelry, Watches, Silver, Pens, Cuff Buttons, Toilet and Leather Goods, Pearls, Also Elk Emblematic Jewelry. Write for either or both of the Free Jewelry and Diamond Catalogs.



--- CLIP COUPON --- FILL IN AND MAIL NOW ---

JASON WEILER & SONS
 Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers
 376-B Washington Street (Elks Dept.)
 Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below:
 Jewelry, Watch, Silver and ELKS EMBLEM CATALOG Diamond Catalog

Name
 Address
 City State

Gold Lustre

(Continued from page 67)

would be poured. He had only to command his memory. . . .

Just then he felt a sharp impact, like the blow of a steel knife, in the palm of his hand. A flash of pain shot to his shoulder. He snatched his hand away and a large honey-bee fell to the ground, detached by the violence of his gesture.

He was startled, angry. This thing had happened in that almost religious moment of suspense and mental preparation, the moment of summoning, of creation. . . .

"Confound it," he said, and stepped on the bee, sucking at the swollen palm of his hand.

Instinctively, he began to repeat the formula, to make certain that he was still secure in his possession.

HE HAD FORGOTTEN!
 He tried again. The combination. . . . Great God! He mustn't lose his head. Absurd. All he needed was a moment's concentration. No, that wasn't it. NOT IT! What, then? This or that? Where on earth had he gone wrong? He must keep cool at all costs. . . .

He went outside. He was shaken with fear, cold; sweating, breathless. The beauty and tranquility of the garden seemed somehow to mark the confusion within himself. His thoughts ran like mad things, gibbering. He could not put them together, bring order out of this sudden, terrifying chaos.

What had happened to him?
HE HAD FORGOTTEN, THAT WAS ALL.
 At noon he appeared for dinner, remarking to his wife: "A bee stung me. In the palm of my hand. You see? It upset me for a while. I've forgotten the formula."

Her expression changed. As if annoyed, she said: "You'll remember to-morrow."
 "Oh, of course."

But he didn't. Not the next day or the next. He could not sleep or eat. He passed from astonishment to helpless rage; from shuddering fear to defiance. He set his jaw and clenched his fists. He would remember or shake down the heavens!

His workmen waited, sitting about the door of the small factory, making comments that pierced Alfred's sensitive hide whether he was within hearing distance or not. He knew what they were saying.

"I'll remember," he said jauntily to his wife. "It is only a matter of beginning. I must start with a rush—I'm rusty . . . or something! . . ."

He couldn't sleep. He took to prowling about the house and the gardens or flinging away to the open country, where he would walk until he dropped. Always the elusive combination seemed to be just ahead, just beyond reach.

The day came when he dismissed his workmen; the factory shut down and the word went around that the last of the famous potters was losing his mind.

He carried on elaborate experiments in an attempt to reproduce the lustre. The result was not comparable to the original and no one knew this more certainly than Alfred himself; he could not be content with a dull imitation. One after the other he splintered these lack lustre failures against the laboratory wall, so that he worked, at last, in a room cluttered with gilded fragments—the ruin of his dream of success and happiness.

For five years he struggled with his memory as a man might writhe in the coils of a serpent; he fought; he brought to bear upon this obstinate enemy all the power of his will. And the harder he pushed the more terrible his predicament.

He sold his carriages, his furniture, his house. All of this money was poured into experiment. The beautiful Julie—well, what would you expect? When he begged her for her jewels, she reminded him that he had not only lost a valuable property but had sacrificed his father's business—he had ruined them all.

At the same time she packed her trunks and ran off with another man. She was bisque. There was no heart in her. She had no pity at all for that torn, tormented creature, no understanding of his need, his very real and terrible need. Well, he could have borne her loss, but she took his children with her.

And his children meant more to him than all the women in the world.

I suppose the natural question is: "More than Clara Slavens?"

Yes. When he spoke of them that night on the *Leone* the tears ran down into his beard. He raised both arms and stretched out his hands in longing. Clara Slavens was love, she was woman, but she had no part in this!

"The last I heard of them," he said, "they were living with their mother in Manchester. She went from bad to worse. A bedraggled petticoat with dyed cheeks. Peach bloom! A disgruntled female. Ugly! Ugly! No use complaining! It was my fault, perhaps. Or a case of stars in the wrong house. My constellations were shuffled badly. I'm not a fatalist, but all this seems to have been ordained. I hadn't a ghost of a chance. Everything I loved was thrown away, blotted out, obliterated. . . . A curse, do you think?"

"No," I said. "Damned poor psychology, if you'll excuse my saying so."

I tossed my cigarette into Apia harbor and turned on Alfred. "Couldn't you manage to forget that you have forgotten?" I demanded.

He shook his head. "Impossible."
 He leaned on the rail, staring down at the black water, a figure pathetic, futile, defeated.

"What's that?" he asked suddenly.
 I looked over. I could see nothing.
 "I thought I saw a swimmer—"
 I repeated: "Impossible."

"But I'm certain—"
 The water was alive with phosphorous; flickers of greenish light broke against the schooner's sides and here and there the dim shapes of fish darted like little flames.

"I see no one," I assured him.
 I turned my back and went below to the comfortable security of lamp-light and the red-plush cushions of my cabin. I was sick and tired of my bargain. Better the greasy Tonga boys than this white man who could neither stand upon his own legs nor navigate the devious channels of life.

We got away in the morning. I was, I confess, surprised that Clara Slavens had failed to follow Alfred. Her sort usually does, one way or another.

I put Alfred to work the first day out, arguing that the less he thought about himself the better off he would be.

I WAS master of the ship and as such temporary master of my crew. Very spick and span myself, in a new uniform purchased in Apia, I trod the deck, tasting the delights of authority. Alfred was not surly, but he was stricken with hopelessness. Furtively, he scratched his eternal formula, only to erase it when I called to him sharply: "Mind your work there! No loafing!"

The *Leone* moved forward under full canvas, a creature alert, alive, buoyant, cutting through the unimaginable blue of the sea with the precision of a knife slicing into a cobalt apple—bubbles sprang at her prow, juicy and fragrant. The tipped deck, spotless, seemed to skim over the surface of the water, and that leap forward, powerful, splendid, filled me with a breathless delight, as if I had been riding between the wings of an albatross.

Alfred roused the chain from the chain lockers, wire-brushed it, red-leaded it—not an easy job. He worked with the casual precision of the trained craftsman and I had no fault to find. The Tonga lads would have bungled it. I had no intention of allowing him time for self-analysis. I set him to tarring down the standing rigging, and when he was through with that, he caulked the deck.

All the while we were heading for the Nine Islands, and more copra. This was in the day of independent cruising, Jack London's day, before the professional tourist and sensation-hunter ever heard of the Archipelago.

One morning I sent Alfred out on the bowsprit to test his nerve. We had scarcely spoken since his outburst that night in Apia; but I saw what my simple duty was—to save this man or to let him lose his eternal soul as decently, as expeditiously as possible.

He winced away from the task I set him. The *Leone* was rushing headlong through a rough sea—every dip of her prow drenched the

bowsprit. My Tonga boys, who were gifted with prehensile big toes, could have walked out and back as unconcerned as you please. But they had no souls to lose or to gain.
I sent Alfred.

I CONFESS my heart stood still. The plunging shaft behaved like a bucking bronco, as if seized with the devilish intention of casting him off into the boil of foam. He was soaked to the skin in half a minute. His body showed thin and quivering. I stood with the three blacks, watching, suddenly conscious of an upwelling pride in the stock that had bred this man who was fearless in spite of his fear. Here were the glorious tag-ends of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, driving a half-crazy beach-comber to attempt the impossible.

I opened my mouth to call him back. But he had reached his objective and had turned. He glanced down at the anchor-chains. I saw his face change. He clung there, staring, with horror in his eyes. I thought at first that he meant to drown himself. I shouted: "Alfred! Come back!"

Suddenly he began to chatter and to point. I ran and stared over . . .

She had followed him, after all. Clara Slavens! That light woman of the islands! A drenched, torn, pallid thing, beautiful in death. It was as if a woman of the sea had been dipped up and held there. I could not believe my eyes. I could see her streaming hair and one hand, flung back, limp, seeming to beckon with the rise and fall of the ship.

She must have swum out—Alfred saw her, or thought he did—she must have tangled herself in the chains, or have fainted there or somehow have drowned there when we set sail. Perhaps she dreamed of being the living figurehead of the ship that carried her lover away. Perhaps she planned only to hide there until we were well at sea, then to climb over the prow, alive, beautiful, faithful, to claim him again . . .

God knows. We got her up and buried her, wrapped in one of my red velvet table-covers—lovely as that lady of Camelot! A flash, a jet of spray, a starry blue burst of bubbles—and she was gone.

After that, Alfred would not work. Collapsed, abject, he sat against the deck-house, mumbling and scratching. Now, at last, he had lost everything, his fortune, his prestige, his wife, his children, the yellow woman who had offered him second-hand love. He had arrived at the end. There was no way to deceive the piercing and unerring eye of destiny or to turn aside the blade of the suspended sword. He was down and out.

I bullied. I cajoled. I threatened. It was bad business, this insubordination. My crew of gentle savages with rings in their noses had a capacity for sudden, blind rages and murderous impulses. You held them by a balance of faith. They obeyed because they believed disobedience to be punishable with death, or worse. The white man was supposed to be infallible, merciless and under the divine protection of an all-powerful god of gods.

To keep my prestige intact, I knew, would mean keeping Alfred in order. It would not do to pity him or to forgive him. He must obey.

He wouldn't. I could neither drive nor lure him to work. And I hated like thunder to put him in chains or to let those greasy top-knots lay a hand on him.

He crouched and wept, pathetic, humiliating. Whereupon the Tonga lads foregathered and exchanged those grunts and whistlings which pass for speech in the Friendly Isles. It boded ill for me and the *Leone*.

What happened sounds like home-made romance, I'll grant you that. I've told the story up and down the islands and have met with frank disbelief.

What happened, happened, as I was a witness, I can swear to it.

We were running before a fair wind; the skies were cloudless; it was not the "hurricane season," if such a fashionable expression can be applied to a spell of Hades let loose.

