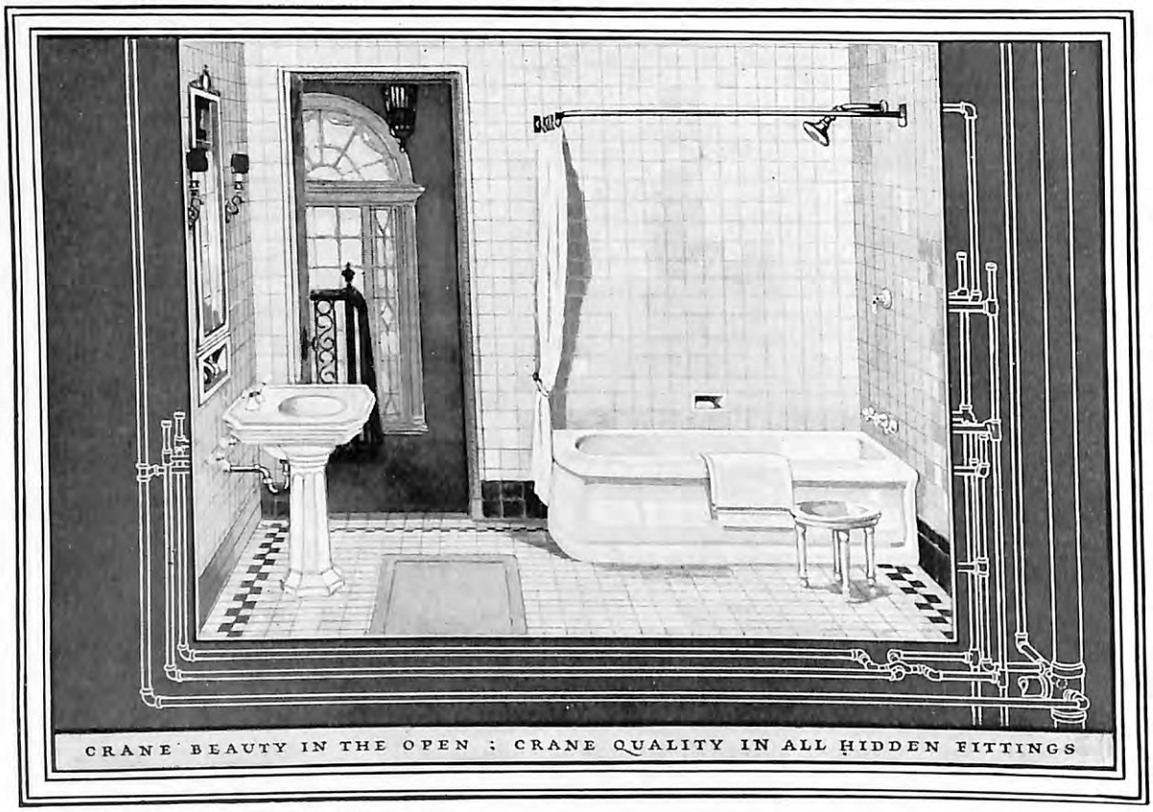
The Elks Magazine

20 CENTS A COPY

SEPTEMBER, 1923

In this Issue—

First of a New Series by Arthur Somers Roche—Stories and Articles by Henry Irving Dodge, Walter A. Dyer, George Middleton and William G. Shepherd



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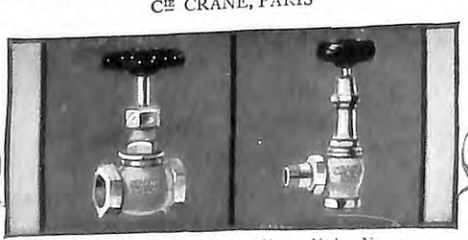

Globe Valve No. 1-B Radiator Valve No. 220

A $6,000 Opportunity
—but they offered it to another man

Sometimes the best thing that can happen to a man is to be taken within sight of the "promised land"—and then dropped with a thud!

If he has any stuff in him, the experience is bound to set him thinking.

Only the other day, one of our members, newly enrolled, told us how he came to take up specialized training.

He had been drifting along in a careless fashion for several years—on good terms with his employers and thinking all the time that it was UP TO THEM to provide for his future.

Unexpectedly, the head of his department—whom he had always regarded as a permanent member of the home organization—was transferred to the New York branch.

And OPPORTUNITY—exactly the opportunity which he should have been PREPARING for—sent out a hurry call for the best man that could be found.

What was this man's surprise to discover that he was not even being considered for the place!

Another man—chosen because he had ALREADY made himself familiar with the responsibilities of the position—was appointed over his head. The salary was $6,000 a year.

Why Wait for the Big Disappointment?

Of course there is nothing unusual about this man's experience.

It is happening all the time to thousands of men—in thousands of business offices.

These men are perfectly AWARE of the great sifting process that is going on all about them—yet it seems as though misfortune simply HAS to come to them before they will wake to their need for specialized training—and take the necessary steps to GET IT!

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For more than fourteen years LaSalle Extension University has been pointing out to earnest men the conditions which surround the contest for success in business and has been equipping them for OPPORTUNITY.

A quick appraisal of what this undertaking means to the man ambitious to get ahead may be gained from the letters of LaSalle-trained men. The following statements are typical of thousands of similar statements in the files of LaSalle Extension University. They forever give the lie to those men who would make you believe that you "haven't a chance."

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G. K. Scheile, Canada.

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B. T. Bailey, Wisconsin.

"My salary has been more than doubled, and I see greater things ahead. I owe all my success to LaSalle and its Placement Bureau."

R. B. Cook, Chicago.

"Led the list in the Maine bar examination, held in Portland August 1 and 2."

Gordon F. Gallert, Maine.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now district manager, with eleven men working under me. Without any exaggeration, I believe that signing up for this course will prove one of the wisest things I have ever done."

C. Rutherford, Ontario, Canada.

Prove Your Title to Success!

Not every man, of course, is ENTITLED to success—for not every man is willing to put forth the necessary effort.

If, however, a man is earnestly sincere in his desire to get ahead, he cannot help but profit by the literature LaSalle will gladly send him.

The coupon just below this text will promptly bring you the further information you should have—and if you are the SORT of man LaSalle can help, your own good judgment will suggest that you mail the coupon NOW.

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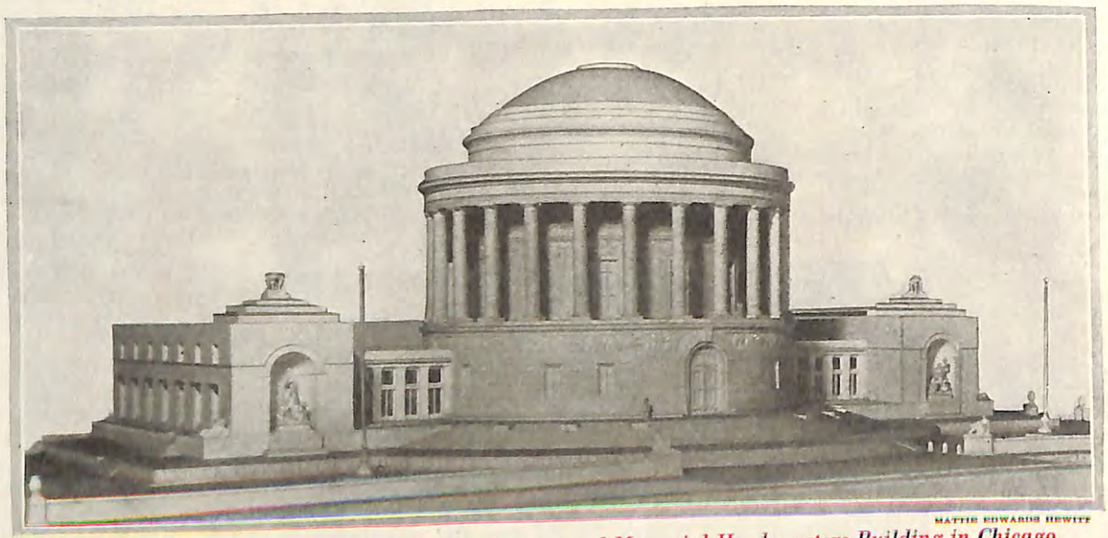
Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two *Number Four*



MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

The contract for the construction of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, a model of which is shown above, has been awarded to the Hegeman-Harris Company of New York. Work has already been started on the excavations

Features *for* September, 1923

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

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

Joseph T. Fanning, *Executive Director*

Robert W. Brown, *Editor* Charles S. Hart, *Business Manager*

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Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

Watertown, South Dakota, August 10, 1923

To All Elks:—Greeting

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

Your representatives at the Grand Lodge Session in Atlanta received a very inadequate expression of my deep sense of obligation and gratitude; and at this very first opportunity, I want again to endeavor to express to each and every member of the Order my appreciation for this greatest honor that has been bestowed upon me. Together with this message of appreciation, there was expressed to the Grand Lodge membership the request that they convey to you, my brothers, and to each and every one of you, the slogan: "Let's Do!"

That message was sent to you because this is your Order, it is your Grand Lodge, and it is through you and you alone that our ideals can be realized and our ambitions become realities. The splendid record of progress and marvelous accomplishments of our Order are due to the support and efforts of the individual membership as well as to the splendid leadership of the Grand Lodge and the officers of the Subordinate Lodges who have worked so zealously in the past. But there is much more to do, and this is indeed *your* Order! This business is your business. Pride in its accomplishments is yours. The ideals of further service to humanity and to the community, State and the Nation in which you live should be and are your ideals. Yours should be the corresponding sense of individual responsibility; and the real Elks in your lodge are those alert and faithful brothers who have proved by their deeds that they have accepted and fulfilled this responsibility.

No one man, nor yet any small group of men can pretend to organize and maintain the school, the church, or the other great agencies for protection, education, health and comfort which we enjoy. Every citizen has an individual interest in these institutions; he is called upon to aid in their financial support, and if he is a real citizen, he accepts the responsibility of taking an active and intimate interest in this, his business. And just so, in this greatest American Fraternity, each individual member, in accepting the rights and privileges of membership, owes his active cooperation in the great and humane work to which our fraternity is devoted. When you elect officers, expecting them to devote a large portion of their time and unceasing efforts, you should do your part in the advancement of the every interest of the Lodge. We are one big family of brothers, and complete and harmonious cooperation and confidence reposed in your officers, and your attendance at meetings will, I am sure, inspire them to work and to serve well, to exemplify our beautiful ritual impressively, and to make your lodge meetings more attractive. Without your every individual effort and assistance, the splendid patriotic, social and community welfare work and the many projects which should be adopted for the good of the Order, may be a burden to the faithful few, when they might so well be a pleasure and privilege to you all.

So "Let's Do," my brothers!

The Elks Magazine

We have a wonderful magazine, and I am sure you are proud of it, that you glory in the fact that it has in little more than a year taken its place as a real force in the realm of monthly publications. In the fullness of our pride in this real accomplishment, let us not fail to yield our every further support. Not alone should this magazine going into over eight hundred thousand American homes appeal to you, but items of interest to the Order at large should be very promptly forwarded to the editorial office. And it may be here noted that by action of the Grand Lodge the sum of one dollar and fifty cents was levied for the magazine, but this sum will not be due until April 1, 1924, and will pay your subscription for one year and a half, from October 1, 1923, to April 1, 1925. The Subordinate Lodges may thus more readily adjust their accounts with the Grand Lodge.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

In the August issue of the ELKS MAGAZINE you will find the very splendid reports made at the recent Grand Lodge Session regarding the National Memorial Headquarters Building and the Magazine itself. You will note that the Commission is now preparing to enter into formal contracts for the National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, and we will all, I am sure, look forward with much pride and satisfaction to this real work of construction. This report will also advise you that it is not anticipated that the Commission will make any further levy during the current calendar year. The report on the magazine will give you a brief history of its establishment and growth, and I am sure that the reading of it will bring to you a more complete realization of the remarkable success of this undertaking.

Good of the Order

The August number of the magazine has also advised you of the splendid report of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. This is replete with food for thought and action. If you are not already interesting yourself actively in one or more of the projects, you should insist that

your Subordinate Lodge consider the subjects called to your attention by this report, relative to crippled children, Elks scholarship foundations, recreational fields and playgrounds, fostering of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and every aid that may be given to the youth and to the needy.

Social and Community Welfare

The initiative should be taken by your Subordinate Lodge in all patriotic, social and community activities, as is so well pointed out in the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Cooperation with other existing organizations and agencies is commended, and as an Elk, you will be given inspiration for further efforts by the reading of this report relative to Americanization and Flag Day, charity and relief work, assistance in education, and other forms of conservation and welfare work mentioned.

The attention of the officers is particularly called to the recommendation which was adopted by the Grand Lodge requiring that the Secretary transmit to the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, a copy of all reports of the Subordinate Lodge Committee, in order that other lodges and the membership at large may be advised concerning your activities.

You will readily note that the real standing of your Subordinate Lodge is to be measured by its accomplishments in all patriotic, charitable and welfare work. Plans and methods have been pointed out to you, and any Subordinate Lodge that does not engage in some form of welfare or uplift work during the coming year will be considered as having failed. And you as an individual member of such a lodge will be a party to that failure. Let us see to it that we have a one-hundred-per-cent. efficiency welfare program during the coming year.

Amendments to Grand Lodge Statutes

The Judiciary Committee reported remarkably few amendments to the existing laws, and this, to my mind, is a very splendid indication that in our Order we do not follow the hysterical and all too prevalent craze for over-legislation.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that your representative to the Grand Lodge must submit his report to the lodge at its first regular session following his return from the Grand Lodge, but that this report need not be in writing.

A fine may be imposed upon a Subordinate Lodge for the failure to report upon the request of any Grand Lodge Committee for any information required relating to any of its activities.

Subordinate Lodges may now elect not less than three nor more than five Trustees by making proper amendment to their by-laws.

An Elk who has taken his absolute dimit and seeks readmission in the lodge which granted the dimit, is required to pay an affiliation fee, which shall be at least equal to any increase in the initiation fee over the amount paid by him upon his original election.

The Committee on Social and Community Welfare is made a standing committee of five in the Grand Lodge, having supervision of matters pertaining to Elk activities of civic, social and community interests.

Grand Lodge Dues

The Grand Lodge fixed and assessed the sum of thirty-five cents upon each member of the Order for Grand Lodge expenses including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, this sum and the one dollar and fifty cents for the ELKS MAGAZINE for a year and a half, to be paid on or before May 1, 1924.

Atlanta Grand Lodge Reunion

All of these and other activities of the Grand Lodge occurred in that wonderful city famed for its Southland hospitality—Atlanta, Georgia. Too great tribute could not be paid to the people of Atlanta, and the officers, committeemen and membership of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, for the most generous entertainment and delightfully cordial spirit of welcome. Every detail was most splendidly planned and wonderfully executed. The next session of your Grand Lodge will be held in Boston, Massachusetts, commencing on Monday, July 7, 1924.

New Membership

If each individual member will assume full responsibility and the Subordinate Lodge activities be enlarged and strengthened, a healthy, normal growth cannot fail to result. Character and quality of new members must be emphasized above everything else. But it would seem, my brothers, that each group of seven of the present membership should know of one citizen who would and should become a real, active member of your lodge and of the Order, and with this ratio of effort we will have reached the goal of one million members before April 1, 1924.

Subject always to the strict compliance with the Constitution and Statutes of the Order, I propose to favor the establishment of new lodges during this year. Where the application for dispensation shows circumstances warranting a new lodge, it seems to me that it is our duty to give these newer communities an Elk Lodge, and give to the members of the Order in those communities an opportunity for immediate and direct service in their particular locality.

Ritual

The officers of your lodge are required by Statute to memorize and properly exemplify the initiatory service and ritual. District Deputies will be instructed to enforce this law to the letter, at the same time calling attention to the changes to go into effect October 15th, next, of which officers will take note as soon as the new rituals are delivered. While these ritualistic lessons are most beautiful and enlightening, it is very earnestly recommended that an explanatory talk be given to the newly made brothers immediately after their initiation. A brief, well delivered statement of the history and purposes of our Order is invaluable in apprising the new Elk of his new-found privileges and responsibilities.

President Harding

The Nation mourns the loss of its splendid leader. In our Order, the mystic hour of Eleven, will bring to us the memory of no more devoted or faithful Brother than Warren G. Harding.

His position as chief executive of our Country, his earnest support and his abiding and expressed confidence in the influence and future of our Order, require a more widespread tribute than could possibly be expressed alone by Marion (Ohio) Lodge No. 32. Each Subordinate Lodge is directed to include in its proper order of business at the next regular meeting, the service announcing the death of Brother Harding.

His virtues and accomplishments will be written large upon our tablets of love and memory.

Law Enforcement

It is with a very pardonable pride, Brothers, that we know our Order to be recognized as a "highly purposed fraternity," a law-abiding and law-enforcing fraternity. No violation of any law of State or Nation can or will be overlooked, and we demand and expect the support of every individual brother in this matter of continued law enforcement. Real patriotism and loyalty to flag and country demand a full reverence and regard for existing laws and their enforcement.

All other purposeful organizations in your community will lend their every encouragement and support in this and all other good work to which your lodge is devoted, and petty annoyances by any sort of organization or individual, not informed of our ideals and accomplishments, or actuated "by mischief or unreasoning malice," should be ignored as unworthy of attention.

Section 219

At this time attention is specifically directed to the express provision of Section 219 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, which in very plain terms prohibits a lodge and its members from soliciting aid from sister lodges by the sale of tickets or otherwise. There has been a somewhat persistent inclination to evade, and in some instances, directly to violate, this provision of our law, even to the extent of sending out tickets for a lottery. It is hoped that it will not be necessary during the coming year to impose the serious penalties provided for violation of this section of the Statute; but this notice is fair warning to each and every Subordinate Lodge and its membership, and any violation hereafter must be considered a wilful one, and punishable as such.

Secretaries

One of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers during his term of office made the statement that a "Secretary makes or breaks a lodge." Too much stress can not be put upon this statement, which I very heartily endorse. A Secretary is always the active officer in immediate contact with the membership. It is for you, Brothers of the Subordinate Lodges, to compensate your Secretary so that he can and will devote the necessary time and have any necessary facilities and assistance for the proper performance of his every duty; and the selection of your Secretary from year to year is of the utmost importance.

District Meetings

Provision has been made and plans are now under way for the very effective annual meeting of District Deputies to be held in Chicago about September 30th. Each District Deputy will be directed to call a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Subordinate Lodges of his district as soon as possible after the Chicago meeting; and it is my earnest wish that each lodge promptly direct these officers to attend the District meeting. The results of similar meetings in the last two years warrant this action on your part.

State Associations

If you have a State Association it should receive your active attention and support. Marvelous results have followed the activities of certain of our splendid State meetings. Each State Association should have some definite and concrete plan of action within its own jurisdiction—have something to do, and then *do it.* As it is the province of the Grand Exalted Ruler to call upon the governing board and officers of the State Association for advice, recommendation and information, it shall be his policy in turn, so far as practicable, to have some Grand Lodge representative in attendance on each State meeting during the coming year, and we shall look forward with much interest to the activities, reports and recommendations of the State Associations.

Appointments

In accordance with the Resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Atlanta, it was a pleasure to reappoint as Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans (La.) Lodge No. 30.

Brother M. R. Baskerville, the first Past Exalted Ruler of Watertown (South Dakota) Lodge No. 838, was appointed as Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; but following his very early resignation, the appointment of Brother Charles D. Ray, of Watertown (S. D.) Lodge No. 838 as Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, is announced.

The list of other appointments will be promulgated about September 15th.

I pledge you my humble best, my Brothers, "Let's Do!"

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:

Grand Secretary.


Directly on copper
from the life
Walter Tittle
P. S. 19 1920
Very Sincerely
Warren G. Harding

Warren G. Harding

WHEN the whole people of the United States, in every city, town, hamlet and countryside, with bowed heads and saddened hearts, mourned the untimely death of President Warren G. Harding, it was something more than a mere national tribute to his high office. It was something more than a mere formal display of the respect and esteem of the American people for their chosen Chief Executive, who had given his life in their service. It was the expression of a sincere and wholly unfeigned sorrow; a tribute of personal affection for one who had inspired it in the hearts of countless thousands, even of those who never saw him in the flesh, by his exalted character, his loyal patriotism, his devotion to duty, his unquestioned integrity of purpose, his unfailing kindliness and considerate thoughtfulness, and his unaffected, clean hearted, human friendliness.

Among those who thus mourned him, the members of the Order of Elks have a peculiarly appropriate place by virtue of their special loss. Warren G. Harding was not merely a member of the Order; he was a very loyal and enthusiastic Elk. He felt, and frequently expressed, a just pride in that membership; and he found a real happiness in its fraternal associations.

He manifested in his daily life, throughout his career, no less as President than as a humble reporter of earlier years, those qualities of mind and heart that characterize and distinguish the true Elk. He loved his fellow men and he delighted in every kindly service. The example of his fraternal life has inspired, and will continue to inspire, the emulation of all his brethren.

Because of these things, and not because he was President of the United States, though that fact gives them a greater fraternal significance and value, the golden hour of recollection will have a deeper and sweeter meaning to all Elks, now that the mellow tones of the eleven strokes will call to memory, among Our Absent Brothers, the benign and friendly face of Warren G. Harding.

Beginning an Outstanding Series of Mystery Stories by An Author Preeminent in the Field

The Victim of Amnesia

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Donald Teague

THE sergeant peered over the tops of his steel-rimmed spectacles. He twirled the huge blotter around on the slanting desk before him, and dipped his pen in the inkwell.

"And here I was thinkin' to meself that the dove of peace was roosting—do doves roost, Officer McCarthy? Or do they perch? You don't know. Well, God forgive me for being soft-minded enough to think that a harness bull would know anything about ornithology! Ah, do not blush, Officer McCarthy. Your ignorance is in no way remarkable. It is me own knowledge of science and mythology that's remarkable. Me, a student and scholar, ordered by Fate to put down arson and riots and other breaches of the peace, when I should be holding down the presidency of a university.

"Well, roost or perch, the dove has flown away. Here it is midnight, and I was congratulating myself because not an arrest had been made in this precinct. 'Tis the millennium, I was telling myself. And then you come in here with this evil-looking person and shatter me faith in human nature and the efficacy of good example, as instanced by meself, and the value of brute force, as exemplified by you."

His bushy eyebrows drew together in a portentous frown, which could not, however, entirely hide the good humor in his blue eyes.

"What's the charge against the prisoner?" he asked.

Officer McCarthy grinned. "There ain't none, Sergeant Ryan."

"Ah, the gentleman dropped in for a little social relaxation? Or is he here to make complaint against some one else? Introduce us, Officer McCarthy."

"That's just it," said the policeman. "He don't know who he is."

Sergeant Ryan adjusted his glasses. He shifted in his chair in order that he might get a better view of McCarthy's companion. He saw a well-built man of medium height, with extremely keen gray eyes. They were deep-set below a well-shaped forehead above which grew black hair that was as straight as an Indian's. Indeed, the sharp-edged, high-bridged nose, and the high cheek-bone, bore out the impression that here was some one in whose veins ran the blood of the American aborigines. His mouth, though wide enough for good humor, was thin-lipped. His chin was bony and aggressive. And his skin had that leathery look which comes to those who live and labor out-of-doors.

But his clothing seemed to have nothing to do with the plains or hills from which he might reasonably have been assumed to come. For an expert tailor had cut the blue flannel lounge suit which he wore; an English tailor, Sergeant Ryan decided. And the slightly brogued low tan shoes could have come from the British Isles. The hat which swung from his hand was a gray felt of delicate and expensive texture. His scarf was a golden brown, and beneath it Ryan could see a shirt of soft fine linen. The sergeant added the face and the clothing together and reached the sum: "wealthy sportsman, English."

"So you don't know your name?" he said wonderingly.

The stranger laughed embarrassedly. "Sounds jolly rot, doesn't it?"

Sergeant Ryan mentally complimented his own shrewdness. He had guessed the

At the end of an hour Conkling confessed himself baffled. "Yours is a most unusual case. Physically, you are in perfect condition. Mentally, aside from this blank spot in your brain, you are one of the most alertly intelligent patients I have ever examined"

man's nationality correctly, for his accent was indisputably British.

"Well, it does seem strange for a young fellow in the pink of condition, like you seem to be, to forget who he is. You talk like an Englishman. I don't know how it is in dear old Lunnon, but it ain't exactly healthy to spoof the police over here. Not in my precinct, anyway. So, just out of the kindness of my great big generous heart, I'm telling you that if you came here for a laugh you picked the wrong spot."

THE stranger smiled deprecatingly. "If there's any laugh in this, it's on me, not you. I assure you, I never felt less like laughing in my life."

Sergeant Ryan stared at him. But this was not the impertinence or the brazenness of the practical joker; it was the ingenuous frankness of a bewildered man. Indeed, there was more than bewilderment in the stranger's manner: there was a hint of fear. Sergeant Ryan's sympathetic heart softened.

"Well, it's a tough position you're in, young man," he said. "It'd give me the willies."

The stranger wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. Sergeant Ryan noted that it was of expensive linen.

"It makes me feel a little ga-ga," said the young man.

"'Ga-ga'? Now, that's a new one on me. Does it mean the willies?"

The stranger smiled. "Something like that, I imagine."

"Well, I don't blame you," said the sergeant. "But suppose you tell me the whole story."

The stranger shrugged his well-knit shoulders. "There's very little to tell. I suddenly found myself walking on a broad avenue along the edge of a park. I didn't know how I got there, where it was, or who I was." He smiled rather winningly. "It's a dreadful sensation."

"I believe you," declared the sergeant with emphasis. "You don't suppose you'd been drinking a little boot-leg liquor? It does strange things to people, you know."

"NOW, that's a funny thing," replied the stranger. "While I don't know my name, or where I come from, I do remember many things. For instance, I know that I never drink, and smoke only occasionally. No, it wasn't liquor."

"What did you do when you found out your memory'd gone?" asked the sergeant.

The stranger looked embarrassed. "Well, at first I went into a blue funk; got in a regular state of panic. You know, it isn't a cheerful situation. Then I said to myself, 'Look here, old man, this will never do. Won't get you anywhere except completely ga-ga.'"

"That 'ga-ga' is a grand word," commented the sergeant. "Go on."

"Well, across the park I could see tall buildings, bigger than anything that I'd ever seen in London."

"You remember London then?" interrupted the sergeant.

"I seem to know, somehow, that London is my home. But where I lived there, I couldn't possibly tell you. Also, I remember Paris and Brussels and the Riviera and Rome quite as well as I remember London."

"Polly-voo Francy?" asked the sergeant.

"Ah, oui, Monsieur. Mais je ne suis pas Français. No, I'm not French. I'm English."

The sergeant nodded. "I believe you. Go on."

"Well, I looked for a sign, and discovered that I was on Fifth Avenue. I walked into the park and sat down on a bench. I did my best to rouse my recollection. But after two hours I hadn't learned anything about myself. I couldn't go back of the moment when I found myself strolling on Fifth Avenue. And so, finally, seeing this officer here, I walked up to him and explained my predicament. He advised me to come to see you. He said that you were not merely his superior officer, but a man of science."

Sergeant Ryan cast a glance of approbation at Officer McCarthy. The latter hid a grin. He felt that he would be a roundsman soon if Sergeant Ryan's influence had any weight.

"AN AMACHOOR only," disclaimed the sergeant modestly. "However, I know something about your trouble. I've come into contact with similar cases before. Usually, the person's memory is restored in a very short time. Sometimes, there's no medical treatment at all required. Just a little rest, a little time, and the memory comes back. You've probably been under some heavy strain. You don't look as though you'd been sick."

"I feel fine," said the stranger. "I can't believe that I've been under any strain."

The sergeant shrugged. "Maybe not. Sometimes a blow on the head—are you hurt anywhere?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Have you any money?"

The young man pulled out a purse. From it he took several hundred dollars.

"Don't seem as though you've been robbed," said Ryan. "You haven't looked through your clothes?"

"For letters or other papers? I haven't a thing of the sort on me."

"I meant for marks on your clothing," explained the sergeant.

A light gleamed in the Englishman's eyes. "I hadn't got around to thinking of that. Perhaps——"

"Let's go in an inside room," suggested the sergeant.

But, strangely enough, there was not even a laundry mark upon the stranger's linen. The label that should have been sewed in his jacket was missing. His hat bore no maker's mark. His shoes had no identifying symbol.

"Well, I don't know what to do for you," admitted Sergeant Ryan as the stranger clothed himself. "If you acted nutty, I could ship you over to Bellevue. But you haven't created any trouble, and it ain't a crime yet in this country for a man to forget his name. Of course, they'd take you in at Bellevue if you went there by yourself. What do you say?"

"It seems so absurd," said the Englishman. "If I knew of some private specialist——"

"I know the very man for you. Thaddeus Conkling, on Central Park West. He's the biggest man in the country on mental troubles. If he'd take you, you'd be in the best possible hands."

"Is he terribly expensive?" asked the stranger.

Ryan shrugged. "Lord knows. But when I was a traffic cop I yanked him from in front of an automobile, and every Christmas he sends me a box of cigars. And he passes the time of day mighty pleasantly whenever we happen to meet. For a friend of mine he'd be reasonable in his charges."

"You're extremely kind," said the stranger.

Sergeant Ryan waved a pudgy hand. "You're a likely looking lad, and it's little enough I'll be doing for you. We'll go to see him in the morning. Where do you plan to spend the night?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea," admitted the stranger.

"I'd take you home with me myself, only what they pay a police sergeant don't rent any palaces. There isn't an extra room in my flat. But McCarthy here will take you around to the Ballston; it's a decent quiet place, and you can send a bellboy out for the toilet articles you'll need."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Englishman.

"Don't try," said Sergeant Ryan. "I'll call around for you about nine to-morrow morning. And don't worry. Mind that. You'll be all right in a few days."

"Do you really think Conkling can cure him?" asked Officer McCarthy, after he had returned from piloting the victim of amnesia to the hotel.

"The Lord knows," replied the sergeant. "But I hope so. I took a fancy to that lad. I never saw a smarter looking young man. It's a shame if a brain like that won't function."

"It is that," agreed McCarthy.

The Englishman was up and dressed and had breakfasted when Sergeant Ryan called the next morning.

"How are you feeling?" asked the sergeant.

"Couldn't be better, but the old bean is just the same. It's a most amazing sensation, Sergeant."

"Save your symptoms for Dr. Conkling, my boy," said the sergeant.

THE camel would have hardly more difficulty in passing through the eye of a needle than a patient would in reaching the presence of Dr. Thaddeus Conkling without an appointment. But the physician was evidently a man who remembered his obligations. Sergeant Ryan sent in his name, and a moment later a white-robed nurse ushered the sergeant and his companion past a line of waiting and disapproving patients, into his inner office. He greeted Ryan cordially, and the Englishman had a chance to observe the man who, according to the sergeant, stood at the head of his profession.

A huge man, several inches above six feet and wide in proportion, with a tremendous red beard, bold blue eyes that were slightly protruding, and a great scimiter of a nose, he looked more like the reincarnation of an ancient Viking than a practitioner of medicine. There was something about him that seemed to suggest elemental, undisciplined forces, and that was not at all like a man of healing. He seemed destructive, not constructive. But his manner, bland and soothing, assorted better with his profession than his appearance.

He greeted the Englishman courteously, and when Ryan had explained their presence, his protruding eyes looked interestedly at his new patient, and not without kindness or its close simulation.

"Well, I guess we can fix this young man up soon enough. The examination will take some little time, Sergeant."

"I didn't expect to wait," said Ryan. He shook hands with his protégé. "Let me hear from you soon."

"Indeed I will," said the Englishman. "And I'm certainly grateful to you."

He turned to Dr. Conkling as Ryan left the office. Into his eyes came an expression of anxiety. "Doctor, this condition of mine can't last, can it?"

"STRIP," said Conkling. The kindliness in his eyes was replaced by the absorption of the man of science. The Englishman obeyed him. Twenty minutes later his physician ordered him to put on his clothes. While he was doing so, and for an hour thereafter, Conkling questioned him on every conceivable subject. At the end of that time, he confessed himself baffled.

"Yours is a most unusual case. Ordinarily, in cases of aphasia or amnesia, there are abnormal symptoms that go along with the disease itself. But in your case there is absolutely nothing save the fact that you have forgotten your identity. I have questioned you in every possible way of which I can think. But none of those questions seem to strike a note upon the chords of memory. Physically, you are in perfect condition. Mentally, aside from this blank spot in your brain, you are one of the most alertly intelligent patients I have ever examined. I imagine that we must publish discreet advertisements, hoping in that way to find your family. The sight of your father, or a brother or sister, or even an ordinary acquaintance, would probably do more for you than all the medical treatment in the world."

"What reason do you assign for my condition?" asked the patient.

Dr. Conkling shrugged his massive shoulders. "A great grief, a prolonged mental strain, the after-effects of a severe illness, or a blow would induce your condition. That is why I'm puzzled. Your physical condition indicates absolutely that you have suffered none of these. Except possibly a blow."

"But you can't find even the slightest trace of a blow upon me," objected the Englishman.

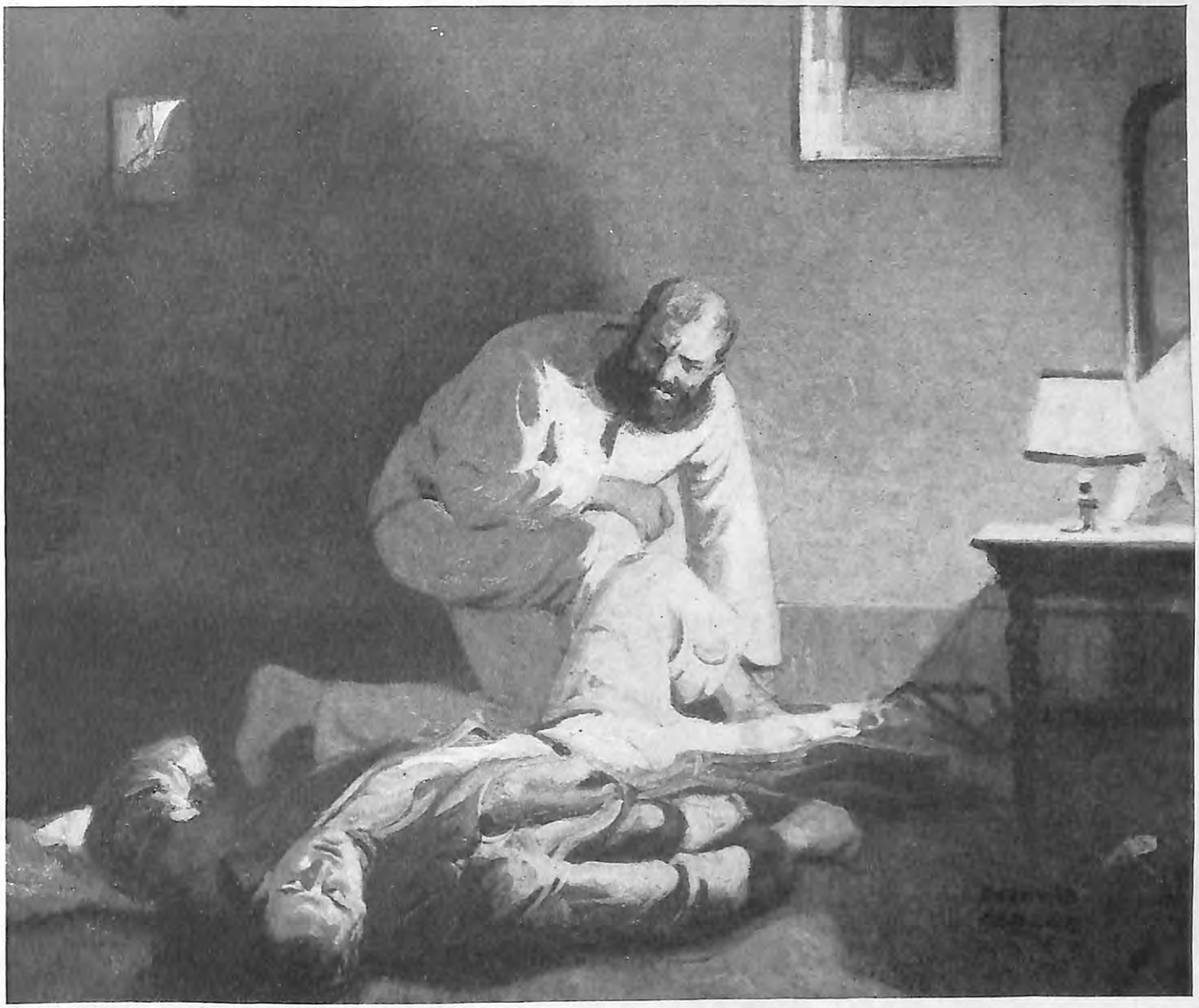
"That is true," admitted the physician. "But the blow might have been suffered a long time ago, and its effect be felt only now. You have nothing to worry about. I assure you that the trouble will go no deeper than it lies now. Unless my entire professional experience is at fault, your condition, if it changes in any way, will do so for the better."

"That's not very encouraging, is it?" commented the Englishman, a shadow of anxiety crossing this face.

"I can't work miracles," said Conkling. "If you were highly nervous, or if your physical condition were bad, I would not hesitate to recommend an operation. Somewhere in the skull a piece of bone is pressing upon your brain. But, without knowing where the spot is—its approximate position—we would have to rely entirely upon X-rays. I would not care to do so in the case of a perfectly healthy man."

"Then you can do nothing for me?" asked the patient.

"I suggest that you advertise," said the doctor.



The physician shook off the blows in his face; his great arms circled through the air, his fist collided with McFarlane's jaw, and the secretary went to the floor completely knocked out

The patient stared at him. "What sort of a man would you take me to be, Doctor?"

"You mean your character?" asked the doctor. His bushy eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Exactly," said the Englishman.

Conkling's eyes half-veiled themselves behind lids whose veinous redness lent a terrifying aspect to his countenance.

"YOUR features would indicate that you are a man of imagination and recklessness. Your body bears two scars. Either or both might have been wounds received during the war. Unquestionably you were of military age. But they might have been received in brawls of one sort or another. My only reason for thinking this latter is the fact that your right hand has been broken in two places. They are exactly the sort of breaks that might have been caused by the delivery of a blow by the hand. Your complexion indicates that you have lived greatly out of doors. I should sum up by saying that you probably have an adventurous and reckless nature."

"But my morals, Doctor?" persisted the patient.

Conkling lifted his lids. "I would say, my friend, that you are not a man scrupulous in the ordinary sense of the word."

The Englishman nodded. "That's what I'm getting at, Doctor. Suppose that advertising for my friends should bring me enemies?"

"You are not speaking at random," said the doctor.

"I don't know what I'm driving at," was the other's reply. "I only know that I woke up last night, tiptoed to the door of my room, opened it and found myself trying the door of the room next to mine. I wasn't walking in my sleep; I was wide awake. I intended to rob that next room. Now, I know that is wrong. I may not have been a thief before I lost my memory. But how do I know? Wouldn't it be better for me to abandon any effort to reestablish myself under my own name? Might it not be possible that I would find the police waiting for the owner of that name?"

"You are very frank," said the doctor.

"A doctor's office is like a confessional, isn't it?" retorted the patient.

"This one is," said Conkling grimly. "But I have told you that I would not risk an operation."

"And I'm not sure that I'd consent to one," said the patient. "I'd like to know who I am, but I'd like to find out quietly. I don't want to stir up any hornet's nest."

"You are a very remarkable man," said Conkling. "May I ask what you intend to do when you leave this office?"

"Heaven knows. I have nearly five hundred dollars. After that's gone—I have no trade, no profession, no means of earning a livelihood, and no friends."

Dr. Conkling drummed upon his desk with great spatulate fingers.

"You interest me," he said at last. "I gather that you do not look with equanimity upon the prospect of starvation."

"You're exactly right," said the other. "According to what little I've found out about myself in the last fourteen hours or so, your diagnosis of my character is correct. That I am more than reckless, a lawbreaker, I don't know."

CONKLING ceased his drumming. "You have, of course, no plans. And you interest me. You are a rare type. A man of evident culture who is apparently completely normal. I believe that I would be overlooking a scientific opportunity if I did not keep you near me. I have need of a sort of secretary-companion. The pay will be ample for your needs. You will live here with me. As you work for me you will also be under my medical observation. What do you say?"

"I may be the most vicious criminal at large; I may be a murderer," objected the Englishman.

The physician smiled, exposing great white teeth, sharp like those of some carnivorous animal.

"You are an extremely well-built young man," he said. "But though I am at least twenty years older, I would back myself in

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Only Half His Troubles are Over When His Play Is Sold, So

Pity the Poor Playwright

By George Middleton

Sketches by Everett Shinn

WHEN I was a youngster I wanted to be a street-car conductor; he had nothing to do but collect money for himself. That's about an outsider's idea of what it means to be a playwright: he need only sit under a palm-tree, toss off a play, and let the royalties roll in. But it's all how you look at it: a fellow's attitude toward an automobile depends on whether he is driving it or dodging it. When one gets on the inside of any profession, everything looks different; and that's true whether one is selling soap or writing plays. When I began scribbling, some twenty years ago, fresh from college, a wise old playwright checked my dreams of hasty wealth and easy success by saying:

"It evens up, sonny; one year you'll be clipping coupons and the next you'll be clipping your cuffs. And remember, when you do strike it, what you'll rake in from a 'hit' will only help pay for the heartaches and hard work that went with your failures."

