

The Elks

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Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1923



In this Issue—

Stories and Special Articles by Bruce Barton, George Creel, Octavus Roy Cohen, Lawrence Perry, Arthur Somers Roche and Francis Brett Young

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Are You the Ten-pin —or the Ball?



WHEN a championship contest is impending, the athlete who trains spasmodically, or who refuses to train at all, is regarded by his team-mates with contempt. His self-indulgence is never a subject for joking—it is nothing short of treachery.

The business world views the matter somewhat differently.

If a man neglects to train for a bigger job, why worry? There are plenty of able and ambitious men who will.

Every year, for example, more than 60,000 men enrolled with LaSalle Extension University are throwing themselves heart and soul into the all-engrossing contest for the better positions in business—are earnestly declaring their purpose to win or know the reason why.

In the contest for success they know that they must be either the ten-pin or the ball—and they prefer to be the ball.

* * *

The career of C. C. Mollenhauer well illustrates the opportunities that unfold to the man equipped to take advantage of them.

Obligated to leave school at the age of twelve, Mollenhauer started life as a clothes-brusher in a factory, at \$2.50 a week. Today, at thirty-five, he is partner in a large real-estate firm, a director in the great First National Bank of Brooklyn, and a trustee of the Dime Savings Bank in Williamsburg, New York.

"The big event of my life," says Mollenhauer, "was the day I enrolled with the LaSalle Extension University. The Problem Method, developed by LaSalle, is surely the quickest way to the top I know of. It has meant thousands of dollars to me, to say

nothing of the innumerable other benefits I have derived from it. The only regret I have ever had is that I did not enroll sooner."

When a man held down to so unpromising a start is able—by the aid of home-study training—to out-class his competition so decisively, how certain should be the future of the man who starts to train without unusual handicap.

Thousands of LaSalle-trained men unconsciously direct attention to this thought; their letters are replete with evidence, of which such statements as the following are typical:

"At the last stockholders' meeting I was made general auditor, at a salary-increase of 200 per cent since my enrollment. Without LaSalle I should not have been considered for this responsible position."—F. H. Ranney.

"Since enrolling I have increased my income from \$90 to over \$400 a month, and the end is not in sight."—M. C. Kochman.

"LaSalle training has meant a tremendous thing to me in mental development and financial profit."—W. A. Twelkemuir.

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of 71."—M. A. Caruso.

"LaSalle training has taken me from the \$65-a-month class to a present earning power of over \$7,000 per annum."—R. A. Warner.

* * *

To overcome the obstacles that every man must face who hopes to attain executive responsibility requires earnestness of purpose; and beyond a doubt the unusual success of LaSalle-trained men is due, in considerable measure, to the inherent pluck and determination which gave them the urge to make the start.

The rapidity of their advancement, however, brings forth a different explanation—to be found, as many assert, in the LaSalle Problem Method.

Under this plan, distinctive with LaSalle Extension University, a member masters business principles by solving actual business problems—under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The business power that

results from such practical and thoro preparation is a constant menace to the man who will not train.

During three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite promotion—over the heads of untrained men. Incidentally, the total salary-increases of these men amounted to \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

In the face of such plain handwriting on the wall, how pathetic is the man who fails to see the necessity for specialized business training—or who casts aside his present opportunity, to await a day that never comes.

On the other hand, how great the rewards that accrue to the man who recognizes his need—and acts decisively to meet it.

* * *

During coming months what will you be doing with your spare evening hours? Will you be preparing to hold your own against these thousands of men who are plussing their natural ability and stamina with training—or will you go down like a ten-pin, beaten by some man, not so good as you, perhaps, who has equipped himself to play the game successfully?

A booklet which has proved of unusual worth to many thousands is available to you; it will give you full particulars of a definite plan for self-improvement—will show you compelling evidence of what other men in circumstances similar to yours have done to increase their salaries and to step ahead to responsible executive positions. With this booklet LaSalle will send you without obligation your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a human-interest recital of how an average man won his way to success.

The arena is built—the great game for success in business is in progress—and whether you will or no you must step to the mark and do your best.

Just such a coupon as appears below this text has given many a man his start toward real achievement. Check, sign and mail that coupon NOW—and write it on your heart that you are in the fight to win.

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- LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.
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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Six



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Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

Nor is it addressed to presidents and business heads—tho 27,000 are on the rolls of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and tho the Institute welcomes inquiries from such men.

Nor is this particular page addressed to vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers, tho 31,000 such officials are enrolled in the Institute.

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-

one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"; without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently, on an important financial question, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which the Institute had taught—and by

proving his point succeeded in saving the company \$60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could *double their incomes* in one year if they *believed* in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to *back up their belief*.

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

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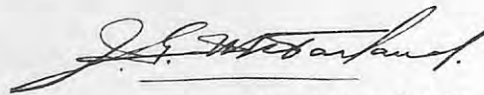
Business Position.....

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Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

THE wholly American Day of Thanksgiving finds response in the benevolent acts and the grateful prayers of the members of our American Order. May the quiet, effective work of Charity this year accord with our spirit of Justice, Fidelity and Brotherly Love toward all mankind!



Grand Exalted Ruler

Watertown, South Dakota
November 1, 1923

The Mother

By Berton Braley

IT'S hard to see my children go
Out in the world away from me,
Yet life has ever ruled it so
And life is wise. Youth should be free
To seek its goals with joyous zest ;
My love would be a selfish thing
To hold my fledglings in the nest
When they are ready to take wing.

✻

LOVE called me, and with willing feet
I followed where its summons led,
I've known the bitter and the sweet
And as the busy years have sped
I've made a home—as those I left
Had made a home for me. Shall I
Complain because I am bereft?
Ah, no, my heart shall still beat high!

✻

IF I have woven strong and true
The warp and woof of mother-love,
My children, as they battle through
Life's struggle, shall be conscious of
The Truth and faith they learned at home
And I shall know they won't forget.
Bravely I send them forth to roam,
Nor let them see my eyes are wet!

Another Story of Malbron, Greatest Criminal of His Time, and the Part He Played Behind the Scenes of a Roof-Garden Show

The Red Balloons

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Donald Teague



IT WAS the usual sort of a summer show. The handsome tenor, and the fat comedian, and the imitator of Al Jolson, and the ingénue with the tremolo were there. Also there were girls. Girls seemed to have been poured from the wings, and the back drops, upon the stage. A veritable river of girls cascading into a tumultuous pool.

And when a column of lightly attired beauties danced out upon a runway the illusion of the pool was further carried out. It was as though the pool had overflowed and the unconfined waters had found a channel of escape. Then, as the girls stepped from the runway into the audience, one thought of an arid plain in which the stream, scattering, disappeared.

Holland smiled cynically. Theatrical managers must know their public. There must be a demand for this sort of thing. As for himself, though he loved pretty girls as well as any one else, he loved illusions more. Behind the footlights these girls were charming. But nearness too often disclosed the artificiality of their charms. He had no prudish objections to rouge; but the rouge of the Avenue and the paint of the stage are different matters. One is, so to speak, a delicate chirography; the other is a billboard. The fine handwriting is for short-range reading; the billboard is for distant translation. One comes too close to the billboard and can not—to paraphrase—see the words for the letters.

Behind the heavy rouge intended to carry across the footlights might be smooth skin, but Holland couldn't see it. The heavy beaded lashes lent a doll-like dullness to eyes that might have been pensive and roguish. The whole thing bored Holland. Still, one comes to a summer show expecting to be bored, hoping merely to escape the greater boredom of the heat.

He wished that a sense of duty had not been implanted in him by a line of Yankee ancestors. Northeast Harbor was so much more delightful than New York in mid-summer. Suppose, incredibly, that the night were hot in Maine. Instead of ascending to the roof of a building for a breath of air, one might mount one of the hills of the island, or stand upon a bluff and face a breeze that came three thousand miles. One might even go canoeing or swimming in the moonlight. Here, in suffocating Manhattan, one went to a roof show and sweltered underneath electric lights.

But Malbron, the erstwhile Dr. Conkling, was at large. The most dangerous criminal of a generation had escaped the net cunningly laid for his capture. His associates, those men of science who had followed the psychiatrist from the practise of their professions into the byways of crime, had been apprehended. But Malbron himself had wriggled through the meshes of the net. Somewhere in the city that evil genius lurked. And because of Mal-

bron young Holland had foregone Northeast Harbor.

In rounding up the so-called Malbron Gang, Holland, son of the founder of the detective agency of that name, had accomplished a most spectacular piece of work. But it was an incomplete piece of work. Unfinished chores have always irked the New England conscience.

But to-night, as he watched the "Nonsensicalities," he was beginning to believe that no good purpose had been served by his staying here. True, Malbron was at large, and a score of his victims had retained the Holland Agency to effect his capture. But the man was hidden as securely as a stone that is dropped into the center of a lake. The splash and the ripples had faded. Moreover, one could not tell where was the center of the lake. And, after all, Malbron was not a stone, but a human being. He might have been expected to come up to breathe. But if he had done so, Holland didn't know it.

The staff of the Holland Agency was searching the city. If some trace of the elusive criminal were discovered a telegram



would bring the young man back to New York in twenty-four hours. Why, then, stay here?

EVEN a New England conscience must give way before the logic of common sense. Holland decided to take the morning train to Boston, and the boat from there to Maine. And now that the indecision of the past few days had been banished from his mind, he sat more erectly in the aisle chair. The heat seemed suddenly less unendurable, because he would be away from it in another day.

More alertly he looked at the comedienne who stood in the middle of the runway. Her voice was raucous, and her beauty negligible. He turned away from her and watched the blonde or brunette heads of the chorus girls as they bobbed up and down the aisles.

The comedienne sang a song with a refrain that had to do with the merits of spooning while ballooning underneath a silver moon. The reason for the lyric lay in the fact that it provided an excuse for chorus girls to mingle with the audience and hit the

patrons over their heads with varicolored balloons. Also, audaciously brilliant minds could prove their possession of humor by touching the lighted end of a cigaret to the thin rubber. The balloon would pop. It was then the duty of the chorus girl to emit a timid shriek. And the humorist would have something to talk about tomorrow when he lunched with the buyer from Keokuk.

Or there might be a variation of the jest. Holland noticed that the girls tossed the balloons into the air. One could leap higher than one's neighbor and capture the drifting plaything, to wave it triumphantly through the rest of the performance. Then, as one of the girls came up the aisle toward him, he noticed that she seemed to play favorites.

She held a bunch of the slender balloon sticks in her hand, and she did not seem to part with them as readily as some of the others of the chorus. Five rows down the sloping aisle a middle-aged man reached for one of the balloons. She evaded him deftly and placed the stick in the hand of a young

man who had not reached for it. Three times more, before she passed Holland, the incident was duplicated. Eager men tried to seize her toys, but she insisted on giving them to others.

She was young and, despite the mask of make-up, not unattractive as were most of her mates seen at such close range. But, for one so young, her gaiety was surprisingly artificial. This might be because she lacked even the slight dramatic ability needed to feign enjoyment. But Holland didn't think so. Her face was too intelligent. She seemed worried. Of course, while she danced and sang here, her mother might be dying at home. But that solution somehow didn't seem to fit the situation.

Her job at the moment was to distribute balloons. It couldn't matter to whom the balloons were given. And yet it seemed to Holland that it did matter. There was more than playful evasion in the way she repulsed certain men; there was almost anger. And when she parted with a balloon he could see an expression of relief in her eyes. And, oddly, she seemed concerned only about the proper delivery of the red balloons. The blue and yellow seemed not to matter. Interested, he turned his head and watched her as she proceeded up the aisle. He saw two more red balloons given away, and in each case the girl took pains to see that they went to young men. The blue and yellow ones she permitted to be snatched from her hands.

As she came down the aisle, her hands empty, her whole expression had changed. She was gay now; the tenseness had gone from her mouth, and her eyes had lost a certain seeking expression which had characterized them before. She climbed upon the runway, followed the comedienne back to the stage, and the number ended.

Holland smiled at himself. Indeed he did need a vacation. A detective's business consists in finding out the reasons for happenings. He had been so intent, these recent months, in figuring from effect back to cause, that he looked for reason where reason was not. His mind had become so accustomed to high-pressure usage that it would not turn itself off, as the normal mind should do for several hours each day. And, because the struggle with the Malbron Gang had been so circuitous and involved, his mind preferred to travel roundabout ways, instead of moving along simple and obvious paths.

Even in nonsense there is reason, but one must not seek obscure reason. After all, youth gravitates to youth; it bestows its favors upon youth. Even the presentation of a toy balloon is governed by this immutable law. The chorus girl gave her balloons to young men because she quite naturally preferred young men. And if he, Frank Holland, couldn't watch the antics of a chorus girl without seeking to find some deep reason for the antics, he not only needed a vacation, but the need was imperative. If he kept on in this fashion he would look at the waves at Northeast Harbor and read something mysterious in the fact that one wave was a little higher and foamier than another. If in the pines one bird sang more loudly than another he would become alarmed and try to figure out why. Certainly he was leaving New York none too soon.

So he tried to enjoy the rest of the performance. He tried to forget Malbron. And because, despite overwork, he was a normal young man, he managed to do so. Instead of thinking about the criminal to whose apprehension he had devoted himself, he thought of the things that he would do in Maine.

The curtain descended for the final time. He left his seat in advance of the crowd, and descended in an elevator that was not packed. In fact, there were only half a dozen passengers, and these were unattached youths like himself for the most part. Unencumbered by years or girl companions, they had made an early escape from the roof.

HE SMILED as he looked at them. Two of them still carried the sticks to which balloons had been attached. The round inflated toys had been destroyed, but the sticks, more durable, were preserved. And they didn't look like freshmen at college, either. They looked like normal young men of between twenty-five and thirty. Certainly they were old enough to have passed the age of collection of such meaningless souvenirs as these. Almost without knowing that he did so, Holland noticed that the sticks were red.

He found an unengaged taxi when he reached the street and, hat removed in order that he might obtain the full benefit of the breeze created by the machine's movement, he drove to his hotel. The Holland home was closed for the summer and as he ascended in the elevator to his room, his determination to join his parents at their summer home became more firmly fixed in his mind.

Thinking of this caused him to make a common error. A lady and gentleman got off the car as it stopped and Holland went with them. In a moment he discovered

that he was one floor below the proper one, so he returned to the elevator shaft and pressed the bell. Another car stopped and he entered it.

There was only one passenger and he carried a switch-like stick which Holland immediately recognized. This man was not one of those who had left the theater with him, but he was like those others in that he was young. There were other points of resemblance, too, Holland decided. This man and those in the theater elevator had more than youth in common. They had an air of breeding. Also, they had the hard, aggressive line from the ear to the chin that is seen in the faces of successful speculators, of explorers, of great athletes.

Well, perhaps the young lady liked not merely youth but bold youth. Only, it was rather surprising that at least three of these bold youths should have been so impressed by the girl's favor that they carried home with them the token of her passing choice.

Holland alighted at the next floor. The switch-carrying young man also got off, and preceded Holland down the corridor. He entered, without knocking or without using a key, a room farther down the hall than that occupied by Holland.

Shrugging contemptuously at his own interest in the triviality, Holland unlocked his own door and entered the room. Ten minutes later he was in bed.

But the night was hot, with that sultry heaviness which New Yorkers know. He could not, at a moment's notice, dismiss from his mind a problem that had almost exclusively occupied it for months. Only

a complete change of scene, and the new interests engendered by that change, could make him forget Malbron. Heat and worry conspired together and kept him awake.

Of course he blamed the heat. And finally it became unendurable. He rose from bed and, pajama-clad, softly opened his door. He wondered if the hotel management would object to his sleeping with the door open. He didn't care if they did object. The opened door would create a draft, and without air he could not sleep.

THE murmur of voices in the hall aroused his idle curiosity. He looked out. Coming down the hall toward him, away from the room which the recipient of the chorus girl's favor had entered a short while ago, were six young men. Three of them he recognized. They were the men of the two elevators. They carried in their hands red sticks; so did the other three men.

He watched them as they went by. They seemed too old for this sort of thing. By "this sort of thing" Holland meant cheap flirtation. For now he understood why the girl had selected these particular men. They were friends of hers; perhaps there was some silly club to which they all belonged. Still, she could arrange a rendezvous in a fashion less complex than this. He had a better solution. The young men were all acquainted, coincidence had given them all red balloons, and they were gathered together for no purpose whatsoever except to laugh at the coincidence. For they were laughing as they walked down the corridor.

And anyway, if six young men chose to carry with them souvenirs of a summer show, he, Holland, had weightier things to occupy his mind. So he went back to bed. The opened door caused a breeze; it was soothing though sultry; he fell asleep.

The morning was hot, and he ate breakfast in his room. He refused the suggestion of some of the cells in his mind that he order with his coffee a morning paper. He didn't want to look at the news. He had only one interest: that was to secure a seat on the ten o'clock train. So he gulped his breakfast, telephoned for a porter to take care of his bags and trunks, telephoned the Grand Central and learned that there was a chair on the train and that he could have it if he applied for it in twenty minutes, sent a bellboy after it, paid his bill, and taxied to the office of the Holland Agency to leave instructions for the staff.

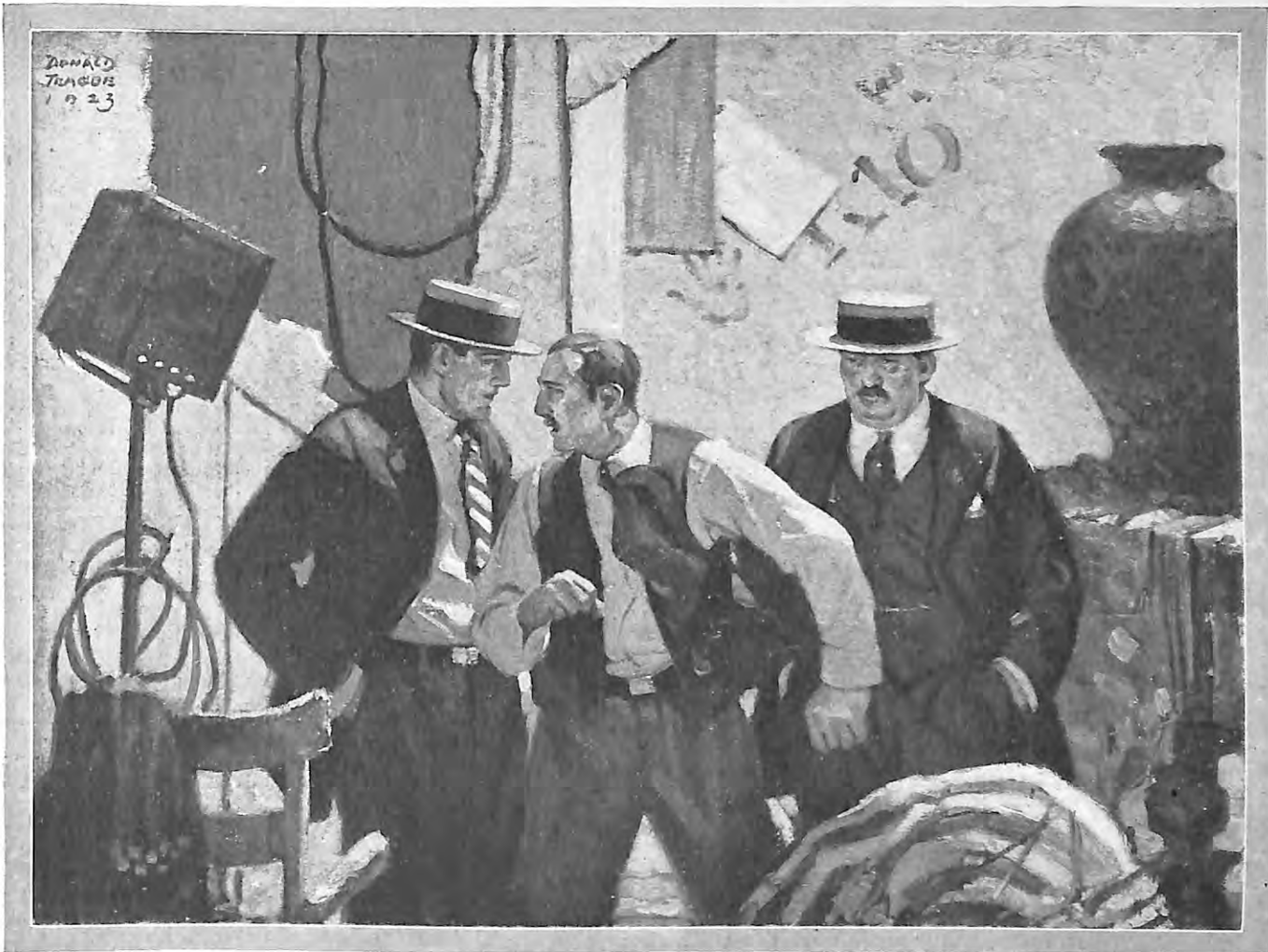
The bellboy was to meet him by the train gate at ten minutes before ten. But at nine fifteen Holland had telephoned the hotel and ordered that a second bellboy be sent to the station to inform the first that the prospective passenger had cancelled his trip.

For at the office Holland learned what the morning papers could have told him: the Josiah Hartwell residence on Washington Square had been robbed during the night. And Josiah Hartwell was not merely an old friend of the senior Holland, but, during the Hartwells' absence during the summer at Bar Harbor, a Holland operative spent every night, along with the caretaker, in the great old-fashioned mansion on the north side of the Square.

Northeast Harbor was out of the question. Holland, instead of driving to the Grand Central, went only as far up Broadway as Bleecker Street. There he turned to the left, and a moment later to the right on Thompson Street. At about the time that the ten o'clock train had passed over the Harlem River, Holland had heard the stories of the caretaker and the operative, and was in



The murmur of voices in the hall aroused his idle curiosity. He rose from bed and looked out



possession of such meager facts as they could give him.

At about ten o'clock the caretaker, whose name was Dazy, had told the operative, Pinelli, that he was going to bed. Pinelli agreed that the idea was not without merit. Together they had gone all over the house and seen that every door and window was fast, and that the alarm which protected the safe in the library in which the famous Hartwell jewels were stored, was in working order. Then the two men had climbed to their quarters in the rear of the fourth floor.

The Hartwell home had a possession rarely found on Manhattan Island: a backyard. It was enclosed by a brick wall where occasionally cats told the world of their psychic yearnings. One such unbossed himself this night. There was no moon, and he could not be seen. But Pinelli decided to go down to the yard, find the cat and drive him away. As has been told, it was one of those nights when sleep was reluctantly wooed. So Pinelli went downstairs and opened the kitchen door. Something hit Pinelli over the head.

Fifteen minutes later Dazy, vaguely alarmed because of Pinelli's absence and silence, started downstairs. He tripped over a cord at the foot of the steps leading to the library. As he fell some one leaped upon him, a sponge was thrust against his face, and he went to sleep.

He awoke at one; ten minutes later policemen were in the house, and shortly after that an ambulance surgeon fixed Pinelli up. These, and the further fact that the safe had been opened and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels taken from it, were all the obtainable facts. The safe had been unlocked by one who knew the combination; or by one who was deft enough to master it. That was all.

"It's a case of answer my questions and get immunity, or join the rest of your criminal friends. So you will know I'm not bluffing, let me tell you a few facts"

And Holland hardly knew where to begin. Neither Pinelli nor Dazy had seen their assailants. There were no finger-prints discernible on the safe. Whoever opened it had undoubtedly worn gloves. There seemed to be no clue. And yet the cardinal tenet of the detective faith of Holland was that there was always a clue if one had eyes to see it. And so he began searching for the thing that must be there.

HE STARTED with the garret and went through every room on every floor, even though it was obvious that the chances were a hundred to one against the burglars having entered a particular chamber. Yet, painstaking though he was, he found nothing.

He reached the backyard, with its red brick walks and wall. The burglars had unquestionably climbed this wall from the alley-way in the rear, for the gate was one of the things whose fastenings had been attended to by the guardians of the house.

The wall was six feet high, but, with the assistance of one of the operatives whom he had brought with him, Holland scaled it. It was topped by flat cement nearly a foot wide and he walked its length endeavoring to find out just where the marauders had mounted it.

Time and the elements had roughened the once smooth masonry, and in places jagged and loose bits of cement rendered his footing precarious. And at one of these places Holland bent over and finally straddled the wall. Some one had torn his jacket here. There were threads of homespun clinging to

the rough edges of the cement, as though a sleeve had been caught and left a reminder of its capture.

Also there was a bit of black thread. Holland held them up in triumph. Pinelli, anxious to redeem himself for last night's misadventure, had followed his chief in his investigation.

"What do you make of this?" asked Holland.

Pinelli's dark Italian eyes gleamed. "If you can match that cloth you got the guy, boss."

Holland smiled. "Probably a thousand homespun suits of exactly this kind of yarn are being worn in New York this very morning. And if you pull yarn from homespun it leaves no trace. At least, so small a bit as this would not make a noticeable hole in the loose weave. What part of the coat do you suppose this came from, Pinelli?"

Pinelli stared at him. "I'll make a guess if a guess'll make you happy, Mr. Holland."

Holland held up the piece of black thread. "Does this tell you anything?" he asked.

"Pockets," said Holland, "on homespun jackets are usually of the patch variety. They're sewed on."

Pinelli whistled. "That's figuring it as close as a clean shave, only it don't mean much of anything, does it?"

Holland pursed his lips. "Not yet," he admitted. "But you never can tell—"

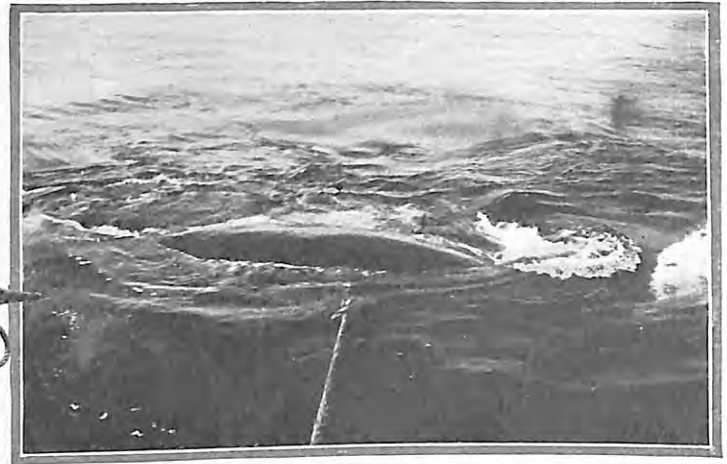
He broke off his speech. The backyard of the Hartwell mansion was used for the drying of clothes. But in addition to this utilitarian purpose, the yard had its esthetic use. The brick walks were bordered with neat green hedges, and ivy ornamented part of the wall. It grew right where Holland sat, and against a green leaf gleamed something red. Holland reached over and picked it up.

(Continued on page 76)



PHOTOS BY BROWN BROS.

In the circle you can see the explosive harpoon en route toward the whale. The picture on the right was snapped just after the whale was hit



Once Aboard a Whaler

By George Creel

THERE is a general belief, cultivated by motion pictures and fictioneers, that whales are peculiar to the Arctic circle, inseparably associated with icebergs, Esquimaux, polar bears, igloos, scurvy and huge men so bewhiskered as to resemble water spaniels. All of which is "old stuff," for now that California has gone into the tourist business seriously and whole-heartedly, whaling is merely a week-end party, a sort of post-graduate work in connection with the trout-fishing course.

At Trinidad, a point of land jutting into the Pacific near the California-Oregon line, there is a whaling station of such proportions and activity that it can be smelled for fifty miles on a calm day, while when the wind is right, distant San Francisco grabs for its handkerchief. Three boats, mostly manned by Norse, Danes and Swedes, ply up and down the coast, and six whales a day is the average catch.

My visit to Trinidad was in no sense the result of "pull," but a reward for patient application and untiring industry. Starting in on the Shasta and Sacramento rivers, where no trout is permitted to attain a growth beyond six inches, I worked up to the Klamath River, and from the Klamath I was promoted to Lake Tahoe. At Tahoe, ten-pounders are the average, and even fifteen-pounders are common enough not to excite undue hysteria. Having proved myself worthy of the larger life, Jack Rosseter gave me a letter to Captain Dettrick, head of the whaling fleet. Somewhat ignorant as to the proper costume, I compromised on hiking boots, riding breeches and a golf cap, determined to get an "atmosphere," if not the exact effect.

After a day's trip which ended with forty miles in the first flivver born west of the Rockies, I felt like an alarm clock that had been taken to pieces by one with no interest in reassembling. Reaching Trinidad along about midnight, Fate dealt its final blow in Captain Dettrick's announcement that the boat went out at four o'clock. He had to repeat it three times before the thing became

credible, for I have never been one of those who regard early rising as a short cut to the Higher Morality.

Starting out before dawn, however, has one compensation. Your dazed, incredulous state blinds you to the size of the boat. The maximum length is ninety-six feet and all are made of crude rubber so as to get the highest possible bounce. Captain Olson proudly informed me that the *Port Saunders* held the altitude record, sometimes going so high that anchors had to be thrown out. Pressed for further information, he finally confessed that the object of our pursuit was humpbacks—a species of whale some fifteen feet shorter than its Arctic cousin, the sperm.

"Nothin' in sperms any more," he rumbled gloomily. "First the bottom dropped out of the market for whalebone, what with wimmin cuttin' out corsets, an' Yankee factories coverin' steel with celluloid. Then durin' the war, when the government couldn't get enough sperm oil for its navy guns an' engines, they invented substitutes that are jes' as good an' a whole lot cheaper. A whalin' trip to the Arctic these days is so much wasted time. Now these here humpbacks haven't got much bone—jes' solid oil that the soap-makers can't get enough of."

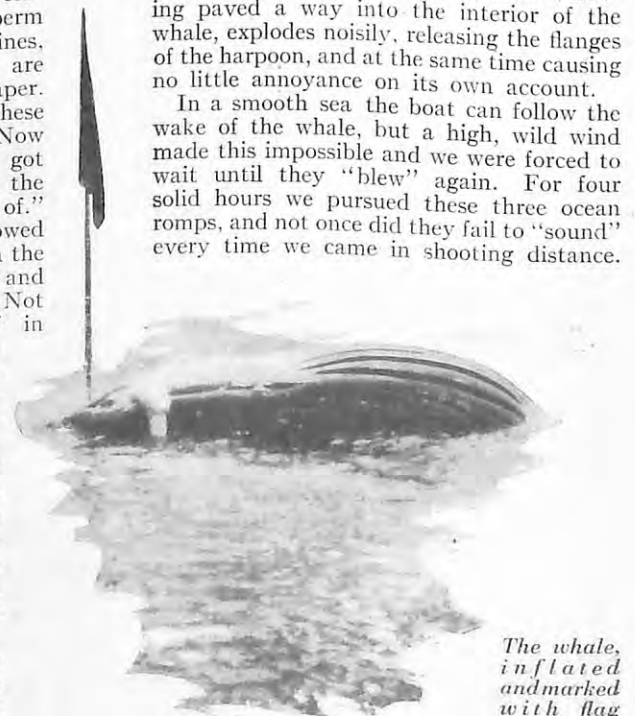
From four until two we wallowed along under a blue sky, alone in the world except for gulls and now and then the leap of a porpoise. Not having had any large belief in whales to begin with, for I still clung to the Arctic theory, each hour made fresh inroads on my faith, and at last I openly accused the Captain of practical joking. "Break down and confess," I pleaded. "Don't be afraid. Under this rough exterior of dirt and whiskers and yesterday's egg, I have a sense of humor that leaps in glad response to the slightest wheeze."

Right in the middle of the argument, the man in the crow's nest let out a yell: "There she

blows." Sure enough, three separate and distinct fountains were playing above the sea less than half a mile away. Spinning like a top, the *Port Saunders* whirled in pursuit, and as we drew nearer the whales took shape and form—huge creatures with about as much trimness of figure as a partially inflated dirigible. Even as Axel, our gunner, maneuvered his cannon for a shot, three bifurcated tails went up in the air, and ten seconds later only smooth oily circles were left to prove that whales had been there.

About one hundred and fifty feet is a good average shot, although Axel insisted that he had made hits at a hundred and eighty. The muzzle-loading gun, mounted on a swivel platform in the bow, not only carries a five-foot harpoon, but has to unwind quite a length of two-inch manila hemp, coiled around steel rollers connected with a steam winch. The harpoon itself is tipped with an arrow-pointed explosive bomb, which, having paved a way into the interior of the whale, explodes noisily, releasing the flanges of the harpoon, and at the same time causing no little annoyance on its own account.

In a smooth sea the boat can follow the wake of the whale, but a high, wild wind made this impossible and we were forced to wait until they "blew" again. For four solid hours we pursued these three ocean romps, and not once did they fail to "sound" every time we came in shooting distance.



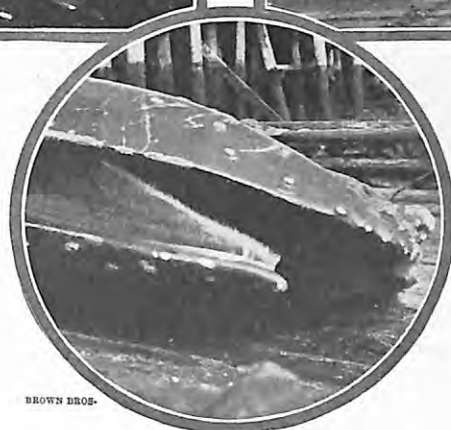
The whale, inflated and marked with flag



The blubber is cut into convenient chunks for the rendering vats which extract the oil



Preparing to strip the whale of its fragrant overcoat—a process called "flinching"



Close-up of the mouth of a humpback whale

As the maximum length of a whale's stay under water is seven minutes, it can be figured out that we experienced more than thirty separate and distinct disappointments.

As far as I was concerned, the case looked hopeless. A doubt grew in my mind as to whether any whale had ever been caught. Approaching Captain Olson again, he patiently explained that the outcome of our adventure rested entirely with the whales. Sometimes, overcome by fatigue, they fell asleep on the surface, and sometimes, through an error in calculation, they came up close enough to the boat for Axel to get his shot. My heart sank low, for I had never seen whales more wide awake, and as for coming up near the boat, not even the most fervent irreconcilable seemed to have any firmer belief in the policy of isolation.

Patience has never been my strong point. Lying flat on my stomach under the gun, it seemed eighteen long and uneventful years since morning. Hunger gnawed at my vitals, and yet I knew that I dared not risk an encounter with the smells of the galley. Even as I cursed the fifteen-pound trout at Lake Tahoe that had fired my soul with mad ambition, the ocean parted right under my nose, and two whales shot to the surface, barely missing the boat in their upward leap. No chiropractor could have done to me what I did to myself, for I drew back with a convulsive start that made each separate vertebra crack like a whip. At that, I had nothing on the whales. Quickly realizing their blunder, they tried to get into reverse, but fifty-six tons can't be whirled about in an instant, and the sea lashed to foam as they fought frantically to get heads down and tails up.

Darting a wild glance at Axel, I saw that his round blue eyes were fairly popping out

of his head in an agony of uncertainty. As he swiveled his gun first one way and then the other, I figured that he had a form of buck fever, but talking it over later, he stated that he was merely trying to decide "which one bane biggest." Convinced that the whales were going to get away, I searched my soul for new noises that might arouse Axel to a sense of his responsibility. For the first time in my life I regretted not having taken up the study of Swedish, for English seemed inadequate. Whether Axel made up his mind, or realized he couldn't make it up, he pulled the trigger just as I was turning to Spanish in my search for suitable expletives.

Both whales seemed to turn turtle on the instant of the shot, but a second later we had plain evidence of a hit, for the sea flamed red with blood and the rope began to play out as though drawn by an express train. Twice, first at two hundred feet away, and then at three hundred, the wounded whale shot into the air, trying to shake off the enemy that tore at his vitals.

Save for the scream of the winch, there was no sound, and yet the death struggle of the great creature had about it something so vast and elemental that the air seemed filled with clamor. Diving down to the very ocean bed—whipping the surface into bloody froth with his convulsive writhings—there was the feeling that any minute might see the boat torn into bits.

The man at the winch played him with as much coolness as

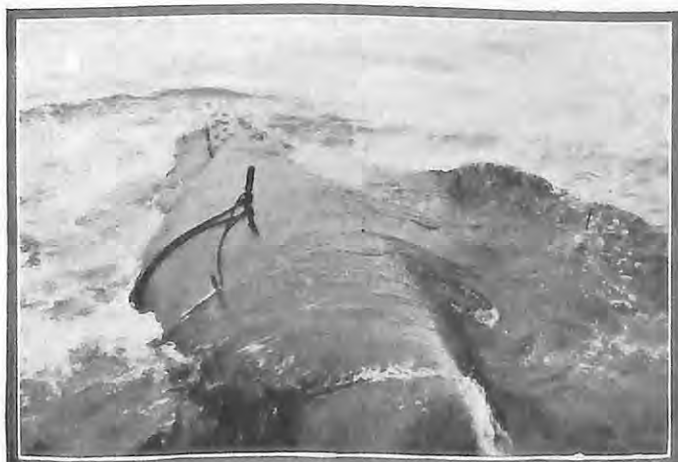
though he had been a brook trout. When the whale went straight away, line was given out, and when he whirled in swift circles, slack was swiftly taken up. At the end of half an hour, when no sign of weakening was evident, Captain Olson gave orders for a second shot. Creeping close, and waiting until the great, shining black belly rose high, Axel drove home another harpoon. Even so, a full hour went by—packed with furious struggling—before they dared to work the winch at full speed, drawing the whale near enough for the mate to drive a handspear through the head.

This done, a giant lasso was rigged up that brought him alongside—way for a rope was cut through the tail, and then the prize was securely lashed. The next step was to "blow him up," otherwise he would sink, and a ninety-six-foot boat is scarcely calculated to resist the appeal of a fifty-six-ton carcass. A lance, carrying an air hose, was plunged in at the right spot, and a pump fell to work. Inch by inch and foot by foot the dead whale swelled to nobler proportions until at last he floated upon the bosom of the ocean like some monstrous bladder.

NOW came a council of war. Would we take our victim and steam back to Trinidad, or would we fight it out along the same line if it took all summer? The discussion developed that the crew was not on a regular salary list, but got paid per whale, each member sharing in proportion to his rating. One whale was not much of a catch, and as we were ninety miles out, return meant an all-night trip and the loss of the larger part of the following day. After much discussion, participated in by all as became a cooperative concern, it was finally decided to camp for the night among the billows, and take up the chase again at dawn.

For once in my life, I was glad to get up at four o'clock in the morning. Had there been any good, solid place to go, I would have arisen at three or even two, for a whaling craft is distinctly not a pleasure boat. I started out with the intention of sleeping on a bench in the cabin, but after rolling off for the tenth time, I gave up the unequal struggle and spent the rest of the night in a corner, collecting antique furniture, rubber boots and other movables.

Dawn showed an unoccupied sea, as far as whales were concerned, and for hours we cruised vaguely, beguiling the time with odds and ends of conversation. The cook cursed the day that he decided to go down to the sea in ships; there was much discussion of the vagaries of the fair sex by younger members of the crew; and a solemn-faced



Here you see the air hose attached. The whale is being inflated

boy sounded a note of deep distrust with respect to the permanence of our free institutions. All a man could get for salmon was ten cents a pound, but down in San Francisco, when you went to buy it, you had to pay sixty. Olaf, a deep-chested Dane, was strong for keeping out the riff-raff of Europe. "America for Americans" was his motto. As he saw it, there "bane too many dam foreigners comin' in."

Axel, the gunner, found it hard to give up the idea that I had been provided by Providence for his amusement. Transfixing me with blue, bovine eyes, he persisted in long detailed accounts of a mermaid that he had brought up in a net only the year before. It had a tail, to be sure, but in everything else it was just such a girl as you might see any day on Market Street in San Francisco. Axel happened to be one of those conscientious liars that refuse to rest satisfied with anything but absolute belief, and as I failed to give my answers the right ring of startled credulity, he went over and over the story until it had the sound of a litany.

"Well," I said finally, "I haven't had much experience with the sea, but I did meet with rather an unusual experience off the Long Island shore last summer. While swimming, I ran head on into a shark. Some men, of course, would have been scared, but having been a constant contributor to the Humane Society all my life, and never failing to read Dr. Charles D. G. Roberts, Ernest Thompson-Seton, and Courtney Ryley Cooper, I knew how quickly animals respond to kind treatment. I spoke soothingly to the shark, and after its first natural suspicion had passed, it purred against my legs and let me pet it. To my surprise, it followed me when I went to shore, whimpering piteously, and it was hours before I could persuade the poor creature to return to its own kind."

AXEL could scarcely contain himself. He'd been around sharks all his life, and out of this intimate knowledge knew that there was nothing anybody could do to gain their affection. Whereupon, judging the time ripe, I made the flat business proposition that if he would lay off the mermaid story, I'd say nothing more about my shark. It was so agreed.

One of the first tasks of the morning had been to rid the boat of the burden of the dead whale in order that our hunting might not be impeded. A lance, carrying a flag, was carelessly jabbed in, and then the carcass was cut loose to float as it pleased. The flag was not only a first aid to location when it came time to collect, but served notice to any other boat that the whale was not a sleeper but one that had passed on. Light and bouncy again, the *Port Saunders* circled like a hound in search of the scent.

Captain Olson talked in snatches of the queer, little known industry that

gave him and some eighty other men a living. Humpbacks had always been running up and down the coast, and long before California was a State, the Mexicans at Monterey whaled in a crude way. In small boats, with hand-forged harpoons, they managed to jab one to death now and then, marking the spot where it sank, and returning after a week to welcome its reappearance on the surface.

Captain Dettrick, a Norse seaman sick of cruising around the world, had long realized the commercial possibilities of the humpbacks—their oil is a prime essential in the manufacture of soap—and some ten years before had interested enough capital to build a station at Monterey, and later on, another at Trinidad. Not a bad life at all, according to Captain Olson. You got nine months of work a year, the money was better than sea wages, and a man could be with his family now and then.

It was a poor day when less than two whales were bagged, and sometimes, when luck was running right, they brought in three. Last summer, for instance, a mighty funny thing happened. All morning they had been chasing three big fellows, and along about noon, Axel got a shot and made a hit. Instead of disappearing, the other two whales stuck around, swimming close to their wounded mate as if trying to give assistance. Reloading, Axel scored a second hit, and still the third whale refused to dive or run away.

Two whales at the same time were considerable of a handful—especially when neither had been hit in a vital spot—but it seemed like flying in the face of Providence not to nail that other one, too. Luck hadn't been very good, and such a chance didn't come often. Everybody was yelling for Axel to make the shot, but nobody seemed to know just how. Only two winches to handle the ropes, and both were full up. All of a sudden, Mr. Graham, the chief engineer, thought out a scheme. Trust a Scotchman when there's the smell of money. One of the ropes was made fast to the boat itself, and then cut loose from the winch. Before you could say Jack Robinson, the harpoon rope was slammed on the vacant winch, and, at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet,

Axel hit the bull's-eye as pretty as you please.

"Talk about the man that had a bear by the tail!" Captain Olson chuckled reminiscently. "There we were tied on to three whales, all of 'em raisin' hob. Inside of five minutes the ropes were so fouled that the winches couldn't work, an' it sure looked as though we were goin' to

be jerked up by the roots. Thank the Lord, they didn't happen to go straight-away, but kept circlin' until the boat was spinnin' like a top. Well, sir, I'd about made up my mind we'd have to cut one loose, maybe two, when the biggest of the three came up right under us.

"Say, it sounded like a depth bomb goin' off, an' the boat almost shot out of the water. I thought sure we'd been stove in, but it turned out to be the whale that got the damage. It laid him out cold, an' before he could come to, one of the boys had a lance two feet deep in the head. That helped, you bet, for by the darndest piece of luck, the whale was the one that was off the winch. At that, it was an hour an' a half before the other two wore out so's we could get at 'em with the lance. Three whales in a lump. Gosh!"

ABOUT one o'clock, when pessimism was again about to claim me for its own, the sea suddenly commenced to fountain like the geyser area in Yellowstone Park. Whales everywhere! The first two we took after turned out harum-scarum, and so we turned and gave chase to a pair that gave an impression of more sedentary habit. Axel's judgment was soon justified, for, after sounding twice, they made their third reappearance within shot.

Handling a harpoon gun calls for iron nerves and a steady eye, for the little boat bounces like a rubber ball and a whale is anything but a stationary target. I could have sworn that Axel didn't take time to aim, but not only was it a hit, but a hit through the lungs. When the whale blew, it was blood that he spouted, and after thirty minutes of thrashing, he was weak enough to be winched in and given the finishing stroke.

Unfortunately, his mate proved utterly devoid of loyalty, for instead of hugging close, as I dared to hope, it left instantly for parts unknown. After inflating our prize, therefore, and duly marking it down with a flag, we were compelled to take up the chase again. All were wild as March hares, however, and it was five o'clock before Axel got a shot. This time no vital spot was reached, and again there was a Homeric battle lasting an hour and a half. The process of inflation brought us close to dusk, and there was mad scurrying to collect the two "floaters" before darkness dropped down. As the last one was lashed alongside, night fell, and it was through inky blackness that we plowed our homeward way.

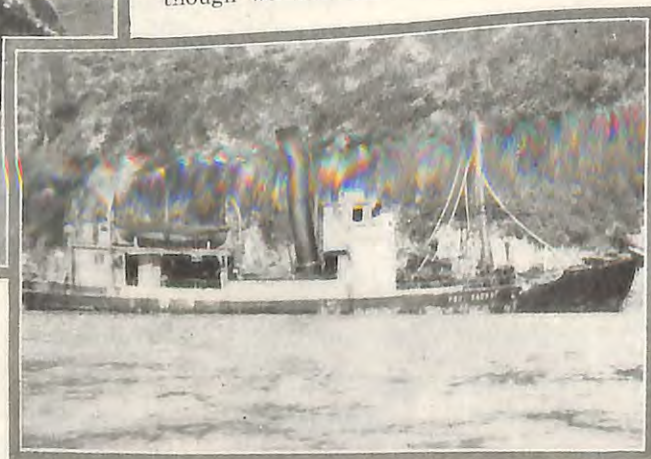
Three fifty-six-ton whales, even though inflated, dragged the little boat down so deep that every wave broke over bow and stern, and by way of adding to discomfort, the necessarily unequal division—two whales on one side and one on the other—gave the

Port Saunders a permanent list of some twenty-five degrees. As if to spare me nothing, a northwester blew up just as I was reaching the point where food appeared possible, and I took up my old position in the corner and spent the night praying for dawn.

At six the next morning, we staggered into Trinidad and attached our three whales to the (Continued on page 78)



The author of this article in whaling clothes and the *Port Saunders*, his favorite whaling boat





His Wild Notes

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

MR. ULTIMATE SCOTT reclined luxuriously in the shade of a solitary oak and contentedly regarded that fertile twenty-acre portion of the Alabama countryside which was his in fee simple.

From a purely artistic standpoint Mr. Scott's little farm was nothing to boast about. It was a fairly level tract possessing nothing of the pastoral beauty of the green forests, undulous hills and dim blue mountains which afforded a background; but Ultimate gave no more thought to that background than he did to the mortgage which was graphically recorded at the county court-house.

Surveying his modest domain from the crest of the little knoll, Ultimate decided unanimously that the world was a very pleasant place in which to reside. A slight smile decorated his lips at sight of the long, even, well-tended rows of cotton. The cotton might have appeared—to the lay eye—a bit scrawny, but Mr. Scott, farmer, knew that it would yield a heavy and profitable crop: it had not gone to bush. And thus far Ultimate had been signally successful in the annual battle against the pernicious boll weevil.

Beyond the cotton patch was a field of sturdy corn, giving additional testimony to Ultimate's prowess with plow and hoe. Too, that gentleman was well pleased with the somewhat ramshackle two-room cabin which stood in the clearing adjacent to a truck patch which furnished the Scott table with fresh vegetables. Ultimate was proud of his little farm, just as he was proud of the

lopsided mule which leaned languidly against the corner of the shack and gazed forlornly upon the purple and gold of approaching evening.