I was not prepared for anything more than mutiny or murder, or both: therefore, when the barometer fell slowly from 30° to 29° I looked for a squall, a black spurt of rain, a brief smother of foam and an immediate blaze of sun to steam the water off the decks. That was usual and in no way alarming.

(Continued on page 70)

90,000 People Have Learned to Dance This New Way

Let those who have actually learned to become good dancers at home—without music or partner—through Arthur Murray's new method, tell you how quickly they mastered all of the newest steps and dances—how they surprised their friends and increased their popularity.

MANY people who never knew the joy of having more than one invitation a week to an affair, are now sought after—in fact, coaxed to attend every party or social affair in sight. The secret of their sudden popularity is simply because they have become good dancers and everyone wants them for partners. Best of all, they learned at home—without music or partner—in a surprisingly short time and at a price that is within the easy reach of everyone.

But let some of them tell of their own experiences:

Peter Saunders, of Amawalk, N. Y., was always considered an outsider whenever his friends were going to hold a dance. They never thought of asking him because they knew he would only be in the way and no one wanted to sit out a dance to entertain him. After he had learned at home in a few evenings, through the Arthur Murray method, he wrote: "Then I came across your advertisement and I sent for your course, and I must say it was wonderful. The lessons were so clear and simple that a child could learn—why, it was altogether too easy!"

"The rest has been one pleasure after another, thanks to you! I have even learned to dance better than some of my friends who used to pass me by."

Good dancers always acquire self-assurance, poise, ease of manner and perfect mental and physical control. They are always at home in any crowd and think nothing of teaching others how to dance.

P. Voytek, of Derby, Conn., recently wrote: "I have had some wonderful times at dances. I have taught a great many people how to dance. My friends have advised me to open a dancing class. I teach eager pupils every evening, but will not accept pay as I do it for the pleasure which I give others and also enjoy myself."

"I would rather learn your way than go to a dancing teacher. Anyone can quickly learn from such an easy course as yours and it is not embarrassing."

Even if you don't know one step from another you can quickly learn to dance in a single evening through Arthur Murray's new method. In fact, you don't need to leave your own home to learn—you can master any dance in your own room after a few practice steps.

J. M. Mealy, Flatwood, W. Va., says:

"Your lessons in dancing are very simple and easy to learn. I practised yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. Tonight I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph. I had no trouble in leading or balance."

Besides being a source of great pleasure, a thorough knowledge of dancing will enable you to earn money teaching others to dance. For most folks are "just crazy" to learn and will pay a liberal fee to a first-class teacher.

Gladys Franz, Astoria, Oregon, by teaching 40 children two hours a week, earns \$200 a month. She recently wrote: "I cannot be loud enough in my praise of your wonderful system. I started on Saturday with 40 children present. I taught my class with an assurance that I never had before. I am following the instructions you sent to me and am beginning with the One Step. I am giving two lessons a week for \$5 a month (from each pupil)."

Learn Without Partner or Music
Through his new improved method of



"Arthur Murray, Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts and many other fashionable people."



"I have some very wonderful times at dances. I very seldom sit out a dance." — PETER VOYTEK, Conn.

teaching dancing by mail, Mr. Murray is now able to give you the same high class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10 per lesson. And not only you yourself, but every other member of your family can quickly learn to dance from the same set of lessons.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, ex-Governor Locke Craig, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 90,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers by mail.

Special Free Proof Offer

If you want to see for yourself how quickly this new course by Arthur Murray can teach you to dance right in your own home without music or partner, all you need to do is just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do—and the special proof course will be promptly sent to you. When the postman hands you the sixteen lessons, deposit only \$1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five days. Practice all the steps, learn everything these lessons teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded. But if you keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind. Send the coupon to-day—NOW.

ARTHUR MURRAY

Studio 625, 801 Madison Avenue, New York

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 625, 801 Madison Avenue, New York.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen lesson course and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit with him \$1.00 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to return the course, I may do so and you will refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

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

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may send the dollar, and we will pay postage. (Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhoea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhoea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhoea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhoea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhoea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhoea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S. FORHAN CO. New York Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS



GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blinding flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself!

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free
Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

- No. 1—Ladies' Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$2.84
- No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.48
- No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring \$4.27
- No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish \$3.94
- No. 5—Ladies' Tiffany Bridal Blossom Engraved \$3.94

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 30-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 85, Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch.** Free book tells you how! Secrets of holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. States send \$1.00. **Farmer Burns, 1462 N. 14th, Omaha, Neb.**

Gold Lustre

(Continued from page 69)

But this was no usual storm. The sun continued to shine through a thick, discolored haze, and for half a day we lay inert, motionless, caught in a whirl of sickly vapors. My crew lay about the deck in attitudes of exhaustion, stripped, dripping, their arms outflung. I caught the white flash of the black men's eyes on Alfred. I understood that in some inexplicable, round-about, native way they associated him with the strange and fearful behavior of nature.

TO LEEWARD, an island emerged and disappeared as the vapors shifted, disclosing in shutter flashes a coral reef, an inner channel and a small harbor, shaped like a half-moon, visible through my glasses. A sparse fringe of cocoa trees seemed strangely artificial in that unwholesome light, trees in a grotesque stage set, frayed and distorted.

I should have made for the inner channel had I had sufficient warning. I had none.

At six o'clock the glass fell again, an inch in less than an hour. With terrifying impact the wind broke—like a bottle of furies uncorked. The *Leone* seemed to fall on her knees. And in a darkness pierced, shredded with electrical flashes, I saw Alfred still lying athwart a hatch, the Tonga boys huddled against the deck-house, useless, terror-stricken, beyond control.

The sea lifted up, massed itself, gathered and sprang. The *Leone* seemed to stagger up black mountains, smooth as glass, and to meet at every summit a shocking onslaught. She quivered and passed through, down again, to the pit, to the awful crater of the sea.

There was nothing to do. Speech, breath, thought were impossible.

Both topmasts snapped and were whisked away, snatched into the darkness. The jib-boom was disposed of in the same fashion—twisted off like a brittle stick.

I had the wheel. I shouted at Alfred. I saw him raise himself and stare around, his hair and beard blown back, his thin clothes plastered to his body.

Frank ran forward. Not a drop of water had fallen. The deck was revealed by lightning flashes, dry, spotless beneath a tangle of collapsed rigging. The big black boy dodged. Overhead the wind thrummed like an enormous fan, a whirl of demons, an insane dance of dervishes. The mainsail and the main boom, caught in this turmoil, flapped with a noise like thunder, ripped, splintered and gave way. . . . When I looked again, Frank was gone and Alfred lay in the scuppers. I had time to hope that he was dead, and that in death he might remember. Alive, he was no earthly use to me. I was a white man. He was yellow, yellow clean through.

When the sea climbed aboard—Bill and Tifa leaped to save the boats; they were smashed and gone. Gone, I say, like match-boxes, annihilated.

Nothing remained but a close-reefed foresail, a rag of canvas with which to fight our way into that harbor glimpsed before the storm broke. With help, I might have achieved the impossible, as ships have been manoeuvred in extremity. Alfred was not dead; I saw him clinging to a deck-chest in a tangle of gear and rigging, like a fly in a web. Yet I was alone.

I heard Tifa yell: "Go to hell along that fella! Too much devil. Me kill'm—"

Bêche-de-mer is funny when you speak it in a drawing-room. Tifa's little speech was a blood-curdling squeak of vengeance. He had it in for Alfred—the alchemist who had brewed this storm, the fiend who had summoned fish-women out of the depths, the arch-priest of darkness who could defy authority and ride unharmed through hurricanes.

Bill had fallen upon a bottle of trader's square gin—probably in Apia. Hidden until now, it appeared in this moment of peril and added one last drop of insanity to the blood of this black child of the islands.

Frankly, he went amuck. He went amuck thoroughly, there in the smother and blindness. I had glimpses of a whirling body, of an arm upraised. He was looking for Alfred. And having disposed of Alfred, he would dispose of me. In the end, nature would dispose of him and accounts be squared. Unless . . .

In that second of comprehension, my heart was squeezed tight. I clung to the wheel striving to locate that island, to swing the schooner into the channel. We passed through something—cloud or vapour—into comparative brightness, and I saw our position. There was a chance. . . . A chance, if that woolly-top missed me. . . . If Alfred got his nerve—

"*Leone!*" I cried aloud to her, summoning her spirit, her courage, her endurance. My ship was a wreck, a derelict shivering up the slopes of the sea, baffled, stripped. My fair dream had in an hour become reality. I had crossed the shadowline, as that chap of Conrad's crossed it—out of postponement into brutal realization.

"Alfred!" I shouted. "Watch out! Bill! He'll kill you!"

Then I saw the miracle. With my own eyes, I saw it. You may believe it, or not, as you please.

Bill stood to his knees in water. Straddled, grinning, he swayed above the prostrate Englishman. At my shout, Alfred raised his head, and some vague instinct stirred in him, some inner tickling of the cosmic bug, some hereditary urge. He seemed to gather his muscles one by one, in a primitive movement of crouching to spring. . . .

"Get him!" I shouted.

But I was not destined to see the getting. Something descended on the back of my neck. My head jerked forward, the wheel spun out of my hands and I went sprawling, half-drowned. Tifa had done his bit with a belaying pin.

The *Leone* swung broadside to the sea. I could hear the roar of the reef as she swept forward, and I remember that I braced myself for the crushing impact of the schooner's collision with that wall of coral. It did not come. She was carried up and over into the channel, clear, like a gull riding a ripple, like a swan in a garden pool. I felt her put down again. She rocked once, whirled, steadied herself.

I fainted.

CONSCIOUSNESS came back as you might lift a curtain. I saw a pair of naked feet, white, veined with blue, delicate. Cotton pants, ripped, stained. The wheel, and a pair of hands gripping the spokes. Then the face of Alfred, beach-comber of Apia.

He was bringing her in. I got to my knees. The sun had pierced the scud. Beyond a wall of spray, the sea still ran high, flashing in that clear light. The disc of the sun lay on the horizon and you could see the heaving waters in silhouette, a tossing and a writhing, as of arms uplifted.

The *Leone* was in harbour. Alfred glanced down at me. His face quivered.

"I've done murder," he said.

He pointed. Tifa, the black boy, lay face down near by, his breath choked out of him, his hand still clutching the bottle of trader's square gin.

