



# The Elks

Magazine

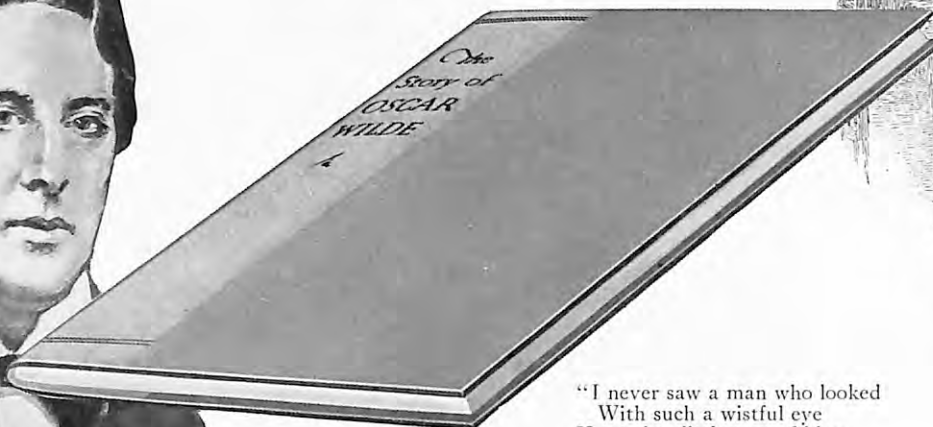
APRIL  
1923



In this issue: Fiction by Achmed Abdullah, Walter de Leon,  
Albert Payson Terhune, Meredith Nicholson—and timely features

20 cents  
a copy

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



"I never saw a man who looked  
 With such a wistful eye  
 Upon that little tent of blue  
 Which prisoners call the sky,  
 And at every drifting cloud that went  
 With sails of silver by."  
*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

# FREE—"The Story of Oscar Wilde"

This fascinating brochure gives some idea of Wilde's sensational career; it contains "the most pathetic confession in all literature." You assume no obligation in sending for it. Read below why, for a short period, it is being distributed free.

"I FEAR I am dying as I lived, beyond my means," said Oscar Wilde, before he passed away. It was his last *bon mot*, so many of which have become famous and it was characteristic of his irrepressible good humor. He died with his name under a cloud, but not before he had written *De Profundis*, "a work that has no counterpart in English literature"; not before he had written *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, which critics acclaim as the greatest ballad in the English language; not before he produced what dramatists themselves assert is the wittiest of all English comedies; not before he had written his haunting *Picture of Dorian Grey*, afterwards translated into seventeen languages; not before he had spun, for adults as well as children, some of the tenderest fairy tales written in all the ages. Never was there such a variegated genius as Oscar Wilde, and certainly never in the history of literature a more sensational career.

Wilde's case is parallel with that of Poe, De Maupassant, Rousseau, Coleridge, De Quincey, and many other great masters who lived within the shadows, but whose work is immortal. Since his death, there has been an unceasing and ever-increasing demand for his complete works.

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

# The Elks

Volume One

Magazine

Number Eleven

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*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)

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*Beginning One of the Most  
Compelling Mystery  
Stories You Have Ever Read*



*"Looking steadily at him from the second gallery was a man whose appearance was even more disturbing than the girl's. . . . Above the pallor of his chin was a black mask. . . . Through it looked two eyes as powerful and unflinching as the eyes of a leopard. . . ."*

**Y**OU need to read only a few sentences to become immersed headlong in the tense thrills of the new serial which begins next month.

Written for this magazine by Anna McClure Sholl—author of "The Footstep"—it is an even more exciting story, thrilling though that was.

If you were enthralled and baffled by the tangle of mystery in "The Footstep," you will be even more completely mystified by the new story which begins next month.

Spurred by the enthusiasm with which you received her previous

serial, Miss Sholl determined to overshadow the high standard she had already set.

We think she has succeeded. And we believe that you will say so too. Watch for the opening chapters—strikingly illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers—in the forthcoming May issue.

✻

**A**LSO coming soon: Splendid stories and articles by Bruce Barton, Dana Burnet, Octavus Roy Cohen, Courtney Ryley Cooper, William Dudley Pelley, Lawrence Perry, Edward Mott Woolley, and other famous writers.

✻

*None but the Best for The Elks Magazine*



Office of the  
**Grand Esquire**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*  
*of the United States of America*

1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

February 20, 1923

*Exalted Ruler and Members:*

The Grand Lodge Reunion at Atlanta, Georgia, July 9th to 12th, inclusive, is going to be the greatest in the history of the Order. Being held in a section of the country where a Grand Lodge Reunion has not been held for many years, and where all conditions point to a wonderful time, am sure your Lodge is already laying plans for participating in this never-to-be-forgotten event.

Reports are being received from all sections of the country, and they bespeak a Session which will more than repay you for the effort expended.

Drill Corps, Band and Glee Club competitions will add much to the enjoyment of the very elaborate program now being prepared by the Atlanta Convention Committee. If you have not as yet gone into any of these activities, do you not think this would be a good time to do so and thereby inject a new angle for enthusiasm into your rank and file?

Every Lodge should be represented in the line of parade, and if your Lodge will have only a few delegates attending it is no excuse for lack of representation, as there will be one unit known as the "LODGE BANNER UNIT," where small delegations (of one or more members) from a Lodge may parade, carrying their Lodge banner. You can not help but realize what a wonderful impression this will make if 500 or more Lodge banners are displayed in one large section; having the larger Lodges with their delegations parade in their respective sections.

Bear in mind the fact that the sidewalks will be lined with Americans who are not Elks, and the more favorably they are impressed by this demonstration the greater will be the rallying around the banner of our Order.

Won't you kindly let me have any thought that may occur to you along this line; also some indication as to how generously your Lodge is going to be marked present at Atlanta?

With kindest regards to the Officers and Members of your Lodge, and bespeaking your whole-hearted cooperation, believe me to be

Always yours to command,

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW  
*Grand Esquire*



Office of the

# Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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

50 East Forty-second Street  
New York, March 1, 1923

*To All Subordinate Lodges:*

The detailed plans for the construction of the National Memorial Headquarters Building at Chicago have been finally approved and are now in the hands of contractors who have been invited to bid on the construction of the Building in accordance herewith.

In order to properly finance the building operations soon to be actually begun, it has been deemed advisable to levy an assessment at this time upon the Subordinate Lodges, in conformity with the suggestion contained in the report of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission made to the Atlantic City Convention last July, and approved by the Grand Lodge. And at a meeting of the Commission held on February 17, 1923, the following resolution was adopted:

***"Pursuant to authority conferred by the Grand Lodge, the National Memorial Headquarters Commission does hereby levy upon each Subordinate Lodge of the Order a special assessment amounting to sixty-five cents for each member upon its rolls on April 1, 1923. The said assessment is hereby made payable, through the office of the Grand Secretary, on or before May 1, 1923, at the same time and in the same manner as Grand Lodge dues are payable."***

This Circular, therefore, will be notice to each Subordinate Lodge of the said assessment.

Attention is called to the fact that while this is a levy upon the Subordinate Lodges as such, the Grand Lodge has authorized them to levy special taxes upon their respective memberships to meet the assessment, if they so desire.

While the Commission was given authority by the Grand Lodge to levy an assessment of not more than \$1.00 in each calendar year for this purpose, no assessment was levied during the calendar year of 1922, and this assessment of sixty-five cents per capita is the only assessment that will be made for the calendar year of 1923.

For the information of the Subordinate Lodges, and through no anticipation that penalties will be incurred, they are hereby advised that failure to pay an assessment levied by the Commission will subject them to the same penalties that apply for failure to pay any other debt due the Grand Lodge.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL  
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION

JOHN K. TENER, *Chairman*  
JOSEPH T. FANNING, *Secretary*

# Personalities and Appreciations

## *Who's Who In This Issue*

**B**EGINNING at the beginning, the personalities who have contributed to this issue may be introduced to you, briefly, as follows: Oscar E. Jensen, whose poem appears on the opposite page, is an Elk, member of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. In submitting the poem Mr. Jensen wrote: "If not suitable, please do not return it. I would feel as if a prayer had been hurled back in my face. Do with it what you wish. It is the expression of the deepest feeling of which I am capable." Actions speak more emphatically than words. We did not return it—and the poem, as you will surely agree, is its own best justification.

**A**LBERT PAYSON TERHUNE is an old friend of yours and we need not add, at the moment, to the things we have previously said about him on this page, except to recommend very highly his story, "The Muscle-Buster." William McCleod Raine is very probably an old friend of yours, too, but inasmuch as he makes his bow to THE ELKS MAGAZINE in this issue, politeness really requires that he be formally presented. Mr. Raine came to this country from England at the age of ten and was educated in Arkansas and Ohio (Oberlin). Upon leaving college he became principal of a school in Seattle, after which he entered the field of journalism as a reporter for Seattle and Denver papers, later becoming an editorial writer. His first novel was published in 1902, since which time it has been followed pretty regularly with one a year. In addition to writing best sellers, Mr. Raine has lectured on journalism at the University of Colorado. During the war he was Director of the Division of Syndicate features of the Committee on Public Information.

His article, "The Spirit of the West," strikes a note of optimism which is somewhat refreshing after the wide-spread plaints of recent years that the country is going to the dogs.

**R**OSS SANTEE, whose etchings accompany Mr. Raine's article, is a cow-puncher in the summer and an artist in the winter. His work has been exhibited in galleries in many cities and he is rapidly earning recognition as one who portrays western life—particularly in the Southwest—as it actually is. Mr. Santee, besides being an artist from whom much may be expected in the future, is also an able writer.

Walter de Leon, whose stories of the vaudeville stage and its people have been winning him renown, also makes his bow to THE ELKS MAGAZINE in this issue. Mr. de Leon is an old friend of Sam Hellman's, with whom he attended the University of California. In college he wrote the campus shows, one of which, rewritten and retitled, was later a musical comedy success. He played in vaudeville and musical comedy himself for several years and has furnished material for dozens of acts.

Achmed Abdullah has been with us before. Jones and Sheng Pao, the characters he has created for our series, are taking hold fast and firmly. "O'Sullivan

Catches a Whale," published this month, is one of the best stories he has written; although a later one, to be published shortly, is even better. Your attention is called especially to the very charming illustrations by C. LeRoy Balridge which accompany the Abdullah story this month.

## *What Makes a Big Leaguer?*

**W**ALTER TRUMBULL, the well-known sport writer, says in his article in this issue that no man could hope for a finer epitaph than this: He was a Big Leaguer. He points out, too, that the qualities which fit a man for successful service in Major League baseball are identical to those necessary for ranking players in any other sport. When you come to think of it, they are qualities essential to success of almost any kind: speed, strength, skill, courage and brains. The greatest of these is brains. And right along with that must go the spirit of fair play. Minus sportsmanship no man is ever truly a success.

**C**LAIRE WALLACE FLYNN, who writes very delightfully of books, has been associated with well-known magazines in an editorial capacity and is at present engaged in writing advertising copy in an agency. (It should be stated here that she is not retained, so far as we know, by any book publishers.) Miss Flynn, as you have undoubtedly already discovered for yourselves, possesses a pleasant way of expressing things. Her comment is acute without being acrid, and she manages to say sharp things about books once in a while without leaving a scar.

Books are like people. They are seldom entirely bad. And it is as much the duty of a faithful reviewer to seek out the good in them as to be always crouching for a spring at what is below par. There are two types of bad books: those whose badness is due to the limitations of their authors, who have done their best, and those turned out deliberately or carelessly by writers actually capable of better work. Books of the latter type should be treated with little mercy. There is no excuse for the conscious production of shoddy literature. But in cases where the result is poor in spite of the writer's best efforts a little tolerance will go a long way. And anyway, it is easier to kill a bad book by ignoring it than by attacking it.

We try to follow the rule in THE ELKS MAGAZINE of reviewing only those books which have something to commend them. There are enough of these to fill such space as we are able to devote to the subject and we gladly leave the wholesale reviewing to others.

## *When You Change Your Address*

**E**VERY member is requested to read, mark and inwardly digest the notice printed on the contents page this month. Unless the instructions set forth there are followed, and all the information called for furnished, our circulation department can not do its part in making the change.





# From the Heights

By Oscar E. Jensen

*Decoration by Israel Daskow*

**B**RUSHED by the maiden lips of early dawn,  
Roused from their senile dream by morn's caress,  
The ancient patriarchs I look upon;  
In pantomime the primal day express.

And, from their pink-hued summits rolling down  
The somber curtain woven by the night,  
Reveal in scarred ravine and broken crown,  
The cataclysm governed by His might.

In turn, delineating start of Life,  
Showed whistling marmot perched upon a ledge;  
Then trees, misshapen by unending strife  
And far below, the green of tree-top hedge.

Beneath me: Chickaree and chipmunk played,  
The eagle wheeled his solitary flight.  
While I, from lofty throne divinely made,  
Looked down as by hereditary right.

Then: with the aid of eyes by man designed,  
O'er river thread I saw the elk band cross.  
But from my throne, what trail they left behind  
Was lost as raindrops in the mountain moss.

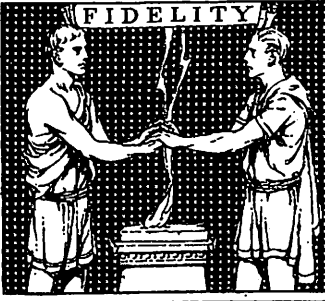


**O**H! GREAT Creator of this wondrous scene:  
Dost Thou look down and mark our checkered trail?  
Are we condemned for faults that Thou hast seen?  
Or do our feeble virtues still prevail?

(With what conceit and arrogance of pride!  
We specks of dust, free sprinkled by His hands,  
Exalt their virtues or attempt to hide  
Their faults inscribed on evanescent sands.)

Thine be the privilege to write: We mock  
Thy sovereign rule. Oh! give us sight to see  
That sands compressed and merged in lasting rock  
May keep the record through eternity.

Omnipotent Exalted Ruler: We  
Beseech Thee; purge the sands on which we wrote  
And give Thy blessing. May our ritual be:  
If they had faults, we know not—nor make note.



*A Story for Every One  
Who Believes in Poetic  
Justice—and Who Dear-  
ly Loves a Good Fight*

**H**E CAME into town with his father. That was when old Jacob Blundell sold his shoestring of petty options in the Peninsula's new-opened timber-tract; and ceased forever to be a lumberjack.

Old man Blundell, at that time, was well past sixty. He was five feet ten inches tall and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds; and had not one ounce of fat on his gorilla-like body. He was that sort of man. He introduced himself to the thriving young town of Peavey by strolling into the local blacksmith shop, picking up a percheron-type horseshoe, and in one grip of his massive right hand crushing it into a snarl. Next he up-ended a half-ton pig of iron with his left hand. He ended the brief performance by bending a five-eighth-inch iron poker into a perfect letter S.

It was an impressive introduction to a town whose populace was still close enough to the memory of hard manual toil to revere super-strength. And Peavey honored its newest inhabitant.

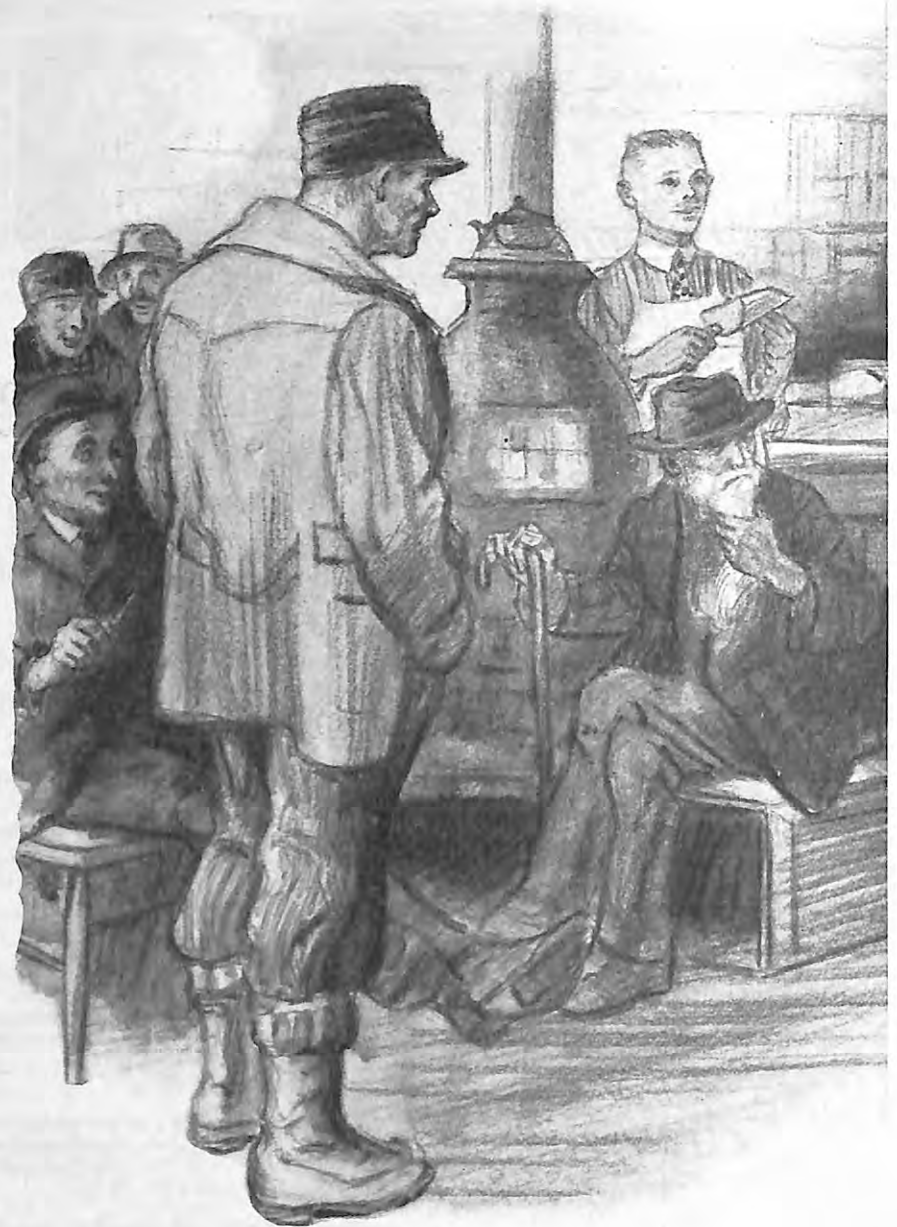
Blundell settled down to a sample-size logging-contractor career, and rented a cottage on Michigan Street, with his office in its front room. He prospered, in a moderate fashion.

The old chap had two objects of his inordinate pride. They were his incredible strength and his fifteen-year-old son, Carson. Apart from these failings, he was a decent and industrious citizen.

Young Carson Blundell was the old man's one living relative, and the apple of Jacob's eye. Even at fifteen, he stood six feet tall in his bare and ample feet. His young shoulders were built on the lines of a steam radiator. He weighed almost two hundred pounds. Like his father, he was all huge bone and unbelievable muscle, and carried no soft flesh. Despite his calflike awkwardness, there was something queerly formidable about the lad.

He was fresh from the tall timbers. The little town of Peavey made him bulge his pale eyes in wonder at the magnificence of its seven paved streets and its single-track trolley line and its five-story Powers' Block. Such a youth was due to be fair game for the boys of that miniature metropolis, at school and in sport. But somehow, nobody ever guyed Carson Blundell. From the outset, he was the hero of schoolyard and of alley and of swimming hole.

On the first evening of the pair's arrival in Peavey, father and son went to the One Price Grocery to buy provisions. Fame of old Jacob's strength had preceded him from the blacksmith shop. The stove-side and counter idlers eyed him



## The Muscle-Buster

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

with mute esteem. The clerk who waited on him ventured a personality.

"I hear you're quite a strong man, Mr. Blundell," said he. "We was having an argument in here, the other night. One of the fellers claimed no man can pick up a full bar'l of flour from the floor, up-end it and sling it on his shoulder. What d'you think, now?"

Old Man Blundell favored the dapper clerk with some such look as might adorn Paderewski's face were he asked if any one could hope to play the scale of C with both hands. Then he glanced at his son, who was peering in awed delight at the array of preserve jars in a glass case.

"I don't know as I ever tried it," he drawled. "And it seems like a kind o' pueryle stunt f'r a full-growed man to tackle. Le's see can a kid do it. Hey, Sonny!" he broke off. "You quit gawpin' at them doodads under glass, and c'm over here."

Obediently, Carson slouched across,

toward his father. Several boys in the doorway nudged one another and grinned.

"Stop where you be!" ordered Jacob, as Carson's clumping advance brought him alongside a line of flour-barrels which two teamsters had just rolled into the store from a cart at the curb.

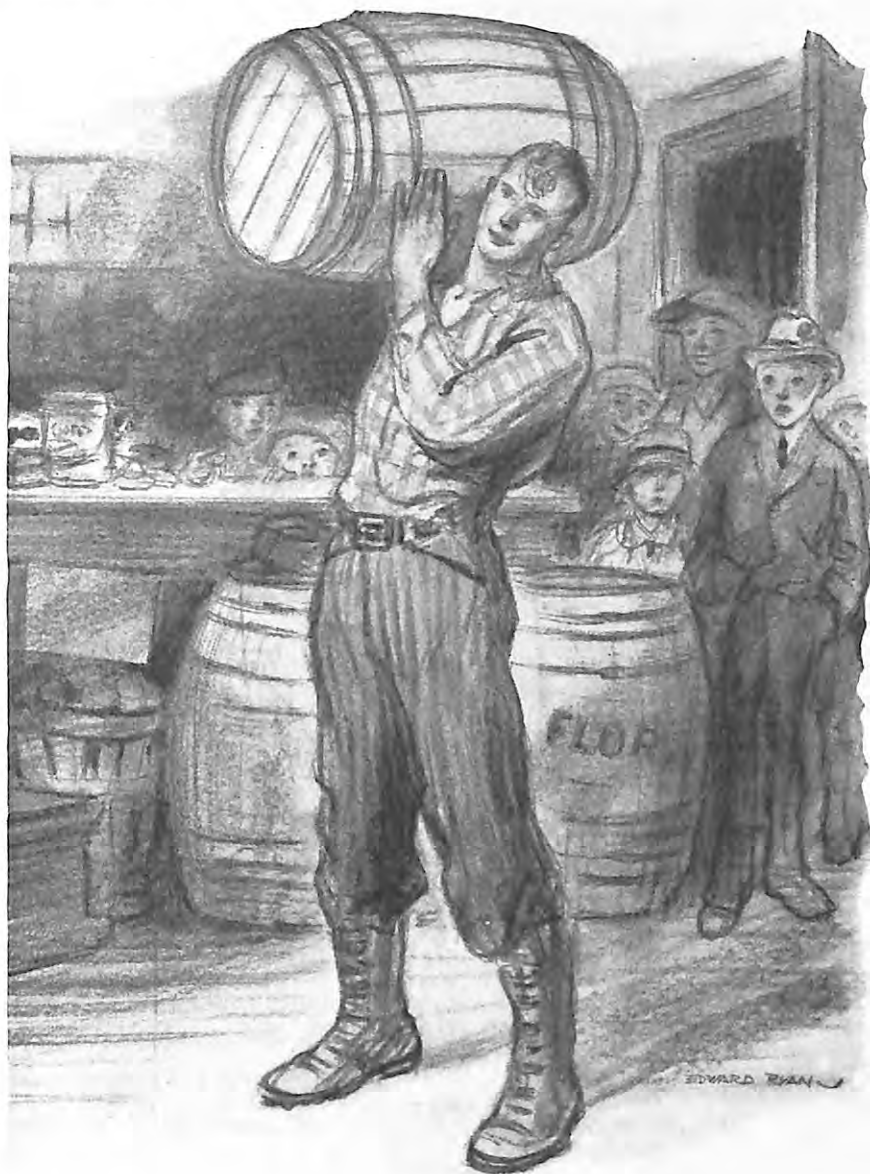
Carson halted, at command.

"Pick up one of them bar'ls," continued Jacob. "Up-end it, first, with one hand, then h'ist it onto your shoulder and fetch it over to me."

With no demur, the boy placed his enormous hand on the end of one of the recumbent barrels, lifted it upright with no effort at all, and, with a leisurely heave, raised it with both hands to the apex of one of his barndoor shoulders. Then he continued his progress toward his sire.

"Whatcher want me to do with it, now, Pop?" he asked. "Lug it home?"

The boys in the doorway had ceased to grin. In their eyes shone stark hero-



*With a leisurely heave, he raised the barrel with both hands to the apex of one of his barndoor shoulders. "Whatcher want me to do with it now, Pop?" he asked. "Lug it home?"*

unchallenged. From that day, he did not need to strike a blow. As soon expect Rockefeller to exhibit his list of securities to the Charities Commission, in order to prove he is not a pauper, as to have expected Carson Blundell to give physical proof that he could thrash anything and everything that stood on two legs. He had arrived. He was king.

In the ten years that followed, the rule held good. Carson developed from a hulkingly mighty and overgrown boy into a gigantically powerful man. With the passing of each new year, he grew stronger, more compact, more formidable. In high school, in his two years of lumber camp apprenticeship, in the fast-swelling young town's ward politics and in his own social stratum, he was acknowledged peerless. No man arose to withstand him, foot to foot, knee to knee, fist to fist.

**W**ISEACRES tell us that the day of mere physical prowess is gone forever, superseded by mental achievement. When a chess game or a contest in poetry shall draw as large a crowd as did the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, this statement may be accepted as proven. Until then, primal human nature will continue to do more or less willing homage to muscular might.

There are physical supermen—Jim Jeffries was one of them, Sandow was another—who are not spoiled by the adoration accorded to their strength, nor seek to use it to the disadvantage of lesser folk. Such a man was not John L. Sullivan. Such a man, assuredly, was not Carson Blundell.

Carson reveled in his peerless physique. He reveled tenfold more in the hold it gave him over his fellows. It was glorious to him, when the narrowing of his pale eyes and the contracting of his shoulder muscles made a disputant flinch and begin to backtrack.

It was almost as pleasant to note how a stern word from him was accepted as law, especially by women—his own slackly pretty and rabbit-mouthed little wife most of all. That was how he had won his wife—by sheer strength and ferocity. That was how he kept her in trembling subjection. It all went to his head, making him as unbearable as he was invincible.

He entered his father's steadily increasing contractor-business. And he rose quickly to a partnership with the aging Jacob. Into business, as into all other phases of life, he brought his bruiser tactics, his genius for intimidating by spoken or unspoken threat of physical force.

Much success had made him not only cocksure but arrogant. His temper—uncurbed by any of the wholesome physical lessons which strewed the paths of most



worship. When two days later, Carson Blundell matriculated in the Peavey grammar school's eighth grade, he entered upon his kingdom. Not his was the first-day's martyrdom of a country boy in a town school. He waded waist-deep in adulation. The school bully and the football team's captain vied with each other for the privilege of inducting him into their respective and unrespected gangs. Great was Carson Blundell.

Perhaps there is some boy or some man extant who is wise enough to withstand such utter worship. But it was assuredly not in the loutish nature of the young Hercules to go through it unmoved. He swelled visibly under the fawning of his schoolmates. In the first flush of it, he yearned to prove himself still further the paladin they deemed him. And a chance came. A very piffing chance, but the only one in sight.

**A**S HE was passing out through the school gate, that first afternoon, attended by a group of volunteer courtiers, a much shorter and slighter boy came hurrying into the yard. The newcomer was running, with head down, and did not see Carson and the others as he rounded the corner and darted through the gateway. As a result, he collided sharply with the Hercules.

He mumbled a word of apology and was hastening on. But Carson would not have it so. Here was his opportunity. Seizing the lad by the coat collar, he swung him bodily from the ground, with his right hand,

while, with his clenched left fist he prepared to punish the writhing offender.

The latter's writhings slid him out of the captured coat and onto the ground. There, at once, with fists doubled and eyes ablaze, he made a rush for the giant.

But, with Homeric laughter, the throng of courtiers fell upon the little fellow, elbowing and joggling him out of their hero's path, setting at naught his furiously puny efforts to resent the laying on of hands.

"Don't you mind him, Carson!" exhorted the football captain. "That's only little Nibs Fawcett. I guess he must be wantin' to c'mit soocide—sailing into you like that. He's always buntin' into hornets' nests, that way. He hasn't the strength of a cat. But he's a spunky cuss. If you'd 'a' landed on him, you'd most likely 'a' knocked him so far he'd 'a' discovered a new street."

"Let him keep out o' my way, then," growled Carson, drunk with power and worship. "I don't hone to kill nobody. But I don't hone, neither, to take nothin' from nobody. Just keep on a-rememberin' that, ev'rybody. Best way to keep outer the hosp'tal is to keep from crowdin' me!"

A murmur of admiration followed the fearsome warning—a warning scarce lessened in its terrifying nature from the fact that the menacing growl scaled to a falsetto, by reason of the speaker's changing voice.

Thus it was that Carson Blundell came to Peavey and thus it was that he came into his own. From that day, his supremacy was

of us—burgeoned into chronic imperiousness. Unchecked, he grew to believe himself uncheckable. And this, too, was an immense asset. For the belief was genuine; and thus it begot a like belief in him, in the minds of those around.

By the time he was twenty-five he was a distinct power in a certain large element of Peavey. In the ten triumphant years in which he and the town had been growing so rapidly and so sturdily, there had been none to offer willing opposition to him, since that first day of school, when puny little Nibs Fawcett had resented his bullying.

SINCE then, he and Nibs had never chanced to be thrown together. Fawcett had left Peavey, the following week, and had gone East to a prep school, and thence to college. He did not return permanently to his home town until, at twenty-two, he came back to take a job in his father's great wood-working plant. The seven intervening years had changed him from a spindling boy to a gracefully compact man, though he was still only of middle height and somewhat under middle weight. Incidentally, during the years of absence, he had sloughed off the nickname of Nibs, in favor of his given name, Roy.

It was not unnatural that Roy Fawcett and young Blundell should not find their paths converging. The Fawcetts were the big people of the town, even as the Fawcett Plant was Peavey's one big enterprise. And, as ever in a fast-growing place, social ranks had more than kept pace with the census increase. The young contractor-politician and the college-bred heir to the Fawcett Plant were as far apart, socially and in business, as though the Atlantic divided them.

But Science tells us that the only two lines which never can meet are two parallel lines. Lines which once have crossed must of necessity cross again, sometime and somewhere in the boundless areas of time and of space. And the Blundell-Fawcett lines had crossed, and crossed vehemently, if only for a moment—one afternoon, in the gateway of a grammar-school yard.

Roy had all but forgotten the existence of the Hercules, until, once, at the dinner-table, his nineteen-year-old sister brought it up.

Helen Fawcett had recently come home from a finishing school in New England. She had chanced to spend her last term during one of the school's recurrent spells of uplift. Wherefore, she came back to Peavey with an earnest and beautifully impractical ambition to better the condition of everyone earning less than \$30 a week. At first, her brother and her parents smiled indulgently on the lively germ she had brought home with her, and they thanked their stars her zeal took such harmless form, instead of making her look down upon the small town of her birth and bewail its provinciality. Presently, they lost their indulgent smile. For a nineteen-year-old uplifter can wreak havoc in a normal home.

It was after Helen's return from a committee meeting of the Working Women's Betterment League that she brought Carson back to her brother's memory. Midway in dinner, she paused in a recital of the committee's newest plan for brightening the homes of working girls, and caught Roy's wandering attention by addressing him directly.

"You should have seen him!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you should have seen him! You're always so excited about athletics, you'd have loved to meet him. Why, he's a blend of the Farnese Hercules and both the Canova gladiators! There's something about him as irresistibly magnetic as—"

"About whom?" asked Roy, trying in vain to cast back on the trail of his scattered thoughts for an inkling.

"That's the sort of encouragement I get when I try to talk, in this family, about anything above small beer," sighed Helen, resignedly. "Sometimes I get a little discouraged. Next, you'll be telling me you weren't listening when I explained, just now, about our plan for Working Girls' Symphony Concerts."

"Certainly," stammered Roy, in painful guilt. "Certainly, I was listening. And a

mighty good idea it is. I'll chip in for that," he added, fervently, "when you get your subscription list ready. Grand idea."

She eyed him, chillily. "What's a grand idea?" she challenged.

"Why, this—this Working Girls'—Symposium of—"

"She said 'Symphony Concerts,'" whispered his father, pitying the futile effort.

Helen sighed, and fell silent. Her mother came to the rescue.

"And this man she was speaking about," said Mrs. Fawcett, "the man she and the rest of the sub-committee called on this afternoon, to ask for the use of a factory-district hall for the concerts—"

"Please, Mother!" said Helen, wearily. "Please don't. They aren't interested."

"The man," went on Mrs. Fawcett, cheerily, still hoping to dispel her daughter's sulks by proving that at least one of the three listeners had been paying full attention to the monologue, "the man is named Carson Blundell. He is a sort of labor leader, she says, or something like that. And he was very courteous to them and he said he—"

"Carson Blundell!" rasped Mr. Fawcett, breaking in on his wife's synopsis of their daughter's speech. "Carson Blundell? Lord!"

LIKE Roy, the old gentleman had missed the first part of the recital. But, unlike Roy, the mention of Blundell's name brought him sharply to attention.

"I wish you could carry on your world-reformation at longer range, Baby," he continued, as his daughter gazed at him in pained wonder. "I don't like your mixing in with that sort of cattle."

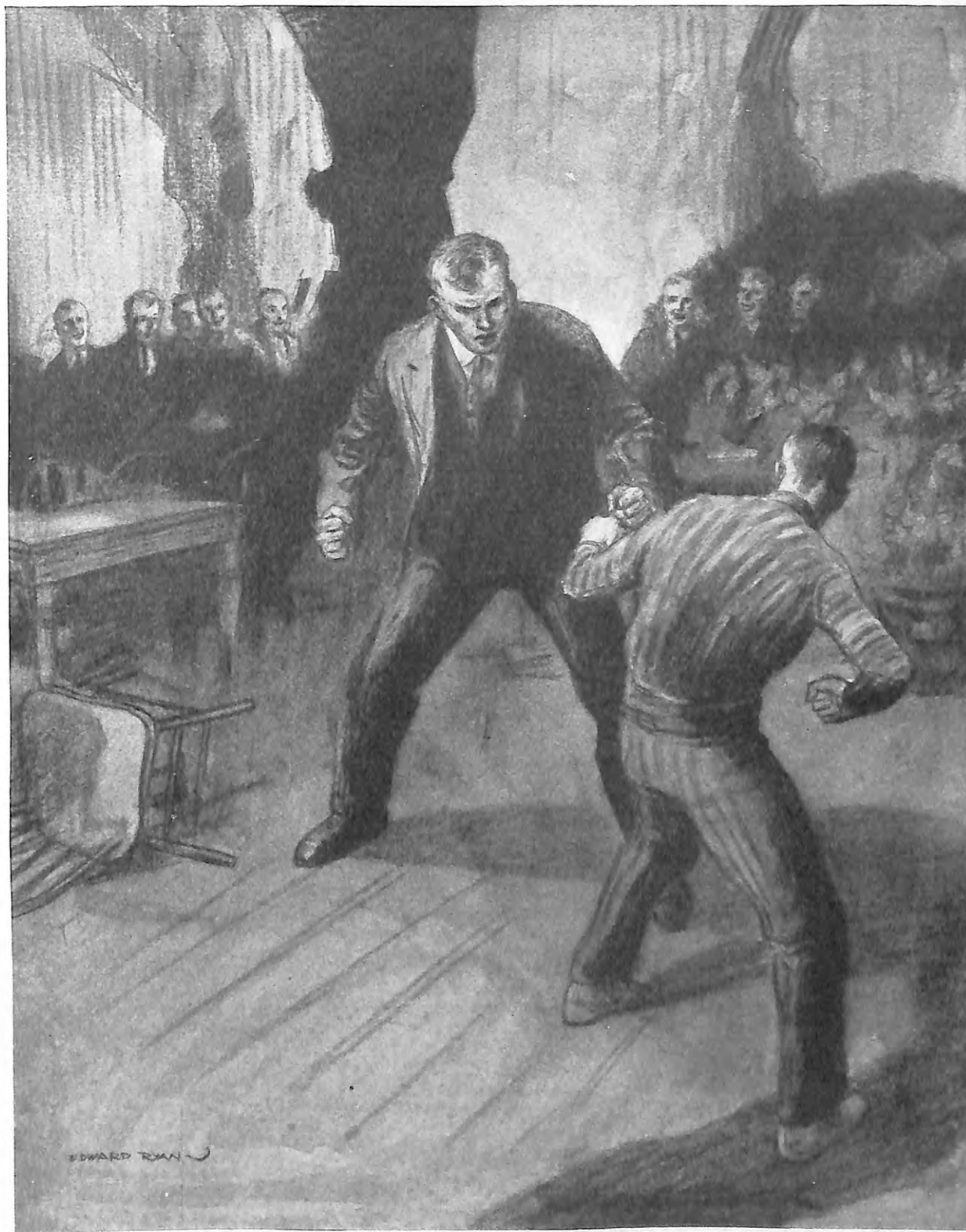
"They may be 'cattle,' to you capitalists, Father," rebuked Helen, in a tone that made her sire yearn to spank her. "But in the sight of heaven they are—"

"Blundell isn't," contradicted Mr. Fawcett, testily. "Not in the sight of heaven or of anywhere else. He's a super-thug. He

has picked up just enough veneer to make him more objectionable than ever. He is a



Her parents lost their indulgent smile. A nineteen-year-old uplifter can wreak great havoc



whale of a man, with the strength of a Samson. And he uses that strength to terrorize everyone who gets in his way."

"I only know," resumed Helen, unheeding, "that Mr. Blundell is the most impressive, most compelling, most magnetic man I ever beheld. When I stood face to face with him, today, I felt as Parthenia must have felt when the giant Ingomar—"

"Dad's right," interposed Roy. "I remember him, now. I remember the day he came to school here. The other chaps looked on him as a god. He was a dirty bully. Once a bully, always a bully. It's incurable. Besides—"

"I only know," repeated Helen, rejoicing at this new prospect of standing out for the Right against her materialistic family, "I

*As the giant whirled his arms in an effort to crush his lighter adversary, Gavin averted contact with the punitive arms and hands of the Hercules; driving a volley of lefts and rights to the huge carcass and bleeding face*

only know he is a Man, in every sense of the word. And his manner to us—to me, especially—was flawless. He—"

"Oh, he picked you out of the crowd to be civil to, did he?" asked Roy.

"We—we found ourselves talking to each other, he and I, during the sub-committee's visit," she answered. "He was splendidly interested and sympathetic in my outline of our Symphony Concert plans. I had so little chance to explain them to him, with all those others interrupting every minute! So—well, I asked him to call this evening

and let me tell him more about it. It will be a valuable help to us if we can enlist him as—"

"Helen!"

It was her father who interrupted her. His wontedly easy-going voice was something between a grunt and a howl. At sound of it and at his incredulous glare of horror, the girl flushed and stammered.

"In trying to help those less fortunate than ourselves," she said, as bravely as she could, "it is necessary to step out of our narrow social grooves and to—"

"You read that in a book!" accused her father. "And anyhow, I'm not going to have that big tough setting foot in my house. I'm not going—"

"I thought you said Gavin Pierce was

coming to see you this evening, dear," interposed Mrs. Fawcett. "He generally does, lately. And—"

"I phoned him not to," said Helen. "I—"

But her father was not to be deflected. He broke in, vehemently.

"I'm not going to have my daughter associating with Carson Blundell in any way at all! I've let you follow out this—this uplift tomfoolery, because I knew you'd outgrow it. But when it brings you into contact with a ruffian like Blundell, the time has come to revert to mid-Victorian days—the days before fathers became doormats. That man shall not come here. I—"

Here Helen administered the ultimate rebuke to her rebellious parent by rising with awful dignity and leaving the room. Her father and mother looked at each other with the wordless, worried, all-comprehending gaze which becomes the mutual heritage of man and wife who have weathered life's gales together for a quarter century or more. Roy stared after his departing sister and whistled softly. Then he spoke. After which his father spoke. After that, Mrs. Fawcett gave an explicit order to the butler. And everyone felt very, very uncomfortable.

A HALF-HOUR later Carson Blundell rang the doorbell of the Fawcett house. It was his first visit to any home in the same rarified city ward as this—his first social contact with anyone of the Fawcett class. His heart beat a little the faster. It was an Experience—a seven-league upward step. The man was dreaming dreams.

From the uninspiring cluster of committee faces around his desk, that day, his pale eyes had singled out one eager and glowingly pretty little countenance. To the owner of this face he had, thereupon, addressed his remarks. And, in a minute or so, he was talking fluently with the girl. She was something a mile beyond his primitive experience, be-

longing to another world from his own wife. There was something exquisitely dainty and desirable about Helen. Best of all, he read in her dark eyes the eager admiration she felt for his magnetic strength. Too often to mistake it had he read that same look—but shorn of its sweet innocence—in the eyes of women of his own class.

The climax had come when she invited him—actually invited him—to call on her. True, she had asked him merely to come to her home to hear more in detail the committee's uplift plans. But he knew women. And all he asked was a start.

The fact that she was the daughter of Fawcett—the Fawcett—completed his bliss. And it opened shimmering and flashing vistas. Life was worth living. The future stretched away, certain and gorgeously alluring.

He would not speak to her of his wife's existence. Such handicaps were best unmentioned. Single men have the call. In case his dazzling dreams should come true, it would always be possible to scare his meek little spouse into a quiet divorce. His wife was so easy to scare into sobbing submission! A word, usually, was enough; unaccompanied, as a rule by even the lightest cuff over the head.

It was with the air of a conqueror that Carson rang the bell. A correct servant answered the summons.

Blundell's sole experience with butlers, hitherto, had been confined to their shadowy selves on motion picture screens. He was pleasantly impressed. But his pleasure received a jolt when the man said, tonelessly, in reply to the visitor's query:

"Miss Fawcett is not at home, sir."

"Yes, she is," denied Carson. "Sure she is. She asked me to come and see her this evening. You chase off and tell her I'm here."

As he spoke, he stepped into the hallway, the butler's attenuated form shrinking back reluctantly at the giant's onset.

"Miss Fawcett is not at home, sir," the servant kept repeating shuffling backward before the pursuing bulk.



Blundell slunk out the stage entrance followed by a shout of raucous laughter. "I guess ev'rybody'll be takin' a crack at him, after this," crowed a youngster. "Gee, but that was sure some swell scrap—!"

"You tell her I'm here," interrupted Carson. "Cut out the back-talk and do as I say."

The butler glanced about him in despair. Out from the doorway of a little reception room stepped a man in dinner clothes. And, for the second time in their lives Blundell and Roy Fawcett were facing each other.

"Well?" asked Roy, curtly, as he strolled up to the fuming Hercules, "is there anything you want here?"

"I want to see Miss Fawcett," replied Blundell, with a glint of truculence, opposition, as ever, stirring his ugly temper, "and this flunkey of yours says—"

"THAT is not a flunkey," replied Fawcett, with the tolerance of one who sets right a defective child. "That's a butler. There aren't any flunkeys, nowadays, except in dime novels. I don't think I ever heard the term, before, in real life. He—"

"I called to see Miss Fawcett," repeated Blundell, his face darkening, as he scowled down into the placid visage of the smaller man.

"So you told the butler," said Roy. "And he told you she is not at home. In fact he told you so several times. That is why I came out to see what you wanted."

As he spoke, Roy was covertly inspecting every line of the giant, and especially was he studying the motion of the huge arms as they gesticulated in angry protest. At what the inspection told him he seemed pleased. For his face took on a tinge of surprised satisfaction.

Blundell glowered down at him, for an instant longer. Then a new idea struck the visitor. Perhaps the girl hadn't told them she was expecting a caller. Perhaps she had run across to some neighbor's for a few minutes, hoping to get back before Carson should arrive. This, on reflection, seemed the most likely solution to the puzzle. And Blundell's brow cleared a little, as he asked:

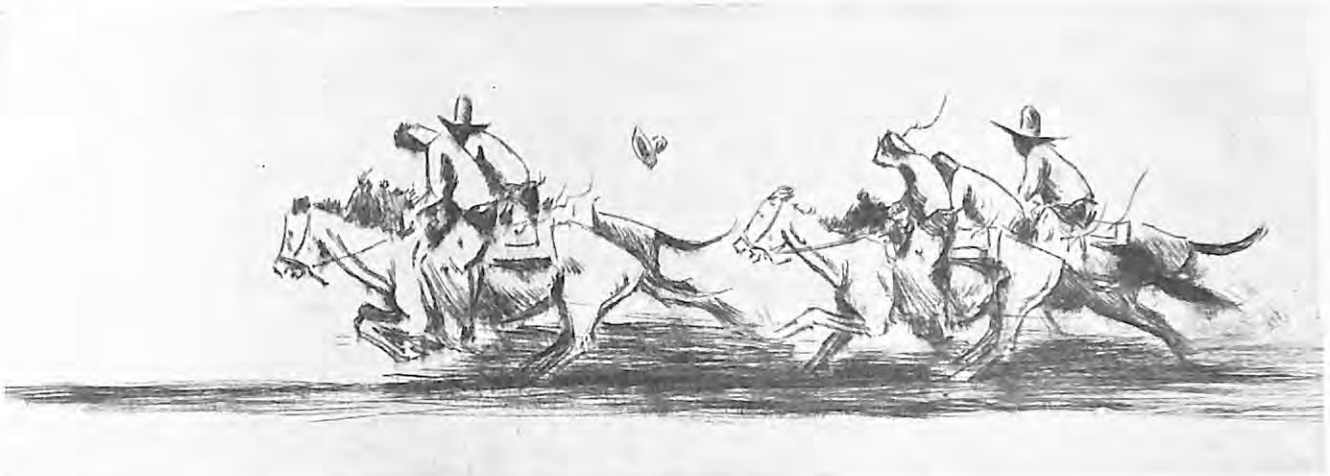
"How soon do you expect her to be home?"