The contentment which warmed the soul of Mr. Scott demanded outlet and so that gentleman's fingers fumbled with the nickled catches of a casket-like box which lay on the ground beside him. Eventually the lid flew back, revealing a panorama of violet plush and glittering silver. And if before his expression had been one of satisfaction, at sight of the saxophone now disclosed the eyes took on a stare of utter idolatry.

With scrupulous care Mr. Scott lifted the saxophone from its case, attached strap and mouthpiece, moistened the reed, adjusted it carefully and sent a tentative toot into the evening air. His fingers roved caressingly over the keys and he gently ran the chromatic scale from low B-flat to high F; did it swiftly and expertly, true to tone and confident of his mastery.

There was no doubting the fact that Ultimate was master of his instrument. One could not question his title to the enviable eminence of leader of the Homeward Bound Burying Society Band. He rose, seated himself on a boulder to give the lengthy weapon due clearance, and proceeded to produce a melody the words of which inform the universe that a certain gentleman named Sam is of such an irresistibly amorous nature as to deserve the title of the Sheik of Alabam'.

The chorus was rendered thrice, after which Ultimate lowered the saxophone and

At sight of the threatening Gargantuan figure Mr. Scott muttered to himself — "Heah comes Trouble to happen to me"

gave vent to an expression of self-satisfaction:

"Hot dam!" he murmured beatifically. "They ain't nobody round these parts c'n toot a saxophone no tootin'er than I."

But after all jazz was not in entire harmony with Mr. Scott's artistic mood and he proceeded to inflict "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" upon the landscape. The mournful sweetness of the melody brought an expression of rapt melancholy to his face and he reduced the tempo until the thing became a dirge. His eyes were fixed—and then, apparently without reason, the look of supreme contentment vanished and in its stead came a stare of horror.

The tune droned off helplessly; the saxophone was lowered from the puckered lips; trembling hands fumbled nervously for the case.

A Gargantuan figure detached itself from a clump of trees near by and moved slowly toward the cowering figure of Ultimate Scott. If Mr. Scott was pleased to see the stranger, he gave no outward evidence of that fact. To himself he muttered, "Heah comes Trouble to happen to me."

Save for his formidable stature there seemed to be nothing of menace about Mr. Adonis Meade. His expression was soft and gentle, but there was a certain determined manner of placing feet upon turf which betokened a decision completely arrived at.

He sauntered slowly to the shadow of the big oak and regarded the little man enviously.

"Boy! You is surely the saxophoniest man!"

"Oh! I ain't so awful good."

"Shuh! Was I as good a player as what you is, I wouldn't care 'bout nothin' else in the world."

ULTIMATE was busying himself with the task of taking the saxophone apart. Adonis Meade gazed with frank admiration upon its surpassing brilliance.

"Ultimate—I sho'ly do crave that saxophone."

"I kind of craves it my ownse'f."

Mr. Meade cleared his throat. "Ise aimin' to buy it fum you."

"Nossuh. This ain't fo' sale." Then, as an afterthought, "'Taint no good, nohow."

"How come it ain't?"

"It's a high pitch instrument. High pitches ain't no good. Cain't play with no other instruments 'ceptin' them which also is high pitches."

"Ain't all them ones in the Homeward Bound Burying Sassiety Band high pitches?"

"Uh-huh." Reluctantly. "Kinder reckon they is."

"Well, tha's how come I made up my mind to buy that one offen you. I ambitions to git in that band."

Ultimate scrambled to his feet. But as he stood upright he found himself confronted by the impressive bulk of the baddest colored man in the county. And the baddest man was talking bad talk.

"You is lucky, Mistuh Scott, that I don't just take that saxophone offen you. You is lucky that I don't bust you right in half an' then step on bofe pieces. You is lucky that Ise gwine give you cash money fo' them saxophone."

"But if'n you wants a saxophone so bad, why'n't you buy one outen a store?"

"Cause," explained Adonis with terrible softness—"the Bummin'ham music stores ain't aimin' to give credick to no cullud gemmun which lives forty miles away in the country. An' if I cain't buy sumthin' on the 'stallment plan I cain't buy it a tall."

"But, Adonis—"

"Don't you go buttin' me, you po' li'l shrimp. Ise a bad man to but. I been bad all my life. I was so bad that when I was a' baby they used to gimme carbohic acid in my milk. Ise so bad that when I dies they ain't gwine lemme git into the regalar hell for fear I'll have a evil 'fluence on them ord'nary sinners. Cullud boy! You don't know how lucky you is to be talkin' to a feller like I an' not be daid while you is doin' same."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Meade. Ise admittin' you is the baddest man what is. But I don't see—"

"WELL, I does, an' what I sees we bofe looks at. Now I ain't aimin' to crook you out of nothin'. Ise gwine buy that saxophone fum you just like you bought it offen that white gemmun which used to live in Ninevah. Ise gwine pay you five dollars cash money down an' five dollars ev'y week until you has got one hund'ed dollars, which is how much you paid fo' it."

"But," wailed Ultimate, "I ain't cravin' to sell."

"Well, then," inquired Mr. Meade genially, "is you cravin' to take a nap in a satin-lined box? 'Cause doesn't you do one, you sho'ly does the yuther. 'Tain't like I was fixin' to do you no dirty trick—Ise gwine give you how much money you paid fo' it."

Misery—intense and acute—gripped Mr. Scott. He knew Adonis, personally and by fearsome reputation, and he had an overpowering hunch that he was about to part company with his saxophone or his life. Even at that, the choice was not easy.

The saxophone afforded an outlet for all that was artistic in Ultimate's peaceful nature. It was nearer and dearer to him than the wife he might have married had he invested his saxophone

capital in an engagement ring. More, he was master of this and he knew that he could never have been the master of any woman.

The saxophone had afforded the diminutive Mr. Scott his single calcium opportunity in life. He had taken to it as naturally as a traveling man to poker. A little early experience with the temperamental clarinet had given him an idea of the fingering and reed control: the rest of his proficiency had been attained by dint of earnest and enthusiastic practise through long evenings in his shack, where music swept away the pall of loneliness and his only hearer was the doubtful mare mule, who wondered sadly what it was all about.

Ultimate was in a quandary. He didn't know much about Adonis, but what he did know was extremely disconcerting. He suspected that Mr. Meade was altering an established rule of conduct by offering payment for the instrument. Cash transactions were not Adonis's specialty. Ultimate looked up at the Herculean figure and quivered with an agony of apprehension.

"But I don't want to sell," he cried.

"I ain't studyin' 'bout what does you want to do. Ise tellin' what you is gwine do."

"How come you don't buy you one in Bummin'ham?"

"They won't gimme no credick and I ain't got the cash."

Ultimate spread his arms wide in a helpless, hopeless gesture. "N'r neither I cain't buy one on credick."

"Huh! You don't need such. You c'n raise the money fo' a new one."

"You says words, Brother Meade, but they don't make no sense."

Adonis's eyes took in the twenty-acre kingdom. "You c'n mo'gage yo' farm."

"I done done it."

"You is makin' good crops—bofe corn an' cotton."

"I got advances on them. Time I gits my cotton an' corn to Nineveh I is on'y gwine be square with the world an' have enough lef' over to buy vittels fo' the winter."

"How 'bout yo' mule?"

"She's got a mo'gage on her also. Ev'y-thing I owns I don't own."

"WELL"—Adonis shrugged—"all I says is that you is in a bad fix, 'cause also what you said 'plies to yo' saxophone."

"Be reasonable."

"Tha's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

"Nossuh—"

"Ise offerin' you how much money you paid fo' that. Heah's five dollars." He produced a greasy bill. "We calls it a deal."

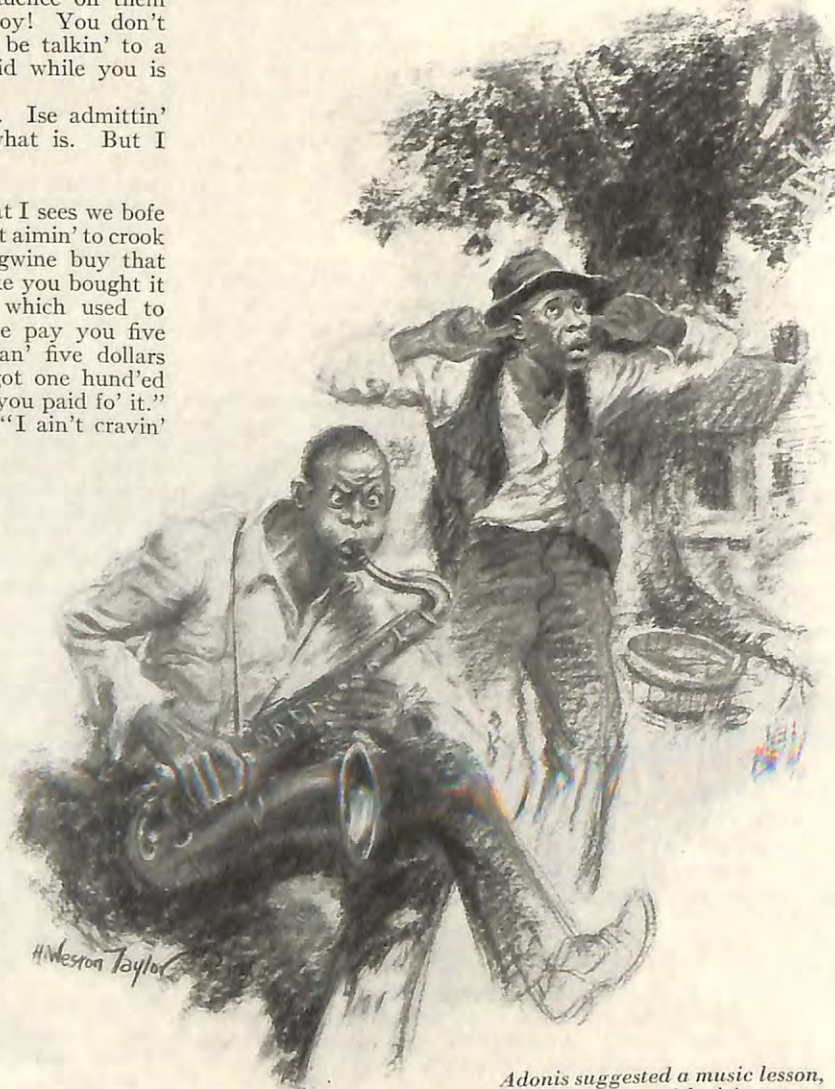
Ultimate was between a dark devil and a hungry sea. A single ray of light punctured the darkness which shadowed him. "Does a cullud man buy a 'strument fum a music store, they keeps it until it's all paid fo'?"

Adonis hesitated. This was a new one on him. It was true, of course, but it did not fit in at all with his plans. What he desired was intimate association with that glorious weapon. Already he could laboriously finger the two simplest scales and he was eager to become adept. But he had decided to play fair and now he nodded slowly.

"I ain't a'min' to do nobody dirt no time, Ultimate. I pays you five dollars a week fo' twenty weeks an' durin' that time you keeps the saxophone. But you gives me permission to come to yo' house ev'y once in a while an' practise a li'l bit."

Mr. Scott agreed. It was the very short end of an exceedingly bad bargain, but he had no desire to participate in a murder with himself cast in the rôle of murderer, and one could not vision Mr. Meade and doubt his intransigent badness.

Ultimate accepted the initial payment with all of the enthusiasm with which an ill gentleman permits himself to be measured for a coffin. That formality attended to, Adonis suggested a music lesson, and for a half hour Ultimate writhed in agony as his beloved horn was man-handled by its to-be purchaser. After dint of muscular effort Adonis did succeed in wreaking from the thing a tune which had to do with the fact that he was continuously blowing



Adonis suggested a music lesson, and Ultimate writhed in agony as his beloved horn was man-handled by its to-be purchaser

bubbles. This accomplishment filled Mr. Meade with terrific enthusiasm.

"Ain't I gittin' along good, Ultimate?"

Mr. Scott was not entirely averse to diplomacy, but there were limits. "No, Mistuh Meade, you ain't. You is doin' rotten. In fact, you plays so terrible that you better lemme give you back this heah five dollars an' call off the deal. No se'f-respectin' saxophone wants to git played thataway."

Mr. Meade's eyes narrowed dangerously, then his lips expanded in a friendly grin. "Reckon that means I'll have to visit you pretty constant fo' music lessons."

Ultimate groaned. "You needn't bother yo'se'f."

"Shuh! Tain't no bother. Takin' saxophone lessons is gwine be about the fondest pleasure I is of."

Adonis departed, brain busy with his first lesson in music reading. "Lemme see," reflected Mr. Meade as he swung down the gravel pike toward the village. "Ultimate says the letters on them fo' spaces spells face. Tha's F in the fust space, A in the second, S in the third and E in the— Aw! Ultimate don't know nothin'. There ain't no note named S."

MR. SCOTT walked to his cottage on leaden feet. He held the saxophone case as a mother cradles an ailing child. He deposited it within and did his chores absent-mindedly. He amazed the mare mule by an overfeeding of oats and the chickens found their corn dumped in a single pile—causing a congestion which came near to starting hostilities which had long been brewing between an ancient buff cochin rooster and a Rhode Island Red of the same gender. In half-hearted fashion, he prepared a meal which was consumed without much appetite. And then, case in hand, he started the long weary trek to the practising of the Homeward Bound Burying Society Band.

A full moon bathed the valley in silver. Gentle zephyrs sighed softly through a patch of long-leaf pine. Along the road were illimitable stretches of healthy cotton and promising corn. Occasionally a pretentious truck farm; cabbages and beets and turnips and radishes and string-beans and peas. A farmhouse set far back from the road loosed a stream of jazz music through an open window. Ordinarily Ultimate would have listened spellbound. He had dreamed of a phonograph—a phonograph equipped with all the saxophone records obtainable, but now he was not only far distant from that possession, but he was about to be divorced from the one thing which made his life bearable. "Reckon they won't be nothin' left 'cept to git ma'ied," he reflected miserably. "An' does I git me a woman there won't be no feller to come take her when I gits tired. I never was lucky."

Of course Ultimate was making great plans. He firmly determined to save the money Adonis would pay and apply it on a new instrument, but even a hundred dollars was insufficient for his needs. In the first place, high-pitch saxophones were a rarity—they had to be ordered direct from the fac-

"Was I you, I'd be careful not to git behime in my dues to the Burying Sassiety"



tory; and in the second place, they cost considerably more than one hundred dollars. Adonis's seeming fairness was, as a matter of fact, the most unfair feature of the transaction. Ultimate had purchased the thing for that price because the man who had sold it desired an instrument of standard pitch. . . . But since all of the instruments in the village band were pitched high, that one and no other would suit Ultimate.

As he entered the dreary main street of Nineveh he met Adonis. That gentleman hulked forbiddingly in the night. "Evenin', Ultimate."

"Evenin', Brother Meade." And then, in a strained effort to be pleasant: "I didn't give you no receipt fo' that five dollars you gimme this afternoon."

Adonis laughed easily. "Huh! I don't need no receipt, Brother Scott. I keeps a record of how much I pays an' when you has the hund'ed I gits the saxophone. An' I kinder suggest, Ultimate, that you sort of looks out to see nothin' happens to that instrument. 'Cause if anything does, no matter what same is, it ain't gwine be nothin' to what is gwine occur at yo' house."

Ultimate quailed. "You talks so uncomfortable."

"Boy! That ain't half of what I thinks. They ain't on'y one man livin' which ever put somethin' over on me, an' he lives in a graveyard. He passed out sudden an' his last words was a complete apology. Tha's all. I craves that you take heed."

ULTIMATE took. Tremblingly he entered the modest mortuary rooms of the Homeward Bound Burying Society. His mood seemed to find response in the Stygian draperies. A young man—clad in overalls and holding a glittering brass cornet in his right hand—sauntered forward solicitously.

"Ultimate Scott!" said he. "Wha's ailin' you?"

Mr. Scott buttonholed his most intimate friend and dragged him to a secluded corner. "Washington," he breathed earnestly, "St. Peter is fixin' to say howdye to me."

"Says which?"

"Hahd luck has done busted me with a

axe an' Mistuh Trouble kicked me after I fell down. I is flirtin' around with Death an' the Angel Gabriel has sent me a message of welcome."

"Ultimate—you sho'ly talks pessimistic."

"An' that ain't nothin' to how I feels. S'posin' Adonis Meade was to commence castin' longin' eyes on somethin' you had an' wouldn't give him: s'pose that was to be?"

Mr. Washington Rust emitted a soft whistle of commiseration. "In that case, Brother, I'd hire me a lawyer."

"A lawyer? What for?"

"To draw my last will an' testimony."

Other members of the band attempted to interrupt the conversation, but Ultimate waved them angrily aside. "Cullud boys! lay off. Us talks important talk." And then into the receptive ear of his chum he poured the chronicle of his recent trials and tribulations. Mr. Rust listened with many *l'chks* of sympathy.

"An' now," finished Ultimate, "what yo' pinion is?"

Mr. Rust gave sound advice. "Was I you, I'd be awful careful not to git behime in my dues to the Burying Sassiety."

"I ain't aimin' to. But I mean befo' the end?"

Washington gave the matter judicial consideration. "I was livin' in Montgom'ry when I bought this cornet an' the way I understand's things is that the saxophone will be your'n until he has made the last payment."

"That's true. But it don't mean nothin'."

"Sho'ly it do. Adonis Meade is a wuthless, shif'less feller which he is always broke, an' after a while he is gwine git plumb tired of payin' out them five do'larses with nothin' comin' in. Then, does he miss a payment, you turn back his money an' keep yo' instrument."

ULTIMATE nodded slowly. "That listens so good, Washington, that they must be a trick in it."

"Ain't no trick. On'y piece of advice I gives you is to be sure nothin' don't happen to yo' saxophone s'long's Adonis keeps on payin' you. Happens such an' you is sudden gwine be ain't."

Their conversation was interrupted by the assembled musicians, who, tired by their day of strenuous farm labor, were eager to proceed with the rehearsal. One of the most prominent members, it appeared, was completely ailing and practice of one new funeral march and two lively jazz numbers was to be the order of the evening. The former was to be reserved for the cemetery as a mark of respect to the dear departed; the latter were calculated to prevent the mourners from becoming depressed.

It was near to eleven o'clock when Ultimate Scott reached his home. He took the saxophone to bed with him and mourned the imminence of their separation. But he had undergone a long and hard day and eventually Morpheus clutched him. He rose at five o'clock, heavy-eyed, and with the misery of the previous night intensified by bad dreams. He fed the stock and himself, harnessed his dilapidated mule to the plow

and devoted himself to a morning of what is professionally known as middle-busting: an earnest plowing between rows of cotton and corn so that the hard ground is broken up and tossed to either side.

Ordinarily this middle-busting was a pleasure to the hard-working Mr. Scott. Within his skinny bosom was the pride of land possession, however doubtful that possession was rendered by the presence of a more-than-ample mortgage. He operated a well-nigh weedless farm and one which yielded with the best. But to-day he felt that his arduous labors were fruitless. What availed it that he would earn enough from his crops to pay off all advances at the general store, feed himself for the winter and retain sufficient credit to insure fresh advances in the spring? The prospect of a long winter without his saxophone was shot with misery.

THE summer dragged unhappily away, and upon each and every Saturday night the hulking figure of Adonis Meade appeared to make payment of five dollars. Each of these cash deposits Ultimate scrupulously placed in his trunk—until, shortly after the tenth payment, he was taken down with an attack of influenza. That necessitated the hiring of a man to attend to the farm and the payment of doctor's fees. Ultimate did his heroic best to stall off the demands of the medical man for money, but that gentleman was extremely hard-boiled and he demanded cash, frequently and in advance. When Ultimate dragged his scrawny figure erect his stock of money was depleted by thirty-five dollars and he kissed the saxophone good-by. For now, even though Adonis should default in payment, Ultimate no longer possessed the cash to return to him. And the thought of claiming title to the instrument—as he would be legally entitled to do—never occurred to his sane mind. He was too miserably acquainted with Mr. Meade's reputation for badness.

Meanwhile Adonis pursued his musical education with a fervor unmarred by lack of success. Ultimate did his patient best, but it became evident after the first two or three weeks that Adonis simply was not possessed of musical genius. His reading of music progressed fairly well, he occasionally understood an accidental and there was one simple piece which he could wreak from the saxophone despite the fact that it was written in three flats.

But, save for elementary exercises, he was not among those present. Not more than once in a dozen attempts did the little finger of his left hand succeed in discovering the G-sharp key when that key was desired, and the three adjacent keys which are operated by the same finger in the creation of sounds alleged to be C-sharp, low B and low B-flat remained an unsolved mystery to the new pupil.

"They sho'ly is some-thin' wrong with this li'l finger of the lef' hand," he admitted one evening after two profane hours of practice. "It just don't go where I puts it."

"Huh! You don't never put it where it's s'posed to go. Seems like to me you nachelly wa'n't meant to play no saxophone. You

ought to toot a cornet, where yo' lef' hand don't do nothin' but hold."

Adonis shook his head grimly. "Saxophones is the mostest instruments I craves. An' in nine mo' weeks I gits me this one."

Ultimate's heart sank. Adonis was absolutely devoid of soul: nothing could discourage him.

It appeared, too, that Mr. Meade was having no easy time raising the weekly five dollars. In order to get the money he even resorted occasionally to hard labor. He worked for three weeks with a section gang, and then, after he had made fifteen payments and the cotton-picking season commenced, he hired out as a picker.

It was there that Mr. Meade demonstrated unmistakably his passion for the saxophone. Cotton-picking presents difficulties and problems peculiarly its own: a giant may struggle nobly from early morn until the shades of night descend and succeed in picking no more than a child might carry from the field, while a scrawny—but expert—picker can easily gather in a single day cotton to the extent of several times his own weight.

Adonis belonged in neither class. His earnings were adequate but the labor harder than any he had performed in years. And at night, after a day of back-breaking toil, he would struggle up from the village to the lonely little cabin of Mr. Scott, and wrestle valiantly with the saxophone. Ambition to qualify for the burying society band yet flamed mightily.

The fact that Ultimate was picking a good crop of the fleecy white staple did not mitigate his agony of spirit. Seventeen weeks had now passed and Adonis's passion for music showed no indication of becoming less acute. Two and a half more weeks and the saxophone would be gone forever . . . and no matter by what duress he had been forced into the deal, his acquiescence had now stripped him of all

rights, provided Mr. Meade lived up to his end of the bargain.

Financially, Ultimate wasn't. His frantic efforts to stall off payment of his advances met with a stony reception. His crop, he was informed, belonged to the keeper of the village general store. It was to be converted into money, of which the storekeeper would retain a sufficiency to pay Ultimate's running account in full, and the balance was to be turned over to the unhappy freeholder. That meant only sufficient cash to ward off starvation until spring, when the passing of the last freeze would mark the season for fresh advances from the store and a new session of plowing and sowing.

Nightly, after Adonis had departed, Ultimate played upon his beloved saxophone. Then he'd furbish it until the thing gleamed like a jewel. The act of stowing it away in the plush-lined case became a ceremonial. The end of the eighteenth week arrived, and with it Adonis and his unwelcome five dollars.

Mr. Scott put forth his best efforts to become reconciled, but his philosophy was not equal to the task. He went into mourning. . . .

BUT the melancholy which pervaded the Scott domicile was more than offset by the rapture of Mr. Adonis Meade in contemplation of the fact that he was soon to possess the object of his desires. Mr. Meade had done his noble dundest and within a fortnight the thing was to be his, absolutely and forever. The proximity of absolute ownership seemed to make the intervening time more interminable.

Besides, Adonis fancied that he had become proficient upon the thing. Without an undue number of errors he could now finger the vocal parts of the simpler popular



Ultimate stopped. "Washington! Listen at that!" Mr. Rust listened. . . . "They ain't no such noise as that," he asserted



selections. He wasn't particularly keen about eighth-notes; as a matter of fact he calmly ignored their existence and gave them quarter valuation; and the little finger of his left hand yet stubbornly refused to differentiate between the four keys it was supposed to operate. But there was no denying the fact that he had progressed and he felt exceedingly pleased with himself.

He was, at the present moment, boarding with a friend of his who was general handyman at the village garage. In line with Adonis's usual procedure, he was paying no board, and while the friend was not particularly enthusiastic, Adonis considered he was doing his companion a great favor by deigning to reside with him. The arrangement was a good one for Adonis from an economic standpoint, as in the past few weeks the saving of the stipulated five dollars had proved increasingly difficult.

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon the telephone in the garage jangled; two long rings, one short and one long. Adonis, being alone, answered. It appeared that a tourist was bereft of gas two miles up the road and would the garage send out five gallons? The garage would. Adonis borrowed the five gallons, struggled down the dusty road to the stranded car—and received a five-dollar tip from a grateful and affluent gentleman.

Five dollars meant but one thing to Adonis: another payment on the saxophone. Tired as he was, he started down the road toward the Scott cabin, prepared to make the nineteenth payment. And as he walked thoughts came to him.

It appeared to Mr. Meade that his saxophone craving had caused him to soften. He felt a trifle ashamed of himself for permitting Ultimate to dictate terms. For the first time he became bitterly resentful of the fact that Ultimate had retained possession of the saxophone. It seemed a reflection on his honor!

This money was the nineteenth payment. Once delivered he would have paid ninety-five dollars on a one-hundred-dollar article.

Slowly Mr. Meade divested himself of his threadbare coat. One huge hand clenched into a hamlike fist. He drew that fist back, and Ultimate cowered at the gates of the hereafter

Certainly he should be permitted to take possession, with only five dollars remaining unpaid. The closer he approached Ultimate's home the more fixed became the grim determination that he would no longer permit the existence of his scruples. He intended to take the saxophone home with him that day. Once he reached that unalterable decision, his fingers twitched and eyes gleamed in happy anticipation.

In the proximity of Ultimate's home Adonis unconsciously assumed a swagger which forecasted imminent hostilities. He hunched his enormous shoulders, swung his tremendous, muscular arms and strutted aggressively. He strode to the cabin and banged authoritatively upon the door.

There was no answer. Once more his clenched fist banged upon the panels. Silence—and a great deal of it. He tried the knob—it gave to his touch. He stepped inside.

The cabin was empty. Adonis walked to the door and surveyed the landscape. The mare mule stared at him mournfully from her stall—obviously Ultimate was not in the fields. Adonis felt quite peeved; what right had Mr. Scott to be out when he called, particularly when his mission was so important? In a corner he espied the saxophone case. His eyes lighted. After all, that was the object of his visit. The idea was father to the action. He took the saxophone case and laid the five-dollar bill on the table. Then he reconsidered: he'd give the money to Ultimate when next they met. Some one might happen in—just as he had done—and borrow the money; a contingency which would prove embarrassing—for Ultimate.

Possessed of the coveted treasure, Adonis retraced his steps. The hot, red sun of evening cast a golden glow over the valley.

To the north was the purple silhouette which separated rich farming country from the mineral lands surrounding Birmingham. Contentment reigned supreme. But Adonis was not merely contented. He was downright exalted.

He repaired to his room over the garage, where he unfastened the case and, with a greater or less display of dexterity, fitted together the various portions of his weapon. Then, softly and inexpertly, he fingered the opening measures of "Old Black Joe." The garage gentleman stared in pop-eyed wonder. It was Adonis's first experience with an appreciative audience and his heart warmed. He even planned to pay room rent some day when there should be less absence of ready cash.

MEANWHILE Ultimate Scott wended a slow and wretched way homeward, his heart and mind upon the beloved saxophone from which he was so soon to be disunited. His tired but heroic acres brought no thrill this night, and even the affectionate pat which he bestowed upon the lady mule was absent-minded. He entered the cabin, and quite mechanically his eye turned upon the spot where the plush-lined case usually rested.

He paused. An expression of stark horror appeared upon his countenance and froze there. For a moment he stood motionless, then with a wild yell he leaped across the room.

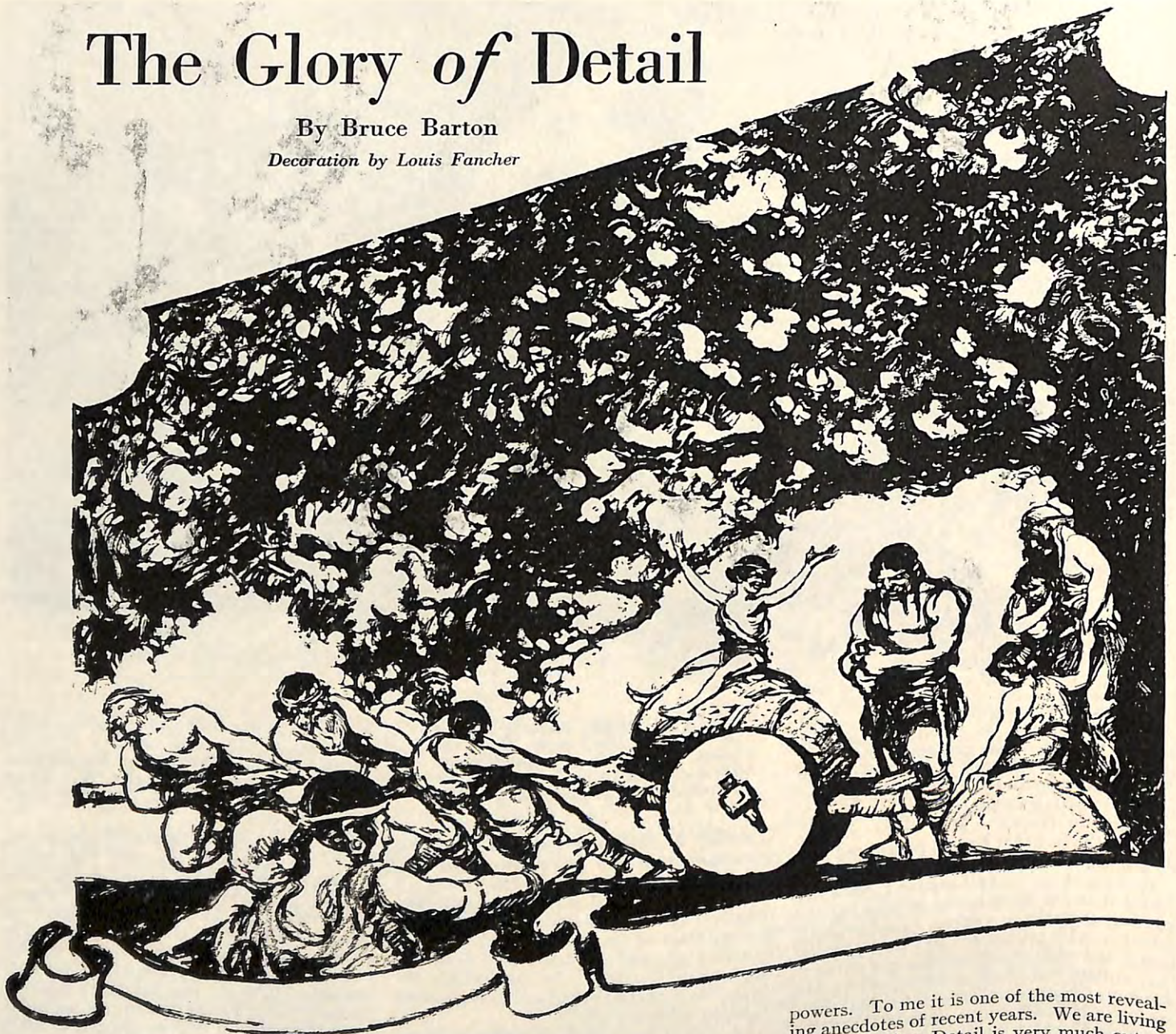
A frenzied search disrupted the cabin but failed to disclose any saxophones. The thing was gone—gone absolutely and completely. Ultimate sank into a chair, buried face in hands and wept. Sorrow—bitter and unappeasable—flooded him. The parting was doubly bitter because so unexpected. And then, as he grieved, a new thought came to him, a thought which caused him to sit suddenly erect, eyes popping and skinny figure tensed with terror.

For the first time the potentialities of the situation smote him. Not for one second did the idea occur that the instrument
(Continued on page 58)

The Glory of Detail

By Bruce Barton

Decoration by Louis Fancher



YOU may remember that just about a year before his death Lord Northcliffe visited this country on his way around the world. He was an interesting study. With his secretaries and personal attendants he spread out over a suite of rooms that must have cost him several hundred dollars a day, and he got his full money's worth. The telephones jangled constantly; there was never a minute when the rooms were free from visitors. Coming over on the ship he had received more than five hundred wireless messages, part of them asking for decisions regarding his various properties, the rest invitations. On his first day in New York he held personal conversations with three hundred individuals.

A magazine editor of my acquaintance wanted him to read the manuscript of an article which he was about to publish, and came to the hotel by appointment at seven thirty that evening. He was told that Lord Northcliffe was taking a bath but would be ready at the hour appointed. Sure enough, at exactly seven thirty-two, Northcliffe appeared, rosy and fresh as though he were just starting the day. They ate together in the hotel room.

The subject of the article was one in which Northcliffe had a special interest, but the editor had expected that he would

merely glance through the manuscript, make some verbal suggestions, and pass it back. Imagine his surprise when this greatest publisher in the world, the owner of more than one hundred newspapers and magazines, produced a stubby lead pencil and began patiently changing words, correcting dates, and writing between the lines and around the margins. For more than three-quarters of an hour he held those typewritten pages in one hand, while he fed himself with the other, keeping up a running fire of conversation all the while. When he had made his last change on the last page and handed the article back, the editor expressed his amazement that so busy a man should take forty-five minutes to correct an article for which he was in no way personally responsible.

"I had not hoped for anything like this," he said. "I am immensely indebted to you for your patience and care."

"Not at all, not at all," responded Northcliffe in his quick sharp tones. "That's the way I have always worked; *I am a detail man.*"

He was regarded, at that hour, as the "most powerful private citizen in the world," but his own description of himself was *a detail man.*

Perhaps you will regard that as a pose—a great man belittling his own genius and

powers. To me it is one of the most revealing anecdotes of recent years. We are living in an age when Detail is very much out of style. There is something a bit ungrateful in the fact, for Detail is the ladder by which mankind has climbed up to its present position of comfort and security. Because some primitive and nameless ancestor of ours painfully carved out a circular cross section of a tree, and, perforating it with an axle, gave us the wheel, we have all the conveniences and wonders of modern transportation. Because another long forgotten worker, after weary hours of trial and failure, found a way to strike a spark with a piece of flint, we have fire and steam—warmth and power. All progress has come from the hands of men who were willing to labor tirelessly over very little things. Details have made us what we are, and to turn our backs on them scornfully is like prosperous young people being ashamed of the parents by whose sacrifice they have profited.

THAT, however, is our situation. There has been a tremendous propaganda of praise about the men whose motto is "never mind the little things; get the big thing done." About the men who sit behind mahogany desks on whose shiny tops no paper ever appears. To have any knowledge of the minutiae of an enterprise; to exercise a careful economy over its processes; to take pride

*From the Beginning the
World's Enduring Achievements Have
Rested on This Foundation*



in the little unseen elements of it which make for quality and endurance—all this is considered beneath the dignity of a "man of vision." It is all right for "detail men," by which are meant useful cogs in the machine, incapable of independent thought or action; but one who expects to get on must not be hampered by the claims of precision. His is the untrammelled world of Big Ideas.

THE schools and colleges show the influence of this propaganda. Our fathers and mothers graduated very ignorant on many subjects as compared with our children. It was expected that they would pick up later, from the newspapers and their social contacts, whatever information might be necessary about politics, popular science, the stage, psychical research, the prevalence of divorce, golf, etc. They knew few things, but they knew those few with an accuracy quite unfamiliar to this sophisticated generation. They took pride in their penmanship. They had gained the precision which comes from drill in mathematics, and from long familiarity with the tenses and inflections of Latin and Greek. They could spell; they could figure; they had respect for facts. Of how many high school or even college graduates is this true to-day?

Some years ago I had occasion to discharge a man whose college record had been brilliant. I had supposed that he must be fully

conscious of his insufficiencies, but to my surprise our interview came to him as a distinct shock. Said he, in hurt tones:

"Of course, you are the boss, and I don't want to stay in any organization where I have lost the confidence of my superiors. But I think you are letting me go at a very bad time."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Why, I have only just finished working out two plans for increasing the business. I didn't want to show them to you until they were complete, but I have been putting a lot of time on them lately and they are being copied by my stenographer right now."

He brought them in to me—nineteen pages of carefully typed material—and I read them through, while he sat and smoked one cigarette after another.

"These are very interesting," I said when I had finished. He perked up at once, prepared for a compliment. "But if you had told me what you were doing," I continued, "I could have saved you considerable time and effort. One of these plans we tried four years ago and it proved no good for five reasons, all of which I can give you. The other involves a question of policy which makes it entirely unfeasible."

At that he slipped down into his chair; all the starch was out of him.

"The real trouble with you, Sam," I said, "is not any lack of ability or loyalty. These typewritten pages prove that you have both. The trouble is that I simply haven't been able to depend on you for the things for which I made you responsible. You are supposed to make sure that there are no typographical errors in our stuff; but for the last four weeks I have had to stay here in the evening to look over the most important proofs. And sometimes I wake up at night in a cold sweat, staring at a misspelled headline and wondering whether you corrected it."

A LITTLE starch returned to him; he lighted another cigarette.

"I know I'm no good at details," he admitted in a tone which was a challenge, "but if you will permit me to say it, I think you are organizing badly when you set a college man to reading proof."

"Somebody has to read it," I retorted. "And every man in the publishing business ought to read enough of it so that he can never pick up a printed page anywhere without having a typographical error—if there is one—rise up and strike him right between the eyes."

"Another thing," I added; "we have
(Continued on page 57)



Woodsmoke

Part II—Africa, the Mysterious Enchantress, Begins to Weave Her Sinister Spell

By Francis Brett Young

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Chapter IV

IT WAS after midnight when Antrim reached the wharf at Kilindini. He had spent the rest of the evening unearthing his new servants from the warren in which they lived and breaking to them the news that the line of the expedition had been shifted southward by some hundreds of miles.

Only the Goanese cook, with many soft protestations, failed him. The three others took the change well. They told him they would meet him at the landing-stage and Antrim knew that all three would be there.

When he reached the place, half an hour in front of his time, they were waiting for him: Asmani, tall and ghostly in his white nightshirt, the gun-bearer stretched lengthwise with folded arms upon a pile of timber, and Dingaan squatted in the dust. They received him in silence, taking heed of his impatience but saying nothing. Then, in the distance, he heard a creaking of wheels and the sudden crack of a whip. He knew that his gear was coming, and walked back to the water-side.

From the cluster of boats he chose two, and these were pushed in broadside to the wharf. Neither Asmani, nor Dingaan nor the Somali stirred. This was not their business. All his luggage and stores had been split up into loads of sixty pounds that a man might carry on his head. Out of the darkness the porters came softly with their bare feet, and in a quarter of an hour twenty loads were packed in the bottom of the boat.

Antrim stepped into the first boat; the ghost of Asmani followed him and disposed himself with the Somali and Dingaan in the bows. With them, last of all, a small child of ten or twelve years clambered in like a cat, slim and underfed. Antrim stopped the boatman as he was pushing off.

"Hello . . . is this *toto* yours?" he asked. The boatman disowned him. "He is mine, *bwana*," said Dingaan. "He is coming with us."

"The devil he is!" said Antrim. "I didn't bargain for your family. Any others?"

The Zulu laughed. "No, there are no others. But this one goes with me. He is the child of a friend. He can cook, and will be useful to the missis. And he will cost you nothing. That kind can live on what others leave. In a little while he will be worth the wages of a man."

Antrim did not argue. In every *safari* voluntary accretions of this kind come and are accepted.

"Very well," he said. "Remember, you are responsible."

Over the jetty water they pushed off, hearing nothing but the plash of their own or following oars. Not a star reflected; not a glimmer to be seen but that of the Köln's riding light shining against the coconut fringes of the further shore.

No deck-hands appeared to receive him, so he and his party got the stuff aboard between them, clearing a space among the sleepers where Asmani, Dingaan and the gun-bearer established themselves as a guard, while Antrim left the well-deck and groped his way up the companion forward in the search of the Rawleys.

Here there were no Asiatics. If the ship had been derelict it could not have seemed more empty. The deck gave out clanging echoes under his feet. It smelt of oil, stale water and rusty iron. Every door of the deck-house was closed; that of the saloon locked. Even in the fo'c'sle no light showed. It seemed impossible that the Rawleys should be aboard in the midst of such a desolation.

Finally he hauled himself up the perpendicular ladder that led to the bridge and reaching the top he stumbled over another figure wrapped in a blanket that rose and cursed him in German. He apologized.

"I'm looking for my friends," he said. The figure was by this time on his feet and his dignity.

"Friends?" he shouted. "Am I your friends? This is the navigating bridge of the ship, is it not? And I am the Captain. The Captain! You are forbidden here . . . forbidden!" He stood there waving his blanket, a paunchy little man in striped pyjamas.

"I'm sorry," said Antrim mildly. "Can you tell me if Mr. Rawley has come aboard?"

"Mr. Rawley . . . Mr. Rawley? I know nothing of passengers. That is the steward's business. Understand, I am the Captain." Without his uniform the poor man was at a disadvantage.

"THEN where can I find the steward?" Antrim suggested.

"You can not find him. He has gone below. Would you have him wait up all night for you? A man must sleep."

"That was what I proposed doing myself," Antrim reassured him.

If he could have said that this, also, was forbidden, the Captain would surely have done so. "You are a passenger," he said. "Understand that we do not take saloon passengers except as a favor. The steward is my personal servant. Others bring their own."

"Certainly," said Antrim, "that is quite understood. All that I want is to find my cabin."

"At daylight that will be possible. Before . . . no. Besides," he continued. "it is much cooler on deck. I, as you see.



The ill-favored stranger accosted Antrim in uncertain English . . . "My name is Frangoulis. You land here? You are the courier of Mr. Rawley?"

was sleeping on the bridge before you disturbed me."

Antrim laughed to himself. Probably the little man was right. If the deck had been less filthy he would have wrapped himself in his overcoat and lain there. As an alternative he found what comfort he could in the bottom of a boat that felt clean but stank of bilge-water. And here, strangely enough, he fell asleep.

2

The rattle of the anchor-cable awakened him to a state of agreeable drowsiness in which he heard thin cries from for'ard and aft and, a little later, the clang of the telegraph and the dull churn of the screw. He climbed out of the boat and, descending, began to walk up and down the narrow deck, charmed by the swish of dark water from the ship's sides, watching the shape of Africa recede.

So the adventure had really begun! It gave him a feeling of relief to know that he was actually on his way. Dark seas widened between him and all his old life.

"That is finished. Now, even if I wanted to, I couldn't turn back," he thought.

Standing amidships in front of the saloon and looking outward to the bow of the horizon over which the sun would soon be lifted, he became aware of some one at his elbow. He turned, and found that it was Mrs. Rawley, wrapped from neck to ankles in a long white cloak. Their eyes met in the dusk, and she smiled.

"Have we lost the land?" she asked.

"Everything but the light of Mombasa," he told her. "No, that's gone now."

"I like the feeling of violent separations . . . clean cuts . . . being through with things," she said, "and it's jolly to feel alone."

"You aren't alone," he reminded her.

"Ah, but you don't count. That's the best of it."

This hurt him a little and he showed it.

"But why *should* I put it nicely?" she asked. "You're the first person that I've seen for years with whom I feel like that. Isn't it a compliment?"

"A back-handed one."

"We're at cross-purposes, then. You see,

I'm not as sentimental as you expect me to be. It thrills you to go sailing on through the dark with a strange woman beside you because it's romantic. It thrills me because it's a relief."

No doubt it was. Antrim thought of Rawley. And yet her attitude shocked him. It didn't accord with his preconceptions to imagine her hard.

"You're very young to talk like that," he said.

She laughed.

"AM I? I'm nearly 'thirty. And what are you? Thirty-five, I suppose. There's not much in it. Please don't begin to feel protective."

The clearness of his conscience made him feel that she had no right to snub him like this.

"If I feel protective it only means that I'm ready . . ." he finished lamely, "to protect you if you should need it."

"Yes, I quite understand," she said. "It's very kind of you . . . and quite unnecessary."

"Perhaps. We've a long way to go. If it should be necessary . . ."

"I'll ask you," she said. "Is that good enough?"

"If you mean it?"

"Oh, I mean it. . . . For goodness' sake, let's stop talking about ourselves. You haven't asked me how my husband is."

It was quite true; but the attack came from such an unexpected quarter that Antrim's politeness could rise neither to apology nor excuse.

"Well, how is he?" he asked in a tone that betrayed his boredom.

"Better, thank you," she said. "He's asleep. . . . I'll tell him that you inquired." She left Antrim abruptly. "Funny how she disturbs me," he thought, "making everything feel uncomfortable and uncertain." He disliked the idea of her returning to the frowsy cabin in which Rawley still lay sleeping. It occurred to him that she must have known what he would think, and that she had thrown in Rawley's name maliciously. "The truth of the matter is that she was coquetting in rather an original way.

Well, one can deal with that." He grew angry. "I'll take her at her word. Damned if I'll raise a finger until she asks me. See how she likes it!"

But in spite of these resolutions his thoughts returned to Rawley's cabin. "Whiskey," he thought. "Pretty beastly when you come to think of it." And indeed if it were anything like the rest of the ship as he saw it in that unflattering light, pretty beastly it must have been.

From its first ray the sun was warm and powerful, promising tremendous heat. It threw a cheerful light on everything. Even the dingy *Köln* seemed to take heart from it, riding the waves almost with sprightliness. The missing steward, in white duck trousers and a singlet, appeared at Antrim's elbow with a propitiatory cup of coffee.

"Sorry to miss you last night, sir," he said. "Your cabin was all ready. Where can I find your baggage?"

"There is all my stuff," said Antrim. "Those three fellows with the *toto*. Which is my cabin?"

"Number three, sir."

"Then I'll go and shave."

At breakfast, two hours later, both the Rawleys appeared, as did also the Captain, now dignified by a brassbound uniform. He treated Antrim with the distance appropriate to a man who had seen him in the scantiest form of mufti; but with Mrs. Rawley he was graciousness itself, talking an incomprehensible jargon that Antrim supposed was German.

ANTRIM looked at her. Certainly, at this moment, she seemed less of a subject for compassion than in the haggard light of dawn. She was fresh as paint and full of gaiety, making no secret of a hearty appetite. "A sort of hard brightness," he told himself, "like a precious stone."

"Poor soul," he thought as he watched her more closely, "she isn't really like this at all. It's just part of her astounding pluck. She's trying to put on a brave face . . . but I know better."

Rawley had improved immensely on his

Mombasa appearance. Possibly the original street-row had put him, so to speak, in the wrong, and made him live up to an unpleasant reputation. Now he seemed, even physically, to have changed for the better. He carried his head well; there was nothing shifty about his eyes; he was clothed, almost sprucely, in clean white ducks. He smiled often and, as Antrim had noticed before, hung upon his wife's words; but happily, without jealousy. Antrim nevertheless still found it difficult to remember that he and Rawley were supposed to be friends, so deeply had his thoughts of Mrs. Rawley's wrongs colored his mind.