"Bill?" I managed to say.

He pointed again.

"Overboard. I chucked him!"

He seemed still in the grip of a great resolve. Somehow in that battle for life the outlines had been restored. He stood there intact, an English gentleman. There was no trace of the lamentable beach-comber of Apia. I lay where I was; bruised and dizzy, staring at him. He had forgotten that he had forgotten. . . . You see, he had had no time to remember. It isn't every day that you come upon a gin-crazed Tonga boy and a hurricane! Alfred was lucky. . . . Very lucky.

I felt my head. My fingers came away sticky with blood.

"I think I'm hurt," I said.

But Alfred didn't hear. He fumbled in his pocket for a piece of chalk. He seemed trying to recall something. . . . I could see the need to remember flowing back into that consciousness purged by heroism of confusion and despair.

Suddenly he clapped his hand to his forehead. "Great jumping Jupiter!" he shouted.

He stooped. He scratched, fast and furious. "I've got it! I've got it!"

(Continued on page 72)

Walter Camp's Message—to YOU!

The Famous Yale Coach Tells How to Keep Fit With Ten Minutes' Fun a Day

Note:—By special arrangement, every reader of The Elks Magazine can now obtain on five days' Free Trial Walter Camp's Entire Health-Building System on Phonograph Records, including the ready-reference book of photographs. (Copyright by Health Builders)

By Walter Camp

I WAS in Atlantic City not long ago, and a woman who was walking along the Boardwalk stopped to admire a gown on a model in one of the shops. Her husband stopped, too, and she pointed to it, admiringly. He did a fiendish thing. He looked at the gown and then at her.

"My dear," he said, "you don't suppose, do you, that you'd look like that if you wore that gown?"

That was cruel—but it suggested what was true. She was the sort of woman who can not, with good effect, wear a low-cut gown. The bones of her chest stood out gauntly; her whole figure was ungainly. And it need not have been. It was in her power to put a coating of good flesh and muscle over those prominent bones. And it is in the power of any woman, as of any man, to get rid of unnecessary flesh, too.

Of course, the man or woman of mature years can get along, even though he or she is handicapped in appearance or in grace of movement. But there are related matters that are by no means trivial. Probably the most important single thing in everyday life is the proper functioning of the bowels. And how many of us are troubled, more or less chronically, with constipation? How many of us are more or less habitual users of laxatives, and consequently, at intervals, of purgatives? How many of us have to depend upon such artificial stimulation of the bowels if they are to do their vital work of elimination?

The cause is to be found in the disuse of those muscles in our trunks. The action of the intestines is largely muscular! You won't have smooth, regular, unstimulated activity in that quarter unless the muscles are supple and strong! It is because this fact has been so generally recognized that we have scores of different systems of calisthenic exercises, and Swedish

drills, devised to bring into play the little-used muscles of the body. But although people begin them, they give them up because they take too much time, too much vitality, are not pleasurable and do not take the place of sports and games.

Hence, when the country was called upon to produce immediately sound men, thirty per cent. were deficient. That is why I worked out what is now known as the "Daily Dozen"—to tone up the bodies of those men in training, to make them supple and limber, to keep them on edge and fit.

I can authoritatively state that this system of twelve simple exercises which takes only ten minutes or less to execute will actually do you more good than any of the tedious systems requiring a half hour or more to go through them. The "Daily Dozen" does not take away your energy. Instead, the exercises are so devised as to give you added vim and energy.

During the war I remember one hard-shelled old chief petty officer who laughed at "The Daily Dozen," but he went through them for two weeks, religiously, as a matter of discipline. And then he came to me. He had lost half an inch about his waistline! And he was the most surprised man I ever saw.

"I am as hard as nails!" he said. And he was, too. "I don't see how it does it—but if it can do that to me I'm

for it, sir!"—WALTER CAMP.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making thousands of men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:

With Mr. Camp's special permission, the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises have been set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double disc records (called Health Builders). Included in the set is a handsome book containing over 60 actual photographs which illustrate each movement of each exercise, with a foreword by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system. A beautiful record album comes free.

You just put a Health Builder record on the machine and begin. The voice gives the command; the lively, thrilling



Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale Football Coach and athletic authority. Although sixty years old, he is stronger and more supple than most younger men. And he uses his own "Daily Dozen" exercises regularly in order to remain so.



During the war Cabinet members, Senators and Congressmen did the "Daily Dozen" regularly to guard against physical break-down. You can keep fit the same way to music.

Walter Camp Says:

Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day.



Walter Camp, who coached many a Yale football eleven to victory, is bringing new health and strength to thousands through a wonderful new improvement in his now famous "Daily Dozen" exercises.

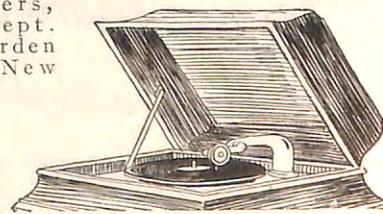
music simply carries you away with an irresistible desire to stretch, twist and develop every important muscle in your torso.

Just ten minutes each morning with Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen," set to thrilling, rapturous music, will drive all kinks, pains and flabbiness right out of your body and leave your muscles vibrating with a fresh, healthy energy. You'll develop an appetite that will amaze you—you'll relish your food as if you hadn't eaten for a week—and you'll digest it in an easy, natural way.

Five Days' Free Trial

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 at our expense, and then, for any reason or no reason at all, you may return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy terms shown in the coupon.

See for yourself, at our risk, the new easy, pleasant way to keep fit. No obligation to keep the set unless you don't want to be without them. 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. Try it for five days free. Act now! Mail the coupon—before you forget. Address, Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 862, Garden City, New York.



FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON

Health Builders, Inc.
Dept. 862, Garden City, N. Y.

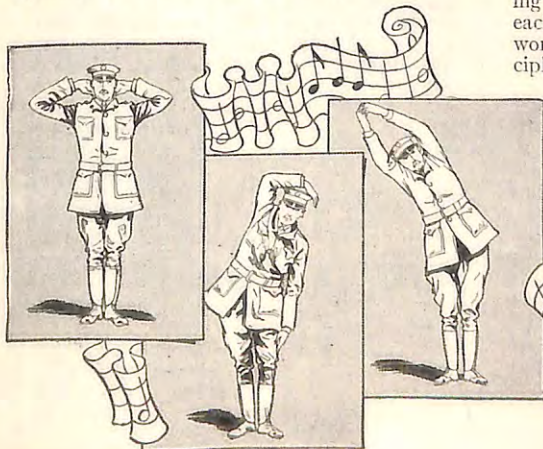
Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the book of 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may 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..... State.....

If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price send only \$10.00. Orders outside U. S. payable cash in full with order



FIVE DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Simply mail the coupon and try Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records for five days at our risk.



Pay Nothing

An amazing new offer—wear this GENUINE DIAMOND for a week at our expense—absolutely no risk to you—deposit nothing—READ EVERY WORD OF THIS OFFER:

**Send No Money
Pay No C.O.D.**

Mail the Free Trial Coupon

Just send the coupon below—do not enclose a penny—and we will send you on approval at our expense your choice of these diamond rings. The ring illustrated above is the most beautiful hand engraved solid gold ladies' ring you ever saw, set with a fine, large, genuine blue-white diamond. Pay nothing when it arrives. Merely accept the ring and wear it for a week, at our expense. After a week decide. If you return the ring, that ends the matter. You have risked nothing. But if you keep the ring, send us only \$3.75 a month until you have paid the amazingly low price of \$38.75 for this regular \$50 value. The ring is an elaborate pierced model in solid 14K green gold with hand engraved white gold top. A striking new model. The diamond is a beauty—extra brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut—a remarkably big value.



Men's extra massive 14K solid gold fluted ring with 18K hand cut white gold top set with extra fine perfectly cut blue-white genuine diamond. Extra Big Value. Now \$38.75—\$3.75 a month. Send no money. Pay no C.O.D. A week's trial, absolutely FREE. Mail coupon now.

Just mail the coupon below. Be sure to enclose finger size. SEND NO MONEY—pay nothing on arrival.

**Harold Lachman Co., 204 S. Peoria Street
Dept. 3462 Chicago**
Send me absolutely free and prepaid, for a week's trial, the genuine diamond ring checked below. I am to pay nothing when it arrives. After one week I will either return the ring by registered mail and that ends the matter, or I will send you \$3.75 each month until \$38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. **ENCLOSE MY FINGER SIZE.**

Ladies' Ring No. A4350 Men's Ring No. A4450

Name

Address

Age..... Occupation

Copyright 1925, Harold Lachman Co.

More Money? Make it with this

L. D. Kunkil took in \$708.00 in September from 4 Box Ball Bowling Alleys. Can't you do as well?

You can make more money, faster and easier with Box Ball Bowling than in any other way. We help you start for yourself. Permanent business, big profits, small expense.

Box Ball Bowling is a fascinating game—fine exercise and sport for everybody. Every person in town will pay you to play. Games are played fast. All you do is take in money. Alleys are automatic—no helpers necessary. Install two or more Box Ball Bowling Alleys in a vacant store room and start on the road to independence. Little money required. We show you how to make money. We take your payments as you earn. Start now. This is the opportunity of a lifetime!



Box Ball Bowling Pays!
Easy to Start—Write Today
HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
3116 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Gold Lustre

(Continued from page 70)

"Got what, you fool?"
"I've got it. My formula. . . . So and so and so!"

There on the steaming deck of the derelict *Leone* he wrote down his precious recipe for success and happiness. He wrote it between the outstretched feet of the man he had just killed. The setting sun gilded him, lustrous, brilliant.

"I've got it!" he shouted. And he had. I knew that, by the look in his eyes; the bars were down—he was free. . . .

That's a bit of gold lustre you're drinking tea from—Alfred's lustre. Glance at the date! Nineteen twenty-two—the present year of our Lord. . . .

The Barometer of Business

(Continued from page 37)

school. Undercapitalized his company might be, but not because he did not know its value—and, more especially, its value to men who had to have it.

So the United States Steel Corporation was formed. To Carnegie it paid a price such as no man had ever before received for selling out a business. The future was mortgaged to pay him—yet a good bargain was struck, in all human probability, even so.

