



The Elks

Magazine

MAY
1923



Beginning in this issue: "The Garden of Terror," a fascinating new mystery story by Anna McClure Sholl—author of "The Footstep"

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

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None But the Best for The Elks Magazine



ANNAMcCLURE SHOLL began her public career as a writer when, as a child, she won the second prize in a St. Nicholas short story competition; and her short stories have appeared in various magazines. Her first novel, "The Law of Life," was published in 1903, and

was followed by "The Port of Storms," "The Greater Love" and "Blue Blood and Red." The last named, published under the title of "Carmichael," won in 1917 the international medal offered by the Lyceum Club of London for the best novel of the year.

PORTRAIT BY NICKOLAS MURRAY

The Garden of Terror

THE very title of the bewildering new mystery story by Anna McClure Sholl—beginning this month—gives you instantly a sense of its uncanny atmosphere.

The scene in which this story unfolds is as lovely as a screen of orchids in some South American swamp—and as sinister. Weird apparitions stalk through the rooms of Falcon Manor and lurk in its ancient garden of boxwood beasts.

Many times, as you follow the story through its breathless maze of complications, you will think you know the solution of the mystery. Yet each time a fresh and unexpected turn of events will baffle you again.

Begin "The Garden of Terror"—there's a generous installment in this number. Once you've begun it, you'll be eager to plough right through to the end.



Coming Soon: Splendid stories by Achmed Abdullah, Dana Burnet, Octavus Roy Cohen, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Lawrence Perry, Harold Titus and Rita Weiman



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

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

The Elks

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

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A SPECIAL OFFER OF David Grayson

"The Apostle of Friendship and Contentment"

WITH the new month comes this cheerful news: A complete set of David Grayson's works in a handsome uniform binding! These are perhaps the most delightful and unusual books ever written. Their philosophy is friendship, contentment, and a love of the great and wonderful outdoors.

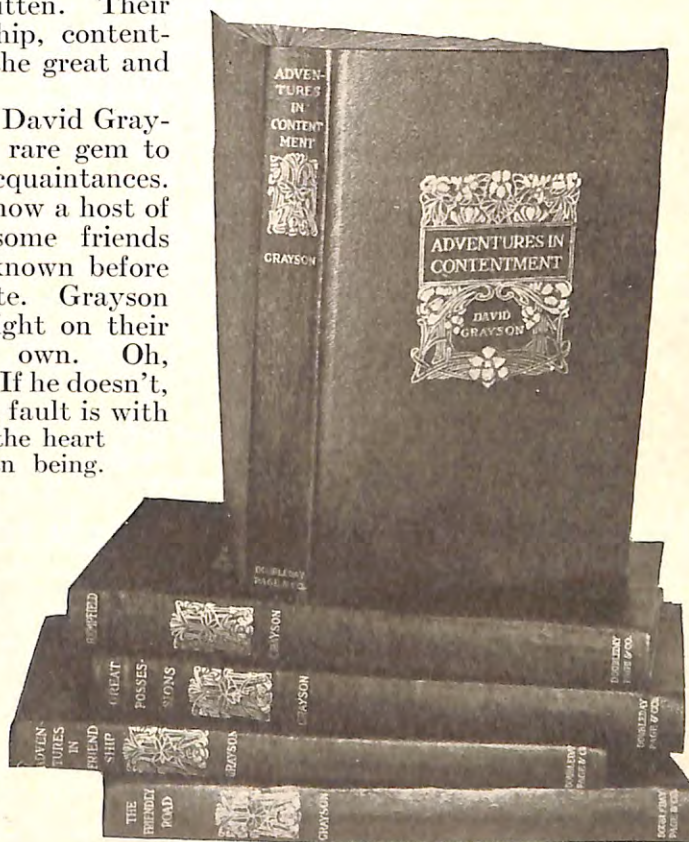
If you do not know David Grayson, you have still a rare gem to add to your crown of acquaintances. Know him and you know a host of people—good, wholesome friends that you may have known before but did not appreciate. Grayson will throw a bright light on their lives—and on your own. Oh, Grayson will stir you. If he doesn't, examine yourself—the fault is with you. Grayson gets to the heart of every normal human being. You, he will bring back to contentment, back to the joy of living.

David will introduce you to his sister, Harriet, the finest lady (your mother excepted) that ever knitted before an open fireplace. What a wonderful woman she is! How neat she keeps the little farmhouse! No wonder it's the best spot on the farm! The cheerful hospitality of the place; the homely entertainment she gives to David's queer acquaintances. But that is not all. Harriet makes the best mince pies you ever tasted. Ask any man what he thinks of Grayson and he will first talk of Harriet. The girls

love her, too. Everybody is reading Grayson and meeting Harriet, and many other real friends.

Grayson is an instructor in the art of living. Read him and understand. *"What the world most needs today is a*

his Friendships. Teaches you to be self-contained in his Contentment, and keeps you in tune with Nature through his Possessions. He makes you a better man or woman.



Adventures in Friendship

David Grayson makes friends for the enjoyment of their association. He gives us delightful character pictures of the sturdy country folk who are his neighbors. You will find yourself included in his list of friends after you have read "Adventures in Friendship" and will be happy when he speaks to you through his writings—breathing the spirit of humanity.

Adventures in Contentment

This is the first Grayson book the reader should open. It speaks of his escape from death in the city and his finding of real contentment on a farm. Every city dweller born on a farm feels the longing at some time or other to return to it. To those who do not know the joy of life in the country this book will be a revelation—to all it will be a source of happiness.

The Friendly Road

We wander with Grayson from the dusty highways with their smell of gasolene into shady byways. How pleasant these roads in the summer-time! And when he speaks of breathing in the crisp morning air, we take a deeper breath ourselves, and fancy that we smell the ripened fruit and the wholesome fragrance of the countryside on a bracing fall morning.

Great Possessions

So full of the fragrance of the country is this book that we find ourselves wondering whether we are reading or doing deep-breathing exercises. Grayson unfolds humanity's possessions—shows what they are and how you and I should use them.

***The Joy of Contented Living!
The Joy of Friendship!
The Joy of the Outdoors!***

Three themes that are the most delightful in life. David Grayson has taken them and with inspiration he has made his famous books. The atmosphere is one of relaxation, cheer, and good-will. The style is friendly, chatty, and restful—it is David Grayson at his best.

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philosophy of friendship, contentment, good-will. That is the philosophy which these books so charmingly set forth."

This is what he does: He gives you a new grasp on life through his Adventures. Gives you a kinder feeling toward all humanity through

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America

Official Circular No. 4

Charleroi, Pa., May 1, 1923

To All Elks—Greeting:

DEAR BROTHERS:

Shortly after my return from the Convention at Atlantic City it was my privilege to address a circular to you in which it was stated that Subordinate Lodge needs would be the chief concern of the present administration. In a general way I expressed the hope that there should be such an internal development in our lodges as would put each lodge in proper condition to perform the service which the Grand Lodge expects of it.

At this time it is my greater privilege—even greater pleasure—to testify that the general improvement in Lodges is apparent. They have been under excellent management, their officers have been able leaders, and the cooperation of the members has been complete and reliable. Elks everywhere have been encouraged and aroused, and the outlook for better Lodges and for a growing interest in community progress and community welfare has been improved.

New Subordinate Lodge Officers

I congratulate you, my brothers, who have been elevated to positions of responsibility in your Lodges. Each one of you has been called to lead in some sphere or capacity. Each one of you can exert an influence which will lead your brothers forward for their own good and for the good of the Order. Commit your rituals to memory at once, and exemplify your parts so that the candidates for initiation will be impressed with the worthwhileness of being an Elk.

Exalted Rulers

For the new Exalted Rulers I have a special message. Upon you largely depends the success of your Lodge for the ensuing year. Your personal influence will be the greatest force for good in your organization, and if you can imbue your fellow Lodge members with a spirit of earnest fidelity to duty and a desire to serve with animation and good cheer, you will have a good Lodge. Be whole-hearted in your work. Many an Exalted Ruler starts on his work enthusiastically but stops in the midst of it the victim of an acute attack of half-heartedness. His work is checked by doubts and reservations. May your devotion to your Lodge be deep enough to last throughout the hindrances and setbacks which are sure to come.

Organize your members and get them in the habit of attending Lodge meetings, thus overcoming the indifference and lack of progressiveness found in some Lodges. Study them and select the right brothers for Committee appointments, brothers who can be trained and fitted into their proper places, thus assuring efficiency in every department of Lodge work. Interest them in all community welfare work, which will make possible high standing in the community. Read your ELKS MAGAZINE and encourage your members to read it. It puts individual members in direct touch with the whole Order and acquaints them with what Lodges throughout the country are doing.

Familiarize yourself with the Constitution and Statutes of the Order and the by-laws of your own Lodge. Use sound methods in conducting the business affairs of your Lodge. Conduct your meetings in a dignified and practical way which will meet the approval of all members and win their cooperation. Keep your Lodge interests always before you. Work for its betterment and you surely will find your field of usefulness widening and your influence for good extending.

District Deputies

District Deputies have rendered splendid service, and the cooperative efforts of these Deputies with Lodge officers and members has been an important factor in bringing about real progress. Their work did not close March 31st. The District Deputy is not an official whose efforts are limited to one visit to a Lodge, nor to the period from October to April. He is in charge for twelve months and is always willing to give advice on perplexing problems which sometimes confuse.

Grand Lodge Annual Meeting and Reunion

The fifty-ninth Meeting and Reunion of the Grand Lodge to be held in Atlanta, Ga., this July will be one of the most important gatherings in the history of the Order. We are now entering upon a new epoch in the life of the Order. Matters of vital interest will be discussed and decided, and it is highly important that each Lodge should be represented at this Convention. I strongly urge that each Lodge see to it that its duly elected representative be present.

Headquarters

In Atlanta the officers of the Grand Lodge will be located at the Ansley Hotel. The Grand Exalted Ruler is especially desirous of meeting not only the District Deputies, but all members of the Grand Lodge. This invitation applies to all. Come to Headquarters, where the Grand Exalted Ruler will be very glad to see and welcome you.

Opening Session

The opening public session of the Grand Lodge will be held Monday evening, July 9th. The Atlanta Grand Lodge Convention and Reunion Committee is making unusual preparations for this meeting and it is to be hoped that all visiting Elks, their wives, sisters and daughters will attend this session.

Railroad Rates

For all Elks and dependent members of their families only, who may visit Atlanta, the railroads have made a rate of one and one-half fare for the round trip, under the "Identification Certificate" plan. Children of five and under twelve years of age, when accompanied by parent or guardian, will be charged one-half the fare for adults. Under the fare and one-half rate tickets will only be good via the same route in both directions. Special rates are also made for diverse routes, which information can be secured from the Secretary of your Lodge, who will also advise you as to selling dates. Fare and one-half tickets will be good returning to reach original starting point not later than midnight of July 31, 1923. Stopovers vary with the different railroads, but this information you may obtain locally.

The railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation under this rate unless the purchaser presents an "Identification Certificate" furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge. It therefore devolves upon you to decide as early as possible with reference to the Atlanta trip. If you desire an "Identification Certificate," lose no time in notifying your Secretary to that effect, as he must secure his supply of Certificates from the Grand Secretary.

Some members may desire to purchase regular Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry a more liberal return date and a greater variety of routes. While these rates are higher than a fare and one-half from the eastern section of the country, a lower basis applies from the Pacific coast and other far western points and therefore it would be more advantageous for those from the latter territory to purchase Summer Excursion Tickets. Purchasers of these tickets will require no "Identification Certificates."

I suggest that you discuss this at once with the Secretary of your Lodge, to whom the Grand Secretary has mailed a more detailed circular. No matter in what territory you may reside, you should ascertain the Summer Excursion rates and privileges, as well as the rate on a one and one-half fare basis.

Finally, let me urge you again to be prompt in advising your Secretary as to your needs in the matter of "Identification Certificates."

Parking Arrangements

The railroads entering this city are arranging to park Pullman cars for occupancy at Atlanta for special parties desiring this facility upon the following basis:

For cars parked for occupancy at Atlanta, the charge will be \$12.00 per car per day of each twenty-four hours, or fraction thereof (charge to commence three hours after the arrival of the cars), and to include items of sanitation, icing, watering, light, heat, and police protection.

This charge will be assessed on all cars of all character, namely, baggage cars, combined baggage coach cars, straight coaches, club cars, sleeping cars, and observation cars, that are parked for the exclusive accommodation and convenience of each person or persons.

No parking charge will be made for dining cars.

Program of the Reunion

The program of the Grand Lodge Annual meeting and reunion, July 9th to 14th, is as follows:

July 7th & 8th: The opening of a number of Pullman cities already established where Pullman cars can be parked to the greatest advantage, with electric lights and fans, sanitary and bathing arrangements, police and fire protection, telephone and automobile service.

Also opening of tourist camp at Lakewood where automobiles can be parked, tents erected, buildings used, or visitors arrange for accommodations in any way they see fit as is usually done in a tourist city. Accommodations for 10,000 people or more. Bathing facilities and lighting and telephone service provided.

Reception of all visitors at railroad stations by reception committee, Elks' Band and Elks' uniformed Patrol, and escorting the visitors to their hotels and stopping places. Looking after the general comfort of visitors and getting them happily located.

Sunday: Special golfing program at all clubs arranged particularly for visiting Elks, to continue all week, open to all Elks and ladies. It is proposed to have the pulpits of several churches of all denominations in Atlanta filled by distinguished Elks who will deliver lay sermons on purposes and principles of the Order. Proposed patriotic meeting at Piedmont Park at 5:00 P.M. with one or two splendid addresses by distinguished visitors.

(Continued on next page)

Sunday Night: The pulpit of All Saints Church filled by Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, and perhaps other pulpits filled by other distinguished visiting Elks.

Monday, July 9th: Reception of visitors by Band and Patrol, establishing them in hotels and stopping places.

Golf Tournament at East Lake Country Club for visiting Elks, to be rated by home club handicaps.

Monday Evening: At 8 P. M. at Auditorium, formal opening of the Grand Lodge with public session consisting of addresses, responses and music.

Tuesday, July 10th: Opening of Grand Lodge business session at Lyric Theater at 10:00 A. M., presided over by J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler.

Tuesday Afternoon: General sight-seeing and individual receptions to visitors. Competitive prize drill of Patrols at Piedmont Park at 2:00 P. M. where handsome silver cups valued at \$500, \$300 and \$200 will be awarded.

3:00 P. M. general reception to all visiting ladies at the Woman's Club.

Tuesday Evening: 9:00 P. M. to 2:00 A. M. Grand Peach Ball at Auditorium open to all Elks. Ball preceded by a splendid program of southern songs and interpretations and large chorus of negro singers.

Wednesday, July 11th: Business session of Grand Lodge at Lyric Theater at 10:00 A. M., presided over by J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler.

Business session of Grand Lodge at Lyric Theater at 2:00 P. M., presided over by J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler.

At 2:00 P. M. grand competitive prize band concerts at Lakewood for cups valued at \$500, \$300 and \$200.

5:30 P. M. grand barbecue prepared in southern style at Lakewood to all visiting Elks and ladies.

6:30 P. M. wonderful carnival evening before the Grand Stand with Venetian water display, patriotic and specially designed Elks' fireworks and program of band concerts, glee clubs, individual singers and quartettes, and short snappy drills of prize winning Patrols.

Wednesday Evening: 9:00 P. M. to 2:00 A. M. at Auditorium, Grand Cotton Ball with special southern features and impersonations and large negro chorus singing southern melodies, open to all Elks and ladies.

Thursday, July 12th: Final business session of Grand Lodge at Lyric Theater at 10:00 A. M., presided over by J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler.

Thursday Afternoon: 3:00 P. M. grand street parade of all visiting Lodges, bands and patrols conducted by Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esquire.

Thursday Evening: 9:00 P. M. to 2:00 A. M. at Auditorium, Grand Watermelon Ball with southern songs and interpretations, and large negro chorus, open to all Elks and ladies.

Friday, July 13th: Sight-seeing trips individually arranged to Stone Mountain, Federal Prison, Cyclorama showing Battle of Atlanta, Wren's Nest, home of Joel Chandler Harris, Burns Club, only replica of Burns' home in Scotland, Ft. McPherson, various city parks and other points of interest.

Saturday, July 14th: Last day of Reunion. General sight-seeing trips, personal visits, individual club entertainments and other social features.

All social and civic clubs open at all times, where dances and entertainments of other natures will be given every evening. All of the entertainments, dances, barbecues and other features will be open to all Elks who attend the Convention. Cyclorama to be open to visitors free. Y. M. C. A. to open pool to visitors.

Conclusion:

As this is the last time during my term of office that I shall address you through the medium of a circular, I desire to congratulate you on the satisfactory progress our Order has made. We may be thankful that it is clearer now than ever that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks holds first place among American fraternities, and that the people of this Nation recognize our Order as a powerful influence for good—a potent factor for the uplift of America.

With renewed assurance of my sincere fraternal regard and thanking you for your loyal support so generously given, I am,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,



Attest:

Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler.

FRATERNITY



Away

A Poem for Memorial Day

By James Whitcomb Riley

I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.



MILD and gentle as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things: Where the violets grew
Blue as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

From "Afterwhites," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1887, used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

JUSTICE



FIDELITY



CHARITY



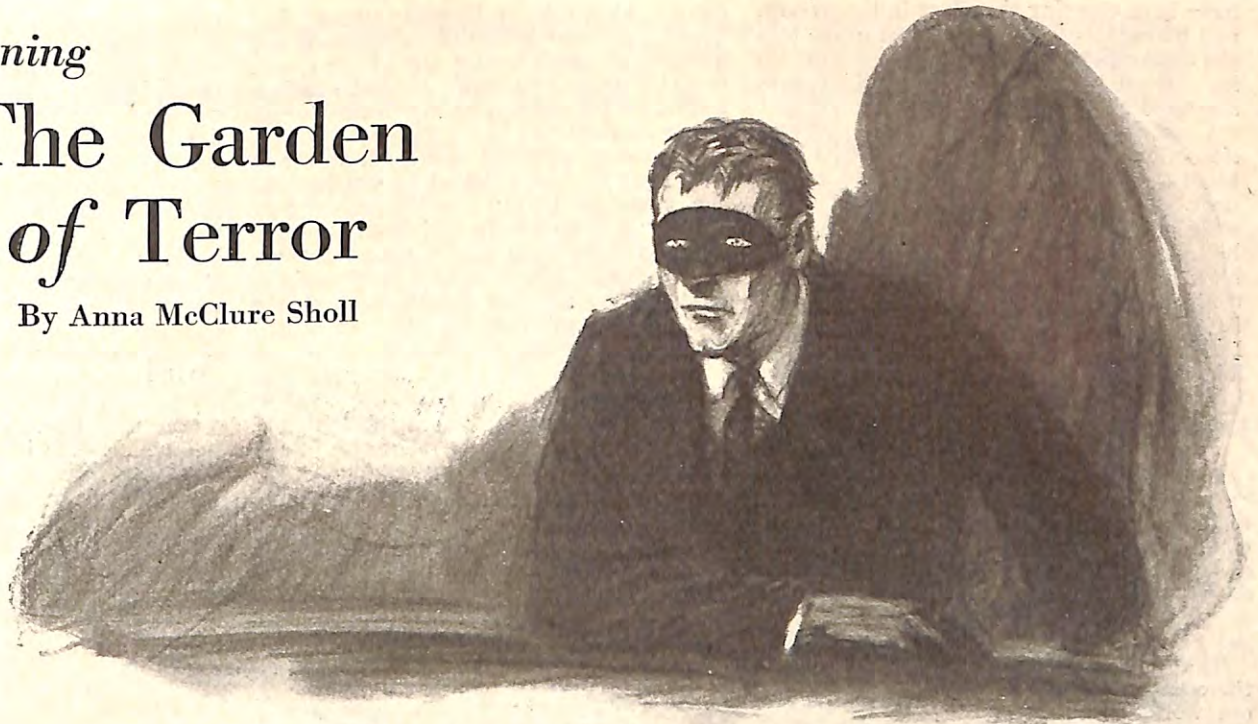


CALVERT stepped between some palms that he might observe her more closely, for her appearance, apparently harmless, had aroused in him that creeping wave of horror which, since his entrance into this house, he had been obliged to beat down again and again



Beginning The Garden of Terror

By Anna McClure Sholl



MERTON CALVERT, looking back on the strange events of the crowded week, often wondered what gesture of fate arrested the car which he was driving at the very spot which was to form the point of departure to great novelties.

Perhaps it was the brake of the unfamiliar car—one belonging to his friend Carroll Jayne—but at the crisis when the real story of his life began he had stopped the machine at the entrance to a lane. Whatever the trouble, it had occupied his attention but a moment or two, then he had gazed at the glorious scenery about him—a view unparalleled of tumbled mountains and lonely heights—with a certain haunting stillness over it all, as if the very landscape were waiting or watching for the actors of the drama.

He was preparing to reenter the car when his quick ears caught the sound of feet in headlong precipitancy. Another instant and a man came in view, rushing down the lane toward him, his pale face blank with terror. Calvert, stepping aside to avoid his onrush, had only time to surmise from his appearance that he was an indoor servant.

Past Calvert like a flash, arms in windmill rotation as if recording on the air something dreadful. Dodging the car he dashed into the road and was soon out of sight. As in automatic repetition again the sound of feet. The pursuer, thought Calvert, now much interested, and he wondered what kind of madman would emerge from the lane's obscurity; but the second runner looked as frightened as the first, and, like him, rushed by Calvert as if oblivious of his presence, but took the opposite direction from the first man and was soon lost to view.

Calvert glanced up the pretty lane in its September finery and great innocence of evil. Could it be possible—another runner! Yes—far off he heard uncertain footsteps, swift but unevenly measured, like those of a woman unused to running—a large woman, he thought, before she actually came in sight. Having more time to observe her as she lumbered toward him, he judged she might be the cook of an establishment—tub

A Thrilling New Mystery Story

By the Author of "The Footstep"

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

dress, white apron, close cap, and with these homely accessories, a face betraying extraordinary terror.

"What is it! Can I help you?"

His words reached her; but for answer she swept him aside, though he was powerfully built; but her arm, electric with fright, had the impact of a steel rod against his chest. On she plunged, and he watched her going down the road, her white apron flying in the wind like a flag of distress.

Then silence, that strange silence of the country which comes back in a wave after a disturbance. Calvert glanced at his watch. The fleeing figures had had the effect of making his own life and affairs seem unreal and unimportant. What matter if he didn't see Longstreth about the new engineering contract? Dale, his brisk partner, would be there.

The soft wind blew against his face like a breath from no known land. The lane, now mysterious, an avenue of terror, presented its poignant invitation to investigate the cause of fear that had sent three people precipitately running. Since Calvert was a boy he had had the desire to be in the thick of some strange congeries of events and to untangle them by his own formulas. Here was his chance.

Climbing into his car he made the swerve of destiny—and turned into the lane.

An eighth of a mile and the lane ended abruptly at a small gate meant for pedestrians only; evidently one of the back or side entrances of the estate which opened to his view majestically, cutting the sky with the height of its great black pines imprisoned in the wealth of damask lawn, from any contact with the rough mountain country; and sinking again into rich undulations of greenery; and the sunny repose of lovely gardens shadowed here and there by topiary work of rare skill, done in immemorial box; one piece was in the form of a crouching lion.

Beyond the gardens rose the house, and Calvert had the impression that by far the larger part of the estate lay beyond it. Nothing in the appearance of the house to inspire terror—a square, substantial affair with wings enclosing a courtyard. Yet Calvert, as he

gazed at it, felt a queer chill of apprehension, almost regretted that he had yielded to his curiosity over these fleeing figures. For they must have fled from that house.

Entering the little gate he crossed the lawn on flat stones sunk in velvet. The walk evidently led to the "kitchen and offices," in the nomenclature of real estate. Pausing, he listened—for what? No sound came to him but the sighing of the September wind in the tall pine trees. The stillness of enchantment hung heavily about the brick walls, which, on near approach, he saw were warm with age as well as sunshine—great years attested also by the tree-like trunk of a monster ivy vine clamping one side of the mansion, though carefully cut away to free the windows.

Some of these were open and here and there a soft-hued silk curtain swung outward. But even such simple sights had a queer effect upon him, and he stopped more than once in his approach to the kitchen door.

It was wide open, so that he had a full view of a perfectly appointed modern kitchen; but what attracted his notice at once was not the shining coppers, or the silvery gleams from the electric range, but a yellow earthenware bowl on a table, and an egg-beater on the floor with blobs of white of egg still clinging to it. Entering, he looked into this bowl where the white pyramid produced by some one's vigorous beating was already melting down at the edges. He thought of the strong arm that had brushed him aside as an obstacle in a frightened flight.

SO GREAT was his tension that he would have jumped had a sudden noise occurred; but nothing broke the stillness, and he crossed to the pantries, through these to the dining-room. Here again he found evidences of sudden flight. The butler must

have been cleaning the silver in the pantry, and had evidently brought some pieces into the dining-room, for a teapot was lying on its side on the long refectory table, spoons scattered about it.

Calvert proceeded further, an apprehension of evil so heavy upon him that he hesitated a moment before opening the further door. Summoning his courage he flung it wide, and saw nothing more alarming than a broad hall paved with black and white marble in squares; its walls hung with eighteenth-century portraits beneath which were high-backed red velvet armchairs. Each portrait had its armchair just beneath it, as if the lovely girl or silver-haired grandmother of the painting was expected to come down some day and sit there.

A BROAD staircase, designedly important, started from the back of the hall and spiralled up to a gallery, which circling the center of the hall, repeated itself again in the third story, forming a wide well down which streamed the cold blue light admitted by ample insertion of glass in the flat roof.

This staircase hid the last painting except the edge of its frame which seemed of modern workmanship; and the better to view this painting, or, perhaps, to get the full sweep of the hall, Calvert advanced a few steps; then he saw that the armchair beneath the picture was occupied; and the sitter duplicated the rich painting of adolescence above her. Clearly she was the original of the rather imperious figure which shone from a very modern canvas. The living woman was young, dark, slender, with a vivid face brightly cut. Something in her personality gave the effect of a flame burning her to one long line of grace, like an El Greco saint. Her intense eyes gazed straight ahead of her, and about her small, proud mouth hung the ghost of a smile. She wore a noticeable dress, the upper part of Egyptian-red silk, almost overlaid with Egyptian embroidery in odd lighter shades of red. The lower part of a warm violet.

Calvert stepped between some palms that he might observe her more closely, for her appearance, apparently harmless as it was, had aroused in him that creeping wave of horror, which, since his entrance into this house, he had been obliged to beat down again and again. He was too masculine, too unobservant of women's

clothes, as a rule, to be quite sure at first that his peculiar feeling of aversion was not directed so much toward the wearer of the dress as to the dress itself. He had a curious feeling that it did not belong to the woman who wore it.

She sat so still and with such an air of possessing the place that as he watched her the sense of his strange intrusion grew sharper; and he keenly wished that he had never ventured into this house. Whatever had frightened the cook, the butler and the footman had left this girl brightly, almost humorously, mistress of the situation. Never, he thought, had he seen any one so completely at home in a stately setting. She dominated the great hall as if everything in it and in the house, indeed, belonged to her.

A slight sound above his head drew his eyes upward. Looking down steadily at him from the second gallery was a man whose appearance was even more disturbing than the girl's beneath the picture. Above the pallor of his chin and mouth was a black strip of mask completely covering the center of his face. Through it looked two black eyes as powerful and unflinching in their gaze as the eyes of a leopard.

Calvert quietly turned and walked out of the house. As he went through the kitchen, he experienced the sensation he had not had since his nursery days; the desire to run from something just behind him, though he heard nothing, not even a far-off sound.

He made his way to the front of the house where an enchanting view unrolled; then he descended the terrace; paused, for close against a marble balustrade crouched the palest girl he had ever seen. Her beauty and her black dress and the fright in her blue eyes—fairy-tale eyes, he thought as he looked into

them—came dizzily to his senses as the solution, the reason for his lingering, the loveliness to be served. She looked like the beautiful young woman indoors—the woman in the wrong clothes; but she was dazzlingly fair, her thick hair close and golden about her lovely head.

She rose uncertainly as he approached; stood there like a shadow in her thin black dress, her deeply blue eyes upon his appealingly. "I saw people running," he said, all at once embarrassed by his intrusion. "So I came in. I was afraid something might be—wrong."

"Oh, no!" she whispered, "not—wrong." "But I—saw people running," he repeated with a feeling he must challenge her words, "three fleeing servants. There must be others in this big place; and—they should not have left you alone."

"My father is in the house," she said with a proud lift of her head as if he could and would protect.

"In that case," said Calvert, "my presence is unnecessary. If I have blundered—or trespassed, please forgive me."

"Oh, don't go!"

Her appeal was genuine, urgent, indicative of a spiritual if not a physical isolation. The look of terror was returning to her eyes.

"Do you see—any one?" he asked anxiously, because she was looking with intense apprehension toward the bland façade of the house.

"I see no one," she whispered. "But where—how did you come?"

"My car's on a back lane. Down that lane came a butler, a cook, a man-servant of some sort; they ran as if they'd seen a ghost."

Her own eyes opened wide with a terrified expression. "And you came up to see what had happened."

"Just so."

"Did you meet any one?"

"No."

"Did you see any one?"

"Yes. I saw two people."

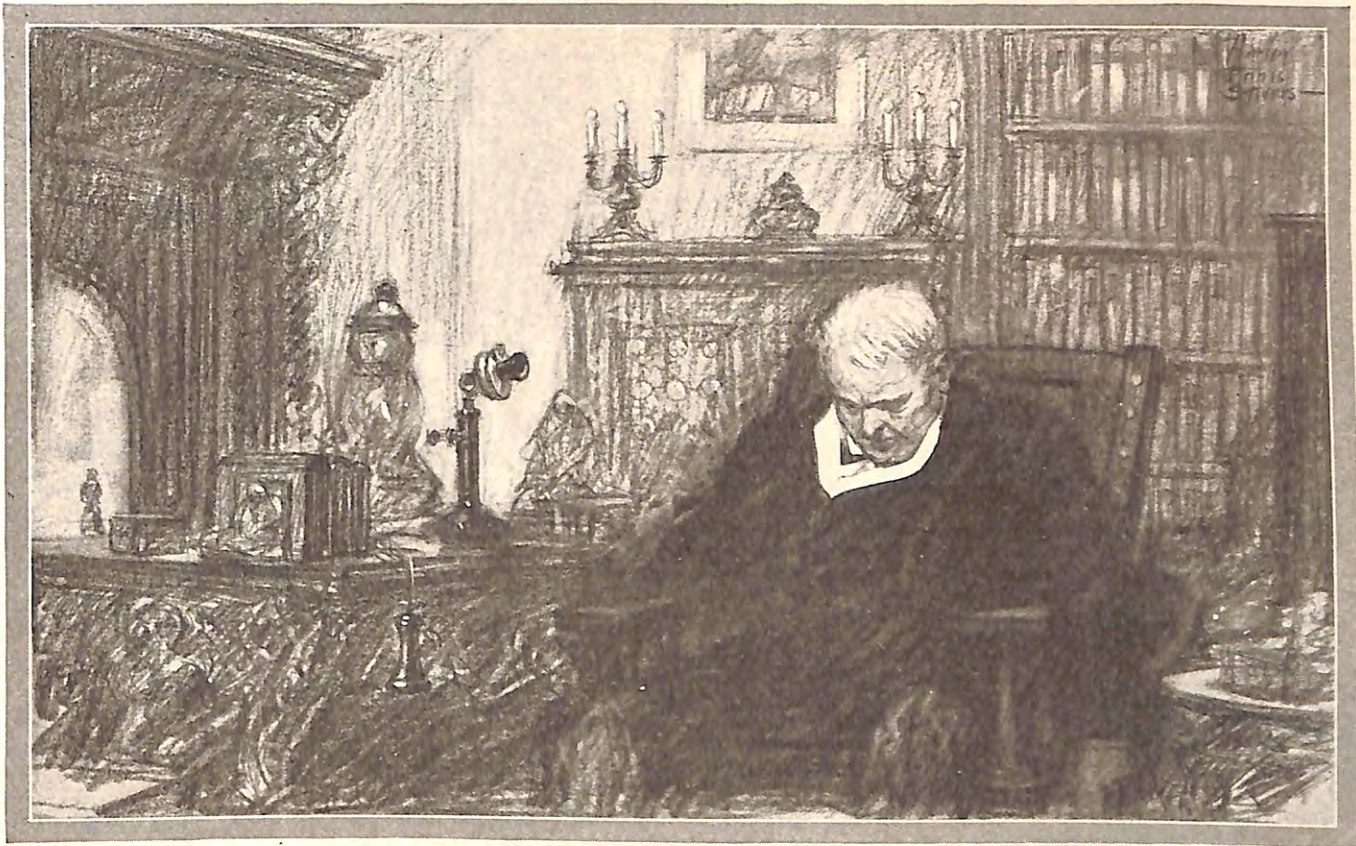
"An elderly man?"

"No, a young man, and he wore a mask, and he was looking over the second gallery."

She looked genuinely astonished. "May I ask your name?"



"Don't go!" Her appeal was genuine, urgent. The look of terror was returning to her eyes



"Merton Calvert. May I ask yours?"
 "Eulalie Falcon. My father is Wendell Falcon."

Calvert had difficulty in covering his surprise and embarrassment. Wendell Falcon, monstrously rich; doing things differently from men always, even making the wives of two marriages supremely unhappy in diverse and novel fashion—but in his later middle-age swerving violently from the old passions into a kind of melancholy brooding over a universe whose laws he had defied; all this sprang out as from the pages of an intimate social register.

"Your father—is at home, you say?"
 She glanced half-fearfully at an upper window of the great house.

"Oh, yes, he is home," she said in her low, lovely voice, which had a thrilling quality as if she spoke from the long violent avenues of some far-off legend.

Calvert gazed at her, already half-fascinated by her beauty and the music of her name, Eulalie.

"Don't you think," he said gently, "that considering all things—you are better in the house under your father's protection?"

At last she said with an effort, "You said you saw—two people. Who was—the other one?"

"A woman—a very young, beautiful woman."

SHE sank on the bench, staring at him with an expression of horror. "You are sure—you saw her?" she murmured.

"Quite sure."
 "What did she look like?"

"Beautiful, but proud, smiling a little, her hair dark; complexion as white as a gardenia, just that texture, velvety skin. Oh, quite a beauty, indeed."

"What did she wear?"

The question struck him as a very odd one; the last question a girl with her background would ask. "It was a strange, beautiful dress," he answered. "Violet and red—don't ask me to describe a dress; but there was something arresting—something wrong. Oh, I don't know quite how to explain."

By a massive mahogany table a man was seated. His shoulders were drawn forward; and something in the curious stillness of his figure was suggestive of sleep—or—

Eulalie did not answer, but she looked as if she understood.

"I did not speak to her," he went on. "She did not seem in need of help; assuredly not in need of any one's assistance."

"Where was—she?"
 "Sitting just beneath her own portrait—"

"Yes—my half-sister, Thecla Falcon."

"Then the girl in the chair is your half-sister?"

She was silent an instant. "She did not speak to you?"

"No."
 "Not a word?"

"No; but let me take you to the house."
 "Will you—go up first and see if—she is still there?"

Over him stole the strange chill of apprehension—an anger, too, that he could feel fear; but he did feel it. "And if she is—" he gave back.

"Ask her—Oh, no, don't ask her anything!"

He thought of the man in the mask. Not right to leave this girl in the great lonely garden. "You must come with me," he commanded.

She accompanied him with dragging steps. "I think the servants are returning," he said. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"Oh, I don't blame them," she gave back.

They entered the broad hall. The chair under the painting was empty. Instinctively he glanced up at the second gallery. But no masked figure like a Goya carnival-maker leaned over the balustrade. The house was very still, the doors on the galleries closed. Never in his life had Merton Calvert felt more disturbed.

"Is there any one in the family household beside your father?"

"Yes, great-aunt Lucy—very deaf and old and sweet," she added with a little tender smile. "She rarely leaves her own rooms—

and—and we keep most things—sorrowful things, from her."

He glanced down at her black dress.

"You have suffered—a recent loss?"

"Yes," she said in a smothered voice, the old look of terror creeping into her eyes.

"Suppose we go up to your father's room," he said gently.

"Very well."

Together they mounted the spiral staircase, and he noticed that she glanced from side to side as if very fearful of beholding some one or something! At one door particularly he observed that she quickened her steps! They went up the next flight of stairs, and now they were exactly where the figure in the black mask had stood. Beyond that point was an opened door.

"My father's study," she whispered.

He went to the doorway. By a massive mahogany table in a deep leather chair, a man was seated; near his arm on the table was a telephone, the receiver off the hook dangling over the edge by its long green cord. Wendell Falcon's shoulders were drawn forward; and something in the curious stillness of his figure was suggestive of sleep—or—

"FATHER," the weak voice at his side called. Then again, "Father!"

The shoulders did not rise, nor his head turn, nor did the slightest tremor pass through the body. "Father, oh, Father!"

All fear had left her now! She was leaning in an agony of apprehension over the still form, catching the limp hand to her breast, calling his name. "He's fainted—or—"

"Yes! Yes!" Merton said, snatching up the receiver. "I'll call a doctor—who is your doctor?"

She was giving him the number, when a figure backed in the door; a policeman who seemed out of breath. "Got here as soon as I could after the call for help," he said. "Have you been held up?"

He came forward, looked down at the figure. "Good Lord, dead!"

"Hush! This is Miss Falcon. It may only be a faint; wait—I must call the doctor."

He gave the number to the operator. The

officer meanwhile was examining the limp form. "Don't see no evidence of a wound," he said; "looks like heart-disease—maybe frightened to death."

Eulalie uttered a little cry and gazed at the officer a moment as if she could scarcely believe her ears. Calvert gave the number and hung up the receiver. Eulalie had stepped to the doorway and was glancing down the hall. "I am seeing if Aunt Lucy's door is shut," she said. "It would kill her if she saw—"

She broke off abruptly. "Her door is open," she looked appealingly at Calvert. "Will you go with me?"

He wondered—it was such a little distance, but she had reason now to be unstrung; and as he accompanied her he saw her glance again from side to side, looking into the shadows. The open door of Miss Lucy Falcon's room revealed a pretty apartment, in the midst of which a very old dear lady sat knitting. Eulalie went over to her—kissed her, patted her hand, returned, and softly closed the door. "She mustn't know yet," she said, and then added with sweet appeal, "You won't leave us!"

"I certainly shall not leave you while I can be of any assistance," Calvert said fervently, beginning to realize what a wrench it would be when the hour came for parting.

When they returned to the death chamber—Calvert knew it was that—the officer gloomily regarded them both. "When I came up on my motor-cycle," he said, "I seen three people on the lawn starin' at the house; looked like the help. How many help do you keep?"

"I THINK there are seven indoor servants," Eulalie answered, "and, of course, the men on the place—the gardeners, chauffeurs."

"Why wasn't they tendin' to their jobs?" the officer demanded.

Eulalie glanced at Calvert. "What do you mean?" she answered the officer.

"No one to answer the bell. No one to direct me anywheres. I come to the first open door I see; but no thanks to any servant in the place."

She was silent a moment; then she asked, "How long ago did—did my father call?"

"About twenty-five minutes ago. What he said was, 'Police headquarters, Brompton! A man's threatening me—send help—quick!' I got on my motor-cycle, and come at once."

"Eulalie."

A gentle, professional voice was heard in the hall. An elderly physician entered, a silver-haired man with a keen but kindly expression. "There was no one to let me in," he said rather impatiently.

His hand was on the limp hand and wrist, raising the arm that hung over the chair. For an instant merely the skilled physician sees that his skill is in vain, then he turned and placed a fatherly arm about Eulalie. "My poor child—a second blow!"

"Is he—?" her lips refused to say the word.

"Yes. Heart-failure, apparently. You know it was his trouble. Did he have a shock?"

He glanced at the officer, who replied, "Headquarters at Brompton was telephoned—Mr. Falcon himself, sir—said he was being threatened by a man."

"I think I saw the very man," said Calvert.

Dr. Crosby looked inquiringly at him.

"You saw him?"

"I saw him leaning over the balustrade

just out there, a tall, long, dark man who wore a mask."

Dr. Crosby made a survey—a searching one—of Calvert, which seemed to satisfy him. "May I ask if you were calling on Miss Falcon?"

The officer took a step forward and Calvert instantly read what was in his mind; while there swept over him the realization that he had walked quite deliberately into a situation which could not but appear damaging in the light of this sinister event. Wendell Falcon had called for help from a man who was threatening him; and behold, he himself was supplying the unknown masculine element. All that went through his mind in a flash; and then, like the following of a great light, the strong conviction that Eulalie Falcon was worth any sacrifice.

"No, I was not calling on Miss Falcon," he replied deliberately. "I never met Miss Falcon until twenty minutes ago."

With composure more assumed than real he told his story. Deliberately he omitted his incident of seeing "the woman in the wrong clothes," as he had mentally dubbed her. What her part in this mystery was he did not know; but Wendell Falcon had mentioned no woman in his call for help.

"Why didn't you challenge this here masked man that had frightened all them servants?" the officer said rudely and brusquely.

He was about to reply when the pale girl seemed to rouse herself from some dream of sorrow and pain long enough to get the import of the officer's words. With a dignity that turned her from a child to a great lady and mistress of the manor, she said, "If you mean to imply, officer, that this gentleman was the man who threatened my father, you are entirely wrong."

Calvert gazed at her already half-fascinated by her beauty and the music of her name, Eulalie



"Eulalie, it's perfectly natural the officer should think so," Dr. Crosby intervened, "though personally I accept the story just as Mr. Calvert tells it."

Merton's wits began to work again. Like most perfectly innocent persons, he had no ready-to-hand alibi and apparatus of inno-

cence. "Summon the servants, officer," he jerked out. "If you think I am a house-breaker, at least three saw me at the entrance of that back lane when they were running from—"

HE PAUSED, seeing again that frightened look in Eulalie's eyes. "Well, when they were running. Something or some one had terrified them beyond all power of self-control. The cook nearly threw me down. She has an arm well adapted to beat a cake to lightness. Ask the cook."

Eulalie touched a bell near the door. They heard a ring far-off, because of the deep silence of the house. Every one waited for footsteps—but none came.

"Where are those cowardly servants?" the doctor said impatiently. "Here, I'll go down."

The officer strolled to the window humming a tune and casting dark detective glances at Calvert, as if longing to be the one who would march him to jail once this palpable lie had been nailed.

Eulalie drew Calvert outside on the gallery; and in the fading bluish light of the late afternoon her face seemed to him ethereally lovely.

"I want to help you solve this mystery," he said.

"Did you have important business taking you anywhere?"

"No," he lied.

"You don't have to go at once?"

"No."

"Do you live near here?"

"No. I was spending a week-end in these mountains. I was driving my friend's car to the station."

"May I ask whom you were visiting? We have so few neighbors."

"Carroll Jayne—an old college friend."

She gave a start of surprise. "Ah—Carroll Jayne."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know Carroll."

Jealousy surged through him, stimulated by the further reflection that Carroll had never mentioned the fact that he lived near the great Wendell Falcon. "How well does she know Carroll?" he asked himself.

She spoke again. "When did you leave—this morning or—this afternoon?"

He thought it an odd question. "Early this morning."

"But the Jayne place is only twelve miles from here."

"I know it, but I was circling the neighborhood—seeing the country. I have a lot of that kind of curiosity."

"And you live in New York?"

"Yes. I am an engineer."

"Do you have to go home to-night?"

"I couldn't if I wanted to. Your last train in this sparsely settled region is gone."

"I am glad."

She gave him that frankly—and he would have offered worlds to know why she was glad.

"One thing more," she whispered. "Please do not speak of the woman you saw under the painting—oh, I beg you not to speak of her!"

"Certainly not, Miss Falcon. Your wish is law!"

Sounds of many footsteps, like a small army—an array of servants. At their head, like an inexorable general, Dr. Crosby; behind him the three chief fugitives; behind them other servitors. Calvert watching them over the balcony noticed that they glanced around them as their little phalanx advanced and kept rather close together. Their pale faces fled through the door of their late master's room like shadows of his old needs



A face was looking in—a masked face with a curiously white pointed chin. Calvert dashed to the window but it was locked; then to the front door

and demands—the valet no longer required; the cook always in fear of not pleasing this epicure.

“Now,” said Dr. Crosby disapprovingly, “here is your dead master. He must have rung his bell for some of you cowards before he called police headquarters. Where were all you able-bodied men when your master needed help?”

Silent nudgings, stifled, choky cries in housemaid directions.

“Come, now,” said Crosby, “what was the meaning of this deserted house—a house left so wide open and empty that this gentleman could walk in after his curiosity had been challenged by you runaways?”

Silence!

Dr. Crosby turned to the cook. “Did you see this gentleman at the entrance to the lane, and did you strike him out of your way while you ran from—something?”

“God help me—I struck him,” wailed the cook. “But if he’ll stay to dinner I’ll make amends.”

Calvert turned to hide his smile; but Dr. Crosby now challenged the butler. “My brave man, what were you running from?”

The butler was a long creature, oppressed with his own affront to his office. “I was runnin’ to fetch help, sir.”

“IT’S a lie,” broke in the footman. “Desmond, you’re a liar—you was runnin’ from—”

“Hush your mouth,” broke in a housemaid. “You’re the liar—you are.”

In their excitement they had forgotten their quiet English training and the presence of their young mistress.

“I want the truth from all of yez,” said the officer. “What scared you? Did you see a man with a mask on?”

“No,” came frankly and unanimously.

“Then what in thunder were you runnin’ from?” demanded the officer.

Calvert who at clubs and other places had made a slight study in group consciousness in servants, now read the old signs of a fiction agreed upon. Then the butler answered, “There was a gang of men, sir. I didn’t see a mask among them, but they was too many for us, and we all ran down the lane to fetch help.”