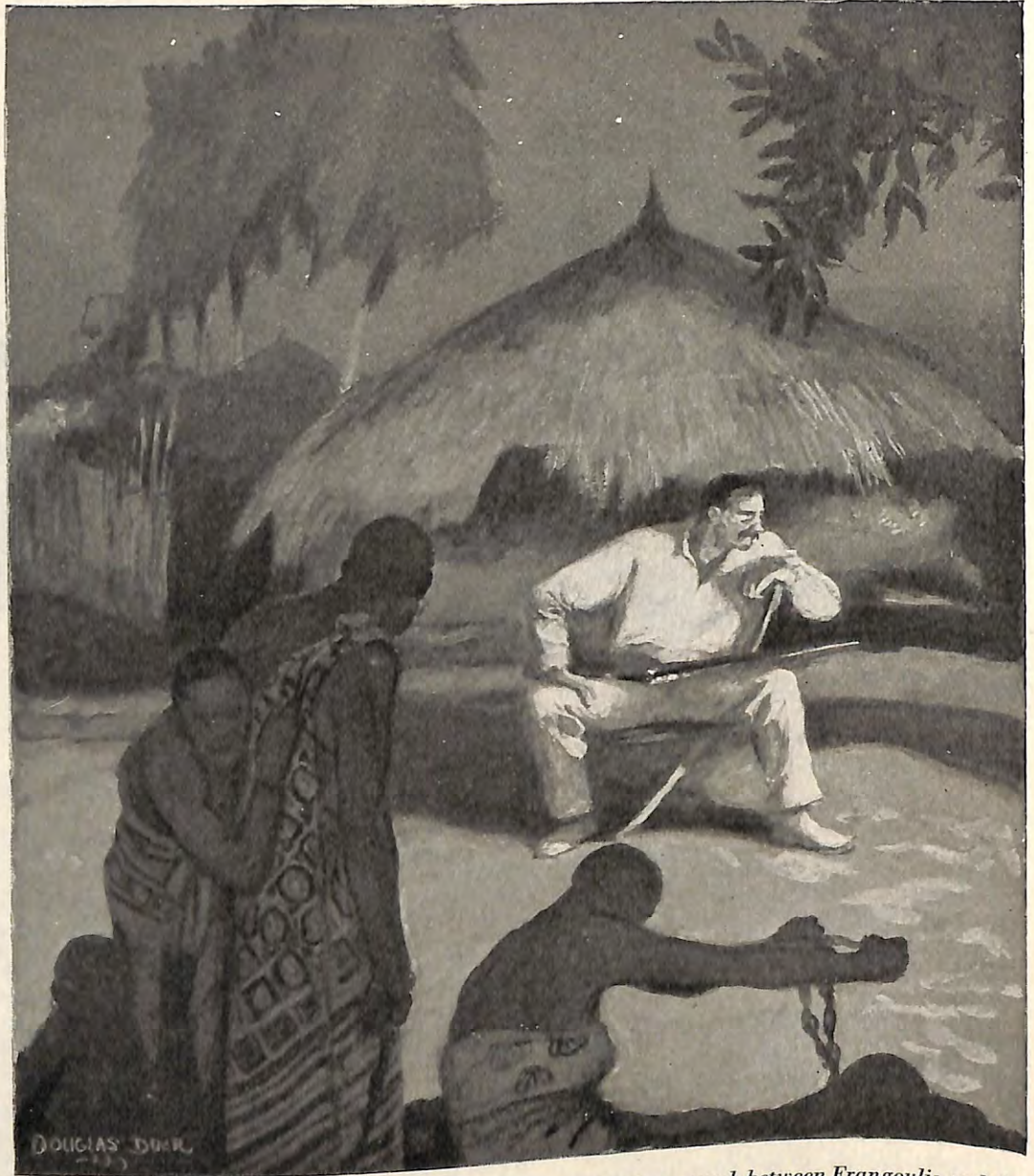
AFTER breakfast she left them together. They sat on deck smoking their pipes under an awning that flapped languidly while the sea grew warm and sparkled, flying-fish scattering like animate spray from the *Köln's* bows, and the sky, that had once been blue, paling to a tropical whiteness. Rawley was still communicative. He talked of his own business—the Chemical Dip—with a certain pride, and from this he passed easily to his own interest in science generally and photographic chemistry in particular.

But Antrim knew, all the time, that Rawley didn't want to talk about any of these things. This newly acquired fluency disguised the nervousness of a man manoeuvring for position. Sooner or later he would see his opening and then out would come the real thing . . . probably something unpleasant. If he could have escaped politely Antrim would have done so; but the *Köln* was too small to allow a dignified retreat and Rawley gave him no loophole. At last the expected moment came.

"I'm a damned brute," he began as though he were anxious to get the words off his chest. "Nobody but Janet and myself know how bad it is; but sooner or later you'll see for yourself; but I do want you to realize that it isn't entirely my fault. The scales were always weighted against me. It's pretty beastly that you should have to listen to all this," he went on, "but I want you to know. My childhood was hell, and my father a devil. I mean it. I mean that he was an incarnation of evil and cruelty; so much so that I hate even to remember him. He killed my mother. Isn't that enough? And he killed me . . . he killed my spirit when I was just a kid. Crushed me, you know. Made me hate and suspect the whole of my species; made me think that the whole world was against me. If you could imagine the relief it was to me when he died! I was a man then and free; but my freedom was no use to me: I couldn't realize it or use it: I was branded. Nobody but Janet had ever seen anything decent in me. We were neighbors, you know. She's wonderful . . ."

His voice cracked. Pathetic tears stood in his eyes. Antrim felt that he would begin to set up a howl. It was indecent; but he couldn't stop him.

"If he'd killed me literally as he killed my mother it would have been better," Rawley went on. "That's the trouble. I survived. I'm not like her. I'm like him. Even physically I'm like him. And like him I'm possessed by the devil . . . a legion of devils. You understand?" he asked eagerly.



"This isn't indecency," thought Antrim; "it's madness. The poor fellow's off his head."

But Rawley hadn't finished.

"You remember seeing me with that wretched fellow in the ricksha? Well, if you hadn't come, I might easily have killed him. I'm always within sight of murder. And it's been like that all my life. As a boy in Cornwall. In the Grenadiers. That was why I had to resign. Then I met her and fell in love with her. I tried to show her the decent part of me. There is a decent part. And I suppose she was sorry for me. Then there was Withiel. The Carlyons could never bear the idea that it had gone out of the family. When she listened to me I felt that my chance had come. I believed that I'd found salvation. Of course I told her everything. We thought, both of us, that it would be all right. She was very wise about it. We decided to let Withiel . . . it was full of memories of him . . . and took a place in Surrey.

"For a year we were very happy. I felt that I had escaped. Then it began again. I couldn't help it . . . I tell you, by God, I couldn't. I'd have killed myself rather than let the disgrace fall on her. I suppose that was my mistake: that is what I ought to have done. But, you see, I was in love with her. I couldn't face losing her." Rawley's voice began to waver again. "I won't tell you what happened: there's nothing to

On the ground, between Frangoulis and the his lash of hippo-hide raised to strike,

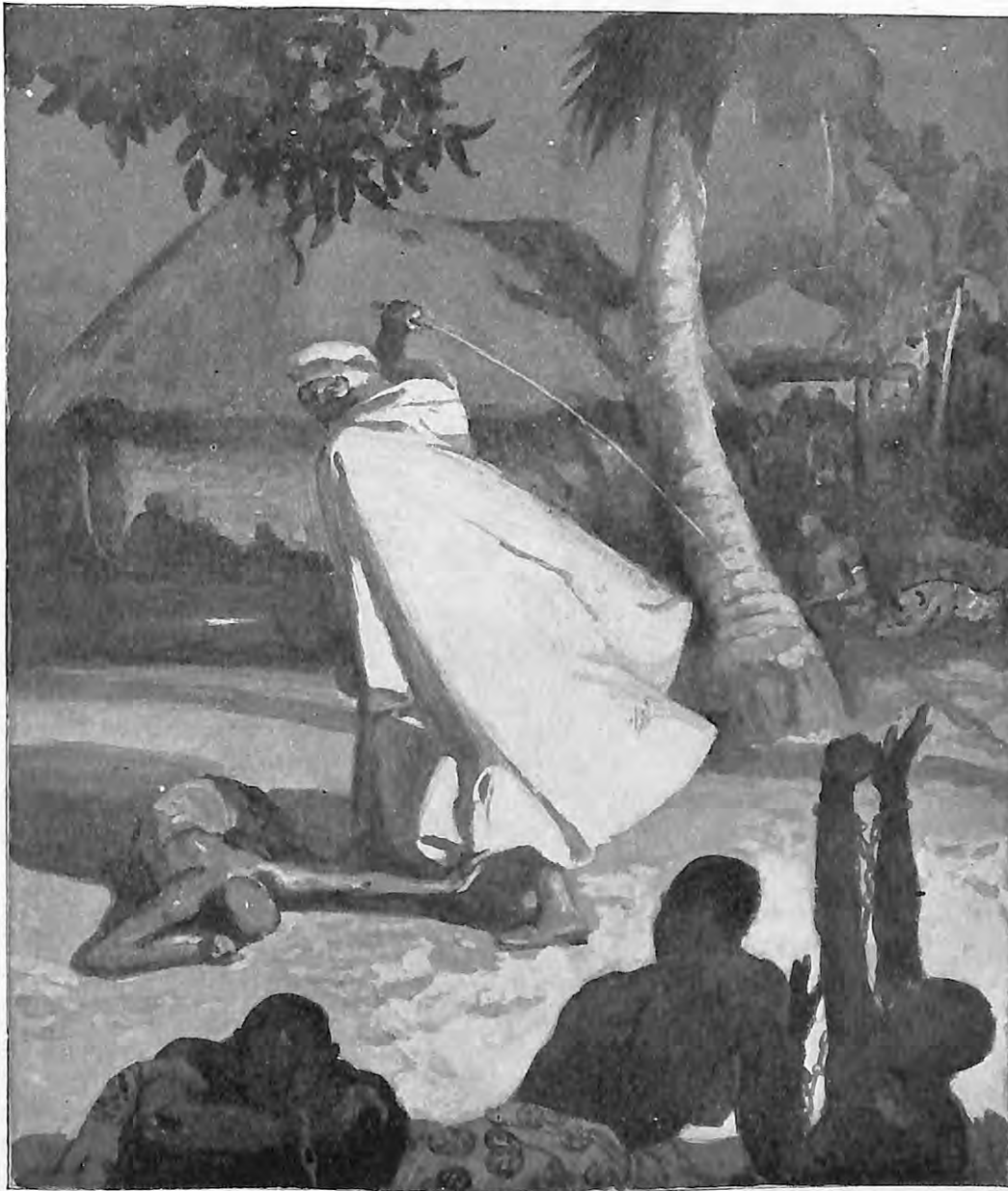
be gained by it," he went on. "It meant that we couldn't stay in Surrey. And she stuck to me like the brick that she is!" He paused.

"THAT'S the first part of my trouble," he said, "but there's another. After these eruptions, when I come round, you know, I get frightened. You can't have any idea of what I mean: it isn't just physical funk: it's terror . . . panic terror. If I gave way to it it would drive me mad. There's only one way of escaping it—by drink. I have to do it. There's no other way. No possible way. Do you see?"

He waited for Antrim's answer, and Antrim was forced to speak. He said: "My dear fellow, this is a case for a doctor."

Rawley laughed dismally. "A doctor? I've seen every damned neurologist in London. I've been to Paris and Berlin. But they can't heal the wounds that my soul suffered as a child. Of course they can't: it's asking too much. Still, I try to take their advice and that's why we came here. First we went to South Africa: but there was trouble in Johannesburg." He always called it "trouble."

"So we decided that the best thing to do was to get right away from civilization to



fire, a woman lay prostrate, and above her, stood a tall, bearded figure in a white robe

some place where these things aren't noticed. I never felt more confident in my life than when we were coming up on the *Vandal*. Then the other day—but you saw what happened for yourself. And the night before last at the Club I put my foot in it again. A man named Wells, District Commissioner or something. I couldn't stay there another day. She knew that, and fixed this up. You see how wonderful she is? But I'm beaten every time and she can't keep it up forever. It's only loyalty, just the splendid fineness of her, that keeps her to it. She doesn't love me. She thinks I can't see that, but I can. If she had loved me I believe it might have saved me. Pity's no use to me! I'll tell you a secret. She hates me . . . she hates me!" He made a gesture of utter futility with his hands. Then he clutched at Antrim's arm. "Antrim," he said, "if only you knew how I love that woman!"

There followed an uncomfortable silence. Rawley sat there with averted eyes, a picture of utter hopeless misery; but when he next turned to Antrim he seemed to have recovered himself.

"It's very good of you to have listened to me like this," he said. "You've done me a lot of good without knowing it. Now, just at this moment, I feel almost hopeful. It's

the change. I suppose the doctors are right—that and the idea that we're getting right away from everything: all the old associations, all the memories of Withiel. And I feel an extraordinary confidence in having you with us. The other day at Mombasa . . . the way you handled that—I don't know: it sort of brought me to my bearings sooner than usual. And my wife likes you: that's another point.

"I WANT to be quite candid with you. When I asked you to come with us I didn't suppose for one moment that you would; but as soon as you'd said 'yes' I felt that I'd got a new lease of life. You see, I was half frightened about this trip. It might be all right—I couldn't tell—and yet, if trouble *did* come, right out in the blue, you know, it might be worse than usual: particularly if Janet and I were all alone. There's one thing that has always haunted me: the idea that some day in one of these fits I might lay violent hands on her. The fact that I worship everything about her would make no difference. I'm unaccountable. So, before we start I want you to promise me one thing. If you do so it will take a weight off my mind."

He waited for Antrim to speak; but there was nothing for Antrim to say but "Yes?"

"If ever that happens . . . if ever I

touch her . . . I want you to shoot me like a dog. Will you promise that?"

Antrim laughed uncomfortably. "My dear fellow, you're talking rot. You won't do anything of the sort."

"Ah, it's easy to talk like that," said Rawley, shaking his head. "But if I do?"

"Oh, we shall manage somehow. Don't you worry about it."

"So you won't! You think I'm talking like a lunatic, and that's where you make a mistake. I was never saner or more sober in my life. You see . . ."

All further arguments in favor of this invitation to murder were cut short by the arrival of the Captain, who came toward them full of importance and addressed Rawley by name.

"In three hours' time," he said, "we shall arrive at Tanga. If you wish to disembark there you should make yourselves ready. We shall not stay there long. In the evening we shall be off again."

Rawley stared at him blankly. He needed an effort to adjust himself to the practical conditions of life.

"I MUST consult my wife," he said, and shambled off towards the door of the saloon. She came, as calm as ever, with an unfinished letter in her hand. They settled down on the deck together, and began to discuss the possibilities of Tanga.

"I've had a good go at the maps," Mrs. Rawley said, "and I'm not attracted by Tanga. It looks like a settled country. Of course, the boat calls on Pangani and Bagamoyo; but there's another place in between them called Pembe . . . not Pemba, that's the island."

"Pembe means ivory," said Antrim.

The idea took her fancy. "Does it? How splendid! It must be a strange place. The Captain says he's never been there before. He's going to put off some of his Indians and pick up some copra for Dar-es-Salaam. There must be some sort of station. Suppose we try it?"

"I'm game," said Antrim. "Just as you wish. But if we can't pick up porters we shall be rather landed."

She hesitated for a moment. "Well, what does it matter?" she said.

"It matters rather a lot, but, as I tell you, I'm game. It's your adventure."

"Then Pembe Pembeni let it be!" she said.

Chapter V

I

Steaming slowly southward through the night, they reached the mouth of the Pembe River before dawn and hung there, heaving on a smooth swell, to wait for the light.

Very gently, as if she were a creature sensitive to beauty and to awe, the *Köln* advanced when the day came. The first hill fell behind them, revealing a valley full of silvery brushwood and gray baobabs tufted with brilliant green: and down at the water's edge, clogging the mouth of the creek in which the valley ended, swarmed the black roots of mangroves. Such stillness. . . .

A hill appeared. It was greener than any; but on its crown was a circle of red earth like a frayed patch on a carpet, and in the midst of it a collection of haycock huts within a palisade of reeds. On the roof of the central hut a strip of white calico fluttered from the end of a pole.

The water through which the *Köln* now passed was stagnant as that of a pool and tawny with suspended particles of earth: an eddy, a backwater of the flood, in which there floated, like vast amphibians, islands of grass and reeds matted about the boles of trees that had been uprooted by some savage inland spate.

THE Captain on the bridge pulled at a cord and in a hiss of unspent steam the *Köln* filled the air with hootings that echoed among the hills.

On the edge of the lake, beyond a line of stranded *dhows*, stood a low whitewashed building and many thatched huts with pointed gables. From these also many black forms emerged. A German flag was run up on a pole in front of the house and dipped to the colors on the *Köln*. Out from the shore, like quick water spiders, came a fleet of outrigger dugouts of the kind that the Zanzibar call *galawas*, moving swiftly and jerkily over the filmed sea. A whistle from the bridge and the *Köln's* anchor went down with a rattle. The screw held her astern. The whole ship trembled. The engines were still.

All around the *Köln* like settling sea-birds the *galawas* came to rest, and their rowers stared at the steamer as though it were a stranded whale that they would presently attack. An antiphonal chanting floated over from the shore where naked men were running out one of the *dhows* to the water.

Dull with a lethargy that seemed to descend upon him from the hot sky, Antrim, standing apart from Rawley and his wife, had not noticed the approach of another boat with four rowers from whose course the *galawas* scattered like small fish before a bonito. The man who steered it was clothed in white ducks; a topee like a mushroom hid his face; but evidently he was a person of consequence, for, when he ran his craft to the foot of the gangway and jumped off, the Captain was there to meet him and hands were shaken. They came along the deck together, speaking German. The stranger lifted his head, showing a dark ill-favored face, and Antrim felt that it was of himself that they were talking. No doubt he had guessed rightly, for when they came abreast of him they separated, the Captain rolling off into the saloon, the stranger accosting Antrim with a limp hand outstretched. Antrim took him for a Portuguese.

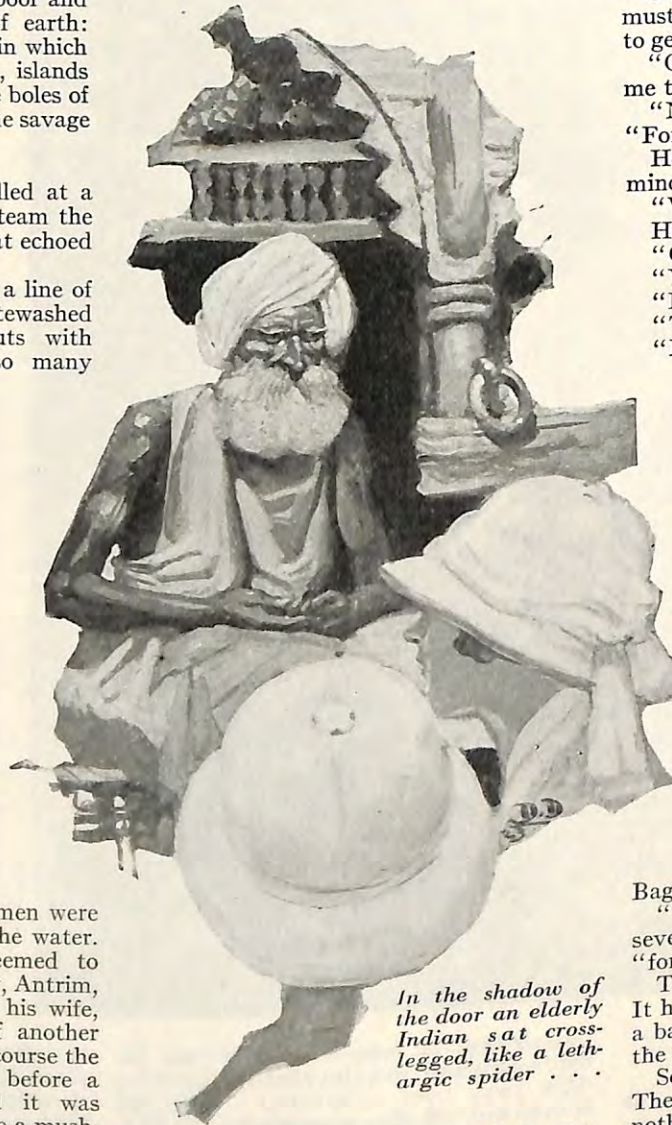
"Frangoulis," he said—"my name is Frangoulis. I am in charge of this station. You land here? You are the courier of Mr. Rawley?"

Such, no doubt, was the Captain's account of it. Antrim disabused him, and his insolence became a little tempered with servility. His English was uncertain and difficult to understand. Antrim helped him out with Swahili and they managed better. As he had said, he was in charge of the station of Pembeni. Zahn, he said, was unfortunately away in the country collecting hut-tax with a party of *askaris*.

Antrim asked if Zahn were the officer in

charge. Not exactly an officer, said Frangoulis. An under-officer. But a man among thousands! An old colonial who understood the handling of natives.

"If only we had known that you were coming," said Frangoulis, "Zahn would have brought you back as many porters as you wanted. You must understand that the



In the shadow of the door an elderly Indian sat cross-legged, like a lethargic spider . . .

natives in this part of the world are suspicious. The question of porters is one that troubles us."

"You mean," said Antrim, "that it's going to hang us up?"

Frangoulis put out his hand in deprecation. It would certainly have been easier if they had known. But something should be done. It was all a matter of money. Of course, if the *safari* were to be equipped from his store . . .

"I have everything but porters," said Antrim, cutting him short.

Frangoulis sighed. "A pity . . . a great pity. Still, they will need food and blankets. You will buy those from me?"

"If your price suits me," said Antrim. "I am told that Mr. Rawley is rich. No doubt we can arrange the matter. Do not be afraid of your commission. We will talk."

If he had been travelling alone Antrim would have kicked the fellow down the gangway; but Frangoulis did not even give him time to protest.

"At any rate," he said, "you will like me to undertake the landing of your gear?"

"When I want you I'll tell you," said Antrim.

Mrs. Rawley came up softly behind him

and touched his arm. "I want to speak to you for a moment." They moved aside and the bow of Frangoulis was lost. "The Captain has just been talking to me," she said. "He's been really rather offensive."

Antrim flushed. His temper was already ruffled. "What, to you?"

She smiled. "No, generally. He says he must catch the next tide. We have an hour to get our stuff off. Can we do it?"

"Of course we must do it. Would you like me to tackle him?"

"No, no. Don't do that!" she said. "For heaven's sake let's start quietly!"

He knew what was in the back of her mind. It was almost pathetic.

"Very well," he said, "leave it to me." He called Frangoulis, who stood waiting.

"Can you get our boxes ashore at once?"

"Yes. The *dhow* is coming."

"How much will it cost?"

"The gentleman will leave that to me."

"Not if he knows it! How much?"

"Two hundred rupees. Labor is scarce. The natives are very independent."

"Rubbish. I'll give you fifty."

Frangoulis raised his head in dissent, his hands in horror. "There is no one else to do it for you," he said.

"Isn't there? I'll go and see."

Frangoulis bowed. "There is no boat for you to go ashore in but mine. I am sorry. Two hundred is the price."

"Then we sha'n't land here at all," said Antrim. "We shall go on to Bagamoyo. You are losing a valuable piece of trade."

Frangoulis smiled but said nothing. Antrim turned to Mrs. Rawley, who had stood and watched the bargaining gravely. "Will you tell the Captain that we are going on to Bagamoyo?" he said.

"I will land the gentleman's baggage for seventy rupees," said Frangoulis humbly, "for the sake of the trade," he added.

The *dhow* bore slowly down upon them. It heaved through the water, creaking like a basket, and came to rest at the foot of the gangway.

So began a day of futility and irritation. The Captain's message, it seemed, had been nothing but an attempt to assert his petty authority. For hours on end Antrim and the Rawleys stood ready on deck, Rawley surrounded by the black tin cases in which he kept his mysterious apparatus, Mrs. Rawley patient at his side.

2

IT WAS well toward sunset before the stevedores began to work; and night fell before a fourth of the *safari's* equipment had been unloaded on the beach from the *dhow*. The landed cases lay scattered in utter confusion on the sand. Antrim stood among them, shouting himself hoarse, examining the marks by the light of a blizzard lantern that was part of Asmani's personal luggage. To find food for the evening was a fairly easy matter, for the porters' loads had been packed in such a way that each was complete in itself; but the tent in which Mrs. Rawley must sleep was missing. Probably it lay buried beneath a ton of boxes at the bottom of the *dhow*. He wished that he had another man to help him, for though Asmani was as efficient as he had foreseen, the authority of another white man was needed and Rawley's ignorance of Swahili made him useless. Perhaps, in any case, he would

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Character Surgery

One of the Latest and Most Hopeful Contributions of Modern Science

By Joseph Gollomb

IN FICTION life has color. I take the case of Smith because for twenty years his life had so little color in it; and because this is not fiction. Let us speak of him as Smith because he is now too prominent for me to use his real name; though he willingly lets his story be known for the hope it engenders. If modern science can do what it has done for his character, "settled" at forty, it can do the same, more or less, for the vast majority of others; and with each year it is bound to be a case of more rather than less.

"Most men," it has been said, "endure existences of quiet desperation." True or not it was true of Smith. At twenty, when he began teaching elementary school in New York City, life was fair enough. He chose teaching because he really liked it. He felt that teaching children in their impressionable years was at least as important a job as prosecuting criminals, treating the sick, selling machinery or being in politics—and to him a great deal more interesting. He married the girl he loved; she loved him and believed in his enthusiasm, his career and his future.

But little by little the fairness faded out of life until at forty it was just plain drab. Nothing startling or sudden had happened. Indeed, Smith could not put his finger on the cause of the change in his outlook on life. He finally assumed that the optimism of youth was a sort of deception practiced by nature, like the rainbow. Teaching proved to be harder than he thought. His superiors were not always the broad-minded educators he had visioned. Often they were petty, hectoring bureaucrats. Children were seldom the eager responsive playmates he used to find them outside of school. They began to wear on his nerves for some reason. Promotion was slower than he had dreamed. He failed in several examinations for principalship, though his mind in college used to be eager and assimilative. At forty he was only assistant to the principal of an elementary school.

He had two children, a boy of seventeen and a girl of twelve. But his pleasure in them was dimmed by their likeness to the children who made life such a worry to him in school; and his hopes for their education were limited by a school-teacher's purse. He and his wife were still attached to each other; but she sighed at the thought of the many who had started with her husband and were now far more prosperously placed than he. Smith saw the disillusion in her eyes—though she made a decent effort to hide it—and could enter no defense. He was not a complete failure. But that was all he could say for himself.

Nor did he any longer dream as he used to, that "next time—next year—in five years—" things would change. He believed as most people have long believed—and will go on believing it for perhaps another decade—that at forty a man's character is settled, for better or for worse, practically fixed till the end of the chapter, in its powers and its limitations, its dreams and possibilities. Also he remembered Dr. Osler's famous half-serious remark that most people of

forty should be mercifully chloroformed, their usefulness being gone at that age. Smith had become one of those who "endure existences of quiet desperation."

Matters were thus with him when a

***T**HE vast majority of us can get more out of our engines than we do. An exploratory operation on character, even at the age of forty, may work wonders. The technique of exploration and cure is becoming simpler, as men get knowledge of short-cuts. Every modern physician is becoming more and more psychoanalytical in his treatment of patients. But it is still a major operation; and very often a minor is all that is needed. Modern science is developing several lines of such minor operations in character surgery*

mysterious eruption on his skin rescued him from a spiritual slough of despond where he did not dream there was escape. It was a mild and not at all a stubborn outbreak. Smith went to his doctor, who treated it as a surface affair and the eruption obligingly went. But it also came back. This time the doctor searched deeper and blamed the stomach. It was true Smith's stomach had for years been pernickety; but the doctor put it to rights without much trouble and both stomach and skin behaved for a time. But they did not stay behaved. The doctor made a careful examination with the aid of a specialist. No, the stomach did not seem to be the villain brewing mischief from under cover. Nor did the physical examination discover anything palpably wrong with Smith's other organs. But his skin outbreak kept recurring.

Then it was that modern science said:

"A pain in the body often means a pain in the soul. Let's look into Smith's story."

SO A competent psychoanalyst went into that. Smith told him all he knew about himself; which was in effect what we know about him. But psychoanalysis searches deeper than our conscious selves. What we know about ourselves, the conscious part of us, has been likened to a candle flame in the Mammoth Cave of the "unconscious," "sub-conscious," "non-conscious" or whatever you want to call that dark continent in which by far the greater part of our being mysteriously lives and moves and motivates; and from which well up powers and frustrations, irresistible impulses and inexplicable repulsions that inspire and frighten us and altogether bewilder our conscious selves. You see a man whose character and circumstances, by every conscious and logical consideration, point in one direction. Yet to every one's surprise—including the man himself—he moves in the opposite direction.

It is like watching an iceberg which, in the teeth of a wind blowing north, keeps moving south. There is nine-tenths of the iceberg under water obeying an ocean current to the one-tenth and visible part on which the wind plays.

It is only lately that modern science has begun to acquire the technique of exploring the dark depths of the invisible part of us. Psychoanalysis, the new science of such exploration, makes use of such hitherto unconsidered trifles as dreams, by day and night, slips of the tongue and little mistakes of all kinds, the choices our minds make when we are not critical, the words that spring spontaneously in our consciousness at the mention of other words—wisps of indication that make one think of the floating sprig of green Columbus saw on his maiden voyage of exploration as a sign he was nearing land.

Finally the psychoanalyst probing into Smith came to the conclusion that something of greater importance than Smith had suspected took place about the second year he had begun teaching school. The young teacher, full of enthusiasm and ideals, had also become a happy father and life was altogether a harmony of smoothly flowing forces. Then came a school principal to spoil it all. He was a petty tyrant. He bullied Smith until the young teacher turned on him and expressed what he thought of him.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about your superior," the principal retorted, "I shall not recommend the renewal of your license."

THE angry blood boiled up in Smith. Now, another thing modern science is eagerly exploring to-day is the influence of glands in domains of our lives where we little dreamed glands play a part. Smith's "angry blood," for instance, is no mere figure of speech I just used. For countless ages in the evolution of our bodies anger had meant fight. It has ever meant a call to our bodies for every ounce of energy available for instant use. The fighting muscles have to be flooded with blood. The heart and lungs and the special senses of sight and hearing have to be speeded up. Blood is withdrawn from such temporarily subordinate activities as digestion. All this is done largely through the action of the glands, which are chemical laboratories manufacturing secretions to be poured into the blood at the instant of need. As if at the ringing of an alarm supra-renal glands give forth adrenalin and thyroid glands pour out thyroid secretions. The liver sends out glycogen, its ready-to-burn fuel for the blood. The sweat glands release cold perspiration to regulate the temperature lest the body burn out its "bearings."

When the bully of a principal threatened Smith's job and career, therefore the comfort of Smith's wife and baby, into Smith's blood poured substances meant by nature to be used solely in fighting. But at the same moment there rose in Smith's mind the picture of his young wife, still weak from her ordeal of motherhood; his three-weeks' old son; both confronted with the danger of

insufficient food and shelter should Smith lose his job. If he fought back at the principal this picture might become realized; and the thought paralyzed Smith's fighting impulse. He hesitated. Fear won. Smith choked back his wrath, swallowed his pride and apologized.

But once fighting fuel is released in the blood it must be used in fighting; otherwise it becomes a source of trouble, just as arming a population is likely to result in trouble. Smith did not use his "angry blood" in fighting; so the glandular fuel in his blood stayed in his system as a sort of poison.

The principal kept on bullying. Smith kept on repressing his impulse to strike. Poor Smith's stomach was constantly having the blood drawn away from it in obedience to the call to fight. Glandular fighting fuel kept seeping back into his system—unused for its proper purpose. I don't mean this to be a complete picture of what took place in Smith; at most it is the barest indication. But Smith became nervous; lost spontaneity; his enthusiasm gradually waned; he became furtive with his superiors and children. Smith's work became harder and fell off in quality.

THE thought of the principal was so painful that Smith found it unbearable; and we try to avoid painful thoughts by repressing them. To do this successfully we must also keep down other thoughts which by association are likely to bring up the painful ones. The repressing becomes more and more of a task as meshes of associations grow on to the ones to be avoided. Finally there is so much to repress that the memory gets less and less material to work with; and becomes hampered in other directions, so general does the habit of repression tend to grow. Also we do not get rid of what we repress from consciousness; and it takes nervous energy to keep down the things we try to drown in our unconsciousness.

Smith found it harder to study after school and to remember what he studied. Hence he failed to pass promotion examinations. He failed in other things connected with his work. Each failure drew color out of his life as fear draws the blood from one's face. Each failure bred the suggestion of other failures to come—and suggestion or auto-suggestion, as it is called when it becomes effective, is another mighty factor in the development of character.

Smith's principal passed out of his life; but not before there had grown up in Smith the habit of regarding all his superiors as burdens or barriers. Children too became associated in his mind as clamoring problems with more than a touch of malice in their nature. Teaching lost its savor for Smith; so did life.

Also Smith's painful memories of the principal though forgotten were not gone. "A pain in the soul," says modern science, "is likely to express itself as a pain in the body—unless given some other outlet." Hence Smith's pernicketty stomach and finally the outbreak on his skin that came as a symbol and result of the conflict he had repressed.

The analyst told Smith all this.

"Then this rash can not be cured?" Smith asked dispiritedly.

"I did not say that," the analyst said. "If we could eliminate the original cause we could eliminate much of the effect. Or if you would change your habits of reacting in some important ways you would be greatly relieved."

"But these things have been taking place so long they are life-habits with me," Smith protested. "Remember, I am forty years

old. One doesn't change twenty-year-old habits at my age."

"You're thinking of what Dr. Osler said about a man of forty," the analyst smiled. "Dr. Osler said it partly in jest; and partly he was misquoted. It was perhaps the most devastating jest in history. It planted negative dispiriting suggestion in the minds

WHAT makes one character different from another? One man feels cheerful and acts accordingly, say, once out of three times; another does it twice as often. The world says, "What a difference in character!"

Symbols have tremendous power in locking or unlocking energies in us. Witness the effect of a country's flag in time of war. Furthermore the same symbol may have opposite effects on different people. What is interesting, however, is that the same object can change its meaning as a symbol—therefore its effect—for the same individual. This changing of the viewpoint, described as "resymbolization," is the essence of the treatment by psychoanalysis

of millions of people approaching middle age and must have wrought incalculable harm. Now, Dr. Osler was a great physician; but he said what he did fifteen years or so ago. In that time man has learned to fly and to send his voice across oceans. He has also learned a great deal about man's character and its plasticity that Dr. Osler didn't know."

"That may be," Smith sadly remarked, "but I know my limitations."

"Do you? How far, for instance, do you think you could run before you'd stop from exhaustion?"

"About a mile. Why?"

"That's more than an invalid mother I know of could even imagine herself doing. Yet when she heard that an ammunition factory in which her daughter was working had exploded she jumped from her bed and ran barefoot seven miles thinking she had to save her child.

"You do not know your limitations. You and I are the product of something that has survived millions of years of ocean ooze; fierce heat, ages of ice; countless mistakes and shortcomings in adaptation to environment, æons of struggle in which only the fit survived and passed on their fitness to their progeny. We are the development of something that has fought off fierce beasts and fiercer men; something that has out-lived plagues and individual disease, age-long wars and the appalling havoc of ignorance. Do you think that you, the survivor of all this, are living up to the limits of this fierce ageless energy?"

Smith shook his head.

"This sort of talk seems to have nothing real in it for me," he said. "I feel no such fierce energy."

"Then you are like a man who in a high-powered automobile shuts down his engine power nine-tenths and tells himself that's all the engine is worth. You were running along powerfully, smoothly until you came to that bully of a principal. Then you shut down the brakes. He was a 'Stop!' sign in the road to you. You didn't fully investigate

whether you really needed to stop. You just kept the brakes on and made a long painful detour. You kept them on till it became a habit and you forgot that you were keeping the brakes on. The result is that you have been running on one-tenth of your power."

"What would you have done?"

"I would have kept the engine running at any cost. I would have found out whether I really had to come to a stop. I would have run over him if necessary!"

"And lost my job and left my wife and baby deprived?"

"Would that have really happened had you fought that bully?"

Smith thought and slowly colored.

"Now that I look back on it—perhaps my fears misled me."

"That is what fear and worry do nine times out of ten."

"But that's all dead and buried!" Smith exclaimed impatiently. "What's the use of harping on it now?"

"Buried," the analyst retorted, "but not dead. You don't know it but you still have your foot on the brakes as the result of that 'Stop!' sign you interpreted your principal to be. It's down where your consciousness doesn't recognize it as such. And the waste of power running against a brake is going on. What you are aware of is only the sense of friction and strain, insufficiency of power, futility. . . . Now let us see how 'dead' your encounter with the principal is."

The analyst made Smith recall his clash with the bully eighteen years before. He made him recollect every incident and detail. Smith was surprised to find how much, under the prompting of the analyst, he could recall of what was "dead and forgotten." By means of dreams and other "associations," the probing went deeper and deeper into memory. One of the things modern science has discovered is that practically no impression or experience, however slight, is completely lost from the brain cells on which it impinged. No matter how little we remember it is there to be recollected.

AS SMITH'S memories of his conflict with the principal came back there came with them associated feelings. Little by little, supposedly "dead" emotion, like a forgotten wound under cruel probe, throbbled up again until the pain gripped Smith and shook him to the heart. Once again he saw the principal's mean hectoring self; heard the unfair criticism; felt the hot blood surge up; turned cold at the threat to his career, bread and butter, his wife and his baby.

But this time Smith expressed all he felt. He raged. He stamped up and down the room. He seized his hat and coat and would have caught the first train to a neighboring city to vent his ancient grudge on his former principal, had not the analyst restrained him. Finally the passion spent itself. When it had subsided altogether Smith was weak with the experience.

But he felt a curious relief, a long forgotten lightness of heart. He had got the benefit of what the psychologists call "catharsis," actually a purging of pent-up emotion. It is a phenomenon so familiar that I need dwell little on it. Often the mere talking a thing out has this effect. Every-day life knows it so well that it has found expression in idiom and slang. "Get it off your chest!" "Shoot, what's on your mind?"

Nor was the effect of the "catharsis" temporary with Smith. He thought of that encounter several times after that but always with a measure of relief; until the habit of repressing those memories went. With it

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Luella Gear
in
"Poppy"

AMONG the claimants for the honor of making "Poppy" an uncommonly entertaining musical comedy, W. C. Fields as the itinerant Professor Eustace McGargle, and Luella Gear as the beguiling Miss Mary Delafield, stand at the head of the list. Mr. Fields's is the high art of clowning with some expert sleight-of-hand thrown in, while Miss Gear, besides being a very good comedienne, has a spontaneous joyousness in all she does that would illuminate a much less worthy book and score than Dorothy Donnelly, Stephen Jones and Arthur Samuels have provided for this play



WHITE

"The Woman on the Jury" by Bernard K. Burns strikes a note of novelty in melodrama by shifting the dramatic climax from the court room to the jury room. Fleming Ward does well with the ungrateful rôle of the betraying lover, but Mary Newcomb does a superb piece of acting as the girl who holds out for acquittal of his murderess



RICHARD BURKE

Miriam Hopkins, who plays the part of the young married woman whose search for a thrill motivates most of the plot that "Little Jessie James" can boast of. The book and lyrics are by Harlan Thompson, the music by Harry Archer, and the proceedings are abetted and considerably aided by the James Boys, an orchestra inspired and trained by the ubiquitous Paul Whiteman

Among the many attractions gathered under the resplendent banner of the new Ziegfeld Follies is the newly imported eccentric dance team of Florianne and Revel. They have already tripped their way to fame in the London and Paris revues with their clever and amusing pantomime acting



NICOLAS MURAY

Mme. Olga Petrova, who is working out the first half of the season in vaudeville on the west coast, will be seen in New York sometime after the holidays as the star in "Hurricane," a play of her own composition



RICHARD BURKE



Douglas Fairbanks has chosen the picturesque hero of one of the Arabian Nights tales as his next incarnation and about the first of the year he will be ready to release "The Thief of Bagdad." Many romantic and thrilling episodes from the other thousand tales in the famous collection have been annexed to round out a story which promises to be worthy of his talents



Helen Gahagan and Paul Kelly in "Chains," a play by Jules Eckert Goodman which tells the old story of a youthful indiscretion from a new and interesting angle. Miss Gahagan gives a splendidly controlled and convincing performance of a rôle which might easily be ruined by overacting; while Gilbert Emery, and Katherine Alexander are especially good in their parts

Only so irresistibly delightful an actress as Mrs. Fiske could give a perfect performance of so kindred a spirit as Mary Westlake, the actress heroine of St. John Ervine's comedy, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." Descending upon the vicarage of the Rev. Peter Considine with a mind to considering a poetic drama written by his son, Mary reaches the climax of her devastating visit in this scene with Sir Henry Considine, K.C.M.G. (C. Aubrey Smith), with whom she has been lost all night at sea in a rowboat



Robert C. Benchley, dramatic critic, well known humorist and a frequent contributor to this magazine, has rendered himself liable to being hoisted by his own petard by appearing as a monologist in the new Music Box



Irene Castle
in
Her Own Revue

FROM Canada and New England have come glowing reports of Irene Castle's new revue. Her interpretation of the newest dances, and her resplendent forecast of the season's mode as London and Paris have decreed it, are among the recurrent events of the season popular with audiences throughout the country. Supported by Duke Yellman's orchestra and a company recruited largely abroad, the revue is traveling southward and should reach the Pacific coast before spring. Rumor has it that when her tour is finished Miss Castle will return to the screen

HACON BARONY

Nine Novels

Not To Be Taken Too Seriously, But Just Seriously Enough

By Claire Wallace Flynn

North of 36

By Emerson Hough

A GREAT many authors write very magnificently about nothing at all, and some others write very simply and almost matter-of-factly about really great things, epic things. Emerson Hough was one of the latter. His "Covered Wagon" was an example of this sort of writing which, without trumpets and drums, still achieves splendid effects.

The last book written by this successful and honored American author before his death last spring was "North of 36," a story which has for the reader all the national pull the "Covered Wagon" had; and, in fact, some may find it even a better story.

It is a tale of Texan days just after the Civil War. Carpet-baggers are trying to strangle the government of the State. Poverty is felt everywhere, even on the huge ranches where cattle graze by thousands, but whose owners have no market. There are just one hundred miles of railway in Texas and the North is far away. Indians, still restless and dangerous, lie between the great battle country and that new and hungry region north of 36-39, the old slavery line. Texas faces ruin.

In Mr. Hough's story it is a girl, a fearless product of those dangerous and dramatic times, who breaks the deadlock. It is a girl who drives the first five thousand head of cattle one thousand miles north to Kansas and the railway to sell them and relieve that poverty which, in her own case, is typical of all Texas.

That drive with its dangers and frontier perils is told in an easy, human yet tense way and forms the backbone of the book. Romance plays its part, but the story is particularly valuable for the picture it presents, not only of actual historical events but of the very spirit of those days.

As we have said in these book pages before, every American is at heart something of a cowboy and frontiersman. It is to these undying instincts that "North of 36" makes its undeniable appeal. We hear that already a picturization of this excellent novel is being made in California, and that before very long across the motion-picture screens of the country we shall see Taisie Lockhart, boss of Lago del Sol rancho, dressed like a boy, riding like a boy, but loving like a woman, driving her thousands of longhorns up from Texas to the newly opened Kansas market on the railway—one thousand miles away. It ought to make a bully picture, at that.

Fortune's Fool

By Raphael Sabatini

SOMEONE should tie Sabatini's hands behind his back and at the same time forbid him the joys of dictation. Perhaps that would hold him for a while. However, we have a suspicion that Mr. Sabatini is a bit like his own exciting heroes, and would find a way to circumvent fate in spite of anything we might do to suggest delicately that he take a rest. We really think that he is turning them out too fast, those thrillers of which *Scaramouche* and *Captain Blood* are

such noble examples. It is difficult to keep such a good standard up.

Mr. Sabatini gives the impression of writing with a pen in one hand and a sword in the other—an ambidextrousness most desirable in an author of historical and adventurous tales, and in "Fortune's Fool" both weapons are used skilfully. But you can hear the voice of the publisher raised on high: "Now, Mr. Sabatini, just hurry along that novel about London during the days

personages dragged in with all good reason can not make this romance all it should be. Our heart yearns for another "Captain Blood." Mr. Sabatini, please take notice.

Madame Claire

By Susan Ertz

AT FIRST, as Susan Ertz tells you about an old lady of seventy-eight and her children and grandchildren, you will listen because you are polite and because the evenings are closing in and because almost any kind of a story before a light autumn fire is good. But as the quiet voice goes on you will like what she says more and more, and when she has finished you'll get up and say: "I'd love to meet those people you have been telling me about; they are the kind of folks I'd like to know."

There's old Lady Gregory, called by those who love her, "Madame Claire." At nearly eighty she is still able to experience one of the great moments of her life. Wise, witty, human, she sees far into people's hearts and knows, by some sixth sense of splendid old age, just what they need to mend their lives. She writes delightful and sparkling letters and signs those to her grandchildren "Claire"—their chum, you see, not only their grandmother.

Then there's Judy, a real girl, around whom most of the story centers, and Noel her brother, and Chip who was run down one night by Judy's motor, and who forever after is inextricably part of her life.

Not much plot here, and the writing is not remarkable save by its lack of effort. The book makes no bid for fame, but it is a remarkably readable affair. It asks very little of the reader except a kindly acceptance, and gives, in exchange, a good deal of real enjoyment.

Mr. Podd

By Freeman Tilden

of the Restoration and the great plague, and fill it with swashbuckling and intrigue and love—only, hurry, hurry!" And, Sabatini, instead of telling every one concerned to go to the devil until he could turn out another "Captain Blood," hurried, hurried, and—here we are with "Fortune's Fool" to read.

In all honesty we must confess that if any one else had written it, we would have said it was corking, but we will not concede that it is corking for Sabatini—which, in a way, is the best compliment we can pay the author.

The argument, as they say in the theater: Captain Holles, true soldier of fortune, thwarted at every turn from the fulfillment of his ambitions and his hopes. Because of his own and his father's political and army records it is difficult for him to find the right berth as a soldier under Charles the Second. Even the girl he loved in his boyhood has disappeared. When he finally does meet her again it is under circumstances so disgraceful to him that it is worse than no meeting at all. At this point the great plague that swept over London takes its place as chief protagonist in the tale, and the destiny of the handsome young people is bound up in the terrible pestilence. Historical names abound; the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Albermarle, Sir George Etherage, the playwright (an edition of whose plays are to be published, by some strange coincidence, within a short time by Houghton Mifflin Company). But even these great

MR. PODD, millionaire nozzle manufacturer, is about to sail on his yacht, *The Future*, for the purpose of spreading before the world his plans for an ideal commonwealth and brotherhood. Eight sympathizers are to sail with him. They are going to make the old world a much, much better place—and all that. But one Henry Waddick is no sympathizer. This retail grocer has even gone the length of writing to Mr. Podd (whom he knows only through the newspapers) and calling him a "malicious and dangerous jackass." That does not suffice. Maddened by numerous circumstances, Waddick finally dashes to the sailing port of Mr. Podd to tell the great man, personally, what he thinks of him.

"Pier 21, North River,—the Podd ship—and go like —"

And, when the taxi driver has gone just like that and landed Waddick on the dock, the Podd party mistake him for a tardy and anxiously awaited disciple, rush him aboard *The Future* and, in a minute, the yacht sails away and—there you are!

If you have a better beginning for a jolly yarn up your sleeve, we would like to see it. We might even publish it here in the book pages.

(Continued on page 48)



THE football gridiron lay heavy with the gold of October, one of those early season practise days when the languor of departed summer strives to maintain its spell against strenuous portents that seem lurking in every breeze that blows.

The huge area of turf was filled with stalwart youth working in groups under the instruction of coaches. Everywhere order, system, intense concentration. James Willis, one of the famous players of the early eighties vintage, smiled. In his day there was nothing like this. Football, he pondered, had grown to be a complicated game. So far as that was concerned everything had grown complicated. But Willis didn't care. Another football season was beginning and the world could go hang.

Near the field house, seated in a compact circle under a tree, sat the varsity first-string men, their faces upturned to the head coach as he diagrammed plays later to be practised, elucidating their strategical points and defining them in relation to individuals. Willis passed on down the side-line under the shadow of the huge concrete stands, and then paused suddenly as a player ran past him out of bounds in pursuit of a misdirected punt. The ball caromed from the base of the stand directly at Willis's feet. He picked it up and tossed it to the player.

"Here you are, son."

"Thank you, sir."