And he was right. The playwright's game isn't just turning out a masterpiece and then smoking Coronas till it's time to write another. A play, like a baby, has to be nursed along after it starts squawking; and, nowadays, being the fond parent of a good lusty play and bringing it up in the wild world of the theater is a nerve-racking occupation. And that's why we authors really ought to be pitied.

Our American drama itself is very young, for nearly all the popular successes that tickled our Daddies were lifted almost bodily from Europe. Many dramas, too, were made by pasting together scenes from the popular novels of the day, and the man who dramatized "Uncle Tom's Cabin" got a gold watch for doing it. We began to have a real native drama when Charles Hoyt and Bronson Howard looked about and discovered what our own life offered. Previously the few stray theater "hacks" "pirated" these foreign plays, rechristened the characters with good American names, and changed the scene from Aix-les-Bains to Saratoga Springs. What remained, however, were the Continental situations which bore no relation whatsoever to our own crude young life. To-day it's changed; by actual count, there are several million American playwrights loose, though perhaps only about thirty have got out of the woods. I'm not dealing with the sprinters, who tuck an accidental success under their arms, or who gracefully retire, after one appearance, to a more tranquil life elsewhere. I'm writing about the poor plugging professional Marathoners who go the distance. How did they happen to get started in the race?

There is the theater's undoubted appeal; it has always lured the imaginations of men on both sides of the footlights. "The dear, dear theater," as Barrie calls it; with its art of make-believe that gives us a glimpse of what we wish were true in our own lives or which makes us feel better because it isn't; with its laughter that helps us escape our troubles; with its tears that tell us the other fellow's not so bad; with its glamour, its lights and its beauty. There is a mysterious "pull" toward it that has kept it alive through the ages and which also explains why so many go on the stage or write for it. Some have the theater in their blood; they couldn't escape if they wanted to; they have been born in the wings, as it were. Some like *Topsy* just grew up in it whether as actors or office boys. Others can't help writing plays because that's the way their minds work; many think only of the money. Our motives for doing a thing are always mixed.

Fifteen years ago newspaper and magazine men began to cast their restless eyes more and more toward the stage and to follow its uncertain laurels. To-day we

have the phenomenon of college men actually leaving dear old Alma Mater, plunging directly into playwrighting, with the avowed intention of making it their career. And their colleges aid and abet them, too, by teaching them practical playwrighting. So dramatists now come from all walks of life; and the same goes for the manager, with whom the playwright must first make his contact to get his play produced.

If he thinks that the manager to-day is entirely a theater man, as in the old days of Daly and Wallack, he is mistaken. The ideal picture I early had that the manager was sitting on the doorstep—impatiently waiting a manuscript which he would consider the most important thing in his business, fondling it, caring for it exclusively till it was safely produced—was, to say the least, exaggerated. Only a few managers bring up a play like that; the others produce big families and let none but the fittest survive. When Al Woods came back from Europe last year with the rights to twenty-five foreign plays, he was asked if he was going to produce them all. "I hope I don't have to," he said.

THERE are some theater men with fine achievements who have no outside interests; but nowadays the majority are the best little business men on the map, and what they don't know about real estate in the large cities isn't worth knowing—and I might add some other things that aren't intimately connected with producing plays, such as baseball and boxing. The reason is obvious. During the last decade everybody's been speculating in leases so that theater rents have gone to the roof. And this has brought to prominence the type of manager who isn't a producer at all. He is a real estate man to whom the theater means no more, as an institution, than does the apartment house he builds or leases in the side street. He's only interested in the rent. This rent, however, is becoming more and more a guaranteed weekly sum which the producer, who doesn't own his theater, must shoulder for a certain period at his own risk. And even though the theater owner may let the producer's play into his house, on a sharing basis of the receipts, the play is liable to be put out, at any time, should business drop below a certain stipulated sum—known as "the stop."

How this economic factor specifically works is recalled by a luncheon I had once with the late Clyde Fitch, during the run of his best play, "The Truth." He was lamenting that though everybody considered it an artistic success the play was closing.

"It is doing about $6,000 a week. We give the theater 50 per cent. for the rent, which thus nets them $3,000. Our half share is sufficient to pay our salaries, advertising and my royalties, with a weekly profit to the manager of about $500. Not large—but still a profit. Yet we must close because the theater owners want more rent."

The next attraction, a musical comedy of no importance, played to $12,000 a week, which brought $6,000 rent. And to-day real estate is more king than ever; if a piece doesn't do at least $10,000 a week it just automatically stops running like a tired clock. That's why the big producers in the large cities want to own the theaters or control the leases of the theaters in which their important attractions play. All this business detail, including theater building, takes a lot of time away from the actual producing end. With a success, though, they profit on the rent as well as on the play. But since they have to keep both eyes working on these separate objects it isn't always good for their vision when it comes to choosing the play. The producing manager himself, caught by high rents and also by the increased cost of production all along the line, can't always be in a receptive frame of mind when he sees a new manuscript and figures what it will cost him to chance a failure. All these economic factors the sensitive playwright immediately realizes when he begins his experience in the cold, cold theater world; though from these same managers, who seem like inaccessible heights, will sooner or later blow the warm weekly soothing check. And managers must have plays—without which they are nothing.

So how do new plays get on? I sometimes wonder myself when I see them. Of course, an established author hasn't much difficulty; managers instinctively cotton up to the man who's handed them a couple of successes. Even though they know the established playwright may only average one success in three or four starts, they figure, as any business man does, that experience is worth more than hope. But every one has to begin, and we all did somehow. My own observation is that the beginner ought to live in or about New York. At least he can get acquainted. Managers remember a personality quicker than a man's autograph and the writer may sort of ease into their confidence. I suppose a counting of noses would disclose that most of us just naturally hibernated near Broadway. Sending a play to a New York manager from some distant nook may get his attention, but, as a rule, he's suspicious of the foreign postmark.

Managers do read and accept plays that are sent in; but the average is mighty small. And there's no time like to-morrow for reading the unsolicited manuscript. Yet some firms do have intelligent play-readers who carefully consider each manuscript. One such reader admitted to me sorrowfully that he hadn't been able to recommend a single play last season. However, he found several with good ideas. When this is done the manager generally gets a "hack" in and a deal is made to buy the idea with the privilege of rewriting the play. It's hard on a fellow's pride, but unless he happens to be a young genius his best bet is to pawn his watch, move to the city and see what occurs. He'll get plenty of shocks, but he'll learn a lot about the playwrighting game; for one can't learn much about a play unless it is produced. That way, too, many a man may get on to himself. I know one who found out he was a humorist and didn't know it. His piece was produced as a serious play. The audience laughed so much that it was afterward "billed" as a comedy and got over as a satire! And I'd hate to tell about those self-confessed comic writers who were thought by the audience to be regular Ibsens.

SUCH stars as Margaret Anglin, Ina Claire, Nazimova, Julia Marlowe have been seen on Broadway in plays by Mr. Middleton. Fay Bainter and Marjorie Rambeau will appear in new plays by him this season. Mr. Middleton is also the author of a number of volumes of one-act plays, which are read widely, and produced frequently in "Little Theaters" in this country and Europe

One of the great advantages, too, of sending a play in is that it teaches the playwright patience. No business in the world needs more of that than ours: it should be acquired early. One manager, pointing to a pile of plays, in my presence, said: "I keep them a year and then send them back unread: there's nothing in them, anyway." He died without ever reading one, I'm told. Another manager suddenly discovered he needed a play for one of his stars. He telephoned every playwright he knew to see if something was immediately available. And his secretary said afterwards that in his office, at that particular time, there were 234 unread manuscripts which had been sent him.

THEN there's another way of getting a play before a manager, and that's reading it to him. But first you must catch your hare. I wish I could figure up how much time I lost in my early days waiting for appointments and then making new ones after they had been broken. And I had all sorts of letters and connections that generally could get me to them. It often takes more time to place a play properly than to write it; later, you'll often find it takes even longer to get it produced. Years ago I sold one play after twenty-seven broken dates, and I think the manager took it only because he was tired of seeing me. You can't blame a manager for not wanting to hear a play read. I've tired out many a one myself, and they say I'm not a bad reader as playwrights go. Some managers and stars have courtesy and don't want to interrupt you and so, if they're not interested, quietly think of other things.

I remember once asking Margaret Anglin to let me read her a new play, but she refused, saying she couldn't judge that way. I reminded her that some years before she had let me read her a play. "Yes," she said, "and I accepted it." Then she added with a smile: "You remember what a failure it was." I know one man who did read a play to her; he became so emotional over it that he fainted. Maybe she was afraid of me when I told her mine was an emotional play. The only time, in my theater experience, that I came near suing a man for royalties he owed me was when he said I had misrepresented the play "by reading it so well."

They'll find the most valid reasons for not letting you read it to them: one lovely star told me, in her wonderful husky voice, that "I'd just love to let you read it to me; only I get so interested in the *way* it's being read that I can't follow *what* is being read." So I sent her the manuscript and never heard from her again.

In my more energetic days I used to pursue stars on the road where they were lonely. But I found that wasn't kind since they had no escape. And the most charitable thing we can do is to give the other fellow a respectable exit if he wants to avoid you. It makes him feel so clever. But once you do get a hearing, it's interesting to see how differently they take their punishment.

The vigorous, venerable David Belasco—the Dean of them all—is an appreciative listener who is always caught by the pictorial and acting possibilities in a script. His face, as he listens, wears a thousand masks, enigmatic, impenetrable; I have often become so interested in watching him that I forgot the script; which may have been just as well.

George Cohan never cracks a smile, listening intently to each word. You'll feel the play is terrible in spite of his intense interest until he adds: "the play is full of laughs." His criticism, too, is stimulating,

as he is a practised playwright himself with a great "feel" for what the public wants. One manager has a trick of nestling deep in his chair while he listens. I never know whether he is sleeping or not. Maybe he doesn't either. I successfully kept his eyes open by repeatedly pounding upon the table. Nor will I mention the name of another manager who never lets any one read to him; but I succeeded; telling him that I wanted him to consider two plays. When I finished with one, he asked: "Is the other better?" I admitted it. "Well, you needn't bother about reading it; I'll take it." That's gospel truth: though the play never went on. He told me afterwards it needed a Sarah Bernhardt to put it over—which was his way out, as he knew she wouldn't learn English even from him.

SOMETIMES the background helps. Mr. Kemper told me that the night Avery Hopwood came with the manuscript of "The Bat," he was at his country house, which was being repaired. Hopwood read the script of that now famous mystery melodrama with a howling wind outside driving the rain against the windows and rattling all the exterior scaffolding. No wonder the play seemed weird and exciting, and fortunately lived up to his impression of it. So it pays for a playwright to select his time and place when reading a play. I confess I haven't always been so successful. I read one play to a manager dealing with the glories of home life, and didn't know why he disliked the play till I learned his wife had just divorced him. But even if you get them to listen to your play, there's no sure way of making them accept it. Perhaps the best is to follow a well-known humorist's example. He sat down before the manager, drew the manuscript from one pocket and a pistol from the other. "You've got to like this play," he said. I've never tried it myself: I'd hate to have firearms handy for either of us.

I never found any manager who deliberately tried to cheat me on a contract once he accepted my play. Of course, any tenderfoot who gets in with a lot of bad men may find the going hard; but if you are dealing with responsible managers, the actual contract part of it is fair enough. What may happen to you afterwards are the breaks in any business. But signing the contract is only one of the author's business details. A very successful play, under a good contract, can net an author about a thousand a week in royalties while it is running in the first-class theaters. If the expenses aren't too high a manager himself can clear a couple of thousand a week profit. Naturally, some of the more imaginative authors feel they ought to "come in on" this possible profit; if the manager agrees they "take a piece" of the play—a percentage of the profits or losses—which varies according to the author's courage and his bank account. This is "inside" speculation and is a growing habit among established authors.

If you are a pure author (I mean only an author) with merely a royalty interest in the gross receipts you naturally aren't concerned with the manager's overhead expenses or the detailed cost of running the play, except that you know it won't live if the manager doesn't have a respectable "net" to put in the bank. But the instant you have a "piece" of the show you put on a manager's spectacles and see figures with his eyes. And you learn the most amazing things about the business, including the unsuspected expenses the manager generously wants you to share in before you draw down a profit. Then you are dragged—as a part owner—into all the "politics" of the theater; and learning the ropes has put many a man in the suicide squad. So instead of spending your time at Palm Beach you rotate about Broadway and 42nd Street, wondering where your play is going to be "routed," whether it's going to drop below the "stop limit" and have to leave New York, or any other nice little tragedy that's liable to dig into your pocketbook. For it's one thing to have a play fail and not make any royalty; it's another to get no royalty but have to pay losses on the failure in addition. Of course, some men thrive on this excitement.

Samuel Shipman, the author of *East Is West*, for example, practically lives in the box-office waiting for the house to be "counted up." When his play is out of town he can't sleep till the receipts are wired him. As he generally writes big popular successes he has no trouble sleeping after he gets the returns. But he says, "It's only the box-office that counts."

When Channing Pollock's *The Fool* was first tried out in the West, one manager after another lost faith in it. Pollock didn't, and he kept acquiring "pieces of the show"; when the play was finally produced in New York he was also one of the owners. Being formerly a press agent he knew every publicity trick; so he got off his metaphorical coat and worked like a Trojan. He happens to be a fine speaker, and we Americans like to be talked to. I'm quite sure before that play is finished there won't be a platform loose that he hasn't trod upon or a theater that his play has missed. Had the play been a failure he would have lost about $15,000; now that it is a success, in addition to $2,000 a week royalties on two companies (with four more to come next year), he is getting at least another thousand or two profit, as part owner, to say nothing of having banked over $75,000 so far on his share of the motion-picture rights. And he was more or less forced into it!

The other side of the picture is one of my author friends who had three consecutive failures and not only made no royalties but lost $40,000 in addition. I once had a small interest in a play. When I saw how much money our director was spending "putting it on," I got nervous. Though everybody predicted it would be an enormous success, I got out. It was a terrible failure, and I was the only one who made any money on it—$1,000, my share of the advance royalty. But I was cured. I prefer to let the manager do the worrying, and when I write a show that has profit I'm tickled to death—for his sake. And if he doesn't have to give up any of his profits to me, he enjoys it more that way himself.

WHEN a novelist finishes his book, he only has to read proof and worry about the color of the cover; once it is published he can camp, way off in the wilds and whistle, while his book keeps the wolf from the door. But when a dramatist places his play, aside from business details, his trouble has only begun. He's got to get actors; and that's about as hard a strain on him as his play may later be on the public. I try to put my feelings away in camphor, but that doesn't always kill the tears; for of all the heart-breaking experiences in the theater there's none worse than seeing actors hunting jobs on their personalities alone without any chance to deliver what goods they have in the acting line. You watch the weary men and women go in and out the office, trooping past and feeling, no matter how kindly you put it, that they are being judged for points like so many cattle. Sometimes you have obvious reasons of weight, age or previous condition of servitude, for refusing. I know one old domineering dowager who always comes when I'm casting a play. Invariably I have to tell her that the part I'm trying to fill is a sweet young thing. By no stretch of even her imagination can she pass for that; but she's such a good sport I'm tempted to rewrite a part just to fit her avoirdupois. But if you don't like their "personality" or looks, you tell them a polite lie about "letting them know"—which they don't believe—and they smile hopefully, leave their address once again and go repeat at the next office.

Of course, they do land jobs sometimes—the minor people—but I've been seeing the same faces for years, always looking.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Everyone knows the famous story "Skinner's Dress Suit." Here is an equally interesting tale of the same Skinner by the same author

Meadeville's Most Level-headed Optimist Discovers How to Silence Grouches and Convert Pessimists

Skinner and the Kill-Joys

By Henry Irving Dodge

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

ON THE eleventh day of November, 1922, William Manning Skinner was having the grouch of his life. Skinner was regarded the sanest optimist, the levelest-headed business man of all the Meadeville commuters. Also, he had the sunniest disposition of any of them. Then why should he, of all men, be afflicted with grouch? He wondered at it himself, and the more he wondered, the more impatient he became. But Honey understood. At least, she affected to understand.

"It's that Lansing Iron & Steel matter, Dearie. You've been worrying about it without knowing it, subconsciously." She pouted. "It's that horrid old Bottomley—how I hate him—to worry you so."

Skinner shook his head dubiously. "It isn't that — guess I'm just naturally grouchy."

"Nonsense!" Honey patted the back of his hand. "Just you be good—think it over till I get back."

When Honey was gone Skinner put his feet across the corner of the desk and morosely puffed a big, black cigar, as if determined to smoke out the grouch that was in him. Presently Honey tapped gently, peeked into the library, tiptoed over to her genius husband and deposited a thermos bottle of coffee and cup and saucer on the desk.

"You're a dear." He clung to her fingers for a moment, pressing them to his cheek. "Yes, you bet you're a dear."

"Don't forget to snap off the lights, Dearie," said Honey, kissing the top of Skinner's head, a way she had of saying good-night.

Attracted by the tempest, Skinner went to the window and stared for a time at the bare, swaying branches and the lonely electric bulb in the street, and then drew the curtains tight and went back to his chair and to his grouch. He lighted a fresh cigar, took a few puffs, and abstractedly laid it on the ash-tray. Then he leaned over, picked up a log and chucked it onto the fire. He looked at the clock on the mantel. "By jingo, that late!—ten minutes to twelve?" He glanced at his watch to confirm. That's what impressed it on him—ten minutes to twelve. He turned to the fire again.

As he sat there, dully watching the flames lick and encircle the new log, his eyelids grew heavy, his head began to nod. He struggled to keep awake—to go on mulling over his grouch. But sleep laid hold of him and irresistibly forced him lower into his chair. And then he dreamed. . . .

*

AN OLD man, tall, lean, broad-shouldered, ever so old, it seemed, holding a heavy cape coat about his shoulders, stepped into the room with Websterian dignity.

"What can I do for you?" said Skinner, edging toward the desk where he kept his automatic.

The stranger plucked off his hat with an air, bowed courteously, and dropped into the chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. Then he tossed his hat onto the couch, unclasped and threw back his greatcoat, nonchalantly kicked a footstool close to the fire with the toe of his boot, flung his feet upon

The members of the Board sprang to the aid of the stricken man . . . each one bent low as if about to lift him, stared hard at his forehead, shuddered, and moved away

it, stretched great bony hands into the warmth, and leaned back with a deep sigh of relief. Amused at the stranger's perfect impudence, Skinner leaned against his desk and waited. A blast of the tempest shook the house. "Bad night," he observed.

The stranger eyed his host for a moment. "It had me almost beaten. I saw your friendly light."

Skinner did the sensible thing. He reached for the thermos bottle. "Better have some coffee."

THE stranger took the proffered cup, drank deep, smacked his lips, and passed it back to Skinner quite as if his host had been merely an attendant. "Thank you—er—er?"

"Skinner."

"Thank you, Skinner." Again he stretched his hands to the fire and was silent.

"Well?" said Skinner presently, feeling he'd been ignored long enough. "What about it?"

The stranger turned slightly. "That's what I say—what about it?"

"Curious old dog," thought Skinner. He regarded the massive forehead and the sane, shrewd eyes. "By jingo," he mused, "here's a fresh mind, one that can see without bias. No harm taking a chance, anyhow. Perhaps you can tell me something," he blurted out impulsively.

The old man put his hand to his mouth to hide the derisive smile. "It's quite possible."

"It's this way. There's a concern—the Lansing Iron & Steel Works—they're leaving Pembroke—I've been trying to get them to come over here—but there's a fellow in Meadeville, Adolphus Bottomley, one of the directors of the First National, blocks me every step of the way." Skinner grunted. "Calls himself protector of our widows and orphans. When we're considering a loan, no matter what the security, Adolphus sits tight, combs his old, painted side-boards with his fat, white fingers, and vetoes—and always in the name of the widows and orphans."

"There's always a Bottomley," observed the old man, "to chuck a wrench into your machinery."

"The Bottomley blight is not the only one from which we're suffering, I'm afraid. There's a weird something in the very air of Meadeville—it isn't tangible enough for you to get your teeth in it—but it's there—you feel it—it holds things back."

The old man's face was flushed. He jumped up and strode back and forth excitedly. "Good! I'm in the right church and in the right pew, too!"

"I don't quite get you."

"I'm not only in the right town, but I'm in the right house."

"What's the big idea?"

The old man halted in front of Skinner. "Your town's sick," he cried exultantly.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Tree lice—that's what's the matter with it—full of 'em."

"Gypsy moths?"

"Oh, no. Parasitic sponges that live on the community tree and at the same time inject into it a deadly gas that destroys it."

"He's got a bug," thought Skinner. "What have tree lice to do with Lansing Iron & Steel?"

"Everything. You're infested with kill-joys here, and that's what I mean by tree lice—kill-joys." He dropped into his chair again, and spread his hands into the warmth of the fire. He was philosophical now. "I've made a study of kill-joys and their relations to social and industrial life."

Skinner was interested.

"Kill-joys are the snarley-eous of life. They're the gentlemen that make the community soil right for a fine, malignant growth of Bottomleys. Get me?" He pointed a huge, bony forefinger at Skinner. "For without the support of such hold-backs, your Adolphus never would dare veto an enterprise like your Lansing Iron & Steel." Skinner was beginning to see the light. "Your business man, above all others, must be sustained, kept braced up. For he's your key-stone. Don't forget that for a moment. How can you expect him to stand up against—

> Kill-joys to right of him,
> Kill-joys to left of him,
> Kill-joys all round him grumbling and muttering?"

The old man stroked his great eyebrows, wrinkled his forehead, and pondered, as if trying to find a way of asking a question without exciting suspicion, then: "You have a Sinister Sandy kill-joy in this town, I take it—the fellow that works in the big shops and specializes in promoting distrust between the boss and the men. Spends his noon hour haranguing till they all become cynical, disaffected, rebellious, without knowing why, because there is no why, except old Sandy's grouch." He glanced slyly at Skinner. "Know him?"

"I'M THINKING of Sandy Grimes—works in the Green & Lathrop shops."

"Sandy Grimes—Green & Lathrop," the old man repeated. He put his hand over his mouth to hide a grim smile of satisfaction. "The snarley-eouest of all the snarley-eous," he went on, with affected casualness, but watching Skinner cunningly, "is your Snap Judgment brute. He's the fellow that makes it his business to throttle enterprise at its birth, to kill initiative, the rarest of all constructive forces. 'Don't do it, you'll lose your money,' he croaks. He specializes in the discouragement of genius. 'Don't study law—you're not well enough educated'; or: 'The idea of your painting pictures! Better paint barns. Ha! ha! ha!' or:

'Study music? Say, take my advice. You're a good grocery clerk, stick to it'; or: 'What! Go to the city to work? You'll come back a tramp. They all do.' He's a breath from the tomb. His touch is death." The old man paused. "Recognize him?"

"Our George Craddock to a T." Skinner mused.

"And where is that gentleman's place of business?" said the old man, still with affected casualness.

"He's a floating capitalist. Hangs out round Lewis's cigar store."

"LEWIS'S cigar store," the old man repeated, then: "I think it proper in this matter to use insectivorous similes. There's your Dismal Jimmy kill-joy, for instance, the mosquito of social life, a singing, pin-pricking fellow. He's the proviso boy, the 'if' pest, the maddening 'but' nuisance. You go for a ride in the trolley car, beautiful sunshine, green fields, flowers—you're full of the joy of it all. But, alas, you're next to a Dismal Jimmy. 'Beautiful day,' say you. 'Yes,' he admits, 'if—' 'Wonderful woman,' say you, referring to a mutual acquaintance. 'Yes,' he admits, 'but—' If it weren't for the law, you'd kill him.

"In desperation, you change your seat and get next to a Mournful Judy, a chronic worrier. Again you change. More mosquitoes. You can't escape them, no matter where you go."

"Plenty of those fellows round here," Skinner commented.

The old man resumed his fishing. "Your Dismal Jimmy's first-class grouch atmosphere, but he's only a piker compared with your Scoffer kill-joy. He's the fellow that knocks the spiritual props from under the people without giving them anything in return. Deny, scornfully deny, is his long suit. Your Jimmy's a dismal singer, your Scoffer's a hornet, loud of buzz and sharp of sting, magnetic, brilliant as a looking-glass and twice as shallow, reflecting only one thing, his own specious views. I guess you recognize him, don't you? Eh?"

"That's Ernest Robinson, all right," confirmed Skinner. "He's a 100 per cent. disbeliever—doesn't believe in God or man, doesn't even believe in the devil."

"Where did you say your Ernest holds forth?"

"Scott's drug store, corner of Main and Walnut."

"A direct development of Scofferism is Smart Aleckism. Your Smart Aleck kill-joy gets his inspiration from the Scoffer, broadcasts his doctrines. This gentleman's highest ambition is not so much to be smart as to be thought smart, to give a quick answer, make a pat quip. Insectivorously speaking, he's your common house-fly. He crawls around the sink of your affairs, then lands on your neighbor's receptive ear and tickles it with what he has picked up."

"I know the type," Skinner commented quietly.

"You have your Lugubrious Louis kill-joy, of course?"

"Possibly. What is it?"

"The small tradesman who carries tales of business woe, is always talking hard times. He's a regular meal ticket for the bankruptcy courts. First aid to this pest is another kill-joy, the Calamity Howler, who lives with his ear to the ground listening for the rumblings of approaching disaster. And, naturally, in this congenial atmosphere you'll find the Constant Kicker, a continuous performance snarley-eou who kicks most when he can't find anything real to kick about. Know the types?"

"Louis Diggs, Carl Pilsener, and old man Hopkins to a dot. That precious trio foregathers in the club car on the way home and makes everybody else miserable."

"Club car—eh." The old man chuckled. "I take it you have quite a bunch of other kill-joys, the Tired Tims and the Weary Walters, always overworked, underpaid, who sigh their troubles at you in that car. And here and there a Blue Nose, the aristocrat of kill-joyism, because he inherited his grouch along with his gout; and a White Liver or two; and a scattering of Yellow Yappers, fellows that don't know why they're kill-joys."

Skinner sighed heavily. "The 5:20's full of 'em."

The old man rubbed his hands cheerfully. "And a lot more of that same foregather at the depot to meet your 5:20 and get the latest grouch news—eh?"

"Huh! I guess you'd think so."

"Fine!" murmured the old man, abstractedly. For some minutes the two men watched the flames lick the log, then the old man stuck up his huge right forefinger. "I've invented a cure for all this business—Skinner."

"By jingo, what next?" thought Skinner. But he was keenly interested, all the same.

"I've never tested it out, but thanks to your encouraging words I've decided that this is the place to begin on 'em." A curious light came into the old man's eyes.

"By jingo," was all Skinner could say, and again, "By jingo."

"Kill-joyism will eliminate itself, once you start the process going."

"Reasonable enough," said Skinner. "Lots of things do that."

"There are two things: self-exploitation is meat and drink to the kill-joy; and the poison gas of egotism, fiercely struggling for expression, suddenly checked, turned inward, confined, explodes. Follow me?"

"Er—r—yes." Skinner uttered the polite lie. "But just how—er—er?" he groped.

"I deny them the power of expression—they do the rest."

"DARN it," thought Skinner, "he's just like the rest of the lunatics, brilliant, convincing, up to a certain point, then—flooey!—off into some impossible scheme." He was deeply chagrined, disgusted that he had allowed himself to be carried away by the old man's cleverness. But the only thing to do was to charge it up to experience, humor the old chap, and get rid of him quietly. Skinner was due for another shock, however.

The old man rose and picked up his hat. "Be at the Board meeting of your First National to-morrow, twelve-thirty sharp. I'm going to begin on Bottomley."

Skinner sat and stared.

"Sinister Sandy Grimes, as you said, will be haranguing the men in the Green & Lathrop yard. I'll handle his case at twelve-fifty. Be there on the dot. We'll attend to your Scoffer Robinson at one-fifteen. Be at Scott's drug store and see what happens."

"I see you're hitching me up with this," said Skinner, nervously.

"Hitching you up with it? Why, you're the whole thing. I want no credit whatever. You can have it all."

"Thanks," said Skinner, humoring the old man further.

"You spoke of a floating capitalist." The old man chuckled. "The term amused me so I almost forgot his name. Let's see—Craddock—very pernicious, you said. He must be eliminated." He rubbed his hands together. "Lewis's cigar store—be there at one-thirty."

"You're a fast worker," Skinner observed.

"Fast worker? Huh! Guess you'll think so. But you just wait till your 5:20 comes in if you want to see fast work. That's the time I'm going to do the real thing."

Skinner was suddenly alarmed. Here was a lunatic with a memory and a purpose. He leaned toward the old man and said very seriously: "Look here, what are you talking about? What do you mean? You mustn't do anything to these people. They're friends of mine. I didn't mean anything. I only mentioned them casually, in passing, as you described types."

The old man patted Skinner's arm soothingly. "Don't you be alarmed—Skinner. You just be there, that's all. You'll like it. You'll be surprised. You'll be delighted. You'll simply laugh yourself to death. Gosh all fish-hooks, how surprised you'll be." He pulled his greatcoat about him, thrust

his hat onto his head, pulled it down tight, strode down the hall, and before you could say Jack Robinson slammed the door and was gone.

The meeting of the First National Board was booked for twelve o'clock. But Skinner got there a quarter hour earlier. He looked about for the old man of the night before. Not a sign of him. He waited for ten minutes, then called the porter. "George, you may see a man lurking about here, a tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully-built man, about seventy—possibly older—smooth face, white hair, wears a cape-coat and slouch hat. He's a stranger here, I think. Just detain him and send for me."

EVERY member of the Board was present at the meeting, for each knew that Skinner and Bottomley would lock horns over the impending Lansing Iron & Steel matter. Skinner kept his eye on the smooth Adolphus. Never had that gentleman, he thought, looked so like a great, philanthropic bull-frog than at this moment, calm, the suggestion of an indulgent smile at the corners of his mouth, his bilious, bulging eyes the only thing to him that even suggested austerity.

"We know Meadeville needs the Lansing Iron & Steel, don't we, Gilpin?" Skinner urged at the very start. He was determined to make each and every member of the Board commit himself one way or another.

Gilpin coughed behind his hand and

Darting and ducking came the kill-joys, shoals of them, and after them the good people of Meadeville, their dander up, yelling profanity, brandishing sticks, hurling epithets and shouting "Down with the kill-joys! They've made our lives a burden with their grouches"

glanced sideways at Bottomley. "Yes," he murmured.

"And you, Jackson?"

Jackson allowed by a nod that Meadeville did.

"It's a good scheme all round, don't you think so, Phillips?"

Phillips didn't see why it shouldn't be. And Simpkins opined the same way.

"Then," said Skinner, nervously casting the challenge, "let's vote 'em the loan they want, as we all feel that way about it."

The Protector arose. "Just a moment, fellow members. I protest. Our Skinner has repeatedly emphasized that this Lansing scheme is progressive. Now, you all know that anything progressive is more or less speculative."

"The stability of this concern is unquestioned," Skinner broke in.

"Skinner's right," Gilpin admitted out loud.

"Nevertheless, it's speculative," Bottomley protested.

"All private enterprises are more or less speculative," Skinner admitted incautiously.

"You hear, gentlemen, our Skinner admits it. In these days of excessive taxation, these times of business depression, we must take no chances. We have no moral right to risk the money entrusted to us by the widows and orphans of Meadeville. Gentlemen, as the protector of these lonely and helpless ones, I protest." He raised clenched fists to bring down with convincing emphasis. "I!—I!!—I!!!—" He tore at his throat and collapsed.

TWELVE-THIRTY, clanged the chimes across the way.

And the old man's words, "I'm going to begin on Bottomley," banged into Skinner's consciousness.

For the fraction of a second the members of the Board sat, dismayed, then sprang to aid the stricken man who lay there, open-mouthed, eyes staring, face yellow, whiskers with the tell-tale white at their roots pointing obliquely at the ceiling, his left hand clutching his throat, from which the last and greatest pronoun "I" of his life had emerged still-born. Skinner watched them, dazed, the old man's words obsessing him.

Bah! He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. It was coincidence. But the circumstances: twelve-thirty; the manner of Bottomley's taking; power of expression—oxygen of his life—shut off at a period of intense emotion; choked off with capital "I" stuck in his throat.

Gilpin was the first at Bottomley's side. He bent low as if about to lift him, stared hard at his forehead, put his hand to his

eyes, shuddered, and moved away. Phillips did likewise and so did Jackson and so did Simpkins. Then, without speaking, they separated to the four points of the compass to carry the word of Bottomley's taking and the awful thing they had seen.

SKINNER bent low over the Protector, and what he, too, saw filled him with dismay; horror stamped itself indelibly on his mind. He went out onto the front porch of the bank and leaned against a pillar, sick. For, no matter how one may dislike a man, it's an awful thing to see him die. The sudden realization that he, Skinner, had, though unwittingly, been the cause of it stuck him in the pit of the stomach like a knife. But it also brought him to his senses with a jerk. "By jingo!" He straightened up and yanked out his watch. "Twelve-forty." He dashed down the steps and hailed a passing taxi. "Green & Lathrop's yard, quick!" He sat with his eyes glued to his watch—only half a minute left when he pulled up at the big gate. No sign of the old man. Skinner dashed into the yard. As he feared, the Sinister One was in the act of haranguing the men, who stood about with sullen, hangdog looks.

Skinner rushed toward Grimes. "Stop! For God's sake, stop!"

All turned, shocked, and stared.

"Look at him," yelled Sandy, pointing! "He wants to shut me off. He's one of 'em—d—d capitalist."

"Stop! For your own sake, stop!" shouted Skinner.

"Hear him, boys? He threatens, like the rest of 'em. But he can't shut my mouth. I!—I!!—" Sandy's jaw wobbled and dropped, paralyzed. He looked about, confused, bewildered, and sank to the ground.

Skinner saw the men rush to the stricken one. They stooped to raise him, then stared hard into his face and drew back and walked away swiftly to carry the word of the Sinister One's taking and the awful thing they had seen. He, too, went over to the agitator and bent low and stared into his face. It was there—the thing.

Skinner pulled himself together—looked at his watch—one-ten. In five minutes Scoffer Robinson would be silenced. A sense of guilt was upon Skinner. It was he who had set this invisible Juggernaut to stamping out lives. He thought of the list of objectionables he had unwittingly given the old man the night before. He was convinced now that the executioner wouldn't cease operations until the last man Jack of these had been done for. He started for Scott's drug store. He walked fast, he trotted, he ran, guilt at his heels. A half a block away from the corner of Main and Walnut he halted and stared. A crowd was bursting out through the door of the shop and scattering in all directions. Too late! The old man was working on schedule time.

Skinner found the Scoffer lying in a heap in front of the soda counter, his hands clutching his throat. He bent low and turned the man's face a bit. Yes, there it was, the thing he had dreaded.

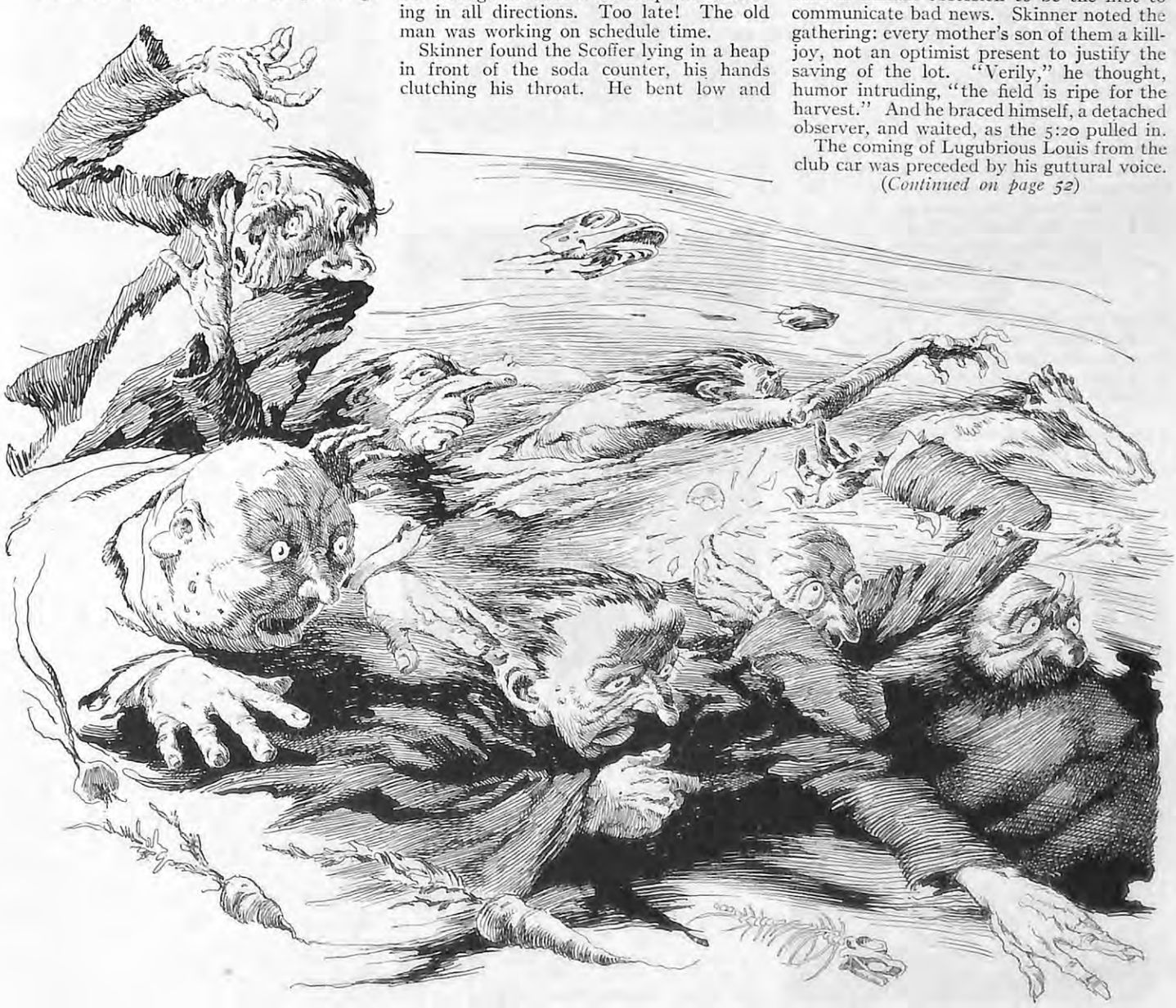
Skinner was demoralized by the realization of his impotence. It was clear that nothing could halt the progress of the great tragedy unless he could find the old man and shut off the power. This was out of the question, for the stranger was quite as invisible as the power he was using. But, impelled like Eugene Aram to the scene of his crime, Skinner made his way to the customary rendezvous of Snap Judgment Craddock, for he was next on the list. But he was met by one of the volunteer calamity runners. The universal curse had recoiled upon and choked the chief adherent of I-told-you-soism.

Sick at heart, Skinner wandered away—just wandered—without any particular sense of direction, somewhere, anywhere, only to get away.

AT FIVE-FIFTEEN he shambled weakly to the depot, haggard, dry-lipped, braced himself against a baggage truck, and waited. And as he waited, he observed. A larger crowd than ever before was gathered to meet the 5:20. Many came through habit, mere loafers, many more to meet their friends or members of their families and tell them about the awful things that had happened in Meadeville through the day, for such is human obsession to be the first to communicate bad news. Skinner noted the gathering: every mother's son of them a killjoy, not an optimist present to justify the saving of the lot. "Verily," he thought, humor intruding, "the field is ripe for the harvest." And he braced himself, a detached observer, and waited, as the 5:20 pulled in.

The coming of Lugubrious Louis from the club car was preceded by his guttural voice.

(*Continued on page 52*)



The Sunny Side of Darkness

More of His Best Stories

By Fred Harper

Sketches by Arthur G. Dove

Upon Reflection

SOME years ago, during a session of the police court in Lynchburg, a negro was on trial, charged with an assault upon his wife. She had testified that he had beaten her most brutally. And she exhibited a number of bruises, which she claimed he had made, and a particularly vicious cut to the bone on the side of her head, which was still swollen and inflamed.

The defendant took the stand in his own defense and assumed an air of great frankness, but of seeming reluctance to air in public his unhappy domestic situation.

"Mr. Smith," he began, addressing the Justice in the manner that was usual in that court, "I don't know does you know my wife or not. But she is de mos' nagginest woman I is ever knowed.

"An' yistiddy, when I went home ter supper, 'peared like she was in her mos' nagginest humor.

"She kep' on after me 'bout some other woman what she says I is too frien'ly with. Which I ain't, Mr. Smith, a-tall.