But the explanation crumbled under Dr. Crosby’s “Robbery certainly couldn’t have been the motive. I saw scattered silver anybody could have walked off with. Try again, Desmond.”

The unhappy Desmond’s eyes rolled toward Eulalie; and in her eyes Calvert saw a warning which the butler evidently heeded, for he made no attempt to accept the doctor’s invitation to “try again.”

“I am not satisfied,” said the doctor. “I am inclined not to believe any of you. You know a pistol is in the pantry for just such invasions—which are never really expected, but which sometimes do come off. Eulalie, what is your account of the afternoon?”

She held herself in a minute as if wrapping fold upon fold of silence about something which could never be told. The kind, sensible face of the physician certainly barred extraordinary confidences, and Calvert listened to a sweet uncertain voice saying: “I had been reading to Father; then I stopped in Aunt Lucy’s room and talked through her ear-trumpet a while. Then I went down into the garden, wandered about a few minutes, but soon sat on one of the benches. Then Mr. Calvert—found me; told me about the servants running and his entering the house to see if any one needed help. Then we came up together. The house was perfectly still. We saw no one—but we came

straight to this room to see if my Father was safe—and found him—as you see—”

Her hand waved a pathetic gesture.

The doctor made no reply. Calvert had the feeling that the physician believed Eulalie was holding back something.

At this moment another officer entered. “Hello, Teck,” said the first policeman. “You done well to come.”

“Is it murder?” asked the one addressed as Teck.

“Heart-failure from fright.”

“Thieves?” questioned Teck.

“Don’t know yet.”

“I’ll go down. Some one of us ought to be on terra-cotta. Say”—he wheeled back again—“how many in family?”

The first officer, whose name was Murphy, spoke up glibly. “Miss Lucy Falcon, elderly, the young lady here; that’s all—”

“All right!”

The doctor addressed the servants. “You had better all go down, and I depend on you to stay at your posts.”

THEY filed out, still with that odd terror upon some of their faces that Calvert could connect with no palpable cause. He made a movement to follow them. “You are in good hands, Miss Falcon. Perhaps now I had better—”

“Oh, no! no!” she broke in. “Please stay. Let them bring your bag from the car. I’ll tell my Aunt you have come for the weekend.”

Calvert glanced at the doctor.

“Stay,” said Dr. Crosby. “I’ll be in and out myself. And, Murphy, you telephone headquarters and ask that you and Teck remain here to guard the place.”

“Sure, Doctor. But we must search first to let ’em know we’re making a noise like a policeman. Have I your permission, Miss, to go over the premises?”

(Continued on page 54)



They Used to Teach Animals Through Fear But They Do It With Kindness Now

Whereupon, somewhat dazed, I allowed myself to be shunted into the arena. The door was closed behind me—and strapped. Shortly, the animal trainer went to the line of permanent cages, shifted a few doors, then opened the one leading to the chute. A tiger traveled slowly toward me, while I juggled myself in my shoes, and wondered why the buggy whip had suddenly become so slippery in my clenched hand. While this was happening, the Bengal looked me over, dismissed me with a mild hiss, and walked to the pedestal. Then, almost before I knew it, the den was occupied by three tigers and three lions, none of which had done anything more than greet me with a perfunctory hiss as they entered! Already Shorty was unstrapping the door, himself to enter the den. Then, one by one, the animals went through their routine, roaring and bellowing and clawing at Shorty, but paying no attention whatever to me!

"Part of the act," explained the little trainer as he came beside me for a moment; "trained 'em that way. Audience likes to see cats act vicious, like they was going to eat up their trainer. But a lot of it's bunk. Just for instance—"

Then he turned to the lion which had fought him the hardest.

"Meo-w-w-w-w-w-w!" he said.

"Meo-w-w-w-w-w-w!" answered the lion, somewhat after the fashion of an overgrown housecat.

Following which, a guttural purring issued from Shorty's lips, to be echoed by the tigers.

"That's their pay!" came laconically as the trainer walked to the chute. Then: "All right, Kids! Work's over!"

Whereupon the great cats bounded from the arena for their permanent cages again, and still somewhat hazy, I left the steel arena. Everything had gone wrong! There had been no firing of a revolver, no lashing of steel-tipped whips; something radical had happened since the old days when Pop Jensen had beaten those three leopards about on the Old Clattertrap Shows. Either that or Pop Jensen had been an exception!

SINCE that first introduction, I've learned a few things about animals. A great many of these little facts have been gained by personal visits, often in as narrow a space as an eight-foot permanent cage in which the other occupant was anything from a leopard to a lion. And I've learned incidentally that Pop Jensen wasn't an exception. He just belonged to another day, that is all, and his day is past. The animal trainer of the present is a different sort, with a different attitude toward the beasts under his control, different theories, different

I REMEMBER, rather distinctly, the first time I ever went into the steel arena. I was to meet three lions and an equal number of tigers, all full grown, and un-introduced so far, to any one but their original trainer. Naturally, I knew beforehand just about what would happen.

Outside the arena, on one side, would be three or four men, with long iron rods, the points of which would be heated white hot—sufficient to halt any beast in an attack. On the other side would be an equal number of attendants, equipped with an invention which I never had seen, but which I knew all about, a thing called an "electric prod rod," coupled up with the electric light wires, and capable of spitting thousands of volts of electricity at the lion or tiger which might seek to devour me. I, personally, would have two revolvers, one loaded with blank cartridges, for use during the ordinary course of the visit and to cow the beasts into a knowledge that I was their superior; the other equipped with steel jacketed bullets in case of a real emergency.

There was a certain amount of foundation for my beliefs. Back in kidhood days when I had been a runaway clown with a small, tatterdemalion circus, the menagerie had consisted of one lion, vicious to the extreme and permanently blinded by blows from a leaden tipped whip; and three scarred and scurvy-appearing leopards which hated humans with enthusiastic passion, and which eventually accomplished their much desired ambition of killing the trainer who had beaten them daily for years. From that menagerie experience I knew that all animals were beaten unmercifully, that they were burned and tortured and shot, and that the training of any jungle animal could be carried out in only one way—that of breaking the spirit of the beast and holding it in a constant subjection of fear. But—

Only one man was in the menagerie house

of the big circus winter-quarters when I entered—the trainer. The steel arena stood, already erected, in the center of the big building, but I looked in vain for the attendants with the electric prod-rods, and the men with the white hot irons. As for the trainer himself, I failed to notice any bulges in his pockets which might denote revolvers; in fact, he carried nothing except two cheap, innocent appearing buggy whips. One of which he handed me in nonchalant style, then motioned toward the arena.

"All right," he ordered, pulling back the steel door; "get in."

"Get in?" Everything was all wrong, and I knew it. "Where are the animal men?"

"Over at the cookhouse, eating dinner. I'll let the cats into the chute. Go ahead inside so I can strap the door."

"But—"

"I'll come in after I've let the cats through from the permanent cages. I want you in there first, though, so they can see you the minute they start into the chute. Then you won't surprise 'em, see, and scare 'em. Just stand still in the center as they come in. If any of 'em get excited, just say 'seats!' in a good, strong voice, and tap 'em with that buggy whip. By that time I'll be in there."

"But where's my gun? And aren't we going to have any of the men around with hot irons or electric prods—"

"Electric what?" The trainer cocked his head.

"Electric prod-rods—you know, that throw electricity."

"Cut the comedy," came briefly; "you've been readin' them Fred Farnot stories! Nope," he continued, "there ain't going to be any hot irons or electric prods, whatever they are, or nothin'. Just you an' me an' the cats an' a couple of buggy whips!"

Inside the Training Den

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Sketches by Everett Shinn

ALL of you who love animals will be cheered by this article. All of you who love the circus but have always deprecated the "animal acts" because you have thought they were based on cruelty will be heartened by knowing the real facts as told by Mr. Cooper. When you have read this article pass it along to your boys and girls

methods, and different ideas. Ask a present day trainer about hot irons and all you'll gain is a blank look. He wouldn't know how to use them, and if he did, he wouldn't admit it. He wants to hold his job, and with present day circuses, hot irons or anything like them are barred. All for one very simple reason besides the humanitarian qualities. Jungle animals cost about eight times as much to-day as they did twenty or twenty-five years ago. No circus owner is going to mar a thousand dollar bill if he can help it—and hot irons produce scars.

WHICH represents the business side of animal training as it exists to-day. There are two reasons, one being that the whole fabric of the circus business has changed in the last score of years, from the low-browed "grifting" owner and his "grifting," thieving, fighting personnel, to a new generation of men who have slightly higher ideals and who have realized that the circus is as much of an institution as a dry goods store or the post-office department.

Where canvassmen and "roughnecks" and "razorbacks," the laborers of the circus, once were forced to sleep beneath the wagons, or at best upon makeshift bunks, they now have sanitary berths, car porters, and sheets and pillow cases. Where they once ate the leftovers of stores; stale bread, old meat, and "puffed" canned goods, they now have food that is far better than that served in the United States Army. Where they formerly were the victims of hundred per cent. loan sharks, feeding upon them like so many human leeches; forced to pay double prices for every commodity and bit of clothing, and practically at the mercy of brutal bosses, their lot has been bettered until there is now at least one circus where the lot superintendent never allows his men to be commanded without a prefix unknown in a great many business institutions. He doesn't swear at them, for instance, when he orders the tents strengthened against a possible blow. Instead, it is:

"All right, gentlemen, take up them guy ropes!"

When the weather is foul, and the circus lot is hip-deep in mud, when men have struggled to their utmost and can go no longer on their own power, he doesn't brace them with bootleg whisky. Instead, he keeps a man on the payroll whose job is to laugh and sing in such times as this—the superintendent knowing full well that one laugh begets another, that singing engenders singing, and that the psychological value of that laughing man is worth barrels of booze. It has saved the show more times than one!

Just as conditions have improved with the human personnel of the circus, so have

they progressed in the menagerie. The circus animal trainer of to-day is not chosen for his brutality, nor his cunning, nor his so-called bravery. He is hired because he has studied and knows animals—even to talking their various "languages"! There are few real animal trainers who can not gain an answer from their charges, talking to them as the ordinary person talks to a dog, and receiving as intelligent attention. It is by this method that cat animals are trained for the most part—it being about the only way, outside of catnip, in which they can be rewarded.

In that last word comes the whole explanation of the theory of present day animal training—a theory of rewards. Animal men have learned that the brute isn't any different from the human; the surest way to make him work is to pay him for his trouble. In the steel arena to-day, the same fundamentals exist as in any big factory, or business house, or office. The animals are just so many employees. When they do their work they get their pay envelope—and they know it. Beyond this lies, however, another fundamental principle by which, in the last score or so of years, the whole animal training system has been revo-



lutionized. The present day trainer doesn't cow the animal, or make it afraid of him. On the contrary, the first thing he does is to conquer all fear and make friends with the beast!

A study of jungle animals has taught him that they exist through fear—that the elephant fears, and therefore hates, the chim-

panzee, the gorilla and any other member of the big ape tribes that can attack from above, and therefore, simply through instinct, will kill any of these beasts at the first opportunity. In like manner does the hyena or the zebra fear the lion, the tiger fear the elephant, the leopard fear the python. It has taken little deduction to find that with this fear, hatred is inevitably linked, and that if an animal fears a trainer, it also hates him and will "get" him at the first opportunity. Therefore, the first thing to be eliminated is not fear on the part of the trainer, but on the part of the animal! I am no animal trainer. Yet, as I say, I've occupied some mighty close quarters with every form of jungle beast. Nor was it bravery. It was simply because I knew the great cats wouldn't be afraid of me, and that, having nothing to fear, they would simply ignore me. Which happened.

Perhaps the best example of the change in training tactics lies in the story of a soft-hearted, millionaire circus owner who is somewhat of a crank about his animals being well treated. One day, several years ago, we happened to be together at a vaudeville theater, in which an old time trainer was exhibiting a supposedly "trained" monkey band. The audience seemed to enjoy the affair; but there were two who didn't. All for the reason that we could see the cruelty of it.

The unfortunate monkeys were tied to their chairs. To their arms were attached invisible piano wires which ran to a succession of pulleys above and thence to the wings, where they were pulled and jerked by an assistant to create the illusion that the beasts were obeying commands. By an elaborate network of wires, the monkeys were made to raise horns, which also were tied to their hands, and apparently play them. Time after time, as he watched, the circus owner snorted his displeasure, and, at last, the act finished, rose from his chair and sought the stage entrance.

"Swell act you got!" he announced to the owner. "What do you want for it? You know, I own a circus, I'd kind of like to have that layout in the kid show."

It was the beginning of a series of bickerings, which ended in the purchase of the act—why, I could not quite understand. So I asked the reason. The eccentric little owner waved a hand.

"Going to have it in my show."
"But with those wires—that's torture, Boss!"

"Now, nix, Kid! Nix. Wait till I've got my bill of sale."

Incidentally, when he received that, the new owner of the monkey band gave to the old time trainer a tongue lashing as artistic as anything I ever heard, a little masterpiece on cruelty, on the cowardice of the human, and on decency in general. Following which, he bundled up his newly purchased monkeys, together with the properties which went with the act, and took them to winter quarters.

The next day I went out there with him. The monkeys were in their chairs—apparently waiting for something exceedingly important. No wires were visible. At a signal, an attendant ran forward, with



a small table, upon which were heaped the band instruments which at one time had represented so much torture to the little prisoners. Instantly there was chattering and excitement. The simians leaped from their chairs, scrambled toward the table, grasped a band instrument apiece and ran back to their places, each holding the musical apparatus tight to his lips and producing faint sounds that bore the resemblance of music! Yet, the cruelty was gone! The wires had vanished! The monkeys were doing all this of their own accord, and actually taking a delight in it! Like a pleased boy, the little circus owner walked to one of the simians and, against the monkey's squealing protests, took away his horn.

"There," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "that's all you have to do."

The mouthpiece of the horn had been refashioned overnight. Extending slightly outward from the interior was a metal standard bearing a thin reed, which would sound at the slightest suction, while just beyond this, at a point which would necessitate some effort on the part of the monkey to reach it, was—

An ordinary piece of old-fashioned, striped stick candy! When the monkey sucked on the candy, the reed sounded. By

such a simple method had cruelty been changed to pleasure!

The same thing holds true for practically every other animal act. Instead of making animals pretend to work because they are afraid, they merely work for wages now. For years, in the old days, trainers had for a slow-kicked and mauled and beaten a lunk-headed hippopotamus, in an effort to make him perform. It was impossible. The hip neither fought nor obeyed. It didn't have enough sense to know that it could escape punishment by doing a few tricks. Then, with the coming of the newer régime into the circus business, the effort was discontinued. For years the big river hog merely wallowed in his trough. Then, one day, an animal trainer slanted his head and stood for a long time in thought.

"**B**E-LIEVE I'll work that hip," he announced. A week later, the miracle happened!

"Ladies-s-s-s-s and gentlemen-n-n-n," came the bawling outcry of the official announcer, "I take great pleasuah in announcing to you a featuah not on the program, a race between a swift-footed human being-g-g-g and a real, living, breathing hippopotamus-s-s, or sweating be-hemoth of Holy Writ. Wa-a-a-tch them!"

Into the hippodrome track from the menagerie connection came the trainer, running at a fair gait, while striving his best, seemingly, to outpace him, was a goggle-eyed hippopotamus, trotting as swiftly as his wobbly avoirdupois would permit. All the way around they went, the hippopotamus gaining for an instant, then the trainer taking the lead again, finally passing once more into the menagerie. The audience applauded delightedly. It was the first time it ever had seen a trained hippopotamus. Nor had it noticed the fact that, about fifty yards in advance of the racing pair, was a menagerie attendant, also running. The important thing about this person being that he carried a bucket of bran mash, and the hippopotamus knew that it was for him! He wasn't racing the trainer—he was merely following a good meal; the old, old story of the donkey and the ear of corn!

Likewise the pig which you've seen squealing in the wake of the clown in the circus. The secret? Simply that His Hoglets has been taken from his mother at birth and raised on a bottle. His feeding has been timed so that it comes during circus hours. The pig follows the clown because he knows he's going to get a square meal. At certain places in the circuit of the big top the clown pauses and gives him a few nips from the

bottle. Then he goes on again and the pig runs squealing after. Simple, isn't it?

In the same manner is the "follow goose" trained. The person he trails has food, and the goose knows he's going to get it. Likewise the pigs which you've seen "chuting the chutes."

A pig isn't supposed to have much intelligence. Perhaps he hasn't—but you can have a trained pig act all your own very easily.

SIMPLY build a pen leading to a set of stairs which lead in turn to a chute, the chute traveling down into another closely netted enclosure. In this enclosure put a bucket of favorite pig food. Then turn the hogs loose and let them make their own deductions.

First of all, the pigs will try to reach the food by going through the netting. That's impossible. So at last they turn to the runway, go up the step, hesitate a long while, then finally slide down the chute and get what they're after. Then—here's the strange part of it: after a week, or so, remove the food. The pigs will keep on chuting the chutes just the same. By some strange form of animal reasoning, the pleasure of food has become associated with that exercise of sliding down the incline. Like a dog which gains a form of stomachic satisfaction from the sight of food, so do the pigs derive a certain amount of pleasure from going where the food ought to be! And they'll chute the chutes for you as often as you please. Particularly if you feed them directly after it's done!

In fact, the system of rewards, and payment for work, holds true through every form of trained animal life. Sugar and graham crackers for dogs, carrots for elephants, fish for seals, stale bread for the polar bears, a bit of honey or candy for the ordinary species of bear, pieces of apple or lumps of sugar for horses—every animal has his reward for which he'll work a hundred times harder than ever he did in the old and almost obsolete days of fear. Even lions, tigers and leopards have their likes, but with them, the payment comes in a different fashion.

Jungle cats are primeval in their instincts. They're unable to control themselves at the sight of food, and a few strips of meat distributed in the training den might lead to a fight. Therefore the new style of trainer has a different method. He talks to the cats!

Nor is that as difficult as it sounds. A short association with animals and one easily can learn the particular intonation by which they express pleasure. With the lion, this takes form in a long drawn-out meow of satisfaction; with the leopard and the tiger it is evinced by purring, as with housecats. The trainer simply practises an imitation of these sounds until he masters them, with the result that he is almost invariably answered by the beast. The animal seems to understand that the trainer is seeking to convey the fact that he is pleased—and the beast appears pleased also. As to the reward extraordinary, there is the joy of joys—catnip!

To a housecat, catnip is a thing of ecstasy. To a jungle cat it holds as much allurements as morphine to a dope user, or whiskey to a drunkard. A catnip ball and the world immediately becomes rosy; the great cats roll in it, toss it about their cages, purr and arch their backs, all in a perfect frenzy of delight. Therefore, when they do their work, they get their catnip. When they don't work—they're simply docked their week's wages, that's all.

Old principles, naturally—and perhaps all the more efficacious for their age. In fact, there is one circus in the West which regularly depends upon this age-worn idea of food to save itself in wet weather. It possesses one of the largest and strongest elephants existent in the United States, an animal capable of pulling any of the show's wagons from hub deep mud with but little effort. There is only one trouble. When nature made that elephant, it put concrete where the brains should be. Training is next to impossible. The elephant simply doesn't seem able to assimilate a command. Which worries the circus not at all.

When bad weather comes, they simply bring out "Old Bonehead" and hitch him, with a rope harness, to whichever wagon happens to be stuck. Then a workman takes his position slightly in front of the beast, with a bucketful of carrots and practises a little animal Couéism. He holds out a carrot. The elephant reaches for it but can't quite achieve his object. Whereupon he takes a step forward—and drags the wagon with him. Which forms the end of that particular vehicle's troubles. Old Bonehead is unhitched and taken to the next scene of difficulty. For every wagon a carrot, and the circus counts it rather cheap motive power at that!

However, the training of animals does not simply mean that they're given food, in return for which, by some magical process, they realize that they are to do certain work. Far from it. It is a long, patient progress, in which the trainer, if he is a good one, grits his teeth to hold his temper, and smiles many and many a time when he would like to swear. He has three jobs which must be synchronized into one objective—to teach the animal that there is nothing to fear from this strange human who has suddenly made his entry into the beast's life, to plant certain routines into the performer's mind

and to place there at the same time the knowledge that, for doing these things, the animal is to be rewarded. But there is this consolation: once a single trick is learned the whole avenue is unlocked; and the way to other stunts made easier. Here and here alone is the whip used, but for the most part it is only the light, cheap affair which once adorned that ancient vehicle, the buggy.

The lessons start in much the same manner that those of a human child begin; the primary object being to accustom the charges to the fact that they are going to school. And so, the lion tamer merely takes his position in the center of the arena and calls for the attendants to release the animals from their permanent cages.

Often the lesson consists of nothing more than that. The beasts have become accustomed to mankind through seeing them every day in the menagerie, and through being fed by them. Therefore they catalogue them as merely other animals which are harmless and upon which the beasts themselves depend for a livelihood. Again is the road to the brain opened through the path to the stomach!

However, there also are times when the cats seem to realize that they no longer are protected by intervening bars, and the old instincts of fright and self-preservation overcome them. One by one they attempt to rush their trainer. The answer is a swift, accurately placed blow of the whip, usually on the nostrils. In force it corresponds to a sharp slap on the lips, such as happens to more than one child, stinging it for the moment and causing it to recoil. Unless the beast is intractable, an inbred or a "bad actor," about two of these blows are sufficient to teach the animal its first combined lesson; that a whip hurts, that the man in the arena commands that whip but, most important of all, he only uses it as a means of self protection. The good trainer only strikes an animal to break up an attack; he has a specified task, to make the beast respect the whip, but not to fear it. After the first few minutes, the trainer can sit down in the center of the arena and wait in peace. His charges have ceased attacking and now are merely roaming the big enclosure, accustoming themselves to the larger space of their quarters and assuring themselves that they have nothing to fear. So ends the first lesson.

AFTER which comes the second and most important period of all. The animal already has learned three things, that the trainer will not hurt him unless the animal tries to hurt the trainer, that the whip is something that can sting and it is best to keep away from it, and that there will be a reward for doing what the trainer desires, and that, taken all in all, he's a pretty good sort of a being after all. Therefore, the trainer selects one beast at a time and falls into a routine. He cracks his whip just behind the beast, not striking the animal, but close enough to make his charge move away from it. At the same time, he keeps repeating his rote:

"Seats, Rajah! Seats—seats!"

Which the beast doesn't understand at all. But by "crowding," by the constant repetition of that command, and by desisting with the whip when the animal moves in the right direction and cracking it to hold him from the wrong course, the trainer gradually works the cat to its pedestal. Once this lesson is implanted in the mind of the beast, the whole door to a trained act is unlocked, for everything else is accomplished in the same manner. Besides that—

(Continued on page 50)



READ this if you wish to contract the most glorious form of self-indulgence known to man



Once you have the vice of book buying it is not easily shaken off. You will do anything for books

FOUR times a year I am led into temptation by a visitor who comes to my house through the medium of the U. S. Mail. I have no regrets for these lapses from the rugged path of industry and economy; on the contrary I gloat over each one in retrospect and look forward with enthusiasm to the next. When my visitor arrives work ceases; for two hours at least I am impervious to all appeals to my conscience, either as a business man, a husband or a father. The furnace fire may go out if it chooses to take that mean advantage; the sidewalk may be covered with snow—not until our session is over will I be moved.

There is nothing courtly in my friend's exterior. He wears cheap clothing, and says his say in a blunt, plain-spoken fashion. But these are things which matter very little; it is the meat of his message, not its manner, which seduces me. He carries me with him to far countries and introduces me to great personages. I mingle with kings, and queens, and knaves; I hear the back-stairs gossip of splendid courts and read the secret diaries of wise and witty men.

WHO is this intriguing individual? you ask; and there is no reason why you should not know the truth at once. He, or rather it, is the catalogue of my favorite dealer in old books—a tempter sent to myself and other reading addicts at quarterly intervals. Let me give you just a taste of the sort of allurements it offers:

ASTOR, John Jacob Astor; the richest man in America—a racy description of the early days of the Astor family with account of John Jacob Astor's start in life, his marriage, etc.

BORDE, Andrew. The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge. 124 copies printed. The author, born 1490 (?) was a physician

In Praise of An Old-Fashioned Vice

By Bruce Barton

Paintings by Donald Teague

and traveler. He was educated at Oxford, journeyed to Jerusalem, and practised medicine in Glasgow. . . . There is no question of the book being a curious one, dealing as it does with "the natural Disposition" of the "Englyshman, Welshmen, Irysh man, Scotyshe man" . . . it opens with a picture of a nearly naked figure holding in one hand a large pair of shears while a piece of cloth rests on his right arm. The "Englyshman" speaks:

"I am an Englyshman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mynd, what rayment I shall wear,
For now I wyl were thys and now I wyl were that
Now I wyl were I can not tel what."

CRIME. Confessions, trials and biographical sketches of the most cold-blooded murderers who have been executed in this country from its settlement down to the present time, etc. Embellished with numerous engravings representing the scenes of blood and correct likenesses of the criminals.

SEOANE, William M. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. First edition. Extra illustrated and extended from four to six volumes. . . .

But enough of these excerpts. The last one, the "Life of Napoleon," containing

many beautiful plates, as well as autographs of the Emperor, his more famous Marshals and the principal personages of the day, is offered to me at \$600. I turn away from it with a sigh of virtuous regret, and starting at the front page of the little pamphlet again, begin to check some volumes that I can afford without destroying the family's troublesome habit of eating three times a day.

Many years ago, wise old Sir William Waller said: "In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools."

All book lovers are indebted to that happy phrase of Sir William's. It is a very pretty excuse for the dissipation of book buying and reading; for surely no one can be criticised for bringing wise men into his home. I fortify myself with that thought whenever I slip into the house with another bunch of books, done up in brown paper like groceries to deceive my wife. I am brazen in the face of her invariable reproof: "What, more books! I don't see what you want with more books, the house is full of them already." I pass her by without a rejoinder and she, poor wretch, expects none, having uttered her protest merely as a matter of record and knowing full well that it will avail nothing. For book buying is a vice not easily shaken off. A man will wear old clothes, he will go without lunches, he will, as Beecher said, even "write books to get money to buy books."

FOR the sake of those business men who may wish to contract this most glorious form of self-indulgence I beg leave to set down four suggestions. By yielding to them one after another, any man, no matter how busy, may gradually become thoroughly and incurably addicted.

(1) It is necessary, first, to make sure that one will be frequently and regularly subjected to temptation. I take two precautions in this matter. I am on the mailing list of two book-stores, one dealing only in new books and one only in old.

THE arrival of catalogues undermines my resistance at regular intervals, but I do not trust to such impersonal tempters alone. Some time during the week, usually Saturday afternoon, I visit my favorite book-store.

I am truly afraid of most stores. I have never entirely overcome my youthful terror of the suave sharp gentlemen behind the counters who know so much better than I do just what I ought to buy. But a book-store is different. You would hardly be allowed to enter a clothing store, for example, and try on one suit after another all the afternoon without a single word of guidance, or solicitation from a clerk. A couple of hours' visit to a grocery in which you did nothing but open packages and taste the contents would almost surely bring a hint of disapproval from the proprietor. But in a book-store one may stay all day if he chooses; he may open volume after volume and sample as shamelessly as he likes; he may nibble at his lunch; he might very conceivably settle down and die in a dark corner—no one would ever trouble him. That the Zoo should be crowded every day with men and women staring at monkeys, while the book-stores with their freely offered treasures are so nearly empty—this is one of the curious things about human nature to me.

(2) One must have some definite schedule for buying books. It is not enough to trust to the whims of appetite. This may do for the periodical drinker, but the book-buyer's thirst is not sustained in any such haphazard way. My own schedule is two books, at least, a week. I do not mean to say that I read two books every week. Reading books and buying them are quite different. I once interviewed a very rich man of affairs. Among other things he told me that his rule for getting rich had been to keep himself constantly in debt. "Commit yourself to earn and pay a certain amount of money within a certain time and you give yourself the greatest possible incentive," he

said. Just as that man has kept himself in debt to his bank, I like to keep myself in debt to my library. I have books lying around constantly which I have not read. They are an incentive to me, a reproach; they seem to cry out from the shelves and tables, saying: "The days are passing and you are growing older; are you growing any wiser? When are you going to cancel the debt you owe yourself by opening and devouring our pages?"

AFTER a certain period the sight of an unread book becomes insupportable. In self-defense one must pick it up and begin. The inexperienced reader, having got thus far, will feel that he must plow right through from page 1 to 380, skipping nothing. The hardened addict has no conscience in such matters. Dr. Johnson confessed frankly that he hated to finish books and seldom did. In that one particular—and that only—I bear a resemblance to that great man. I skip pages and whole chapters without compunction, and I seldom go through to the end. My debt is discharged when I have taken the best and wisest part of the author's mind. Without so much as a by-your-leave—I get up and go. I have cleansed my conscience, so far as that book is concerned; I am free to go on and read and buy more.

(3) One must have some rule as to his reading, and the best rule I know is to read those books that interest you. Forced reading is no good. You must read some of the literature that bears on your business, of course—a trade paper, and the government reports and whatever new books are published that tell more efficient and economical ways for getting things done. But having given this necessary reading its

just deserts, select for your recreation and mental growth something that stirs your interest, and pursue it. Do you like to travel? Visit some one country—through books—for a month. Does the history of other days appeal to you? Take some one period, or people, and buy and read books enough to make you feel that you really know it, or them. Are your conversational capacities limited? Live with the essayists for a while—with wise, humorous, human old Montaigne as a beginner. You will discover new resources within yourself. As a pump once primed gives out much more than it has taken in, so a mind into which a little of Montaigne or Emerson or Carlyle has been poured is stimulated to thought on many subjects, on its own account.

(4) People are more interesting than anything else in the world. Hence, if you have never yielded at all to the book-buying, library-building habit and are uncertain how to begin, let me suggest that you start with books written by good writers about great men, or by great men about themselves.

OF THE latter, these four masterpieces of self-revelation seem to me supreme: "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," "The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," "The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau."

Franklin was the first "self-made" American. Starting life as an apprentice boy he pursued his business with so much diligence and native shrewdness that at forty he had a competence which permitted him to retire. Thereafter, he acquired eminence as a scientist, a statesman, an author and a diplomat—a record seldom equalled in its variety. No man bent on self-improvement can read his book without finding something of direct and immediate benefit to him in his business. Take, as only one example, this passage in which Franklin tells how he made himself a good writer:

"About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. . . . I thought the writing excellent and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this in view I took some of the papers, and making
(Continued on page 59)



When my visitor arrives I am impervious to all appeals, either as a husband or as a business man

The furnace may go out, the sidewalk be covered with snow—not until our session ends will I move



*Genesis, of the Black
Infantry, Directs—*

The Battle of Sedan

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

MR. JUNIPER WATTS, who was diminutive of stature and exceedingly unbleached as to complexion, paced nervously up and down before the odorous portals of The Metropolis City Drive-It-Yourself Company, Colored Only. Occasionally Mr. Watts paused to consult the dial of a flagrantly dollar watch, following which ceremonially he would glance up and down Seventeenth Street, then walk to the corner and survey Fourth Avenue for a glimpse of the long overdue sedan.

Mr. Watts was upon amour bent and on this night of nights he had no intention of piking. Through many days of internal turmoil he had fought and vanquished the murmurings of a rather avaricious soul and determined upon an evening of reckless extravagance, to the end that he had entered the offices of The Metropolis City company, planked down a ten dollar deposit and regally demanded that the one sedan of that organization's fleet be gasolined for his personal use.

Mr. Acey Upshaw, president of the company, was quite regretful. He explained that at six o'clock Mr. Florian Slappey had rented the sedan, although, as Mr. Upshaw suavely explained, Mr. Slappey had appeared rather short of cash and quite certain that he would return not later than seven-thirty. Mr. Watts could have a touring car or a roadster, but if he insisted upon the sedan, he'd have to wait.

Juniper waited. "I craves that sedan, Acey. An' when I craves somethin' I don't mind waitin' fo' same."

It was now five minutes before eight o'clock. In the servants' quarters of a Milner Heights' mansion Miss Parafine Parks was expectantly awaiting the arrival of Mr. Watts. Parafine was excessively emotional, for there had been a promising tremolo in the voice of Mr. Watts when he extended his telephonic invitation for a moonlight drive. "You can look out fo' me a li'l befo' eight o'clock," proclaimed Juniper. "I'se gwine be in a limmysine."

"A limmysine?" Parafine was thrilled. "Suttinly. A real gemmun don't take his gal ridin' in no towering car these days."

And so the die had been cast. It was now patently impossible for Juniper to ascend the Heights in anything short of a closed car. But tempus was rapidly fugiting and Mr. Watts was restive in the knowledge that the delectable Parafine was not a lady who tolerated tardiness.

Juniper had already made all arrangements to reduce that waiting period to a minimum. His deposit was paid, the sedan all signed for. He had received permission to meet Mr. Slappey at the curb and usurp that gentleman's place at the wheel, provided, of course, that Mr. Slappey appeared within a reasonable time.

"Dawg-gone his hide," anathematized Juniper. "Heah I has got Parafine all tuned up fo' love an' kisses an' Florian Slappey goes an' does me dirt. No consideration is the one thing that cullud boy ain't got nothin' else but."

And so Miss Parafine Parks stared through the window of her modest room down the slopes of Red Mountain and across the furnace-studded expanse of Jones Valley. The lights of Birmingham winked jovially at her. Her big, brown eyes, directed by a joyously thumping heart, discerned the Rainbow Viaduct, the Terminal Station, the tall and gaunt Jefferson County Bank Building, and, three blocks westward, the more modest eminence of that focal point for negro gentlemen of parts, the Penny Prudential Bank. Less than a block from that structure was Juniper Watts—Parafine's Juniper. . . . Miss Parks awaited him, envisioning his southward progress in the shiny sedan, eyes intent upon the road, thoughts busy with her. She thought of all of that—

And she waited.

Juniper, too, waited; but far less patiently. Once he sought Acey Upshaw. "Is you posolutely shuah Florian Slappey said he'd git back by seven-thirty?"

"Absotively."

Juniper shook his head. "Seems like to me somethin' must of happened."

Nor was Juniper's conclusion very grossly in error. Many things had occurred before, and since, the departure of Florian Slappey in the rented sedan—events more or less unrelated at the outset, but which now were

knitting closely into a web of circumstance of which the impatient Mr. Juniper Watts was mercifully unaware.

The real starting point may have been the moonlight picnic of the Junior Beautifying Society or it might be said to have commenced with the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Smalls. Certainly the fact of their marriage is of vital importance, for as a direct result thereof a baby, one Genesis Smalls, was duly born. And now, slightly less than one year from the date of the advent of Genesis, the parents had quarreled severely before finally concluding that they would attend the annual picnic of the Junior Beautifying Society.

LITTLE Genesis had started something in his family. Before his arrival, the to-be parents had inclined more than a little to social butterflying. Mrs. Smalls was there nine ways from the ace in the matter of pulchritude and Mr. Smalls was a social lion with no mean roar. In the annum which had elapsed since the first plaintive wail of Genesis had been lifted to the roof of the comfortable cottage on Twenty-third Street the parents had learned to love the youngster dearly and to regret keenly that he had been born at so tender an age. They longed for the time when he should be twelve or thirteen years of age—old enough to permit them the untrammelled social enjoyment to which they had long been used.

As a matter of fact Washington had relinquished the martyrdom of fatherhood many months before, deliberately and with malice aforethought passing the parental buck to Mrs. Smalls. Within her breast a great resentment had grown up; a resentment unrelated to personal jealousy but decidedly based upon envy of his newly undertaken social activities.

With the result that three days previously she had announced in no uncertain terms that she intended to attend the annual picnic of the Junior Beautifying Society which was to be held in the pine grove near Everybody Come Inn. Washington protested. Argument—bitter and acrimonious—ensued, as the result of which it was suggested by Mr. Smalls, and agreed to by Mrs. Smalls, that Genesis accompany them to the picnic.

"Shuh!" Mrs. Smalls was not overly

enthusiastic. "Picnics ain't no places to take no baby to. Seems like to me you could stay home one night an' tend to him."

"I ain't cravin' such," said he. "Us fetches him along."

"You is gwine have to look after him."

"Us takes turns."

"Hmm! If we does I'se gwine see that you takes the most turns."

His eyes narrowed. "You ain't no kind of a Ma."

"I'se a better one than you is, Washington Smalls. An' the sooner you shuts yo' mouf, the less you is gwine say."

That night, just before dusk, the Smalls trio had driven southward across Red Mountain in their new flivver sedan. They were persons of ample means, as this same sedan publicly attested. Washington bulked hugely behind the wheel. Beside him sat his comely wife and in her arms a brightly cooing little baby. They attained the picnic grounds—a great grove of stately pines sloping away to the shores of a tiny lake of gleaming silver. The level stretches under the trees were already crowded with automobiles which ranged in type from the battered and second-hand cut-down flivver to new and scintillant twin-six sedans. The inn was ablaze with light and from its open doors spurted the toe-tickling, quiver-enticing dance music of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra.

Young couples strolled hand in hand through the shadowy recesses of the grove, a few hardy souls defied the chill winds of early autumn as they splashed around the tiny swimming pool, laughter surged into the night from the interior of the inn. Altogether an extremely large evening was in prospect.

Mr. and Mrs. Smalls parked their sedan under the trees about a hundred paces from the inn. Then, carrying their infant, they entered the palace of merriment.

Less than five minutes later another sedan, a twin to theirs, drove into the grove and parked beside them. From this sedan Mr. Florian Slappey alighted. If the manner of Mr. Washington Smalls had been charged with pride through ownership of a sedan, the bearing of Mr. Slappey in the rented possession of one was no less shot with elegance.

Florian's business at the picnic was personal—and should have been brief. But this was a function in which Mr. Slappey fitted as perfectly as gasoline fits an automobile tank. Quite naturally, and with a magnificent disdain for the passage of time and the depleted state of his finances, he allowed himself to be urged into dancing with certain fair young damsels. And so, temporarily, Florian was lost.

At the edge of the floor sat the Smalls family. But they did not remain inactive for long. Certain ex-suitors of Mrs. Smalls, welcoming her into society after a long absence, swooped down upon her and demanded her partnership in the next dance. She responded eagerly and for the next hour Washington got no chance to speak with her. He was stranded with little Genesis.

Washington's toes beat a tattoo upon the floor. He, himself, was a mean foot-shaker and the itch to dance was upon him. He had no relish for this summary stranding of himself upon the sidelines of joy. He yearned to participate, and he told himself in no uncertain terms what he thought of the but-

terfly wife who had so maliciously deserted him for the lure of terpsichore.

The first hour dragged wearily away. A few conventionally gushing colored ladies drifted by and remarked that Genesis was cute and beautiful and cunning. Other members of the feminine gender, more frank than their matronly sisters, openly scoffed at Mr. Smalls' parental ball and chain. And eventually little Genesis wearied of the merriment and dropped off to sleep, chocolate thumb in ruby mouth.

Thereupon an idea was born in the brain of Mr. Washington Smalls. He called to his side a portly friend. "You know my sedan?" "Uh-huh."

"It's parked right out yonder. You go out an' in it you finds a basket filled with blankets an' such-like. Bring it in heah."

In due time the friend returned shamefacedly toting the colorful little basket which Mr. and Mrs. Smalls used as a tonneau crib for their son and heir on the occasions of long rides together. Washington placed this basket on the veranda and tucked Genesis within. Then he tiptoed into the dance-hall.

Less than three minutes later there was a loud imprecation from the veranda immediately followed by a protesting shriek from the lips of Genesis. Frantic investigation disclosed the fact that a stroller had accidentally stubbed his toe on the basket. Washington picked up basket and child and

Genesis immediately dropped off into peaceful slumber again.

Washington was worried. He knew that his original idea was a good one. Genesis was sleepy—obviously it was correct to permit him to sleep. But it was equally obvious that the veranda of Everybody Come Inn was no bedroom. Out of the corner of his eye Washington saw his wife waft past in the arms of a graceful, hipless young man. Too, he visioned several young ladies whose undulating grace upon the floor exercised an irresistible fascination.

TREADING very softly, then, so as not to disturb the slumbers of his young son, Washington Smalls made his way through the grove. His car was the end one—the shiny sedan. He opened the door and placed the basket—with its precious content—inside. Then he closed the door with even more scrupulous care, stood listening for an infant protest, and, hearing none, swung happily back toward the merriment. Knowing Genesis, the father was willing to lay odds that the youngster was



He flushed a dark lavender: his dignity had been shattered, he resented her tone

good for not less than four hours of uninterrupted sleep—barring earthquakes.

The orchestra jerked to one of those cacophonous halts which characterizes the modern taste in dance music. Across the floor the debonair Mr. Florian Slappey was suddenly reminded of time by a languid glance at his watch. Then Mr. Slappey lost his insouciance: he had overstayed his pocketbook and found himself threatened by financial embarrassment of the keenest sort. He excused himself hurriedly and swept out into the night.

MEANWHILE, during the intermission, Mrs. Smalls suffered an attack of conscience. Somewhere in that hall was her husband gently nursing their baby. She determined to relieve him of the priceless burden for one or two dances—but her search for him was fruitless for the first few moments, until she saw him in the center of an openly admiring circle of bob-haired flappers.

Mrs. Smalls' lips tightened to a thin red line as she swooped down upon the group. Washington's first knowledge of her accusing presence was gained by the acrid voice which cut through the gaiety.

"Washington! Where Genesis is at?"

He flushed a dark lavender: his dignity had been shattered and he was inclined to be resentful of her tone. "Genesis is all right."

"Who's got him?"

"Ain't nobody got him."

"What's that you says with yo' mouf, cullud man? Ain't nobody got him?"

"Uh-uh."

"What you mean?"

"He went to sleep, so I put him in his basket in the back of the car."

Mrs. Smalls emitted a protesting wail. "Oh! my goodness Godness! Li'l Genesis out yonder in the woods all by hisse'f." She surged through and clutched the shoulders of her mammoth husband. "Git you out an' bring that precious lamb to his Ma."

"But, honey—"

"You quit honeyin' me an' do like I says. Go git Genesis."

Protesting profanely, Washington stumbled into the night. At first his eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, were unable to distinguish objects, so that he did not see the figure of Florian Slappey as that dusky Beau Brummel hastily mounted to the driver's seat of his rented sedan and started the motor. It was not until the sedan swung into the road, Birmingham-bound, that Washington sensed something wrong. And even then he did not quite understand.

HE STARTED forward with a roar. The car he saw bounding over the rather rough roadbed was apparently his. At least it was a flivver sedan and it was the end car . . .

"My Gawd! somebody's stealin' my car an' my baby!"

Six leaps and he brought up short against his own car. For a moment he stared in puzzlement and then slowly the right of things commenced to penetrate his brain.

He clutched wildly at his forehead and leaned limply against the car.

"Sufferin' Tripe!" he groaned, "the car what I put li'l Genesis in wa'n't my car at all. It was that other feller's own!"

He was convulsed with horror. There was no doubt remaining in his mind. His friend had obtained the basket from the correct car and he—the baby's father—had, through gross carelessness, delivered that little one over to the doubtful mercies of the wild-driving gentleman who was piloting the other sedan down the road at a nerve-racking and decidedly dangerous pace.

For only a few seconds did Washington remain motionless. Then, suddenly, he was galvanized into action. With a bull-like roar he tore open the door of his sedan, satisfied himself that Genesis had indeed been placed in the wrong car, and started his motor. He whirled backward into the driveway, slammed his foot down on the clutch pedal and sent his car hurtling through the night in pursuit of the other sedan.

But Florian Slappey, driving his car against time, was no mean hurtler himself. Florian had long been curious as to the maximum speed latent in a flivver and he was out to satisfy that curiosity. Fortunately for him little Genesis, comfortably tucked away in his fleece-lined basket and covered with a down quilt, slept blissfully on so that the fashion-plate of Birmingham's Darktown had no hint of the human freight carried in the rear.

Within a half mile he swung onto the wide

Something in the officer's steel-gray eyes prompted the frantic father to halt for explanations



road of glistening concrete which wriggled across Shades Valley into Birmingham. And there Florian advanced the throttle to the limit, pushed the spark lever well down and settled to the thrill of a rapid journey townward.

A considerable distance in the rear Washington Smalls was doing all in his power to overhaul the flying and unsuspecting Florian. The enormous figure of the baby's father was hunched over the wheel, eyes focused on the road, lips working—

"Come on, auty-mobile, show yo' daddy how much speeds you has got. . . . Git you up with that ol' ice-wagon ahaid. . . . S'posin' that idjit goes an' piles hisse'f up in a ditch? . . . What he ain't got is no sense, drivin' that fas'—specially with Genesis ridin' in the back. . . . All my fault, tha's what it is. . . . N'r neither Mis' Smalls ain't gwine forgit that. . . . Oh! Lawsy! what I is gwine catch is hell. . . . A-plenty. . . . Move on, car, you is standin' still . . ."

He was gaining, but he was gaining with maddening slowness. Florian, intoxicated by the powerful surge of the car beneath him, was letting her out to the fullest. But at that he was dropping back by inches toward the careening sedan in the rear. In the latter car was a frantic parent who was also an expert automobile man. And Washington knew the personal eccentricities of the car he drove, so that he obtained from it a trifle more than its maximum speed.

THEY shot through Rosedale and up the tortuous Red Mountain climb, both making it on high. Then down the crest road and so into Twentieth Street. There Florian reduced his speed slightly. But not so Washington. He gave his car added gas—the chase was apparently at an end. At the Thirteenth Avenue curve Washington clearly made out the license number of the car he was pursuing . . .