The boy caught the ball, poised it with a swift, deft motion, let it fall to his foot, sent it spiraling down the field to a group of receivers. Turning again to Willis with a

little smile, the player ran out upon the gridiron to join the punting squad.

And as he went Willis watched him with eyes ever narrowing, brow drawing into deepening furrows, puzzled, almost distraught. For the boy had made a curious impression upon him, an impression so strange, so powerful in its effect, that he was utterly at a loss to explain it.

True enough the player had met in every way Willis's ideal of what a football player should be, being tall, rangy, with superb chest and shoulders, his every action lithe and resilient. But now he knew there was something else, something deeper, more vital than sheer scientific approval of the young man's physique. Just what it was, however, he could not so much as make a fairly reasonable guess.

He knew only that as they had stood momentarily eye to eye there had come to him a flash inexplicable, yet beyond all question significant. Mechanically Willis's hand rose to his throat. There was a constriction there. He turned from the field, facing the cavernous stands, a sob, dry, throaty, coming from his lips.

What was it? Perhaps it was his own lost days. There was something about the boy that had reminded him of himself when he was that age. Yes, undoubtedly that was it. His lips twisted in a little melancholy smile.

Presently he turned back to the field, approaching a player who stood on the side-lines, having just been relieved from passing the ball for the punters to kick.

"Who," he asked, touching the young

Sentiment

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

man upon the shoulder, "is that tall, dark-haired young fellow who just punted? I mean what's his name?"

"That's Leslie Davis, sir," came the reply. "I see. Thanks." Willis nodded and walked off the field, his eyes upon the ground, his mood abstracted. Almost involuntarily he went to the registrar's office and learned that Davis was a self-supporting student from West Virginia. Character, excellent; a good student. Willis departed not greatly satisfied and yet inclined to ascribe his unusual mood to a certain sentiment that always moved him when he visited the haunts of his departed youth; this in part at least, and in additional part a certain psychological atunement with the boy that would perhaps repay investigation when he had the time. With this explanation he dined at the graduates' club with a group of alumni and returned to the city in the early evening.

THE chairman of the alumni association glanced along the line of speakers who sat on either hand as though not altogether certain upon whom to call. Presently his eyes shifted to one of the tables stretching down the long room, resting upon a man who sat in the very last seat upon the right-hand side. As the man frowned and shook his head the chairman's eyebrows rose quizzically.

"Now, before hearing from other of our distinguished guests, I am going to call upon a fellow alumnus for a few words; one of the grand old men of football, a star of the early eighties, who has been hiding his light under a bushel all these years. The man from whom we are shortly to hear has never lost interest in intercollegiate sports, and when I tell you that he and 'Old Grad,' who for many years has written those discerning technical articles upon football and rowing in our alumni weekly, are one and the same, you will appreciate the treat in store for you. Jim Willis, get up and be exposed."

Willis, flushing deeply, shooting indignant glances at the chairman, hesitated, glanced toward the doorway meditating flight, and then, as a cordial clapping of hands arose, he stood up in his place. Erect, stalwart, there was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he had ended his career as a college athlete more than forty years ago.

His hand rose to his prominent nose, his thin, sensitive mouth twitched in embarrassment.

"Gentlemen, your chairman is nothing short of a trickster." There was now a humorous glow in the dark eyes that were fixed upon the man who had placed him in this position of prominence. "He might be called by a shorter and uglier name, too, when I inform you that no treat is in store for you so far as I am concerned. I am no orator, never made a speech in my life. I came here from New York on the understanding that I should be permitted to do nothing but listen. I intend to hold Tom Jessup, up there"—he gestured toward the

If You Have a Boy, This Story of an Old Grad Who Had None Will Make Your Heart Beat Faster

chairman—"to his word. I—I—" Under cover of kindly applause he sat down.

Willis's thoughts drifted away after the chairman had rebuked him in humorous vein for his reticence and introduced the next speaker. They were apt to drift—usually upon the wings of melancholy—when he was in a gathering of fellow alumni. For these men, not a few of them, had boys of their own at the old university, and in the case of his class more than one of his old comrades were beginning to live their college days over again through their grandsons.

He frowned. It was a great thing to have a boy coming after you in college, frequenting the same old haunts, doing the things that you used to do. Youth could never quite perish from a man when this was happening. His hand rose to his mass of heavy, iron-gray hair. Every one told him he was the perennial undergrad. He knew better. Something had died inside him the second year of his married life when a baby son had been taken away. His wife had followed ten years later, the girl who used to sit among the few thousands at the big games of his student days and cheer him on to wonderful exploits.

And his daughter—a gleam, not of pain, anger, rather—crossed the smoldering eyes. Again his hand rose to his forehead, passed across it impatiently as though rubbing unpleasant thoughts away.

But he could not eliminate the impression of a life slowly drifting away in futility. He lived at a club, a bare, cheerless existence relieved only by those wonderful visits to the homes of classmates and other friends where he had been for years "Uncle Jim" to successive generations of youngsters.

Uncle Jim! Willis grimaced. An empty sort of satisfaction after all, empty in spite of all the warmth it had engendered within him. Vicarious parenthood in the last analysis was nothing but a foolish sort of self-deception. Inexorably the passage of years had exposed its spuriousness. And he had worked on in Wall Street long after any necessity for further attention to business had existed. Plenty of money—nothing really vital to do with it except make himself comfortable and the lot of persons less fortunately placed at least endurable. But charity—what was it, after all? Giving money he did not need to almoners who distributed it into unknown quarters measurably justified, perhaps, his cumbrance of the earth. But it didn't fill the hole in his own life.

As for football and other sports of his university, which he followed with the discernment of an expert observer and a deep, burning, inexplicable enthusiasm, what did they amount to, after all? What difference did it make to him whether the eleven or crew or nine of his college won or did not win? What real difference?

Willis glanced at his watch and was about to slip out of the room when his attention was caught by something the secretary of the association was saying.

It related to the raising of a scholarship

fund for a boy from the South who had entered his sophomore year. The fund in existence at the time sufficed for the several students who were in the university under the auspices of this association. But the matter under consideration involved a special case and if it was to be met an additional sum must be subscribed.

"It is rather an interesting situation," the secretary was saying. "This boy, Davis, is, I am given to understand, a very promising back and a fine infielder—" He held up his hand, frowning as "a chorus of ironical laughter arose. "Don't mistake me, gentlemen; Davis is a serious scholar in good standing in his classes; a fine type of boy who deserves every assistance that can be given to him."

Willis started forward suddenly, touching the arm of the man who sat next him.

"The name," he asked. "What did he say it was?"

"Davis, I think," came the reply.

"Davis!" Willis gazed into his coffee-cup, his eyes glowing, knowing again that strange undefinable emotion. He turned to the secretary, who was explaining that the boy had been unable to play either football or baseball in his freshman year because of the exigencies of class-room work and the necessity of earning his way through college.

"This year," the secretary went on, "I am advised by the registrar that he may be obliged to leave college. His father died this summer and he feels he should be earning something. The proposition is this: if we can help him with his tuition and board the money he can earn down there will solve his problem for the time being at all events. He is the precise sort of boy we want at the college." The speaker waited a moment.

"Well," he asked at length, "what are we going to do about it? Some of you have sons in college, or have had. Some of you have not. But get this: Every one of you who subscribes to a fund of this sort can hold up his head with the proud thought, 'I have a boy in the old place.'"

WILLIS'S head came up with a jerk. Upon his face was the expression of a man suddenly exalted, in his eyes the light of one who sees into perspectives hitherto closed. His breast rose in a deep breath. A boy in the old college! His lips framed the magic formula, but no sound came. Then, as though trying to separate the wheat of truth from the chaff of spurious sentiment, his head shook doggedly from side to side, the lines in his forehead deepening. No use. He was too deeply moved. There was the thought that never could he have been so spontaneously swayed by any sophistry, no matter how deeply, how cleverly concealed. That thought brought him to his feet as



though without volition. "Gentlemen—" He held out a clenched hand; his voice was thick—"I never had a boy at the old college." He glanced about the room, his eyes shining. "I—what your secretary said has hit me hard. A new thought, and a big one, to a man situated as I am. I—I—want a boy down there. I'll esteem it a special favor if you'll permit one who is not a member of this association to donate the entire subscription. I've—I've met this boy Davis—and I like him. I—"

WILLIS'S voice was drowned in a stentorian burst of cheers and shouts of approval. He stood, head high, his eyes darting here and there like an eagle's as the diners by common impulse rose to their feet with a whoop and a bang, cheering for Willis, for his new protégé, and finally for the university.

"Thank you, gentlemen." He nodded at the secretary. "I'll send you a check for the—the boy to-morrow." Then, abruptly, he turned and left the room.

In the course of his life Willis had learned that the morning, particularly before breakfast, is the time when illusions must be deep-seated indeed, if they are to survive. Experience and all the lessons it has taught are paramount, sentiment utterly at ebb.

And so next morning when he rose and set about the processes of preparing for the day he found the strongest sanction for his emotions of the previous evening in the subtle mood of lightness that pervaded his mind. It was inexplicable, yet it existed. He accepted it, and the while hummed a song they had sung at the alumni gathering, one of the fighting songs, so-called, his shaving-brush moving in rhythmic harmony with the stirring music.

Arriving at his office on lower Broadway, he summoned his cashier and bade him draw a check to the Alumni Association, account of Leslie Davis.

When the man placed it upon his desk,

Willis picked up his pen, glancing at him with a little smile.

"It costs money to keep boys in college, Severance."

The man nodded.

"I don't suppose you ever knew," he went on, gesturing awkwardly, "I have a boy down there."

"You—you—" The cashier glanced at him. "No, I didn't know that. I—I—didn't know you had a son, Mr. Willis. I thought—" He paused.

"No"—Willis leaned forward to sign the check—"not exactly a son—that is, not exactly."

He frowned, gesturing irritably.

"THAT will do, Severance. Thank you."

As the door closed he picked up a morning paper, opened it to the sporting page and leaned back in his chair. There was a dispatch from his university relating to the practise of the football squad the preceding day, and the line-up of the varsity as it had played against the scrub was given. Davis's name did not appear. Willis frowned. That was the way with coaches. They were prone to overlook good men in favor of veterans, at least at this season of the year. On the other hand—Willis tossed the paper upon his desk—what did he personally know about this boy Davis? The probabilities, as a fact, were that the chap might have nothing more with which to confirm the things said about him at the alumni meeting than a high school reputation, which might mean little, conceivably nothing. Yet, at the same time, he certainly had the build. No doubt about that. And the manner, too. Willis prided himself that he could spot a football player as far as he could see him.

Rising at length from his desk, Willis paced the floor thoughtfully. In line with his habit of visiting certain college centers to view the important elevens in their early season games, thus forming an impression of their November possibilities, Willis, to whom football was, of all sports, a religion, had planned to go down to his own college on Saturday to see the team in its first game of the season against a small college outfit reported to be loaded for bear.

He glanced at the calendar. To-day being Thursday, there would be a scrimmage. He had already been down to look over the squad, but no harm would be done in running down again, especially as there had been no scrimmage the day of his visit. Nothing particularly interesting to see, the team being in a formative state, plays few and simple. But at least he could get another glimpse of this boy Davis; in fact, he would meet him, have a talk with him, and, if possible, determine the nature of the strange spell that had been established within him at their last meeting. As a matter of fact, he had known from the very minute of rising that he was going to the college that day and form an acquaintance with this boy, Jack Davis—his boy.

He caught him just as he was leaving the dressing-room for the field.

"I say, Davis," he said, "look here, will you, a minute? My—" His voice caught. For some reason his eyes became suffused. He brushed his hand impatiently across his face.

"I—I—" He saw that his manner was embarrassing the boy, and by sheer physical effort he brought himself into control. "My name is Willis. In other words, 'Old Grad.' I write about football in the alumni weekly."

"Oh, yes—" The boy smiled. "Of course I've heard about you, Mr. Willis. That is, I've read your football articles."

Willis nodded.

"I wonder if I could see you after practise—a little talk. I don't suppose you've



"My name is Willis. In other words, 'Old Grad.' I write about football in the alumni weekly. Could I see you later?"

had time to hear yet, but I am interested in a scholarship fund you are to receive and—"

Leslie stepped forward, his face lighting. "You don't say, Mr. Willis! Gee! I—I—don't just know what to say. It's—it's—"

Willis raised his hand.

"Don't say anything. I'll wait for you outside the field house after practise."

"Thank you, sir." He took the man's proffered hand, his clear gray eyes lighting in a vivid smile, and then with a little gesture loped out onto the field to join a group of backs who were standing about one of the coaches.

Willis watched him as he went. If he had had any doubt as to the validity of his impressions upon first meeting this youngster, they had vanished now. For the spell was even more assertive than it had ever been, and he made no effort to check the surging sentiment which seemed to dominate him utterly; indeed, he knew a warmth, a sense of outlet, as though dams within him had given way, that exalted him—almost, as it seemed, lifted him out of himself.

In sheer emotion he left the field and paced the tree-shaded street that bounded it upon one side.

WHEN he returned to the gridiron the varsity had lined up against the scrub, the various coaches, strategically disposed behind the line, watching their pupils defend against Mason and Dixon plays which the scrub eleven was putting on. Most of the offensive maneuvers were being nicely diagnosed and abruptly checked. But one play, a run from kick formation with a swift cut inside or outside tackle, was gaining consistently.

The cries of the coaches rose with ever-increasing sharpness, and finally, as the head coach, with an exclamation of displeasure, halted play and came toward the side-lines, running his eyes over the long line of candidates who sat huddled upon the bench, Willis approached him.

"Bill," he said, "that triple threat man on the scrub, Davis, is the cause of your trouble. Your tackles and ends are not weak.

That boy has the best change of pace, the neatest drawing away of the hips, of any one I've seen since Eddie Mahan. They—they—" Willis's voice caught. "They seem to be thinking a lot of young Rollins up at Yale, and he is good, as a matter of fact. But this boy Davis looks to be in a class by himself. What's he doing on the scrub?"

The coach grinned.

"IT'S only his second day in scrimmage. He won't be there long." So saying he turned to the bench and called for replacements. Practise went on, and the longer it continued the more evident was it that one of those blazing incidents of which every coach dreams, but so seldom realizes, the appearance of a star springing like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully armed, had materialized. For Davis not only could run with the ball, but throw it like a bullet, and his punts averaged more than forty-two yards. He was a football player, beyond doubt.

Curiously enough, it was still Willis, not the boy, who seemed under constraint when they met outside the field after practise. Davis had a frank, comradely manner, carrying with it a subtle deference that was wholly engaging. And it was not long before the man gave himself unreservedly to enjoyment of the companionship, his mood being heightened by the very evident fact that the bond between them, whatever its nature might be, was involving Davis as well as himself. Than this, Willis could have asked nothing more.

"You know, sir," Davis said, as the two paused under the shadowy elms upon the front campus, "I never knew what it was to have a father until—until—mine died last summer. You—you—there's sort of something gone. I didn't realize it until I came back to college this fall.

"You know how it is," he went on after a moment's silence. "Fathers dropping into the rooms, roasting the studes for spending too much money, or getting into some kind of trouble, and yet, on the side, grinning because they haven't forgotten they used to do the same things? Of course my father lived too

far away; besides, he wasn't a college man. Just the same—" The boy paused.

"Yes, I understand." Willis's voice was low. "You see, I'm pretty much in the same boat, but the opposite end. I'm an old grad without the boy."

"Well—" Davis paused thoughtfully—"I don't know but that's tougher than the other way round. . . . I'd hate to think I wasn't going to have a kid here sometime. Yes, I think I'm better off than you, because I've got a mother, and she's a corker."

"I'll warrant she is." Willis smiled. Then his eyes deepened as though in pain. He wanted to talk, talk freely, and this mood in a man whose reticence had become the fixed habit of years was tremendous in its effect upon him—as though a great dam were beginning to give way before rising volumes of water. He tried to resist. But he couldn't. The impulse was overpowering. He gestured.

"YOU know," he said, "I haven't any one. I'm a lonely old cuss. I had a baby son. He died. So did his mother. I had a daughter. She—she married without my knowledge or consent; married—impossibly. I've never seen her since. Maybe dead; probably is. She—"

The boy, who had been studying Willis, a curious expression developing upon his face, suddenly stepped close to him. For an instant he hesitated, then impulsively placed his hand upon his arm.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Willis. I'm old enough to understand how you feel. But look here. You—" His voice trembled, then abruptly ceased; slowly he withdrew his hand.

Willis straightened, forcing a laugh. "I'm afraid I've been a bit of a fool. It isn't often—" He raised his hand, dropping it heavily. "Can't you dine with me at the club? I must get back to the city early, but I have time for that."

The boy smiled, shaking his head, explaining he was a waiter in commons and must report for duty within fifteen minutes.

"I see." Willis seemed at loss for words. "I'd—I'd like to keep in touch with you if you've any time and patience for an old

grad"—he smiled grimly—"an old grad without a boy."

A softened expression settled upon the boy's face, which, rugged though it was, was eloquent of sensibilities.

"Thank you. I'd love to know you better, sir. Any time you can drop in the room when you're down here will be great."

"All right. And you must come up to the city some time." Willis held out his hand, and the boy took it and then stood awkwardly. For the older man, apparently, had forgotten to release the fingers. Presently, with a start and a murmur of apology, Willis drew his hand back and turned away.

"Good-by, boy." He hastened down the pathway. When he reached the entrance gate he paused, glancing backward over his shoulder. The boy was standing where Willis had left him, face turned in his direction. They raised their hands and waved them.

Then resolutely Willis strode through the gate and into the street. Lights were appearing in the shop windows. In the westward sky was a long band of burnt orange. Overhead the softly moving branches of the trees seemed laden with music.

Mason and Dixon came to the university the following Saturday and adequately confirmed the reports that the team was out for big game. Coached by a celebrated gridiron specialist who was receiving more money for his services than the President of the college and any two faculty members combined, the husky sons of a great industrial district were probably on a par with any October eleven in the country. They showed perfectly coordinated team play, thanks to a month of intensive practise in a summer football camp in the mountains, and their physical condition was excellent.

When the first half ended they had been unable to score touch-downs, but had twice approached near enough to the goal of the university to permit a gifted drop kicker to score by a field goal upon each occasion. On the other hand they had held their opponents safely. The university outfit had received from the coaches a complement of only five plays, a simple forward pass, a straight-

line buck, a crisscross tackle play, an end run and a double pass. Mason and Dixon stopped them all with a great deal of aplomb.

James Willis, seated upon the side-line bench with other of the football alumni, moved restlessly throughout the ordeal of that first half, occasionally leaning forward and glancing up the line of substitutes toward Leslie Davis, who sat leaning forward, elbows upon his knees, chin in his hands, rigid, eager as a hound in leash.

When the teams left the field for the intermission Willis rose, fighting an inclination to follow the eleven into the dressing-room. But, remembering that graduate interference in the course of a game was something not tolerated by the present coaching régime, he resumed his seat and watched the small band of Mason and Dixon rooters gyrating about the gridiron in an anticipatory snake dance.

Willis leaned forward, staring eagerly as the squad loped upon the gridiron for the second half, the varsity breaking from the group in midfield while the rest continued upon their way to the side-lines. The line-up had not been changed.

"The fool!" Willis slumped upon the bench, glaring in the direction of the coach. Then, immediately Mason and Dixon had kicked off, a stupendous thing occurred. A lithe, rangy young man leaped from the bench and dashed out upon the field.

"Davis." Willis sprang to his feet, his eyes following every movement of the substitute as he reported to the referee and took his place in the backfield. The ball had been run back to the university's forty-yard line in returning the kick-off, splendid territory for the opening up of the attack.

A CRISP signal came from the quarterback. Straight and true the ball shot to Davis, who started laterally toward the right end, then paused suddenly. A sharp cry rose from the stands. Thirty yards down the field, to the left, a university back was clear, the left wing defense having been sucked to the right. Davis's arm, ball in hand, swept backward. A tackler dived at him. Davis deftly side-stepped and as the man plunged to earth the ball left his hand, spiraling like a bullet, describing the slightest arc as it whistled toward the receiver, who caught it over his shoulder on the dead run and kept on his way to the Mason and Dixon goal line.

"Beautiful!" Willis turned to one of the younger football veterans, who, in common with every one else, had risen to his feet in the excitement of the play. "That's my—my boy," he said. Then he gulped and looked ashamed.

But the other man didn't know him. He turned, grinning, slapping him upon the shoulder.

"Bully for you! You ought to be proud of that boy. He's got football genius written all over him. Hope some one of my three youngsters will be half as good."

"Oh, they will. Football blood tells, you know." There was a chuckle in his voice.

Mason and Dixon throughout the remainder of the game faced the unenviable task of playing against a potential big-game star of first magnitude who had not only uncanny intuitions and physical ability to perform up to the hilt all the requirements of backfield play both in attack and defense, but the faculty of inspiring his comrades to the utmost self-sacrificing effort.

Catching a punt in the third quarter, he threaded through the entire Mason and Dixon team for a touch-down and in the last period he picked up a fumble and

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"I've got more money than I'll ever spend," Willis said. "My only real business now lies in investments. I want to invest some money in you"



EDITORIAL

THE LODGE SECRETARY

THE office of Secretary of a Subordinate Lodge of Elks is one of the most important which that body is required to fill. The duties assigned to it are as exacting as they are variant; and their proper performance calls for unusual qualifications and equipment. And this applies not only to the Lodges in the great cities with their large memberships; it is true, relatively, of every Lodge, even the smallest.

The Secretary is the one official who has direct dealings with every member of his Lodge. He is more responsible than any other individual for the maintenance of the membership. He is, in a sense, the historian of the Lodge; for his minutes are the only source from which that history can be accurately written. The financial health of the Lodge is in his keeping. And the efficiency of the whole administration of subordinate Lodge affairs depends upon the conduct of his office.

These are facts that must be quite obvious to those who give the matter any real thought. But it is regrettably true that much less consideration is given to the subject than it merits. The result is that in many cases Secretaries are elected, and reelected year after year, who do not render the service justly required and expected of them; while in many other cases faithful and efficient officers fail to receive either the compensation or the appreciation which they richly deserve.

The proper conduct of the office, even in Lodges of the average size, involves real work which absorbs a considerable portion of the officer's entire business time.

He must attend every meeting, make notes of the proceedings, and transcribe them in the permanent record book. These minutes should not only be accurate but full, so as to preserve a true and complete record of all that transpires. This can not be done acceptably without painstaking care and intelligent application.

It is his duty to keep a correct record of the membership, their constantly changing addresses and business connections; to keep an accurate account of their dues to the Lodge and to the Grand Lodge; and to make collection of those dues. Prompt and persistent attention to this last item is of the greatest importance. Few members of the Order feel any reluctance to pay current dues if reminded of them at the proper

time and place. But where neglect has permitted them to accumulate, they become just that much harder to pay. And it is this situation which inspires the insidious suggestion to dimit, or causes the Lodge to strike from the rolls; either course resulting in a loss of membership and of income.

The Secretary must also keep such records as are prescribed by the Grand Lodge so that his required reports to the Grand Secretary may be reliable for adjustment of accounts with his office and valuable in the compilation of the statistics of the Order.

It is his duty to keep officials and committee appointees advised of meetings and of conditions with which they are to deal; to keep in touch with candidates for initiation and to see that they present themselves at the proper time; to answer the call of other Lodges, Grand Lodge officers and Committees, for information and service; and generally to maintain a central bureau of information of Lodge statistics and activities for the benefit of all its members.

He comes in personal contact with a larger number of the members of his Lodge than any other officer; and his demeanor, address, and diplomacy have much to do with the mental attitude which those members maintain toward the Lodge and the Order.

From this partial list of the duties of the office it is plain that one who can meet its requirements acceptably must be a man of real ability, of industrious habit, imbued with a true spirit of loyalty to the Order, and endowed with an agreeable personality. Such a man, performing such service, is worthy of proper compensation; and the Lodge should provide it with generosity. He deserves the support and cooperation of his associates in office; and they should readily and sincerely accord it. He is entitled to fraternal courtesy and consideration from every member of the Lodge; and they should each take care to see that he receives it, with an occasional kindly word of commendation.

If a subordinate Lodge is not being served by such a Secretary, it should seize the first opportunity to replace the incumbent by one who does possess the requisite qualifications. No Lodge can properly function with an inefficient Secretary. And every member should recognize his definite personal responsibility in the premises.



COMPENSATIONS

YOUTH, in many of its aspects, is the most beautiful and joyous thing in the world. Its possibilities and its promise cast a glamour about it which sometimes seems to grow brighter as, in advancing years, we observe it in others. Its capacity for enthusiasm in pleasure, for pleasure's sake, its eagerness for every delight, its readiness to dare with dauntless courage and splendid recklessness, we sometimes view in retrospect with a selfish feeling of irreparable loss.

And yet there are compensations which come with every passing year. Wisdom and experience bring a truer conception of real values and a greater capacity for that service the acceptable performance of which is the chief aim of life and which insures the deepest satisfaction the human heart can feel.

If the blood leaps less tumultuously through our veins, there is greater comfort in its steadier flow. If new friendships be less readily formed, we cling with all the more happiness to those whom the years have proved. If the gaiety of the dance tries our less resilient muscles, and the throb of music calls us with a less compelling allure, the charm of the home evening, with its quiet comfort, its sweet and wholesome associations and its uplifting inspirations for the morrow, is a generous exchange which involves no sense of abnegation. If our bodies have grown rebellious against the exactions of youthful sports, the gun and the rod, the fields and the streams, and God's open sky are ours; and the faithful dog leaps joyously about our knees whether we be twenty or fifty; and golf is a game for every age.

The passionate and lurid romances that once held us fascinated may have lost their spell, but the works of the masters present their thoughtful pages and our matured minds find therein the enduring truths that escaped our younger eyes. The thrill and ecstasy of our youthful loves may have ceased to hold us in glorious thrall; but the deep contentment of mated affection comes only to those whose ardent youth is past.

And above all, the pride and joy of beholding in those who bear our image the reincarnation of our very selves, the delight of watching them grow and develop, the absorbing happiness of guiding them, shielding them, serving them, loving them, feeling the dear responsibilities for them—these are compensations indeed for the things of which the fleeting years have robbed us.

There come, of course, to every one, thoughtless and impulsive moments when he feels that everything he is and has might well be bartered for another season of glorious youth. But in his calmer moods he will recognize that every age has its own peculiar joys, its own especial happiness; and he knows deep within his heart that, if he but live it nobly and well, all of life is good and worth the living.

THE VISITING BROTHER

IN A recent conversation between two members of the Order, one of them, who had just returned from an extended trip during which he had visited a number of Elk Club Houses, voiced a frank criticism of the manner in which he had been received. His complaint was not that there had been any lack of formal politeness or of expressions of welcome; but that, having been thus formally greeted and invited to make himself at home, he was left wholly to his own devices without further attention.

It would be unfair, of course, to draw any general conclusions from a single complaint, even when it involves several Lodges. Nor should those particular Lodges be held properly subject to the criticism without full knowledge of all the facts and circumstances. The demeanor of the visitor himself very generally has much to do with the character of his reception.

But the incident does justify the suggestion here that a visiting brother, who properly presents himself at an Elk Club House, is entitled to something more than a mere formal greeting. He should not only be invited to make himself at home; he should be accorded such courteous attention as to make him feel that the invitation is not mere empty politeness but that he is truly at home and among real brothers. And this obligation rests upon all who may be in position to discharge it.

A member of the Order who pays a fraternal visit to the Lodge Session or to the Club House of a Subordinate Lodge other than his own, not only exercises a privilege but pays a fraternal compliment. By virtue of his very membership he is entitled to every generous courtesy. Failure to accord it with gracious kindness is a breach of a fraternal duty. And, be it said with just pride, such a failure is a marked exception to the general rule; for Elks have won a deserved reputation for the cordial hospitality and fraternal courtesies with which they receive a visiting brother.

Proceedings of the Recent Conference

Of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Presidents of State Associations

ON September 30, at Chicago, Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland presided over a well attended and enthusiastic conference of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Presidents of State Associations. The meeting, which was prefaced by a luncheon, featured a lengthy program, in the course of which were discussed many topics of deep interest to every member of the Order. Foremost in the proceedings came the Grand Exalted Ruler's address and instructions to the newly appointed District Deputies, prior to their formal installation.

Though intended specifically for the guidance of the District Deputies in their work during the coming year, this address gives so clear and informative a view of conditions and problems in the Order that it is published herewith in full, so that the vast body of the membership may have a complete understanding of those things which are in the minds of their chosen officers. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke as follows:

Grand Exalted Ruler: My Brothers,—This is indeed a very wonderful family gathering of Brothers! Those of you who have been honored by being elected to the Presidency of your State Associations have indeed proved yourselves foremost among the active and enthusiastic Elks of your State. Your welcome presence at this meeting is further evidence of your earnest purpose to serve our Order and to participate in its future plans.

I assure you who have been appointed as District Deputies that it was only after the most careful conference and consideration that the list of District Deputies was made. Realizing the sacrifice of time and the burden of real constructive work to be carried by each District Deputy, if he does his full part, yet I feel confident that you will fully measure up to the job. You are the direct contact officers of this great fraternity. You are officers of the Grand Lodge, but, my brothers, you are my officers, and I feel very deeply that after this year of mutual effort and accomplishment together the dearest recollection which will always abide with me will be the friendship and the interest and the co-operation and effort that you and I have had together.

The importance of the office of District Deputy as the one officer who could and did come in actual contact with the Subordinate Lodge officers and membership, and who was the proper officer to assist in the solution of the local problems and carry out the projects initiated by the Grand Lodge throughout this great fraternity, was the moving cause for the inauguration of this annual meeting of District Deputies for instruction and installation. For two years past these meetings have been more than worth while, in the added effectiveness of the work done, the inspiration gathered and the co-ordination and co-operation in executing plans for the advancement of our Order. I trust that the experience of the past will be not only duplicated but multiplied, and that as a result of this meeting our Order will be better, bigger and broader in its scope, and that the Subordinate Lodges, and most particularly the individual membership, will be awakened to further efforts and will assume full responsibility of membership in this greatest of American fraternities.

It is to reach the individual member of the Subordinate Lodge, to secure his active, personal, intimate interest in the affairs of his Lodge and of the Order with which I am much concerned. If the "old timer," who has dropped out of participation in the affairs of his Lodge, can be

recalled into the active circle of doers; if those who are sometimes prone to emphasize the Club features and forget the Lodge meetings and the principles for which this Order stands, and the things to which it is dedicated, can have his interest aroused in the real work that is to be done by the Lodge; if the new member can be imbued with the lofty purposes and ideals of our Order and catch the real spirit of Elksdom; if all of our great membership, eight hundred and fifty thousand and more, will take their proper place in our activities, then, indeed, will we be the greatest of all fraternities in accomplishment for good.

This is a great fraternity, a big, active, national organization. Just as this Nation has a government of the people and by the people, so, too, is our fraternity one governed by the members and for the members. We can not afford to have dead limbs, nor worms of inactivity gnawing at its branches, nor venomous cocoons of disorder and discord destroying the new leaves, in the work of the Lodges.

We are a democratic Order. Rich or poor, humble or prominent in the community, of whatever sect or creed, the Elk is a real American. (Applause.)

And the sense of pride that you and I have in the membership of this Order—a large numerical membership, but larger still in the doing of good—the pride we take in its plans and visions, broad enough and big enough for all time, this pride we must instill into each one of the members and compel him to give something of his own thought and effort in return.

I am taking a liberty in addressing you first, and in giving you a general outline and instruction. In the other talks to be made you are assured of more definite and valuable information from those who are specifically in charge of the various phases of activity. At the conclusion of my remarks I will ask the District Deputies present to sign the pledge cards and to repeat that oath in unison with me, and I am sure that any one among you who can not whole-heartedly and conscientiously subscribe to that pledge will make that fact known, so that a substitute may be appointed in his place. I am confident, however, that there will be no refusals, as I believe we have selected the best available men among the proved doers of Elksdom to act as District Deputies for the ensuing year.

Make Visits Early

Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity for early visitations of Subordinate Lodges in your district. The law requires that all visitations shall be completed and reports in on or before April 1st next, but I am requiring more than that. I desire that all of the official visitations to Subordinate Lodges in your district be completed, if it is humanly possible, on or before January 1st next. This will give you time and opportunity to return to any Lodge that needs further attention from you. It is most important that you act immediately and promptly, and this is the first injunction I have to lay upon you.

Do Good Work

Attention has already been called in Official Circular No. 1 to the fact that the real standing of a Subordinate Lodge is measured by its accomplishments in all patriotic, charitable and welfare work. This should be the first and most important criterion on which you judge the standing of a Subordinate Lodge in your district. Your attention is directed to the Report of the Committee on Good of the Order at the last Grand Lodge Session, which is published in full in the August number of the Elks Magazine, and to the Report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, a copy of which has been

mailed to you by the Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan. These illuminating and informative reports will guide you in stimulating Subordinate Lodges to greater and more effective efforts along these lines.

You will also find at your table the reports for last year of the District Deputies of the various States. The law requires that the Grand Exalted Ruler deliver those reports to you. You will please select from the bundle at your table the reports for your respective districts. If any one of you does not find these reports of your district you will please communicate with Bro. Ray, my secretary, or with Bro. Witt, secretary to Bro. Robinson. Any reports that are left over on the tables will please be returned to these brothers.

Whether the work is charitable, or the effort one for Americanism or for community and social betterment, or the project one which directly benefits the Order itself, accomplishments along these lines will add prestige and standing to Subordinate Lodges and will attract to our membership the best class of citizen. Further information and instruction will be given you in this regard by the Chairmen of Committees, but I desire to emphasize it now as the most important work to be done—this "Do-Good" work. And it is your duty as District Deputy to carefully observe the past Lodge activities and suggest ways and means for the doing of some further outstanding community work.

Membership

Our statistics show an increase of approximately thirty-four thousand in membership for the year ending April 1, 1922, while for the year ending April 1, 1923, the exact total net gain was only twelve thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. It is apparent, my brothers, that this is a critical time, and we must not have it said at the close of this year that the Order has lost in membership.

There were seven hundred thirty Lodges gained in membership this past year, while six hundred twenty-two lost in numerical standing, and the balance of the Lodges show no gain or growth. In Atlantic City, the Southland Lodges, in inviting us to Atlanta, agreed that if they could have the Grand Lodge Convention this past year it would give them inspiration, and a gain would be very apparent; yet there were only forty-five Lodges of the so-called Southland that made a gain this past year and one stood still. I am not in favor of helter-skelter drives, nor of taking in any one and every one without regard for the real quality of membership. Above all, the character and class of new members must be emphasized, whether they are taken in individually or in classes.

Special lapsation committees should be appointed in each Lodge. Members who are prone to become delinquent in the payment of dues are just as apt to lay aside the customary form letter from the Secretary, while personal effort and appeal by a lapsation committee would scarcely go unanswered. Get the list of your Lodges and check up on the gain or loss during this past year before you visit each Lodge. We are not cowards, nor pessimists nor drones, but in each instance this is our job—your job, my brothers—to find out what is the matter in cases where a Lodge has lost in membership, and to see that conditions are rectified.

Your assistance is especially asked in the establishment of new Lodges during this year. No Lodge can possibly be established except where the census shows five thousand white inhabitants, and if you do not sincerely believe that the particular community needs and will support a good Elks Lodge do not recommend the granting of a dispensation. Lists are obtainable showing the cities and towns with proper population in your jurisdiction, and it is my earnest desire

that wherever possible each District Deputy establish a new Lodge in his district during this year.

The Elks Magazine and National Memorial Headquarters

Two great steps have been taken in the establishment of the Elks Magazine and the building of our National Memorial Headquarters in this city. Every Elk has a distinct personal pride and interest in the Magazine, but it is our duty as officers of the Grand Lodge to see that the individual membership fully supports this splendid publication.

The National Headquarters has been sorely needed for many years past, and with the added feature of a Memorial to our Brothers who lost their lives in the service of our country this project should have the undivided and enthusiastic support of every member of the Order. The best talent and judgment of the leaders of the Grand Lodge has gone into the preliminary work and selection of plans; the actual contract has been entered into, and work is now under way. The fact is that the site for the building was purchased to such great advantage that the best informed realtors of the City of Chicago assert that in less than ten years our Order could scrap the wonderful proposed building and sell the site for hundreds of thousands of dollars more than the entire authorized appropriation which is to be expended. The business acumen of the Commission should not only be applauded, but if the membership of the Subordinate Lodges know the facts, and realize the necessity for this well-planned and beautiful building and Memorial, the project will have the enthusiastic commendation of each individual.

Take these facts, and the further information that you will learn during this meeting, to the membership, and create a real, active, favorable interest in these projects.

In this connection, and so that there may be no misunderstanding, we note that the last Grand Lodge Session fixed the Grand Lodge dues as follows: Thirty-five cents for Grand Lodge purposes; one dollar and fifty cents for a year and a half subscription to the Magazine, and the National Memorial Headquarters Commission has decided to levy a special assessment of sixty-five cents for National Memorial Headquarters, making a total of two and one-half dollars to be paid by every Subordinate Lodge for each member on the rolls as of date April 1, 1924. This sum is payable on or before May 1, 1924. There can be no real misunderstanding of this on the part of Subordinate Lodge officers or the membership. Such was the action of their Representatives in adopting the Budget and Report of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Atlanta Session of the Grand Lodge.

Lodge Finances

Together with the other interesting features of this meeting, I am sure you will welcome short talks from Grand Lodge officers relative to financial matters. Your examination of the books of the Secretary and Treasurer of each Subordinate Lodge should not be a cursory one. You should examine the Trustees' records. You should talk with the Trustees and with the Auditing Committee. Do not let it be said that you missed facts which would show either a good or bad condition in the financial and business departments of a Subordinate Lodge. Wherever you may find conditions warrant it advise with the officers relative to re-financing of the Lodge affairs.

Building should be encouraged, but we want no "white elephant" on our hands, and the matter of financing a Home or Lodge building must be on an entirely sound basis. Wherever building projects are proposed within your district look into the matter and make a special report to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Lodge Meetings and Ritualistic Work

No credit will be given for an official visit by a District Deputy unless you visit an actual Subordinate Lodge meeting. This is the plain intention of the law, and I do not wish to have any misunderstandings, such as have occurred during some previous years. Report promptly and frankly on the presentment of the ritualistic

work by each of the Subordinate Lodge officers. Too much emphasis can not be laid upon good ritualistic work. It is at the altar and initiation that the new member learns our ideals and the basic principles of this Order. The beautifully simple language of the Ritual can not fail to impress every candidate if the work is properly rendered. Call the attention of the officers to the changes in the Ritual. The new Ritual will be in the hands of the Subordinate Lodge Secretaries on or before October 15th next. Bear in mind that the Statute specifically requires that a District Deputy shall familiarize himself with all Ritualistic work. You may be called upon to officiate at a regular session of a

"WHETHER the work is charitable," said Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, "or the effort one for Americanism, or for community and social betterment, or the project one which directly benefits the Order itself, accomplishments along these lines will add prestige and standing to Subordinate Lodges and will attract to our membership the best class of citizen. I desire to emphasize it now as the most important work to be done—this 'Do-Good' work."

Subordinate Lodge, or at some special service. You must demand of the Subordinate Lodge officers that they know their various parts, and, in turn, you must of course comply with the law, and be familiar with the services.

Meeting Lodge Officers

You are especially urged to meet with the officers of each Subordinate Lodge visited, either before or after the Lodge session. At such a meeting you can direct attention of the officers to many details, and can make pertinent suggestions that might not be so appropriate in the Subordinate Lodge session.

Just as soon as practicable after you return from this meeting, I urge you to call a meeting in your district of the Evaluated Rulers and Secretaries of all of the Subordinate Lodges therein. At such meeting instruct these officers, and direct them as to what is expected of the Lodges and officers during the year, emphasizing especially any applicable and practical community service work. Make this a real conference and exchange of ideas, and you will find, as has been ascertained in the experience of the past two years, that the results of such meetings and plans will be little short of marvelous. Make a report of your district meeting to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Form of Report

If possible, typewrite your report, and remember to duplicate your final summary report sent to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This is for the purpose of having on file in the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler next year a complete summary of the report from each district, and also to enable a copy of this final summary to be passed on to your successor. Neatness and promptness in making your reports will be much appreciated, and will add greatly to the effectiveness of your work.

Praise as well as fair, constructive criticism should be embodied in your report with reference to both the Lodge and its officers. On the blanks, which will be sent you for the purpose of making your report, please pay particular attention to answering the last three general questions tersely but completely. Such answers will give the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler a fair and complete idea of your judgment of and recommendation concerning the Subordinate Lodge.

Law Enforcement

Each member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is sworn to obey and support the laws of the land and of our Order. You who come in direct contact with the membership must be very frank and free in your report on these matters to the Grand Exalted Ruler. You must emphasize the fact that all laws, including the laws prohibiting intoxicating liquor and gambling, must be enforced to the letter in Subordinate Lodges. I do not ask you to be detectives, but, if you have any suspicion whatever that any law violation is being countenanced, make a thorough and complete investigation from all available sources in the community. I depend upon you, of course, to let your report show the true facts, and your recommendation should be contained therein based upon those facts. And I assure you, my brothers, with all the force and earnest sincerity that I possess, that I will back you to the limit in suppressing any and all forms of law violation.

Interference in the lawful and orderly business of government is un-American and, in itself, a violation of the law. In some jurisdictions, it may be possible that an attempt may be made to interfere in Lodge affairs by certain outsiders or even by members who have failed to gather the true import of their obligation. So far as possible, these interferences should be treated with the contempt they deserve; but, should they pass the point of being obnoxious, and become menacing to the security or harmony of a Subordinate Lodge, I pledge you that the whole power of this great Order will be yours to command, to preserve and protect our broadly American, non-sectarian and non-political ideals. (Prolonged applause and cheering.)

Harmony

Contests and controversies over election to office or matters of policy are bound to occur in some Subordinate Lodges, and if they are conducted with true Elk spirit constantly in mind nothing but good will result. When a matter is once settled, however, each of the members should realize that in our democratic institution the majority prevails, and that it is our duty—and should be our pleasure and pride—to support the officers elected and carry out the program adopted by the Lodge without the interposition of any petty jealousies or further bickering. Factional feeling, aided by personal animosities, carried to their logical conclusion, result in "black-ball clubs," and such conditions call for your prompt report, and for drastic action on the part of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Lack of harmony, carried to the extreme, has been the underlying cause of the taking away of a few charters in the past, and I want to put myself squarely on record by saying that in any case where personal animosity or factional controversy threatens to destroy the true Elk spirit in any Subordinate Lodge during this year the most severe penalty will be inflicted, if necessary, to root up the evil at its inception. We are one big family of Brothers. Let the members support the officers of our Subordinate Lodges who are devoting their time and energy for the best interests of our Order with the most complete and harmonious cooperation.

Serve Until Your Successor is Appointed

Please remember that each of you, as a District Deputy, should continue to function after the Grand Lodge Session of 1924, as well as before. You are the point of contact with the Subordinate Lodge then, just as you are now. The mere fact that you have gone to the Grand Lodge Session does not relieve you of the necessity and duty of keeping in touch with the Lodges in your district, and making every necessary report thereon to the new Grand Exalted Ruler. Until the appointment and installation of your successor next fall you should assume and continue in the duties of your office.

Second Visitation

Whenever in your judgment it is necessary or expedient that you make a second visit to a Subordinate Lodge, if you will state such necessity in a separate letter to the Grand Exalted Ruler's office, I assure you the matter will be

given careful consideration, and in every instance where it is deemed for the best interests of the Order you will be directed to make a second, or third, or fourth visitation at the expense of the Grand Lodge. I do not want you to feel that one visit must be sufficient. I want you to get the very most out of every Subordinate Lodge if you have to visit each one of them a dozen times.

Attractive Lodge Session

Wherever you find it necessary, you can readily suggest methods for stimulating interest in Lodge sessions. This is not an Order of social Clubs; it is a fraternal organization, and what concerns me most this year, and what I urge upon you most and finally, is the reincarnation of the true Elk spirit in the individual member. Let him feel the worth of his membership in this greatest American fraternity, and let him evidence his appreciation by an attention to his Lodge duties, and to the practice of the great principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. Emphasize this in your talks to the various Subordinate Lodges, my brothers. Reach out and bring in the Brother whose interest is wavering. See to it that the newly made Brothers appreciate what the Order stands for and what responsibilities they assume upon becoming members.

Small, indeed, would be the accomplishment of one ever-so-earnest officer of the Grand Lodge, but we have the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge Officers to multiply this effort by twenty or more. Here you can again increase the effort one hundred and fifty times, and if each of you can enthuse only ten inactive, passive members of each Subordinate Lodge to a proper measure of real accomplishment, you will have advanced the army of doers by fourteen thousand, and added to the present multitude, the results will warrant the effort.

This, and the other instructions which are to follow, constitute a pretty large commission for you who have been appointed District Deputies. From District Deputies must naturally come our Grand Lodge Officers of the future. You are capable and competent, enthusiastic and willing; you are the picked men from the various parts of this great nation. You are loyal Brothers—loyal to this great Order—loyal to the principles it preaches and teaches, and I know that you will be loyal to me, my good Brothers, and I pledge to you my every support and assistance. Assume the burden of your office; pass on to the Chairmen of the various Committees and to the Grand Exalted Ruler just as few problems as possible, but when you need assistance, be assured that you will get it promptly and wholeheartedly.

This is to be a year of "Pep" and enthusiasm and energy and accomplishment. You, my Brothers, are the officers who will make and write the real history of our Order during this administration. God give us all strength and patience and fortitude to act wisely, and always with Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love.

BEFORE beginning his address, Mr. McFarland introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, who happened to be in Chicago en route from San Francisco to Washington, and who spoke briefly on the advantages bound to accrue from these conferences and contrasted conditions when he held office to those of to-day.

As the first speaker on the set program the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. Mr. Tener, in connection with the Headquarters Building, brought out the fact that the total assessments for it will not aggregate more than approximately \$3. per capita. Not more than the two and a half million dollars appropriated by the Grand Lodge will be collected by assessment and a large portion of this has already been collected. Mr. Tener also reviewed the aims and accomplishments of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The next speaker, Past Grand Exalted

Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, dwelt at length on the necessity of securing from the Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges all the changes of address in addition to the names and home addresses of all newly initiated members, in order that every one entitled to receive the Magazine shall be correctly entered on the publication's mailing lists. Mr. Fanning spoke also of the requests received from Subordinate Lodges that the Magazine be mailed to public libraries in their communities at the expense of the local Lodge and announced that libraries will be placed on the mailing list without charge on request from the Subordinate Lodge. In concluding, he emphasized again the need of co-operation on the part of the Subordinate Lodge Secretaries in the matter of furnishing the Magazine with correct addresses of members. Obviously the secretaries must have the co-operation of all members. Any member not receiving the Magazine regularly can make sure of getting it by seeing that the Secretary of his Lodge has his correct present address.

The Grand Exalted Ruler interrupted the program at this point by introducing Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, who inaugurated the first official District Deputy Conference two years ago. Mr. Mountain spoke briefly on the value of such organization in carrying forward the great undertakings of the Order.

Next on the program was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Colonel Sullivan developed the point that any Lodge which is actively engaged in welfare work along constructive lines and making itself felt as a factor in the life of its community is bound to grow and prosper.

Colonel Sullivan went on to speak of the value of really selective membership campaigns, properly conducted, and brought up also the question of stimulating attendance at Lodge meetings, mentioning in particular the plan used successfully by Chicago Lodge, No. 4, which has resulted in filling the Lodge room on meeting nights. He closed by referring to the new Ritual, now in force, and emphasized the tremendous importance of impressive ritualistic work as a means of imbuing the new member with a sense of the dignity and high purpose of the Order.

"THIS is a great fraternity," said Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland. **"A big, active, national organization. Just as this Nation has a government of the people and by the people, so, too, is our fraternity one governed by the members and for the members. We can not afford to have dead limbs, nor worms of inactivity gnawing at its branches, nor venomous cocoons of disorder and discord destroying the new leaves, in the work of the Lodges."**

Following this Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, President of the Boston Elks Convention Association, spoke of the preparations being made not only in Boston but throughout New England to make the 1924 Grand Lodge Meeting the most interesting and enjoyable ever held

and invited the District Deputies to urge all Lodges in their jurisdictions to send the largest delegations possible.

Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, next on the program, dealt with the matter of new Rituals and the various blanks and other supplies needed by Subordinate Lodge Secretaries. He dwelt on the importance of promptness on the part of Secretaries in answering correspondence and mentioned the enactment of a statutory provision at the Atlanta Grand Lodge Session whereby a Lodge may be fined for failure to answer an inquiry from a Grand Lodge Officer or Committeeman. He paid tribute, too, to the hundreds of energetic and efficient Secretaries who play so large a part in the smooth operation of Subordinate Lodge business.

All plans for financing and building new Elk Homes must be submitted to the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler before any actual steps toward purchasing or building may be taken. This point was brought out by Mr. Robert A. Scott, of the Board of Grand Trustees, who followed the Grand Secretary on the program. He spoke also on the proper manner in which a Subordinate Lodge should proceed in order to obtain admission of a member into the Elks National Home, and urged Lodges having members residing in the Home to keep them in mind and to let them know they are not forgotten by their former companions in the Lodge.

Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, requested that the District Deputies familiarize themselves with the Grand Lodge Constitution and Statutes that they might be able to answer questions amply covered therein but which are too often referred to the Committee on Judiciary without necessity. He pointed out that two-thirds of the questions asked require not an interpretation of the Grand Lodge law but merely a knowledge of it—knowledge which every Elk may acquire by direct reference to the Constitution and Statutes, as published. Mr. Malley emphasized the fact that the Order is governed by laws and not by personal caprice and that no member or Lodge is big enough to transcend the Grand Lodge law.

The Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee, Judge W. H. Crum, spoke briefly, requesting that any District Deputy having ideas or suggestions as to new ways in which the Order might increase its charitable work and activities give them to the Committee for consideration.

Chairman James C. Murtagh, of the Committee on State Associations, referred to the efforts that will be made by the State Associations throughout the country to assist in Social and Community Welfare work. He mentioned particularly the movement toward providing vocational training schools for crippled children, the Boy Scout movement, the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, and the problem of the conservation of mother life and baby life, the latter being one of the activities given prominence in the report of the **Committee on Social and Community Welfare** at the Grand Lodge Meeting at Atlanta.

The last speaker on the program was Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, who predicted for the Boston Convention as splendid a parade as has ever been arranged. He suggested that all Subordinate Lodges begin now to plan their parade units, uniforms and the like, and offered to give help and advice to any that desire it.

The meeting closed with the administering of the oath of office by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland to the new District Deputies.

Boston Elks Plan for Mammoth Grand Lodge Convention

SINCE the announcement was made awarding the convention to Boston, the greatest enthusiasm has been manifested by the different Elk lodges throughout New England, indicating that Boston will witness one of the most spectacular gatherings ever recorded in the history of the Order.

At the last convention held in Boston in 1917 during the World War, the patriotic projects of the Order made the spectacular features impracticable; consequently it was voted to omit the customary parade and other attractive features out of respect to the spirit of the time.

It will be recalled that during the convention the Grand Lodge created a fund of \$1,000,000 for war relief work, from which was built the Reconstruction Hospital on Parker Hill in Boston, which was later presented to the United States Government and was the first hospital in the country designed for the physical reconstruction of our wounded soldiers.

Those in charge of the advance preparations for the 1924 Reunion are planning to outdo all preceding functions of the kind among the Elks. The interest already manifested indicates that this year's parade will be the greatest pageant of its kind ever held, and the social events and picturesque decorations of former years will be revived on a larger and more impressive scale.

It is estimated that more than 100,000 Elks will pour into the city from all parts of the United States.

Boston Lodge is approaching the plans for the convention in a broad spirit. It is not proposed to make this strictly a Boston Lodge Convention. All Elks in New England are to be requested and given an opportunity to participate in the plans for the entertainment of their brothers from all over the country.

Under the direction of Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge, the corporation to perform the work of preparing for the convention has been organized as follows:

President, James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. Secretary, Joseph M. Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler.

Treasurer, Bernard A. McMahon.

Assistant Secretary, John J. O'Connor.

Executive Committee: Past Exalted Rulers George H. Johnson, Edw. C. Carr, Dr. Joseph Santosusso, Michael P. Culliney; and Logan L. McLean, Dr. F. X. Mahoney,



The new home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, from the architect's drawing

P. F. McCarron, Nathan Sidd, Michael W. O'Brien.

The entire work will be under the general supervision of Past Exalted Ruler T. E. McCarthy, chairman of the executive committee.

On October 8th Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Wm. E. Drislane and Grand Trustee Robert A. Gordon visited Boston for the purpose of selecting the meeting place for the Grand Lodge officers. The Tremont Temple, where the meetings were successfully held six years ago, was selected. The Copley Plaza Hotel was chosen for the

Grand Lodge Headquarters. The Hotel Men's Association of the City of Boston, through its officers, pledged its co-operation in every way, and gave the Grand Exalted Ruler an absolute guarantee that there would be no increase of rates for rooms or meals during the convention week.

While in Boston Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and his associates were received by Honorable Channing H. Cox, Governor of Massachusetts, and Honorable James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, both members of Boston Lodge No. 10, and both of whom expressed deep interest in the convention plans and their desire and intention to co-operate to the fullest extent in making the Boston 1924 Convention the greatest ever held in the history of the Order.

Mayor Curley, who is tremendously gratified that Boston has secured this reunion recognition, says of the convention:

"Nowhere on this broad American continent can the Elks of America find a more fitting place for their national gathering than Boston, where nature has scattered her choicest gifts and has spilled with lavish hand her rarest treasures.

"As the Elks represent the highest ideal of American citizenship, what better place could we assemble than on grounds consecrated by sacrifices of early defenders of American liberties and in environment sacred to the memory of patriots of the nation?"

"Nowhere else in all this grand Republic can there be drawn a circle fifty miles in diameter within whose sweep may be found an area more enjoyable to the patriotic visitor or more inspiring as he thinks of Boston's history or listens to the boom of the Atlantic waves as they break upon the shore where infuriated citizens dumped the tax-burdened tea at the time of Boston's famous tea party.

"Here, where the first colonists sounded the note of common weal: here where the infant nation, casting aside the swaddling clothes that chafed its liberty, sprang to manhood and rushing to Lexington and Bunker Hill stayed the hosts of foreign aggression—with our door flung wide open and the latchstring hung out as the emblem of our greeting, Boston bids you enter."

Helping Lame Dogs Over the Stile

By John A. Russell

*Chairman, Educational Committee,
Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34*

WHEN Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain offered some counsels of perfection to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks a couple of years ago, he included one that is likely to stand out ahead of all of the rest for a long time to come.

It was that the members of the Order make some formal provision for the assistance of those who, handicapped by circumstances, were struggling up the rocky heights of study in pursuit of Wisdom.

As a result of this suggestion a good deal of provision has been made in a modest way, by various lodges in the country, to help young people, ambitious to realize educational advantages and success, achieve their ideals. Among the Lodges which entered upon this work was Detroit (Mich.) Lodge,

No. 34, and its officials have asked me to put into writing something about the methods and the results of the work of its educational committee, created to carry out Mr. Mountain's very worthy and characteristically kindly counsel.

The Committee began its work with the impression that all it had to do was to notify the brethren of its mission, and that, as a result, there would come from the ranks of the Order such a plethora of applications for the educational bounty of the Order that its duty would largely be confined to selection of the more deserving from the crowd. Herein it discovered its first illusion. Not

a single application for help came from the ranks of our own active membership. There were two reasons for this condition, both based upon the fact that our city and state have for many years enjoyed a marked degree of prosperity.

The first of these was that the call of industry was a most attractive one to our young people and that they were getting out of school as soon as they could do so. The second was that our membership was quite well enough to do to provide educational facilities for their sons and daughters on their own account. So that, outside being called upon to advise about courses to be followed, or the relative merits of schools to be selected, we had little direct call from our own membership; although,

(Continued on page 72)

Three Lodges Lay Corner-Stones

OCTOBER 6th was a red-letter day in the history of Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, for on that date the corner-stone for the Lodge's new \$750,000 Home was laid by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, and the Lodge's 20th anniversary was celebrated by a banquet and dance at which the Grand Exalted Ruler, many Grand Lodge officers and prominent public officials of the State, City and County were present.

Starting from the present Home of Queens Borough Lodge and headed by the Lodge's band, a long line of gaily decorated automobiles containing the Grand Lodge officers, officers of No. 878, charter members, and other members with their families and friends, paraded to the site of the new building. Before a vast crowd that included representatives from many neighboring and distant Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland laid the corner-stone and spoke in high praise of the splendid record and achievement of Queens Borough Lodge. President Maurice E. Connolly of the Borough of Queens was the other speaker.

In the evening of the same day, the Twentieth Anniversary Banquet was held at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Over 1,000 were seated in the Grand Ball Room of the hotel to do honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler and to celebrate the twentieth birthday of Queens Borough Lodge. It was a remarkably brilliant affair, attended by many distinguished officers of the Order and members in high judicial and executive positions. The speakers of the evening were the guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; Joseph T. Fanning, who was Grand Exalted Ruler and granted the dispensation for the institution of Queens Borough Lodge in 1903; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Acting Mayor of New York City and Past Exalted Ruler of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1; District Deputy James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Building Committee; the Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge, John E. Kiffin, who also acted as toastmaster. Immediately after the termination of the addresses, the Grand Ball Room of the Commodore was cleared and dancing took place.

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, was able to revise the plans so that the building when

completed, will represent an outlay of \$750,000. 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.

Newark (N. J.) Lodge Also Lays Corner-stone

While Queens Borough Lodge was laying the corner-stone of its new building, Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, a few miles away, across the river, was holding similar ceremonies in connection with its new million-dollar Home. Exalted Ruler James B. Morrissey of Newark Lodge assisted by the other officers of the Lodge, laid the corner-stone for a building that will be one of the handsomest Elk Homes in the State and one of the most elaborate and perfect structures of its kind in the Order. Following the actual laying of the stone, which was witnessed by delegations from the 49 Lodges of New Jersey, City Commissioner Charles P. Gillen of Newark spoke on the prominent position occupied by the Order in Newark. Henry W. Egner, Jr., a trustee of the Lodge, also delivered an address. Hon. Edward I. Edwards, United States Senator from New Jersey, an active member of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, spoke of Elks as he knew them. Hon. Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 130, formerly Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was the principal speaker of the day.

Following this interesting program, Newark Lodge held open house for the visitors, an elaborate buffet luncheon being served and a score of professional entertainers providing special amusement. In the evening a banquet was given to the guests of honor and to the officers of Newark Lodge, to the Building Committee and to the Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges of the State. Richard P. Rooney, Secretary of the Lodge, was toastmaster. Among the speakers were U. S. Senator Walter E. Edge, George L. Hirtzel, Jr., President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Rev. Francis H.

Smith, Chaplain of the Association, and Exalted Ruler James B. Morrissey.

The new Home of Newark Lodge will be a thirteen-story structure with every improvement that modern architecture and experience have made possible. A conspicuous and beautiful feature of the Lodge-room will be the organ, a magnificent instrument and work of art which will be installed at a cost of about \$20,000.

Corner-stone Laid by Indianapolis Lodge

On Sunday, October 14, Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge, No. 13, laid the corner-stone for its new million-dollar home under impressive circumstances. Starting at the Claypool Hotel, the Lodge's band led a parade, made up of Grand Lodge officers, members of No. 13 and representatives of many Lodges in the State, to the site of the new Club-house. Here, before a large gathering, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, assisted by the officers of Indianapolis Lodge, laid the corner-stone of the building and delivered the principal address of the day. Other addresses were delivered by Past Grand Exalted Rulers William E. English and Joseph T. Fanning, both charter members of Indianapolis Lodge. Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, V. L. Wright, Exalted Ruler, Hubert S. Riley, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Past Exalted Ruler George W. June were among those participating. Many prominent civic authorities and members of other fraternal organizations of the city witnessed the ceremony and joined in congratulating the Lodge on the success of its undertaking.

The beautiful new Home of Indianapolis Lodge will be eight stories high, of fire-proof construction with a brick and stone exterior. It will embody every modern convenience and comfort for the membership. Part of the fourth floor and the remaining floors above will contain nearly 200 rooms for members of No. 13 who wish to live at the Club, and also for visiting Elks. The location of this imposing structure is directly opposite the new War Memorial Plaza which the State is erecting in memory of the veterans of all our wars, within a few blocks of the heart of Indianapolis. The property on which the new Home will stand is 125 x 107 feet and the whole project when completed will represent an outlay of over \$1,200,000.

Candidates for Grand Lodge Offices

TWO Subordinate Lodges have authorized announcement of the following candidacies for Grand Lodge offices to be filled at the annual Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Boston, Mass., next July:

Columbus (Ohio) Lodge Presents Hon. John G. Price for Grand Exalted Ruler

Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37, presents and endorses Hon. John G. Price as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Price, a former Attorney-General of Ohio, has played a conspicuous rôle in the affairs of the Order. As a member of Columbus Lodge he has been closely identified with its development, passing through the

chairs and serving twice as Exalted Ruler. His activities in the Grand Lodge have been marked by service on the Committee of State Associations, the Committee on Judiciary, and on the Grand Forum of which he was Chief Justice.

He has taken part in civic matters, having been Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Franklin County 1911-1915; member of the Board of State Charities 1917-1919; he was twice elected Attorney-General of Ohio, serving from 1919 to 1923. Mr. Price was also a Major of the Columbus Reserve Guard.

Mr. Price tendered his resignation as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum on October 10, 1923, to Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who accepted it and appointed Hon. Howard A. Swallow of Danville (Ill.)

Lodge, No. 332, to fill the vacancy for the balance of the Grand Lodge year.

Hartford (Conn.) Lodge Presents Edward W. Cotter for Grand Trustee

Hartford (Conn.) Lodge, No. 19, announces and endorses the candidacy of Edward W. Cotter of that Lodge for the office of Grand Trustee.

Mr. Cotter, who occupies a prominent position in the business and civic life of his community, has been active in the affairs of Hartford Lodge since he became a member, passing through every station. As a member of the Grand Lodge he served on the Committee of Credentials in 1917 and was appointed in 1922 to the Chairmanship of that Committee.



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales Of the Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

ON THE recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, the Trustees of the Grand Lodge approved a donation of \$1,000 for relief of the University of California students who suffered as a result of the disastrous fire which recently swept Berkeley, California. The money was used principally to help those students who were working their way through college and who lost clothes and books in the fire. Many of these young men and women would have had to give up their studies without the timely assistance rendered by the Order. Berkeley (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1002, which did heroic work, exhausted its resources in alleviating the suffering caused by the fire and appealed to Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland requesting that the question of donating part of the special Grand Lodge Fund be presented to the Grand Trustees. This body acted immediately and the money was forwarded at once to Berkeley Lodge. This prompt and generous act was deeply appreciated by the students and authorities of the University.

Residents of the National Home Have Two Enjoyable Outings

When the Fields Minstrels played at Lynchburg, the management invited all the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford (Va.) to be their guests. Many availed themselves of the invitation, which included transportation, luncheon and dinner, as well as the show itself. Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197, recently performed a similar kindly act in connection with the County Fair. Residents of the Home were taken to the grounds, given a fine dinner and supper and provided with admission tickets to every concession of the Fair. Both these thoughtful and generous invitations were highly appreciated by the residents.

Corner-stone for New \$125,000 Home Laid by Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge

The officers of Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 260, recently laid the corner-stone for their new \$125,000 Home and Club-house. Delegates from many Lodges in the State were on hand to witness the ceremony. The speakers of the day were T. B. Hanna,

former Governor and Congressman of North Dakota and John Burke, former Governor of the State and Treasurer of the United States, both of whom complimented Fargo Lodge on its splendid record and achievement.

Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge Gives Outing To 1,200 Children

About 1,200 children were recently entertained by Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge, No. 983, and given a day crowded with all kinds of sport and good things to eat. There were a special show for the youngsters and a band that made the occasion festive. The unfortunate kiddies, in the homes for crippled children, who could not take part in the jollification, were also remembered by Ambridge Lodge.

California State Elks' Association Holds Successful Convention

The ninth annual meeting of the California State Elks Association was held in Eureka, California, September 19 to 22, inclusive. Eureka, the most westerly city in the United States and in the redwood belt of California, offered an ideal setting for an interesting as well as festive occasion. The entire population of Eureka joined with Eureka (Calif.) Lodge, No. 652, to provide the visitors with a diversity of entertainment. The gathering was the most liberally attended of any Convention ever held by the Association, practically every Lodge in the State sending a delegation. Delegates and alternates alone numbered more than 700. Distinguished Elks attending included Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Harry M. Ticknor; Michael F. Shannon, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. Ritualistic, drill, bowling, trap-shooting and golf teams and bands from various parts of the State vied with one another for cups offered as prizes. The ritualistic cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin was won by officers of San Diego Lodge, No. 168; San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, was second

and Stockton Lodge, No. 218, was third. In the drill competition, the Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266, team won first prize; Oakland Lodge, No. 171, second and San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, third. In the band contest Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, with 32 pieces, won first prize; Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, with 30 pieces, was second and San Pedro Lodge, No. 966, with 26 pieces, was third. The trap-shooting contest was won by Richmond Lodge, No. 1251, the golf contest by Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 646, and the bowling contest by Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906. A number of individual cups were awarded in such contests as golf and bowling. Friday and Saturday morning were devoted to business sessions, the Saturday morning session being preceded by a beautiful memorial session in honor of the late President Warren G. Harding. Resolutions were adopted and ordered engrossed and sent to Mrs. Harding. The last event of the program was a mammoth street parade. Delegations from 61 Lodges, five drill teams, four bands and many decorated floats and automobiles, together with those marching on foot, formed one of the longest lines of parade in the history of the Association. President Richard C. Benbough, of San Diego Lodge, was presented by the Association with a silver service, in appreciation of his efforts in making the past year the greatest in its history.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. George B. Kirtland, of San Luis Obispo; Secretary, James Taylor Foyer, of Los Angeles; Treasurer, C. W. Haub, of Sacramento. Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, was awarded the 1924 Convention.

Rapid City (S. Dak.) Lodge Sponsors Drive for Salvation Army Fund

Rapid City (S. Dak.) Lodge, No. 1187, recently concluded a very successful campaign for the local branch of the Salvation Army. The quota of \$2,050, which will be used for local work, was considerably oversubscribed, the oversubscription being applied to a building fund for the Army. All of the campaign workers, representing other fraternal and civic organizations, assembled at Rapid City Lodge on the morning the

Drive opened and within two hours \$800 had been raised. A few days later more than the quota had been subscribed.

Good Cheer Provided Unfortunates By Rahway (N. J.) Lodge

Members of Rahway (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1075, recently paid a visit to Bonnie Burns, at Scotch Plains, and gave the inmates of that institution a most excellent entertainment. A previous visit proved such a great success, and provided so much genuine pleasure for those for whom it was intended, that it was decided to repeat the performance. A fine array of talent was engaged for the occasion, and special refreshments were a pleasing feature of the program. These entertainments are part of the program outlined by the Lodge's Entertainment Committee to provide social diversion, recreation and good cheer to those who would be deprived otherwise of some of the good things which most of us are privileged to enjoy.

Arizona State Elks Association Elects Officers for 1923-24

At the Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association, which was recently held at the Grand Canyon, the following officers for 1923-24 were elected: President, Walter C. Miller of Jerome Lodge, No. 1361; Secretary, Charles R. Kuzell, also a member of Jerome Lodge.

Sheridan (Wyo.) Lodge Gives Boys Outing—To Make It Annual Event

Sheridan (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 520, recently entertained nearly 200 boys between the ages of ten and sixteen at a picnic given by the Lodge at Lodore Ranch, which is in the mountains twenty miles from Sheridan. Members of the Lodge furnished cars to take the boys to and from the ranch. The day opened with a hotly contested ballgame, after which the boys were treated to a chicken dinner at the Hotel Lodore. The afternoon was filled with many athletic events. This was the first outing of its kind ever organized by Sheridan Lodge, and so successful was the day that the members are agreed in making it an annual affair on the Social and Community Welfare program of the Lodge.

Work Begun on New Pomona (Calif.) Lodge Building—To Cost \$200,000

Actual work has begun on the new Home of Pomona (Calif.) Lodge, No. 789. The building and site were estimated to cost together approximately \$150,000, but additional improvements now being planned will bring the total cost close to \$200,000. The building will be architecturally unique and will embody every modern convenience for the members. An attractive feature of the approach will be a fifty-foot terraced lawn on Holt Avenue.

Oklahoma State Elks Association Will Meet at Okmulgee in 1924

The sixteenth Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association recently held at El Reno was marked by many interesting features. The reception tendered the visiting members by El Reno Lodge, No. 743, and the program of entertainment which that Lodge provided will long be remembered by the delegates. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mead Wilson, Sapulpa Lodge,

No. 1118; Secretary, H. Moneysmith, Tulsa Lodge, No. 946. Okmulgee Lodge, No. 1136, was selected as the meeting-place for the next Convention, which will be held the latter part of October, 1924.

Wausau (Wis.) Lodge Lays Corner-stone for New Home

Following a large banquet at the Hotel Bellis, attended by visitors from many parts of the State, Wausau (Wis.) Lodge, No. 248, laid the corner-stone for its new \$100,000 home to be erected on Scott Street. The Elks band and quartet played a prominent part in the exercises and addresses were made by Mayor Flatter of Wausau and prominent Wisconsin members of the Order.

Redondo Beach (Calif.) Lodge Remod- els Home and Builds New Lodge-Room

Redondo Beach (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1378, is remodeling its Home and adding a one-story brick Lodge-room, 55 x 90 feet. The Lodge was organized about four years ago under enthusiastic circumstances that included the purchase of a two-story building and the conversion of it into an adequate Home. The building, ground and furnishings were all paid for, thus starting the Lodge off free from debt. Its growth has progressed to the point where the present alterations and the addition are necessary to take care of the Lodge's increased activities.

Mexico (Mo.) Lodge Host in 1924 to Missouri State Elks Association

The Missouri State Elks Association, which recently held its Convention at Poplar Bluff, will meet next year at Mexico, Mo. Mexico (Mo.) Lodge, No. 919, which will be host to the delegates, is already laying plans for a reception which will insure the visitors a lively and interesting meeting.

Ashland (Ore.) Lodge Prospers— To Burn Mortgage Soon

Fifteen years ago when Ashland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 944, erected its new home, it issued bonds to the extent of \$25,000. On May 1 these bonds became due and it was necessary to raise only \$7,000 to redeem them. That little sum will soon be paid off and Ashland Lodge is making plans to burn the mortgage with appropriate ceremonies.

Band of Lewistown (Mont.) Lodge Gives Free Public Concerts

Lewistown (Mont.) Lodge, No. 456, is justly proud of its fine band which takes a prominent part in the Lodge's activities, besides rendering valuable service to the community. During the summer and part of the fall the band gave free concerts once a week to the people of Lewistown, who greatly appreciated the opportunity afforded them of hearing good music well played.

Letter from Mrs. Harding, Cherished Possession of Centralia (Wash.) Lodge

"Flowers for the living" is a motto always significant of Elks, and in the nation-wide sorrow at the death of President Harding, Centralia (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1083, is proud of the fact that it remembered the President and Mrs. Harding on their visit to Centralia when the President placed wreaths on the graves of the men killed in

the Centralia Armistice Day outrage. Mrs. Harding's letter acknowledging the flowers sent before the President went to Alaska, is now a very cherished possession of Centralia Lodge.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge Acquires More Property; Will Start Building in Spring

Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 23, has purchased 71 feet of additional frontage on Delaware Avenue. This, in connection with space already owned by the Lodge on the Avenue, will insure a fine site for the new Home which Buffalo Lodge plans to start in the Spring of 1924. Carrying through a well conceived program for Social and Community Welfare Work, Buffalo Lodge has recently given \$20,000 for the endowment of an Elks Room at the Buffalo Memorial Hospital.

Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge Working Out Plans for New Building

The Building Committee of Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge, No. 90, soon expects to have all details completed for the erection of a magnificent new Home. Financial matters are being gone into carefully, one of the most desirable locations possible to secure is under option and there is every indication that before the first of the year the Building Committee will begin real action and that the corner-stone will be laid under impressive circumstances.

Youth of Community to Benefit by Plans of Juneau (Alaska) Lodge

Juneau (Alaska) Lodge, No. 420, is planning in the near future to create new pleasures for its members and the young people of the community, through building additions to its auditorium and establishing a modern gymnasium where athletic exercises and contests will be of frequent occurrence.

Three New Lodges Instituted Into the Order

Elko (Nev.) Lodge, No. 1472, recently instituted with notable ceremonies by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Sprague, elected the following officers: Exalted Ruler, Harold P. Hale; Secretary, Tony J. Monks. Elko Lodge began its career with 116 members.

Dublin (Ga.) Lodge, No. 1473, instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, D. W. Brosman with 75 charter members, elected E. S. Ennis Exalted Ruler, and W. R. Werden Secretary.

Another new lodge, Pittsburgh (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1474, was recently instituted under the direction of the officers of Richmond (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1251, many prominent members of the Order being present at the celebration.

Give Reception to Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Ticknor

The reception recently tendered Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Harry M. Ticknor, by his home Lodge, Pasadena (Calif.) No. 672, was one of the largest gatherings of prominent Elks ever held in Southern California. Representatives were present from each of the twenty-five Lodges in the South and South Central Districts of the State, as were such dignitaries of the Order as R. C. Benbough, retiring President of the California State Elks Association; Michael F. Shannon, member

Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and many prominent Past Exalted Rulers. The evening's program consisted of a banquet to visiting Elks at the Hotel Vista Del Arroyo, where Past Exalted Ruler Walter C. Austin, of Pasadena Lodge, acted as toastmaster. Telegrams and letters were read during the evening from Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Robert W. Brown, Joseph T. Fanning, William M. Abbott and Raymond Benjamin; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Lodge officers and committeemen and other leaders in the Order, expressing their regret at not being present. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Ticknor responded in his usual pleasing and forceful manner, expressing his appreciation of the many kind things said of him, as well as for the honor conferred upon him. He also recounted many incidents of his travels through the East, where he visited numerous Lodge and Club rooms after he had attended the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta, Ga.

Freehold (N. J.) Lodge Dedicates Home Delegates from Many Lodges Present

Delegations from Lodges all over the State were on hand to witness the dedication of the beautiful new Home of Freehold (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1454. The formal dedication was conducted by the officers of Plainfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 885, who made the trip to Freehold, accompanied by the Lodge Band and many members. The occasion was one of the most impressive held in Monmouth County by members of the Order for some time.

City's Boys and Girls Guests of Clinton (Mass.) Lodge

Practically every automobile and truck in town were turned over to Clinton (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1306, to help them take care of the 1,200 boys and girls who gathered for the Elks Outing at Solomon Pond. Ice-cream, cake, candy and many other delicacies dear to children were provided by Clinton Lodge, which also saw to it that games of all kinds were staged for their benefit.

Lynn (Mass.) Lodge Gets Unexpected Addition to Christmas Fund

Recalling the memorable spectacle on the Polo Grounds, New York City, in the 1922 World Series, when Umpire Hilderbrand called the game on account of darkness, the umpire of the Cornet-East Lynn (Mass.) City Series game, which stood at tied score at the end of the sixth inning, recently gave

the same decision. The Cornet Scholarship Fund, which was to have benefited by the gate receipts, decided, in view of the dissatisfaction expressed by the decision, not to profit by the game, but to turn over its share to Charity. Accordingly a check was sent to the Elks Christmas Fund of Lynn (Mass.) Lodge, No. 117, who will see that the money is spent for charitable purposes on that day.

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge Raises Big Sum by Six-Day Circus

The feasibility of financing the special activities of a Lodge for an entire year by staging one big event was demonstrated recently by Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, when more than \$13,000 was raised through the medium of a six-day circus and rodeo. The production was entirely in the hands of the members, no outside or professional talent being employed in the management. The Lodge presented a week of clean, wholesome entertainment, free from the objectionable features so often accompanying money-raising shows. The committee in charge eliminated all such features by personally reviewing in advance every act before incorporating it into the show. The circus was staged in a city park and at its conclusion the city authorities complimented the Lodge by letter upon the excellence of the show and its freedom from the objectionable. The entertainment comprised, among other features, a dog and pony show, classic dancing, fancy diving, public dancing, a rodeo, as well as a number of humorous side shows.

Cohoes (N. Y.) Lodge Dedicates New Building

Prominent members of the Order from all sections of the State gathered recently at the new Club-house of Cohoes (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1317, for the formal dedication of the handsome new Home. Among the prominent visitors, all of whom spoke, complimenting the Lodge on its record, were the following: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach; William E. Drislane, Chairman Board of Grand Trustees; Philip Clancy, President of the New York State Elks Association; Frank D. Fallon, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, and State Senator William T. Byrne. Telegrams regretting their inability to be present were read from Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and many others. In addition Exalted Rulers and Secretaries as well as other officers of many Lodges near by

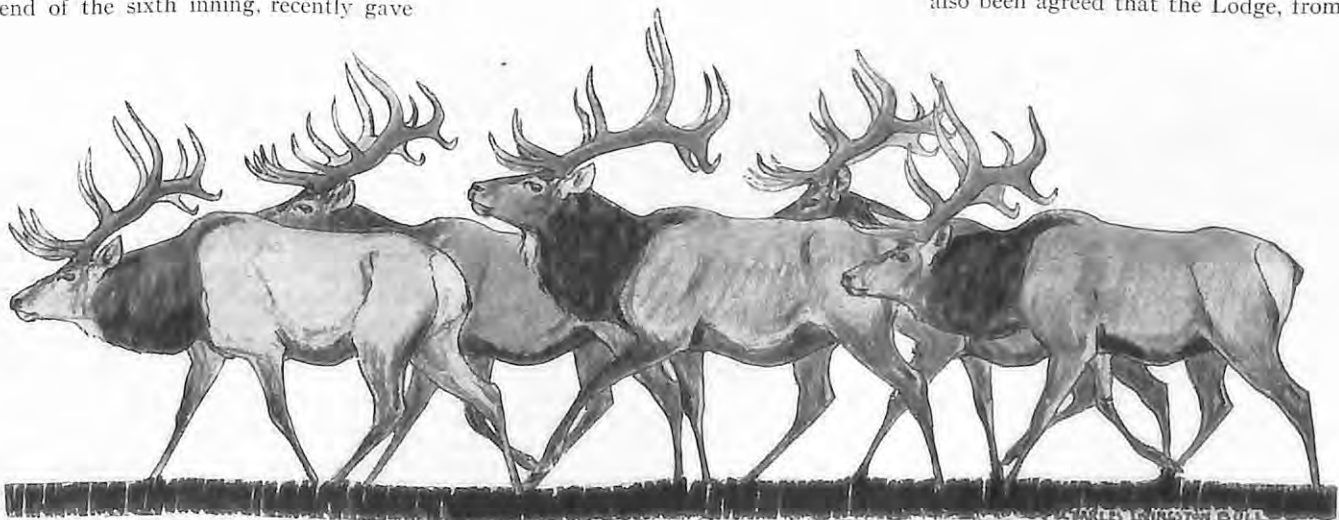
and distant were present. The guests all commented favorably on the impressive manner in which the dedication ceremony was carried out by the officers of Cohoes Lodge. Following the dedication a dinner was served the guests, who later inspected the new Home. The building is of Colonial design and constructed of tapestry brick. It is three stories high with a basement. It has a length of 84 feet on Oneida Street and 53 feet on Mohawk Street. In the basement are located bowling alleys, showers, the heating plant and the storage rooms. The heating system is most modern and the electrical equipment is in keeping with the latest devices. On the first floor are located the main and private dining rooms, club and lounging rooms, the library, grill-room, writing-room, offices and kitchen. On the second floor are several sleeping rooms with baths, and also the pool and billiard rooms, and several small rooms which are used for committee meetings. On the top floor is the Lodge-room, one of the largest and most elaborate in this section. The Lodge-room may be used for dances and social gatherings also. On this floor are the anterooms and other rooms for the storage of regalia and other material used in connection with the degree work. An organ has been installed as well as a piano for use at the meetings and various other affairs.

Wellington Lodge Plays Host to Kansas State Elks Association

The Kansas State Elks Association held its 1923 Convention at Wellington on October 30-31. Wellington (Kans.) Lodge, No. 1167, offered the visiting delegates a program of diversified entertainment and saw to it that nothing was left undone for the comfort and pleasure of the many who attended the Convention. The business sessions were held in Wellington's new Memorial Auditorium, recently erected by the city in memory of those who gave their lives in the World War.

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge Plans to Make Band Self-Sustaining

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 39, has an excellent band and it is rated as one of its best assets. To make it self-sustaining a number of activities have been proposed. The idea is to create a fund the income from which will be sufficient to meet all the expenses of the musical organization. In carrying forward the proposition the Lodge will pay for the services of the band whenever it participates in any function not directly connected with Lodge work. It has also been agreed that the Lodge, from time



to time, shall make contributions to the fund until such time as it reaches a sum the income from which will meet all of the ordinary expenses of the band. If the plan works out successfully, Omaha Lodge is assured of an excellent class of music at a nominal expense and the men who supply it made to feel that their time and service are duly appreciated.

San Francisco Lodge Welcomes American Legion

Thousands of delegates to the National Convention of the American Legion, which was held recently in San Francisco, were entertained by the members of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, No. 3. A sight-seeing tour of the city, luncheon and vaudeville shows and open house throughout the Convention were some of the features on the Elks program for the visiting Legionnaires.

Holyoke (Mass.) Lodge Wins Prizes With Unusual Float

At the recent celebration of Holyoke's fiftieth anniversary as a city, Holyoke (Mass.) Lodge, No. 902, won the first Grand Prize and also the Divisional Prize for the prettiest float in line. Holyoke Lodge can well be proud of this achievement, for the civic parade attending the celebration was considered by every one as the best ever held in New England, having more than one hundred floats, all of which were of exceptional design and decoration. The Lodge's prize-winning float represented a Grecian garden with vines and trellis work and a bubbling fountain in the center. On the rear were four girls with the insignia representing the stations of the Order: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. The float was 30 feet wide by 35 feet long.

Bread Upon the Waters Returns to Boy Scouts

The Boy Scouts of Mount Pleasant (Pa.) recently voted to contribute the entire proceeds of their weekly collection of dues to the Red Cross for the Japanese Relief Fund. The donation was small, but like the widow's mite, it was all they had. The fact that their rent was in arrears and they had a crying need for money did not shake their faith in the least. That same evening, entirely unexpected, at the meeting of Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Lodge, No. 868, the members made a cash donation for the immediate use of the boys and pledged themselves to sponsor the troop for the coming year. It is needless to say that there was much rejoicing when the boys were told what had been done for them by their friends.

Mammoth Carnival of Gardner (Mass.) Lodge Draws Large Crowds

Gardner (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1426, recently held its second annual Carnival. Over 5,000 people visited the attraction each night of the week. United States Senator from Massachusetts, David I. Walsh, was the speaker on the opening night and Mayor James M. Curley of Boston addressed the large gathering on the closing night. The first afternoon was devoted to the entertainment of over 3,000 children, who were given refreshments and a special vaudeville show from the B. F. Keith agency. The people of Gardner, appreciating the generous work done by Gardner Lodge during the year, were lavish in their patronage of the Carnival, thereby enriching the Lodge's treasury by several thousand dollars.

Tennessee State Elks Association Meets at Nashville

The Tennessee State Elks Association, representing fifteen active Lodges of the State, held its annual Convention recently in Nashville. A number of unusual entertainments were provided the visitors by Nashville Lodge, No. 72, and much good was accomplished at the business sessions. As the Convention took place during the first three days of the famous Tennessee State Fair, all the sessions were held in the mornings, leaving the afternoons free for the visitors to attend the Grounds.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland Pays Lodges Official Visits

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland paid official visits as follows to various Eastern Lodges:

October 3. Mr. McFarland, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Snyder, and a party from Fostoria (Ohio) Lodge, No. 935, were entertained by Toledo (Ohio) Lodge, No. 53. A banquet given the Grand Exalted Ruler was followed by the Lodge meeting. The local Boy Scout troop was present and Mr. McFarland, Mr. Snyder and Mr. Mountain each made a brief talk to the boys.

October 4. The Grand Exalted Ruler visited Utica (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 33, and paid tribute on behalf of the entire Grand Lodge membership to Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George J. Winslow. Mr. McFarland was accompanied on this occasion by Grand Secretary Robinson, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees William E. Drislane, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. Arthur Hendricks of Watertown (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 406, and Frank S. Powell of Norwich (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1222. President of the New York State Elks Association Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 346, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Miles S. Hencle of Syracuse (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 31, were also in the party. In the afternoon a splendid and inspiring visit was made to the New York State Masonic Home and Hospital under the direction of Dr. Wiley, whose daughter gave a most delightful concert on the organ in the chapel. After the concluding number, which was Auld Lang Syne, the party was conducted through the institution and hospital.

The Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Utica Lodge after having paid visits to Ilion (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1444, and to Herkimer (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1439. Mr. McFarland was impressed by the growth and progress of Ilion Lodge which, though only a little over a year and a half old, has already completely financed among its membership a \$125,000 building project and has a roster of over 500 names. Delegations from Ilion and Herkimer Lodges accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler to Utica where the local Lodge served a banquet in his honor. Mr. McFarland, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Clancy and Mr. Drislane addressed the Lodge meeting which followed the banquet.

October 7. On Sunday, in Boston, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland was present at a meeting of approximately one hundred and fifty District Deputies, Exalted Rulers, and Secretaries of New England Lodges. After a buffet luncheon, those in attendance gathered in the Lodge-room. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson presided, at the request of Exalted Ruler Daniel Kane of Boston Lodge, and addressed the meeting

on the subject of the 1924 Grand Lodge Convention. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland made an address, as did Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson. Other prominent speakers were Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Joseph F. Francis, Jr., President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

On Sunday evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler, together with the Grand Secretary and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, visited Revere Lodge, No. 1171, and participated in the initiation of thirty candidates.

October 8. The Hon. James M. Curley, on behalf of the city of Boston, tendered a luncheon at the Parker House in honor of Mr. McFarland, which was attended by Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, one hundred of the leading business men of Boston, and representatives of the United States Army and Navy. Plans were discussed for the organization of the Boston Convention. That evening, at a dinner of the Executive Committee of the Boston Elks Convention Association, members of the Committee and Mr. Charles Osgood, a prominent member of the local Lodge, spoke enthusiastically of the attitude of Boston business men toward the coming of the Grand Lodge to their city next July.

Degree Team of Philadelphia Lodge Initiates Class for Boston Lodge

Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, accompanied by the Lodge's famous degree team, recently made a trip to Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10, and initiated a class of 800 candidates. The initiation, which took place at the Boston Opera House, was conducted by the Philadelphia team at the request of Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane of Boston Lodge.

Greeley (Colo.) Lodge Aids High School Boys and Athletics

Greeley (Colo.) Lodge, No. 809, is continuing the fine work it took up sometime ago in supporting the athletic work of the High Schools in its jurisdiction. Besides rendering necessary financial help to the students from time to time, Greeley Lodge purchases each year wearing apparel for the football boys. Last year the Lodge donated a set of eleven football blankets for the Greeley and Eaton High Schools and this year similar blankets will be given to the Windsor and Fort Lupton High Schools.

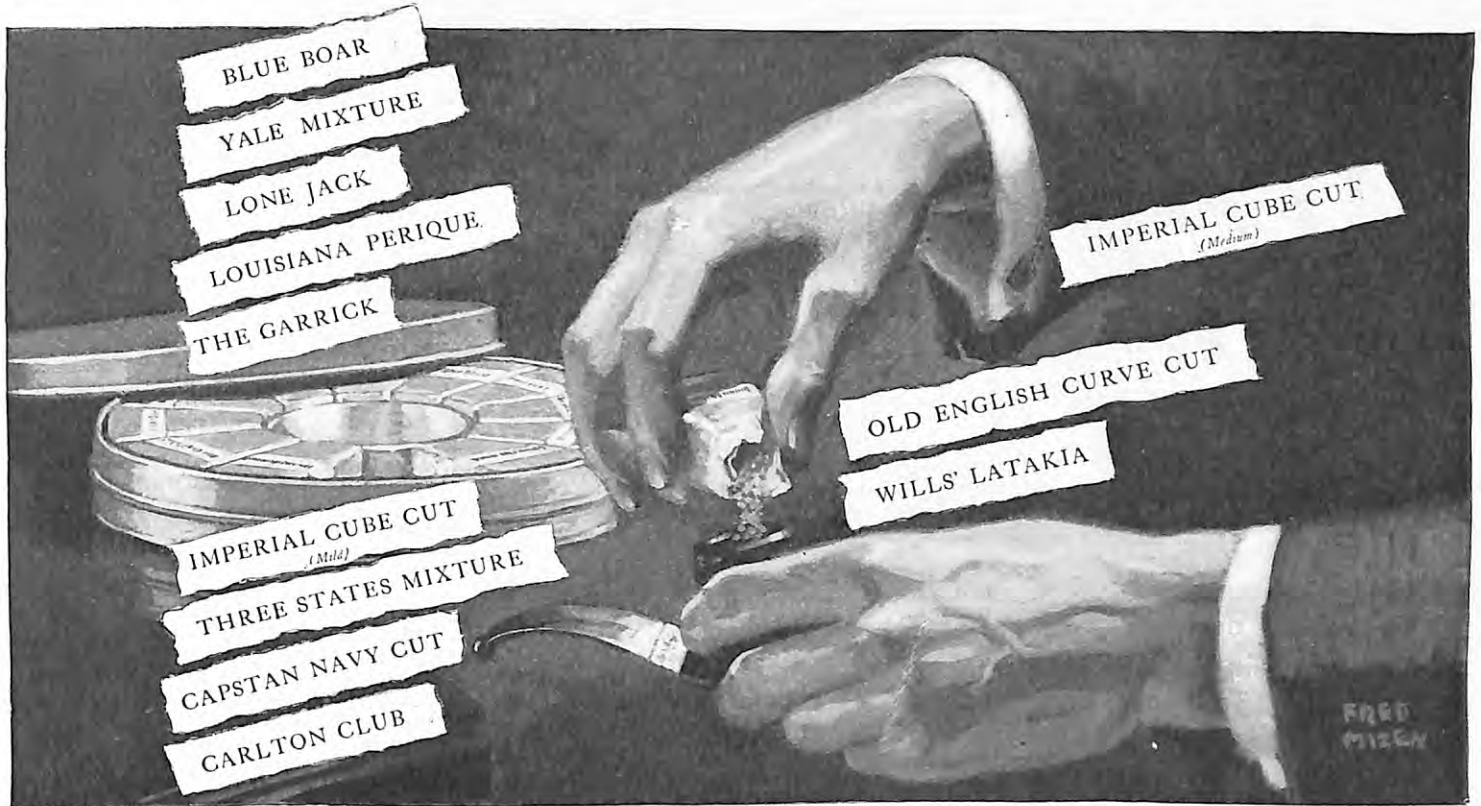
Children of the City Entertained by Johnstown (Pa.) Lodge

Over 5,000 children were entertained by Johnstown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 175, at the annual Kiddies Day picnic held at Luna Park. The children were given all sorts of refreshments and special games and entertainments were arranged for their benefit. Johnstown Lodge did not forget the youngsters in the city hospitals and they were also well taken care of, the gifts reserved for them being delivered in person by members of the Picnic Committee.

Fire Damages Home of Allegheny (Pa.) Lodge

The second floor of the Home of Allegheny (Pa.) Lodge, No. 339, was recently

(Continued on page 54)



Men! May we send you this *Humidor Sampler* of the world's finest smoking tobaccos?

A new idea for pipe smokers; twelve famous blends—each the finest in its class—shipped to you in a handsome humidor—to help you find the "Soul-Mate" for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Company

THERE'S been a need for this idea a long, long time. Kipling recognized it when he wrote—"A man may never find the right girl for his love, but he can surely find the right tobacco for his pipe, if he keeps on looking."

Most pipe-smokers will readily subscribe to Kipling's statement. For your average pipe-smoker is the greatest little experimenter in the world. He's forever trying a "new one"—confident that some day he'll stumble on the real affinity for his pipe.

But there's no reason why the quest for a perfect tobacco should be an endless Pilgrim's Progress—full of sorry mis-steps and disillusiones. There are

myriads of different brands of smoking tobaccos on the market. But of them all, there are 12 distinctive blends which stand in a class by themselves.

If a man could only segregate these twelve decisive

blends from the hundreds of duplicate blends—and turn his taste to testing these twelve blends exclusively—he'd settle his tobacco problems in a hurry.

So that's what suggested the Big Idea to The American Tobacco Company.

We said, "Why not pick out twelve of the world's finest and most distinctive tobacco mixtures—pack a liberal quantity of each in an attractive Humidor Box—and offer it to pipe-smokers, direct by mail, at a price no pipe lover can afford to resist!"

Thus a man could get the "whole works" in tobacco blends in one assortment—with the certainty that among them, he'd find his long-sought tobacco-affinity.

That was the idea. And our new Humidor Sampler is the expression of it.

Settling your tobacco problem for a lifetime

Into a handsome Humidor Sampler, we have packed twelve famous smoking blends, that completely cover the whole range of tobacco taste. To test these twelve tobaccos is to go the "whole route" in delightful pipe-tobacco experience, tasting every possible good blend, flavor and aroma known to pipe-connoisseurs.

Whether your Lady Nicotine is a pungent blonde or a cool and soothing brunette—she's here—among the winsome dozen—awaiting your wooing.

A \$3.05 test for \$1.50

It might take you years to "happen on" all twelve of these flawless blends, if you were to seek them out by the usual process of trying brand after brand. And if you went to your tobacconist now with the list of these tobaccos with you, it would cost you \$3.05 to buy a full-size standard package of each.

But through the Humidor Sampler, you can get a liberal get-acquainted quantity of all

twelve of these blends for \$1.50—with the attractive Humidor case included.

And after you have found, in this Humidor assortment, the one tobacco, or combination of tobaccos that fulfills your complete tobacco ideals, your local dealer or tobacconist can keep you supplied with this blend—in the regular full-size standard packages.

Sent on 10-Day Approval

Send no money. Your name and address on the coupon is all that's needed now. It will bring you the complete Humidor Sampler of these twelve peerless pipe mixtures—direct from our factories to your den. When the postman brings the package—deposit the price with him (\$1.50), plus postage. If a ten days' test of these tobaccos doesn't reveal the ideal tobacco you've always hoped to find for your pipe, the cost is on us. Simply return the Humidor—and we'll send back your \$1.50 and postage by return mail.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 11,
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.

A \$3.05 Test for \$1.50
If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be.

Blue Boar	.25
Capstan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
Imperial Cube Cut (Medium)	.30
Old English Curve Cut	.15
The Garrick	.30
Carlton Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three States	.25
Lone Jack	.10
Wills' Latakia	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal get-acquainted quantity of each for \$1.50



This new card is pleasing the most critical Elks from one end of the country to the other.

11

O'CLOCK

PLAYING CARDS

Have been on sale only since May, but Elks are using them almost everywhere. Their growing success is simply one more proof that all Elks recognize quality when they see it and demand the best there is to be had in whatever they buy.

Ask for 11 O'clock Playing Cards and you will be certain of getting the most satisfactory card you ever held in your hand.

Manufactured especially
for Elks Clubs

STANDARD PLAYING
CARD COMPANY
412 Orleans Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

Nine Novels

(Continued from page 31)

—Mutiny—shipwrecked on a desert island—the whole party marooned and thrown into a desperate situation.

Where now is the brotherhood of man?
Where the helping hand?

The ideals?

And such a fine chance for proving all these things!

You see in a minute, of course, just what fun the author must have had concocting this rollicking and satirical tale. And how he does show up these selfish and weak people and sift their characters! And how good-humored he is with them, and how he makes you laugh!