From the beginning, and despite the panic of 1907 and the recent depression, the corporation has been a success; it has justified its formation. A monopoly it is not and never has been; its measure of control of the steel business was greater when it was formed than it is to-day.

It had rivals from the start; Jones and Laughlin, Bethlehem, Cambria, Lackawanna. It has them to-day, with Bethlehem, become by far the greatest by its recent acquisition of other independents, already a competitor all along the line, and like the greater company, controlling its own ores and fuels and means of transportation.

The organization of the United States Steel Corporation is superb. It is equipped to make anything that can be made of steel. Its activities are world-wide. Its efficiency is very high—not, probably, so high as some believe; it has still certain lessons to learn, and might profitably go to school to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to learn them, with regard to its relations with labor. But, mechanically, in matters of organization, in salesmanship, it is unexcelled, probably, anywhere in the world.

What is true of United States Steel is about equally true of Bethlehem, which has risen under the tremendous and inspiring leadership of Charles M. Schwab and that human dynamo, E. M. Grace. Indeed, Bethlehem's rise is the more brilliant, because it was the more difficult. It has become a really complete rival of United States Steel; it can turn out and finish, to-day, more steel than was produced in all America in any year before 1898.

The measure of monopolistic control achieved by United States Steel has had an extremely valuable steadying effect. It has probably, upon the whole, tended to keep prices down; steel has always followed a policy of sacrificing business upon a too swiftly rising market, relinquishing orders, to prevent undue price inflation. Steel has been able, too, to prevent any revival of the ruinous price-cutting that used to accompany periods of depression; its whole tendency has been to keep prices stable and, generally speaking, fixed.

To what extent the United States Steel Corporation may increase the measure of its control of the industry in the future is uncertain. It does hold a highly advantageous position in the matter of raw materials; it can look farther ahead with complacency than most of its rivals. But no one knows when new processes will make available ores now rejected as too costly for reduction, nor what interests will first be in a position to take advantage of such processes. And there are strong intimations that the corporation has no desire to take the risks that would be involved in any nearer approach to monopoly.

One thing is of enormous interest in steel—the extraordinary advances that chemistry has brought about. The electric furnace makes pos-

\$538

Buy this

not portable



5-Room House

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits and the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

Buy Direct—Save Profits

Prices quoted include all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath and roofing. Complete drawings and instructions. Many styles to choose from.

Highest grade lumber for all interior woodwork, siding, and outside finish. Send today for money-saving Aladdin Catalog No. 506.

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Oregon; and Toronto, Ontario



WILSON DRUMS

are made to stand the gaff of hard usage. Be it parade, band, orchestra or symphony work they will give the maximum in service and satisfaction. Moderate and reasonable prices with complete guarantee.

Send For 96-Page Catalog

WILSON BROS. MFG. CO.

218-22 N. May St. CHICAGO

Help Wanted

We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions. If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than \$150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income.

It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept.
7459 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO

SAVE MONEY
Bargains in everything for Men & Women
SPORTING GOODS
FIREARMS, SHOES
KNIT GOODS
CLOTHING

New 1923 Edition Ready

Send today for our new, big 1923 catalog which is crowded with bargains from cover to cover. Make a dollar do the duty of two. Write now before you forget. It's free.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO., DEPT. 341
54 WEST 28th St. NEW YORK

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 142, EAST ORANGE, N. J.



Improve Your Appearance

by covering your bald spot with a Wig or Toupee. Send for Booklet. **E. Walter Solomon, 729 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.**



sible treatment of iron without the introduction of any impurities whatsoever from the fuel used and the making of alloy steels with qualities long sought in vain under old processes. Tools that could not be made at all a dozen years ago are being turned out; the research departments of steel works are well in the van in the turning to industrial use of the wonders of modern science.

Even had there been no war the American iron and steel industry would have ruled the world. But the tragic interruption of progress in Great Britain and Germany sealed our triumph. America's leadership to-day is undisputed and indisputable. Here is an American industry that stands supreme; that need make no apologies, no excuses, no promises, but has only to point to what it has done and is doing.

Directory of State Associations

(Continued from page 48)

- New Mexico*—No Association.
- New Jersey*—President, Joseph G. Buch, Trenton; Secretary, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy.
- New York*—President, George J. Winslow, Utica; Secretary, Amon W. Foote, Utica.
- North Dakota*—President, James B. Atkinson, Minot; Secretary, R. W. Bassett, Valley City.
- North Carolina*—President, Arthur Lyon, High Point; Secretary, T. B. Kehoe, New Bern. Annual meeting at High Point in June.
- Ohio*—President, A. Bart Horton, Cincinnati; Secretary, John W. Ranney, Columbus. Annual meeting at Sandusky.
- Oklahoma*—President, Norman M. Vaughan, Oklahoma City; Secretary, H. Moneysmith, Tulsa.
- Oregon*—President, W. F. McKenney, Portland; Secretary, Monroe Goldstein, Portland.
- Pennsylvania*—President, George J. Post, Mahanoy City; Secretary, W. S. Gould, Scranton. Annual meeting at Erie.
- Rhode Island*—No Association.
- South Carolina*—President, J. Gordon Hughes, Union; Secretary, Wilson G. Hunter, Columbia. Annual meeting, June 14-15, at Columbia.
- South Dakota*—President, J. E. Brown, Sioux Falls; Secretary, W. J. Mulvey, Madison.
- Tennessee*—Organizing under Grand Lodge auspices.
- Texas*—No Association.
- Utah*—President, John F. Tobin, Salt Lake City; Secretary, Fred W. Wilson, Salt Lake City. Annual meeting at Logan in August.
- Vermont*—No Association.
- Virginia*—President, John B. Bliley, Richmond; Secretary, R. D. Peebles, Manchester.
- Washington*—President, Martin Gottfeld, Olympia; Secretary, Hollis B. Fultz, Olympia.
- West Virginia*—President, Arch F. Dawson, Morgantown; Secretary, Jay Reifer, Clarksburg. Annual meeting at Huntington.
- Wisconsin*—President, William F. Schad, Milwaukee; Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan. Annual meeting at Madison.
- Wyoming*—No Association.

If you have fallen victim to the distinctive charm of

Blennerhassett Jones

you may look forward to "O'Sullivan Catches a Whale," the third Achmed Abdullah story, in an early issue.

Also contributions from Richard Connell, Sam Hellman and Lawrence Perry

Do You Want \$200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl A. Rowe Who Rose From an Income of \$50.00 a Week to \$1,000 a Month

My name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all things we need and want. Last month I made \$876 during my spare time, and was able to put \$200 a week in my savings account.

And I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theater, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I worked hard eight hours a day for \$50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket, and the next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the

book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded, beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that

I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me.

It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is take orders from Comer customers and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half of my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

If you are interested in increasing your income from \$100 to \$1000 a month, and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write at once to the Comer Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio. They will send you without any preliminary correspondence or red tape a complete selling outfit, with full instructions, samples, style-book, order book and everything you need to get started. Sign and mail the coupon now and in less than a week you can be making more money than you ever believed possible.

Mail This Coupon at Once

THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. SW-81
Dayton, Ohio

I am ready to start as a Comer Representative if you can show me how I can make from \$50 to \$200 a week. Please send me without any expense or obligation to me, complete outfit and instructions.

Name

Address



Investments For Elks

For the protection and welfare of its members, the principles governing the operation of a fraternal organization must be properly interpreted and diligently adhered to under any and all conditions. Likewise, investment houses, to promote the confidence of investors, must at all times adhere to the principles underlying the selection of conservative securities. In neither case are these principles to be violated with impunity.

Our Bond Circular No. 937, "Suggestions for the Discriminating Investor," will be furnished you on request.

Spencer Trask & Co.

NEW YORK 25 Broad St.
ALBANY 74 Chapel St.
BOSTON 50 Congress St.
CHICAGO 208 So. La Salle St.

Members New York Stock Exchange
Members Chicago Stock Exchange

WHAT THREE MEN Did With \$1,000 Nine Years Ago

Robinson—Bought a speculative stock now worth nothing.
Jones—Salted away his money at a low rate of interest.
Brown—Bought a \$1,000 Beneficial Bond. He has received \$895 interest and Profit Sharing and still has 63 interest coupons and 16 years of profit sharing ahead, to say nothing about the return of \$1,000 at maturity.

Be a "Brown." Obtain an income above the average.

Write for Circular N-22, describing this seasoned security.

CLARENCE HODSON & CO., Inc.
Est. 1893 135 Broadway, New York

Specialists in High Grade Municipal & Railroad Bonds

Stocks Carried on Conservative Margin

Our Weekly Offering List
Mailed on Application.

P. F. CUSICK & CO.

74 BROADWAY MEMBERS
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

TELEPHONE ~ BOWLING GREEN 6781
Scranton Office: 219 N. Washington Ave.

PATENTS

BOOKLET FREE HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED BEST RESULTS
Send drawing or model for examination and report as to patentability.

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer
624 F Street Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives those facts; free. Write Lacey & Lacey, 650 F St., Washington, D. C. ESTABLISHED 1869.

PATENTS

Secured. Send sketch or model of your invention for examination. Write for FREE book and advice. J. L. Jackson & Co., 374 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Old Doctor Dope

(Continued from page 15)

more eager to give everything that it had or with higher courage or finer fighting spirit. That eleven won games because it would not consider anything but victory. It was a good eleven, a better eleven than many people gave it credit for being, but it beat teams which on the known dope figured to defeat it. It beat them because of its tremendous will to win. You can't dope an eleven such as that.

Yet the spirit of that eleven was as visible as a flaming sword. Cold logic said that it should lose to Harvard and to Yale, but we doubt whether any one who saw the Chicago game could persuade himself that the Tigers were destined to defeat. There was where you had a chance to guess at the unknown ingredient of the dope.

ANOTHER danger to the dope is that a football team may have an off day. We have heard persons argue that this is not possible, but it frequently happens. It may be that the thing starts by only a couple of players out of the eleven being off their game, but if such is the case it spreads through the entire team. Perhaps there is a psychological reason for this; perhaps it is because it destroys the coordination necessary to team work. At any rate, it is a fact and not a theory.

We believe that the Nebraska eleven had an off day when it played Syracuse. There was a team of veterans and a team of giants. It is not likely that there was a stronger eleven in the country. Yet, with all its experience and all its power, it played stupid, impotent football against Syracuse and met its only defeat of the year.