And then he became conscious of the roar of a motorcycle and there appeared over his left shoulder the angry face of a motorcycle policeman. Washington waved him away—

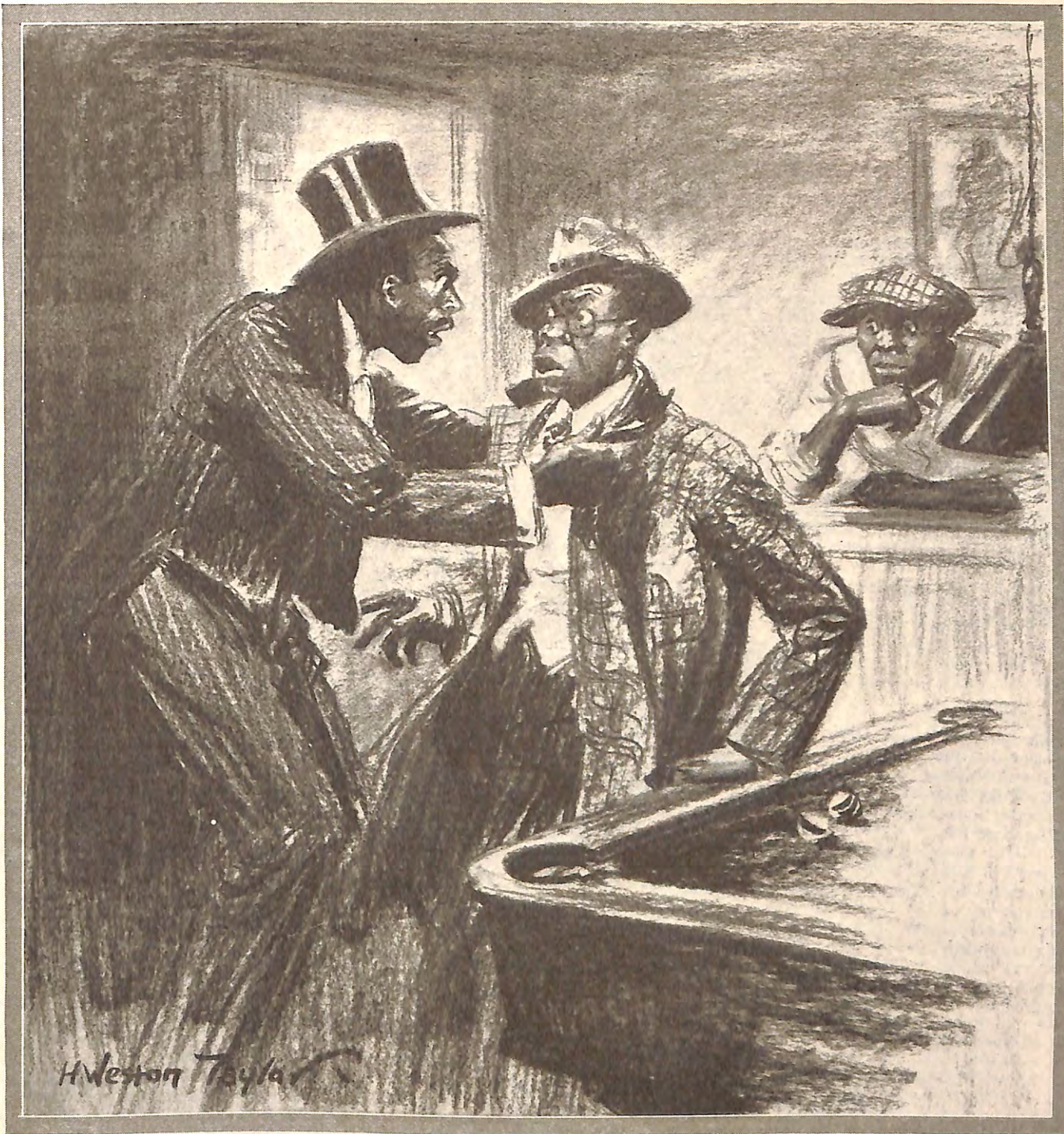
"Leave me be, white man! Leave me be."

The traffic officer refused to leave him be. And something in his narrow, steel-gray eyes prompted the frantic father to halt for explanations.

They were made quickly and lucidly, but even as he talked Washington saw the other car careen round the little park at Five Points and disappear down Eleventh Avenue. He pleaded with the motorcycle policeman . . . fortunately for him the officer was intensely human. He not only did not arrest Washington for speeding but agreed to assist him in the search for the joyriding baby and so, together, they swung into Eleventh Avenue

—then paused to speculate upon the route the other car had taken.

It became immediately apparent that whatever decision they reached was pure gamble. Westward stretched the tree-canopied expanse of Eleventh Avenue, its semi-gloom split by automobile headlights and an officious little trolley car of the Loop line. The pursued might have taken that route out of the city again, or he might have turned south at Fifteenth Street and lost himself in the mazes of the Glen Iris section. Then, too, there was the possibility that he had spun down Cottonwood Avenue and thence via Eighteenth Street to the heart of



the city or to the exclusive negro residence section along Avenue F.

Washington was bewildered. Somewhere in the city of Birmingham his one and only child slept peacefully in the rear of some one's else sedan. He thanked the solicitous police officer and rolled mournfully down Eighteenth Street toward town where he made fruitless inquiry of Bud Peaglar as to whether that gentleman had discerned a colored person who looked as though he might have been driving a flivver sedan. And then, sadly, Mr. Smalls returned to Five Points where he parked his car.

There was a semblance of method to Washington's maneuver. Chances were that if the owner of the baby-filled sedan was contemplating any further rides that night he would strike out on the concrete pike over Red Mountain, a route which was virtually certain to carry him past Five Points. And so Washington stood at the curb in solitary melancholy, a prey to thoughts which were fraught with supreme misery.

Meanwhile Mr. Florian Slappety had

Washington's talon-like fingers pressed themselves into Juniper's cringing shoulder. "Does you know somethin' 'bout my Genesis?"

whizzed down-town and pulled up short before The Metropolis City Drive-It-Yourself Company. He was immediately victim of an onslaught from a wizened and scrupulously dressed young gentleman who demanded immediate possession of the sedan.

"How come you is in sech a hurry, Juniper?"

"Don't waste my breff, Florian Slappety. Hurry is slow compared to what I is in."

"Huh! Nothin' never hurries me."

"I reckon you'd hurry was you dated up to take my gal out ridin'."

Florian licked his lips. "You said it, Brother Watts. I mos' likely would."

Juniper stood no further upon the order of his going. He reached Twentieth street just as the traffic officer flashed the green light of passage and then he turned southward. He was already late—and fortunately

ignorant of the precious burden which yet slept with infantile beatitude in the rear of the car.

Juniper had worked himself into a ferment of impatience. He had a vivid mental picture of Parafine Parks awaiting him. Parafine was not disposed to be lenient with suitors who were tardy, no matter how imposing the elegance of their coming. Juniper shaved the city speed limit a mile or so on the wrong side, and it was at a fair rate of speed that he swung around the little park at Five Points and headed for Highland Avenue.

At the curb, solitary sentinel beside a sedan similar to the one Juniper drove, stood a mammoth figure. Mr. Smalls' vigilance had relaxed not one whit although his optimism had received a severe shock. He had never before believed that there were as many flivver sedans in the world as had passed that south-side focal point within the past ten minutes. His mind was busy with his domestic future even should he be successful in recovering his child, and so it was

that he turned hopeless eyes toward the sedan which blazed nobly by.

And then his eye lighted upon the license tag, and like magic the lethargy dropped from his muscular figure. His deep voice boomed through the night.

"Hey! You! In the limmysine!"

Juniper ordinarily would not have heard the summons. But he had suspected that he was speeding a trifle more than the law allows and his first thought was that he had run foul of a member of the traffic squad. He slowed down mechanically and flashed an apprehensive glance over his shoulder.

He saw no khaki-uniformed motorcycle policeman. But what he did see was far more disconcerting.

He glimpsed the leaping figure of a gigantic negro man; a figure which sprang with space-eating strides through the night; a figure which waved its fists in the air and emitted fierce bass howlings from between flashing white teeth.

The mind of Mr. Juniper Watts did some quick functioning. Himself unconscious of the proximity of little Genesis Smalls, it never occurred to him that the vengeful figure meant other than trouble.

Even as his foot touched the clutch pedal his mouth formed the words of a brief self-apology.

"Somethin' tells me," soliloquized he, "that does I stay heah I is gwine wish I hadn't. Strikes me I had better ooze away fum that feller."

He oozed. And with the first forward movement of his car it became decidedly apparent that he had made no mistake; for, if Washington Smalls had appeared menacing before, he seemed now to be metamorphosed into a demon.

He sprang toward the car with superhuman speed. His hoarse voice was howling words unintelligible to Mr. Watts. All he knew was that the stranger desired to come in immediate contact with him, and Juniper had no desire to grant that wish. "I don't know what's ailin' that cullud man," he reflected as he sent his car plunging forward, "but I does know that when he arrives where I is at I ain't gwine be there."

SIGHT of the sedan leaping away from him brought the first real thrill of terror to the paternal heart of Washington Smalls. For the first time that night there seemed to be something sinister in the affair. His spurt of pointed vituperation rattled insistently against Juniper's eardrums. That gentleman shook his head.

"He ain't got no call sayin' them sort of things about me when we ain't even been introduced."

Washington doubled in his tracks and fled back to his own sedan. It was the work of only a moment to get it started. And

once again he flung out in pursuit of his child. He swung up Highland Avenue after the ill-starred rented car and it happened that as he did so the still apprehensive Juniper Watts turned his head.

The figure of Mr. Smalls was limned bulkily in the glow of a corner arc and a sensation closely akin to terror smote Juniper Watts. Even as he accelerated his mind flashed back over the events of the past year. He strove mightily to recall any overt act of his which might inspire a gentleman to perform murder upon him and the fact that he could recall

Thought of a demise by means of wreck was preferable to contemplation of what would happen should the fiend in the rear car wrap those big fingers around Mr. Watts' innocent throat. And it was fortunate alike for Juniper and little Genesis Smalls that Washington retained a small portion of sanity; it was fortunate for both of them that Mr. Smalls suddenly realized that in forcing the pursued to a breakneck speed he was jeopardizing the life of his wandering child.

Whereupon Washington discreetly slackened his pace. But not so Juniper. He made the down grade at slightly more than maximum speed, flashing dizzily around curves, negotiating steep grades on high and splitting the quietude of evening with mournful wails of his siren.

Shades Valley is a criss-cross of roads connecting little towns and settlements. Mr. Watts knew not whither these tiny roads led, but he did know that his best strategy was to forsake the main highways. This he did to the queen's taste. Somewhere near Oxmoor he slipped from a smooth roadbed onto a trail which was decidedly bumpy. He slowed down and glanced over his shoulder. There was nothing to be seen but night and a suave full moon which beamed benignly over the pastoral scene.

Juniper breathed a profound sigh. "Don't let nobody never tell me these flivvers cain't run," mused he. And he kept going because the events of the immediate past had im-

pressed upon him the desirability of distance.

The car bumped protestingly across a tree root. And as it did so there arose from the rear a plaintive shriek.

THE top of the car prevented Juniper from departing immediately. He returned to his seat and crouched in cold horror as the howlings continued. At first he thought he had brought along a wild animal—until gradually he became aware of the fact that he was joyriding with a baby.

Inspection verified this belief. Juniper was immediately all solicitude and contrition. He lifted Genesis and efficiently soothed that healthy youngster. Then, far out in the country, Mr. Watts reflected upon the situation.

Many things were clarifying in his mind with the discovery of Genesis. Juniper was no fool and the proximity of defunctness had keened his perceptions. It was plain to him now that the avenging gentleman in the other car was related in some manner to the dusky infant. There was a sensation of infinite relief in the knowledge that there had been nothing of personal animosity in the chase.

(Continued on page 65)

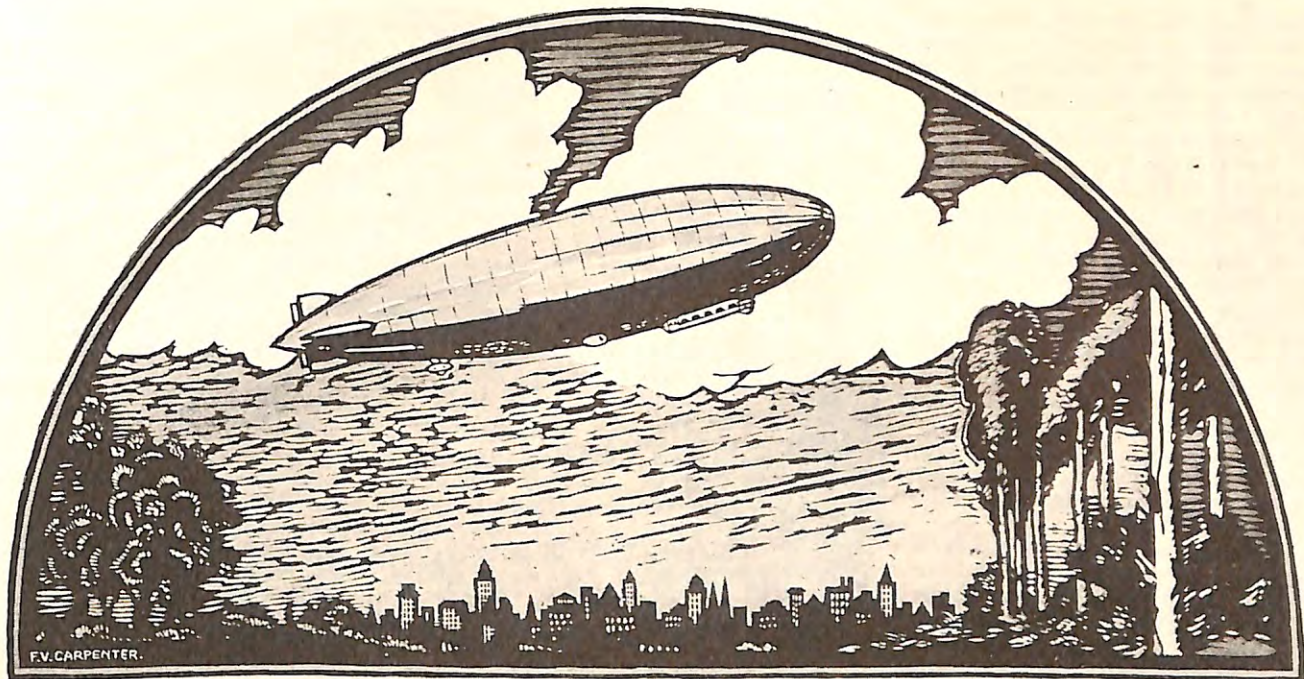


At first he thought he had brought along a wild animal—until gradually he became aware of Genesis

no major transgression merely added to his bewilderment and terror. He shoved his gas down to the limit: "Does that crazy man catch me he is gwine to have flew."

Fortunately for traffic there was none of it on the magnificent avenue which curves gracefully about the foot of Red Mountain. Juniper attained the twin lamp-posts which mark the entrance to Milner Crescent and negotiated the turn on two wheels. The fact that his pursuer was pursuing at full tilt did not ease his apprehension materially. The very fact that the motive for the chase was incomprehensible accentuated his horror. He found himself bathed in perspiration which had nothing to do with the temperature of the car. He made the decided acclivity on high and flashed past the quarters of Miss Parafine Parks without giving a thought to that irate young lady's irateness.

Beyond Milner the road drops abruptly down into Shades Valley and Juniper took full advantage of the considerable grade.



Riding the Air Around the World

By Evan J. David

Decorations by F. V. Carpenter

BEFORE the summer of 1923 has passed into history, barring unforeseen accidents, two gigantic aerial leviathans, measuring nearly 700 feet in length and buoyed up by more than 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas, will have cruised over these United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans and from the Canadian to the Mexican borders, carrying, besides the crew, passengers, freight and baggage. These will be demonstration flights conducted by the government to show the people of this country that travel by lighter-than-air craft is not only safe and sane but that it is the quickest and most direct way of covering long distances. Judging by past performances of large dirigibles the space between New York and San Francisco, with stops at Chicago and Salt Lake City, will be traversed in less than three days and the return flight with the wind in less than two. And Rear-Admiral Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, says that one of these airships, the Z-R-1, will fly to the North Pole—just to show what she can do in taking photographs, collecting data and exploring unknown lands.

The Z-R-3 is, at this writing, nearing completion at the Zeppelin Works at Friedrichshafen, Germany; and the Z-R-1 at the hangars at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

The German rigid dirigible is a "reparations airship." According to the Versailles Treaty Germany was not allowed to build an airship of more than 30,000 meters, but as France, Italy and England had each had an airship larger than that delivered to them by Germany, the Council of Ambassadors made a "derogation in favor of the United States"—which translated into American means that Germany should build us a rigid dirigible with a capacity of 70,000 cubic meters of gas.

It is expected that this traveler-of-the-skies will be ready for its initial cruise early in May. The Germans are working feverishly to fly it to the United States before the American-built dirigible makes its first

flight, but they will have to hurry because the Z-R-1 is scheduled to make her trial cruise very soon.

The chances are that the Germans will fly the Z-R-3 to this country without accident, for the Teutons are experts in building and navigating dirigibles. In 1917 they flew the Zeppelin L-59, with a crew of 22 men

WE HAVE unusual factors which make the development of rigid airships in this country a common-sense project. We have the only helium deposits in the world of any consequence. This makes for safety in peace-time operations and invulnerability against incendiary projectiles in war, for those airships which are so inflated. We are now producing a quality of duralumin exceeding in tensile strength and durability that produced by Germany, its originator. We are fast training a group of technical experts, skilled mechanics and officers and men to handle and navigate rigid airships. The Z-R-1, nearing completion at Lakehurst, N. J., and the Z-R-3, which will be finished this summer at Friedrichshafen, both of which will be available for commissioning this year, are the forerunners of a large fleet of such ships which this country must provide.

Both of these ships will be utilized to point out to commercial companies the economic advantages in the use of rigid airships. They will visit the Poles; they will go around the world; they will go to remote territories gathering data and experimenting with equipment, proving the reliability of such craft, demonstrating the practicability of their use in all climates, and giving to this nation data of such a nature that, in the hands of common-sense business men, American airship operations will take the leading place among the nations of the earth.

WILLIAM A. MOFFETT,
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.,
Chief, Bureau of Aeronautics

and 14 tons of food, medical supplies, ammunition, etc., for their garrison in East Africa, from Jambol, Bulgaria, to Khartum, Egypt. When they learned by wireless that their colony had surrendered, they turned around and flew back to where they had started, covering 4,225 miles in 95 hours—making the longest non-stop flight in the history of the world.

Early in July, 1919, the British R-34 crossed the Atlantic in 103 hours, and returned in 75 hours. The distance covered from Scotland to Mineola, New York, via St. Johns was 3,200 miles. And both of these types of airship are now obsolete.

It is true, the prevailing winds over the North Atlantic are from the west and the R-34 had to buck them nearly all the way across, but the chief anxiety of the officers on that memorable flight was that the 4,000 gallons of gasoline, weighing 15.8 tons, would not be sufficient for them to reach Mineola, Long Island, without being towed. True, also, several thunder-storms threw the ship about a bit, and once she was blown 500 feet up in the air and then dropped 400 feet into an air pocket. In most cases, however, she rode above the storms with considerable ease and was steadier than an ocean liner. This is one of the greatest advantages of a dirigible—it can float or climb to 20,000 feet and get above most winds and storms. Directional wireless and aeronautical compasses are capable of directing the airship in any cloud banks above which the captain does not want to ride.

CONTRARY to the general public opinion, passenger travel on airships has been safer than any method of transportation on land or sea! The German Airship Transportation Company, during the period of three years just prior to the war, 1911-14, carried 34,288 passengers without a single accident to passengers or crew! After the war, from August 24 to December 1, 1919, the *Boden-see*, an airship only half the size of the German Reparations Airship, operated 93 days, made 103 flights, carried 2,380 passengers,

11,000 pounds of mail (440,000 letters), and 6,600 pounds of express matter, exclusive of crews, between Friedrichshafen on the Swiss frontier and Berlin, without an accident of any kind!

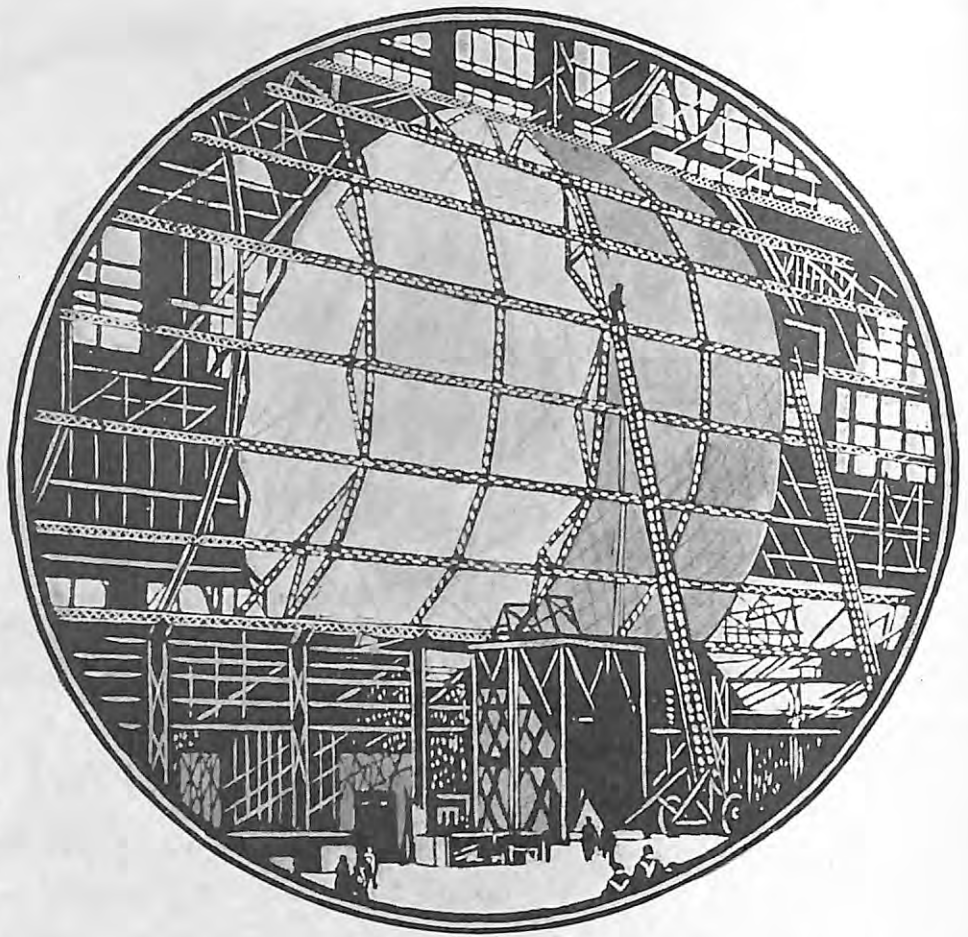
The accidents to the two dirigibles during the last two years are by no means typical. The destruction of the *Z-R-2* in England in 1921, with the loss of 44 men, was due to a structural defect in the beams of the airship, so that she broke in the middle and caught fire, while trying to make too sharp a turn in the air.

In this country the loss of the *Roma* in February, 1922, was due to no fault in the construction of the airship, but was the result of running at full speed too close to the ground—like running the battle-ship *Maryland* too near the coast. It was bound to hit something. In both cases the fault was more or less with the navigating and the lesson has been learned.

The German Reparations Airship will be the latest thing in the way of aircraft. She will measure about 684 feet long and will be about 80 feet in diameter at the thickest part. Unlike former airships, she will be shaped like a codfish and not like a pencil. This will give her a better stream-line and air will not retard her progress as much as the old design. Since it is to be a commercial ship in every way, and not a military or naval dirigible, her total lift will be 77 tons and she will be able to carry a useful load of about forty tons. The useful load on the *R-34*, which was a naval airship, was 25 tons.

This *Z-R-3* will be inflated with about 2,400,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, which will be distributed in twenty bags arranged in a row throughout the center of the airship. The framework is of fabricated duralumin, a new alloy specially made for dirigibles, which is stronger than aluminum, and almost as light. The girders run the length of the ship with a series of hoops serving as the ribs at regular intervals. Over this framework an especially treated cotton envelop is spread like the skin on a fish. Within, piano-like wires form a mesh about a foot square around the gas-bag compartments, so that when they are inflated they press against the sides and top and thus lift the huge ship.

Since the *Bodensee*, which made such a record carrying passengers in 1919, was a commercial ship, the *Z-R-3* will follow the same lines of construction. Just back of the nose, a long cabin shaped like a Pullman car will be fastened to the under girder as if it were a part of the ship itself. The accommodations will be very similar to those of a Pullman. The chairs will be converted into berths at night. Electricity will furnish the light. There will be no cooking on board for fear of igniting the hydrogen gas which is very inflammable, but hot dishes will be prepared in the engine rooms of the two fireproof cars which will dangle like a pair of beetles from stout posts from the center underneath. Two Maybach engines, each developing 260 horse-power, will be harnessed to the single propeller on each of these cars. A third larger car will be suspended in like manner further back nearer the stern. This, too, will be equipped with two engines like the others and a pusher propeller will be attached to it so that it can be harnessed to either



motor, in case one needs to be laid off for repairs, or both if more power is necessary to buck a head wind.

These power gondolas are held away from the airship by fireproof "stringers" to keep the sparks and fire as far as possible from the hydrogen gas in the bags. There is ample room for the engineers to move all around the gasoline motors and repair and oil them during flight. This is one great advantage of the dirigible over the airplane, which must land in order to have repairs made on the engine. Communication from these gondolas with the interior of the ship is by means of a ladder. The pilot-house is in the front of the Pullman cabin and steering will be done from there. This room is the heart of the airship. Here are all the instruments and apparatus for steering the gigantic airship, forecasting the weather, receiving and sending radiograms, showing gas pressure, altitude, etc.

The *Z-R-3* will be nearly twice as long as the *Bodensee*, which measured only 425 feet long. The *Bodensee* carried only 22 passengers besides her crew of 12, and cruised at about 70 miles an hour. She was used for comparatively short runs. The *Z-R-3*, owing to its greater length and more than double the hydrogen capacity and buoyancy, will carry more than twice the useful load of the *Bodensee*, and close to 100 passengers and crew and cover a much longer route without stopping. Indeed with the greater horse-power of the engines in the *Z-R-3*, the 3,500 miles from Germany to America ought to be made in less than 4 days.

The *Z-R-1*, the first American-built rigid airship, is designed entirely as a naval airship with a non-stop flying radius of 6,000 miles, and with a speed of 60 or 80 miles an hour. After her demonstration flights she is to be used for scouting, reconnaissance, etc., with the battle-ship fleets. She measures 680 feet; her height is 93 feet; diameter 87.7 feet; the volume of gas, dis-

tributed in her 20 bags, will be 2,115,174 cubic feet. She will be driven by 6 Packard 300 horse-power engines, generating a total of 1,800 horse-power. She will be able to make 60 miles an hour against the wind.

LIKE the *Z-R-3*, this airship is shaped so that the diameter in the middle is one-third of the length of the ship. The nose is very blunt like a whale's. It tapers back to a very sharp point at the end. A huge rudder runs up and down at this point and two huge fabric-covered elevators, similar to airplane wings, hang out over the end at right angles to the rudder, so that if the ship were turned over on its side by a wind storm the rudder would take the place of the elevators and vice versa. This, of course, is highly improbable, because the six cars are suspended directly under the enormous cotton cloth-covered hull and the craft is built and the ballast is distributed to keep the ship on an even keel at all times. Like the German airship, the framework consists of reinforced, lattice-like girders fastened to hoops of the same construction. The material is duralumin. From a distance the metal seems like heavy bridgework, but looked at close up, it is more like the paper patterns on a cake. Indeed, in the shed at Lakehurst the writer picked up one section of the framework, measuring 30 feet long, consisting of three beams held together by triangles of metal—all with the mighty strength of only one finger!

Along the keel the girders run the whole 700 feet length of the vessel, forming a perfect triangle, six feet high at the apex, so that a person can walk the treadway which runs right in the center of this triangle. These are the back-bones of the airship and, standing in the center of the treadway and facing fore or aft, each end looks like a gigantic cobweb standing waiting for the airman to walk into its very center.

From these especially braced beams, the

six cars hang fully a dozen feet away, one far forward, two on each side further back, and one near the tail, very much like those on the famous transatlantic air liner, *R-34*. Even though this air cruiser is to be inflated with the non-inflammable helium gas, the cars which house the engines are fireproof and are entirely isolated from the ship except for the beams by which they are suspended and the ladders by which the crew enter the envelop of the dirigible. They, too, are stream-lined so that the air will slide off their sides like water off the scales of a fish.

In four different aeronautical engineering plants in this country experiments are now being carried on with Diesel engines which burn crude oil instead of gasoline. This fuel is far less combustible than petrol and proportionately less dangerous to the cotton fabric covering the framework and to the gas bags—especially if they are filled with hydrogen. These engines will give greater power and require much less fuel than the gasoline engines and will allow the margin of difference between those two fuels to be used for carrying passengers or freight.

Inside the huge envelop, amidships and

suspended from the top girder, hang the gasoline tanks, each containing 100 gallons of gasoline for supplying fuel for the engines. They are arranged so that by just touching a spring with one's finger they can be dropped off the ship into free air in case it is necessary to lighten the load to keep the ship afloat.

Down the center of the triangular girders runs a narrow treadway just wide enough for one to walk upon. It feels like a spring-board, it is so elastic and narrow, and it leads to a small platform amidships where the crew eat their meals, lounge about and talk. But "no smoking allowed" is enforced on this ship. The things to eat consist of dishes which can be heated on the exhaust of the engines and by electricity. Here at night the crew sling their hammocks and sleep. But it is a dangerous place for one who rolls in his sleep, because if he should tumble out of his hammock, he might easily slide off the six-foot square platform and down, through the cotton fabric which envelops the framework, to kingdom come.

Suspended from the top of the triangular girders the *Z-R-1* also carries a dozen bags, filled with water, each varying in capacity from 224 pounds to 550 pounds. They are made of fabric and rubber, and droop, just above the keel, like the old carpetbags of our grandfathers. By opening the valves on these bags, as much water can be released as is necessary to raise the airship to the desired altitude.

The propellers are made of laminated walnut and the geared ones are 16 feet long. The leading edges of the blades are protected by metal. The 12-foot propellers on the side cars are not geared. The engines are intended to run at 1,400 revolutions a minute, and the geared propellers to turn over at 550 revolutions per minute.

Running along the whole length of the back of the airship, out on the top, is a treadway about a foot wide, with a rope extending the full length of the ship along its center. This rope is held about two feet high and the lookout walks the treadway with this rope between his legs. This is the only thing to prevent him from being rocked off the treadway on to the round, smooth, toboggan-like fabric of the envelop—into space. Admission to this walk is by means of a chimney of duralumin latticework with a ladder in the center extending up from the keel to a small platform on the top of the envelop amidships. Walking on this outside treadway in flight must be like riding a board towed by a high-speed motor-boat through the surf.

Among the most interesting things in the ship are the gas bags. There are twenty in all and they are lined with gold-beaters' skins—so called because goldsmiths use them for covering gold while they beat it with a hammer. It is one

of the toughest things in the world. Really it is a part of the intestines taken from cattle. It has to be prepared by expert workmen under water. It varies in length from 15 to 30 inches and in width from 4 to 7. These small pieces must be "shingled" on silk with glue. Twenty-five per cent. are ruined even by the most expert workmen. No wonder one of these twenty bags costs more than \$30,000! But they are the most impervious of all skins to the leakage of either hydrogen or helium gas. There are over 500,000 used in the *Z-R-1*.

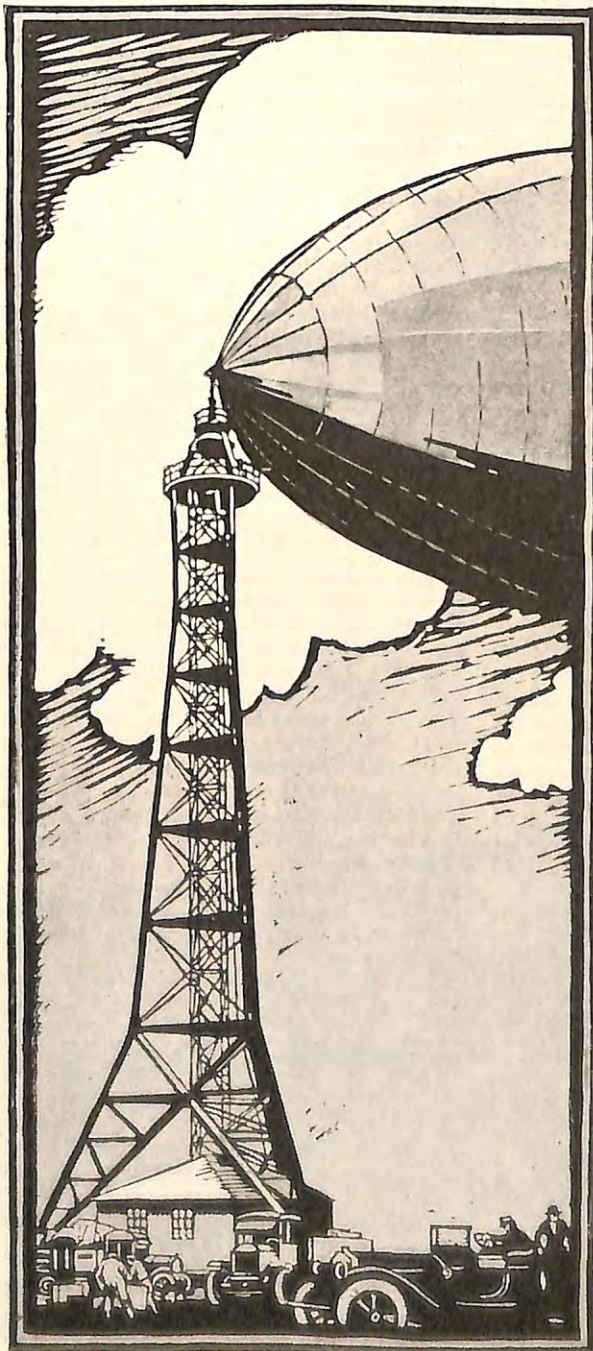
The *Z-R-1* inflated weighs 50 tons. As a naval airship she is built to withstand all kinds of weather and abuse in time of war. She will carry, besides the crew, about 25 tons of useful load, including food, fuel, gasoline, baggage, personnel, wireless, etc. And with a non-stop cruising radius of 6,000 miles the *Z-R-1* ought to be able to fly from the United States overland to the North Pole, which is less than 3,000 miles away, and back again without any great effort.

The *Z-R-1* will be the first large dirigible in the world to be inflated with helium, the non-explosive and non-inflammable gas, and as there is available now only about enough to fill this airship, she will most likely be the only one—excepting possibly the small "blimp" *C-7*—which will be buoyed with that gas for some time to come.

Helium was first discovered in the sun in 1868 by an astronomer named Janssen through a spectroscope in observing an eclipse. Hence its name, taken from the Greek word *helios*, meaning sun. It is a natural product and not a manufactured compound. It is absolutely inert, consequently non-inflammable. It does not combine with any known substance, and in that respect is unlike hydrogen, which when combined in certain proportions with air is very explosive and dangerous. Only the most extreme temperatures of heat and cold affect helium, thus giving it extraordinary stability with respect to volume. Consequently, it does not readily expand or contract except in so far as natural laws, which affect all gases, act upon it. As pure helium has from 92 to 96 per cent. of the lifting properties of pure hydrogen, it is the one gas which lends itself with economy and safety to airship use.

EARLY in the war the British became interested in the use of this non-inflammable gas for use in dirigibles, because they found great difficulty in bringing down one German Zeppelin. So the idea got abroad that the Germans had discovered a new gas which would not catch fire. The British immediately thought of helium as a substitute for hydrogen. But very little of this gas has been found in Europe before or since—not enough for anything more than laboratory experimental purposes—while in this country a great deal is found in natural gases in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and other places.

Before we went to war the matter was taken up by the American Bureau of Mines for the Army and Navy air service and it was soon realized that if enough could be extracted, stored, and used for inflating



balloons, one of the greatest dangers in operating lighter-than-air craft would be eliminated.

During the war three plants were built in Texas for the purpose of extracting helium from the natural gases. A pipe line was laid to the sources. From these plants about 400,000 cubic feet of it was shipped to France just before the Armistice, but too late for use in the war.

Seven years ago, the idea of extracting helium commercially was like suggesting to cover the Washington Monument with diamonds. Helium cost \$1,700 a cubic foot. At present one plant at Fort Worth, Texas, is extracting about 15,000 cubic feet a day and at a cost of about 15 cents a cubic foot, but within two years this field will be exhausted. Realizing this the Bureau of Mines has made a complete survey of the United States for the natural gases which contain the highest percentage of helium. By building new plants near the richest helium sources and employing the latest methods of extraction the Bureau hopes to be able to supply helium for about 3 cents a cubic foot.

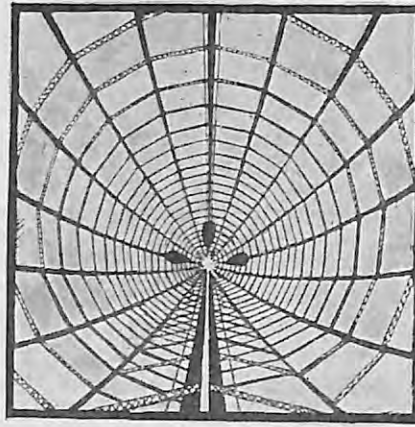
This is wonderful progress when we consider that only from 1 per cent. to 2 per cent. helium can be gotten even from natural gas, which is the richest of all in helium content, and that the gas has to be liquefied to extract the helium and then converted to its original state to be used for illuminating purposes. Dr. R. B. Moore of the Bureau of Mines estimates that 500,000,000 cubic feet of helium is wasted every year—enough to keep from 100 to 200 large dirigibles in the air with enough helium for 4 or 5 years without replacement.

The *Blimp C-7* was the first airship in the world to be inflated with helium. It has been flown successfully from Langley Field, Virginia, to Washington, D. C., and return, a distance of 143 miles each way. This baby Zeppelin was inflated with 197,000 cubic feet of this precious element. It is now being flown over the same course with hydrogen to compare costs, speed, buoyancy, etc.

Even though helium has only 92 per cent. of the lift of hydrogen, and the latter costs only 2 cents a cubic foot when bought as a by-product, nevertheless the fact that helium is non-combustible, non-explosive, that it does not expand and contract in ordinary heat like hydrogen, more than compensates for the use of this gas in dirigibles.

Indeed most of the big accidents—with attendant loss of life—in navigating these aerial giants have been due, as we have seen before, to the tremendous sensitiveness of hydrogen to heat and fire.

Meanwhile to further reduce the fire hazard on airships the government is trying to find a less inflammable fuel for motive power than gasoline. If the Diesel can be adapted for driving airships, the weight of the engine will not be an insurmountable obstacle. It will be a remarkable step for-



ward, not only because of its consumption of a fuel much safer than gasoline, but also because of the tremendous power a Diesel develops.

Meanwhile a great deal of valuable data is being accumulated and classified about navigating dirigibles. The Weather Bureau, with its thirty years of statistics on air currents, atmospheric conditions, storms, etc., is supplying the army, the navy and the aeromail with most valuable information. The flying of aeroplanes and the navigating of the Blimps—or baby dirigibles—is also providing accurate information about the new highways through the skies. Before many years go by the aerial school at Lakehurst may be the Annapolis of the air.

Few people realize, perhaps, what a difficult task it is to steer and navigate a huge dirigible which is as long as the *Mauretania*, and is buoyed up with over 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas—sufficient to lift 80 tons, including the ship itself. Fifty per cent. of this is the useful load consisting of oil, food, crew, passengers, express, gasoline, etc. Despite the 1,800 horse-power, which can be developed by the six or more motors aboard an air liner, a wind blowing twenty miles an hour can take a tremendous hold on such a gigantic mass of cotton, even if it is stream-lined, and a 70-mile gale is a tremendous adverse force to overcome. It took the *R-34* 108 hours to come against the wind to New York, but only 75 to return with the wind.

BUT there are several ways of circumventing winds. First of all a dirigible is a balloon and will rise until the gas in the 20 bags and the load it is carrying equals the weight of the surrounding atmosphere. This may be 30,000 feet in the air or much less than that, depending on the atmospheric density. When this is reached it is called the state of equilibrium. The buoyancy derived from the air is directly proportionate to the volume of the airship and the volume in turn proportionate to the product of the three dimensions, length, breadth, and depth. Thus, if we double the dimensions of an airship, we get three times as much

buoyancy or lift, so the greater the airship the greater her useful load. In his recent testimony before the Congressional Committee on Public Lands, Major Oscar Westover, of the Air Service, testified that their "ultimate objective" was to construct airships which will carry a whole regiment of 6,000 men!

For ballast many tons of water are carried in bags. If the gas, due to seepage or a leak, is insufficient to keep the ship afloat, as was the case with the *L-19*, which squatted in France during the war, these waterbags are emptied and sometimes even the empty gasoline tanks are dropped overboard. Sometimes it may be necessary to drop any other detachable object which will not weaken the structure of the ship. So when an airship is filled to capacity with gas it rises as soon as it is released from its anchorage.

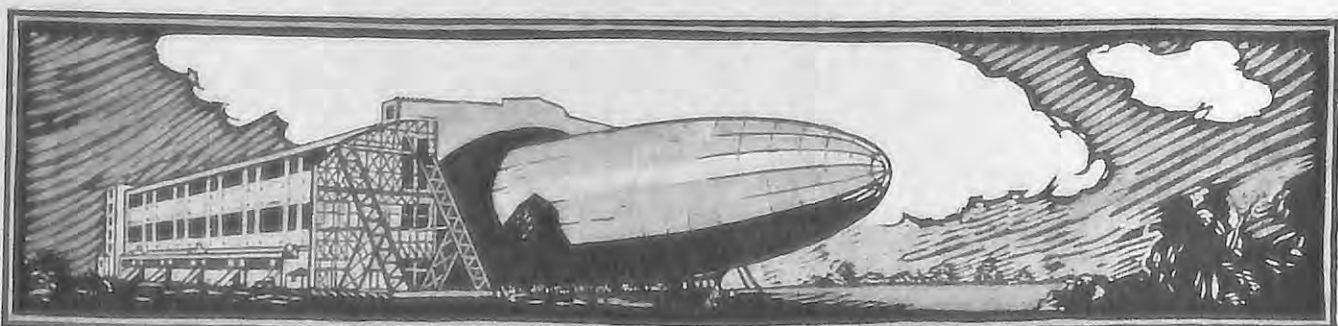
TOBRING the dirigible down several methods are employed. The elevators and rudder may be set like those on an aeroplane, so that the ship will be driven down by the power of the engines. Sometimes it may be necessary to let enough gas escape through the valves to cause the ship to descend. This last method is, however, seldom necessary, for the engines at full speed can, with the elevators set right, drive the aerial leviathans up or down at will, above a storm or under a cloud bank.

Owing to their enormous size and their tremendous buoyancy, all balloons, and especially dirigibles, are susceptible to being driven about more or less by high winds and air currents. The greatest danger is of course near the ground. The *R-34* was finally destroyed by winds while anchored. To avoid this danger the famous mooring posts were invented by the British.

One has already been erected at Hazelhurst, New Jersey, about a mile and a half from the huge hangar which now houses the *Z-R-1*. Another is being built by the Air Force at Belleville, Illinois, and one at Cape May, New Jersey. Two more are to be built, one at San Francisco and the other at Los Angeles, California, in preparation for the transcontinental flights this summer.

The mooring mast at Lakehurst is constructed with a concrete base and a triangular tower of steel girders. The base is an equilateral triangle, each side 60 feet long and it extends upward 164 feet in the air. At the bottom are three motor winches, gasoline and water pumps. Also an elevator and machinery for loading ship. The winches are used for hauling in the airship which will fly up near the tower, drop its tow line with a hook in the end which will be fastened to the hooks of the long cable of the tower. The winches will wind until the line is taut and then the airship will shut off its power and the winches will haul the big ship till the nose is snug up against the highest point of the tower.