We screamed with joy over this book as we read it. We marked scores of good things to quote here, but we find that we want to quote the whole book. Which can not be done.

The great adventure came to a gorgeous climax when the lost millionaire and his followers are discovered by a motion-picture director who is casually cruising around the south Atlantic in search of "locations." The movie man realizes that fame is calling to him through a megaphone. If only he can bring home a picture of the erratic but renowned Mr. Podd and his radicals in the very act of being rescued from their island!

He sees the little group of tattered idealists running down the beach, some of them reaching out their hands toward him.

"Hold it, all of you!" he cried. . . . "Camera!"

You would not think it possible that in the midst of such constant mirth and mockery as abounds in this book, that there could be introduced a love story that has, at moments, a misty sweetness, but it is there, nevertheless. Such is the art of a good story-teller.

Every reader of this book will look wise and know that he can spot the source of Mr. Tilden's inspiration, as far as the ship idea goes. And that makes the thing more fun than ever.

Ramshackle House

By Hulbert Footner

A GOOD mystery story. Pendleton Broome, poor, aristocratic, cut off from all the things that should be rightfully hers, lives with her father in an old, run-down house, once lovely, on a sand spit in Chesapeake Bay. Loneliness is here, and isolation, so that it is little wonder that Don Counsell, drifting along in his canoe, seems like a gift out of the blue to the girl. But, no sooner does fate throw these young people together, than Mr. Footner says: "No, this is not going to be simply a sweet little love story! I'll put in a murder, some very suspicious circumstances, hordes of detectives, fear and trembling, and everything else I can think of along those lines. Maybe I'll let them be happy in the end, and maybe I won't." And so he went ahead and wove a mighty good detective story, with Don caught and almost convicted and Pen taking frightful risks to prove his innocence. The scene of the mystery is romantic; the writing exciting; the young people distinctly real, and the plot well sustained. You'd have to look a long way for anything better.

The Lonely Furrow

By Maud Diver

THE old bloody border of Northern India.

Colonel Chaloner, devoted servant of the British Empire.

Vanessa Vane, young enough to be lovely and desirable, and old enough to have found out, through some heartbreaks, many of the shattering truths of life.

"Does it ever suddenly come over you that under the surface life's a howling wilderness," she says, "an orgy of egotism and evil passions; and we're all of us stranded in it—utterly alone." Who of us has not been stricken at some time by a flashing knowledge of the essential loneliness of his own life? Who has not at some moment felt the one man or woman left living on the globe, a naked, quivering soul. The shadowy crowd that presses around is intimate but alien, totally unreal and unalive.

It is on some such premise that Mrs. Diver has written her very excellent novel of English colonial life. Her talent seems to lie in her power to describe with power and delicacy the

hidden places of the heart. To do this sort of thing is no easy task. In this book the interest both in the emotional and in the active and political life of the hero is held admirably to the very end—an end which some may find too mechanical, but an end which is at least definite. You don't put this story of a "triangle" (for it is that) down and groan aloud: "Oh, Lord, such a mess! What happens to them, anyway!" You know what happens to them at the close of "The Lonely Furrow," and if it isn't sensational it is at least decent—and that's a good deal these days!

The Temptress

By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez

JUST between ourselves, we hesitate to take up an Ibáñez book for the purpose of reviewing it. We have a blight. We do not get Ibáñez. And yet *The Temptress* can not be ignored. It seems to be the chief item of interior decoration in the book-shop windows, you see people going about with the volume under their arms, and we dare say that even now some casting director in Hollywood is picking out the beautiful, slithery lady who is to play the Countess Elena in the motion-picture version, and the daring and boyish young person who is to impersonate Celinda Rojas—the girl who rode fearlessly over the prairies of Patagonia and married, eventually, the charming young American engineer.

The story is there for the most moronic mind to grasp. Take a woman of the Paris *beau monde*, dependent upon money, luxury and flattery for the thing she calls happiness. Transplant her to a half-civilized engineering settlement in the wilds of South America, and it is easy to follow the course of the havoc she works in her desperate pursuit of those three things. Her victims strew the book. Murder, suicide, embezzlement, infidelity, the ruin of great colonial projects—all these she stands responsible for. Men are her predestined prey. But at the end vice suffers horribly, and virtue is clothed in sable and rides in a Rolls-Royce—so it all gets by, handsomely.

The translation from the original is done in a crisp, colloquial manner. The pictures Señor Ibáñez draws of Patagonia are perhaps the book's most valuable feature, but not in any particular does this story touch the really sweeping effect of life and the gorgeous coloring found in "The Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse." It seems a theatrical, rather cheap Continental novel, aimed with direct thrusts at the motion-picture adaptation. That's what we think of *The Temptress*. And, yet, wise folks tell us that there is much more in it than that. They insist that it is almost epic. Is that because Ibáñez likens his Elena to Helen of Troy in the matter of bringing war and devastation to her "gentlemen friends"? This may indeed be a fathoms-deep study of men and women, with heart-breaking questions at the end as to where right and strength really lie. But we refuse to take the story as seriously as that. We prefer to tell you that we think it is simply a pretty good dime novel.

Conquistador

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

"CONQUISTADOR" is the story of a young American engineer who, through his Spanish inheritance, becomes master of a vast Mexican Hacienda. First—there is the thrilling drama of conflicting temperaments at war within the soul of Wharton Cameron himself. Second—the gorgeously colored tapestry of life on the ranch, the feudal traditions still prevailing. The American in Cameron drifts further and further back, the creole in him conquers. In everything save in his attitude toward women. Third—his visit to his old sweetheart in the States. For all the love and the very essence of romance that he brings, he has become a stranger to her. She is afraid—dares not drown herself in another world, another life as he has done. Heartbreak—torment—disillusionment—bitter loneliness. Fourth—Cameron back at the Hacienda, Don Pablo, now, forever. The last link with his American youth broken. The solution. Peace, if not happiness.

This highly dramatic little story can not fail to charm and bewitch. Mrs. Gerould's art and sensitiveness convert it almost into a masterpiece. The writing is a delight. There is not a superfluous word, not an adjective that could be spared, not a gesture made but has its value. The emotional and spiritual currents that move the people in this beautiful story are more important than the things that they do, and yet the author has so deftly balanced action and psychology throughout that on one hand "Conquistador" is a flawless delineation of character, and, on the other, a brilliant and spirited story of adventure. We can not urge you too strongly to read this book.

The Sinister Mark

By Lee Thayer

AFTER you have been reading and reviewing mystery stories for a few years, you finally come to the conclusion that no criminal or no criminal author (why shouldn't one say that, as well as criminal lawyer?) can fool you. That it is a great oversight on the part of Scotland Yard and "Spring—3100" that you are at large and not in the secret service, and that if some crime were committed in your own circle, all you would have to do would be to look wise, shrug your shoulders and walk straight to the guilty person and say: "Why all the fuss, my friends, here is your man!"

But we confess that we were baffled in "The Sinister Mark," when the exquisite Mary Blake disappeared from her apartment in Waverly Place, and no one, neither the best man in the United States Secret Service nor Donald Morris, the man who loved her, could get the slightest clue as to her whereabouts. And when we thought of that silent little flat, and blood-stained scarf, and the mysterious trunk that was seen being taken away, and when we remembered Mary's uncanny and creepy sister—why, our hair did spring up a little, and we cried out, humbly: "We confess we don't know what's happened to the girl. You had better call some one else on the case."

We hope you see from all this that in "The Sinister Mark" there are the makin's of a fairly harrowing and exciting evening—if you are looking for that sort of thing.

Character Surgery

(Continued from page 26)

went the necessity of using the brakes; and with it Smith won the release of a certain amount of nervous energy.

But catharsis was only a small part of the surgical operation on Smith's character. A growth of eighteen years of bad habits had to be removed—Smith's reactions to various "Stop!" signs and other symbols in his life. For years he had thought himself an engine—to use the analyst's symbol—of very limited power; and he had acted accordingly. Now Smith tried to think himself capable of more. Thinking so he attempted more and found the analyst was right. Smith thought more often of himself as the product of that "fierce ageless energy"; and he began to get a glimmer of the meaning in "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

For years he had put on brakes at the thought of his superiors. He saw in them the same "Stop!" sign as in the bully of a principal. But now that he found he had misread the formidability of the principal he took another look at the others. He then realized how he had suffered from a harassed imagination. Under the analyst's guidance he now looked less for the bully in each superior and more for the colleague and guide. In his change of attitude toward others he found an unmistakable change toward himself.

He took another look at the children. Feeling himself bigger and stronger than before it seemed to him they grew smaller, less malevolent, simpler as problems. He saw them again as little folk, only too glad to play and be friends, more at his mercy, plastic to his influence for better or worse.

Symbols have tremendous power in locking or unlocking energies in us. Witness the effect of a country's flag in time of war. Furthermore the same symbol may have opposite effects on

(Continued on page 50)

"I'll say it again
—it's the best
cigarette
I ever smoked!"

Taste is a matter of
tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief
that the tobaccos used in Chester-
field are of finer quality (and
hence of better taste) than in any
other cigarette at the price.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
They Satisfy

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES



Individuality

Individuality is emphasized by a distinctive overcoat.

The genteel lines of Patrick-Duluth Overcoats, their superb hand tailoring, and faultless fit, appeal to men of good taste.

Patrick-Duluth Overcoats have an air of richness and refinement, of skill and thoroughness, which make them the choice of discerning men.

The cloth is made in beautiful, exclusive patterns and its sturdy weave gives the added satisfaction of enduring wear.

It is woven on our own looms from selected, long-fibre Northern Wools, and is used only in garments bearing the Patrick-Duluth label.

Sold by Leading Clothiers

Send for Our Interesting Overcoat Booklet Today, Care Desk 8

Patrick Week
November 3rd to 10th

F.A. Patrick & Co.
DULUTH MINNESOTA

Makers of both Cloth and Garment

Character Surgery

(Continued from page 49)

different people just as the American flag affected an American and a German differently. What is interesting here, however, is that the same object can change its meaning as a symbol—therefore its effect—for the same individual. Smith had seen in his superiors only bullies, in children only cause for worry. Now he began to see them in pleasanter guise; with corresponding effect to his health, energy, responsiveness—to his character in short. This changing of the view-point, described as “resymbolization,” is the essence of the cure by psychoanalysis.

Smith grew less irritable, more interested. With fewer painful memories to repress, his mind became freer to move. He found reading once more a pleasure; study required less effort. He soon came to little explored territory of his profession and made several tentative efforts in new theory. He wrote his findings for pedagogical journals. One of his papers aroused interest and he was given a class on which to try out his theory. It seemed to work; so he was given a school. Then he was sent to other cities to inaugurate other such schools. His idea roused enough opposition to win for him still more support. There was discussion in the press; interviews with him appeared frequently.

Smith is now in “Who’s Who.” His wife and children are proud to shine in his reflected glory. He himself says he is “a new man.” Psychoanalysis has performed successful surgery on his character.

For, roughly speaking, what makes one character different from another? One man feels cheerful and acts accordingly, say, once out of three times; another does it twice as often. The world says, “What a difference in character!” One acts on an idea just so often; another twice as frequently. The world sees a “dead one” in the first, a “live wire” in the other.

Smith, relieved of much waste and friction in his nerves, gained that much in power and sense of power. Twice as cheerful as before, he changed from a “grouch” to a “good fellow.” With a greater flow of ideas and nerve force he translated twice as many thoughts into acts and passed from the “dead” class into the “live.” His character was practically and permanently changed at a time of life hitherto regarded as past the plastic period.

I COULD have easily selected hundreds of cases more dramatic in story and cure than Smith’s. One woman’s dominant mood had been a distaste for life until she stood at the brink of suicide. A short analysis revealed that she too had come to a “Stop!” sign she misread. It brought the brakes down hard against one of the most powerful currents in normal human nature; half her strength was used up in repressing the other half. She put the episode out of her mind until with the years she almost “forgot” it. But life had become a torment of inexplicable nervousness. She was like a person under fire from ambush by some one using smokeless powder. She knew the strain of being under fire but not the source of it. The psychoanalyst quickly spied the enemy, dragged it out into the open and disarmed it by showing the woman the road to full self-expression.

I have taken the case of Smith, however, precisely because there was so little of the unusual in it. For, more or less, the vast majority of us have this in common with Smith—we can get more out of our engines than we do. Or, to keep to our original figure, an exploratory operation on characters like Smith’s, even at the age of forty, may work wonders.

But for many people psychoanalysis is as yet a major operation. It is true, the technique of exploration and cure is becoming simpler, as men get knowledge of short-cuts. Also every modern physician is becoming more and more psychoanalytical in his treatment of patients. In an increasing number of medical schools psychoanalysis is being included in the regular curriculum. But it is still a major operation; and very often a minor is all that is needed.

Modern science is developing several lines of such minor operations in character surgery.

The one most nearly related to psychoanalysis may be described, in the words of an eminent neurologist, as “reeducation without subconscious exploration.” It cuts at the defect in

character from the outside. It is most effective in checking and eliminating undesirable growth—while it is still growing. Had Smith, for example, been treated by this method soon after he encountered the harmful check to his powers in the person of the bullying principal, his trouble would have shown on the surface and the treatment, consisting of a simple pointing out of what was transpiring in Smith’s life, would have been simpler though not necessarily easier. But the ounce of prevention would have been worth a pound of cure and saved Smith years of handicapped life.

Often, too, it is possible to cure without subconscious exploration even in the case of an old wound. Sometimes a bullet buried in the flesh, provided it has not carried infection, can be allowed to remain there; and often an obvious character defect, if not too strongly reinforced by the buried “bullet,” can be attacked from the outside. The cure will penetrate deeply enough.

The analyst or the physician, by this method of minor operation, can address whole classes of people suffering with what appear widely diverse character diseases, such as the category which includes bullies and those whose lives are made miserable by countless slights, braggarts and chronic apologizers, “grouches” and fulsome flatterers.

“You are all suffering from the same disease of character,” the analyst would say to this class. “It is a sense of inferiority. Some of you know it only too bitterly. The rest will be astonished. But that is because the bullies, braggarts and ‘grouches’ among you have long ago put the uncomfortable inferiority feeling out of your consciousness and put on protective disguises—bullying, bragging, grumbling. You have fooled yourselves more than you have the rest of the world. Now, all of you can do better. Study the normal individual who is well adjusted to his environment and doesn’t feel inferior, because he is not. He does not bully because he does not expect to have his rights infringed upon. He does not go out of his way to feel slights, for the same reason. He doesn’t brag because he doesn’t feel the need of always impressing people. Nor does he spend his life apologizing. As a healthy, fallible human being, he makes allowances for others and expects the same allowance for himself. He does not grumble chronically—for the same reason. Nor does he fulsomely praise because, while appreciating the good effect of praise, he does not feel the need of prostrating himself in so doing.

“If you must have a protective disguise—and it may be a good thing—imitate the manner of the well-adjusted man in these respects. There is this difference between a mask and an assumed manner: you may wear a mask forever and it will remain something outside of you. But a manner assumed strikes in. It becomes a habit. ‘Going through the motions’ tends to rouse associated emotions. If you feel serene your face and carriage will express it. Assume the outward guise of serenity, even if you don’t feel it, and the disguise, through habitual association, will tend to bring along with it the feeling that goes with it. Do this often enough, consistently and persistently enough, and the manner will take root, strike deeper and deeper until it becomes part of character itself and your manner is no longer a disguise.”

This method verges on another line of minor operation which modern science is increasingly applying—though in a groping way lay humanity has always used it—the method of autosuggestion. This practise is so familiar a story that I shall not dwell on it here, except to point out the relation of psychoanalysis to autosuggestion as methods of character surgery.

I know two brothers, one a root-and-branch revolutionist, the other a bit-by-bit reformer. “Take care of the big things,” says the revolutionist, “and the small things will take care of themselves.” “Take care of the small things,” says the reformer, “and the big things will take care of themselves.” The Simon-pure psychoanalyst says, “Never mind the surface things, the skin rashes, the unpleasant mannerisms, the sense of discomfort. They are only symptoms. Let us get down to the root of the trouble, extirpate it. Learn about your hidden self, face

reality. The symptoms will then cure themselves." The out-and-out autosuggestionist says: "Imitate the appearance of health, suggest to yourself you are healthy, go through the motions and the effect will go deeper." The psychoanalyst says, "You can do better if you know." The autosuggestionist says, "You can do better if you try."

The character surgeon, the psychotherapist, knows that both are right; and where necessary he uses any or all the methods described in this article. In addition every day new advances are reported by science. Ten years may see a revolution in our knowledge and possibilities in this field.

Are these developments of science as character surgeon at all an alternative for religion in this field? I asked this question of a prominent divine who is also an enthusiastic student of science.

"Let me answer your question this way," he said. "Imagine primitive man, in terror of the dark, beset with superstitions born of fear. Then he learns to make artificial light. He banishes night. Does he thereby do away with all need for mental and spiritual enlightenment? What science is finding out about the physical basis of character and how to modify it is only a torch in the forest of night. It is not yet the sun. We want as much light in the darkness as we can possibly get. But the only light that illumines the depths of the soul and at the same time gives it greatest growth is religion."

Sentiment

(Continued from page 35)

made another whereat the big-game hunter became the hunted, crumbled, disintegrated, and finally yielded still another touchdown on a straight-line plunging march from the shadow of the university's goal in which all the backfield participated with fire, indomitable energy and enthusiasm.

That night after dinner Willis went up to the newly risen star's room. He had not yet come in, was still in all probability attending to his duties in one of the university dining-halls. The thought irritated Willis and perplexed him. Here he was with much more money than he needed, not a single vital interest in the world save this boy, whom he had so hungrily taken unto himself, and yet he had not the right to help him as he should like to do.

He glanced about the room. It was sparsely furnished; nothing but the bare necessities: an iron bed, a pine table for a desk, a cheap yellow dresser, a plain board book-shelf containing a row of text-books, and upon the walls nothing but a few college banners. A lump came into the man's throat.

He was studying it all when Davis entered the room.

"Hello, Mr. Willis," he said simply.

"Leslie"—he came to the boy, putting a hand upon his shoulder—"it isn't necessary for me to tell you what a great game you played to-day. That's self-evident. What I want to talk about is you. There are lots of things in this university for you to do other than spending all your spare time at chores and waiting upon table."

Davis smiled.

"I don't know, sir. The dean says that only those who have to plug for their education really appreciate it and get the most good out of it."

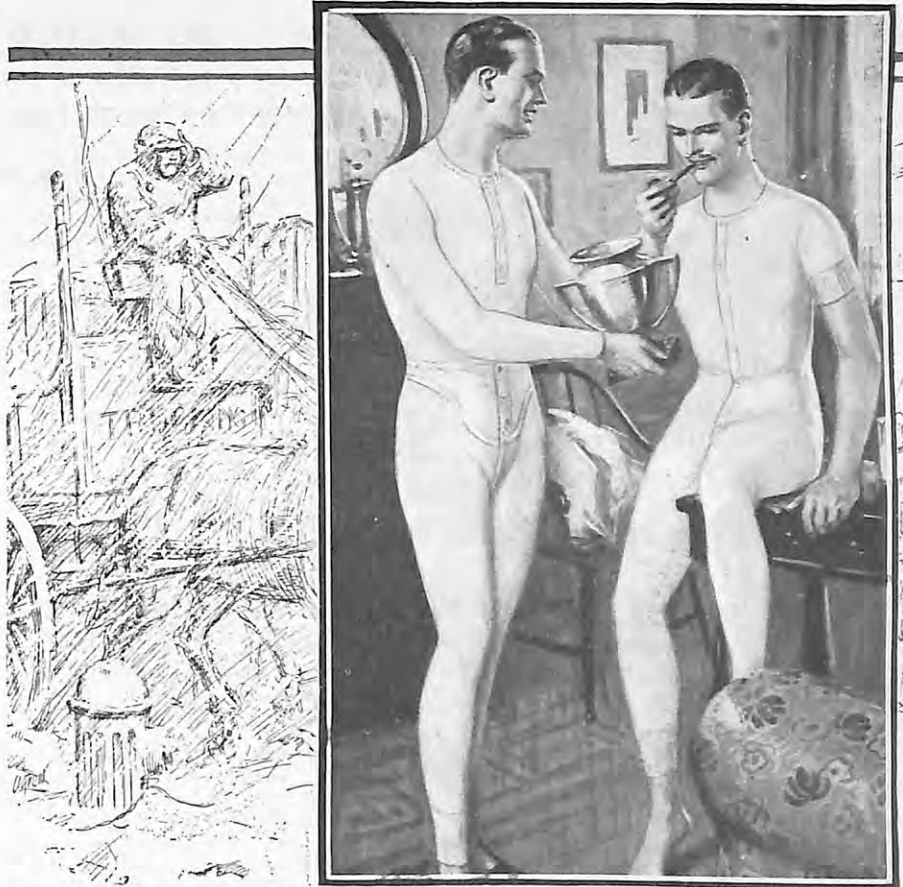
"Bah!" Willis gestured. "That might be perfectly true of some students. But it applies to those chiefly who have had everything their own way through life. You've not been spoiled that way. And I don't know but that some of the most valuable things about university life are the long idle moments when a chap can think and dream, when he can get to know his comrades, when he has time for the real friendships that college provides for those who have the capacity for friendship. So far as that goes, I happen to know that your football has done you out of at least two jobs you had last year. Isn't that true, son?"

The boy moved uneasily.

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"In other words, you're pinched." Willis moved impatiently. "Look here, I've got more money than I'll ever spend. My only real business now lies in investments. What I want to do

(Continued on page 52)



If you're a teamster,
you need heavy
underwear

But Lawrence
is just right
for office men



If your winter underwear is too heavy, you'll get overheated indoors. If too light, you'll not have sufficient protection when you go out. Either is an invitation to colds. Physicians recommend medium weight knitted undergarments that reach to the ankle.

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Indianapolis, Indiana.

E. M. 11-29.

Send me, please, a free trial tube of Boncilla Beautifier.

Name

Address

City

State

Sentiment

(Continued from page 51)

now is to make another investment. I want to invest in you."

As Davis stared at him he went on:

"It's this way: I believe in you. I am confident that when you go out into the world you're going to get somewhere, amount to something worth while. Perhaps I shan't be here then. Anyway, I'm going to place a sum of money in your name in the Chemical Bank in New York—five hundred dollars. When that is down to a few dollars I'll be notified by the bank and will then renew the deposit. The investment I have spoken of relates to what you'll do in the way of helping some deserving boy through college in the course of time, when you have made your way and can help others beside yourself."

Davis smiled, shaking his head.

"I'm afraid, sir, the return on that investment is too far away to make it worth while. I'm sorry, Mr. Willis, but I can't do that."

Willis tossed his head.

"You need money, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll say I do."

"All right, then. How about calling it a loan, you to pay it back after graduation as you can?" Willis raised his voice. "Now, understand, I'm not giving it to you, so don't take it from that angle. It's a loan."

Davis surveyed the older man silently for a full minute.

"I tell you, Mr. Willis," he said at length, "I'll use it if I need it. If I don't I'll let it lie. And it's understood that what I use I'll pay back? Is that all right?"

"Quite all right. And in the meantime don't think the obligation is all on your side. In—in fact, I never felt quite so good about anything in my life."

He held out his hand and the boy gripped it silently. Their eyes met and held together. Then Willis turned quickly and strode out of the room.

Three weeks later Willis got word from the bank that only twenty-five dollars of the original sum deposited in Leslie Davis's name remained.

The man smiled, a thrill creeping down his back. Yes, boys cost money. No doubt he had fixed up his room and begun to live the way he ought to live. Good for him! He had not been down to the university since he had had the talk with Davis. A pool in which he was interested had claimed his attention and on week-ends he had followed his usual custom of looking over the progress of the two great rivals of his university. Both were coming along well undoubtedly, but, with Davis blazing along as at present, he was not worrying about the prospects of his college.

HE RESTORED the bank balance to its original proportions, and on the following Saturday went down to see the university eleven in action against the team of one of the national service institutions, a game which was regarded as a real test of the future possibilities of the collegians. The result was a tie, 7 to 7. The university made the touch-down in the first half as a result of a series of fine off tackle runs by Davis, the touch-down coming through a two-yard plunge through center by Crombie, the university's big line cracker.

Thereafter Davis seemed to slump so far as carrying the ball was concerned. His throwing of forward passes was flawless, but things didn't break right for the receivers and all in all it was a disappointing afternoon. Speaking of Davis between halves, the coach told Willis that the player had seemed distraught and a bit off his feed. He was working too hard in the tasks he performed for the Bureau of Self Support, too.

It worried Willis. Immediately after the game he went to his protégé's room. Nothing had been changed there, no furniture added, no decorations. And the coach had spoken of his still being engaged in the menial chores to save him which Willis had been principally moved in making the loan. Yet money had been withdrawn from the bank—more than four hundred dollars. And the boy had been away from the college.

When Davis came into the room he greeted the visitor with that display of big white teeth, the crinkling smile that the man had come to love.

"Not so good to-day, Mr. Willis, were we? Well, a game like that is a good thing to get out

of our systems. It's out now, for good. You'll see."

"I hope so." Willis had intended to advise the boy of the replenished fund in the bank, but had changed his mind for various reasons. For one thing, he had an aversion to talking money with him; and, again, he decided that if the subject were broached it was Davis who should do it.

But Davis didn't. Willis had the impression that he wished to, or at least he had something on his mind that he found difficulty in voicing. If that was true the difficulty must have proved insurmountable, for he said nothing. They talked about the team, about the rival teams, and at length conversation trailed away.

Willis rose and held out his hand.

"Well," he said, "I must be running along."

"Well—" Davis glanced at him, then averted his eyes. "I guess I'm pretty tired. Sort of played out in the game." Again he met the older man's eyes. "I'm sorry, Mr. Willis," he said.

"Sorry?" For the life of him Willis could say no more. He was innately a reticent man, and a very sensitive one, a man whom things cut deeply and were suffered in silence.

He gestured and was leaving the room when the boy raised his hand as though bidding him pause.

"Mr. Willis, I've been thinking a lot about what you told me—I mean about your baby son dying and Mrs. Willis and—and—your daughter. That—I mean about your daughter—seems terrible. Was she so bad?"

Willis's face became drawn and pale. He hesitated, then forcing a smile he came to the boy and patted him upon the shoulder.

"That's all right, Leslie. Those are things we forget, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so." The boy's face was troubled. "I know I ought not to have said anything. But—but—I think about things and it sort of got on my mind."

"Well, it mustn't." Willis's thin lips drew into a firm line. "Some day—perhaps—I'll tell you all about it. I don't suppose I was a very attentive father. I was at fault there. Still, that was no excuse for her. She was at boarding-school and ran away with a man I'd forbidden her to see, a riding-master."

"And you never heard from her?"

"She wrote me two or three times. She was very defiant. After years had gone by I wrote to her. She never answered it. That—that was the last."

"She might have moved, or something. Might not have got the letter."

Willis's face hardened.

"Small difference now, Leslie. Let's never talk about this again. I don't know why I mentioned it in the first place. You're the only one to whom I have."

"Yes, sir." The boy turned back into the room, and Willis went on his way, his spirits sinking. The boy had been reticent throughout, save for his curiosity, morbid, probably, concerning his daughter. He had said nothing about the money he had spent and yet he had spent it, lavishly. Many times in his life Willis had had to face broken illusions. Every time a man gave affection, he supposed, he rendered himself liable for all sorts of shocks—for the sort of shock he had now received.

As he emerged from the dormitory he glanced upward to the window on the third floor. He had been in that room probably for the last time. He never remembered the processes which intervened between this leaving the college and his appearance in the card-room in his club that evening.

The football season at his university became intensive. He did not go down. Secret practice, from which even football alumni were barred, obtained, and well he knew the mental condition of the players, bearing the burden of justifying the football prestige of their university against powerful rivals, keeping up in their classes and denying themselves utterly all the real joys of university life in the bracing autumn weather.

He had no word from the bank of any necessity of adding to Davis's balance, and the letters he occasionally received from the boy related entirely to the progress of the team—fine, buoyant letters such as a football player in the white

heat of the season might write to his father. Yes, fine letters. He took pains to answer every one, stiffly, avoiding any personal note. And it tore at his heart to do this, for he had heard from the coach that Davis, while manually excellent, seemed a prey to occasional moods of mental depression that he feared in time would militate against his best work.

What Willis wanted to do was to write him a real letter, a letter filled with parental affection, bidding him, if he were in trouble or worried about anything, to bring it all to him and let him help settle it. And at length—it was the week of the first big game, to be played in the university stadium against an eleven which had proved itself, at least thus far, to be the more powerful of the two rivals upon defeat of whom depended success or failure of the season—that Willis yielded to the gnawing impulse.

He sat down and wrote from his heart. He told the boy what their association had meant to him—more than he himself had ever realized until now—how he yearned to help him through any difficulty that had opened in his life, and that finally he intended to take steps which would make their relationship more definite and tangible.

WHEN he posted it that evening he knew he had done well, knew that this letting down of the bars, this opening of the flood-gates of sentiment was the very outlet he had needed. Somehow he had no fears as to the outcome, something seemed to tell him that all would be well. He would run down to the university on the Thursday before the game—it was now Tuesday—and settle everything as it should be settled. As a fact he should have gone down long ago. There was the haunting fear that his remaining aloof at a time when his life had promised never so much had been a great mistake. It was with him when he went to sleep. And in the morning he had not shaken it off.

It was with a strange sense of foreboding that he picked up his paper from the breakfast table and opened it at the sporting page. Then a real shock came. For a moment, staring, his brain reeling, the headline in front of him resolved itself into a meaningless blur. Through sheer effort he brought himself together and read not only the headlines but the article through to the end.

Leslie Davis, the great triple threat backfield man, had been declared ineligible by the faculty athletic committee. Through facts presented by an official in a New York bank, a former football player on the team that the university eleven was to meet on Saturday, it had become known that Davis had been the beneficiary of a fund planted in that bank by an athletic alumnus (name withheld).

Questioned by the committee, Davis had admitted that the fund existed, and that he had availed himself of it in a manner which he declined to state. He had accordingly been declared ineligible to represent his university upon the gridiron. Efforts to locate Davis, the article went on, had been unavailing. Evidently he had taken his departure from the college.

Slowly the paper dropped from Willis's hand. The waiter, noting the slowly settling figure, the pallor stealing over the ruddy face, hurried to his side. Willis waved him away.

"I'm all right," he said huskily. He got up from the table, reeled dizzily a moment, and then, bringing himself together, went to the door, where he paused. No, there was no use going to his office. He couldn't do that. Turning, he went to his room and packed his bag.

At the university he hurried from the station across the campus to the boy's room. No one was there. The stillness was almost unbearable. Upon the table were several unopened letters, his own among them. His feet echoed dismally as he walked the uncarpeted floor. He peered into the closet. A few garments were still hanging there. How lonely it was! How desolate! At length, as though dazedly, the man stood in the middle of the room. His lips twitched. His hand rose to smooth out the contraction. Then suddenly he threw himself upon the bed, his face in the pillow.

Later he stalked into the dean's office. He stormed at him, gestured, threatened. What had the boy done? Nothing. If Willis had given him money for private use, whose business was
(Continued on page 54)

MAPACUBA BETTER SMOKING



**"Git up, Mule!
Yuh is proceedin' backwards"**

NO DOUBT it's easy for most anything to be better than a mule with a fit of temperament. Certainly our present-day business wagons make deliveries quicker and better.

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in the advance of Progress,
always. We believe they will
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**After all
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**2 for 25c
15c Straight
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SCIENCE has found out surprising facts about sauerkraut. Distinguished dietists say that its lactic ferments tend to keep the intestinal tract clean and free from the harmful germs which so often cause disease. It promotes normal functioning. It is a natural regulator and conditioner of unquestioned value.

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The statements made by eminent scientific authorities regarding the health value of sauerkraut are wonderfully interesting. They have been published in a booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," and hundreds of thousands of copies have been mailed to inquirers all over the world. Everywhere people are talking about sauerkraut—and eating it.

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Sentiment

(Continued from page 53)

it? Certainly he had not employed it in the college. The dean was sympathetic. Davis undoubtedly was altogether fine. A credit to the college. Without him the eleven would probably lose. But the authorities had no alternative to acting as they had. The nature of relations with their rival universities gave them no other recourse.

"But—but—" Willis shook his hand at the dean—"I've done what any father does with his son. Can't you see?"

"Yes." The dean shook his head sadly. "But you're not his father, Mr. Willis. And may I add, your ardor has caused a great deal of trouble that could have been avoided."

"No—I'm not his father—" Willis raised his head. Then with a groan it sank upon his chest and he walked out of the office.

Something led him back to Davis's room. He threw his bag in the corner. He would assert the old grad's privilege of making use of a student's quarters. Here undoubtedly was the first place Davis would come if he returned to college. But would he return? Certainly not now; not until after the football season, if then.

Pacing the room like a caged animal, he raged with the thought that something over which Leslie Davis had no control had gone wrong, that the boy needed him and would have summoned him had it not been for some strong inhibition. Pausing at length, the conviction came that it was useless, that in fact it would be impossible for him to remain in this room where the very walls seemed echoing the sound of his voice, where every corner held visions of Davis's brave, bright personality.

There was not a chance, he came to recognize, that the boy would come back here. Undoubtedly he had gone to his home. He stared at the floor. Where was his home? In West Virginia somewhere—not far from Wheeling, he recalled. He picked up a university catalogue from the desk and got the address, Annandale. The next minute he was hurrying down the stairs, bound for the railroad station.

Toward noon next day James Willis left a branch-line train at a little river station and walked up to a colored man, sleeping in his seat on the one hack in sight.

"Do you know where Leslie Davis lives?" he asked.

"Does I know!" The negro straightened up and flicked the reins. "Yassuh, I does. And he's home, too, suh; fo' I done bring him home in dis vehy hack, suh, two days ago."

"All right." Willis climbed into the cab. "Take me to him as quickly as you can."

It was a little cottage, vined-covered, on a lane shaded by great maples that ran down to the river, a picturesque dooryard in front with bushes and a flower garden that bespoke loving care.

Willis paused on the walk a moment and then with a decided stride went up the steps and rang the bell, stepping back involuntarily as the door opened, revealing the boy he loved.

"Mr. Willis!"

"Leslie!" Willis's eyes opened and closed. "Have you treated me fairly, boy, running off when I could have helped you?" He stopped suddenly. "Or was it because I got you into this scrape?"

The boy raised his hand in a characteristic gesture, seemed trying to speak. At length he stepped out of the door, standing at Willis's side.

"I was writing you just now about that money—"

"Oh, forget it. That isn't what I—" "But, Mr. Willis, I wanted you to know, sir. I sent it to mother. She was sick. There were a lot of debts I knew nothing about. Dr Forbes wrote me about them. He said they were making her ill. So I drew out most of the money, and I—I was afraid you'd—you'd—well, I knew you hadn't given it to me for mother."

"Nonsense. It was for you to use as you saw fit. It was yours. How is your mother now?"

Leslie hesitated. Then he moved as though with sudden decision.

"Come in and see for yourself, won't you?" He took the man by the arm, leading him into the house.

"Mother." Davis's voice rose buoyantly. From above came a reply in a full-throated, musical voice that caused Willis to start, to gaze upward as a man who has suddenly seen a vision. The next moment a door closed and the figure of a woman appeared at the head of the stairs, peering down.

"Did you want me, Leslie? Oh—" she paused, catching sight of Willis, hesitated, then came slowly down, supporting herself upon the bannisters. Near the bottom she seemed to gather strength. She faced Willis, head up, her eyes doubtful, perplexed. Then suddenly with a little cry she threw herself upon her knees at his feet, her arms about his waist.

For a moment the man stood transfixed. Slowly he placed his hands upon her head, forcing it gently back so that he could look into her face. So still had the two become, so rigid, that they might have been a sculptured group. Presently the man turned to the boy, who stood watching them, hardly breathing.

"Leslie—how long have you known this?" The voice was almost inaudible.

"Almost from the first, sir."

There was another pause. Willis bent down and lifted the woman to her feet.

"I—I—" A sob came into her voice. "I was wrong, wilful, unspeakable. The years have told me more than you could say. But I loved him and he loved me, always. I—I—" Her voice broke. "Through my own child I knew how wrong I was."

Willis made no reply. His eyes moved from the woman to the boy. He seemed shaken as though in physical agony. Then the hardness faded out of his face. A swift light leaped into his eyes. He threw up his hand.

With mechanical stride he walked to the little desk in the corner and sat down. Then with a bold hand he wrote the name of the dean of the university and the address.

"Am returning," he wrote, "with Leslie Davis, who will play in Saturday's game. He happens to be my grandson—" Willis paused, laughed, staring at the word; then, underscoring it—"and I guess if a man can't provide funds for his grandson then our educational system has broken down. Abundant proof of what I say." He signed the dispatch and rose from the chair, glancing at his watch.

"Hurry, Leslie, and get ready." He turned to the woman, his voice ringing. "You, too, Mary. Hurry. This will be the first time we've seen our boy in a big game and—well, we want all that's coming to us, don't we?"

His daughter came to him with a little cry, and then, as his arm went about her shoulder, they stood watching the boy as he sprang for the stairs with an antelope bound, a sturdy joyous song upon his lips.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 46)

destroyed by an early morning fire. The blaze had already swept the pantry and was spreading rapidly to the other floors when the firemen arrived. They succeeded in checking it before it had gained headway, although the other floors were damaged by smoke and water. Among the rooms destroyed by the fire was the Lodge's Ball Room.

The total loss was estimated at \$8,000. The membership of Allegheny Lodge took steps immediately after the fire to reconstruct the damaged portions of its Home.

Wisconsin State Elks Association Elects Officers for 1923-24

Closing a most successful Convention at Madison, which was attended by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Hon. William J. Conway, member of the Grand Forum, and thousands of visitors from all parts of the State, the Wisconsin State Elks Association elected the following officers for 1923-24: President, William F. Schad of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46 (relected for

third term); Treasurer, Lou Uecker, of Watertown Lodge, No. 666; Secretary, Theodore Benney of Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299.

Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge Holds Outing On Columbus Day

Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1276, celebrated Columbus Day with a large outing which was held on Factory Field, just outside the city. Many special attractions were organized by the members and their wives. Wakefield's Brocton Fair and Old Home Week added to the festivities of the day, making it one of the most enjoyable outdoor events ever conducted by the Lodge. There were band concerts, good vaudeville and fireworks and dancing in the evening. A considerable sum was added to the treasury as a result of the success of the undertaking.

Washington Lodges Back Movement For Memorial to President Harding

Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, is credited with having started the movement throughout the State of Washington to create a fund for the purpose of establishing a Memorial to our late President, Warren G. Harding. It is proposed to erect this Memorial upon the spot where he addressed the boys of the State and led them in giving their allegiance to the American flag, at the Elks Boys' Picnic in Woodland Park, Seattle. This matter was taken up at the recent State Convention at Everett and unanimously indorsed as a worthy and patriotic movement. Although sums of any amount are gladly accepted by the Committees of the various Washington Lodges from any citizen, whether an Elk or otherwise, it is especially desired that the main portion of the fund be donated by the boys themselves. Every boy is being asked to donate \$1.00 to the memorial fund, this money preferably to be a dollar that the boy has earned himself. It is felt that in this way the boy will attach more value and sentiment to the work. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland expressed his approval of the plan to Seattle Lodge in the following words: "The erection of a monument on the spot where our Brother, President Harding, impressed the spirit of loyalty on the boys, is a beautiful and fitting tribute and an eternal reminder of the full duty we owe in citizenship for the sacrifice and service of our President. May you have every success in this laudable undertaking."

Distinguished Members of the Order On American Olympic Committee

Hon. John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, have been appointed members of the Executive Committee of the American Olympic Committee in connection with the Eighth Olympiad to be held in Paris next year. The Executive Committee is composed of men of experience known in their respective communities for their patriotic public spirit and belief in the physical betterment of our youth through exercise in wholesome recreative amateur sports.

Contributions Made to Japan Relief Fund by Subordinate Lodges

Liberal and whole-hearted was the response of the Subordinate Lodges throughout the Order to Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland's Japan Relief Circular urging members to contribute funds for relief work in Japan. The American Red Cross and the Salvation Army, who are carrying on the work of succor and rehabilitation in the districts laid waste by the terrible earthquake, received substantial donations from many Lodges. In this real work of charity and brotherly love the spirit of the Order was again exemplified to the fullest.

Kentucky State Elks Association Will Meet in Henderson in 1924

The Kentucky State Elks Association which met this year in Middlesboro, elected the following officers for 1923-24: President, Arthur Rohrer of Middlesboro Lodge, No. 119; Treasurer, Thos. R. Monarch of Owensboro (Continued on page 56)



Give Him for Christmas that Elk Emblem, Ring or Charm He Has Been Wanting

Buy Diamonds Direct
from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 47 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style 14k solid gold setting. Order this diamond, take it to any jeweler and if he says it can be duplicated for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you \$145.00



1 carat, \$145.00



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring . . . \$75.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller perfectly cut blue-white diamonds on the sides. The mounting is 18K solid white gold, beautifully pierced and carved.



Ladies' All Platinum Diamond Ring \$200.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy. Set in all platinum. Mounting richly carved and pierced.

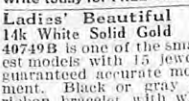


35867B—\$100.00 Men's Diamond Mounted Elk Ring

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 55)

Lodge, No. 144; Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel, of Louisville Lodge, No. 8. Henderson was selected for the 1924 reunion. Middlesboro Lodge left nothing undone in the line of entertainment and those who attended the Convention were unanimous in their appreciation.

Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge Sponsors Broad Athletic Program

Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge, No. 702, has gone on record as sponsoring all recognized sports activities in its jurisdiction. As a start, No. 702 has put a semi-professional football team into the field that is perhaps one of the strongest teams in the mid-west league. Games have been booked with crack Chicago teams, and 1,000 season tickets have been sold for the home games. On the Lodge's sport roster are efficient leaders in basketball, track, swimming, bowling and baseball, and teams will represent Waukegan Lodge in each of these branches of sport. A ten-team bowling league is being formed to select representative teams for the state tournament at Aurora, Ill., and the national meet at Akron, Ohio. The Elks band will accompany the bowling teams to Aurora and Akron as well as play at all games in Waukegan.

West Virginia State Elks Association Meets at Huntington

The West Virginia State Elks Association recently closed one of the liveliest and most enthusiastic conventions in the history of the organization. The meeting was held at Huntington and delegates and members from practically every Lodge in the State were on hand to enjoy the generous hospitality of the city and the program of unique entertainments provided them by Huntington Lodge, No. 313. The opening session was precluded by an address of welcome from Mayor Floyd S. Chapman of Huntington. In the evening of the same day, Former Governor of West Virginia, John J. Cornwell, spoke before the delegates. The Association elected the following officers for 1923-24: President George H. Wright of Huntington Lodge, No. 313; Treasurer Jesse L. Cramer of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198 (reelected); Secretary Jay Reefer of Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482 (reelected). No selection of next year's convention city was made. The trustees of the Association will meet some time in the near future when the meeting-place will be determined.

Rutherford (N. J.) Lodge Holds Big Bazaar—Grand Exalted Ruler Present

The Elks Bazaar recently conducted by Rutherford (N. J.) Lodge, No. 547, was one of the most brilliant and successful affairs ever conducted by the membership. The Bazaar was formally opened by Hon. Fred W. Sheaf, Mayor of Rutherford, assisted by Hon. John H. Edwards, Mayor of East Rutherford and Hon. Christian Starke, Mayor of Carlstadt. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the guest of honor on the second night of the Bazaar and complimented the Lodge on its fine spirit and achievement. Dancing, band concerts, parades, fireworks and many other attractions and novelties drew large crowds and representation from many neighboring Lodges. The event was a means of realizing a substantial amount toward paying off the mortgage of Rutherford Lodge.

News of the Order Gathered From Far and Near

Erie (Pa.) Lodge is planning to form a male chorus and has engaged a well-known choral director to perfect the organization.

Chicago (Ill.) Lodge presented a beautiful trophy to be competed for by the policemen of Chicago in their annual field meets. This was given as an expression of the interest that Chicago Lodge takes in civic endeavor.

The baseball team of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge by their brilliant victory over their old rivals, the Odd Fellows, recently annexed the Fraternal League Championship.

Putnam (Conn.) Lodge has begun to organize an Elks Band and Orchestra.

The Charity Ball of Arlington (Mass.) Lodge, conducted this year at Robbins Memorial Town Hall, added a neat sum to the Lodge's Treasury.

James H. Wheeler, Secretary of Berkeley (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1002, has been present and has acted as secretary at 626 consecutive sessions of the Lodge. There is a feeling in Berkeley Lodge that few other secretaries will be able to excel this record for uninterrupted service.

Nearly 2,000 children were recently guests of Chattanooga (Tenn.) Lodge at an all-day picnic and barbeque.

Members of Middletown (N. Y.) Lodge and their wives played host to 500 children at the Outing recently given to the youngsters of the city.

Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge will hold its annual Charity Bazaar the first week in November. Preparations have been made that insure many unusual features.

J. C. Miller, Secretary of San Pedro (Calif.) Lodge is anxious to learn the whereabouts of Alvin A. Crossman, who left his home in San Pedro three years ago and was last heard of in Vernon, Texas, where he affiliated with Vernon (Texas) Lodge, becoming a life member.

A Bazaar and Circus was held at Elks Park in Port Richmond by Staten Island (N. Y.) Lodge for the benefit of its Charity Fund.

Anacortes (Wash.) Lodge staged a big Elks Circus which ran three nights to capacity and netted the Lodge a tidy sum.

About 200 children from the County Temporary Home in Haddam and the St. John's Home in Deep River, were recently given a day's outing at Hammonasset Beach by Middletown (Conn.) Lodge.

Eureka (Calif.) Lodge is organizing a band.

The Annual Outing of Haverhill (Mass.) Lodge, held this year at Warhurst, was one of the best in the history of the Lodge.

Oil City (Pa.) Lodge has voted a sum of money for the equipment and upkeep of a playground in the city.

One of the biggest amateur shows ever seen in Keokuk, Iowa, was recently put on by Keokuk (Iowa) Lodge, No. 106. The performance ran to packed houses for three nights and was a means of adding a considerable sum to the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Earl J. Williams, 17 years old, will please communicate with J. C. Billings at McComb City (Miss.) Lodge.

Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge has adopted the recommendation made by its Social and Community Welfare Committee to award a medal to the pupil excelling in athletics in the eight High Schools of its jurisdiction.

Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge is making unusual arrangements for its Charity Ball and Poor Kiddies' Christmas celebration.

M. E. Hornish has resigned as Secretary of San Angelo (Texas) Lodge after having served that organization the greater part of fourteen years. He was a charter member and the first life member of the Lodge. Frank Buchanan succeeds Mr. Hornish.

The Glory of Detail

(Continued from page 19)

been counting on you to see that our stuff gets to the printer on time. I made it very plain at the start that *you* were to be a combined time-clock and conscience for the authors and artists; that if they were behind with their schedule it was your fault and not theirs. Yet I have had to check them up every single month.

"These are the reasons why you are being fired. Not because you aren't able; not because you won't be very successful somewhere else. But because I want to give you a jolt right early in your career when it may do some good. You have neglected the things I confided to you in order to do things that seemed to you more important. You have been trying to shoulder my job of planning for the future of this business, which is entirely commendable; but, in doing that, you have made it necessary for me to take over *your* job, which is bad organization. I don't want to keep you at little things all your life; but no one is fit to run a business who hasn't learned that little, detailed things can either make or wreck it."

He went away unconvinced, and six months later I learned that he had lost another job. He was to see that a certain letter from the President of his Company got onto the Twentieth Century. Being busy with a BIG IDEA, he reached the Grand Central Depot five minutes behindhand. Hence the letter arrived in Chicago too late, an important sale was lost, and he was fired.