Later it beat the Notre Dame team which had defeated Georgia Tech and except for a fumble probably would have beaten the powerful Army eleven instead of playing it to a tie.

Willie Hoppe added his share to Doctor Dope's discomfort by almost breaking a rib when jabbing him playfully with a billiard cue. It has been said so often that a champion once defeated can not come back that all dopsters have come to believe it. When Hoppe fell not once but twice before the brilliancy of young Jake Schaefer all the friends of the man who had held the title for so many years went into heavy mourning. The impression was current that while Hoppe still might be able to make things interesting for the old men at the club he never again would be a factor in a championship match. To hear them talk about him you would have thought that Willie was about the age of Santa Claus and that he had lost because his cue kept getting tangled up in his long, white whiskers.

One of the best-informed men on billiards that we know in this country told us that he did not believe that Hoppe ever would regain his title for the reason that Schaefer could make as many shots and had a better tournament temperament. But when the two met again it was not Hoppe who cracked. Some of the critics declared that Willie fiddled too much over his shots, but if he did the other contestants danced to his fiddling and he emerged from the fray with the championship crown once more decorating his brow.

Old Doctor Dope did a little better at golf, but even on the links he got in the way of a couple of brassie shots which left black and blue marks on his frame. Sweetser was known to be a fine golfer, but Gene Sarazen was the only dopester we know who gave him a real chance to win the amateur championship. Certainly the chances were against his getting by four such sterling performers as Hunter, Jones, Guilford and Evans.

And Gene Sarazen himself rather muddled the dope. At the start of his match with Hagen he was conceded to have about an even chance, but when Hagen beat him at Oakmont in the first half of the match no one suspected that, with sublime assurance and an incipient case of appendicitis, he would catch and defeat Hagen in the second half of the match over the Westchester-Biltmore course.

The blows delivered by the hard fist of Battling Siki, the Senegalese, which knocked out Georges Carpentier also put every dopester in France down for the count. Old Doctor Dope had foretold the defeat of Carpentier by Dempsey, but he never had warned him to beware of a



Why 8% in Florida?

There are five good reasons why you can obtain 8% by investing in Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-producing structures in Miami and other prosperous Florida cities. These are explained in our circular, "Why Miami Investments Pay 8%." Send for a free copy.

People all over the United States have been buying Miller Bonds for years and getting 8% continuously with never a dollar's loss or a day's delay in receiving money due them. The same opportunity is open to you with equal safety.

8% Bonds of \$100, \$500, \$1,000
8% First Mortgages from \$1,000 up
Partial Payment accounts invited

G. L. Miller BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
804 Miller Bldg. Miami, Florida

PATENTS

FOR seventy-six years the firm of Munn & Company has been in existence as a firm of Patent Attorneys.

Write for our handbook on PATENTS

which will be sent free, with a statement regarding our methods, terms, etc.

All communications strictly confidential.

Keep in touch with the world of science and invention by reading the

Scientific American

The monthly magazine with a special appeal to every man of inventive genius.

MUNN & COMPANY Patent Attorneys

607 Woolworth Building, New York City
Scientific American Building, Room 5
625 F Street, Washington, D. C.
801-G, Tower Building, Chicago, Ill.
611-D, Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.
601-A, Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Authoritative
Complete

Exhaustive
New



THE AMERICANA Encyclopedia of Three Worlds

80,000 SUBJECTS 10,000 ILLUSTRATIONS
4,000 SIGNED ARTICLES 23,000 PAGES OF TEXT
27 William St., New York - Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago

Army Auction Bargains

20 ga. Hand and Shoulder Gun \$14.85
Saddles \$6.50 up | Haversacks .15 up.
Krag rifle \$12.50 | TENTS \$1.95 up.
Full set Army Steel letters and figures \$1.00
15 acres army goods. Illustrated catalog for 1922-372 pages—includes full and highly interesting information (specially secured) of all World War small arms, mailed 50 cents. NEW circular, 16 page, 10 cents. Established 1865.

Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, N. Y.



Restful

Keep calm with Beeman's—rests the nerves, aids digestion, good for the teeth—all in all

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum



American Chicle Co.

Important Notice to Members

EVERY member of the Order is a subscriber to The Elks Magazine and is entitled to and should receive it regularly each month.

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.

For the convenience of Elks who are traveling, and for the general public, The Elks Magazine is distributed by The American News Company on the newsstands in railroad stations and hotels and on the trains.

PLAYA SAW

You can produce wonderful, soft, sweet music from a common carpenter's saw with a violin bow or soft hammer, if you know how. No musical ability required—you need not know one note from another.

Easy to Learn in 3 Weeks
I absolutely guarantee to teach you to play popular and classical music within three weeks. I give you the secrets of my 10 years' success as a saw musician, secrets I guarded carefully until I introduced "The Musical Saw." Successfully instructed thousands.

No charge whatsoever if I fail.

FREE—a special tempered Musical Saw, Saw Bow, Soft Hammer free with Course of Instruction. This Course is short, simple and easy. Only three lessons, one each week—no months of tedious practice.

MAKE BIG MONEY and amaze your friends playing for dances, Lodge and Church Entertainments. Write today for information "How to Play a Saw"—sent free.

C. J. MUSSELL, 310 Mack Bldg., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed.

strange dark man. Siki was supposed to be the easiest sort of a set up for the French champion. As a matter of fact Georges never was better than a second-rate heavyweight. Far from being invincible there probably are at least half a dozen men in this country who could beat him. What the dopesters did not know was that Siki was as formidable as he proved himself to be and that Georges was not in the best of condition.

In this country the old Doctor did fairly well as far as pugilism was concerned. There were no startling upsets, but there should be plenty of room for them this year. It looks as if almost every champion would have to defend his title against a real contender.

If the dope gets badly muddled in baseball the chances are that it will be in the American League. It is too early to make any predictions because there is ample time for any of the teams to strengthen themselves before the start of the season.

At the present writing the dope would indicate that the New York teams would repeat. The Giants certainly should be no weaker in the National League and while Pittsburgh should have a strong team it doesn't look strong enough to stop McGraw's men. Cincinnati may be a factor, but the Reds must put a good deal of the burden on their pitching staff. The Cubs should improve, but hardly to the point where they will be dangerous pennant contenders.

In the American League the Detroit Tigers may make things decidedly interesting for the Yankees. St. Louis would have a better chance if it were not for its climate and its pitching staff. Shocker can not carry the team to the top all by himself.

There is an outside chance for an upsetting of the dope in tennis. Japan will send a strong team in quest of the Davis Cup and some of the other foreign nations may prove more formidable than they have in the past. Tilden's missing finger may interfere with his play and little Bill Johnston is none too strong physically. Still, such players as Richards and Williams are pretty reliable reserves to fall back upon in case of need.

What we have tried to demonstrate to you at various places in this article is that as an ordinary thing it is not the dope that goes wrong so much as it is the dopesters. If the old Doctor would measure out for us all the ingredients and we were to analyze them and weigh them carefully we might be able to come pretty close to actual results.

As we have said before, the difficulty always is that unknown factor. But, right or wrong, old Doctor Dope never will lack for customers so long as the present human race exists. He is an interesting old fellow and even the most skeptical of us must admit his charm.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 52)

Oldest Member of Congress, Oldest Elk Hailing from Ohio

As one of a class of fifteen applicants, Toledo (Ohio) Lodge initiated Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, many times a member of the National House of Representatives from that district, and who, at the ripe age of 87 years, is reputed to be the oldest citizen ever elected to the American Congress. Furthermore, according to the best information obtainable, Congressman Sherwood enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Elk in Ohio.

Union Hill Celebrates Laying of Corner-stone

Many notable members of the Order were on hand to witness the laying of the corner-stone for the new Home which the Elks of Union Hill, N. J., have arranged to build. A parade preceded the ritualistic service. The principal speaker was Commissioner A. H. Moore of Jersey City, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 211, District Deputy William Conklin of Englewood (N. J.) Lodge represented the Grand Lodge. More than thirty Past Exalted Rulers were present from different Lodges of the Metropolitan district. After the ceremonies, a luncheon was served, and a banquet was given in the evening at the Home of Jersey City Lodge,

(Continued on page 76)



\$500.00 in one Month for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—earn \$200.00 to \$500.00 a month.

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been exceeded. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

The Federal Course is a Proven Result Getter.

THE FEDERAL AUTHORS

include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and over fifty others. Exclusive, original lessons especially prepared by these famous artists are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

SEND TODAY FOR "A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this free book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name and address in the margin below, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating

265 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND NO MONEY!

Surprise Your WIFE on the Next Anniversary
3 Genuine Diamonds, 4/100 each



Looks and Wears Like PLATINUM

20 Kt. White Gold HAND CARVED \$25.00

Real Platinum without diamonds same price.


This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds

Send finger size and ring will be sent for inspection. BUFFALO JEWELRY MFG. CO., "The Mail-Order House" Dept. E-1 Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garagesmen, Repairmen, send for free copy America's popular motor magazine. Contains helpful, instructive information on repairing, overhauling, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 657 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.
100 page catalog free. Please address: THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Dr. Esenwein Dept. 46 Springfield, Mass.

60% of Market Price



Will Buy DIAMONDS Here

This Ring \$42.65
3/4-1/16 Ct Perfectly Cut

This perfectly cut 3/4 — 1/16 Ct. diamond; a snappy, handsome blazing solitaire, at \$42.65, among bargains in our lists. See the many big amazing values, some as low as \$60 per Carat, other higher per Carat bargains. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell now.

\$69
2 ct Show Cluster



\$250
1 1/2 ct. Blue White



\$980
American Movement Watch



Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing To See
Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation.

Latest Listings Unpaid Loans Sent Free

Unlike the ordinary catalog. Hundreds of Diamond Bargains described in full detail with exact weight, color, quality, etc. You know what you're buying before you buy. Besides it tells of *Guaranteed Loan Value* unlimited exchange privilege at full price paid, and complete details of free examination offer.

Use Coupon

Now Bargain List Free

Gentlemen: Please send me free and prepaid, your latest bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is understood I assume no obligation of any kind.