(Continued on page 64)

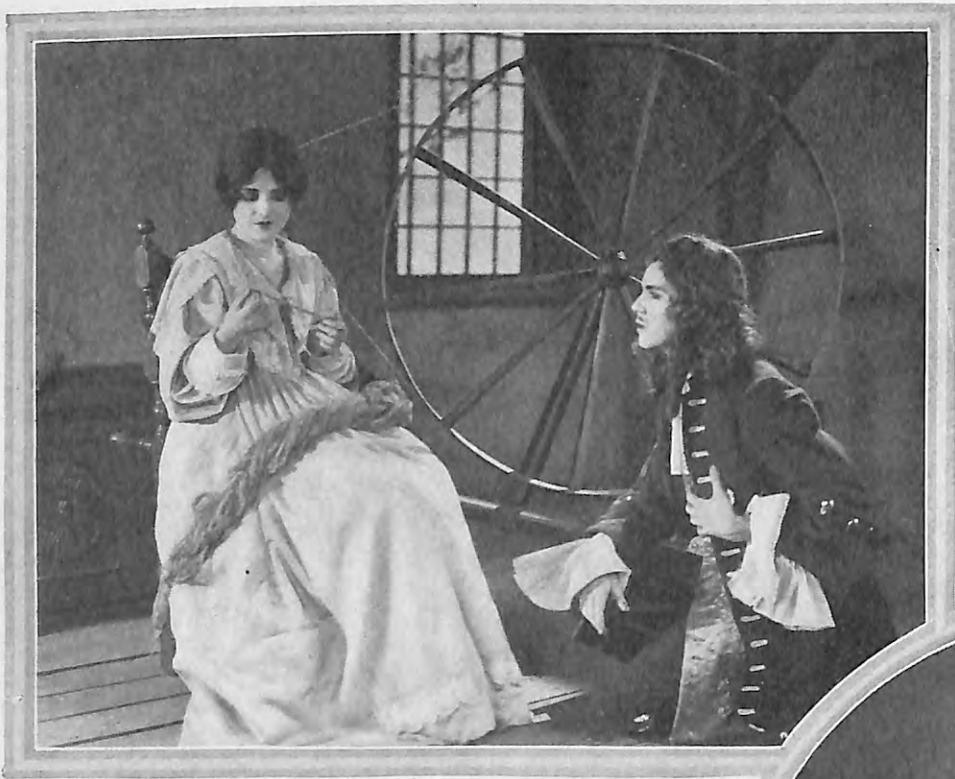




"The Covered Wagon"

THIS screen dramatization of Emerson Hough's novel of the same name tells in thrilling fashion the inspiring tale of those sturdy pioneers who faced hardship and the ever imminent menace of Indian massacre in their toilsome march of conquest west of the Mississippi. An extremely capable cast is headed by Lois Wilson as Molly Wingate and J. Warren Kerrigan as Will Banion, whose wagon train joins forces with that of Jesse Wingate long enough for the two young people to fall in love. But Banion is under the cloud of a false accusation—so there are many obstacles to be overcome before Will, who has made his pile in the newly opened California gold fields, is united to Molly at the Wingates' pioneer home in Oregon





Not so long ago Percy Mackaye wove a charming, fanciful tale called "The Scarecrow" about 17th century Salem during the great witchcraft scandal. Now the book has been movieized and is serving Glenn Hunter as his latest starring vehicle. He plays the part of Lord Ravensbane, and with him as usual is Mary Astor as Rachel whom he woos and wins. She is the lovely ward of the man who has ruined the Witch, and the scarecrow, a synthetic creature, is the instrument of her vengeance

The pessimistic philosophy that has been haunting our stage has found its latest expression in "The Adding Machine" of Elmer Rice. In sharp, staccato scenes he paints the life and thoughts of Mr. Zero, a mean-spirited little clerk who after 25 years of adding endless figures is fired to make place for a more efficient mechanical device. In blind rage he murders and is duly executed. And in the other world he finds himself eternally bound in the mill of his adding machine. The play is perfectly acted with Dudley Digges, who has a genius for acting this type of character, as Mr. Zero



MCGUIRE



WHITE

"Barnum Was Right" belongs to the "plotty" type of farce. Philip Bartholomae and John Meehan, the authors, aided and abetted by a congenial company of players, tie the audience into a series of mirthful complications and then dissolve the mystery by a wave of the hand in a simple but surprising dénouement. Here are Elwood F. Bostwick as Samuel Locke, a much harassed business man and father, Susanne Willa as Sarah, the servant problem and Denman Maley as the lad Harrison

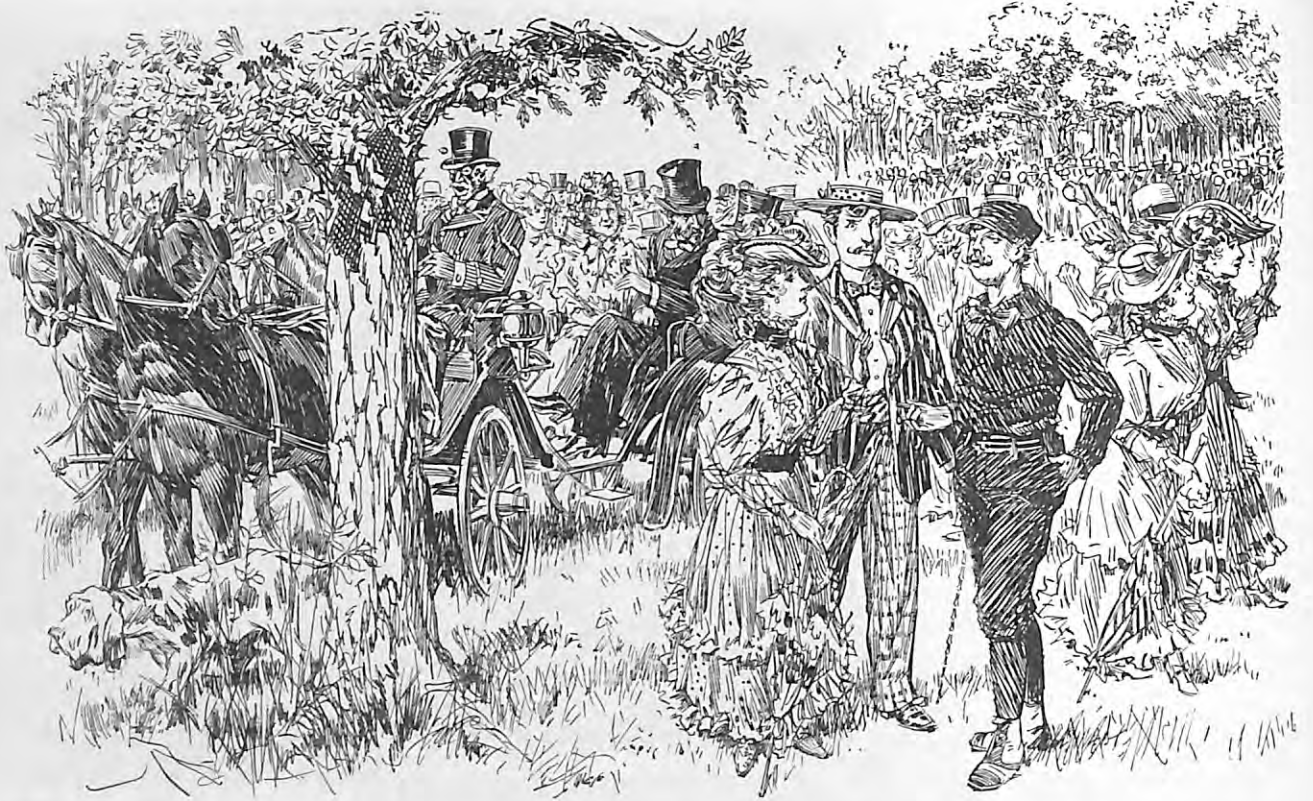
To the collection of worthwhile novels dramatized for the screen, Joseph Hergeheimer's "Bright Shawl" is now being added. For the colorful scenes laid in Havana, the actors made a pilgrimage south accompanied by Everett Shinn as art director; for this is a tale of Cuba's fight for independence and the part therein played by one high-spirited American lad. Charles Abbott, the American, is played by Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish takes the rôle of La Clavel, the fascinating Spanish dancer



"The Comedian" is a new Sacha Guitry drama of the life of the theater. Lionel Atwill, in the title role, plays a matinée idol well on the shady side of forty who becomes infatuated with and marries one of his devotees, a girl of nineteen. The scene shown is from the second act, an immensely entertaining rehearsal scene with Elsie Mackay excellent in the part of the Comedian's new young wife, a would-be actress, and H. Cooper Cliffe giving a remarkable demonstration as Mounet-Pombla, the traditional bad actor

Frieda Inescourt and Geoffrey Kerr in Philip Barry's whimsical comedy called "You and I." It's an old story of the struggle between love and art told in terms of two generations. The father who gave up painting to marry Nancy and found himself at fifty a prosperous and, on the whole, contented soap manufacturer—but still with his suppressed artistic longings cropping out in sketches on the wall beside the telephone. And so when his son in turn is torn between love and architecture—he finds a way





JOHN McGRAW is makin' preparations to win another flag and world's series with absotively no pitchers a-tall. He's a stupid old fish, I guess; stupid just like a fox. I know that old bird and I knew when them Yanks said he didn't have no pitchers they had a big surprise comin' to 'em and I put my jack on old John. But speakin' of winnin' ball games without no pitchers let me tell you what Italla done way back in '89 and as sure as my name is Jack Dean you'll agree that it takes brains to land at the top in enny old kind 'a sport, and pertic'la baseball.

I can remember when I done my part in discouragin' gamblin' on the National pas-time in this neck o' the woods and there ain't been such a much of it since either. Baseball is a funny game and it's foolish to risk your dough on it unless you are sartain you have a mortal cinch and there an't no time when you can feel posolutely that some guy won't upset the dope.

It was the hottest night in July I ever see when I dropped off a through Pullman in this very town of Italla, my best duds all rumbled up by the break rods—it was the 2d of July '80 and take it from me it was some hot and I was feelin' very low; I only had three smackers and a few odd dimes between me an' actual work. I was lower 'n snake's tail, and there was plenty o' reason for it. My old battery partner Buck Moore and me didn't have enny too good a season the year before with the Reds and the Manager didn't think the Spring trainin' had done much for us considerin' the showing we was makin' so he traded us to N'aw Leans for a rube outfielder a hick pitcher from Texas and two berries; as me and Buck didn't git nothin' out o' the trade but transportation and as we figgered there was more jack in independent ball, we jumped and jined a barnstormin' team from St. Louie. I'll say we had a h—I of a time of it and the upshot was we went flooy in Chattanooga. Well Buck had a married sister in Chattanooga and I didn't, so he staid over there and I c'mon through on a pass as far as Italla; my pass didn't go no further because the breakman saw me on the rods; it was a hot night and I didn't want to argur

Buck Saves the Day

By C. E. Stewart

Illustrated by Albert Levering

none with a breakman who was a total stranger to me, so I guessed Italla was my destination.

I hung around the depot all night with nothin' to fan with but a car door, and next mornin' I made some casual enquiry about a job kinda worried that I might run into somethin' that an ex-big leaguer could do. Some body told me I might find an easy job as watchman or somethin' over to the car works, so after snitchin' off a free breakfast at the First Chance Bar, I coughed up ten cents for a ticket over to the car works; partly because I was afraid I'd git a job and partly because I didn't know where to git off I staid on till I got to Goshen.

In them days there was a lot o' country in between Italla, State City and Goshen—now they are nearly one town.

I'll say that in '80 Goshen was some haughty little village; you never would 'a thought it would become the great metropolist it is today. There was five or six general stores, three or four saloons, a general assortment of first class aristocracy and the court house.

I knocked around town a little bit hopin' I might run accidental into some o' that famous Southern hospitality I had always heard about but never got no chance to mix none with, and I finally landed

in MacKimmin's First Class Tonsorial Parlors. I told Mac that I didn't need no shave and sat down to look over the Birmin'ham Age, when in walks a young fellow—a swell, take it from me—and Mac fell all over hisself to wait on him.

"Shave dis mawn'n, boss?" says Mac. The young chap says that was what he wanted and Mac fussed 'round over him like he was the crown prince or somethin'.

"Is ya goin' to take in de ball game tomor'r, Mister Eddie?" asks Mac.

"I wouldn't miss it for enny thing," replied Mister Eddie, "and I hope Huntsville trims them Red Jackets," he says, "they are gittin' so stuck on themselves," he said, "they think they can show up the St. Louis Browns."

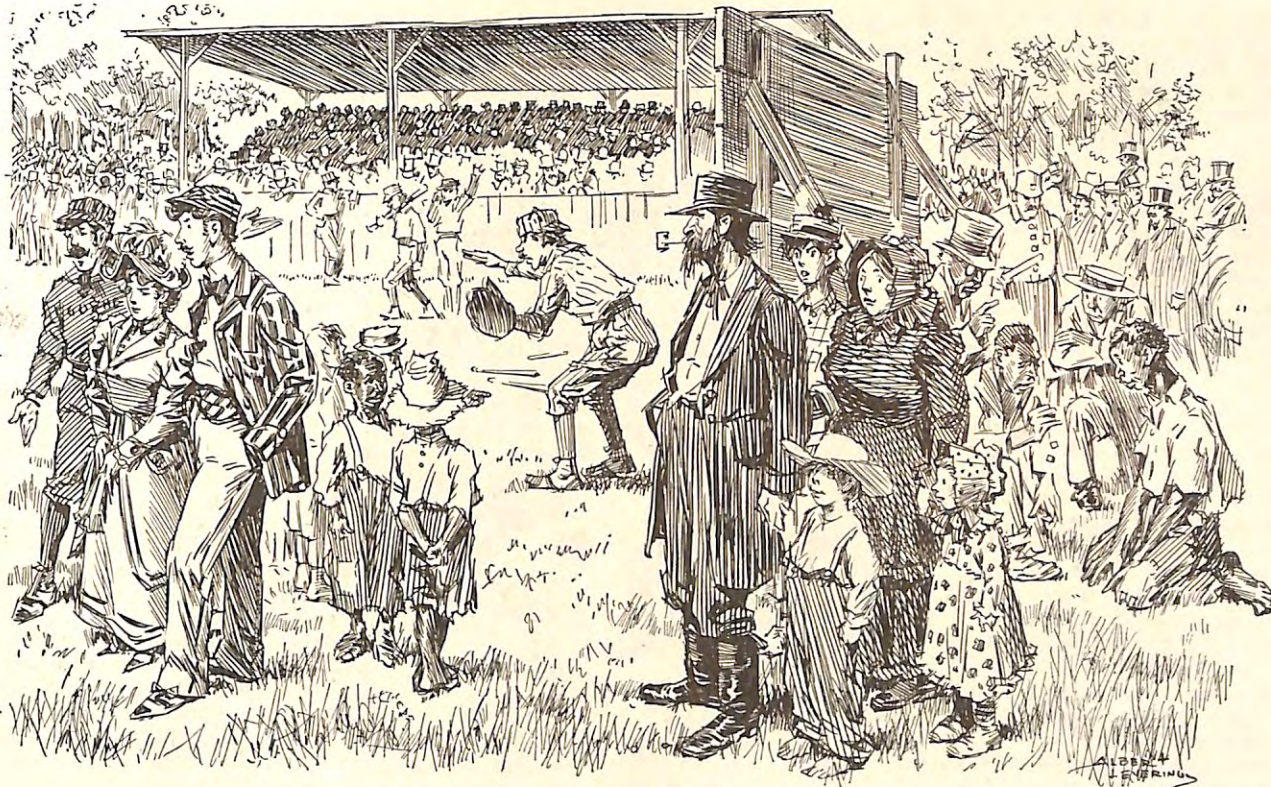
Foxy old Mac didn't say nothin' to rile his customer, you betcha, and after he got his shave and left I ast Mac who he was.

"Oh," says Mac, "dat's Mister Eddie Box from Italla, one o' de riches' young men in dis county; he is sore because Italla used to beat de stuffin' outen de Red Jackets, but since we got dese Joplin brothers for our pitcher and catcher, de Red Jackets has licked ev'rything in dis country, and mos' won all de money dere is in Italla."

I soon learned from



I landed in our room on the run



It Was Back in the Elegant Eighties When Sport Was Sport

Mac that there was lots of feelin' between Goshen and Italla over baseball and that up to the time Goshen got the Joplin brothers, Italla had been moppin' up with the Red Jackets, which was composed of blue blooded young gents of the first families. I also learned that Mister Eddie Box was the king pin of the Italla Tigers, and was very much in love with an Italla Belle, and that the king pin of the Red Jackets was stuck on her too, and between the rivalry over baseball and the rivalry over love these two young chaps were just crazy about each other. I also learned that the girl in the case wanted to show she had no local prejudice, and was shinin' up to the Red Jacket leader to the utter disgust of Mister Eddie.

A baseball game 'round these diggin's them days was some affair, believe me; everybody turned out and the wimmen wore colors, and there was more excitement than there was over politics. This feelin' run through the whole works, beginnin' with the aristocracy down through old John W. Public, includin' the col'r'd population. It was so bitter between the two towns that hostilities was liable to break out enny old time; the preachers in Italla would warn sinners they must reform or they was sure goin' to h—l, or maybe Goshen, and vice versa.

I went out o' that barber shop with a hunch working in my bean that out o' this situation might come somethin' more helpful to my financial situation than most enny kinda old job I could 'a' got at the car works, and more agreeable. So I spends

ten cents and lands back in Italla where it took no time a-tall to post myself about the baseball team. The Italla boys said they had no chance with Long Tom Joplin pitchin'. Goshen had beat them three times to a finish, and they couldn't hit that guy with a bass fiddle; they had it all figgered out he was the greatest pitcher in the world, only the big league didn't know it yet. I said nothin' a-tall, but kinda calc'lated that I'd spend my last three berries for a bed that night and the ball game next day.

Well, I got a good dinner at the Acme Cafe for fifty cents and a bed at the Harrison House at the same price, and had a couple of samolions left for the 4th of July. I was over in Goshen early next afternoon and went out to the ball park. 'Magine my surprise when I found out it was absolutely free; posolutely they didn't charge a cent. They was strictly amateur games and society woulda been insulted if admission had 'a' been charged. Great guns, at the crowd; ev'rybody was there; some of the finest carriages and buggies you ever see, and hosses—oh, my! The carriages was filled up to the roof with young

things that was awful easy to look at and decorated with some fancy harness too, believe me. Pretty soon I discovered the little queen from Italla; her carriage was entirely surrounded by cake-eaters and in the bunch you betcha was Mister Eddie and a young fellow in the uniform of the Red Jackets, and a dumbbell could figger out that this Red Jacket person held a good hand. Mister Box was all dressed to kill, but he looked about as cheerful as a protested note; the little lady had her lamps fixed on that Red Jacket uniform and couldn't see enny thing else to speak of. Gee, she was a pippin, when she turned her orbs your way, and stepped on the gas you could feel a shivver chasin' up and down your vertebrae like some one had handed you the business end of a live wire. She tapped this Red Jacket guy on the shoulder with her fan and whispered, "I hope you win today, Bobby," and his knees shook under him like Sharkey had soaked him on the beazer. That made gloomy Eddie look worse than a life termer or somethin'.

WELL, pretty soon the Red Jackets had to go out and practice some and Bobby had to go with 'em. Say, you oughta see that bunch on the diamon', with their dinky little uniforms, red sashes, red stock-in's, red stripes up and down their panties, which was white, they looked just like the Mexican Bull stickers. But I didn't bother none with them, I went over to see the pitchers show their stuff. The Huntsville fellow didn't have nothin', except a straight ball that woulda made the best Walter Johnson had look like it was sent by freight; if you stick a bat in front of it, it couldn't been less than a single enny how, but it was as straight as a certified check.

So I turned my attention to long Tom Joplin who was tossin' 'em up to his brother Jim. Tom at first sight looked like he had the goods, but after a while I found out he didn't have a thing but a big wide out that floated up and fell



It was a gloomy looking baseball club that went over to Goshen

away as reg'lar as boardin' house hash. Curves had just come in them days and Tom's big out simply hypnotized them amateurs who could hit a straight fast ball a mile. Soon as I see what he had I could see his finish sittin' on the door step. La! la! I says to myself, Mister Eddie Box, if you just listen to me you can take so much money outen this town you can laugh at the mint. As I figger the dope, Long Tom was goin' to have a lot of luck right soon, and most of it was goin' to be bad.

Well, sir, there was nothin' a-tall to that old ball game; the Red Jackets done things to that Huntsville pitcher whenever they felt like it, and Mister Tom Joplin had the Huntsville sluggers eaten outen his hand; honestly, it wasn't right. Maybe Mister Bobby wasn't the hog bristles with little Eva. Oh! boy, I'll tell the world that guy didn't loaf none on the job. I felt sorry for Mister Eddie and stood by to rush him the smellin' salts, only he didn't know it, believe me, my old nut was workin' and I had it all doped out to hand this Bobby person the raspberry.

When the slaughter was concluded the Red Jackets had fifteen runs and coulda had more and the Huntsville outfit had a large collection of goose eggs. Long Tom struck out 18 of the Huntsville heavy artillery and only let 'em have two hits while there was only five balls knocked outside the diamon' on him. It was a plum cinch and the tenth straight vict'ry for the Red Jackets.

Next day over in Italla I located Mister Box at the Iron City Pool and Billiard Parlors 'long in the afternoon. I told him who I was but he didn't seem startled none and so I wised him to the fact I was old Jack Dean used to be star ketcher for the Cincinnati Reds. He yawned, threw away a cigarette stump, and said he was glad to know me. I then told him about my old battery

"On your way," I says to the kid, grabbin' him by the neck and the seat of his pants. "Shuck your coat and collar—no time to put on uniform!"



partner Buck Moore and how he was up in Chatta. broke and that I thought maybe with the right kind of inducements I could git him down to Italla an' we could fix up a team that could hand them Red Jackets the surprise of their young lives. He begun to set up and take a little notice.

"You think you could beat 'em?" he inquired.

"Well," I says, "Buck an' me can beat that bunch ourselves, but maybe for the sake of form, we ought to have seven more players," I says.

"Well," he says, "the Red Jackets is strictly a amateur team and it wouldn't be fair to run in no ringers. You gentlemen are professionals," he says, "and therefore you are barred from participation in amateur games."

"Well," I says, "what about them Joplin brothers?" I says, "don't they git paid by the Red Jackets?"

"No," he says, "they live in Goshen and are strictly amateurs."

"Oh, they are amateurs alright, alright," I says, "but they git paid, just the same. They are hired at the car-works," I says, "as pattern makers and git pattern makers wages," I says, "and take it from me, for I know they couldn't either one of them babies make a pattern for a axe handle to save their skins. They've got a job and git good wages," I says, "because they are ball players, enny body ought to know that."

Well, sir, I finally made him see that the Red Jackets were putting something across so far as the Joplins was

concerned, and convinced him there was no difference if he paid our expenses to play for Italla so far as violating amateur laws and regulations was concerned. So he agreed to challenge the Red Jackets for a game plainly stating that he would use seven Italla amateurs and that he would secure from the outside the services of a battery—not telling who it was—to offset the Joplin brothers. He said he didn't feel exactly right about it,

but if they accepted on them terms he would surely like to knock 'em for a row of houses. I could see, though, he had a lot of doubt about even old Buck Moore and me being able to turn the trick.

He went right over to Goshen that afternoon and saw Bobby Upshaw, the captain of the Red Jackets and his rival for Little Eva, and put his proposition up to him. Well, young Upshaw was so cockey about them Red Jackets that honestly he thought there wasn't enny team a-tall that could stop 'em, so he told Mister Eddie to go git his old battery from enny place he wanted to and name the day and the balance in his bank account.

Well, the next day I went up to Chatta. after old Buck. I wasn't cheered up none either when I found him; the old rascal had kinda relaxed and had been hitting on all six in a campaign to clean up all the cheap fire water in Hamilton County. An old Geazer who has turned 38 and has been full to the sideboards of gin fizzes and other brands of intemperance for the best part of a week ain't no sight to please the discriminatin' eye of an expert athlete like me, but I knew old Buck had the goods and set to work on him in earnest. A couple of days and a Turkish bath worked wonders and I got him down to Italla on the fourth day looking almost like a ball player. In the meanwhile, Mister Eddie had selected his team and had arranged for practice on his farm in the ridges about two miles from town where strangers could be kept away.

The first thing I did was to send old Buck under cover to see Long Tom Joplin work out in practice; I told Buck to git onto the only curve Long Tom had so he could imitate it. When he come back he said it was easy to pitch them kind o' balls, but who the h—l wanted to; I told him he did for one. Old Buck was a great pitcher but they wasn't enny body home when it come to stratigy.

WHEN we got our bunch out on the farm I soon discovered that we had about as clever a little fielding team as enny body would want—the infield was fast and tight, believe me, and the outfielders could run down most enny kind of a fly ball and handle grounders to perfection. The big thing was to teach them to hit that old slow out curve and to have confidence in their ability to hit it, so day after day we had Old Buck pitchin' nothin' else but that slow out to 'em. At first they couldn't hit a-tall, but time, cussin' and patience soon got the majority of that bunch so they could step up to the plate and paste that old out curve to a fare-you-well. Well, sir, Mister Eddie was tickled plum pink, he caught onto my plan right away and he simply knew we had them Red Jackets number and what we was going to hand 'em was a plenty. He let all his friends in on it and they quietly went about placing all the cash on the game they could beg, borry or steal, and they had no trouble in gettin' it down. Goshen give 'em all kind of odds and bets were made that Italla wouldn't even score.



My boys went to the bat with no heart in the game



The day of the game was set for the 24th of July and the papers played it up good and strong—the Goshen papers said that on the 24th inst. the Red Jackets would have a practise game with the Italla Tigers, and that the Tigers wouldn't have no claws and not much fur left after it was over, and etc.

In the meanwhile Old Buck was trying his best to learn the Tigers' regular pitcher, a fellow named Joe Kilson, how to throw a curve ball. Joe had lots of steam but try as he would he couldn't put ennything on the ball to save his life. Buck said he was a good boy with a great arm but his head was cement. One day I went out to the farm and found Old Buck practisin' with a kid about sixteen; "this is Billie Collins, Miss Eva's little brother," said Buck, "and he is the pitcher for the Second Nine, I am learnin' him how to throw a curve." One day after that Old Buck told me that if Billie had a little more weight, he'd be a bear cat, "that kid's got everythin'," he said, "and certainly does toss a nasty inshoot."

One night a day or two before the game I had been up-town in a conference with Mister Eddie and when I got back to the Harrison House I found Old Buck in a conversation with a evil lookin' guy named O'Cormon, from State City, he said, and I thought I could smell gin; I made up my mind right then that I wasn't goin' to let Old Buck git out o' my sight till after the 24th. A cold chill run up and down my spine at the very thought of ennythin' happenin' to Old Buck; I could figger myself bein' lynched or somethin' and I knew right then that we had got ourselves into a box and the only way we could get out was to deliver. I had a long talk with Old Buck that night, and he swore on a stack of Bibles he'd lay off till after the game. I watched him just the same and I felt a great load off my back when on the night of the 23d I took him up-stairs at the Harrison House and put him to bed about 8:30 and told him to git a good night's rest; after he dropped off to sleep I went down in the lobby to smoke a stogey. I was feelin' good; I knew we had that old ball game sewed up in a bag all ready for delivery and I knew that Mister Eddie and his friends would win so much jack that they would make it easy for me and Old Buck for some time to come—pretty soft, I says to myself, I guess I ain't through yet.

I set around the lobby for half an hour smoking that stogey and figgerin' out what a genius I was when I was some startled by a bell-hop runnin' over to me and yelpin', "A lady in front to see you, sir."



I got a chance to confab with Buck, who simply told me to chase myself

I couldn't figger why no lady wanted to see me, but I went right along and didn't tarry none. Well, sir, sittin' in a fine carriage at the edge of the sidewalk was Little Eva all excited about somethin', and lookin' like one of these up-to-date movie queens. "Mister Dean," says she in a stage whisper, "do you know where Mister Moore is?"

"Sure," I says, "he's up-stairs asleep." "Are you certain?" she says. "Oh, be sure about it," she says, "for there is a crooked scheme on foot."

I never said another word, but I went up them stairs four at a jump and landed in our room on the run—and—Old Buck was gone. It didn't take more 'n two seconds to convince me he was very much not there, and I was down at the carriage again. Little Eva knew from one slant at my map that Buck was missing. "Oh, I am too late," she said, "it is a dirty mean trick and I'll never speak to Bobby Upshaw again as long as I live," she said, "they hired a man to get him out of town," she said, "and I just found it out; now Italla will lose the game," she wept, "and Eddie, oh! what will Eddie think of me?"

I TRIED to say something soft to her but I was too scared myself to be much of a comfort. I thought of lots of things in the next few minutes and the big outstanding thought was maybe it would be a wise move for me to beat it down to the depot and hang onto Number Three, which was a very fast train. What made the dose bitter was that I realized the Red Jackets had more brains than we had, and had slipped the kibosh to us good and plenty.

Well, sir, I guess the old yaller woulda got to me and I'd a slipped out o' that town if it hadn't been for Little Eva. She leaned over toward me and holding to the lapel of my coat she said: "Ennyhow you will stick to

Eddie and do your best for Italla to-morrow, won't you, Mister Dean?"

I knew right then I would and told her so. I climbed into the carriage with little Eva, and she drove me up to Mister Eddie's house; she wouldn't stop, but she told me to tell him how sorry she was for him and that it was a dirty plot but she couldn't tell how she found it out; then she went on home.

When I told Mister Eddie that Buck was gone I thought he'd bu'st; he started right in to gnaw the woodwork, but when I told him what little Eva said about Bobby Upshaw he landed back on earth once more.

"Well," he said, with a happy gleam in his eyes, "I may lose a fortune to-morrow, but it's worth it for her to find out that fellow's a crook without me tellin' her."

"Jack," he says to me, "old man, we'll play that bunch to-morrow ennyhow and if we get beat it will be honorable defeat, and I'll pay every penny lost by my friends on this game," he says.

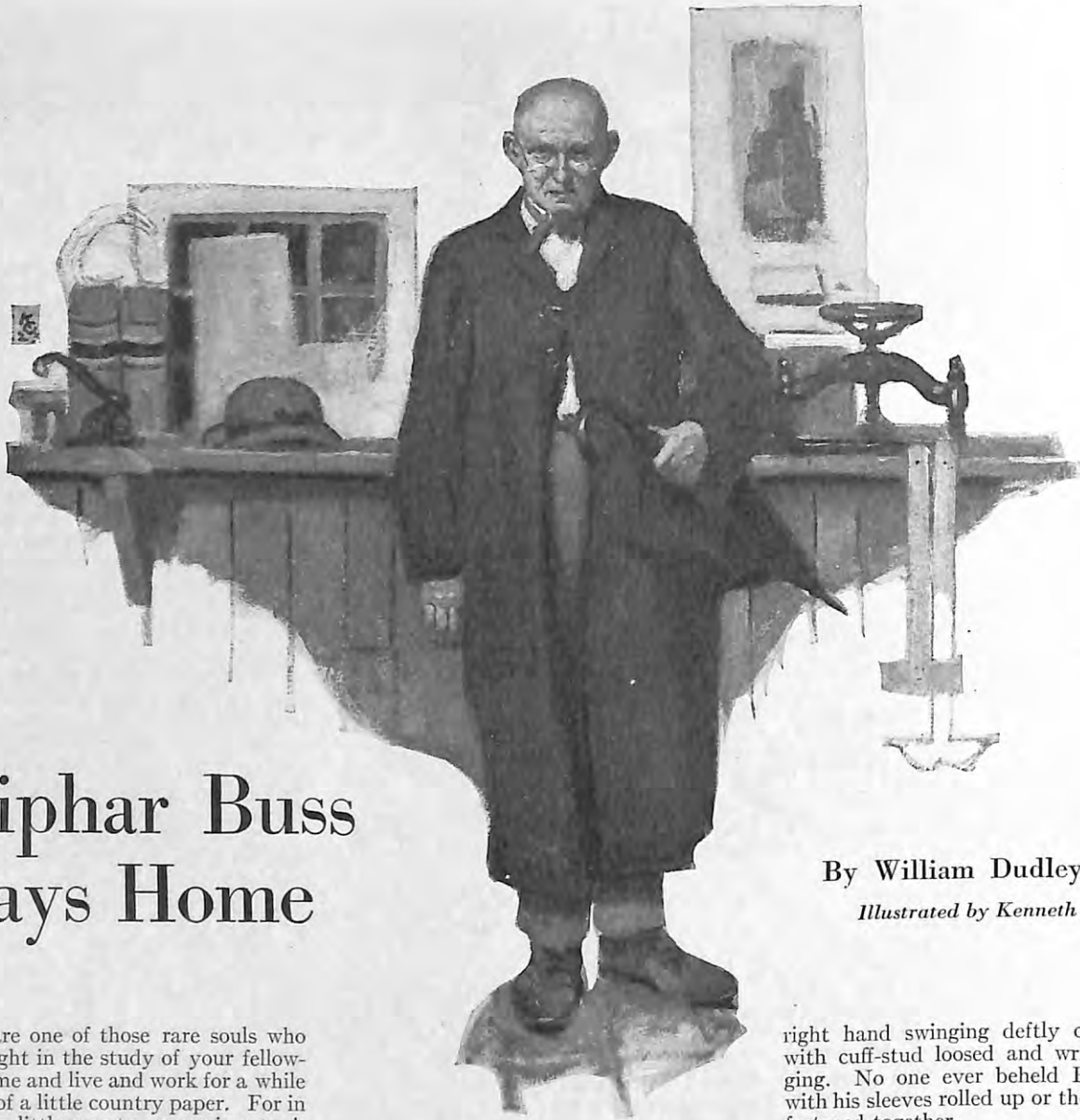
"Put it there," I says, "maybe it ain't all over yet," I says, still hopin' against hope that Old Buck would save the day some way or other.

IT WAS a gloomy looking baseball club that went over to Goshen the next afternoon. The crowd of rooters from Italla was feelin' right merry though—they hadn't heard a word about the disappearance of Old Buck and they thought we had a mortal cinch on that game. Mister Eddie thought it best to wait and make an announcement before the game—still hopin' Old Buck might show up. I tried to put a little confidence in our bunch by tellin' 'em they could hit Joplin and knock him off the rubber, but they was some discouraged over Buck bein' gone and there was mighty little "pep" left, believe me. I could see they was licked before we got started with Joe Kilson in the box, but there was nothin' else to do but to send him in.

You never see such a crowd in all your life; somehow it leaked out that Italla was goin' to hand the Red Jackets a little surprise package and everybody and the cat wanted to be on hand to see it. Sports from outside towns flocked to Mister Eddie to get the dope, but he shook his head and told 'em to lay off. Little Eva was on hand in some style and believe me, she handed Mister Bobby the ice pitcher when he tried to horn in on the bunch around her carriage. I done all the stallin' I could, hopin' against hope Old Buck would rally, but there was no use—I practised the Italla team till the Umps said it was time to play ball and we had to face the music. Just about that time Mister Eddie climbed up in his buggy and held his hand up for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this game was arranged between the management of the Red Jackets and myself, and the

(Continued on page 70)



Potiphar Buss Stays Home

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrated by Kenneth Camp

IF YOU are one of those rare souls who find delight in the study of your fellow-men, come and live and work for a while in the office of a little country paper. For in the office of a little country paper in a typically American small town, you will get down closer to the hard-pan and bed-rock of human nature than in any other occupation. All day long through your front office will filter the pathos and bathos of the lives of your kind—births and marriages and deaths, inspiring stories of success and heart-rending epitaphs of failure, cheap snobbery, noble aspiration, unrequited sacrifice; and in the back room you will find the printer-folk, perhaps not so picturesque as yesteryear but still very humanly interesting and each with a story worth telling.

Quaint characters they were—these men who worked on the newspapers in the old days. From place to place they trekked—lovable vagabonds, troubadours of the composing-stick minstrelsy, brothers in wanderlust, working only when their money gave out, certain to answer the call of the open and take to the trail when it was suicidal to office profits to lose them. Drink and misfortune had done its worst for most of them. Verily we could fill a book with the idiosyncrasies of these poor odd fish, cast up from the limitless sea of printerdom. Yet one must stand representative for the lot—Mr. Potiphar Buss, the man who some day intended to “make a trip around the world.”

HE WAS a seedy little man, as bald as an egg. Like Santa Claus, he had a “round little belly which shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.” Only Mr. Potiphar Buss rarely laughed. Let it be set down that in most of the time we have known him he has

remained a patient-faced mystery—grave, silent, hardworking, yet withal . . . a mystery.

We recollect that our foreman smiled when Potiphar Buss told us his name. We all smiled. We took an appraisal of his construction, at the sag of his trousers both fore and aft, at the faded green coat and the cracked steel spectacles worn half-way down a bulbous nose, and a mighty merriment ensued in our office.

What his history had been prior to his advent among us, we never learned. But this thing is certain: tramp printer though he may have been, hailing from God knew where, given a fair job with decent treatment his tramping days reached an end. He became a fixture in our office.

A fixture indeed! It was in the late nineties that he came to us—we know because Asa Mathers was killed in the Spanish War and when his widow opened a boarding house, Potiphar was her first patron. Year in and year out he has labored, his faithfulness only exceeded by the old drum press. So long as we possessed the happy combination of Potiphar Buss and the old drum press, we could always be certain of getting out a paper. He found no fault with his wages and never refused to work overtime. The years have come and gone with Potiphar Buss sitting on a high stool in our ad-alley, a cobpipe upside down in his toothless gums, his vest unbuttoned, his cracked spectacles near the end of a cauliflower nose and his

right hand swinging deftly over the case with cuff-stud loosed and wristband dragging. No one ever beheld Potiphar Buss with his sleeves rolled up or the front of him fastened together.

“Well,” he commented the first night as he washed with the rest of us around the battered corner-sink, “—this looks like a good place and I guess I’ll stick. All the same, some day I’m goin’ to take a trip around the world!”

A TRIP around the world! How many times we have heard it from the pursed and withered lips of Mr. Potiphar Buss—in weeks when holiday work was heavy and his back was tired and his thoughts went roaming; in dreary winter days; on quiet summer nights; on Saturday afternoons of spicy autumn when the work of the week was ended and we went home to baked beans and brown bread and the evening Mardi Gras of Main Street. He said it in 1898; he said it in 1908; he said it in 1918. But something always prevented him from realizing that great ambition. When the World War came, he had lacked the funds. As the conflict went drearily onward, he began to finish the familiar contention with lament: “—and to think things is bein’ all knocked t’ hell over t’ Europe, before I get t’ see ‘em!”

A dyed-in-the-wool tramp printer in these electrical days of linotype and web presses is a curiosity. Yet now and then we do have some poor unfortunate drift into our establishment.

One day, in the spring of 1919, we returned from dinner to find waiting around our office a young man who looked as though he had contacted all the brands of hard luck loosed

on the world since Pandora. And most of them had left their impress on his face or figure.

There was something about the Robbins boy's face we could never quite get over. It was a pitiful face. Because aside from the lines of anxiety and wistfulness which should never show on the features of a boy, his right eye was almost white—going bad from cataract. The lad's clothes looked as though they had been slept in for a thousand nights; he needed shaving; his hair was unkempt and curled down over a soiled collar from beneath a rusty cap that had lost half the sweat-band. His age couldn't have been twenty; his face was that of an old, old man.

"Say, now, please can I have work?" he implored us. "I'll do anything if you'll pay me money. Please can I have work?"

SAM HOD, the proprietor, looked the boy over keenly. Drink wasn't responsible for such a condition.

"Where you from?" he demanded.

"I, now, come from Maryland. I been working on and off . . . lots of places. But, now, I'll work faithful . . . I promise I will! I'll try my hardest to stick to a steady job."

Sam said to Fred Osgood, the local real estate man—who was in the office to advertise for a bunch of lost keys:

"Something wrong with that boy, Fred; screw loose somewhere. He doesn't look like a booze fighter. Yet a lad of his age ought not to be floating around away up here, looking for a job. And to refuse him," he went on, "somehow falls in the class with assaulting children or kicking the crutches from under cripples." He turned back to the lad. "Do you know the printer's trade? Can you set ads?"

"Yes, sir!" the boy responded eagerly.

"All right! We'll see! Take him into the back room, Bill. Turn him over to Potiphar Buss."

"And, now, the wages," asked the boy, "—how much money can you let me have?"

"Nine dollars a week ought to be pretty good pay for a lad of your years—not worth much more than an apprentice—"

The lad's disappointment was pathetic.

"You, now, couldn't make it twelve?"

"Why!" exclaimed Sam, "I can get half the boys in town for nine dollars a week—to start. Why do you want twelve?"

"I . . . now . . . well, never mind! I'd rather have nine than nothing. But if I work hard I wish you'd make it twelve."

"We'll see how well you know your business first. Here's this ad for the classified column Mr. Osgood's just written. Old Potiphar will show you the case of six-point. Tell him I said to put you setting the classifieds for to-day's paper."

The boy went out; was shown where to hang his hat and coat, duly presented to Potiphar and loaned one of the latter's black aprons. He climbed upon a stool and started

setting the classifieds—the daily job every compositor in the office avoided if he could. It was only a little four line advertisement saying that Fred Osgood had lost a key-ring with a metal tag marked "L. C. Stevens." But he required the balance of the afternoon to finish it.

While the last forms were being locked, and we were standing around watching the paper go to press, he said to old man Buss:

"How does it happen a man named Osgood is advertising for keys marked Stevens?"

"They probably belong to the old Stevens' property out on the North Foxboro road," replied Potiphar. "Fred's caretaker for the property, winters. The Stevenses go to New York durin' snow times."

"And leave it furnished?"

"Yeah," returned the other, impatiently. He was intent on a clothing ad that refused to "lift." If he had not been so occupied he might have thought it queer the new boy should ask such a question.

That night as we were washing up, the pressman asked him:

"Where you livin', sonny?"

"Nowhere—yet!" the boy replied.

"Come over with me t' Mis' Mathers—she'll take you in," said Potiphar Buss.

"The paper's got an arrangement with her to board its help. If they don't have t' price, the widder takes it out in advertisin'. Didn't Sam tell ye?"

It was Friday morning that "Blink" Robbins—as the boys and girls called him because of his optical affliction—started his tryout. Keeping an eye on Robbins' work, however, we

had finally to admit that while it was cruel, the lad was impossible. It was cruel because he was trying so desperately to make good. He was impossible because despite his grim effort and the low wages we had offered him, he was more of a hindrance in the ad alley than a help. He couldn't see to do his work. He had to hunt the copy and his type-case over with his one good eye and that took time—all out of proportion to the amount of copy "set." Forever he ran into things or knocked over galleys or forms or live advertisements on his blind side. We realized we had made a strategic error in ever taking him on. It would require courage, too, to get rid of him, for up in these little hill towns we do not discharge our employees with the *sang froid* of the cities.

While we were making up our minds what remedy was least painful, the Robbins boy's face deepened with his tragedy. His fear of losing his job made him do exactly the opposite of what he should have done to hold it. If we told him to hurry with an ad near press time, his haste made waste because inevitably he "pied" it or the thing wouldn't "lift" after it was set. So one Saturday afternoon, as kindly as he could, Sam called the lad aside, gave him nine dollars and broke it to him gently:

"**SUPPOSE**, sonny, you sort of take your time and look around. See if you can't connect with something else to do—"

"You mean, now, that I'm fired?" he whispered with a gulp.

"Not exactly fired—yet. You can stay around and work a spell until you find another place. But—don't be too long about getting it."

He worked the next week blindly—without spirit—utterly broken. He grew into such a nuisance around the office we contemplated giving him twenty dollars and telling him to pull his freight—anywhere—so long as he got from underfoot. Meeting Mrs. Mathers on the street Sam told her he could not be responsible for the fellow's board another week.

"Why!" exclaimed that lady, "he only stayed with me four days! I don't know where he went or where he's living."

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday dragged away. Saturday came. The office girl figured the twenty dollars into the payroll, drew a check

to cover the whole, cashed it at Judge Farmer's bank and left the money in the green box-safe to go to lunch.

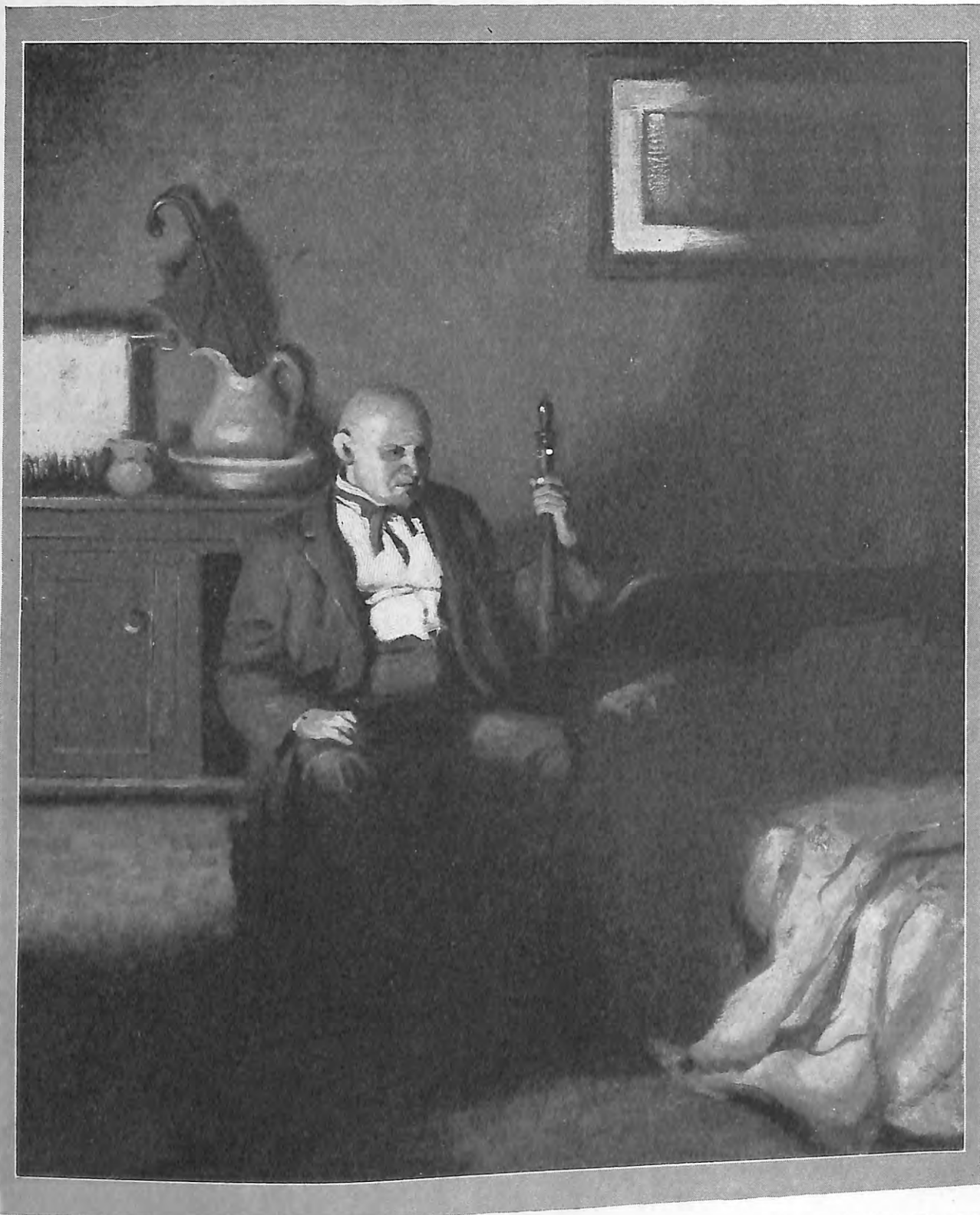
When she came back the money drawer was empty—to the last tarnished cent. The lock had always been faulty. It was an office joke, our old box-safe could be opened with a hairpin.