"She will never be at home," was the suave, if astonishing, reply.

"Huh?" sputtered Blundell. "Won't ever— What's that?"

"I say," repeated Roy, very distinctly, "she will never be at home. To you. That is all, I think."

(Continued on page 48)



# The Spirit of the West

*Where Youth, Gay and Confident, Is Still in the Saddle*

By William MacLeod Raine

*Etchings by Ross Santee*

IS IT true, as a writer has recently said, that the spirit of the West—the zest for high adventure, for the conquest of the wilderness, that is the soul of America and differentiates her from all other nations—is vanishing because the conditions which gave it birth and nourished it are gone? Is the American tradition of splendid endeavor fading from our hearts, blotted out by love of ease and cynicism and lack of faith? In a word, has modern civilization with all that it includes so transformed us that we are not spiritual sons and daughters of the hardy pioneers?

From the time when Columbus sailed westward into uncharted seas this continent has been the stage of one of the world's most thrilling dramas. With the beginning of the eighteenth century the scene of it shifted to the Mississippi Valley, and later to the Rockies that run like a backbone from border to border. Here was the setting of a wonderful and amazing national adventure. The winning of the West is a theme to stir the blood. A hundred inspiring stories of enduring courage stand out. Ten thousand unchronicled ones will never be written. In every draw, in every watered valley, in mountain park and dusty wind-swept desert, these stories are being written to-day in human endeavor that laughs at failure and smiles at defeat. The spirit of the West that holds her sons willing captives is gaily and gallantly intrepid.

Always the West has been a trumpet-call to the adventurous. In the spirit of high hope they answered—the lusty, the strong, the rebellious, those daring souls in whom the hot and rapid blood of youth sang most loudly. They crossed the Appalachians, drifted down the Ohio, pushed across the great river, always with their faces toward the setting sun.

They made new frontiers and shortly were tramping blithely beyond the boundaries they had set. Over untrodden plains their feet wore trails. Forests fell before them, mountains were gutted, unfurrowed fields plowed. The cities they built were the wonder of the world. San Francisco! The very name is redolent of romance, calls up a hundred memories. Here Stevenson met smiling Kanakas and swarthy red-turbaned seamen who set him dreaming. Down Market Street went Broderick, in the days of the Argonauts, to fight the duel that was to cut short his brilliant career.

The pioneers worked and played and laughed and sang and died with the dream of conquest in their indomitable hearts. The story of what they did, written in sweat and blood, is our heritage. Are the stage and the scenery—the clean plains bathed in air pure and wine-strong, the painted cañons done by the unshaking artist Time, the notched mountain line etched purple against a rain-bow-hued sky—empty of the brave figures who helped make the West so colorful a romance? And are we already forgetting the obligations of our inheritance?

Those of us who know the West, who have spent our lives here, sentimentally regret the changes we have seen take place around us. Badger Clark's verses express our feeling:

"Dream back beyond the cramping lanes  
To glories that have been—  
The camp smoke on the sunset plains,  
The riders loping in:  
Loose rein and rowelled heel to spare,  
The wind our only guide,  
For youth was in the saddle there  
With half a world to ride."

Yet we recognize change as inevitable. Frontier days can not last forever. It is not best they should. One chapter of the West's history has closed, another is opening.

The spirit of the old West has not gone. The form of its expression is different. Youth is still in the saddle, gay, confident, and invincible.

The conquest of the desert is not picturesque. There is little that is colorful in dry farming, in the building of irrigation ditches. But these prosaic occupations require all the fortitude and perseverance, all the hopeful outlook, that sent the explorers on their hazardous way.

The note of the West is freedom. Every small town has its restless adventurous souls, every farm its owner ready "to try anything once." From every corner of the earth these settlers have come, bringing with them culture or ignorance, as may be, but always the valor of high hope that offers escape from the bromidic and often the saving sense of humor that redeems from the commonplace.

A characteristic of this humor was the

note of exaggeration. I recall a sign tacked on the office-door of a Cripple Creek mining broker during the boom days when everybody bought and sold whatever wild-cat stock was offered. "Gone to dinner. Shove the money under the door." That broker, like his customers, played the game more for the fun and excitement of it than for the wealth he made.

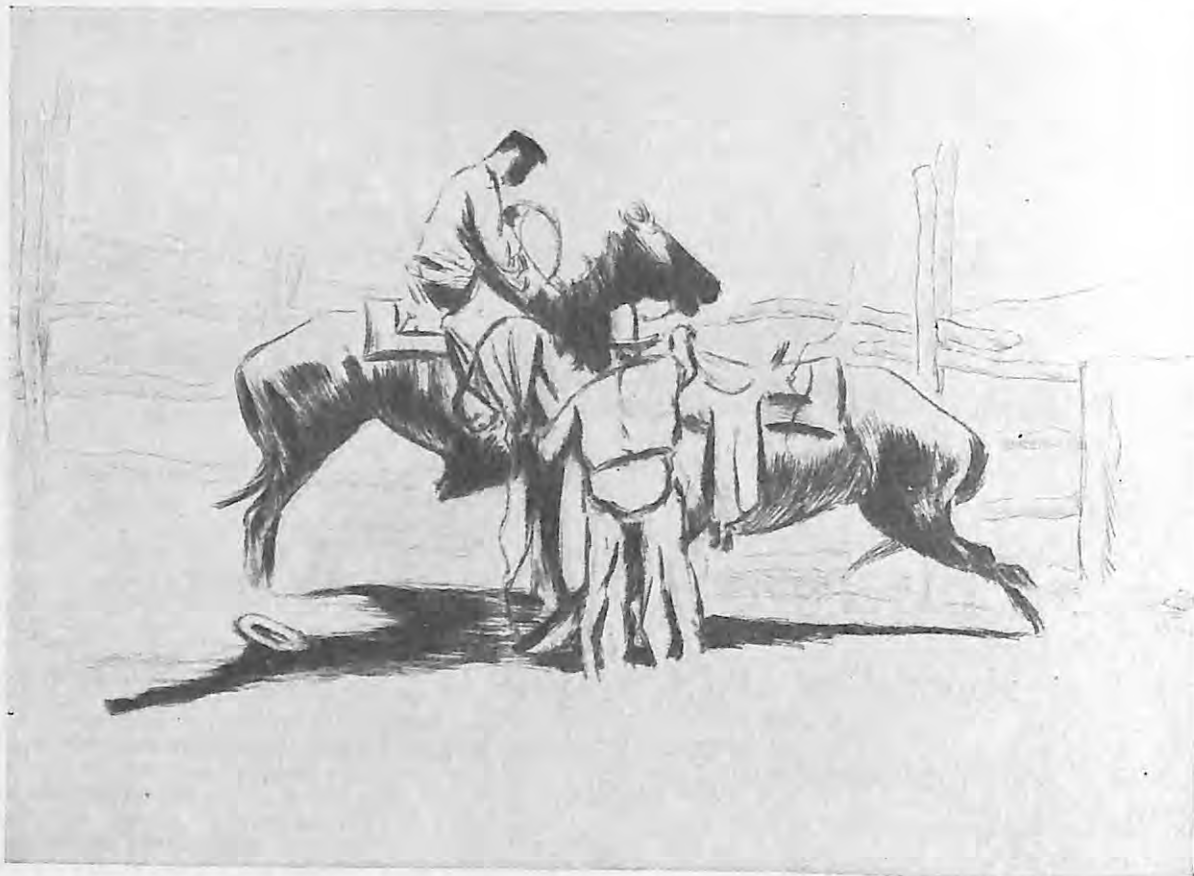
In his classic, "The Cowboy," Philip Ashton Rollins tells of a puncher pinned under his horse during an Indian fight. A squaw armed with a long-handled hammer known as a skull-cracker was running toward him with murderous intent. At this critical moment a companion warned the puncher of his danger. "Look out, Jim. A lady's coming," he shouted.

Is this not exactly the same spirit manifested by the American doughboy in the late world imbroglio when he tacked up the sign, "This way to the war"? If we mistake it for mere levity, we miss the very essence of it. This is youth's indomitable way of refusing to be daunted by difficulty and danger.

IT IS good to tramp far into the high hills with a pack on the back, to sleep among the pines under the stars with no roof but the sky. There comes a deep conviction that we are hedged in by eternal verities not affected by wars, politics, or changing customs. One rises at crystal-clear dawn and drinks crisp air into his lungs. He tramps through the kinnikinic a god among men.

It is good to take a trip to one of the great national parks such as Estes or Rainier or Yellowstone. In this atmosphere of democracy, among the pines and the mountains, with the wild flowers blooming in the meadows, one recovers his poise, his confidence in the destiny of our people. An assurance comes that too much stress is being laid on the new things that seem to be disintegrating our national life. Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces at play close to nature are reassuring. Beneath all the surface restlessness is something I can call only the soul of America, something indefinable but immanent. It is the golden thread running through our social fabric that makes for unity. The figure is not well chosen. It is a rope of steel much stronger and more tensile than our prophets of disaster realize. A large claim, but one I think quite justified.

Not long since, with a comrade beside me,



I set out as I had done a score of times to see a cross-section of America at play. We did not this time strike into the deserts of Arizona or tramp into the high peak country of Colorado or motor to the almost unknown wonderland of southern Utah. We followed beaten trails, as tourists were doing by hundreds of thousands.

These led us to Estes Park, almost at Denver's back door, by way of the splendid Big Thompson cañon, up to the foot of Long's Peak, enthroned in granite, its summit 14,255 feet above sea level. Young America, from seven years of age to seventy, was there in the park, riding, driving, golfing, tramping, dancing, fishing, eager for adventure and keen for the call of the open road. The gay shout of the automobilist could be heard along the Fall River highway, which is one of the great scenic drives of the world.

It was July, and as we climbed to the summit thousands of wild flowers bordered the road, many of them at the edge of snowdrifts packed in deep ravines. The car was moving up the backbone of the continent. Over the edge of the road we looked down a sheer drop of 1,500 feet, and still the nose of the radiator pointed upward. We came to the highest skyline motor-car stretch in the world. For three miles the road runs nearly 12,000 feet above sea level along a wonderful panorama of peaks and glaciers and wooded stretches far below.

There comes a moment when the front wheels of the car rest on the Pacific Ocean watershed and the rear ones on that of the Atlantic. The road winds down to Grand Lake, more than 600 feet deep, where every year at the highest anchorage in the world yachts race for a cup donated by Sir Thomas Lipton.

Back by way of Berthoud Pass across the continental divide, we drop down into Idaho Springs and from there through the Denver Mountain Parks to the concrete boulevard that rolls into the city.

Everywhere nomadic tented cities have sprung up. These are the temporary homes of the tourists who have responded to the

lure of the Rockies and are motoring over one of the many roads that lead into and through the country of high peaks. The happy voices of children came piping clear in the thin air. The days were warm and the nights cool. We sat by roaring campfires and slept with blankets tucked around us closely.

Another tourist trail took us to Yellowstone. Even before we reached the gateway, as the Yellowstone Special puffed up from Idaho Falls into the mountain pines, a sense of peace stole into our hearts. The primal native charm of the wilderness filled the soul with satisfaction. Beside the track a river ran. Sometimes it raced deep and smooth between ranks of serried firs, sometimes its surface was white with ripples where it gurgled over boulders. In the draws, little hollows of the sage hills, were patches of quivering grey-green quaking aspens. From the rear of the observation car we could see fishermen trying for the big fellows on the rifles. Our fingers twitched for a rod, our wrists lifted for the cast. In this sun-dappled stream, a grey hackle and a coachman on the leader, it would be easy to forget that France and Germany are still wrangling over the indemnity and cherishing hatred.

**OLD FAITHFUL** gave us our first picture of the Park as a playground. When I read how decadent we are, how we are drinking ourselves to death with bootleg poison, how fast the flapper is heading for perdition, how swiftly lawlessness is increasing, my mind flashes back to the geyser basin and I take heart, because I know we are at bottom as sound as we ever were. Even the exploited flapper is a pretty safe betting proposition to back.

She was there, hundreds of her, garbed in breeches and knickers of many varieties, just as she is at Glacier Park and the Yosemite and Rainier, just as she is swarming over Southern California, and Florida and the Adirondacks. She carried a camera and an inexhaustible stock of good spirits.

During the day she tramped over the formations and in the evening she danced for an hour or two at the hotel or the camp. Her nose was sunpeeled, and she did not care if it was; for she was on one big joyous lark. Usually Mother was along, and sometimes Father and little Brother. It appears that family life in the United States is not really as extinct as the dodo. Miss Going-on-Eighteen, current literature to the contrary, was enjoying her own parents and sometimes her grandparents.

The outstanding features of life on the open road in the West are its sanity and its democracy. Half a million people passed through Estes last season, more than a hundred thousand through Yellowstone, perhaps as many more through Glacier and Yosemite and Mesa Verde and Rainier. They went to have a good time, and it is safe to say they had it. The schoolmarm and the banker fraternized and were the better for it.

In the outdoor West men and women meet each other level-eyed. It does not matter what they have but what they are. A plutocrat can not make a noise like a millionaire in the Yellowstone, for instance. The government regulates the price of everything from a shave up. Everybody eats the same kind of wholesome food at the hotels and the camps, sleeps in the same sort of bed, rides in the same busses. The note of the service is comfort and simplicity. I did not see a dinner-coat in any of the parks except the ones worn by head-waiters. I have never seen one at any of the "dude" ranches I have visited. Young Miss Astorbilt usually wears about ten dollars' worth of khaki constructed along utilitarian lines. Taken with the tan she has acquired it is very becoming to her, but that is a mere detail.

The tourist West has a nomenclature of its own. The vacationist in his own car is a "sagebrusher." Those who stop at hotels are "dudes." The yellow busses of the transportation companies are driven by brown well-muscled young fellows known as "gear-jammers." A lot of them are college men



earning money through the summer holiday to carry them through another year. "Pack rats" hustle the baggage of the guests at the hotels. The girls waiting on table or taking care of the tents are "savages." Of these many are from Western or Mississippi Valley colleges. They have the time of their young lives.

For life is informal in the open West. Travelers meet casually, introduce themselves, and are free to exchange ideas. At the Yellowstone hotels, for instance, the help sometimes join with the guests in the after-dinner dances. The dudes are not so well-dressed as the savages usually, since they are doing the Park with a suit-case, but the girls generously overlook that.

Every camp has its savage glee club. At any unexpected time—during dinner, perhaps, or while you are waiting for Old Faithful to perform, or as the busses are loading to carry the guests to the next station—eight or ten charming girls appear and sing at you gaily or with mock sentiment. They laugh at themselves, at the gear-jammers, at the park rangers, and at the dudes impartially, but always the note of fun and high spirits is predominant.

The tourist is an inquisitive individual. He wants to know why. Since doing the parks is an adventure, he wants to get all out of it he can. So he asks questions while he is en route. Sometimes the gear-jammer can answer them. Sometimes he can not. But he is obliging and strives to please. A lady in a bus with us leaned forward and touched the driver on the shoulder.

"Can you tell me where the Sleeping Giant is?" she asked.

The Sleeping Giant is a silhouette of mountain edge that gives the appearance of a face in profile, but the gear-jammer, new to that part of the park, had never heard of it. "Oh, he's woke up," he said airily.

TO ANY one who has lived on wheels in the outdoor West it is easy to understand why millions of our people want to "see America first." This calls to the dormant racial instinct in us for the open road, the untamed wilderness. Yellowstone Park in particular is a cut-back to the West of pioneer days. In it head the Snake, the Madison, the Lewis, and the Yellowstone rivers. Practically speaking, the Mississippi and the Columbia rise within its boundaries. There is in the United States no other so easily accessible primitive wilderness as this. The automobile, good roads, comfortable hotels, are all here, but east of the cañon is an area of three hundred square miles with not a trail except the paths made by game. The shining an-

telope flits shyly over the meadows of the park as it did in the days of Kit Carson. The grizzly hunches along, monarch of the forest as he used to be in the days when the gold prospector first penetrated the Rockies. Under protection of the Government game is increasing and not diminishing. There is no apparent reason why Americans a thousand years from now may not see the living pronghorn and buffalo in numbers.

The private cars touring the Rockies and the adjacent plains are of all kinds and makes. They come from every State. Some are shining advertisements fresh from the shops of the manufacturers. Others are dented relics of an early vintage bulging with wash-tubs, chicken-coops, and fat rolls of bedding. Among the sagebrushers are children galore and grandmothers not a few. Laborers, tradesmen, and professional men roll through the gateways of the parks, their families very much present. Poor or rich, they have this in common, that they have escaped the tyranny of clothes and are bent on having a happy time regardless of the day's luck. They exchange news of the roads and fishing-holes, tips about good and bad camping-grounds, information as to where to obtain supplies.

An adventure in patriotism! The soul is renewed, sunbathed in primal beauty. It seeps unconsciously into the soul of the traveler that this is his America. This splendid primitive panorama of peace and beauty is his heritage. It carries him back to the days of his youth, of his father, of his father's father. His sense of the national tradition of conquest over nature is reawakened. It comes to him that he has been too busy in the market-place worrying over immaterial material things. Perhaps quite without definite intention he dedicates himself to a simpler, less hurried way of life.

So it comes about that Estes and Yellowstone and Rainier and the Mesa Verde are prayers as well as playgrounds.

The "Dude Ranch" is an institution wholly of the new West. Instead of raising cattle the ranch raises tourists. It offers the jaded Easterner a chance to get close to primitive nature. He learns to manage horses, to land a two-pound trout, to go out alone into the hills and find his way back.

We drove up to a dude ranch in Jackson's Hole last summer and descended from a rig drawn by a pair of unbroken colts which had smashed to splinters one buckboard to which we had harnessed them. A young woman, very much of the genus flapper, was sitting on a fence applauding a friend who was trying to stay with a buckner. Her mobile young face bubbled with laughter.

"You're pulling leather, Billy," she derided.

Presently she descended from her perch to yell "Hello!" at us. Her visible clothing consisted of blue coveralls, a flannel shirt, and buckskin boots. It developed that she was one of the season's New York debutantes and that her family name is one that has been familiar to Americans for generations. She had temporarily forgotten the ways of society. The outdoors had tanned her face and simplified her outlook. She was to me a wholesome indication that the younger generation is sound at bottom.

This spirit of the West then—what is it? Adventure, self-reliance, democracy are born of it, we have seen. It grew from individualism and out of it individualism has grown. Men stand on their own feet. A side swipe of fate bowls them over. They get up again, cheerfully indomitable. Every day beckons a new world.

The traditions of the open spaces call for service. It is up to a man to spend himself for others when the need comes. The civilization of the city softens. Doctors are within call, nurses, personal attendants. Fortitude is called for only occasionally. On the open range, in the sun-beaten and wind-swept desert, the conditions of existence force upon all organic life toughness of fiber. Among those who chose the frontier trails cooperation was essential in order that any survive. Hospitality was not a virtue but a matter of course. The latch-string was always out.

Ride over Denver's splendid mountain park system to-day and you see a survival of this primitive hospitality. Here are rest-houses, corded wood, cooking-grates ready for camper and picnicker. They are not for the use of the poor or of the rich exclusively. Flivver and limousine stop side by side to cook dinner here. They are for the people. As Philip Ashton Rollins writes, these are a perpetuation of the custom of the sagebrush camps where the builder of the fire offered his best with the invitation "Light, stranger, light."

I WRITE of the West because it is my country. I am a partisan. All Westerners are. They are held in loving bondage to their town or valley, to their State, to the West, and to this United States of which they are a part.

But though I write of the West my conviction is that much of what I have here set down is just as true of Maine and Michigan and Ohio and Tennessee and New York and the East generally. Beneath any temporary mood of doubt or of pessimism is an enduring faith that will see us through.



## A Fortunate Misfortune that Turned Out to Be Great Press Stuff

By Walter De Leon

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

*Dixie looked up at me. "You—you've been wonderful to me, Jimmy." Came the look in her eyes that always lifted the old heart up throbbing near my Adam's apple. I didn't say anything very coherent then*



WHEN Dixie Farnam, my vaudeville partner, dropped suddenly out of sight a week after she'd promised to sign with me the long-term play-or-pay contract which would make us partners off the stage as well as on it took me three days to realize fully the blank wall I was up against as far as going about the job of finding her was concerned.

"But, surely, Lodge," argued Mr. Flamer, the head of the detective agency I finally engaged, "you must know something of her people—her family. Working with her week after week, surely between performances, on trains, around a supper-table, your partner must have let slip something of her life before entering the profession."

I shook my head. "In vaudeville nobody asks many personal questions nor answers them candidly. There's too much kidding always going on. Besides, who you are outside the theater is nobody's business."

Maybe it would save time later to repeat now what I told Mr. Flamer then, the story that made him assign young King, the dude book agent, to the job of locating the missing half of the classy comedy talking, singing and dancing act of Lodge and Farnam.

Max Blum, the booking agent, introduced me to Dixie in his office after a big girl-act she'd been with had flopped and disbanded. Even though she confessed that the few weeks she'd been with that act comprised her entire professional experience, after giving her the up and down I decided to take a chance with her, reasoning that if the alleged beauty of several shapely female stone-heads I knew was getting them the salaries I knew they were taking from the managers every week, little Dixie Farnam would never know a hungry hour in show business.

She was little, but perfect in every detail. Above big, brown eyes, a lot of wavy, flame-colored hair framed a face whose creamy skin seemed tinted most effectively to contrast with the moist red lips of her perfectly shaped mouth. But even with these *ne plus ultra* features atop her slim, trim, graceful figure—the turn of Dixie's ankle was unblemished art—I might have hesitated to shoulder the responsibility of furnishing all the brains for the team if it hadn't been for her voice. Low-pitched, cool, it advertised her breeding, emphasized her aristocratic poise, tipped off her lovable disposition and, best of all, indicated an active intellect lurking beneath that wonderful hair.

Rehearsing her so blue in the face she forgot to be nervous, we put over a hit at our initial showing. Followed a stretch of work in the smaller houses, small towns, in preparation for our big showing at the Palace, New York, with me studying her weaknesses, teaching her, developing our team-work at rehearsals—and not seeing much of her outside the theater. Dixie learned fast, picking up the tricks instinctively, going ahead, not halting like most beginners, but more like a performer who'd been born in a dressing-room and raised behind the scenes.



He saw her being lifted into a big limousine by an elderly man and a colored chauffeur

HARRIS

Soon we began to read some very soothing press notices about ourselves. The week before we went into the Palace for the showing that would determine the salary we would get, all depending on how strong we went, Max Blum sent us into Boston. If I'd needed any proof that Dixie was ready for the test ahead of us I got it Tuesday morning there.

Peaches and cream was the notice of our act signed by D. D. Dewster, the veteran critic of the Boston *Star*. "A new light has flashed in the theatrical firmament in the person of Dixie Farnam. Piquant of expression, demurely droll of mannerism, a delightful artiste from head to twinkling toes, old-timers in the audience last night were reminded in more ways than one of Mary Towne, that idol of Boston in the days of the Tremont Operetta Stock Company. Not since then has this reviewer seen a soubrette who shows so great promise as does the diminutive half of the Lodge-Farnam team."

Then he gave me a paragraph that left nothing to crab about.

"YOU ought to cut that out and paste it in your trunk," I kidded, as Dixie and I stood in the wings ready to go on that afternoon.

"I have cut it out—to paste on the mirror of my dressing-room to give me courage the day we open at the Palace," Dixie answered.

"Don't worry about the Palace," I said. "You're going to be a sensation."

Dixie looked up at me. "You—you've been wonderful to me, Jimmy." Came the look in her eyes that always lifted the old heart up throbbing somewhere near my Adam's-apple.

I didn't say anything very coherent then.

Not that I didn't have a large assortment of selected sentiments on hand. For weeks only the fact that I didn't want to hand her that kind of a laugh had kept me from telling her that I was ready on a minute's notice to leave bachelorhood flat and embrace whatever bliss and blessings were coming to the husband of Dixie Farnam.

But the two riots we raised at the Palace the next Monday, riots that meant plenty of future booking at regular money, sort of threw me off my balance. All steamed up and slightly delirious I went to Dixie's dressing-room to congratulate her. That speech turned into ridding my system of all the thoughts I'd kept wrapped up in mothballs. The Romeo and Juliet pose we found ourselves in at its conclusion was broken by Dixie's soft sigh, "Goodness, Jimmy, it took you a long time to make up your mind."

In the quiet little café where we went to rest, recover, refresh and reorganize ourselves, it dawned on me that Dixie knew as little about me, personally, as I did about her. Followed my life's scenario.

"Free, white, and twenty-four," I finished. "No money except what I've amassed in four seasons of vaudeville. However, I confess to a strong constitution, sufficient decency and canniness to have escaped all entangling alliances of every description, and a soaring ambition best illustrated by my aim in becoming Mr. Dixie Farnam."

Dixie's eyes twinkled. "Yes, yes; proceed. Your story strangely interests me," she lightly kidded.

"Now that you know the worst how soon will it be convenient for you to marry me?"

Dixie was silent for a moment. "You haven't asked about my family," she said, looking curiously at me.

"I'm not marrying your family," I

grinned. "In rare moments of gushing confidence you have hinted that your real name is Dixie Farnam, that your father left you an orphan and a little money in the care of a guardian somewhere in South Carolina. Your mother—"

"I never knew my mother, Jimmy. She died when I was born. Her mother and father, my only living grandparents, never speak of her; never answer any questions about her. That is one reason why I—why I left their home."

"Some day we'll dig out that story if you want, sweetheart," I said. "For the present, if you could suggest the best way to approach the argument with your guardian I see staring me in the face—"

"ARGUMENT, Jimmy, is not the word, Not nearly. Judge Cumming, the guardian, and my grandfather would allow themselves to be drawn and quartered before they'd give their consent to my marrying an actor. However," Dixie demurely sipped a glass of water, "I shall be eighteen a week from Wednesday."

"Then you'll be Mrs. James W. Lodge a week from Thursday," I said.

"What could be sweeter?" Dixie murmured, a waiter, fussing with the silverware, preventing any greater emotional outburst between us.

Closing at the Palace Sunday night—we'd told Max not to book us anywhere the next week—we talked over plans while walking to the Sonia, where we both were stopping.

"I'll be shopping all afternoon tomorrow," Dixie told me. "Why don't you go out to the ball-game and meet me about six-thirty?"

"Suits me O. K.," I said.

"And Jimmy," Dixie hesitated a mo-

ment before continuing, "you—you'll let me notify Judge Cumming and—and my grandparents of our marriage—er, after it happens, won't you?"

"Sure," I promised.

That was the last time I saw her.

When I returned to the hotel Monday afternoon, Billy Moody, the manager, a great pal of mine, who treated Dixie like the little queen she was, met me with a note.

"Dearest Jimmy," Dixie had hurriedly scrawled, "my grandmother is dangerously ill. Have found I can not get a sleeper on the night train, but can on the one leaving in an hour, so will have to leave without seeing you. Will wire full particulars when I arrive. Oceans of love. I'll be thinking of you every minute until I see you again. DIXIE."

"She didn't tell you where she was going, did she?" I asked Billy.

He shook his head. "No. She came flying out of the elevator with a traveling bag, gave me that note and asked me if I'd give it to you the moment you came in, and then dashed on out to the taxi she'd ordered."

**N**NATURALLY there was nothing to do but wait for the telegram of particulars my impulsive fiancée had promised. My heartfelt prayer was that she would remember to inclose in that wire her granddad's address.

Tuesday morning I woke up with a soggy hunch that heavy trouble was hanging just far enough above my head to hurt when it fell. As the day dragged on with no message from Dixie the hunch grew more poignant. Late that afternoon, picking up a newspaper, a paragraph on the front page leaped right off the paper into my eye.

#### FLORIDA FLYER IN ODD WRECK!

ESSBURGH, S. C. The Florida Flyer, while entering the yards here to-day, left the rails, injuring over a score of passengers and wrecking the engine. That no deaths occurred is attributed to the fact that the speed of the train had been greatly reduced in preparation for the station stop. Injured passengers were rushed to the local hospitals for treatment. A partial list of the injured includes—

Halfway down the list I found it: "Miss Dixie Farnam, N. Y. C."

"Billy," I said to Moody, "find out when the next train leaves for Essburgh, while I'm packing my bag, will you?"

"And, Billy," I asked him a few moments later, "if any wires or mail come for me while I'm gone, open it and telegraph me in care the Western Union office in Essburgh, will you, please?"

"Sure, Jimmy. Good luck, kid; and keep cool."

That was wonderful advice; keep cool—knowing Dixie was smashed up somewhere!

Finding no word from her, relayed by Moody, when I reached Essburgh, I started the dismal round of the hospitals. Absolutely no trace of Dixie could I find. I tried the newspaper boys who had covered the wreck story. Just before noon on Thursday I stumbled on news.

"Sure, I remember her," one chap said after listening to my description. "I saw her. She was being lifted into a big limousine by an elderly man and a colored chauffeur. They drove back toward town."

The pleasantest thing to think was that the elderly man had been Dixie's grandfather. But that didn't give me his name nor address. Who that I knew could give me that information? Dixie's guardian, Judge Cumming. But I didn't know anything about him except he lived in South Carolina, and didn't like actors.

On the off chance that he might be a resident of Essburgh I asked the reporter, "Ever hear of a Judge Cumming around here?"

The reporter smiled. "Judge T. T. Cumming? Everybody knows him. He's one of the most influential men in the State; has held every office there is. As a lawyer he hasn't lost a case in court in years. He lives over in Marieville, a little burgh of about nine thousand, twenty miles south of here."

Stopping in at the telegraph office before buying a ticket for Marieville, I found a wire from Moody, reading:

"Max Blum phoned wanting to know what connection there was between your leaving city and telegram he received dated Essburgh and signed Dixie Farnam announcing her retirement from stage and cancellation all future bookings. Stop. No other news."

That was enough to keep me worrying all the way to Marieville. If Dixie, after the accident, had been able to wire Max, why hadn't she wired me? On the other hand, if she had not sent that wire to Max, how did whoever it was who signed her name expect to get away with that order cancelling all our future bookings—with me still alive? And how did it happen, I wondered, that little Dixie, fighting her way up out of the ruck of vaudeville had as guardian the most influential lawyer in the State?

I got the answer to part of it ten minutes after arriving in Marieville. "Well, young man," the old Judge rasped, scowling at me from under scraggly eye-brows as I entered his office, "you didn't lose much time getting here."

"No, sir," I said, trying to smile away the antagonism I felt.

"Neither shall I." He faced me squarely. "Lodge, your association with Miss Farnam is ended; closed. A fortuitous accident has returned her to her family, already too embittered against the theatrical profession to endure further humiliations at its hands. Make up your mind to it, you'll not get her again under your influence."

Before my numbed brain could form any reply, he took a legal-looking paper from his desk.

"As for your schemes against her money, your arrest on this complaint awaits only my signature." He began to read the complaint: "—duly appointed guardian of Dixie L. Farnam, a minor—"

"Hold on," I interrupted. "She's of age."

"The legal age in this State, her legal residence, is twenty-one," the Judge informed me. On he read. I caught hardly more than phrases;—"conspiracy"—"systematically alienating her affections from her family by obligating her to travel constantly"—"assuming a guise of sentimental attachment and affection designed to bring under his control her monies, her estate and her person."

"There is a train leaving Marieville in half an hour," the Judge added when he finished the reading of the complaint. "You can take it or you can go to jail."

Whether, even with all his influence, Cumming could prove the charge or not, I realized that going to jail wouldn't help me to find Dixie. A line in her note flashed across my mind: "I'll be thinking of you every minute until I see you again."

"You win," I told the Judge, trying to look guilty and afraid. "Tell good-by to Dixie for me. She wasn't badly hurt, was she? She's getting proper attention? You can tell me that, can't you?"

"She is under the care of perhaps the best physician in the South, an authority on nervous and mental afflictions."

"Mental afflictions?" I could see he hadn't told me that without a reason.

"Oh, nothing serious; nothing that six months of rest and quiet at home won't remedy."

"Under the care of an alienist," I repeated, suddenly realizing the control that gave them over Dixie's actions. "You didn't overlook a bet when planning to split the team, did you?"

Suddenly I saw red—lots of it. "Listen, you—"

That was as far as I got. Two husky gents wearing silver badges appeared from nowhere and deposited me outside on the sidewalk.

"Which way are you heading?" one of them asked, gazing across the street toward the Court House and County Jail.

"New York," I told him.

All the way back to Essburgh I kept revolving certain of Cumming's words in my head: "her family—already too embittered against the theatrical profession." "Six months of rest and quiet at home." Home! Surely that meant her grandparents' home. But where was it? In Marieville or Essburgh or somewhere else?

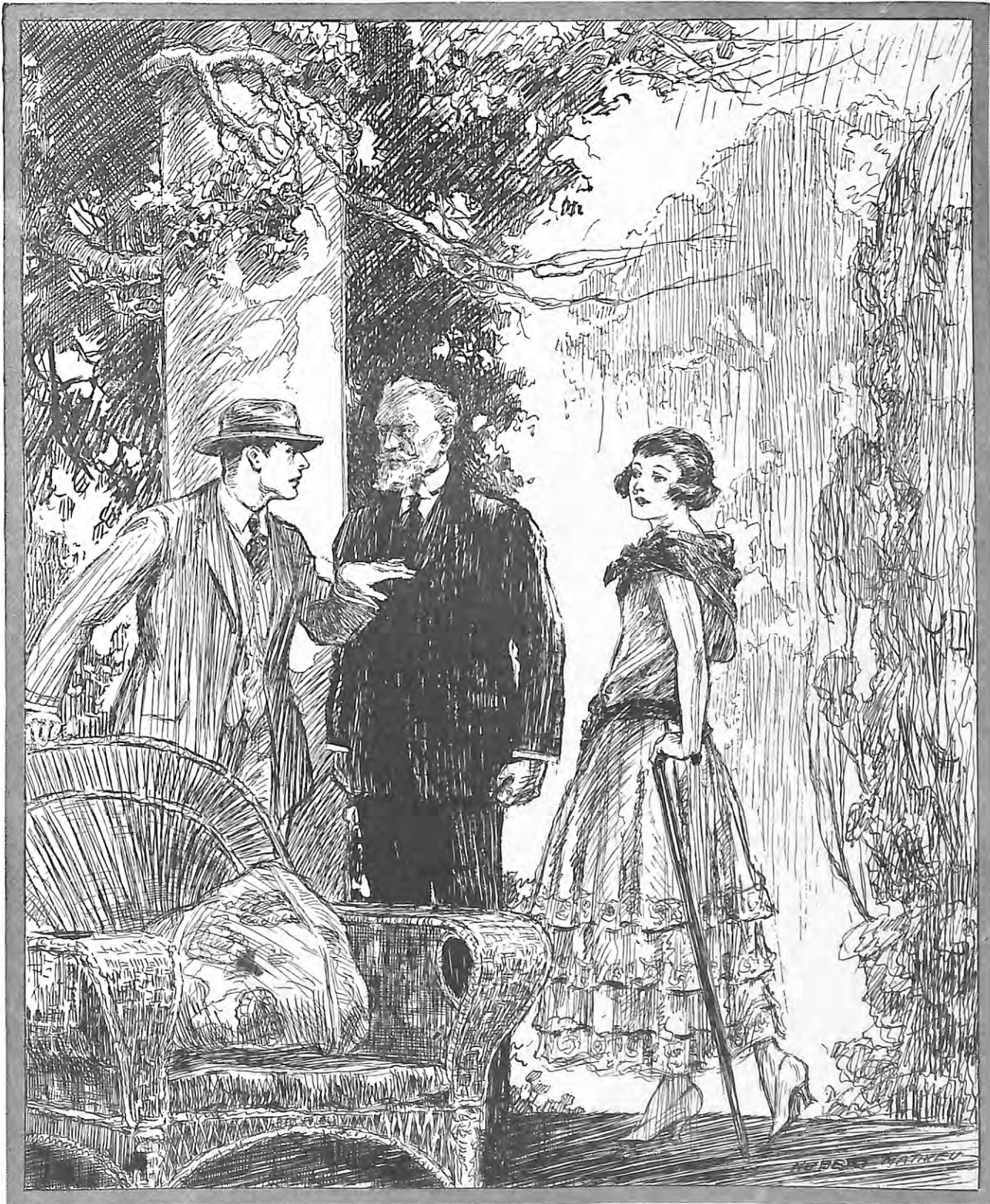
**I** MUST have help—and not from any South Carolina detective, either. Waiting in the station at Essburgh for the New York train, I wondered where I'd find little Dixie; in Marieville or Essburgh or somewhere else.

The rhythm of the words caught and stuck in my heavy, buzzing head; Marieville or Essburgh or somewhere else; Marieville or Essburgh or— An old clock, ticking on the wall above me, set the time and accented the swing of the phrase. Listening to its steady ticks I couldn't stop the ceaseless repetition of the words. Marieville or Essburgh or somewhere else. Going into the luncheon, the throb of a motor in the basement under me accelerated the tempo; Marieville-or-Essburgh—

To break the spell of it I tried to concentrate on some one definite thing. Marieville; odd name for a town. According to my French it should have been Ville de Marie; city of Marie; only it wasn't a city; it was a hamlet, a tank town; and American; Mary's town. Why hadn't they called it Marytown in the first place? Marytown. I'd heard that name before. There was already a town of that name; some junction point, wasn't it, through which Dixie and I had passed on one of the infrequent day trips we'd made? Where could it have been—on the Buffalo-Toronto jump; the Providence to Boston—Boston, where Dixie had drawn the best newspaper notice of her career; where the critic had compared her to an old Boston idol—what was her name—Holy Smoke! Mary Towne!

"In more ways than one she reminded old-timers of Mary Towne"—something like that he'd written. Maybe the similarity of names was mere coincidence. But there had been cases where actors had taken the name of their birthplace as a stage-name; Melba, for instance.

"My grandparents never speak of her," Dixie's words, referring to her mother. "Already too embittered against the profession," according to Cumming, were the old folks. It was only a wild hunch but I had to ride it, because if Dixie's mother, taking the name of her home town for a stage name, had been Mary Towne, and if in Boston I could dig up some old stager who knew her real name, I'd have the name of Dixie's grandparents. And that was the little thing I needed in order to locate my sweetheart partner.



"Engage reputable detective agency; collect all available information Mary Towne, soubret Operetta Stock Company Boston. Refer to Dewster, dramatic critic *Star*. Am returning New York. "J. W. L."

With that telegram sent to Moody, I managed to get some sleep on the train that night. But sleeping or awake, every mile that clicked its way behind us hammered stronger and stronger the conviction that somehow, some way, Dixie would get word to me.

Moody had none for me when I arrived at the hotel.

"I engaged the Flamer Agency, Jimmy," he told me. "Flamer called up over the phone a while ago and said the man he

*In one leap I was over the rail and had hold of his coat-lapel. Dixie, limping silently across the veranda, reached the steps*

sent to Boston was expected in this evening with his report, and that they'd come right here with it. What did you find out?"

While I was telling him a bell-hop approached Moody with a special delivery letter. One glance at the address on the envelope, and the old heart started pounding out a hard-shoe shuffle against my ribs. It was Dixie's writing. Postmarked Essburgh, it was for Moody.

On plain white paper, the letter carried neither date nor local address.

"MY DEAR MR. MOODY:

"I left the hotel in such haste I neglected to pay my bill. Please send a statement of my account to my guardian, Judge T. T. Cumming, Marieville, S. C.

"In giving this address I ask your confidence. I have definitely retired from the stage. This decision to remain in private life is unshakable; arguments and inducements would be useless. So, to spare me lengthy explanations, I beg that you will not give the above address to my vaudeville friends and associates.

"Simply tell inquiring acquaintances that I came out of the wreck at Essburgh on Tuesday with nothing more serious than a badly twisted knee and a few minor bruises; that I am resting lazily at home, surrounded by the best of care and old-fashioned comforts, enjoying

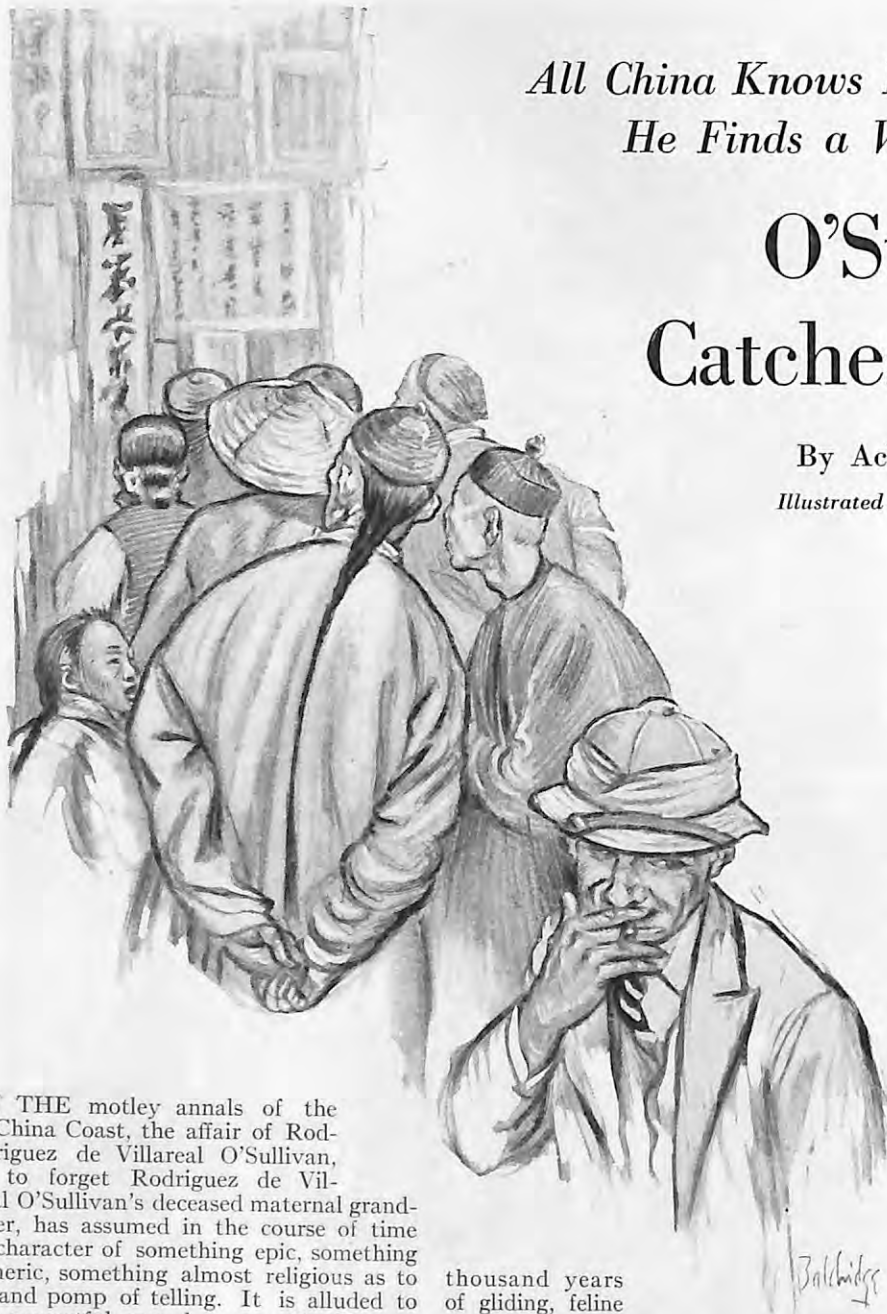
*(Continued on page 62)*

*All China Knows Him to Her Cost and Yet  
He Finds a Way to Score Again*

# O'Sullivan Catches a Whale

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige



IN THE motley annals of the China Coast, the affair of Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan, not to forget Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan's deceased maternal grandfather, has assumed in the course of time the character of something epic, something Homeric, something almost religious as to rite and pomp of telling. It is alluded to with respectful envy by every Far Eastern crook, white or yellow or piebald, who wastes his ill-gotten gains in a crimson spree down Shanghai's Bubbling Well Road or opening Three-Star Monopol in the painted dives of Tokyo's Yoshiwara; the echo of it has drifted across the Pacific to San Francisco where, amongst the girls and pubs of the Barbary Coast, the native-born Californian swell-mob speaks of it with a hush of reverence; and even in New York and in certain cellars of Chicago's Loop the light-fingered and nimble-witted fraternity mentions it as something novel and, by the same token, very praiseworthy in the craft of causing two dollars to blossom brightly where none at all had blossomed before.