Name _____

Address _____

Guaranteed Cash Loan!

Diamonds bought here are like insurance policies. You know what you can borrow before you decide to buy—SEE OUR CASH BACK GUARANTEE.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

attended by over two hundred guests. The building which Union Hill Elks are proposing to erect will cost in the neighborhood of \$650,000 and will have every possible comfort and convenience.

Boston Lodge Discussing Plans for Million Dollar Home

Members of Boston (Mass.) Lodge are considering a plan to build what will be, in all probability, the most modern Club house of the Order. The cost will run into seven figures. A committee is now at work on the task of selecting a suitable site. When this is determined, work on the plans is expected to proceed rapidly.

Wenatchee (Wash.) Elks Dedicate New Temple

Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge dedicated its new \$150,000 Temple. From an architectural standpoint twelve different studies were made to meet the requirements of the several departments of the building. This entailed almost as much work as would be necessary in planning a dozen ordinary buildings. In addition to the general plan of the exterior, architects were called upon to design the interior of a Lodge room which will surpass any similar room in the State of Washington. The main lounge or reading room and library called for an entirely dissimilar style of architecture. There is a cafe, gymnasium and ballroom, card and billiard room, ladies' room, lobby and reception room and sleeping rooms, constituting a small, but complete hotel. Dr. John H. O'Shea, District Deputy for Eastern Washington, conducted the dedicatory ceremonies. The Elks' Quartet and the Kilties' Drum Corps of Spokane Lodge were in attendance. Representatives from other Lodges of Washington were present in large numbers.

Texarkana Provides for Community Welfare Work

Texarkana (Ark.) Elks gave their first reception in their new Home on January 1. An interesting incidental was the initiation of fifty members. The Lodge had its old Home rebuilt and refurnished at a cost of \$50,000. The auditorium is one of the finest in that city and seats 800. Its doors will stand ajar to accommodate any meeting devoted to Community Welfare.

Rejoicing Hearts of the Aged How Martinsburg Celebrated

Martinsburg (W. Va.) Lodge performed its Christmas Day visit to the Alms House of Berkeley County, and, as in former years, presented an abundant supply of Yuletide cheer and wearing apparel as well as some money to all of the otherwise forgotten aged of the institution. This year the Elks also arranged for a social session with music and speeches 'n' everything for the entertainment of the old folks.

Here's an Idea—Rabbit Hunt for the Poor

Webb City (Mo.) Elks returned from a hunt with 804 rabbits. These were promptly distributed among the deserving poor. The penalty of the losers was to banquet the winners. More than one hundred attended. It was decided that the rabbit hunt should be made an annual affair.

Binghamton Elks at Work On Large New Home

One of the finest Elks' buildings in the Eastern section of the country will be completed and ready for the dedication ceremonies early next Fall. This splendid structure is being erected by members of Binghamton (N. Y.) Lodge at a total cost in excess of \$350,000. This sum was raised partly by the sale of the old Club-house and partly by the sale of bonds. Plans for the



Yellow Free-Stone Ripe in August

ROCHESTER PEACH

Large Yellow and Red Freestone, Ripening in August.

Original orchard has produced specimens 12 inches in circumference, weighing 12 ounces. The tree is a strong, upright grower and very hardy, has stood 16 degrees below zero and produced a full crop, while Elberta and Crawford under the same conditions in the same orchard, produced no blossoms, hence no fruit. *Flesh yellow, very highly flavored, stone small, ripening middle of August, three weeks prior to Early Crawford.*

Bears young, usually second season after planting. Mr. N. D. Kemp, Dayton, Ohio, writes under date of April 14, 1922: "Two Rochester Peach Trees purchased of you last Spring, are full of blossoms now."

Mr. C. A. Hans, Fort Wayne, Indiana, sends photograph taken May 19, 1922, of a tree purchased from us and planted in May, 1921. This photograph shows 24 peaches on a single tree developing at that time, one year after transplanting.

It is a fact that you can have "Peaches and Cream" in August if your trees are Rochester. We recommend it as a most excellent variety either as a dessert peach or for canning.

CATALOGUE—Send us your name and address to-day. We want to send you absolutely free, our 32-page Planting Guide and Price List, illustrated.

GLEN BROS., Inc., Glenwood Nursery, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. Established 1866

21 Jewel Burlington



Only \$100 Down

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only \$1.00 down. Send today for information.

Free Book Send for the most complete watch book ever produced. 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today. It is free. A letter or a postcard will do.

Burlington Watch Co., 19th St. & Marshall Blvd. Dept. 3992 Chicago

Beautiful Log Fires



Enjoy, at your own fireside, the picturesque flame pictures made by Fairy Fuel. Sprinkled on log fires it gives the beautiful colorings produced by burning driftwood. In the fascinating flames can be seen the blue of the sky, the green of the sea and the red and gold of the setting sun. Package postpaid \$1. Ask for No. 4400. Pohlson Gifts—always unique—include attractive things for old and young and for every gift occasion. You will find scores of suggestions in our Year Book. Write for it. It is FREE.

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS, Dept. 50, Pawtucket, R. I.

Colson Wheel Chairs and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
132 Cedar St., Elyria, O. Catalog Free



ELKS MINSTRELS REVUES
You can stage your own show with our books. Full line of plays, music, cross-rhymes, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 622 So. Wabash, Dept. 106, Chicago

WURLITZER



Any Musical Instrument On Trial

No obligation—money returned if you decide not to buy. Lowest factory prices direct to you. Easy monthly payments—75 cents a day will pay.

Send for New Catalog

Every known instrument illustrated and described. Many in full colors. All details of free trial easy payment plan.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.—Dept. 3462
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 250 Stockton St., San Francisco
120 W. 42nd St., New York 823 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

TAILORING AGENTS \$50 to \$100 A WEEK

Sell our wonderful tailored-to-order virgin wool suits and coats direct to wearer—all one price—\$29.50. Rich assortment of fabrics. Everything guaranteed. Big watch outfit free; protected territory for hunters. Write for our sales plan and full information.

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc. Dept. 83, 881 W. Adams St., Chicago

PLANS FOR POULTRY HOUSES!

All styles. 150 Illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents.

INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 105, Indianapolis, Ind.

new Home call for a basement, three floors and a roof garden. The latter will be provided with a large dance floor and a stage suitable for theatrical performances. The electric lighting system will be so arranged that every light in the building will be extinguished simultaneously at the mystic hour of eleven and will remain out for eleven seconds. All the work in connection with the erection of the building, with one or two minor exceptions, from the making of the plans and specifications to the decorating and furnishing of the rooms, is being done by members of No. 852. It will stand, when completed, as a monument to the energy, foresight and progressiveness of the officials and members of the Lodge, and will be one of the finest structures in Binghamton.

National Home Lodge Has Its Own "Movies"

Members of the National Home Lodge at Bedford, Va., are now enjoying the movies every week, thanks to the thoughtfulness of the Baltimore Elks who recently contributed a moving-picture machine. The pictures, furnished by various Lodges, cover a wide field of the art and form a most delightful weekly entertainment.

Elks' Bowling Association Meets for Spirited Contest

The National Elks' Bowling Association of America meets in Columbus, Ohio, on February 3, when it is expected that 2,500 Elks will participate. The entrance fees, approximating \$15,000, have been put into many beautiful prizes for the winners. The Association is now four years old. Joseph Jeron, of Detroit, three times President, forecasts a large attendance from all parts of the country. These yearly meets are sanctioned by the National American Bowling Congress.

Elks Shed Sunshine Upon Poor and Aged

The twelve lodges located in Los Angeles County (Calif.) combined efforts in providing holiday funds and fun for the residents of the County Poor Farm. Each Lodge made an equal contribution in cash. An impersonation of Santa Claus provoked lots of merriment. Every woman received a box of sweets and the men were given tobacco or some other suitable remembrance, in addition to which everybody received a jingling purse. Thus was the day brightened, and the victims of misfortune to whom Christmas is too often a season of sadness were made to feel that they had not been altogether forgotten by the world outside.

Tonawanda Elks Have First Initiation in New Home

A class of 100 new members was initiated into North Tonawanda (N. Y.) Lodge—the first initiation that has taken place in the spacious Lodge-room of the Elks' new Home. The ceremonies were attended by hundreds of Elks from Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Lockport. An old-fashioned ox roast followed the initiation.

The Undaunted Spirit—Oregon City to Rebuild

The handsome Home of Oregon City (Ore.) Lodge was completely destroyed by fire. Only \$14,000 insurance was carried on the property, whereas the actual loss is estimated at several times that amount. But the Elk spirit of the membership of No. 1189 is undaunted. Already a Building Committee has been appointed and a decision reached to begin construction upon something bigger and better than before as quickly as the legal formalities can be complied with. The Oregon State Association, through its President, proffered financial backing which was courteously declined.

Monthly Entertainments for Patients of Perrysburg Hospital

The Elks of Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge are paying monthly visits to the Perrysburg Tubercular Hospital and presenting the patients of that

(Continued on page 78)

THE FUN FULL LINE
PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT

Equipment for Public and Private Use

More than twenty years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of children's outdoor, health-building goods enable us to outfit playgrounds in a very superior manner. Your lodge can do a great good by establishing a playground. Keep the children off the streets and away from dangerous traffic. Thousands

are killed annually by automobiles. We are the largest manufacturers of playground apparatus in the country. Because we are constantly in touch with playground movements everywhere, we are able to give authoritative information to lodges or individuals seeking a solution of their playground problems.

HILL-STANDARD CO.

ANDERSON, INDIANA, U. S. A.



Is an Advertising Investment Good Collateral?

Your money deposited in banks is loaned by bankers upon the security of merchandise whose value has been created and is maintained by advertising.

Is the created more substantial than its creator—the product than the tool?

More and more, bankers are recognizing the essential verity of this principle—that money can be loaned as safely upon a sound advertising investment as upon other collateral which advertising has developed and maintained.