The Robbins boy did not come back for his pay envelop.

The following Monday noon, about half-past twelve, old Potiphar Buss came back early from his luncheon. He went into the back room, hung his coat and hat on the hook which had held it



He climbed upon a stool and started setting the classified—the daily job every compositor in the office avoided if he could



for two decades and mounted his stool to read, with the Boston morning paper spread before him on the type-case.

He was attracted by the printer's apron he had loaned the Robbins boy, hanging beside the window. Out of the front pocket protruded a bunch of old envelopes.

Puzzled, sure they had not been in the apron when he loaned it, wondering if they were of value and why young Robbins should have left them, Potiphar went across and took them out. A glance told him he was right. They did belong to the Robbins boy. There were a dozen, frayed and soiled—common stamped post-office envelopes—which appeared to have been carried around in the lad's pocket a year and a day. They all bore a Baltimore postmark and the differ-

Potiphar sat by the sick boy's bed a long time . . . piecing together parts of the tale which came out during the interludes of sanity

ent addresses disclosed the boy's Golgotha after employment.

Curiosity mingled with compassion, and a wonder if there was anything he could do to help a bad situation, prompted the old printer to put the letters in chronological order according to the postmarks. Then he adjusted his spectacles and drew the first one forth.

It was written on cheap penny-pad note-paper in pencil. The mail had been carried in the boy's pocket so long that some words had to be supplied. Nevertheless, Mr. Buss made them out, letter after letter. And when

he reached the last, he drew off his spectacles. The hand holding them fell to his fat little lap. His lack-luster eyes stared straight ahead—fixed on vague distance.

"Poor son of a gun!" he whispered. "Poor young son of a gun. Almost believe I'd steal a payroll for that m'self!"

Finally he restored the spectacles to his nose and drew out again the second to the last message. He read again these words:

"—I don't believe a word you say about living in any old empty country house to save expenses. I might have believed it once, perhaps. But not after you've had such a long time as this in which to get settled. You simply don't want me with you—"

"Empty country house!" whispered Poti-

phar Buss. "What old house could he have found and took t' livin' in?" Then his jaw dropped. "Could it be possible now . . . that pore young coot found Fred Osgood's keys?"

The help returned at one o'clock but Potiphar Buss said nothing about the letters nor the clue to the lad's possible hiding place. But Mr. Potiphar Buss did his work half-heartedly that afternoon. Many times his mind wandered; there was unutterable sadness on his round little face; he was given to many moments of gazing out the window beside his type-cases.

THE sun went down about four-thirty. A dreary wind blew up and overcast the sky with clouds. Outside was spring night—cold, raw, slushy. Six o'clock came. The boys and girls laid down their work; the motors on the linotypes died away; came the usual jostling around the sink for the daily wash-up. Only this night the talk was all about the robbery and the whereabouts of the Robbins boy and the possibility of his ever being caught. Potiphar did not join the group. He bent over his type-case, his face a troubled study, lost in poignant thought.

Finally he went to his boarding place and got his supper. The clouds gave down a murky drizzle. The going underfoot was slushy and disagreeable. It was excellent pneumonia weather. Nevertheless, after supper, having arrived at a decision, he buttoned his coat about his fat little stomach, fortified himself with a pipe of fresh tobacco, took his baggy green umbrella and started out.

Down School Street he went; across Mill; over the "flats" until he had left the town behind him. There were no street lights out along the North Foxboro road. The going was frightful. Yet the worse conditions grew, the more resolute Mr. Potiphar Buss became. The wind and the rain tossed his old umbrella. He stepped in freezing puddles. But his pipe burned cheerily and he relieved his spirits with good four-syllable cuss words when he floundered in a hole.

It was an eerie place—that old Stevens House—as the printer drew near in the darkness. He knew his location from memory—Sunday walks when he had passed it. But to come upon it in a rainy night on a search for a young thief was a job for a man with strong nerves. It was true he was only following a hunch which might turn out an absurdity. Yet somehow Potiphar thought nothing of that. He thought only

of what he had read that noontime in those grubby letters.

Finally he entered the yard. He went up on the creaking veranda. He fumbled in his vest, found a match, struck it.

By its light he saw only the naked flooring, the closed storm doors, the drawn and fastened blinds barnacled with cobwebs and old cocoons. Leaves from the previous autumn, packed down by winter's snows, still choked the corners. An empty skeleton woodbine, blown by raw wind, tapped against the woodwork.

Potiphar tried the door. It was locked. Quaking inside, the little man went to the front windows and tried them vainly also. If this were the house referred to in the letters, and the Robbins boy was hiding inside, the lad must have found an entrance somehow! Potiphar was not to be diverted from the task he had so queerly set himself. He intended to find that place.

He was about to go off the piazza to try the back door, his matches had gone out, he was alone in a void of rain-washed night, when a lull came in the wind moaning through the naked maples out by the stone wall along the road. In that silence the blood of Potiphar Buss ran cold. For sure as death and taxes he had heard a sound—a weird wild cry! More, the cry—natural or supernatural—came from inside that tentantless pile above him.

With knees quaking, the old printer waited. It came again!

It was a human voice. It was crying out a name!

For a long time Potiphar had to wait before he could make it out or the location from whence it came. The wind started up. At times unearthly sounds seemed groaning along the gale.

Then came another lull . . . and the cry . . . clear, agonizing, hysterical, terrible.

"MARY!"

Potiphar's fright abated in that moment. He picked up his fat old umbrella and despite the darkness and the puddles, he went down the steps and began feeling his way around to the rear of the house.

At length he found what he had all along hoped—a kitchen window that responded to an upward push. And fat little Potiphar Buss, there in the dark with no one to see, crawled up somehow at the expense of badly-barked shins and spilled over the sill inside. He lowered the window behind him and he listened. He listened a long time, fearing to strike a match.

"Mary!" came a moan again—a cry of

anguish, the whole trailing off into senseless babble.

"I'm right!" exclaimed the printer. "The boy's in this house and either gone daft or powerful sick!"

Mr. Buss struck his match. The kitchen in which he stood was furnished for summer occupancy. On the shelf over the dry and rusted sink, he saw a small brass lamp. He crossed and shook it. The base held oil. He dabbed the wick and with shaky hands replaced the chimney.

Then through the strange house Potiphar started on tiptoe, nerving himself before opening each door—moving ever nearer the sounds toward the front and the east.

Outside one door he finally listened. He listened to senseless raving going on within, in the cold and the dark, and the ghostly emptiness of the place and the hour.

"Georgie!" he cried. "It's only me . . . Potiphar Buss from the printing office! Don't be scared, Georgie—it's only Potiphar Buss!"

Pushing open the door into a small bedroom the printer peered within.

THE boy tossed on a sheetless bed, with a couple of old blankets for covering. He rolled over when Potiphar entered and his eyes were glassy hard.

"It's only Mr. Potiphar Buss," commented the boy as if there was nothing unusual about his being there . . . "—good old Potiphar Buss! Oh, I know you, Potiphar Buss! You gave me two dollars to get some food last week! Mary . . . this is Potiphar Buss . . . from the printing office—he's a good old scout, Potiphar Buss!"

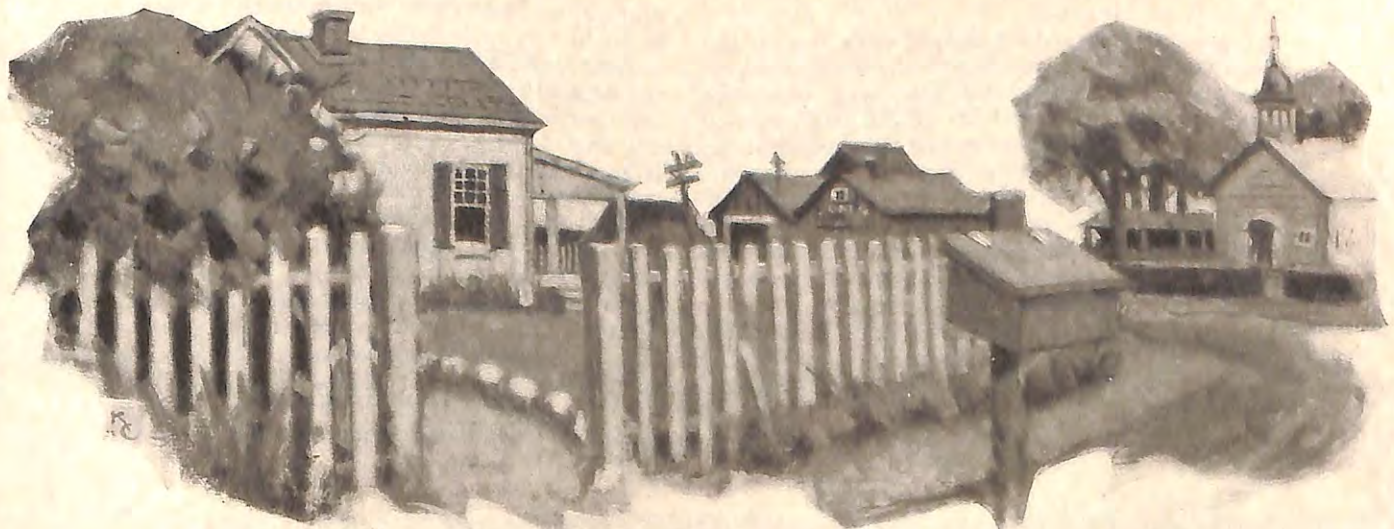
The printer was startled. For a moment he believed a third person to be in the room. Then he realized it was only delirium. Potiphar came in and closed the door. Curtain and blinds were drawn. No one could see the light from the street. So he set down the lamp.

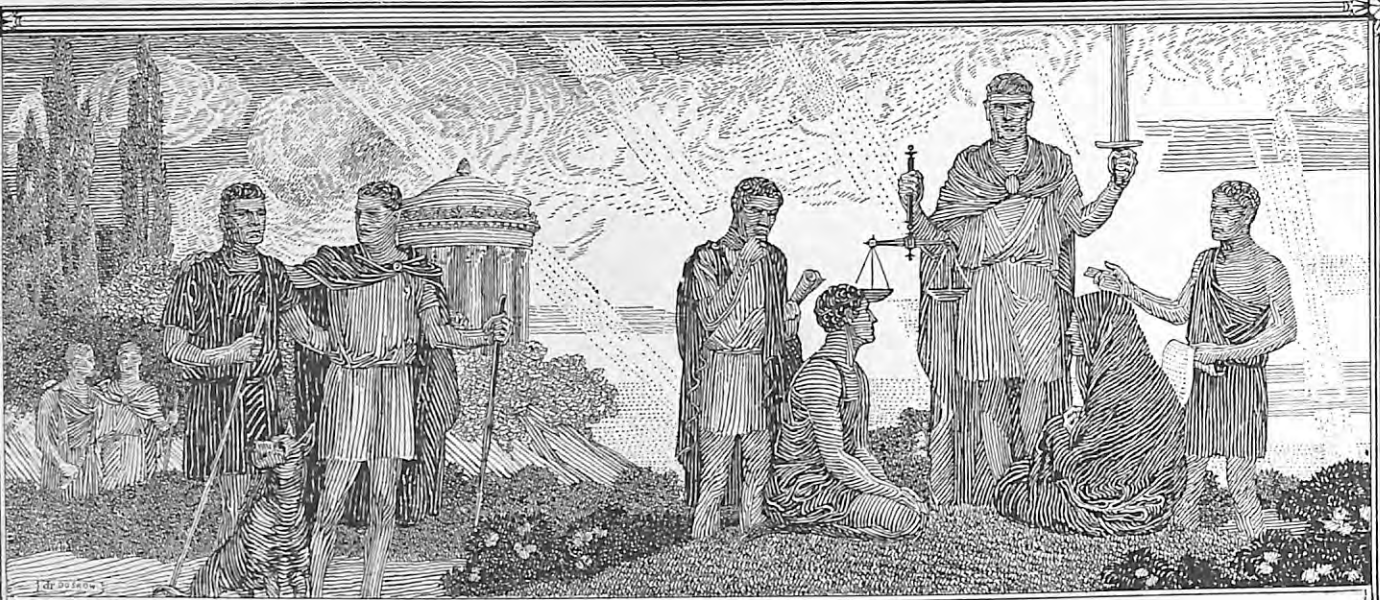
"I see you found Fred Osgood's keys," he remarked sociably.

"No, I didn't find 'em. Someone answered the ad—and brought 'em in that next noontime . . . when I was in the office, alone. They left 'em with me for the book-keeper. But I had an idea I could save money . . . and . . . Mary, this is Mr. Potiphar Buss of the printing office—Potiphar Buss I wrote you about! He's a good old man, Mr. Potiphar Buss!"

"Yes, yes!" cried the printer, striving to soothe the boy by his tone.

(Continued on page 60)





EDITORIAL

WITH the issuance of this number, THE ELKS MAGAZINE rounds out its first full year of existence. It is quite natural that those interested in it, and particularly those connected with its publication, should pause for a moment beside this first milestone, to look back along the road thus far traveled; and to consider whether or not the Magazine is fulfilling its proclaimed mission and whether or not that mission is proving itself worth while to the Order.

The Grand Lodge, in providing for the publication of the Magazine as the official journal of the Order, declared its primary purpose to be the establishment and maintenance of a medium through which every individual Elk could be regularly and directly reached with the messages which it was thought desirable they should receive, and supplied with the fraternal information which it was deemed essential they should possess. And it was the expressed intention that those messages and that information should be presented in a periodical of such attractive appearance, and containing other literary features of such character and value, that attention would be arrested and consideration assured.

To say that this primary purpose has been acceptably accomplished is to state so obvious a truth that it would be mere mock modesty to refrain from saying it.

Regularly on the first day of each month the Magazine has been mailed to the home address of every Elk whose name has been upon the membership rolls. And its pages have carried directly to each member current news of what the Order is doing, historical data as to what the Order has accomplished, every official expression from the Grand Exalted Ruler and every communication from the Grand Lodge Committees and other Officials designed for general distribution, full and accurate information of the actions of the Grand Lodge, and an epitomization of the notable activities of the Subordinate Lodges all over the country. These features, with the special articles upon subjects of peculiar interest to members of the Order, have constituted monthly

budgets of information and inspiration which have been made conveniently available to every Elk who would spare the few moments required to read them.

While the presentation of these features to the membership has been carefully maintained as the primary purpose in view, and it has been clearly understood that the publication of a merely literary periodical was neither desired nor justified, yet the accompanying general contents of the several issues have been of such variety and value, of such timeliness and literary excellence, that the Magazine has already established its claim to a welcome place on any library table. And the practically unanimous approval which has been accorded to it throughout the Order is the most gratifying proof that it is acceptably fulfilling its proclaimed mission.

Is that mission itself worth while? Is the Magazine worth to the membership what it costs? Is the Order as an organization deriving an adequate benefit from its publication? Do the results obtained justify its permanent maintenance?

To any intelligent observer who comes in contact with any considerable number of the members of the Order, it is obvious that these questions must be answered affirmatively, even at this early stage of the Magazine's existence.

Information concerning the Order is more generally diffused among its members than ever before in its history. And this is true not only as to its current activities but also as to its past achievements and its aims and purposes for the future.

There is a more generally expressed, and a more actively displayed, interest in the Order and what it has done and is doing. There is an ever growing consciousness of personal relationship to those activities; a more definite sense of individual responsibility for, and share in, the great service the Order is rendering to our country and to humanity; and a better understanding and appreciation of the true value of that service. Inevitably this clearer conception of the meaning of membership in the Order of Elks, its privileges, its opportunities and its obligations, assures a greater pride in that membership.



These splendid results are directly traceable in large measure to the influence of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It has been the chief instrumentality by means of which they have been accomplished. And surely it can not be questioned that they are of incalculable value to the Order. They can not be rightly measured in terms of mere money. And in the consideration of their effect upon the future of the Order, the growth of its power and capacity for service, the financial cost becomes inconsequential as it is in fact but nominal.

The continued maintenance of the Magazine upon the high plane that has been set for it, with a studious regard for its chief aim and purpose, insures a real unification of the Order. Every Elk will come to the realization that he is a member of the *Order of Elks*, not merely of his local Lodge. And there will be created a more intelligent, a more personally interested, and therefore a more helpful, attitude toward those questions, ever growing in number and importance, with which the great fraternity has to deal.

With the Order's vast and increasing membership, its diversity of interests, its wide flung territorial jurisdiction, and the varying conditions under which its subordinate Lodges must function, an official journal is a real necessity. And THE ELKS MAGAZINE has more clearly demonstrated that need in so successfully supplying it. It is to be wondered at that its establishment was so long delayed.

The Order needs the Magazine.

MOTHER'S DAY

AT THE session of the Grand Lodge held in Boston, in 1917, a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending that each subordinate Lodge, on its nearest meeting night to the second Sunday in May of each year, should hold a special service to commemorate "Mother's Day." And the following year, at Atlantic City, a brief but beautiful ritual was approved for optional use upon those occasions. In accordance with this recommendation a number of the subordinate Lodges have adopted this ceremonial as an annual event upon their respective calendars. But it is believed that its observance is less general than it should be, and less general than it would

be if its beauty and wholesome influence were given a more thoughtful consideration.

The Order of Elks is, in one aspect, a great business organization, dealing with affairs of real magnitude and importance, involving the administration of large expenditures, which should be and are governed and controlled by proper business considerations. But in another and even more important aspect, the Order is founded upon, and actuated by, considerations which are, in the highest and best sense, purely sentimental. This constitutes one of the most attractive features of the Order; and its cardinal virtues, wholly unselfish and altruistic, attest this fundamental character of the fraternity.

Whatever, therefore, touches the heart and softens it, whatever appeals to the finer emotions and stimulates them, and whatever inspires a more consistent practise of those virtues, has a very definite fraternal value, in that it contributes to the achievement of the noblest purpose of the Order's existence. And no ceremonial could more truly serve this end than one in honor of "Mother." And how readily the members would respond to the opportunity to share in it is evidenced by the unusual success of the occasions in those Lodges which have followed the recommendation of the Grand Lodge.

Happy is he who still possesses in the flesh that mother who bore him in pain and bitter anguish and yet with loving joy, and who still gives daily proof of earth's only unfailing love.

"The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years;
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return . . ."

And he who has but the sweet memory of her who with her passing breath spoke, still lovingly, his name, has in that memory, albeit unconsciously, his strongest tie to upright manhood.

A ceremonial in which both of these may unite in a fitting tribute of love to that mother of life and that mother of memory alike, is one whose sweet and uplifting influence might well be sought. No man worthy the name, certainly no true Elk, could attend such a service, who would not go forth with a cleaner heart, a higher resolve, a nobler purpose.

The Outpost Club-House erected by the Elks of Southern California, high in the mountains of San Bernardino



LONG before the great railways blazoned their way into the West, adventurous souls, daring the dangers of the burning desert, plodded the weary length along the Santa Fé and old Spanish trails which stretched away from the Missouri River until they reached El Cajon Pass, high in the mountains of San Bernardino, where the land of promise—California—was spread before them and their enraptured vision beheld the land of their dreams. Here the perils of the great journey ended and here, too, the Salt Lake Trail joined the other trails, forming the pass of El Cajon. A great stretch of the country through which they had passed was barren and bleak and desolate. It had been infested with tribes of hostile Indians, now but a memory, but who set their faces against the slow advance of civilization and impeded but could not stop its progress.

As you stand in the El Cajon Pass, you behold, gorgeously emblazoned on the dark wall of the mountains to the North, between the titanic heights of San Antonio and San Bernardino, the Mystery of the Valley, the gigantic Arrowhead, painted by the master hand of nature in light tints upon a dark background, a startling likeness similar to the cutting portion of the aborigines' chief weapon. From shank to tip the picture is perfect in every detail, down to the serrated, wavy edges on the sides and to the roughly hewn surface of the center. Over the entire extent of the Arrowhead the soil consists of disintegrating, light gray granite and white quartz, supporting seven acres of white sage and light green weeds, surrounded on all sides by the dark green foliage of greasewood and chaparral.

What power was the basic cause of this startling phenomenon? One of the answers to this question, which rises to the lips of all who see it, is to be found in one of the legends of the Indian tribes which once roamed over the valleys and the hills of this section of the country. They ascribed it to the combat of natural forces with which they were most familiar. Throughout the arid West, sustained drought was the worst foe to the Indians, the most feared visitation of the evil powers. When the rains did not come, when the parched plain refused to grant sustenance to man or beast, when the mountain streams dwindled and vanished, when the game dis-

At the Long Trail's End

The Elks' Outpost in El Cajon Pass

appeared out of the valley into the cooler mountains with their never-failing supply of moisture that did not reach the valley, then the natives attributed their distress to the hot breath of the Evil One, to be placated by sacrifices and offerings that he might go away and allow the friendly gods to send the life-giving rain.

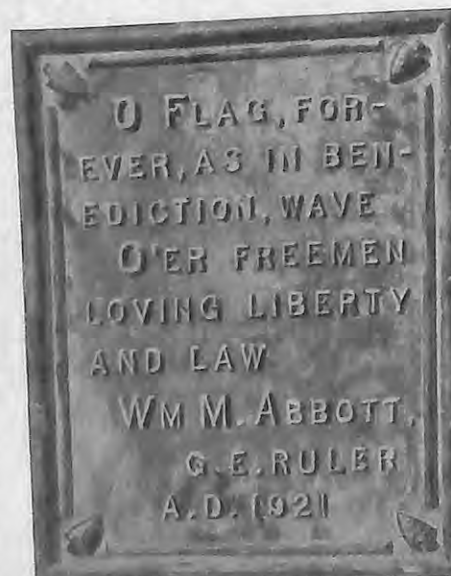
According to this legend, the tribe of the Guachamas, the inhabitants of the "Valley of Plenty," made arrogant and selfish by the abundance of food and game about them, forgot to render the homage due to the Great Father, the giver of water, soil and game. For many summers the Great Father bore the ingratitude of his children in silence. But his patience came to an end. Calling upon the spirit of the Sun, he sent it down into the Valley upon a hot wind that blighted their vegetation, drank their streams and drove out their game until there was great wailing in the tribe.

Famine, pestilence, death and distress visited the valley until the Indians humbly prostrated themselves and offered to make the Great Father any sacrifice he might ask.

Now, the chief is alleged to have been father to an only daughter, Ne-wah-na by name, maiden of the new moon—the fairest and most beloved of all tribes-women. Finally, in answer to his last appeal, a voice floating from out the broad expanse of the skies bore this message: "Give Ne-wah-na as an offering to heaven." Silence fell upon the stricken Indians as their chief, rising from his devotions, slowly went to his wickiup. There he carefully wrapped his daughter in her richest robes and, adorning her with golden trinkets, obedient to the mysterious voice, led her forth, leaving her alone to meet the fiery wrath of the destroyer. When the sacrifice was completed, and Ne-wah-na was consumed, the heavens opened and immediately a white arrow of light shot out and struck down the heat monster; others followed, until finally one struck the mountainside and there left its mark. Then was the blessed rain poured from above, the water once again cooling the parched earth and running in the empty beds of the streams. The heat monster writhed in agony under the copious, cooling downpour, until the earth opened to swallow him. As it closed again, streams of boiling water bubbled from the rock crevices, and the famine and pestilence-smitten people, drinking deep of the steaming waters and bathing in them, were healed. Thenceforth the humbled dwellers of the valley lived for generations in peace and plenty at the foot of the arrow-marked mountain.

AND here, too, the Elks, south of the Tehachapi Mountains in California, have felt that their hospitality to their brothers, wandering along these old trails, should begin and they should be provided with a fitting place to eat, drink and refresh themselves from the fatigue of their journey across the desert which stretches away behind them; and so, also, that they may enjoy some of the great blessings which the "Great Father" of the legend has so bounteously provided. Accordingly, these Elks have erected an Elks Outpost Club-House in the pass of El Cajon. The inscription placed in the stone tells of their purpose. It reads—"This Outpost Club-House, erected A. D. 1921, is the Gift of the Elks Lodges of California, South, to Loyal Elks of all the World."

(Continued on page 67)



Manhattan Elks Help City Children

New York Lodge No. 1 to Equip Public Playgrounds

OFFICIALS and others interested in Amateur Athletic Union circles, playground and recreational activities in New York City are deeply pleased by the action taken by New York Lodge No. 1, in voting unanimously an initial appropriation of \$5,000 for the purchase and installation of equipment in public playgrounds of the Borough of Manhattan.

It so happened that at the session of the Lodge at which this action was taken, United States Senator Royal S. Copeland and George Gordon Battle, President of the Playground Association, were initiated and together with former Governor Charles S. Whitman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, and Past Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, President of the New York City Board of Aldermen, made forceful speeches commending and congratulating the Lodge on taking this step.

A Committee on Social Welfare was appointed by Exalted Ruler Frank D. Fallon, of which Augustus F. Groll is the chairman, and a conference was immediately arranged and held with Hon. Francis D. Gallatin, President of the Park Board, and James V. Mullholland, Supervisor of Recreation for the Borough of Manhattan. Arrangements were made for an inspection of the public playgrounds in the congested districts. Equipment for these was ordered and will be set up, before Decoration Day.

In speaking on the subject, Chairman Groll said: "The number of younger children killed and maimed in street accidents is appalling. *The City of New York is its own insurer against loss by fire and it certainly ought to extend this principle and become an insurer of the life, the limb and the liberty of its future citizenry.* We realize, however, the difficulties with which the Municipal authorities are embarrassed by the limitations placed upon the City's financial expenditures by the Legislature years ago and which never have been modernized. The Elks is a benevolent Organization consecrated to the promotion of patriotism and the welfare of our citizens. For more than fifty years the Order has administered to the wants of its members and their families who have been overtaken by misfortune and adversity. The growth of the Order numerically and financially permits the broadening of this policy so that assistance can be extended to the youths who, because of their dependence, are or should be the objects of our consideration. This movement is but in its infancy. I am satisfied that the splendid results which will follow the initial investment, and I emphasize the fact that it is an investment, of this \$5,000 will arouse such enthusiastic appreciation upon the part of our membership that like the Order itself, this noble purpose will far exceed the hopes and expectations of those whose dreams are now just becoming realized. If we can make the

playgrounds attractive to the children and take them off the streets, we not only will afford them happier hours and improve both their bodies and their minds but we will unquestionably save hundreds of them from physical afflictions that follow now because the smaller children in New York, unable to go far from the immediate neighborhood in which they reside, are without proper playground facilities and must make use of the public streets with all the dangers of congested traffic.

"It has been very gratifying to me to find such spontaneous enthusiasm among my fellow-committeemen. Already a proposal has been made to enlarge the plan and scope of the project by arranging for a series of athletic contests among the public school children, under the auspices of the Elks for trophies to be provided by the Committee and individual medals to be donated by our membership in the names of those of our Brothers, who, after rendering conspicuous service, have gone to the great beyond. I should not be surprised if this movement would result in sectional, inter-sectional and national athletic contests under the auspices of the Elks."

It is confidently expected that this progressive step on the part of New York, the Mother Lodge, will not only stimulate similar action in Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Staten Island Lodges, but in the larger cities throughout the country as well.

What Are the Qualities of a Real Elk?

By Bruce A. Campbell
Past Grand Exalted Ruler

"I AM an Elk"—you say. But if one asks you "Why?" "What for?" "What is an Elk?" What will be your answer?

Let us by elimination avoid confusing the issue. By an Elk is not meant simply a member of the Order, not alone a member of a particular Lodge, who pays his dues regularly, who wears upon the lapel of his coat the emblem of our fraternity and is entitled to be addressed as "Brother."

He may be the real Elk and he may only be a member of the Order without appreciation of either his duties or responsibilities.

Let us rather consider the real Elk, who believes in the Order, who recognizes the responsibility of his membership and who does not evade the duties incident thereto, who considers his obligation something more than a prerequisite to membership, who believes in the fundamental principles, ideals and purposes of the Order and who endeavors in his own simple way to make them his.

Edgar Guest, who tells us so vividly and so well in verse the things we always knew but never thought of, once wrote a poem in which he told of his examination of the monthly school report of his little son. He said that the only mark he was particularly interested in was the mark in "Effort" for if he found that the little fellow was graded 100 per cent. in effort then the other grades were more or less immaterial because he knew that the boy had done his best.

So we come to the first part of our answer. The real Elk grades 100 per cent. in effort. He may grade much less in results, but if he

has done the best he could he can do no more. Maybe he has failed in this duty or that. Maybe he has upon occasions failed to be charitable, maybe he has failed to be just, maybe Brotherly Love has not always filled his heart and maybe he has not always been faithful to every trust, to every duty and to every obligation. Of course he has failed to grade 100 per cent. in results. So has the writer and so have all who read this article. If we had not so failed we would not be human. We would be superhuman and this earth is populated with human and not with superhuman people. None of us has ever felt the sprouts of angel wings nor has the fit of our coats ever been spoiled by the protuberances of superhuman attributes.

Furthermore the real Elk is charitable, just, loving and faithful; one who does his duty as he sees it, who believes in his fellow man and in humanity, who loves this world of ours and thinks it a mighty fine place to live in because people are here, who believes in his country, its flag and its institutions, who does his best whenever and wherever called, who loves his Order and its ideals and principles and who tries in his daily life to carry out these principles and ideals in a practical every-day way.

He believes in law and order. He believes in that liberty that is not license because he knows that there can be no real and lasting liberty without law and that there can be no enduring freedom without order. While he believes firmly in giving to the individual

the greatest amount of personal liberty consistent with good morals, good citizenship and good government, yet he does not subscribe to a doctrine that substitutes license for liberty and that permits the individual, untrammled and unrestrained, to pursue his own sweet way. He believes that when license is substituted for liberty, when the whim and will of the individual becomes his only guide and rule of personal conduct, when we are permitted to do as we please without regard to the health, comfort and safety of others, and without regard to our duties to society and to our fellow man, then good government fails and anarchy becomes the order of the day.

THE real Elk is one who is good enough to be decent and bad enough to be human, who works enough to be useful and who plays enough to be happy. In other words, a true-blue, real, human, every-day American citizen, who, without frills and without ostentation, pursues the even tenor of his way, trying to make the world a little better place to live in, seeking to aid those about him, endeavoring to do his full duty to society and to his fellow man in everything that comes to him to do, seeing the doughnut and not the hole, thinking well of his fellow man until compelled to do otherwise, having his faults and knowing that he has them, fighting for the right and against the wrong, faithful to every trust, loving his God and his Country and faithful to each even until death.

Putting it in another way, an every-day, decent, God-fearing American citizen is the real Elk.



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales Of the Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

GRAND Exalted Ruler Masters officially devoted Thursday, March 29, to Atlanta, Ga., where he met the Grand Lodge Convention Committee for the purpose of further discussing and more completely understanding and deciding various details of the program that will be followed when the Antlered Host gathers there in July to participate in the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge. From Atlanta, Mr. Masters proceeded overnight to New Orleans, where he attended the Fashion Show scheduled for Easter Sunday. April 5 he was guest of honor at the entertainment of Steubenville (Ohio) Lodge No. 231. During the latter part of April, Mr. Masters' engagements occupied four days in paying official respects and receiving warm welcome from various Lodges in Indiana. Looking to the future, Mr. Masters is under promise to be present May 12 at the corner-stone laying at the new Home of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2. He has also accepted an invitation extended by Omaha Lodge No. 39, the exact date to be determined later.

Another Elk Member Added to Federal Senate

Now that Dr. Royal S. Copeland has entered upon the discharge of his official duties in Washington, from the State of New York, another member of the Order of Elks has been added to the roll call of the United States Senate, Dr. Copeland having been recently received into the fellowship of New York Lodge No. 1.

Boston Starts Work On Eleven-Story Building

Having acquired title to the Old Boston Newsboys' Club property on Tremont and Warrenton Streets, in the heart of the theatrical district, Boston (Mass.) Lodge No. 10 will begin work on its new \$2,000,000 Home as soon as the present building is razed. Boston Lodge is erecting an eleven-story fire-proof structure, on the main floor of which will be six stores. The building will also provide bowling alleys, Turkish baths, gymnasium, shower baths, billiard and recreation rooms. There will be a restaurant and private dining-rooms with a special theatrical grill. A magnificent

Lodge-room and spacious ball-room are also planned. There will be 350 sleeping rooms, each with a bath or shower, for use of members. One notable addition will be the installation of a modern set of chimes upon which will be played each night "Auld Lang Syne," followed by the tolling of the "Eleventh Hour." All in all everything will be in keeping with the high traditions of Boston Lodge, which claims the honor of having been the first in the country to build its own Home.

Gun Club to Shoot Once a Month for Prize

Members of the Gun Club of Canton (Ill.) Lodge No. 626 are to enjoy the privilege of shooting once each month for a valuable trophy, a solid gold medallion that at one time was the capital prize of the old Fulton County Gun Club, a thriving organization back in the early 80s. This fine trophy was presented to Canton Lodge by J. C. Thompson, who, in the old days, was the last winner of the medallion. Each member of the Gun Club will be given an opportunity to compete for the trophy, but the winner can hold it but one month when it must again be put up and "shot off" to the member making the best score. A handicap plan will be used in these competitions.

Tennessee Catches Step With Forward Movement

Tennessee has caught step with the forward march and organized a State Association. This action was taken at the meeting jointly called by District Deputies John C. Burdick, Jr., and W. T. Boyd, representing the two Tennessee jurisdictions, and held in Nashville with a gratifying representation of Lodges and many of the stalwarts, in addition to those officially appointed for the purpose, taking keen interest in the proceedings. Further developing the start splendidly made, a special committee will carry the proposition to the few Lodges not thus far affiliated. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters sent a message of congratulation and best wishes. Plans of procedure were

agreed upon and by-laws adopted. Anthony T. Davis, retiring Exalted Ruler of Nashville Lodge No. 72, was elected to be first President of the Association; and W. W. Tucker, of Jackson Lodge No. 192, and former District Deputy for Tennessee, West, was made Secretary. All other elective offices were filled by unanimous vote, after which the several appointive positions and required standing committees were completed by action of President Davis. The disappointment was that Clyde Hunter, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, was prevented from being present. However, acting for him, and supplementing the good efforts of the District Deputies in charge, F. B. Wilkinson, Grand Lodge Committee member, rendered valuable assistance.

Dispensations Granted To Organize New Lodges

Since the last announcement made in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters has granted dispensations for the following Lodges:

Platteville, Wis., No. 1460.

Princeton, Ill., No. 1461.

Augusta, Kans., No. 1462.

De Land, Fla., No. 1463.

In addition, it can be said that records in the case of both Madison, N. J., and Cape Girardeau, Mo., await the completion of formalities.

Observance of Mother's Day—How the Ritual Was Written

Sunday, May 13, is revered as Mother's Day. On this date Elks throughout the country join in honoring her who embodies the highest and most beautiful of ideals. Last year the impressive ceremonial devised for the occasion, and which enjoys the approval of the Grand Lodge, was exemplified all over the land, and this year members of the Order will again assemble to enact the sacred rite.

The Ritual for Mother's Day was prepared by James Edward McCormick, the blind Past Exalted Ruler of Modesto (Cal.) Lodge No. 1282, in which Lodge it was first observed in May, 1917. Mr. McCormick's love for his own mother and her devotion

to him was the twin source of his inspiration. This white-haired lady, who inspired the thought, was born in Lowell, Mass., and was one of the early California pioneers, and was seventy-six when the Ritual was written. After the Ritual was produced for the first time, the text was printed in the Proceedings of the California State Association, and later, at the 1918 annual meeting, was submitted to the Grand Lodge. It was adopted and copies were printed and distributed among the Subordinate Lodges.

Though the observance of Mother's Day is not made obligatory by the Grand Lodge, this little Ritual is so simple and beautiful and carries such a reverent message to the hearts of all, that it has come into wide and growing popularity throughout the Order.

Home of Quincy Elks To Have Memorial Hall

Work is going ahead rapidly on the new Home of Quincy (Ill.) Lodge No. 100, and the members expect to occupy these quarters some time during the coming Fall. In preparing plans, the architects followed a modern type of architecture which has come to be known as the American type, utility and convenience of arrangement being given prominence, without sacrificing beauty. The outside walls will be rough surfaced, tapestry brick with stone trimmings. Effective pergola decorations and trellises for the roof garden add to the attractiveness. One of the features of the building will be the Memorial Hall situated off the main lobby with special wall space for memorial tablets. The Lodge-room on the second floor will be 44 by 55 feet, having a two-row balcony along each side and a four-row balcony across the end. There will be twenty-nine dormitories for members on the second and third floors, all outside rooms with bath. Every modern Lodge appurtenance for pleasure and comfort will be installed. Quincy Elks will have good reason to be proud of a building that will command attention from every visitor to the city.

School for the Blind Handsomely Remembered

Dallas (Tex.) Lodge No. 71 dedicated a radio receiving set, recently presented to the Texas School for the Blind, by broadcasting a special program from their club-house. A speech by Hon. Mike T. Lively and musical numbers by the Elks Band were among the features.

Old Spirit Rekindled As No. 440 Rises from the Ashes

The contract having been awarded, work is in progress on the new Home of Wyandotte (Kansas City, Kans.) Lodge No. 440. The expectation is that the building will be ready for occupancy not later than the coming September 1. Five years ago, all the Lodge property was destroyed by fire, since which time No. 440 has languished. But with the enthusiasm aroused again and with the impetus of the new building to rekindle the old spirit, an era of prosperity has returned. A Selective Membership Campaign is in full drive.

Twenty-five New Americans Trained for Naturalization

Berkeley (Calif.) Lodge No. 1002 is accomplishing results in Americanization work. Twenty-five men and women, representing eleven different nationalities, were recently naturalized, after being prepared for their

examination by members of Berkeley Lodge. After Citizenship papers were bestowed, Berkeley Lodge, assisted by Berkeley Post of the American Legion, held impressive Americanization exercises in honor of the new citizens, presenting each one with an American flag. As an expression of appreciation on their part, the new citizens presented a large silk American flag to the Alameda County Naturalization Corps.

Free Clinic Established For Poor of Atlanta

A free clinic in which the poor of Atlanta have the opportunity of being treated by medical experts without cost, has been established by Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge No. 78. This new department of public service is to be known as the Elks Clinic. The entire equipment, which is perhaps the best in the South, has been placed at the disposal of the Lodge. Under arrangements which have been worked out with Drs. Eskridge and McDuffie, both members of Atlanta Lodge, any deserving white person of the city who is in need of expert attention is welcomed. The physician in charge assigns the applicant to the department in which the case belongs and there is no delay in securing treatment. This clinic enlarges the important welfare work which Atlanta Lodge has been doing and relieves a pressing necessity long felt in the community.

Grand Opera Night For Christmas Tree Fund

A remarkably fine "Grand Opera Night" was given by New York Lodge No. 1, under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee for the Christmas Tree Fund. The event was one of the best of its kind ever staged in New York and the response was most enthusiastic. A partial list of the artists who volunteered their services includes such names as Rosa Ponselle and Manuel Salazar, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Ludmilla Feodrova, of the Imperial Opera House, Petrograd, Leah Roux, Premiere Danseuse, late of the Pavlowa Company, and a host of other world famous singers, dancers and musicians. The inclusion of purely popular features in addition to the traditional classics afforded a diversity of entertainment that pleased all tastes and made the occasion an outstanding success, eclipsing all previous music events held under auspices of No. 1. Last year New York Lodge raised \$57,000 for its Christmas Tree Fund and this unique musical entertainment was the first of a series of special benefit performances by which New York Elks hope to surpass their record of last year.



New Haven Celebrates Thirty-ninth Anniversary

The thirty-ninth anniversary of New Haven (Conn.) Lodge No. 25 was celebrated with a large banquet. Judge Samuel E. Hoyt was Toastmaster and his introduction of the speakers and reminiscences added capitolity to the merry-making. Among invited guests who spoke were John P. Brennan, President of the Massachusetts State Association, who brought the greeting of 59 Lodges in the State, and Charles F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who related the activities of several Lodges in welfare work and congratulated New Haven Elks upon the splendid things they were doing for the soldiers of the Allingtown Hospital.

A Blind Man's Loss That Yielded Profit

This is the tale of a woman negligible in conscience and of a blind man and of a kindly deed done by the Elks. The woman's identity the man will never know. His temporary misfortune requited by friends he can never forget.

The scene is in front of the Elks Clubhouse in Denver. The day is disagreeable. But rain or shine, the sightless man stood there peddling his papers, early and late. He trusted his clients and the characters of the street. Strange hands did for him that which he was powerless to do for himself—made change. Invariably the business balanced to the penny. Then—

"The last edition, please."

To the blind man, the voice sounded sweet with music.

"This is a twenty-dollar bill," the musical voice notified him.

Out of various pockets, he brought forth the small bills and other change for \$20, less two cents. The woman passed on her way.

Presently there came to the ears of the man a greeting of familiar good cheer. It was a regular customer—an Elk, finished with his work for the day and clubward bound.

"Last edition, old-timer," said the friendly Elk, as he jingled the price into the money-box.

"Tell me, is this a twenty-dollar bill?" inquired the news vendor as a means of verifying confidence.

The unkind truth was hard to believe. The blind man's features registered varying emotions. Unbidden tears substituted for words.

That night the Elk told the story to other Elks and told it with a touch of pity that inspired prompt action. Next day, the blind man was busy as usual garnering pennies in exchange for papers. True, his sense of justice was slightly jarred. Yet for every customer, there was the same old smile, with never a whisper of bitterness to a soul. That same day, just a few feet adjacent, a carpenter vigorously sawed and hammered and nailed. That evening, several Elks sought him and confided this message:

"To-morrow morning you are going to have a new place. Right here, in a recess of the wall of the Elks Club, we have built a booth for you, fixed to afford greater protection, at least from the weather. Over your head will be a roof against the sun and rain. You will have a radiator to warm you when winter comes. You are going to be endowed with the blessings and perpetual best wishes of some fellows who belong to an Order that seeks to make men happier and the sun shine brighter."

Since that day greater prosperity and hap-

piness have come to this blind man. People walk blocks out of their way to buy their papers from him; he is known from one end of Denver to the other; the tap-tap of his cane calls forth cheery "Hellos" wherever he goes.

Not so long ago, a motion picture was taken of him and his stand, and shown upon the screens of the local theaters where thousands recognized him with applause. Later, the film was shown outside of the city and many coming from neighboring towns now look him up at his stand to buy a paper and chat a moment before passing on their way.

No. 8's New Home Promised Next New Year's Day

Louisville Lodge has been notified by the contractor that its palatial new Club Home will be completed January 1, 1924. Meanwhile Louisville is campaigning for 1,500 new members to be picked from its best citizens and enrolled by or before the coming June 4.

Good Move to Stir Interest: Exchange of Fraternal Visits

Detroit (Mich.) Lodge No. 34, inspired by a spirit of good fellowship and desire to be of real assisting service, has recently undertaken a series of fraternal visits to neighboring Lodges in Michigan. A large delegation representing Detroit journeyed to Port Huron and initiated a class of 100 for No. 343 and did not forget to extend a most cordial invitation to return the fraternal call and bring everybody along. Pontiac and Port Huron Lodges have been honored with similar invitations to come and dine and banquet and make merry as guests of Detroit Lodge. These courtesies in the way of fraternal exchange will be extended and continued indefinitely.

Bakersfield Corner-Stone Laid with Fitting Ceremonies

The corner-stone for the new \$250,000 Elks building at Bakersfield, Calif., was laid with appropriate ceremonies by President Benbough of the California Elks Association. Many of the Elk leaders attended, among them Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harry M. Ticknor, who represented Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and was orator of the day. The new Home of Bakersfield Lodge No. 206 will be one of the handsomest in California.

Hon. William H. Atwell United States District Judge

Hon. William H. Atwell, of Dallas (Tex.) Lodge No. 71, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has been appointed to the position of United States District Judge at Dallas, Texas. The bench and bar throughout the State endorsed Judge Atwell in a manner to gratify the pride of his friends.

Oakland Elks Executing Diversified Welfare Program

Much interest and activity are being shown by members of Oakland (Cal.) Lodge No. 171 in Social and Community Welfare work. The Committee on Americanism, of which Clinton G. Dodge, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, is Chairman, is furnishing incentives for loyalty and patriotism among the pupils of the schools by giving substantial prizes for the best essays on the subjects, "Americanism" and "America's Answer to Bolshevism." This same

Committee has also arranged for prominent speakers on public questions to address the membership and to keep it informed on various aspects of proposed legislation and constitutional measures. Encouragement is being given to the Boy Scouts by assisting them financially and by publicly recognizing individual exhibitions among them of proficiency and exceptional bravery. Oakland Lodge is also doing helpful work among the disabled soldiers in the Government hospital at Palo Alto. The men are being supplied with books, phonograph records, cards, magazines, razors, cigarettes, tobacco and many other articles. Nothing has been more thoroughly enjoyed by the veterans than the vaudeville programs by members of No. 171 and the concerts given by the Elks' Big Brotherhood Band.

The Lodge has started, in conjunction with other California Lodges, a movement for the erection of a fitting memorial to Col. E. D. Baker, who was United States Senator from Oregon in 1859, and whose powerful appeals saved California to the Union. Col. Baker resigned his seat at the opening of war to join the army. He lost his life in the Battle of Ball's Bluff. To all lovers of patriotic deeds, his neglected and obscure grave is a pathetic sight. California Elks plan to raise an enduring testimonial to his worth.

Series of Stellar Events Supply Fun in Mendota

Mendota (Ill.) Elks, No. 1212, have been enjoying a series of tournaments which, because of their wide variety, have given every member a chance to indulge his skill. In the past few months, Mendota Lodge has arranged and completed the Billiard and Pool Tournament, a Checker Tournament, a Whist Tournament and a Bowling Tournament. All these events were well contested and a fine array of prizes were presented to the winners.