When Sheng Pao spoke of it to his partner, Blennerhassett Jones, he carefully ashed his long-stemmed, purple-tasseled pipe, scratched his butter-yellow cheek delicately with a foppish, three-inch fingernail encased in a precious sheathing of gold and lapis lazuli, and said with a faintly melancholy sigh:

"A most remarkable man—that Spanish-Irish countryman of yours, Jones! Ten thousand tomes with pendant discs of jade is his wisdom and his charming guile. Ten thousand splintering lance points is his keen perception of human nature. Ten

thousand years of gliding, feline shrewdness are gathered in the folds of his tough, tough brain. Ten thousand—"

"Exactly!" the Virginian interrupted. "Ten thousand perfectly good dollars he cost our firm!"

"Not to forget the great deal of face which I lost personally!" Sheng Pao agreed with sublime self-irony. "Ah! did not the blessed Confucius remark that a diamond with a flaw is preferable to a flawless pebble?"

"Let Confucius speak for himself, not for me. I am an American and a Virginian, not a philosophical Mongol. Your Chinese milk of human kindness is too much mixed with stultifying poppy juice to recommend itself to my moral palate. And the memory of those ten thousand dollars rather gets my goat, old man."

"We can well afford the money—for the sake of the exquisite psychological experiment involved," smiled Sheng Pao; and when his partner mumbled impatient words about playing freeze-out with a stacked deck being a less costly experiment, the Manchu added: "Did not Confucius remark, furthermore, that even the shiftiest fox goes at last to the shop of the furrier?"

"Bully for Confucius! He may be right at that!"

As to his name, front, middle, and family,

Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan had come by it honestly enough—"By Santa Maria de Colon and San Mariano of the Crooked Back!" Goa Dick, the half-caste Portuguese barkeeper of Wang Chung's water-front saloon, would comment. "It's the only thing he ever came by honestly in all his life. By San Christobal and the Dear Virgin, señores! This O'Sullivan—" making, with clenched thumb, second and third fingers and stiffly extended first and fourth, the sign of the horn to exorcise the Evil One—"why—he knows seventy-seven ways of earning a living—of which stealing is the most virtuous!" and he sighed anent a memory connected with a brace of dice, a stack of Chinese silver taels, and a brand-new game imported by O'Sullivan whose slogan had been "Seven up!" and "Baby, bring home the bacon!" and "Read 'em and weep!" and whose rules had seemed to Goa Dick as shifting as a peak-rigged latteen sail in a Hongkong typhoon.

STILL, the fantastic blending of names was O'Sullivan's legal and logical own thanks to an Irish father who had fallen in love with the melting, gold-flecked eyes of a Spanish waitress in a Chicago lunch-room; and his own, too, was his seamed and leathery scroll of a face wherein, in twinkling, violet-blue eyes, in flagging, combative chin, in long and pendulous nose, and in full lips curling now with laughter and now with fighting rage, one could read a lore of mixed races—Irish and Spanish—and a goodish slice of the latter irresponsible gypsy blood from the Guadarrama mountains. Altogether he was a wonderful mosaic in ethnology; and if the pattern of his soul was crooked, perhaps at times even evil, there was yet in him a double, saving quality—the charm of the Celt mated to the Spaniard's serene dignity—a double quality, though, which made him the more dangerous to friend and foe.

His parents had died when he had been somewhat less than ten years of age; and hereafter his education, varied by occasional, violently resisted attempts of well-meaning social service investigators, the ethical advice of an obese Russian Jew who behind the respectable front of a kosher butcher shop served as "fence" to pickpockets and second-story men, and the physical lessons imparted by the hard fist of one Salvatore Baccigalupo who later on achieved fame under the sobriquet of "Pat M'Ginty, the Fightin' Harp"—hereafter his education had been that of Chicago's First Ward



streets, Chicago of the days when Bath-house John and Hinky Dink presided over its political destinies in all

their pristine glory. And the tang of its memories were still in O'Sullivan's nostrils.

Yet there were other memories crowding the first.

Memories dealing with a sudden flight, two jumps ahead of the Chicago police, to New York and increasing the distance to three jumps when he stepped ashore from a stinking cattle boat on the Tillsbury Docks in London. Memories of nights in London's East End including the maze of alleys stretching between Wapping and Limehouse where, in a back room of Donald M'Eachran's "Murray Arms" saloon bar, he heard for the first time the lure and spice of Asia from a half-caste Malay girl's pouting, cherry-red lips. Memories of an American badger game nearly played on a paunchy Bond Street jeweler and the resultant weary winter in a British jail where he commanded no corner-boys' political pull to remit his sentence or to procure him better treatment. Memories of an opium den on Rattcliffe Highway where again, this time from the lips of an emaciated, sardonic Frenchman, the lure of the Orient whispered seductively to his lawless soul.

THEN one day a chance to sign on as stoker to the China Coast; rolling, pitching sea weeks when, for the first and, as he promised himself, the last time in his life, he did what the world, rightly or wrongly, calls honest labor; and a morning when Hongkong loomed into view with its soaring and piling of streets, a city of brass and copper and gold, hard, shimmering, proud, like the legendary town which the Titans once forged out of the molten fragments of a forgotten world.

To the west the Chinese mainland flamed like a jewel—Asia, rich, passive, amorphous—and Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan laughed throatily as he looked through a narrow port-hole in the engine hold.

"Say, kid!" he apostrophized China, and perhaps China, being ancient and thus tolerant, smiled gently at the familiarity of the appellation. "I like yer looks and yer smell! I'm all for ye—sure—and ye'll give me a swell hand-out—won't ye, kid?"

Three days later, a deserter, he reached Canton. He strolled through the reek and riot of the water front abutting the Shameen and the Pearl River. Leisurely he walked through block after block spilling over with taverns and dives and ship-chandlers' and

second-hand stores where every last mil-dewy curio which a sailor, for reasons only known to himself, packs in his dunnage, from Korean brass to bits of Yunan jade, from white Gulf corals to bundles of yellow Latakia tobacco, can be bought. Further north he saw the purely Chinese streets of low, one-storied shops, some with façades carved in the likenesses of man or beast, or of bamboo screens and lattice work, others painted in screaming colors, green, pink, blue, lilac, and ochre, the whole made yet more fantastic by tall advertising masts sticking out at all angles—and every shop window gorged to overflowing with Asia's precious, mellow wares.

Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan looked. He felt happy and pleasurably excited. He smacked his lips. His fingers itched. He lifted his head and roared a favorite old song of his with all the strength of his lungs:

"I kin ride a freight train,  
I don't pay no fare,  
I kin ride a freight train mos' anywhere—  
Dat's why I'se happy as a buh-bumble-  
bee-ee—  
I don't bother work—an' work don't bother  
me!"

The streets were crowded with blue-bloused coolies ambling homewards and, too, with Europeans and Asiatics and Africans from all corners of the globe; men who go down to the sea in ships and come up from the sea, as often as not, in rickshaws to spend the bitter wages of seven weeks' battling with gales and rotten timbers in a single night's scarlet spree among the square bottles and the half-caste girls of sneering Canton. There were curses in a dozen languages. Insults hurled recklessly. Fist fights. The point of a knife flashing like a cresset of evil passions.

But O'Sullivan welcomed the strident, acrid babel of it all with the ardor of a bridegroom. It seemed to be his hunting-ground, foreordained.

"I eats when I kin git it,  
"I sleeps mos' all de time,  
I don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't never  
shine,"

he sang as the purple evening dawn came and huddled the houses together in shapeless groups.

Lights flickered up, were quickly shuttered. Came the popping of corks; a roaring fling of drunken yells; a woman's shrill, hectic laughter; the stamping of dancing

feet; the tinkle-tinkle of a piano sadly out of tune.

Chinese voices blending in with a high-pitched, sing-song stammer:

"Tim yap—tak hui-ni?"  
"Mun lai E'it!"

"Aw—shut yer plurry trap, yer bleedin', rotten Chink swine!" in decided English.

Biff! Bang! The sound of a fist coming into violent contact with bare flesh.

O'Sullivan snapped his fingers.

"I'S'E fo' times as happy as a buh-bumble-  
bee-ee!" he laughed, while the East wind boomed along the Pearl River trailing a mantle of diaphanous, ochreous fog and dimming the streets with a veil almost of romance.

Romance of the water front, where brown Lascar and sooty Seede-ey-boy and yellow Chinese finds that his money gives him the ribald, rollicking equality which the forecastle denies him.

Romance that starts with a double drink of gin and perhaps a couple of opium pipes in the cabin of a Flower Boat and winds up, quite possibly, with a half-breed child peeping out from its mother's arms, wonderingly, protestingly.

Romance that begins with a promise of blue eyes in a Sussex vicarage and ends in the Seamen's Hospital with a clergyman chanting a Scripture text over a stiffening body.

Brutal, sordid romance—romance of knife and lust, of pistol and greed and jealousy and thudding blackjack.

Blood-stained, plague-scabbed romance—  
But romance that appealed to every last vulpine instinct in O'Sullivan's heart.

"I like the looks o' ye, kid!" he apostrophized China once more. "And—sure—I'll make ye disgorge!"



Three days later, a deserter, he reached Canton. . . . A place of brutal, sordid romance

Thus, then, his sentiments ten years earlier; and to-day he knew China, north, east, south, west.

Too, China knew him. Unfavorably. For he had made good his boast. He had forced it to disgorge, again and again.

To name the employs through which he passed during those ten years would be like enumerating all the less savory vocations plied between Pekin's Tartar Wall and the miasmatic, festering jungles of the Burmese frontier; it would be like making an ethnographical chart of half the world's less desirable breeds, and a sociological survey of all the Far East's gaudy rogues.

But let us take two or three just at random.

**T**HERE was a half-caste inn keeper in Shanghai whose patronymic was aristocratic and melodious—something like Albuquerque da Silva Mascasenas—and who, aided and abetted by a Kansuh brave on whose wicked, shaven poll had been a blood price ever since the Boxer rebellion, helped the Spanish-Irish-American in cheating Old Man Jerry Swire, the Hongkong sugar king, out of twelve hundred and thirty-three dollars and two diamond rings, in a manner which caused that purple-faced British merchant to very nearly die from an apoplectic stroke while it raised gales of laughter amidst the placid, plutocratic patriarchs, Jerry Swire's business friends and competitors, as they hugged the fire-place of the Hongkong club, studying the money markets and blowing like a school of whales.

There was a Japanese skipper who flaunted British naturalization papers and called himself—to the impotent rage of every simon-pure Scot on the China Coast—Macdonald Tagamoto, and who did a roaring trade in smuggling coolies from China to California. It was never made quite clear, not even during the trial, what was O'Sullivan's connection with him. But on the same day when Macdonald Tagamoto went to jail for four years, swearing by all the Shinto gods that sooner or later he would cut out O'Sullivan's heart in a slow and humorous way, the latter cashed a handsome cheque and departed on a week's memorable joy party to Macao.

There was his mysterious affair with To Ping Lung, the priest of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork, which wound up with the latter being excommunicated by a

conclave of Buddhist abbots after splitting two thousand dollars cash with O'Sullivan, and an American collector of Chinese curios exhibiting in San Francisco a priceless vase of ancient Ko-yao temple porcelain that looked like milk mixed with fire. And let it also be remembered that, a year or two later, the same abbots reinstated the same priest amidst gurgling Mongol laughter that clashed blasphemously with the dull drone of the temple gongs and the blaring of the long-shanked, ceremonial trumpets, while, at just about the same time, the American collector, trying to sell the Ko-yao vase to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was told that it was a product of Twentieth Century New Jersey.

There was, too, Madansena Rattan-Devi, *alias* Cynthia O'Mahoney, known furthermore as Frisco Sally.

But more of her—of her olive skin and raven-black hair and flashing, white smile, of her narrow, pleasurable hands, her deep, throaty voice, and her lithe body bending and twisting to the lascivious, staccato rubbing of the tomtoms—hereafter.

As to Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan, the full tale of his iniquities, of his accomplished art in spoiling the Egyptian, be the Egyptian white or yellow or cross-breed, will never be told. For ten years, up and down the China Coast, he flourished like the green bay tree. Through ten years, steadily, his circle of acquaintances increased while his reputation decreased correspondingly. Inside of ten years there was not a green-horn stepping ashore at Hongkong or Shanghai or Canton who was not warned against him. At the end of ten years, since in spite of China's enormous size the world of the white man there is small and tight, he found himself confronted by the sudden fact that practically all his sources of illegal revenue had dried up.

A marked man he became, almost overnight, and yet there was his sunny Celtic smile, there was his occasional, picaresque Spanish gravity, there was his extraordinary native charm. Thus was there also the astonishing fact that the very people whom he had jobbed and jockeyed and tricked, even the unforgiving Chinese, even Old Man Jerry Swire himself, were willing to let bygones be bygones, to lend him at times a helping hand, to buy him a meal or a drink.

Blennerhassett Jones offered to stake him to his passage home to America. But O'Sullivan shook his head.

"Much obliged," he replied. "But I'm nuts about the Orient. I'm gonna stick it out right here. All I want is another chance. Now—listen, Mr. Jones—lemme give yer a straight bit o' dope about the Manila lottery. I got it from—"

"Cut it out," laughed the Virginian.

"I'd rather not do business with you. Have a drink, old man?"

There was the whole story: "Cut it out!"—a laugh—"Have a drink?"

"I say, old bean," smiled "Tubby" Owen of the King's Own Seventeenth Lancers in garrison at Hongkong, who had the face of a cherub that for years has been dieting on underdone mutton chops, musty ale, and vintage Scotch.

"You're no end sympathetic and all that sort of drivel—what—what? But—no spoofin'— I don't care to jerk the jolly old dice—not with you—nor to raffle the jolly old pasteboards—not with you. And I don't care for a sure-thing tip on the Australian Derby nor on the Calcutta Sweepstakes. Gold mine in Korea—? No! Thanks awfully, dear old turnip!"

And when even "Tubby" Owen refused to invest—"Tubby" Owen who, to quote Blennerhassett Jones, was the biggest jackass and the most lovable idiot who ever sported a scarlet mess tunic or jingled a brace of golden spurs—things in O'Sullivan's life had come to a tragic climax.

**I**T WAS about this time that he met Madansena Rattan-Devi, *alias* Cynthia O'Mahoney, known furthermore as Frisco Sally. The last-mentioned name, though, was a name forgotten long ago which had been given her when, a lanky, black-haired, bold-eyed, sweet-lipped hoyden of the Barbary Coast gutters, born and bred amidst a coiling of alleys which seemed nothing but an interminable jungle of push carts where, underneath flickering, sooty oil lamps, everything had been for sale from spoiled bananas to second-hand garters, she had danced to the wheezing of Tony Rossi's hiccoughy hurdy-gurdy—had danced her way, one night, into the squint-eyed focus of Jefferson Rosenthal, a small-time vaudeville impresario who had happened down her way on a slumming expedition.

"Say, kid!" he had said. "You sure can swing a wicked foot!"

"Ye've sed a mouthful!"

"I'll try you out—fifteen per—what say, kid?"

"Ye're on, mister!"

She had made good, at once, and Jefferson Rosenthal had looked over his latest human investment, wondering how he could boost her.

"Listen, kid," he had asked one day. "Where did you get them eyes and that skin of yours? The black hair may pass for plain Mick—but them lamps and that pelt—say—where did you get it, kid?"

Cynthia had vaguely told him what vaguely she knew: that her father—these later years he kept a small saloon and his wife was dead—had been a sailor before the mast who once, in some spicy, dreamy-scarlet-and-purple Far Eastern port, had



"Gee—" her voice was low, quavery—"I do wish you and me could buy that little restaurant—"



loved and married her mother, the daughter of some gliding, golden-skinned Asian race. Malay or Tamil? Filipino or Indo-Chinese or Kanaka? Cynthia O'Mahoney had not known, had not cared. But Jefferson Rosenthal had cared a great deal.

"I'm Irish," she had insisted. "Me old man's from County Antrim."

"Mebbe!" had come the impresario's rejoinder. "But you're doing a snake dance, ain't you, kid? And who ever heard of snakes in Ireland?"

He had turned to his publicity agent, a spectacled youth addicted to free verse and old-fashioned whiskey cocktails whom he called his "literary gent."

"Jimmy," he had said, "slip me a good Oriental monicker—some first-class hoochie-koochie hokum, will you? I want it to be genuine and yet full of pep—Belasco with a bit of Flo Ziegfeld, get me?"

THE result had been the colorful eight-sheet billing of: "Madansena Rattan-Devi, the Hindu Temple Dancer, the Favorite Nautch Girl of the Maharajah of Bundelkund"; and as such her meteoric fame, from the Barbary Coast to Pantage's, from Pantage's to the Orpheum and Broadway, from Broadway to London's Alhambra, the Berlin Wintergarten and the Casino de Paris, had been the talk of half the theatrical green-rooms and all the colored Sunday newspaper supplements. Then, following some queer racial impulse, she had gone to the Orient, and—we can compress here a life's tragedy into a few curt words—the Orient had "got" her.

She was still Madansena Rattan-Devi. She still could dance divinely. She still had beauty and charm. But in her little house beyond Shanghai's Model Settlements she fought a daily battle, pitching her will against the kneading and sizzling of tiny, amber-colored opium cubes; a battle which she was winning slowly and painfully, but which was sapping her vitality and which, from being the Toast of Broadway and the Boulevards, had brought her down to being a dancer in the local European vaudeville theater.

One night, after the show, she stopped at a small roadhouse owned by M. Droz, an expatriate Parisian cook with a high nose, a suavely ironic manner, and a black, curly, spade-shaped beard. The place was crowded; nearly every chair was occupied except one

at a table where Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan was sipping a lonely highball.

M. Droz bowed to O'Sullivan.

"Do you mind?" he asked, pointing at the dancer.

"Not a bit."

So, two seconds later, they sat facing each other. Somehow, he had never visited the local theater. He did not know who she was. But typically, whereas Jefferson Rosenthal, her former impresario, had picked out the exotic, Oriental part of her inheritance, O'Sullivan's Irish blood read

*Through the reek and riot of block after block spilling over with taverns and dives and ship-chandlers and second-hand stores, the lure of the Orient whispered seductively*

the Irish in her—read it straight, without doubt or hesitancy.

"Irish, ain't you?" he asked suddenly.

"Most of me."

"Same here. Half and half, to be exact. My name's Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan."

"Mine's Cynthia O'Mahoney—though they call me Madansena Rattan-Devi—"

"Gwan! Are you the Madansena?"

"Sure enough. And are you the O'Sullivan?"

"Right's rain!"

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. O'Sullivan."

"That goes double, Miss O'Mahoney."

THEY shook hands warmly; and thus began a friendship that was destined to make history up and down the China Coast. They met nearly every night. After a month he was head over heels in love with her. So one day he asked her to marry him.

But she shook her head.

"Forget it, kid," she replied. "You're flighty and I'm flighty. There's no ballast to such a team as us—to keep 'em steady."

"I thought yer cared for me a little?"

"Sure I do," she said.

"Well—then—why won't yer marry me, honeybugs?"

"I told you. We aren't steady, either one. As to me—well—"

"About hittin' the hop? Sure.

But ye're over it, ain't yer?"

"Aha. But am I going to keep being over it as long as I'm at the theater? I'm no spring flower. There are—oh—guys with the kale, parties, temptations. A drink—and some morning maybe a headache—and then a little opium pill—oh—" She shrugged her shoulders rather hopelessly.

"What about goin' back to America?" he asked, after a struggle.

"Not on your life!"

"Why not, Cynthia?"

"Me that used to be the toast of Broadway—go home—licked? No, sir. I want to stay here and—"

"Do what?"

"I've an idea."

"Yes?"

"There's a little restaurant in Shanghai," she replied, "swell little joint, American, where they serve you oyster cocktails and beefsteak with the juice and lemon pie and coffee that tastes like coffee and not like hog-wash—and succotash—and pumpkin pie—"

"What about it?"

"It's for sale. I'd like to buy it— I could be happy there and busy—and run straight—"

"How much does she cost?" he demanded.

"Ten thousand!"

"Ten thousand fish? Say—" he whistled—"that's a lot o' coin."

"I know."

"How much money have ye got?"

"Two hundred."

(Continued on page 56)



# This Way to the Books!

There's a Line of Tempting Newcomers for Your Shelves

By Claire Wallace Flynn

## *The Enchanted April*

By "Elizabeth," Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"

IF NO other signs of spring had yet appeared, we would know that a dark and stormy winter had passed with the coming of this delightful novel.

After reading it we went, hot-foot, to a friend (grouchy old bachelor would describe him, as well as anything else) and, with as much enthusiasm as though we were about to get a commission for promoting its sale, urged him to read the book. He backed off at the title; he shied at the author's name; he grunted a little at the jacket, and, altogether, we were made to feel that we had tried to rob him of his manhood and virility. So we put "The Enchanted April" under our arm and left, and now offer it to all the readers of this magazine—bachelors and others—in the hope that they will be a little more open-minded to its radiance than was our foolish friend.

Suppose you were to read an advertisement in a newspaper as follows:

"To Those who Appreciate Wistaria and Sunshine. Small Mediæval Italian Castle on the Shores of the Mediterranean to be Let Furnished for the Month of April. Necessary servants remain. Z, Box 1000, *The Times*."

—if you had always dreamed of Italy, if you loved wistaria, if you needed sunshine, if your soul went clad in golden robes while outwardly people thought you more or less a dull person, if your mind went off fairy-footed on the adventures that the words made possible—what would you like to do? Precisely as did little Mrs. Wilkins, whom one can not help but think of as the heroine of this humorous and entrancing story.

Lottie Wilkins found herself ultimately with three women companions in that very mediæval castle on the shores of the Mediterranean—a month of glory before them all. Yet each takes it so differently!

This is no saccharin tale, but a delightful study of people and impulses done with a smiling satiric touch that baffles description. Sometimes you wonder whether "Elizabeth" knows she is being satiric and witty. But after all, trust an author for knowing these things about herself. Let not the masculine reader think that four ladies frisk alone through an enchanted April in Italy. You have only to know Lady Caroline Dester for five minutes to realize that, like Austin Dobson's Marquise, the men flock round her knees "thick as bees." Or, at least, they would if Lady Caroline hadn't all her quills in battle array up to the last pages. Lottie Wilkins herself, despite her name, is a figure of romance. Place a Lottie in an Italian castle and something is going to give.

Suppose two of the gentlemen that enter the story are husbands. Can not husbands be romantic? As for Mr. Briggs, a very susceptible and very charming chap—we loved him madly from the moment on the terrace when he put his hands to his mouth, shouting lustily for Francesca, the maid, to bring some fresh tea for the ladies!

We have a feeling that somehow, if we let ourselves go about "The Enchanted April,"

we might hurt it, as we obviously hurt it in the old bachelor's eyes. So we are putting a calm hand on the adjectives and simply advising you, if you really like a well-written book full of good humor and extremely nice people, not to let anybody dissuade you from reading it one of these nice, chilly, spring evenings.

## Books Reviewed This Month

*The Enchanted April*, by "Elizabeth." (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

*In the Wake of the Buccaneers*, by A. Hyatt Verrill. (The Century Co., New York)

*The Dancer of Shamakha*, by Armen Ohanian. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

*1492*, by Mary Johnston. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston)

*Flowing Gold*, by Rex Beach. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

*On a Chinese Screen*, by W. Somerset Maugham. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

*The Pest*, by Albert Payson Terhune. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

*Finders*, by John V. A. Weaver. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

## *In the Wake of the Buccaneers*

By A. Hyatt Verrill

ARIBALD spirit suggested, not long ago, in a Sunday newspaper, that the great interest attaching particularly this year to the West Indies was caused entirely by the fact that no footsteps of Mr. Volstead had yet been found on the sands of the little islands in the Caribbean. Coupled with this he noted a great curiosity created by untiring advertising copywriters at work for the steamship companies.

Whether his reasons are sound or not, the buccaneers and the islands of the buccaneers are having their day and all sorts of books and novels are being written about them. A few months ago this magazine bubbled over with enthusiasm concerning one "Captain Blood," a novel by Mr. Sabatini. It was a good book, and still is a good book, and has helped the West Indies along immeasurably.

Now comes Mr. Verrill, who knows his islands backward and forward and who, in this volume, goes roving over the southern seas into the same little ports as did the buccaneers. And, because he has an eye for such things, he sees the old days as they were, vivid and wild, cementing the history of this continent with that of the old world with drops of pirate blood.

On a ship which once actually sailed away with a black flag flying at its masthead, and manned by a real West Indian crew, the author goes forth on a voyage, the result of which is this delightful volume. Not a guide-book, he tells us, but the story of little known and out-of-the-way corners in the fascinating lands of the Carib Sea.

## *The Dancer of Shamakha*

By Armen Ohanian

AGAINST the wall of the rich Armenian's house leaned the bake-shop of Rahim, the young Tartar. Behind the piles of bread he sat in a suit of black satin and a hat of astrakan. At night, crouched beside a brazier, his face against the disk of a tambourine, he sang softly—to the daughter of the Armenian.

Then came days of dread! Cossacks riding wildly through the Caspian city with cruel whips hanging from their wrists! Nights of terror! Flames and agonized cries rising from all quarters of the town! A massacre! The Tartars were killing the Armenians! The great house was barricaded. The family huddled in a single room, paralyzed with helplessness; the servants mad with fear. There was no food in the house. Complete horror seized every one!

One night, Rahim's voice again—singing the Tartar love song! The bread-shop was closed in the deserted street, but, under the Armenian girl's window, Rahim was making a sign. A rope was let down and the barricaded ones drew up baskets of bread and meat. The young Tartar, whose people were killing hers, was succoring the Christian girl!

Excitement, beauty and complete enchantment are woven into this dazzling life-story of Armen Ohanian, the famous Armenian dancer, who very recently created a sensation in Europe. A real novelty in books.

## "Finders" More Poems in American

By John V. A. Weaver

THERE are some folks so uninteresting and unimportant that they never get into literature at all, and there are girls with tight skirts and painted faces and tough young fellows who wear their hats over one eye and dream decent dreams through grubby days who never find immortality except in dime novels or in some dreadful movie.

These are the people whom Mr. Weaver turns into poems; whose lives and loves and simple human hungers (such as the desire of a grown-up to spin tops in the Spring) give the motives for this book of verse.

He uses their language and their gestures, only he makes it all swing along with rhythm and beauty—and that, we rather fancy—means real poetry.

Recently we have been hearing certain budding individuals who wish to create an atmosphere of sophistication and experience voice such sentiments as "Love 'em and leave 'em" and with deep regret we see that they must have found this catchy phrase in "Finders," but, on the other hand, we also hear them quoting deeper stuff, which if it were not written in American would go unquoted by the same young gentlemen.

"Personally, as to Mr. Weaver's poems, we 'love 'em,' but can not 'leave 'em.'"

(Continued on page 69)



*Joseph Schildkraut*  
and  
*Louise Closser Hale*

*AS THE braggart hero of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" Schildkraut gives a splendid performance. He is at his greatest in the earlier scenes where the ragged Peer carries off Ingrid, the bride, to the mountain fastnesses and trifles for a while with the pleasures of power in the Hall of the Troll King. Miss Hale brings great sympathy and pathos to the part of Ase, his mother, whose sharpness was always tempered by a doting fondness for her wastrel son. The kaleidoscopic array of fantastic scenes, instinct with philosophy and folklore, have been made vividly beautiful by the Komisarjevsky-Simonson settings*



EDWIN BOWER HESBER

Tessa Costa is the chief songstress of the piece called "Caroline" brought over from Germany where it was one of the most "Hoch'd" of Berlin's successes last year. Its score is much more than averagely singable and it has been given a cast capable of some very pretty vocal efforts—which includes J. Harold Murray and Helen Shipman



ABBE

Ann Pennington, who has not been seen on Broadway for quite a long time, has returned to conquer new audiences with her singing and dancing as in seasons past. She is now involved as one of the principals in "Jack and Jill," adapted from a play by Frederick Isham for which Augustus Barratt has written the music



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

"Little Nellie Kelly," the musical piece that Mr. George M. Cohan brought to town this winter, is tuneful and wholesome. Elizabeth Hines is very good as Nellie and the plot is made tremendously exciting by the introduction of a bit of mystery



EDWIN BOWER HESBER

Dorothy Francis as Rita and Charles Francis as Richard Parrish in "Rita Coventry," the tale of a prima donna who keeps her manager in a state of mental perturbation by threatening to let each passing love affair interfere with her career



KENDALL EVANS

"Mary The 3d," Rachel Crother's comedy of manners, goes to show what bright ideas the present wise young generation has anent the improvement of the staid old institution of matrimony. Louise Huff is excellent as the three successive generations of Marys, and May Galyer as granny, is one of the chief delights of the performance



WHITE

Imogene Wilson, who adds considerably to the decorative appeal of "Lady Butterfly" Lavishly mounted, the play boasts quite a number of clever trick staging effects, most notably a realistic departure of the British Channel steamer from Havre. There is also some exceptionally good incidental dancing of the eccentric and athletic variety



CECIL

Trini, the newly imported Spanish dancer, one of the chief attractions of "The Dancing Girl." Very good to look at, Senorita Trini gives glimpses of her ability as a sinuous and dashing dancer, though for the most part her rôle confines her to graceful posturings in ornate costumes

Owen Davis's play "Icebound" deals with the seething war of jealousy among a clan of relatives on a bleak New England farm. Phyllis Povar and Robert Ames give genuinely human performances and there is a splendid bit of character work by Edna May Oliver as the maid



KENDALL EVANS



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Peggy Wood  
in  
"The Clinging Vine"

**T**HIS new comedy by Zelda Sears gives Miss Wood a fair field for her talent, both as actress and singer. From an ultra businesslike woman of affairs, Miss Wood falls naturally and gracefully into the rôle of belle of the house party when brought under the influence of a truly enviable grandmama, who instructs her in the simple art of fascination. And she winds up as the bride of an engaging inventor, whose patent she has cannily sold to a couple of visiting sharks by way of testing her new power



# Big Leaguers

## And the Thing That Makes Them Big

By Walter Trumbull

Sketches by Edmund Duffy



WE DO not know the figures, but we suppose that roughly speaking there are about 750,000 cases a year when the doctor, the nurse, or whoever it chances to be, says to the father, "It's a boy." We are of course limiting this observation to the United States.

Of such of these children as fight their way through this germ-laden world, and arrive sound of mind and body at the age of a dozen years, it seems probable that ninety-nine per cent. will have begun to handle a baseball.

It is a peculiarity of the male that from the time he is able to formulate any definite scheme of life his plans concerning the future always differ from those held for him by his mother. First of all she sets her heart upon his becoming President, an ideal which she never wholly discards. But, failing that, she is willing to have him grow into a Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Thomas Edison, J. P. Morgan or Alexander.

With only one of these aspirations does he sympathize. He is willing to grow into an Alexander, but where his mother is thinking of Alexander the Macedonian, he visualizes Alexander the pitcher.

In his more tender years he doubtless has given earnest consideration to the attractions of existence as an elevator boy, taxi or bus driver, iceman, policeman, cowboy, Indian or fireman, but by the time he is twelve years of age the average boy has pretty definitely decided to become a big leaguer.

The term big leaguer has come to cover a lot of territory. We apply it to doctors, lawyers, merchants, authors, soldiers—men in every walk of life. It is a term of highest praise. If the three words, "A Big Leaguer," were written on the stone above his resting-place a man could hope for no finer epitaph. When you say that—and mean it—of a man, you have said it all.

But in a strict sense the expression refers wholly to baseball and means a member of a big or major league team. Everyone knows that, but have you ever stopped to consider just how good a player has to be to make a major league team?

In the first place the rewards in baseball are so high from a monetary point of view that there are few youngsters who would not try for them if they thought they had the ability. There was a time when professional baseball was regarded as a lowbrow sport. Educated players were few. The roughneck predominated both on the field and in the stands. But as the game grew and was properly managed and controlled all that gradually changed. To-day you will find the leagues full of college men and fine, clean young fellows from the small town or the farm.

There is scarcely a trade or profession which is not represented among the

players of professional baseball. There still are a few college men, such as Mack Aldrich of Yale, who prefer to retain their amateur standing, but they are in the minority. And all of this change goes to increase the competition.

Let us do a little general figuring, keeping well over on the conservative side. Suppose we say that out of those 750,000 boys born in this country every year 100,000 grow up and play baseball. Whether they play in the street, in vacant lots, in country pastures or on town, school or college diamonds is immaterial.



We will assume that they are old enough at eighteen and young enough at twenty-six to have a chance for the major leagues. That is a stretch of eight years, which would give us 800,000 candidates. But after June 15 each season the sixteen big league clubs must cut down to a maximum of twenty-five players each. Therefore the limit in the big leagues is 400 men. That would mean that one man in every 2,000 reached his goal. That, at least, is what it would mean if the major leagues were just being organized and as yet had no players. But the fact is that all of them already have their twenty-five players, so that a man to make a team must displace a rival who already has proved himself a player in 2,000. If instead of being conservative we merely were guessing, we'd say the average of men who made the big leagues was nearer one in 10,000, in the first place.

Even after a man makes the squad it is no sign that he will make the team. He may spend his time on the bench and be sent back to the minors without ever having played in more than a game or two. There are only a few men who have made the teams who are fairly sure of their places from year to year. Any spring some youngster may give them a battle for their jobs.

Moreover, on a club there are outside of the pitcher and catcher only seven permanent jobs open. It isn't like any other business. In active work there isn't any promotion for the men who hold those other positions. They have gone as high as they

can get. You can't force them up-stairs. You must kick them down to get the jobs they hold. And they are all husky and experienced citizens, who have climbed to their present positions by right of might.

All of which is merely intended to prove that it means something to be a big leaguer.

At the time these boys are born, from a theoretical standpoint, they all start even. That is to say they are all of the same physical conformation, each one having two arms, two legs, two eyes and all the other physical attributes. We are only considering those who grow to manhood without any accidents or malformations.

Practically some are eliminated because of lack of weight, height, strength or speed. There is no doubt that size is an asset in a big leaguer. Keelers and Rudolphs are the exception rather than the rule.

Unless he is a pitcher, a big leaguer must have some ability at the bat. Here weight certainly counts. Keeler was small, but look at other leading hitters. Barnes, White, Anson, Brouters, Connor, Kelley, Burkett, Delehanty, Wagner, Lajoie, Crawford, Cobb, Ruth, Hornsby and Sisler—all sizeable men. McGraw and Duffy were not so tall but they had some weight—more than Keeler. To this day McGraw prefers a big recruit to a small one.

THEREFORE we figure that some of the big league candidates are eliminated by lack of size. In fact, we know of a couple of good minor leaguers in the game to-day who never have been brought up because of their diminutive stature.

Others eliminate themselves in many ways. Some hurt their arms in such fashion that they never recover. Some hurt their eyes by smoking too much or reading too much by a poor light. Some eat so much that they never get into condition. It is true that there have been big leaguers who played in spectacles—Meadows is an example—and there have been men in the majors who had only one good eye, but these again are the exceptions.

Nowhere better than in the major leagues is the survival of the fittest exemplified. But often the thing is puzzling. You will see some player in a minor league who looks like a whale. Yet, upon examination you may find that he has been tried out by one big league club after the other without ever being quite able to make the grade. Why? We'll try to dope it out.

In view of the competition he encounters we can assume that a real big leaguer is the best of his species. But what makes him the best? There are certain things which we can eliminate. Lajoie was French, Wagner a Dutchman, Collins English, Kling a Hebrew, Covel-eskie a Pole. There have

A man could hope for no finer epitaph than the three words "A Big Leaguer"



been Swedes, Italians, Cubans, Danes, Norwegians and men of almost every other ancestry in the major leagues. It therefore is no question of nationality.

Nor is it a question of education. Mathewson was a college man but Waddell had little education, yet here are the greatest right and left hand pitchers of the game. A college education never helped a man much on a baseball field. Some of the smartest players in the game never saw a night school.

As a matter of fact the smart man off the field is frequently one of the dumbest when in the game. A man can't stop to figure things out in baseball. The play is in front of him and he must do the right thing practically without thinking, or the chance is gone. This is what they call baseball instinct, and a man must be born with it. It really is a question of perfect coordination.

Nor is baseball talent the result of any special surroundings. And it is nothing that is inherited. The son of a great player may or may not have any real ability in spite of the most expert coaching. The boy who never had any early coaching may develop into a star. Great players come from all climates and from all sorts of surroundings. Doyle was a coal miner, Lajoie a hack driver, Baker a farmer.

So the roads to the major leagues are many, although some are short and some are long. But if a boy can catch or pitch or hit a ball better than his fellows he will not remain an unknown star. Sooner or later he will come within the range of vision of some baseball astronomer who will mark his name, his position and his magnitude. These baseball astronomers are known as scouts.

Some of them are amateurs, working only for the love of the game, the desire to see some youngster advance in his profession and the satisfaction and importance that comes to any ardent devotee of a game when he feels that he has had a hand in the making of one later known to fame. But scouting also is just as much of a business as any other part of professional baseball.

Each big league team has its paid and accredited scouts. These are men of judgment and experience—generally former players—who perform about the same duties as those of the buyers for any big mercantile house. They know what is needed, they are experts on value and they are hard to fool on any grade of goods. One of the chief uses of a scout is to keep his club from bad bargains. A good scout saves his employer many times what he spends for him.

His field is practically unlimited. While there are known fishing grounds it is not safe to say that a man who threw a baited hook into any part of the ocean might not catch a fish. And so it is in baseball. In a country where every able-bodied boy is likely to play one particular game to a greater or less extent any one of them is also likely to develop a great facility for it.

IN THE Baseball Record for 1923 are given the records for twenty-seven professional baseball leagues, covering territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the interior of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. These, at a quick estimate, should account for 2,200 professional players. In the same book are records of over 160 colleges. Say these represent 2,500 amateur players. The semi-professional and amateur teams which are not listed are legion.

It may be seen that a scout for a big league club has his work cut out for him in

trying to separate the cream from the milk. Yet, soon or late, the cream rises to the top. But that does a club no good unless a scout is on hand to skim it off before somebody else beats him to it.

The major leagues try to cover the country systematically. Most of them have at least three scouts on the pay roll. Acting upon information which comes from hundreds of sources to every club, they not only cover the known sources of supply, but make hurried dashes to out-of-the-way places to look at some player who is said to show ability. They travel thousands of miles a year and if they dig up one real big leaguer a season the club feels well repaid for the money spent.

Owners and managers are the court of last resort. A scout can only advise purchase. Sometimes two scouts look over the same prospect and disagree. Then the man who actually spends the money must use his own judgment. Frequently a scout's recommendation is not taken. Sometimes a manager has too many infielders or outfielders and isn't in the market. Sometimes he doesn't act promptly enough. Sometimes he thinks that the scout has permitted his judgment to be swayed by outside matters. We know of a scout who recommended Hollocher and Heilmann to the same club and it didn't buy either one of them.

The majority of the real stars of the game have originally been secured for little or nothing. This is true of Sisler, Hornsby, Collins and many more.

The story of Honus Wagner's advent into baseball is worth telling. Ed Barrow, present secretary of the New York Yankees but formerly president of the International League and manager of the Boston Red Sox and many other teams, had a club in Paterson, New Jersey. He had been busy signing up players in the vicinity of Pittsburgh when he happened to wander into Johnny Newell's, a famous café and billiard parlor of that time. Here he met Shad Gwilliam, in whose opinion of players he had considerable confidence.

"Do you need any more men?" asked Gwilliam.

"I could use a couple of phenoms," answered Barrow. "Do you know of any?"

"I know of one," said Gwilliam. "He is rough and unfinished now, but some day he is going to be the greatest ball player in the world. His name is John Wagner."

"Where can I find him?" asked Barrow. Gwilliam told him that Wagner and his two brothers lived in what is now Carnegie, where they ran a pool parlor. One brother



had already been signed by another club. The other, said to be the best ball player of the three, would not play professionally.

Barrow went immediately to the little town. When he found the pool parlor there was nobody there except a small boy who had been left in charge. The boy said that John Wagner had gone down the tracks with some men to settle a bet as to who could throw a stone the greatest distance. It afterward developed that the stone they threw was a rock which weighed about five pounds.

BARROW went down the tracks after the men. He met them returning. The big Dutchman was in the lead, his face wreathed in smiles and on the back of his head a derby with a chicken feather in it. He had won the contest. Fifteen minutes later Barrow had him signed to a contract.

That year Wagner played every position on the Paterson team and made good at all of them. Barrow sold him to Barney Dreyfuss for \$2,100 and Dreyfuss took him with him to Pittsburgh. His first year there he played third and first, but his second year they moved him to shortstop. Many people think that Wagner was the greatest player who ever stepped on a ball field.

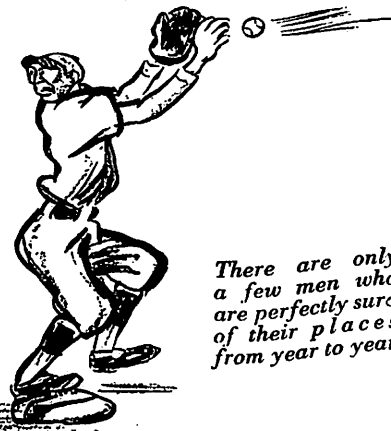
If Wagner is not the greatest player of all time, Ty Cobb certainly is and it is a peculiar coincidence that when Ed Barrow had the Indianapolis club in 1905, the Augusta club offered to sell him both Cobb and Clyde Engel for \$800. Engel was described as a finished player and Cobb as a wild youngster with lots of natural ability. Barrow, having all the players he needed, refused the offer.

All of which merely goes to show that a great baseball player may come from practically anywhere and that a star is not always visible even to the keenest eyes until it gets pretty well up into the baseball sky.

But if there are certain things which are no indication of a big leaguer there also are certain definite qualities which he must possess.

"What are the things you look for in a rookie?" we once asked John McGraw.

"Well," he answered, "first of all he must have speed and a lot of it must be above the ears. A major leaguer," continued McGraw, "must have all the good qualities of a minor leaguer in a greater degree. He must be a little faster, a little smarter, a little better in all things. He must have the ability and the willingness to learn. There is a difference between major and minor league ball and he must be able to adapt himself to the new conditions. Naturally he must have good eyes, good hands and a good arm. And of course I would rather have a youngster capable of development than a man who



There are only a few men who are perfectly sure of their places from year to year





*There was a time when professional baseball was regarded as a low-brow sport. Educated players were few*

has reached his peak in the minor leagues and who never will improve."

McGraw is a wonderful man with youngsters. We have been at the training camp with him and watched him work. We never yet have seen him rough or impatient with a young ball player. In fact, his patience is a thing to be wondered at. Many people have the impression that McGraw has bought most of his players after they were developed. If you will go back over the records you will find that nothing is further from the truth. Several of the players for whom he has paid high prices are men he himself originally developed and let go to other clubs because at the moment he needed other players more.

**I**N OUR quest for definite information we asked Buck Herzog, one of the smartest ball players we ever knew, what qualities a man coming up needed to stick in the major leagues.

"Brains, confidence and the ability to adapt himself to new conditions," he replied. "In the first place a man coming from the minors to the majors is up against stiffer competition and he must face wiser and better pitching. A man who amasses a big batting average in the minors may have gotten a lot of his hits on account of inferior fielding. The pitchers in the majors have better control and study a batter harder. I was the first man to come to the major leagues from the Reading club. I had hit for an average of .218. I realized that I must improve my batting. I was a left field hitter and I had to learn to hit to right field, because when there is a man on first it naturally is easier for him to go down on the hit-and-run if you can hit behind him. The pitchers unconsciously aided me in this as, finding I liked a ball on the inside, they pitched to me on the outside. I actually got so I liked to hit to right field.

"Naturally I studied the pitchers. I found that some of them tipped off the ball they were going to throw. With others instead of studying their action you had to study their habit of thought. For example, Alexander had wonderful control of his curve ball and he had a habit of sticking that curve over on the first pitch so as to get the batter in a hole. I used to be almost sure that out of the first three balls he pitched me one at least

would be a curve and that it would be over some portion of the plate, so I used to let the fast ones go and try to lay for that curve.

"But I didn't stop with the pitchers. I studied the catchers. Bresnahan, for instance, was a curve ball catcher—that is to say, the chances were that he would call for more curve than fast balls. Bergen was what we call a waste ball catcher. If he thought a man on first was going down he was apt to call for a pitchout. Archer, with a man on first, was very apt to call for a fast ball. You could get a lot out of studying the catchers.

"Another valuable thing with a man on first is to know whether the shortstop or second baseman is going to cover the bag. Whichever one goes to cover naturally leaves an opening. Sometimes the runner on first can help you to discover this by making a fake attempt to steal. The man who is going to cover will usually take a couple of steps in the direction of the bag.

"A man coming into the big leagues must learn a lot aside from the attacking end of the game. He must learn defense. He must know what kind of a ball an opponent likes to hit and where he is apt to hit it. He not only must learn to play each batter in a certain way, but he must know just how fast each man is, how he comes into a base, whether he is apt to attempt to steal and when he is apt to attempt to steal.

"Many base runners tip off when they are going down by some mechanical action. One man will pull down his cap, another will hitch his belt, or a third will clap his hands. I used to have a habit of swinging my arms just before I went down. It didn't take other players long to get on to it and I had to break myself of it."

This reminds us of another conversation we once had with McGraw. We were describing to him the actions of a youngster we had seen.

"When he gets on first," we said, "he has a habit of springing up and down on his toes. He is so full of energy that he bounces like a ball."

"Ah," commented the leader of the Giants dryly. "Tips off when he is going to steal."

So we at least discover some of the qualifications which a minor leaguer must possess to become a big leaguer. He must have

brains, he must have speed, he must have adaptability and courage and above all he must have the desire to study and the willingness to learn. You can see for yourself that there are a good many things that a big leaguer must know.

If in addition to being a big leaguer he wishes to be a star we believe that a man must want to play baseball more than he wants to do anything else. This is an age of specialists and competition is so keen that a man cannot give his attention to many things and be the best in one particular line.

The man who said that "Inspiration is mostly perspiration," knew what he was talking about. To reach the top means a lot of hard and strenuous work in climbing.

There are a lot of men in baseball who have all the natural ability necessary to become stars. They never will climb as high as they might for the reason that they have not sufficient ambition to drive them to real work. They are content to be as good as they are and no better.

A club certainly has a right to demand a player's best efforts. He represents a considerable investment. From the time he leaves his home for the training camp to the time that he either

is returned to his home, or landed in a major or minor league city, all his expenses are paid—even to his laundry. Taking a big league club which we happen to know something about as a standard, we figure that every recruit taken to camp means an investment of close to \$1,000, if he is kept until the season opens. Yet some recruits display no more ambition than a three-toed sloth.

If a man is a member of the squad during the regular season he gets his salary and all expenses while the club is on the road—which is half the time. He stays at the best hotels, travels on the best trains and has no responsibilities in regard to tickets or accommodations. He couldn't be better taken care of if he were a millionaire or a cripple. There is a doctor to look after his health and a rubber to care for his muscles. There is a bat boy to pick up his bat when he throws it down and a man to pack his uniforms, shoes, shirts, stockings and gloves.



Yet some players won't even keep physically fit. A few roll up their biggest batting averages at night. There are even a few on record who have eaten themselves out of

the major leagues. It is small wonder that some clubs insert good behavior clauses in contracts.

But it is fair to say that the average big leaguer of to-day is a fine, clean, hard-working youngster who gives the best he has. Unless a man has marvelous natural ability the competition is too keen to permit of his taking chances with his job. He either gives his best or within a short time finds himself back in the minors.

We have noticed at the training camps that managers always are interested in the men who really want to learn. We remember when Baby Doll Jacobson first went to the Giants' training camp at Marlin, Texas. He was a big, awkward fellow then. He didn't know how to slide and he was weak on a curve ball, but he had a stubborn determination to make himself into a big leaguer. There were many other more promising recruits at the camp then but none upon whom McGraw expended more time. He

*(Continued on page 68)*

## Part V—The Grim Cheating of the Law And the End of the Great Pretense



"Oh, Simmons," she remarked casually, "Miss Morton, whom you've seen here from time to time—is my niece, Miss Olive Farnam!"

SHE stirred uneasily as he touched her shoulder and muttered incoherently. Then as he spoke to her, she raised herself on her elbow and stared at him fearfully.

"I won't go back; I won't go back! Please don't ask me to go back!" she moaned.

"Your friends have found you. You're perfectly safe; there's no danger of any kind," he said.

He lifted her out of the tangle into which she had evidently crept for protection from the rain. Her face and hands were icy cold, and her pulse dragged wearily. Prompt measures must be taken to guard against the serious consequences that might follow upon the night's exposure, and he drew the revolver and gave the signal agreed upon. To his surprise answering shots responded immediately and close at hand. With his arm encircling the girl he scanned the gray stretch before him and saw Conwell's tall figure emerge from the thicket. The big Westerner waved his hand and started toward him.

"I'm so cold," the girl murmured drowsily as he lifted her in his arm. Conwell joined him just as he reached the road.

"Not—not dead!" he cried.

"Safe!" answered the doctor; "but we must lose no time in getting her out of this."

Wendling staggered a little, and with a muttered "Thank God!" Conwell took the girl into his own arms.

As he strode along toward the car his spirits rose exultantly.

"I knew she would do it! This wonderful, wonderful girl! Doubled on her trail and threw Peyton off. The others are driving him this way. He hasn't a chance of escape."

"We're going as straight and fast to my mother's house as we can drive," Wendling answered when Conwell asked whether they dared risk taking Olive to the Crosbys. "Nervous strain combined with exposure and great bodily fatigue can't be fooled with. She will need close watching for a day or two at least."

"We'll do exactly what you think best," said Conwell. "And I'm going with you, of course. Those men out yonder heard your signals and know she's found."

When they reached the detectives' touring car they removed the rain-soaked sweater and wrapped Olive in the blankets Wendling had brought along against any such need. Just as they were ready to start Wendling pointed silently across the dunes. A man clambered upon an elevation and crouched low as he peered round him. He flung out now and again his right arm as though leveling a weapon at an enemy.

"Peyton!" said Conwell quietly. "Start the car! He knows the jig's up and he's likely to do something desperate. But one of our men is on this side of him."

As the car moved along they were able to watch the scene. The positions of the officers could be marked now and then by the stirring of the bushes, or when one of them stood erect for an observation. Peyton began a series of feints, darting one way and then another.

"Shall we wait?" asked Wendling.

"Just a second, to see if they need us!"

Peyton now started boldly for the road, firing as he ran at the officer who rose directly in his path. The man flung himself to the ground as Peyton's arm was raised. Peyton seemed bewildered, looking down at the weapon as though it were some curious and unfamiliar thing. To Wendling his antics were those of a man either drunk or mad. It was like watching a scene of some fantastic drama set upon a vast stage.

"Go ahead slowly," said Conwell. "It's nearly over; Peyton's nerve's gone, but he may do some damage before they nab him."

Peyton, now rushing toward the heart of the dunes, found one of the implacable foe again in his path. He seemed puzzled by failure to attack him. His inability to elude them, the quiet fashion in which they watched him, bestirring themselves only to cut him off, angered him. He cried at them in a fury and menaced them with his gun. He showed signs of weariness, rising from his frequent falls with difficulty.

"We can't delay longer," said Wendling, his hand on the lever.

But at the same moment Peyton, as though summoning his waning strength for a last effort fired at each of the detectives and then gaining a hummock, turned the

gun in his hands as a child examines an unfamiliar toy.

The officers were rushing upon him with all the speed possible, and his voice rose weirdly upon the grim waste as he cursed them. He waited till the nearest was close upon him, then lifted the gun to his breast and fired, toppled and fell, disappearing instantly as though the sands had opened and swallowed him up.

"Go on!" said Conwell. "I'll notify the local authorities and come back. I wouldn't have chosen that way out, but it makes a lot of things easier!"

### CHAPTER TEN

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when Simmons knocked at Oodles' door to say that Dr. Wendling was on the telephone. She had the connection switched to her own room and seized the receiver breathlessly.

"Good news," said Wendling instantly.

"Everything is all right. We were a long time finding her, but she suffered no harm; only a thorough wetting and the shock and strain of the experience are to be reckoned with. She's here with us, and I've got a couple of nurses on the way. We'll keep her quiet till the danger of a serious illness is over."

"I'm glad,—so glad," and her voice broke in a sob.

"My mother and sister know nothing yet beyond the obvious things. The big surprise can wait till you have seen her."

"And that will be—" she cried eagerly.

"Maybe to-morrow, if things go as I expect."

"Oh, I'm so grateful for all you've done."

"BUT I did very little; Conwell's the real hero. He managed it all splendidly. Nothing more can happen to alarm her. The cause of it is gone!"

"I ought to have told her about the man who came here; that was my fault; it's—"

"Please, no! Nothing is your fault. You've been so brave about everything that you mustn't spoil it now. Only I suggest that you keep yourself cheerful and hopeful and ready for a surprise."

"I never want to be surprised again for all the rest of my life!"

# Pretenders

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

"That's very wicked! We must all keep ready for surprises. That's a new philosophy I've learned just lately. It struck me suddenly once when I was out shopping. I've seen things differently ever since."

"I think you'd better go back to your patient."

"She's asleep and my sister is watching her. I'm a little nervous about you. Promise me again that you won't run away."

"All my promises are cancelled."

"I'd hate to spend the rest of my life looking for you!"

"You're just trying to keep me from thinking of Alice!"

"Really no. I just wanted to prepare you a little. These next few days are going to be busy ones for both of us. I've had to cancel all my appointments in town. And something of interest to you has just gone over the wire to Boston."

"I refuse to be teased!"

"I'm not teasing you; I'm just preparing you!"

His happy, jubilant tone drove away her last misgivings. Already she was considering the best way of arranging for Olive Farnam's transfer to the Crosbys, and speculating as to her own future. Now that she was near the end of her stay she resolved to accept nothing from the Crosbys.

She was so gay that Maybury rebuked her in his quizzical fashion.

"Is it because Perkins promises results and you're soon to be free that you're so cheery? Really it isn't kind!"

"Well, uncle Maybury, we've known all along that it couldn't last forever."

"We're going to adopt you and marry you to Dr. Wendling; I've quite settled that!" remarked Mrs. Crosby, who was giving belated attention to the morning mail.

"He's a fine fellow," said Maybury. "But of course Oodles will have something to say about that."

"Oh, I'd require too much explaining!" answered Oodles. "He'd have to know the truth about me."

"Here's a howdy do!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby, looking up from a letter she had read hurriedly. "That man Fairfield has a deliciously incidental way of springing bad news."

She bade Maybury close the door and then

read from the sheet before her:

A reputable New York attorney has called on me with the news that the widow of Thomas Rawlins Farnam is living. In support of this he has shown me the woman's marriage certificate

and a certified copy of the birth record of a daughter in California. Mrs. Farnam's maiden name was Shipman. The marriage seems to have been an unhappy one; there was no divorce, but they separated at the end of four years, Farnam disappearing and taking the little girl with him. The attorney made it very plain that Mrs. Farnam waives all claim to the property; she merely wishes to see her daughter. If agreeable to you, she would like to pay you a visit, and suggests that she run out to Southampton some Sunday quite at your convenience.

A mother's request to meet a daughter she has not seen since early childhood can hardly be ignored, and I recommend that you make the meeting possible. Indeed, as Miss Farnam is a minor, her mother might very easily cause annoyance if you refused, though the attorney has intimated that if the daughter doesn't wish to recognize the tie, she is free to ignore the relationship.

"Dear me," exclaimed Maybury faintly. "What on earth can we do? I had assumed that of course Tom's wife was dead."

"We're not going to be stampeded; there's that!" replied Mrs. Crosby tartly. "I must say that the lady's manner of approach is strongly in her favor. She might have

sailed in here, demanded to see her daughter, and made a big fuss. Her announcement that she doesn't want money may be taken with a grain of salt, but we'll give her the benefit of the doubt."

"The lady leaves it to us to name a time for the visit. We'll give Perkins time to trace the girl from Chicago; he may yet save us!"

"I suppose that being the mother of my brother's daughter it would be decent to ask her for a week-end or something of the kind," Mrs. Crosby suggested. "It would be amusing to see whether she'd know her own child!"

"Don't be heartless!" said Maybury sharply.

"Don't be serious! Of course I shouldn't try to deceive her. This is the most puzzling thing we've had to face."

"I hope Olive's mother is sweet and charming. I want her to have everything she deserves," said Oodles, and having spoken with a tender wistfulness of which she was unaware, she found the Crosbys looking at her oddly. "It's strange," she added quickly, "that by just pretending to be someone else you become terribly interested in that person!"

"We must keep up our spirits at any rate," said Mrs. Crosby. "I'll write a note to Fairfield at once and say that as Olive hasn't been quite fit—still suffering from shock and so on—we think a little delay in arranging for her mother's visit is wise. That's plausible enough!"



Oodles received her and took her upstairs. "This is your room now, and I'm your guest! Even the clothes I'm wearing belong to you!"

Maybury was disposed to be morose over the impending change in the situation. He did not like changes. The very thought of being obliged to accommodate himself to the mother of the unknown niece filled him with misgivings.

Olive, knowing that the clouds that had followed the girl she impersonated were lifting, exerted herself to rouse Maybury from his depression and took him for a walk.

When they reached home a message from Perkins reported that he had definite news to impart but that he would not confide it to the wires. He was just leaving Chicago and would report at Southampton within a day or two.

After dinner Maybury, glancing perfunctorily over an afternoon newspaper, jumped to his feet.

"Listen to this! Tom's murderer was shot last night! He had been followed from Montana and took refuge in the dunes!"

"I hope they don't review the whole case and bring us into it!" remarked Mrs. Crosby serenely, as she took the paper. "Of course he's the same man who accosted Oodles, and he must have been hanging about the neighborhood."

She read the article and put the paper down with a contemptuous "Humph!"

"They've done it very decently, with only a casual reference to us. But that young man Conwell comes in for mention; seems that he had charge of the case. Now I suppose he'll turn up here, just at the most inconvenient moment! Well, if we've got to be caught by an avalanche, let it come!"

Oodles read the article greedily at the first opportunity. It seemed impossible that anything so momentous could be dismissed in so few lines. There was no hint of Olive's flight, only a recital of the fact that the murderer of Thomas Farnam had been traced from Montana to Long Island and, surrounded by a posse, had killed himself rather than submit to arrest.

A BOX of roses from Wendling fortified Oodles for her breakfast the next morning. A little later he called her on the telephone to report his patient improved beyond his expectations.

"If you can make an excuse for driving over alone, she can see you this afternoon. She'll have a relapse if she doesn't!"

"I'm simply dying to see her! No; the Crosbys know nothing beyond what was in the newspapers."

"Well, I've been doing some tall lying, but I can't keep it up! Conwell handled things wonderfully, and then faded from the picture. He's back at Sheldon Inn, waiting developments."

Mrs. Elstun greeted her visitor warmly. "My brother thought it would help Alice wonderfully to see you. You've been so kind to her. And my children simply rave about you!"

"Oh, they've all been a delight to me! And I feel that Alice and I have known each other for years."

Mrs. Wendling appeared, deeply curious as to the Farnam heiress, and was not less cordial in receiving the supposed niece.

"We're so relieved that Miss Morton is recovering so quickly. It was a dreadful experience; we don't yet know what caused her to run away."

"The whole matter will be cleared up shortly," said Paul hastily.

He suggested that his sister take Miss Farnam at once to Miss Morton's room. He had been having a difficult time of it quieting the fears of his mother and sister. Mrs. Elstun was a clever young woman and the fact that the murderer of Mrs. Crosby's brother had caused the flight of the governess she knew as Alice Morton had roused all manner of doubts in her mind. And the girl had boarded the train somewhere in Montana. But to all her questions Paul had merely answered that no doubt Miss Morton would explain everything satisfactorily. Meanwhile they should rejoice that the girl who had so endeared herself to their household was safe and free from further peril.

"Oh, you dear!" cried Alice a little hoarsely but with unmistakable happiness as Oodles flung herself down by the bed and kissed her.

Mrs. Elstun sent away the nurse, lingered a moment and left the two alone.

"Well, I made a nice mess of everything, didn't I?" demanded the invalid, sitting up the moment the door closed. "It was all perfectly horrible of me. I'm so ashamed of causing all this trouble to these good people here. The doctor's a star! He knows everything and hasn't said a word!"

"And Mr. Conwell did his big part too. Not a word about you—or me—got into the papers! I wonder if I'll ever be able to think of me as me again. We'll have a good time straightening ourselves out."

"Well, I suppose it's got to come now. After all this rumpus I've got to tell Mrs. Elstun the truth; it's only decent. And now—" she pressed her hands over her eyes and with a quick change of tone added, "and now that the horror of that man is gone I can breathe freely again!"

"Dr. Wendling has told you?"

"Yes; all I ever want to know!"

She was silent for a moment, clinging to the hand of the girl beside her.

"My father was a hard man; he could be very cruel at times—not to me—but to people he did business with. He loved me; I think he was very proud of me! But of my mother he told me nothing. When I was a little girl I used to ask him about her, and he would pretend not to hear me or answer that she was dead. He never liked to be questioned about anything. As I grew

older I used to be afraid she might be living and lonely and in need."

"Please don't think of that now!"

"But I must talk of it. I want you to know. I had wondered about her and longed for her. I had seen Peyton a good many times when papa took me on trips to ranches and mines he owned. Peyton had been with him from the time he went West after

his trouble with my grandfather. He knew more about him than anyone else. And he knew"—her eyes brightened with tears—"he knew about my mother. It was because he knew and threatened to tell something disgraceful about her and papa that I ran away. Whatever she may have been, and no matter how bad papa may have been—"

With a quick gesture Oodles laid her fingers gently on the girl's lips. And then, bending closer, with a quick laugh, she asked: "Are you well enough to stand a surprise?"

"I could walk ten miles through surprises!" Alice exclaimed happily.

"Well, maybe I oughtn't to tell you, but your mother's living!"

"You know that! It's really true!" And Alice stared incredulously.

"The Crosbys heard it only yesterday. Mrs. Farnam has made herself known to the people at the Trust Company who manage the Crosbys' affairs—and yours, for that matter. She doesn't want money, nothing but just to see you. Wouldn't it have been awful if she had come to the Crosbys' and found me there!"

"NOT awful; but funny! We've got to admit it would be funny! I wonder how our aunt Olive would have met that situation?"

"Oh, she would have met it! Through all these weeks that dear unaccountable woman has never been a bit frightened."

"Just the same I hate the idea of going to the Crosbys. If my mother wants me I'll go and live with her of course!"

"There's Mr. Conwell!" suggested Oodles. "He may have something to offer."

"When he does I'll give the matter careful thought. By the way, Dr. Wendling told me he thought you were very beautiful, and the most interesting girl he had ever known."

"That was very polite of him!" replied Oodles composedly.

The nurse announced the doctor, who appeared wearing an air of exaggerated professional severity.

"Time's up! I can't have my patient worn out!"

He looked at the nurse's chart, felt Alice's pulse and shook his head.

"Can't understand it! Pulse firm and strong. What have you two been buzzing about?"

"Secrets of course," said Alice. "I've heard good news!"

"Surprises everywhere! I hate to say it, but unless you fly into a fever I'll be ready to discharge you to-morrow morning."

"Good! I'll bathe and dress the children as usual and have my breakfast with them."

"You will not!" exclaimed the doctor. "As soon as you've gone to sleep I'm going to break the news to my mother and sister that Cinderella's slipper fits our governess and that she is governess no more! Then in the morning off you go to the palace."

"At about eleven o'clock," said Oodles, "I'll take charge of everything!"

"We're just in time," said Wendling, "for the fraud has been discovered. It couldn't go on another day! A gentleman named Perkins called up from New York a while ago asking about a certain young woman who traveled East with my sister weeks ago. Employed by the Crosbys, I judge. Very circumspect. Told him the person he inquired about had been ill, but please not to notify the Crosbys of her whereabouts

They found Mr. Perkins clutching a bulging portfolio





as she would do that herself in a day or two."

"I wonder whether any one really could hide forever anywhere in the world?" asked Oodles pensively.

"I'm beginning to think not," replied Wendling, smiling at her. "Lost people do turn up in the most remarkable fashion. And now, Miss Oodles Farnam, I'm going to turn you out!"

Oodles paused in the living-room, arrested by Mrs. Elstun, who urged her to stay for tea.

"Please let me come another time! I promised Aunt Olive to be back before dark and it's later than I thought."

"Paul," said Mrs. Elstun, as the girl rolled away in the Crosby limousine, "it's a singular thing but Miss Farnam must be very like that young woman in the depart-

*"I knew you were a tie between me and my Italy! And so I greet you as a lost Beatrice—Beatrice Hastings!"*

ment store you got so wrought up about. As you described her she was the same type, with the same agreeable manners and enchanting smile."

"The girl at Arlington's," sniffed Mrs. Wendling, coming to the tea table. "Please, May, don't encourage Paul to begin looking for that talcum clerk again."

"Thank you, mother," said Wendling pleasantly, "but I don't have to look for Vivian any more. At present she is Miss Farnam but very soon she will become Vivian Locke again, and then—well, her real name is Beatrice Hastings."

"What new foolishness is this, Paul?" demanded his mother testily.

And so he told them the story, which was really two stories, of two lost girls, and his part in discovering them.

"Paul, how are we going to explain all this?" asked Mrs. Elstun of Dr. Wendling. "Our servants and a few of the neighbors are to be considered."

"We're not going to explain anything," replied Paul cheerfully.

OODLES had carefully planned the manner of Olive's introduction to the Crosbys. She had asked if she might invite the governess for luncheon and Mrs. Crosby readily assented.

"I shall be charmed to meet Miss Morton. I'm ashamed not to have met her before this!"

When Olive arrived, duly delivered by Dr. Wendling and the children who departed in

haste, Oodles received her and took her up-stairs at once.

"This is your room now, and I'm your guest! Even the clothes I'm wearing belong to you!"

Time passed so quickly that they hadn't nearly finished pledging eternal loyalty when luncheon was announced. They walked into the living-room hand in hand and directly to Mrs. Crosby. Maybury put down a book he was reading and rose quickly.

"Mrs. Crosby," said Oodles, "I invited Miss Morton to lunch, but I've brought Olive Farnam instead!"

MRS. CROSBY looked from one to the other imperturbably. Maybury ejaculated "Not really!" and waited for Oodles to laugh and say that it was just a joke that the gray-eyed girl with the abundant brown hair was the daughter of Thomas Rawlins Farnam. But Oodles, smiling gravely, stepped back a little. Mrs. Crosby looked into the girl's eyes fixedly for a moment, then bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

"Of course; there can be no question about it! You have Tom's eyes, which are a little like mine, but larger, finer. Olive, this is your uncle Maybury! Maybury, stop looking like an idiot and speak to our niece!" And, Simmons appearing, she said, "Let us go in to luncheon."

Maybury, long skilled in accommodating himself to his wife's moods, caught his cue with his usual urbanity. He addressed himself directly to her, touching with his whimsical humor great numbers of things of no consequence whatever. This had gone on for some time, with Oodles's encouragement, until the dessert had been served and Simmons was about to leave the room.

"Oh, Simmons," Mrs. Crosby remarked casually, "Miss Morton, the young lady you have seen here from time to time—is my niece, Miss Olive Farnam! She was somewhat delayed, as you know, by floods in the West. Travel is very perilous, Simmons, and delays are unavoidable."

"Yes, Mrs. Crosby!"

"And the young lady who's been staying with us is Miss Vivian Locke. She remains with us, of course!"

"Yes, Mrs. Crosby!"

"That's all, Simmons."

As the door closed upon him there was an instant's silence. Then simultaneously both girls giggled. Maybury laughed aloud. Mrs. Crosby received these manifestations with a frown, belied by the humor in her eyes.

"Olive, you may now consider your arrival duly gazetted in the household. Simmons would have shone in the diplomatic service. He will tell the other servants all they need to know. Maybury, I hope you're satisfied with my handling of this whole affair?"

"Perfectly!"

"Of course," said Mrs. Crosby, "I'm just pretending that I'm not curious as to why you preferred the Wendling-Elstons to us, Olive. But you may tell me as much or as little as you like. Now that I've seen you I don't need to be assured that you played this trick on us with good reason."

"I think you'll understand when I tell

you," said Olive soberly. "If it hadn't been for Oodles and her persuasions I think I'd never have come at all!"

"Oodles, you've known all along that your friend the governess you bragged about so much was Olive!" exclaimed Maybury.

"Please don't scold Oodles!" pleaded Olive. "I threatened to run away where no one would ever find me if she told."

"Dear me! You two must have had a delicious time conspiring against us!" said Mrs. Crosby.

"But it was you who started me on my evil course," said Oodles. "Olive's here, and I've fulfilled my contract. I hope you'll give me a letter of recommendation as a successful impostor. It's a lot more fun than clerking in a store."

"Of course you're not leaving! I noticed a moment ago that you've already stopped calling me Aunt Olive. I refuse to be spurned in any such fashion."

"If she doesn't stay I go!" declared Olive.

"Thank you, Olive!" said Maybury. "We have no intention of losing Oodles."

"I don't want to hear any more from either of you about going," said Mrs. Crosby. "Come, Olive, let's go to my room. We have a lot to say to each other."

When they were alone she laid her hands on the girl's shoulders, saying, "I'm the most ridiculous woman in the world, but I hope you're going to love me. I want to be awfully nice to you! I want to make up to you for any lack you have known in your life. I hope you understand that?"

"Yes," said Olive, the tears springing to her eyes.

"Poor Tom! He was a dear boy. He's gone now, and there's nothing to be gained by speaking of anything but his good qualities. Let us be frank with each other. Please understand that I wouldn't say anything to wound you, but it's important for me to know if you have any knowledge of your mother."

"Oh, I don't remember her at all! Papa never spoke of her, and resented my asking questions about her. But I've often wondered if she was still living—particularly lately."



*They clasped hands and regarded each other intently for an instant*

"She's living! We've just learned that!"

"Yes; Oodles told me."

"I forgot that you and Oodles have been so close! Your mother has asked permission to see you. Her claims come first, of course. I had some fears about her—that she might not be what we'd want her to be—"

"It's enough," said Olive gently, "that after all these years she wants to see me. I'd be glad if you would arrange the meeting as soon as possible."

"I've just written Fairfield to delay her coming for a few days, and I'll now verify his impression that I'm a hopeless idiot by demanding that she come at once."

She put in a call for Fairfield at the Gordon Trust. Within half an hour it was arranged that Mrs. Farnam should come the following Sunday and would spend the night. A suggestion that she remain longer brought the explanation that Mrs. Farnam's engagements made it impossible for her to spend any night but Sunday away from New York.

"Fairfield is such an imbecile!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "You'd think my sister-in-law was a scrub woman!"

"WELL, Maybury, our troubles have begun!" said Mrs. Crosby, frowning at three cards that were brought to her at the dinner table the following evening. "The suitors are arriving in solid formation! Mr. Conwell, Dr. Wendling and a person named Tomlin! Which one of you is responsible for Tomlin?" she demanded severely.

"One thing is certain," said Maybury. "After all that's happened, and the succession of mysteries that we've lived through there's bound to be a dull period. We're not going to encourage any love affairs till we all get readjusted. Of course Conwell and Wendling can't just be brushed aside. Our obligations to them are enormous. But there are limitations to all obligations. I've got used to having a niece around, and now that we've got two the idea of marrying both of them immediately—"

"They haven't asked us yet!" chorused Olive and Oodles.

"Well, they will if they have any sense!" replied Mrs. Crosby.

"Oodles and I both want careers," said Olive. "We have no intention of getting married for years and years. But," she added, "I've known Dick Conwell always—"

"There you go!" exclaimed Maybury.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" replied Olive in confusion.

Conwell received Mrs. Crosby's immediate attention when they sought the three men in the living-room.

"You look the part, heroic, discreet, and everything else I expected. Men are a constant surprise to me! Here's Dr. Wendling, not only sharing the honors but inviting special admiration for the way he completely fooled us. To think he knew Oodles before he saw her here as his patient! Such discretion—or duplicity—admirable, either way! And Mr. Tomlin, are you another conspirator?"

"I'm only tagging along," replied Tomlin, turning from Oodles, to whom Maybury had just presented him. "Dr. Wendling has told me only a little of all that's happened, but I promise not to spoil the good cheer of the day."

"I think," said Wendling, "you had better talk to Miss—Oodles alone."

"Oh, no!" laughed Oodles. "There have been so many secrets that we must keep forever; let's not have any more!"

Wendling had taken Maybury aside and was speaking to him rapidly and earnestly. Mrs. Crosby and Conwell were discussing big game hunting so spiritedly that the threatened surprise was forgotten. Wendling called Tomlin into the conference; then the three men crossed the room, and Maybury paused before Oodles, smiling, deferential, his eyes bright with his affection for the girl who had appealed to him so strongly from the first memorable evening when he had shown her his pictures in the town house.

(Continued on page 54)

# "Play Ball"

By T. S. Tousey



Ever since Aunt Prudence Huckleberry heard that Billy Sunday was a baseball player she has begged her nephew to take her to a game. "But why should I stretch in the 7th?" asks Aunt Prudence. "I've never stretched in public in my life! I don't intend to begin now. It's very bad manners, Herbert."



Jack Hammer has bet that a certain fat party will knock 60 home runs this year. Evidently H. R. No. 1 has just been scored. Jack drives a mean truck all week so there is little likelihood of a comeback from the two bleacherites in eclipse.



Mr. Hippus is going to write to the Public Service Commission about these turnstiles. "Apparently the club-owners want only 115 pounds to see their games," says Mr. H. "And I'm going to see whether other corpulent parties besides Irvin S. Cobb can get a little attention and service around a ball-park."

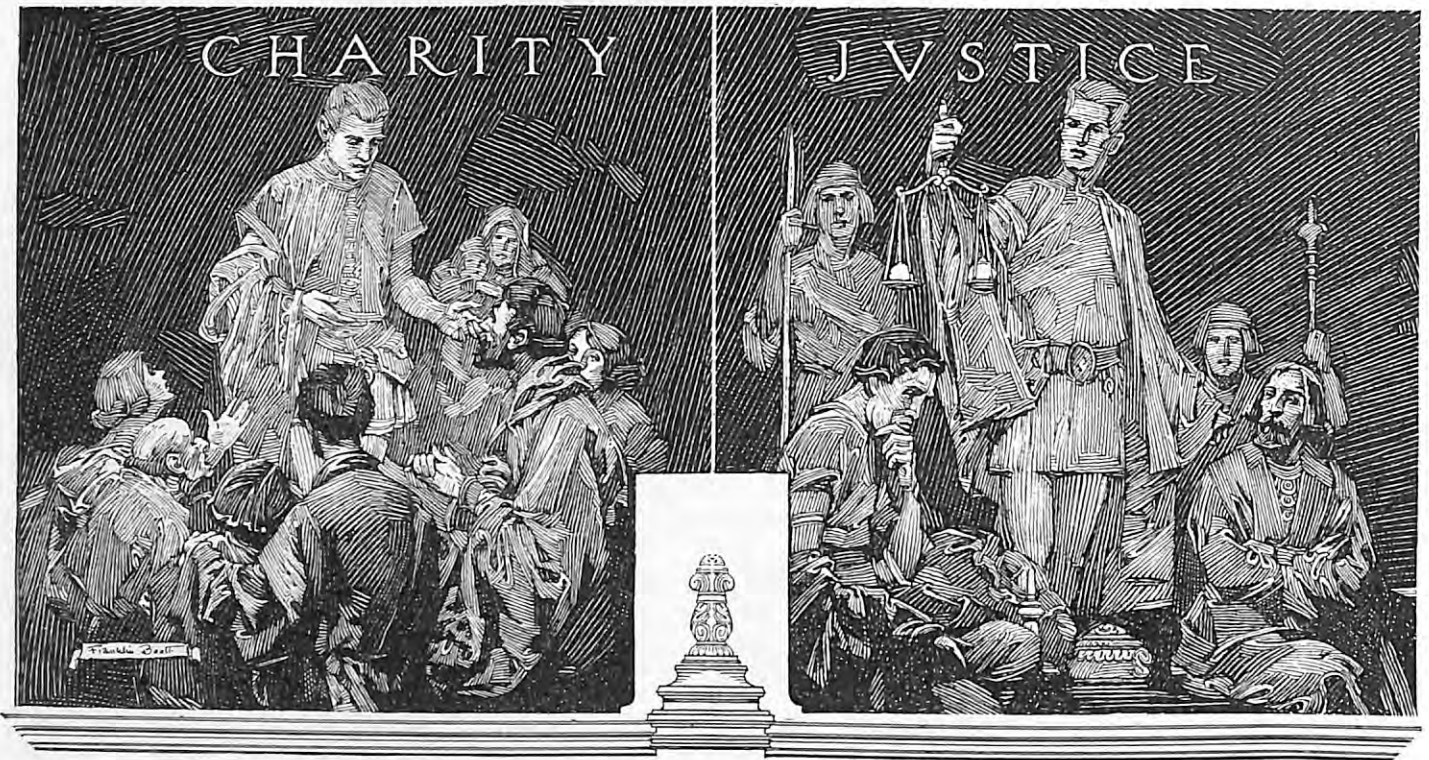
"I see it all now," says Sweet Young Thing enthusiastically. "I never dreamed it was so simple. When the umpire says 'strike!' the batter has to strike at the ball!"



Abe and Mike (peanuts and soda-pop) discuss the shortage of small change and other financial matters in front of Mr. McManus's seat. Mr. McManus is going to see Kelly slide for home if he has to decapitate both of 'em.



The Police are hot on the trail of the last foul ball. Joe Ledger has just tucked it under his right armpit, and Joseph, Jr. hopes Pop can get away with it, as his old ball has seen two years' service and only cost 25c.



## EDITORIAL

**I**NFORMATION relating to the great American game of poker, whether gained by experience or through observation and association, is so general and widespread in this country, that the unique and distinctive phraseology of the game has found its way into every-day speech. It is needless, therefore, to explain, in a magazine appealing to American readers, the etymological ancestry of the phrase—"buck passers."

In common parlance it has come to mean any person who shifts to the shoulders of others a responsibility which naturally or properly rests upon his own. Note that the phrase applies to one who thus evades his own natural or proper responsibility. It has no correct application to one who simply declines the assumption of an obligation that he is under no duty to assume.

Some satirist has coined the expression—"the great American art of passing the buck." This is too general an indictment to be given full approval. But the art, if it be one, is practised to a sufficient extent to justify consideration and comment.

Parents, upon whom there rests the natural obligation, divinely imposed, to rear their offspring and to guide and closely supervise their training and education, who turn their children over to the school authorities and to Sunday-school teachers, and give little or no further attention to this important matter, are buck passers.

Citizens, upon whom there rests the natural duty to play an intelligent part in the selection of public officials and to exert a wholesome influence upon the administration of public affairs, whether local, state or national, who neglect that duty and permit those matters to be controlled by others, frequently by those who are actuated by selfish interests, are buck passers.

Men and women of the privileged class, of assured station and comfortable resources, upon whose shoulders the responsibility is laid, by their very privileges, to display

a human, personal interest in the well-being of the unprivileged and less fortunate, who evade that responsibility and shrink from the contacts which it involves, are buck passers.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but from these few illustrations it will be observed that the phrase is not a complimentary one. Even so, let us give it a definite application within our Order.

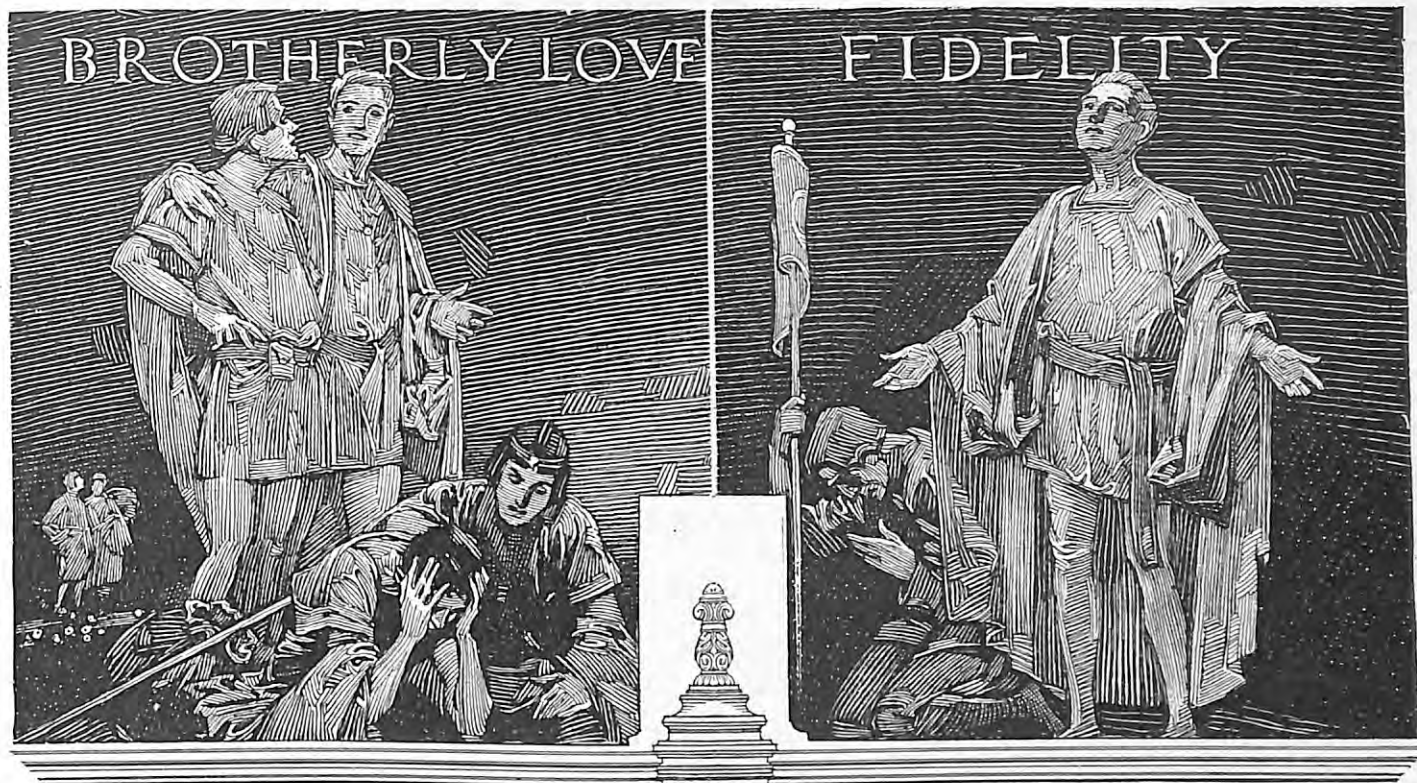
The Elk who assumes the obligation of membership, and then limits his performance of the specific duties arising from it to the mere payment of his dues and the occasional enjoyment of the privileges of the Club House and its fraternal associations, is a buck passer.

The member of a subordinate Lodge who knows that it is not playing the part it should in the life of the community in which it is located, and who does not interest himself to bring about a change of conditions, but simply leaves the active few unwisely to control the destiny of the Lodge, is a buck passer.

When a man joins the Order of Elks, he does so voluntarily and without compulsion. He at once becomes an integral unit of that great fraternal organization. And immediately there rests upon him, by his own volition, a share of the responsibility for all that the Order does or fails to do, and particularly for all his own Lodge does or fails to do. That share of responsibility is proportioned to his ability and his opportunities to make himself felt as an influence in that organization. And if he fails properly to employ that ability, if he fails to avail himself of those opportunities, to exert that influence for the good of his Lodge and the Order, he is shifting his responsibility to the shoulders of others. He is passing the buck.

It is not intended by this to suggest that every member of the Order must, or should, busy himself with all the details of Lodge activities. That is neither requisite nor desirable. There are usually chosen officials or designated





individuals who are charged with specific responsibility as to these. But it is deemed appropriate to urge upon each member the consideration of the important fact that, because of his membership, he owes a duty to exert himself as he appropriately may, to the end that the organization of which he is a constituent part should fulfil its high mission.

A display of interest in the worthwhile things his Lodge is doing, a word of encouragement and praise to capable officers here, a word of kindly caution there, a definite and active protest where wise, the exercise of an impartial and thoughtful ballot in the selection of Lodge officials, the assumption of official service where desired and practicable, are simple and easily performed duties. But the effect of the loyal observance of these simple fraternal obligations by every member of the Order would be immeasurable. And each individual contribution of such service is helpful.

No true Elk is ever a buck passer.

#### HOME BUILDING

**I**N THE splendid address delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, at the banquet in his honor tendered by New York Lodge, he stated that there are a larger number of the Subordinate Lodges planning to erect their own homes at this time than ever before in the history of the Order.

This information will be most gratifying to every thoughtful Elk, to whom its significance will be at once apparent. It not only indicates a healthy condition of the Order generally and bespeaks the financial prosperity of the Subordinate Lodges, but it is definite proof that Elk Club Houses have been found to be valuable, if not essential, assets in the effective performance of the splendid community service which the Lodges are engaged upon all over the country.

There were those who predicted, with pessimistic assurance, that fraternal Club Houses would become unprofitable and burdensome with the passing of the buffet.

The reported activity in Elk Home building proves these to have been false prophets so far as the Order of Elks is concerned; for it demonstrates the fact that Elk Club Houses have become more useful, profitable and generally desirable than ever, even though that particular feature be eliminated.

It is earnestly hoped that the day is not far distant when each Lodge of the Order will own its own Home, however modest and unpretentious it may be. A home-owning citizenry is much more desirable than one not thus attached to, and identified with, the community. And home-owning Lodges, for like reasons, are generally more valuable units of the Order. Admitted exceptions but prove the rule.

#### FORTUNATE

**I**F, BY any chance, you should be disposed to feel critical of conditions in the United States, and if you should feel an impulse to voice that criticism in a general complaint, before obeying that impulse, just take another glance at conditions elsewhere in the world. At least we are not sleeping upon our arms, dreading another call to war. At least we do not suffer the humiliation of seeing foreign soldiers patrolling our streets. There is an abundance of food, a roof over our heads, and safety in our homes. We do not wait upon the decision of other nations as to what shall become of us as a nation. And we do not have to take a basket full of paper money with us when we go to market.

Contemplation of these facts need not make us satisfied that nothing further is to be desired or required from our government; but, in the light of the predicament of many millions of humanity not so fortunate, it should prompt us to such a feeling of thankfulness that our complaints may be well considered and justly based before they are uttered.

The United States is a pretty good place in which to live in these days and times. And the Order of Elks has a very definite duty upon it to aid in every appropriate way to the end that this may continue to be so.

# What Is the Greatest Need of Your Community?

By Colonel John P. Sullivan

Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare

**I**T IS becoming increasingly evident that the Order of Elks is turning more and more, as a body, toward the ideal of making every lodge the Civic Center of its community. Since January 1st of this year more than 800 Subordinate Lodges have reported the formation of social and community welfare committees. Many of the Lodges have supplemented the names of their committees with detailed reports of their activities. And while these reports indicate a certain similarity of work being done, a close perusal shows that each Lodge is beginning to find special fields of activity in which local conditions offer opportunities for substantial service. It is a very simple thing for any Lodge to make itself a power for good in its town. All that is necessary is to discover the greatest need of the community—and then to fill that need. For instance:

If your city needs a new auditorium, and the project is feasible, take the leadership in support of it.

Are your hospitals adequately equipped with bedding, surgical appliances and other essentials?

Do the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts need your support?

Is free motor transportation available to take crippled children to school?

Are there not many children in your city unable to attend school for lack of shoes and clothing?

Are you paying attention to night schools where the ambitious foreigner is trying to learn the English language and something of American ideas and ideals? Are you permitting the Radicals to run away with this fertile field for Bolshevik propaganda? Could you not arrange an entertainment once a month for these pupils, interspersing the amusement feature with a helpful elemental talk on American history and American ideals, thus helping to defeat the sinister purposes of those who would destroy our most sacred institutions by feeding their poison under the cover of the darkness of ignorance?

Have you taken any part in the establishment of community playgrounds and swimming pools in the poorer sections of your city?

Have you ever done anything to lighten the heavy hours of the inmates of the old people's home?

**WOULDN'T** you and your friends derive a great deal of pleasure out of arranging a gigantic picnic or outing for the poor boys and girls of your community?

Have you ever given the orphans a day's outing at the Zoo or in some beautiful city park?

Do you plan annually to give Thanksgiving baskets to the poor and needy? Do you bring Santa Claus into the homes of the poor children?

What assistance can you render to the crippled and infirm veterans of our various wars?

Are you doing anything to make real men and women out of the boys and girls in your correctional institutions, who by a little helpful advice and assistance may yet be saved to society?

Are you in constant and close touch with your juvenile court?

Are your playgrounds all they should be? Are there wading and swimming pools for use in the summer and are vacant lots flooded in winter to provide safe skating for the little fellows?

Do the members of your band or glee club ever visit the hospitals, orphanages, old folks' homes, institutions for the blind, etc., and furnish concerts?

**ARE** you doing anything to help advertise your city, build it up and make it a better place to live?

Have you considered what legislation is needed in your State to help solve its social problems? Wouldn't the members of your Lodge, who are legislators, be very glad to assist in getting needed laws enacted?

The Lodge which seriously considers questions such as the foregoing—and then sets out with determination to attack some problem and to keep on until that problem is solved; the Lodge which succeeds in enlisting all its members as active workers doing specific things—that Lodge need never worry as to its ultimate place in the community.

The wide range of activity of subordinate Lodges all over this country is reflected in the reports of their committees on social and community welfare. Though terse, these reports tell a story of a diversity of work inspiring not alone because of its breadth of scope but also because of the spirit in which it is undertaken.