THE trades have suffered equally with business and the professions in this general disregard of little things. A neighbor of mine remodeled an old New England farm-house some years ago, keeping the front part, which was very old, and building on some rooms in the rear. It is interesting to walk through the house and compare the workmanship in the two parts. The workers who fastened those old rafters together with stout hickory pegs were proud of their trade. There was no skimping in those days, no covering up. Even in the cellar and attic, where no critical eye would be likely to look, one can read sincerity in the strokes of the adze—the conviction that *this, my job*, is supremely important, and worthy of the very best that I can give it.

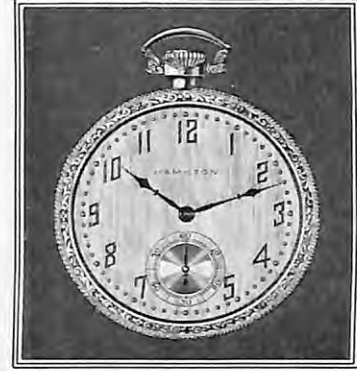
The foundations and walls of the new part will stand as long as my friend is likely to need them, but that is about all you can say. They were built by workmen whose wages were five times as great as the wages of the old-timers, and whose hours were limited precisely to eight—not one minute more or less. Those workers came to the job in cars, arriving from half an hour to an hour before eight—for people wake up early in the country and in Summer—and during that extra time they sat on the lumber piles and spat tobacco and told funny stories and laughed. One man was different. He worked hard, and, after the family had moved in, he came around with his cousin and said: "I would like to show my cousin the inside of the house. I am proud of this job." But all the other workers treated this chap a little distantly, as if there was something not quite right about him—as if he were a lone survivor of another day, when men gloried in the nicety of their craftsmanship, and felt that their work was their lives.

Perhaps this is too dark a picture; I do not mean to make it so. Our age has the vast advantage of mass production. We turn out products in thousands, where they were once produced one by one. That means a much wider distribution of the comforts of life, which is so great a gain that we can afford to pay for it by considerable losses in other directions. But, allowing fully for all this, there are still three great and fundamental things to be said in glorification of Detail.

The first of these is this—the propaganda about the man behind the cleared desk is largely bunk. A good many of the business giants who operated with so little attention to detail were products of the war. We read much more about them in 1918 and 1919 than we read to-day. Indeed, if you go through the newspapers and magazines of those years and make a list of those giants you will discover that a goodly percentage of them no longer bulk large in the business world. They were deflated in 1921 and have not

(Continued on page 58)

Beauty Accuracy



Every man needs two watches

THE various activities of the modern business man, indoors and outdoors, demand two watches—a pocket watch and a strap watch.

Both must be accurate timekeepers. So your choice in each instance should be the Hamilton, known everywhere as "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

In appearance, Hamilton pocket watches are thin models of consummate beauty; the strap watches are trim, smart, and businesslike. Both types can be depended upon to give satisfaction and service. Your jeweler will be glad to show you the various Hamilton Watches, including the two models here shown.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.
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Do you doubt that a new hatter could spring up in New York and, with honest hats and brilliant advertising, in five years take its place abreast of the leaders of fifty years? It has been done.

Do you doubt that a new thought could arise in pencils, and, in two years, backed by good advertising, make a place for the pencil on the desks of the nation? That, too, has been done.

Do you doubt that a New York depart-

ment store, in a bad year, could, largely through the improvement in its advertising, attract 110,000 new customers to its shop? That was done, last year.

A fine old business may consider advertising as a protection for today and insurance for tomorrow, but to the young growing business it is a pair of seven league boots, which bring fame, friends and volume, years before their normal advent.

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“a sensible habit”

Deliciously flavored

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The Glory of Detail

(Continued from page 57)

thus far come back. They thought they were responsible for the great tidal wave of orders that rolled into their factories. As a matter of fact, they were simply on the beach when the tide rolled in and wet them.

Their places have been taken by executives who have quite an amazing interest in details. One company, the greatest of its kind in the world, has recently elected a new president. Said one of his subordinates: "The whole organization is on its toes these days. Not a thing goes up to the President's office that hasn't been worked over until we are sure it's hole-proof. He knows more about the costs and figures of every operation in this industry than any other man in the whole works."

An officer of another company was talking to me about their President. "I have sat with him while he went over some of our advertising copy," he said. "I have held my watch in my hand, under the table, and I have known him to spend *eighteen minutes over a single word*. He is so careful of the statements that go out over the Company's name that even a choice between two words which mean almost the same thing is not too small a detail for his attention."

These presidents have vision; they plan audaciously and carry their plans through. But vision alone would never have taken them to the top. They are *where* they are because of their tremendous capacity for looking after very little things.

THE second thing to be said in favor of detail is that patient attention to it—even very wearisome attention—is the stuff out of which fortunes are made. I remember discussing that with Henry Ford one day in his office.

"When we were building the model of our first car, we worked over a certain little part of the engine until we were almost exhausted," he told me. "We tried a thousand experiments, and kept at it night and day until even the word 'automobile' made our minds ache. One night when the boys were almost at the breaking point I said to them, 'Well, there's one satisfaction in all this. No one will ever be able to take this business away from us unless he is willing to work harder over this little thing than we have.' And so far," Ford added, "nobody has apparently been willing to do that."

There is another automobile selling for many times as much as Ford's. It is in a highly competitive class; scores of manufacturers have attempted to supplant it, and the list of its would-be competitors who are now in the scrap heap is long and terrifying. It was built by two New England mechanics, father and son, who brought into the automobile business a pride of workmanship which had come down to them through a long upstanding ancestry. They believed that the important parts of their car should be measured down to and even beyond one-thousandth of an inch. To do that they had to build machinery which had been previously unknown in the industry; they had to train a wholly new type of workers; they had to

establish new standards. All that meant money and limitless patience; but the result was a business whose profits are millions and whose good name extends around the world—a monument to exquisite care.

In the third place and finally, there is this to be said about Detail—that the greatest satisfaction in life comes from doing some one thing well. I have never read the whole of Darwin's "Origin of Species," but I have read the preface many times. Everybody ought to read it; there is a wonderful inspiration in the opening sentences:

"When on board *H. M. S. Beagle*, as a naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent."

So it begins. "These facts, as will be seen in the latter chapters of this volume, seemed to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers. On my return home, in 1837 [note this date], it occurred to me that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it. After five years of work I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions, which then seemed to me probable; from that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object. I hope I may be excused for entering into these personal details, as I give them to show that I have not been hasty in coming to a decision."

"My work is now (1859) nearly finished; but as it will take me many more years to complete it, and as my health is far from strong, I have been urged to publish this Abstract. . . ."

Could any sentences more clearly portray the spirit in which the enduring achievements of the world are won? Twenty-two years of thinking about a single problem—from 1837 to 1859! In those twenty-two years Darwin might have done many things half-way well. He might have written some novels or plays; he might have made a comfortable fortune on the stock exchange; he might have delivered lectures, or run a successful business on the side. Resolutely he turned his back on all such temptations. He had *one* thing to do, and life was all too short a time in which to do it as carefully and minutely as it deserved. He wrote *one* book and one only; but that book changed the course of all scientific thought.

Said a great painist: "If I omit my practise one day I notice it. If I omit it two days my friends notice it. If I omit it three days my audiences notice it." By that tireless devotion to craftsmanship—the patient, laborious attention to detail—the great works have been accomplished and the great reputations won.

His Wild Notes

(Continued from page 17)

might have been borrowed by Adonis Meade. After eighteen weeks of docile paying, it was unthinkable that Adonis should have . . . Mr. Meade simply did not enter the harassed brain of the bereft musician.

That is, he did not consider Adonis as the present possessor of the saxophone. But thought of Adonis did strike home—and it struck with sledge-hammer force.

"Oh, Lawdy!" he moaned, "I is a heap wuss off than I is."

The prospect was horrific. Saxophone stolen—and only ten dollars still due from the persistent Mr. Meade. Less than two weeks of mortal life. . . . He envisioned himself explaining to Adonis that the thing had been pilfered: he horrifiedly imagined the wrath of that homicidal gentleman and the commission of some highly embarrassing overt act with himself on the receiving end.

His first thought was of flight, but that, too,

was impossible—or nearly so. His savings were invested in realty and a twenty-acre farm can not be packed in a suitcase.

He could not leave, he could not explain to Adonis that he had no saxophone to deliver to that person when the twentieth payment should have been made. Nor had he the ninety dollars to return to Adonis in explanation of his carelessness in permitting the instrument to be stolen. "All I has got," he mused unhappily, "is nothin'. An' I ain't got much of that."

As to what course Adonis would pursue when apprized of the situation, Ultimate entertained no doubts. There might be some argument as to the particular method of extermination which Mr. Meade would employ, but that it would be highly painful and excruciatingly thorough there was no slightest question.

Came night: clear and silvery. Shivering with fear, Ultimate awaited the advent of Adonis Meade. But eight o'clock came—nine

o'clock. Adonis did not appear. Ultimate breathed with greater ease. The loss of his saxophone had now paled into nothingness beside his terror of physical consequences. The brief respite from Mr. Meade's presence gave Ultimate the faint glimmerings of an idea. Somewhere in the county—probably—was his saxophone. He had eleven days in which to search: there was a bare possibility that he might locate the thing—and his teeth clicked grimly at the prospect. Woe be unto the person in whose possession it was found. Ultimate was slow to anger but mighty in his righteous wrath.

At any rate, he eventually retired convinced that he had hit upon an expedient which, if it was not a solution, yet afforded a reprieve. Time was the essence of his scheme: eleven days of time.

HE WAKED the following morning engulfed by a sense of disaster. Swiftly the details came to his mind: the loss of the saxophone, the dearth of money, the imminence of the hereafter. There was—to Ultimate—no brightness in the sun which streamed in through the east window, nor cheer in the pallid breakfast which he prepared for himself.

Heavy-hearted he did his chores and on leaden feet he wandered into the fields. The rigid rows of cornstalks represented to him so many tombstones and the neatly piled rows of earth were harrowingly remindful of fresh graves. He abandoned all thought of labor and returned to the house. Within five minutes he had hit bottom in the slough of despond.

How long he sat there he never knew. But he was brought up short at sound of unmelodious whistling which came shrilly to his ears. Ultimate needed no further cue. He ducked indoors to await shiveringly the arrival of Mr. Adonis Meade.

Mr. Meade swung blithesomely along the road. Peace and contentment pink-tinted his cosmos. In the pocket of his gray and sadly worn overalls was a crumpled five-dollar bill. He was en route to make the nineteenth payment and to inform the wild-eyed Ultimate that he had taken unto himself the saxophone.

Ultimate stared through the window of his combination kitchen and living-room. Never had the giant figure of the approaching gentleman appeared of quite such horrible proportions. There was menace and power in every move of the muscular frame, sudden death in every flirt of the half-shod feet. Mr. Scott did what he could to prepare for a sudden journey to heaven and then staggered out to meet his visitor.

Mr. Scott's throat was parched and there was a strange and disturbing quiver beneath the place where the fourth button of his denim shirt should have been. He stood before his cottage, feet spread wide apart, eyes open to the maximum, lower jaw dropping limply away from the balance of his face. He nodded mutely at Adonis's cheery greeting.

"Elegant mawnin' this mawnin', Brother Scott."

Ultimate struggled for control. "I—I ain't said it ain't."

"Huh! You ain't said nothin'." Adonis came closer, his frame hulking like a mountain. "I has come to converse with you 'bout them saxophone—"

Ultimate covered. Desperate fear drove him to rapid speech.

"Ain't no use of you makin' talk 'bout that saxophone, Mistuh Meade. It's mine until you has paid me one hund'ed dollars, an' I ain't gwine let you use it no mo' until you has done same. I don't care how mad you gits, 'cause if you kills me the saxophone won't go to you a tall but to my hairs—one of which you ain't him. So you might jest as well go back fum where you come an' not respect no mo' use out of my saxophone until them hund'ed dollars has been paid."

He paused in expectation of the lethal blow. But his tirade had exerted a peculiar effect upon Mr. Meade. That gentleman's mind had commenced functioning. Mental effort was, with Adonis, distinctly an effort and never very speedy, but the import of Ultimate's outburst could not well be avoided. Adonis's eyes narrowed and in his soul was a thrill of delight. He spoke slowly—choosing his words with care.

"Where you' saxophone is at, Brother Scott?"

(Continued on page 60)

For Oil, Gas or Electricity

**16½ in. High—
Shade 13 in.
Diameter**



A jury of eleven artists—sculptors, craftsmen, painters and critics—picked this, the design of Miss Mary Bishop, as the lamp combining the most beautiful proportions, harmonious tones and practicable design of all those at the Art Alliance of America's exhibition of 1923.

The base is cast in medallium, of rich, statuary bronze finish, which not only allows the artist's delicately refined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved in their charming simplicity, but also insures their permanency. The shade, designed as a unit with the lamp, is in tones of grey-gold-brown graded into ivory brown—chosen by Miss Bishop to carry her scheme of color harmony—with deep, rich, brown stripes toward the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass.

**Why the Decorative Arts League
Paid \$2,500 for this Lamp in order
to Sell Replicas of it for only \$5.90**

WEARIED with the drab commonplaces offered by lamp manufacturers, with their ill-proportioned, unbalanced designs and garish colors—particularly with those few poor specimens adapted for burning oil—the Decorative Arts League determined to procure, for reproduction, the most beautifully designed, harmoniously colored table lamp, adaptable for either oil or gas as well as electricity, that the best artistic talent in America could produce, cost what it would.

The assistance of the Art Alliance of America was enlisted and a great national competition arranged.

Cash awards of \$1,300 were offered, and eleven eminent artists and critics selected by the Art Alliance to act as jury. Over 250 artists entered the competition, from 26 different states and provinces. 307 different designs were submitted. Though all were beautiful, many of them surpassingly so, the final verdict went unanimously to the lamp of Miss Mary Bishop (illustrated above), and she received the Blue Ribbon and Grand Prize of \$600.00.

\$2,500 For One Lamp

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The price of the Mary Bishop Lamp, like that of all articles offered by the League, is actually less than is asked in stores for even the commonplace factory designs of similar type. It is \$5.90. Look about you in the stores and see how pitifully little you can get for even twice or three times that amount and then think that now through the League's plan, you can for merely \$5.90 have for your home the lamp on

which a jury of the most discriminating judges of art conferred the Blue Ribbon.

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Most of the League's offerings are never advertised to the public, but are offered privately to corresponding members. (Such membership costs nothing—it merely registers your name as wanting to be informed of the League's offerings and given the members' prices on them in case you ever wish to buy. See Coupon below). Only a few times a year some especially great triumph, like Aurora, or this Mary Bishop Prize Lamp, is publicly announced, and then only for the purpose of widening the corresponding membership to include a few more discerning people.

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His Wild Notes

(Continued from page 59)

"Tain't none of yo' business where at it is."

"I asts you," growled Mr. Meade fearsomely—"where is it at?"

Ultimate jerked his head toward the cabin. "In yonder."

"Mmm! You got it in yo' house?"

Guilty conscience scourged Ultimate. "Cos I has. What makes you think I ain't? Don't I always keep it in yonder? How come you to ask me such foolishment?"

Adonis's mind was not quite equal to this sudden and amazing development. It was clear, of course, that Ultimate did not suspect him of having removed the saxophone, and it was equally clear that the little negro was attempting to conceal from him the fact of its disappearance. Suppose, now, that some one else had taken the thing . . .

THE amazing possibilities of this development smote Adonis a full, healthy smite. He pulled himself together and bunched his massive muscles.

"Cullud boy!" he growled. "You be mighty careful that nothin' don't happen to that saxophone."

"I—I ain't gwine do nothin' else."

"Was you to trick me—or was somethin' to go wrong—there would be a heap of sweet-smellin' flowers 'round where you would be livin' at, but yo' nose woul'n't be doin' no exercisin' Understan'?"

"Adonis, I does mo' than that. I comprehend."

"You has gotten me all riled up, makin' talk 'bout me not playin' no mo' until the hund'ed is paid. Heah's five, which makes on'y five mo' which I owes. Ise gwine pay that Saddy week. And come I to do that, you delivers the saxophone to me or I delivers you to a feller which wears horns, hoofs an' tail—an' ain't half as mean as I."

Adonis whirled, and departed with great space-eating strides. A broad grin decorated his Colorado-maduro features. The transaction had suddenly assumed an intriguing twist: here he was possessed of the coveted instrument which he had secured in perfect good faith. Ultimate did not suspect him of having it and it was patently impossible for that gentleman to make delivery when the last payment should have been tendered. Ergo—Mr. Scott would be forced to crawfish, which meant that Mr. Meade was sitting pretty. The future looked warm and roseate. He saw visions of himself possessing both saxophone and money. "Anyway," he told himself, "what Ultimate flings 'fo' the next week or so is gwine be a fit."

Nor was Adonis far wrong in that conjecture. Great gobs of misery permeated Mr. Scott's distraught soul. He sought the counsel of his friend, Mr. Washington Rust, and to that person confided the whole of his woes. Washington listened patiently to the recital and then shook his head commiseratingly.

"Ultimate," he decided, "what you is up against is it."

"N'r neither that ain't half. What I is gwine do?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' a tall ain't nessary. What doin' is did Adonis will do."

"To me?"

"Uh-huh. A-plenty."

"An' you," snapped Ultimate, "is sho'ly qualifyin' fo' world's champeen mourner."

"Well," returned Washington modestly, "I does drip a wicked tear."

They walked slowly out of the village, plugging northward along the county pike which wound prettily into the foothills. To the right and left of them were deep gulches dense with trees which were mostly of the pine variety. The undergrowth was thick and the footing of the road inclined to be treacherous.

The somnolence of early fall midday was in the air: a droning, humming quietude; occasionally the lowing of cattle or the strident shriek of automobile siren. From a neighboring field came the not unmusical chant of a negro woman picking the last remaining bolls of cotton from the brown and leaf-barren bushes.

And then, quite amazingly, another sound came to their ears—a long-drawn wailing, a tremolo shrieking, an inhuman and utterly

unearthly discord. Ultimate stopped as though stricken, a startled expression in his wide-open eyes, slender figure trembling violently. He dug thin fingers into his friend's shoulder.

"Hot dam! Washington! Listen at that!"

Mr. Rust listened at that. It was a tortuous cacophony, an eerie howling.

"They ain't no such noise as that," he asserted positively.

Ultimate made one wild dive into the underbrush—headed in the general direction of the dissonance. "Dark boy!" he howled over his shoulder, "you foller me."

"Whaffo?" Washington was already in full chase.

"Cause that noise," shrieked Ultimate, "is bein' made by my saxophone!"

"Yo' saxophone never made no such racket—"

"Hush yo' mouf an' save yo' breff. You might's well tell me a mammy don't know how her own baby cries. Tha's my saxophone an' it ain't nothin' else."

As a matter of fact, Ultimate was right. Adonis, blissfully content in the recent turn of events, had unanimously decided that it would be unsafe to practise within the confines of the village, and so he had sneaked off into the forest fastnesses, where, seated upon a rotting stump, he was spurring his dirge-like efforts into the helpless atmosphere.

He had selected his retreat with care, and now, surrounded by much otherwise peaceful landscape, he practised assiduously.

Meanwhile Ultimate ploughed frantically through the woods in search of the lost saxophone. The idea that it was in his immediate vicinity filled him with a terrible rage and an overpowering lust for vengeance upon the vandal who had extracted it from his home. He careered through the undergrowth with greater haste than speed. His feet snagged in jutting roots, throwing him heavily; his clothes were torn by blackberry briars; his breathing became stertorous. It early became apparent that the possessor of the saxophone had chosen his haunt with skill. The approach to the horrific sounds led across ravines, chilly streams and dense woodland. And then—just when Ultimate knew that he was close to his goal—the would-be music ceased. Mr. Scott stood rigid, hand at ear, waiting for a resumption of the wailing. Washington Rust, only slightly less worse for wear, staggered to a limp halt beside him.

"Sufferin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "When you runs, Ultimate, you sho'ly travels."

"Hush talkin' with yo' mouf."

SILENCE. Nothing but silence. Silence unpunctured by the saxophone. Ultimate faced his friend. His gently sloping forehead was corrugated by a frown of intensive worry.

"Where that feller is at?"

Mr. Rust shook his head. He made a vague gesture with his right arm. "Round heah somewhere."

"Fumadiddles! When you tells me somethin', Washington, you don't tell me nothin'."

For an hour they searched the woods painstakingly. But they missed Adonis Meade, who, quite ignorant of the fact that he was pursued, quietly tucked saxophone in case and ambled beatifically back to Nineveh.

That night Adonis ran foul of a job and so for the next three days he labored prodigiously, earning sufficient cash—over and above his living expenses, which were paid by his garage friend—to assure payment of the final five dollars. But during that trio of daily eternities Adonis was unable to do any practising. He knew that it would be fatal to the success of his scheme to let it be known in the village that he had the saxophone, and he was too busy daytimes and too tired at night to venture into his woodland retreat. Besides, iron-nerved as he was, he didn't fancy a solitary session in the black woods with a saxophone.

During that three days Ultimate Scott roamed the countryside frantically, straining ears for sound of his departed instrument. Knowledge that it remained in the vicinity fired him with grim determination. Some day he'd meet the man who had it—and when he did . . .

On the fifth day he once more heard the nerve-

(Continued on page 62)

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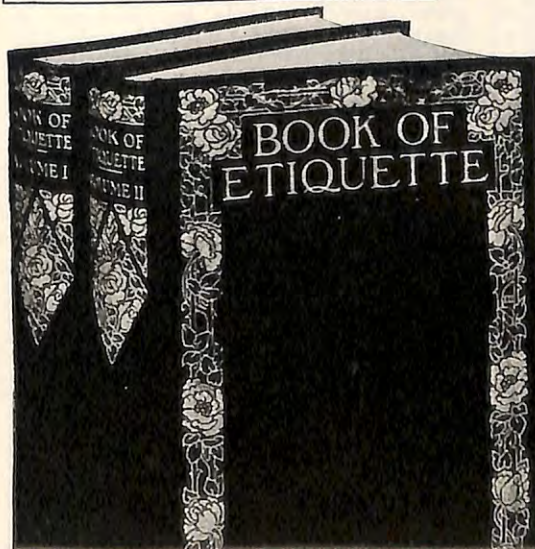
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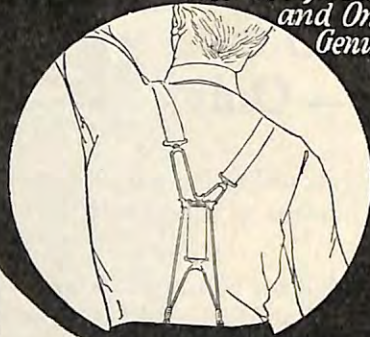
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His Wild Notes

(Continued from page 60)

racking cry of his musical weapon. Once again he stood motionless in the attempt to locate with some degree of exactness the spot from which the wailing was emanating. And then, as he had done before, he started off in pursuit.

Once again his quest was fruitless. By the time he arrived at the spot at which Adonis had been practising, that large gentleman had departed. But Ultimate did not immediately return to his home. Instead he walked thoughtfully into the village, where he ate dinner with Washington Rust.

"Washington," he announced, "I know something."

"You don't—really?"

"Uh-huh. Absotivel."

"What 'tis it?"

"I know who's got my saxophone."

"Is you speakin' troof?"

"I ain't speakin' nothin' else."

"Boy! What you has got on top of yo' neck is a haid."

"Yeh, an' what Ise got in it is brains an' what I uses them brains fo' is thoughts."

"An' you don't mind admittin' nothin'."

"Nary thing. Now all the time I was eatin' them hog jowls at yo' house to-night, I was thinkin'."

"You mean," amended Mr. Rust, "that all the time you was thinkin', you was eatin' hog jowls."

"That ain't neither hither n'r yon. The pawtant thing is that I has a puffec' scheme all schum out. Shall I 'splain it?"

"'Splain on, Brother; 'splain on."

"It's thisaway: I know who's got that saxophone an' 'bout thutty minutes Ise gwine know where he's got it at. Now all I an' you has got to do is go git that instrument back, an'—"

Washington stiffened suddenly. "Says which?"

"Says I an' you goes to where that saxophone is at, an'—"

"Boy! you is utterin' words, but they ain't talkin' to me at all. Maybe so you is goin' to where that thing is at but when you gits there I is gwine be somewheres else an' nobody ain't gwine see me gittin' there."

"Aw! don't be scared."

"I ain't scared. Ise cautious."

"Caution never got nobody nowhere."

"Nope. 'Specially in trouble."

Ultimate shrugged resignedly. "Have it yo' own way. Ise gwine git it."

"Who you gwine git it offen? Who's got it?"

"Adonis Meade!"

Washington fell back a step. "You ain't sayin' so?"

"I suttinly is."

"How you know Adonis has got it?"

"Because," retorted Ultimate convincingly, "there may be some folks which plays the saxophone awful rotten, but Adonis is the rottenest player what is. An' the minute I heard that second chune I knowed it was him."

"An' you is gwine steal it offen him?"

"Tain't stealin'. It's my saxophone until he makes that las' payment, which same he ain't yet done. Ise got a right to my propetty wheresomever I finds it."

"Not if you finds it in Adonis's house, you ain't. 'Cause right never did make might, Ultimate; an' does you try to make it such yo' sperrit is gwine git separated mighty sudden fum yo' body."

"Huh! You don't know nothin' an' you talks about it constant."

Mr. Rust extended his right hand. "Reckon we might as well part friends, Ultimate. We has been good buddies an' I'll see that the flowers is kep' fresh."

Ultimate turned disgustedly away. He sauntered down the single dusty street of the meek little village. He paused to pass the time of day with the garage helper. Casually he made inquiry of Adonis Meade. The garage helper admitted that Mr. Meade was temporarily domiciled in his rooms over the garage and, furthermore, that his welcome had become a bit worn.

"Where Adonis is at now?" queried Ultimate.

"He's gone into Bummin'ham," came the gratifying answer. "Major Garrison had a truck

load of stuff he wanted drove up there an' he give Adonis the job."

"Gwine be back to-night?"

"Don't hahdly think so. It's forty mile there an' pretty near the same distance back. Reckon he'll spend the evenin' shootin' pool with them city slickers."

Ultimate adroitly steered the subject into other channels so that it appeared he was not too keenly interested in Adonis's whereabouts. Then he learned that when Adonis's room-mate shut up shop at nine o'clock he had an engagement with a dusky belle—which left the coast fairly clear for Mr. Scott.

In the interim it could not be denied that Ultimate was not without nervousness. He strolled to the outskirts of the village and sat there thoughtfully, speculating upon the horrible consequences should his coup fail. He shut his eyes, as though to bar out all thought of failure. And at nine-fifteen he rose, hitched his suspenders higher, dug hands into pockets and found himself launched upon the first desperate deed of a heretofore rather uneventful existence.

Save for the quartet of street lights which flickered fitfully, the little town had retired to rest. One poolroom was open and a picture show held a few late speculators who were loath to miss any single item of the semi-weekly program. The combination drug-store and veterinary's office, too, was not formally closed for the night, although its lonely proprietor was slumbering blissfully. It was a quiet night and a propitious time for dark deeds.

A hundred feet from the garage, Ultimate ducked nervously behind the general merchandise emporium and so approached his objective from the flank. He paused in its unrelieved shadow; considered—and rejected—the idea of flight, and then suddenly scrambled from the rear porch to the tiny veranda roof, tiptoed across that and let himself carefully into the black space which was the room occupied by Adonis and his friend.

Ultimate was as much at ease as a fifteen-year-old boy in his first long pants. The very darkness was surcharged with menace and he shivered at the thought that perhaps Adonis was not in Birmingham. Once he stumbled against a chair and the thing gave forth an unmerciful clatter. For a half minute Ultimate did not breathe. And then, when nothing untoward occurred, he knew that the coast was clear.

HE GROPED in the blackness and finally his hands came deliciously to rest upon the leather covering of his saxophone case. With deft fingers he loosed the catches, opened the lid and felt every wonderful key of his long-lost instrument. Then, with even greater caution than he had used in entering, he made a complete exit. He oozed out of the village, cut through the woods and a half hour later reached his cabin. There, by the glow of a kerosene lamp, he flung back the case cover and feasted his starved eyes upon the glorious saxophone.

He almost wept at sight of it. The thing had been shamefully mistreated. No longer did it glitter radiantly. Adonis had permitted its luster to dim. . . . With meticulous care, Ultimate selected a hiding place which he was quite sure could never be discovered. And there he planned to leave his saxophone until the flurry of fury inevitably attendant upon Adonis's discovery of his loss had subsided.

Just what form that outburst would take Ultimate didn't know. And he didn't particularly care. He had the world by the tail on a downhill pull—and no matter what his position might become, it was certainly infinitely preferable to what it would have been had he failed to recover possession of the saxophone.

The following morning Adonis returned. He had in his pockets the final five dollars which was due Ultimate. He hastened to his own room and looked around for the saxophone case.

He looked around—and for about fifteen minutes that was all he did. Then a howl of fear and anger burst from his throat and he descended the stairway with amazing haste and collared the bewildered helper with whom he resided.

That gentleman knew nothing whatever about the saxophone. He had been out until eleven o'clock the night before with a lady friend, he

informed Adonis, and, not being interested in saxophones, failed to notice the absence of the case when he turned in.

Mr. Adonis Meade was yanked from the zenith of elation to the nadir of despair. Even as he had borrowed—without permission—Ultimate's saxophone, so now that saxophone had been taken from him. But his position was unenviable inasmuch as he had invested nearly one hundred dollars in the instrument. "Oh! golly!" he mourned, "I not on'y ain't got nothin', but I has got ninety-five dollars less than that."

His was a situation demanding serious thought. It was, to say the least, highly embarrassing. It never occurred to him that perhaps Ultimate might have taken the thing: knowing Mr. Scott, he realized that that emaciated gentleman was not possessed of sufficient nerve to even contemplate such a desperate move. Adonis knew that the saxophone was gone—gone absolutely and completely, and he was now concerned with ways and means of getting from under.

HE SPENT a day which was shot through with dank misery. Here was a dilemma requiring finesse, and that was something which Mr. Meade did not own. He knew that Ultimate had spent a goodly portion of the ninety-five dollars already paid in, and—

Another thought came to him. He might go to Ultimate with the final five-dollar payment and demand delivery of the saxophone. He knew that it was not in Ultimate's possession. And if Ultimate told him flatly that he didn't have the thing he could separate that gentleman from his life and attend the Scott funeral knowing that he had contributed a hundred dollars toward the expense thereof. But there was slim satisfaction in such a course, unpleasant as it might prove for Ultimate. Adonis was, at the moment, considerably more interested in cash than he was in homicide.

And so, by a laborious process of elimination, an inspirational idea seeped into his cranium. He swung off toward the Scott farm, not quite as cockily as usual, but well content with the deal he contemplated.

He found Ultimate industriously making his second picking of cotton, a large gunnysack over his shoulder. It was patent that Mr. Scott was not out of tune with the universe. He hummed contentedly and walked from bush to bush with a sort of belligerent swagger. Even at sight of his bête noire, Ultimate did not cringe, although it could not be claimed that he appeared entirely at ease.

"Mawnin', Brother Meade."

"Same to you, Ultimate. How you is this mawnin'?"

"To'able."

Adonis shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "My las' payment is due on that saxophone Saddy," he announced.

"So 'tis," admitted Ultimate genially. "So 'tis."

Mr. Meade cleared his throat. "Reckon I wa'n't hadly never meant to play no saxophone, was I, Ultimate?"

"Boy! you sho'ly spake a paragraph that time."

"It has tooken me an awful long time to learn nothin', an' it seems like to me the more I learns the less I knows."

"Uh-huh. An' you is pretty old."

"To tell the troof, Brother Scott, I ain't so keen 'bout that saxophone like I useter be."

Ultimate was doing some tall thinking. The situation was clarifying.

"You ain't?"

"No. Seems kind of foolish fo' a big han'some feller like I to harness hisse'f to a dinky li'l piece of tin an' toot tunes into the air."

"Yeh?"

"So it seems to me that if you rilly want to keep yo' instriment, you can gimme back my ninety-five dollars an' we'll call the deal off."

Ultimate bluffed magnificently. "I was aimin' to buy me a swell new one."

"You was—" Adonis clenched his hamlike fists. "I ain't cravin' to make no argument with you, Ultimate."

"N'r neither I ain't with you." Mr. Scott scratched his cranium thoughtfully. "S'posin' we agrees to this—on account I has done spent the money which you paid me—s'pose we 'grees that I pays you back five dollars a week just like you paid me?"

(Continued on page 64)



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His Wild Notes

(Continued from page 63)

"Nossuh. I wants cash in hand." Ultimate turned away. "They ain't nothin' stirrin', Brother Meade, on account I ain't got same."

Adonis controlled himself with a visible effort. And finally—because there was nothing else to do—he capitulated. The oral agreement was made then and there; title to the saxophone remained in Ultimate and that gentleman agreed to pay to Mr. Meade five dollars per week for nineteen weeks. They shook hands and parted friends. Adonis walked toward the village well content with himself.

"Hot dog!" he soliloquized. "Maybe I ain't some business man. I invests ninety-five dollars in a saxophone, an' then when somebody comes in an' swipes same I gits all my money back an' gives Ultimate premission to keep somethin' he ain't got an' cain't git. An' all th'oo the winter I is gwine be gittin' five dollars a week to buy a room an' eatments. Never did like music nohow."

And Ultimate Scott, cradling his saxophone in his lap, considered it a day. "Saxy," he murmured softly, "you was gone away but you have come back. 'Stead of losin' my life, I keeps same an' also you. An' in 'dition, Mistuh Adonis Meade has been makin' my ends meet durin' the summer by payin' me five dollars a week when my credick at the village was all used up; an' all I has got to do now is pay him back the same way. An' I gits the money to do such f'um the good crops I made. I sho'ly ain't got no regretments whichsoever."

Waiting until he was assured that the departing nemesis was well beyond earshot, Ultimate toted a three-legged stool out in front of his cabin. Perching himself thereon, he flung the saxophone harness over his head, moistened the reed and affectionately caressed the responsive keys.

All around him stretched his fertile domain: twenty acres of intensively cultivated land, a willing and fairly able mule, a competent coon dog, a score of chickens and two portly pigs, a cabin undisturbed by feminine presence, and, best of all, a glittering saxophone. A vast contentment pervaded Mr. Scott's soul. His lips touched the mouth-piece and he melodiously informed the pleasantly cool evening breeze that Lovin' Sam was in the habit of taking his fun where he found it.

A QUARTER mile down the road the cheery message was wafted to the ears of Mr. Washington Rust. That gentleman stood motionless. There was but one person of his acquaintance who could successfully wreak from a saxophone the difficult little run which occurred in the middle of the recital of Lovin' Sam's amatory adventures. Mr. Rust hot-footed it toward the Scott estate.

Ultimate witnessed the approach of his best friend. He completed the number with one of those raucous laughing effects which has made the word saxophone anathema to many a delicate-eared person. He motioned Washington to a seat and explained to that gentleman in detail the method by which he had obtained possession of the saxophone. Washington gave attentive ear, but exhibited an enthusiasm of so pallid a hue that Ultimate felt rather peevish.

"Listen heah, cullud boy—the news which I is tellin' you is good."

"Is it?"

"Ain't it?"

Washington shrugged. "Kind of. But while I ain't aimin' to bathe you in no cold water, Ultimate, seems like to me you has forgot somethin' awful impawtant."

"Meanin' which?"

"Jes this—" Mr. Rust leaned forward, his brow furrowed judicially. "All what you says about gittin' yo' saxophone back on yo' own terms is true. But has you ever stopped to think

what is gwine happen to you when Adonis finds out you has got it?"

Ultimate shook his head slowly as the logic of his friend's objection struck home. But finally he smiled.

"They may be somethin' to what you says, Washington, but it seems to me that any feller which c'n do business with Adonis Meade fo' as long as I have an' be as good off as I is—is nachelly lucky. I reckon t'-morrow will take care of myse'f."

"Hmph!" grunted the skeptical Mr. Rust. "If they is any t'-morrow fo' you. Ain't you goin' to the band practisin' down to Nineveh t'-night?"

"I was aimin' to."

"Well, was I you, I'd be suttin' that my aim was bad."

WASHINGTON departed and so did much of Ultimate's buoyancy. There was food for reflection in the pessimistic utterances of Mr. Rust, yet it was obviously impossible for Ultimate to keep his saxophone under cover. The result of a long siege of thought was that at six-thirty he commenced his pilgrimage to the village, saxophone case in hand.

Somehow his very temerity robbed the situation of many of its terrors. Once within the quarters of the Homeward Bound Burying Society most of his doubts had been anesthetized. He fitted the parts of his saxophone together and when the opening number occurred, it was Ultimate's prodigal saxophone which led all the rest.

From a musical standpoint the practice was an enormous success. Too, Ultimate attained to heights of saxophonism which astounded his associates. And it was in the midst of a rollicking, jazzy funeral march that the door opened and Sudden Death appeared.

At sight of the menacing figure of Adonis Meade, Ultimate's lip-pressure relaxed and the note then in the process of being manufactured droned off to nothingness. He noted Adonis's puzzlement; he saw the bullet head shake slowly from side to side as comprehension arrived.

It was plain that Adonis was puzzled on some points, but not all. For one thing, it was certain that Mr. Meade recognized the saxophone. The band members, sensing the presence of acute personal drama, allowed the tune to die a melancholy death. Adonis glared angrily through the sudden quiet.

"You fellers start a new chune," he ordered. "An' be sure you make it real sad."

He moved thoughtfully across the room, beady eyes focused upon the cringing figure of Ultimate Scott. He towered over that gentleman and extended one brawny hand toward the saxophone. He lifted the instrument and inspected it closely, nodding his head. Ultimate knew that there was no hope of ever convincing Adonis that this was not the same saxophone.

Slowly Mr. Meade divested himself of his threadbare coat. One huge hand clenched into a hamlike fist. He drew that fist back, and Ultimate covered at the gates of the hereafter.

And then a puzzled frown appeared on the countenance of Mr. Adonis Meade. The fist unclenched. His voice came—there was uncertainty in every syllable.

"Ultimate," he proclaimed. "I don't understand all I know about this heah deal. When you had that saxophone, I had it; an' when I had it, you had it. I has paid you money all summer an' you pays me money all winter. You ain't got no mo' than you had at fust an' I ain't never had nothin' . . ."

Adonis scratched his head. His puzzled expression became one of absolute bewilderment.

"I never was no good at 'rithmetic, Ultimate. An' so the reason I ain't gwine commit homicide on you is 'cause I never could explain to no judge why I done it."

Other splendid stories by Octavus Roy Cohen will appear in the next few months—also fiction by Calvin Johnston, Sam Hellman, Achmed Abdullah, Walter De Leon, and many others

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 24)

have been a nuisance, and yet it was an irritation to see him mooning and helpless upon the edge of this confused scene. All through the day he had avoided Antrim, probably because he was ashamed of the confession that he had made. Perhaps he felt that he had lowered himself in Antrim's eyes and now wished to assert his dignity as head of the party.

All these explanations troubled Antrim and made his temper uncertain. He felt that if the fellow were to do nothing he had better clear out, and sent a box of food to them by Dingaan, suggesting that they should eat it on the fenced strip of sand in front of Frangoulis's house, the white building that they had already seen from the deck of the *Köln*.

After this their shadowy figures disappeared, and a little later Dingaan's *toto*, who was already beginning to attach himself to Mrs. Rawley, appeared with a cup of coffee and a handful of biscuits. For this Antrim was grateful; it was better to have them out of the way, and the coffee showed him that they had begun to fend for themselves.

Then, of a sudden, up came Frangoulis. The Greek must have been an old hand at liquor, for though he had been soaking all day he now spoke with coherence. "A good opportunity," thought Antrim, "to tell him what I think of him." He did so, not choosing his words. Frangoulis, who had approached him oozing half-tipsy benevolence, was taken off his feet.

"What!" he shouted. "The *dhow* is not empty yet?" He whipped himself up into a passion. "I will teach them," he cried. "Trust me: I will teach them. They know me!"

And before Antrim realized what he was up to he had plunged into the sweating rabble of porters, shouting abuse and hitting out blindly with his *kiboko*. In every direction they ran like rabbits. In two seconds he had cleared the beach; not a man remained there but Asmani and Antrim's gun-bearer. "Well, that finishes it!" said Antrim. "It's no use trying to unload any more in the dark. You must help me. The lady is tired out and has nowhere to sleep."

With the prospect of a deal Frangoulis pulled himself together.

"Of course," he said, "I will find her a *banda*." They walked together, ankle-deep in yielding sand, to one of the huts at the back of the compound. Frangoulis dragged open a door of reeds and Antrim entered, holding his lantern high to see what was within.

"Look!" said Frangoulis, waving his hand as though he were displaying a suite at the Ritz. "Twenty rupees," he added, "that is the price of this *banda*."

Antrim stared at him. It would have been dear as a gift. An old hut made of reeds that had gone rotten and floored with live ant-heap. Inside, the air was thick and heavy with the sickening odor of black flesh. Clearly it had been occupied, and recently, by natives. His eyes and nose were equally offended. He turned on Frangoulis angrily.

"Do you really mean to suggest that a lady could sleep here?"

The Greek threw his hands wide in a gesture of impotence: "Eh! this is not Mombasa. There is nothing else. I will take fifteen rupees."

"Not a rupee," said Antrim. "What's more, you'll find me a decent sleeping-place."

"That is impossible," Frangoulis admitted.

"There is a house. I must see inside it."

"But the house is Zahn's. Zahn would never forgive me; there is only one bedroom, and that is occupied by Zahn himself."

This sounded better. "I'll have a look at it," said Antrim, and Frangoulis meekly followed. On the other side of the house Dingaan had lighted two fires. Round one of them the servants were sitting. By the light of the other he caught sight of Mrs. Rawley's patient face and the broad back of her husband. As Antrim passed she smiled and waved her hand, and he swung his lantern in reply.

Materially, even by European standards, the room of Zahn was clean. Spiritually it was a cess-pit. Its whitewashed walls were covered with pictures of nude females among which were photographs of the grossest indecency; the things that touts produce from their pockets in the

(Continued on page 66)



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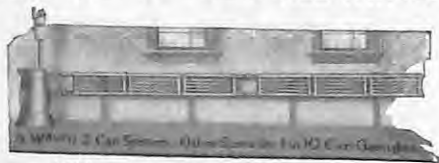
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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 65)

streets of Port Said. And amidst these, with an effect of the maddest incongruity, hung a framed portrait of two old people, a decent German workman and his wife.

"But, as I told you," Frangoulis protested, "this is impossible."

"You're right," said Antrim with a laugh. "Let's get this muck out of the way."

And he began to strip the horrors from the wall. The enormity of his proceeding dawned slowly on Frangoulis. "But this is an outrage!" he cried. "An outrage! Zahn will never forgive me!"

"You can refer Zahn to me," said Antrim. "The swine!" he muttered to himself.

In five minutes he had cleansed the walls, leaving nothing but the photographs of the two old people, who beamed across the room at their son, and an aggressive oleograph of Wilhelm the Second that threw a challenge in the direction of the door. Frangoulis could do no more. He hovered piteously in the rear, imploring Antrim to make it clear to Zahn that he had protested against this violation.

"Don't worry," said Antrim, "I'll tell him. You can leave Zahn to me."

Frangoulis grudgingly assented, and left the house.

Antrim stepped out into the dark and made straight for the Rawleys' fire.

"For heaven's sake sit down," she implored him. "You must be fagged to death." It was true, but he denied it. "What about you?" he asked.

"Me?" she said. "Why, I'm as happy as can be. The night is wonderful. Look at the light the fire throws on the water. And Dingaan's *tot* is a little treasure!"

"I have been thinking," said Rawley slowly, "about finding some place for my wife to sleep in."

Antrim stared at him in amusement. "So have I," he said.

"Don't you think we had better ask the fellow who brought us ashore?" Rawley suggested. He hauled himself on to his feet. "I'll go and find him."

"Don't worry," said Antrim, smiling in spite of himself. "It's all fixed up."

"How splendid of you!" said Mrs. Rawley. Rawley hedged. "Are you quite sure it's clean?"

"Yes, it's clean now," said Antrim.

"Then if there are not two beds," said Rawley, "I'll get the boy to rig up something for me on the floor." He moved heavily to the other fire.

When they had gone Antrim made himself a sleeping-place on the ground to windward of the fire. He was used to lying rough, and the confused activities of the day had left him dog-tired. He lay down; the weary muscles gratefully relaxed; the huge restfulness of the sky fell upon him, and in ten minutes he had fallen asleep or rather into a state of vivid and active dreaming in which he struggled continuously with Zahn, Frangoulis and the Captain of the *Köln*. Then the scene changed to darkness that was pierced by shrill screams and the sound of blows falling on flesh. His thoughts rushed back to Rawley and his wife. *If ever I touch her I want you to shoot me like a dog!*

He awoke suddenly and rubbed his eyes. The terrible sounds still filled the night. "Good God!" he thought, "it's true."

He struggled to his feet. Beyond the angle of the house from which the sounds came was a large blaze that threw a ruddy reflex on the whitewashed walls and lit the tops of the cocoanut palms. He ran there, full pelt, stumbling as he went, and when he had cleared the corner saw a sight that brought back all the horror of his dream.

On a camp-chair with a rifle across his knees sat Frangoulis. Within the edge of the firelight stood a group of women that hid their faces in fear. Their legs and arms were joined by heavy iron shackles. On the ground, between Frangoulis and the fire, another woman lay prostrate; and above her, his lash of hippo-hide raised to strike, stood a tall, bearded figure in a white robe that Antrim took for an Arab. Down came the *kiboko* with a sickening slash. The woman screamed shrilly and Frangoulis smiled. "Twenty," he cried in Swahili. "Five more,

give her five more. Harder! The brute has awakened our guest." For he had just seen Antrim standing dumb with horror on the edge of the light.

He said no more; for in a moment Antrim had him by the scruff of his shirt and hauled him out of his chair so that he lost his rifle.

"Stop this!" he shouted. "Stop it!" "I will stop it," Frangoulis spluttered. "Let her go! Let her go! Tell her to get up."

The Arab obeyed, throwing his *kiboko* aside and giving the woman a push with his foot. Now she neither moved nor wailed. She lay there, a lump of quivering flesh.

"Take the chains off the others," said Antrim. His fingers were still clasped on Frangoulis's shirt, so that the brute could scarcely breathe.

"Give me air," he gasped. "I'm dying. . . I'm dying. . ."

Antrim let him go. He ran to help the Arab with the chains of the other women. In a moment they were gone, darting away into the pool of darkness like fish.

"Now look at the other," said Antrim. But she, too, had crawled away.

"To-morrow I send a report to the Governor," said Antrim.

Frangoulis laughed uneasily. "You don't understand," he said. "You are new to the country. In the absence of Zahn I act as magistrate. This is perfectly legal." He rubbed his neck. "These Wagwana are devils. Two pounds of beads were stolen in my absence. My men found them in this woman's hut. The others were merely witnesses. I was performing an act of justice."

Antrim answered nothing. The whole business made him sick, but he had done all that could be done for the present. He turned away. But Frangoulis, who now appeared to be quite sober, was not satisfied.

"A good night's work," he said. "Look!" He held up a tin and shook it. It was full of flat glass beads, red and blue. "These are the very best," he said. "They like them transparent. Now let us go into the house and have a drink. It is only ten o'clock."

Again he laid his hand carelessly on Antrim's arm. Antrim couldn't bear to be touched by him; but he was too angry to speak. He snatched his arm away and went back to the embers of his fire. He rolled himself up again in his blanket; but he could not sleep. Vague shapes out of his dreams still haunted him. These faded one by one until all that remained to distress him and to perplex was the vision of Mrs. Rawley looking at him with her calm, serious eyes. Her image remained undimmed and even clearer than in life.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Mrs. Rawley emerged at eight o'clock, leaving her husband to struggle with his collar in the smallness of Zahn's room, the sun had shrivelled the curtain of reluctant mists in which the river had wrapped itself. The narrow cup of hills in which Pembeni lay was like the interior of a potsherd white with fire.