"I kep' tellin' her to quit pickin' on me an' get my supper. But she kep' on naggin' and naggin' at me, till after a while I jus' took my han' and slapped her side de head. An' I tole her to shut up, she had done pick on me ernough."

Mayor Smith looked at the witness over his spectacles, his keen eyes bespeaking his accurate knowledge of the negro's character, and said:

"Henry, I don't know your wife. But I do know you. I know you don't want to tell a lie about this. Now think well and tell me the truth. Do you mean to say that the injuries this woman exhibits were caused merely by a slap of your bare hand?"

The negro looked up at the ceiling and appeared to be earnestly trying to recall an almost forgotten incident. Then, turning to the Justice, he said:

"Well now, Mr. Smith, I does seem to 'member dat, at de time, I had a flat iron in my han'."

He Said Too Much

SAM JACKSON, a well-to-do young negro barber of Charlotte, North Carolina, was quite a man among the dusky damsels of that city; and he prided himself on maintaining his bachelor freedom despite the wiles that had been exerted to land him as a matrimonial prize.

A vivacious young negress from Salisbury, who was visiting in Charlotte and who was quite a belle at the "to do's" that had been arranged in her honor, had likewise expressed her determination to remain in single blessedness. She had frequently said: "I is havin' too good a time wid all you-all niggers to tie myself up wid ary one."

So Sam thought he would be on safe ground for a little of his usual philandering, and he invited her to a buggy ride with him.

After they had reached a quiet place in the road, well beyond the city, he thought it time to start something intimate, yet safe. So he put his arm about her, drew her close to his side, and said:

"Honey, how 'bout I an' you gettin' married?"

"Why, Sam," she said, snuggling closer. "I think it would be perfeckly gran'. An' I will be very proud to be your wife."

Sam was utterly consternated at this startling response. It was not what he had expected or desired. His arm slackened its pressure about her waist, the reins were sagging over the dashboard and the old horse jogged along for quite a while, no word being spoken. Then she turned a puzzled gaze upon him and asked:

"Sam, what ails you? Why don't you say sump'm?"

"Gosh, woman," replied the bewildered Sam, "I is done said too much already."

Spurlosgesänkt

DOCTOR ROBESON, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Lynchburg, was approached last winter by an aged negro who asked for some help for himself and his sick wife. The kind-hearted Rector engaged the old man in conversation, seeking to ascertain his condition and his needs.

"How old are you, Uncle?" he inquired, with a sure knowledge of the nearest approach to an old negro's interest and vanity.

"I is over ninety years ole," was the boastful reply.

"Why, you surely are not that old, Uncle," said the Rector. "You don't look to be over sixty."

"Lawdy me, Reverent, I was dat ole when I got de wife I got now; and I was married fo' times befo' dat," said the old negro, chuckling.

"That is quite unusual," said Doctor Robeson. "Pray, what became of all your wives?"

"Well," said the old negro, ruminatingly, "de fust one, she died. An' den de secon' one, she tuk an' 'vorced me. An' de nex'

one warn't no 'count nohow, so I tuk an' 'vorced her." And he paused.

"And what became of the fourth wife?" asked the Rector.

"Reverent," said the old man, scratching his head, "ter tell you de trufe, I nevah did know what become er dat woman."

Not Lost Anyway

A NEW YORK broker, who is very fond of quail shooting, was a guest during last season at Bob White Lodge, a hunting lodge maintained near Brookneal, Campbell County, Virginia, by several ardent sportsmen of Lynchburg. The morning after his arrival he took one of the horses from the stable to ride about the country and through the woods, to "get the lay of the land," as he explained.

After riding some distance through the thick woods, he came upon a small stream and dismounted to get a drink of the clear,

sparkling water. The horse, becoming frightened at some sudden movement, ran off. He attempted to follow, but soon became confused and hopelessly lost.

After wandering aimlessly about for an hour, and getting more and more bewildered, he came upon an old negro with rifle in hand, hunting squirrels.

"I say, my man," he called, "can you tell me the way to Bob White Lodge?"

"No, suh, Boss, I can't," was the reply.

"Can you tell me how to get to Brookneal?" was the next inquiry.

"No, suh, Boss, I don't know," the negro said.

"Well, can you direct me to the main road?" was the next effort.

"No, suh, Boss, I can't."

"Say," said the now exasperated broker, "you don't know anything, do you?"

"No, suh, Boss," said the negro humbly, "I don't know much. But *I ain't lost.*"

Give the Lord First Chance

JUSTICE JOHN CRUTCHFIELD, who for many years presided over the Police Court of Richmond, Virginia, became quite famous for his unique method of conducting trials of minor criminal offenses in his court. And "Justice John's Court," as it was called, was generally crowded with interested and amused spectators.

On one occasion, a negro was arraigned before him, charged with stealing a chicken. The policeman, who had made the arrest, testified that he had caught the defendant coming out of Mr. Cary's alley with the chicken in his arms. Mr. Cary had identified the chicken as belonging to him.

"Come up here, nigger, and tell me what you have to say about this," thundered Justice John.

"Judge, I'm goin' ter tell you de truth. Whether you believes me or not, I'm goin' to tell you de truth."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," said Justice John, "I don't believe you. But go on with your story."

"Well, suh," resumed the unabashed culprit, "I was comin' on home from my

work. An' I made a short cut thu dat alley to get home quicker. An' jus' as I was passin' back er Mr. Cary's yard, I heard a chicken squawkin' an' carryin' on like er dog or sump'n was after it. An' in a minute a chicken flew over dat fence right in my face; an' commence ter flap its wings in my eyes. An' I was fightin' ter try an' get de chicken out er my face, when dis here policeman come up an' grab me. An' Judge, if dat ain't de truth, I hope de Lord will strike me dead in five minutes."

"All right," said Judge Crutchfield, "I'll give the Lord first chance. You stand over in that corner; and if the Lord don't strike you dead in five minutes, I'll send you to jail for ten days."

Romance Ended

SOME years ago Judge Staples, of Roanoke, was sitting in his office during a recess of his court, when a vigorous, aggressive-looking negro woman appeared in the doorway.

"Is you de Judge of the copperation?" she inquired.

"I am the Judge of the Corporation Court," replied Judge Staples. "What can I do for you?"

"I wants a divo'ce frum my husban'," she announced.

"Well," the Judge explained, "I can't grant you a divorce so informally as all that. There must be proper proceedings in my court, formal allegations of the grounds must be set forth and satisfactory proof must be adduced."

She looked a little crestfallen at this and the Judge asked:

"What is the difficulty between you? Has your husband been unfaithful to you?"

"Naw, sir," she replied, "not as I knows of."

"Has he been cruel to you or beaten you?" inquired the Judge.

"Who? Dat nigger beat me? I should say not," was the reply.

"Has he deserted you or abandoned you?" asked Judge Staples.

"Naw, sir, he ain't done ary one of them."

"Then what is the trouble?"

"Well, Judge," she said, "to tell you de trufe, I is jus' nacherly los' my taste for dat nigger."

Safety First

NEGROES are notoriously superstitious and are easily disturbed by anything mysterious or having the appearance of the supernatural. This accounts, in large measure, for the terrifying effect upon the negroes of the South which is exerted by the Ku Klux Klan by their ghostly costume worn at night, and by the exaggerated secrecy of their meetings and movements. As the negroes express it, they "don't want to traffic wid ghos' people."

Down in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, two negroes were discussing recent activities of the Klan in driving certain undesirable negroes from the community, after sending them letters warning them to leave.

"Jim," said Ben, "what would you do if you got a letter fum dem Klu Kluxes?"

"Who, me," Jim replied, "I'd read dat letter on a train."

Treasure Island opened a new and magic realm for Bobby. At first he thought of himself as Long John Silver, but later adopted the more logical character of young Jim Hawkins

Jim Hawkins Finds A Treasure

By Walter A. Dyer

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldridge

"HERE comes Ben Gunn!" cried Bobby Chester from his chair in the window, and Grandma Rogers, who must henceforth be known in this narrative as Captain Smollett, came across the room and peered out. The mail man, in his gray uniform, was coming down the street.

"Say 'What ho,' Captain Smollett."

"What ho," said Captain Smollett, obediently.

For Grandma Rogers had been reading "Treasure Island" to the white-faced little cripple, fated to spend his days in a chair, with the world shut out by a window screen, and his useless, wasted little legs, that had been intended for running and romping, stretched out before him on the old worsted-covered ottoman. Grandma had been very doubtful about the book, and had stopped several times in the reading of it, fearing the effect of vivid pictures of violence and gore on her delicate and impressionable patient. They had, indeed, shocked her. But Bobby, entranced, had begged her to go on, and Bobby's father had seemed to discount the danger of continuing the bloody tale.

For Bobby the story opened a new and magic realm in which he could live a virile life, unhampered by such things as withered legs. At first he thought of himself as Long John Silver, since Long John had hobbled about on one leg; but there all possible analogy ended, and he adopted the more logical impersonation of young Jim Hawkins, who was, in a way, the hero of the story. He peopled his little shut-in world with seamen and pirates, varlets and adventurers, and there was a chest of Spanish gold buried in every corner of the room. His father became naturally Squire Trelawney, and Dr. Hooker, whom he had long since forgiven for the terrible things he had done to him and who still came to see him occasionally, he rechristened Dr. Livesey. The grocer boy, who always grinned at him from his cart, and who performed inconceivably waggish antics for his amusement, became Long John Silver for want of a better subject.

Grandma Rogers (there had been no mother since Bobby could remember) substituted sympathy for imagination and did the best she could in the character of Captain Smollett. She drew the line at blood-curdling curses, which Jim Hawkins would have rejoiced to hear from her lips, but in all else she was satisfactorily obedient. Gradually she came to comprehend something of the game, and to acquire a shrewd, hardened cast of countenance on occasion, to growl in her throat and to shoot men down without a shudder. On the whole, Captain Smollett was a success.

Ben Gunn turned and opened the gate next door, picking a letter or two from the little bundle which he carried in a strap in his hand, and passed out of sight. The trill of his whistle sounded.

"All hands on deck!" cried Jim Hawkins.

Then Ben Gunn appeared again within the range of Jim's vision and approached the window. With an effort which made him wince a little, Jim raised the screen.

"What ho, Gunn!"

"What ho, Jim Hawkins."

"Have you got Bill Bones's chart of the island, Ben Gunn?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said Ben, and handed Jim an envelope addressed to Mr. Horace Chester—which was Squire Trelawney's other name—and bearing the name of the telephone company in the corner.

Jim Hawkins glanced at it and handed it with a little sigh to Captain Smollett. How the commonplace world did constantly intrude upon one, to be sure! He watched Ben Gunn until he was out of sight, and then sank back in his cushions with a look of weariness about his pinched little mouth. Virility came hard sometimes.

For perhaps an hour he lay there, gazing up at the sky through the leaves of the horse-chestnut tree, dreaming wistfully, while Captain Smollett busied herself about her household duties. The reading hour would come sometime, and Jim Hawkins had learned patience in a difficult school. It had been nearly two years now since infantile paralysis had left him with the wasted legs and the pain in his back. At first they had expected him to recover strength and gradually to regain the use of his limbs. Betty Peters, on the other side of town, was running around now, with the help of iron-and-leather braces. But Bobby Chester had disappointed them all. So they had taken him to a hospital, where white-capped nurses watched over him in a little white bed in a little white room and gave him his eggs and bread and milk on a white tray that swung over the bed. And Dr. Hooker came, and another doctor with gray hair and spectacles. And one day they had taken him into another room and had put him to sleep with some sickish-smelling stuff, and when he woke up he was worse than ever. Three times they had made him undergo this terrible ordeal and then they had given it up. Now a man came three times a week and rubbed and tortured him, but that didn't seem to do much good, either. Jim Hawkins endured it only by closing his eyes and thinking that the rubbing man was a parrot named Captain Flint, who kept saying over and over again, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" Well, he wouldn't come again till Thursday, anyway.

Suddenly Jim Hawkins sat up and his eyes brightened. Something was moving and running about at the corner, sniffing at the trees and looking up and down. Yes, it was coming nearer.

"Black Dog!" cried Jim Hawkins. He had hardly dared to hope that the little cocker spaniel would come again.

BLACK DOG, the name of a ruffian in the story, seemed singularly appropriate for this visitor, especially as Jim Hawkins did not know of any other name. He did not know that it was none other than Champion Ringfield Motto, who had won a frame full of ribbons and two silver cups for Mr. Whitcomb, who drove the big red motor-car and lived somewhere over on Bateman Street. He had appeared out of nowhere the day before, had sniffed about in the Chester yard for a little while, had looked up with big, dark eyes when Jim Hawkins whistled, and then had gone trotting off down the street, evidently called by some important appointment.

Here he was, though, again. Perhaps he intended to join Jim's crew. Who could

A Story Which Proves Once More That Good Fortune Often Comes In Unsuspected Guise

tell? Jim Hawkins watched him with delight as he trotted and doubled back and forth on his busy little legs, his long ears with their wavy hair falling over his nose as he investigated the roots of the syringa bush, and his short tail wagging incessantly.

Black Dog, if the truth were known, had had no definite intention in coming into Morton Street. It is doubtful whether he retained any definite recollection of the low whistle and the white face of a boy at the window. So many things had happened in the meantime. But he did dimly remember that he had found Morton Street a pleasant place the day before, and he was finding it a pleasant place now. Life is, more or less, a quest for new smells, with always the possibility of running upon the rare scent that will lead to a great adventure. That is why one sniffs so eagerly and with always such an air of intense expectancy.

BLACK DOG found the roots of the syringa bush particularly attractive. A chicken leg had once been buried there, and though it had since been removed, the scent of it still lingered, together with the scent of a certain aristocratic police dog of the neighborhood and of a certain brown dog from Paddy Hill that was not aristocratic at all. They were equally interesting to Black Dog.

Suddenly Black Dog stopped and stood stock still, his nostrils working in the light breeze. His heavy ears moved a little and the oscillation of his tail slowed down to a barely perceptible waving. He had heard something.

There it was again—that unmistakable kissing sound that human beings often make when they wish to attract a dog's attention. But there was no human being in sight. Black Dog looked quickly about him and then, realizing that ears are better than eyes anyway, cocked his head a little on one side and listened.

"Black Dog! Here! Tchk, tchk! Come here."

Black Dog lifted his nose and looked up. Then he remembered the boy that had whistled to him. Nice little boy, too. As a rule he avoided boys; they were annoying. But this one kept his distance.

Jim Hawkins raised the screen and reached out a slender hand. Black Dog came nearer and sniffed. Jim Hawkins snapped his fingers.

"Woof!" said Black Dog, stamping with his forefeet and setting his tail in rapid motion again.

Jim Hawkins laughed and slapped the window-sill.

Black Dog crouched, gave a little jump sideways, rolled up his eyes and looked very savage, and then suddenly stood erect and sneezed.

It was a wonderful game and it lasted twenty minutes, and then Black Dog had to run home.

So when Squire Trelawney came in, unusually early for him, he found Jim Hawkins bright-eyed and smiling. Jim had heard him in the hall, talking with Captain Smollett and saying something about an examination. Squire Trelawney bent down and kissed him, and stood for a moment looking down at him, with his hand on the boy's head.

"Feeling pretty well, sonny?" he asked.

"Jim Hawkins," corrected the boy.

"Feeling pretty well, Jim?"

"Sure," said Jim, and began telling all about Black Dog. Mr. Trelawney looked pleased.

"I hoped you'd be feeling well," said he, "because Dr. Hooker—Dr. Livesey, I mean—is coming this afternoon to look you over, and that always seems to tire you. That's why I came home early. Can you face the music, Jim Hawkins?"

"Sure," said Jim.

It was not long before Dr. Livesey came with his little black bag. He chatted with Jim a little while, holding his hand and listening to the story of Black Dog. Then he reached down and began feeling of Jim's legs.

"Let's have a look at the pins, Jim," said he.

He examined the poor little limbs very carefully, tickled Jim's toes, tapped his knee until he kicked spasmodically, and then felt of his hips and the muscles of his thighs. Then he lifted the light little body in his arms and felt of his back.

He placed him in the chair again and stood looking down at him thoughtfully and scratching his chin. Then he shook his head and turned to Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett, who were anxiously looking on.

"I can't understand it," he said in a low voice. Jim Hawkins could not catch enough of the words to make out their meaning. "So far as I can see that last operation was entirely successful. The massage has helped the muscles and the nervous reaction has improved tremendously, and yet he doesn't seem to have the power to move his legs. It's strange."

"Don't you suppose that's partly habit?" inquired Squire Trelawney. "He hasn't moved his legs for so long, you know."

"I think that's it. It must be. Do you mind if I make a test?"

"You won't hurt him?"

"I'll try not to."

"Come, Jim Hawkins," said he, striding over to the boy, "it's high time you got your sea legs on. This was the day, you know, that you were going to begin to walk. How about it?"

Jim looked up at him wistfully and said nothing.

"Let's try it," said Dr. Livesey.

He lifted Jim from his chair in his strong arms and held him so that his dangling toes just touched the floor.

"That doesn't hurt, does it?"

"No," said Jim.

"Now walk. Make the old pins go."

Jim Hawkins tried until his lips were only a bloodless line in his face, but he succeeded only in making his legs twitch uncertainly.

"BETTER stand on 'em first, I suppose," said Dr. Livesey. He lowered the boy's body until part of the weight of it rested on the feet, but the poor little knees only bent and refused to sustain the burden.

"Now step," said Dr. Livesey.

Jim tried manfully, and then fell limp and broke into tears.

"I can't," he cried piteously. "I can't! Please don't make me."

Dr. Livesey laid the quivering little form back upon the cushions, and then Captain Smollett came over and smoothed the damp forehead and comforted the little chap until the sobbing ceased.

"Doctors," said Jim Hawkins tearfully, quoting from his book, "is all swabs."

"I'm afraid we are," said Dr. Livesey to Squire Trelawney in the hall. "I confess, I don't understand it. The muscular power is there and indications of nervous control. I wish I knew what would make him exert it. Perhaps some shock—something to awaken his latent will power over the disused limbs. I don't know what else. Well, you'd better let Marshall continue with the massage. He insists that he has seen Bobby move his legs. Perhaps he can get him to do it consciously."

But Captain Smollett only shook her head and stood looking down sadly at little Jim.

It may be that Mr. Marshall—or Captain Flint, rather—was inclined to be a bit optimistic, or to overrate his own powers. He reported, after another week, that Jim Hawkins was certainly able to draw up his knees a little and to move his left foot

Black Dog lifted his nose and looked up. Jim Hawkins raised the screen and reached out a slender hand. Black Dog came to the window

consciously; but Dr. Livesey hesitated to attempt another heroic test. Unquestionably, though, Jim Hawkins was slowly getting better in other ways. He slept less during the day, had a better appetite, and looked less pale and pinched in the face. His eyes were brighter. This may have been due to the ministrations of Dr. Livesey and Captain Flint, or it may have been due, as Captain Smollett was inclined to think, to the stimulating effects of imaginary adventures on Treasure Island, frequent slaying of powerful but wicked men, and the daily visits of Black Dog.

FOR Black Dog did come almost every day, and sometimes twice a day. It is not necessary to attribute any charitable motives to Black Dog. He was a selfish little tike, after all. But he was a creature of habit and routine, and having once found Morton Street a pleasant place in which to pursue his endless quest for the Lost Scent, he had readily added it to his daily itinerary. There were one or two fleet but timid cats on Morton Street that furnished good sport for a spaniel; there were gray squirrels who waited temptingly at the feet of trees and then scurried away into the branches—there was always the chance of catching one unawares; there were broad lawns and deep yards, with many enticing shrubs and hedges and fence corners; there was a quarrelsome fox terrior and a somewhat disreputable but fascinating Airedale, and a friendly old St. Bernard; there were, if the whole truth must be known, alluring garbage cans in Morton Street; and there was a harmless little boy in a window who whistled and laughed but never teased.

The game with Jim Hawkins became simply a part of Black Dog's crowded diurnal program. It retained its place partly because it added to the obvious attractions of Morton Street and partly because it showed possibilities of development. It became a more complicated game as the days went by. There was the low whistle and the deep-throated reply. There was the introductory part of the game which might be called "hunting for the noise." There was the cleverly assumed surprise of mutual recognition, and the consequent spasms of joy. There was the game of trying to leap into the window, none the less engrossing because obviously impossible of accomplishment. And then the final development of the plot—the mad dash out into the street after an imaginary ball tossed by the boy in the window. Then the pretended preoccupation with something else, the suddenly returning recollection of the stationary playmate, and the final leave-taking in company with the Airedale or the St. Bernard.

Sometimes Captain Smollett was obliged to go out on household business, and it was then that the coming of Black Dog was especially welcome, for a silent house becomes very trying at times. On the day of the miracle Jim Hawkins and Captain Smollett were especially glad that Black Dog's visit had been postponed, for Jim had been a little depressed. Captain Smollett hated to leave him alone, but it was necessary. She came in with her hat and gloves and the twine bag which she carried to market, and sat for a few minutes beside the bridge, as Jim Hawkins called his chair.

"Going ashore?" inquired Jim.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Captain Smollett.

"See that you do not return without the treasure."

"Ay, ay, sir," Captain Smollett's conversation was inclined to become a bit monotonous unless she were constantly coached.

"Let's have a chantey before you go."

"Ay, ay, sir."

THEN with outstretched arms, and swaying in unison as though pulling on a capstan bar, the pale little boy and the sweet-faced old lady chanted solemnly:

"Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

"Lower away," commanded Jim Hawkins.

"Ay, ay, sir."

Jim sat watching her wistfully until she was out of sight, and then continued watching for Black Dog. There was always the haunting fear that the familiar black form might fail to appear, that he might, indeed, never come again. One has so little control over the world's affairs. That was why there was something very exciting about the anticipation and so delightful in the realization. Faith is seldom so simple and complete that it is not a little surprised at its own rewards.

At last Black Dog hove in sight, making his deliberate and tortuous way down the street, now disappearing behind the trunk of a tree, now stopping exasperatingly to make an especially minute investigation of the gutter, now appearing unexpectedly around the end of a privet hedge.

Jim Hawkins smiled a little as he watched him. He was such a busy, intense, seriocomic sort of little dog, with his bright, intelligent eyes and his ever vibrating tail. How pleasant it must be to have such a dog for your very own, to feel his long ears and stroke his head, perhaps to have him reach up and rest his forepaws on your arm and let you lay your cheek against his cold nose.

At last he was in Jim's own yard, sniffing about the roots of the syringa bush. Jim Hawkins piped all hands on deck. Black Dog paused and pretended to be listening, trying to locate the strange sound. Jim whistled again, and Black Dog, after a swift circumnavigation of the yard, which sent up a little shower of leaves and twigs and pebbles, came and crouched beneath Jim's window, with his head thrown back, his short tail wagging in the grass, his pink tongue and gleaming teeth showing, and his lustrous eyes fixed on Jim Hawkins's face.

Jim raised the screen and reached out his hand, holding it as far down as he could. Black Dog made frantic efforts to reach it with his pink tongue. Again and again he leaped, almost turning a somersault in his eagerness, but his short legs were not equal to the effort. Jim Hawkins laughed aloud and withdrew his hand.

"Avast, Black Dog!" he cried in his commanding treble.

"R-rowf!" said Black Dog.

Now came the best part of the game—the throwing of the imaginary ball. Jim Hawkins would have delayed action if he had noticed the delivery truck speeding around the corner, but he was too much engrossed in the game. So was Black Dog. And the driver, not being Long John Silver, was not looking for boys and dogs at that moment and saw only a deserted street and a clear way ahead.

Black Dog watched with quivering excitement while Jim Hawkins rolled the imaginary ball in his slender hands. He saw Jim Hawkins raise it to his lips and heard the little kissing sound. Then he saw Jim gather his puny strength and heave the invisible ball out into the road. Then he turned like a flash and, with his head down, dashed out after it at the top of his speed.

Too late Black Dog heard the roar of impending danger and saw the huge bulk of destruction bearing down upon him. He tried in vain to check his impetuous rush. Chaos seemed to rise up around him; all was terror and confusion. Then a blinding crash, overpowering pain, and blackness.

"Black Dog!" screamed Jim Hawkins, but Black Dog did not hear.

The man on the truck had instinctively jammed on his brakes. Then, hearing the yelp and the scream, he glanced apprehensively about. Seeing no one, he cursed aloud, and hurried on.

Jim Hawkins was unaware of the existence of the rapidly departing truck. He saw only a pitiful black heap in the gutter. For a time he sat motionless with horror. He gripped the arms of his chair and stared with open mouth at the awful spectacle. Ruthless slayer of brawny ruffians as he had been in his dreams, he had never looked upon sudden death before in its reality. He was appalled, benumbed.

THEN he thought he saw a little movement in the crumpled black form in the gutter. There was a little struggling effort, it seemed, and a low whimper. Then all was quiet again.

Jim's senses returned to him, and the terror of it all.

"Grandma!" he screamed. "Oh, Grandma!"

But only the shrill echo of his own voice answered him. The house was deathly still. He remembered that Captain Smollett had gone out.

He looked desperately up and down the street, but no one was in sight. Long John Silver came usually in the morning, and it was not quite time yet for Ben Gunn. If only someone would come!

He screamed again, but there was no answer. Was the whole neighborhood asleep? All the world seemed suddenly stricken with death, except the vibrant, intensely alive, intensely terrified little lad sitting helplessly in the window.

"Black Dog!" he cried again, and again he thought he saw the weak movement and heard the little whine.

There it was again, unmistakable. Black Dog, then, was still alive. He must have help. Would no one come to help him? It was pitiful, horrible. Why did not all the doors on the street burst open, and men and women pour forth to aid Black Dog in his extremity? It was as silent and deserted as a graveyard.

Black Dog was moving again. His little hind feet were kicking aimlessly. Then, with a mighty effort, he half rose, flashed an appealing, heart-breaking look up at Jim Hawkins, and then fell back, panting.

That look went straight to the soul of Jim Hawkins, straight through all his bodily weakness, straight through all material realities. And his soul miraculously answered.

The thin, wasted legs moved, dropped from the ottoman, and Jim slipped to the floor. He was crying now, but the tears ran unnoticed down his cheeks. His body was trembling and shaking with sobs as he crawled and hitched himself along the floor, over the threshold, and into the front hall.

At the front door he stopped, looking up piteously and helplessly at the knob. But it would not turn of its own volition. Jim Hawkins did not stop to ask whether he could do it or not. He raised himself slowly, painfully, doubtfully to his knees, grasped the knob, drew back the heavy door. Then he continued his slow, hesitating, long journey across the porch and down the steps, sitting there and letting himself down one after the other.

When he reached the lawn he was nearly exhausted, but he had somehow learned the trick of the hitching, crawling method of locomotion. He did not analyze it; he scarcely thought at all. All his being was focussed on one point—the eyes of Black Dog in the gutter.

No one knows how long it took, or precisely how he got there. It was Ben Gunn, plodding along on his afternoon route, who found them.

"I was never so flabbergasted in my life," is the way Ben told the story. "There they were, the two of 'em, in a dead faint. I hadn't the least notion what had happened. Bobby had the dog in his arms and they was all crumpled and wound up together. I tried to pry 'em apart, but it warn't no use; so I just picks 'em up in my arms like a sack o' mail an' bundles 'em into the house."

When Jim Hawkins opened his eyes, he was lying in his bed with Captain Smollett bending over him and Dr. Livesey sitting in a chair holding his wrist. Before long Squire Trelawney came. But Jim Hawkins was looking around for some one else.

"Black Dog," he murmured. "Where is Black Dog?"

"He's in good hands," said Dr. Livesey. "Don't worry. Now just drink a little of this and see if you can't go to sleep."

He went to sleep—slept, in fact, until early morning. But when he awoke again he was not to be quieted so easily. Orders were issued and couriers dispatched. News of Black Dog must be obtained instantly. And Jim Hawkins must take his place on the bridge. Dr. Livesey seemed to think there would be no harm in that, and so Jim found himself at the window again, watching eagerly for the return of Squire Trelawney.

At last he appeared, hurrying down the street.

"Your report," demanded Jim Hawkins.

"All's well," said Squire Trelawney. "Black Dog is resting comfortably at his home with Mr. Whitcomb on Bateman Street. He had two ribs broken and suffered from shock, but Mr. Whitcomb got the best vet. in the country out from New York and he says that Black Dog will be all right again in a couple of weeks, though he may never win another blue ribbon."

Two weeks is a long time to wait, and long before the time had elapsed Jim Hawkins found himself staring for hours down the street, watching for a familiar little black form to emerge from behind the hedges. Now that he had learned to help himself somewhat, and seemed to be getting stronger all the time, they let him sit on the front porch, from which point of vantage he could see farther up the street.

Then one Sunday afternoon a big red car drew up at the curb and a man with a black burden in his arms got out and started toward the house. Jim Hawkins sat up and stared. The black burden began to wriggle and then emitted a sharp "R-rowf!"

The man from the automobile set him down, and Black Dog hurried up the steps, a little stiffly perhaps, and, planting his forepaws on Jim's knee, reached upward with his pink tongue.

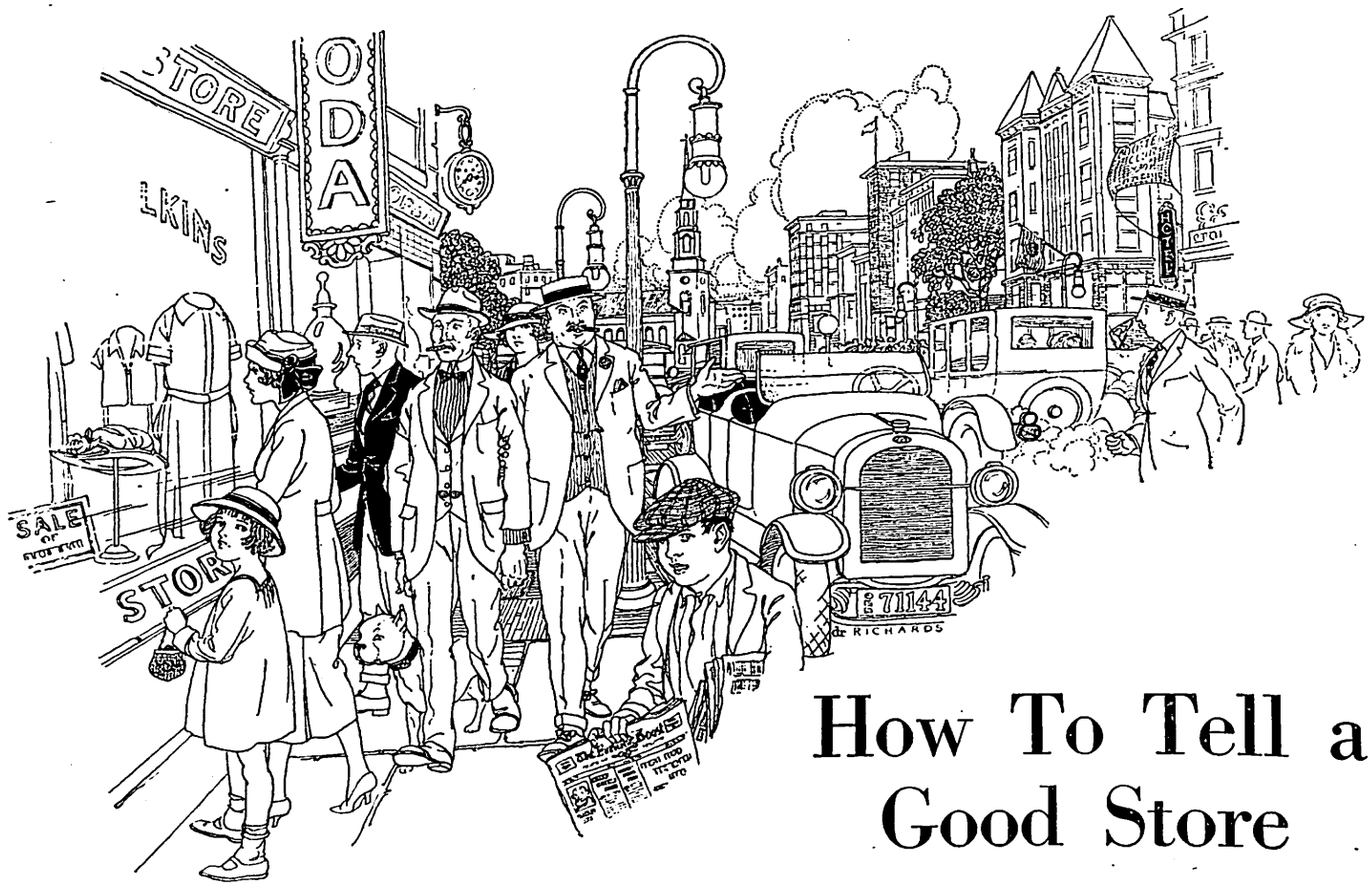
"Black Dog!" cried Jim Hawkins, and buried his face in the wavy hair.

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY and Captain Smollett came out and spoke to Mr. Whitcomb, and while they were talking a strange phenomenon occurred. Jim Hawkins, without assistance, lifted his feet to the floor of the porch and stood for a moment, somewhat uncertainly, holding to the arm of the chair. Captain Smollett started forward anxiously, but Squire Trelawney laid a restraining hand on her arm. Then they watched breathlessly while Jim Hawkins, with wavering, uncertain steps, made his way to the edge of the porch and sank down on the top step, where he could better engage in the occupation of loving Black Dog.

"He'll be running around with that dog in another six months," predicted Mr. Whitcomb. But something rose simultaneously in the throats of Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett which prevented their replying. They saw Black Dog eagerly nuzzle the boy's neck for a moment, making the little fellow laugh because it tickled so. Then the dog lay quiet across Jim Hawkins's knees, his big eyes fixed adoringly on the boy's smiling face. They began to sway a little, back and forth. Jim Hawkins was crooning something into the long, silky ear Mr. Whitcomb bent his head to listen.

"Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Black Dog hurried up the steps, a little stiffly perhaps, and, planting his forepaws on Jim's knee, reached upward with his pink, wagging tongue



How To Tell a Good Store

By William G. Shepherd

Illustrated by George Richards

FOLKS who live in New York City or who visit there say that Broadway is a "Great White Way." That, probably, is the case. I advise those who haven't seen it to take the word of New Yorkers for it.

But long before I saw Broadway I had a hunch about its world-famous street lighting system. Not long ago I had a chance to see whether my idea was right. I walked up and down that street in the evening and I made the same discovery that I had made on Seventh Street, the Broadway of my home town. It was this:

If every storekeeper had shut off his window lights and merchants had turned off their electric signs Broadway would have been as dark and gloomy as any street in New York. To tell the truth, city lamps along Broadway shine out pretty weakly; as far as I could judge there weren't any too many of them. Along about two o'clock in the morning, by the little light they'd give, you'd feel like walking in the middle of the street.

Folks on Broadway, where it's brightest, never look up through the mouth of the street-canyon, to see whether the stars are shining; neither do they worry about whether the electric company has turned on the street lights for the evening.

Storekeepers and merchants light Broadway, just as they do the glorious, scintillating business streets of all our cities. Look over the Broadway in your town some evening and see if this isn't true.

These floods of light from millions of store windows and hundreds of thousands of electric signs are emblems of the mighty part which storekeepers play in American life.

We're probably the storekeepingest nation in the world. And the storekeeper here, the merchant, has as high and important a place in his community as the man of any other profession.

There's one retail store of some kind for every twenty-two families in America.

We Americans like our stores; we like 'em handy and we like plenty of them. We like to visit in our stores; chat with the proprietor or clerks or with each other; we like to dash in and out of them; buy a little something here and something there; we like to walk along in front of them, on the Broadways of our towns, and look in the windows; we like the glare of their window lights on the pavements; the flash of the electric signs comforts our souls and tells us that business is good and that all is well with the world. We must show our guests the town. Sooner or later we will take them out along the boulevards and through the residential section where Banker Jones and Attorney Smith and Senator Doe have built their mansions, but FIRST they must come "down town" and pass through the business streets and see the stores and shops.

The residential section may be a fine sight; but, come to think of it, only a few folks had a hand in adding that charm to the city. The store section of the town was made by the merchants, but, more than that, it was made by all the folks of the town.

Here you can see the town folks, in the shopping district, among these stores of ours. "Up on the Hill" or "Out on the Heights" you'll hardly ever get a glimpse of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Senator Doe; you'll hardly ever catch sight of the young ladies of these families, out there where they live. But here, where the stores are, you're likely to see any of them any time. Why, they come down here to the shopping district just like anybody else. Of course they don't eat their sundaes at any old candy store or drug store; they go to Smith's for sundaes just as they go to certain other stores for other things. But you can see them milling around in the shopping district any day, just like the women folks of any of the rest of us. Of course somebody from the family must positively go to some store for something every day; it's more likely to be three or four times a day than only once. If it isn't to buy something it's to get something exchanged. The tobacco and silk stockings and neckties and dee-dads that father and the boys and the girls need, they buy for themselves; mother buys for the family—and waits for her birthday. But somebody from the family is always "going to the store."

If we Americans think that other folks in the world are like us in the delight we take in stores we're wrong. You never heard of an Englishman being proud of the business district of his town; he'd no sooner think of inviting a guest "down town" of an evening to see the stores and the lighted business streets than he would of arranging a midnight trip to the graveyard. No, sir. You don't catch the average English storekeeper wasting electricity in his show-windows, after the store is closed for the night. He's through for the day and so is the store and so are the windows. It doesn't make any difference to him how much time he may have put in arranging his window display. Nobody comes "down town" of an evening because the streets in the business district are dark and the stores are closed; so there's no use of lighting up.

FRIEND, you may perhaps have heard of Regent Street and the Strand and Bond Street. Yes, they're pretty good shopping streets. But if you've got any preliminary investigating to do before you purchase, if you'd like to do a certain amount of window-shopping, before you finally say to some clerk, "I'll take that," do it in the daytime. Regent Street is dark o' nights, compared with Broadway in your town. Bond Street,

believe me, is as silent and gloomy as the road that leads out to the cemetery and the jolly old Strand has to depend for its lights, in the main, on the city's street lamps. You get a feeling, in England, that stores are stores; that is: a store is a place where a man keeps a store or supply of something you may sometime need and that when you do need something from this supply or store or hoard or pile you go to it and ask the man in charge there to please shovel some of it out for you. Yes, a store, in England, means a store of something.

In French or Italian towns when the proprietor of a store goes home for the day he goes the English storekeeper one better. He not only turns out the lights in his windows—if he has lights in his windows at all—but he sticks around the place until the help has pulled down the blinds; steel shutters that cover the windows and the door. You may not believe it, but in many cases—and this writer has studied the stores in the Broadways of more than one European town—the steel shutter is very likely to cover the name of the store, so that you can not discover by any sign, on a Sunday or a holiday or of an evening, what sort of a store the place is or the name of its proprietor. I've even seen the street address covered up by these steel shutters over shop windows in the Latin countries.

You get sort of an idea in European countries that folks think they could get along without their stores, if they had to; that they haven't any particular interest in them, that one is about as good as another, and that, if they all closed up, the pride of the town would not in any way be diminished; you can't imagine any one in Tours, France, boasting that Tours has a better shopping district, with finer stores and livelier merchants, than Florence, Italy.

AND yet I happened to be in a country in Europe when the stores all suddenly closed and stayed closed. That was Russia. Then I realized what stores really mean; what part they play in our lives. One jeweler closed with my watch in his safe. I've been interested as a layman in stores and storekeeping, ever since. These closed Russian stores! Imagine, if you can, all the business streets of all our American cities darkened of a night, because at a given signal the storekeepers had shut off their window lights and their electric signs. But the gloom of that night would be as nothing to the gloom of days to follow, as the doors of the stores remained unopened and the people began to wonder, how, if there were to be no stores, they could buy things to eat and wear. Petrograd and Moscow were ghastly, with the stores closed. Russian storekeepers are lovers of fine signs. A grocery keeper must have pictures of vegetables painted all over his store-front and in panels beside his front door. A baker's signs will be pictures —and very good pictures, too—of piles of rolls and loaves of bread, with brown, crackling crust. The paintings of roasts and steaks, hams and chops, that Russian sign painters in other days have spread across the front doors and walls of butcher shops, are real enough to make a gorged man hungry again, to say nothing of driving a hungry man to madness. Through all their days of hunger the Russians in the cities, as they trod past their closed stores, were taunted by marvelous paintings of cheeses and eggs and fat fish. Little wonder that the Russian government has been forced, within recent months, to permit the stores to be opened again, after being closed for two years! Those thousands of well-done oil paintings of food on the Russian store-fronts must have had something to do with it.

But the main point of all this is that the Russian, at last, among the Europeans has discovered what the American has known all along—that a store is a pretty important thing in life; something to boost, something to be thankful for and something to attract community pride.

WHEN you and the neighbors don't turn up at Mr. Hobbs's store, he knows business is bad. When you all drop in he knows business is good.

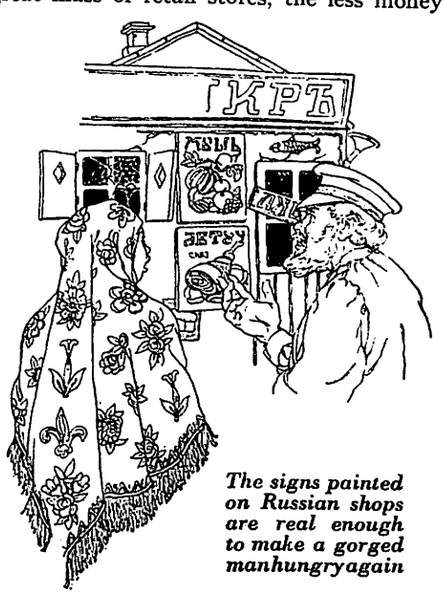
Your visits are his business thermometer. But he ought to have a better gauge than that. And business scientists, who only in very recent years have been studying the business of retailing, are working out such a gauge for him.

It won't be many years before the scientists will help Mr. Hobbs to discover WHY you drop into his store; or why you don't. When Mr. Hobbs knows this, then he will also know what to do to gain your constant patronage

Yes, sir! We Americans like our stores; our shopping districts in all our towns are the centers of all our activities. There can't be too many square feet of plate glass store front along our streets to suit us; or too many square yards of floor space or too many cubic feet of store room or too many layers of groaning shelves.

We like our stores. And let me tell you in figures, now that we're on the subject, just how much we DO like them. We like them to the extent of paying about twenty cents of every dollar we spend in them just to keep them going. I've had some business men tell me that this proportion ought to be twenty-five cents out of every dollar. I think that's too high. But, whatever the figure, the amazing fact remains that a GOOD store takes a smaller percentage of our dollar to keep itself running than does a poor store.

The more good stores we have, in our great mass of retail stores, the less money we Americans will be called upon to spend to keep our retail store system on its feet.



The signs painted on Russian shops are real enough to make a gorged manhungryagain

The twenty cents out of every dollar that we spend to keep the stores of America running is money that does not go for materials or for what the storekeeper sells. It goes for paying the mere, bare expenses of the store itself. The good, scientific storekeeper, so scientific figures show, is able to run his store on considerably less than one-fifth of the money we turn into his cash register. The poor, unscientific storekeeper often uses even more than twenty-five cents out of every dollar we pay him for the expenses of his store.

It's the unscientific storekeeper who puts up the cost of storekeeping in the United States. The good storekeepers of any town, working together with the people of that town who buy in the stores, can, if they only know it, protect themselves from the inefficient storekeeper to the point of putting him out of business. We'll see how later on.

What is a good store? How can you tell one when you see it? Don't hurry with your answer. I don't expect the answer from you, Mr. or Mrs. Buyer. In this article I want to try to answer these questions myself. We Buyers really don't know very much about stores. The most unbusinesslike moments we spend, in all our long days, are those we spend in stores. Ask any storekeeper you know if he couldn't handle his business in better and cheaper fashion if the Buyer's family was more businesslike in his store. To Mrs. Buyer and the Buyer girls, the store isn't a place for business at all; it's a place in which to get things when you want them; a place of magic where you have only to say "I want"—and then receive. Mrs. Buyer may have plenty of business instinct; she may advise her husband ever so soundly in regard to his business; the Buyer girls may be ever so clever with figures, and quite wise enough, financially, not to become too greatly interested in some young man whose business prospects are not any too bright, but put them down in a store and they seem to throw all their business instincts to the wind. They make unbusinesslike demands; they expect unbusinesslike attention and favors and they break every rule of business in almost every purchase they make.

THAT makes it sound bad for the ladies—and it is estimated that they make at least 85 per cent. of all the purchases in retail stores. But we men folks are just as bad, when we get into a store.

"Thank God! I don't have to be a business man here," is what men seem to say, as soon as they step inside a store. Of course they don't know they're saying this and they don't know they have this feeling. But the GOOD storekeeper in your town will tell you it's the truth.

The GOOD storekeeper in your town—now that we're trying to tell how to pick out a GOOD store when you see it—is the man who does not take advantage of the fact that most Americans throw suspicion aside when they enter a store. And the POOR storekeeper in your town is the man who does take advantage of this fact.

In the first place, then, you can tell the good store by its honesty. That's a pretty trite statement, I'll admit. But we have to get over the honesty clause in order to reach other subjects that are fully as important. A dishonest storekeeper doesn't last very long in any community.

But the fact of the matter is that it isn't dishonesty that causes failures in the retail business. Honesty alone isn't enough to keep a store running full blast and growing

throughout the years. Seventy retailers out of every hundred who fail make a muss of their business because they don't know how to retail.

In addition to being honest, a storekeeper, no matter what he is selling, must be scientific. It takes brains, with a capital B, to run a good store. Let me give an instance of what I mean by brains.

"What do you mean when you talk of scientific retailing?" I asked one of the leading merchants of Chicago, who had a lifetime of retailing experience behind him.

"Let me tell you a story," he said. "There was a cigar store on a business corner in our town with a rent so high that I couldn't see how the cigar man could make both ends meet.

"I used to buy a box of cigars there every Saturday evening. I paid three dollars for it. One time I noticed that the cigar man always had three boxes of that brand of cigars in stock—three boxes and no more. But he always had the three boxes and always gave me my pick of them. That selection satisfied me, as it would have satisfied anybody.

"ONE day I joked him about the three boxes of cigars. Right then and there he showed me what brains can do in retailing.

"Every inch of his shelf space was precious, because his rent was so high. He had figured out that he had room in his store for only three boxes of my kind of cigars. He wanted variety, you see.

"And here's how it worked out financially. The cigars cost him two dollars and a half a box. He had a gross profit of fifty cents a box from me. In one year of fifty-two weekly purchases, his gross profit on my trade was twenty-six dollars. But listen here: His total investment in these cigars, at any one time, was only seven dollars and a half. In other words, he never had more than seven dollars and a half of his capital or credit tied up at any one time in those three boxes of cigars; and yet, by the use of seven dollars and a half, he had made a gross profit of twenty-six dollars in one year."

Two hundred and ninety per cent. gross profit, out of which he paid the rent for the precious space occupied by the three boxes of cigars, together with other expenses incidental to their handling and sale, was the margin on which this storekeeper with brains had to work.

No cigar-store man without brains and without an expert scientific knowledge of mathematics, including cubic content, square root, rents, profits and the tensile strength of human nature, could have kept store for one week on that corner without heading toward bankruptcy. He was an Edison of a storekeeper! He had a little of everything that any tobacco user could want, but there wasn't a dusty box or a littered shelf in his place. Probably there wasn't a thing in his store that had lain there longer than a week.

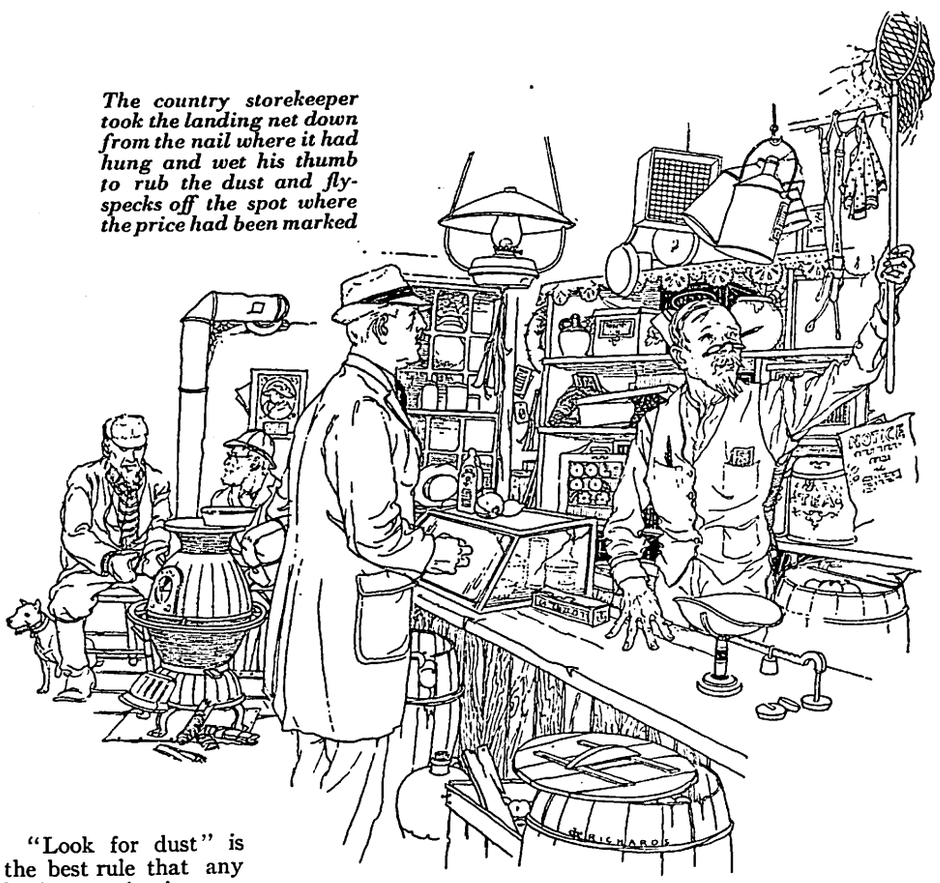
The GOOD storekeeper doesn't push things; he lets his customers pull them. He knows what the pull will be and he tries to increase it. A store doesn't have to be either a big store or a little store to be a good store, but it does have to be a tempting store.

WATCH your storekeeper's shelves to see how rapidly the stock thereon changes.

The poor, inefficient storekeeper measures what he buys by its cheapness and by how much he thinks he can get for it.

The efficient storekeeper measures business in another way.

"How SOON can I sell it?" is his first and most important question. And after that's decided, he asks the question, "What price shall I put on it?"



The country storekeeper took the landing net down from the nail where it had hung and wet his thumb to rub the dust and fly-specks off the spot where the price had been marked

"Look for dust" is the best rule that any business scientist can give you for telling you how to tell whether or not you're dealing with a good store or a poor one.

By "dust" I don't mean dirt, exactly. A poor store—one that takes too great a proportion of your dollar to keep itself running—needn't necessarily be an unsanitary store. But a good store is always dustless because the goods on its shelves move and change so rapidly that there's little chance for dust to settle.

By "dust" I do mean a cobweb or two and enough flecks to show that there are goods on the shelves which haven't been moved for weeks, months, and even perhaps for years.

In a good store, a scientifically operated store, you don't see such things. The storekeeper with brains finds that about the most expensive thing he can do is to keep things on his shelves any too great length of time.

"How much is that landing net?" I asked a country storekeeper. He took it down from the nail where it had hung, set his glass high up on his nose, wet his thumb to rub the dust and fly-specks off a certain spot on the handle and then, after carefully reading the price mark on the cleaned spot, said:

"Two dollars and a half."

I examined it; the threads had rotted and wouldn't have held a half-pound sun-fish. I could have used the frame, however, and knotted a new net out of fish-line.

"But the net's all gone," I said.

"Well, you don't expect me to sell it for less'n I paid fer it, dew ye?" he said pointedly.

"No, I don't," I said. For all I cared, the net could hang there as many more years as it had already hung.

This is an example of what I call "dust." A good storekeeper wouldn't have held on to that net until it had rotted, in the first place. In the second place, if, by some mischance, a good storekeeper had found himself in possession of such a net, he would not have waited for some one to come along to pay him his price for it, but would have counted it a bargain for himself to get any reasonable amount out of it.

Look out for the store that's got "buried money" in it.

"Buried money" is stock that litters the shelves and does not move; the fellow who has "buried money" on his shelves must charge you the very topmost prices to keep his place running; and the chances are he'll be trying to pass off on you some of the dead stock.

I got this "buried money" from a business man in the Middle West, a famous credit man.

"A young fellow came to me to get credit for a line of goods," this credit man told me. "He wanted to buy $5,000 worth of stock. He wanted to fill his shelves with great quantities of things. When he told me the size of his store and its prospects I said to him:

"'LOOK here, young man! You take $2,500 and plant it in a hole in your back yard. Just leave it there. Don't ever touch it, in all your long life. It'll do you more good there, drawing no interest, than it will on your shelves. If you turn it into goods you'll only be taking up room on your shelf space that ought to be vacant and ready for the newest and latest and freshest things you can buy.'"

A good storekeeper, if he has any money to bury, will see the sense of burying it outside of his store in some spot where ground rentals are very low.

If you want to know whether your butcher, your baker, your grocer, your shoe dealer, your clothing dealer, your gown shop is efficient, just try to find out how much money is "buried" on the shelves. If you see signs of "buried money" in any of these stores or shops, look out. It costs money to carry "buried money." The storekeeper who tries to do it has an expense that the storekeeper with no "buried money" does not have to meet. The former gentleman, in addition to his rent, his wages, his lighting and heating bills and his taxes, will find it necessary to make you pay, if he can, interest on the money that is planted away on his shelves.

THE litter in his store will tell you the whole story, if you keep your eyes open. Dusty tomato cans, carrying ancient labels; smudged and warped shoe boxes; flecked and wrinkled gowns, of unknown vintage; uncouth suits of clothes, unlabeled and distorted by lying for months and maybe years on clothing-store tables—you, in your hunt for a good store, don't need anything more than glimpses at such things to show you that you are in the wrong place. The man with these things has been stuck; he'll pass them on to you if he can And, if he can't, he'll try to pass on to you, if you make a purchase of any sort, part of the expense of carrying them. Storekeepers who fail usually have shelves full of such goods. Many of them fail, not because they don't have enough money but because they bury the money they do have on their shelves.

"Turn-over," in fact, is the secret of efficiency in storekeeping. I'm keeping away from trade terms in this article, but "turn-over" is a phrase that every person who ever buys in a store of any sort ought to know.

How rapid is the turn-over of your storekeeper? The answer will tell you whether he keeps a good store or a poor one. How often does he clean off his shelves and bring in new and fresh merchandise? The whole story of how well he can serve you lies right there.

As a matter of fact no good storekeeper can clean off his shelves often enough to suit himself. The storekeeper who doesn't know how to get quick turn-over is the storekeeper you don't want to deal with, no matter what he sells. He's the man who MUST charge you the most, in order to earn his running expenses, to say nothing of his profit, and he's the fellow who MUST try to give you the least for your money, in order to make both ends meet.

One of the best florists in one of our biggest American cities dubbed along for years, with a poorly paying flower store, until suddenly, one day, he got the idea of quick turn-over into his head. He heard a speech delivered by a Chicago business man, famous as a men's furnishing goods expert. Though the speaker was advising haberdashers not to buy too heavily in single lots, but to buy often; not to bury money on their shelves, but to always keep a little space cleared for something new and fresh, the flower man got an idea for his own business.

"If quick turn-over is good for a haberdasher I don't see why it isn't good for a florist," he said to himself.

He put the idea into practise. Before very long the ladies in his city began to say: "Well, when some one sends me flowers from ————'s they're always fresh, just as if I'd picked them out for myself." Before very long ————'s had become the smart flower shop of the city. When you sent flowers to your girl you sent them from ————'s. All the society of the town was boosting for the man who always sent fresh flowers.

One day the wife of the haberdashery expert, who had made the "quick turn-over" speech, said to this florist:

"Mr. So-and-So, I always make it a point to praise a good merchant or to criticize a poor one. I think it's my duty to tell you that every time any one sends flowers to our home from your shop, they come to us fresh and they last a long time."

"You may thank your husband for that," replied the florist. And then he told of the speech which he had heard the husband make to the haberdashers' gathering.

"The next day, after hearing that speech," continued the florist, "I decided that I'd buy flowers in smaller orders, but that I'd have the orders delivered three times a day instead of once a day. I made up my mind to get quicker turn-over. That's the secret of keeping a good flower store."

It hadn't taken people long, in that town, to pick out the good flower store. Yet you or any flower buyer, if you set out in your town to find the florist with the quickest turn-over, will be sure to find yourself, at last, in the best flower store in town.

And this doesn't go for flower stores alone. This principle applies to every store at which you deal.

About the newest stunt in the science of business is the studying of retailing and only recently have the students of retailing got down to cold figures about retailing costs and turn-over.

The chances are that many of the storekeepers in your town do not know these figures and do not realize that a cold, unfailing business schedule is being worked out for their benefit, an unfailing schedule, which, if followed, is bound to bring success.

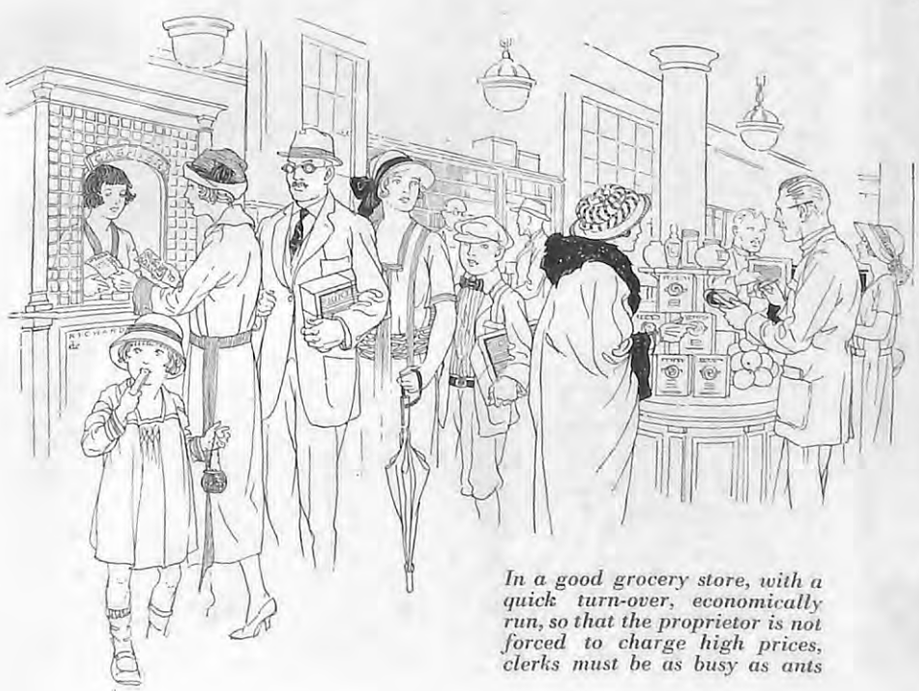
ONE of the most noted and successful of these "laboratories" which has been established to help your storekeeper is the "Bureau of Business Research" at Harvard. The scientists of retailing there have discovered that the best way to tell storekeepers how to run good stores is to study good stores that are already in operation. Tens of thousands of retail merchants in the United States are good merchants, without knowing, scientifically, WHY they are good retailers. The Harvard scientists are analyzing these good concerns—and many of the poor ones as well—and are working out mathematical schedules for retailers.

Suppose we apply some of these figures to your groceryman. He's the retailer who is most important in your family life—and who gets most of the family money.

In the first place, your groceryman takes a smaller proportion of your dollar for the operating expenses of his store than any other retailer. One reason for this is that his turn-over is quicker. While the average retailers—all of them lumped together—take about twenty cents out of every dollar you spend with them, the groceryman takes an average of only fourteen cents. With this fourteen cents he pays rent, wages, taxes, delivery costs, insurance, the costs of heating and lighting, and his own profits as well.

If you find that your groceryman is getting along on this fourteen-cent margin, you can put him down as a pretty good storekeeper. Some grocerymen were discovered who kept

(*Continued on page 63*)



In a good grocery store, with a quick turn-over, economically run, so that the proprietor is not forced to charge high prices, clerks must be as busy as ants

Three of the Season's Theatrical Importations And a Selected Group of Home Talent

ABBE

A picturesque set from one of the naively comic dance dramas that constitute the chief charm of the Swedish Ballet to be seen here later in the season. M. Jean Borlin, pictured as the Marchand D'Oiseaux, excels in creative genius in his dancing and pantomime. The costumes are beautiful and flowerlike; each number of the ballet revealing a fresh cycle of delicate colors and lovely forms combined with ingenious novelty

MABEL ROBEY

The success of the unique type of revue that André Charlot has been offering London audiences at his Vaudeville Theater for several seasons has induced him to give an American production this winter of the current edition, "London Revue of 1924." Gertrude Lawrence (left), who headed the cast abroad, will continue to have the leading rôle

Azeada Charkouie (right), recently arrived from Egypt, has turned her back on the mysterious enchantments of the Orient to join the long and glittering cast of "Artists and Models." This revue began life as the annual show of the Illustrators' Ball, but its originality and cleverness won it a professional engagement

WHITE

MORTON HARVEY

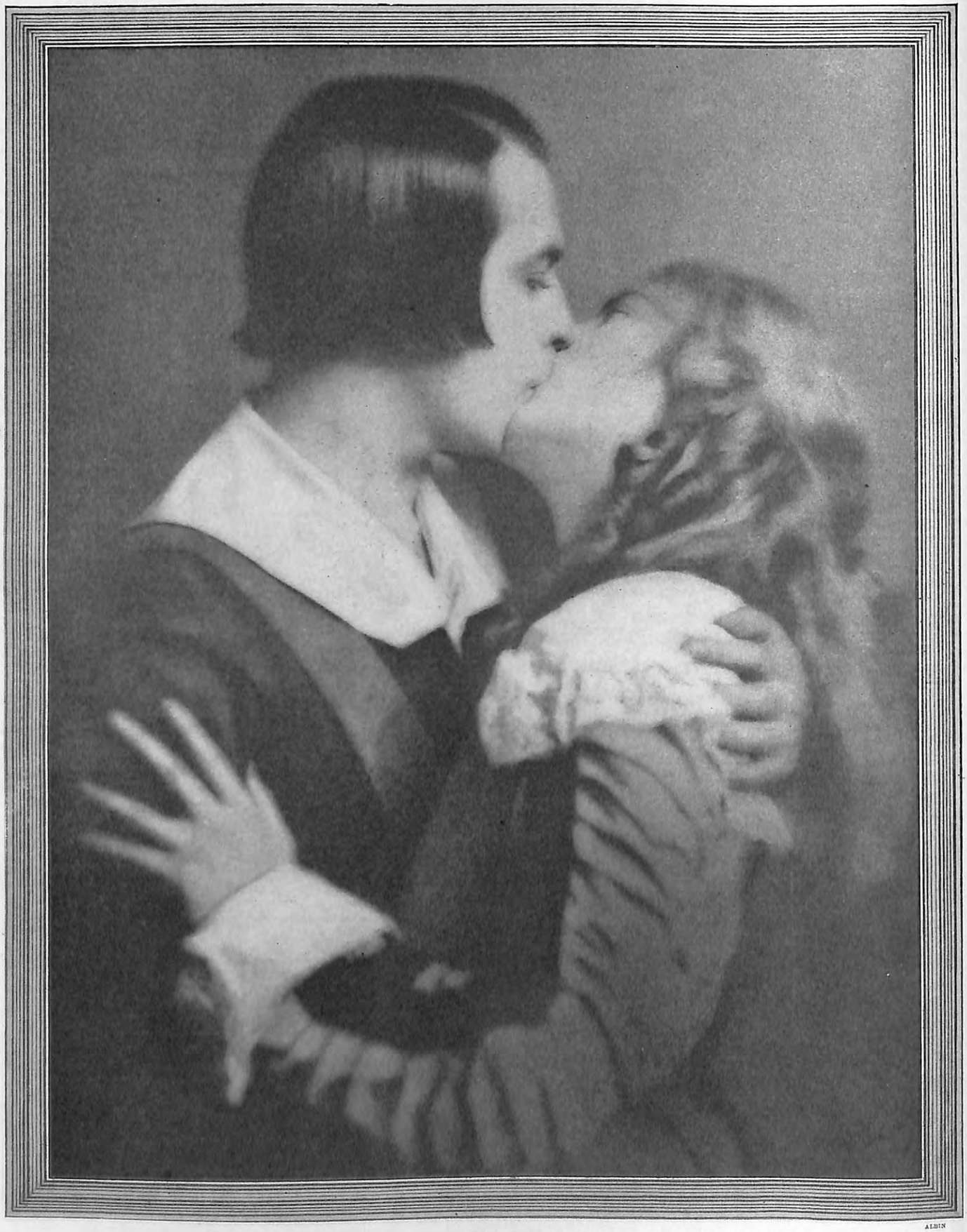
There's a great deal of gorgeousness in "The Vanities of 1923," but it's really Joe Cook's smile that makes the acts go round. In a revue that runs largely to elaborate—and attractive—sets, and even more lavish costumes, it is refreshing to see this comedian launch into a strenuous act with no more make-up on than the grin that always draws a harvest of answering laughs

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

The Duncan Sisters as they were—among the most popular satellites of the two-a-day. This fall they have blossomed forth with a musical piece all their own—"Topsy and Eva." Catherine Chisholm Cushing has fabricated the play by adding to certain scenes of the reliable "Uncle Tom's Cabin" some additional comic situations The music is by the Misses Duncan themselves. Every incarnation of the old standby seems destined for success: this one opened on the Coast and is soon to start progress toward the East

WHITE

It seems safe to predict that Vincent Lawrence's comedy "Two Fellows and a Girl" is one of the elect that will run a long course. Although the plot isn't strikingly original—the story of the Most Popular Girl in a small town who finally resorts to the flip of a coin to choose a husband, and the consequences thereof—yet the situations and dialogue are fresh and convincingly real. Ruth Shepley does fine work as "Lea," the girl, with Allan Dinehart and John Halliday very close seconds as the two persistent aspirants



ALBIN

Richard Barthelmess

and

Dorothy Mackaill

OTHERWISE Karl Van Kerstenbroock and Thomsine, as they appear in the final fadeout of "The Fighting Blade"; a bit of peaceful felicity which is in grateful contrast to the uniformly adventurous and thrilling nature of the preceding episodes in the life of this aggressive soldier of fortune. The screen play, made from a book by Beulah Marie Dix, has to do with the plots and counter-plots of intriguing nobles and ambitious gentlemen of the sword that made so stirring the conflict between the Royalists and the Puritans in England in the year 1644

The Mystery of the Ghost-Girl Is Solved At Last

The Garden of Terror

Part V

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

ALONE in that ancient forest with Pliny, Calvert did not care to dispute the point. Further along they met some of the searchers with torches, men from the Manor. They reported that the doctor with Carroll Jayne were down the road.

The cozy sedan, with its inside electric light, housed two anxious-looking men who had a map of the district spread out on their knees and were tracing some route with a pencil. Calvert gave his report.

"People always climb up when they are lost instead of down," the doctor said. "I suppose they want to see where they are; but it's bad. They should always go down-hill, or follow a stream. I have a fellow at that farmhouse near you, Pliny; and if there's any message from the Manor that she's been found, he'll bring it at once."

The doctor climbed out of the sedan and took Calvert's arm, moving into the shadows with him. "Something's just come to me out of the mists of my memory. That eighteenth century astronomer who built the observatory had what is now Thecla Falcon's room. There's a story he used a private staircase and underground passage to the observatory, so that he could slip out any time during the night—without disturbing anyone or getting into the snow. The story went that the entrance to this staircase was boarded up and plastered over. Anyway the family forgot it for a hundred years. But maybe Thecla Falcon didn't forget it. Maybe you fell down those stairs—something gave way under pressure."

Calvert shook his head doubtfully. "Doctor, it's probable that staircase is still there, and that I fell down it and cut my head open. But it doesn't explain—Thecla Falcon."

"Nobody could explain Thecla alive—much less dead," the doctor grunted.

"After all, I don't care—so Eulalie's safe. I am going back to watch that house, and I'll take Jayne with me."

"How about that Pliny fellow?"

"Better ask him to stay here with you. He and Jayne are like two thunder-charged clouds—an explosion is inevitable when they come together."

Calvert told Jayne his purpose; and an hour later they started up the mountain, the shield on their lantern drawn just enough for a panel of light to guide them.

They came at last close to the fortress like house with its rosy walls, and drawing the shield of their lantern, stationed themselves where they could watch the porch or terrace that extended from the room in which Calvert had waited. An oil lantern on a post cast a wild light over the whole front of the house, and they could see the lighted inner room.

Empty and silent the place remained for an hour or more; then Jayne clutched Calvert's arm. "Look! Oh, look!"

Thecla Falcon stood on the terrace. Silently from some shadow she had emerged. A cloak was about her—parted enough to reveal crimson and violet colors where the lantern's glow fell on her. Her beautiful face—so comprehensive of all vitalities—was lifted to the stars. Calvert could hear his companion's short, agitated breathing. "Shall we call her name?"

"No!" said Calvert sharply. "Keep your head, man."

While their fascinated eyes were on her, another figure emerged from the circle of gloom beyond the lantern's halo.

"Great Cæsar! Eulalie!" Calvert exclaimed. It was his turn to be agitated. He was about to rush forward—but Jayne's hand clamped his arm. "Watch her!"

EULALIE was looking at her sister with the manner of one making up her mind to challenge her dead or alive. Thecla's back was turned to her; and Eulalie's infinitesimal degrees of approach indicated that fear was almost greater than courage. All at once they heard a voice quivering with emotion. "Thecla!" The dark dreamer turned from her contemplation of the stars, and looked into a face as lovely as her own. Across the intervening space the two creatures, as if bridging the gulf of death, advanced to each other, their arms extended; then Thecla took Eulalie in her arms. They were kissing—their faces hid together. Then, pressing close, their arms entwined, they went into the shadows—were seen no more. A strange chill crept over Calvert. Had Eulalie been lured to that house for some curious fate of destruction at the hands of what only seemed beautiful?

"I am going up there," he whispered to Jayne, "and I shall ring and pound until I get in."

"Good!" came the whisper. "Merton, she's alive!"

"I know Eulalie's alive!—and she has her! I don't trust it, Carroll!"

They made their way through the underbrush to the iron gate at the entrance to the covered passage. Calvert pulled the bell—and it came out in his hand, a long trail of wire after it. The bell had been cut.

He was mad with anxiety. "My God, Carroll! there's foul play here! Let's call."

They hallooed together; but no answer came from the house. Then Jayne proposed skirting the walls to see if they could find another door. This was not as easy a task as it appeared, as the rough underground of the forest made a tangle close to the walls. Their efforts brought them finally to what was evidently the back gate of the building—a solid wooden affair tightly locked and completely shutting out the view of the garden. From this search they retired a little way into the forest and again in front of the house to make their plans. Calvert was for summoning the aids whose far-off lights could be seen in the wooded valley; but Jayne betrayed his intense anxiety to remain on the spot lest they should lose one link in the chain of evidence.

"You go! I'll watch!"

"Nothing doing!" Calvert replied sharply. "Eulalie's in that house."

"She's safe enough," Jayne said sharply, resenting the imputation in Calvert's tone. "She's safe enough—if she's with Thecla!"

"I am not so sure," Calvert replied sullenly. The wound in his head was throbbing and fever pains racked him, a reminder that he had followed a beautiful face to this accident—or perhaps inflicted injury. "I am not so sure she's safe."

"Ah, but you didn't know Thecla!"

"No—thank heaven I didn't," he muttered edgily.

"Take care, Merton!"

"Look here! I'm not picking a quarrel! We've something more important to do than that. I want to get into that house."

"So do I! But this Jennifer Burnham probably has a gun! She might not recognize her caller—and shoot."

Merton thought moodily over this statement. "Maybe you're right—but daylight sees me in that house. I think you ought to go down and tell the searchers."

"Go yourself," muttered Carroll.

"My head throbs like thunder," Merton replied.

Jayne's jealousy melted. "Poor old boy, you look it! Get down here in these pine-needles, and I'll cover you up with my coat."

Merton obeyed. "Just a wink," he said; "my head throbs so!"

He stretched himself on the pine-needles, looked at the stars, and looking, fell sound asleep.

Jayne woke him in an hour. "It's getting light, Mert."

Calvert sat up and looked about him in a dazed way. But his pain was gone, and he was on his feet in another minute.

"Lord, but I'm stiff and sore. Well, come on, boy!"

They were only about a hundred yards from the house, which still seemed wrapped in night quiet; and on the terrace the kerosene lantern was burning.

They hallooed again—but no one answered.

"They sleep too well in there," said Jayne.

"OVER the wall, then. Let me get on your shoulders and make a spring for the top, then I'll haul you up."

It was soon accomplished.

They dropped into the garden—crossed it cautiously, half-wondering at its elaborate beauty. Then up stone steps that led to the terrace. There they paused. The lantern was smoking and Calvert turned it out. Then he strode into the room where he had waited with Pliny the evening before. A lamp was burning there. Calvert hesitated a moment, then opened a door and found himself in a hall from which a staircase led to the upper rooms.

The house was as still as the grave. Calvert broke the silence with a loud ringing voice.

"Miss Burnham! Oh, Miss Burnham!"

No answer. Not the slightest sound—but the tapping of vine-leaves against glass.

"Eulalie!" This time Calvert's voice shook the house.

Silence. "I am going up," said Calvert.

Jayne followed him. They found themselves in an airy hall—but mingled with the fresh morning wind was an unmistakable odor—chloroform!

Two doors stood wide open. Merton and Carroll entered a room, which had apparently been used the night before. The covers on the bed were thrown back; on the bureau lay a black scarf; Merton recognized it as the one Eulalie had with her when she disappeared in the forest.

The other room was a large, spacious bedchamber, very feminine in its chintzes and light colors. The bed had not been slept in, but lying across it was the crimson and violet dress in which Calvert had first seen "the woman in the wrong clothes," as he had once called her. Jayne pointed to it. "Thecla's," he whispered, as if her very garments were woven in the looms of heaven.

"Where is she? Where is Eulalie? I don't like this, Jayne."

They tried the doors of the other bedrooms. All were locked; but Jayne, reconnoitering, found that a porch ran outside the front rooms, connecting them. Through one of the windows they peered and saw the figure of a woman lying either asleep or unconscious on the bed.

Raising the window, Merton scrambled through, and with one stride reached the bed and snatched a handkerchief soaked in chloroform from the face of Miss Jennifer Burnham.

"Quick, Jayne, water—no, help me carry her into the air first."

She was fully dressed as if she had thrown herself down on the bed to rest a moment, and some hand had held her there with the imprisoning chloroform—from which the fresh air was gradually releasing her. Merton did what he could to restore her, while Jayne at his direction searched the rest of the house.

Jennifer Burnham opened her eyes at last and looked about her. "Jennifer," she murmured, and Merton thought it odd that she should repeat her own name. "We found you unconscious," he said, "we found you chloroformed."

"Where am I?"

"In your own home. Where is Eulalie—Eulalie Falcon? You lied to me last night."

He felt brutal, unforgiving, ready to make the woman suffer if she had made Eulalie suffer. But, to his surprise, she looked alarmed, almost panic-stricken. Trying to struggle to her feet she became dizzy and he supported her to a chair on the porch.

"Call Hortense at once," she commanded.

"Miss Burnham, there is no one to call," replied Jayne, who at that moment returned from his survey. "No one is in this house but ourselves!"

"Impossible!"

"See for yourself," Jayne said.

"Where is Eulalie?" demanded Merton.

By this time Miss Burnham was on her feet. Her vigorous health was apparent even under the temporary weakness caused by the chloroform.

"She was well and safe last night," she answered. "I assure you she was."

"Why didn't you tell us she was in the house? Why did you send us away consumed with anxiety?"

"I will let you know when I am stronger! Now I ask you to search the premises for the slightest scrap of writing. They—they must have left some word."

"Who is—they?"

"My household," she said stiffly.

"Do you include Thecla Falcon in your household?"

"Thecla Falcon was killed by a fall from her horse near my tea-room."

"Then who was with Eulalie on the terrace last night?"

She remained imperturbable. "I do not know," she faltered.

"Are you sure?"

"I ask you to search the house."

"Come with us if you are able to walk."

In the room Eulalie had occupied Miss Burnham's quick eyes saw a crushed piece of paper on the floor. Smoothing it she read:

"DEAR EULALIE —

"I want to talk alone with you. I could not answer all your questions last night. Before Miss Burnham gets up will you follow Hortense who brings you this note? She will take you to a place in the forest where we can be quite alone.

"THECLA."

Merton read the genuine alarm in Jennifer Burnham's face. "Who wrote that note," he demanded, "if Thecla Falcon is a dead woman?"

MISS BURNHAM did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "Thecla Falcon did not write it—I am afraid—the maid Hortense wrote it. I remember she boasted once that she could imitate her beloved Miss Falcon's hand to the dot."

"And does Hortense come here often?"

"She visits my maid—Maggie. But, Mr. Calvert—I implore you to go at once and get your searchers. Hortense has no love for Miss Eulalie Falcon, who dismissed her from her service."

Calvert grasped her arm. "You fear foul play of some kind."

Her voice had risen to a high cry for help. A woman sprang forward and struck the pistol from the hand of Hortense

"I do."

"Are you a good walker?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me at once. Jayne, you go down the mountain and get helpers to come this way."

"Right! But where will we find you?"

Merton looked at Miss Burnham. "Where?"

She was trembling. "Mr. Calvert, there are wild and deserted places in the mountains above us. I have two horses in the stable. We must not walk."

"My God! You don't think her life's in danger!"

"I do!"

"What reason have you?"

"Let's act—talk afterwards"—was her brusque reply. She opened the door of a small bedroom. "Even Maggie's gone. But she was stupid! And Hortense clever!"

"Where is—Thecla Falcon?"

"Dead—dead," she answered insistently—her black brows drawn together above her searching gray eyes. "Out to the stables, now. No time to lose."

She saddled her horse, indicated two farm horses that he and Jayne might ride—and in the chilly dawn they took a path up the mountain. There was nothing feigned about her anxiety, for she urged her beast as if too impatient to bear his calm climbing of the rough road.

"How did Eulalie come to you?" he demanded at once.

"She came! But as I live no harm was intended. Hortense found her wandering in the forest, brought her up here."

"How did Hortense happen to be up this way?"

"Maggie, who adores her, gave her a room here. I allow Maggie many privileges. Not easy to keep servants in this wild spot."

"Have you always lived here?"

"Always," she answered curtly. She was not a woman given to confidences, to say the least. Yet in spite of her secrecy about Eulalie, Merton was compelled to a certain confidence in her by a kind of maternal atmosphere she bore; as if she herself, had she married, might have raised an eagle brood of her own in these wild spaces.

"What did Eulalie say to Hortense to explain her being in the woods?"

Miss Burnham's eyes narrowed. "Eulalie said she was following her sister, Thecla Falcon."

"I saw her with her sister, Thecla Falcon, on the terrace last night," remarked Merton Calvert. "What have you to say about that?"

Miss Burnham leaned over her horse a moment. "Hurry, Old Nick, hurry"—then to Merton another sidewise glance before she spoke. "Every one acts as if Thecla Falcon was the only fascinating human being on earth. And she walks into their imaginations as easily as most people go through doors."

"You haven't answered me."

SHE swung ahead of him as lightly as a boy of fifteen. Great candor and great secrecy made up her charm, he thought—and she was visibly most anxious. Once or twice she stopped to listen.

"What's this?" she said suddenly.

A patch of mud in the path revealed a footprint, neat and clean-cut. "This shoe had a French heel," Calvert said. "Hortense's certainly."

"Up there, then," she said, pointing up the mountain. "Make as little noise as you can. Ah, look!"

Her hand on his arm felt like steel. She

pointed to a spot of rising ground where great sacrificial rocks reared their gray heads in defiance of the delicate changes of the dawn to full morning. Crouched on one of these rocks was the maid Hortense—in the still humor of a cat who has her prey at last and can now take her time.

Opposite her was Eulalie, eyes wide, amazed, defiant. Why she sat so still they could not discover; and Calvert knew he must overhear her words if he ever wanted to clear up the mystery of Falcon Manor. "Listen," he said, checking Miss Burnham's forward movement.

They crouched and listened.

"And so you thought you were to be mistress of Falcon Manor—and marry your man and rule there where my darling lady had ruled. Ah, you made a very big mistake. You never will go back now!"

"I shall go back!" Eulalie's voice had not a quiver in it. Her eyes quiet and contemptuous had no shadow of fear in them.

"Indeed! Why did your sister send you here if you were ever to go back home?"

"You can't make me think that my sister wrote that note! She was fair and just—never tricked people or trapped them. Only the vulgar do that—people of your clay, Hortense. Living or dead she was with me last night—and I love her—O, Thecla! Thecla!"

Her voice had risen to a high cry for help, and in the same instant Merton saw the bright flash of steel. He sprang forward, but a woman was there before him. She struck the pistol from Hortense's hand—and picking it up as lightly as if she picked a flower, was gone. The maid looked wildly around her, caught sight of Merton and plunged into the forest. He and Jayne were about to give chase, when Jennifer Burnham said,

"Let her go! We've other work here."

For Eulalie was trying to struggle to her feet, and Calvert saw that she had been tied to the pine tree that rose close by the rock to prevent any sudden effort to escape. He cut the cords and Miss Burnham raised her—held her a moment, for she seemed faint and dizzy. "We must get her to the house at once," she said.

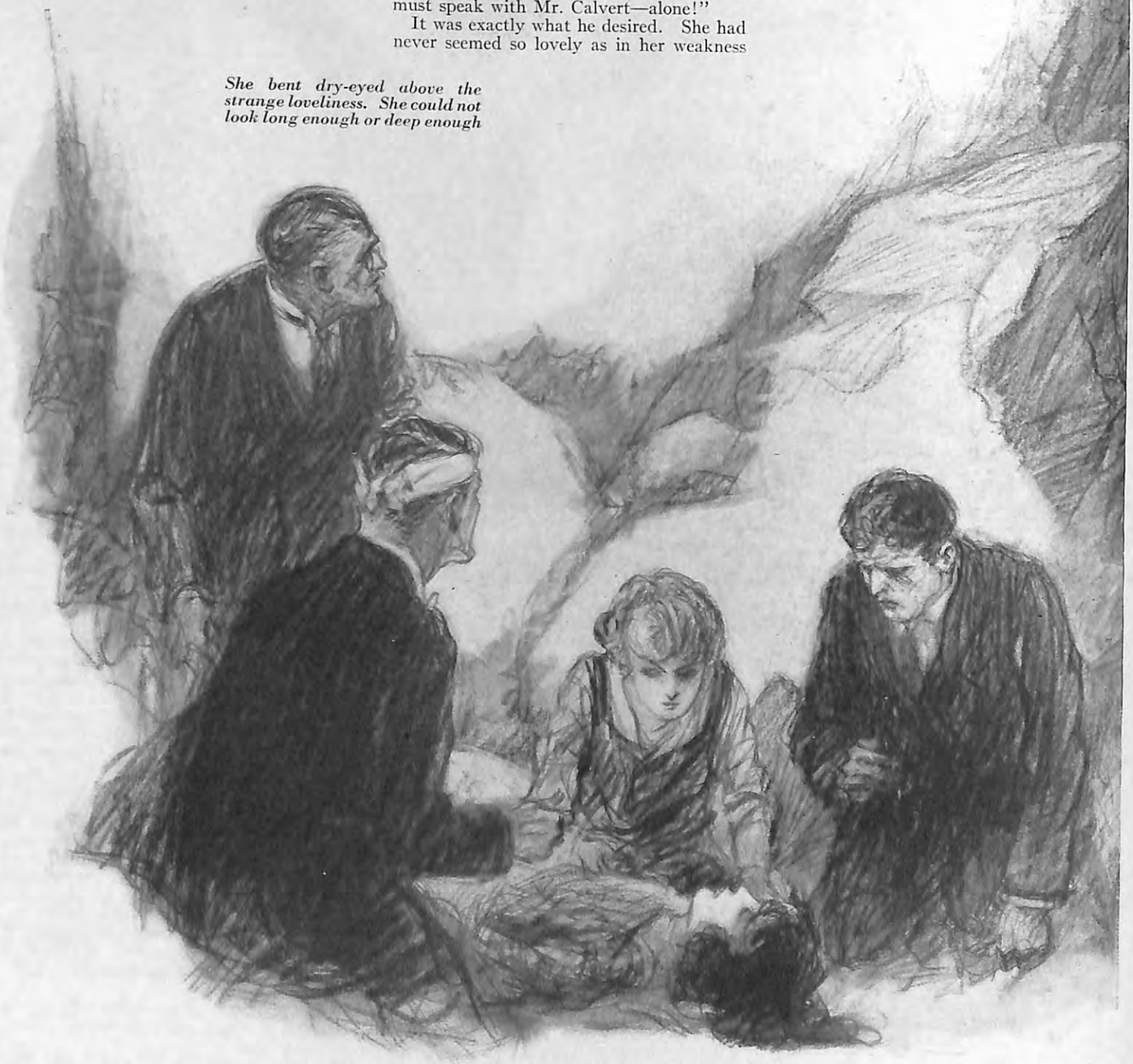
"No, leave me here," Eulalie said. "I must speak with Mr. Calvert—alone!"

It was exactly what he desired. She had never seemed so lovely as in her weakness and helplessness. Jennifer Burnham cast a long, unhappy look at her, and turned down the mountain.

"Go with her, Jayne," Calvert commanded, and waited until her slim athletic figure and his had vanished amid the dark pines. "Now, my dear, tell me if you can," he said, taking Eulalie's hands in his.

"I saw her in the wood—I followed her—I couldn't go back even to tell you. She seemed absolutely real. I called her, but she did not answer, and I lost sight of her, and I was lost. I must have gone around in circles as one does in the woods; but I came to a path at last, and following it, met Hortense.

"She told me I was near Miss Jennifer Burnham's house, and if I would go with her there she would telephone to the Manor while I rested. I was tired to death and it seemed



She bent dry-eyed above the strange loveliness. She could not look long enough or deep enough

Emerging from the trees, Jennifer Burnham compassed the scene

the best thing; and she promised to find Dr. Crosby and let him know. I spoke of following Thecla, and she said, 'Pauvre petite! you saw but the desire of your heart.' She was very gentle, all her old hard manner gone! And so I trusted her.

"Miss Burnham received me graciously enough, but I thought she looked uneasy and disturbed. They put me into a bedroom on the second floor and Hortense brought me something to eat, and said she was a friend of Miss Burnham's maid, and was staying there until she found another situation. I did not speak of taking her back for all her kindness. Somehow I was beginning to feel confused and unhappy, but I thought it best to accept the situation. Hortense promised to tell me when it was time to ride the horse down to the car—for there is no road to that house, only a footpath, and I fell asleep.

"When I woke up it was dark. I didn't hear a sound in the house, so I went downstairs through a reception-room with a pink ceiling and to a piece of porch or terrace. There I saw a figure so familiar I scarcely dared approach it—my beloved sister. I gathered courage to speak her name."

She lowered her voice as if speaking of the dead. "Merton, I was in her arms before I knew it; asking her a thousand questions, begging her to tell me the secret. She did not answer me, but kept pressing her lips to my cheek, and in the night silence our communication seemed deeper than ever before—as if in the grave she had gathered new fascinations, had seen a world so bewilderingly beautiful she could not keep its magic hidden. She took me back to my room, never speaking a word and left me then."

"My darling! it couldn't have been Thecla!"

"Oh, what does it matter! I was happy for the first time in months. Too content to care whether I ever went back to the Manor."

Jealousy stirred in him. "Haven't I made you happy, Eulalie! After all I've had such a little time."

"You can't make any one happy by trying. Let me go on with the story. I went to bed again and really slept. When I woke up it was near light and Hortense was standing by me with a little note. I read it, sleepily got up, put on my clothes and followed her. I thought she took me a long distance, and to my questions, she only said it was my sister's wish. Thecla's wish was law to me.

"Hortense stopped just at this spot, sprang at me like a tiger and bound me to this tree. It was all done like lightning, but I didn't feel afraid, though I realized I had been tricked and she had brought me out here to kill me. Somehow I wasn't frightened. 'I'll be in Thecla's world at last,' I thought, 'and nothing will trouble me any more.' I am not afraid of that world, for God is kinder than his creatures.

"But at the end of Hortense's taunting I cried to Thecla—for rescue—but in what world I did not know; and she came and struck the pistol out of Hortense's hand."

"A specter could not do that."

"I know! and yet— Oh, Merton, what are we to do!"

He raised her to her feet. "Love each other," he answered, "that's what we are to do. Now we are going back to Miss Burnham's, and then we are returning to the Manor, and you'll see the box-wood beasts again; and your sister's lovely room; and you will not ask, 'Is she alive! is she dead! The dead are alive; and the living are often dead."

A little smile curved Eulalie's lips. "I want to be sure she is dead," she murmured, "so we can—be sure of each other!"

They found Dr. Crosby outside the walls of Miss Jennifer Burnham's house, Pliny Burd hovering in the background, his dark, eager face demanding, it was plain, to be part of this drama. The cut bell-wire was hanging from the bell socket, a mute witness to the efforts of the men to make any one inside hear. The doctor made a quick survey of Eulalie, and Calvert told him the events of the night and morning briefly.

"Everybody shout Miss Burnham's name," he concluded. "We must get into this house. She is surely inside, for she and Jayne came down the mountain half an hour ago."

They shouted in chorus, but not a sound came from the house, nor any echo of footsteps approaching the iron gate to let them in. Calvert and the doctor looked at each other. The same thought was in their minds. Pliny had stolen up to Eulalie's side. "You were in her arms last night," he whispered. "Close to her heart. Oh, let us find her."

"What is the use if she slips from us into another world?" Eulalie answered, her doubts again dark about her.

Horses neighed in the wood. "Did you ride up?" Calvert asked,

"Yes, they brought saddle horses from the Manor. Pliny rode his own and we each led a horse. We didn't know in what state of fatigue we might find you and Jayne or Eulalie—and the roads are frightful. The horses are tied just down the path a little way. Now I intend to get into this house."

"We'll use the method we employed this morning," Calvert said. "Stoop down, Pliny."

THE countryman bent obediently and Calvert scrambled on to the wall, dropped into the garden, then entered the house, and made his way to the basement and the tunnel. He slipped back the bars of the gate, and the others entered.

"This woman keeps a tea-house for a blind," the doctor grunted. "It took money to build this place."

They ascended to the reception-room. Standing at its door was Jennifer Burnham, her face set in a hard mask of unfriendliness.

"What does this mean?" she asked. "I would have let you in if you had rung the bell."

"The bell-wire is cut," Calvert said.

She looked genuinely astonished. "That's Hortense's work, I suppose. Why did I ever give that woman shelter? How do you feel, Miss Falcon? None the worse, I hope?" She asked her questions rapidly as if warding off her visitors' curiosity.

"I am quite all right," Eulalie answered.

(Continued on page 48)

EDITORIAL

BY UNANIMOUS acclaim the Grand Lodge Session at Atlanta has been declared one of the best in the history of the Order. While the general attendance was somewhat below the average for the sessions held in larger cities, it was quite satisfactory. And in all other respects the Convention was a distinct success.

Contrary to the ideas of many, who thought only of Atlanta's latitude and overlooked her altitude, the weather was comfortable. The days were not unduly warm and the nights were cool. While other sections of the country were sweltering in a heat wave, Atlanta, one thousand feet above the sea, presented a favorable contrast.

The program of entertainment provided for the visitors was varied and distinctive in character and was most generous in extent. No one had cause to feel neglected or forgotten. The rank and file of the Order, as well as the members of the Grand Lodge and its officers, were honored guests everywhere.

The sessions of the Grand Lodge were held in a modern theatre which was well adapted to the purpose. It was attractive and commodious and insured the comfortable transaction of business.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the whole occasion was the kindly and interested hospitality of the people of the City. Not only the members of the local Lodge, but every citizen of Atlanta, seemed to feel a personal obligation to assist in every way to add to the comfort and pleasure of those in attendance. The streets were constantly thronged by thousands who were imbued with the carnival spirit and good fellowship prevailed at all times without a discordant note.

Atlanta has proved herself to be a real Convention City and Atlanta Lodge has given an example of loyalty and fraternal interest which has set a high standard for the emulation of sister Lodges in other cities in which the Grand Lodge may assemble.

ELKS CONVENTIONS

MAN is a gregarious animal. He instinctively craves association with his fellow man. And he consistently seeks such as may be available to him, under whatever conditions and circumstances may attend it. The resultant influence upon the individual, the group and the community naturally depends upon whether those conditions and circumstances be wholesome or evil.

When there exists among any group of men a common bond of similarity of high ideals and noble purposes, of definite dedication to a lofty service; and when, by a process of individual selection, they are of congenial disposition, of attractive personality and of assured capacity; then their association is one that brings real happiness and a real benefit, as well as a satisfaction of their longing for human companionship. And it is this which makes an Elks Convention so distinctively an occasion of pleasure and delight to all concerned.

There is, it is true, always a serious and important business conducted, for the great purpose of the Order, and of its subordinate organizations, is one of high import to humanity. But there is a ready fellowship, a fraternal adaptability, a spontaneous responsiveness, among Elks which makes them peculiarly happy when they foregather in large numbers.

This is not to be mistaken for a mere surface geniality which may display itself, and exhaust itself in the display, by a first-name greeting or by an ostentatious slap on the back. It is based upon something deeper and finer. It is founded upon the knowledge that a brother who wears the insignia of the Order is a worthy man; upon the consciousness that there is something in that brother's heart that calls to, and responds to, a like something in every other Elk's heart; upon the feeling that there is a real kinship of spirit and purpose that invites and insures a happiness in personal association.

When strangers meet, there is a natural mutual appraisal, a suspension of judgment awaiting development of acquaintance, a tendency to reserve. But when Elks meet, there is an immediate assumption of merit and congeniality, born of experience and of confidence in the method of selection which is mutually understood. There is a prompt and sincere friendliness and a generous and impulsive display of it.

An Elks Convention, therefore, which affords the opportunities for those contacts which so readily ripen into affectionate friendships, and for the renewal of those friendships already formed, is an occasion which would justify itself

if no other results were secured. Among the sweetest and most wholesome experiences of life are the meetings of friends who esteem each other, who have real affection for each other, who have much in common, and yet who have but rare opportunities to meet and fraternize in a congenial atmosphere. And whether the conventions which afford those opportunities be those of the Grand Lodge at Atlanta or Atlantic City, or of the State Associations in their respective jurisdictions, or whether they be merely fraternal inter-lodge visitations, the spirit of fellowship, of fraternity, of brotherly love, which pervades them makes them a delight to those who attend, a pleasure to those who merely observe them, and a source of inspiration that beneficially affects the whole Order.

LODGE OR CLUB?

THE building and maintenance of handsome Club-Houses by Elk Lodges in nearly every city where a Lodge exists is an evidence of prosperity and progress which is most gratifying. It bespeaks an active interest on the part of the membership which is to be highly commended.

But there is a lurking danger in the situation which should be definitely realized and cautiously guarded against. It is the danger of permitting the club features to overshadow the fraternal activities of the Lodge in the estimation of its members and in the administration of its affairs.

The Order of Elks is distinctively social, it is true; and whatever tends to encourage pleasant intercourse and more frequent personal contacts among its members should be generously encouraged. But it must be remembered that the Order is primarily a fraternal organization, dedicated to the unselfish service of humanity, with Charity as its Cardinal Virtue. And anything which tends to subordinate that primary object is to be earnestly deprecated.

The pleasures and advantages of club privileges are so obvious, and appeal so directly to the personal interests of members, that it is easy to drift into the mental habit of regarding them as the chief aim of membership; and to forget, or think less often of, the serious purpose behind it all. This is indicated by the growing custom among many members of referring to "The Elks Club" instead of to "The Elks Lodge."

The Order has grown great and splendidly influential because it is an organization with a noble purpose that appeals to true and right thinking men who desire to share in the fine service it is rendering, not because its Subordinate Lodges furnish attractive club-houses for the convenience and pleasure of those privileged to use them. And care should be exercised that these facilities should be so administered that they will prove an aid and a helpful instrumentality in the accomplishment of the real purpose of the Order's existence, rather than a deterrent influence.

Constant watchfulness is required to make sure that the subordinate units of the Order shall continue to be *Lodges* rather than *Clubs.*

SINCERE

FEW things spring into being complete and perfect, or are created at once in their final form of greatest perfection and utility. There is a period of growth and development, of experiment and adaptation, which involves change and adjustment. This is a rule of universal application to all nature and to all human experience.

The formation of words and the growth of language is a good illustration of the rule. And the study of the derivation of words, of their evolution and alteration, and their change of use and meaning, is as fascinating as the study of the growth and development of a plant. The slang of yesterday becomes the accepted speech of the scholar to-day, with, perhaps, the original meaning shaded or wholly changed.

A unique and interesting example of word construction is furnished by our frequently used and well understood word "sincere." In ancient times, when sculptors and artisans used cruder instruments and tools than are now available, there were frequent instances when the marble or stone being worked upon was chipped and the product marred. These defects were sometimes concealed by the application of wax, molded to give the appearance of perfection of the orginal material.

When this was not necessary, the finished product being without these covered defects, it came to be described as *sine cera*—without wax. In time this phrase was applied to other things which were just what they purported to be; and finally it became descriptive of the human attribute of honesty unaffected by any pretense.

It is with this meaning primarily that the phrase was adopted from the Latin, and became our present word—sincere. A knowledge of its derivation gives a clearer conception of its true meaning, as well as an added interest to its use.

Members of Atlanta Lodge carrying one of their huge flags, marching past the reviewing stand in the big Grand Lodge parade

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Convention Week at Atlanta

SO ENTHUSIASTIC are the members of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, over the pleasures attendant upon the Grand Lodge Convention, that no sooner was this year's meeting over than plans were immediately laid to take an Atlanta delegation of at least five hundred to Boston in 1924. This speaks volumes for the impression made on the members in the Southern City of the genuine good-fellowship to be met with when Elks from everywhere foregather by the thousand. It shows that, quite apart from the importance of what is accomplished at the business sessions, the mere mingling in friendly association with members from other parts of the country is no less important from a fraternal point of view. And in the hope of inducing other Lodges to multiply the number of their unofficial representatives next year, we are going to sketch here a picture of Atlanta during Convention Week, describing the social side of the meeting, so that those who were not there may form some idea of what they missed.

The official opening of the Convention was Monday, July 9th, but as early as Friday the 6th delegates and lay members and their wives were beginning to arrive by train and automobile. Met at the station by a convoy of official cars gaily hung with bunting and pennants of purple and white, progress to hotel or lodging was a sort of triumphal procession even for lay members. The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge officers were welcomed most impressively by the splendid band and drill team of Atlanta Lodge—the latter in white shirts and purple trousers and purple "blue devil" caps worn at a rakish angle. So that, for the first few days, there seemed to be a parade every hour or so.

It was plain from the start that Atlanta had set its heart on doing everything in its power to make the Convention a notable success. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. The streets were aflame with the Stars and Stripes and the Purple and White. The sidewalk lights shone under cleverly conceived shades covered with fabric in the Elk colors and bearing the Elk emblem. The stores had vied with each other to set attractive window displays and all offered visitors the best of service and merchandise. Prices seemed to be marked down for the occasion rather than up, as a sign that the good-will of new friends was more to be desired than profit. Automobiles carried posters inviting Elks to command them for personal transportation. Under the vigilant direction of Arthur I. May, General Chairman of the Automobile Committee of Atlanta Lodge, cars were always to be had to take one to any destination.

Information booths had been established at convenient points and in every way it was demonstrated that, as the official program put it: "Visiting Elks are the only folks with any rights or standing in Atlanta during Convention Week. The city belongs to the Order."

In the final business session of the Grand Lodge, on Thursday, July 12th, appreciation for the welcome tendered to the Order was expressed in a resolution offered by Joseph F. Francis, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge No. 73, and unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the Grand Lodge. This resolution was as follows:

RESOLVED

That our sincerest assurances of grateful appreciation be, and are hereby, tendered to the citizens of Atlanta and the State of Georgia for the cordial welcome, the gracious hospitality and the genuine courtesy with which they have gladdened our stay in their beautiful Capital City, and we want them to know that they have won a real and abiding place in our affections, and that the Atlanta Grand Lodge Session will ever recall to each of us delightful recollections and charming associations.

To His Excellency, Governor Clifford M. Walker of Georgia; to His Honor, Mayor Walter A. Sims; to Exalted Ruler, Brother McClelland; to all Grand Lodge Committees; to the Ladies' Reception Committee, and to all Brother Elks of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, we tender our heartiest thanks and assurances of sincere and fraternal appreciation of their untiring efforts in making this Grand Lodge Session an outstanding one in the history of the Order, and beg to assure them that the South will have in the future a new and far fuller meaning for us, both as Elks and as citizens of this great Republic as we recall through the days and years to come the splendid spirit of this most successful and delightful Session of the Grand Lodge of Elks held in the "Heart of the South."

SATURDAY, Sunday and Monday were devoted in the main to welcoming newcomers and getting them comfortably settled in their respective stopping places. Then came registration for Grand Lodge officers and members at the Ansley Hotel—official headquarters—and for individual Elks and their wives at the Auditorium-Armory. At the latter place the registrants obtained badges admitting them to all features of the entertainment program. The badge bore an enamel replica of an opened watermelon surmounted by the emblem of the Order.

Sunday afternoon marked the beginning of the big gatherings, when an elaborate outdoor patriotic meeting was held under the

auspices of the Grand Lodge at Piedmont Park, Judge L. F. McClelland, Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge, presiding. The program featured music by an Atlanta chorus of five hundred voices directed by Emilio Volpi of the local Lodge and by the dashing "Sunshine Special" Band of South Dakota, which accompanied the new Grand Exalted Ruler to the Convention. The patriotic address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Col. John P. Sullivan of New Orleans. In the evening, at All Saints' Church, a special service, embodying the Annual Sermon to the Grand Lodge, was conducted with the Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, officiating. Sunday morning there had been special services in a number of churches, arranged by the Rev. Russell K. Smith, Chairman, and the Religious Meetings Committee, the various pulpits being filled by prominent members of the Order.

All through the day and well into the night visiting Elks Bands formed impromptu parades up and down Peachtree and other downtown streets, and marched into the hotel lobbies with instruments going full blast. Motor traffic, swelled by hundreds of visiting cars, plied thickly in all directions, and the sound of rattles, horns, cowbells and other adjuncts of celebration began to be heard in increasing volume. Although the Convention had not yet officially begun, it was already evident that the only thing not provided for was a written guarantee ensuring sleep.

ATLANTA boasts three eighteen-hole golf courses and five of nine holes, and on Monday, July 9th, visiting golfers were given an opportunity to show what they could do. Players were assigned, according to their home club handicaps, to the East Lake, Druid Hills and Brookhaven links, respectively, and competed in medal play for silver cups offered to the three low net scorers in each division. Club members succeeded in making all the visitors feel very much at home, and although the layout of the courses penalized inaccurate play quite severely, a number of Elk golfers turned in excellent scores. East Lake, considered the most difficult course in the South, is the training ground of Bobby Jones, who won the National Open Championship at Inwood during Convention Week. It may interest the golfers among you to know that the champion has covered the East Lake course at Atlanta in 63, which is nine strokes under par.

The same morning, the Atlanta Elks Home was formally opened by Mrs. L. F. McClelland and members of her committee, to all visiting ladies. The Home was the social headquarters for the ladies all during Convention Week, receptions being held there every day, featured by refreshments and musical programs. Ample quarters had been set aside in the building for the feminine visitors, and members of the Home Committee, composed of the wives and members of prominent local Elks, were in constant attendance.

Monday evening the official opening public session of the Grand Lodge started the Convention under way. Though 8 o'clock was the scheduled time for this session, thousands of people flocked to the big Auditorium-Armory hours before, intent on witnessing the ceremonies. The hall was decorated lavishly in purple and white bunting and the stage was decked with American flags. Behind the chairs of the Grand Lodge Officers and Past Grand Exalted Rulers rose tiers of seats holding the Elks Troubadours, a well-trained chorus of 500 voices, while below the stage apron sat the smartly uniformed band of Atlanta Lodge. The officers, past and present, arrived at the Auditorium under escort of the mounted guard, the drill team, American Legion Corps and band of Philadelphia Lodge and the drill team and band of Atlanta Lodge. Speeches of welcome were made by John S. McClelland, Chairman of the Atlanta Convention Board; Judge L. F. McClelland, Exalted Ruler of No. 78; Hon. Walter A. Sims, Mayor of Atlanta, and Hon. Clifford M. Walker, Governor of Georgia. To these addresses of welcome, on behalf of the Lodge, the city and the State, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters responded in a speech which brought out for the information of the lay audience the principles and purposes of the Order of Elks and showed how the Order is working for better citizenship and a more harmonious world. The program was interspersed with music by Miss Nora Allen, late of the Chicago Grand Opera, the Elks Troubadours and the band of Atlanta Lodge.

AFTER the meeting many Elks and their wives repaired to the Home to enjoy an informal dance, attended by scores who had been unable to find seats at the Armory, while hundreds of others joined the swirling crowds making merry in the streets. A maelstrom of decorated motor cars, filled to overflowing, added the raucous voices of their horns to the blare of bands and the songs of impromptu quartettes. Here and there showers of confetti and paper streamers heightened the Mardi Gras aspect of the scene. And on every hand the purple and white of lettered hat-bands, and arm-bands, of neckties, of badge ribbons, of store displays and hawkers' trays, of pennants on cars and banners on buildings, lent even more color to an already brightly hued picture. It was like an old-time election night, except that for all the noise and all the crowds and jubilation, there was no disorder, save among occasional groups of small boys who could not restrain themselves.

NEXT morning, while members of the Grand Lodge attended the first business session, at the Lyric Theater, the ladies and unofficial delegates devoted their time to sightseeing, sports at the country clubs and meeting old and new friends in the hotels, at the Elks Home and the various places where visitors congregated. And it should be recorded here that this last phase of every Grand Lodge Convention would make attendance well worth while, even if there were no set and programed social activities.

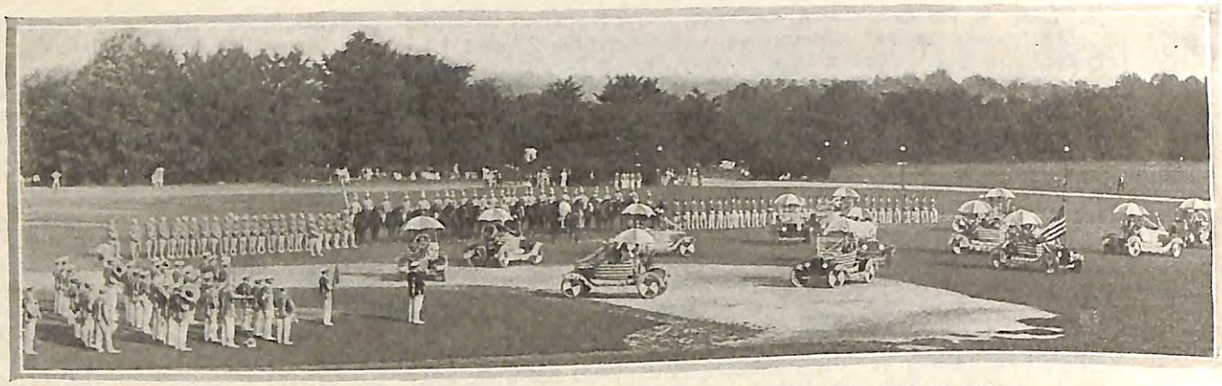
In the afternoon an assemblage estimated at more than 15,000 gathered on the grassy slopes of the natural amphitheater at Piedmont Park to witness the review and drill contests of the patrols. It was a brilliant, cloudless day and the predominating purple of the contestants' uniforms, relieved here and there with scarlet and white and the gold-fringed flags of the standard bearers, stood out crisply against the green of the parade ground. All the patrols and bands attending the Convention lined up in regimental formation and then, with colors flying and bands playing, they passed in review before the Grand Exalted Ruler and other officers. Following the review came the competitive drill contests, which were judged by army officers from the headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps area.

The first prize was won, as announced in our August issue, by the Withington Zouaves, of Jackson, Michigan, Lodge, No. 113, famous for having taken first honors in three successive annual contests. The quick-step Oriental drill, as exhibited by this patrol under the command of Captain William Sparks, equals any similar evolutions ever shown on the stage by professionals. The almost perfect alignment of their ranks, the snap and precision of their movements, the accuracy of their timing, all elicited cheers from the spectators.

The Buffalo team, looking very trim in white uniforms, went through a military drill which, though splendidly executed, was intrinsically less spectacular than the exhibition of the Zouaves. By a narrow margin Buffalo nosed out San Antonio, Texas, for second place. The San Antonio patrol also did a quick-step drill and did it very well.

WINN, ATLANTA JOURNAL

Capt. William Sparks and his prize-winning Withington Zouaves from Jackson, Mich.



WINN, ATLANTA JOURNAL

Bird's-eye view of the Philadelphia patrols in maneuvers at Piedmont Park, Atlanta

Coming after the nearly perfect Jackson Zouaves, they filled a difficult position on the program and were enthusiastically applauded.

After the drill contests came an exhibition maneuver by the great aggregation brought to Atlanta by Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2. Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, seems to be really inspired when it comes to organization. Philadelphia was represented by more than 350 men, comprising a mounted patrol, a fleet of purple and white Ford runabouts, an eighty-piece band, a string orchestra of some thirty pieces, and two drill teams. Deployed across the parade ground they looked like a young army. With the fleet of cars going through amusing gyrations and the band and orchestra booming along, the Philadelphia feature was roundly applauded and furnished a topic for conversation throughout the remainder of the week. At the conclusion of the exhibition, all the units were gathered around the flag in the center of the field, when Colonel Edward Bartlett, commanding officer, gave a signal. Immediately a flock of homing-pigeons were released from baskets in the middle of the group, and, after circling the field, headed for Philadelphia, carrying a message to the members back home.

Later in the afternoon there was a tea given to visiting ladies at the Atlanta Woman's Club, Mrs. B. M. Boykin, Chairman of the Woman's Committee and past president of the club, receiving, assisted by officers and club members.

IN THE evening, at the Auditorium-Armory, preceding the first of the three large balls, the band of Philadelphia Lodge gave a concert. It is very possible that many of our readers heard this concert at home, for it was broadcast by WSB, the powerful radio transmitting station of the Atlanta *Journal*. Many other features attendant upon the Convention were sent out from this station, particularly speeches by Grand Exalted Ruler Elect James G. McFarland and Governor W. H. McMasters of South Dakota, together with music by the band which accompanied them from their home State. The entire proceedings of the opening public session of the Grand Lodge, on Monday night, were broadcast, the microphone standing inconspicuously on a small table on the stage of the Auditorium near the spot where each speaker stood.

Between the Philadelphia concert and the Grand Peach Ball was presented a fantasy entitled "A Night in the Old South," consisting of attractive ballets and solo dances by Atlanta girls and singing by a negro chorus. The Peach Ball drew hundreds of dancers and onlookers to the Auditorium.

Earlier in the evening there was a dinner tendered to past and present Grand Lodge Officers by W. Bayne Gibson, Illustrious Potentate of Yaarab Temple of the Mystic Shrine, on behalf of the Shriners of Atlanta. More than one hundred guests were present. The local Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, at their Tuesday luncheons, had also entertained many visiting Elks.

WEDNESDAY was the gala day, from the standpoint of entertainment, three big events falling on the program, a trip by motor to Stone Mountain for the visiting ladies, the band contests and the mammoth barbecue.

Stone Mountain, always interesting as being the largest single piece of exposed granite in the world, has been rendered doubly so by the magnitude of the carvings which are to be cut on its northern face, as a memorial to the Heroes of the Confederacy. Situated in a plain a few miles from Atlanta, the great bare monolith rises 867 feet above the level of the sea. From a distance it looks something like a vast gray whale cast up by some tidal wave and left stranded by the receding waters. On one side there is a gradual slope up which one can ascend to the summit. At the other side is a steep elliptical cliff, practically a sheer drop of 700 feet. It is on the face of this cliff, occupying a space 1,200 feet long and 200 feet high, that the memorial is to be carved in high relief. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor chosen for the work, has designed a mighty frieze representing the panorama of an army in motion, with a central group of five figures made up of Confederate leaders: General Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jeff Davis and two others not yet decided on. To give an idea of the immensity of the undertaking, it should be said that the figure of Lee, on horseback, will measure more than 100 feet from the horse's hoofs to the top of the General's hat, and the other figures of officers and soldiers will be on a similar scale. No carving has been begun as yet, efforts so far having been confined to surveying the surface of the cliff, building staging 400 feet below the upper edge, and installing thereon air compressing machinery to operate the drills and the hoists, by means of which workmen will be lowered in steel cages to any desired point on the face of the rock. In order to delineate the gigantic figures on the stone in their true proportions prior to the actual carving, a special projector has been built which throws a perfect image of Mr. Borglum's models onto the surface of the cliff, just as a stereopticon throws a picture on a screen. Micrometer adjustments make it possible to adjust the focus and direction of the projector with minute accuracy, an absolute essential inasmuch as variation of the projector to the extent of a fraction of an inch would deflect the picture on the mountain by several feet. It is estimated that the work will take eight years and that the cost will amount to two and a half million dollars. In addition to the sculptured frieze, it is planned to hew out of the base of the mountain a crypt to serve as a Hall of Records for the archives of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and to construct also a stone amphitheater for public gatherings.

The scene of this proposed memorial is a most impressive sight and all Elk visitors who went there felt amply repaid.

Lakewood Park, scene of the band contests, barbecue and Venetian Carnival, is the State Fair Ground, a neat and well laid out tract with asphalt roads and concrete exposition buildings. The trotting track, in front of the Grand Stand, which overlooks a lake surrounded by the track, was the scene of the band contests. Here all the bands which had been brought to the Convention played as they never had played before. Philadelphia did not compete, having won so many prizes in the past that it wanted to give some of the others a chance. The silver cups were won by Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, Santa Monica (Calif.) Lodge, No. 906, and Watertown (S. D.) Lodge, No. 838. (In our August issue the winner of second prize was erroneously announced as San Antonio, Texas.) In addition to the regular prizes there were special prizes offered by C. G. Conn, Ltd., which were awarded as follows: to the Buffalo band a silver loving cup for the best band in the parade, a gold trombone for having the best trombone section and to John C. Bolton, their leader, a silver mounted conductor's baton. To Santa Monica, Calif., band, a loving cup for having come the longest distance. To Watertown, S. D., a gold plated snare-drum for being next best band in the parade. To San Antonio, Texas, a gold Victor cornet for having the best first chair cornetist. The band from Daytona, Fla., was awarded a gold saxophone as fourth prize in the contest at Lakewood Park. To Mr. Otto Miller, leader of the Birmingham, Ala., band, was awarded a gold trumpet for the excellence of his playing in the contest.

AFTER the contests all the bands, including those of Atlanta and Philadelphia, combined and played a number of selections in unison. Then, with one accord, the throng turned to the barbecue, which, by this time, was all served and ready on the serried rows of pine tables outside and inside the big exposition buildings as shown in the photograph in the August number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Even more interesting, perhaps, than the vast sea of guests and the endless ranks of tables, was the sight of the meal in preparation the day before. Under a large

(*Continued on page 71*)

Address of Hon. Walter P. Andrews of Atlanta

Seconding the Nomination of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland

Grand Exalted Rulers and my Brother Elks:

THIS is, indeed, a moment of supreme pleasure.

We have long contemplated the day when we might have the opportunity of entertaining the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the Gate City of the South. We assure you that the welcome we extend to all of you, upon this occasion, is the genuine brand, that flows from the very bottom of our hearts. As for myself, I can find no words in which to adequately express my personal gratification at your presence with us in our own home city. We bespeak for every one of you a most delightful sojourn in Atlanta, and, for the Grand Lodge, the very best Convention in its history.

From a casual thought emanating from the brains and hearts of Charles Vivian and a few of his congenial friends, establishing a small circle of good fellows, there has evolved a great fraternal organization, whose existence covers every foot of American soil and whose influence for good is known and recognized throughout the world.

The Order of Elks, broadly speaking, is the result of a splendid evolution, combining the best thought, best brains, and the truest heart-throbs of which high-minded men are capable. There is not a tenet or a principle enunciated by the Order that is not an attribute of divinity.

In no period of mankind's development, in no age of the world's history, in no combination of men, has there ever been a time or a place or a circle in which *charity, justice, brotherly love, fidelity, patriotism, protection of womanhood,* and the *exaltation of the Golden Rule* were not virtues viewed and proclaimed with absolute unanimity. They have never admitted of dissension or controversy.

The strong point in Elkdom and its great organization lies in this, that it has always chosen wisely and well in placing the standard of the Order in the hands of men who possessed, in their hearts and brains, the true conceptions of the ideals of the Order, and who have with courage and fidelity carried it forward from year to year to wider and higher achievements.

In 1911, in Atlantic City, I had the pleasure of first meeting and knowing an able, courageous, and ideal young Elk for whom I formed a warm attachment. That gentleman has progressed from year to year, in his high and faithful service to the Order, until to-day he stands by right of achievement at its very top; and no man will gainsay that his merits are equal to the very highest degree of trust that this Grand Lodge is empowered to confer. He is a prophet with honor in his own country, a citizen without blemish or guile, a lawyer of extraordinary force and ability, and an Elk who never hesitates to perform the smallest service in Elkdom, and who is capable and ready, at the same time, to discharge the highest duties and obligations that the Order can impose upon him.

The Governor of the great State of South Dakota, with a splendid retinue from the Golden West, has journeyed two thousand miles, in his pilgrimage of sunshine, to the Gate City of the South, to the very heart of Dixie, for the purpose of doing this brother the honor of placing his name in nomination before this Grand Lodge as the next Grand Exalted Ruler of our Order.

This is a compliment that must excite our profoundest admiration, and it is at the same time a high personal testimonial of his confidence, friendship, and brotherly love.

We have been deeply touched by the splendid and eloquent words of Governor McMasters, and I know that he voices the unanimous sentiment of the entire Commonwealth of South Dakota, which is here and now reechoed throughout the universal jurisdiction of our Order.

I, therefore, consider it my highest personal privilege and profoundest pleasure to second the nomination of the Honorable James G. McFarland of Watertown, South Dakota, for the high and responsible position of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; and I predict that his administration will stand out as ne of the brightest and best periods in the history of the Order; and that it will achieve a new standard of fraternity and service, worthy of the emulation of all great leaders who may follow in his footsteps.

Tribute by Mayor Curley of Boston

At the Dedication of the Massachusetts Elks War Memorial

THE Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, Mass., and a member of Boston Lodge, No. 10, which will be host to the Grand Lodge Convention in 1924, paid the following beautiful tribute to the Order at the dedication of the bronze elk which was erected on the Mohawk Trail by Lodges of Massachusetts in commemoration of members of the Order who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War:

"Man may find no nobler place in God's world to raise a memorial to his dead than high upon some mountain slope, in the silence and serenity of peak and pine, far from the rush, the riot and the reek of the city. Here among the hills, green and everlasting, where the whispering winds make music in the forest and brooks take up the chorus of praise that rises in a constant ecstasy to heaven, there is a hush, a promise of peace, a sense of rest unknown in the crowded hives of men.

"Here upon the heights, whence we gain vistas of green meadows and silver streams in the lands below, men may come to dream for an hour, to sit in the silence with their souls and mayhap catch a glimpse of those verities which are the unrealities of the living and the realities of the dead; and here, as we have done, we may set up a monument to keep green the memory of our dead, above the smoke of industry and the clamor of the town, far from the travail of our daily tasks and the sordidness of our customary surroundings.

"Here in these eternal hills, at the heart of the beauty of the world, you have chosen wisely in selecting the emblem of your fraternity to commemorate those who dared and died that human freedom might endure, a bronze effigy of one of the wild creatures that once roamed these woods and uplands free and unafraid.

"What normal man can stand here in the days to come unmoved? Lifted above the work-a-day world, surrounded by all the evidences of nature's dignity and perfection, with the sunlit skies above him, the kindly fields below him and the hush and harmony of the Creator's handiwork all about him, none but the tenderest emotions can animate him and put him in touch with his God.

"Here, if anywhere, may a man sit and recall in tenderness those who in life were his brethren, and who in their fellowship, in their brotherhood of charity and mercy and their community of good works, were knit to him in a kinship of the soul; and here recalling their valor and virtue he can come to understand the futility of material things, the ephemeracy of life, and, dreaming of what they were and how they dared, realize that our brethren have not died in vain and this memorial will help to perpetuate an example for unborn generations to emulate.

"It will tell to our children and our children's children that it is better to die greatly in a great cause than to live in ignoble safety in ignoble days. Out of their struggle and sacrifice new days and new hopes have come to this old world; and with the knowledge of what these our brethren have taught us by their heroic and triumphant deaths may we not ask:

"'Where are the lessons your Kiplings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
Of one man's truth and all men's glory.'

"The men and brethren we commemorate in this splendid bronze effigy were Americans, sons of democracy dedicated to human liberty and government of the people. They lived in the traditions of human freedom and died in the preservation of its principles. Time the inexorable may dim their names, but the glory of their sacrifice will never fade, and their glory will be the glory of this nation while the republic endures.

"Many men will pass this way in the years to come; and they will pause a moment at this scene of beauty and restfulness to view this monument with admiration and speak with tenderness and pride of the men who died and in whose honor we have set it up here in the everlasting hills.

"They who die greatly achieve greatness and their names are written in that golden scroll which men must die to read:

"'Great men grow greater by the lapse of time;
We know those least whom we have seen the latest;
And they, 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime,
Who worked for human freedom, are greatest.'"

Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland Visits St. Paul and Stillwater Lodges

ONE of the first receptions given to Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was tendered him on his homeward journey from the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlanta by St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge, No. 59, and Stillwater (Minn.) Lodge, No. 179. The Grand Exalted Ruler, with Mrs. McFarland and other members of the party, were met at the depot by members of St. Paul Lodge and were taken by autos to Stillwater, where luncheon was served. In the afternoon a reception was given Mr. and Mrs. McFarland at the Atwood residence. The party motored back to St. Paul via the beautiful St. Croix River and were entertained in the evening by a large dance especially arranged for the occasion by St. Paul Lodge.

Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 263, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary with a large banquet at which Philip Clancy, President of the New York State Elks Association, was one of the principal speakers. The first Exalted Ruler of Jamestown Lodge, Dr. Laban Hazeltine, told of the first meeting of the Lodge and sketched the rapid growth and development of No. 263. A number of other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and charter members delivered three-minute talks covering many aspects of the Lodge's activities and recalling the interesting personalities and the important events of the past.

Leave of Absence and Trip Abroad For Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge

No finer expression of appreciation and gratitude has ever been accorded a member of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, than that shown at a recent meeting when it was decided to reward Exalted Ruler James Bonar for his untiring efforts in behalf of the organization by sending him on a three months' vacation abroad. The proposal to send Mr. Bonar on a vacation met with the endorsement of every member of Detroit Lodge. That he has earned it in the service of the Lodge no one questions when the record of progress made by No. 34 in the last two years is scanned. Mr. and Mrs. Bonar will visit every country in Europe, including Mr. Bonar's birthplace in Scotland, which he left when he was two years old.

Ground Broken for New Home of Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge

Ground has been broken for the new Home of Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, and it is expected that the corner-stone will be laid some time in September during the exercises commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. Starting with plans for a $500,000 Home, Queens Borough Lodge, because of the enthusiastic response of the members in purchasing bonds for the project, has been able to revise the plans so that the building, when completed, will represent an outlay of $657,000. The architect's plans call for a five-story structure of handsome design. It will stand far back from the roadway and will have an excellent approach. One of the features of the building will be an auditorium or Lodge-room capable of seating 2,000 people. Another attractive feature will be a swimming pool which will occupy an entire one-story wing, extending to the rear of the main building. This pool will be one of the largest in the city.

California State Elks Association To Meet at Eureka

Plans are materializing to make the approaching meeting of the California State Elks Association a memorable one. The gathering will be held from September 19 to 22, in Eureka, the most westerly city in the United States, and also one of the most picturesque, being located in a comparatively isolated portion of the State, on the Pacific, and in the midst of the great redwood forests found nowhere else but in California. The Committee in charge plans to make the most of the natural and artificial beauties of the city and its environment. The meetings of the California State Elks Association are always largely attended by members and their families and the preliminary program, approved by the officers of the Association, calls for the entertainment of nearly 3,000. The convention will be opened with addresses of welcome by Governor F. W. Richardson of California, the Mayor of Eureka, and other prominent men of the State. There will be a golf tournament on the Humboldt Country Club course, a ritualistic contest at the Lodge-rooms of Eureka Lodge, No. 652, drill and band contests at the Humboldt Base Ball League grounds, and band concerts and dancing every evening of the Convention. On the last day of the meeting, a gigantic parade, including units and floats from many Lodges, will march through the city. Automobiles will be at the service of the ladies at all times during the Convention for transportation to points of interest.

Mount Carmel (Pa.) Lodge Entertains 3,000 Children

The "Kiddies Day" program, as carried out by Mount Carmel (Pa.) Lodge, No. 356, gave entertainment to 3,000 children. All the youngsters met at the Elks Home and each child was provided with a large balloon, imprinted with an elk's head, a squawker and a large American flag. Headed by the Lodge's famous band, the children paraded the whole length of the town to a picnic grove where games were played and where the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge led the youngsters in song. In the afternoon, special refreshments were served the great gathering and peanuts, rolls, bananas, ice cream and orangeade were distributed. It was the greatest outing of children ever held in the district and part of the well conceived program for Social and Community Welfare Work being executed by Mount Carmel Lodge.

Roanoke (Va.) Lodge Donates $1,000 for Hospital Bed

Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197, has made a donation of $1,000 for the support of a bed in Roanoke Hospital for the benefit of charity patients who are not Elks. The Lodge has appointed a committee which will pass upon the eligibility of patients and see that they are well remembered during their stay in the Hospital. Roanoke Lodge, working out a well-conceived program for Welfare Work, recently gave the orphan children of Roanoke and Salem institutions an outing at Lakeside. Here the youngsters were royally entertained with lunch and supper and given all the privileges of the amusements on the grounds, including the swimming pool. About forty automobiles, loaned by members of Roanoke Lodge for the occasion, carried the children from the orphanage to Lakeside.

Huntington Park Lodge Host To Members of Other Orders

Huntington Park (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1415, is practising the spirit of brotherly love by extending the hand of fellowship to other fraternal Orders within its territory by inviting one of these each month to become the guest of Huntington Park Lodge. Invitations have already been accepted by the Odd Fellows and Masons. More will be sent out, until all the other Orders of the district have participated in the hospitality of this Lodge, which, while less than two years old, has a membership of around seven hundred, and recently laid the corner-stone for a $150,000 building.

Montana State Elks Association Meets at Great Falls

The annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association was held this year at Great Falls. One of the features of the first day of the convention was the initiation of the largest class ever taken into Great Falls Lodge, No. 214. A distinct novelty of the occasion was the occupation of the different Lodge chairs by officers of other Lodges in the State. The Exalted Ruler's chair was filled for the initiation by Dan T. Malloy, Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge, No. 240. Great Falls provided the delegates with a program of excellent entertainment. On the last night of the convention the delegates witnessed a Midnight Frolic in which sketches written and played by the members of various Lodges afforded much amusement.

Chaplain of Port Jervis (N. Y.) Lodge Appointed for Fourteenth Time

At a recent meeting of Port Jervis (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 645, the Rev. Uriah Symonds, Rector Emeritus of Grace Episcopal Church of Port Jervis, was appointed Chaplain of the Lodge for the fourteenth consecutive year. Very soon after Rev. Symonds became a member of the Order, as a token of esteem and appreciation of services, the Lodge presented him with a life membership. And when he retired as Rector of Grace Church, the Lodge again, as a token of good fellowship, presented him with a purse of money.

Dispensations Granted for New Lodges At Palo Alto, Calif., and Elko, Nevada

Just before his retirement, Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Masters issued dispensations for the following new Lodges:

Palo Alto (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1471
Elko (Nev.) Lodge, No. 1472

Joseph Gerow, Founder of Elks Bowling Association, Passes Away at Detroit

Not only members of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, but members of the Order all over the United States, mourn the recent death at his home in Detroit of Joseph Gerow. He was the "Father" of the Elks Bowling Association of America and saw the organization grow from a tournament of four teams from Michigan Lodges to a national meet of 235 teams from all sections of the country. For many years "Joe" Gerow ranked as one of the most active and popular members in Detroit Lodge. His services were always at the disposal of the Lodge in matters requiring time and endeavor, and the more constant the calls upon him for committee work the more he gave willingly of real fraternal service. His name and record are deeply engraved upon the tablets of love and memory.

Ridgewood (N. J.) Lodge Plans To Build Handsome Home

Although one of the youngest Lodges in New Jersey, Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, has already started a New Building Campaign, and is out to raise a substantial sum so that its membership—now close to 700—will have the comforts and conveniences of larger quarters in the near future. The Lodge owns eleven acres of land and the idea entertained at present by the members, is to build a handsome Club-house in country club style with athletic fields, stadium and outdoor swimming and wading pools, making the Lodge's property truly a civic center.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebrated By Ohio State Elks Association

The Silver Anniversary of the founding of the Ohio State Elks Association was celebrated the last week of August at Cedar Point (Sandusky). The convention was one of the most successful gatherings of Ohio Elks ever held. A feature of the meeting, which was attended by thousands from all over the State, was a banquet of Past Exalted Rulers of Ohio Lodges and the establishment of a permanent organization of those former officers. The program arranged for the delegates by Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge, No. 285, included a Grand Parade and a Style Show for which $1,000 in cash prizes was distributed to the winners.

South Brownsville (Pa.) Lodge Lays Corner-stone for New Home

Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters was the guest of honor at the corner-stone laying ceremonies for the new $100,000 Home being built by South Brownsville (Pa.) Lodge, No. 1344. The Grand Exalted Ruler gave an excellent address before a large gathering of members and distinguished visitors from many parts of the State. Following the corner-stone laying, an elaborate banquet was served, at which time several thousand dollars' worth of the New Home bonds were sold. South Brownsville Lodge has a very active membership of approximately 700. The new Home is expected to be completed in the early autumn.

Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge Lays Corner-stone at the Mystic Hour

At 11 o'clock at night, under the soft glow of purple lights, the corner-stone of the new Home of Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1102, was laid. In spite of showers, a large number of the members, citizens of Ellensburg and many visitors from out of town, bravely defied the night rain and witnessed the ceremonies. The hour of eleven was sounded by bombs and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Work is being pushed on the new building and the membership expects to occupy it sometime in the fall.

Community Picnic Sponsored By Evanston (Ill.) Lodge

A Community Picnic, one of the largest ever held in the district, was recently sponsored by Evanston (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1316. All civic and fraternal societies participated and all business firms in the city were closed for the event. An address was delivered by Mayor Harry Pearsons long a member of Evanston Lodge.

Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge Opens Kiddies' Summer Farm

With ceremonies indicative of their interest in children handicapped by lack of opportunity, members of Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge, No. 289, together with visiting officials of the State, George L. Hertzel, Jr., President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and prominent members of the organization from all parts of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, opened a Kiddies' Summer Farm. The farm is located one mile north of Dunellen, N. J., and covers 187 acres of rolling farm, meadow, and timber land. Perched on the crest of a small knob is the rambling farmhouse of colonial architecture facing a long, easy sloping lawn studded with elm, maple and shellbark hickory trees. To the rear is located a huge barn—one of the Western plain variety—in which are housed horses,

cows and farm implements. It also has a haymow that would fit well into a James Whitcomb Riley poem, where the sixty children guests at the farm disport themselves. The members of Elizabeth Lodge have given their services and labor in outfitting the place. Electric lights have been installed; modern plumbing and bathrooms are found on both the first and second floors; a vapor heating plant is in process of installation; the house itself has been freshly painted in white, and new screens placed in every window. The dining-rooms—two of them—are models for cleanliness and convenience. All the tables and chairs in both rooms were made by the Elks. The interior of the home is fitted with double-deck iron bunks, freshly covered with clean sheets, pillow cases and blankets. The farm is under the supervision of Mrs. Grace Gangloff, from whom the Lodge has leased it for a term of ten years. The matron herself is an adept at handling children. She is not known as "Mrs. Gangloff" to her small charges, but from all corners of the place, at any time of the day or night, may be heard the cries for "Gangie, Gangie!"

Sayre (Pa.) Lodge Host To 4,500 Children

Approximately 4,500 children enjoyed one of the finest times of their lives at Keystone Park, when Sayre (Pa.) Lodge, No. 1148, held the largest Kiddies' Day celebration in its history. Including the parents of some of the children, more than 5,000 persons were entertained by the Lodge. Each child during the afternoon received ice cream cones, boxes of crackerjack, a balloon and a free ride on the merry-go-round. The entire park was turned over to the children and from within the enclosure there arose an uninterrupted chorus of cries, shouts and other vocal expressions of pleasure from the lips of several thousand children. Gifts similar to those received by the children in the park were also distributed later in the day to the youngsters who are patients in the Packer and People's Hospitals in Sayre. The Elks Community Band, which furnished music throughout the afternoon, contributed much to the success of the occasion.

Building of Auditorium Considered By Seattle (Wash.) Lodge

Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, is planning to build an auditorium seating 4,100 on its property just south of its present Club building. The building plans provide for nine stores and the rental of these, together with the amount that will be realized yearly from the Auditorium, will convert a costly land holding into a profitable investment for the Lodge.

Meriden (Conn.) Lodge Makes a Gift To Visiting Nurses' Association

Meriden (Conn.) Lodge, No. 35, presented a new Chevrolet Sedan to the Meriden Public Health and Visiting Nurses' Association, the money for the purchase having been derived from a recent benefit performance given by members of the Lodge. The car is used by two nurses of the Association who are engaged in looking after tuberculosis patients in the district, and its use makes it possible for them to give considerably more attention to the sufferers and to visit them more often. The fund raised by the show was sufficiently large to equip the car with various accessories and to register and insure it, and to leave a balance to be applied to the upkeep charge.

Meriden Lodge recently celebrated its thirty-eighth anniversary with a huge banquet at which the mortgage of the Lodge was burned in evidence that No. 35 is now completely free of debt.

Oakland (Calif.) Lodge Takes Steps To Build Magnificent New Home

Oakland (Calif.) Lodge, No. 171, has acquired the option on an excellent piece of property, 154 by 150 feet, located at Broadway and Twentieth Street, which the Lodge will probably purchase at a price of $308,000. Oakland Lodge plans to erect a magnificent Elks Club building on this site, one that will be the equal of any similar structure on the Coast. An architect has already been engaged and various plans for financing the property are being considered by the Lodge's Building Committee.

Needy Children Entertained at Outing By Allentown (Pa.) Lodge

Allentown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 130, was again host at its Annual Outing to more than a hundred needy children and supplied them with everything they could possibly wish, including an entire outfit of clothing, good things to eat, and many toys. Other children, sons and daughters of members, were also there in large numbers, but the group of over a hundred poor children were the guests of honor and the entire crowd of youngsters entered into the spirit of fun, sharing all the pleasures of the day.

New Jersey State Elks Association Elects Officers for 1923-24

The New Jersey State Elks Association, which held its Tenth Annual Reunion and Convention recently at Asbury Park, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, George L. Hirtzel, Jr., of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289; Treasurer, Charles Rosencrans of Long Branch Lodge, No. 742 (reelected); Secretary, Edgar T. Reed of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784 reelected). A special Committee was appointed to take up and to decide the question of the meeting place for the next annual convention.

Death Calls Percy G. Williams, Prominent Theatrical Man and Elk

The news of the death of Percy G. Williams at his home in East Islip, L. I., N. Y., at the age of 66, was received with deep sorrow by his many friends in the Order and throughout the theatrical world. One of the organizers and the first Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, Mr. Williams was also an active member of the Grand Lodge, serving, during his lifetime, on many committees and filling the offices of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight. In 1895 he was elected Grand Treasurer. Mr. Williams, who was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1857, began his career as a student of medicine, but abandoned this for the stage. He made his début as an actor in 1875. In 1880 he gave up the stage and entered business as a manufacturer of electrical goods. A few years later he moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he went into the real estate business. He returned to the world of the theater by acquiring the old Brooklyn Music Hall, now known as the "Gotham," in East New York. Out of this initial investment developed the great chain of famous vaudeville theaters which made him a power in the theatrical world, and which he sold to the Keith interests when he retired in 1912. The funeral services were held at the home of Mr. Williams in East Islip. Phillip A. Brennan, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, conducted the Elk ceremony, and many members of No. 22 were present.

Consummating his idea of helping his fellows in the theatrical world, Mr. Williams willed the bulk of his estate, said to be approximately $5,000,000, to the establishment and maintenance of a home for aged, indigent and infirm members of the dramatic and vaudeville professions.

Akron (Ohio) Lodge Planning To Buy Country Club

The members of Akron (Ohio) Lodge, No. 363, have under consideration a plan for acquiring a Country Club. The property on the market best suited to the needs of the Lodge is that belonging to the Summit Country Club, located on Wadsworth Road just outside the city limits. It has 116 acres of land with various buildings in addition to the Club-house and a finely equipped nine hole golf course. The Lodge has taken an option on the property and a committee is working out a plan for financing the purchase.

Missouri State Elks Association To Meet at Moberly, Mo., in 1924

The Missouri State Elks Association held a most pleasant and profitable convention at Poplar Bluff. Every Lodge in the State was represented by delegations and the program of entertainment arranged for the visitors by Poplar Bluff Lodge, No. 589, was full of interesting and amusing features. The following officers for 1923-24 were elected at the close of the convention: President, John W. Wagner of Kansas City; Secretary, Sam D. Byrns of Mexico (reelected); Treasurer, E. A. Major of Trenton (reelected). Moberly was selected as the convention city for 1924.

Hollister (Calif.) Lodge Building Handsome New Club-House

Hollister (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1436, recently laid the corner-stone for its new Home with appropriate ceremonies. Hollister Lodge, which is less than a year old, has secured one of the best business corners in its city and is erecting a beautiful three-story building for its Club-house.

Lodges Greeted Late President On His Northwest Trip

One of the last public appearances of the late President Harding was at Seattle, Wash., where he administered the Oath of Allegiance to 50,000 boys of the State of Washington at the monster picnic given by Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, at Woodland Park. Amplifiers were installed so that every word of the President was heard throughout the immense crowds. The organization of the picnic and the handling of the great gathering that went to hear the President, were admirably executed.

Portland Lodge, No. 142, participated in the official reception to President Harding on the occasion of his visit to that city. The Lodge's crack band took part in the mammoth parade that was part of the welcome program to the Chief Executive. Special arrangements were made so that the officers of the Lodge greeted the President in person at the Multnomah Hotel, the headquarters of the Presidential party.

Madison (Wis.) Lodge Entertains Wisconsin State Elks Association

The Wisconsin State Elks Association met for its annual convention at Madison on August 23-25. An exceedingly interesting and enjoyable time was had by the large delegations that gathered in the Capital City. Madison Lodge, No. 410, provided an excellent and varied program for the entertainment of the 5,000 visitors. Many pertinent questions affecting the welfare and upbuilding of the Order were discussed at the business sessions and a friendly spirit was established between the Lodges. Greater cooperation, more frequent exchange of visits, and productive brotherly competition were the results assured the Lodges of Wisconsin by this highly successful convention.

Newton (Mass.) Lodge to Remodel Recently Acquired Property

The trustees of Newton (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1327, have submitted to the members three different plans for altering and reconstructing the recently acquired property of the Lodge, so that the buildings standing at present can be either combined or properly divided for Club purposes. The plans call for expenditures ranging from $5,000 to $40,000. The various proposals are being considered from all angles and work will be started on the alterations immediately after the necessary financial arrangements are made.

Minnesota State Elks Association Meets at Hibbing

Many Elks, prominent in the councils of their Lodges, the Mayors of the Mesaba Range, and large delegations of members from all over the State attended the convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association held in Hibbing. The gathering was one of the largest ever held in the Northwest. The feature of the convention was the big parade which included more than fifteen bands. The famous Fargo Elks Band, bands from Crookston, Virginia, St. Paul, Duluth, Winona, Minneapolis, Faribault, Rochester, Austin, Hibbing and Bemidji, competed for prizes. The parade was made up of members, all of them dressed in costumes appropriate to their respective communities. A Guard of Honor, men from all branches of the military, constituted the Grand Escort. The pageant included many beautiful and novel floats. Numerous other entertainment features were provided by Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022, for the great crowd that filled the city during the two days of the convention.

Kentucky State Elks Association Meets at Middlesboro

Middlesboro (Ky.) Lodge, No. 119, was host this year to the meeting of the Kentucky State Elks Association. An especially attractive program of business and entertainment was provided by the Lodge. Some of the features of the Convention were a barbecue at the Country Club, an Elks Show given at the Manring Theater, motor sight-seeing trips to Virginia and Tennessee, and a Grand Ball. Louisville Lodge No. 8, which recently joined the Association, was represented by a large delegation.

Melvin G. Winstock of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge Writes an Interesting Book

Melvin G. Winstock, who joined Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, more than a third of a century ago and who is a prominent member of the Order in the Northwest, has published a volume of historic sketches under the title of "Making a Nation." The book deals with the lives of great Americans in an entertaining and interesting way.

St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge Donates Recreation Hall to Camp

When the Volunteers of America's Fresh Air Camp was recently opened on L. W. Hill's North Oaks farm, one of the new buildings was a Recreation Hall donated and equipped by St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge, No. 59. The new building contains a motion picture machine, piano and phonograph and fills the need of the camp for a gathering place for entertainments and games. The camp, which is under the direction of the Volunteers of America, is tenanted by working women and their children. A new feature of the camp this year is the presence of a trained nurse who looks after the physical condition of the children.

Maryland State Elks Association To Meet at Ocean City

The Convention of the Maryland State Elks Association will be held at Ocean City, September 4-6, just after the close of the regular resort season, which will assure plenty of hotel room and complete freedom of the beach. The Eastern shore Lodges are combining in an effort to make this gathering the most enjoyable held in the history of the Association.

Elks at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, Arrange Benefit Dance for Hospital

Members of the Order in the Marine Corps residing at Port-au-Prince, Republic of Haiti, but holding cards from many different Lodges, recently got together and arranged one of the most enjoyable and successful dances ever given since the American occupation. The object of the entertainment was to secure the necessary funds to complete the Woman's Ward at the Field Hospital in Port-au-Prince, the need of which is most urgent. True to tradition, every member put his shoulder to the wheel, and with the thorough cooperation of the officers, enlisted men and their ladies, the success of the venture was assured from the beginning, and the sum needed for the work was realized. The scene of the dance was the Recreation Building at the 8th Regiment Barracks, which was tastefully decorated with palms, flags and cut flowers. Refreshments were served throughout the evening and most excellent music was furnished by the Marine Corps Orchestra. At eleven o'clock a toast was given "to our absent brothers" while a flashlight was turned on a beautiful elk's head, after which all present joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Every one who attended the entertainment voted the "Wandering Herd" to be ideal hosts, and expressed the hope that the dance was only the first of many others to be given by the Elks.

Building Committee of Boston Lodge Visits Philadelphia and New York

A Sub-Committee of the New Building Committee of Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10, recently paid a visit to New York City and Philadelphia for the purpose of acquiring information for the plans of the new million-dollar Home which the Lodge is building. The members consulted the Building Committee of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, and the plans of the new Club-house, just started there, were gone over with great interest by the Boston delegation. The Manufacturers' Club, the mammoth Arcadia Restaurant and several office buildings were thoroughly inspected. In New York City the Committee were shown all through the Pennsylvania Hotel and also gained much knowledge from a visit to New York Lodge, No. 1. Many good ideas were obtained which will undoubtedly prove of great benefit in the efforts of Boston Lodge to provide the last word in modern Club-housing for its rapidly increasing membership.

Martinsburg (W. Va.) Lodge Moves Into New Home

Martinsburg (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 778, has purchased a new Home, a fourteen-room building located in the heart of the city. The Lodge has already moved into its new quarters and is considering plans for extensive alterations and improvements to be made in the course of the year.

Unique Initiation the Feature of Arizona State Elks Convention

The Arizona State Elks Association, meeting this year at Grand Canyon, held one of the most successful conventions in the history of the Association. Many interesting features marked the gathering which was attended by large delegations from practically every Lodge in the State. Special arrangements were made with Indians from the Apache, Navajo and Hopi tribes and many beautiful and interesting tribal dances were witnessed by the delegates. Following a grand ball at the El Tovar Hotel on the evening of the second day of the convention, the delegates, accompanied by a large class of candidates, marched to Maricopa Point, about a mile west of the hotel where at one minute past midnight the candidates from all over Arizona were instituted into the Order. This ceremony, on the brink of the Grand Canyon, was one of the most impressive and unique initiations ever witnessed by the members. The business sessions were highly successful and productive of closer fellowship and greater cooperation among the Arizona Lodges.

Old-fashioned Games Played at Outing of Moline (Ill.) Lodge

Games of long ago, played by Grandma and Grandpa when they were kiddies, were the feature of this summer's outing given by Moline (Ill.) Lodge, No. 556. The fête was held at Christopher's Camp on Rock River. On the entrance to the Camp a sign was posted reading: "Leave yourself outside and bring in the boy that you usta was." Such games as soup shinny, one-ol'-cat, leap frog, run-sheep-run, and prisoner's base held sway during the day. There was also a marble tournament with fudging forbidden and fishing contests. In addition to these, there was the more strenuous game of tug-o'-war. Prizes were given the winners in all events. Proper equipment for the many games was provided by the Lodge. A large crowd was attracted to the Camp because of the novel program and a most enjoyable time was shared by the members and their guests. A catfish fry, that would have delighted the hearts of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Fin, was served at the end of the day.

(*Continued on page 65*)

The Garden of Terror

(*Continued from page 37*)

"But I know now where my sister Thecla is. She saved my life. I want to thank her."

"Your sister Thecla is in her grave," was the answer. "No, you needn't look at me, Pliny, with your big eyes. She died. Dr. Crosby knows it."

She faced them defiantly like a woman at bay, her dark, Indian fashioned face challenging any of them to dispute her words. "You rob people of their happiness by your fancies," she went on.

"Who struck the pistol out of Hortense's hand, Miss Burnham?"

"I did not see who did it."

"Miss Burnham, you must have seen what I saw," Calvert challenged. "And I saw Thecla Falcon, or her spirit, knock that pistol out of Hortense's hand. Eulalie held a living woman in her arms last night. Some one is here with you. Who is she!"

"What right have you to question me?" the woman gave back.

"Every right," said Dr. Crosby. "You are holding down the curtain—and the audience wants it up!"

Miss Burnham paced up and down the floor a moment. "I want nothing but peace and the old ways," she said, "and you have come to me and disturbed my life. I am only keeping —or trying to keep, what all people close their hands over," she added sadly, "a bit of love."

No answer came from the invading group, for they were all in the same condition except the old doctor to whom romantic love was a ballad sung long ago by a minstrel whose face he had forgotten.

But the blood was still running warm in the veins of those around him, and Eulalie's drooping eyelids under Calvert's gaze and Pliny's lean and hungry look; and the half-maternal wistfulness in Jennifer Burnham's dark eyes, all told the same story—their hearts were hungry, and out of the universal abundance each craved his bit of love.

"Where is Carroll Jayne?" asked Merton. Pliny took a step forward jealously. "Yes, where is he?" he demanded.

"Well, if you must know," Miss Burnham answered sharply, "he is prowling around these woods in search of Thecla Falcon. You are all possessed, I believe."

"But—what about a violet and red dress upstairs—a dress that belonged to Thecla?" Eulalie said.

"I do not know anything about it. No doubt Hortense brought it up here."

"With Thecla's jewels. They are missing!"

Miss Burnham shrugged her shoulders. "I've no doubt Hortense has those. If she could attempt murder, she would certainly not stop at theft. But Dr. Crosby," she added impressively, "something deeper than her personal aggrandizement is at work here. She is jealous for her dead mistress—as against her living one. That I think is the real root of her strange actions."

The doctor looked at her keenly. "Were you aware of this when you received Hortense into your house and allowed her to attend Eulalie?"

"Vaguely aware of it."

"Oh, Doctor! Doctor!"

They looked up to see Teck standing in the door, his honest face full of excitement. "Oh, Doctor, Murphy and I came across that French vixen runnin' like a mad thing down the mountain. Murphy clapped his arms about her. 'Now you'll not get away, Sweetie,' said he, 'till you tell us who you killed in the observatory. That little hell-cat looked at me and remarked, 'I'll tell one of ye, but not both.' Then she pointed to me and said, 'Ask that moon face to clear out and I'll tell you the truth! Murphy.'

"'Go down the road a piece,' Murphy shouted to me, 'and come back when I blow my whistle'—so like a fool I went. In half an hour the whistle blew and I returned to the spot—and just in time to see the flivver's dust and him and her in it—headed for Canada, and on a stone with another stone to weight it down, this note." He read aloud:

"DEAR TECK:—

"Hortense and I are off to Canada on a weddin' trip. She says if the lady what knocked the pistol out of her hand will look at it close she can see it ain't loaded. Hortense wanted to find out if the fair Falcon had the blood of the others—and she was game, Hortense will say it. Also Teck, Hortense don't want no jewels. Miss Thecla gave her a lot before she died—and the others will be found in the room under the star-gazin' house—the longer name ain't for people in our class; only for Falcons. Goodby, Teck, I hope you will love your better half when you get one; but you'll never be as lucky as your friend,

MURPHY.

"P.S.—No one with an upper lip like yours can say his stars are against him."

Teck finished this with a flourish and looked around with the inevitable air of triumph that accompanies the bearer of bad news. The doctor was the first to break the silence. "Let them go. What's the use of pursuing fools?"

"Do you think he's right about the room under the observatory, Doctor?" Calvert asked.

"I have every reason to think that that old private underground entrance to the observatory was opened by Thecla—and used by——"

He never finished that sentence—for Pliny exclaimed, "There she is—there's Thecla Falcon."

THEY rushed to the window and saw her in the strange red and violet dress, swinging herself sidewise upon a great black horse; and she was urging him into the forest when Carroll Jayne appeared upon another horse; and then she turned, tossed him some word they could not distinguish and was off, he in hot pursuit.

"Oh, as for that," said Dr. Crosby, "there are horses for all of us."

Not one of the group but grasped his meaning instantly, and followed his long strides down through the tunnel to the forest to the three horses tethered near the gate. Jayne had taken the fourth. Calvert held a hand and Eulalie was in the saddle in another instant. The doctor mounted the big bay; then a wail from Pliny. "You're not going to leave me behind?"

But no one even turned to look at him. They were off in the direction Thecla Falcon had taken, and the doctor leading the way followed as best he could the signs of that wild dash through the forest, witnessed to by broken twigs, kicked up moss, fresh earth holes and a trail that seemed at last more likely to lead to the sky than anywhere, for the hoof-prints in chance muddy places were now leading up the hills, not down.

The wild September morning held thunder in its heart, and even the swiftly moving mountain air was oppressive.

"Look!" Eulalie shouted to Calvert as they rushed on side by side. "Look at the Squaw's Head."

She pointed to a conical shaped mountain whose profile was singularly like that of an old squaw. Seen through the sulphuric light of a gathering storm it was almost terrifying. Magic and grotesque lights shone out from the under surfaces of clouds, redeeming a glistening rock or a swaying tree one moment from the general murk.

"There! there they are!" shouted the doctor, pointing to a distant plateau on which two horses and their riders were for an instant in magnificent silhouette against a wild strip of blue not yet gathered up by the approaching storm. At that instant the sound of a beast's labored breathing came to them with the cracking of twigs; and up rode Pliny on an old farm horse, whose plump sides were heaving. Their faces white in the glare, they gazed at this belated lover.

"Pliny, how do you get up to that crag?"

"I know the road, Doctor," he said eagerly. "I'll lead the way."

"Shall we go on in the storm?" asked Eulalie.

"Certainly," said Dr. Crosby.

Then the storm crashed, lightning threaded the torrents of rain. The horses shied at the bolts, but their riders were all experienced; and the torrential rain was brief, the storm racing swiftly over them, tore all its banners on Squaw Head, flung them into the valley, and daylight, golden and glistening, broke again. The wind blew cool.

But the plateau was bare as a hand, and on

(*Continued on page 50*)

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The Garden of Terror

(*Continued from page 48*)

the wind came the wild whinneying of frightened horses. Pliny turned with a look of terror in his eyes.

"Doctor, quick!" he said. "Something's happened there."

He reached the plateau before them and cried out desperately. Calvert and Eulalie looked at each other. "Dearest, we'll know now," he said.

What they saw was two people beside a great rock of the mountain, the man's arms about the woman as if he had captured her at last, in the wild wreck and crash of the storm that had swept above them, but swept too near. The doctor knew at once what had happened. Fragments of severed rock bore witness to the violence of the bolt.

They scarcely thought of Jayne—so far beyond their help, but bent above the woman, Thecla's image there again in the marvelous mold of death. But the doctor knew it was too late. "A Falcon," he murmured. "Eulalie, look—the hands!"

She bent dry-eyed above this strange loveliness. Pliny knelt on the other side. They could not look long enough or deep enough. The strayed horses came whimpering back, in their soft eyes the whole history of the terror.

"A Falcon!" the doctor repeated. "Thecla! Why, great heaven, we'll never know now."

"Listen," said Calvert.

ANOTHER sound from the little valley just below them! Horse's hoofs again. Then, emerging from the gloom of the trees, Jennifer Burnham riding astride a tall horse as easily as an Indian. Calvert ran to her; but her keen eyes had already compassed the scene, and she had dismounted before he could reach her. Sweeping him aside she strode straight to the lonely and utterly still form with a cry like a tiger robbed of its cub. "Jennifer, oh, my darling!"

Over that form she swayed an instant, then rose, her accusing eyes upon them! "Oh, you drove her to death with your superstitions—your wild pursuit of Thecla Falcon—in her grave since June!"

Her tragic face held the secret! Again she stooped over the still form, the face now so like Eulalie's by the strange alchemy of death to figure kindred and arrange those who belong to each other in the racial group—the face now so like Eulalie's that Calvert scarcely dared to look at it; gazed instead at the softly breathing girl at his side, whose growing loveliness would soon outshine even the tradition of Thecla's beauty.

"For all our sakes, Jennifer Burnham," the doctor said solemnly, "tell us who this dead girl is."

"My heart's own," she answered. "My child—or as like my child as if I had given birth to her—and you have killed her among you!"

"We had to know who she was," said the doctor.

Pliny had walked away. "I knew she wasn't Thecla," he said as he left the group, turning from them forever to the consolations of his own spirit.

"Who, then, is she—Jennifer Burnham?"

The weeping woman raised her head. "Oh, I knew the day that Thecla Falcon was borne into my cottage and my darling here bent over her that my peace in this world was over—my long content."

"There is no peace in this life for any one, Jennifer," the doctor said gently. "My poor woman, tell us the story. Eulalie is like this dead girl—enough like to be a sister."

The dark Indian face, wet with tears, was raised for an instant as if invoking heaven to witness the truth of what she said. She rose and seated herself on a rock like some sibyl of the ancient world, and they gathered about her to hear her story—all but Pliny, who stood gazing into the blue spaces, as if no visible horizon could content his eyes.

"You remember the first wife, Doctor—" she began in a hoarse, broken voice, "Adelaide Brent."

"Of course," he said. "Poor frightened child."

"It was precisely what she was—a child. We had been roommates at boarding school, and I was enough older to take the lead, though I was poor and she was rich in her own right. When I left school I studied nursing; and she married Wendell Falcon. Every one thought it was a wonderful marriage; but I knew very soon she was unhappy." She glanced at Eulalie.

"Please go on," Eulalie said. "I am not ignorant of these matters."

"There were times when Wendell Falcon wasn't himself—and he had almost an insane fear of the name dying out. The first child, a girl, did not live, and Adelaide grieving over it felt that he did not grieve with her. He wanted a son.

"Then came a terrible time. He was scarcely ever himself; and at one of these crises he told my poor friend that he would kill the next child should it be a girl. He had been quite beyond himself when he said those words, and Adelaide might have known he would not do anything like that when he had come to his senses; but she was afraid. She sent for me to come to her—before the birth—of my darling. I was a skilled nurse, and she depended on me."

The doctor leaned eagerly forward. "Ah, I remember! You were alone with her when Thecla was born!"

"Yes! Adelaide was in terror when I told her she was the mother of twin-girls. She begged me to save their lives—actually thinking that their lives were in danger. I knew better than that—but to soothe her I promised to take one of them. In my own room next to hers I cared for Jennifer! No one suspected, for no one but you, Doctor, came near her!"

The doctor nodded—he was absorbed in a memory of the past—himself talking to Wendell Falcon and coaxing him to take some interest in the girl-child born to him. The man had not been normal at the time, of course, but his muttered refusals to see either Adelaide or her baby had brought a stern rebuke from the physician.

"I grew devoted to the child," Jennifer went on, "in the way one does to any helpless unwanted thing, and Adelaide begged me to take it until happier days. She would support it, she said, from her own fortune, until Wendell Falcon had enough of the grace of heaven in his heart to care for his own girl children. I sometimes thought that time would never come—but it did.

"SHE made a will providing for me should she die, but this I did not know, and I would not have cared if I had been left without a penny. I wanted that little child. Yet both of us thought it was only a temporary thing.

"When she was less than a month old I took her away into a cottage up in these hills, and she thrived like an eaglet. Wendell Falcon left his young wife almost alone with Thecla; and when the children were about three months old, Adelaide died. Then I found what abundant provision she had made for me; and the will held a strange sentence, 'If my husband will not have our little daughter, then let her be put in the care of my dear friend, Jennifer Burnham.'

"Wendell Falcon was just contrary enough then to want his child—and perhaps remorse worked in him—for he at once established her in a big nursery with every kind of care. Even then it seemed as if Thecla had charm. The country people would sometimes cross the Falcon grounds for a sight of her."

"And you didn't come forward then with the truth, Jennifer Burnham," the doctor said sternly, yet with a certain light of compassion and understanding in his eyes.

"No! I was crazy about my fledgling by that time, and she was so beautiful! I tried to give her everything her sister had, because I wanted her to keep pace with her—against the day I could bear to give her up to her true station. I took her to Europe and put her in school there—and I told her she was the child of a dead friend and I gave her the name of Jennifer Dale.

"Then I built this house to be near her when the time came to give her up; and always I was putting it off; I kept only people to serve me who didn't know the neighborhood; and in Jennifer's vacations we would rise horseback in other directions than the Falcon place. Oh, my girl!"

Her voice broke into a wail. She buried her

face in her hands, struggled with her emotion for a moment, then resumed quietly. "She would go about alone, too—but her very likeness to her sister protected her. People would say to me sometimes, 'I saw Thecla Falcon,' and I knew they had seen Jennifer. Then rumors of Thecla's charm came to me, and one day I went to see her as the one who had nursed her mother. I could almost fancy I was talking to my darling; only Thecla had a magic about her that even Jennifer didn't have. She was lovely and brave; and very tender to me—until Hortense scented out the secret; that the very image of her lady was somewhere in the hills. I sometimes think she told Thecla—and Thecla was riding up the mountain that day to discover what truth was in it. Just by chance Jennifer was at the tea-house—I kept it as a kind of blind—and when her sister was carried in she gazed at her as one who looks in a mirror. I sent her back to the hills; and then Hortense came one night and challenged me!

"I THINK that maid was really half-crazed with grief for her dead mistress; and she poured such a tale of enchantment into Jennifer's ears—that I had to speak to tell them both the truth. It happened that Hortense came the day that Jennifer had met Pliny Burd in the forest, and he had violently poured out a love-tale to her; and she had said, 'I am not Thecla Falcon,' and came home bewildered by his assertion that she was, and by the thought of the person who could inspire such devotion." She paused and they were all silent a moment, the great winds sweeping requiems over the two who seemed asleep. Strange irony of existence, thought Calvert, that when the lightning struck them, Carroll Jayne's arms were clasping not his adored Thecla but a woman of whom he had, perhaps, known nothing, even at the end.

"Jennifer was lovely," Miss Burnham went on, "but with all her loveliness she had never charmed men; and as the magic of her sister's tradition reached her through Hortense's tale, I think something woke in my darling—the desire to wield that power if only for a brief while.

"Yet at first it was decided that Hortense should put one of her dead sister's dresses on her—and bring her into the house so all should see the exact likeness and know it was a true—if wild-sounding story. Hortense had been deep in Thecla's confidence; and between them they had rediscovered the old passage to the observatory; and Thecla had used it to go out on the midnight strolls on the mountains and even the forests that she dearly loved. She had no fear.

"So it was easy to get Jennifer into the house—but the effect when she stepped into that hall was what they had never dreamed of—every one ran from her; half crazy with superstitious fright. She herself scarcely knew what to do, so she sat there waiting for Hortense to bring her father down; but Hortense, I think, wanted to get you out of the way as well as establish Jennifer!"

She addressed Eulalie, who answered quietly, "I know that! She might not have shot me—but I think she would have gone away and left me on the mountain—bound. She wanted my death!"

"I don't doubt it," Miss Burnham answered. "But at first neither Jennifer nor I realized that Hortense had an active jealousy of you, Eulalie. My own mind was too much on Jennifer's own behavior to think of other people. She seemed infatuated with the rôle of Thecla Falcon; and the old Manor, her own home, seemed less a place to her than a symbol of all the lost wonder of the world—the boxwood beasts in the twilight—the enchantment of her sister's room, of her dresses, not as dresses, but as lovely memories of her; Eulalie's beauty— Oh, my dear! she took you in her arms because her love was stronger than that little sweet taste of power.

"But to go back. Hortense never went to Wendell Falcon when she saw the effect Jennifer had produced. It was that wild Pliny who went to him—and seeing, as he thought, Thecla, demanded that her father rise and look at her. How could he believe she was dead! He had met her in the forest.

"And Jennifer wanted the rôle for a little while, and used the secret passage for the first drama of which she had ever been the center. What ended it was Mr. Calvert touching the

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The Garden of Terror

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spring by accident and nearly killing himself on the stone stair to solve the secret. They got him bleeding and unconscious out of the observatory; and some one down there—an under gardener, helped Hortense to get him into a farm chair and they left him at Pliny's door. That frightened Jennifer. She went back only once—to warn Hortense, who was back and forth between our two houses, that the drama was at an end.

"Then Hortense found Eulalie in the wood, and brought her in. That night—last night—Jennifer held her in her arms, loved her—told Hortense that she meant to tell her everything and Hortense lured you out there—to frighten you—who knows! and Jennifer must have found you gone—and followed. She never thought of my being in danger—chloroformed by the creature."

Her voice trailed wearily toward the end of the narrative; and her eyes, warm and limpid like a mother's, rested on the dead girl's face. Merton, watching her, thought he saw a growing content in them as if through the shock of her grief she realized that for all time her adopted daughter would be hers, not snatched away to the old Falcon Mansion to take Thecla's place; hers forever as she lay on the lap of the great mountain as a child again cradled. She took one of the beautiful hands and raised it to her lips.

Pliny was still looking out over the valley. Whether he heard or cared no one knew. Miss Jennifer Burnham held Jennifer Falcon's hand—and scarcely moved, and did not turn her head when the doctor gently touched her arm. The horses were quietly grazing.

"Eulalie," Merton said, "we're going home now—home to the old place and something beautiful that is our very own. You will trust me and I will wait for you."

She looked at him without speaking for a moment, then she said, "We shall know what they dreamed."

There was knowledge in her eyes of love that can endure beyond all limits of magic; and the fleeting wonder called—romance. It was a woman who would walk the labyrinthine paths of life with him, not a child.

Late that afternoon the doctor drove Calvert and Eulalie down the mountain. Eulalie had clasped Miss Jennifer in her arms at parting; had asked brokenly to be another daughter to her—to hear at some time the long tale of that vicarious maternity. Jennifer Burnham promised it; and Calvert drew Eulalie jealously away. Even his grief for Carroll was lost in this dawn of love.

In the rich September twilight the car went slowly down the mountain, the two lovers speaking in low tones of what was beyond their power to express. Life stretched before them magically.

The doctor stopped the car near Pliny Burd's house. "I am going up there for a moment," he said. "No one saw that poor boy after he had helped us!"

He strode through the dusk to the opened door of the little farmhouse, but the living-room was deserted. Then he went into the barn and, seeing a light under a door, pushed it softly open. Two candles had been lit under Thecla Falcon's picture and vases of fresh flowers put beneath it. Pliny, rapt as a devotee at a shrine, was gazing up into the beloved face.

(The End)

Skinner and the Kill-Joys

(*Continued from page 19*)

Louis was followed close by first assistant Calamity Howler Pilsener and second assistant old man Hopkins. "Remember what I said, Pilsener," Louis oracularized, the "Administration's a failure. Business is getting worse and worse. Watch out for the banks next. Put your money in your sock."

Pilsener and Hopkins wagged their heads corroboratively. Then the mob articulation, confirmative, indiscriminate, a knock here, a snarl there, hither a growl, and yon a sneer. The challenge was unmistakable. "Look out, you fellers," muttered Skinner weakly. "Look out." And then—the unseen one picked up the gauntlet.

LOUIS and Pilsener looked into each other's eyes, struggled to speak, gasped, collapsed. Old man Hopkins dropped in his tracks, just the tip of the capital "I" protruding from between his teeth. Then the holocaust. It swept through the rank and file of the minor kill-joys like the scythe of a mower. Dismal Jimmies fell to right and left; Knocker boys, lolling about with cigarettes drooping from the corners of their mouths, staggered against posts and collapsed; Bottle Bellies turned green and caved in; Yellow Yappers, caught in the act of sneering, fell before the scythe; Smart Alecks, gibbering, tottered and tumbled here and there; Tired Tims and Weary Walters sank down in the fatigue-communicating act of yawning. The speed of the reaper accelerated. Skinner could no longer classify the victims. He could see them tumbling indiscriminately, *en masse*.

Mad with horror and guilt, Skinner dashed down the street and into his house, staggered into the library, and tumbled into his great chair. There he sat, hands hanging limp, deadly cold hands. He sought to wet his throat with the terror of it all. Thus he sat, struggling, till overwhelming emotion forced him to rush to the window. He tore the curtains apart and stared out. There, turning in at the gate, was the old man of the night before. His hat was in his hand, swinging back and forth, his hair was disheveled, his face was flushed, his eyes were gleaming. Catching Skinner's eyes, he grinned cheerfully and waved his hand. Skinner rushed to the door, grabbed the old man, and had drawn him into the library before either spoke.

"Great Scot! Where have you been? I've been trying to find you all day."

"Been attending to business, all right."

"I should say you had," Skinner shouted.

The old man grabbed Skinner's hand. "Say, my system works, all right, doesn't it? Gets 'em—hey?"

"Didn't know you were going to kill 'em," Skinner groaned out.

"I did, all right. It's the only way. I've been studying the matter for years."

Skinner observed the old man for a moment, then blurted out: "Say, who the devil are you, anyway?"

The old man wagged his head impatiently. "Don't be personal. We've got work to do."

"Great Scot! Haven't you finished yet?"

"Listen." The old man lifted a silencing finger. "Hear that."

Skinner did hear something that sounded like a trolley car in the distance, approaching. But there was no trolley line in his street. The sound grew louder and louder, coming his way, and presently he could hear individual noises. The old man grinned. "It's the mob."

Skinner's lips went dry again. His belly caved in as if some one had kicked him. Did they know? By jingo, did they suspect? He jumped up and ran to the window, the old man close on his heels. "Say," Skinner cried, turning to his companion in a fury, "do they know? Did you tell 'em?"

But the old man had no ears for anything but the noise of the mob. "They're after 'em," he cried. "They're after 'em."

"After them?" Skinner repeated. "I see—*them*."

Like dead leaves, dancing and swirling before the first premonitory gusts of a storm, came the kill-joys, here and there one, then a scattering. Skinner saw Smart Aleck Gates, hatless, white, dash by and duck into an areaway, two houses up street. On they came, shoals of them, darting, ducking, dodging, like small fish up a stream. Fleeing from the wrath to come, were Dismal Jimmies of the common or garden variety; Yawning Tims and Weary Walters were doing a pace that belied their nicknames; Bottle Belly Gregg, so-called because of the bottle-shaped

paunch that swung low between stubby bowlegs, waddled by in a terrible hurry.

After a bit, Skinner saw the Smart Aleck emerge from his hiding place, his coat turned inside out and a dismantled derby, which he'd commandeered from the coal hole under the stoop, on his head, and flatten himself against the wall in a shadowy corner.

ON THEY came, thicker and faster, just ahead of the tempest, kill-joys of every kind, the spot-lightisima boys, the capital I boys, the contemptuous, the blatant, the brazen, the bullying ones, running to cover. The flighters in their panic had overlooked the fact that Madison Street ended in a dead wall a half a block beyond Skinner's house, a wall too high for any of them to scale. And so the mob had them bottled up, terrified, frenzied. Caught like rats, they began to double on their tracks. They fought with one another for asylum in holes and area ways or flattened themselves against walls in shadow-covered corners.

The old man clutched Skinner's arm and pointed. "The mob. They're onto 'em and they're after 'em. They can't spout poison gas any more and get away with it."

"The mob?" Skinner repeated. He strained his eyes. Could this be a mob? In the very front ranks, yes, leading, was Deacon Williams, coal dealer, bearing a clothes basket of ammunition, decayed eggs, vegetables, fish heads, and chicken legs. Alongside of the Deacon was jolly little Toney Maroney that ran the boot-black parlor down by the depot—not jolly now. At Tony's left was Wilkinson Schemmerhorn, cotillion leader, dancing now with rage, an over-ripe fish head in his right, ready to hurl. And there was Doctor Moore and Peter the barber and Isaacs of the Emporium and faithful John, the ubiquitous furnace man. There were women in the mob, staid old ladies with and without their caps, flushed with the spirit of the thing, housewives, Molly O'Tooles and Judy O'Gradys. There was boss mechanic Briggs, and Lawyer Greene, and Sims, the inventor, and all the rest of the clever ones, the enterprising ones, the live wires, the very backbone of the community.

The old man clutched Skinner's arm. "Look at 'em—your money-makers and your money-spenders—the fellows that make the wheels go round. It's their turn now. It's a revolt of the mighty against the powers of disaster."

"By jingo, they've got their dander up, all right."

And the good people of Meadeville did have their dander up, all right. They yelled profanity, rich, red-blooded oaths, brandished sticks, hurled epithets. In the light of the flickering torches that they waved, Skinner saw strained, angry, animated faces, the exultation of a new freedom in their eyes. "The revolt of the mighty," he repeated, "by jingo. The revolt of the mighty."

The excitement reached its top right in front of Skinner's window. Missiles and curses flew criss-cross in all directions like fireworks, finding their targets among the dodging and ducking kill-joys. Bing! Bang! Swish! Swash! Swak!

Yelled Molly O'Toole, high above the noise: "Down with the kill-joys! They've made our lives a burden with their grouches. Here, Deacon, a tomato."

"There you go, Molly. Plenty of 'em. Have a rotten apple, too?"

"Down with the kill-joys!" piped up the aristocratic old Mrs. Rhinelander, her silk cap knocked rakishly askew in the excitement. "Yonder goes Bottle Belly Gregg. Give him the egg."

The old man gurgled with delight. But Skinner was in no mood for levity. "It's awful," he groaned, "awful." Just then he saw Smart Aleck Gates with commandeered head piece pulled down close to his ears and eyes well covered, dart from his hiding place into the crowd and grab a tomato from the Deacon's basket.

"Down with the kill-joys!" he shouted. And Skinner now saw other kill-joys turn their coats inside out, reverse themselves, and join the mob, howling and hooting, "Down with the kill-joys!" directing the attack upon their terrified confreres in hiding. Suddenly some one shouted: "A rope! A rope!"

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Skinner and the Kill-Joys

(*Continued from page 53*)

And the mob took up the cry. "A rope! A rope!"

"Stop 'em!" Skinner cried, turning. "Do you hear that? Stop 'em!"

The old man shook his head impatiently. "My business ain't to stop 'em. My business is to start 'em. Results must take care of themselves."

"But they're my friends, my neighbors. It's awful." The mob had grabbed Snap Judgment Badger and was hustling him along, moving down the street with loud cries. "Stop 'em, I tell you. It's murder."

"What's the matter with you?" snapped the old man. "You started this thing. You got to see it through. Come on." He rushed out and joined the mob, waving his hat aloft, urging them on.

Skinner went to the library, dropped into his chair again before the fire, leaned back, and relaxed from sheer relief. In a few moments there was a ring at the front door and presently the old man—the wonderful old man—came in and stood at his side. Skinner didn't rise, simply held out his hand languidly. The old man drew a chair close and beamed beneficently. "Well?" said Skinner.

"Didn't think it would turn out this way, did you? Don't know as much as I do, do you?"

"Say," said Skinner, "who the devil are you, anyway?"

"Me?" Why, you ought to have recognized me long ago, stupid. I've been hanging round you for years trying to teach you things. Me? I'm Old Man Experience, I am." He threw his head back and laughed. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" What an awful laugh it was. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" It grew louder and louder. "Ha! Ha! BANG! Skinner opened his eyes. The last stroke of twelve was still ringing in his ears.

HE LOOKED at the clock. He stood up, blinking, panting, his heart beating like a pump. He looked into the fireplace. The flames were still licking the new log, encircling it. He listened. The storm was still raging outside. He felt his desk, the chair, the Thermos bottle—familiar things. Yes. He was awake, all right. He snatched the evening paper from the desk and stared at the date—Monday, the 11th. "By jingo," he muttered, "by jingo." He dropped into his chair and tried to pull himself together. For a good hour Skinner sat wondering at it all, going over every detail of his dream, stamping it on his memory, for he felt that it was a revelation. Presently he got up, snapped off the light, and went to bed.

Said Skinner to Honey next morning: "I'm not going to business to-day, I'm going to stay home and rest up, right here in this bed. If anybody insists on seeing me or making me come to the phone, tell 'em I'm dead. And, say, Honey, push that desk over here, will you?"

Said Honey: "You sneak. You're not going to rest up. You've got a scheme you're working at. I know you."

"You know a lot for one so young, but you're right there, Honey."

Experienced Honey did as requested and then left her husband to himself, for Skinner was a man who abominated having small attentions and kindnesses solicitously thrust upon him. For two solid hours he pondered his dream of the night before. What had produced it? What did it mean? He got it at last. By jingo, his long-suffered grouch had superinduced it, that was it. As a stick of dynamite brings up unexpected things from the depths of a pond, so this dream had been pumped up into his active consciousness by the bursting of long-repressed emotions. But what were these long-repressed emotions? Ah, yes, disgust, anger, even hatred. He had by policy been compelled to listen to kill-joys, yes, even to appear to acquiesce in their dolorous views just to keep their business, when he would like to have killed them instead. But what did the dream mean? What was the good of it? Clearly, it was full of symbols: tree lice, the snarley-eous of Meadeville, the Dismals and the Alecks, the fellows that run with the hares and hunt with the hounds, turn their coats for expediency sake—a symbol; and the Snappers and the Sinisters, the consciously wicked, destructive ones—a symbol; and the make-up of the mob, the best, the smartest people, the money-makers and the money-spenders, the fellows that make the wheels go round, the mighty revolting—a symbol; the rejoicing of the "mourners," the renewal of business following the departure of the bumped-off ones—a symbol.

Very good. But the remedy. Well, the old man had suggested it. Cut off their wind. But how. You couldn't kill 'em off, plug 'em up with capital I's. He must think up something quite as effective. He lay back with eyes closed and pondered for fully an hour, then he jumped up with a shout. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" He had it. He'd found a way. Yes, by jingo, he could make that dream come true right there in Meadeville.

Skinner was a man of action. He went to work at once. He first called on old man Warren that owned the Meadeville *Chronicle*—a lame proposition at best—swore him to silence, and negotiated for the taking over of the paper. Then he went to town, consulted his old friend Managing Editor Gallagher, and secured the services of Briggs, one of the cleverest young newspaper men of the day, whom he likewise swore to secrecy, for it was essential to the success of the scheme that no one suspect that he, Skinner, had anything to do with it.

One morning Meadeville woke up to find that the *Chronicle* had changed hands. The fact was announced in conspicuous headlines. Everybody bought a copy, even the accustomed borrowers bought one. To the amazement of all, the middle page was blank, a great, white space, virgin. This excited comment, as Skinner had reckoned. Most persons attributed it to a blunder. For how else could they account for such a waste? When the blank page had been repeated several times, however, everybody was sitting up, taking notice, as Skinner had reckoned. And the circulation of the *Chronicle* had increased a third.

The seventh day, on the middle page of the *Chronicle* appeared in glaring type:

"TAKE WARNING, MEADEVILLEITES!"

That was all. Smart Alecks and others of the super-wise shrugged their shoulders. "He's goin't to spring an underclothing ad on us: 'Cold weather approaching, look out for penumonia.'"

The next day in still bigger headlines appeared:

"TAKE WARNING, MEADEVILLEITES—STARTLING DISCOVERY!"

At this, the super-wise shifted a bit. "Doesn't mean underclothes, means patent medicines—pill ad—woman with sprained back—Mormon-looking guys with whiskers." Discussion spread, anticipation grew more intense.

On the morning of the ninth day came the held-back announcement:

"TAKE WARNING, MEADEVILLEITES—STARTLING DISCOVERY—THE WHOLE TOWN'S SICK."

Quite naturally, the good people of Meadeville thought only of the material side of it—the physical. And for the first time in months they began to inspect drain-pipes and disinfect garbage cans. Then came the announcement:

"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEADEVILLE, READ OUR JOHN DOE COLUMN WHICH BEGINS IN TO-MORROW'S ISSUE."

The following day everybody in Meadeville and environs thereof devoured aforesaid column and pondered the contents thereof. Skinner had reckoned that the most effective way to open the eyes of the Meadevilleites was to tell them just what Old Man Experience had told him, and in the same way, he Skinner, remaining anonymous. So Briggs began his first installment of the John Doe column with: "A prominent citizen of Meadeville being obsessed with grouch," printed the first part of the dream, and ended with the old man's doggerel:

"Kill-joys to right of him
Kill-joys to left of him."

So that was the matter with Meadeville: kill-joys. The reaction was both humorous and

serious. No one took the allusion to himself, but each one saw a great big beam in his neighbor's eyes. Smart Aleck Gates, grievously concerned with aforesaid beam—or beams—stood up in the club car and sang at the top of his lungs—for Gates was really an amiable fellow, and took it for granted that everybody loved his wit—the old man's doggerel. All the way to town he howled or hummed it, set to a peculiarly racking jazz of his own making.

So much for the lighter, the flippant vein.

Others regarded the matter in a different way. To them the kill-joy now took on a new significance. The term had meant only the strict chaperone or the fellow at the party who holds aloof, won't join in the fun, relax, be silly like the rest, or the raven that croaks rain on the day of the picnic or some foolish thing like that. But, instead of being negligible, a thing of humorous reproach only, they now saw the kill-joy as a sinister proposition, something to be reckoned with. He was everywhere, his influence was vicious in that it dampened spirits, retarded things, held back progress.

Adolphus Bottomley read the John Doe column casually, that was all. Kill-joys didn't concern him, for he was a Protector. Even when McGregor observed with humor in his eyes: "What do you think of the wrench thrower, Bottomley?" he paid no attention. But toward the end of the day, when the sixth person had asked it, the repetition of the question irritated him. He began to take notice. He picked up the *Chronicle* and studied the John Doe column with a new interest. Perhaps, after all, they did mean him.

The next installment of the John Doe column in the *Chronicle* ended with the part where Skinner told Old Man Experience that the 5:20 was infested with lugubrious ones. In a footnote Briggs stated that John Doe meant no particular individual, simply a type.

Sinister Sandy Grimes consoled himself with the reflection that there were many Sinister Sandys in many works in Meadeville, until O'Connell twitted him with being the dub Briggs meant. "You're a liar. I'm a regular Hopeful Hiram, I am," he retorted. And all the Sinister Sandys and all the Scoffers and all the Snappers of Meadeville began to turn into Hopeful Hirams, as well.

When the Protector found that he alone had not been singled out for distinguished attack, but had been bunched in with Sinisters and Snappers, and other vulgar low brows, his aristocratic soul revolted. It would never do. He must, above all, get out of that kind of company. At the same time he must turn the tables on this self-righteous, egotist editor, who presumed to sit in judgment on Meadeville. The Protector cast about for an idea. Many came, many were rejected. For the ingenious old opportunist must not only get a scheme of evasion, but one that would land him on the band wagon of new popularity.

Again the Meadevilleites reacted as Skinner had reckoned. Intense interest and great excitement prevailed.

"What next?" said one. "Briggs is right so far. There must be something in it," admitted another.

The next installment ended with: "Be at the Board meeting to-morrow. I'm going to begin on John Doe Number One." And Meadeville took a long breath and watched to see if Bottomley would be eliminated, for now John Doe Number One and Bottomley were identical in the public mind.

Even when the friend of widows was thus advised that his precious head was to be the first to drop into the basket, he was not a whit perturbed. Bottomley, the unctuous, was always Bottomley, the cunning. The Protector was a fatalist. He felt that luck, which had so consistently stood by him in the past, would not desert him now. And it was even so. The supreme exigency of the moment superinduced an obvious solution of his problem, as supreme exigencies always had done in his case. "So John Doe Number One's head's going to fall to-morrow, is it?" He looked all around, put his white hand to his mouth and murmured very softly: "The h—l it is." Then without saying a word to anyone, for the Protector was not given to asking permission as to his movements, he went to the garage, took out his little runabout, drove eight miles down the line to Westfield, where he

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Skinner and the Kill-Joys

(*Continued from page 55*)

parked his machine, and caught the 11:20 for town

The next morning Briggs printed only the brief part of Skinner's dream covering the taking of Bottomley at the Board Meeting. Be it understood, Bottomley was indicated as John Doe Number One and the bank was changed into a loan broker's office and shifted to 103 Madison Street, a vacant lot.

The grotesque manner of Bottomley's taking, choked by the adorable pronoun, in fact, the taking of him at all, showed the good people of Meadeville that the story was merely a symbol contrived by some ingenious mind. What shocked them was the revelation in flaming red on the forehead of the dead man. How could the Protector ever live it down?

Adolphus Bottomley sat in his easy chair before the fire and studied the damning page. "So that's me, is it? Well, by gad, it isn't me." He frowned. "So that's what they saw on your forehead, Bottomley.

'FAITH KILLER.'"

The Protector shook his head. "That's ugly." He mumbled the lines. "'I kill men's faith in enterprise—I know I kill faith, but I don't care. I don't care a d—n for widows and orphans—I only used them to exploit myself—I don't care for Meadeville—I queer more good enterprises—' So?" He spread the *Chronicle* out on the table and turned the page.

About the same time, all of Meadeville turned the page. WOW!

"ADOLPHUS BOTTOMLEY HAS PREVAILED UPON THE LANSING IRON & STEEL COMPANY TO MOVE ITS WORKS TO MEADEVILLE. BOTTOMLEY, AFTER SATISFYING HIMSELF THAT THE COMPANY WAS IN EVERY WAY A DESIRABLE ACQUISITION, OFFERED TO MAKE IT A LOAN FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL. AND SO PUBLIC-SPIRITED IS BOTTOMLEY, THAT HE EVEN AGREED TO SECURE THE BANK AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS BY HIS OWN PRIVATE FORTUNE."

Later in the day, Adolphus put on his plug hat and taking a stick sallied forth to receive the congratulations of Meadeville. As he had reckoned, hand-shakers met him at every turn. Congratulations warmed the cockles of his heart. He was acclaimed the man of the hour, the gloom lifter. And Adolphus accepted it with the complacent humor that was characteristic of him. "Bottomley, my boy," said he, "when it comes to eating your cake and keeping it, you're no slouch, eh, Bottomley?"

John Doe, Number One, having been eliminated from the running, the good people of Meadeville turned their attention to John Doe Number Two, unmistakably Sandy Grimes. That which the Sinister One greatly feared had come upon him. He saw himself, pictured by the *Chronicle*, lying in the yards of the works, the capital "I" stuck in his throat, his adherents staring at him, scowling, and deserting him.

"Damn 'em, they've got me down for a FAITH KILLER, too." Sandy shut his eyes tight. But he couldn't shut out the flaming indictment on the forehead of his pictured self: "I'm a FAITH KILLER. I'm a discord breeder. I make these fools distrust and hate the boss. I stand in the way of prosperity to both. But I keep my pull."

Grimes was a bully, huge of fist and foot. When noon hour came, he sent a swift, challenging glance about the yard for any sign of disfavor. No man looked at him, lest the act incur those terrible fists and hob-nails. For all sensed his mood. The Sinister One was perplexed, puzzled. He was no coward. He had fought his way up, step by step—to the top of physical and moral domination of the men. He had overawed with hand and fist and specious talk those less cunning than himself. But he had never run against this, to him and to all others, most terrible of opponents, SILENCE, this awful quagmire of unseen things. He wondered what was in the men's hearts. Perhaps suspicion of him, hatred, now that they knew he was hollow, all bombast, worst of all, a double-crosser for revenue. Followed defiance. He braced back his big shoulders and bellowed: "You fellers believe everything you read—if you let that fool thing in the *Chronicle* turn you against me, you're a lot of ungrateful dogs—I won't have anything more to say to you—and don't any of you grouches come whining to me for sympathy, or I'll knock your blocks off." He stood, with squared shoulders, waiting. Only Silence. Expletives, brutal, vile, meaningless, welled up to his tongue, but he could not give them utterance against the awful Silence. Sinister Sandy's wind had been cut off.

The next day the *Chronicle* detailed the taking of John Doe Number Three. But when many of the Meadevilleites went to Scott's drug store to exult in the humiliation of Ernest Robinson, they were disappointed. For the Scoffer had suddenly become an absentee agnostic. He had affected a hurry call to the handy bedside of a sick sister in Chicago. "Glad he's gone," said Smart Aleck Gates to a group of satellites—all in bright new coats. "What business had he kickin' the props from under you?"

Confirmed Smart Aleck Binns: "The fool said in his heart there ain't no God, but Scoffer went an' blabbed it right out."

And Skinner, passing, overheard and commented: "Alas, poor Yorick, a fellow of infinite wind. I wonder what he's doing with his wind now."

But the Scoffer was not using his wind for destructive purposes. He was a very subdued and silent Scoffer, shattered vanity had cut off his wind. He was a fake. Everybody was onto him as a FAITH KILLER—a FAITH KILLER for prestige only, as the *Chronicle* had printed on his forehead.

When the *Chronicle* told of the taking off of John Doe Number Four, George Craddock was the one best bet of all Meadeville's Snappers because he was the best hated of them all. If there'd been any doubt as to which particular Snapper was meant, the tell-tale indictment seen on the forehead of the bumped-off one would have dispelled it: "I'm a FAITH KILLER. I destroy initiative. I destroy ambition. Fools think me a 'wise one' and follow me. It pays to kill faith."

The Snapper didn't run away like the Scoffer for the reason that his vested interests in Meadeville were too great. The only thing left for him to do was to make the band wagon with as much expedition as possible. Craddock orated thus to his followers, ever and anon slapping the *Chronicle*, which he held in his hand: "They served that snap judgment feller just right. Nobody has any right to talk against a scheme by hints. It's cowardly and mean. Look at me. I never did a thing like that. I came right out into the open when I wanted to knock." He spat explosively. "Ain't that so?"

And every man in the crowd that owed Snapper money said "Right you are, George."

The next installment finished the account of Skinner's dream the holocaust at the station, the mob scene in front of Skinner's house, the joyful corteges prancing along to Peaceful Hill next day, and all the rest of it. And every symbol therein was appreciated by Meadeville.

When Skinner got into the club car, he found that every mother's son of the commuters had a *Chronicle* in his hand. "By heck," said White, jobber, "I'm glad Briggs has started in to lift this cloud of gloom. I've felt just like that feller in the dream that there was something——"

Broke in Greene, lawyer: "Why, it's as plain as the nose of your face that the kill-joy's the cause of all disorder, the point where the cyclone of disaster originates."

Confirmed Brown, furniture: "You're right. Kill-joys have done more to hold back the progress of the world than rum and war combined. Take it from me, that loves his rum."

Said Black, coats and suits: "Yes, and I'll tell you why. The sane business man sees what can be done. The kill-joy sees only what can't be done."

Urged Brown, humorously: "Don't blame the kill-joy. He's weak that way. He can't help it."

Stoutly protested White: "I do blame him. Let him keep his grouch to himself."

Broke in Gray: "But we can help it, and we're fools if we don't. Why should we let

these kill-joys pull down the temple on our heads. We're the mighty."

Said White: "That's so. It's up to us. We fellows that make the wheels go round have got to stand together. We mustn't let a bunch of—er," he referred to the *Chronicle*, "Yellow Yappers, Dismal Jimmies," he glanced to the rear, "And Lugubrious—you know—get us rattled. Boys, I see the dawning of better times."

Drawled Brown: "I wonder if you've got the courage of your new convictions, White? How about that twelve-hundred-dollar order for chairs you've been holding back?"

"The order is yours. Yes, by heck, it's yours." There was loud applause.

"And," White drawled in imitation of Brown, "I suppose you'll need the plush you were talking about to cover those chairs, eh?"

Said Brown: "By heck, you can send it round the first thing in the morning. I, too, see the light." Much laughter and applause.

Presently it got so that no one dared to yap gloom, lest he be called FAITH KILLER, an enemy of the community. Just so soon as any one began to spout poison gas, his audience disintegrated and foregathered down the street—for to be seen in the company of a kill-joy meant being suspected of having the taint one's self. The widening circle of the new spirit began to take in the homes and the high social life of Meadeville. Calamity Howler Rufus Potts sought to avoid the general indictment by urging his wife to go to town and buy a certain fur coat she'd been looking at on Fifth Avenue—and talking about. For the coming of the Lansing Iron & Steel would mean new money to Meadeville.

Old Lady Rhinelander, instead of fetching Bottle Belly Gregg in the chest with an egg, stuck a pin in his social ambitions, cut him from her calling list. No kill-joys for her. And Dancing Schemmerhorn threw a black ball instead of a succulent fish head when Gregg came up for club membership. Emotionally swept along by growing public sentiment, the Latin Tony Maroney became a practical idealist. When Lugubrious Louis Diggs appeared for his customary shine, Tony let it be known that no kill-joys need apply. And he treated the others of the precious trio in like manner, brought their guilt home in a concrete way.

Presently, the commuters observed with amusement that Diggs, Pilsener, and Hopkins avoided one another in the club car and mixed with the general bunch, each damning and repudiating his former confreres, turncoatism with a vengeance.

Hope appeared in the wake of the departing kill-joys automatically, for there's no vacuum in human affairs. The public at large, enjoying the blessing of having its shoes shined at Tony's without being compelled to listen to snarling and pessimistic talk, carried the thing further. It resolved not to buy even a pound of butter or a pair of shoestrings where grouch talk was thrown in. The shopkeepers, responding to public sentiment, and the sharp twingings of the pocket nerve, let it be known that they would be obliged if their pessimistic friends, on entering, would kindly park their grouches outside.

And now optimism, the greatest of all loosenders of purse-strings, took off the brake and the wheels of things in general began to move. With the advent of the Lansing Iron & Steel there was a new rush of depositors to the Meadeville First National. Enterprising outsiders, hearing of the liberal banking policy, moved to town. And many other safe and sane persons, because of the successful campaign against the kill-joys, came to Meadeville to live and to work and to spend money.

One morning Skinner was at the First National talking with Bottomley when Sandy Grimes came in. Said Grimes to the Protector: "I'd like you to help me get a job with the Lansing Iron & Steel. They're new people here and they don't understand us. I want to make it my business to keep the kill-joys from getting any foothold in the works."

Said Bottomley enthusiastically: "I've been hearing about your good work, Sandy, ever since I brought about this change, this very marked change in the affairs of Meadeville. I was just about to send for you, my boy, to do that very thing." And they shook hands on it.

And Skinner, observing them, calmly puffed his cigar and commented to himself: "What a wonderful thing it is when dreams come true."

Pity the Poor Playwright

(Continued from page 14)

One plain, faded woman always seems to be asking how one can judge her capacity to act by the package nature happened to wrap her in? Sometimes art triumphs over these physical limitations, but beautiful large expressive features that carry over the footlights have helped many an actress to stardom; while real genius, badly wrapped, may have been born to blush unseen. So whoever knows what one may go turning down so glibly when you hand them the old excuses? Only last week I escorted one of our most talented actresses to the office of a famous manager. At the doorstep she smiled wistfully.

"How well I remember this office. It's just the same as it was ten years ago. I used to come up here month after month and I couldn't even get in to see *him* (her casting director). He told me each time I wasn't the 'type'; as *he* always liked small women." But this time the great man genially came to the door himself and greeted her, and everybody in the office stood on their heads, for a new "star" was about to adorn his constellation.

BUT she has made herself into a "type"; no one can so well play suffering sinners. And now they are all after her. Cast a woman successfully for a village vampire and never again will she be able to loll in the lilies of virtue on the stage. I know hundreds of actors trying to escape their stage pasts; but once a "dope" fiend always a "dope" fiend. Whenever a play comes along with that sort of a rôle, the actor who has done it the year before is instantly given the old needle for the new play. All actors rightfully resent this tyranny of type; but some of them are philosophers; as one remarked:

"I know I shall play butlers the rest of my life. But why shouldn't I specialize? There are doctors who specialize in tonsils."

Lots of actors also get imprisoned in a success; sometimes serving a four-year sentence in one part. It's fine for the pocketbook but tough on the art fibers. As we have no repertory system here, actors have no chance continually to create new rôles or break from the line of characters with which they have become labeled. And with the business geared up expensively as it is, and with plays, in many instances, hastily thrown on, a manager simply can't take a chance and experiment with people he doesn't know. He plays safe and engages the old stand-bys.

The law of supply and demand here gets busy and up go the salaries of those sought; hence a large salary list, which also means a short season for everybody unless the play gets over big. I had one play which lasted over 300 nights on Broadway, yet closed the season with hardly any profit to the manager, as he had to pay nearly $4,000 a week to the brilliant company who undoubtedly helped put the play over. The actor isn't to blame; his time is short and his season's work uncertain. He may be putting on grease paint for two weeks and looking, for the other forty, at the lingerie in the shop windows. And, oddly enough, he's got to eat and sleep every day whether he's working or not. But the manager, too, must consider the expense when the playwright cries for certain actors he knows will help his play to success.

Getting together a "big cast" has all the excitements of hunting big game. If your play is tied up with a manager and you want a certain star who needs a play but is under contract with another manager, you'll know what a juggler feels like when he wants to sneeze; a false move and all is over. Certain stars are tied up under long contracts with guarantees for the season; often they are loaned at a profit; but more often the manager demands a "piece" of the play which the other manager wishes to produce, in return for the expensive theatrical bric-à-brac. Other times, stars are speculated in as with theater leases.

Why stars? Sometimes because they deserve it; sometimes because they draw; sometimes both. Few bad plays nowadays though can be carried to success by a star, and many good plays don't need them. It's a screaming age of advertising and the poor theater-goer doesn't know what to pick and choose. So the established personality is a mighty good thing to have in a play to help make it stand out. And say what one will, the world loves personalities and wants to see them in action. There are some we all know of whose exploits can push everything off the front page but the President's message. And nowhere is sheer "personality" so exploited as in the theater and the movies unless it is with presidential candidates.

The movies! How can the theater compete with the movies, which is a Santa Claus to actors but the villain in the piece for managers when it comes to casting a play. I wanted a highly desirable actor for a part and the manager would have paid him $750 a week with 20 weeks guaranteed.

But a movie concern was willing to guarantee him $2,000 a week for a year! Reinhart, the great producer, told me last summer that conditions were the same in Germany, and that he could no longer keep together a company on account of the competition and the impossibility of actors having enough free time to rehearse a repertoire. And in New York even if a playwright should get certain well-known actors he may want, he finds they'll seldom travel except in the direction of Hollywood. All of these casting problems contribute to the author's joy and make him wonder why he doesn't write novels. Maybe the dramatic critics wonder the same thing.

But the play does get into rehearsal and in spite of these conditions I think the majority of plays are very well acted here. During rehearsals the average playwright loses from ten to twenty pounds, depending on star and manager. But he must not be a sensitive plant or he'll curl right up and die in the orchestra pit. At rehearsals nobody loves an author but his mother, and she wouldn't know him.

I'll never forget the first "star" I had in my early twenties, glaring at me, as I stood timidly in the wings, and saying, "Oh, you're always here, aren't you?" I'd hate to print all the things I've thought about some people during that trying time when the play is in a delicate condition; and I certainly wouldn't dare repeat what stars and managers have said to me—remarks as warm as they were sometimes cold. But we always figuratively kissed and made up after the storm. Most everybody connected with rehearsals has temperament—whatever that is—so there is generally an atmosphere of impending storm which often never materializes. Yet I've seen some wonders! One will suffice; it was with David Belasco.

HE WAS rehearsing a certain young actress whom he told to make a sweeping exit through the door. She turned to him:

"But, Mr. Belasco, I can't go out that door; there's a chair in the way."

He became icily polite as he said, "Miss —, when you've had more experience you'll learn that nothing should ever be in your way on the stage."

Then, to illustrate the remark, he rushed up on the stage, excitedly repeating dialogs from different plays; his black eyes flashing and his white hair waving. He fell on the chair as though he were dying, slipped easily to the floor, moved across it, rose and went to a table blocking the way. He edged up to this and slowly moved around it till he was on the other side near the door; then he crossed again quickly, until, with agitated gestures, he came to the chair which had bothered the actress; he continued talking, yet swept it majestically aside and strode out as he had wished her to do. We were all standing spellbound, so dynamic was that electrically charged man, the master of his medium.

When he came to me in the orchestra seats, he chuckled, "I guess that will give her something to think of." Nothing ever stood in her way again; in fact she's now a star. And I also remember what he did to me that same day—but that's another story, though we've both laughed over it since.

The dozen or so plays I have had put on have been as many different experiences. Sometimes I have been respected; sometimes scorned. I have sometimes tucked my play under my arm and waddled out; sometimes I've gone out with

(Continued on page 60)

How You Can Make Money In Your Spare Time

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Pity the Poor Playwright

(Continued from page 58)

less dignity though bodily unharmed. I've seen my play ignorantly mutilated, and I've seen it greatly improved. Yes: it's surprising what fine acting and splendid direction will do to increase the value of a play. I've been several times singularly fortunate; very often when I sensibly stayed away from rehearsals and didn't try to teach the others their profession or didn't let them teach me mine.

The amusing thing is that whether here or in Paris or London, I've found rehearsing the same. There's something about us theater folks that's the same under the skin whichever flag we stand up for as the band plays. When a nobleman was asked what he did during the French Revolution, he answered: "I survived." So have I survived rehearsals but not always the audience. That's the last little agony reserved for the playwright; torture-loving Lucretia Borgia hadn't anything on the collection of people who come together for a first night and dare you to interest them.

Here is the real "boss" of us all; here is what everybody has had in mind from the beginning: "How will the public take it? Even the head of the booking offices quakes before that uncertain thought. If any one knew the answer in advance, he could draw a million a year salary. The audience! The court of last appeal that hears the case and does the sentencing. And it doesn't always judge by the evidence; its verdicts are capricious and swayed by unexpected happenings. The first wireless play, for example, was a failure at the opening, but later became a success because of a great shipwreck in which a wireless operator was a hero. This aroused interest in the play.

Jesse Lynch Williams tells a story about his comedy "Why Marry" in which Nat Goodwin starred. Something appealed to the public in the fact that that much-married actor should appear in a play with such a title. The comedy was justly a success aside from this little collateral advertising. But when poor old Nat died on the road so did the play; even though the part was better interpreted by another actor. Here was failure caused by something entirely outside the merits of the play.

The state of the public mind, too, may have something to do with how a play is received; during the war, for instance, the world wanted only comedies. Then, also, a farce may come along and score a big hit for no particular reason except that it may have followed a dozen serious plays and this one comes as a relief. I'm constantly wondering why some of my friends' plays succeed and why some of mine fail. Certain plays will succeed all over the world; the lungs of others will not stand transferring even from Chicago to New York. Some plays are produced at the wrong time of the year; some are winter shows and others are made to bloom in the springtime only. Three plays which ran all last season in New York lost $75,000 for the manager four months on the road. There's no telling!

All actors know that one night a play will go well and another it will die on their hands; for that mysterious group of individuals drawn from all walks of life, all ages and conditions, when welded into an audience takes on a make-up all its own. The press may help or hurt a play's chance for success in the early days, but no power can make that audience swallow a play it doesn't like collectively; just as nothing can keep from it what appeals to its appetite.

Of course, there are certain big fundamental appeals that have more of a chance for popularity than others, and these the managers try to find in the plays they accept. Sometimes the accidental novelty may make money or even the thread-worn theme dressed up with new clothes and a bright necktie. But nobody knows what the public may want each season, and every production is at best only a guess at that answer. Everything in this business is thus built on the shifting sands of chance—which explains much of its chaos. And that is the gambler's fascination about the game; for should the play hit the public fancy then there is nothing more generous than that same cruel crowd. But sit in the top gallery on one of your first nights and suffer, and then you'll see that the playwright is like the fellow who married the shrew for money; he earns it.

The rewards? Well, they say that Avery Hop-

wood has already made nearly $300,000 for his share on the royalties of *The Bat*, and that is one of many plays working for him. Another author told me that he would have to pay nearly $150,000 income tax this year. I suppose the average writer who gets established, with any sort of luck, can clean up about $25,000 a year while the going is good. He has velvet in a successful play; the stock rights, after Broadway is finished with the play, and the motion pictures. His share in those rights would even pay for the dollar gasolene that's predicted. Anyway, it's a far cry from the watch which the hack who fixed up *Uncle Tom's Cabin* got. But there's only a few married to a large income. There are thousands still waiting at the church.

So even the successful playwright's life isn't a happy one, merely tossing off a play and sitting under palm trees—sipping. He's got to do a lot of things besides being a writer, as I've pointed out. And if he's very successful he should still be pitied; especially when it's time to settle, each year, with the Government, on March fifteenth.

The Victim of Amnesia

(Continued from page 11)

any contest of skill or strength with you. For your own sake, I would advise you to restrain any homicidal impulses toward me."

The Englishman grinned. "I was only suggesting something."

"I was making more than a suggestion; I was uttering a warning," rejoined Conkling. "What do you say?"

"What can I say, except that I am extremely grateful," replied the Englishman.

"It is settled, then. One of the servants will show you your quarters. You will dine with me. Your other meals you will take in your room. You will be paid fifty dollars a week. I will explain your duties in a few days. In the meantime, I would suggest that you familiarize yourself with the city. That will be all for now."

HE MADE a gesture of dismissal, then called the patient back.

"Oh, I can't call you 'you' all the time. Have you any choice of names?"

The Englishman shook his head.

"I will call you, then, McFarlane, Philip McFarlane. That will be all, McFarlane."

The duties of McFarlane were not at all onerous. They consisted for the most part in accompanying the doctor on long walks after office hours, and in affording an audience to the physician in the evening when he ordinarily played the violin for a couple of hours. The new secretary had plenty of leisure, and he improved it in an odd fashion.

He studied the habits of the whole household. He learned what servants were light sleepers, what they did on their nights off, at what hours they might be expected to return. Also, he learned by heart the plans of each floor. And he took it upon himself to oil certain locks and hinges that had a habit of squeaking. And exactly three weeks after his entrance into the Conkling household he crept, at two o'clock in the morning, into the bedroom where his employer slept. With an uncanny deftness he took a bunch of keys from the pair of trousers which Conkling had hung over the back of a chair. Kneeling before a house-safe in one corner of the bedroom, he opened it. He had abstracted a great wad of bills when a slight noise from the bed made him turn. His employer was awake.

He leaped for the door; Conkling intercepted him. The two bodies clashed with a noise that woke the household. Savagely McFarlane tried to break the grip of the giant who had grappled with him. Working free, he struck his employer a half-dozen trip-hammer blows in the face. The physician shook them off; his great arm circled through the air, his fist collided with McFarlane's jaw, and the secretary went to the floor completely knocked out.

He awakened some time later to find himself seated in an arm-chair, his feet and hands bound, while before him, drinking coffee from a cup that stood upon a table, sat Conkling. The physician grinned; he seemed, in his pajamas, with his hair and beard awry from the recent struggle, like some great hairy ape.

"Feeling better?" he asked cheerfully.

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The Victim of Amnesia

(*Continued from page 61*)

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded McFarlane.

The doctor's grin grew broader. "The butler, his wife, who is the parlor maid, the cook and myself are all witnesses to your attempt at robbery and your assault upon me. What do you think I'm going to do?"

"Send for the police, I suppose," said McFarlane hoarsely.

Conkling set his coffee-cup down. "You interested me from the moment you came here. My interest has been increased by your activities of the past week. It was a touch of positive genius, oiling the doors."

"You knew that?" cried McFarlane.

"Certainly. Exactly as I knew why you were questioning the servants. You thought the cook and the butler would be out to-night, didn't you?"

"Why didn't you discharge me, let me go, when you knew what I planned?" demanded McFarlane.

The doctor shrugged. "Wherever you went you would be a criminal. Your own frank confession, plus my accurate observation of you, convinced me of that fact. Why not let you commit your crime amid friendly surroundings?"

"Is that your reason? Pity for me?"

Conkling lighted a cigar. "That, and the fact that, being a scientific man, I hate to see good material go to waste. Unmoral men, men without a single scruple and possessed of great physical courage, have their uses. I was not sure of your courage. If you dared put up a fight against me you would be a brave man. So then, you have certain qualifications valuable to me."

"In what way?" asked McFarlane.

"Before I answer let me remind you that no less credible a witness than Sergeant Ryan can testify that you came to me as a patient suffering from a well-known mental ailment. Three witnesses beside myself can testify as to to-night's occurrence. Anything that you might say about me would be discounted in advance. You are a criminal and, if I choose to say so, insane."

He puffed at his cigar. "Do I make the situation, your situation, extremely clear?"

"Go on," said McFarlane.

"There are, then, a certain group of men in this city who resent the inequitable distribution of wealth, and occasionally make efforts at readjustment. Have you heard of the Malbron gang?"

McFarlane shook his head sullenly.

"Of course not; there has been nothing in the papers about them recently. And you have no recollection of events in this country before you came to me. Well, the Malbron gang, as the police vulgarly term them because of the name by which their leader is known to the police, is the most efficient group of criminals—if one cares to use so crude a word—in the world. Their leader is always on the lookout for promising recruits. Not low thugs, but men of manner even though not of tradition. Men of culture, who can understand the justice that lies behind the Malbron activities. For it is unjust that traders should glean the profits of the world, and men of science like myself should slave for money to live and carry on their experiments.

"We are gentlemen and men of great intellectual attainments. Unfortunately some of us run more to brain than to body. We need athletes like yourself. I shall now go to sleep. You may think over the offer which I now make you: to join our association. In the morning you may join us, or go to jail as a common thief. Good-night. Oh, by the way, I am Malbron."

He turned out the light and McFarlane heard him climb into bed.

"Don't leave me here tied up all night," said the prisoner. "Of course I'll join!"

THE new recruit to the Malbron gang walked by the side of his leader across Central Park to Fifth Avenue. Dr. Conkling was in a mood of bloodthirsty cheeriness that would have made a lesser man than McFarlane tremble with fear.

"The house to which we are going is the home of Thomas Bretton, the famous inventor. You will meet there to-night our entire personnel. In the week that has elapsed since I disclosed my identity to you, you have been under close observation. You have passed all tests. To-night you will be admitted to full membership in our society. And I wish to give you a last warning. Betrayal means death. And it means a most unpleasant death. I assure you that there is no one of our association who would not gladly kill a traitor."

"Why should I be a traitor?" asked McFarlane.

The doctor shrugged. "I can't think of any reason; but I am warning you."

As he spoke they emerged from the Park onto the Avenue. A newsboy thrust a paper almost in Conkling's eyes. "Paper, boss?" he cried.

Conkling pushed him aside, but McFarlane spoke to the boy.

"I'll take them all," he said.

"T'anks, boss," said the urchin. The transaction took only a moment; McFarlane stuffed the great wad of papers into his overcoat pocket and fell into step with his employer. Two minutes later they entered a house on the opposite side of the street.

McFARLANE had rarely seen a more intellectual-seeming group of men than the half-dozen gentlemen who awaited Conkling and himself in Bretton's library. And yet, as Conkling's eyes protruded in an abnormal fashion, so each of the others had some physical characteristic which spoke of a mentality, or a morality, at war with society. And in the atmosphere that these abnormalities gathered around themselves was a hint of terror.

Outwardly they were all affable, but behind their courtesy he could feel their appraising scrutiny. He realized that he was in the meeting-place of the most dangerous group of criminals in the world.

They adjourned shortly to a dining-room, where suave servants waited on them. After dinner, a most excellent one, they repaired again to the library, and there the business of the meeting began. Plans were advanced for the robbery of a bank, plans that called for the participation of at least seventy-five men.

"You see, McFarlane," said Bretton, "you have become one of the leaders of our association. To you plans can be made known, for you may be able to suggest improvements."

"I think I can," replied McFarlane boldly. "For instance, your idea of decoying the police in the neighborhood away from the scene, is not feasible."

The servant who had admitted McFarlane and Conkling to the house, entered the room without knocking, with the appearance of great haste.

"Deegan has just telephoned. He says that he followed Dr. Conkling and McFarlane to the house. On the way McFarlane bought some papers from a newsboy. It looked all right, but Deegan followed the boy. He says that the boy went to Madison Avenue, stepped in a taxi and drove to the offices of the Holland Detective Agency."

McFarlane was standing by a window; he backed into the embrasure; his left hand shattered the glass, and his right raised a revolver. Conkling broke the silence.

"Clever, exceedingly clever, the whole business, especially taking all the boy's newspapers. I suppose that meant that we'd all be here to-night."

McFarlane bowed. "Your deductions do you credit, Doctor."

"And you are young Holland, son of the founder of the agency, eh? The youth who was supposed to have entered the cattle business in South America."

McFarlane bowed again. "You are a brilliant man, Doctor, and it was necessary to take elaborate precautions."

Conkling sighed. "You would have been so admirable an asset to us. It is too bad."

His mild speech had been assumed to hide his almost insane wrath. That he could think with calm cunning at such a moment proved his marvelous self-control. He deceived the young man standing in the window. For when Conkling drew a revolver, McFarlane thought that he intended to use it against his captor. So he ordered Conkling to drop his weapon. The

doctor never raised it. He simply pressed the trigger as the muzzle pointed slantingly downward. The bullet hit, McFarlane later discovered, the electric light switch in the wall, the box-like closet where were the fuses that regulated the lighting of the house. The room was plunged into darkness. And in that darkness the misguided genius who headed the Malbron gang, who had foreseen this or a similar situation, and knew exactly how to meet it, escaped. The rest were captured. For as the shot sounded, detectives in the street broke down the outer door, and Conkling's associates surrendered without a struggle.

But it was a barren victory. For while Conkling kept his freedom the Malbron Gang could be reorganized and led into new depredation.

"Son," said the elder Holland that night, "I'm going to retire. You were right and I was wrong. You said that the Malbron Gang must be composed of men unique in criminal annals. You were right. I thought you were bizarre in your method, and mad to suspect a man like Conkling. But you've proved your case. I wish that Conkling had been captured. I'd like to talk to him. What would you have done if he had wanted to operate on you for your mental trouble?"

Young Holland laughed. "A perfectly good semblance of an Englishman suffering from amnesia would have been transformed instantly into a Yankee detective, Dad."

Old Holland shook his head. "The world is filled with madness. Old police methods will not avail against the brilliant minds that have gone in for crime. What next, son?"

The younger man shrugged. "Sleep," he said emphatically. "I've been on my guard for three weeks. To-night I sleep without fear of talking in my slumber, and betraying myself to a watching and listening man of genius."

How to Tell a Good Store

(*Continued from page 29*)

as little as nine cents out of each dollar for running expenses of the store; others kept as high as twenty-two cents. Your groceryman finds plenty of places in which to sink those fourteen pennies. Perhaps you'd like to know how much your delivery gets of the fourteen cents: About a penny and a half. Another cent goes towards gasoline or hay or horseshoes or tires and other expenses of delivery. Put down two and a half cents, of the fourteen, as the cost which the groceryman must meet in sending you a dollar's worth of groceries.

You can often tell a good grocery store, at sight, by watching the clerks. In a good store, economically run, so that the proprietor is not forced to charge high prices, clerks must be as busy as ants. The average clerk, according to these new Harvard figures, sells only about fifty-three dollars' worth of goods a day. In a good store, with a quick turn-over and plenty of patronage, his wages may be about the same as in a poor store, but he will sell $100 a day, without special effort. In one "crack" grocery store it was found that eight salesmen averaged almost $125 a day in their sales.

Just for fun, some day, madame, ask your clerk in your favorite grocery store his daily average of sales for last year. The chances are he won't know it; the chances are that even his boss couldn't answer the question. Retailers, until these new studies in the mathematics of retailing were taken up, have never been very good or very close calculators. A lot of them haven't known how to scientifically analyze their own businesses.

If there's any retail store in which you want a quick turn-over, it's the grocery store. What do you think of a grocery store that turns over its stock only twice a year? And yet such stores have been found. On the other hand, grocerymen have been discovered who have been emptying and refilling their shelves over twenty-seven times a year. I don't have to ask you which grocery store of these two extremes would get your trade. A turn-over in a grocery store of eight times a year shows pretty good business management, on the whole, but—and paste this in your hat, if you want to learn the trick of picking out a good store when you see one—the

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How to Tell a Good Store

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grocery store with the lowest operating expenses that the scientists discovered, in a certain year of study, turned over its stock eighteen and a half times a year

Now these figures about grocery stores don't go to prove that the biggest grocery store is the best. Little grocery stores may rank very high in the efficiency scale. It's the busy store that counts.

AND now how can you pick out a good butcher shop? Your meat man has about the same problems to meet as your groceryman. He may keep from ten to twenty cents of every dollar you spend with him, just for the costs of operating his store. But you may be sure, in hunting out a good butcher shop, that the man who keeps the least proportion of your dollar for his running expenses is the man who has the quickest turnover. The man who keeps the largest proportion for operating his shop is the man, in all likelihood, who has the slowest turn-over. And who wants a slow turn-over in meat? There's a double rule for picking a good butcher that can be worked out for the layman and his wife from the figures of these scientists. The man who charges high prices for poor meats—this doesn't mean high prices for fancy cuts—is the butcher who is on the down-grade. His turn-over is slow, and so his meat is poor and not likely to be any too fresh. The slower the turnover, the greater will be the operating expense which he must take out of his customers. For every pound of meat he sells he must use more ice than the man who passes the pounds along quickly to his customers. Every operation in his store, from the revolution of fly-fan to the delivery of a brown paper parcel, costs him more, per pound of meat, than the butcher with the quick turn-over has to pay.

Figures show, however, that retail butchers, in the main, are pretty businesslike folks, even if they don't always apply scientific mathematics to their business. Big packing-houses help their retail customers to work out scientific methods of storekeeping and service. Also, the butcher is usually a trained man. Almost any man can take a try at a grocery store. A butcher doesn't go into business without considerable experience. As a matter of fact, your search for a good grocery store is likely to be much more difficult than your search for a good butcher shop. A poor butcher shop gives itself away pretty quickly, even to the layman's or the laywoman's eye—to say nothing of the palate.

Again, as with the grocery store, it isn't always the large butcher shop that is the best. Coming back to our cigar dealer, with the three boxes that earned him 290 per cent. gross profit per year, the rule for a good butcher shop, as for any other shop, is this:

"The lower the amount of stock carried in proportion to the quantity of goods sold, the higher is the rate of turn-over, and, usually, the lower are the expenses."

How busy is your butcher, whether his shop is large or small? That's the answer.

While the business scientists are working out rules for good retailing, we folks who buy in stores can help the whole business world, from the mine, factory and bank, clear along to our butcher, our baker, our candle-stick maker, by being business folks whenever we put our feet across the threshold of a store.

Not long ago a group of pretty wise men in Washington voted, in a government report, that "a retailer is a public functionary." I'll say, after seeing these closed stores in Russia, that he IS. I'd rather have the city hall in my town closed than the stores.

The duty of this "public functionary" is to collect, for the community, the supplies it will need in the immediate future and have them ready for immediate delivery, whenever members of the community need them.

That's a pretty big job, come to think of it. It makes your groceryman and your butcher, your tailor, your haberdasher, all the merchants of your town look like the important people they really are.

Just as we want good mayors—when we can get 'em—and good policemen and good firemen and other good public functionaries, so we want good retailers.

The way to get good retailers in your town and to keep them is:

(1) To know a good retail store, when you see it.

(2) To patronize the good retailers and let the poor ones alone.

It's the poor storekeeper, the man who doesn't know how to run his business, who puts up retail prices. And, when he fails at last, the cost of his failure is bound to be paid by the ultimate consumer; by you and me.

If we can keep the poor storekeeper out of our community we'll benefit ourselves immeasurably. Sooner or later, of course, he'll fail in business, but that's an expensive operation for the other retailers in the community and for ourselves as well. There's just about so much money, remember, to be spent in your community for meat and groceries and shoes and clothes and the luxuries as well as the necessities of life.

The thing to do, in order to protect this community fund from exploitation by poor storekeeping, is to keep the inefficient storekeeper out of the community, if possible.

Some day, with all their probing and investigating, these business scientists will be able to set out clear and infallible rules for business success in retailing; they've gotten pretty well along that road already.

But here's a thing you and I ought to tell them some day:

"WE want our community protected from every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes along and has his own little election day and votes himself a 'public functionary' and then opens up any kind of a store he thinks he can run and tries to make the community support him. He opens up a battle royal of competition among our good storekeepers; he puts the brakes on turn-over somewhere; he adds one more store to the community list, and if he doesn't know how to run his business, he fails—and we have to stand the loss.

"Can you figure out some way, gentlemen, to protect us from him?"

Maybe, some day, even the retailers in our town will be able to protect us from the dub retailer who doesn't know how to retail. They can do this best, of course, by running good stores, themselves. But the important thing then will be, Mr. Man, for you and your wife, your daughters and your sons, to be "educated in stores"; to be able to tell a good store when you see one, and to be determined to go to the good store and overlook the bad one, just as you support a good public functionary and vote against a bad one.

It may appear as if something of what I have said in this article is fairly trite. Of course a good store is a busy store; of course it sells its goods quickly.

And of course a poor store is a store that is idle. It's poor because it has a slow turn-over.

These things are no secrets from retailers who know their business.

But the point of the matter is that the business scientists are working out WHY a store is good or WHY it is poor.

It's pretty important for retail merchants to know these things and scores of thousands of them—there are about one million retailers of all sorts in the United States to-day; one for each twenty-two families—have, within the past five years, begun to study retailing in a scientific way.

But it is just as important that you and I, Mr. and Mrs. Buyer, know a good store when we see one—and know WHY it's good.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 47*)

News from an Elks Lodge Seven Thousand Miles Away

Probably the majority of readers, especially those in the inland cities, have only the most hazy idea as to the location of Manila (P. I.) Lodge, No. 761. Members of this Lodge have received from time to time letters from the homeland addressed in various ways, showing the endeavor of the writers to assist the Postal authorities in making delivery. One, for instance, was addressed thus:

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Under the Spreading Antlers

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"Manila Lodge of Elks,
Manila, Philippine Islands,
Southwest of the United States,
Pacific Ocean,
Near China"

This, indeed, does give one a clear, mental picture of the location of Manila Lodge. It is about 7,000 miles from San Francisco, in a southwesterly direction. Composing the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands, are some 3,000 islands, having a combined area of about 115,026 square miles. Manila is located on the largest island, Luzon, which has an area of about 41,000 square miles.

The American Flag was raised over the Philippines in 1898, following Dewey's memorable defeat of the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay. Following the Flag closely came the Elks. The organization meeting of Manila Lodge was held on September 21, 1901, and its Charter was received on June 14, 1902, so that, on June 14 of this year Manila Lodge came of age.

Manila Lodge has had an interesting career. Its infancy was beset with many hardships. Unlike Lodges in the States, it has not the whole community to draw from for its membership. Most Americans who come to the Philippines do not expect to remain there for the rest of their lives, and few stay any length of time. One result of this is that members of Manila Lodge are scattered the world over, and, as is to be expected, many memberships are allowed to lapse after prolonged absence. At present the roll lists about six hundred, most of whom are in good standing.

Manila Lodge has its own Home and Clubhouse—a large reinforced concrete structure located on Cavite Boulevard on the Bay front. The structure consists of four stories. The ground floor is given over to Club purposes, there being a large dining-room and a fine wide porch for the ladies. This is used also as a dining-porch. There is, in addition, a large library and reading-room, Club office and various social rooms.

The first unit of this structure was completed in 1910, and the last in 1921. Part of the second floor is used as a Lodge-room. The rest of this floor and the entire third and fourth floors are divided into 45 bedrooms. The cost totaled $287,500.

Conditions in the Philippines, so far as the community is concerned, are so entirely different from those existing in the United States that Manila Lodge has not been able to go in for Social and Community Welfare Work on the same scale as other Lodges; though the membership has accomplished much good on the Island.

Semi-public services are held on Flag Day and Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July is made memorable by the Elks' Celebration, usually culminating at midnight with the National Salute, fired by field pieces loaned by the Army. The Elks' Christmas Tree is one of the big events in the American community on the Island.

Manila Lodge is always at the front in all matters of American interest, and has the reputation of "doing things."

Though most people who come to the Philippines expect to stay only a few years, there are many exceptions. Some who came with the Flag in 1898 have stayed on. All of the present officers of Manila Lodge are classed as "old timers," and they are very active in the work of the Order.

To every Elk who plans a visit to this most distant island possession of ours, Manila Lodge extends a hearty welcome and offers the hospitality of its beautiful Club-house.

Olympia Lodge Studies Ways and Means of Beautifying Its City

Olympia (Wash.) Lodge, No. 186, is cooperating with the local Chamber of Commerce and several civic organizations in working out plans for beautifying the city. The Committee assigned to the study of the problem has agreed on four main objectives. These are zoning, parking strips, parks and playgrounds, street and sidewalk regulations, the latter referring to street signs, awnings and such other markings as have an effect on the appearance of the business district. The program is one which

concerns not merely immediate improvements, but, rather, one looking towards a definite system in city planning and beautifying.

Ambridge Lodge Buys Ground— To Improve Present Club-house

Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge, No. 983, has recently purchased a large plot of ground adjoining its present Club-house, and many new improvements, including a public swimming pool, are contemplated.

Ashland Lodge Maintains "Elks' Room" in Community Hospital

Ashland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 944, maintains a room at the Ashland Community Hospital for its members which is known as the "Elks' Room." Any member, who is so unfortunate as to be taken seriously ill, can have the advantage that this special arrangement offers. The "Elks' Room" has been recently thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and the wives of the members have agreed to keep the flower boxes in the windows, thus making it a little more pleasant for those who occupy the room.

St. Maries (Idaho) Lodge Celebrates Second Anniversary

The celebration of its second anniversary by St. Maries (Idaho) Lodge, No. 1418, was a community affair in which the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations took leading parts. Delegations were in attendance from Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, Sandpoint, Tekoa, Avery, Fernwood, Santa and Clarkia. Spokane (Wash.) Lodge, No. 228, chartered a special train and brought nearly 200 members and their ladies and its famous Drum Corps to the celebration. Following a parade through the city, a large class of candidates was initiated by St. Maries Lodge, the Degree Team from Spokane Lodge assisting in the work. The biggest outdoor event of the afternoon was the ball game between the St. Maries and Coeur d'Alene teams. In the evening, a banquet to nearly 500 was served in the Hall of Benewah Post by the auxiliary to the American Legion. The program consisted of musical and vaudeville sketches in which members from various Lodges took part. A special orchestra played during the banquet and furnished the music for the dance which followed.

Model New Home Being Built By Wapakoneta (Ohio) Lodge

The new Home of Wapakoneta (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1170, which is rapidly nearing completion, will occupy a tract of land 100x150 feet, located in the center of the business section of the city. The building has been placed so as to afford the largest possible amount of ground for landscaping. It will be approached from two entrances, one of which is terraced and the other a marquise entrance with a circular driveway. The Spanish Renaissance style of architecture has been followed in the design, and the exterior will be of face brick with Bedford stone trimming. The basement will contain the dining-room, bowling alley, ventilating and heating plants. On the first floor will be located the ladies' and gentlemen's rest rooms, club quarters, billiard rooms, card rooms, lounge room and the kitchen and cafeteria. The Lodge hall and ante-rooms will occupy the whole of the second story, while the front of the third floor will contain the orchestra loft and sleeping-rooms. It is also planned to install a pipe-organ at a cost of from $6,000 to $8,000. The building will be 45x100 feet in dimension, and it will cost approximately $100,000 when completed. It is the idea of Wapakoneta Lodge to make this Home not only the meeting place of members of No. 1170 but the social headquarters of all the Elks in Auglaize and adjoining counties. Wapakoneta Lodge now has a membership of 625, included in which are Elks of Auglaize and Mercer Counties.

Oregon City Lodge Will Dedicate New Home in the Fall

Oregon City (Ore.) Lodge, No. 1189, whose Club-house was destroyed by fire last year, is building a new Home which will be finished early

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Under the Spreading Antlers

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in the fall. The new building, 66x103 feet, will be of reinforced concrete with an interior of crushed marble effect. The rooms will be of light oak and the Lodge-room will be of old ivory enamel finish. All the furniture in the Lodge-room will be of mahogany, the carpets deep red and the draperies of silk English whip-cord. Oregon City is about seventeen miles from Portland, and the Building Committee of No. 1189 is considering the idea of conducting the dedication at or near the time that Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, dedicates its new million and a half dollar Home.

Minneapolis Lodge Aids Drive Of University of Minnesota

Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, took an active part in the drive made by the University of Minnesota for a new stadium and auditorium. The Lodge organized various teams for the purpose of raising funds and was notably successful in this respect. This was the first time in the fifty-four years of the University's history that contributions have been solicited. The auditorium will be a memorial to Cyrus Northrop and the stadium will serve to perpetuate the memory of the thirty-two hundred men of the State who gave up their lives in the World War.

Weehawken (N. J.) Lodge Buys Home. Will Make Extensive Alterations

Weehawken (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1456, although instituted only a short while ago, has recently purchased its own Home. After extensive alterations on the newly acquired building, the Club-house will include swimming pools, meeting-rooms, lounging-rooms, pool and billiard rooms and many other conveniences of a modern Home.

San Francisco Lodge's New Home. No. 3 to Welcome American Legion

Plans for the new million dollar Home of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, No. 3, are rapidly being completed. Securities have all been underwritten by members of the Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott who is Chairman of the Building Committee states that actual construction on the building, which is to be the finest Club-house in San Francisco, will start in the very near future.

San Francisco Lodge is making plans to tender a special welcome to the American Legion, which will hold its Fifth Annual Convention in that city October 15–19. One hundred and fifty thousand American World War veterans are expected to be San Francisco's guests at the time. As many thousands of these visitors will be Elks, members of sister Lodges throughout the country, No. 3 is going to make the most of this opportunity to display its famous hospitality.

Freeland (Pa.) Lodge Dedicates Newly Equipped Playgrounds

The playgrounds in Freeland Park, which were fully equipped with modern play apparatus by Freeland (Pa.) Lodge, No. 1145, were recently dedicated to the children of the city and turned over to the borough authorities by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge. The dedication took place at the annual outing and picnic of the Lodge and a large throng assembled in the Park. The children were present in force and had a great time trying out the slides, swings and merry-go-rounds. The suggestion made by the Lodge that a supervisor be appointed to direct the play of the children so that the fullest benefit of the apparatus could be had, was favorably received by the city authorities.

Million Dollar Hotel and Home For Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge

The architect's plans having been approved for the new million dollar Hotel and Elks Club-house being built by Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 27, the Building Committee is studying the various bids submitted and will award the contract shortly. When finished the new building will be a distinct credit to the city in point of beauty. The structure will go up at Jefferson Avenue and North Front Street. On Jefferson Avenue the building will have a frontage of 148 feet and on North Front Street a frontage of 75 feet. It will be constructed so as to provide store space on the ground floors, facing both streets. The next three floors will be utilized for offices and the next six floors for sleeping rooms. Above these, the Lodge will retain two floors, as well as the basement, for exclusive Lodge and club purposes. This space will be fitted out beautifully and all equipment installed that will be necessary for the attraction and convenience of members. Above all this, an excellently appointed roof garden will be established which will, in reality, give the Lodge the use of four floors, including the basement. The cost will be in the neighborhood of $1,000,000.

Hanford (Calif.) Lodge Soon to Build New Home

Hanford (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1259, is preparing to erect a new Home and Club building. The Lodge owns a corner lot close to the business center and proposes to erect a building covering the entire area, the lower floor to be rented for business purposes and the members to occupy two stories with their lodge-rooms, club-room and sleeping-rooms, and several stories will be added for rental.

Modesto Lodge Will Build $90,000 Club-house

After more than a year's planning, Modesto (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1282, is about to proceed with the construction of a new four-story building at the corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, with luxurious club-rooms and dormitories for its members, to cost approximately $90,000. It is expected the new building will be ready for occupancy by next Fall. The ground floor of the club-house will be divided into stores and leased, and the remaining three floors will be taken up with Lodge-rooms and other conveniences for the members.

Jerome Lodge Fosters Organization Of Boy Scout Troop

A Boy Scout Troop is being organized in Jerome, Ariz. In conformity with the policy of many Lodges in different parts of the country, the Elks of Jerome Lodge, No. 1361, have voted to adopt ten members of the troop and have appropriated a fund for this purpose. Twenty dollars is the minimum amount for which a boy can maintain his membership in the organization for one year. Many members have announced their intention of adopting one of these boys for a year, with the expectation that eventually Jerome Lodge will foster a whole troop, furnishing its own scoutmaster.

Famous Writer of Stories Wishes To Correct Wrong Impression

As a result of Charles E. Lounsbury's interesting article about the circus put on by Denver (Colo.) Lodge, No. 17, which was published in the July issue, Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper, who was the Director-General of the show, has received many letters and telegrams from Lodges throughout the country asking him to come "with his company" and put on a show for them. Though Mr. Cooper has been associated with circuses in many different capacities in the past, he is not now a professional showman. The Denver show was his only circus. He has not put on any since, and that he did only because so many of his friends were members of No. 17. Mr. Cooper, as every reader of the Magazine knows, is one of the most successful and distinguished writers of animal stories in the country. "I'm a writer"—to quote from a letter just received from Mr. Cooper—"not a showman. It doesn't add anything to my reputation to go bounding around the country putting on shows—of course, out here, where I live, everybody knows me and knows that I'm just having one of my fits again. But in places where I'm not

so well known, it rather looks like I'm in that game for a business, that 'arthuring' is on the bum and so I've turned showman. And I don't want that impression to get started, not because I think there is anything to be ashamed of in the show business, because show-folk are my folk, but because I think it a darned sight better to be known as a writer who can earn his living writing than as some promoter, going around the country, whooping up some lodge to get them to put on a show, and taking a salary for doing it."

Brief News of the Order Received from Far and Near

The new Home of Lorain (Ohio) Lodge is almost finished and the members are planning an elaborate celebration to accompany its formal opening.

*

Karatsonyi's Grove, at Glenhead, will be the scene of the Annual Family Outing of Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge on September 15.

*

Fresno (Calif.) Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary recently by a general get-together meeting of all the Lodges in the San Joaquin Valley.

*

In preparation for the annual meeting of the California State Elks Association, which will be held in September, the members of Eureka Lodge planted thousands of pounds of purple and white sweet pea seeds, so that every garden in the city will be gay with natural Elks' colors during the convention.

*

The Circus and Bazaar, conducted by Punxsutawney (Pa.) Lodge, was carried through by the members with notable success.

*

Members of Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Lodge, No. 552, took an active part in all the events on the program of the Old Home Week celebration.

*

New Bern (N. C.) Lodge has made extensive improvements on its Home, remodeling the Lodge and Club rooms and renovating the entire building.

*

Butte (Mont.) Lodge donated a fund to the Salvation Army to aid its drive for finances to take care of local needs during the year.

*

Fitchburg (Mass.) Lodge is making plans for a huge Fall Festival in its new Home the week of September 10-17.

*

Arlington (Mass.) Lodge netted $5,000 as the result of its recent carnival.

*

The Carnival conducted by Norwood (Mass.) Lodge netted the sum of $3,000.

*

Having decided on a building site in the most attractive section of the city, San Juan (P. R.) Lodge is preparing plans for a new Lodge and Club-house

*

Newport (R. I.) Lodge is building an addition to its home which will contain a large Lodge-room and other accommodations.

*

As a token of regard, Rabbi Louis Mann, a member of New Haven (Conn.) Lodge, was given a beautiful watch and gold Elk card-case by members of No. 25 when he left the city for Chicago where he will be pastor of the largest Jewish Synagogue in the country.

*

The initiation of a class of forty candidates, a large parade through the town, a baseball game and a banquet to many prominent visitors, were some of the interesting events crowded into a day of celebration by Quincy (Fla.) Lodge.

*

The outing to the orphans of the District of Columbia, which is a big annual event of the Welfare program of Washington (D. C.) Lodge, was held this year at Glen Echo. Hundreds of children enjoyed the hospitality of the members and their wives.

Money's Working Days

It is the One Unceasing Laborer

By Paul Tomlinson

THE working day that Nature observes is twenty-four hours long, and she follows this schedule seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. So far as we know there is only one thing of man's devising that labors an equal amount of time. That thing is money. If a man has a thousand dollars invested at six per cent., he receives sixty dollars a year, or about seventeen cents a day; there is no deduction for Sundays, holidays and Saturday afternoons. Money invested is always "on the job." Money's working week comprises one hundred and sixty-eight hours; it asks no time off; it never shirks; it does not ask favors; it makes no unreasonable demands of any kind upon its employees, and provided it is given healthful working conditions is profitably busy twenty-four hours of every day in the interests of its owner.

Idle money earns no more than an idle worker, and both are pretty useless. Industry and intelligence mean greater earning power for a worker, and the intelligent investing of money and attention to it afterwards mean larger returns and more money. Dangerous labor means higher pay for the laborer just as a speculative investment must return a larger yield than one that is safe; in both cases there must be extra compensation for the risks involved. And just as there are always plenty of people ready to risk life and limb in some hazardous employment for the sake of the larger pay, so there seem to be thousands of investors willing to gamble with their money on the chance of making a big profit. We doubt, however, if the people who do stunts in soaring airplanes, or who, as "human flies," scale the sides of skyscrapers, live long enough to reap any real benefit from their daring; and we question whether money used for speculation ever brings the owner a satisfactory return, except in rare instances.

At the top of the investment scale are government bonds. Those issued by the United States of America are generally considered the safest investments in the world. It is for this reason that their yield is lower than most securities, for low yield is the price of safety, and working for the government is not usually regarded in the light of a hazardous employment. People and money, both working for the government, do not earn as much as they might in some other way, perhaps, but there are compensations, and many consider that the compensation for comparatively low return is of such a character as to make it well worth while. There is this difference, however; people employed by the government get a month's vacation every year; the money works all the time.

How to employ money is a difficult matter sometimes, but just as certain people are fitted by nature for certain kinds of work, so the sort of work that money should do varies according to the circumstances of its owner. A widow, for instance, or a man with a small income and a dependent family, has no right to incur risks which might be justifiably undertaken by a young man, unmarried and without any family or home responsibilities. Some people think risks always are foolish. We remember an occasion when as the result of a sudden break in security prices, the common shares of five active stocks declined an average of twenty-two points in a fortnight. The preferred issues of these same stocks declined in the same period an average of slightly more than one point. Money invested in common stocks is in a more dangerous employment than that put into the preferred shares of the same companies, and in time of stress this fact is emphasized. The point each investor must solve for himself is whether the chance of greater gain offsets the possibility of larger loss.

In between the most speculative and the safest securities are a long list of investments of every sort and description, and there is at least one suitable for every purse and every circumstance. When attempting to choose the proper investment it seems to us it might help if the transaction were regarded in a more personal light. Suppose you looked upon an investment as a loan. Would you loan your savings to a man whose credit was notoriously bad? Would you loan money to a man to put into his business if you knew he was improvident, a bad manager, and notoriously unbusinesslike? Would you loan money to a perfect stranger, a man you had never seen before, and take his word as sufficient guarantee that you would be repaid? The chances are you would do none of these things. And if you would investigate the character and intelligence of a personal borrower, why do any less when you come to investing your money in stocks and bonds? Common prudence demands that you investigate the company in which you intend to become a shareholder, or a bond-owner. Be sure that it offers good working conditions for your money, and that the money will have an opportunity to work the full twenty-four-hour day for you, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

ONE thing a man should do with his money that he is not usually able to do with his services is to put it into different things, diversify his investments, and scatter the risk. Every sound investment scheme recognizes this principle, and it should be followed by every investor. It is just as risky to put all of one's financial eggs into one basket as in the case of the barnyard kind. A man can work at only one job at a time, but ten thousand dollars can work at ten different jobs at the same time, a thousand dollars in each, and if one should prove a failure there are still nine left. It is not necessary to put all of one's money into the same kind of security either, that is, all railroad, or all the same kind of industrial, or all public utility. There are so many good investments to be had and the range is so wide that there is no reason why every one can not obtain a satisfactory diversification. Labor can't do this, and by labor we mean all workers, but what it can do is to save money and thus protect itself against the results of possible loss of work.

In Germany, nowadays, it is said that no one saves anything; the mark has gone down in value so rapidly, and so consistently, that the people figure there is no point in saving money which next week may have only half its present purchasing value. No such reason for spending money exists in this country, however, and yet as a people we are not particularly given to saving. Perhaps it comes easier here than in most other countries, and "easy come, easy go." The French are notoriously thrifty and a surprisingly large percentage of outstanding French government bonds are owned by the small shopkeepers, farmers, and laboring people throughout the nation; many of these bonds have been issued in 100 franc denominations, about five dollars with the franc at par. How many Americans would wait in line all night to put in a subscription for a $20 bond? French people are said to do this frequently. They are eager to save and they know that every little bit helps. Small amounts, on the other hand, seem scarcely worth while to us, and as a Frenchman on a visit to this country once observed, "The people of the United States do not appear to consider that a dollar is money." Yet a dollar will work just as many hours a day as a hundred dollars, and in proportion it earns exactly as much.

Unemployment is frequently a factor in our industrial life, but it should not enter into the

question so far as money is concerned. There is always work for money to do, and Europe's problem to-day is to find money enough to meet the demands of work which cannot be undertaken without it. Money up to a certain point is essential to all of us; beyond that point it is quite true that money does not add to one's happiness. But how about the essential amount? Isn't it the part of wisdom to do all we can to put aside that amount so that when something happens so we can work no longer we shall have money working for us? Saving seems slow business at first, but once well under way the money rolls up in surprising fashion. We heard a man say not long ago that making money is the easiest thing in the world; "that is," he said, "if you've got some already." There is much truth in this statement, for undoubtedly opportunities come to the man with money that the man with nothing will never hear of, or, even if he does, will be unable to seize. "Money makes money," is one of the truest sayings in the world, and why not? Anything that will work hard twenty-four hours a day is certain of results.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. of Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "Getting Acquainted with Your Investment Banker," which will be sent free on request.

The Columbia Mortgage Co. have just issued a new booklet describing the advantages of Columbia First Mortgage Bonds. Send for "The Verdict of 30 Banks," and "I Started with a $100 Bond."

John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City, are issuing a booklet describing their Odd Lots. Ask for Booklet E-206.

Geo. M. Forman & Co., 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., have just issued a booklet on "How to Select Safe Bonds." Same will be sent on request without obligation.

Spencer Trask & Co., 25 Broad Street, New York City, will be glad to send on request their Circular 943, dealing with a number of new issues.

Convention Week at Atlanta

(*Continued from page 42*)

wooden shelter had been dug a dozen or more pits, each some thirty feet long, three feet wide and about a foot deep. Across the top of these parallel pits, split and spitted on iron rods, lay more than four hundred whole carcasses of pigs and lambs. Under them glowed live embers of hickory and oak, constantly replenished from log fires burning nearby. A force of dusky cooks, who would be engaged in tending the viands for twenty-four hours, weaved in and out among the pits, turning the gently sizzling carcasses and daubing them with an aromatic seasoning carried in pails and applied with a wad of cotton cloth tied to the end of a stick. The atmosphere was fragrant with roasting meat mingled with the scent of wood smoke and the air resounded with the shouts of negroes calling for "more fire" and singing old-time chanteys as they worked. Across the road from the pits were two rows of big black caldrons, bubbling with four thousand pounds of chickens, boiling for the famous Brunswick stew. These, too, were being watched by assiduous darkies, stirring and stoking and adding water as needed. Brunswick stew is a rich brown glutinous dish which contains other ingredients besides the boned chicken, but what these other ingredients are was not revealed. At each place on the tables was a portion of it, together with the barbecued lamb and pork, pickles, Southern biscuits, and a pleasant-tasting cool beverage which strangely resembled beer. There was more than enough of everything for every one, and the occasion was voted a tremendous success.

After the fireworks display following the barbecue, a display which included special set pieces depicting portraits of the retiring and incoming Grand Exalted Rulers, the visitors returned to Atlanta to attend the Grand Cotton

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Convention Week at Atlanta

(*Continued from page 71*)

Ball, at the Auditorium, and to mingle again in the street carnival that equaled in enthusiasm the demonstration of the preceding nights. The same evening a dinner was given to the Past Grand Exalted Rulers by Albert Howell, Jr.—Chairman of the General Reception Committee of which Ed F. Bond was co-chairman. This took place at the Capital City Club, one of the most attractive places in Atlanta.

Thursday, the last day of the Convention, was marked by the annual Grand Lodge Reunion Parade, and the city declared a more or less general holiday so that everybody might see it. Thousands of people were massed along the line of march, which began out on Peachtree Street, about three miles from the reviewing stand in the center of the downtown section. According to available figures, upward of 8,000 persons took part in the parade. It was the biggest event of its kind ever held in Atlanta and, considering the difficulty always involved in marshalling large numbers of people on a set schedule, it must be recorded to the credit of every one connected with its organization that it moved on time and as planned. We lack space enough to mention them all, but we certainly can not speak too highly of the work of the two men in command of the feature: Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, and Hon. Walter P. Andrews of Atlanta, Chairman of the Parade Committee. Nor can we fail to mention, once more, the enterprise and spirit of Philadelphia Lodge, which had 600 members in the parade.

The line was led by the Grand Lodge Officers who arrived at the reviewing stand in beautifully decorated automobiles in the wake of an escort of Atlanta mounted and unmounted police, and a detachment of members of Atlanta Lodge, carrying an enormous American flag. After the cars full of officers, came a great stream of Atlanta Elks, carrying purple and white umbrellas and many more huge flags borne stretcher-wise by the edges. Then the band and the patrol, and more members of the local Lodge—hundreds and hundreds of them. And floats, a basket of live Georgia "peaches," a watermelon with pickaninnies' heads for seeds, and King Cotton enthroned on a perambulating field. After Atlanta came Philadelphia, with floats of its own, and its mounted and foot patrols, its motor patrol, its band and its string orchestra, and a long line of fantastic and elaborately costumed mummers who entertained the crowds vastly. Then came more bands and more delegations, from New York and Brooklyn, Detroit and Birmingham, Rochester and Jackson, Buffalo and San Antonio, men from every State in the Union and virtually every Lodge in the Order, with floats and drum corps and drill teams sandwiched among them. A colorful, inspiring pageant.

At its conclusion prizes were awarded as follows: to Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, a silver cup for having the largest visiting delegation in line, a silk flag for the most unique exhibition and a silk altar flag for the best float; to Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, a silk flag for the Lodge making the best appearance in the parade; to White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 535, a silver cup for the most handsomely uniformed delegation; and to Manila (P. I.) Lodge, No. 761, a silk altar flag for the Lodge sending a representative the longest distance.

The entertainment program of Convention Week ended officially Thursday night with a concert at the Auditorium by Santa Monica Lodge band, followed by the Grand Watermelon Ball, given under the auspices of the Georgia State Elks Association; but those who were in no hurry to return home found plenty of things to see and places to go for which there had been no time during the days of the actual meeting.

To you who have never attended a Grand Lodge Convention, we suggest the laying of plans now for a visit to Boston next July. It will be a source of untold pleasure as well as a valuable experience. It will introduce you to new friends. And you will gain from it, as you can in no other way, a realization of the far-reaching influence and power for beneficence of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

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Boncilla Beautifier, No. 5 jar	1.50
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