Children's Health Camp To Have Elk Building

Malden (Mass.) Lodge No. 965 has voted to erect a building at Malden Children's Health Camp on Waites Mount to be used as a kitchen. This camp was established by the community for the purpose of assisting subnormal, anemic and underweight children to regain health by providing a place where they will enjoy plenty of sunshine, nourishing food and regular hours of sleep, rest and recreation. The building which Malden Lodge will construct has been needed to care for the growing demands of the camp. It will be known as "Elks Building." A committee is at work devising plans and providing funds.

Oregon Lodge Launches Junior Elks Division

Bend (Ore.) Lodge No. 1371 has organized a "Junior Elks" division composed of twenty boys between the ages of 15 and 20 years. A ritual and initiation ceremony have been promulgated and the organization is taking its place beside Bend Lodge as a factor in the life of the community. The sum of \$20 was invested by the Lodge to start the movement and the boys have since paid this back and have \$100 in their treasury. Proper representation has been made to the Grand Lodge officials of the objects and purposes to be accomplished and patterned largely after the procedure followed by Mexico (Mo.) Lodge No. 919, in the instance of "Juniors."

Sheraden Will Build Model Club-House

Sheraden (Pa.) Lodge No. 949 has under consideration plans for a new Club-house which if negotiated are to be complete in every detail. The recommendation is for a building of red tapestry brick, wood trimmed in white and that will embrace billiard, card, and special dining rooms, etc. In the Lodge-room proper will be established facilities for providing moving picture and other special entertainments. The cost is approximated at \$40,000.

Corinth No. 1035 Dedicates— Two-Day Program of Events

Corinth (Miss.) Lodge No. 1035 devoted two days to the dedication of its Home. Impressively as a part of the ceremonies appointed for the opening, Jackson (Miss.) Lodge No. 416, exemplified the ritual in the presence of a class of fifty candidates. A banquet followed at which A. Grant Matthews was principal orator. The night following a reception and dance christened the new ball-room. Practically the whole city attended. This Lodge has strongly attached itself to the heart of Corinth by reason of its public benefactions and community leadership. Elks attended the dedication from all neighboring centers.

Fast Stepping for \$100,000 Covering Bloomfield Expense

Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge No. 788 has announced its specifications for its Elk building, and matured its plans and appointed its Committees to have charge of a fast stepping bond selling campaign to raise \$100,000 on a guaranteed yield of five per cent. According to the announcement, the exterior of the edifice will be modified French Renaissance design built of gray tapestry brick, trimmed throughout with limestone. The building will occupy a space of 50 by 150 feet. There will be two Marquise entrances. The roof will be flat. Every detail has been carefully worked out to amply supply all fraternal requirements and provide for creature comforts and luxurious accessories.

Instituted Only Nine Months, Wins State Ritualistic Contest

The New Jersey State Ritualistic Contest held at Elizabeth, N. J., was won by Freehold (N. J.) Lodge No. 1454. Freehold Elks are proud of the achievement of their team and claim that a record has been made considering the fact that their Lodge was instituted only nine months previous to the contest. Hackensack Lodge No. 658 was second in honors, Newark Lodge No. 21 third and Bound Brook No. 1388, fourth.

Atlanta Initiates Huge Class— Philadelphia Degree Team Officiates

One of the most spectacular and impressive events in the "5,000 Membership Campaign" of Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge No. 78 was the recent initiation of a class of 1,200. Delegations from practically every Lodge in Georgia were on hand and it was estimated that nearly seven thousand took part in the ceremonial, either as novitiates or as spectators. The day was not only notable for the huge class that was inducted, but also for the elaborate rites that accompanied the event. The famous Degree Team of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, led by Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, made a special trip to

Atlanta and carried through the initiation with exceptional skill and dignity.

This memorable event was the culmination of a campaign that has been successful in every way, not only numerically, but especially in the quality of the new members. Every candidate was selected because of his high standing and his interest in the promotion of public welfare, community athletics, the relief of those in distress and other principles for which the Order stands.

Wheeling Does Honor To Grand Exalted Ruler

More than three hundred members of Wheeling Lodge No. 28, together with many Elks from neighboring States, sat down to a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters on the occasion of his first official visit to that city. The affair was resplendent in every way. Mr. Masters delivered a most interesting address, pointing out the great progress and importance of the Social Welfare Work being done by the Order. Ex-Governor John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, gave his audience an account of the outstanding features of the splendid Memorial to be erected in Chicago, and recounted briefly the achievements and ideals of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. At the conclusion of the banquet, Mr. Masters was presented with a beautiful glass dinner set by Toastmaster Harry W. McLure, Sr.

Milk Fund Pledged For Undernourished Pupils

Belleville (Ill.) Lodge No. 481, acting upon motion of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has pledged the supply of milk needed for undernourished children of the public schools unable to provide the expense. It is estimated that the cost will be \$100 per month. This amount has been over-subscribed by Belleville Lodge so that the requirements during the first year of the program will be taken care of amply.

Grand Exalted Ruler Guest. Monessen Members Buy Bonds

Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and Ex-Governor John K. Tener were guests at the banquet given by Monessen (Pa.) Lodge No. 773. Mr. Masters spoke of the good work done by the Order and paid high compliment to Monessen Lodge for the active part it is taking in community welfare affairs. Mr. Tener discussed the spirit of fraternity and what it can be made to express. The meeting was by far the most

ambitious ever attempted by No. 773. More than 800 crowded into the Home during the evening. The occasion also offered members an opportunity to subscribe to the bond issue which will provide the extension improvements already planned. These include new dining, banquet and reception halls, athletic room, large grill, new heating and ventilating systems and the largest ball room in the Monongahela Valley. The bond issue is for \$40,000, of which practically half was subscribed at the meeting within a few moments after the bonds were offered.

"Visit the Sick Brother by Mail"— What Gardner Lodge Is Doing

The Sick Visiting Committee of Gardner (Mass.) Lodge No. 1426, which calls upon every member who is taken ill and sees that cheer and comfort are dispensed, was recently overtaken itself with illness. Only the Chairman was able to administer his duties. As it was impossible for him to discharge the work of the whole Committee, he hit upon the happy expedient of writing every one of the sick a personal "cheer up" letter. On his next visit, all the recipients remarked how pleased they had been to receive these tidings. This idea proved so successful that the Committee has arranged to have a Lodge officer, or other well known member of the Order, hereafter write letters to the sick between the personal visits of the Committee. If the friend commissioned for this assistance happens to be a busy man, the Committee reaches him by phone, reads a letter which it has already drafted and obtains permission to sign his name. "Visit the Sick by Mail" has resulted in such satisfaction that the plan has been adopted as a feature of the Sick Visiting Committee's work.

Ground-breaking at Fargo— Entire Bond Issue Subscribed

Ground-breaking for the new Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge No 260 will take place May 1. The Club-house will be one of the most attractive in the State. It will have a basement gymnasium, bowling alleys, shower baths, hand ball courts, lockers and a swimming pool. The first floor will provide a large lounge, pool and billiard room, card room, library, ladies' room, grill, kitchen, check room and offices. The second floor will consist of the Lodge room, ante and preparation rooms, band room, equipment room and lounge. The building will cost approximately \$150,000 completed. The funds were raised exclusively by the sale of Elk Building Bonds and no outside money

was borrowed so that the building when finished will be the property of the members and will be paid for in full.

Utah Elks Will Soon Occupy Their New Club-house

The beautiful new Home which Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge No 85 has been building is nearing completion. The building is situated in the heart of the club district, on the historic site of the home of Brigham Young, founder of the Mormon Church. It is five stories high and stands on an elevated terraced lot of ample proportions commanding an excellent view of the Salt Lake Valley and the Great Salt Lake and is encircled by the majestic Wasatch Mountains. The roof garden has been expressly designed for the benefit of visitors who are always welcomed by the twenty-five hundred Elks who constitute this active fellowship.

New Home Will be Ready Within One Year

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Lodge No. 1224 has planned to erect a new Home to be completed within the coming year and to cost \$100,000 or more. The Lodge already owns a centrally located site on which to build and recently cashed in \$35,000, proceeds on the sale of the vacated Elk building, in addition to which another \$35,000 by subscription was added to the treasury during the past few weeks. Moreover, the Lodge has made substantial provisions for providing the balance necessary for the construction.

"Out-of-Debt" Celebration Held by Painesville Lodge

Painesville (Ohio) Lodge No. 549 held an "Out-of-Debt" celebration, which was largely attended and at which the last of outstanding indebtedness was cancelled in full and all documentary evidence thereof burned. The Lodge was instituted in 1912 with 30 members and now has 300 of the leading citizens of the town on its rolls.

Elks Bowling Association Organized in Illinois

At a special meeting called in the Elks Club-house in Chicago, the Illinois State Bowling Association was organized and the following officers elected: President, Horace S. Pyatt, Oak Park; Vice President, E. Beckwith, Aurora; Secretary and Treasurer, Peter P. Howley, Chicago. The initial tournament of the Association was held in Chicago and gave every promise of a



succession of successful annual events. Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio and other States have similar Elk Associations, all of which have made good in every particular, and there is every evidence on hand that Illinois, with its large membership, will have an equally prosperous organization of this kind. The 1924 Tournament will probably be held at Aurora.

Brooklyn Lodge Buys Site For Two Million Dollar Home

The membership of Brooklyn Lodge No. 22 recently approved the selection made by the Building and Sites Committee of the plot for their magnificent new Clubhouse. This property has been purchased at a price of \$594,000. It extends 186 feet on Boerum Place with a frontage of 162 feet on Livingston Street and the same distance on Schermerhorn Street in the rear. The building will cost around \$2,000,000. It will include a lodge and ball room accommodating 3000. All Club features, such as swimming pool, gymnasium, bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, roof garden, hand-ball and squash courts, are in the plans.

Washington Lodges Join Hands in Good Cause

Ballard (Wash.) Lodge No. 827 joined forces with Seattle Lodge No. 92, in staging the Dance of the Purple Bubbles given for the benefit of the Seattle Boys Club. This concerted effort succeeded in making the annual charity masque one of the most successful of its kind thus far enjoyed. The \$10,000 proceeds were applied to lift the mortgage on the Seattle Boys Club, which is operated under supervision of Seattle Lodge. The Club is for homeless boys and has accomplished great good since its organization several years ago. Boys between the ages of 12 and 19 years are supplied with a home together with an opportunity for educational advantages.

Civil War Veterans Taken into Sterling Lodge

Testifying appreciation of the Boys of 1861, Sterling (Ill.) Lodge No. 1218 voted to invite the Civil War Veterans of that community to become members of the Order of Elks, the full privilege being conferred as a special honor. As a result of this patriotic action, nine gray haired veterans accepted and became members. The initiation was most impressive, each veteran being escorted into the Lodge presence by a veteran of the World War.

Elks Show Appreciation of His Eleven Years' Service

For eleven years, William Weller, Past Exalted Ruler of Muskegon (Mich.) Lodge, No. 274, and former President of the Michigan State Association, has been head of the Sick Visiting Committee of his Lodge, carrying messages of good cheer and greetings to the members of No. 274 whenever ill health overtook them. In appreciation of his long efficient service and the spirit in which this most important duty was so punctually discharged, Muskegon Elks presented Mr. Weller with an automobile and a fund to provide for its up-keep and operation.

Veterans Are Entertained In Hospitable Style

The Daughters of the Confederacy served in the capacity of hostesses and kept open house in the Annex of New Orleans Lodge No. 30, during the Confederate Veterans' Reunion in that city, and assisted in entertaining the old warriors in a style proverbial of Southern hospitality. The Elks Annual Automobile Fashion Show provided funds for this pleasant purpose that proved so popular. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters was the guest on that occasion.

Pennsylvania Southwest Will Have Special to Atlanta

Delegates from Pennsylvania Southwest District have decided to charter a special train to the Atlanta Convention and make the trip with Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and his

official family, stopping at points of interest along the route, including the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. All Lodges throughout the district and many others from Ohio and West Virginia have engaged accommodations on this especially equipped Pullman Special.

Waukegan Will Build Modern Club Assured

Former State's Attorney James G. Welch, new Exalted Ruler of Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge, No. 702, is the father of the plan to erect an Elk Club building in the North Shore city. A drive was launched to raise \$250,000. Of this nearly \$100,000 has already been subscribed. According to the plans, the Home will be a model, containing recreational facilities as well as club and meeting conveniences. All the necessary money will be raised before starting to build. Construction will not begin until early in 1924.

Newark Celebrates Silver Anniversary

Newark (Ohio) Lodge No. 391 celebrated its Silver Anniversary with a program characterized by many novelties and carried through with distinction. Nearly two hundred members of Zanesville (Ohio) Lodge No. 114, which instituted Newark Lodge twenty-five years ago, were on hand to participate in the celebration. The initiation of a large class was a star feature. A number of the officers of Zanesville who took part in the institution of the Lodge back in 1898, performed the ceremony with perfection and dignity. Following a street parade, a banquet was served. The guests numbered more than 500 and represented all sections of Ohio.

Graceful Compliment Paid New Lodge Officers

Past Exalted Rulers of Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346 paid a graceful compliment when they invited the new officers of the Lodge to a banquet in their special honor at which every host pledged his hearty cooperation and the advantage and support of his years of executive experience in such lodge affairs.

Work Will Be Rushed On Little Falls New Home

Directors of the Elks Home Association of Little Falls (Minn.) Lodge No. 770 have let the contract for the construction of their new Home which to build and furnish will cost \$75,000. It will be Colonial in style and will be completed this summer and opened in the early autumn.

Elks' Concert Heard in England And Throughout the United States

An All-Elk concert broadcasted by New England Elks from Station WNAC of the Shepard Stores in Boston, Mass., was heard in England and in almost every section of the United States, including the Pacific Coast. This feat establishes a new record for broadcasting by a low-power station and suggests many interesting possibilities in the future for closer communication between Lodges.

Elks Club Is Host To Purdue Wrestlers

Lafayette (Ind.) Lodge No. 143 was host to Purdue University Wrestling Squad. A banquet was tendered and medals were presented to some of the College men who had distinguished themselves with fine records. The guests expressed appreciation of the work local Elks have done to boost Purdue athletics, and all referred to the splendid progress which wrestling has been making at the University.

Etna Lodge Suffers \$15,000 Loss by Fire

Fire, originating in the basement of Etna (Pa.) Lodge No. 932, spread through the upper floors of the building, causing a loss of \$15,000. Practically everything of furniture and equipment was destroyed. Etna Elks have rehabilitation plans already under way.

Georgian Colonial Style For Bay State Quincy Elks

The new Home to be erected by Quincy (Mass.) Lodge No. 943 will be one of the most attractive in New England. The exterior design will be of the Georgian Colonial type of brick and limestone. On the ground floor in front will be two stores and the main entrance. A spacious lobby leading to the Lodge-room will occupy the center of the building and the Lodge-room itself will measure the entire width of the rear, extending up two stories. On the second floor in front of the Lodge-room will be club rooms, lounge, library, billiard and card rooms. On the third floor will be dormitory apartments. One large and small banquet room will take up the entire basement and will conveniently accommodate 450 persons. The Lodge has authorized its Board of Trustees to see the work through to completion.

Unity of Understanding Develops Vigorous Team-work

As a result of vigorous team-work and unity of understanding among Lodges comprising the District of Iowa North-east, in carrying into execution the business program recommended by the present Administration, new energy is being imparted and diverse fraternal responsibilities and advantages are being served with greater zest and success than at any previous time, besides which Lodge routine is being more punctually followed in harmony with the spirit and letter of the law. Good fellowship was never more becomingly practiced.

Farewell Honors For Stricken Stranger

When the Elks of Del Rio (Tex.) Lodge, No. 837, learned that Mrs. M. A. Clark was to be buried without the presence of any friends or relatives and without a proper ceremony, they decided that this "stranger in their midst," though entirely unknown to them, merited the customary tribute of respect. Accordingly, the services of a minister of the gospel were engaged and Elk members and their wives attended the burial. Many simple floral offerings were placed upon the grave. In this quiet and reverential way was the spirit of the Order exemplified by Del Rio Lodge.

Officers Travel 188 Miles To Initiate New Members

The officers of Kingman (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 468, recently traveled by auto 188 miles to Las Vegas, Nev., where thirty-five candidates were initiated as members of Kingman Lodge. There are now eighty members of Kingman Lodge living in Las Vegas all of whom were initiated there by Kingman Lodge officers.

Million Dollar Home For Scranton Elks

Having outgrown its present Club-house, which was erected eight years ago at a cost of \$325,000, Scranton (Pa.) Lodge, No. 123, is seeking a site for a new Home. With the membership now over 3,000, the present Home is much too small. Lack of adequate space for dining rooms and banquet halls, as well as guest rooms, has been apparent for some time. The intention is to sell the old property and construct a Club-house nearer the center of the city to cost close to a million dollars—a Home that will progressively express the Elk spirit in perfection of appointments.

Ionia Lodge Invited To Hear Elk Sermon

Over one hundred members of Ionia (Mich.) Lodge, No. 548, attended a special evening service at the local Methodist Church and heard the sermon preached by Rev. Charles J. Kruse. Dr. Kruse, himself a member of Ionia Lodge, took for his text "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'" The entire sermon was devoted to a consideration of the Order of Elks, and its important function in the com-

(Continued on page 50)

How Walter Camp Helps You to Get the Most Fun Out of Life —

By Robert B. Wheelan
(President of HEALTH BUILDERS)



Walter Camp, famous Yale Football coach, all-round athletic authority, and Originator of the famous Daily Dozen

WITHOUT question, the people who get the most fun out of life are those who keep themselves at all times physically fit. Look over your friends and acquaintances and see if that isn't true.

I don't mean that you must run half a mile before breakfast, or spend your evenings doing difficult stunts in a gymnasium. *Easy body exercises, rightly chosen and rightly applied, are sufficient to maintain all-round health.* Thousands of people are now proving it. I'll tell you how.

Experience has proven that the following general rules apply to practically everybody:

Rule No. 1—A certain amount of exercise is essential to bodily and mental efficiency.

Rule No. 2—The most effective exercises are those which flex and limber the *trunk and body muscles.*

Rule No. 3—Excessive or difficult exercise actually *lessens* efficiency.

Rule No. 4—The *pleasantest* exercise (of the right kind) is always the most beneficial.

Why Walter Camp's DAILY DOZEN Solves Your Problem

Walter Camp, famous Yale athletic adviser and authority on physical fitness for work or play, built his wonderfully successful Daily Dozen on the above general principles—plus his own keen personal observations. After many years of practical experiment he created a series of twelve easy body movements which proved capable of keeping any one absolutely fit *in just ten minutes a day.*

The immediate, widespread adoption of the new method showed that thousands of people had been groping in the dark for just such a time-saving aid to

good health. Then *music* was added—and this remarkable setting up system became *infinitely more pleasant and therefore more beneficial.* Lively phonograph music—that gives Mr. Camp's agreeable body movements all the snap and character of a dance! The musical arrangement was made with Mr. Camp's entire, warm approval.

How Music Makes the DAILY DOZEN Like an Amazing Game

You put one of the records on your phonograph. (Any disc machine will do.) A clear, commanding voice explains the movements. Then the music starts—lively, tuneful, inspiring. You fairly "ease" through the motions. You smile to think what a bore exercise *used* to be. Not now! *This* kind is a *pleasure.*

The five double-disc records contain all the exercises. You become so interested that you've finished the whole dozen before you realize it. Ten minutes for the lot! And your lungs are expanded, your chest is thrown out, the all-important muscles of your abdomen are limbered up, and the sluggish blood flows more swiftly through your stimulated veins.

Many delighted people go through the twelve movements *twice* and *three* times a day instead of just once—they like it so well with the music! Yet once is enough to keep you in perfect trim. Ten minutes' fun in the morning—and fit as a fiddle all day!

Special 5 days' Free Trial Offer to People Who Want Daily Health

Because hundreds of enthusiastic letters prove that the Daily Dozen set to music is far and away the most perfect and pleasant conditioning system ever devised, we want *every one* to try it *free for 5 days*—without obligation to buy. So we have decided to send the complete outfit—5 double-disc records, illustrated book of instructions and a handsome record album—to any person who mails the coupon attached to this advertisement.

No money is required. Just the coupon. And you have five full days to learn exactly why so many people like yourself are making this

PROOF

Mabel Corlew Smith of New York says:

"I just want to add my word of enthusiasm to the many others regarding your wonderful records. They have filled a long-felt want. For the first time in months—I might say in years—I can relax at night and sleep. God bless Walter Camp and the Health Builders, say I."

Bert Lytell, famous "movie" star, writes:

"I want to tell you that Walter Camp's Daily Dozen exercises on phonograph records is my best bet to keep in condition. While working, my time is so taken up at the studio that the Daily Dozen has become my health creed."

Arthur Perkins, of Hartford, Conn., says:

"About a year ago I bought a set of Daily Dozen exercises, and my family and myself have been diligently using them ever since, with great resulting benefit."

J. J. Martin, Principal Watsontown High School, Watsontown, Pa.:

"We now have the Daily Dozen in every schoolroom. They are wonderful."

interesting, easy conditioning system a regular part of their daily lives.

Hundreds who know about Walter Camp have bought the Daily Dozen on the strength of his recommendation. And none of them have been disappointed. But now, owing to this free trial offer, you needn't take even Mr. Camp's word for it! You can *prove* the Daily Dozen—play the records, go through the pleasant movements and observe the results for 5 days, *absolutely without cost.* There are no strings attached to this offer. After 5 days you either return the outfit and owe nothing, or keep it by paying only \$2.50 down and the small sum of \$2.00 a month for 4 months, until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thus the whole remarkable course—records, pictures, instructions, album and all—costs less than one trip to the woods or the seashore—and it *keeps you fit every day of the year!*

Act Promptly—While the Special Offer Is Open

Get the real joy of living! Feel the "pep" that makes your daily work a pleasure! Sit down to the table with a *healthy appetite!* Be altogether *alive.* Straighten your back and take the kinks out of your mind. All in *ten minutes' fun a day* with Walter Camp's Daily Dozen set to music.

Remember—it's a *free trial offer.* You're to be the sole judge. No obligation—just a big opportunity to put yourself in good shape and *stay* that way! Send the coupon now—to-day—while Mr. Camp's message of health is before you. Thousands will reply to this offer. Don't be one of the last. Don't miss your chance. Act right *now!* Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 865, Garden City, N. Y.

FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

munity as well as its helpful influence in the lives of its individual members.

Hollister Approves Plans For Three Story Building

Hollister (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1436, approved plans for a three-story concrete building. A series of stores will be located on the ground floor. The second floor will house the Club and Lodge rooms and the third floor will contain a "Jinks Hall" with stage, kitchen and other accommodations for entertainment purposes.

Yale Students Help Elks Entertain Hospital Patients

An unusually fine entertainment under auspices of the New Haven (Conn.) Past Exalted Rulers' Association was given at the Allingtown Hospital. The talent was contributed entirely by students of Yale University. The songs and special music by the University Orchestra were immensely enjoyed by the 200 patients at the institution.

News Flashes From Far and Near

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters has appointed Arthur Flatau of Athens Lodge to be District Deputy for the jurisdiction of Georgia North, succeeding J. R. Dunson of La Grange Lodge, resigned. . . . Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge fraternally visited St. Paul Lodge and initiated a large class. . . . Union Hill (N. J.) Lodge has resolved that its new \$500,000 Home shall be made a Civic Center. Coincidentally, Union Hill has launched a campaign to increase its membership to the 3,000 mark. . . . Eureka (Calif.) Lodge is striving to establish a new record for hospitality when the California State Association meets next time. . . . Lima (Ohio) Lodge has undertaken a May Music Festival. "Ten Thousand for Charity" is the Lima slogan. . . . Clarksville (W. Va.) Lodge reaped a goodly reward as a result of its three-evening minstrel entertainment. . . . Oakland (Calif.) Lodge has rejuvenated its famous Chink Team. Berkeley Lodge enjoyed the first of the new series performances. The added features scored immensely. . . . New Orleans (La.) Elks took the lead in raising \$50,000 to assist the Salvation Army. . . . Woodstock (Ill.) Elks contemplate

the acquisition of a business building to be remodeled for Lodge purposes. . . . Minot (N. D.) Lodge takes active part in Community Welfare Work. The annual Circus and Indoor Carnival increased the Charity Fund handsomely. . . . Fort Worth (Tex.) Elks are planning a new building to adjoin their present Clubhouse. . . . The Minstrel Troupe of William and Mary College gave a performance under the auspices of Hampton (Va.) Lodge for the benefit of disabled soldiers. . . . Grand Chaplain John Dysart, member of Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge, removes May 1st from Dubuque, Iowa, to Flint, Mich., where he becomes Rector of a popular Episcopal Church. . . . Waterbury (Conn.) Elks celebrated Old Timers Night. Over 600 were on hand. . . . Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge has voted \$60,000 and will immediately begin construction of a new Temple. . . . Nearly \$30,000 was realized by Cohoes (N. Y.) Lodge from its Exposition and Bazaar. . . . Watsonville (Calif.) Lodge occupies its new quarters. The Club-rooms are spacious and comfortable. . . . Elks of Noblesville (Ind.) re-dedicated their Home after extensive remodeling. . . . It is expected that Portland (Ore.) Lodge will be ready to dedicate its million-dollar Temple in June during the celebration of the Rose Carnival. . . . Seattle (Wash.) Lodge is devising ways and means for enlarging its Temple, the present building being inadequate. . . . The Illinois State Association will hold its convention in Moline June 5-7. . . . Pine Bluff (Ark.) Lodge will soon occupy its new Home. . . . Mexia (Tex.) Elks have purchased a new Club-house. . . . Roanoke (Va.) Lodge has just spent \$20,000 refurnishing and improving its Clubhouse, and is showing such a rapid growth that members are considering an addition to the building. The initiation of a class of 200 carried the membership over the 1,000 mark. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper was master of ceremonies. . . . Through Secretary John N. Fonk of Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge, No. 750, the wife and family make inquiry for information as to Daniel Hahn, missing since January 1, 1923. . . . In a city of 5,150, Caldwell (Ohio) Lodge has grown to 360 in nine months. . . . Watertown (Wis.) Lodge, No. 666, introduced Hon. Edward W. Miller, United States Attorney for Eastern Wisconsin, and formerly District Deputy, as orator premier at a dinner that concluded the initiation of a large class of new members. . . . Moscow (Idaho) Elks celebrated

their thirtieth Anniversary with a three-section program including a parade, a Past Exalted Rulers Night and the initiation of 80 candidates. . . . The great bell that in the old days called Portland, Ore., firemen to duty, has been presented to the local Lodge by the city. It will hang in a belfry of the new Club building. . . . The volleyball team of Spokane (Wash.) Lodge took the city championship by defeating the Y. M. C. A. This means permanent possession by the Spokane Elks of the beautiful Dixon-Anderson trophy. . . . Columbus (Ohio) Elks will hold their Charity Jubilee May 24-June 2. "Ten Thousand for Charity" is the watchword. . . . The Fair put on by Hackensack (N. J.) Lodge netted \$25,000 for the building fund. . . . The golf course opened by Columbus (Ohio) Lodge is considered by experts to be one of the best in this country. . . . Mechanicville (N. J.) Lodge filled the local High School Auditorium for two nights with its "Minstrel Frolic." . . . Twenty-one Past Exalted Rulers of Nashville, Tenn., take active part in Lodge duties. . . . Casper (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 1353, has organized a division of Boy Scouts and donated its Home for training purposes. . . . Norfolk (Neb.) Lodge initiated a class numbering more than 125. . . . Paterson (N. J.) Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Brooklyn (N. Y.) Elks and witnessed an initiation of a class of 250. . . . While no definite date has been set, it has been tentatively agreed by President John P. Murphy that the Minnesota Elks State Association will meet at Hibbing, August 16, 17 and 18. . . . Fred B. Wright, Jr., chosen Exalted Ruler of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, is the third former service man to be elected to the office in four years, both Judges Matt Baldwin and Frank Reed having also seen service in the World War. . . . Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge visited Medina Lodge No. 898 and performed the initiatory ceremony and enjoyed a rare entertainment. . . . The Band and Drum Corps of Owatonna Lodge, youngest of its class in Minnesota, will shortly appear in new raiment as the result of a successful entertainment given for that purpose. . . . Three nights of an old-time minstrel show netted Clarksburg (W. Va.) Lodge a tidy sum for its Charity Fund. . . . The remodeled Home of Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge was christened on the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Lodge. . . . Danville (Ill.) staged the most successful minstrel show in their history. A sum of \$2,000 was set aside for a Christmas fund as a result.

Inside the Training Den

(Continued from page 17)

More than once I have happened into a menagerie house, to find the arena full of cat animals and a trainer seemingly nowhere about. The animals were doing as they pleased, some lolling in the spots of sunlight which came from the high windows, others playing, still others merely pacing. It was as though a recess had been called at school and the teacher had departed. Instead, however—he was hiding.

Hiding, and watching the animals with hawk-like eagerness, as, left to themselves, they followed the dictates of their own likes and dislikes. It was not a recess; on the contrary, it was one of the most important features of present day animal training, that of allowing the animals themselves to choose their own acts! In other words, the trainer was playing the part of a hidden observer, watching his tawny charges, and from his unseen point of vantage, learning their true natures, and the things which they liked best to do.

Some animals are natural climbers and balancers; others are not. Weeks could be wasted in an effort to teach a beast to walk a tightrope, for instance, when the power of balance simply was not in his brain. So the trainer of to-day, being a believer in efficiency, allows his animals to volunteer for the various services of the performing arena. During the recess time, in which the animals are left to their own resources, their every mannerism is catalogued. In their play, for instance, it may be found that two

lions or two tigers will box each other in mock fighting; two pals of the feline race that have selected each other as playmates. Naturally, there is fierce growling and a sprinkling of flying fur. The trainer notes it all—and when the show goes on the road, the audience gets a thrill out of two great cats which leap at each other in a seeming battle of death. For the trainer has taken advantage of this play instinct and made it a part of the show. The audience doesn't know that the big beasts are growling and hissing in good humor, and wouldn't believe it if the trainer said so.

ANOTHER animal will be found to have a love for climbing and for balancing himself about the thin rails of the arena. This is the beast which becomes the "tight-rope walking tiger" or the "Leonine Blondin." Another will be a humorist, cavorting about in comical fashion, and he becomes the "onlay-y-y-y, living-g-g-g, breathing-g-g-g cat clown in existence." In fact, the animal trainer has learned one great truth—that animals have tempers, likes, dislikes, moods, frailties and mannerisms just as a human has them, and that the easiest way to present a pleasing act is to take advantage of the natural "histronic talent" of the beast. For instance, on one of the big shows was an "untamable lion." At the very sight of the trainer he would hiss and claw and roar and appear obsessed with a mad desire to eat that trainer alive at the first opportunity.

His act was a constant thing of cracking whips, of shouts, of barking revolver shots, and of scurrying attendants outside the arena on the alert every instant for the leap of death. Old Duke, to tell the truth, seemed one of the fiercest beasts that ever went into a steel arena. His every mannerism carried the hint of death; he hated humans—you could see the malevolent glare in his eyes, the deadly threat of naked teeth, the—

By the way, did you ever play with a dog that mocked fierceness? A dog that growled and barked and pretended every moment that he was going to take off an arm or a leg, while you in turn pretended just as hard that you were fighting for your very life? I once spent a half hour with Old Duke in a cage so small that he slapped me in the face with his tail every time he turned around, and I didn't even have the customary buggy whip!

The explanation being simply the fact that it was discovered early in Duke's training days that he was an animal humorist. Pompous appearing, dignified in mien, yet possessed with a funny streak, which the trainer soon recognized and realized, Old Duke played his rôle so excellently that upon his death a short time ago, a large newspaper published an editorial regarding him—and the laugh that he, the lion, had on the "smart" human beings who had watched him!

"If Old Duke only had possessed a sleeve,"

said the editorial, "he would have placed many a snicker in it during his long and useful show-days. For Duke had a mission—that of showing at least a few persons who really understood him and who knew, that we who call ourselves humans are only superegoists, that because we can talk, and build edifices and go scurrying about this ant-hill we call life, we think we are the only beings existent who possess a brain. That was Duke's mission, to prove, after all, that we are only wonderful because we think we are wonderful, that we believe animals are soulless things because we do not understand them. No doubt there are many Old Dukes in the animal kingdom, supposedly our inferiors, that go through life tickling our egoism—and quietly, to themselves, giving us the laugh!"

In the old days of animal training, Duke would have just been a lion, doing routine things, because the trainers of those days didn't know enough to realize that animals might possess individuality. But those days are gone. It is a different deal now—far more acts are suggested by the animals themselves than by any trainer. The man in circus demand is the person who knows enough to stand at one side and watch—then take advantage of what he has seen.

Which explains perhaps a sight many circus-goers have noticed—of a herd of young elephants romping in the mud of a show-lot, and an interested group of men standing at one side, cataloguing every move. Mud makes elephant actors. From a beginning of mud and rain come the balance-artists of the elephant herd, the dancers, the "hootchie-kootchie" experts, and the comedians. All for the reason that mud to an elephant is like catnip to a lion or tiger. It is part of an elephant herd's routine of health to send it forth into the mire and rain of a "wet lot" and let the members play like so many tremendous puppies. And while they play, the trainer observes.

No two do the same thing in the same way—the individuality is as marked as in the members of any human kindergarten class. The trainer therefore has simply to pick his "bulls" for the various things he wants them to do when they have graduated into performers—one to walk upon his hind legs, another to dance in the ring as he danced in the happiness of sticky mud, another to sit on still another's head, and so on throughout the routine. There is hardly an elephant act that has not been first done voluntarily at some time in the antics of a play-fest in the mud.

However, after learning an elephant's aptitudes, comes the real job—that of making him know that he is to do these tricks as a part of his livelihood, and to recognize them by cues. An elephant doesn't measure his weight by pounds; he runs to tons, and to teach him the rudiments of his life-work under canvas is a matter of everything from blocks and tackle to lifting cranes.

Combined with one ultra-essential point: the elimination of pain. There is no braver beast than an elephant, and no greater coward; no better friend and no worse enemy. Injure an elephant when he is a baby, combine the thought of pain with the idea of work and some day it all will come back in a furious, thundering engine of destruction that not only wrecks the circus, but signs his own death warrant. Bad elephants must be killed; and when that happens a circus checks off anything from \$4,000 to \$10,000 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Therefore, the early training of a pachyderm is a delicate affair. First of all the student is led to the "class-room" accompanied by an older and more experienced "bull." Then, while the new applicant for performing honors watches, the older elephant is padded about the legs and tied; following which the blocks and tackles are pulled taut, causing the beast to lose its balance and fall on its side, the trainer meanwhile repeating and repeating the lay-down command. At the end of which the performer is allowed to rise and is given a carrot. Time after time is this done, while the student watches—especially that part where the feeding comes in. It all has its purpose—to attempt to fix in the new performer's mind the fact that, in the first place, this schooling won't hurt, and secondly, that all a "bull" has to do to earn a nice, fresh carrot, is to have a couple of ropes hooked to his legs, and be pulled over on his side. So quick is the intelligence of some elephants that instances have been known of the beasts learning their primary les-

(Continued on page 52)

10-Day Tube Free



What Men Use

To get those glistening teeth

Note how many men and women show white teeth nowadays.

They are proud to show them when they smile—because they are attractive.

There is a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth.

Boys who want good teeth should use it. Make this free test and see just what it does.

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Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

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Pepsodent is the tooth paste of to-day. Millions already use it. All careful people will adopt it when they know its benefits.

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You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

That's why teeth look cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles.

That's how teeth are ruined.

You must do this

Old ways of brushing do not end that film. Some always remains to threaten serious damage night and day.

So dental science sought a film combatant and two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Experts proved those ways effective.

Avoid Harmful Grit
Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Inside the Training Den

(Continued from page 51)



Announcing

A New Superior Quality
Playing Card especially
designed for Elks Lodges

KNOWING that all Elks demand and appreciate the best there is in whatever they buy, one of the oldest manufacturers of playing cards in America has designed a new brand of extraordinary quality especially for Elks' use.

And so this brand may be easily identified not only as the Elks' card, but as a product in keeping with all the good things that the Elks stand for, it has been christened

11 O'CLOCK PLAYING CARDS

The liveliest, most durable cardboard stock is used in its manufacture. Its perfect finish makes playing a joy. Its big indexes are easy on the weakest eyes. Its back design defies the soil of continuous handling. All in all, it's a card that is as good on the last deal of the evening as the first. And yet it sells at a popular price.

Ask for 11 o'clock Playing Cards, and the moment you take the deck from the case you will know that it is the most satisfactory card you ever held in your hand.

STANDARD PLAYING
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Chicago, Illinois

son on the first attempt. Others, hampered by fear, have required a month.

In the same way is every other rudimentary trick taught. The elephant is shown how to stand on his head by having his trunk pulled under him and his hind legs raised. After which he receives carrots. The reverse system is used for teaching him "the hind leg stand"—and again the carrots appear. After this, the block and tackle is not a necessity except as a means of support, while hitherto unused muscles are strengthened. The animal has learned his alphabet; now it is simply a matter of putting the letters together, the words themselves being furnished largely by his own antics.

INCIDENTALLY, this new order of things in the training field has led to a different relationship between the man and the beast. There was a time when animals were only animals, to be taken from their cages, pushed through their tricks, then shunted back into their cages and forgotten. Things are different now. The average menagerie has become more of an animal hotel, with conveniences. The superintendent must be a person who has studied not only the beasts themselves, but their anatomy, in other words, a jungle veterinarian.

The boss of the circus menagerie of to-day doesn't merely content himself with seeing that his charges are well fed. By a glance at the coat of a lion or tiger he can tell whether that beast has indigestion; ventilation is watched carefully to dispel the ammonia smell of the cat animals and thereby prevent headaches on the part of the animals; teeth are pulled, ingrown toenails doctored, operations performed, and every disease from rickets to pneumonia treated and cured. And the fact that man at last has learned that beasts possess temperaments, individuality, emotions and a good many things that humans brag about, has seemed to place them on a different plane. Where there once was cruelty there now is often affection, both on the part of the trainer and also on that of the animal!

In the Al G. Barnes Circus, in California, for instance, is a sleek-muscled 600-pound tiger, that is ever watching, watching; his eyes constantly on the crowds about his den, seeking but one person. At the sight of any blond-haired woman he rises excitedly, hurries close to the bars, growling in gruff, yet pleased fashion. Then, with a second look, he turns and slumps to the floor again. It is not the person he seeks!

That tiger is a killer. He has murdered four other cat animals, two lions and two tigers, yet if the woman he awaits should appear, she could tie a cord string about his neck and lead him around the tent in perfect safety.

He is the only wrestling tiger in captivity. Twice a day for two years, in the steel arena, his claws unguarded, his great jaws unuzzled, this 600-pound Bengal wrestled in almost human fashion with Mabel Stark, the woman who had raised him from cubhood, and whom he loved with a genuine affection. Once, in a motion picture, it was necessary for the "double" of the heroine to appear as though she were almost killed by a tiger; Mabel Stark took the job. The tiger leaped, and knocked her down. Then, while the cameras ground, it seemingly crushed her skull in its giant jaws. Yet those who watched saw that those jaws were closed so carefully, in spite of the swiftness of their action, that they barely disheveled the trainer's hair.

There came the time when Mabel Stark was called away, to become one of the featured trainers for the combined Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, where her act was to consist of the exhibition of an unusual animal, a coal-black jaguar, brought here from Cuba, where its exhibition had consisted of fighting and killing a bull at each performance. They take their amusement raw in Cuba. The act is a drawing card; Mabel Stark is far better known to-day than she was back in the days with Al G. Barnes. But with the circus she left behind, that tiger still watches, still waits and

seeks constantly for one woman out of the crowds which daily throng through the menagerie, rising with hope, then dropping forlornly again to the floor, while, in the midst of her greater fame, Mabel Stark smiles and sighs, and talks of how wonderful it would be if she could only have her wrestling tiger!

It's only one instance of hundreds. Up in Bridgeport, Conn., at the winter-quarters of the Barnum show, lives Captain "Dutch" Ricardo, "the man of a thousand scars." There was a time when they called "Cap" the biggest fool in the animal business—for "Cap" was one of the pioneers of the newer methods of animal training. It was he, for instance, who once walked into the office of H. H. Tammen, then owner of the Sells-Floto Circus, and made him a proposition.

"I understand," he said, "that you've got a bunch of bad cats. Been beaten, ain't they?"

"Yep," came the answer. "Just about ruined too. That idiot I had got 'em so flighty they'll kill anybody that goes into the arena with 'em."

"I'll fix 'em up for you," announced "Cap" laconically. "Say the word and I'll go out there and start in on 'em."

The circus owner swallowed quickly, then reached for a liability contract.

"Er—just sign this first," he announced, and "Cap" signed, releasing the circus from any possible damages for his death. Then together they went to winter quarters, Ricardo to make his first effort at training, Tammen to see a new trainer get killed.

"Want any help?" he asked.

"Nope—just two kitchen chairs."

"Kitchen chairs? What for?"

"To train 'em with."

Whereupon "Cap" got his chairs, and a buggy whip. Then he ordered the first lion into the arena, where he awaited it.

THE lion took one look and sprang. Midway in the air, it struck something, roared in victorious fashion, then settled, to chew it to pieces. But it wasn't a man—it was that chair. He disentangled himself, and leaped again, only to again enmesh himself with the second chair which "Cap" had tossed in his path. A third time, while again Ricardo broke the leap with the first chair which he had retrieved while the lion was breaking away from the second—then the cat paused to look his new antagonist over. So far he hadn't been hurt at all. Merely foiled. Here was someone who could outwit him, and who really had him at his mercy, someone who didn't beat him, but who, instead, talked and purred and meowed continually in friendly fashion. The lion didn't leap again.

One by one was the whole group introduced to its new trainer. Not once was a gun fired. Not once was a cat struck, other than a sharp tap with that buggy whip. That season the "hopeless" act once more went on the road, and "Cap" Ricardo worked it!

In fact, "Cap" is a man of individual theories. Just as his kitchen chair was an idea of his own, so are there others.

"I'll stick my head in any lion's mouth on earth," he says. "But," with a wink, "I got a trick about it. Always chew tobacco, see? If the lion should happen to close down, I'd just let that tobacco go in his mouth. Ever notice how you'll open your jaws sudden-like when you've got hold o' something that tastes bad? Huh? Well, it'd be the same way with a lion. He'd turn loose and I'd take my head out."

Which is an optimistic manner in which to look at things. The billing of "Cap" as "the man of a thousand scars" is only a slight exaggeration. He possesses them by the hundreds, for "Cap" is a specialist on undoing the misdeeds of others.

"It's just this here old principle of red-hot coals, or coals of fire or whatever you call 'em," he explains. "Now, for instance, if you hit a man that's tryin' to be good to you, you're

Courtney Ryley Cooper's next contribution, "Tonnage Preferred," is an interesting study of elephant psychology and of the romantic rôle one pachyderm played in the life and fortunes of its owner

goin' to feel bad about it, ain't you? Well, a cat, when he's clawing you up—he knows what he's doin'. Don't ever get it in your head that he don't. Particularly a tiger cat. I always did like tiger cats better'n I liked lion cats, at that. 'Course, lots of trainers will tell you different, but I've seen 'em all; I've been among the slumps and I've been among the aristocracks, and what I claim is, the lion ain't the king of beasts. But, be that as it may, a cat knows what he's doing. And when he finds out he's done a friend dirt, ain't he goin' to be sorry about it and do his best to make up? That's my theory, and it works out too."

Incidentally, one of these little coals of fire took shape one day while "Cap" was standing on the ballyhoo stand of the Sells-Floto Circus, a lion by his side. Inadvertently, he poked the lion in the eye, and the lion in turn bit off the middle finger of "Cap's" right hand.

"But he didn't mean to," says "Cap." "Figure yourself how surprised a guy gets when he bumps his face into a door in the dark. He never meant it."

Which may sound like an unusual example. To a certain extent it is, for "Cap" and his theories have an outstanding place in the show-world, the surprising thing about them being the fact that they have worked out to such an extent that he now "breaks" a great many of the animal acts for the biggest circus in the world. However, there are other instances of affection between trainer and animal almost as remarkable.

OUT on a ranch in Colorado live a man and a woman who once were featured on the billboards of every city in the country. He was a menagerie superintendent, she a trainer of lions, tigers and elephants. But they troupe no more.

The circus does not represent to them what it once did. There seems a certain bitterness about it, a grimness which they are unable to dispel, and so they remain away. The elephant, which they raised together from a 3-year-old "punk" to one of the really great performers among pachyderms in America, is dead, felled by volley after volley of steel-jacketed bullets during a rampage at Salina, Kans., several years ago, in which he all but wrecked the menagerie and endangered the lives of hundreds of persons.

Loneliness on the part of the elephant for his old trainers is commonly accredited for his "badness." But the circus had no other recourse—there were human lives to save and only one thing was possible, to slay the maddened beast before it, in turn, became a slayer. But that argument doesn't go with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Alispaw of L2 Ranch, out in Colorado.

"They surely could have found some way of holding him quiet until we got there," is their plaint, "they just didn't understand him! If they had even told him that we were coming, he'd have quieted down. He just wanted us, and we weren't there and he went out of his head for awhile. If they'd only penned him up in the cars and then wired us—we'd have come, we'd have gotten there somehow!"

In answer to which the circus points to pictures of wrecked wagons, smashed ticket-boxes, torn sidewalling, and overturned animal dens—in vain. The Alispaws can't accept the argument.

"The circus wouldn't be the same—without Snyder," is their reply, and the big tops go traveling on, without two stellar performers.

A similar incident came in Texas, during the necessary killing of another elephant on the same show, which had become maddened through "must," and was virtually insane. He had torn the menagerie almost to shreds, injured one man, and was holding a whole town at bay. And while circus men hastened for army rifles, the executive staff struggled with a woman who strove by every means of feminine aggressiveness to break from their grasp, and go to that elephant.

"Let me go, you idiots!" she screamed in hysterical fashion, "I can handle him! I'm not afraid—let me go! Let me go!"

She had trained the elephant for two years, and it had obeyed her every command. With any other pachyderm, she would have understood that the natural condition of "must"

(Continued on page 54)

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Not only can you secure El Producto in the shape and size that suits your fancy, but also in the color which you prefer.

Perhaps you are now an El Producto smoker—if so we don't need to tell you of the mild yet distinctive blend that can't be imitated—and never varies.

But if you've never tried El Producto—take a chance and invest in one at the lodge stand. If you like it, you've found the real enjoyment we talk about; if you don't, we've lost a customer. That's a fair enough gamble, isn't it?

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Inside the Training Den

(Continued from page 53)

can bring insanity to any pachyderm, and that, when in this condition, it recognizes no one, understands no command, and knows nothing save the wildest sort of maniacal antagonism toward everything, animate or inanimate, which may come into its path. But her faith in this particular beast had transgressed even beyond good sense. It was necessary to drag her from the circus grounds by main force before the first shot could be fired at the unfortunate beast!

Nor does the love of animals always confine itself to the trainer. Workmen of the circus are shadowy beings; few persons know whence they come, what their life before they drifted into the nomadic, grim life of the "razorback," the "canvassman" or the "big top roughneck." There are stories by the scores in the unshaven beings who sleep about the lot in the afternoons; stories of men whose finer cast of features tell of a time when all was not work and long hours, hints of hidden things in the shadows; they are men who seldom write a letter or receive one. And they are lonely.

Human companionship often does not appeal to them. But the friendship of animals is a different thing. Perhaps it is because they can talk to these beasts during the long hours of the night, as the circus train rocks along on its journey from town to town, knowing that their confidences will not be revealed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that more than one workman has been left behind in an alien burial ground, with no close human friend to know of his death, and with only a lion or tiger or elephant to watch for a companion who never again appears.

More than once also I have seen laborers of the circus volunteer to "sit up" with a dying orang-outang or chimpanzee, doing their work by day, remaining awake at night and nursing the beast in the hours of darkness; at last, lonely again, tears in their eyes, to shuffle on out to their hard, grim, dangerous labors, while a still form remains behind, to be buried behind the big top, after the matinee. It was such a case as this that formed a story which a certain little circus owner likes to tell, as he explains one of the reasons why the workmen of his show are better treated than they were in other days, and furnished with more conveniences and accommodations. For in this case, it was the man and not the animal that suffered tragedy.

No one around the Floto show even remembers his name. They only know that his loyalty and devotion in a strange friendship caused a soft-hearted circus owner to become far more interested in the workmen than ever before, almost to the point of sentimental solicitude. The recipient of that loyalty incidentally was rather grotesque—Bon, the baby hippo, or, in circus language, "the blood sweating behemoth of Holy Writ."

Four men carried Bon on the show when he arrived, a fat aimless-appearing baby riverhog from the Nile Country. The press agents prop-

erly exploited him. Which Bon didn't seem to relish whatever—for all that the baby hippopotamus did was whine. One day the menagerie superintendent received an inspiration.

"That hip's lonesome," he announced to an assistant. "Round up one of them there roughnecks and put him in with it—see if that does any good."

The roughneck, name unknown, was obtained, and paid a few dollars extra a week for the discomfort of sleeping in the same cage with a hippopotamus. A silent, taciturn individual, he had told nothing of himself when he came on the show; his name had been plainly a makeshift, and the circus, with other things to think about, had made no inquiries.

The baby hippo ceased to whine. Gradually, it was noticed that the "hippopotamus nurse" was taking more and more interest in his charge, pilfering bread for him from the cookhouse, or cutting fresh grass from around the circus lot, when he should have been resting during matinee hours. A month passed. The hippo seemed cured.

"Guess you can go back to your bunk now," said the menagerie superintendent.

The "hippo nurse" nodded. But the next morning, the superintendent found him again in the behemoth's den.

"Just thought I'd sneak out an' see how he was gettin' along," came the explanation. "An' he was whinin'—so I stuck with him."

The superintendent winked—to himself. Two dollars a week extra is a fortune to a circus roughneck.

"Nix on that stuff," came finally, "the pay's stopped."

"Yeh. I know it."

And he continued to sleep in the hippopotamus den—without pay. Another month passed. Two more after that. The circus rounded into its trip down the west coast, for its final effort at possible dollars before the cold weather closed in. Then, one night, the emergencies suddenly clamped hard. There had come a shrieking cry from the shrouded wagons atop the flatcars, the warning of that feared thing of the circus:

"Fire! F-i-r-e!"

Hurrying men "spotted" the cage where a red glow had shown for an instant, then faded—the hippopotamus den, evidently set afire by a spark from the engine. The train stopped. Workmen and performers rushed forward.

The den was dripping with water, evidently carried from the circus water-cart just ahead. A bucket lay beside the cage. But the "hippo nurse" was not to be found.

There came a shout. They had discovered him by the right of way, his neck broken; in the fight for his grotesque comrade's life, he evidently had slipped on the top of the den and fallen from the train. Death had been instantaneous—

But that last bucket of water had extinguished the fire.

The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 13)

"Not in my Aunt's room. It would frighten her."

"Right. Everywhere else——"

She hesitated.

With quick Irish tact he said, "I know, Miss, your sister just died. I knew Miss Falcon well—called her in for speedin' more than once—stopped her runaway horse once. She was like your Father, Miss—all fire and dash, and brave as you make 'em. Is there any objection to going in her room?"

Eulalie looked at him strangely. "No, none whatever. My sister's jewels are still in the safe there—and her—dresses hanging in the closet."

"Which room is it, Miss?"

She motioned him outside of the room and pointed to a door on the second gallery.

"I'll just go in then quiet, alone," he said sympathetically.

The doctor went to the telephone to call the servitors of death; and he motioned Calvert to

take Eulalie out of ear-shot. Closing the door behind them, Calvert led her to the next gallery. They were pausing there when the door of the dead Miss Falcon's room opened, and Officer Murphy emerged white and trembling, the most frightened man Calvert had beheld in that afternoon of frightened people. Quite the color of putty, he seemed not to see the two across the gallery; and to Calvert's "All right in there?" he made no answer, but hurried stumblingly to the staircase and was down like a shot. Eulalie watched him with that still terror in her face he had seen when he first beheld her crouching on the terrace. Calvert made no comment on the officer.

"I'll go down to the car myself," he said, "and bring my bag up. Then I'll drive it to the station. One of Carroll Jayne's men is coming up from the city and will take it back."

"I'll send the footman with you," she said, and her voice was not quite steady.

"No need!"

"O, yes! it is quite a walk."
 He acquiesced, and through the twilight a man was soon walking with him who seemed glad of his company.

"Awful times here," remarked this servitor whose name was Fleming. "Two deaths in one month's enough to kill the young lady."

"What did her sister die of—"
 "Miss Falcon—Miss Eulalie's half-sister? Didn't you see?—'twas in all the papers—thrown from her horse about twenty miles from here—she'd ride horses forever and never ride 'em to death. They took her into a house—where she lay unconscious until they came for her. Never did get conscious again in this world. Strange enough, the woman whose house they took her in had once been a nurse in this establishment; just for a little while in the first Madame's time; thought the girl must be a Falcon, though she hadn't seen any of the family for years; but they have those eagle faces. Miss Falcon, she was like her father—dark hair and white skin, and always had a little smile on her lips—"

A queer chill went through Calvert. Suddenly the whole place seemed ghostly and unreal. The fancy was gone in an instant, leaving an unpleasant impression.

They reached the little gate, and Calvert gave an exclamation of surprise. His bag was carefully propped against a stunted pine in the lane—but the car was gone.

"Here's a mess," he ejaculated. "The thieves got one thing anyway. They've gone off with my friend's car."

The footman had a flash-light and turned its circle on the bag. "Looks undisturbed, sir."

"I wish they had taken the bag and left the car. How fresh these tracks look!" He peered into the greenish-black loam recently disturbed. "Why they must have just gone. Poor Jayne! That's a new car! Well, I'll have to telephone."

"Too bad, sir. Well, sir, I'll take the bag to the house. You're coming, sir?"

Evidently the man did not want to go back alone. Calvert scarcely blamed him. Together they trudged through the grounds, but separated before they reached the kitchen door. "I shall take a look around," Calvert said. "Let me have your flash-light."

"All right!"
 "Tell the officers—oh, no, here's one—is that you, Officer Teck?"

Terra-Cotta acknowledged his identity, and received the news of the theft of the car with real emotion. "Not a thing touched in the house, sir. Me and Murphy's been through everything. Not a spoon's missin'—nothin' out of place."

"I am going in to telephone my friend Mr. Carroll Jayne about the car," said Calvert. "Then I'd like a stroll over the grounds with you, Officer Teck."

Calvert got his number. A servant answered—"Mr. Jayne isn't home yet."

"Tell him to call Brompton 8642 when he does come—ask for Mr. Merton Calvert," he hung up and called again—this time police headquarters at Brompton—informed them of the theft of the car. He had done all he could for the present, and he rejoined Teck who was waiting for him and talking to a girl with a hard, gay face, and fluttering cap ribbons—the very type of a stage lady's-maid. Calvert had noticed her among the servants because of her smart beruffled appearance. She cast a searching look at him as she said, "Guard us well now, Teck," and tripped indoors.

Calvert and the officer began a leisurely walk, and soon the subject uppermost in the former's mind came to his lips.

"Did you notice anything about officer Murphy?" Calvert asked, "when he first came downstairs?"

Teck stopped and stared at him. "Yes, I did," he said slowly. "He was scared—white as a sheet. 'Murphy,' said I, 'what the hell's the matter with you?'"

"Did he answer?"
 "No! All he said was 'You shut up, you terra-cotta baboon.'"

This could not be construed as an answer. "I asked," remarked Calvert, "because I thought Murphy looked frightened when he came out of—the late Miss Falcon's room."

"He knew her," said Teck, "as well as a cop can know a young lady who treats all cops with a

(Continued on page 56)



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The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 55)

sweet impudence and way of her own. Often saw the lady myself. Us country police see everything. She was like chain lightning—chip of the old block—say there was a strange one, that Wendell Falcon. Say, have you ever heard where they bury these Falcons?"

Calvert said he never had. "The estate's as old as time; and up on this mountain region people do bury on the place because of the state of the roads in winter. 'Twas a custom started a hundred years ago in this house—and they kep' it up. Not that you can see the buryin' ground from the window, but really, it ain't far away, just down this walk here."

Calvert would have preferred another objective, but he followed the policeman along the ghostly line of walk, the white circle of flash light preceding them like a wheel of destiny. Bats flew about them and black cedars came up over the hill to meet them, crows flying dismally in the dim light. The air in this hollow felt cold and damp, and all at once marble steps descended, and their edges pompous with tall blue flowers; and beyond the marble steps was a crowded family of headstones. One sharply white bore the simple inscription:

THECLA FALCON,
1895-1922.

Teck turned the light—here, there, to flash genealogy upon Calvert's vision. "Exclusive in life—exclusive in death," mused the officer. "Some folks can't help bein' like that. What's the matter, sir? You look as white as that stone."

"Was the late Miss Falcon's name Thecla?"
"Why yes, sir. There it is on the stone."
"And is that her picture in the hall—the last one near the staircase?"

"Yes, that's her. Hortense, the lady's-maid I was talking to, was her maid. She maids Miss Eulalie, too."

Calvert scarcely heard him. His mind was going back over the events of the afternoon, which now were thrown into fantastic light by this latest revelation. Eulalie's evasive answers, the doubt left in his mind as to whether "my half-sister Thecla Falcon" referred to the portrait or to the woman in the strange clothes—the beautiful dress that somehow did not seem to belong to her, was in some obscure way "wrong." All this came back to him as the real cause of the terror which had sent the servants scattering, and driven even Eulalie to the bench on the terraces to recover the sense of reality.

It was too incredible! Calvert's excursions into the subject of the supernatural—hauntings and other ghostly manifestations had left him as incredulous as most people who work hard and live a more or less objective life. And yet some extraordinary cause had been at work in that house. Thieves—even thieves who stole automobiles—could not frighten a whole household in the manner he had witnessed that afternoon. Had this Thecla—evidently a powerful and vivid personality—returned to her home by sheer will power operating from the regions of the grave?

He was less and less willing to linger there, eager to get back to the house, indeed, and question Eulalie; and then a wave of tenderness swept over him. He could not alarm her again by such preposterous interrogation!

"I've seen the burying-ground, Teck. I'll go back to the house. Which way are you going?"
"Don't know. Guess I'll keep to the edges of the estate. Murphy's stayin' near the house."

Calvert strolled back, whistling softly—thinking. The strange events had two sides: the stolen car and the man in the mask formed one—no shadows there. Wendell Falcon had telephoned for help. Calvert himself had seen the intruder. The car was gone. These were hard facts. Where the scene began to be shadowy was the reign of terror in the house.

He was passing under the great ivied side of the house; and he remembered it was that opposite to the rooms of the late Wendell Falcon. A patch of light from one of the windows shone palely on the grass. Somehow he wanted to look up but felt disinclined—extremely reluctant. However, he did look up.

Looking down at him was the woman he had seen that afternoon; and her gaze was not direct;

rather she was peering at him; and he realized he was standing exactly in the patch of light. He knew she was looking from the late Thecla Falcon's room; and for a moment he returned her stare with one as hard and searching as she gave. Before he knew it he was shivering.

What should he do? Walk in and tell Eulalie her dead sister's room was inhabited? Go and alarm the already panicky servants? No! he would go himself and investigate.

It took resolution on his part, but it was the directest way of solving a mystery; and Calvert hated roundabout methods. Going to the front door where he found Murphy stationed, he entered the main hall. Brilliantly lighted by electric candles which were multiplied and turned to rose and green by the facets of many glass pendants ornamenting the fixtures. The broad, beautiful place was like an introduction to high society. Treading softly he went to the picture of Thecla Falcon, and stood before it. He wanted to impress those brilliant features on his mind before going up to the dead girl's room.

The painter had depicted her on one of the terraces of Falcon Manor, as it was called—two stag hounds at her feet—her straight dress—the strange Egyptian costume of red and violet—painted a sunset sky all red with angry clouds. "She and Eulalie could never have been friends," he thought.

At that moment he was addressed by the voice which already had power to thrill him to the depths of his being. "You are looking at— at Thecla."

"She must have been—amazing."

"She was."

"Were you close?"

"No. I am just twenty. She was seven years older—and with such a brilliant mind! I was a child to her."

"Were she and your father—congenial? Forgive me—if I ask too much."

"No; not very. Too much alike, I think," she answered; then as if the subject saddened her, she said abruptly, "I hear the—thieves took your car—"

"Not mine. Carroll Jayne's." Then later Calvert glanced at the closed door of the late Thecla Falcon's room. "Nothing was taken from your sister's room?"

"No," she said faintly.

"No dresses?"

"Why do you ask that?"

It seemed the easiest way to get at a hard subject; and he answered, "The Officer was hasty—and you haven't looked yourself."

"No. I haven't looked—myself."

"Best look and see—if everything is there."

"I will—if you will come with me!"

This was exactly what he wanted. He followed her up-stairs, thinking she was most beautiful in her black evening dress, her well shaped head poised gracefully above white shoulders. Before the door of her sister's room she paused; then with a visible effort she turned the handle of the door and went in, switching on the light as she entered.

They stood for a moment silently in a room which Calvert thought one of the strangest he had ever seen. From the light apple-green walls to the bed and dressing table and fine old desk mulberry-colored silk lacquer and the thin dows, it was rich, suave and sophisticated to a degree which awoke the liveliest interest in a late occupant. Even her toilet articles of dull gray platinum were different in shape and style from any Calvert had ever seen—there were only two pictures in the room—a painting by Walter Gay of an interior quite as lovely and strange as this one, and a suave drawing—original, Eulalie afterwards told him, of Leonardo's—a woman smiling. Nothing else, not a book or magazine or bit of feminine handwork. The narrow bed had a tall baldachino which increased its narrowness, and lifted the eye to the on the light golden colored cover on the bed.

Both Calvert and Eulalie saw something at the same moment—a deep dent in the pillow. Her startled eyes sought his. "Some one has lain there recently," she said. "No one but Hortense should come here."

The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 56)

Calvert wondered if he should tell her what he had seen and demand her confidence about what *she* had seen that afternoon—what the servants had evidently seen. Could a dozen and more people be tricked by shadows—fooled by their recent memories of a vivid, and if this room spoke truly—a very subtle personality? He hesitated to utter his strange question; to ask her if she thought her dead sister had become an amazing revenant. Oh, no! It was too preposterous. Yet he had seen a woman under the portrait of Thecla Falcon who excellently resembled it. He wheeled about—looked at her.

"Tell me—was there anything that troubled her?"

"Love always troubled her," was the quick, strange answer. "She was perfectly inhuman to the men who were in love with her."

"Was she ever in love?" Calvert asked recklessly.

"I used to think she was half in love with Carroll Jayne because she would have a queer disinclination to utter his name," said Eulalie naively with a ghost of a smile. "He was crazy about her—used to send her a kind of rose she fancied grown by a half mad florist somewhere near New York. They were purplish red flowers, heavy with scent, as if every rose was a little soft sachet bag—a velvet affair. I used to think those roses in this room were the loveliest things I had ever seen. Thecla would sit here and thrum a guitar, and keep the roses close to her—but if I ever mentioned Carroll Jayne's name she'd take them and put them deliberately out of the window even if it was a freezing night; and their little soft petals would press terribly against the glass as if begging to come in again—and in the morning nothing but brown things there."

Carroll Jayne! Memories were coming fast now—Carroll's restlessness last summer when they were on a fishing expedition together. Carroll's utter silence about his neighbors; his long brooding looks not directed to the scenery. "Oh, poor old chap, you must have had it bad," Calvert thought; then with thanksgiving, "I'm glad you did—suppose you had looked long enough away from her to see Eulalie!"

OH, WHITE flower in black shadow, how little he had in common with this room of a tormented temperament. Eulalie! her name was like an introduction to romance. Thankful he was to be here in a house that held the dead—outside the night, and within a beloved and beautiful woman—and he on the fairy borders of love.

"I am glad you are here," she whispered as in answer to his thoughts. "I was almost—afraid of Thecla even—even when she was alive."

"Miss Falcon"—he hesitated—"do you—do you believe—the dead return!"

"Oh, don't," she cried. "Please—"

"Yes, it's—"

"Yes, I know! It's what made—all the terror—this afternoon—"

"Open the hanging-closet—wardrobe—wherever your sister's dresses are kept," he commanded. "We must get to the root of this, you see—if you are to know any peace."

Softly she opened a door. Her tremulous hand touched a garment here and there for identification. "I don't see—the—the Egyptian dress," she faltered.

"Are you sure?"

"I know all her clothes—and they are all here—all but that one."

"Was it a—?"

"A favorite gown—yes," she answered as if reading his very thoughts.

His flesh had the sensation of being pricked by invisible needles. At that moment Hortense appeared in the opened door. "Mademoiselle," she said, "the gentleman, Mr. Calvert, is wanted on the telephone. They are holding the line."

"Please take the call from here," Eulalie said; then turned to Hortense. "Were you in this room to-day?"

"No, miss; No, mademoiselle. I cleaned it thoroughly yesterday."

"Someone has been lying on the bed." She pointed to the dent in the pillow.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Hortense, with a

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"Don't I know it?"

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They Satisfy

The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 57)

cold look at Eulalie, which seemed to affect her disagreeably, for she said at once:

"You may go."
Merton Calvert heard his friend's voice over the wire. "Carroll speaking." A pause. "You're at the—Falcon place—car gone, you say?"

Merton explained—a pause; then a choked voice, "All O. K. Car found on the Post-road—no one in it—took it as far as they wanted—must have had cold feet; glad you're with Eulalie Falcon—Stay, if you can. See you soon—" abrupt ringing off. Eulalie had re-entered the closet, and her long white fingers were again on their search for a missing garment. Then he heard a startled cry from her. Going quickly to the wardrobe door he saw her gazing horrified at something on the floor. He looked in the direction her gaze pointed. Upon the floor lay a large, fresh red rose of a deep purplish hue.

Calvert picked it up cautiously. It could not have been cut many hours, for the stem was straight and firm, the leaves crisp and fresh, the petals just opening. It was delicately fragrant.

He looked at Eulalie. "Was it this kind of—rose?"

"Yes," she faltered.
"Listen to me," he commanded, laying his hand for a moment lightly on her arm. "I am going to get to the bottom of this—Eulalie! I was sent into that lane—for just this. One crowd's eternity into an hour sometimes. You may not want me here—but—Oh, my dear!"

He knew time was nothing as he saw the answering look in her face. "I know! I understand! I, too—" it seemed to say.

They breathed easier as if to share a strange secret was not so hard—and they stared at the rose. "Yes—stay—yes, a Thecla rose," she whispered.

"But no dead hand brought it. I want to ask you something. May I stay in this room to-night?"

"Yes," she answered after a moment's hesitation, "if you can keep the servants from knowing."

"I will keep the servants from knowing, but I must tell the officers—Murphy and Teck—and Dr. Crosby."

"He's staying to-night, too. Old Mr. Reginald, our solicitor, is ill. But seals have been put upon everything; and Dr. Crosby has told the Coroner it was death from fright—there'll be no inquest. I have told my aunt you will be at dinner—and over a night or two. She does not know my father is dead—I have explained to her he is not well—perhaps to-morrow."

"Yes—to-morrow."
The dinner gong made a hollow sound through the house. He laid the rose on the dressing-table and went down to the drawing-room with her.

Clinging to Dr. Crosby's arm was the little frail aunt—a kind of porcelain product in lavender gauzes—cheeks faintly pink with a coquetry not yet dead. Calvert was introduced.

"The Merton-Calverts," she quavered. "I remember your grandmother on Washington Square—how long ago nobody must say!"

They went into dinner. Calvert had the sensation of horror kept at bay while they ate mushroom entrées and crisp salad with Russian dressing. He was glad when the meal was over—and Dr. Crosby escorted Miss Lucy to the lift that took her to her floor.

Eulalie asked him to come into the library with her. It was a bland room of rose and yellow contrary to all tradition. "Who read all these books?" Calvert sighed.

"My father—I have a little shelf—here."
"And your sister. Did she read?"

"Thecla never read. She said books were barriers to life—Oh, Mr. Calvert!"

A face was looking in—a masked face with a curiously white pointed chin. Calvert dashed to the window, but it was tightly locked; then to the front door. "Murphy, quick—that masked man looked in the library window."

Dr. Crosby joined him. "What did you see?" he asked.

"A face—library window—masked," Calvert gave back.

(To be Continued)

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In Praise of An Old-Fashioned Vice

(Continued from page 19)

short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days and then, without looking at the book try'd to complete them again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them."

Samuel Pepys, once discovered, becomes a life-long friend. Dip into his diary anywhere—it makes no difference what the page—you are captured at once by the ingenuousness, the humanness of this gossipy, imperfect, interesting, yes, and courageous little man.

"Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expence"—

This is a part of the entry on the last day of April, 1666.

"Mr. Barlow is dead; for which God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets £100 per annum"—

So with utter lack of pretense he chronicles the passing of his predecessor in the Navy Office.

"To Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed the time till sermon was done."

If there lives a man who can not find a chuckle in the guileless sincerity of that confession, his soul must be dead indeed.

As for Rousseau and Cellini, it is impossible even to begin to write about them without being led far beyond the limits of an article like this. They ought to be the intimate companions of all of us. You can not think about your business once you commit yourself to either of them; and however often you return to their society they are still interesting and new.

Among biographies I should write these four at the top of the list: "The Life of Samuel Johnson," by James Boswell, a good biography of Napoleon and a good biography of Lincoln (there are dozens of these two, all worth while), "The Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan.

Shakespeare and Milton were far greater writers, but I venture to believe that Samuel Johnson will live in the memories of men even after these master spirits are forgotten. For Boswell did not make a book *about* a man; he set the man down in our very midst. So vividly does the illustrious Doctor live in these pages that we hear his voice, see the contortions of his face, and almost feel his huge, ungainly body walking with us through the streets.

There is hardly a subject of human interest on which he did not have vigorous opinions, and only once in his life apparently was he ever at a loss for an answer:

"I put a question to him upon a fact in common life, which he could not answer, nor have I found any one else who could," writes the faithful Boswell. "What is the reason that women servants, though obliged to be at the expence of purchasing their own clothes, have much lower wages than men servants, to whom a great proportion of that article is furnished, and when in fact our female house servants work much harder than the male?"

Of a woman's preaching he remarked that it is "like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

"He observed, a principal source of judgment was, viewing things partially and only on one side; as for instance *fortune hunters*, when they contemplated the fortunes *singly and separately*, it was a dazzling and a tempting object; but when they began to possess the wives and their fortunes *together*, they began to suspect that they had not made quite so good a bargain."

Boswell knew well how to draw him out. One afternoon when conversation lagged he asked the Doctor what he would do if he were shut up in the

(Continued on page 60)



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In Praise of an Old-Fashioned Vice

(Continued from page 59)

Tower of London with a new-born babe; and Johnson, nothing daunted, told just what he would do and proceeded to discourse in fascinating fashion on the rearing of the young. He and Boswell were a priceless partnership. You have the feeling that had you lived in those days you would rather have been with them, and the wonderful group of which Johnson was the center, than to participate in any other imaginable pleasure. Boswell, rebelling a little because the Doctor kept such late hours and compelled him to drink so much port wine, was reproved by a Mr. Dempster who remarked that "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not to keep company with such a man." Certainly one deserves some sort of punishment—if not palsy, then something only a little less severe—if, having opportunity to live with Dr. Johnson in Boswell's book, he passes that opportunity by.

Of Napoleon more books have been written than of any other man who ever lived. He was humanity raised to the nth power; he was us with our strength, our weakness, our ambitions all magnified. "Work is my element," he wrote in his last days on St. Helena. "I was born and bred for work. I have known the limitations of my legs, I have known those of my eyes, but I have never been able to discover my limitations for work." Yet his very lack of limitations, his easy predominance over all his associates wrecked him. "I judge by my own judgment and reason," he wrote proudly, "and not by the opinions of others." A little willingness to be counseled might have established him and his descendants over a permanent empire; egotism pulled his costly structure down about his ears, and made him an exile and a prisoner.

That any American home should be without a good life of Lincoln is unpardonable. Better go without a parlor carpet and eat on the kitchen table. He typifies America; he is the essence of our democracy. Every boy and girl ought to know his life; and every man and woman can find encouragement and guidance in his patience, his marvelous knowledge of human nature and his unflinching faith.

I would like to say something about the "Life of Jesus," as interpreted by Renan, but I must do it—if at all—in another article. The painters, the hymn writers and the preachers have joined in a sad conspiracy to rob His personality of its wonderful power and charm. The painters pic-

ture Him as a weakling—a woman's face with a beard—He who lived all His life outdoors, who swung an axe and pushed a plane in a carpenter shop. The hymn writers have written of Him as a "Man of sorrow," as though He had never laughed—He to whom little children flocked in crowds! Renan goes too far, perhaps; there are many who will take that view. But at least he makes Jesus of Nazareth a real Personality, lovable, strong; a man's Man, not the mere shadowy symbol of self-effacement and soft virtues, as too many of those who ought to know better have tried to make us believe.

I have been interrupted while writing this. A friend who lives in a New York suburb rang my front door bell and asked me to lend him my two volumes of the "Life and Letters of John Hay." I let him take them, of course, but I could not help wondering, as I always do under such circumstances, why it is that people borrow books. This particular friend is rich. He comes up to my door in his own car, driven by a chauffeur to whom he pays a hundred and fifty dollars a month. He will often spend fifteen or twenty dollars for an evening's entertainment; he gives away money to charities in considerable amounts. *Yet he borrows books.*

I once spent a week-end in his home. It is richly furnished; the food was good; hot water issued from the tap marked "hot" over the shower bath; the beds were soft; and the piano in good tune. But all that Sunday I wandered about, like a lost spirit, seeking books; my mind hungered while my body feasted; and on Monday I rose and hurried away like a man escaping from a desert island.

He should form the good old-fashioned vice of book-buying and book-reading—this well-to-do friend of mine. He should surround himself with temptation and let no week go by which does not add something to the burden of his library shelves. It is with the hope of leading him into this pleasant, old-fashioned vice—and other business men like him, who now read nothing but the newspapers, and are conversationally dead beyond the realm of the sporting page—that I have written this article.

Also I have had another purpose. For, paraphrasing again the remark of Mr. Beecher, a confirmed bookomaniac will stop at nothing. He will even write about books to get money to buy books.

Potiphar Buss Stays Home

(Continued from page 39)

Potiphar sat down by the sick boy's bed. For a long time he sat there, only the smoky old lamp lighting the scene. By piecing together parts of the tale which came out during the interludes of sanity, coupled with the information in the boy's letters, the old printer finally got the story.

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Buss? . . . in love with a girl that was sweet and pretty . . . and loved you like hell in return?"

Potiphar was silent. But his withered lips closed hard. And the pathos of the boy's past came up before him.

"We was all alone in the world, Mr. Buss . . . she and I! I was only seventeen. She was twenty . . . going on twenty-one—"

"And probably twice as old and wise for all that!" thought Potiphar grimly.

"—but that difference in our ages wasn't nothin', Mr. Buss . . . She loved me and I loved her . . . she worked in a candy factory . . . I worked in a newspaper office. That was while I was learning my trade. After I'd learned my trade I was goin' to take a job somewhere at man's wages . . . and send for her . . . and we'd be happy . . . together."

The printer nodded.

"The night before I came to go away we took a long walk, Mr. Buss . . . we come to the edge of the bay across from the city. It was sort o' a misty evening, Mr. Buss. All the world was raw and cold and lonesome . . . an' we looked at the lights of the city across the water and it seemed as if it was we two against the whole

world . . . there was nobody to mind, nobody to care. And a great big homesickness came over me then, Mr. Buss, to keep her with me always. I was afraid of the mornin' and the weeks that was comin'. I was afraid something would happen—that I'd lose her. I said, 'Mary . . . let's get married tonight . . . and when I've landed that job up in New England I'll send for you—'

"You didn't have the money t' take her with yeh?" asked Potiphar.

"No, only had the money for the minister and the license and my railroad fare t' the job. And I married her that night. . . . O God! . . . it seems years ago! . . . and it was all over so soon . . . I was frightened—"

"An' yet it was bindin'! . . . bindin' f'r life! Many a good man's been ruined by havin' two dollars handy f'r a marriage license!"

"I went away and I took the job, Mr. Buss. You understand how it was! They thought I was a man . . . from my letters. When they saw I was only about seventeen they refused me man's wages."

"And yer wife kept writin' wantin' to know why she couldn't join you—"

"That's it, Mr. Buss. And she was afraid to leave her job in the factory. She might not get another."

Potiphar thought of the long seven-page, closely-written letters full of love and endearment and youthful hope and pitiful aspiration, the first he had read that noontime. Then he remembered how they had dwindled—in length.

But the boy's broken voice was going on feverishly again:

"I tried to make her understand, Mr. Buss. But she said I'd stopped lovin' her. She said I was spendin' my wages on myself . . . that I didn't want her to come on . . . that she'd ruined her life marryin' me on impulse . . . I didn't never intend to send for her."

"I understand, bub," said Potiphar Buss. "I worked hard! God! how I tried! . . . my eye botherin' me more and more all the time—"

The old printer sat stiffly with his chubby hands on his seedy little knees, his gaze far away. Verily he knew. It was a hard trade and the wages were small and men of seventeen were counted as small and inexperienced boys indeed and the cost of living was expensive and growing ever more so. Even if the boy had been given the promised pay, when divided by two and the young wife's share sent to help with the bills of her young motherhood, there would have been little indeed for the fare to bring them together, or to buy the furnishings for a home. Add to this the natural instincts of a boy beginning a new life in a new town, longing to go about and enjoy himself, and verily the lad had problems which only a strong man should know.

"But every week I sent her all I possibly could," the boy sobbed on. "I tried to get 'em to raise my pay but they never could understand. I was getting as much as most boys of my age . . . why shouldn't I be satisfied. I tried to tell 'em about my baby. But they laughed at me and said a boy of my age had no business with a baby. Then they got mad and said business was business and if I didn't like what they was payin' me, I could get out!"

"Which you did?"
 "I just had to!" replied the boy. "I got another job and another! But it was always the same. I had a man's expenses but they'd only pay me a boy's wages, never mind how hard I worked. . . . And my eye was goin' badder and badder all the time."

POTIPHAR thought of the hard strange ring he had detected in the last three of the girl's letters. He thought of the long list of the baby's outfit—which he had read with an ache in his own heart—as the woman had written it . . . and her expenses which were mounting up, which again no boy should know. And Potiphar Buss verily understood. "Why didn't the boy want his wife and baby up there with him?"—in a score of places the distraught woman's query had sounded. And the grown man saw that the boy had not told her of his poor luck, of the injustice of his wages, of his trappings across country to get the better job and find a way out with his overburdened heart a leaden thing. Finally he remembered the ultimatum in the last letter—the letter the boy must have received while working at the local newspaper office:—"the doctor from the Institution had said it was only a question of time . . . the little son's death might be averted if certain things, all costing money, were provided"—and the letter no longer contained endearing epithets or outlined the future enshrined in a glorified mist. Indeed, it intimated many wild, foolish and shameful things which she would do before she'd see the baby die. And it must have prodded like a sharp bodkin into the boy's naked heart, all of it. "—and you stole Sam's payroll t' save your baby's life?" suggested Potiphar Buss.

"There wasn't any other way," replied the boy.
 "But you might know you'd get arrested."
 "I'd got to the place where I didn't care!"
 "Where is the money, bub?"
 "I mailed it to her a few minutes after I took it. Oh, I wish I could die. I'm only standin' in her way. Maybe with me gone she could marry some one who'd take care of her . . . her and the baby. She's pretty. She could get married again. Besides, the baby . . . my little baby . . . mustn't have a father in jail! It was the only way out—takin' the money. I just got to the end of my rope . . . the very, very end! Oh, God! if I'd only had a chance!"

Potiphar sat staring blankly at the opposite wall. On the cot the boy groaned with the fire in his blood but the greater burn in his heart—the father who was too young to be entitled to a baby—the little son he had never seen.

Did it come to the old man's father-heart in that moment—the heart stunted and disap-

(Continued on page 62)



Cato Was Sorry for Three Things

BEHOLD the first Censor! A crabbed, grouchy, old, common scold, Marcus Cato, who killed his horses when they had served their usefulness, and sold his faithful slaves as soon as they needed the doctor. Yet—he was selected Censor to pass upon the moral and social qualifications of his neighbors.

EVERY two years or so Rome would rise up and attempt to smite him. After squashing the first revolt, Cato's friends wanted to celebrate with a statue. "Let there be no statue," he said, "for I would much rather be asked why there is *not* one than why there is!" The three great regrets of this remarkable man's life were—

- "That I have trusted a secret to a woman—
- "That I went by water when I might have gone by land, and
- "That I remained once a whole day without doing any business of moment."

THE one bright spot in Cato's life was his love for his family. The arrival of his first son brought him scurrying from the Circus, and for a year afterward his regular morning's exercise was washing the child. A trust fund was provided to take care of this boy after his father's death. But Cato flew into a rage when the son suggested he could, in the meantime, use a couple of drachmas in pleasure. "It is not like a man but rather like a widow woman to permit an estate to be lessened," remonstrated Cato.

MAYBE there is a modern life insurance thought in this old Roman Text. Widows without business experience enough to manage a large estate are really not half so well off as those who have been secured through life insurance that guarantees a regular monthly income.

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Potiphar Buss Stays Home

(Continued from page 61)

pointed by his abnormal bachelor existence during long years of loneliness—the agony and worry and tragedy in the heart of the boy? Did he read into the lad's story any of his own experiences? What could it have been that made Mr. Potiphar Buss sit so silently by the strange bed of illness, with the stark sorrow in his hazy old eyes, not minding the cold nor the ghostly noises of the old ark or the weird oil lamp that at times burned blue?

It must have been toward four o'clock in the morning, dank, grisly dawn, that the boy came back to consciousness and found the oil lamp still burning and the old man sitting like a faithful sentinel beside the bed.

“Sonny,” said the old printer, his voice uneven—though it may have been from the cramp and the cold—“you can't stay here; it ain't your home and someone might come. You got t' spruce up and try t' walk a piece. You got to lemme help you back to town.”

THE boy was a bit more sane. “I stole money,” he said in a hollow voice. “I'm a thief an' they're after me. It's better I die—”

“No, no, sonny—no, it ain't!” declared Mr. Potiphar Buss. “I'll make it all right. You trust old Potiphar. See if you can stand, sonny. Old Potiphar will help you back t' town. F'r you've got t' go back. You'll perish here. And you mustn't perish. No, you mustn't perish! Old Potiphar won't have it. Besides, there's the little wife—and the baby!”

“Oh, well, I'll go back and give myself up, I guess. I s'pose it's right I should.”

“Old Potiphar will fix it, sonny. Trust old Potiphar to fix it!”

“You really mean it? You ain't kiddin' me, are you? Oh, God, you ain't kiddin' me?”

“Potiphar Buss never kids, bub—Potiphar Buss never kids!” And he reached for the lamp, supporting the boy with the other hand, and together the strange pair made their way toward the door.

“Where you takin' me?” asked the boy piteously when they finally reached the road, as though it had just dawned upon him that he was out of his sanctuary.

“Jus' takin' you to old man Buss's room t' the boardin' house! You trust old Potiphar Buss!”

With the boy's arm around his hunched and bowed shoulders, supporting half his weight and guiding his groggy footsteps, the little old man headed back to town.

They came up Main Street in the silent dawn. They met no one. The boy almost succumbed to the exertion. But for that matter, so did Potiphar.

He took the lad into the boarding house just as the widow was arising to prepare early breakfast.

“I hardly know which o' the two of us is the sickest, him or me,” he said with wry humor, as motherly Mrs. Mathers, with exclamations of amazement and compassion, helped him to get the nearly unconscious boy to bed.

“You call Dr. Johnson, Mis' Mathers,” ordered the printer. “Me—I'm goin' up right away to see Sam Hod.”

He roused Sam out of bed and made him come down. The editor flung a bathrobe over his nightshirt and faced his moth-eaten employee across the table of the chilly dining-room.

Potiphar took a fat little wallet—fat, yet battered with life like himself—from his coat pocket. He counted out nine ten dollar bills and shoved them across to Sam.

“It's your payroll, Hod. I made the boy give it back,” lied Mr. Buss stoically. “He's given it back—he's restored your money; now you can't hold him any longer or prosecute him—” and Potiphar told where and how the boy was found.

“Yes, I can!” declared Sam. “Even if he gave it back the fact remains he committed a felony—”

“No, no, Sam Hod! You won't prosecute him!”

“Why won't I, Potiphar Buss?”

“Prosecute him, Samuel Hod, and I—I—I quit you cold!”

Sam smiled weakly. Finally he said:

“Of course if you feel that way about it, Pott—”

“And you'll take him back?”

“No! I couldn't do that!”

“Then I quit you—I quit you cold, Samuel Hod!”

“But Potiphar—I—”

“I ain't much use in this world, Sam Hod. I won't never set the world on fire—now. All my life's gone by. Ain't got no folks t' mind when I'm gone, Sam Hod. I saved a little money to go 'round the world but I might as well use it t' help someone make a success of his life if I ain't made much of a success of mine.”

Sam was fully awake now and staring at his old printer, aroused as he had never seen him aroused and never dreamed he could be aroused.

“I'm goin' t' send f'r his little wife and baby, Samuel Hod. I'm goin' t' loan him the money to furnish a little house. Then if it don't cost more'n I got, I'm goin' t' send him away an' see if them city doctors can't take that fuzz off his eye. When he comes back I want you should give him a regular job in the ad alley. Not an apprentice's job—not a boy's job—but a man's job at real man's wages.”

To Sam's questions then Potiphar Buss told the boy's story and produced the pitiful letters in proof. He concluded by declaring:

“Ye see, it's this way, Sam Hod. I'm old and played out an' my life's gone to seed. I'm nothin' but an old tramp printer who's wasted his substance in riotous livin'. I allus been sorry I ain't got no folks t' care about me or that I could do things for. Figgered it out as I sat by his bed last night that if I haven't, it's a sort o' duty I owe the old world to take a youngster like him and make a man of him, to take my place—only a better place—in society, when I'm gone. When I come to stand up 'fore God-Almighty and He says t' me: ‘Potiphar Buss, what in hell did you ever do in life that entitles you to a place in Paradise?’ I want t' be able to say: ‘There's a young chap I've left back on earth, God, that's growin' into the stature of a real man, a good father and a honest citizen. There's a woman back on earth, God, who's been saved from going wrong . . . a satisfied, happy young mother in a little house where love is, becous I butted into their affairs. And there's a little kid back on earth, God, whose life I saved with the substance I'd been selfishly hoardin' f'r worldly travel—growin' up to be a comfort and a blessin' to 'em both. That's my record, God, an' I hope it's strong enough to leave me stick around these heavenly parts a spell an' meet my folks that's somewheres around here that I won't be lonesome for, no more.’ That's what I'm up to, Sam Hod, and I . . . I ask you sincerely not to hinder my alibi for my presence in Paradise!”

“All right, Pott—if that's the way you feel about it! Of course I'm not one to stand in your way!”

Well, the next morning the charge against young Robbins was withdrawn. He had a good room in Mrs. Mathers' house, and the news that his wife and baby would be with him by the end of the week was greater than any physician's medicine. He began to mend.

And the next Saturday, on Potiphar's money, the boy's wife arrived. The old man rented the furnished bungalow belonging to Fred Osgood in Cedar Street and had it ready for them that Saturday night.

The girl got off the train with the baby on her arm. She was a thin, emaciated girl, pretty in a pale starved way, and her baby showed the effects of poverty and malnutrition. But you'd have thought that little red weakened-up worm was worth a hundred thousand dollars the way the half-blind Robbins boy acted.

Mr. Potiphar Buss saw them safely housed in the bungalow and then he fled. He left them to their child and their reunion and their tears and human forbearance.

“I got to hustle back to the office and set an ad,” he declared huskily.

But Mr. Potiphar Buss had told a little white fib. He did not have to hustle back to the office and set an ad.

Mr. Potiphar Buss went home in the early evening to his boarding house. Slowly he mounted the steep, narrow, creaking stairs and

opened the door into his stuffy little chamber smelling of slops and old straw matting.

Having reached his room, he paused as though at loss to know why he had come. His mind was very distraught and his thoughts were far away. Finally he sat down on the edge of the bed. He took off his dented derby hat and laid it beside him. With his lips shut very tightly, the far-away look still in his eyes, he fell to picking aimlessly at the calluses on his palms.

The room grew dreamy while he sat there. He was little more than an egg-shaped silhouette in the curtained darkness. Finally came a sigh. It was not a sigh of relief. It was a long-drawn sigh that trembled with pain. He moved across the room to a cluttered closet beside the chimney. He felt around until he located an out-of-date telescope valise. He went slowly back across the room to the west window and ran the curtain to the top so that all the light from the afterglow of the sunset could illumine what he held in his hands. Then in an ocean of time he untied the strings.

They were letters he held—letters bedimmed by the musty hand of Time and perfumed with the saffron scent of Long Ago. Mr. Potiphar Buss opened them. One by one he read them. And in doing so, as he had done on countless nights in other years, he counted his rosary.

For the letters which he read, strange as it may appear, were penned in a woman's hand. They were love letters—written in a time when Potiphar Buss was not old and gone-to-seed and bald as an egg. Shadows and night had closed down on the one who had penned them. Death had made cold the hand that wrote. Yet through the years the man had kept them, laid carefully away for what they were: treasures which were sacred. Over the years they had been a solace when the cares and disappointments of life had weighed too heavily upon him. Letters once—now whispers from the dead.

The gnarled old printer read again those faded pages which had been written by one who had loved him in life's Springtime. And after a while he came to a photograph which he knew when he opened the packet he would come upon. From the faded old print there looked up at him—almost in the starlight now—the features of a young woman. And in the hollow of her arm there lay a little child.

"Mary! Mary!" he whispered in his anguish, "if some one had only done the same for me!"

MR. POTIPHAR BUSS still works each day in our office. Over and over again he sets the ads for Ben Williams' clothing store, for Will Seaver the grocer, Joe Price's picture show and the Morgan Bargain Store and the Beehive Store and the Bon Ton millinery. He never makes any protest about his wages; he never refuses to work overtime when the holiday business is heavy. He is as faithful as our old drum press and again we repeat that so long as we have the combination of the old press and Potiphar Buss, we can always be certain of getting out the paper.

But down in Boston now there is a young man with a good pair of eyes, a commendable ambition, a resolute determination to make good an old printer's altruism. A girl-wife with a song in her heart is helping him to make a success of his life and a ten-thousand-dollar child binds them both and leaves the thought that God is good—He makes so many Potiphar Busses.

Yesterday that worthy gentleman, having taken his cob pipe from his toothless gums, removed his spectacles, and washed up at our sloppy old sink in the corner, remarked from force of habit as he was rolling down his sleeves: "Well, I ain't always goin' to do this. Some day I'm goin' to take a trip around the wor—" But he stopped in the middle of a word.

For it came to old Potiphar that all he had worked for through the years had been consumed in a far different manner than he had planned. He was too old now to begin that saving all over. The long anticipated journey was never to become realization. He took down his coat. He put it on and went out.

That night at his window, looking out over our town, up to the New England moon riding clear and cold high above the Green Mountains, he must have thought better of the purpose to which his money had been devoted. For he remarked—perhaps with a thought of the late World War in mind: "Oh, well, it really don't matter! The parts I wanted most to see has all been shot to hell by this time, anyhow!"

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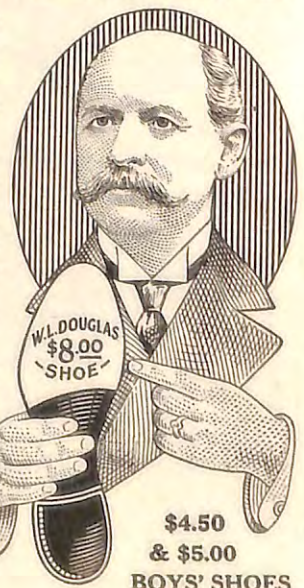
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Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed.

Riding the Air Around the World

(Continued from page 28)

Equally spaced, at 500 feet from the mast, are 48 anchor blocks for holding the ship's cables from getting out of control and to prevent the ship from being lashed to pieces by a violent storm.

The elevators take the crew and the passengers up to the nose of the ship where they go aboard through an entrance in the prow and from there down the treading of the keel to the cars or the passenger cabin. Fuel, gas and other supplies are carried aboard through pipes to the top of the mast and into the ship by means of the pumps in the tower. This mooring mast is strong enough to hold the largest dirigible, in a 100-mile gale.

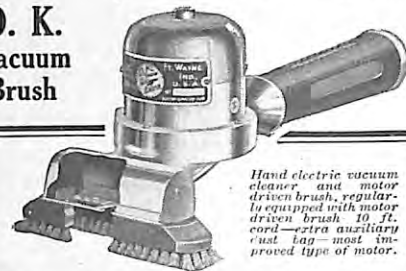
If, however, the ship is to be repaired, it is led like a captive into the shed. The shed which now houses the Z-R-1 is like a gigantic dry dock turned upside down. In this building there is room to park three or four dirigibles larger than the Z-R-1 side by side. The building is 800 feet long—three short city blocks. There is not in the hangar, which is over 200 feet high, a single pillar. If the Woolworth building were turned over on its side it could be slid in through the enormous doors which are opened by motors. After the Cathedral of Commerce was inside the shed there would still be room for a Zeppelin beside it. Indeed this is the largest building of its kind in the world. This camouflaged hangar, the surrounding field and the mooring mast are well worth a journey to see. The shed is built on a level sandy soil from which the trees have been removed for two miles around the structure. Like the Z-R-1 the building and the tower were designed by the naval engineers and most of the materials are from the Naval Aircraft Factory in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile several projects are afoot to organize companies for building and operating commercial airships. One of the oldest and largest rubber companies in the country has been building and flying *Blimps* for the army and navy for years. The Leitschiffban-Zeppelin Company of Germany has had representatives in this country studying the route between Chicago and New York and all the Weather Bureau reports for the last 30 years on that section of the country. Another company, headed by some of the biggest capitalists and engineers in the country, has been formed to build and operate airships over that route as soon as the capital has been acquired. They expect the dirigible to cover the 700 miles between those two cities in ten or twelve hours and that the cost will be only a little more than that paid on the extra fare trains now running to Chicago. They promise to leave each city at 7 P. M. and after a delightfully cool, steady refreshing night's sleep in light, clear atmosphere, ten or twenty thousand feet in the air, arrive at New York or Chicago at 7 A. M. The cabin will provide the passengers all the comforts of home and the 700 foot keel will afford a promenade for those who want exercise which will surpass anything for new and rarefied exhilaration.

Later these companies expect to extend these routes across the continent as soon as landing fields can be established with the proper mooring posts, sheds, tool houses, etc. They claim that Zeppelins were built in Germany for \$500,000 and that they were operated carrying passengers and express at a profit before the war and until stopped by the Allies in 1910. It will cost several millions to build airships in this country until the manufacturers of airships have become tooled up and their personnel educated to quantity production. Once built, however, these airships, like their sisters on the ocean, need no rails, tracks, roadbeds etc., such as are necessary for steam engines. They require only sheds, mooring posts, landing fields, searchlights, terminal facilities, fuel and helium. The latter will have to be purchased from the government and if produced in volume will cost not more than 3 cents a cubic foot. All in all then, the building and operating of dirigible air lines should cost a great deal less than the construction of even a single track railroad over the same distance.

Unfortunately for interstate commerce about 41 states are contemplating the passage of laws

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You Elk merchants who read this will confer a great favor upon your representatives to whom you have given the responsibility of making this publication a success, by writing us and telling us the names of the national manufacturers whom you represent, and who you think should use its advertising pages.

By advertising in your magazine they are going to assist sales in your territory where the Elks comprise an appreciable percentage of your customers and who will be influenced in favor of the products advertised in these columns.

A letter to us at the following address will be greatly appreciated by the publishing officials of

The Elks Magazine

50 East 42nd Street
 New York, N. Y.

giving the owners of the ground the ownership of the air above the land. If passed this will lead to as much chaos as the individual state divorce laws and it will tend to restrict the development of aerial transportation tremendously. A national law should keep the air free for everybody who wishes to travel through it.

But that the age of aerial transportation of passengers and express is at hand can hardly be doubted. Before this summer is over many millions of Americans, who do not now believe that swift and safe long-distant flights can be made in dirigibles, will be convinced when they see these ethereal creatures traversing the whole length of the land from north to south and east to west, at a speed of from 50 to 80 miles an hour. Before the year is out many of these citizens too will have experienced a wonderful flight in these lighter-than-air craft! A few fortunate citizens may also be lucky enough to cruise on the Z-R-1 when the navy sends it on a voyage of discovery and photography to the North Pole. If the present plan, submitted to the British Government by a private concern, to take over all the British Government airships, factories, hangars, etc. is accepted, a few of these Americans may shortly ride in a 760-foot dirigible buoyed up with 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas carrying 44.5 tons of mail and passengers at a speed of 80 miles an hour from New York to London and from there, stopping only at Port Said, Bombay, Rangoon, Singapore, finally land in Australia! Or if they do not care to fly so far away from home when they get to Europe, perhaps they will prefer the dirigible cruise from Spain to Brazil!

Have you booked your aerial passage for this summer?

The Battle of Sedan

(Continued from page 24)

Of course Juniper had no idea as to how Genesis came to be with him, but that didn't matter. The situation worried Juniper only in its essentials and the vital fact was that Genesis was here. The solution of the difficulty was absurdly simple—"All I got to do is to return this baby back to his Pa."

That was all. Juniper suddenly scratched his head in puzzlement. "After I 'scovers who his Pa is."

The only personal knowledge Juniper had of the other gentleman was that he occupied an unduly large portion of landscape. And that he possessed a great temper and a flivver sedan. Too, upon reflection, there was born in the breast of Mr. Watts a grave doubt. Suppose he should find the baby's father and suppose that gentleman should act first and question later? Suppose Juniper's flight had made the other fellow believe that kidnapping was intended? Juniper shuddered. He didn't know how Genesis got there . . . and now that he was there it was equally difficult to conclude how he might best be disposed of.

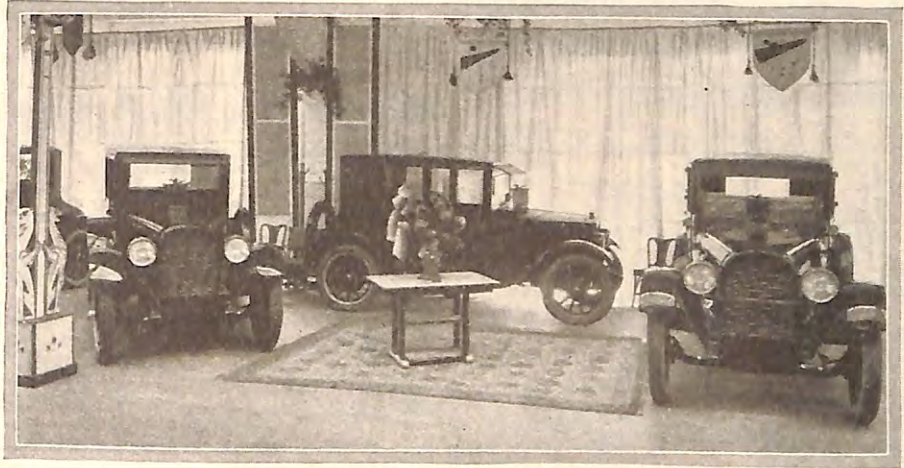
He turned his car slowly toward Birmingham. "They is on'y two things I can do," he reflected mournfully, "an' bofe of them is wrong."

He determined finally to risk a meeting with Washington along the road. But now that he was not unwilling to run across that gentleman, there was nothing to be seen of him. He progressed slowly back along the Oxmoor road and came eventually to the broad concrete surface of the Montgomery pike. Genesis had snuggled off again into slumber and was reposing contentedly in the padded basket. Juniper attained the crest of the mountain and dipped down toward the city. Discretion born of association prompted him to avoid Five Points. He parked the car on Second Avenue a half block off Eighteenth Street and after making sure that Genesis still slumbered, he alighted.

He was reasonably certain that the baby's father would not recognize him, minus automobile. If, therefore, he could meet that gentleman incognito and pacify him in advance, there was every likelihood that the latter's gratitude would forestall any annihilation which might have been planned.

Fortune played into his hands. Washington Smalls, dour and depressed, had returned to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor in the faint hope that someone might

(Continued on page 67)



Are You Interested In the Automobile Business?

Automobile manufacturers are looking for good distributors everywhere. Owing to the return of prosperity, the demand for motor cars is ever on the increase. Consequently,

agencies for popular cars are available in hundreds of cities and towns. Why not take advantage of the opportunity that presents itself at this time?

Have You Ever Sold a Big Unit?

Some of the outstanding successes in the motor car business have been made by men who started agencies with no other previous experience than that of selling big units, such as pianos, machinery or real estate.

If you can sell these you can sell motor cars. Don't let the lack of previous experience deter you from going into this highly profitable and permanent business, but fill out the coupon now.

Check the priced car you want to sell and mail the coupon to the Automobile Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He will have the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

If the car you prefer to handle is already represented, do not let that prevent you from naming it, as there are many territories which are subject to division and readjustment. So write today.

Fill in This Coupon and Mail Today

Check Here	Price of Car Desired	Name of Car Preferred in Price Class
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$500 to \$800	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$800 to \$1200	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$1200 to \$1600	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$1600 to \$2500	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Over \$2500	

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Territory desired.....

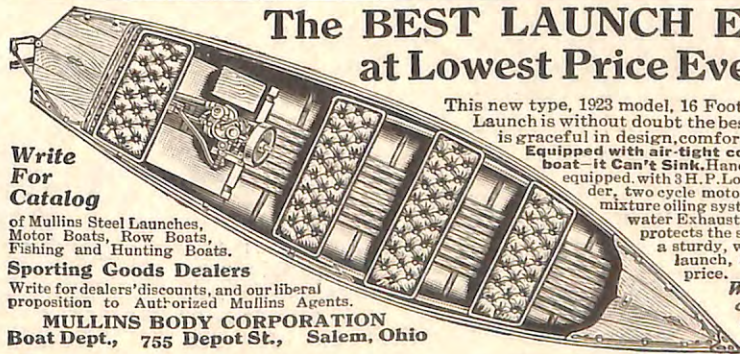
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Automobile Department

The Elks Magazine

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This new type, 1923 model, 16 Foot Mullins Special Steel Launch is without doubt the best value ever offered. It is graceful in design, comfortable, speedy, and safe. Equipped with air-tight compartments like a life boat—it Can't Sink. Handsomely finished, and well equipped with 3 H.P. Lockwood-Ash, single cylinder, two cycle motor, vertical contact timer, mixture oiling system, Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust, and steel guard which protects the shaft and propeller. It's a sturdy, well built, highly efficient launch, sold at a remarkably low price.

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1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atkins
request the pleasure of
your company at dinner
On Wednesday, March the twenty-eighth
at eight o'clock

47 Tompkins Place

Would You Hesitate to Accept This Invitation?

THERE are many people who would, of course. A formal function of this kind requires absolute knowledge of the correct thing to wear, to say, to do. There is always the danger of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, or saying the wrong thing at the wrong time—if one is not entirely sure of one's self.

When an invitation of this kind is received, it requires an acknowledgment. When should the acknowledgment be sent—at once, or after a few days? How should it be worded? To whom should it be addressed—to Mr. and Mrs. Atkins or just to Mrs. Atkins?

Let us pretend, for a moment, that this is an actual invitation and that you have accepted it. What would you wear to the dinner, formal or informal dress? How would you greet your hostess upon arrival? When you are introduced to other guests, what form of acknowledgment would you use? Would you say "Pleased to meet you"? Would you say "How do you do"? Would you say "I am delighted"? Are any of these forms correct?

If you are a man and were introduced to a woman, would you offer your hand in acknowledgment? Should one woman offer her hand to another? In making an introduction, whose name should be mentioned first, the man's or the woman's?

Mistakes That Are Made in the Dining Room

Table etiquette betrays breeding as surely as a table of contents tells what a book contains. The cultured, well-bred person conducts himself or herself with a calm, dignified manner that every one recognizes—and admires. The person who is not used to good society, on the other hand, instantly

betrays the fact by making impulsive little blunders, by being constrained, uncomfortable and embarrassed in manner.

It is not enough to know that olives are taken with fingers and that lettuce may not be cut with a knife. To have graceful, cultivated table manners one must know how to use the knife and fork correctly, how to eat every food properly, when to use the spoon, when the fork, when the fingers. One must know how to use the finger-bowl and the napkin; one must know what to say in case of an overturned glass of water or any other table accident; one must know when to rise from the table.

Some People Seem Tongue-Tied

Not only at formal dinners and formal dances, but even at informal functions some people feel constrained and tongue-tied. With their own friends they may be delightful conversationalists; but as soon as there are strangers present they feel suddenly unable to speak, unable to express their thoughts.

Have you ever felt tongue-tied at a party or dance? Have you ever found yourself alone with some man or woman to whom you had been introduced and found that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about? Have you ever been to a dinner where conversation lagged and every one seemed strained, uncomfortable, even a bit stupid?

Didn't you long to say something brilliant, to start conversation flowing smoothly, to make yourself admired as a clever conversationalist—envied as an ideal guest?

Perhaps there is a wedding just around the

corner, or a party not so far away. Perhaps there is a dance you expect to attend, or a trip you are planning to make. Why not surprise your friends with your wonderful knowledge of the right thing to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions? Why not make yourself immune to embarrassment—free yourself from the danger of making blunders—give yourself new poise and personal magnetism by learning now the accepted rules of conduct through the pages of the famous Book of Etiquette.

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One's manner at the table is either constrained and embarrassed, or poised and well-possessed—depending upon whether one knows or does not know the important etiquette of the table.



Too often people feel tongue-tied in the company of strangers. They seem dull and awkward, though really they may be clever conversationalists. Do you know how to make yourself at all times agreeable, engaging, well-liked?

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The Battle of Sedan

(Continued from page 65)

have reported to Bud the finding of a colored baby.

Washington was excessively unhappy. He had plumbed the nadir of despair. Nor did the prospect of explaining things to his wife add to the joys of the future.

He was to blame: he admitted that in advance of the inevitable tirade. He had been grossly careless and negligent. "An' as fo' that cullud boy which run off with Genesis: does I git my han's on him, he is gwine be ain't."

Bud Peaglar, it seemed, had not seen a stray colored baby, nor had he heard of one. Bud was vastly sympathetic—but there was nothing he could do save keep his ears open. And neither man paid particular heed to the figure of Juniper Watts. Juniper had slid into Bud's place and was leaning warily against a pool table drinking in the dialogue.

"What I is in is a mess," explained Washington lugubriously. "I has got to find that baby an' Ise sayin' right heah an' now that does I do so, Ise willin' to pay a fifty dollar reward."

Juniper straightened suddenly. Fifty dollars was considerable money—quite too much, Juniper reflected, for one child. Of course his perspective was not a parental one and he didn't know that the distraught father would be willing to pay a great deal more than that.

Fifty dollars—cash money—was brilliantly alluring to Juniper. It would enable him to finish paying for the engagement ring which he was surreptitiously buying on the instalment plan for Parafine and give him a sizable surplus with which to make the initial payment on house furnishings. It seemed entirely too good to be true. He conscripted what was left of his shattered nerves and drew Washington to one side.

"Has you lost somethin'?" he inquired.

"Uh-huh."

"What?"

"A baby. What you think else?"

"An' you says you is willin' to pay fifty dollars can you git him back?"

"Yassuh. Cheerful." Washington's talon-like fingers pressed themselves into Juniper's clinging shoulder. "Does you know somethin' 'bout my Genesis?"

"S-s-says which?"

"What you know 'bout my baby?"

"I ain't said I knowed nothin'."

"Does you does or does you don't?"

It was plain to Juniper that he was unsuspected. "Lemme see has you got fifty dollars."

Washington had thirty-two in cash and Bud Peaglar proffered a loan of the other eighteen. Juniper looked at the money in amazement. "You must love that baby a heap."

"He's the fondest pusson I is of."

"Well—" Juniper lowered his voice discreetly. "I was jes' driftin' 'roun' when I passed a limmysine parked against a curb an' in it there was soun's like a baby cryin'—"

Washington Smalls unleashed a howl of delight. "Where at, cullud boy; where at?"

"Nemmin' where at less'n you gives me that fifty."

The money was paid without further parley and Juniper led the way around the corner. At sight of the sedan, Washington departed Juniper's side. He tore open the door and a second later was cuddling in his arms the erstwhile lost infant. Then, when the joy of the

moment had passed and a semblance of sanity had superseded it, he turned to Mr. Watts.

"Brother, you has done me noble this night. I asts you: is you ma'ied?"

"No-o. Not yit."

"You don't know how lucky you is not to be ma'ied n'r neither no father. The reason I ast was because was you ma'ied you'd understan' how much I craves that my wife don't never know nothin' 'bout me losin' this honey chile. I asts you now: is you willin' to keep that fifty dollars fo' yo'se'f an' never say nothin' to nobody 'bout what has happened t'night? Did my wife know, what I would catch is hell. Does you promise to keep yo' mouf shut or shall I beat you up until you is willin'?"

Juniper gave a single glance at the Gargantuan figure. "I ain't no loose talker. I keeps mum."

"Good." Washington walked slowly down the street, Genesis and the basket in his arms, Juniper trotting alongside. And finally bitterness assailed Mr. Smalls.

"I'd give another fifty dollars cash money to know the name of the feller which was drivin' that car. Was I to meet up with him there wouldn't be nobody around in two minutes but I an' a corpse. Yassuh—I'd give fifty mo' dollars to know his name."

He turned accusing eyes upon the cowering Juniper. Mr. Watts ducked apprehensively—

"Don't you go lookin' at me thataway, big boy. I never was no hand to gamble double-or-nothin'."

Eventually Mr. Washington Smalls departed in his own car. After waiting a proper length of time Mr. Watts mounted the seat of his rented car and set out for Milner Heights. In his heart was noble resolve to placate Miss Parafine Parks, his lady-in-waiting. The fifty dollars in his pocket appeared to make that task much easier.

And while Juniper proceeded upon his delayed courtship, Mr. Washington Smalls made his way slowly over the mountain and across the valley to Everybody Come Inn. As he parked under the trees the figure of his wife detached itself from a crowd on the veranda and sped forward. Her voice was slightly hysterical—

"Washington! Where li'l Genesis is at?"

Mr. Smalls favored her with a supercilious glance. "Where you reckon?"

"I dunno . . ."

He stepped from the car, carrying basket and baby. "Heah my son is."

She clutched the precious burden. "Where has he been, Washington?"

"Oh!" explained the husband grandiosely. "He got to frettin' a li'l. Seemed like he was cravin' action, so I give him some. I been ridin' him around a bit."

She favored him with a look of radiant love and pride. "You is the noblestest husban', Washington. You makes me feel plumb ashamed of myse'f—dancin' aroun' in there an' leavin' you to nuss Genesis. Fum now on you dances an' I takes care of him. You see," contritely, "I was all excited 'cause I thought mebbe somethin' had happened to him."

Mr. Washington Smalls responded with quiet and persuasive dignity—

"Shuh! What you talks is foolishment. Nothin' couldn't happen to no baby which I was takin' care of."

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(Continued from page 42)

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What Are Railroad Bonds?

There Are a Number of Different Kinds

By Paul Tomlinson

A BOND is a documentary promise to repay borrowed money at a specified date, and to pay interest on the principal until that date arrives. Sometimes this promise is safeguarded by the pledge of property, and sometimes there is no security at all except the credit and honesty of the borrower. The corporation issuing bonds is the borrower; the investor who purchases the bonds the lender.

When property is pledged for the payment of bonds, such issues are known as mortgage bonds,—and there are many kinds of mortgage bonds; when bonds are unsecured they are known as debentures and are mere promises to pay. Naturally a bond secured by property worth its face value, or more, is usually considered a higher grade investment than an obligation which is unsecured.

Bonds are issued by corporations in order to obtain capital for the needs of their businesses, and the kind of bond issued depends upon a variety of conditions,—the issues already outstanding, the company's credit, the state of the investment market, the money market, and the amount of cash required, to mention only a few. No class of corporations stand in greater need of capital than the railroads of this country. Extensions, new terminal facilities, and additional equipment must constantly be provided if the carriers are to keep pace with the ever increasing demands of our industries and population, and these extensions and additions require cash. The usual method of obtaining this cash is through the issuance and sale of bonds, and a brief discussion of the various kinds of railroad bonds may prove interesting, and possibly enlightening. It is necessary in such a discussion to begin at the beginning.

Brains, labor and money have gone into the building up of our great railroad systems, and all three elements are essential to their operation. The money has been provided in most instances by the sale of bonds, secured by a pledge of the railroad corporation's property. Railroads were, comparatively speaking, pretty small affairs in the early days; sometimes they were only a few miles long and their rolling stock may have consisted of one engine and a few cars. But the country began to grow and presently the railroads had to expand their facilities in order to keep pace; consolidations began to take place and instead of scores of little railroads scattered over a certain territory, railroad "systems" began to appear; they rapidly swallowed up the little fellows and absorbed them into their own corporate bodies. But the little railroads had needed money to build their roadbeds, buy and lay rails, and provide rolling stock; they had sold bonds, secured by a pledge of their properties in order to get this money and many of these bonds were outstanding when they were taken over by the larger corporations. And the succeeding corporation had to assume these obligations. Sometimes the small railroad became a part of the main line of the large one; sometimes a division. In any event the originally outstanding bonds were liens prior to any the new corporation

could place on the particular property in question. Such bonds, usually known as "divisional liens," have been regarded as the highest grade railroad investments obtainable. They are scarce nowadays for a large percentage of them has long since matured, and been paid off, and the owners of those which remain usually appreciate their investment value and hesitate to part with them. If the division happens to be a part of the main line so much the better, for the main line is naturally a railroad's most valuable property.

Divisional lien bonds are secured by first mortgages, which means that they "underlie" or rank ahead of all the other mortgages. Ranking next to them in order of security come the general mortgage bonds, frequently secured by a railroad's entire property, including equipment, stations, and terminals. In most instances the security for the general mortgage bonds includes the same property as that which secures the first mortgages, but their claim is junior, or secondary, to the first mortgages. For example: a railroad may have \$20,000,000 of divisional liens outstanding, \$5,000,000 on one division maturing in 1930, \$10,000,000 on another division due in 1932, and \$5,000,000 on still another due and payable in 1935; next in rank there may be \$30,000,000 of bonds, due 1960, secured by a first mortgage on the main line, but subject to the prior claims of the divisional liens. Later on need for more cash has arisen and a general mortgage has been drawn providing for the issuance of \$75,000,000 of bonds, due 1980, secured by a pledge of the road's entire property; \$15,000,000 of these bonds have been already issued and the balance held for the purpose of paying off the underlying liens as they come due. In 1930, 1932, 1935 and in 1960 enough of these general mortgage bonds will be sold to provide cash for the paying off of the maturing bonds, and in 1960, therefore, all the prior liens will have been paid off, \$65,000,000 of general mortgage bonds will be outstanding, and as all obligations ranking ahead of them will have been met, they will themselves become first mortgages.

RAILROAD finance seems to prefer refunding to general mortgage bonds these days, but there is little difference between them. Refunding mortgages, as the name indicates, provide for the paying off—or refunding—of underlying issues. When a refunding mortgage is created and there already exists a general mortgage the latter is usually closed,—that is, no more bonds are permitted to be issued under its provisions. As in the case of general mortgage bonds, the refunding bonds will eventually become first liens. They are usually secured by a pledge of the road's whole property, and in most cases are at the start a first mortgage on whatever property has been added to the company's system since the date of the general mortgage. Hence they are sometimes called "first and refunding." Sometimes the mortgage provides that they may be issued at varying rates of interest—depending upon the money market—and one of our large railroads has four, five, and six per cent.

bonds outstanding, all secured by the same identical property.

Collateral trust bonds are secured by the deposit with some third party—usually a trust company or bank—of specifically described securities. The trust indenture frequently provides that the market value of the collateral so pledged must be maintained at a certain percentage in excess of the par value of the bonds outstanding. In a strict sense collateral trust bonds are not mortgage bonds, although frequently bonds are pledged for their payment which are themselves secured by mortgages.

Convertible bonds are sometimes secured by a mortgage, sometimes not. As their name indicates, they may be converted into—exchanged for—stock on certain specified conditions, and naturally they usually fluctuate in price with the price of the stock for which they may be exchanged. The conversion privilege is usually exercisable at a certain price, as say ten shares of stock for every \$1000 bond. If the stock, under these conditions, is selling at \$75 a share it would of course be silly to exercise this privilege. Sometimes the conversion privilege is limited as to time, as for instance not operative before a certain date and expiring after a certain specified time.

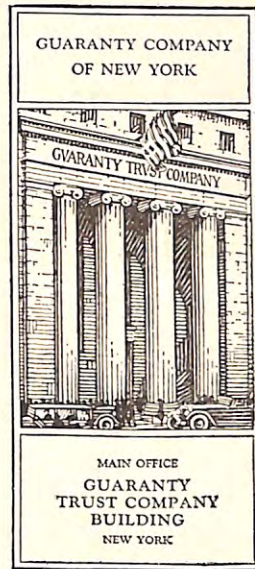
Railroad equipment bonds are usually considered very high grade issues, for they are secured by the rolling stock,—cars, locomotives, and other equipment which is absolutely essential to the operation of the road. Equipment bonds usually mature serially, a certain number each year so that as the equipment which secures them deteriorates in value, so the amount of outstanding obligations is reduced.

TERMINAL bonds too, are mostly always high grade. Terminals, like equipment, are essential to the operation of a railroad, and terminal properties, which naturally secure terminal bonds, are in most cases extremely valuable.

These are the main classes of railroad bonds, and there are hundreds and hundreds of issues of the various roads outstanding. No two issues are exactly alike, and in giving any particular issue its rating as an investment it is usually necessary to call upon an expert for advice. In general, however, it is possible to state that every bond in order to rank as a high grade investment should have three characteristics. First of all it should be amply secured as to principal. This involves the value of the property pledged for the payment of the bond's face value upon maturity; the property pledged under the mortgage should exceed the amount of bonds outstanding by a considerable margin just as a mortgage on a dwelling house should not be issued for the full value of the property. Secondly, the earnings—in order to be conservative—should exceed interest requirements by at least one hundred per cent., and should have shown this ratio over a sufficient number of years to make it appear probable that they will maintain this ratio in the years to come. Thirdly, a high-class bond should be readily marketable; that is to say, the owner should be able to sell it on short notice in case the need arises. In order to make certain of this third condition the prospective purchaser should assure himself that the bond he has in mind is listed on some good exchange and regularly dealt in. This does not mean to say that only listed bonds enjoy a ready market, but in case of doubt this is a simple way of playing safe. And marketability is an extremely important consideration with experienced investors, for it not only guarantees to them the ability to convert their investment into cash at any time, but readily saleable securities have a greater loan value than those for which there is only a slight demand.

What has been said here about railroad bonds applies with practically equal force to industrial, public utility and other kinds of bonds. All big corporations, of whatever nature their business may be, finance their needs in practically the same way and what is true of one is liable to be true also of the others. And if a man with money to invest is not experienced in the business of investing he will do well to get the advice of someone who is. He should remember, too, that it pays to go slowly. It is better to be safe than sorry, and old Davy Crockett's motto might have been invented for the guidance of investors: "First be sure you're right, then go ahead."

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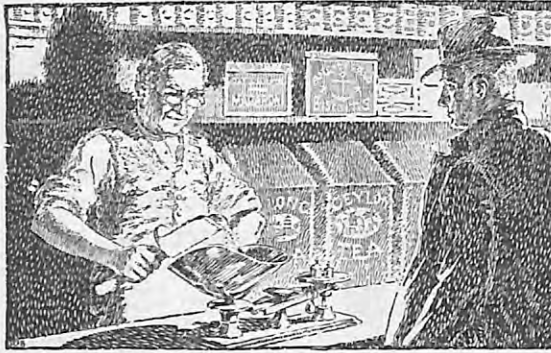
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TO INVESTORS

The accompanying article by Paul Tomlinson, well known as a financial writer throughout the United States, is the first of a series of definitely informative articles on financial topics which will appear in **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**. These articles are intended to be helpful and educational to our readers. They will deal with various classes of bonds, such as municipal, public utility, equipment, etc., and also with other types of securities. We believe you will find them very helpful and constructive. Do not fail to read them.



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There are no great financial institutions located on some streets scarce a stone's throw distant from this favored spot—streets equally blessed with material advantages, but obscure.

Ah! There's the rub—obscure!

And yet these great financial institutions, paying tremendous sums for the privilege of their place in the sun, maintain that they "do not advertise."

What is "advertising"?

[Published by THE ELKS MAGAZINE in co-operation
with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

What Are Railroad Bonds?

(Continued from page 69)

Just because a bond is a bond is not sufficient reason for disregarding the usual precautions before making an investment. A man who prides himself on never having been caught as a sucker on any "wild-cat" mining or stock jobbing scheme, may easily be carried away by a fraudulent promotion when the bait is offered to him in the more dignified form of a bond. The past year has seen the loss of many millions of dollars on the part of investors in fraudulent securities and it is safe to say that a large part of this was in the shape of bogus bonds. There are, too, many types of legitimately issued bonds which do not embody all the elements of safety necessary to a sound investment policy. The company may be, to all surface appearances, in good shape and the bonds, because of their low cost and correspondingly high yield, may seem to be a very attractive buy. A closer investigation of such securities may often reveal inherent weaknesses in the company's financing and show up the bonds as dubious from the investor's point of view. The safe rule always is to consult those whose business it is to know the status of the bond that is being considered as an investment.

Buck Saves the Day

(Continued from page 35)

understandin' was that I was to employ a battery from the outside and use Italla players for the rest of the team. I arranged for my battery and had up to last night a pitcher whom I believe could have defeated the Red Jackets; evidently there were others interested who thought so too, for that pitcher disappeared last night from his hotel in Italla, and I have every reason to believe he was induced to leave by people who are interested in the Red Jackets winnin'. I am no quitter, and the Italla people and the Italla Club are not quitters, and we are here to-day in spite of the loss of our pitcher to play this game and do our best to win it. I thank you."

There was a lot of cheering and a lot of people yellin' "play ball," and etc., so the Umps tossed a new ball to Long Tom Joplin and yelled, "Play ball!"

Well, my boys went to bat with no heart in the game with the result that the first three fellows who had been hittin' Old Buck's floaters in practise good and hard fanned, and we took the field. Joe Kilson went and done his best, but that wasn't much and the Red Jackets scored three runs in their half before we could retire 'em. Our next three birds—in the second—didn't do no better than the first three and we was handed another goose egg and it looked like a procession—the Red Jackets just to make things unanimous made four runs in their half of the second, and the score was 7 to 0.

I was the first man up in our half of the third and, believe me, I was sore. I caught one of Tommy's offerin's on the end of my old wagon tongue and set her across the fence for a home run; of course, I got the glad hand from the Italla rooters, though they realized one run wasn't goin' to do enny good. As I trotted over the home plate one of the boys pulled me aside to a breathless little nigger who handed me a dirty thumb-worn little piece of paper. I grabbed it for I recognized Old Buck's hand-writin', and eagerly read:

"Dear Jack:

I fell for it and pulled a boner; ain't no use tryin' to 'pologize none now, ain't hardly got time. No use neither of me trying to get there in time to pitch, I couldn't do no good; too full of gin. Put the kid in, he can hold them Jackets till Frost. Buck."

"Put the kid in"—a great light hit me; surely if there ever was a fathead that was me; Buck had been tellin' me all along the kid was a phenom' and I oughtta knowed ennythin' was better than Joe Kilson. "Stall along," I said to the man at the bat, "for the love of Pete take your time," I says, and I chased over to little Eva's carriage and flingin' a bunch of cake-eaters out o' my way, I finally got up to her.

"Where's the kid," I says, "quick for Gawd's sake," I says, "where is he?"

"What kid?" says she, not grabbin'." "Billie," I says, "where is he at?" "Why, there he is," she says, pointin' out Billie in the edge of the mob on the side lines. "On your way," I says to the kid, grabbin' him by the neck and the seat of his pants. "Shuck your coat and collar," I says, "no time to put on uniform; you are goin' to pitch the rest of this game."

The kid looked at me like I was somethin' new in squirrel food, but followed me over behind the backstop and was out of his coat and collar in a jiffy. By that time two of our leadin' sluggers had struck out and the score was 7 to 1 in favor of the Red Jackets, first half of the third. I crooked a finger at Joe Kilson and told the Umps to announce the new pitcher.

"Collins now pitchin' fer Italla," bawled the Umps, and the crowd cheered and laughed—all except the kids of Italla, and they set up a mighty din; "Here goes your old ball game!" they screamed, "Billie can hold 'em!"

Well, sir, that little 110 pound shrimp walked out in the pitcher's box as cool as Amos Russie and slipped a few straight ones across the plate with absolutely perfect control. I tried him on his big asset, an inshoot, and believe me, I could see that the Red Jackets was through.

"Play Ball!" yelled the Umps, and a big long guy who was battin' about .450 for the Red Jackets, winked at the crowd and stepped up and patted the rubber with his old black bat. Billie pitched three balls to this fellow and he took his seat while a roar went up from the mass of excited humanity you coulda heard in Coweater County. Billy simply wrapped them inshoots around that guy's neck and he bit at all of 'em. Honestly he couldn't er stopped one of 'em with a cotton basket.

"Oh, you Billee!" yelled them fans, "set 'em down, Billee, you got everthin' there is!" they yelled, and Billie followed instructions and the next two Red Jackets didn't even hit a foul. Score 7 to 1 in favor of the Red Jackets at the close of the third.

Well, sir, them Red Jackets were kinda stunned, but they had no more idea of losing that ball game than they had of voting for the 18th amendment which in them days hadn't even been thought of. They were six runs to the good and they never figgered on enny team making six runs off Tom Joplin—not so as you would notice it.

"Now," I says to my babies, "the Red Jackets are through," I says "but we've got to have runs to win this old ball game, if you love your country," I says, "and your town, and if you got enny respect for little Eva," I says, "stand behind Billie and knock that busher for a block of blast furnaces," I says.

Well, sir, my boys come to life and in the first half of the 4th they touched up Tom's delivery for three singles, which made him wear a worried look and a lot of perspiration, but fast fieldin' and poor base-runnin' stopped us from gettin' a run over.

"For the love of Pete," I raged, "I never see such a collection of ivory. We've got to have runs," I yelled, "We've GOT to have 'em."

But say, it was a cinch, Billie struck out three more Red Jackets and it di'n't ruffle him enny more than lickin' a two-cent stamp—no, sir—not enny more than lickin' a one-cent stamp.

In our half of the fifth we got to long Tom for five hits and three runs—the boys were gittin' good—say, and that crowd, oh, my! The way it happened was two of my babies was on and one out when I come to bat and say I took the very first one of Tom's old outs and laid her over the fence for my second home run. Honestly when I got in home, I coulda been elected Governor on the Republican ticket, there wasn't a Democrat in the State who woulda voted against me that lived outside of the corporate limits of Goshen. Score, Goshen, 7; Italla, 4, first half of the fifth.

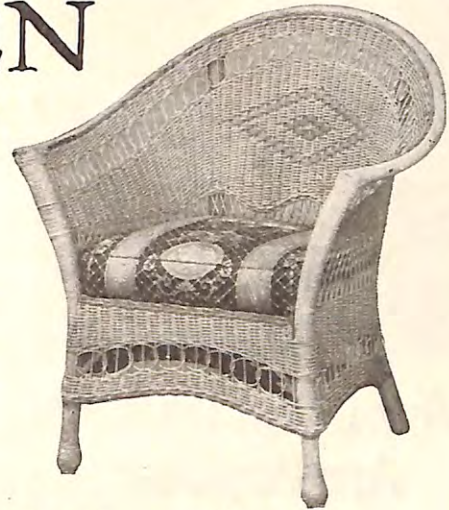
Well, sir, I give you my word that I had more nervous breakdowns in the next two innin's than enny wall flower who has suddenly got three proposals ever had. Mister Bobby who had less wood above his shoulders than the average Red Jacket, had a confab with long Tom and after that the Rube pitcher sort o' mixed 'em. That is he'd throw one or two curves and then a straight one. This change in style fooled my babies a little and while in the sixth and seventh both we got men on and threatened to score there

(Continued on page 72)

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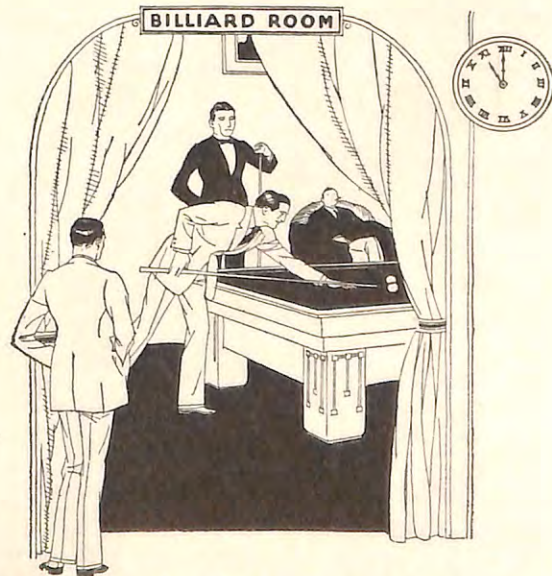
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Buck Saves the Day

(Continued from page 71)

was nothin' doin'. Of course the Red Jackets didn't make none—they was through, I said that.

In the eighth there was a man on and two out when I come to bat and I had noticed that old Tom who was nothin' if not reg'lar was pitchin' an out curve for his first ball and then a straight one right over the pan for the second on every batter who faced him. I let his old curve ride and sure enough, the second sailed right up to the pan, and I killed it for another homer right in the same spot I had put the other two. When I got in that time they was talking about nominatin' me for President—you never see so much excitement in all your life. The next guy fanned and the score was Goshen, 7; Italla, 6—end of first half of the eighth.

The Red Jackets was retired in order. We simply got to have a run I told my boys—we GOT to have a run. The first man up hit a beauty to short who fumbled but recovered in time to make a stab at him to first—the runner beat the ball there and the decision was close but the Umps called him out—that come near breakin' up the ball game, for them Italla fans wanted to tell the world that it was a rotten decision, and they did, then they was favorin' some of lynchin' the Umps, but Mister Eddie held 'em back.

THE next guy fanned and there was two out; my, I was desprit. Billie was up and Billie hadn't hit a foul all day; if I took him out I had no one to pitch the last half of the ninth. Just as Billie was walkin' up to the plate someone tugged me by the shirt. I turned 'round, and there was Old Buck.

You coulda knocked me a mile with a feather duster. "Where the h—l," I stuttered.

"Don't act foolish, put me in," said Buck.

I called Billie, and told the Umps that Moore was battin' for Collins. Buck as everybody knows, was some hittin' pitcher. Long Tom was a cinch for him, and he slapped the second ball pitched right over the center fielder's head to the fence, and when the Red Jacket got to the ball Old Buck was half way between second and third, going good. The fielder relayed the ball to the second baseman, and he in turn made an attempt to git old Buck at third—that's what spilled all the rest of the beans for the Red Jackets, the ball sailed over the head of the third baseman and into the crowd and old Buck trotted in with the tying tally. It took fifteen minutes for that crowd to settle down and git calm. The Red Jackets knew right then they was beat, and not only beat, but bankrupt. Old Buck warmed up a little and trotted out to the box, and the Umps yelled,

"Moore now pitchin' for Italla!"

Well, sir, the first man up scared the life outen us. He rapped Buck's first one to center for two bases, and the Goshen fans rose right up on their hind legs and done some plain and fancy yellin'; this give me a chance to confab with Buck, who simply told me to chase myself. That guy died on second. Buck struck out the next three birds and Goshen's rally was tended to by the undertaker. We scored two runs in our half of the tenth, and the Red Jackets got three more strike outs, and the old ball game was over; score, Italla, 9; Goshen, 7; ten innings.

Mister Eddie and little Eva was right there to fuss over all of us; and me an' Billie was heroes. We got an invite to come up to her house that night for a big blow-out.

"It'll be a big blow-out, too," said Mister Eddie, "but you'll get an invite to a bigger one," he said, "an' pretty soon, too," and little Eva blushed.

"Now, you big stiff," I says to old Buck, when we got under the grandstand where we changed our clothes, "tell me your stuff—for two cents I'd knock your block off."

"That's agin' the law in this State," said Buck. "Oh," he says, as cool as you please, "I have been watchin' the game since the second innin'. I intended Billie should pitch the game right along," he says, "but I was a little late gittin' word to you to put him in," he says, "I didn't mean for him to 'spot' 'em more'n three or four runs," he says.

I could 'a' killed him, but it woulda been a five dollar fine in Alabama.

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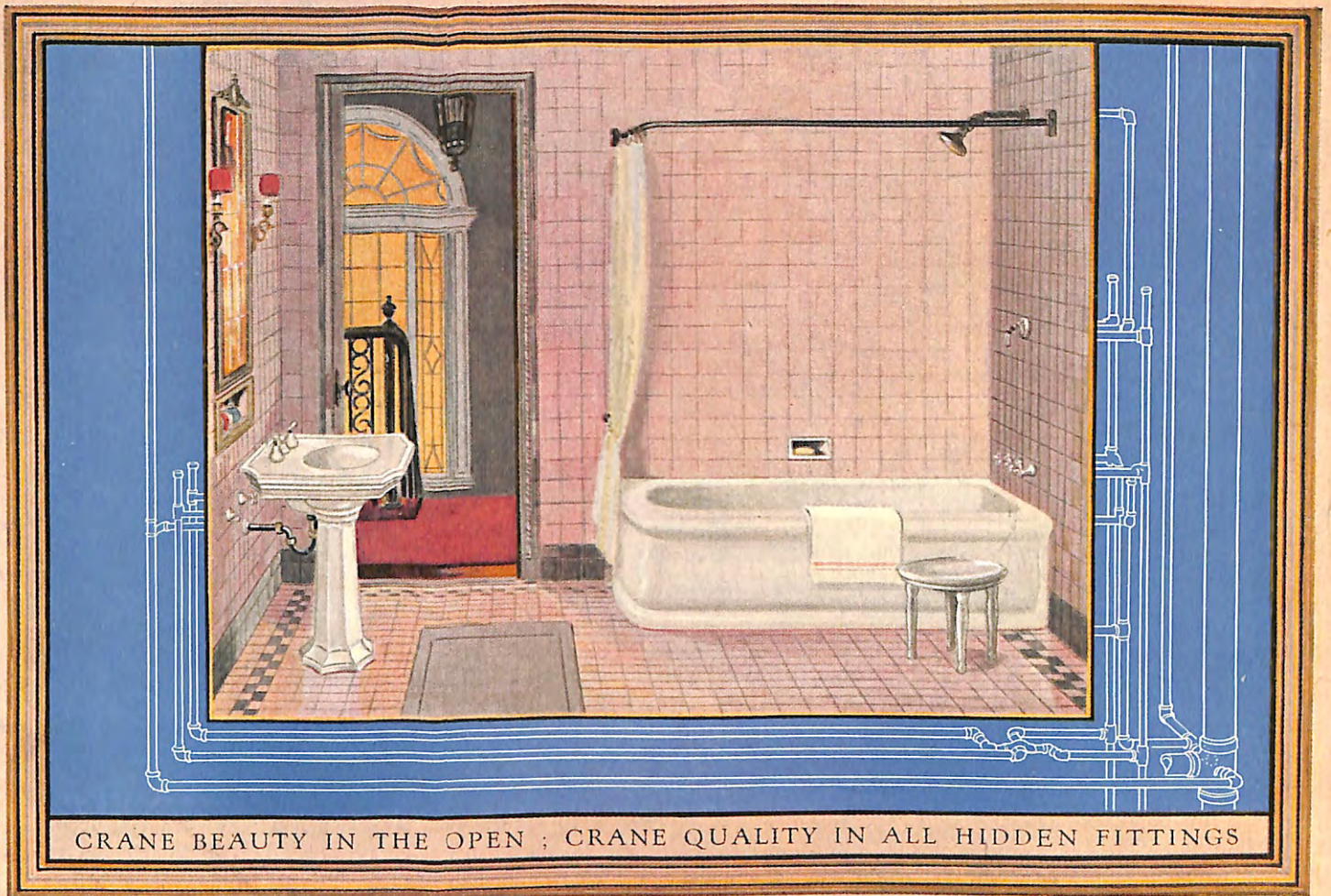
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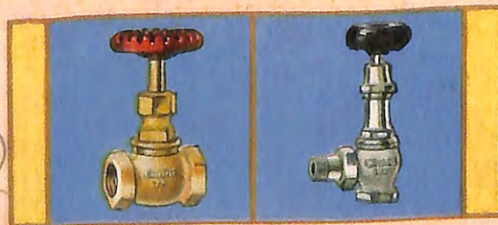
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