[Published by THE ELKS MAGAZINE in cooperation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 \$8 & \$10 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

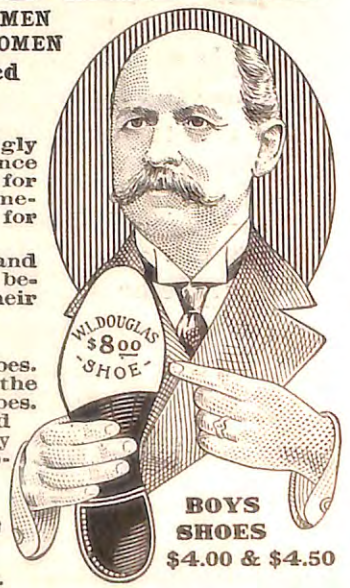
BECAUSE W. L. Douglas has been making surpassingly good shoes for forty-six years. This experience of nearly half a century in making shoes suitable for Men and Women in all walks of life should mean something to you when you need shoes and are looking for the best shoe values for your money.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes in style, quality, material and workmanship are better than ever before; only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities.

No Matter Where You Live shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 110 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.

If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog. **TO MERCHANTS:** If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
178 Spark St. Brockton, Mass.



BOYS SHOES \$4.00 & \$4.50

None but the Best for The Elks Magazine



—and here's one of them

THE old adage, "Love me, love my dog," was never better exemplified than in the case of the man in the picture above. Though probably you have never seen either him or his dogs in the flesh, you actually know them well. And if you are a warm-blooded person yourself, it is certain that you regard them as friends of yours.

They say a man's character is always reflected in his work. Albert Payson Terhune is exactly like his stories—simple, direct and forceful. There isn't a flourish in his make-up. He writes of people and places that he knows. Dogs—particularly collies—are his hobby. And the dogs he writes about seem real to you because they *are* real to him.

Here is a writer who stands for those elements in American fiction upon which this magazine is being built: clean, vigorous stories for which there need never be any apology.

*Our next story by Terhune is a
whirlwind—watch for it* ❄ ❄ ❄

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

institution with a series of special entertainments. Members of No. 23 are contemplating the donation of a pair of live Elks to the hospital Zoo.

An All-Elk Program Broadcasted from Boston

An all-Elk program was recently broadcasted from Boston Station WNAC. Every Lodge in New England had been notified and many Lodges had been especially equipped for the occasion with receiving sets installed through the courtesy of local radio manufacturers and dealers. This is perhaps the first time an entire evening of broadcasting has been devoted to any one organization since radio has been in service.

Louisville Celebrates Attractive Double Event

Louisville (Ky.) Lodge has been celebrating, with Grand Exalted Ruler Masters as the special attraction. To begin with, No. 8 was due to commemorate the anniversary of the founding of the Lodge, with feasting and fine fellowship. The remaining business requiring attention was to break ground for the commodious new Home located in the heart of the city. This double responsibility was conducted with proper pomp and ceremony in the presence of an enthusiastic representation of Elks and their friends.

Elk Basket Ball Team Ready to Meet All Comers

To promote good fellowship and to bring the members together at least one night a week outside of the Club-rooms, Hagerstown (Md.) Lodge has organized a crack Basket Ball team. The players have already made quite a name for themselves and are doing a great deal to foster interest in good, clean sport. One game is played at home each week with the best teams available in the East, and judging from past performances, the Hagerstown Elks will have the Maryland State Independent Championship as their goal this season. No. 378 is open for games with any other Elk teams that wish to issue a challenge.

Elk Events in Tabloid Assembled from Everywhere

The 1923 Washington State Elks' Association meets in Everett. The midwinter meeting took place in Port Angeles. . . . Minneapolis Lodge had as special guests the boys of the Truant School of that city. . . . Boy Scouts are fostered by Garden City (Kans.) Lodge. . . . As a result of the annual minstrel show, Pueblo (Colo.) Elks enriched their Charity Fund by \$3,000. . . . Bogalusa (La.) Lodge organized an all-star Elks' Band. . . . The minstrel show of Joplin (Mo.) Elks was a great success. . . . Alva (Okla.) Elks are occupying their new Home. Alva Lodge leads its community in Welfare Work. . . . The El Reno (Okla.) Elks' Fair took the town by storm. . . . An interesting feature of the annual ball given by Woodward (Okla.) Elks was 1,000 feet of film showing the last Grand Lodge in session at Atlantic City. . . . The Charity Ball at Cleburne, Tex., broke all attendance records. . . . McAlester (Okla.) Elks work hand in hand with the Salvation Army. . . . Little Rock (Ark.) Lodge successfully conducted a Fun Festival. . . . Philadelphia Lodge held a "Book Shower" for the boys in the Big Brother House. One thousand volumes were donated. . . . Ranger (Tex.) Lodge substantially replenished the Charity Fund as a result of its annual dramatic entertainment. . . . A Country Club, where Elks may enjoy fishing and hunting, is being projected by Muskogee (Okla.) Lodge. . . . Dallas (Tex.) Elks opened their new Home with much ceremony. . . . Lewiston (Mont.) Lodge initiated a large class. . . . Gardner (Mass.) Lodge celebrated its first anniversary. . . . Davenport (Iowa) Elks gave a minstrel, vaudeville and musical comedy entertainment. Proceeds were given to the Salvation Army. . . . Duluth (Minn.)

(Continued on page 80)



Free Proof That I Can Show You \$1000 Results the Very First Year!

I don't care who you are, where you live, or what business you're in—I absolutely guarantee you results worth \$1,000 the very first year! I've made thousands of men rich and happy—I can do the same for you. If you want the proof—entirely free—send the coupon below.

By A. L. PELTON

BE honest with yourself. You're not satisfied. You haven't gotten all you wanted out of life. It's nothing to be ashamed of. The whole world is built on Discontent! And in your case—because you are not entirely satisfied—because you're reaching out for something better—something greater—you are going to learn about the greatest success-producing method ever evolved. I mean it—and I'm willing to back up my statements with an iron-clad guarantee! I must show \$1,000 value in one year—the very first year—or my method won't cost you a cent!

If you expect me to show you an Overnight-Get-Rich-Quick Scheme—then stop right here because you're not the man I want to talk to. But if you want to learn about a definite, positive, time-tested system for developing your brain-power, banishing your fears and worries—cultivating success-magnetism—if you are in earnest and really want to know how over 600,000 men and women have learned the way to riches—health—happiness—then the next few paragraphs may mean the turning point in your life!

What It Is—and Does!

I call it my method—but I'm wrong. I simply have the exclusive right to it. The credit for this amazing success-compelling system belongs to Dr. Frank Channing Haddock. There's nothing mysterious about this method. It's been used thousands of times—by the world's greatest men—only now for the first time it's put down in black and white, so that any one who can read and write can understand and apply it to get the good things of life—wealth—fame—power—happiness—success!

Dr. Frank Channing Haddock, one of the world's greatest psychologists and thinkers, discovered, after years of patient research and study, certain things about success. He found that out of thousands of successful men and women, practically every one possessed seven fundamental characteristics or qualities which were directly responsible for their success. These are the SEVEN GREAT POWERS OF LIFE. They are Gigantic Brain Power, Irresistible Magnetism, Bold Initiative, Dauntless Courage, Creative Imagination, Unfailing Memory and Indomitable Will. Professor Haddock found that once a person acquired these seven Great Powers his success in life was absolutely certain.

But even more important was his astonishing

discovery of how any man or woman could easily, quickly and *positively* develop these characteristics. His whole method is embodied in his wonderful course "Mastery of Self," which already has performed thousands upon thousands of seeming miracles in helping ordinary people obtain success. Clerks have become executives almost overnight. Salesmen are doubling and tripling their commissions. Adding \$20, \$50 and even \$100 a week to a man's salary is not at all unusual. This new method cannot fail. That's why I guarantee you \$1,000 value the very first year!

If you can only read and write, you can make Dr. Haddock's amazing course bring you almost anything you want! It makes you a complete, fully developed man or woman. It runs all the way from business and finance to the heights of human idealism. It leads you on stage by stage, opening gate after gate, revealing to you all the world's greatest treasures. You learn quickly! And the minute you begin to learn, you become more force-

ful, persuasive, confident. You think better, clearer, quicker. Your success becomes rapid—sure—easy!

Send for Free Book

I wish I had space enough to tell you all the wonderful things "Mastery of Self" has done for thousands of people. But it is impossible, so we have written a new booklet—"The Power That Compels Success"—which is chock-full of all the things you want to know. This book will show you how to double your power of accomplishment—how to double your ability to think—how to banish your fears, self-consciousness, worries, timidity; how to acquire the courage to do seemingly impossible things—how to think straight—clearly—accurately. It contains some of the most fascinating and marvelous information you ever expected to read—and it's yours absolutely free! Send for it now. It may mean the turning point in your life. It will show you the new, easy way to greater health—wealth and happiness! Mail the coupon today. And remember my guarantee of at least \$1,000 value the very first year.

Pelton Publishing Co.

64-B Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

Read This Amazing FREE Book If You Want To Know—

- How to attract success
- How to banish sensitiveness
- How to analyze yourself
- How to acquire nerve force
- How to make people like you
- How to create money-making ideas
- How to influence men in business
- How to get a powerful memory
- How to conquer fear and worry
- How to develop a lion's courage



A New Idea that Makes Men RICH!

Over 600,000 have tried it—
and this is what they say:

Worth \$10,000 To Me

"If anyone offered me \$10,000 to give up what I have learned from Haddock's books and what is still in store for me, I would refuse the offer."—Val. McMenamin, 922 Commerce St., Tacoma, Wash.

"I feel confident in saying these books have done more for me than any others I have read throughout my whole five years' college training."—A. G. Vogt, Altoona, Pa.

Best Mental Tonic

"I would not be without these books, even if they cost as much as the Encyclopedia Britannica (about \$160). It is the best mental tonic I have ever taken."—J. R. Schwitzer, Treas., Tiffany Studios, Madison Ave., New York.

\$100 The First Day

"The first day I had the book I made \$100."—B. E. Scott, 24 Jefferson, Muskegon, Mich.

\$900 Extra First Week

"It is a compilation of mighty forces. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$900."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

Read Few Pages—Lands \$6,000 Order

"After reading the 'Introductory Pages' a complete plan was formulated in my mind whereby I was enabled to land a \$6,000 order within 24 hours. (There was a commission of about \$1,600 on this order)."—L. M. Pawlett, Agent for Pierce-Arrow Cars, 771 Myrtle Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

From \$40 to \$150 Weekly

"Due to suggestions received from Haddock's books, I have increased my financial returns from \$40 to \$150 a week."—H. D. Ferguson, Hot Springs, Ark.