In mid-stream the *Köln* herself swung with the tide which she had evidently determined to miss. On the beach of Pembeni no living soul could be seen. Its silence was as complete as if the sun had paralyzed all life that ever was on it. Thus light and silence conspired to produce an atmosphere of frustration and melancholy.

Standing there, alone and half-frightened, Mrs. Rawley became aware that what she had mistaken for silence was, in fact, a monotone of shrill and quivering insect sounds so universal that they seemed to belong not to the earth but to the air. She began to wish that she had stayed with her husband; but her feet would not move. It seemed that all power of initiative had left her; that unless she were rescued by some power from outside she must stand there and frizzle till she died.

Then, in the distance, she saw Antrim approaching. He came toward her with long strides, Frangoulis toiling behind him, his face oily with sweat. She noticed that on his hip he carried a holster with an automatic pistol inside it. From the distance he waved her a salute so gaily that she took courage at once and moved slowly to meet him.

"So you're out at last?" he said with a smile.
 "I'm ashamed of myself," she told him.
 "You must have been dead tired. How was Mr. Zahn's bed?"
 Without thinking she told him that she had slept well.
 "Good for you," he said. "This gentleman kept me busy. If you don't mind I'll get rid of him."

He turned to Frangoulis, and there began at once an unintelligible dispute in which the Greek contorted himself into paroxysms of violent gesture. She watched its progress gravely, and not without concern, the small dark man seemed so pregnant with potential evil.

AT LAST the Greek went away, still muttering and gesticulating. With a composure that flattered herself, she asked Antrim what was the matter. "I can see that you're having trouble," she said.

He smiled quickly: "Nothing to worry about!" and his smile hurt her: it said so implicitly that she was only a woman.

"What was he talking about?" she demanded, and when Antrim would still have passed the matter over, pique made her persist.

"I think you should tell me, Captain Antrim," she said seriously. "There are only three of us, and I want you to understand that if there are any difficulties I must take my share of them. You may possibly feel that I'm asking more than a woman has any right to do." She paused, becoming involved in the meshes of her own eagerness and anxious not to establish herself as a nuisance. He did not help her out. "What I mean," she said, at last, "is that I don't want you to think of me as a woman."

At this he laughed, and she covered the confusion of a possible misunderstanding by protesting that ever since her childhood she had always seen more of men than of women and that she understood them better.

"I'm not a child," she told him, "and I'm not merely curious. I want to take my share."

He believed her, and yet he hesitated to take her at her word. It was not the first time in his life that he had met women who assumed an air of good-fellowship. It seemed all very jolly and safe while it lasted; but, in his experience, it never did last. The attitude was a pose that could be discarded as easily as a pair of riding-tights. Sooner or later, according to conveniences offensive or defensive, the good fellow would vanish and the complete woman appear. A dangerous relation!

"I've had trouble with this fellow Frangoulis," he said. "When I say 'trouble,' I only mean that I can't get rid of him. He's rushed us already over the landing. You see for yourself that there was no hurry: the ship is still there. Now he wants to rush me about stores and porters, and I've no intention of obliging him till I've seen how things are for myself. It looks to me as if he were most anxious to save his face with Zahn. I should prefer to do without either of them; so I propose making a reconnaissance in the village, if there is one. Would you like to come along?"

Of course she would. She had listened to him gravely, feeling all the time that he had made the matter seem easier than it really was. She wanted to see and judge for herself; and yet, when they set off together in silence over the burning foreshore, the deep confidence with which Antrim's company always inspired her made her feel that his defensive attitude was just; that she was, perhaps, no more than an inquisitive woman intruding her trivial self on a man who had his own job in hand and didn't need her help.

Presently they found themselves on the edge of the dwindling remnants of what must once have been an Arab settlement; a line of scarious plastered houses, each with a warped door deeply carved with the arabesques of Zanzibar. Before one of these, a meager store of dried fish stank in the sun. In its gloomy interior an elderly Indian was sitting cross-legged, like a lethargic spider. Some trait of nobility in the fellow's degenerate features suggested that he might once have been an Afridi or Mahsud. "Te Pakhun ye?" Antrim asked quickly.

A gleam came into the old man's sleepy eyes as he responded to the stimulus of a forgotten tongue. Yes, he was indeed a Pathan; but he had come to Africa as a ganger in the first days
 (Continued on page 68)



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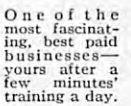
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Woodsmoke

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of the railway, and, his *Pakhtu* being almost forgotten in mists of opium and sleep, he preferred to mingle with it a kind of Babu English.

Antrim asked him about the possibility of securing porters. The old man raised his hands in helplessness. Had Antrim asked Frangoulis? "Let us understand each other," said Antrim. "I have spoken with this Frangoulis and I do not trust him. With you, a Pathan, I know that I have found a friend. I know your people and they know me. From you I expect to hear the truth."

WITH modifications of oriental prudence he heard it. Frangoulis was nothing of himself; but Zahn, whom Frangoulis now represented, was everything. Without Zahn nothing could be done within fifty miles of that isolated strip of coast. Even to a Sahib and, as Antrim had generously proclaimed himself, a brother, the Pathan could not speak of Zahn, for on the favor of Zahn his own miserable existence as a banyan depended. With Zahn's help the country would be open to them; without it they could not move a mile.

As Antrim walked back toward the beach with Mrs. Rawley moving in silence at his side, he was conscious of the unseen Greek's malignant interest in his movements, and, when they reached the point round which the river curled, Frangoulis himself sat there waiting for them on a chair of green canvas which had evidently been carried there for his convenience. He rose and bowed with an excessive politeness. Clothed in gleaming ducks and newly shaved, he was almost presentable. He asked in English how Mrs. Rawley had slept. Even though he had a right to do so, Antrim felt his question was insolent. "Let us get to business," he said.

Frangoulis was delighted. With the flicker of a triumphant smile he commented on their fruitless visit to the banyan's store; his words implied that he knew already everything that had been said, but that polite usage forbade him to enlarge on the humiliating fact that as far as porters were concerned the party was in his hands.

"I want you to supply us with porters," Antrim began abruptly.

Frangoulis bowed with the humbleness of conscious triumph.

"So I anticipated. I gave orders last night that they should be collected. You shall have sixty by this evening. It has been difficult to find men willing to serve. In Zahn's absence you are lucky to get them at all. I have also found you twenty donkeys that will be useful for the loads of *posho*, and another, a white one, on which the lady might very well ride. For *Makindi* there will be no difficulty. Two hundred sacks of meal are being landed from the *Köln*. In that too you are lucky."

It was scarcely time to talk of luck, as Antrim soon found, until the terms had been settled. With bows and diffident gestures Frangoulis evaded their discussion until Antrim pinned him down. Then, with the air of conferring favors, he announced that the porters would cost twenty rupees a month and each a load of meal-meal, the porters' *posho* for six weeks, another seven. The price was ridiculous.

"I'll pay you half," said Antrim, "and not another cent!"

Frangoulis smiled wanly, assuring them that he was not a free agent, that the circumstances were exceptional and that he had done his best.

"If you cannot accept my terms you had better make arrangements to leave Pembeni in the *Köln*. She will sail with the next tide," he suggested.

Mrs. Rawley touched Antrim's arm. "We can't turn back," she whispered quickly. "We can't possibly turn back. You must accept his terms. Money doesn't matter as long as we can go on. Settle with him at once."

The urgency of her whisper had a curious effect on Antrim. He found her eagerness, her sudden revivification, disconcerting and even sinister. He felt that it was for no ordinary reason that she wanted so passionately to go on at a point where ordinary prudence suggested that they had made a false start and should retire. He felt also a little ruffled by her impetuosity.

As he hesitated she grew impatient with him.

"We must go on," she said, obstinate.

"Why must you go on?" he asked impatiently.

"I don't know . . . but we must. I'm certain of that. I feel it instinctively."

He could not help smiling at her intensity, and yet, in a way, it impressed him, for he had been brought up on legends of the unerring instincts of women. It happened also that in this matter his pride was involved. He was so anxious to appear a hero in her eyes that he couldn't help feeling that his caution made him cut an unheroic figure. If they accepted the terms of Frangoulis they were making an inauspicious start and taking risks that were none the less genuine for being indefinite. It was up to him to meet and counter these if he were to retain the reputation he already held in her eyes. Her determination, in fact, had taken the shape of a challenge. What would she think of him if he refused to accept it?

"Very well," he said; "as long as you realize that I don't approve, I'm ready to go on with this villain's terms."

He turned to Frangoulis whose eyes already showed that he knew the tide had set in his favor.

"Your prices are scandalous," he said, "but we shall accept them on the condition that you don't merely provide the porters but help us in other ways. You must send messages to all the villages in your district that we are starting and that we shall pay honestly for any fresh food that is to be sold. We shall expect to be treated as friends and provided with good guides wherever we want to go. You understand?"

Frangoulis bowed. Everything that was in his power should be done. He was sure that Zahn, who would be desolated to have missed making their acquaintance, would do the same. It was a pleasure to have dealings with a sportsman and a gentleman. He held out his hand to clinch the infamous bargain, and Antrim, with a sense of indecency, took it.

2

THEY left Frangoulis. Antrim was still brooding over his defeat but Mrs. Rawley, her victory achieved, had become another woman. The tiredness which had made her wilt in the heat like a thirsty flower had gone. Her steps were light and full of vigor; her dark eyes sparkled in swift glances; even her cheeks were flushed. She talked brightly, naturally, as though she were determined by a new, gay intimacy to draw him out of his ruffled mood.

As they walked she plied him with questions like an inquisitive child. Things which he had long ago accepted as part of his African environment and about which his eyes were no longer curious, were new and strange to her. The shabby half-toned flowers of the scrub, from which her swinging skirt disturbed an aromatic scent, delighted her. It was an uncomfortable compliment to his wisdom that she should expect him to know their names. Low-flying butterflies that fluttered among them, dusky in flight, but rich when they settled, with bars of orange and eyes of velvety purple, kept her loitering beside them.

At the last turn of the path, they became aware of a white, ungainly figure moving rapidly toward them over the sand. It was Rawley, ponderous and incoordinate, his cheeks flushed and traversed by runnels of sweat that were like tears, his lips trembling.

"Thank God!" he panted as he reached them. "Thank God!" He took his wife's arm and began to fondle her hand.

"What is the matter?" she asked calmly. "The matter?" he cried. "You disappeared. . . . I had lost you. . . . I've been looking everywhere: round and round. Where have you been?"

"I went with Captain Antrim to the village. We have been settling about porters."

"Why didn't you tell me? I assure you it's no joke!"

"You might have known that I'd be safe with Captain Antrim," she said, calming him with a smile.

"Yes, yes . . . quite so," he muttered; but the swift glance which his eyes turned on Antrim seemed full of jealousy and distrust. "At any

rate, I've got you now," he said, laughing nervously. Then, with a sudden impulse, he caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

Antrim flushed with painful embarrassment. Such things, to begin with, were simply not done; and, quite apart from the social impropriety of this violent embrace, he saw in it an assertion of the rights of property that was designed to teach him a lesson that he had no need to learn. The gesture, in all its vulgarity, was provocative, challenging, and totally unnecessary. Rawley, in effect, was "showing off." But what distressed Antrim far more than Rawley's demonstration was the way in which his wife received it; for though she did not shrink from Rawley's arms, he saw in her averted eyes a pain that would have made him compassionate for any living creature that suffered it. And then, almost as if she knew that Antrim had taken her by surprise and wished, at all costs, to give the lie to the truth in her own eyes, she drew away from him, putting her husband between them, treating Antrim with a studied disregard or, at the most, as a formal acquaintance, deliberately demolishing every memory of the gay intimacy which they had shared, shattering the pitiful and protective emotions that her glance had aroused in him, convincing him so thoroughly that she was as unscrupulous as all other women that his sympathies swung over, abruptly and passionately, to Rawley's side; for Rawley, at least, was of a transparent honesty, and, even if he did not like him, he could trust him. At any rate it simplified matters.

After the *tiffin* which they ate together on Zahn's wired verandah the Rawleys retired for a siesta. And yet, when Antrim himself turned in under the double-fly tent which Asmari had erected, the problem of the Rawleys kept him company, so that he lay hot and fretful until the time when the sun's heat diminished. Emerging, he was delighted to find that they still slept. Together with his Mombasa staff he busied himself with sorting the baggage that had been thrown out in confusion on the beach. They worked well and cheerfully, and when, at last, some order had appeared, he took his gun and wandered out in search of guinea fowl through the bush, or rather the cocoanut groves at the back of the village, only to find that he might just as well have left it behind, for devil a feather did he see.

3

NIGHT fell. As Antrim approached the beach with his empty bag he saw that the Goanese had lighted a cooking fire before the verandah of Zahn's house. The cook crouched on his haunches beside it; Dingaan's *toto*, stripped to a loincloth, ran to and fro like a black thin-legged insect solemnly balancing his enormous head; from the fire itself the land-breeze carried downstream a trail of flame-lit woodsmoke while yellow flickers played on the walls of the house and on the white clothes of the Rawleys sitting together in typical domesticity before it.

When they saw him coming, Rawley, who had noticed that he was carrying a gun, called out cheerfully to ask what luck he had found. Antrim signalled his emptiness; then, calling Asmari to his side, gave orders that the chop-box in which he kept the materials for a "sundowner" should be brought to them on the verandah. There he squatted down beside them, thankful to stretch his tired legs. From Mrs. Rawley there came not a word; she lay back in her folding chair with eyes closed, her hands listless on her lap, as detached as though her spirit were a thousand miles away; but Rawley, who seemed to have recovered completely from his attack of nerves, was more talkative than usual. If he had not been convinced that it was impossible, Antrim would have supposed that he had been drinking; he was so full of plans and speculations, so naively and inappropriately pleased with his surroundings.

Asmari, white-robed, white-capped, stole toward them with a sparklet syphon, glasses, and Antrim's bottle of whiskey. He poured a peg for Mrs. Rawley, who refused it, until Antrim, speaking seriously of fever and the custom of the country, persuaded her. Rawley did not refuse. The contents of his glass had vanished before Antrim's had touched his lips. Thus inspired he began to talk geology. In the hour before sunset he had made a rapid survey of Pembani, and

(Continued on page 70)

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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 69)

now that his tongue and his imagination were loosened, he had confidence to speak with a communicable awe of how that huge shelf of red alluvium had been formed. Decidedly, in his own subject, the fellow was no fool.

Antrim listened, fascinated. As he talked on, however, he became aware of a furtive movement of Rawley's left hand. Watching this curiously, he saw that Rawley's groping fingers had found the whiskey-bottle. Then Antrim's drugged mind became alert. He saw quickly that while he had been listening, half-hypnotized, to the drone of Rawley's voice and the crackle of the fire, the bottle had become half empty. Now Rawley had begun to pour another glass.

In a moment Antrim was on his feet. "No, you don't!" he said quickly, snatching the bottle from Rawley's hand.

Rawley also had risen. He clutched at the bottle again, splashing Antrim with whiskey. His quiet eyes blazed at Antrim. "What's this? What are you doing?" he spluttered.

"Give it to me!"
"I'm damned if I will! It's an insult!" He appealed to his wife: "Janet . . ."

BUT Mrs. Rawley did not move a finger. She lay back in her chair, white, motionless, her wide eyes staring out into the darkness where the fire flickered, as though the violent scene were outside her consciousness. The two men faced one another, each ludicrously clutching at the whiskey-bottle. Beyond them the natives stood and stared.

"Give it to me!" Antrim repeated quietly. "No nonsense, now! I'm not joking. One of us has got to be the head of this party. I happen to know something about the country, and I'm going to make my own rules. One of them is that I have charge of this stuff. It's got to be used as a medicine, not as an amusement."

"That's all very well," said Rawley, his anger modified by Antrim's determination, "but that's no reason why I should be insulted, treated like a child or an inebriate, before my own wife and my own servants. What's more"—his voice rose to a scream—"I won't have it! I won't have it!"

He gave a sudden tug at the bottle; between their two hands it slipped and was shattered on the cement floor of the verandah at Mrs. Rawley's feet. Still she did not move.

"Now, look what you've done!" cried Rawley, petulantly.

Antrim laughed. "Well, that's finished it anyway!" he said.

"By God, Antrim . . ." Rawley began. But he got no further; he sank back awkwardly in his chair and began to drum with his fingers on its wooden arms. Neither he nor Antrim uttered another word. All three of them sat in a silence that was poignant with unspoken bitterness until the shade of Asmani called them to dinner by the fire.

Through that uncomfortable meal the silence held, its surface broken only by the impersonal requests of Mrs. Rawley, whose clear-cut words fell on it with the eerie effect of pebbles tossed gently on a dark pond. It was a relief to Antrim when Frangoulis appeared bowing on the edge of the firelight and approached them.

Antrim, only too eager to escape from a position which seemed to be on the nerves of everyone except Mrs. Rawley, who evidently hadn't any, and was the more irritating for that, moved off into the darkness with him toward a clearing at the back of the house in which a hollow square of grass *bandas* had been erected, probably to make barracks for *askaris*. In the middle of this quadrangle a fire was burning, and around it, listless and abandoned as refugees from a burnt city, sprawled the company of porters whom Frangoulis had collected. There they lay or crouched with arms akimbo, suffocating the narrow space with the odor of *vegetable oils* with which their bodies and skin cloaks were smeared.

"Rather a *shenzi* lot," Antrim commented gloomily.

They were raw, Frangoulis admitted, but, for that very reason, the more amenable. "Here," he said proudly, "you see a tribute to the efficiency of my friend Zahn. Properly treated they will give no trouble." And Antrim remembered the

proper treatment of which he had seen an example the night before.

"Now that I have done my part," Frangoulis continued, "we had better go to the house and talk business."

By midnight, after endless bickering, it had been settled that Antrim should pay for the stores and one month's wages in advance. Five minutes later, having paid the scandalous total in notes of the Bank of India, Antrim was bowed away from the door.

"If the *ncapara* gets to work at once," Frangoulis suggested, "there is no reason why your *safari* shouldn't start at dawn. Allow me to wish you the very best of luck. I—or rather my friend Zahn—may be able to help you more effectively if you let me know the route you are going to follow and your objective."

The suggestion was put so smoothly that Antrim suspected it. At the same time it bore in on him, with a whimsical force, the fact that he had no idea, except in the most general terms, where they were going. In any case, the less Frangoulis knew of their movements the better. As though a secret could be kept in Africa!

"I'm afraid you can't help us in that," he said. "Our plan is to work inland. To tell you the truth we have no definite objective."

"No objective?" Frangoulis was incredulous but polite. The word "ivory" was almost visible in his eyes. "I see," he said. "You are like other Englishmen. You voyage for pleasure."

"For pleasure," Antrim agreed. The word had an unpleasant sound.

And yet, as he walked back under the dark rustling plumes of the coconuts, he could not repress a sensation of triumph in the fact that something had been accomplished at last. The business of the *safari* was in hand. There was no reason why they should not escape from that hot prison into the free, clear uplands whose invitation the sea-breeze had unfolded.

He went straight to the servants' encampment and roused Asmani, giving him instructions to worry the porters into some sort of order before dawn.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ALTHOUGH he had put the preparations for leaving in hand Antrim knew very well that an early start was out of the question. Soon after dawn he was to be seen hot and cursing in the middle of a welter of porters who scurried to and fro with loads on their heads as devoid of purpose as the members of a disturbed ants' nest. All through that morning Antrim saw nothing of the Rawleys. He and Asmani and Dingaana struggled together in the broiling heat, so intent on putting order into confusion that even when the up-stream breeze began they did not notice it.

By noon the porters seemed to have lost what energy they ever possessed; and that, in all conscience, had been little enough.

In an ill humor he joined the Rawleys for lunch. He was too hot and tired to make conversation, and Mrs. Rawley's mood seemed consonant with his own. She sat there disinterested, with wide sullen eyes; but Rawley was full of talk and anxious, as it seemed, to atone for the unpleasantness of the night before.

"My wife and I have been saying that you're magnificent," he said, and then, convinced that his flattery had made the way more easy, he began to make anxious inquiries for certain packages that his eye had missed.

"I don't want to worry you," he said. "Indeed, I only wish that I could be of more use. But these boxes are important. They're all marked with a red diamond and it'd be a tragedy if they were smashed. If you don't mind, I want you to be particularly careful with them—set aside porters to carry them whom I can recognize and keep my eye on. They contain all my photographic material, glass plates and solutions and that . . . things we can't replace, you see. I'd be much obliged . . ."

Antrim reassured him shortly that he'd keep his eyes open.

"And we can start to-morrow . . . perhaps to-night?"

"To-night's out of the question. To-morrow's just possible."

"Well, there's no hurry. We've months in front of us."

2

THEY did not start that night nor yet in the following dawn. Whether any of the sum of rupees which Antrim had paid Frangoulis in advance ever reached the porters was doubtful; but there was no doubt but that they received its equivalent in liquor. That very night, within the square of the old *askari's* barracks, began a debauch that lasted for forty-eight hours in which it appeared that the whole population of the delta as well as the chosen sixty was being entertained at the Rawleys' expense. Frangoulis, consulted, could suggest no remedy: on the eve of a *safari* it was the usual thing. Rawley, characteristically, was shocked; his wife, though she would not admit it, a little nervous. And this was not to be wondered at; for though the edge of the bush concealed the center of excitement from her eyes, the sounds of cries and drumming were never still and the reflex of fires leapt and flickered in the tree-tops like a graphic index of the passion that could not be seen.

By the third evening the fires had flickered out like a pool of spilt spirit. Pembeni lay in a white and ghostly silence under the moon. On the level ground in front of Zahn's house the porters' loads were laid out in order. Antrim's tent had been packed. Rolled in his blankets he slept solidly on the verandah of Zahn's house, knowing that an hour before dawn Dingaana would rouse him with a cup of hot coffee.

At four o'clock, when the dank land-breeze began to falter into absolute stillness, doves in the bush awoke, uttering their timid hollow notes. Still half asleep Antrim heard the voice of Asmani, summoning the dazed porters in the darkness. In the distance one of the pack-donkeys set up a melancholy braying. The *toto* padded on to the verandah with his naked feet and thrust a cup into Antrim's hands. He rose and tapped at the Rawleys' window. Mrs. Rawley was already awake. "One moment," she whispered quickly; and, in another, she was by his side, unspeakably slim and shadowy in riding-breeches and a skirted tussore coat.

"Start in half an hour," he said. "Will you be ready?"

"Yes," she answered. "I've been awake for hours. I've just roused my husband. How awfully quiet it is!"

They stood together for a moment listening. It was too dark for Antrim to catch the expression of her face, and, for this reason, as well as for her silence, it seemed to have lost the shadows of uneasy thought and the reservations that often repelled him. The subduedness of dawn, that hour in which the forms of everyday life have not had time to impress themselves on the waking consciousness, seemed to reveal her to him in a new aspect; tender and fragile, still innocent with the bloom of sleep. Why, he wondered, was she not always like that? But if she were always like that, he decided, life would become too complicated. Perhaps things were better as they were.

"Well," he said at last. "So this is the beginning." And as he spoke he laid his hand upon her arm.

She did not answer. But she did not start from him, and this, of itself, was an assurance that she had understood the emotion, scarcely intelligible to himself, that his words concealed and his gesture timidly defined. He felt in his bones that he had made a fool of himself by lapsing into sentimentality; and yet he was proud of it, fortified and encouraged as if he had achieved something heroic. He could scarcely trust his voice when he added: "In half an hour, then?" and left her.

Two minutes later he was letting off steam in the thick of the mustering caravan, cursing the calm Asmani for a confusion that he hadn't created, tugging at the straps of the donkey's packs, marshalling, with his hippo-hide *kiboko*, the ragged ranks of the porters who were still somnolent and stupid from the fumes of their two days' debauch.

After what seemed an endless time, Asmani, incredibly tall and white, approached him:

"*Tayari, Beana!*"

All was ready. Antrim looked at his watch.

(Continued on page 72)

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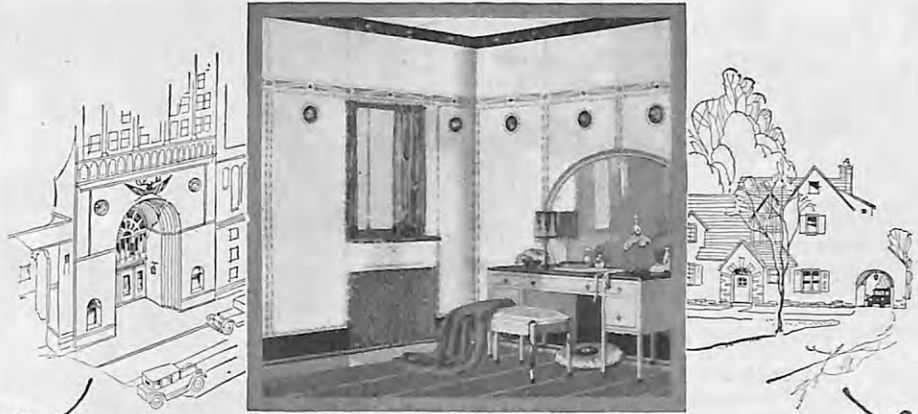
LAST February we were introduced to a "kid" who was the son of a poor brother in a southwestern city. He was twenty-one, and with the never-say-die of youth had worked his way through two and a half years of a "lit" course. He was all on his own. Here's how he did it. He was business manager of a fraternity, for which he got his lodgings. He saw that the clothing and laundry of his "frat" brothers were attended to, for which he got his own mending, pressing and laundry as a commission. He was a bit handy at writing and tried to earn the dollars necessary for his scholastic fees and his food by this means. He worked sixteen hours a day. He was actually harming himself in an educational way. But that wasn't the worst. As he faced his second semester he had less than two dollars to cross himself with, no money for fees or clothing, nothing but youthful cheerfulness and optimism. Moreover, he was the popular boy of his school. The most exclusive society elected him to membership. He could jump over the moon as easily as he could join it.

This lad was on his way to a law course, had some prospects of better earnings later in the year, but for six months at least nothing but a blank wall to stare at. We took him on. Indeed, on the theory that an Elk's student should be a gentleman, we had him join the honor fraternity which had invited him. The Elks' bounty was the making of him. That boy worked at shoveling dirt this summer, because he could make most money out of that. We are going to keep our eye on him.

A poor brother of our Lodge passed out half a dozen years ago. Lady Luck hadn't looked his way for a long time and our records showed that he was in arrears when he died. He left two daughters and a worthy wife. She remarried and with her new husband raised and gave a good common school education to her children. Last year it occurred to her that the elder one might become self-supporting if she could procure a business education. The Lodge is giving it to her. In another year she will have become a proficient stenographer and she will have a dependable means of livelihood.

The other day a young lad, whose widowed mother had raised him and a family of girls, looked in on one of the committee for advice. He was a high school junior, with only a year to finish his intermediate education. He couldn't make the grade alone. Inquiry developed that his grandfather, the family being then well-to-do, was one of the founders of the Lodge, had been a life-member of the Order, and had been very generous in his own time in helping lame dogs over the stile. The committee put steering-gear on this bread cast on the waters so long ago and directed it into port for the benefit of the youngster.

These are some examples of what can be done with a little cash and some well-directed and good-natured attention. The committee gets a lot of fun out of its work, out of its contacts with ambitious youth and appreciative optimism. It gets help from a brother or two who are in holy orders, and another brother or two who are not, but who ought to be, who lend a hand in "chumming" with and encouraging these protégés of the Order. The committee is in constant touch with its beneficiaries. Some day, God willing, they will be prosperous, will be appreciative members of the Order, and will, betimes, whisper a prayer for kindly Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain, who set going the idea by which they profited.



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How Securities Are Placed On the Market

By Stephen Jessup

SECURITIES may roughly be divided, like all Gaul, into three parts: 1, Government, state, and municipal; 2, railroad; and 3, industrial.

Those in the first class are bonds or notes, for obviously a government, whether federal or state, is not a corporation operated for profit and therefore has no stock for sale. Foreign government bond issues are sometimes secured by liens on specific property, such as customs receipts. Domestic issues, however, need no specific security; they are backed by the resources and faith of the country or the state, as the case may be. An example is the issue of Liberty bonds, which have behind them the wealth and honor of the United States and which therefore are as safe as any investment in the world and as any investment can be. Bonds are also issued by the various states, by cities, by counties and even by townships. The latter frequently bear a higher rate of interest than government or state issues, chiefly because they are less well known and sometimes have purely a local appeal.

Such securities bear a comparatively low rate of interest, ranging from 2% to 6%; most of them, because of their safety, are declared to be legal investments for savings banks and trustees, and many of them are tax-exempt, which last feature, to the investor of large income, tends to offset their low rate of interest.

The securities of the other two classes, railroads and industrials, comprise both bonds and stocks. They range all the way from a sound investment such as the first-mortgage bonds of any of the great railroads to the non-dividend paying common stocks of new and unseasoned industrial companies.

There are, broadly speaking, two ways by which securities reach the hands of investors. They are sold either directly or through the medium of the large banking and brokerage houses.

Curiously enough, the best and the worst adopt the former way. Liberty bonds, for example, were sold directly by the Government to the people everywhere throughout the land. An important public utility company in New York City not long ago sold a large issue of preferred stock directly to the public by public advertisement and through its many branch offices. The issue was so attractive both as to safety and interest return that it was quickly over-subscribed and is now quoted in the open market at a price higher than the price at which it was offered for subscription.

But in the case of companies lacking the prestige of the Government or the public utility mentioned, especially new and untried enterprises the securities of which are too speculative to be handled by well-known financial houses, direct appeal to the public is adopted also. This appeal

is conveyed by newspaper and magazine advertising, by circular and individual letters, and by salesmen. While meritorious enterprises are financed in this way (more so in England than in this country), they are in the minority; and it is an unfortunate fact that this method is resorted to by all kinds of promoters of various unsound and even fake ventures.

The other way is the avenue through which the bulk of good investment security issues reach the public, viz., under the sponsorship and through the recommendation of well-known, reputable firms, banking houses, brokerage houses and bond houses. To illustrate:

An important railroad or industrial company desires to raise capital for extensions or improvements, or to retire a previous security issue that is about to mature. The amount is, let us say, \$100,000,000. Obviously the company can not quickly raise this large sum of money. It therefore enlists the aid of one or more established financial houses, who between themselves form a syndicate to handle an issue of securities. The syndicate "underwrites" the issue, which means that it agrees to provide the company with the capital either immediately or within a short time, to meet the company's needs and requirements. In consideration of having thus assured the company of the capital desired, the syndicate obtains the issue at a concession in price, a certain discount from the par or face value. The difference between this price and the price at which the issue is offered for investment to the public constitutes the syndicate's compensation. Thus all three parties interested are taken care of: the company gets its capital, the syndicate gets its profit, which is what it is in business for, and the public gets an investment that may be presumed to be of considerable merit, since it had been thoroughly examined by bankers, lawyers, accountants and other experts.

The various houses comprising the underwriting syndicate are analogous to the middleman or jobber in ordinary commerce.

MANY security issues that are floated in this way are in such demand that they are over-subscribed in twenty-four hours and thereafter sell in the open market at a price in excess of the offering price. An example is the recent offering, by two well-known New York banking houses, of the preferred and common stocks of one of the leading department stores in that city. The securities in question are in demand at prices much higher than the subscription price.

The question may be asked: How do the financial houses so easily assure the company of funds of such magnitude? Where do they themselves get the money?

The answer is that they have a large clientele of investors, and branches and correspondents in

other cities; also that they invite other houses to participate with them in the handling of the issue. Their own clientele is in the market for a considerable volume of investment each year. Such a clientele consists in individual investors who have regular sums to invest at intervals and also institutions such as insurance companies and savings banks. It is held year after year because the house has maintained a reputation for integrity and conservatism, which in turn makes it a comparatively simple matter for the house to place whatever securities it decides to handle. Some of these financial houses have been in business almost a lifetime and have a list of regular customers ranging from 5,000 to as high as 25,000. They can purchase or underwrite a block of from \$1,000,000 to perhaps \$20,000,000 of good bonds, knowing that they can dispose of them to their regular customers in a short time. The reputation of such a house is its chief asset in business. Most of its customers buy its securities not on personal or expert knowledge or examination, but solely on account of the reputation and prestige of the house.

HAVING underwritten the issue, the syndicate proceeds to sell it through its usual channels and usually prefaces its work with an announcement in the form of paid advertisements in the press. You see these announcements constantly spread on the financial pages of your newspaper and in magazines. They set forth brief but complete information regarding the company; describe its business; state its rate of earnings; show that the earnings are and for some time have been more than sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds offered, or the dividends on the stock, as the case may be, and give the subscription price. They are signed by the house or houses offering the issue, and sometimes conclude with the statement that the entire issue has already been subscribed, in which case the advertisement appears merely as a matter of record.

The information in the advertisement is summarized from a more detailed statement that has been made in formal fashion by an officer of the company and filed with the chief financial house handling the issue.

Another service performed by the underwriting syndicate is the maintenance of the market for the securities offered. One of the tribulations of innocent investors who buy securities, or, rather, stocks (for in such cases the word "security" is a misnomer) from salesmen or from unknown or not well-known houses is inability to realize upon them when necessary. This is due to the absence of a market for the stocks in question. Even when the stocks have merit and are actually paying dividends, if there is no recognized market for them the hapless investor, in order to obtain cash, must depend upon meeting some acquaintance who happens to desire to buy. The obviation of this handicap is one of the functions of the Stock Exchange, for there is practically always a market for securities listed on the Exchange. The market may not reflect the owner's opinion of the value of the security or even its intrinsic value, but there is a market at a price. Not all good securities are listed on the Exchange, of course. Many are not so listed, but if they are really high-grade and have been put out by a responsible bond or brokerage house there is usually a demand for them. In fact, most of the established bond houses and dealers themselves maintain a market in securities of their own sponsoring, called an "over the counter" market.

Reverting to the issues that are listed on the Exchange, in the event of sudden selling by investors who have subscribed and then desire to realize cash, buying support is furnished by the houses comprising the syndicate that originally offered the issue. This is particularly the case if the entire issue has not yet been "placed," i.e., has not yet reached investors who will hold indefinitely for the interest or dividend return on their money. Such support is supplied not so much for charitable reasons as for reasons of self-interest, especially in the case where the syndicate has still a quantity of the securities for sale. Obviously if the price in the open market were ruling several points lower than the subscription price, the syndicate would find it difficult to sell the remaining securities at the latter price.

Sometimes on account of a period of business depression or high money rates standard securi-

ties are selling at lowered prices, and this condition proves a handicap to a syndicate which is placing a large issue of new securities. The issue may move so slowly, in fact, that after a lapse of time the syndicate finds itself with a portion of the securities still unsold. Not wishing to keep its capital tied up too long, it may decide to dissolve and each participant may then sell its share of the securities on the open market. The result is a break or decline of one or more points in the quoted price of the securities.

Such a condition, however, is less frequent than the successful culmination of an underwriting syndicate. The majority of these syndicates are successful, and some of them extremely so. An instance of extreme success was the floating of a certain issue of stock. This issue was put out at a time when the public demand for attractive investments was keen. It was not only over-subscribed, but before the subscription books had been closed the price prevailing in the open market was more than double the offering price.

A certain Wall Street brokerage house achieved considerable prestige by bringing out four successive stock flotations. In each case the issue "went well," as the Street expression goes, and subsequent prices in the open market have been many times the original subscription price. In one instance the increase, practically overnight, was as much as 80%.

More often than not, therefore, an investor does well to buy a security at the time it is floated, provided, of course, that it emanates from one or more houses of character and reputation.

An important matter to be considered in the case of bonds is that of the yield upon one's money. Many people assume that the yield on a 6% bond, for example, is 6% and no more. If the bond is offered at par, this is so; but the majority of new bond issues are offered at a discount from par, and in those cases the yield is more than the exact interest paid on the bonds. For instance, if a \$1,000 bond due in 10 years and bearing interest at the rate of 5% is purchased at 90 it costs only \$900. The direct interest on this investment, \$50, is 5 5/9%, not 5%. In addition to this, at maturity the bond brings its full face value of \$1,000, which gives an additional return, or profit above cost, of \$100, or at the rate of \$10 per year. This constitutes an additional 1 1/9%, or a total yield of 6 3/4% per annum. This calculation is called the "yield to maturity" and should be taken into consideration whenever bonds are quoted at less than their face value.

SIMILARLY, if bonds are purchased at a price in excess of par, or "premium," the yield is proportionately less than the direct interest paid by the bond, and, moreover, as the bond is worth only par at maturity there is a loss of principal equal to the premium paid at purchase.

Some bonds are called "convertible bonds," which means that under prescribed conditions the bonds carry the right of conversion into other securities of the same corporation. Usually convertible bonds may be exchanged for preferred or common stock at a fixed rate of exchange and within a certain period. This conversion privilege sometimes gives a bond a speculative value that adds to its investment attractiveness. If the stock of the issuing company advances materially above the conversion price, the exchange can be made at a substantial profit. If the stock does not advance above the conversion price there is no incentive to make the exchange, and the bond remains a straight investment.

Again, both bonds and preferred stocks are frequently redeemable at a premium. This means that the corporation issuing them has the right to take them back at a price above par. The price is usually between 101 and 110. Generally speaking, the premium on bonds is small. In addition to the premium the bondholder receives accrued interest to the date of redemption, as well as definite notice, such as 60 or 90 days, that the corporation intends to exercise its privilege of redemption. The bonds to be redeemed are usually selected by lot. The motive of the corporation in redeeming bonds is its desire to reduce its fixed charges, i.e., the interest on the bonds.

Preferred stock is frequently issued with a redemption clause providing that at the end of

(Continued on page 76)



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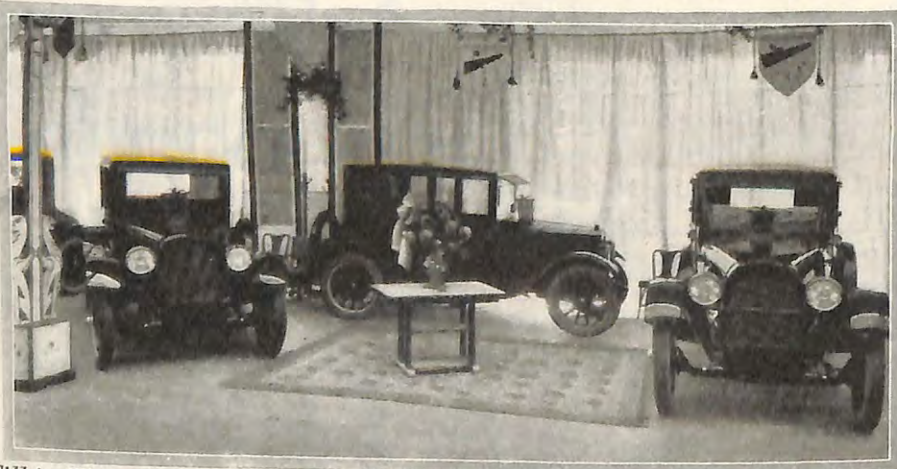
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The Elks
Magazine

50 East 42d Street New York

How Securities Are Placed On the Market

(Continued from page 75)

one, two or five years, as the case may be, the corporation may redeem it at a percentage above par. The same motive governs the corporation in redeeming preferred stock as in redeeming bonds. The dividend rates on preferred stock usually range from 6% to 8%. If the corporation be prosperous and has accumulated a surplus, or if it can legally borrow money for the purpose, the privilege of retirement may be advantageous to it, since it can ordinarily borrow money at from 4% to 6%. The consequent reduction in the fixed charges it has to pay would probably make a great difference to its net income at the end of the year; it would add to its surplus and might make possible an initial or increased dividend on its common stock.

New issues of securities are constantly being made. Printed circulars or prospectuses giving complete information, derived from official sources, can be obtained on application to any of the substantial investment houses.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 812 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., 4 East 43d Street, New York, 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."

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., will be glad to send on request a copy of their Barometer Letter No. L 68.

The Red Balloons

(Continued from page 9)

It was a sliver of wood perhaps two inches long. The wood itself, as shown by the broken ends, was white, but it had been painted red. As slim as a pencil, it could serve no possible useful purpose, Holland thought.

"Looks like it might have been part of a toy," suggested Pinelli. "Though what burglars would have been doing with a toy is beyond me."

Holland stared at him. "Pinelli, how much do we pay you?"

The operative was surprised. "Forty bucks a week," he answered.

"It's not enough," declared Holland. "It's fifty from now on, and perhaps it's sixty."

Holland was a young man. It is hardly possible that one inherits the detective instinct. Nevertheless, he had already shown a genius superior to that of his father. Perhaps this was because the younger man brought to his profession a vivid and leaping imagination.

It leaped now. Also his physical body leaped from the wall, ran across the yard with the bewildered Pinelli at his heels, entered the house and went to the telephone. He found that Abe Gebhard, owner of the Modern Theater, on whose roof last night's performance had occurred, was listed as having two telephones. Holland tried the office number first, to learn that Gebhard was not expected until afternoon. So he rang the house number. A servant took his name and shortly a sleepy voice asked what was wanted.

"I'm Frank Holland of the Holland Detective Agency."

"You told the maid that, but still I don't get you," said Gebhard. "I ain't robbed any banks."

"But you can help me in finding some people who have robbed banks," asserted Holland. "Can you meet me at your office in fifteen minutes?"

"This ain't a kid, is it?" demanded the manager.

"It's deadly serious," replied Holland. "Make it half an hour, and I'll be there," promised Gebhard.

He kept his word. Holland had been waiting only five minutes when the manager arrived. He looked curiously at his visitor. Also, the sus-

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If you are slowing up in your work, are tired out, run down, nervous and irritable with the daily grind of office routine, you can now get the "Daily Dozen to Music" to keep you in trim and fighting condition for years to come, at a price less than you would pay for a doctor's visit and a bottle of medicine.

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Here is your chance to get a year-round tonic that will keep you up to par during the long winter months, when you can't get out in the open. Your system needs exercises during the closed-in months more than any other time, for

heavy foods and long hours indoors leave you sluggish and groggy in a few weeks. Send for the "Daily Dozen to Music" now, before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Senators, Congressmen, Army and Navy Officials, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Actors, Business Executives and others have given their grateful indisputed testimony to the famous "Daily Dozen to Music." Their letters of appreciation stand as evidence that the "Daily Dozen" exercises set to music make you gloriously fit in ten minutes fun a day. You can't afford not to own it at the price asked for here.

Know the Joy of Real Living

From the very first day you try Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen to Music" you will readily see why people in every walk of life recognize it as one of the essential assets to better business, better health and more enjoyable living. Doing the Daily Dozen is really just ten minutes of real fun.

You put a record on your phonograph and open the windows. A clear voice explains the first movements and gives brisk commands. The music starts. You fairly snap through the simple movements. It is easy, pleasant, thrilling, invigorating. Your blood begins to leap through your veins, your lungs expand to their fullest, your brain clears, your eyes sparkle, your cheeks glow with the touch of color which is the signal of perfect circulation. Thus you tone up sluggish organs, limber strained muscles, renew atrophied tissue, and lubricate stiff joints. No wonder you instantly begin to eat better, sleep better and feel better.

Take Advantage of This Less Than Half-Price Offer

The Health Builders are so sure that you will get so many physical advantages out of the health building "Daily Dozen," which in turn will fit you better for the business day, that you will tell your many friends about it. With this in mind, they have consented for the first time to let you have the complete course, for which thousands have paid \$10.50, for only \$4.95, but this low price is for a limited time only. The "Daily Dozen" consists of five double-disk ten-inch records



Mr. Walter Camp, originator of the famous Daily Dozen, is nationally known as the great Yale coach and athletic authority. Although over sixty years old to-day, he is stronger and more supple than most younger men. He uses his own Daily Dozen exercises regularly to remain so

—ten lessons in all combined—to music that can be played on any phonograph—a handy booklet illustrated with 60 actual photographs which show each movement of the system—a well printed instruction book in which Walter Camp explains every movement in detail—and a handsome album to hold the records when not in use.

Five Days' Free Trial—Not a Cent in Advance

Even on this special less than half-the-regular-price offer you have the usual Five Day Free Trial privilege of returning the "Daily Dozen," if for any reason it does not prove itself as the pleasantest and best system you have ever used for keeping fit. Simply mail the coupon now, without a penny in advance, and the complete "Daily Dozen" will be sent to you. When the package arrives simply pay the postman only \$4.95, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Remember this is only a deposit. You are not to consider it a purchase, for if after five days' trial you are not perfectly satisfied you can return the "Daily Dozen" and your \$4.95 will be returned instantly.

Don't Miss This Special Price

You can't afford to compromise with health and success; to join the winners you must get out of the rut of physical imperfection. If you want to make every ounce of your stored up energy count or if you want to put more pep and zip into your business hours, don't delay another minute in mailing this coupon, for behind it is a big opportunity to attain life's richest treasure, good health. Do it now, before you turn another page of this magazine, and mail the coupon to-day. Address, Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 8611, Garden City, New York.

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE COUPON

Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 8611
Garden City, New York

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builders Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disk ten-inch records; the book of 60 actual photographs; and the record album. When the postman brings me the package I will deposit with him only \$4.95, plus a few cents postage, and there will be no further charges if I keep the course. I retain the full privilege of returning the outfit in five days if I am not satisfied, and you agree to return my \$4.95 at once. I am to be the sole judge.

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City..... State.....



WHAT THEY SAY

Here are extracts from letters typical of the many constantly received:

Bert Lytell's "Best Bet"

"I want to tell you that Walter Camp's Daily Dozen exercises on phonograph records is my best bet to keep in condition. While working, my time is so taken up at the studio that the Daily Dozen has become my health creed."—Bert Lytell.

"Music a Great Aid"

"I am delighted with the records and they solve my problem of exercise. The music is a great aid," writes Mr. Guy Eugene Oliver, of Northwestern College, Illinois.

"So Much Fun"

Mrs. Mary Bates of Duluth, Minn., says: "We are enjoying the exercises very much. It is so much more fun to exercise to music."

Great Benefit

Arthur Perkins, of Hartford, Conn., says: "About a year ago, I bought the Daily Dozen, and my family and myself have been using them ever since, with great benefit."

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<p>\$ 77.50 17 Jewels Ultra Style and Dependability Platinum and White Gold Case 8 Blue White Diamonds</p>	<p>\$ 12.85 15 Jewels ELGIN 14 Kt. Gold Filled Case</p>	<p>\$ 48 8 Diamonds 18 Kt. White Gold Wedding Ring.</p>

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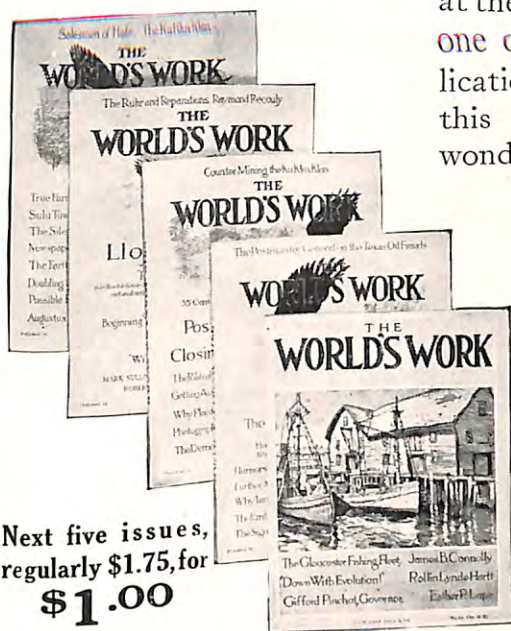
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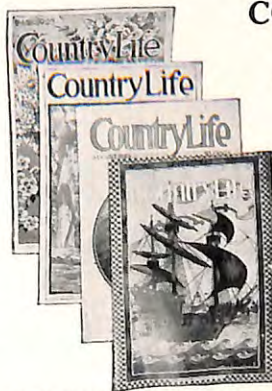


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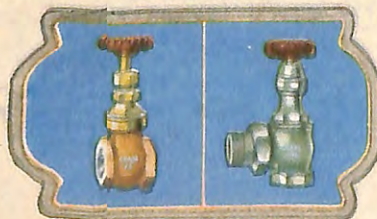
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