Some of the Lodges furnish free legal aid to the poor, who are unable to engage legal counsel; others are creating permanent charity funds, of which merely the interest will be used from year to year; public lectures on historical and educational subjects are given in carrying on Americanization; farms are being rented for the summer months, where the poor little "shut-ins" of a city can find relief from the heat; annual outings and auto rides for the orphans; entertainments for disabled veterans; employment bureaus for ex-service men; free scholarships and prize essay contests for public school pupils; inaugurating the Big Brother movement and giving banquets in the Elks Home, at which each local member is expected to bring a high school boy to hear some noted speaker; a banquet to members of the football and basket-ball teams, at which some noted coach is secured to talk to the boys; organization of various indoor and outdoor athletic teams; supporting movements to establish athletic fields and playgrounds.

The educational field is attracting the attention of the Subordinate Lodges throughout the country. Their interest is taking various forms to meet the local situation. To illustrate by citing, at random, specific instances: Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge No. 97 is behind a movement to establish public night schools in that city. It has taken the matter up direct with the Board of Education and city officials. Its committee has pointed out to the officials that the night school seems to be the only way to reach the foreign-born, over school age, and to give the boys and girls whose early education has

been neglected a chance to make up their lost work. The Portsmouth Elks pledge to do all in their power to stimulate interest in the night school.

From Portsmouth, N. H., to Prescott, Ariz., is a far jump, but the southwestern city is just as keenly alive to its community needs. No. 330 is ably assisting the probation officer in securing full attendance of school pupils in the public schools, in seeing that the children are properly fed and clothed.

Canon City, Colo., Lodge No. 610 is taking the leadership in an organized movement to secure better school buildings in that city. For several years past this Lodge has conducted prize essay contests in the public schools, on the origin and history of the American Flag.

Richmond, Ind., Lodge No. 649 has created two scholarships of \$150 each to be given the most deserving boy and girl of the local high school, who have overcome financial handicaps in getting through high school, and who have no chance of going further.

Tonopah, Nevada, Lodge No. 1062 is doing a great work in Americanization through its public schools. Tonopah is a mining camp made up of all nationalities. The Elks there have formed a committee of twenty-five members of the Lodge and had them appointed probation officers. The duties are to see that the children in their block go to school, that their parents see to it they have warm clothing. The result of this activity has been that the Tonopah school children are making Americans out of their fathers and mothers. The Lodge supplements its probation work with educational entertainments in the Lodge room along the lines of Americanism. Juvenile court records of Tonopah show a decided decrease in cases since the Elks interested themselves.

**I**N MANY cities throughout the country Elks Lodges are sponsoring prize essay contests on the origin and history of the American flag. Both cash and flags are given as prizes. The winning essays are read as a feature of the Elks, Flag Day observance, June 14th.

The athletic field offers an opportunity for good, wholesome work, whether it be confined to activities within the Lodge or takes a broader aspect of general public need. Here are two reports, illustrating each phase of this comment. Holyoke, Mass., Lodge No. 902 has taken the leadership in the promotion of a public athletic field and baseball ground. The entire project will, in all probability, be handled direct from the Elks club. Sharon, Pa., Lodge No. 103 has organized athletics within the Lodge. It has an all-Elks baseball team, a bowling league of eight five-man teams and a strong basket-ball team. Both Holyoke and Sharon Lodges do not stop with athletics but extend their activities to many other lines. For instance, the former has a summer camp for children, supervised by trained nurses and physicians. Both Lodges also engage in seasonal charity work.

A great many of our Lodges are interesting themselves in the Boy Scout movement, get-

ting behind this organization with the full strength and enthusiasm of the organization. The Del Rio, Texas, Lodge No. 837 was instrumental, through its social and community welfare committee, in reorganizing the Boy Scouts of that city. Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417 also is interesting itself actively in the Scout movement. The first work of its committee was to organize a camp of fifty. Each member looks after one boy, seeing that he gets a suit and attends drill. Salinas, Calif., Lodge No. 614 is the official backer of the Boy Scout troop, paying the salary of the Scoutmaster.

Aiding ex-soldiers of our country has a patriotic and strong appeal to those Lodges located in cities where military hospitals are maintained. Boise, Idaho, Lodge No. 310 conducted hearings to develop the assistance which would be of the most benefit to the ex-service men in the local barracks' hospital. Helena, Mont., Lodge No. 193 specializes in entertaining sick soldiers with rides around the mountains during seasonable weather. The Salinas, Calif., Lodge also maintains an employment committee, which aids ex-service men to secure positions.

In the field of charity the Order of Elks is fulfilling a high obligation. The amount expended during the past year will total well into the millions and, even more important than the amount, these disbursements have been made in such a way that genuine help and relief have resulted from them. There has been less random giving and more planned assistance rendered. The mail daily brings reports of activities along charitable lines. The few cited here imply no disparagement of those omitted. They are cited to emphasize some point, or to give publicity to some original idea in handling the work. To illustrate:

Casper, Wyoming, Lodge No. 1353 holds monthly meetings with representatives of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Women's Departmental Clubs and Salvation Army and goes over the general situation in the community. Charity work is turned over to the Women's Departmental club for investigation. The

relief is carried out by the Salvation Army thus avoiding duplication. Casper Lodge has built shelves in the basement of their new home. Clothing is kept cleaned, repaired and sorted in the basement. When it is required for use the poor, so far as possible, are brought to the Home and fitted out. Besides delivering Thanksgiving baskets to the poor Casper Lodge looks after the boys and girls of the city. It was instrumental in having a city law passed regulating dance halls; it organized a troop of Boy Scouts and a boy's band; it got behind the police authorities to rid the community of undesirable radicals; it organized a community chest, and gave a Christmas dinner to the poor and a tree and treat for the kiddies.

**D**URING Thanksgiving and Christmas the Elks Lodges are particularly active among the poor. New Orleans Lodge No. 30 distributed 5,000 Thanksgiving dinner baskets to the poor; it spent \$2,500 in giving a Christmas tree party to the crippled children of Charity Hospital. Each child was outfitted completely with clothing and given presents. The Lodge gave a monster Automobile-Fashion Show on Easter Sunday, the proceeds of which were used to entertain the Confederate Veterans in annual reunion in New Orleans.

Louisville Lodge No. 8 distributed shoes, clothing, coal, etc., to more than 3,000 children; Connersville, Ind., Lodge No. 379 raised \$1,200 for the Salvation Army to relieve the unfortunate and distressed; East St. Louis Lodge No. 664 distributed about 500 Christmas baskets to the needy; Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301 cared for more than 100 children at Christmas time, besides sending out baskets to needy families, making a substantial donation to the Salvation Army, and furnishing medical and nursing aid to sick families; Birmingham, Ala., Lodge No. 70 distributed 250 boxes of provisions on Thanksgiving day and provided Christmas for 1,000 children; Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253 raised more than \$15,000 for its charities, which included Christmas for 1,500

children, who were remembered with a bag containing shoes, sweater, stockings, fruit and other articles, Christmas baskets to many families and caring for other cases of distress. Freeport Lodge used its surplus to create a permanent charity fund, from which the interest will be used from year to year.

Once a year the Detroit Lodge No. 34 brings all the orphans from the various orphan asylums to the Home and gives them an entertainment consisting of a dog and pony, and Punch and Judy show. Ice cream, candy and other refreshments are served. During the winter months its welfare committee is continuously investigating cases of needy poor and relieving their suffering.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289 rents a farm during the summer, where the poor children of the city are sent for vacations, during the months of July and August. The Lodge has a woman in charge of the farm and employs a young lady to direct games and other amusements for the children. Elizabeth Lodge also conducts an Elks Boys' Club at a cost of \$5,000 a year. The club house consists of three buildings, equipped with showers, playrooms, libraries, etc.

Vincennes, Ind., Lodge No. 291 has a program of charitable activities, which includes feeding the poor, furnishing milk to undernourished children, donating linen, bedding, ice, milk and food to the sick, entertaining the orphans and giving an Easter party to 4,000 children, besides keeping up its usual Christmas charity work. Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105 annually entertains from 500 to 600 children at their "Krippled Kiddies" outing on Burlington Island in the Delaware river. They also were remembered at Christmas.

This brief synopsis shows the wide field for useful work. The first step in entering upon such work is to discover the greatest need of the community. The second is to fill that need. And, in this connection, every member should bear in mind that the social and community welfare committee of his Lodge will function only in proportion to the interest and support it receives from him.

## The New Home of Indianapolis Elks The Handsome Club House Which the Members of Lodge No. 13 Will Soon Occupy

**A**CTUAL work on the handsome new Indianapolis Club House has been started. This new home of No. 13, which will stand at the corner of Meridian and St. Clair Streets, on a plot purchased some time ago by the Lodge, will be a fitting and enduring commemoration of the members of No. 13 who by their integrity and loyalty to the principles of the Order have made it possible.

The building will be eight stories high, of fire-proof construction, with a brick and stone exterior. The design, by Architect Adolph Scherrer, as may be seen from the illustration, is massive, free of unnecessary and non-essential detail and impressive in its appearance. The basement will contain the swimming pool, barber shop, ladies' and gentlemen's locker rooms, mechanical equipment, etc. On the first floor will be the lobby, ladies' parlor, grill, bowling alleys and check rooms. The second floor will have a lounge, gymnasium, billiard room, hand-ball courts, dining room and kitchen. The second floor mezzanine will include the upper part of the gymnasium and hand-ball courts, lockers



*Architect's drawing of the new building soon to be erected by Indianapolis Lodge*

and hotel rooms. On the third floor will be the Lodge and lobby administration offices, and hotel rooms. The fourth floor will be made up of the upper part of the Lodge Room and hotel rooms. The remaining floors will be devoted to hotel guest rooms.

The location of this imposing structure will be directly opposite the new War Memorial Building which the State is erecting in memory of the veterans of all our wars, within a few blocks of the heart of Indianapolis. The property on which the new building will be located is 125 x 197 feet and the whole project when completed will represent an outlay of over \$1,200,000.

It is the idea of Indianapolis Lodge to make the Club House not only the meeting place for members of No. 13, but the social headquarters of all Indiana Elks as well. Carved in the stone across the doorway are the words:

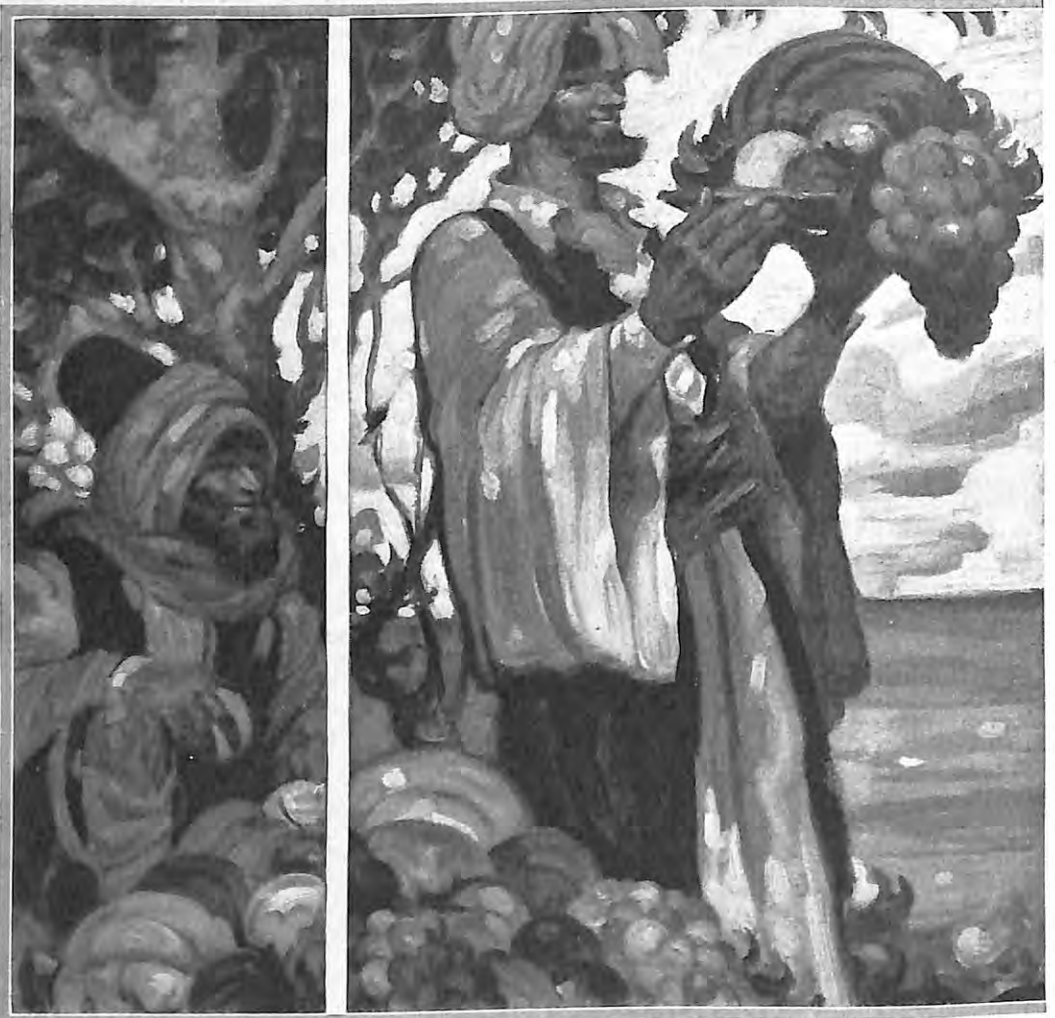
"This building erected in the year 1923 is gratefully dedicated to those men who forty and more years ago founded the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Number Thirteen."

*The world has a common exchange for its goods, it now needs a similar exchange for things of the spirit of which no race has or can have the monopoly*

IT WAS a great moment in human history when some forgotten genius of the race was at last able to persuade his thick-headed fellows that exchange was more practical than robbery. We can have no doubt that they needed a lot of persuading, for the simplest improvement in human conditions has always needed a genius first to discover it, and century-long propaganda, usually accompanied by martyrdom, to bring about its adoption. Why waste time and trouble in the palaver of exchange, when it was so much easier to take what one wanted by force, without the wasteful necessity of giving anything in return? Besides to fight for a thing was more manly than to bargain. So, the aristocratic Cave-Man, leaning on his club, would surely argue, and his race is yet far from extinct. Take when you can, and exchange when you must, is still to some extent the hushed-up philosophy of the strong, though even greater caution and "camouflage" are needed to put it into practise.

However, the slow-developing common-sense of mankind at length began to prevail, and the Tyrian trader, taking courage, "undid his corded bales" on distant shores, and received back goods or sesterces in exchange, unmolested by the scornful spear-men, too proud to soil their hands with anything but blood. Trading may not exclusively develop the highest human qualities, but, at least, it has given us a more livable world, and provided us with a method by which races and nations, however different from and even hostile to, each other may make peaceful barter of their characteristic commodities, with less of robbery, and a minimum of murder. We are now so accustomed to this method of international and interracial exchange in tangible products that we have forgotten how comparatively recent was its discovery; but we have as yet barely begun to perceive that, like many material systems, it has a moral and spiritual correspondence, a higher plane for its extended operation.

The whole world has now a common exchange for its goods, for the work of its hands. What it now needs is a similar exchange for the things of the spirit, for those various brands of goodness, those diverse virtues, excellencies and endowments of which no race or people has the monopoly. Having agreed to trade with each other in comparative amity, it now remains that we must consent to learn from each other. The trouble with the world is that we all want to teach, and none of us to learn. That



## The Human Exchange

By Richard Le Gallienne

Decoration by Louis Fancher

has been the vice of those conquering races that are reluctantly realizing that the days of conquering are done. These, time out of mind, have insisted, at the point of the sword, and the end of the gun, that the race they have conquered shall not only be physically subject to them, but that they shall make themselves over again, spiritually, intellectually, and morally, in the image of their conquerors. They have all, one time or another, played the game of our old friend Procrustes, that classical Greek bandit who used to amuse himself with his captives by insisting on their forcible adaptation to his iron bedstead. If they were too short for it, he stretched them out, and if they were too long, he broke off enough of them to make them fit. So we have imposed our religions on peoples with excellent religions of their own, and imposed our habits on peoples who again naturally preferred their own. Ours may or may not have been better, but supposing they were, persuasion not compulsion was the right way to go about it. And, on the other hand, it has seldom occurred to the conqueror that the conquered had much to teach him, if he would only take the trouble to learn. Egoism, alike among nations as among individuals, is the great enemy of development. Self-satisfaction in all its forms marks the limit of expansion. As there is no trading without the open door, there is no progress without

the open mind. When Shylock said: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you," he expressed a sentiment which is at the bottom of most of the troubles of the world. Such an attitude kept England and France, so to say, professional enemies for centuries. It still, with its mutual contempt, separates the East from the West, a contempt nurtured by literary jingoes who tell us that "never the twain shall meet," and who strive to perpetuate the differences between peoples and races instead of making the civilizing effort to demonstrate and unite their correspondences.

IT IS here the Human Exchange I have in mind must, and surely will, come in. One should be reluctant to admit anything in extenuation of war, and in this I agree with the young English poet, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who knows of what he is talking when he says: "Let no one ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war . . . For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to say for it, it should not be said, for its spiritual disasters far outweigh any of its advantages." At the same time, so much "goodness in things evil" may be allowed to the recent world war, on the side of our allies at least, that it has resulted in those allied



*Self-satisfaction in all its forms marks the limit of expansion. As there is no trading without the open door, neither is there progress without the open mind*

## Carrying Our Mastery of the Art of Trade to a Higher Spiritual Plane

nations "discovering" each other's good points as they never discovered them before. Their enforced camaraderie has resulted in a mutual understanding and even sympathetic admiration, a comparing of racial notes, which cannot but have an immense interacting influence on them all. Though the counter on which this exchange was made was blood-stained, the exchange in itself was good. Europe and America are the nearer for it, to the benefit of both.

Oscar Wilde, in one of those apparently trivial phrases of his beneath which he frequently masked a very serious wisdom, once said, apropos the world's artistic debt to France, that he hoped to see the time when we should say: "We will not go to war with France, because her prose is perfect." If only the truth underlying that lightly uttered profundity could find a world-wide understanding and adoption—is it not evident that war would speedily become unthinkable? In that Human Exchange of the arts alone what a safeguard lies ready to our hand. There is no race or nation that has not, at one time or another, put the rest of the world under a debt of gratitude for some great artistic contributions to the immortal treasures of the human spirit. However out of sorts we may at times be with one or another of them, will the day never come when our remembrance of those will lay a soothing hand upon our anger? England—

with all her faults—did she not give us Shakespeare's plays? If Scotchmen sometimes seem "gey ill to live wi'"—how much poorer we would be without Robert Burns! Has not Germany given us Goethe, and, more than any other nation, the great art of music? What truly civilized being could bombard Rome or Florence or Venice from the air if he gave a moment's thought to Dante and Michael Angelo and Titian? And so we might run through the list of every race and nation. Did not the Arab give us the stars in the sky, and the Greek push-cartman whom we gibe and hustle—is he not of the race that gave us Homer and Plato? And the Jew, well able as he is to look after himself, shall we be surprised if his heart is sometimes filled with a proud cynicism as in every land he meets with an obstinate ignorant contempt from those to whom he gave the very God we worship? May it not also be counted to our credit that we gave the world the laughter of Mark Twain?

All these various interchanges of the human mind are superficially admitted. We accept each other's gifts and enjoy them—but, so far, to any practical degree, they have failed to awaken in us any working sense of gratitude, or been able to prevent our flying at each other's throats at the first hint of political or commercial misunderstanding.

Instead we delight in emphasizing and mocking each other's limitations and pecu-

liarities, go on bragging ourselves the only race or nation worth mentioning on the earth, dubbing all the rest as "foreigners," with incomprehensible "lingo" for language, absurd or uncouth manners, and eccentric clothes.

The word "manners" once more recalls us to the Frenchman, and in the mere fact that it does so what a world of honoring significance there is! Personally, I have always considered that American manners are far better than usually regarded; but, all the same, there is no nation that has not something to learn from the French in that respect—or, for that matter, from the Chinese too. Because courtesy can be over-done and affected is surely no reason for dispensing with it altogether. There is, and always will be, a great deal in being a "gentleman," even if one

is nothing else. To say "Please," and "Thank you" is not necessarily a mark of effeminacy. How "effeminate" the courteous Frenchman is well-known to his enemies, as to those friends who recently fought by his side in the trenches. And his gaiety. If only some of the nations who criticise him could negotiate an exchange of that. For the significance of gaiety is far too little understood. I remember an American lady, "from the South," once quoting to me a saying of her grandmother to the effect that "gaiety is one of the surest signs of breeding"; and with that saying I associate the recollection of a young Frenchman whom I once met in crossing over to Europe. He was the gayest and kindest of our company, and one day on deck a wireless cable was handed to him. His face clouded a moment. Then he gracefully excused himself, and retired to his cabin. That cable contained the worst of news. But, a short time after, he was back amongst us as gay as ever. On his confiding his news to me I could not help remarking on his self-control.

"But," he said, "to wear one's melancholy in company is surely the worst of manners."

**S**UCH is the kind of commodity we may receive from one another in the Human Exchange.

Gaiety and manners. Trivial things, some who have neither might say. But no one would say it, I venture, who belongs to the Brotherhood of Elks. On the contrary, the Elks, of all men, will be the first to realize that those qualities are among the subtlest of civiliziers, and the propagation of them among their fellows is one of the most important services the Elks can do.

*(Continued on page 62)*



# Under the Spreading Antlers

## They Tell These Tales

### Solving Problems For Elk Best Interests

THE Committee on Good of the Order is thankful to Elks throughout the country for their fine response to the Committee's circular. The Committee hearings at the Hotel Commodore in New York City were largely attended. The foremost men of the Order, members of the official family, and officers and members of Subordinate Lodges, appeared before the Committee and stated their views upon the many propositions under consideration, or sent written replies to the Committee. Speaking in the name of the Committee, Chairman John F. Malley sends this message to the Order at large through THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"We know that our invitation was not received by many of the Brothers in time to enable them either to attend the New York hearings or to send in written replies. We wish it understood that the 'polls are open' and that we shall be very glad to receive replies at any time within the next month.

"There is protest against action by the Grand Lodge adopting a program of Elk activities which shall be obligatory for Subordinate Lodges to carry out. We answer this protest at once by reasserting what was stated by the Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Order at the meeting in Chicago on October 1, 1922. If the Committee decides to approve a program of Elk activities, it will recommend that everything be left to the option of the Subordinate Lodges to take up all, a part, or none.

"We have been told by many that the Elks should continue their charitable works and that there should be a revival of Elk spirit. We answer these by stating that we have assumed that the Order would continue to dispense charity in the future as it has in the past without regard to the other activities which may be recommended by the Good of the Order Committee. It seems to us entirely unnecessary to say that there must be a lively Elk spirit in a community before it can undertake successfully any work. We know of no better way to arouse the interest of indifferent Elks than to commit the Lodge to the carrying out of a meritorious program.

"We have not had time to digest the

information, data and advice which we have received. We are 'wide open' on all the questions. If we slant one way to-day, we may take a very different angle to-morrow. We think that we may be helped in our consideration of these problems if we give out from time to time the opinion which we gather from the statements, oral and written, which we are receiving from members of the Order. Some of these are as follows:

"If we are to judge by the expressions which have come to us up to date, the Order generally is opposed to the formation of an auxiliary known as the Junior Elks, although there is shown a great desire to assist the boys in character building, in body building and in mind building.

"There has been very much said in commendation of the Boy Scout movement, but a reluctance shown to identify the Elks officially with that or any other organization.

"The Elk Scholarship plan meets with approval wherever it is understood that it is to be optional with the Subordinate Lodges.

"The Crippled Kiddies movement has a strong heart appeal, but it is thought by many that the important part of this work is now being done by other organizations, and that a similar effort on the part of the Elks would be duplication.

"The Elk Playground proposition meets with much the same objection. Every one is in favor of the promotion of outdoor sports and the physical up-building of the American youth by encouraging athletic contests, but there appears to be a very strongly fixed idea that the municipalities, community organizations, school and playground associations are doing the work and that there is no demand for the Elks in this field.

"The foregoing remarks are thrown out that our members may know what is being said to us. What will be said by us will be set forth in our report.

### From Exalted Ruler To Supreme Court Bench

Nearly thirty-three years ago—to be exact, at the time of the first meeting-night in April of 1890—Hon. Edward Terry Sanford was installed as first Exalted Ruler of Knoxville (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 160. To-day Mr. Sanford is distinguished as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which distinction was recently conferred by President Harding's appointment and which appointment in turn was promptly approved

by the United Senate. Continuously during the intervening years, Mr. Sanford has borne himself as an exemplary and consistent member of the Order of Elks and has never failed to cooperate actively and loyally with his Lodge in the sundry fraternal enterprises for human betterment in which the Lodge has successively engaged. In 1921 Judge Sanford took part as principal speaker at the Flag Day ceremony observed under auspices of Knoxville Lodge. His fellow-members are exceedingly proud of the new and high judicial honors with which the illustrious Tennessean has been invested.

### Luminous Page Imprinted In the Annals of Our Order

During the six-day period elapsing between February 18 and February 23, inclusive both ways, Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters devoted himself to visiting Elk Lodges and attending as guest of honor special Elk functions celebrated in the vicinity of Boston and elsewhere within the New England radius. Everywhere the Grand Exalted Ruler was royally received. All told, there were nineteen Subordinate Lodges embraced in the round of visitations. No matter the time appointed, welcome and enthusiasm invariably exceeded expectations. One feature which strongly commended itself to Mr. Masters was the earnest interest displayed by the attendance of officers representing the different Lodges. While the daylight occasions were of necessity more or less informal, the evenings were ceremoniously dedicated to a succession of banquets, where frequently the presence of ladies added grace and charm, and where all the embroideries and perfecting touches were brilliantly achieved, and the Elk doctrines and inspirations were effectively expressed. Souvenir remembrances were highly appropriate and in the days to come will serve to recall happy scenes. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Masters was delighted. His impression was summarized with the comment warm from the heart: "It was simply wonderful." The same sentiment echoed quite as ardently from those who were stimulated and uplifted by Mr. Masters's simple and straightforward discussion of Elk principles. In carrying forward the schedule, between the dates specified, the following Massachusetts Lodges were visited in the order named: Boston, Chelsea, Revere and Medford, Sunday, February 18; Somerville, Monday, February 19; Lynn and Beverly, Tuesday,

February 20; Newton, Natick and Framingham, Wednesday, February 21; Worcester, Thursday, February 22, and Holyoke and Northampton, Friday, February 23.

In addition, each of the six banquets reflected a maximum of credit, alike upon those individually concerned and upon the Order as a whole. Without describing details or taking cognizance of program personalities further than to observe that every response made to every call measured fully up to the high standard, and that the effect in the aggregate was to arouse and quicken interest and enjoyment, and that the fraternal fellowship was unanimous and the enthusiasm unbounded, this epitome is made: Beginning with Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge No. 839, the dining was unconventional but no whit less delightful on that account. Monday evening, February 19, at the Massachusetts State Association banquet, among the prominent persons present was Miss Evangeline Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army in America, whose speech was applauded. The succeeding night was made memorable by the dinner under auspices of Salem (Mass.) Lodge No. 799, where festivities continued until nearly midnight. On the next evening, Milford (Mass.) Lodge No. 628, added distinction in the capacity of host. Springfield (Mass.) Lodge No. 61 was next on the list of events, after which it fell to the fortune of Hartford (Conn.) Lodge No. 19 to render homage and incidentally to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of its founding.

This resumé would be incomplete without mention of the fact that wherever he went, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters was accompanied by an escort of honor, consisting of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Charles F. J. McCue, Chairman Board of Grand Trustees; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, and John F. Brennan, President of the Massachusetts State Association.

#### *Postmaster-General Harry New Member of Indianapolis Lodge*

Hon. Harry S. New, recently appointed Postmaster-General of the United States, is another member of President Harding's cabinet who proudly confesses himself a loyal member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Mr. New was a charter member of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, which was instituted March 20, 1881, and when this Lodge received its charter in December of the same year he became a member of the Grand Lodge.

#### *Splendid Custom Steadily Spreading*

Past Exalted Rulers' Night has become a widespread event. This year very many more Lodges than customarily have entertained the "Old Guard," and the number of initiations and special ceremonies at which Past Exalted Rulers have been called upon to officiate has been greater than ever before. Not only have the Past Exalted Rulers been prominent at these evenings of jollification and at times when their experience in rendering the ritual was needed, but they have been called upon to assist Lodges in many other ways and, out of their fund of knowledge and experience in such matters, to suggest methods of working out Lodge policies and solving financial and organization problems. Many Lodges have acquired the habit of recalling Past Exalted Rulers to fill Chair offices. For example, there is

East St. Louis (Ill.) Lodge No. 664, where every Chair for 1923-24 is filled by Past Exalted Rulers, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who is now Esteemed Lecturing Knight of his Lodge, while John J. Faulkner, former member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and as a matter of record first Exalted Ruler of East St. Louis Lodge, has turned back the hands of the clock and is once more Exalted Ruler of No. 664. The enlistment of Past Exalted Rulers, Associations, both State and local, to act as advisory bodies; is another indication of this forward spirit. These things are healthy tokens. They show the closer commingling of the present and the past in fruitful effort. They point toward sane and intelligent development within the Order—a new growth based on experience and prospering by cooperation.

#### *Henry H. (Pop) Jennings Passes— Former Grand Loyal Knight*

Henry H. (Pop) Jennings, who was elected by the Grand Lodge to serve as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight for the period 1913-14, passed hence at his home in Hartford, Conn., Tuesday, February 27, after a short illness. Only a few evenings previous to the end, he attended the fortieth anniversary banquet tendered by Hartford Lodge No. 19 in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters.

#### *Growth Is Steady and Healthy Throughout the Entire Order*

Everywhere throughout the Order there are manifestations of a steady and healthy growth. Lodges are enlarging their fields of activity, and becoming all the time more important factors in their communities. Selective Membership Committees are operating in a manner that is bringing into the fold only the best material. For instance, to name only a few of the Lodges as showing

the recruits representing foremost business and professional men. Delta (Colo.) Lodge No. 1235 recently initiated a large class. A Degree Team of Past Exalted Rulers from Omaha initiated a class of 200 at Lincoln (Neb.) Lodge No. 80.

#### *Col. Sullivan After Long Service Steps Aside as Exalted Ruler*

Supplementing the honors conferred upon him as Grand Exalted Ruler and otherwise exercised as Grand Lodge Committee member and Chairman, Col. John P. Sullivan, after seven years of resumed administration as Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge No. 30, surprised his fellow-members by resigning the office and declining to allow himself to be again considered at the recent annual election. After naming his successor for the unexpired short term as a matter of courtesy, Colonel Sullivan, with paternal pride and interest, proceeded to suggest as a further fitting reward, the name of a member admirably qualified and entitled to serve as Exalted Ruler next in succession. Happily both preferences eventuated in the manner desired.

#### *Past Exalted Rulers Organize— Annual Prizes for Flag Essays*

Leadville (Colo.) Elks have organized a Past Exalted Rulers' Association composed of all such past officials of that Lodge. The object is to enlist an active body of men experienced in the work not only as an advisory board but to be useful in all respects where the better interests of the Lodge are concerned. Leadville Lodge has also voted to award annual prizes to students of the eighth grade of the public schools for the best essay descriptive of and in tribute to the American Flag. Final details for conducting such contests are being worked out in conjunction with members of the School Board. The adoption of the plan is naturally expected to result in a deeper reverence for the national colors and provide a means of more effectively implanting American principles in the hearts of the rising generation.

#### *Carrying Forward the Standard— Busy Season for Grand Exalted Ruler*

Following the busy and pleasant and profitable and extraordinary round of official engagements that claimed his attention in New England, and after devoting the time required for the care of executive details at his office in Charleroi, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters resumed his program of Lodge visitations and attended the banquet given under auspices of Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Lodge No. 109 on the evening of March 5, that followed an initiatory ceremonial. From Wilkes-Barre Mr. Masters proceeded to Rochester, N. Y., where he was entertained and banqueted on the evening of March 6. Other similar engagements thereafter were filled as follows: Findlay, Ohio, March 12; Toledo, Ohio, March 13; Detroit, Mich., March 14; Fort Wayne, Ind., March 15.

#### *Omaha's Million Dollar Home Expected by Christmas Next*

Work has already begun on Omaha's new million dollar Home. The building which the Nebraska Elks expect to occupy by next Christmas will be an eight-story, fireproof structure. There will be bowling alleys, band rehearsal rooms, special restaurants and kitchens, library, memorial room, a large lodge room, billiard rooms and complete

## Congratulations

**U**NDER operation of Grand Lodge Law, upon the first meeting night of each succeeding April, all new Subordinate Lodge officers who were elected in March, are installed into office. THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends to the gentlemen thus honored and to their Lodges its heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a richer and fuller realization of the ideals for which they have labored so devotedly in the past—both in and out of the Order.

the general trend, there is Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge No. 285 which celebrated the opening of its new Home with the initiation of 200; Kane (Pa.) Lodge No. 329 with a drive bringing its membership to 430; Canton (Ill.) Lodge No. 626 with its "1,000 Membership Campaign"; Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge No. 2 with an initiation that has brought its total close to the 9,000 mark, and Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge No. 173 with a membership that reached 2,000 on the occasion of the dedication of its new Home. St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge No. 59 has added more than 300 in a Selective Membership Campaign,

Turkish bath. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors will be devoted entirely to sleeping-rooms, thirty-five rooms to the floor. On the seventh and eighth floors will be a double-story hall containing the banquet space with stage, dressing rooms, etc. On this floor will also be located the gymnasium, 40 x 61 feet, which will be equipped in up-to-date style. The building will cover a space 132 x 132 feet, and above the third floor the construction will be L-shaped, making every room an outside room. In beauty of design and in every detail, the new Home of No. 39 will rank with the finest Lodge buildings of the Order.

### **Far-away Honolulu Lodge Has Active Membership**

Although Honolulu Lodge No. 616 is very far removed from the center of Elk activity, it presents an industrious and productive situation that challenges the admiration of the larger and less distant Lodges. Here are a few of the things that this Lodge has done or has prepared to do, speaking of the recent past and looking to the near future: A<sup>o</sup> Grand Carnival, an entertainment by the University of California Glee Club, a Shriner-Elk ball game, Christmas distribution among the worthy poor to the extent of 450 baskets of food, and benefit performances for the Boy Scouts and widows and orphans. In addition, Honolulu Lodge continues to report a steady and healthy increase in membership.

### **Old Timers' Night With Fun and Feasting**

Over 600 members of Waterbury (Conn.) Lodge No. 265 attended an Old Timers' Night. The first 100 surviving members were made honor guests of the evening. Included in this company was the first Exalted Ruler, Michael J. Collyot, who presided at the organization of Waterbury Lodge in 1893. Old Time Past Exalted Rulers conducted the meeting, after which there was a dinner with speeches and entertainments. During the festivities, Secretary Edward F. Moran, who has held office for twenty-four consecutive years, was presented with a gold card-case.

### **Taking the Lead For Municipal Improvement**

The Civic and Social Community Welfare Committee of Louisville (Ky.) Lodge No. 8 is interested in fostering various ideas for municipal improvement. The Lodge has indorsed the proposal for the city to obtain the right from the Federal Government to develop power from the Ohio Falls. It has proposed the establishment of rest-houses for motor tourists along the main highways leading into the city, and this idea has been approved by the Mayor who has requested a conference with the Committee for further development of the plan. Louisville Lodge has also gone on record as opposing abandonment of the existing camp for motor tourists in Cherokee Park, which camp has been a fine exemplification of the city's long-standing reputation for hospitality. The plan for a municipal zoo in one of the public parks has been approved by Louisville Elks and a pair of live elks has been pledged. Among kindly deeds lately performed was a visit to the Government hospital at Dawson Springs, Ky. Several entertainers accompanied the delegation and brought real cheer into the lives of the disabled soldiers who are patients of that institution.

### **Porto Rico Elks To Celebrate Occupation**

San Juan (Porto Rico) Lodge No. 972 is making preparations for celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Island's Occupation. This will occur on July 25. It is expected that a large delegation of Spanish War veterans will attend and the occasion promises to be a notable one. The Lodge has arranged a varied program and expects to be the biggest and most enjoyable spot on the island.

### **Elks Sponsor Prize Essays Relating to the American Flag**

New Orleans (La.) Lodge No. 30 has earned the praise of the educational and patriotic interests of the city in its efforts to extend and deepen information concerning the Flag. Under auspices of the Lodge there will be conducted annually a prize essay contest relating to the origin and history of the American Flag. The contest will be limited to the pupils of the Orleans Parish Public Schools. Cash prizes aggregating \$265 and American Flags will be awarded the winners of the 1923 contest. By official action of the Lodge, these contests become part of the Elks' annual observance of Flag Day, June 14, at which time the prize-winning tributes will be read as a feature of the day's program.

### **Washington Pays Tribute.— Gold-Headed Cane from "Uncle Joe"**

It marked a resplendent occasion when Washington (D. C.) Lodge No. 15 entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Masters with a complimentary dinner. Six hundred attended. Congressmen, Senators and official Washington were well represented. Seated at the speaker's table, at which Exalted Ruler Daniel R. Nihon presided, were: Mr. Masters, Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Gen. John J. Pershing, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Justice John G. Price of the Grand Forum, Rev. James E. Freeman, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland and Joseph T. Fanning, John J. Powell, Jess W. Smith, Hon. Cuno H. Rudolph, besides several Past Exalted Rulers of Washington Lodge. Frank J. Hogan served as Toastmaster. Elks of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and many other States joined with the company. Commissioner Rudolph delivered the welcome on behalf of the District. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper discussed "The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks," basing his remarks on the 13th chapter of the first book of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and paid splendid tribute to the Elk cardinal principles and to the patriotism of Washington Lodge and also as the same devotion is expressed in the deeds of all Lodges and all Elks. In appreciation of the speech, Rev. James E. Freeman suggested that Mr. Harper would make a real acquisition to any pulpit and perhaps should have chosen the ministry as his profession. Mr. Harper's witty rejoinder was: "I am a lawyer and find it better to practice than to preach." Rev. Freeman in his turn responded to the toast "Our Ideals" and brought the applauding assemblage to its feet as he concluded. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters complimented Washington Lodge upon the splendid record it had established in measuring up to Elk standards of loyalty. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon (Uncle Joe) presented the guest of honor with a gold-headed walking-stick, expressive of the good wishes of Washington Lodge and its membership.

In appropriate words, Uncle Joe indulged the hope that the recipient might attain as ripe an old age as he himself had, but that through it all he would never feel the necessity to lean on the cane for support. The Eleven o'Clock Toast was rendered by Past Exalted Ruler Robert E. Mattingly. Interpreted in the Elk spirit of service and camaraderie, the result of the evening left nothing to be desired. The music was furnished by the band of Washington Lodge. The verdict was that Washington Lodge should never permit a year to pass without entertaining the Grand Exalted Ruler.

### **South Dakota Will Journey To Atlanta in a Body**

With bands playing and banners flying and Pullmans crowded to the limit, South Dakota Elks, taking enthusiastic interest in the candidacy of Hon. James G. McFarland for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order are organizing in large numbers to attend in a body the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge to be held in Atlanta this coming July. The expedition will be under direction of the South Dakota Elks State Association. President Joseph Brown of the Association has chief charge of the arrangements and is being plentifully assisted by various committees who are overlooking none of the details for a successful and enjoyable outing. The unit will be accompanied by South Dakota's prize-winning band, a quartette and other attractive equipment and accessories.

### **Twenty-two Lodges Unite In Honoring Head of the Order**

Twelve hundred representatives, gathered from the twenty-two Elk Lodges comprising the Pennsylvania South-western division, united in a banquet spread in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, in Pittsburgh Wednesday evening, February 14. Former Governor John K. Tener presided as Toastmaster. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters spoke a wholesome and uplifting Elk message in a manner that showed he was never more supremely at home. The sentiment to which he responded was "Our Order and What it Stands for." Eloquent addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va., also Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge No. 1, who pronounced the "Eleven o'Clock Toast." A chest of silver was presented to Mr. Masters.

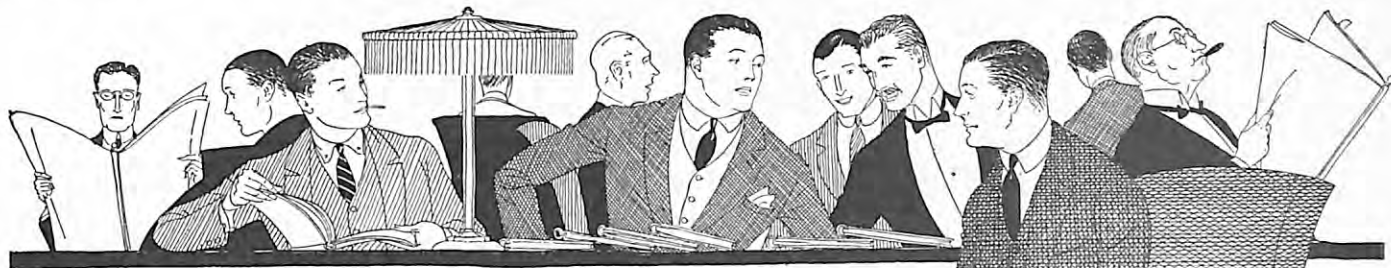
### **Patriotic Program Commemorating First President**

Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge No. 174 celebrated Washington's Birthday with a special program in which the entire membership took part. The event began in the afternoon with a parade through the business section of the city and ended with a banquet at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, where over 800 diners listened to patriotic addresses by prominent officials. The guest of honor, Dr. Henry Suzzallo, President of the University of Washington, gave a most interesting talk on the subject "What is an American Citizen?" and there was music by a twelve-piece orchestra, vocal numbers and other special features.

### **Blocton Has Much Pride In Its Official Personnel**

Hon. William W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama, has become a member of Blocton





(Ala.) Lodge No. 710 by re-affiliation. In addition to Governor Brandon, No. 710, although a comparatively small Lodge, includes in its membership quite a notable array of officially prominent men. Among these are mentioned Dr. Geo. W. Randall, State Senator; Judge W. L. Pratt, Probate Judge; E. W. Pierson, Tax Collector; E. C. Suttle, Tax Assessor; Robert Thrasher, Clerk Circuit Court; W. H. Wright, Mayor of West Blocton and several others who are charged with public responsibility.

**Shenandoah Elks Arrange Business Talks for Pupils**

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Shenandoah (Pa.) Lodge No. 945, combining efforts with the local Rotary Club, has inaugurated a series of special talks upon practical themes for the benefit of pupils of the local High Schools. "Banks and Banking," the first subject selected, will be expounded in a series of three parts in order to cover more completely all phases of the problem.

This same Elks' Committee has secured the names of all the children who attend the Shenandoah public schools and arranged to entertain them with a supper and theater party.

**Returning Soldier Boys Welcomed Home by Savannah**

When our returning American soldiers from the Rhine country docked in Savannah and came ashore from the transport *St. Mihiel*, the Elks of Savannah, Ga., were on hand to join in extending a rousing welcome. A special float, displaying a mounted elk head and bearing the greeting "Welcome Home," was featured in the public parade that distinguished the Savannah entertainment.

**Bremerton Organizes Boys' Athletic Club**

Bremerton (Wash.) Elks have organized a Boys' Athletic Club, open to all boys of the community between the ages of 12 and 20, whether they be sons of Elks or not. An athletic director has been appointed and meetings will be held once a week in the Club gymnasium.

**Fire Destroys Lynn Lodge—Plans to Rebuild Under Way**

Fire recently swept the five-story Elks building at Lynn, Mass., and resulted in damage estimated at \$75,000. All the regalia, records, furniture, bric-a-brac, trophies, etc., were destroyed. The work of the firemen was spectacular. During the progress of the flames, they mounted the walls of the building with scaling ladders, clambered over the coping and ascended the tall flag-pole, bringing to safety the American Flag amid the cheers of hundreds of spectators. Already Lynn Lodge No. 117 has plans under way for a new building.

**First Crippled Boy Enrolled by Trenton Lodge**

In line with the movement inaugurated by the New Jersey State Elks' Association and carrying forward a determination to assist wherever possible in making crippled children, who desire to adopt some means of providing a livelihood, self-supporting, the first boy to be thus assisted was enrolled in Rider College by Trenton Lodge No. 105. The student has elected to take a general business course.

**Generations Join Hands Across the Banquet Table**

At the second annual Father and Son banquet given by Omaha (Neb.) Lodge No. 39, the attendance approximated 600. The youngest son was seven months old and the oldest father acknowledged to 78. The event was made the more interesting by talks alternating among the youngsters and their elders and music and singing in which everybody participated. One praiseworthy result is to bring both generations into closer bonds of understanding and to promote American ideals of brotherhood and patriotism.

**Governor of Connecticut Elks Minstrel Interlocutor**

Waterbury (Conn.) Lodge No. 265 gave a minstrel show at which C. A. Templeton, Governor of Connecticut and member of Waterbury Lodge, acted as interlocutor. The entertainment was put on for the Lodge Charity Fund and more than \$5,000 was realized.

**Mason City Plans To Build New Home**

The continued growth of Mason City (Iowa) Lodge No. 375 has moved the members to take first steps looking to the erection of a new Home. As a start in the right direction, a committee composed of leading business men, has been securing options on desirable sites. These necessary preliminaries will continue until all details have been assembled and digested into a working program and submitted to the Lodge for its approval in further providing for the requirements of the situation.

**Program Prepared For Illinois Elks Meeting**

The Illinois Elks' State Association, at the mid-winter meeting of its trustees and officers at Moline, set the dates for its annual convention as June 5-6-7. The gathering will be at Moline. A feature of the session will be a ritualistic contest in which



the participants will be the winners of the five district contests held throughout Illinois in March and April. The trophy is a cup donated by Chas. A. White, Past Grand Treasurer.

At their recent meeting, the Illinois Association pledged support to any movement tending toward the eradication of the narcotic evil. A pleasant incident of the meeting was a dinner served by La Salle (Ill.) Lodge No. 584 in compliment to the officers of the State Association and other prominent guests.

**Fifty Continuous Years Remarkable Membership Record**

John E. Burk, member of the New York Lodge, No. 1, at one time its Esteemed Loyal Knight, and affectionately known and saluted as "Major" Burk, attained, on March 23, the unique distinction of having been an Elk continuously for fifty years and has preserved his receipts for every payment of dues. There are five members of New York Lodge still living who joined the Order a year or so earlier than "Major" Burk, but all these have records which show interruption in continuous membership. "Major" Burk claims modestly the distinction of having designed the original elk head emblem. This was back in 1868, before he became an Elk, and was done by him to please some Elk friends. In appreciation of his long and faithful adherence to the principles of the Order, and in honor of his being the first Elk to attain the record of half a century of unbroken membership, New York Lodge tendered "Major" Burk special congratulations and felicitations on March Twenty-third.

**Lorain's Home Will Embody Three Distinctive Features**

May 1 will witness the dedication ceremonies of the New Home of Lorain (Ohio) Lodge No. 1301. The building will present three distinctive features. It has complete Club and Lodge facilities; a public auditorium; and a first class hotel of 90 rooms for the general public. The dedication of the new Club-house will be fittingly marked by the initiation of one of the largest classes in the history of Lorain Lodge.

(Continued on page 70)

## The Muscle-Buster

(Continued from page 12)

He signaled the worriedly hovering servant to reopen the front door.

"Good night," he said, nodding as if to dismiss some importunate beggar.

Then, without another word or so much as a backward glance, he went into the reception-room again and closed its door behind him. The dismissal was sickeningly definite. It pierced even the rhinoceros armor of Carson Blundell. It was beyond the giant's experience. It dazed him. He looked bewilderedly from the closed door of the reception-room to the front door the wooden-faced butler was holding open for him.

Avidly he searched the servant's moveless visage for sign of smirk or grin. Such sign would have been the cue for an assault. But he might as wisely have searched the surface of a blank wall for traces of filet mignon. The face was starkly expressionless. For once in his tumultuously triumphant career, Blundell was at an utter loss. He took a heavy step toward the invitingly open front door, wondering morbidly if he would aid or weaken his position by clouting the butler over the head on his way out. Reluctantly, he decided against the move. Perhaps such things were not done in Fawcett circles. It might harm him with Helen. Yet, as he passed out over the threshold, he demanded, with a backward jerk of the thumb toward the reception-room:

"Who was that shrimp?"

"The gentleman who spoke with you was Mr. Roy Fawcett, sir," answered the man, deftly closing the door on him as he spoke.

Following the only social code he knew, Carson Blundell had paid his call at precisely eight o'clock. Helen Fawcett, from the self-imposed solitude of her own rooms, did not begin to expect him until nearly an hour later. As she had closed her doors, in mute rebuke to her persecutors, no sound of the scene in the hallway below had reached her.

**Y**ET, at ten, that night, she wrote a prim and brief note to Blundell, on the chance he had misunderstood the date. The note reached Carson on the early afternoon delivery next day. He read it twice, then jumped to the telephone. By chance, Helen was not only at home but crossing the lower hallway, when the telephone bell rang. Fifteen minutes later, very red of face and very firm of lip, she was on her way down-town.

For a month thereafter the name of Carson Blundell was not spoken at any meal-time gatherings of the Fawcett family. For one thing, father and mother and son had agreed that their drastic action had choked off any budding acquaintance between Helen and the man. For another thing, Roy and his father, presently, were too much engrossed in a business complication to waste thought on extraneous matters.

The town of Peavey is situated on the very edge of the forest country. In early days this had implied uncomfortable nearness to hostile red men. Of late years it had meant still more uncomfortable proximity to a lumber war.

The Orcutt and the Gaines corporations had reaped rich harvests by turning hundreds of miles of sweet woodland into a wilderness of black stumps. Now, drawing ever nearer to each other's properties, they had locked horns.

Each maintained a mammoth wood-working side-line, a side-line compared to which the flourishing Fawcett Plant—Peavey's chief industry—was as a mud-puddle to a lake. In the natural course of their conflict, the Gaines and Orcutt plants had now started a price-cutting war.

Both concerns, presumably, could stand this cutting contest, and could later make the consumer pay for the healing of their cash wounds. But with the Fawcett Plant, affairs took a more tragic turn.

In order to stay in the market at all, during the repeated slashing of their output's prices by Gaines and Orcutt, it became vitally needful for the Fawcetts to cut prices to match those of the warriors. And this meant not only the swift vanishing of all profits, but a period of stern retrenchment. That or a complete collapse of the industry which had for years fed the bulk of Peavey and had supported the Fawcett family and the concern's stockholders.

Men must be laid off, wages must be hewed to the bone, and all manner of other overhead pared down. It was grimly essential. By trimming its sails, thus, the Fawcett Plant stood more than a fighting chance of weathering the storm, especially as there were vague forecasts of a compromise to be arrived at, soon, between the Gaines and the Orcutt forces. Everything depended on weathering the next month or so.

The elder Fawcett, by means of leaflets and of personal appeal, made known the conditions to the plant's army of employees and called on them for cooperation. At once, he found there was an influence working steadily and vindictively against him.

The influence, he learned, was Carson Blundell.

**N**OR did the big fellow remain long under cover. A week or so later, the town was placarded by two-sheet posters bearing his signature. These proclamations pointed out that the Fawcett Plant, more than any or all other concerns, was the source of Peavey's livelihood, and that the proposed cut in wages and in workers would be bound to have a severe effect on the town's whole business fabric.

There was talk of a strike, said the poster, as the most effective protest against injustice to a large percentage of Peavey's labor populace. But, went on Blundell, in twenty-four-point type, there seemed to be a certain reluctance on the part of some of the employees to accede to this logical plan. Also, certain business interests were opposed to such a strike.

For the purpose of settling on the best method for backing up the Fawcett employees as well as for open discussion of the strike question, a mass-meeting of business men and of Fawcett workers was called, therewith, for the following Monday evening, at the Peavey Opera House.

A half score of these announcements greeted the frowning gaze of the Fawcetts, father and son, on their way to the plant, one morning. They were blazoned forth from walls, from telephone poles, from ash cans, from shop-windows. The work of distribution had been thorough.

By telegraph, the elder Fawcett summoned a directors' meeting. His son went instead to McCue's gymnasium, a full five hours ahead of his wonted daily time. There, as he was rubbing down after a hot glove bout with Professor Marty McCue, his chum, Gavin Pierce, came in for his own daily workout.

"Hello!" hailed Roy, cheerily. "Where in blazes have you been for the last fifty-three years? I thought you were dead. We all did."

Pierce made no reply, but set gloomily to work stripping for the gym. Roy would not accept the snub. Casting about for a reason to account for his friend's gloom, he recalled his mother's casual query, on the night of Blundell's abortive visit—the query as to whether Gavin had not expected to call, that same evening. And he remembered Helen's lofty reply that she had phoned to Pierce, breaking the appointment.

Roy began to see light. Pierce had visited the Fawcett house, for two years, as his personal guest. But, ever since Helen's return from school, he had made it beautifully clear to every one that Roy and all others in the family, with the sole glowing exception of Helen, were at liberty to vanish and to stay in any other part of the house, throughout the time he was there. Helen had seemed to enjoy this adoration of Gavin's. She had seemed to enjoy it, increasingly, as the weeks went on. Then—Roy's abstracted mind grasped the recollection, now—Pierce's painfully incessant visits had ceased. The worries of the past month or two had made Roy oblivious to such things. And he reproached himself.

"Say, old man," he ventured, "I don't want to horn in, you know. But is anything wrong? Squabble or anything? If there is—well, the rest of us at home want to keep on seeing you, anyhow."

Pierce tried to look as if he had not heard. Then, involuntarily, he turned upon his chum. The cross need of talking to some one about his misery overcame his glum resolve of silence.

"No," he answered, sulkily. "There's nothing the matter. At least, nothing I can do any-

thing about. Before I knew I was licked, I called up, four times in one week, and asked leave to drop around. Every time Helen had something else to do. And then, when I waited an hour to waylay her, in the street, one morning, she froze me. Treated me as if I was some guy whose last name she'd forgotten. She—"

"Rot!" Fawcett consoled him. "She's just a kid. Just a crazy kid. All kids are crazy. Stick to it. She'll come out of whatever twist she's tied her alleged brain into. Be patient. How about coming to dinner, to-night? We—"

"No, thanks," said Gavin, stiffly.

"To-morrow, then? We—"

"No, thanks," repeated Pierce. "I'd rather not, till it stops hurting quite so much like an ulcerated tooth. Later on, maybe. But—"

He stopped; ashamed of his sheepish show of emotion. But Roy was not content.

"You're talking like a schoolboy with a grouch!" he chided. "If you're going to let yourself get crumpled up, because a girl gets a contrary fit—"

"I'm not," retorted Gavin, stung anew into speech by the other's air of patronage. "I'd have stuck to it, for keeps—if they hadn't begun going past my office at the start of all their daily walks. I didn't need a map or a compass, either, to tell me where I got off—after I'd taken one slant at the way they looked at each other. They—"

He stopped again, this time misreading morbidly his chum's aspect of bewilderment. He broke off in his grumbled tale to explain:

"Don't get the idea I was spying on them. You ought to know me better than that. But my office windows face direct on the store where he's generally waiting for her and—"

"What in hell do you think you're saying?" exploded Roy, finding his voice with a gulp. "And who do you think you're talking about? It's all Choctaw to me—unless you've been trying to put down the bootleg trade, single-throatedly. Who's been walking with whom? What's the—"

"I mean Helen's afternoon walks with Carson Blundell," answered Gavin, surlily. "I wish you'd ask them to do their exercising in some other direction or to start from some other meeting place. It's none of my business, of course, since I suppose her parents approve. But there's no need in her rubbing it in, that way. She knows well enough what it means to me and she might—"

This time there was no misreading Roy's convulsed visage. And there was fierce tension in the grip he drove into Gavin's naked shoulder.

"Do—do you mean to say you folks didn't know?" stammered Pierce, in genuine amazement. "Good Lord! I'd have bitten out my tongue, rather than blab like a cur! I thought, of course—from the open way they met and walked off, close together—"

"Shut up!" groaned Roy Fawcett. "Let me think! If this filthy story of yours hasn't scrambled my mind, for keeps. No—don't go. I'll want you."

**F**OR several minutes he sat crouched far over, his lips working wordlessly now and then, his face brick red with wrath, his fists clenching and unclenching. Gradually his features relaxed into normality. At last he spoke.

"I need you to help me," he said, simply, looking up at his unhappy friend. "I'm going to give you a job I was going to take for myself. You'll do it better. And it'll do more for you. First of all, the kid met this Blundell swine at some uplift conference. She asked him to call—being a little idiot and wanting to get his help in a symphony concert scheme. I saw him when he called, and I turned him out. I supposed that was all there was to it. But he must have gotten in touch with her, somehow. At her age, all she needs to interest her in a man is the idea that her family are persecuting him and persecuting her. Besides, his size and his bulging muscles impressed her, I guess. The combination has made her consent to go walking with him."

"But I—"

"Thank the Lord it was by broad daylight and in town!" added Roy. "She probably thinks she's punishing us, and comforting him for our kicking him out of the house. That's all! That's all, so far. I know the kid well enough for that. But if it keeps on, she's due to fall in

(Continued on page 50)

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## The Muscle-Buster

(Continued from page 48)

love with him. That's why it's not going on. That's why you're going to help me. . . . I understand, now, why that poster of his wasn't more abusive. And I understand why he's been trying to stir up the men against us. It can't be on the free list, to jar the great Carson Blundell as I did, the night he called. He's paying back. But he has the wit to do it without getting virulent enough to jar her. Likely enough he's told her it was for the uplift of the workers. He would, of course. She's daft on all that, just now, you know."

"I know. She—"

As he talked, Fawcett was divesting himself of his newly donned street clothes. Now, climbing into his boxing trunks, he surveyed Gavin Pierce.

"What's your weight, these days?" he demanded.

"Within a pound or so of the old weight," returned the puzzled Gavin. "I keep in pretty hard shape, you know, here at Marty's. I don't think I've gained enough to put me above a hundred and fifty-eight. Why?"

"H'm!" commented Roy. "Yes, you're the one to do it. You're fourteen pounds above me, and two inches taller. It'll be surer, that way. Besides, you were always better, at your weight, than I was at mine. I never got into even the runner-up class, all our four years at Harle. And you held the middleweight championship, there, for—let's see, was it three years or two?"

"Only two," said Gavin, bewildered at the switch of subject. "But I don't get the idea."

"You wouldn't. But you will. Come back into the gym. We'll have to let Marty in on a little part of this. I've had to, already."

"Of what? What in blazes is the—?"

"I'm going to tie his arms to his sides, just above the elbow," was the seemingly insane reply. "Not tightly, but tight enough to keep him from hitting out, with any speed or to any distance. I'm going to have him hobble his ankles, too. Then I'm going to make him box with you, that way. You're to be unfastened in any fashion, but to see how well you can keep out of his way. He's to box bare handed and with all he's got. You're to wear the eight-ounce gloves. That'll teach you to keep away from him. For if he gets you into a corner or coaxes you within range of his hobbled arms or if you're awkward enough to let him get to close quarters, you'll get a short-arm jolt or a half-hook, bare-handed, that'll come close to putting you into dry dock."

"Why, man!" sputtered the amazed Gavin. "What's the sense of—"

"I've been boxing with him, that way, for a fortnight," said Roy. "Now I'm putting it up to you. And you'll have to do a lot of it, before Monday night. That's the time you'll need it. Now, if you'll try to look less like the Idiot Mother of the Idiot Boy, I'll tell you why. But, remember, I'm not 'asking' you to take this job on. I'm telling you it's to be done. Listen."

**ENSUED** a monologue which merged into an excited dialogue, and thence into something bordering dispute. At last, the disputants came by degrees to amity. And into the gym they went, side by side, Gavin Pierce with more life and eagerness in his expression than for many a tedious day. And the rehearsals began.

The following Monday evening found the Peavey opera house filled to the doors, with a heterogeneous mass of citizens, ranging from lathe-turners to the local bank president. In one of the proscenium boxes, though a little toward the back of it, sat two women. One of them was Mrs. Fawcett. The other was Helen, her daughter. They were under the escort of Mr. Fawcett and Roy.

Helen, a bit defiantly, had announced her intent of attending the meeting. To her surprise, her parents made no objection. They stipulated only that she should go with them, and not by herself.

Just before the meeting began, Gavin slipped unobtrusively into the Fawcett box. He nodded to its occupants. Then, at Roy's invitation, he took a seat in its front row of chairs, closest to the stage-apron.

Helen scarcely noticed his advent. The girl's eyes were starry. Her flower face was flushed. Fondly, proudly, she bore close to her breast a big sheaf of American Beauty roses. Her family had not asked her as to the roses' donor. Her eyes told the story, as did her tender fashion of holding the vast bouquet.

Up rolled the scarred curtain of poisonous greens and bilious yellows, besprinkled with local tradesmen's signs. Its rising revealed the deep stage, with its little table at the front, bearing a pitcher and a glass, the chairman's seat beside it, and the seven deal chairs at the rear, wherein the various speakers of the evening were seated.

In the center of this half moon of seats bulked the herculean body of Carson Blundell. To right and to left of him sat his six trained and tamed orators.

**THE** chairman's seat was only partly filled by a wizened little old man, who looked and felt thoroughly miserable in his post of honor. This was Caleb Maher, chief superintendent of the Fawcett Plant, chosen willy for the chairmanship by Blundell, in order to give an aspect of fairness to the meeting. For Maher was the Fawcett's most ardent adherent. As chairman—a job wholly unfamiliar to him—he could be counted on to be too much concerned with his own nervousness to keep the speakers in any semblance of order.

As the curtain went up, the poor old man cast an appealing glance at the Fawcett box. A close observer might have seen that his blinking gaze rested longer and more intently upon Gavin Pierce than upon his own beloved employer. Then, furtively, he let himself peer, for an instant, at the front row of orchestra seats. There was nothing spectacular in that front row. Its center was occupied by six unobtrusive young men and one man somewhat older.

Carson Blundell's eager eyes were trained on the Fawcett box by the time the green curtain fringe arose high enough to permit him to see its occupants. For a long moment, his glance met and held Helen's. Then, squaring his magnificent shoulders, he gave himself up to the business in hand.

Caleb Maher got uncertainly to his feet, and, with divers pauses and consultations of a typed sheet in his hand, made known briefly the purpose of the meeting. His shaky voice did not carry halfway through the packed auditorium. Someone in the gallery bawled: "Louder!" The old man straightened his meagre figure to its full stature of five feet and one inch, and skipped the remainder of the preamble. At the top of his aged lungs he shrilled:

"We will now have the—the—we'll now hear the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Carson Blundell. Mr. Blundell:—"

From a fringe of the audience came a meed of handclapping. Blundell frowned wrathfully on the chairman. He himself had chosen to be the final and climax speaker of the seven. And he had so instructed Maher. The other six were to be mere feeders and leaders-up to his carefully prepared triumph of verbal dynamite.

And now the doddering old fool had gotten rattled and called on him at the very start—long before the audience was warmed up to him by the well-rehearsed earlier speakers. Yet, there was nothing for him to do but mask his scowl and come forward to the speaker's table. He could not well refuse or demand publicly his chosen place on the program.

Forward he came, his mighty form dominating the stage and dwarfing its other occupants. His close-fitting blue suit showed to the full every muscular line and curve of his incredibly powerful chest and arms and shoulders. Helen's heart beat fast at sight of his advance.

Reaching the stand, he stood beside it, a menacingly glorious embodiment of brute strength. Across the crowded auditorium roved his pale eyes. They rested for a second on Helen, then for a longer moment on the actions of two men at the auditorium's rear. These two were moving about, unnoted by those nearest them. They were closing the two double doors leading to the lobby. It almost seemed

as though they were also locking them, though this was manifestly absurd.

"My friends" began Carson, his roughly domineering and dominating voice billowing forth aggressively in the first words of his address. "My friends, this meeting has been called, to determine whether or not the best industrial interests of Peavey and the welfare and the happiness and the livelihood of its honest toilers—its sturdy legions of bench and lathe—shall bow to the arbitrary will of one small group—I may say family—of capitalists, who seek to—"

"Mr. Blundell," calmly interposed a well-carrying voice from the front of the left proscenium box, "that is not the advertised purpose of this meeting. When you say it is, you lie."

Blundell wheeled ferociously upon his interrupter. A compact young man of middle height and middle weight was standing in the box's very front. From the audience arose a hum and rustle. Someone said aloud:

"That's Gavin Pierce!"

Blundell glowered homicidally at Pierce, hunching his shoulders in threat, and taking a half step toward the box.

"I said," repeated the calm voice, penetrating the hush that followed the startled rustle of the audience, "I said you are a liar, Blundell. I say now, you're a yellow coward, as well, and that you haven't the nerve to resent being called a liar."

"One more peep out of you, you mangy shrimp," thundered Blundell, striding toward the box, "and I'll yank you out onto this stage and break your neck over my knee! I'd do it now, if there wasn't ladies—"

"I'll save you the trouble," interposed Pierce,

lightly, he stepped over the box rail, onto the stage. Walking up to the threatening Blundell, he smote the giant smartly across the mouth with the back of his open hand.

Blundell, at the unbelievable outrage, belated thickly and, with both hamlike hands, clutched at the smaller man, as though to tear him asunder. Gavin Pierce's left fist shot forward, between the murderous arms; and planted itself with a scientific force on the bellowing lips.

Then, with ludicrous ease, he ducked under the windmill arms and drove first his left and then his right fist resoundingly into the giant's midriff.

**THE** house was in an uproar. Hundreds of people were on their feet, gesticulating and shouting. Among those who had leaped up were seven men from the center of the front row. With no ostentation at all, they gained the platform. Easily hustling back the six tame orators who had come surging forward from their chairs, the septet spread themselves in a living line across the stage. Sporting youths among the excited audience recognized them as Professor Marty McCue and six of his string of pork-and-bean fighters. Heavily suborned had they been, and they were happily intent on earning their pay.

Two or three nervous folk in the rear of the house bolted for the exit doors in quest of a policeman, as the bluecoat and the fireman detailed at the back of the hall had somehow vanished. But these volunteer invokers of the law found both doors locked and each guarded by a determined-looking man who toyed with a baseball bat. Recruits, these two, from Caleb Maher's dozen grandsons.

The seekers for police aid recoiled before the bat-bearers, and resigned themselves to the certainty of seeing the hapless young Pierce slain and dissected by his invincible foe.

Meantime, Gavin was availing himself of the stage's wide spaces to do some nimbly creditable footwork, in eluding his gigantic pursuer. Back and to every side he darted, readily keeping out of Blundell's reach. In the first maneuver of retreat he shed his coat, revealing a jersey beneath it. Foaming with rage and chagrin, Carson hurled himself after the receding youth like a mad bull.

Roy Fawcett had taken Gavin's vacated place at the front of the box. Throwing out both arms for silence, he shouted:

"Calm down, everybody! There isn't going to be any riot. For ten years, Blundell has terrorized this town. He has bullied and scared and browbeaten everyone who has op-

(Continued on page 52)

# FUN-that puts you in Fighting Trim!

**Robert B. Wheelan, President of Health Builders, Inc., and Originator of the Records of Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen," Tells How It Is Done.**



Walter Camp, originator of the "Daily Dozen"

THE man wasn't well. Not sick exactly, but tired, worn—daily edging closer to complete physical collapse. When I was introduced to him by George Ferber in the lobby of a New York hotel, he presented a disturbing spectacle.

"Yes, I'm tired," he admitted, in answer to Ferber's sympathetic inquiry. "I don't know what the trouble is. If I could just stop thinking! Good heavens! *If I could just stop thinking!*"

"I can't relax. My mind races like an express train day and night. Worry, I suppose you'd call it—but I can't help it. I've no resistance, mental or otherwise. I seem to be drained out, if you know what I mean—no 'come back,' no vitality. It's a case of you can't hope to hang on unless you're able to 'let go.' I seem to be licked coming and going.

"And it all gets back to the same trouble; I can't rest; I don't know how to relax. Sleep? For weeks I haven't known what the word really means. Mentally, I feel like a man who is always just one jump ahead of a hurricane. It's awful. It—it frightens me at times. I don't know what to make of it."

"Why not let Walter Camp take you in hand?" Ferber suggested. "Try the 'Daily Dozen.' Put you on your feet in no time. Why, during the war—"

The sick man interrupted with a weary gesture.

"I know, I know. Camp's all right. Done a lot of good. I've heard about that. But—I *hate* exercise. It's no good. I've tried it. Got a gymnasium instructor once to put me through his routine. Wore me out. Nearly killed me. Camp's ideas are all right, but I can't go that business. Too strenuous. You see how it is."

This last was a direct appeal to me.

"Of course gymnasium is strenuous," I admitted. "That kind of exercise always is. No wonder you hate it. So does everyone else. That's not exercise. That's *work*—hard, grueling, exhausting work. Exercise that builds from the ground up—that puts the 'kick' into you, and makes you glad you're alive—is gentle, stimulating, thoroughly enjoyable."

He shrugged impatiently.

"But I have nothing to build on. Look at me; feel those arms; see these shoulders, this chest. What chance have I with a foundation like that?"

"More chance than you think," I told him. "You can stand on your feet, can't you? You can raise your arms, move your legs, bend at the waist? And you have essentially the same framework given to every man. Strengthen it by simple, easy methods, and you have all that any construction engineer wants."

"Well, it sounds all right," he admitted. "But, really, Mr. Wheelan, I haven't the time to give to that sort of thing. You see how things are. My business—"

"That's just the point," I explained. "You are thinking of exercise in terms of

half hours or hours. Few men can give so much time to any kind of exercise. That's the beauty of a system that capitalizes the minutes—just a few minutes a day, if you can spare no more.

"Steal five minutes from your morning paper. Another five before you retire at night. Start tomorrow. I'll get the 'Daily Dozen' records to you right away. If you'll go at this thing right, I'll guarantee that in forty-eight hours you can 'stop thinking.' You will go to bed and sleep. You'll relax. And as the days go by you'll approach your work each morning with zest, a genuine eagerness to get at it. You'll increase your efficiency a hundred per cent. . . . Don't believe it? Just try it. Results speak the only language we humans can understand."

He did try it, reluctantly, as a sceptic would. Not long ago I had the pleasure of meeting him again.

"Mr. Wheelan," he said, "I don't know just where I was headed for when you urged me to try Walter Camp's 'Daily Dozen.' I try not to think about that. But look at me now—just look at me. I feel bully. I sleep. I eat. I have learned how to stop thinking when I *want* to stop thinking. I've never seen anything like it. It's the closest thing to a miracle that I've ever had happen to me."

There is really nothing miraculous about Walter Camp's famous "Daily Dozen." It is simply the common sense idea of a very remarkable man whose fame as Yale's great football coach lends to his ideas the weight of authority.

Says Mr. Camp: "Man is essentially animal. He instinctively demands action. The brain that labors efficiently insists on being fed. And an impoverished bloodstream never yet nourished an underfed brain. Like an underfed child, it droops rapidly, becomes listless, dull."

The zest of living, therefore, lies first of all in *action*. To twist and turn, to stretch the muscles of trunk and body, vitalizes like an elixir. With the blood enriched, the vital organs stimulated, the brain does twice the work with half the effort. And the neglected physical man really begins to *live*.

With Mr. Camp's permission the twelve exercises comprising the "Daily Dozen" have been set to music, and recorded on 10-inch double-disc phonograph records that can be played on any machine. Moreover, a special booklet, with 60 actual photographs, has been prepared showing the exact movements that accompany the spoken commands of the voice on the record. With these records any man, woman or

child can frolic through the twelve exercises for a few minutes each day with results as amazing as they are delightful.

ROBERT B. WHEELAN, President.

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Try them for five days. Prove to yourself that the only kind of exercise that counts is not work, but play; is *not* tiring, but stimulating; and that it does *not* steal time, but actually adds to your leisure by adding to your efficiency.

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Dept. 864, Garden City, N. Y.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

# EL PRODUCTO

for real enjoyment

Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed.

## The Muscle-Buster

(Continued from page 50)

posed him. He came here tonight to do the same thing. Well, he is not going to."

By this time, the clear voice had managed to catch the attention of the crowd. Roy went on: "Blundell has forced himself and his brutish will upon this town, since he was a boy. How has he done it? By dint of strength. And he has done it without striking a real blow. Oh, yes, he has pummeled or kicked some poor drunken pigmy, once in a while, just as an object lesson in what he could do if he were really thwarted. He's done the whole thing on a bluff. A bluff as big and as worthless as himself. He's fooled you all. That is why we've staged this boxing match that you're going to see. Blundell calls himself the most dangerous man in the state. He is about as dangerous as a sick elephant with one leg. I'm going to prove it to you. On the stage with him is a man you all know, a lawyer of this town, not a professional athlete. And he is going to lick the eternal daylight out of your Hercules. After he's shown you how easy it is to do, any dub can kick Blundell, at will. He'll be a dead bunny."

"If you'll all keep your places, you'll see an interesting sight. If any of Blundell's ill-advised friends try to break up the fun, we have men here who will see order maintained. Blundell will have fair play. And that's something he has never accorded anyone else. . . . All right, Gavin, old man! The spiel's over."

PIERCE, at the call, ceased, with bewildering promptitude, his tactics of retreat. So swiftly did he abandon them that Carson Blundell crashed into him as he continued his bull-rush. At least he crashed into both of Pierce's fists, almost simultaneously, one of them closing Blundell's flaming pale right eye, the other whacking cruelly into his wind.

Then, as the giant whirled his arms in an effort to crush his slighter adversary, Gavin's knuckles played a tattoo, at will, upon the wide face and barndoor body of his assailant. Lightly he averted contact with the punitive arms and hands of the Hercules; driving a volley of lefts and rights to the huge carcass and bleeding face.

Helen, as in a trance, had crept to the front of the box. Her face deathly white, her eyes dark with horror, she watched the scene. Close beside her stood her brother; his father as eagerly watching the fray from between their shoulders, while Mrs. Fawcett cowered nervously in the back of the box and tried not to look.

"Get the idea, Sis?" harangued Roy, in Helen's ear; never once taking his delighted gaze from the conflict. "I got it; the night he butted in at our house. I got it from the way he gestured. We had two chaps like that, at Harle. Both of 'em as strong as an ox; and both so muscle-bound they couldn't hit a decent blow or move fast enough to keep out of the way of their own big feet. They used to gesture just the way Blundell did that night. It's the unmistakable muscle-bound gesture. That's how I knew what he was; and all the things he can't do."

Helen did not answer. She did not so much as glance at him. She did not hear him. All she could see or hear was that primal struggle up and down the stage; the thudding of blows, the gasping of breath, the sickening multiple shuffle of feet, the bloodsmears; the murder in two faces. Something within her soul was warring as fiercely as were the gladiators before her.

The house was breathless, tense, a-tremble. From it arose none of the raucous sounds of lesser excitement which go with a prizefight. All this was so unexpected, so impossible, it held them in a spell.

For minutes the one-sided battle had waged; and with pathetically little variety. Unremittently, Gavin Pierce maintained his whirlwind assault; feeling out by boxing instinct his opponent's weakest spots; ever ducking or sidestepping the increasingly awkward rushes.

Again and again, in maniac fury, Blundell threw himself upon Pierce. But never was Pierce there when he arrived. Had the big hands once closed upon the slippery youth, it must have meant instant and primitively hideous death for the middleweight. For no trained prizefighter's skill could have brought escape

from the clutch that was wont to handle iron as though it was putty.

Well did Pierce know the peril. He was putting up a murderous fight; inflicting frightful punishment on his foe; and escaping, thus far, without so much as a bruise.

Abnormally powerful was Carson Blundell; and of super-tough physique. Yet in these last two or three years of comfortable affluence he had let himself eat hoggishly and with scant regard to the muscle-and-lung-helping qualities of his food. Also, he had taken life pleasantly easy, in the matter of exercise and of sleeping-hours. These neglects had started to take toll. They had spread a thickening film of softness over his iron hulk. They had nicked away at his iron powers of resistance.

Now, under the merciless bombardment of stomach and heart he was sickening and beginning to pant. The smashes to mouth and jaw were confusing and torturing him. He was lurching drunkenly.

Aware of his growing incapacity and that Pierce seemed as dynamically fresh as at the outset, the giant shifted from insanely punitive fury to worry and then to something strangely akin to panic. Never before had he been withstood, physically; even as never before had his imperious temper been set at naught. Now,—

Into his dizzy brain came the awful knowledge that the whole world,—his whole world,—was witnessing his downfall. None knew better than he the pitiful fate that lies waiting for a discredited Bad Man or bully. Not only was this silk-stocking cub thrashing him, but he was showing everyone else how the trick might be done. He was stripping him forever of his hitherto-all-protecting armor.

Worst of all, he was doing it in the presence of the One Girl.

In a last despairing effort to regain what he was losing, Blundell sought to cover up, under a lightning rally of hooks and short-arm punches. Seeing that the big fellow had ceased to rush, Pierce lunged himself at him in redoubled zeal; though abating none of his earlier wise caution. Well he watched those terrifically formidable arms and hands. Warily he eluded their futile efforts to reach his dancing body.

But the hands and the arms were all he bothered to watch;—being merely a trained boxer and not a street fighter. Subconsciously, Blundell noted this. And it gave him his inspiration,—his idea for the one chance left him. It was for that reason he had ceased to rush or to retreat and had braced himself.

Now, as Pierce leaped at him, Carson Blundell's left foot gripped the floor. His right foot shot forward with double the force of a kicking mule's hoof.

THE kick was aimed for Gavin Pierce's stomach. And it carried with it not only defeat but probable death as well.

But, driving his left fist to the jaw, with all his might, in the hope of scoring a knockout, Pierce twisted his body to one side, and forward, to give added weight and snap to the punch. Thus it was that his stomach was not in line with the plunging boot toe, when it whizzed for its mark. Unwittingly, Gavin had averted a danger he did not so much as suspect.

But the toe found another and a lesser goal. Glancingly it grazed his thigh, as Pierce struck. Deflected as was the kick, it yet had force enough to spin Gavin halfway around and knock his left leg from under him.

To the floor he crashed, prone on his face; his leg momentarily numbed, from hip to heel.

A multiple howl surged from the audience. Not one man among them but saw and realized the foul move. Not one in twenty but yelled involuntary execration of it. In the breasts of some of them, including the elder Fawcett, had begun to seep a reluctant pity for the battered giant. Now, in a breath, that pity was swept away in loud contempt.

Down upon his prostrate victim swooped Blundell, the iron hands at last finding their grip. He lifted Gavin bodily from the floor, preparatory to whirling him above his head and dashing his brains out against the proscenium pillar. Too late, Roy Fawcett sought to leap to the stage. Too late McCue and his fighters scuttled ragingly forward from the rear of the stage whither they had retired to give the boxers plenty of foot-room.

But not too late something whiffled through the air toward Blundell.

Urged by a wholly new impulse, Helen Fawcett, through no conscious will of her own, hurled at the potential murderer the only missile she could find. And that missile chanced to be the great red sheaf of roses she carried.

Like a crimson-gleaming comet, the hard-flung bouquet flashed across the footlights. The sheaf smote Carson Blundell, their giver, full across the swollen eyes.

The impact was absurdly light. But the surprise was complete. Momentarily blinded by the fragrant mass of flowers, he clawed instinctively at his face; letting go of the high-swung Gavin with one hand and mechanically slackening a little the grasp of the other.

**I**N THE merest fraction of a second, Gavin had torn himself free; and was sprawling on the floor, among the scattered roses. In practically the same motion he was on his feet again; and flying like a wounded wildcat at the man who had sunk to such unspeakable tactics in a stand-up fight.

His strength reinforced by righteous fury, he slugged to the wind with his left. So mercilessly punishing was the punch that Blundell doubled under it. As his head came forward, Pierce's right swing caught him perhaps an inch from the exact point of the jaw.

Carson Blundell's knees turned to tallow. He lurched forward and slumped to the floor with an impact that jarred the chandeliers.

And there he lay, a huge and helpless hulk. The house went mad. Little old Caleb Maher so far forgot his dignity, as chairman of the meeting, as to hop down from his chair and do a wild Irish dance around the fallen man. In piercing falsetto he shrilled forth a ramping war-song of his own bellicose earlier days:

*"By Aldherman McCooly shure the mayor he was floored.  
He fell upon a member from the Fightin' Sixinth Warrd;  
While the Presbhytayrian minishter and the clerk of wather board  
They was dancin' like the devil on McCarthy!  
Whirriloo, thin, f'r oold Galway an—"*

His dance and his song came to an abrupt and protesting end. A mob had swarmed to the stage, shoving aside the McCue warriors and lifting the laughingly embarrassed Gavin Pierce to their shoulders. Then began a victory march around the stage—a march from which presently Pierce managed to wriggle himself free.

In the rear of the left hand proscenium box, some minutes later, Mrs. Fawcett emerged from a prolonged and thoroughly enjoyable fit of hysterics. She looked fearfully from her husband to her son.

"Will they electrocute Gavin?" she quavered.  
"What for?" asked her puzzled husband.  
"For bursting a bubble?"  
"For killing that poor Blundell."  
"He isn't dead. He scrambled up, five minutes ago—without a hand to help him. And he's just sneaked out of the building. I saw him go."

"What's—what's that—that awful sound?" she asked, shudderingly, as a raucous hoot of laughter from a hundred throats shook the theater.

Roy looked out toward the lobby, whence issued the racket.

"Say!" he called to a boy who lingered grinning in one of the exit doorways, "What's the joke?"

"Why, little old Mr. Maher just caught sight of Blundell, slinkin' out the stage entrance," explained the youngster. "And he slapped his face and then gave him a couple of kicks for good measure."

"The old idiot!" cried Roy. "Blundell will break his fool neck for that."

"He will not!" stoutly denied the boy. "The big fourflusher ran like hell. I guess ev'rybody'll be takin' a crack at him, after this. Gee, but that was sure some swell—!"

"Where is Helen?" feebly interrupted Mrs. Fawcett.

"She's just gone home," said her husband. "I told her Roy and I would look after you."

"Gone home?" gasped Mrs. Fawcett. "At this time of night—all alone and—"

"No," soothed her husband. "Not quite alone, dear. Gavin Pierce went with her. She—she asked him to. I heard her."

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## Pretenders

(Continued from page 36)

"Have I done something terribly naughty?" asked the girl, looking up at him laughingly.

"Oh, nothing so horrible! It was your own wish that we should all share together in Mr. Tomlin's news—which is really the greatest of surprises. I'm vain enough to feel the joy of my own vindication! I knew you were a tie between me and my Italy! And so I greet you as a lost Beatrice—Beatrice Hastings!"

"My poor husband has lost his mind!" cried Mrs. Crosby.

Maybury nodded to Tomlin, and the lawyer told his story, as he had told it to Wendling at their chance meeting in the club.

"It's all too strange!" said Beatrice. "And the strangest thing of all is that I don't really feel surprised—not as I should! It seems like something I knew would happen some day!"

"I suppose that everything that's happened to you and Olive has been inevitable," said Maybury. "But this discovery of your parentage has just one drawback; your aunt Olive and I—we're still going to be uncle and aunt to you—had planned to adopt you. We talked it over while we were away, and we were going to make a substantial settlement on you. But now your worldly affairs are cared for, and very handsomely. All we can do is to beg you to make your home with us. No process of law could make you more our daughter than you are!"

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

"WE MUST do something handsome for Perkins," said Mrs. Crosby when on the next day the lawyer was announced. "From what Dr. Wendling told us, Perkins definitely traced Olive to Onamatogue. He very sensibly accepted the doctor's word for it that she was all right and would report here at the earliest practicable moment."

They found the little man clutching a bulging portfolio. He had acquired a new suit of clothes in his travels, and his old air of dejection had disappeared.

"I'm sorry to have been so slow! I was just a few hours too late to prevent Miss Farnam's flight, and I regret it greatly."

"Don't apologize for anything!" cried Mrs. Crosby, fearing he might insist on describing his adventures.

"Thank you very much. I've made out a detailed report if you care for it. I was obliged to draw on you quite heavily—"

"The drafts were all right. And if ten thousand dollars doesn't strike you as a proper fee, say so. The young woman's found and that's all we were concerned about!"

The thought of possessing ten thousand dollars caused the world to reel but he swallowed twice and thanked them.

"In my attempts," he went on, "to find a clue to the murderer, in the belief that he might have had something to do with the girl's disappearance, I learned certain facts about Mr. Farnam which you may care to know. As I remember, you knew little or nothing about his marriage—"

"We've just learned that his widow is living, but we haven't yet seen her. If you can prepare us in any way we shall be glad," said Maybury.

"I had reason to think she might be alive, and I was going to ask whether you'd care to have me carry my investigations further. I have the documentary proof of the marriage."

"So has Fairfield, and we're to see her next Sunday," Mrs. Crosby interjected, dreading a long story. "I hope there's nothing disgraceful turning up to spoil everything!"

"Quite the contrary! The girl he married was young—eighteen—from the records I found in California. A very respectable person to the best of my knowledge. She was on the stage—"

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Crosby, interested in spite of herself.

"After the child was born things did not go happily. Mr. Farnam had already begun to acquire interests in many places and kept moving about. I picked up hints that—do pardon me, Mrs. Crosby!—your brother was hard upon his wife."

"He was brutal to her, no doubt. My grandfather Farnam was like that. Go on!"

"I didn't carry my inquiries further. I was unable to trace her family or learn anything of her whereabouts. There was an impression that she returned to the stage—"

"But she must have dropped out of that long ago. You needn't trouble further with the matter; she can tell her own story. But understand that we're most grateful to you. If there's anything we can do for you—beyond money, I mean—I hope you will make it known."

"I should ask nothing but the chance to serve you!" he replied meekly.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby impatiently. "You've done a very clever piece of work, and you sit there like a scared rabbit when I won't even let you have the satisfaction of telling what you've done!"

His humility so enraged her that she tore up the check she had written and increased it to fifteen thousand.

"I never expected to be so happy again!" said Olive to Beatrice in one of their many long talks. "You go right along as though nothing had happened to you, though most exciting things have happened."

"That's because I was always silly enough to think something was bound to happen to me—something nice, I mean," replied Beatrice. "And if there hadn't I suppose I'd have gone on selling talcum powder and hoping to the end of my days."

"Well, we've both got a lot of money, a ridiculous lot!" said Olive. "And as soon as I get hold of some of mine I'm going to spread it around in Warrenton. I'm going to build some new buildings at the school where they were so good to me, and a hospital—a really splendid one, with everything free forever, and a big hall where the people can have parties and concerts and lectures, and—"

"And a beautiful poorhouse where you can be comfortable in your old age! All those things would take about a million!"

"I suppose I'll have to learn to economize!" Olive replied plaintively.

"The first thing I'm going to do when I get the allowance Mr. Tomlin promised me," said Beatrice, "will be to do something for the girls I worked with. They are all nice girls, and we used to have a lot of fun. I think maybe I'll give a dinner and a theater party, or maybe hire a hall and give a dance, and tell them to bring their beaux along. I'm going in to see them the first time I'm in town. And I'm going down to see Mrs. Murphy at my old boarding-house. She's one of those angels you read about, and I'd like to give her enough money to make her easy for a while."

Though Conwell's care kept Olive's flight into the dunes from the newspapers, the discovery of the daughter of George Grayling Hastings was duly heralded. The fact that as Vivian Locke she had been a department store clerk in New York, and that Mrs. Maybury Crosby had been so attracted by her beauty that she had snatched her from the toilet goods counter and virtually adopted her, received its full value as an item of Beatrice Hastings' romantic history.

In the general stir Maybury didn't forget the manifestations of her Italian strain that had so deeply interested him. But Wendling said the matter was better forgotten. It must suffice that she had established a new outpost in heredity.

"There's no other case like it on record, and there may never be another so startling. The best thing is to forget it."

"Certainly," said Maybury. "Her demonstrations did serve a purpose in helping to identify her, and that's enough."

"I haven't had many regrets in my life," said Mrs. Crosby to Maybury as they discussed the young women who had been brought into their lives by so strange a combination of circumstances, "but I'm sorry the years are counting against me. I should like to follow these girls as long as they live. They've made a lot of difference with both of us."

"But we're not going to lose touch with them!"

"Don't pretend you're blind!" she said petulantly. "They're both in love! We'll have hard



work holding them till they can be introduced socially. That big Conwell isn't going to be got rid of; he and Olive are as good as engaged now. And Dr. Wendling's interest in Beatrice is sincere. No one can say he's marrying her for her money when he fell in love with her when she was still only a penniless girl behind a counter."

"They both seem bent upon spending their money as rapidly as possible, and in ways that are creditable to them," said Maybury. It's certainly not going to spoil them."

"YOU like this sort of life, but I never would!"

This from Olive to Beatrice as they roamed the house waiting for Mrs. Farnam's arrival. "The grand style of things suits you, but I'd never get used to it. About one winter in New York just to see what it's like and then I'll want to watch the spring creep over the gray hills, and see cattle feeding in the big pastures and live in a country where strangers won't look surprised if you say hello to them. Of course," she added, with one of her quick changes of mood, "I may change my mind about all that when I see my mother. I'm going to try very hard to make her love me."

She had stipulated that she would first see the mother of whom she knew nothing alone. If there was to be any disappointment she wished an opportunity to adjust herself to it. Maybury, however, overruled her wish to go to the station and went himself.

Olive, waiting in the living-room, heard the car in the driveway, followed by Maybury's voice in the hall. Then the door opened and closed upon a woman, small and slight, whose presence seemed to bring light and warmth into the room.

"Olive! Isn't it absurd that I have to ask to be sure!"

It was the loveliest voice she had ever heard. And she was looking into brown, expressive eyes that were all kindness and sweetness.

They clasped hands and regarded each other intently for an instant, Olive grave of lips and eyes, the beautiful lady smilingly.

"It has been so long since I kissed you, dear!" There were tears in the brown eyes now, and the entrancing voice sank to a whisper. "Of a lot of things we needn't speak at all; it's better for all of us—you and me and the dead! If only you'll forgive me for letting you slip away from me; I must be sure of that!"

"I think I understand how it was. I have nothing but love for you," and Olive's arms were about her neck and their lips met in a long kiss that effaced all the barriers of time.

"But one or two things must be said: let us sit down and be quite comfortable and cosy with each other. You are taller than I. I feel like an infant beside you. And you are as strong as a young Diana! You could easily toss me out of the window!"

"I didn't know—I didn't know that you would be like this!" cried Olive. "I knew you would be dear and that I'd love you, but how could I know—"

"Oh, there are things you didn't know that I'm going to tell you quickly to have it over with. You haven't seen me before, of course; evidently my pictures in the newspapers haven't interested you a particle. That's a blow—a real blow! I'm Gloria Fielding, a strolling player, you know!"

"The actress—you!" whispered Olive, staring wide-eyed. "I've seen pictures but I would never have dreamed—"

"No, you wouldn't have dreamed it, and it's a good deal of a dream to me. I didn't tell this to that nice Mr. Crosby who met me; I wanted you to decide for yourself whether you wanted to claim me. You are enormously rich; you have a great social future, and there are people who have prejudices against stage folk. I don't want to be an embarrassment to you. I wanted you to decide whether you wanted to have me for your mother—that's fair enough!"

"As though that would make any difference!" murmured Olive, still stunned by the announcement that her mother was the Gloria Fielding who had taken New York by storm. "I'm so proud of you! Why besides loving you, I'm so proud of you!"

"I'm just a little proud of myself! I had been on the stage when your father married me, and when—when it became impossible to

(Continued on page 56)



Court House, New Albany, Indiana

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# Pretenders

(Continued from page 55)

live with him I ran away, finally got to England and there I've worked for the success I've finally won. I've always had a feeling that if it ever became possible to make myself known to you I didn't want you to be ashamed of me. I didn't want you to know me as a failure. I'm not poor; I made it known through my lawyer that I wanted nothing."

"I'm only afraid," replied Olive, "that I'll be jealous of your success—that's all! Why, you're famous—you're a great personage!"

"Don't have any illusions about that! Fame doesn't outweigh love. I've never forgotten you; never for a day. I was on my way from England when your father died. I was just waiting until you could readjust yourself—you must have suffered greatly, dear—before seeing you. And now I find it isn't any ordeal at all. I have meant to retire as soon as I really got somewhere. I shall probably play "The Barricade of Dreams" for a year. After that I'm going to quit before they find how old I am, and I'm going to settle down in the country. When I get my place up in the Connecticut hills somewhere maybe you will run away sometimes and spend a week with me!"

"Oh, don't talk to me like that!" said Olive severely. "Having wanted you all these years, I'm never going to lose you again!"

ANY fears Olive may have had that the Crosbys might not share her own pride and joy in her new-found mother were immediately dispelled. Mrs. Crosby announced that they would return to town at once that Olive might be near her mother.

Maybury accompanied Beatrice to Boston for

the necessary formalities to establish her rights to the Hastings' property. As they were detained for ten days, Wendling found it convenient to run up to spend Sunday with them. Meanwhile Conwell, having witnessed a performance of "The Barricade of Dreams" with Mrs. Crosby and Olive, returned to Montana, but not without carrying with him an encouraging invitation to return.

"It looks very much as though you and I would spend a good deal of the rest of our lives visiting," said Mrs. Crosby to Mrs. Farnam. "We'll hang on to these children of ours as long as we can—but we can hardly expect to keep them more than a year."

"We shouldn't want to," Mrs. Farnam replied, "if they are sure of themselves. Happiness is the only thing that counts in this world, and they are both lucky in being loved by ambitious high-minded men. And I haven't any fear that we are going to be crowded out. Olive—dear, wonderful child that she is—is not like that; neither is your dark Beatrice!"

"No," replied Mrs. Crosby meditatively. "I suppose they are the most wonderful young women in all the world."

In January Maybury was inspired to put his yacht in commission for a run into warm waters. Olive and Beatrice would profit by a change of air; and the excursion would give them a chance to forget their lovers. His confidence in his ability to frustrate the orderings of fate was badly shattered when they put in at Mobile.

Dick Conwell and Paul Wendling were waiting for them at the dock.

THE END

# O'Sullivan Catches a Whale

(Continued from page 23)

"And I've got thirty-three. Two hundred—and thirty-three—from ten thousand—leaves a difference—" he figured on the tablecloth—"nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven—seems hopeless!"

"Doesn't it?"  
"There used to be times when I could have roped it in sorta smooth and easy. But now—well—"

"You're too well known hereabouts, aren't you?" she smiled.

"Ye've a tactful way of puttin' it." He was silent, thought for a long time, then, very suddenly, broke into a gale of frankly Irish laughter. "Ten thousand fish, eh?" he went on. "And the little restaurant—and your happiness—and mine—? Well—I guess I gotta make a stab at it, kid."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind, Cynthia. But if I was you, I'd hustle round and pick out the chintz for the bedroom, see—?"

"Bedroom?"

"Sure! Ain't we goin' to git spliced—within the year?"

It was from this day on that dated an extraordinary phenomenon second in sensational comments and results only to the finding of crude oil in the interior of Manchuria. For Rodriguez de Villareal reformed. He reformed in a peculiar way that, once accepted and proved, appealed strongly to the ancestor-worshipping Chinese and spread from them to the other inhabitants of Shanghai, whites and Manchus and Hindus, amongst them Sheng Pao and Blennerhassett Jones who had come from the interior to look after some important financial deals.

By this time O'Sullivan, with his native shrewdness, had looked more than skin-deep into the Mongol soul. He was thoroughly familiar with Chinese business methods and business peculiarities. And so, since everything in China, from the threat of coming rebellion to a death notice, from the arrival of twins to a begging appeal, from the opening of a fresh barrel of whiskey to the launching of a new cigarette brand, is blared from the housetops in a manner that would put the brightest, noisiest Chicago publicity promoting expert to impotent

shame, he proceeded to announce the news of his reform, including its causes, in strictly Chinese fashion.

So one day half a hundred Shanghai coolies and merchants crowded about the crimson sheet of tough-fibred rice paper—one of those strident broadsides that represent to the yellow men both the advertising and the agony columns of Western newspapers—which Smok Fat, jack-of-all-trades of the Golden Dragon Guild, had affixed a moment earlier to a wall in the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree. It consisted of an announcement headed with the mandarin ideographs which stood for O'Sullivan's name, and it told in stilted language that yesterday, being the third day of the seventh moon, at night, in the Hour of the Dog, a great light had flooded the soul of Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan, and that, remembering the words in the Book of Threefold Duties that virtuous manners constitute the excellence of a neighborhood, he had decided to speak of it to all the world.

The broadside—for the wording and writing of which the Spanish-Irish-American had spent half of his remaining few dollars on an opium-soaked derelict who had once been a *chen-skih*, an eminent doctor in Pekin's Palace of August and Happy Education—went on as follows:

"Praises and thanks to the Buddha of the Light Without Measure and the Buddha of the Paradise of the West! For last night there spoke to my soul and conscience the spirit of my honorable ancestor, Esteban Rodriguez de Villareal, the deceased father of my honorable deceased mother. His spirit told me that in the past mine was a life of shame and wickedness. His spirit told me that in the future, lest my feet stray again from the narrow path of virtue, I must adhere strictly to what the spirit itself shall whisper to me in advice and command. I shall obey. I am no longer myself. But, hereafter, I shall be only the voice and instrument of my honorable ancestor who was famed for his stanch rectitude. Whatever he shall tell me, I shall do!"

The Chinese read, re-read, whispered, shook their heads, gesticulated. They knew O'Sullivan of old.

(Continued on page 58)

# Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?



SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a *likable guest*? Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes into contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

## Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill-at-ease, every one knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner, or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl, he can not conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. Those who are always blundering, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, are never welcome. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence.

But the person with winning manners is always welcome. He—or she—knows exactly what to say to the hostess on arrival, how to mingle with the guests, how to create conversation, how to be agreeable, how to do and say the right thing at the right time.

### Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers?

At a week-end party, recently, one of the guests remarked secretly to the hostess that she had felt positively tongue-tied when she found herself at dinner among men and women she had never met before. "I just didn't know what to talk about," she said. "It made me feel stupid and embarrassed. Every one else seemed to be having such interesting conversations."

If she had known the important little secrets of social conversation, she would never have felt "tongue-tied." She would have known how to create conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly. She would have known how to make herself agreeable, well-liked.

Do you ever feel tongue-tied at a party or a dinner? Do you ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do you ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease. It protects you from humiliation at the dinner table and in the drawing-room. It gives you a cultured, engaging manner that people recognize—and respect.

### The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do

you do?" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you"? Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the "bread-and-butter" letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

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Would you like to know why a bride wears white, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

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O'Sullivan Catches a Whale

(Continued from page 56)

"I wonder—I wonder—" sighed Ch'on Tzu-pei, the grain merchant. "Does he mean it?"  
 "If really his ancestor spoke to him—" mumbled a pious old man who daily spent three hours in prayer before the green jade tablets of his own ancestors.

"Perhaps he lies!" commented Hui-ch'ung, the pork butcher.

"Perhaps he does not," mildly suggested the pious old man. "Perhaps his heart, hereafter, thanks to his honorable ancestor, shall be really as pure as the sound of a far flute."

"Yet I know him," argued Ch'on Tzu-pei. He sighed reminiscently. "I know him—ah—too well! And would you keep meat on trust with the jackal, even if the jackal had seventy times seventy-seven honorable ancestors?"

"We shall see what we shall see! Everything comes to an end, except the beard of the beardless!"

BUT it became soon evident that O'Sullivan meant what he had proclaimed, that he had spoken the truth. He worked here and there, humbly, faithfully, for little wages. Several times when, deliberately, to test his steel, temptation was thrown his way, he sidestepped it—but always after a struggle—always saying:

"No, no! I can't. There's my ancestor—honorable old gink. I asked him—and he piped me word that I gotta keep on hittin' the straight and narrow—see?"

"Extraordinary!" was Sheng Pao's comment when he heard of it. "But has not the blessed Confucius remarked that the man whose conscience is easy will never fear a knock on the door at midnight?"

"Hm," said the Virginian. "I've lived here a lifetime, old man, and I can also quote a few Mongol phrases. And somewhere, somehow, sometime, I read something about the daughter of a crab not being able to give birth to a bird."

Still, there seemed no doubt but that O'Sullivan had reformed, in every way; and so gradually the Chinese began to trust him. They understood him, they thought. Ancestor-worship was the moral basis of all their sterling virtues. So they were willing to admit, and to admire it even in a foreigner, even in as notorious a character as O'Sullivan, since the proof was before their eyes. Thus, day by day, his credit grew, both financially and ethically. They began to trust him with small business deals where honesty and confidence were essential factors.

He never failed them.  
 "There's my ancestor—" he explained, humbly, almost apologetically—"sure—he may have been a dumbbell—but—Gawd!—he was some honorable old pill—take it from me!"

Cynthia O'Mahoney spoke to him about it, neither pleased nor grieved, rather astonished, nonplused.

"Say—you're getting a reputation like an early Christian Saint—aren't you?"

"I'll tell the world, kid!"

"What's the big idea?" she demanded.

"My honorable ancestor—"

"Honorable ancestor—my eye! Tell it to the Marines—and the Chinks! What are you driving at?"

"The little restaurant yer want—where they make lemon pie! Didn't yer tell me she costs ten thousand fish, Cynthia?"

"Ten thousand suckers—that's the sort of fish you need if you want to make good!"

He laughed.

"Never mind, kid. One o' these days I'll blow in here with a wad of money big enough to choke a cow."

"Not at the rate at which you're traveling." Suddenly she sighed. "Gee"—her voice was low, quavery—"I do wish you and me could buy that little restaurant—and—"

"We're goin' to, kid!" he interrupted her, and he swung out of the room, singing his favorite song:

"Dat's why I'se happy as a bub-bumble-bee-ee—  
 I don't bother work—an' work don't bother me!"

The which was patently untrue. For he did work, hard and straight and honest. He even saved a few dollars, and then one evening Old Man Jerry Swire surprised the other plutocratic

AFTER dinner in the camaraderie of the Elks lounge, the regular Elk produces a package of Beech-Nut Mints. Later as they play billiards, he passes Beech-Nut Chewing Gum around. "Where did I get 'em?" says he. "At our own cigar stand. They're Beech-Nut, you know. Nothing too good for an Elk!"

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- Beech-Nut Mints
  - Wintergreen
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patriarchs at the Hongkong Club by announcing that he had heard from O'Sullivan:

"He sent me a post-office order for seven guineas. He is going to pay me back gradually."

"Incredible!"

"My word!"

"Day of miracles—and all that sort of rot, old fruit!"

Thus at the end of the second month O'Sullivan's past record, while not forgotten—how could it ever be?—was being apologized for by both the Europeans and the Chinese.

"Ah—" said Ch'on Tzu-peï—"it is only the dust and the grime which purifies the great soul."

"He is faithful to the spirit of his honorable ancestor," agreed Hui-ch'ung. "He has taken a firm step toward rectitude. And did not the Yellow Emperor remark that even a journey of a thousand miles must begin with one step?"

"Let us hope that he will finish the journey—straight and crystal-clear!"

"He will!" declared Ch'on Tzu-peï.

Another month passed. O'Sullivan's reputation increased still more, as did his credit.

"No—no—" he smiled apologetically when Blennerhasset Jones, half sardonically, half meaning it, congratulated him upon his reform. "I ain't takin' no credit to myself. It's just that old ancestor of mine. I does what he tells me. That's all—see?"

"You really believe that poppycock yourself?"

"Honest!" O'Sullivan seemed genuinely hurt. "I does what his spirit tells me—really—"

"Well—if you've reformed then there's hope for the devil—and hereafter I shall believe in spiritualism."

"I'm sorry yer don't seem to trust me quite," said O'Sullivan; and he went on his way, hard-working and honest, ever increasing his credit so that one day, when he needed a small amount of cash for a little business venture, the Golden Dragon Guild advanced him the money without security.

He repaid, punctually, with interest. Again he borrowed. Again repaid. Again his credit and reputation grew.

"What are you trying to pull?" demanded Cynthia O'Mahoney, who was thoroughly mystified.

"I'm lookin'—"

"Looking for what? A sucker?"

"No, kid. A whale!"

AT ABOUT the same time the business which had called Jones & Sheng Pao to Shanghai was ripening to a climax. It was a peculiar deal, half financial, half political, and promising rich plums in mining and oil concessions. Of course this was China, a land where graft, in the course of time, has become endowed with almost sacred prerogatives, and—the final step—there were a certain mandarin's hands to be greased. Not that the mandarin demanded an exorbitant sum. In fact, he demanded no money at all. But he wanted it, needed it, expected it, and it was there that the trouble occurred. For he was typically and exaggeratedly Chinese, meticulous even in his dishonesty, a past-master in the art of saving his face. Thus for weeks now Jones & Sheng Pao had been threshing about for a tactful way of greasing mandarin Fong's delicate, ivory-yellow hands, without causing him to lose face.

Then one day the Manchu had an idea. He spoke of it to his partner who shook his head doubtfully.

"Try it if you must," he said. "Personally I think you are wrong. O'Sullivan's about as straight as a pig's tail."

"But—his worship of his ancestor—"

"You're hopeless," sighed the Virginian. "And you a Princeton graduate. Go ahead, though, old man!"

Late that afternoon, in answer to Sheng Pao's summons, O'Sullivan called at the latter's hotel. They shook hands.

"My friend," said the Manchu, "may I tell you, straight out, what is on my mind?"

"Sure. Shoot. Straight out—that's me!"

"Very well. Then permit me to congratulate you."

"On what?"

"On the fact that you have turned over a new leaf, that you have decided to step on the narrow and shining path of virtue."

(Continued on page 60)



## Men tell us we made shaving a delight Make this free test—See if you agree

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

**GENTLEMEN:** A new-type Shaving Cream has suddenly become a sensational success.

Men by the millions have tried it. Letters by the tens of thousands come to thank us for it. And men, you know, don't often write such letters.

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**Skin effects.** The palm and olive oil blend acts like a balm to the skin.

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## O'Sullivan Catches a Whale

(Continued from page 59)



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"Taint me!" protested O'Sullivan—"it's my ancestor."

"Blessed be those who kowtow to their honorable ancestors!" smiled the Manchu. "To do thus is right and proper—a deed of excellent merit! There is no honesty until after temptation. There is no peace until after enmity. Ah—" with a little mournful cadence in his voice—"I wish all the people in Shanghai were as honest as you, my friend—"

"Eh—?" O'Sullivan looked up suspiciously. His eyes met the other's heavy-lidded, oblique glance. They studied each other like two fencers. "For instance?"

"There is a certain mandarin Fong—"  
"Sure—I know whom you mean—crooked gink! So crooked he couldn't fly straight if yer shot him out from a gun barrel!"

"But, on the other hand, a man of exquisitely delicate sensibilities."

"Well—come to the point!" said O'Sullivan. "Mandarin Fong needs money."

"Sure. We all do!"  
"He expects it."

"Hope he ain't goin' to be disappointed."  
"But he does not want to lose face—"

"Don't want his left mitt to know what his right is grabbin'?"

"Charmingly expressed, Mr. O'Sullivan."  
"Well?"

"If you should go to him—"  
"Me? As your agent—to offer him the graft?"

"No, no! Did I not tell you that he is a man of exquisitely delicate sensibilities? But suppose you go to him and explain that in the past, when temptation was still like a burning brand upon your soul, you—ah—how shall I put it—?—but that—well—in your former dealings with the Chinese of Shanghai—"

"Cheated 'em, yer mean? Did 'em in the eye?"

"If you wish to put it that way. To resume. If you should go to mandarin Fong and tell him that you wish to make restitution, that you want him to distribute the money which you—ah—appropriated—if you should actually give him the cash, mentioning incidentally that you borrowed it from the firm of Jones & Sheng Pao, the chances would be that the mandarin, being a weak vessel, might put two and two together—"

"And cop the mazuma?"

"Yes."  
"And then Jones & Sheng Pao would get certain concessions?"

"Exactly." The Manchu smiled. He caressed his cheek with his right hand. The dying, crimson sunlight danced and glittered on his long finger nails. "What do you think of it?"

"Hm—" O'Sullivan considered—"I'll do it—if—"

"If—?"  
"There's that pill of an ancestor o' mine. I gotta consult him first. I does what he tells me. Wait half a jiff!"

O'Sullivan seemed to go into a trance, came out of it with a sunny Irish smile.

"It's all right," he said. "The old guy pipes me word to go ahead."

"Charming! How much—guessing at random—would you imagine that you—ah—owe to the Chinese of Shanghai?"

The answer was sharp and quick:  
"I know to a cent. Ten thousand fish!"

"Excellent! Just about the sum which the mandarin expects from us." Sheng Pao took a well-filled bill fold from his loose sleeve. "You understand, of course, that nobody must ever know about the transaction?"

"Sure!" O'Sullivan hid a smile.

"Very well." The Manchu counted out the money. "Here you are. Ten thousand dollars—and one thousand to pay you for your trouble. When will you call on the mandarin?"

"To-morrow morning."  
"Thank you, Mr. O'Sullivan."  
"Thank you, Mr. Sheng Pao."  
"Don't mention it, Mr. O'Sullivan."  
"Sure I won't mention it, if you won't!" came the rather cryptic rejoinder.

The results of this interview were two. The first was that when early on the following day Rodriguez de Villareal O'Sullivan called on

Cynthia O'Mahoney, he handed her two packages, one slim and long, the other small and fat and tied with a pink ribbon. She opened the second and took from it a fair-sized canary diamond solitaire which she slipped on her finger without a word. Then she opened the other package and found therein two sheets, one printed, the other typewritten.

"What are they?" she demanded wonderingly.

"Can't yer read, kid? This one here is a marriage license, and the other's a title deed, paid in full, for that little hash joint ye're nuts about. Step around to the American consul, kid, and let's get spliced."

"But—how did you—?"  
"Tell you afterwards, honeybugs."

The second result of the interview was that, toward noon of the same day, Blennerhassett Jones entered Sheng Pao's room excitedly.

"How much did you give to O'Sullivan?" he asked.

"A thousand for himself—and ten thousand for mandarin Fong. Why?"

"Well—I just found out by chance, and it may interest you to hear it—that O'Sullivan bought that little American restaurant in the Model Settlements that has been for sale for a few months."

"Bought it with the thousand dollars commission I paid him, I suppose?"

"Suppose again! Bought it with the ten thousand!"

"Great Buddha!" The Manchu rose. "I shall—"

"Sit down. You can't do a thing. The moment you open your mouth, O'Sullivan will spill the beans—will tell all over town that you tried to bribe mandarin Fong—and you know how sensitive he is—how he hates to lose face. No, no! We have to start all over again looking for ways and means of greasing his hands. In the meantime we're out ten thousand dollars—"

"Eleven thousand!"

"No. The extra thousand you'll pay yourself, old man, as a punishment for being stubborn, for letting your Mongol ancestor-worshipping notions run away with your common sense!"

Sheng Pao shook his head.

"And yet—" he mumbled—"the man was honest during so many months. He seemed so sincere about his worship of his maternal ancestor. I can't understand it."

"Well—ask him to explain!"  
"I shall."

The Manchu did. Again he summoned O'Sullivan who came, smiling calmly, serenely.

"I thought," began Sheng Pao, "that you always consult the spirit of your ancestor?"

"Sure I do. Don't do a thing without him—ever. I does what he tells me—always."

"But—about that ten thousand dollars, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"I asked him. Sure."

"Well—?" demanded the Manchu.

"Kid," sez that honorable old pill, "it's up to you! 'To do what?' sez I. 'To grab the chance of makin' a swell little skirt happy,' sez he, 'of buyin' that little hash joint and startin' an A Number One business o' yer own.' 'But,' sez I, 'd'ye think it honest?' 'Sure Mike!' sez that honorable old Spanish ancestor o' mine. 'Fer if ye give that there kale to the mandarin as yer was supposed to, ye'll be aidin' and abettin' a plain case o' graft, and that wouldn't be honorable, would it?' He smiled serenely at Sheng Pao.

"Get the point, mister?" he asked.

"I can't very well miss it, can I?" replied the other.

"I didn't think ye would!" O'Sullivan went to the door. "Any time ye're in the neighborhood o' my hash joint, drop in," he continued, hospitably, "and I'll blow yer free and gratis to a feed of Chinee chop suey—" he winked shamelessly—"done up with Spanish-Irish-American gravy. So long, mister!"

And he walked out of the room and into the street, singing his favorite song with all the strength of his lungs:

"I eats when I kin git it,  
I sleeps mos' all de time,  
I don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't never shine!"

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Courtesy Metro Pictures Corp.  
Scene from the famous screen version of "The Four Horsemen," showing Rodolph Valentino in one of the wonderful Tango steps.

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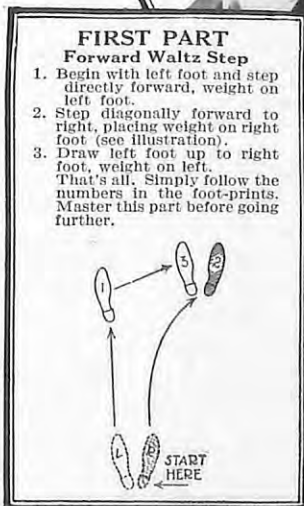
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## The Human Exchange

(Continued from page 43)

On every hand and in innumerable ways the usefulness and necessity of a Human Exchange is evident. Its opportunities are continually cropping up in our daily lives if we will only cultivate the proper spirit to improve them. It is seldom we meet with any one who has not something valuable to give us, if we are not too proud to see and accept it. And the more the principle is recognized by individuals, the easier it will become for Nations. Nothing, as I said at the beginning, but our egoism, our self-satisfaction, stands in the way. As with Nations, the average individual is so well pleased with himself that he is loath to admit the possibility of improvement. In fact, he is prone to resent any superiority in another, and to regard the admission of it as a slight upon, a diminution of, his own cherished individuality. Even when he can be brought to realize a fault in himself he too often takes the childish stand that so is he made and that is all there is to say about it.

He plumes himself on his preserving his ego intact, imperfections and all. His character is set, and he does not propose to change it. We must take him or leave him as he is. Again, like Shylock, he is content with "I'll say it is my humor." We are all more or less like petty kings in this respect, ignoring the fact that change is the essence of development. Only so can our natures become broadened and enriched. Such are the uses of experience, and only so can we make a friend of Time. Then to grow old becomes not the loss we are too accustomed to think it, but a gain. Our youth, with all its advantages, is but a rough sketch of ourselves, for our lives to fill in; and a grown man or woman who is not a more valuable member of society, as well as a more satisfactory human being to himself or herself, presents a case of arrested development.

But here we encounter another great opportunity for the Human Exchange, never more needed than here and now at the beginning of a century in which Youth and Age—or, let us better call it, Experience—never in any century too friendly, seem particularly at loggerheads with each other. Needless to say there are virtues and faults on both sides. And, though it may seem to the maturing mind that Youth has never been more hard-hearted in its arrogance, never more impolitely ready to exclaim, with Hamlet, "these tedious old fools," yet the situation is probably no more exaggerated than it was with our fathers before us.

"Crabbed age and youth" have never linked

together in that harmony which a little more give and take on both sides should make possible enough. But it is time they began to do so and attempted a more intelligent rapprochement on the basis of Human Exchange. There is no denying that in many ways ours is a very intelligent century, and this one lesson of Time we should have sense enough to apply, that "young fools" and "old fools" are neither of them fools, but both have wisdom which it is to their mutual advantage to exchange. Experience is not necessarily "crabbed," nor is every older man a Polonius; whereas Youth, however cock-sure and shortsighted it may be, has a freshness and a driving force, a new eye for old problems, which may well quicken, re-inspire and re-enforce that experience which is apt to stand still on its achievement, or swing toward reaction. Socrates, it will be recalled, was always eager to bring his wisdom to the test of younger minds, and these, according to his dialogues, always observed the same attitude of receptivity which he himself brought to them.

As with Youth and Experience so it is with the Present and the Past. Old Presents have always been impatient with old Pasts, though never would it seem has a century been so determined to cut loose from its predecessors as our own; to suggest, with all of the seriousness of insanity, the scrap-heap for the hoarded gains of Time. This Futurist propaganda need not, however, trouble us, for the simple reason that the thing cannot be done.

But, though it were possible, there is enough common-sense left in the world to realize that no one century has ever had all the wisdom, and that the Twentieth century is no exception. Here again comes in our Human Exchange. The Present is not infallible. Progress is not necessarily chronological. The Present can make mistakes which the Past is well equipped to correct. The newest book is not necessarily the wisest. Who was it that, whenever a new book came out, always read an old one? Bath tubs and gasolene are not the whole of wisdom, and the Past has much to exchange with us far more important than the aeroplane:

Though changes crowd about our heads  
So furious and fast,  
Would you understand the Present,  
Dip a little in the Past . . .  
Scorn not the Wisdom that Old Time  
With blood and tears amassed,  
The Present has no better friend,  
Believe me, than the Past.

## Great Press Stuff

(Continued from page 19)

tremendously some good old family cooking and altogether most contented, knowing it will be only another four or five days before I shall be able to get out and around.

"So you see, after all, the revered critic of the Boston Star was very close to the truth when, commenting on my performance, he wrote, 'Doubtless she will be back home helping mother around the kitchen ere long.'

"If opportunity affords, you may tell Jimmy that I hope he will understand and find a partner very soon. Thanking you for many kindnesses in the past, with sincere wishes for your continued success,

"I am, appreciatively,  
"DIXIE FARNAM."

As we finished reading I looked sharply at Billy to see if he had got what I had from the letter. All his face showed was disappointment. "Well," he said, "she got word through—such as it is."

I laughed. "God word through! Why, you poor prune, she got through the story of her life. And when she'd told that she added directions for finding her and even when she expected me to come for her. Has my partner got a noodle on her? Sweet Cookie, I'll say so."

"Unless you and Miss Farnam have a code—"  
"Code, my foot. Run through the letter again, from the beginning. It's sent to you because she could and because she knew you and I are friends and you'd show it to me. Let the first paragraph run for Sweeney; it's the business

that gave her the excuse to write. The second paragraph tells us what we already know; that she is *definitely* retired from the stage. Knowing that Cumming or her grandfather was going to censor the letter, how else could she say she was being kept off the stage? 'This decision'—not my decision, but—'this decision is unshakable.' Then she tells us that her arguments and inducements have been useless and warns us not to try to reach her through Cumming. Get it?"

"Go on," Billy said, scratching his head.  
"Next, in case we didn't know it, she tells us she was in the wreck and in the same sentence tells the extent of her injuries, evidently nothing to worry much over. And then she slips in the important item that she is at her grandparents' home—"

"Whoa! Wait, kid," Billy interrupted. "Where do you extract 'grandpa's house' out of what she's written?"

"Look; 'at home . . . old-fashioned attentions . . . old family cooking.' Doesn't that draw a picture of an old-fashioned home filled with old servants, old furniture and old folks?"

"It does now," Billy smiled.  
"Altogether most contented, knowing it will be only another four or five days before I shall be able to get out and around." Get it? Her knee is coming along so well it will be only four or five days before she will be able to get out and around the corner—to where I'll be waiting for her."



"But where, Jimmy? Where's the address?"  
 "You poor sap, she couldn't enclose the street number and color of the house; not with Cumming reading over her shoulder as she wrote. So she told me where I could find the address. 'The critic of the Boston Star was very close to the truth . . . commenting on my performance.' Then Dixie credits him with something he didn't say, knowing darn well I'd remember what he said; that in more ways than one she reminded him of Mary Towne. Dixie writes that that was very close to the truth, and she tries to point to the truth by ringing in the word 'mother' in the fake comment of the critic. That must be it, don't you see, Billy?"

"Sure, if for no other reason that I never saw the notice nor heard of the critic; so why would she be writing to me about it?"

"And then," I returned to the letter, "for fear I might not look for the hidden message in the letter, the poor kid wrote she trusted I would understand and would 'find a partner very soon.' Not a new partner—not another partner, but a partner—the only partner. If that isn't asking me to come and get her, what is it?"

**B**EFORE Billy could answer the 'phone in my room rang. Billy took the message. "Send them up," he said. "Flamer and the dick from Boston," he explained.

With Mr. Flamer, a man of about forty, looking like a hundred down-town business men you see on the street every day, was a taller chap, about my height and weight and maybe three or four years older. I'm a fairly nifty dresser, but the way this dude wore his clothes made me look like something that came out of a second-hand store. He was as homely as Hoboken, but perhaps on account of the very irregularity of his features they had a positive attractiveness, strengthened by the twinkle in his little brown eyes and the upward quirk at either end of his wide mouth. And his hair was rusty red.

"Mr. King," Flamer introduced him. "You'll want to look over his report, I know."

One paragraph in the report I'll remember till they put me away for keeps.

"The Reverend Paul Matthew Sturgess of 1147 B— Street, Boston, produced records with dates to show that he was the officiating clergyman at the marriage of Hannah Louise Lombrell, of Marieville, South Carolina, to Ernest Lee Farnam of Baltimore, Md. An entry in the Reverend Sturgess' diary for that date reads, 'Quiet wedding in parsonage, Miss Lombrell and Mr. Farnam. My first theatrical wedding, Mrs. Farnam being none other than Mary Towne, the actress, whose charm of person and manner have (deservedly, I submit) fascinated local theater patrons and critics.'"

Statements from several others established beyond doubt that Mary Towne's family name had been Lombrell. Comparing the photograph of her which King had brought with one of Dixie in a similar pose was proof almost in itself that she was Dixie's mother. Mary Towne's mouth may have been a little straighter, but the big dark eyes, the square little chins, the straight, independent, saucy noses and the soft contours of both faces were identical.

I told Mr. Flamer the details of my hail-and-farewell to the sunny, hospitable South.

"Um," he grunted. "They've put her in a bag and sewed it up. At the first suspicion of any move on your part that alienist will recommend a long sea voyage or commitment to some sanitarium where you'll be unable to find her. What do you want to do?"

"I want," I said slowly, "to get my partner out of her grandparents' house, out of the State and into New York—without landing in jail on a kidnaping charge."

"Are you positive Miss Farnam wants to be—er, rescued? What about the telegram announcing her retirement which Blum received?"

"Here it is," remarked Billy, taking the wire from his pocket.

"Am withdrawing from theatrical life—" I didn't need to read any further.

"Dixie never wrote that," I said. "Nobody in vaudeville would ever wire their agent that they were 'withdrawing from theatrical life.' Cumming probably sent this. I know Dixie is waiting for me."

Mr. Flamer shot a quick glance at King. He, in turn, nodded, a slight grin further upturning the corners of his mouth.

"Under the circumstances," Flamer rose, "I

think my agency would not care to be officially connected with this matter. However, if King wants to take a week or two off, on your time, Mr. Lodge, I'll be glad to let him."

"I get you," I grinned.

"I'm for you, kid," said King, holding out his hand toward me. Then, when Moody and Flamer had gone, breaking a long study of Dixie's picture, he said, "The first thing is to locate the young lady; undoubtedly at the Lombrell home, Marieville or Essburgh; in that region, anyway. Next, get a message to her, secretly, telling her that we are coming for her on a certain day, about a certain hour. Then, at the appointed time, go get her. That's all there is to that."

"Except to get away," I added.  
 "I've already doped that out," King grinned.  
 "Now let's sleep on it, kid, and grab that morning train for Essburgh."

The next morning, rolling swiftly south, King took me out in the vestibule of the sleeper. "Here's how we rescue the lady, kid. I'm going back to my old trade for the occasion. I used to be a book-agent; a demon. Consequently I'm familiar with small towns and small town people. The stranger in any small burgh is always an object of curiosity. To Cumming and the Lombrells at this time he would be an object of suspicion."

"While a book-agent or a peddler, canvassing the town, would be accepted as such," I nodded.

"Great head, kid. Question: what will I sell? What'll I be peddling when I go to your partner's house to tip her off that the Yanks are coming?" I saw he really was undecided.

"What's the matter with liniment? Miss Farnam has a sprained knee—"

"The boy has brains," King rattled on. "The old folks may have rheumatism. Let's hope so. Every rheumatic will try any cure once. I'll be selling a wonderful new liniment guaranteed to ease pain, relieve strain, soothe aches, chilblains, barber's itch and—wait a minute. Where is the tip-off to your partner in that spiel?"

"There isn't any," I said. Then came an idea. "But there might be in cold cream. She's been buying it by the pound to use in putting on and taking off her make-up for a year."

"Noble brow!" He pitched his voice a tone higher. "Ladies and gentlemen, I also offer for your approval this marvelous cold cream, made from the recipe of a famous stage beauty, warranted to remove freckles, unsightly blemishes, sun and wind burn and to restore the velvety bloom of youth to the withered cheeks of age." He paused a moment. "But to make sure—to make Miss Farnam sure—I ought to have a couple of lines from your act. Somewhere in my chatter, if I could ring in the title of one or two of your songs—get the idea?"

"We've been doing a special number, written for us, never published, called 'That's My Idea of Heaven.'"

"Great. Give me some more."

**T**HE plan we knocked together that day was followed straight through, up to the very finish. But nobody could have foreseen the thing Cumming did then which almost ruined the party.

At the hotel in Essburgh King registered me as his brother. Then we separated to accomplish the things we'd decided upon. My first job was to bulldoze a little job-printer into promising for delivery that same day two batches of labels, one to read "King's—the Wonder Liniment." And the other, on a narrow strip of mauve paper to reach around the cold cream jars, "Creme de la Geraldine Garden. C'est la creme de la creme."

Then I bought some bottles, two sizes, sample and regular liniment size. A drug store sold me a gallon of their own liniment preparation without asking a question. In another store I picked up a dozen empty cold cream jars, porcelain, and in still another shop, several tins of cheap cold cream. I had the jars filled and the bottles filled and corked, ready for the labels, when King returned to the hotel that evening.

"Lucky break to-day," he grinned. "Got all the dope on old man Lombrell, even to the location of his house. Boy, we're up against something bigger than we thought. Lombrell not only lives in Marieville; he is Marieville. He owns it, bank, bakery, boot store and butcher

(Continued on page 64)

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# Great Press Stuff

(Continued from page 63)

shop, not to mention plantations for miles around the town. No children, no close relatives; only one grandchild to leave it all to.”

“Dixie?”  
King nodded. Then he grinned. “And she chooses you. No offense, kid. Love is a wonderful thing, I’ll tell the cock-eyed world.”

Bright and early the next morning, carrying our bottles and jars, King led me to a garage on a sid street. He pointed to a car inside. It had a closed box-body such as dry goods delivery autos commonly have. At the rear were two doors in each of which was a small oval mirror curtained with white dotted Swiss. The chassis was small, the regular chassis and engine of a popular car manufacturer. On the sides of the car in big letters was painted

### KING’S—THE WONDER LINIMENT

“Used to belong to a florist,” King explained. “But take a look inside of it now.”

Opening the rear doors and stepping up on the step fastened to the rear of the car I saw inside the body a steamer chair, heaped with comfortable cushions, two thermos bottles in a frame attached to the side and a camp-stool.

“Miss Farnam should ride comfortably enough in there, eh, kid?” King smiled.

I picked up from the floor a peculiar looking gun with the barrel of a revolver but fitted with an odd handle or butt.

“What the deuce—”  
King laughed. “A relic of my book-agent days. An ammonia gun. A bulb filled with ammonia. Press the bulb—raw ammonia squirts its fumes all over the place. I first bought it to soothe savage dogs with. It’s been useful on other animals several times. I just chucked it in in case—well, just in case.”

It was noon when we came in sight of the Lombrell mansion. Through the small, square opening in the front wall of the delivery body in which I was riding, I saw one of those old houses the like of which hasn’t been built since Grant and Lee shook hands and decided to call it a day. From the main highway, a long, narrow, graveled driveway meandered through herb, bush and vine growing neath the cooling shade of wide magnolia leaves to a broad veranda encircling the house. On all sides lawns, lawns so expansive it would take four men four days to mow them once. Around it all there was one of those New Orleans iron fences, seven feet or more high, the sharp points of its close-set iron pickets bent outward at a forty degree angle.

A couple of gardeners merely glanced at King as we drove through the gate. Reaching the house, King maneuvered the car to give me a view of the veranda through the small oval windows in the rear doors.

On the veranda, watching King, was a tall, slender old gentleman, erect, aristocratic and proud, if the cold gray eyes under his thin, arched eyebrows were any indication. When King shut off the motor, the hum of a woman’s voice, reading, reached from further down the veranda, where a large folding screen obstructed the view. Then came King’s voice, ingratiating and yet assured.

“Will you permit me to talk to the mistress of the house if it is convenient for her, sir?”

“In reference to what,” Mr. Lombrell asked.

King didn’t give him a chance to say another word through three minutes of rollicking, amusing limment sales-talk. When he finished, the old gentleman had a bottle of the liniment under his nose, getting its odor.

“Mother,” he called.

A section of the folding screen was swung back by a big colored woman in nurse’s uniform. A sweet little elderly woman, quite stooped, walked toward Lombrell. Behind her, propped up in a cushioned wicker chair, a crutch at her side, one slender wrist thickened by a taped bandage, sat Dixie, as cool and calm and enticing in a fluffy dress as any one could wish. Praise be—not a scratch on her lovely face!

“Mrs. Lombrell,” I heard King say, “it was my intention to offer you a jar of our famous cold cream. But after seeing you, once again I appreciate the vast superiority of nature over manufactured substitutes.”

Mrs. Lombrell’s old eyes brightened. “John,

the young man flatters me. But I enjoy it. Buy some of his wares.”

“Perhaps the young lady looking like a painting by a master artist as she reclines in that chair there would like to sample our cold cream.” Dixie glanced at him, amused. “This cream is made from the private recipe of a famous stage beauty, Geraldine Garden. Perhaps you have some of her phonographic records. Have you heard her latest—just a moment, I’ll think of the name of it—oh, yes; that beautiful song entitled, ‘That’s My Idea of Heaven.’” King rattled on.

Through the slit of the curtain I saw Dixie go white. Her hand on the armchair trembled. Only for an instant; then she coolly reached for her crutch and rose from the chair.

“May I see a jar of that cream?” she asked. “What is the price?” She examined its texture.

“Sixty cents a jar, miss. But I must explain that I can not accept any money. I’m not a salesman. I am simply an advance man. A collector follows me—two days behind me.” I couldn’t tell from Dixie’s expression whether she was absorbing King’s real meaning or not. “I can leave you a bottle of the liniment, besides a sample bottle, the compliments of our company, and I can also leave with you a jar of the cream for the immediate relief of any of the ailments we all are liable to. On Wednesday, when our collector comes, you may pay him for the bottle and jar and order more, or you may return them to him without it costing you a penny. Ladies and Mr. Lombrell, I thank you for your kindness and interest.”

There was puzzlement in Dixie’s eyes as they followed him from the veranda to the driver’s seat of the car.

“Good day, good people,” King sang out. “You may expect my partner—in a car just like this—about this hour on Wednesday. Be prepared”—he noisily slapped the gears in—“to give him your money. Good day.”

As we rolled down the long driveway to the gates, looking back, I saw Dixie, a faint smile on her lips, rub gently over her cheek a bit of her favorite theatrical cold cream.

To make our story good, allay suspicion and to keep me from going coo-coo with nervousness, we went to all the near-by houses, distributing liniment and cold cream.

**H**OW we passed the next day, I’ll never know until King tells me; this much did percolate, however. I was to drive to the Lombrell’s alone the following day, Wednesday. After Dixie had slipped into the car, I was to drive back toward Essburgh but, five miles from it, take a turn to the left that would carry us into Summerton, an express stop on the Coast Line railroad. King was to meet us there with tickets and sleepers.

“Good luck, kid,” he called out Wednesday morning as I drove out of the garage. “You’ll be acting to-day to a small but critical audience, so you’d better be good.”

A few miles from Marienville, I was thinking more of what was ahead of me than the speedometer when a motor-cycle cop with a bandana pulled up over his mouth to keep out the dust, spurted past me and held up a warning finger. Cussing myself for speeding on a day like that, I pulled off the main road into a cut-off which would save me traveling through the main part of Marienville.

Approaching the gate of the Lombrell place I saw the same two men I’d seen two days previously in the same place, pattering around the same bushes. Another suspicious fact struck me: they were white men, in a country where colored help is usually employed for that sort of thing. There was but one answer; they were guards employed to prevent any attempt at escape Dixie might make. I wondered why King had made no provision for anything of the sort. But it was too late then to do anything but drive on in and try to make my “Good morning” as I passed as cheery as possible.

The big colored nurse and Dixie, under a sunshade, were alone on the veranda, near the steps leading down to the driveway. Instead of the crutch, a stout cane, resting against Dixie’s knee, was dumbly eloquent of her improvement

(Continued on page 66)

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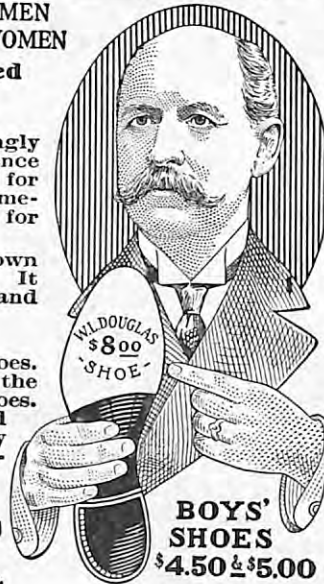
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## Great Press Stuff

(Continued from page 64)

and readiness. When I had jockeyed the car to cut off a view of the rear doors from any one standing on the veranda, and yet so set to allow the quickest possible get-away toward the gates, Dixie glanced up from her book and saw me. Before either of us could speak, Grandpa Lombrell showed himself in the door to the house.

"Good morning, sir," I called, jumping down from the seat but leaving the motor running. "How many bottles of liniment can I sell you this morning?" Without waiting for his answer, as though anticipating a large order, I ran around to the back of the car, threw open the doors and jumped up on the step. An almost imperceptible nod from Dixie showed she understood the steps she was expected to take.

"And how many jars of the cold cream?" I called. But Mr. Lombrell's attention had been distracted by something else. Following his glance, through the gates, far down the road I saw the cloud of dust raised by a small car being driven rapidly from the direction of the village.

"How many jars of the cream, please?" I repeated impatiently.

"I'll not take any, thank you," Dixie replied. Mr. Lombrell turned to her in surprise. "I thought you liked it."

"No better than a dozen other brands," Dixie stated.

THE cloud of dust down the road was appreciably closer. I wondered if in it were an officer and Cumming with the warrant for my arrest he had prepared. Glancing at Dixie I saw her lips frame the words, "Hurry! Hurry up!" Indicating the big nurse, she nodded comfortingly as though to assure me she would take care of getting rid of her opposition.

"No better than a dozen other brands, eh?" I repeated as surlily as I could. "Well, there are plenty of Janes who know as much about cold creams as any small-town skirt who do like it."

Quick resentment flared in the old gentleman's eyes. "Sally," Dixie said curtly, "go to my room, get the jar and return it to this gentleman." I saw her object, of course. But Sally, though giving assent, yet waited, her eyes on Lombrell. "Oh, keep the jar," I growled. "I'll bet every woman in the house has had her fingers in it by this time."

Lombrell flushed with anger. Seeing I had him going, I continued. "Give me the money for the liniment and I'll be on my way. I'm used to cheap tricks like this."

"Sally!" The old gentleman's voice shook with outraged dignity. "Fetch the jar from Miss Dixie's room and also the bottle this scoundrel's friend left. Hurry on!"

As the nurse left the veranda, Dixie rose from her chair.

"Listen, old-timer," I said, loudly, "where do you get that stuff—the bottle my partner left. He always leaves two bottles." I was back on rehearsed ground once again. "What are you trying to do—beat me out of the price of a lousy bottle of liniment? That's a hell of a—"

"Dixie!" Lombrell turned toward her. "You may leave us, please. Go in the house!" Dixie started slowly toward the door. The old gentleman whirled on me. "Take your goods and your car and your dirty, blackguardly self off my grounds before I have you thrown off!"

Dixie, ten feet behind him, had stopped at the door. Sally, the nurse, was nowhere in sight. If I could keep Lombrell's attention riveted on me until Dixie crossed the veranda, slipped down the stairs, reached the rear of the car and climbed into it—

"Blackguard me, will you?" In one leap I was over the veranda rail and had hold of his coat-lapel.

"I don't have to take that kind of talk from anybody, understand?" Dixie, limping silently across the veranda, reached the steps.

"I want to know—"

"Take your filthy hands off me!" Dixie was darting toward the rear of the car.

"Take your hands off or by G—"

Dixie disappeared behind the car. The doors swung back—shut. A motor horn sounded down at the gate. A small roadster was making the turn off the main road.

Releasing Lombrell, I jumped over the railing

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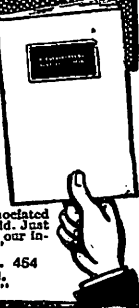
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up into the seat of the car. The next moment, the exhaust roaring, she shot forward.

"Stop that man!" Lombrell shouted, cupping his hand over his mouth.

Just outside the gate, the driver of the roadster brought it to a stop as he saw me racing down the driveway toward him. Leaning out, he called to one of the guards, pointing to me. And as he leaned out from under the shade of the top into the glare of the noonday sun I recognized him. Judge Cumming! In another minute he would be sure to recognize me. The nose of his car, just inside the gate, was blocking our escape. Seeing the trap, instinctively I reduced the speed of my car.

A motor-cycle horn squawked savagely. Shooting around the corner, a traffic cop brought his machine to a sudden stop at the gate. Pulling down the bandana drawn over his mouth as he leaped from his machine, he angrily waved Cumming to pull back out of the gate. Cumming protested. As though to do it himself, the officer jumped on the running board and laid his gloved hand on the wheel. Cumming resentfully tried to brush it off. In a flash, the Judge had been shoved aside and the officer was behind the wheel, backing the roadster.

But the two guards, after their first surprise, started running toward the little car. One on either side, rapidly they closed in on it.

Cumming, struggling with the officer, suddenly leaned forward. He shouted something to the bigger of the guards. He, in turn, stopped, turned around, saw me barely thirty yards from the gate. He ran back through the gate toward me, tugging at something in his hip pocket.

"Jimmy!" Dixie's tense face was framed in the square hole behind me. "If he draws a gun, slow up; slow up—but don't stop."

Down at the gate, the shorter guard jumped on the running board of the roadster. Chin first he ran into a terrific jolt concealed in the right fist of the officer. Spinning clear around he dropped backward off the car into the gravel of the road. The car crept back a foot further before Cumming threw himself on the officer.

"Pull up!" Thirty feet in front of me, on my left, I looked into the barrel of an automatic, in the steady hand of the big guard.

I crawled ten feet closer without answering. "Stop that car!"

From the house far behind us came the confused shouts and uproar of servants and gardeners.

"All right," I called to the guard. Slowly the car crept forward until the front wheel hub cap was abreast of him.

"Lean forward; close your eyes!" Dixie's whisper carried to me.

I BENT over, reaching for the emergency brake.

A hissing, swishing sound was instantly followed by an agonized cry. Strong ammonia fumes recalled King's gun. I looked at the guard. He was rubbing his eyes on his shirt-sleeve, rocking back and forth in blind pain.

"Oh, Gee, I'm sorry," Dixie whispered. "Hurry!" she urged.

A moment later we raced through the gate, skittered on the loose gravel and swung into the highway—free. Penetrating the roar of the engine came the rapid bark of a revolver. King was emptying his gun into the roadster's gas-tank. Cumming would not follow us in that car.

Running to his motor-cycle, King mounted and veered it into the dust we were raising. But not until we turned into the Summerton road did he pull alongside and motion me to pull up at one side of the road. Tying his machine to the car, he took the wheel, telling me to hop inside with Dixie. I didn't need to be asked twice.

"If I'd had the sense the Lord gives geese, honey," Dixie finally told me, "I'd have known the telegram about Grandma's illness was a decoy. Three days before, I'd received a letter from Judge Cumming stating that my folks opined I'd run wild long enough and would I please come home and mind the gold-fish before I was dragged there. You see, I boastfully sent grandma—grandma's my friend—a copy of *Variety* containing the wonderful notice we got for our Palace showing. How could I guess she would leave it around for grandpa to pick up and read a paragraph I had overlooked which reported the rumor that Lodge and Farnam were soon to be married? Grandpa's first words

(Continued on page 68)

## OWENS BOTTLE

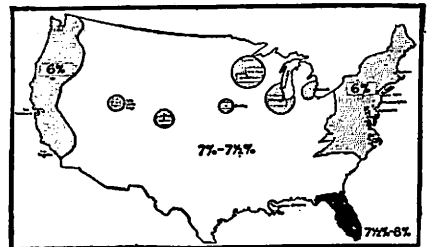
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# Great Press Stuff

(Continued from page 67)

when they lifted the Pullman car off my chest were to the effect that now that I'd been saved to the family they were going to have my head examined regularly until I decided to abandon the stage—and you."

"Then it was your grand-dad who lifted you into his car after the wreck?"  
 "He'd come over to Essburgh to meet me and drive me home."

Dixie was silent for a moment. "Poor old grandpa, with his blind, senseless hatred of the theater; just because my mother went on the stage against his wishes—a Lombrell! play-acting for the public!—married into a theatrical family and obeyed grandpa when in a towering rage he wrote forbidding her ever to enter his house again."

"Judge Cumming, who's so old-fashioned he always thinks of actors as hungry and walking railroad ties, believed it was my money and not my fatal beauty which was attracting you." Unexpectedly Dixie turned my face toward her. Her big eyes were misty as she searched deep into mine. "You'll—you'll be satisfied with— with just me, Jimmy? I can't bring much else to you, after what's happened to-day."

"Even that is more than I deserve," I told her, after first giving her a more convincing answer.

Dixie sighed happily. "Tricky little letter I wrote, wasn't it. Being allowed that one letter was the price I paid for telling Judge Cumming he could sign my name to all the business telegrams and letters he wanted to send. I gave grandma—grandma's a love—I gave her the key to that letter this morning. And what do you think she said?" Dixie snuggled closer to me. "She said, 'If your young man understands the letter and takes the risk of coming for you himself, I'll believe he really thinks a heap of you, honey.'"

"Well, she knows it now, bless her," I smiled. It was late afternoon when we reached Summerton, an hour before the north-bound express was due.

"Jimmy, dear," Dixie requested, "let's find the Telephone Company's office. I promised Grandma, if I got away, I'd ring her up as soon as possible."

A FEW minutes later, listening in over the extension Dixie insisted upon, I heard Mr. Lombrell's voice, clear and distinct over the long distance wire.

"That you, honey? Where are you-all?"  
 "In Summerton, grandma, waiting for the train."

"Listen to me, child; I admire your young man. So does your grand-dad. It's been so

long since anybody sassed him back he rather enjoyed it. That is, he did after I reminded him of the way he talked to my dad one night fifty years ago. Now tell me, honey, does your young man know he'll make you-all a pauper if he marries you?"

"Yes, grandma. But that doesn't seem to make any difference to him."

"Well, that's true-love selfishness, honey. I told your grand-dad this afternoon after you-all nearly wrecked the household that it would not make any difference to either one of you. And he said, honey, he finally said, 'Well, if they insist on getting married, the least we could do for our grandchild before disinheriting her would be to hold the wedding here in our own home, don't you think?' So I said yes, I thought so, you being a Lombrell and the neighbors so eager to gossip."

"Grandma! You dear old love of a fraud!"—Dixie suddenly checked herself. "But Judge Cumming? How about him?"

"Never saw a man so hopping mad in my life, honey. He swore he'd prosecute your young man in every court in the Union for inciting holes in his gas-tank, or some such thing. But finally your grand-dad persuaded him around to his point of view."

"What is that, Grandma?"

"Honey, to-morrow is the golden anniversary of our wedding. And as your grand-dad says, after fifty years of happiness together, there's only such a few years left to us to make other people happy that not to do so for those we love seems downright onery." Followed a brief silence. "I don't reckon you-all could get back here to-night, could you?"

Dixie looked at me. I leaned over in front of the transmitter.

"We can try, Mrs. Lombrell," I said.

"I wish you would, Jimmy. We can put up that charming red-haired friend of yours, also, if he would care to come. I hope so. When a woman reaches my age she does so love to be flattered by a young man." The sigh she gave carried forty miles. "Well, I reckon I'd best be fixing to have something for you-all to eat when you arrive. Most likely you'll be perishing with hunger. Good-by, children, for a few hours."

"A golden anniversary," I said to Dixie, breaking a long silence on our ride back to Marierville. "Sweetheart, when we're fifty years married—"

"Oh, Gee, I hope so," Dixie murmured, pursing up her red lips.

Another long silence, broken by a little chuckle from my partner.

"I was just thinking, Jimmy; won't all this make great press stuff for our act!"

# Big Leaguers

(Continued from page 31)

admired Jacobson's ambition and determination and helped him in every way he could.

"That boy is big and green," he said, "but some day he is going to make a ball player, because his heart and soul is in it."

They think quite a lot of Jacobson out in St. Louis now.

What made the old Baltimore Orioles the great team it was may be traced to the brains and ambition of the players on its roster. Never was a smarter group gathered together than one which contained such men as McGraw, Jennings, Robinson, Keeler and Kelley. They thought, ate, slept and dreamed baseball. If a man had a weakness they eradicated it. If the team had a weakness they worked to strengthen it. They evolved new plays overnight and sprang them on an astonished foe in the afternoon. They studied every weakness of opposing teams and took advantage of it. They even had the ground-keeper rebuild the diamond to suit the exigencies of the day's battle. They were great players because they thought more of the game than they did of anything else and because they gave their whole time to it.

The average player of to-day is through with the game as soon as he dresses and leaves the

club-house. It is true that he has distractions which the player of a former day did not have. Everything moves faster now. The automobile has come in and has made it possible to travel comparatively long distances in little time. The players get bigger salaries and have more money to spend on outside amusement.

But there still are players who are willing to work hard to better themselves. A notable example of what ambition and persistence will do is Ty Cobb.

When Cobb first came to the major leagues he was regarded merely as a promising recruit. At that time he had certain weaknesses at the bat. He used to get out in the morning and if he couldn't get some other player to pitch to him he would pick up some small boy and practise hitting. Cobb made himself into the marvelous baseball player that he is through hard work.

No one who ever has talked with Cobb about baseball can fail to realize how thoroughly he has studied and mastered the game. We asked him once if he could tell us why a great batter such as he is sometimes fell into a batting slump.

"Certainly," he answered instantly, "I get to stepping wrong. I get into the habit unconsciously and then as soon as I become con-

scious of it I try to correct it. The result is that my concentration is broken. To hit properly a batter must concentrate on the pitcher. He must see the ball as soon as he can after it leaves the pitcher's hand and fix his whole mind on keeping his eye on it. When I am stepping wrong I get to worrying about my feet. The result is that I am trying to do two things at once. As soon as I correct the fault I don't think about my feet any more, concentrate on the pitcher and begin to hit again."

There is the result of studying your game. When the ordinary batter gets into a slump he hasn't any idea what the matter is. He just knows that he isn't hitting. Knowledge comes only as the result of patient experimenting and real study.

There is many a man in the minor leagues to-day who has all the natural ability necessary to win him a place in the major leagues. But he has neither the will power nor the ambition to make the extra effort required of him. He hasn't the faculty of rising to or sustaining himself at greater heights.

We remember distinctly a particular case. Once when we were with the Yankees at their training camp they had a young pitcher with all sorts of natural ability. He had the build and the speed and he could put as much stuff on the ball as anybody. But instead of realizing that he was on the first rung of the ladder he assumed that he had reached the top. He regarded himself as a full-fledged major leaguer. He wouldn't take his work seriously and he wouldn't listen to any advice. He went back to the minor leagues and has never come up again.

Consider other things aside from baseball. There is football, for instance. Charley Brickley of Harvard was one of the greatest drop kickers who ever wore a cleated shoe. His ability was no accident. He used to take a football home with him every summer and he practised drop kicking by the hour.

When Jack Dempsey first started to be a professional pugilist his main asset was a right hand punch. He worked with his left hand until he developed the most dangerous left hook that has ever been seen or felt in a ring.

So it goes. Speed and strength and weight play their part, but a man must have brains and ambition and the courage to carry a thing through before he properly can be called a real big leaguer.

### This Way to the Books!

(Continued from page 24)

*Flowing Gold*  
By Rex Beach

RATHER shamefacedly we confess that we have seldom flown to the works of this popular writer for literary entertainment and sustenance—which has obviously been our loss. But we made up for our omissions by devouring his very latest with all the gusto of a real Beach "fan."

Flowing gold is oil, and in this particular instance the oil that bubbled forth in Texas just after the war, made millionaires overnight, saw Jeremy Diddler towns grow in an afternoon and put the odor of excitement and danger in the nostrils of many of these restless souls who from Alaska to the Panhandle have furnished Mr. Beach with hero material. Rex Beach has an almost perfect formula for a leading man in a novel of this sort: a gentleman, but with a shirt of mail beneath his dinner coat; not a discernible streak of physical weakness, a distinct "manner" with the women (gentle yet monarchical) and, most important, a shadow of mystery, sorrow or injustice hanging about him so that at times his face hardens with feeling, his lips straighten and all the success he is meeting or working so hard for seems "stale, flat and unprofitable."

There indeed is the portrait of Calvin Gray—come to Dallas "broke," reckless, mocking, under a cloud, yet sweeping difficulties and poverty away with a magic touch.

The people one would meet in any "boom" country fill in the chinks of his days, and some of the chinks of his heart. In a word, it is a thrilling book—a man's book, and so, of course, a woman's book also.

We regret a little that Gray did not get the  
(Continued on page 70)

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of Mullins Steel Launches, Motor Boats, Row Boats, Fishing and Hunting Boats.  
**Sporting Goods Dealers**  
Write for dealers' discounts, and our liberal proposition to Authorized Mullins Agents.  
**MULLINS BODY CORPORATION**  
Boat Dept., 755 Depot St., Salem, Ohio

**Write now — for specifications, dimensions, our low price, and complete information**

Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed.

National Base Ball Week  
March 31—April 7



**Play Ball!**  
Get into the game  
with SPALDING  
equipment—  
**Bats Balls  
Gloves Shoes  
etc.**  
Catalogue free  
on request  
*A. G. Spalding & Bros.*

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
Gymnasium and Playground Contract Dept.  
Chicopee, Mass.



**Write  
Ads for  
Big Pay**

Ad-writing is the highest paid profession in the world. Hundreds of ad-writers earn \$100—\$200—\$300 a week. Many of our most successful ad-writers never dreamed they could write ads until they tried. One of our star ad-writers was once a \$25-a-week bookkeeper. Another, a printer. Another, a shipping clerk. No special "gift" required. It's mainly a matter of training. Get the specialized training and opportunities open up to you everywhere.

**Wanted—More Ad-Writers**  
Ad-writers in demand everywhere. You can learn the business at home in your spare time. Page-Davis experts will teach you every phase of the work—laying-out ads, writing headlines, describing products, selecting type, choosing illustrations, etc. Page-Davis training has a reputation. It gives you a big advantage in landing the high-salaried job.

**FREE 6 Try-Out Lessons  
in Ad-Writing**  
No cost, no obligation to you whatever. Simply send us your name and address and get these 6 Try-Out Lessons by return mail. FREE Try your skill at writing headlines, suggesting illustrations, laying out ads, etc. See how good an ad-man you would make. Compare your work with that of men who are earning \$100 to \$300 a week. Write today for these 6 free lessons and full particulars of our famous course in ad-writing. Mail post card or letter.

**PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL**  
Dept. G-3 Chicago, Ill.

#### 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.



**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.

**FREE** Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garagemen, 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.

## This Way to the Books!

(Continued from page 69)

girl he started out to get, but when you come to think of it, she wasn't half as interesting as the outrageous "Allegheny Briskow," in whose touch he found magnetism and in whose voice he found comfort in a bad hour. Does this gentle hint mean that Mr. Beach wants us to believe that Allie and Calvin Gray finally married? We can hardly see this as a happy ending, yet the suggestion of it is the one given to us in this rattling good novel.

Being a confirmed "casting director" at heart, as we plough along each month through the book-shelves, we take great pleasure in suggesting to the fellow who will shortly put this story upon the screen, that he let Jack Holt play the part of *Calvin Gray*; give Geraldine Farrar the rôle of *Allegheny Briskow*, let Glenna Collett act *Barbara Parker*, and cast Clemenceau as old *Tom Parker*. The "movies" need waking up, they say, and we would like to do our bit toward the good work.

1492

By *Mary Johnston*, Author of "To Have and To Hold"

WAS Miss Johnston setting a new mold when she wrote this book? Not for herself, but for historians? For here is history pure and simple, yet handled with exactly the same technique, the same imagination, the same brilliancy and fascination which attach to the best romantic novels. In fact, it was something of a shock to read this book, page after page, and come to the end of it having to admit that you thought it was a romance all the time, and that only when the last word is written were you quite convinced that Mary Johnston had not meant it for that at all.

Here is the real story back of the discovery of America. What could more thrill Americans than to read such a tale? The dazzling dream of Columbus, his fervor, his energy, and his

loyalty! For the first time his real background, the gorgeous tapestry of Spain in the 15th century, is given to us. No need now to go to ancient books on dusty shelves to see the fleet set forth, to find out who came with Columbus on his voyages, how fared the great discoverer on his journeys to this side of the world, who was in that little group that stood around him when he stuck the flag of Castile and Aragon into that West Indian beach where he first landed.

All this narrative is told as by an eye-witness and one of those adventurous spirits who sailed with the great Admiral. Jayme de Marchena, in peril of the Inquisition, flees as a humble seaman on the *Santa Maria*—the story is his.

It seems to us that this book is a remarkable achievement, and stands alone as to its form and treatment.

#### On a Chinese Screen

By *W. Somerset Maugham*

HAVE you imagination—a taste for the dramatic—an enthusiasm for the East—a passion for beauty and an eye for the humanities? Then here's your book. Yours in a double sense, since you yourself must fill out the silhouettes as you read and turn these brilliant sketches of diplomats, missionaries, clerks and shopkeepers, doctors and nuns, poets and coolies into the plays and novels that the author failed to make of them. Maugham confesses himself too lazy to do more with these fascinating fragments than present the outlines. But such outlines—!

#### The Pest

By *Albert Payson Terhune*

ANOTHER dog story by a man who "specializes" in them with shining results.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 47)

#### The Nicholson Trophy Arouses Ritual Contests

The annual ritualistic contest between Lodges of Massachusetts for the James R. Nicholson trophy took place on the premises of Boston Lodge. This is an annual event and the trophy must be won three times by any Lodge to establish its permanent possession. The teams contesting this year represented Brookline, Quincy, Melrose, Newton, Waltham and Natick. The honors were awarded Natick Lodge No. 1425, one of the youngest in the Bay State. Last year Brookline was the winner. The contest is under regulations defined by the State Association.

#### All the Boys of the City Invited to an Elks' Party

One of the many fine deeds which the Elks of Rochester, N. H., have achieved in the way of Social and Community Welfare Work was a recent affair given for the boys of that city. The count showed nearly 500 lads gathered in response to the invitation to enjoy a substantial menu, topped off with ice cream and other delicacies. From Boston arrived a special entertainer to amuse the guests with sleight of hand tricks. Othe sang popular songs. Still others told stories that kept the boys in an uproar. Toward the close of the evening, every little gentleman was presented with a carnival hat and Elk souvenir button to be preserved as mementoes of a happy occasion.

#### Stirring the Fraternal Spirit Effective Work of Lakeland Lodge

In Lakeland (Fla.) Lodge No. 1291 fraternal spirit predominates. Troop No. 1 of Boy Scouts is being fostered. A recent minstrel show added \$700 to the Charity Fund. A noon-day luncheon program is followed with signal advantage.

Civic affairs are openly discussed as well as all other questions relating to the public advancement. The attendance is far above the average; membership accessions continue in a steady, wholesome stream. Considered in all respects, the Lodge is earning for itself many flattering compliments.

#### Success Smiles Upon Gardner Lodge Enterprises

Gardner (Mass.) Lodge No. 1426 added to its Charity Fund with a professional minstrel performance that crowded the house two nights in succession. The entertainment was followed by the first ball given by Gardner Lodge, which proved to be a tremendous success. "Kiddies Day" has been dated for this coming August. Last year while Gardner Lodge was comparatively in its infancy, 3,100 children enjoyed the outing. This year twice as many are anticipated. Success seems to smile upon all the enterprises undertaken by No. 1426.

#### Detroit Lodge Hums With Varied Activities

Detroit (Mich.) Elks have had a full and busy season of activity and festivity that reached its climax in a membership drive that added a thousand new members. Detroit Lodge is now planning to build a hotel and an addition to its million dollar Club-house on property it already owns.

#### Brooklyn Gives Largest Minstrel Show in its History

With months of careful preparation behind it, the Minstrel Show given by Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge No. 22 was a huge success. The show held sway for three nights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and each night the house was packed. The minstrels comprise



the largest troop of entertainers ever organized by the Lodge. A souvenir program was issued in connection with the show which contained among other things a history of the Order of Elks and an account of the growth and development of Brooklyn Lodge itself. After each performance, a special supper and supplemental entertainment were provided at the Club-house.

**Past Exalted Rulers Form Association at Rochester**

An Association composed of the Past Exalted Rulers representing the Lodges embraced in the district described as New York State West, has been organized in Rochester with much interest manifested. District Deputy D. Curtis Gano was elected President and W. C. Cullen of Buffalo, Secretary and Treasurer. The attendance was fully up to expectations. Among other useful agencies, an Advisory Committee was appointed.

**District Deputy Glatzmayer Honored by Bronx Lodge**

On the occasion of the official visit paid his home Lodge, Bronx No. 871, District Deputy August W. Glatzmayer, acting for New York South-West, was welcomed with full honors on the evening of March 8. An elaborate dinner was served and oratory and good fellowship were greatly enjoyed.

**"Junior Elks" of Mexico Join in Doing Honor**

When Grand Exalted Ruler Masters visited Mexico (Mo.) Lodge No. 919 officially, he was welcomed and escorted to his hotel by "Junior Elks," appropriately uniformed and assembled under leadership of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Fred A. Morris. This junior organization, fostered exclusively as a Social and Community Welfare activity, presented a handsome showing on guard duty. Another department of fraternal welfare work conducted by Mexico Lodge provides for the daughters of the members. Both the boys and the girls joined enthusiastically in the acclaim accorded the Grand Exalted Ruler and helped to sing the ode specially composed in honor of Mr. Masters. Speaking of the reception, Mr. Masters said: "To use the Missouri phrase, you have shown me, for in Mexico I have seen a model city and a real Lodge."

**Work Started on New Williamsport Home**

Elks of Williamsport (Pa.) are looking forward to occupying their new Home by February of next year. Actual work on the building has begun on the site purchased two years ago. The building will, when finished, cost in excess of \$250,000 and the plans for furnishing call for an additional expenditure of \$65,000. The new Club-house, which will be occupied exclusively by Elks, will be a five-story fireproof structure, 70 x 150 feet; built of steel and concrete and faced with light buff brick and Indiana limestone trimming. Every modern convenience and many unique features will characterize the building. There will be a large dormitory, a choir loft and organ chambers, an enclosed roof garden, a stage, a Lodge Room 68 x 75 feet, bowling alleys, shower baths and a special refrigeration and ventilation plant. All in all, this new Home will be one of the most complete of the kind in Pennsylvania.

**Coeur d'Alene Building Gymnasium and Club-house**

Elks of Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) have begun work on their new Club-house and Gymnasium. It is planned to build the gymnasium first and to construct the main building later. The Gym will be one story high with a full basement and include a swimming pool, showers, lockers, and modern equipment. The cost of both buildings as estimated when completed will exceed \$55,000.

**Memphis Elks Are Busy Arranging for Atlanta**

The Atlanta Committee, arranging for Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge No. 27 is spurring interest (Continued on page 72)

# His Calamity Proved a Blessing — Now Averages \$78.00 a Week

*A Truly Inspiring Story That Proves Again Salesmen Are Not Born—They Are Made*



HARRY FRENCH

Harry French, whose picture you see here, was employed for 14 years by a mammoth mail order house. He had an interesting job—expected to keep it as long as he lived, owned some of the stock, saved a little money every week, he was quite

happy and contented. Then—

Overnight came the debacle. He, like thousands of others, was let go without warning. At the age of 52 after 14 years of faithful service, he found himself out of work in the midst of the worst business depression this country had ever known.

He tried persistently for several months to obtain work, but to no avail. It seemed that no one had an opening for a capable man of 52, that didn't look a day over 40.

Some months previously Mr. French had bought a Simpson suit and also an overcoat for \$29.50 each and like most other Simpson customers was tremendously impressed and pleased with the values. Then one day a Simpson salesman called to sell him another suit—and in the course of the conversation, Mr. French explained that he was looking for a position. "Why don't you do what I'm doing?" said the salesman.

"I've never sold a thing in my life," said French—"don't know a thing about clothing."—"That's all right," said Mr. Pack, "they will teach you."

Mr. French called at our Chicago service store and we painted a black picture for him. We told him truthfully it would be the hardest work he ever did—that unless he had the backbone to keep going in spite of any and all discouragement day in and day out—he'd better not start. But let Mr. French tell what happened.

"I had never sold anything in my life, so naturally I found the work discouraging at first. When I called on a man I would be embarrassed and I could scarcely do more than stutter. Many, many times I would get to the door, then turn around and go away—but I'm proud that I always re-gathered my courage and went back—and I never went away the second time without seeing my man.

"The first four weeks were terrible, I suffered tortures mentally and physically. But I had made up my mind to make good and had been convinced that if I would keep showing my goods to as many men as possible, I would make good, even if I had but little selling ability. I noticed that customers were always impressed if they fingered the goods, and knew from my own experience as a Simpson customer, if I could make a sale I would be almost certain to get repeat orders.

"No salesman on the Simpson staff ever made a poorer start, and they tell me it took me longer to make good than any other man in my territory. But the big thing that I'm proud of is that I stuck till I did make good.

"Up to the sixth week, I had scarcely made enough to pay for my lunches. Then a customer of mine, employed in a responsible position with one of the largest grain brokers in Chicago, got his suit. He was so surprised and delighted (you see he had always paid several times \$29.50 for his clothes) that he phoned for me to call, introduced me to every man in their employ, and gave me the use of his private office to measure the men. I got 7

orders that day and in the past year have sold about 100 suits to employees of that company.

"But my hard work was not yet over. The first few months, I didn't average over \$39.00 a week. You see I was totally unfitted by training and temperament to be a salesman. I had to learn the line and train myself to meet people, to talk convincingly to strangers. I'm sure that if I had not had such remarkable values to offer, I could not have made good.

"The next five months, I did much better, averaging about \$60.00. During the last two months, I have made as high as \$135.00 in one week and over the last two months, have averaged \$78.00 a week. I am now getting a great deal of repeat business from my previous customers. As they need new clothes, they re-order from me, and my old customers are constantly referring me to their friends. I am confident that my earnings for 1923 will be very close to \$100 a week, and maybe considerably in excess of that.

"And, strange to say, I now like the work. The things that were hard are now easy. I meet strangers without embarrassment. My physical health is perfect, out in the open so much of the time. I find it a pleasure to call back on old customers—it usually means calling on a friend—for I don't count a man a customer, unless I also make him a friend. I would not go back to the old job even at much more money than I now earn. Another year will establish me so solidly that I can consider myself independent. I feel mighty grateful for the opportunity I found with J. B. Simpson, Inc." HARRY FRENCH.

There is no man on our staff of whom we are prouder than Harry French. No man had more difficulties to overcome. We're looking for men like him—determined, earnest, sincere, persistent, courageous men, who don't know what it means to be licked—we want men who believe in serving their customers—and pleasing them. To such men, who can stand squarely on their own efforts, we offer an opportunity to establish a clientele of satisfied customers, that will grow bigger every year that you stay on the job.

Our suits are tailored to order, choice of any of our all wool fabrics, made in any style at the one flat price of \$29.50. Every unnecessary expense is squeezed out—the quality will surprise you. We number among our customers many thousands of prominent men who never before paid as little as \$29.50 for a suit.

The ex-governor of a middle west state said: "I never was better pleased. How do you do it?" The fit is guaranteed. The quality is splendid. The price within reach of all. You need no experience. We will teach you. Mail the coupon or a letter for full information.

Mail coupon or call at any of the following branch offices—

- Chicago, 843 W. Adams Street,
- New York, 19 W. 34th Street,
- Detroit, 1550 Broadway,
- Milwaukee, 114 Grand Avenue,
- Minneapolis, 1108 Nicollet Avenue.

**FREE INFORMATION COUPON**

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc.  
Dept. 547, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me application blank and full information about the opportunity you offer salesmen.

Name.....  
Street Address.....  
City.....  
Box No..... State.....

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

and arranging details for the trip to attend the next session of the Grand Lodge to be held in Atlanta. The first of a series of entertainments given for the purpose of raising funds was a Fancy Costume Dance with prizes bestowed for sundry novel features. Memphis is planning to present a record attendance when the time arrives. Many members have already made reservations for the expedition.

### Raising \$100,000 To Build New Home

Columbus (Neb.) Lodge No. 1195 is raising \$100,000 for the erection of a new Home on a site already acquired. Last year Columbus Lodge entertained the Nebraska State Association and added laurels to its reputation for hospitality and good cheer. Among the prospective functions now arousing interest is a Beefsteak Dinner, Big Brother Banquet and Charter Day Picnic. Columbus Lodge has become celebrated for the success and fidelity with which the various public ceremonials of the Order are observed under its direction, particularly Memorial Sunday.

### Gift of an Art Glass Clock Adds Solemnity to Initiations

Glendale (Calif.) Lodge No. 1289 received from some of its members resident in San Fernando an exquisite ritualistic clock, arranged to indicate the hour of eleven and utilized to impressive advantage in initiation ceremonies. The dial of the clock is made of art glass, etched in, and is permanent in construction. At each stroke of the clock, the numerals light up, one by one. It is noiseless in operation both when the illumination is turned on or the lights are discontinued. The operation is by electric motor. The effect is beautiful.

### Wyoming State Association Under District Deputies

In perfecting arrangements for the State Association in Wyoming, to be executive administered under a Secretary empowered with that duty, as heretofore described in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, it has been resolved that, beginning with the present District Deputy, R. E. McNally, and changing annually hereafter pursuant to appointment made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the District Deputies thus successively selected shall in turn and for the period current act as Presidents of the Association. It was felt that the District Deputy being in close touch with Elk Lodges and their activities all over the State, and occupying the position of leadership by virtue of the Grand Lodge connection, such a plan would operate as the surest means of accomplishing the real objects and purposes of the organization itself.

### Elks' Marching Club Expects Favorable Results

Through the agency of the Country Fair conducted under auspices of Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge No. 173, \$4,000 was netted to the treasury and immediately applied to the uses and equipment of the Elks' Marching Club, the newest enterprise of No. 173, which confidently expects to have 300 well drilled and handsomely uniformed men in line upon the occasion of the next State meeting at Erie, and with its marchers, its Band and its Glee Club, hopes to create an impression that will assist in capturing the 1924 State Convention for Williamsport.

### Unity of Effort Among Colorado Lodges

Because of a special meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and Past Exalted Rulers and others interested in Elk advancement within the jurisdiction of Colorado West, held under official call of District Deputy H. Arthur Cunningham, and the various helpful suggestions exchanged and the closer contact established; and because of similar meetings conducted in Colorado Springs and Pueblo under agencies appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters to serve the important purposes under

consideration, a normal, healthy and harmonious growth is being reported by all Lodges that have enjoyed such advantages. Moreover, it is confidently predicted that when reports for the current year are completed and compiled, Colorado will render a splendid accounting in all respects.

### Special Meeting Nights For Veteran Members

A resolution was adopted by Roanoke (Va.) Lodge No. 197 making the first meeting night in each month for members initiated between certain years. For example, the first meeting in January was set apart for those initiated between the time the Lodge was instituted until 1895, the first meeting night in February for those initiated from 1895 to 1900; and so the program will continue for each five-year period up to the present time. The purpose of these special meetings is to make the newer members acquainted with the older and to familiarize the latter with the current activities and interests of the Lodge.

### Elks Provide Handsomely For Salvation Army Staff

The action of Danbury (Conn.) Lodge No. 120 in providing sleeping quarters and meals for members of the visiting Salvation Army Staff Band who were hard pressed to find accommodations during a period of service in that city, furnishes another example of the strong tie existing between the Order of Elks and the Salvation Army. In his dilemma, the commanding officer remembered about the Elks and made application for assistance and was abundantly supplied as a privilege and with the compliments of Danbury Lodge.

### Telling the Secrets By Which Elks Are Known

Visiting Elks are assured of a warm welcome in the new Home of Herkimer (N. Y.) Lodge. . . . Revere (Mass.) Lodge has developed a fine semi-professional basket-ball team. This Lodge also sponsored a successful football team. . . . Fitchburg (Mass.) Lodge is preparing plans for a new Home. . . . Gloucester (Mass.) Lodge has appointed a building committee. . . . Charleston (W. Va.) Lodge produced a minstrel entertainment with local talent and played to capacity. . . . Lima (Ohio) Lodge having adopted a new system of business organization, the Trustees appointed Secretary Glen Rohn to be Club manager. . . . Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge is raising \$6,000 for the Salvation Army. . . . The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bristol (Pa.) Lodge gave a card party at which a considerable fund was netted for the Public Library. . . . Great Falls (Mont.) Lodge is planning entertainment for delegations expected to attend the State Convention in July. . . . The eighteenth annual assembly of Shenandoah (Pa.) Lodge was brilliant. The banquet and dance which followed were attended by Elks from all parts of the State. . . . The treasury of Olney (Ill.) Lodge was enriched as a result of a musical show. . . . Elks of Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge have raised a fund to provide movie entertainments at the Elks National Home. . . . The annual reception of Port Chester (N. Y.) Lodge was held at the Biltmore Country Club. . . . Bloomfield (N. J.) Elks are considering a new Home. . . . One of the best amateur shows of the season was given by the Elks of Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Augusta (Ga.) Elks celebrated the opening of their new Home with an entertainment and dance. . . . Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Kane (Pa.) Lodge was marked by the burning of the mortgage. . . . Grand Forks (N. Dak.) Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. This Lodge enjoys the distinction of being the first instituted in either North or South Dakota. . . . Visiting Elks enjoyed a moonlight smoker given by West Palm Beach (Fla.) Lodge on the spacious porches of the Club-house overlooking Lake Worth. . . . Kokomo (Ind.) Lodge has laid the cornerstone of its new \$100,000 Home, and work on the building is advancing. . . . A tidy sum to be

used for refurbishing their Lodge Room was realized by the Fair given by Norwalk (Conn.) Elks. . . . Corinth (Miss.) Lodge, whose Home was recently destroyed, is occupying a new Club-house. . . . With the entire proceeds pledged to charity, Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Lodge profitably staged a two-day minstrel show. . . . Silver City (N. M.) is planning to build. . . . Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge has a new Club-house under consideration. . . . The Camden (N. J.) Team, accompanied by its Band, Patrol and Marching Club, competed with Burlington (N. J.) Lodge in a Ritualistic Contest. . . . An unusually interesting event took place when Frank A. Bigelow, Exalted Ruler of Butte (Mont.) Lodge, initiated his son. . . . All its Past Exalted Rulers in the city, together with their wives, were honored by Des Moines (Iowa) Lodge with a banquet and dance. . . . Bucyrus (Ohio) Lodge has inaugurated an Old Magazine and Book Week for the enjoyment of the inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary and State Reformatory. . . . Hibbing (Minn.) Lodge has established a fund with which to entertain the next State Association meeting. . . . Dubuque (Iowa) bowlers captured the lion's share of prizes offered by the first Annual Bowling Congress of the Northwest Elks' Association. . . . The widely celebrated Elks' male chorus of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge sold every seat at its annual concert. . . . Duquesne (Pa.) Lodge has issued bonds for a new Home. . . . Wednesday, March 21, was the date and Nashville the place named for a meeting of the Elks of Tennessee to be held for the purpose of organizing a State Association. . . . Joliet (Ill.) Lodge celebrated in honor of its Past Exalted Rulers, initiated 250 candidates, banqueted and broke ground for its new Home, all within the space of one red-letter day and night. . . . Sheridan (Pa.) Lodge has decided upon the purchase of a commodious residence, centrally located, to be converted into a Home. . . . Charles Kopkey, retiring Exalted Ruler of Loveland (Colo.) Lodge, presented his Lodge a silk altar flag. . . . Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge has installed a radio outfit in the Veterans' Hospital. . . . Braddock (Pa.) Lodge has organized a Drill Team to compete for honors both at State Association meetings and Grand Lodge sessions. . . . Casper (Wyo.) Lodge is building a Home. . . . With the Boys of Auld Lang Syne conspicuously in evidence, Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge celebrated the forty-second anniversary of its institution, March 20. . . . Out of the profits of a public entertainment, Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Lodge has uniformed its band. This band is reinforced by 100 well-trained voices. . . . Upon his retirement from the United States Senate, March 4, Hon. John Sharp Williams presented an oil painting of himself to Meridian (Miss.) Lodge. There is a story connected with it. . . . Provided the new Home is completed and the twelve new alleys are installed in time, Omaha (Nebr.) Elks will have the honor of entertaining the 1924 tournament of the Northwest Elks' Bowling Association. . . . Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge revelled jointly in honor of Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night. . . . "Cabaret Dances" is the title of the new series of entertainments Braddock (Pa.) Lodge is enjoying. . . . Somerville (Mass.) Lodge will celebrate its annual Charity Ball, Easter Monday, April 2. . . . Stockton (Calif.) Elks Sacramento Lodge took part in a golf tournament. . . . The past Exalted Rulers' Association of Connecticut elected officers as follows: President, W. L. O'Connell, Bristol Lodge; Vice-President, Dr. Thomas F. O'Laughlin, New Britain Lodge; Treasurer, Louis Brock, Bridgeport Lodge. . . . The third Annual Ball given by New Haven (Conn.) Lodge excelled in patronage and all other essentials. . . . In the forthcoming All-Elks Radio Concert, which the Shepard Stores of Boston will broadcast for New England Lodges, the experiment will be made to connect with Pacific Coast points. . . . Camden (N. J.) Lodge danced its Fourth Annual Assembly and lionized the Marching Club and dedicated the proceeds to Band and Patrol. . . . Butte (Mont.) Lodge outdid all previous successes with its minstrel show. . . . Norwich (Conn.) Lodge will commemorate its Silver Anniversary with a Fair and replenish its charity fund. . . . Many members of Boston (Mass.) Lodge joined Governor and Mrs. Cox in the reception in honor of Washington's Birthday. . . . A majority of Staten Island, N. Y., leading officials are Elks.



## Is this offer too good to be true?

Are we offering a value too great to be credible? Do people "shy" at the thought of receiving too much for their money?

**W**E recently mailed several thousand circulars to booklovers. We described and pictured these thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely, accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several thousand additional circulars to booklovers, this time enclosing a sample cover of one of the volumes illustrated below. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value *unless they see a sample!*

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. We must depend on your faith in the advertisements appearing in *Elks Magazine*; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

### What this offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration above shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning and others. These are books which no one cares to confess he has not read and re-read; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete—this is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the 30 volumes, pocket size, contain over 3,000 pages; the paper is a high-grade white wove antique, equal to that used in books selling at \$1.50 to \$2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful imp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather; it is *five times more durable* than leather!

### What about the price?

The price of this entire set of 30 volumes, exactly as described and illustrated, is \$2.98



**FREE!**

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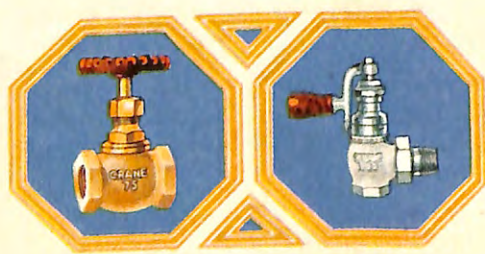
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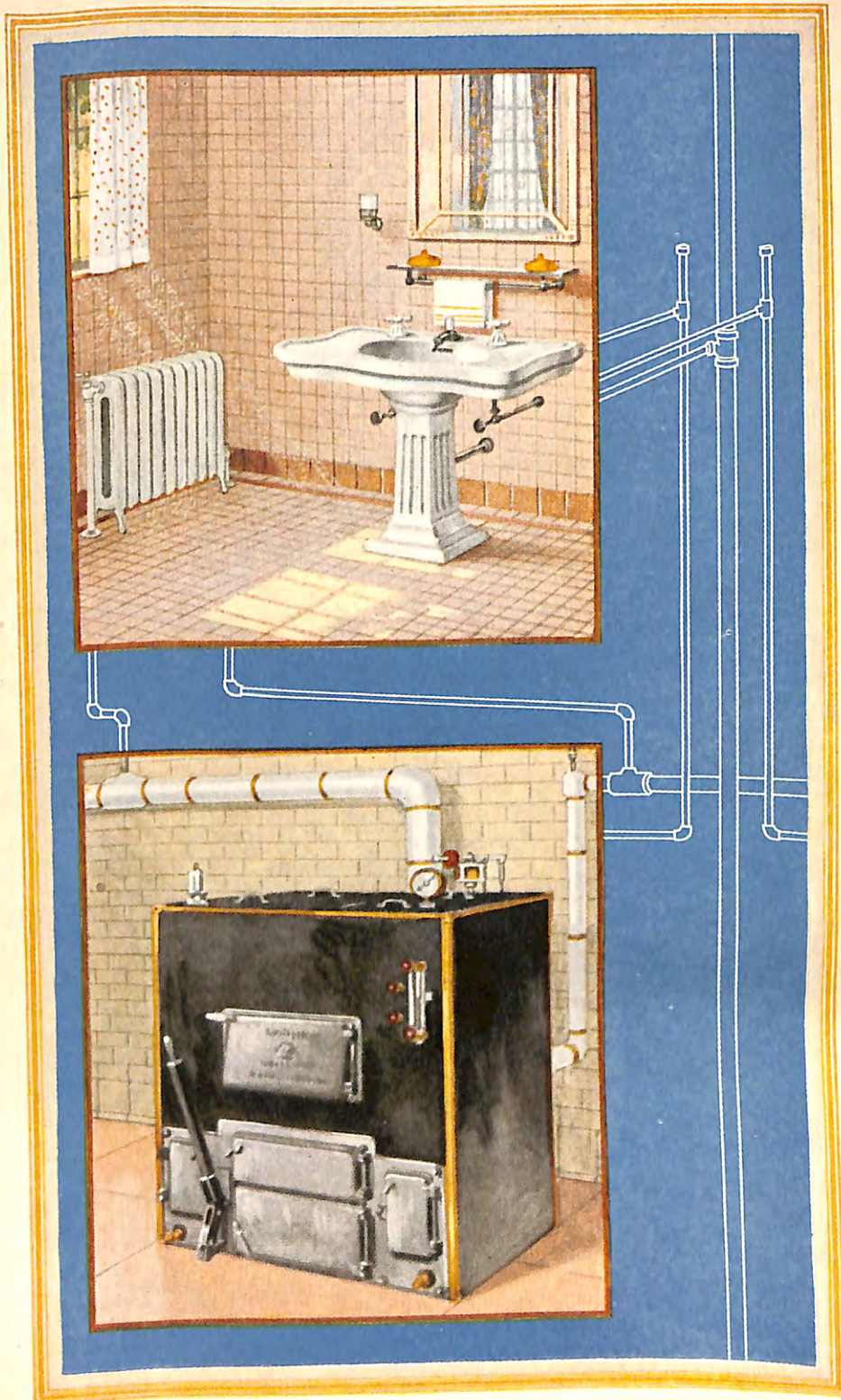
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