"I wouldn't take \$100 for my set, if I couldn't get another."—D. W. Elkins, Baxter, Ark.

50% Raise From First Few Pages

"The first few pages enabled me to get a raise of 50% in my salary."—Robert B. Baird, Douglas, Wyo.

"Words fail me in expression of the wonderful assistance derived from these books. To my mind, Haddock is one of the greatest men that ever lived. His books are wonderful."—Lines Groo, the U. S. Sub-Treasury, Wall Street, New York.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Pelton Publishing Co.,

64-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

Without obligation please send me at once a FREE copy of your booklet, "The Power That Compels Success."

Name

Address

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 78)

Lodge has voted to build an addition to its present Home. Receipts of its Charity Dance augmented the special fund for Welfare Work. . . . The Stonewall Club property, valued at \$75,000, will soon become the home of Meridian (Miss.) Lodge. . . . Toledo (Ohio) Lodge has purchased a site for a new Home. . . . Plans for a new Home are under consideration by Beaumont (Tex.) Elks. . . . Fairbury (Neb.) Lodge has a new Home in contemplation. . . . Augusta (Ga.) Lodge is remodeling its Home. . . . A radio outfit has been installed by Hartford (Conn.) Elks. . . . Manchester (N. H.) Lodge celebrated its thirty-third anniversary. . . . Taunton (Mass.) Lodge is busy with plans for a carnival to be held next June. . . . Caldwell (Idaho) Lodge, although just beginning, has 312 members. . . . Mayor James M. Curley was guest of honor at a banquet given by Boston Lodge. . . . The annual Father and Son Banquet, held under auspices of Ballard (Wash.) Lodge, attracted two hundred and fifty. . . . The Charity Fair, given by members of Perry (Iowa) Lodge, netted \$1,000. . . . Lamar (Colo.) Elks laid the cornerstone for a new Home. . . . J. J. Long, of Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge, who is now in Pindigheb, India, receives his copy of The Elks Magazine after it has traveled 15,000 miles to reach him. . . . An Elks' Carnival, staged by Chicasha (Okla.) Lodge, played to capacity every night. . . . A plan is on foot to build a dormitory at the University of Oklahoma for Elks and Elks' sons. Twenty-five students, who are members of the Order, have organized at the University. . . . Webb City (Mo.) Elks, with the cooperation of Joplin and Carthage Lodges, donated a radio set to the County Anti-Tuberculosis Hospital. . . . Isaac Water Miner, Secretary Emeritus of Omaha Lodge, celebrated his 75th birthday with an elaborate spread, at which all the guests were ladies. . . . Tiffin (Ohio) Lodge devoted its Yuletide attentions to the boys and girls confined in the Industrial School at Lancaster and the Reform School at Delaware, both corrective institutions. . . . The annual ball of Buffalo Lodge was a notable event. . . . Exemplifying the spirit of Christmas, Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 entertained during the holiday period three members of that Lodge who are permanent residents of the Elks' National Home. . . . Norwalk (Conn.) Lodge provided gala entertainment for the dependent children of the County Home and of the Norwalk Day Nursery. . . . Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge is planning for Past Exalted Rulers' Night, February 14. . . . Sapulpa (Okla.) Elks realized profitably on an indoor circus and bazaar. . . . Braddock (Pa.) Lodge has inaugurated a Veterans' Night in honor of the old-time members. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters attended the first celebration. . . . Alameda (Calif.) Lodge exchanges monthly visits with San Francisco. . . . Thirty-five members of Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge, residing in the Ential District, have organized to devote especial attention to Boy Welfare Work, provide entertainments, visit the sick and exemplify Elk principles in every-day life. . . . Elks of Marion, Ill., upon the occasion of the yearly Home-coming festivity, enriched their Charity Fund by several thousand dollars. . . . Irvington (N. J.) Elks expect their 1923 annual minstrel performance to be the peppiest they have ever given. . . . Pomono (Calif.) Lodge contemplates the construction of a \$200,000 Home on property already purchased. . . . Quite a delegation of Miami (Fla.) Elks and their families spent New Year's Day seeing the sights in Havana. . . . Among the many good deeds registered to their credit during the Christmas period—playing Santa Claus for children of Orphan Homes and doing other helpful things—Elks of Brazil, Ind., gave a special wheel-chair to a crippled schoolboy. . . . A great many Lodges have celebrated or will celebrate Past Exalted Rulers' Night. . . . The Ladies' Auxiliary of Lorain (O.) Lodge made happy the disabled veterans of the World War with gifts of cigars, cigarettes, candies, fruits and other supplies. . . . McCook (Neb.) Lodge initiated a class of 79, increasing the membership to 412. . . . Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott was New Year's guest of Pasadena Elks. He was accompanied by Mrs. Abbott and their two sons.

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those

movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's powers can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

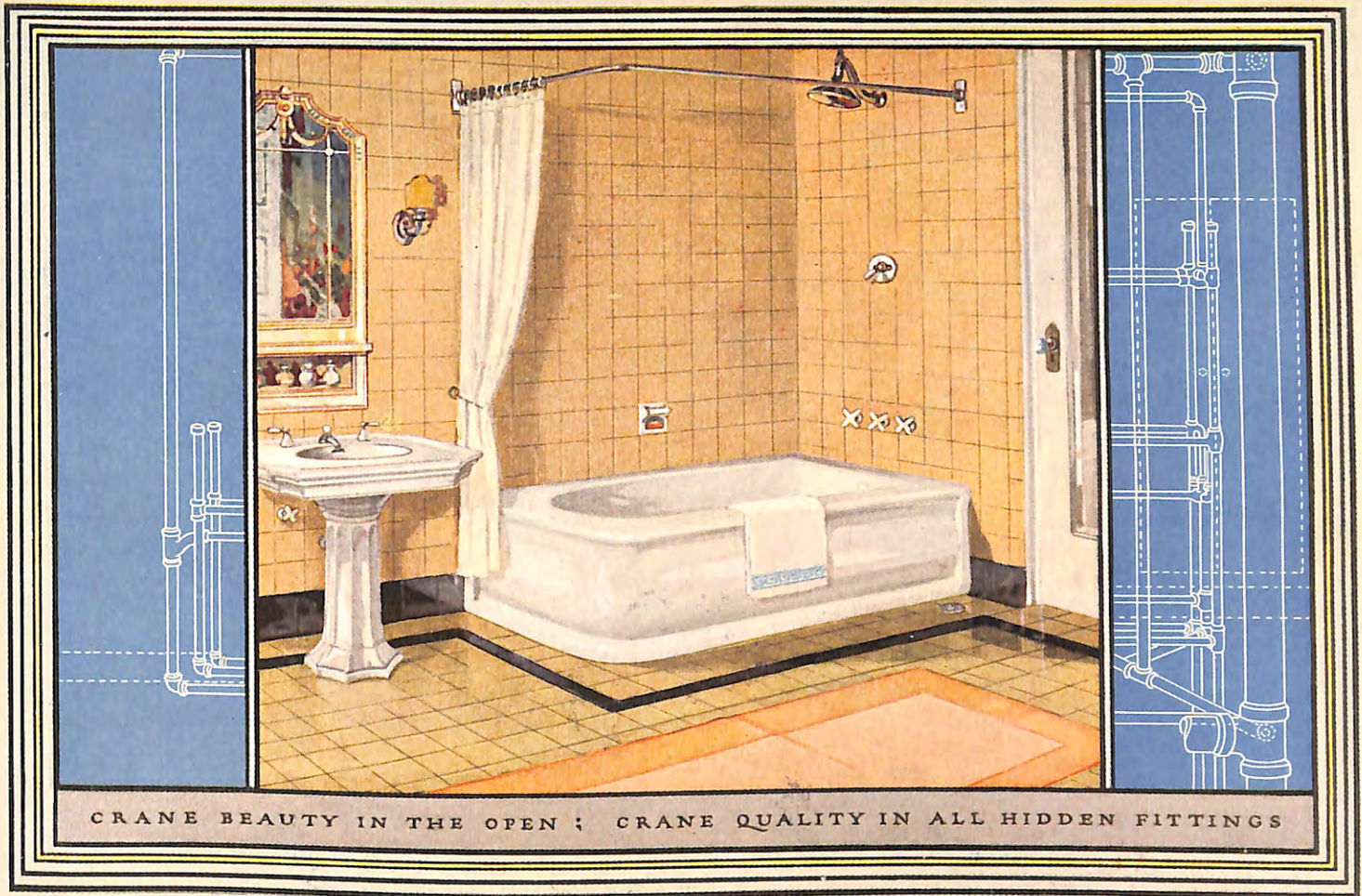
Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back?" Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracle-man's method can be tested without risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of \$3,000! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming \$3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The \$3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance unless you prefer. Just pay the postman who brings it. Requests will be answered in turn. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

HOBART BRADSTREET, Suite 431,
431 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I will try your SPINE-MOTION without risk if you will provide necessary instruction. I will pay postman just \$3.00 for everything, on arrival. This deposit to be returned in full if I send back the material in 5 days.

Name.....
Address.....



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN ; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

Crane service spans the continent in an effort to co-operate with home builders and their architects in search of plumbing, sanitation and heating equipment which combines beauty and convenience with enduring quality and usefulness.

Crane branches and exhibit rooms in seventy-eight American cities display comprehensive lines of bathroom, kitchen and laundry accessories. The important visible units are grouped in typical arrangements for their

suggestive value to you. The experience of specialists is freely at your command for the solving of any problem bearing on water, heating, refrigeration or sanitation systems.

Crane service also supplies all the materials required to complete these systems and make them practical and effective. In the industrial field, it provides valves, fittings and allied specialties of enduring character and every size for steam and water power installations, pumping stations and refrigeration plants.

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Thirty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City

Works: Chicago and Bridgeport

CRANE, LIMITED, MONTREAL. CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO

CIE CRANE, PARIS



Crane Radiator Valve No. 220



They Satisfy

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

Taste is a matter of
tobacco quality

We state it as our honest
belief that the tobaccos used in
Chesterfield are of finer quality
(and hence of better taste)
than in any other cigarette at
the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

—of finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended