

The Elks

Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY



Features This Month: Stories and Articles by Courtney Ryley Cooper, Forrest Crissey, Odgers T. Gurnee, William Slavens McNutt, and many others



Renew and beautify old walls and ceilings!

NEARLY every home has at least one or more rooms with cracked, shabby walls and ceilings. Architects will tell you re-plastering is never satisfactory. The new plaster is bound to crack in time. And you know the irritating delay of re-plastering.

Why not, then, use a permanent material that can never crack or fall? Why not UPSONIZE? In a day or two, your carpenter can easily transform unsightly plaster into walls and ceilings of lasting beauty—without dust and dirt seeping and sifting all through the house.

Upson Board is simply refined lumber, which comes in big, sturdy panels. These panels are applied over old plaster or direct to studs in new construction. Then they are given a coat or two of paint—and your troublesome problem is solved.

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Do not confuse Upson Board with other wall-boards!

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Impartial tests by recognized Engineering Laboratories prove Upson Board a better non-conductor of cold, heat and sound than ordinary wall materials.

It offers unlimited decorative possibilities and a most appropriate background for furnishings.

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In every community there are hundreds of well-built old homes that can be modernized with comparatively little trouble and expense.

Modernizing these old houses will provide attractive, comfortable homes for thousands of families who have been longing to build. Upson Board

solves the vexing problem of walls and ceilings.

There's an Upson dealer near you (probably an Elk).

He will gladly help you either to UPSONIZE your new home, or to plan the remodeling of one room or an entire house.

The Upson Company,
924 Upson Point, Lockport, New York
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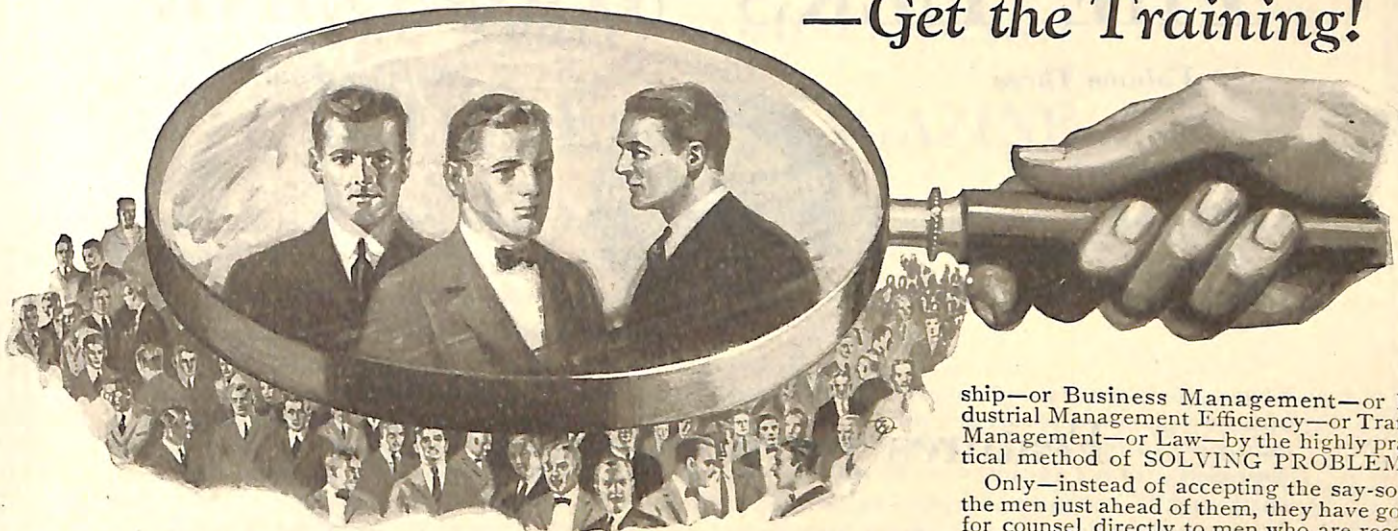
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THE DEPENDABLE BOARD WITH THE FAMOUS BLUE CENTER

Big Business Is Looking for You

—Get the Training!



FOUR hundred thousand NEW positions at the top, and not more than 50,000 men and women qualified to fill them—that is the situation business will face within the next six years. —And this the summarized conclusion NOT of theorists, but of a committee of captains of industry appointed by the National Industrial Conference Board, the super-organization of the industrial interests of the country.

Moreover, this estimate takes no account of REPLACEMENTS — makes no provision for the complete turnover in executive positions which takes place during every seven-year period.

In other words, in ADDITION to the vast number of positions continually calling for specialized training, 400,000 NEW positions will be open — or as many as eight high-salaried places for every man and woman properly equipped.

Think what this shortage of first-class timber is going to mean to those who have the foresight to prepare.

Even now the heads of big business enterprises often have to search for months before they find executives to whom they dare entrust special managerial responsibilities. Often they have to name five-figure salaries before they can even interest the right man.

With the demand constantly increasing, think what the opportunity will be within the next few years—for men with SPECIALIZED TRAINING!

Why not face this situation squarely—see what you can do to MEET it?

You are handling work that is more or less routine, let us say. So long as your experience is limited to the recording of routine transactions, your salary will be limited also.

EXPAND that experience, however—thoughtfully and systematically—and your salary likewise will expand. —Until, almost before you realize it, you will find yourself in a bigger office, and on the door the title of Chief Accountant—or Comptroller—or Sales Executive—or Production Manager—or Traffic Manager—or Legal Counsellor—or that of any of a dozen other important managerial positions.

And—if meantime you have acquired the RIGHT KIND of specialized training—you will step into that bigger office with the sure knowledge that you can discharge your new responsibilities with satisfaction to all concerned.

Prepare Now for Opportunity

During the past fourteen years more than 450,000 earnest men, enrolled with LaSalle Extension University, have recognized their opportunities for progress, and in quiet hours at home have attacked the problems of the more advanced positions, working them out for themselves, under the guidance of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America.

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ship—or Business Management—or Industrial Management Efficiency—or Traffic Management—or Law—by the highly practical method of SOLVING PROBLEMS.

Only—instead of accepting the say-so of the men just ahead of them, they have gone for counsel directly to men who are recognized authorities.

Instead of wasting years in picking-up ‘routine experience,’ much of it valueless, they have compressed into a comparatively few months the collective experience of some of the most successful and aggressive business houses in America.

Instead of learning by COMMITTING BLUNDERS, they have learned by DOING THINGS RIGHT.

That they have made rapid and gratifying progress is witnessed in the fact that during only three months’ time as many as 1193 LaSalle members reported salary increases totalling \$1,248,526—an average increase per man of 89%.

Prove Your Title to Success

Within the next few years there will be opportunities in business exceeding anything in past experience. Will you be among those fortunate men who can pick and choose—or will you be just a private in that pitiful army of the untrained?

One thing certainly you should do, if you really hope for the bigger salary—you should find out at once what home-study training by the LaSalle Problem Method can do for YOU.

Below this text there’s a coupon which will bring you complete particulars of the training you are interested in, details of LaSalle’s convenient-payment plan, and a copy of that remarkably inspiring book, ‘Ten Years’ Promotion in One’—all without obligation. For the sake of your future, mark, sign and mail that coupon—NOW.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 9328-R

Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, ‘Ten Years’ Promotion in One,’ all without obligation to me.

- Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer’s Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

- Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

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- Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
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- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



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

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Four



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

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

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The Yearly Subscription to **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**

IN HIS report to the Grand Lodge at the meeting in Boston in July, Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland spoke of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** and made a recommendation as to the collection of the yearly subscription. Here is what Mr. McFarland said and recommended:

"**THE ELKS MAGAZINE** is the greatest single accomplishment of the Grand Lodge for many years past. Not only has it served to establish direct contact with and further interest on the part of the individual members in Grand Lodge matters and the affairs of the Order, but the influence of this high-class publication with the Elk families and public generally has been great and uplifting. The vast majority of the members of the Order, and all but a very limited few of the Subordinate Lodges, are unanimous in approval of this great undertaking so successfully accomplished. It is my very earnest and honest opinion that the number of those individuals who have objected to the payment of the so-called 'subscription' price is limited to members who have either been misinformed or whose viewpoint is narrow to the confines of a local Club; and possibly a few Lodges have some individual members who still fail to measure the national worth of the magazine and are actuated either by temporary local economic vicissitudes or by purely personal and 'political' reasons. **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** has earned an enviable place in the magazine world, and we can commend it with pride for the real service it has done for the Order. Reference to the report of the Commission and the certified public accountants who have audited the books of the Commission will show a very handsome surplus on hand, and \$200,000 of which is turned over to the Grand Lodge this year. This amount can be taken into account by the Board of Grand Trustees in making up the annual budget and Grand Lodge dues to be assessed for the coming year, if you so dispose. This report and surplus shows splendid business management, and it is safe to assert that no other magazine, either among the several more or less local publications in our own Order, or

among those of any other fraternal organization, or for that matter, no other magazine of similar high standard can be obtained for the present subscription price charged against the members of our Order for **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**.

"Based on the experience of secretaries of Subordinate Lodges, it is a fact that Lodges paying the entire amount of Grand Lodge dues from funds collected from members as Subordinate Lodge dues only and without adding any amount for Grand Lodge dues have no complaints whatever from the members. On the other hand, some Lodges collect only the \$1.00 per year 'for maintenance of the magazine' in addition to Subordinate Lodge dues, while others include also the so-called 'per capita tax' for other Grand Lodge purposes in the extra amount collected from the members, while still others have charged 'assessment for Grand Lodge dues' on April 1, 1924, against the members as high as \$2.50 to each individual, of which amount only \$1.85 was remitted to the Grand Lodge. Every consideration for uniformity, efficiency and harmony demands a change in the method of collection of Grand Lodge dues authorized by the Constitution. I therefore recommend that Subdivision 1 of Section 49, Grand Lodge Statutes, be amended to read as follows:

"(The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be derived from the following sources:)

"(1) Annual dues to be paid by each Elk on the roll of membership of each Subordinate Lodge, the amount of which shall be fixed by Resolution of the Grand Lodge each year, and which shall be collected by each Subordinate Lodge as a part of its own Lodge dues and for the transmission of which from its own funds the respective Subordinate Lodges shall be responsible to the Grand Lodge."

AFTER due consideration of this recommendation, the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary further recommended—and the Grand Lodge concurred—that the Statute referred to be amended to carry Mr. McFarland's suggestion into effect and it now reads as follows:

(The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be derived from the following sources:)

"(1) Annual dues to be paid by each Elk on the roll of membership of each Subordinate Lodge, the amount of which shall be fixed by Resolution of the Grand

Lodge each year, and which shall be collected by each Subordinate Lodge from each member required to pay Subordinate Lodge dues as part thereof, and also from each life member, and for the transmission of which from its own funds the respective Subordinate Lodges shall be responsible to the Grand Lodge."

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

Columbus, Ohio, August 15, 1924

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

The duties and responsibilities of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the ensuing year are before me and at the outset I reiterate my appreciation for the great honor conferred on my lodge and my state. I solicit from the members of the Order individually and collectively that cooperation without which it is not possible to accomplish the things for which our Order stands. A moment of reflection will at once convince us that if the great body of American citizens who are enrolled under our banner rise to the opportunities before them it will be possible to accomplish under the Elk standard great things in the various communities in which the subordinate lodges are located and radiate therefrom an atmosphere which will be of ever-increasing benefit to the country at large. The superstructure of the Order is built upon a solid foundation which has been laid with great care by those who have preceded us and unlimited possibilities are within our reach if we will only take advantage of them.

The annual Grand Lodge meeting at Boston gave evidence of the great interest in Elkdom throughout the Order and it is to be hoped that the spirit of that great meeting has not only been carried to the most remote section of Elkdom but that it will receive serious consideration at the hands of the subordinate lodges and the members thereof. Our proud boast has been and is that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America is the greatest American organization in existence and if we wish to sustain the reputation that has been won by the achievements of the past we must exert ourselves actively. Let us, therefore, strive to take an active part in all of the forward movements of the day and thereby demonstrate to those within and without just how much can be accomplished by the application of Elks' principles to our daily lives.

The Elks Magazine

The founding of THE ELKS MAGAZINE by the Grand Lodge will ever stand out as one of the greatest achievements of the Order and its tender care by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission has made for it a place in the fraternal literary world second to none. It is certain that the full and free discussion of the Magazine at the Boston convention will create in the minds of the members of the Order a more complete understanding of the possibilities of the Magazine and the great good it has wrought thus far. I commend to your careful consideration the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission to be found on *pages 37 and 38 of the August number* of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the supplementary report on THE ELKS MAGAZINE to be found on *pages 38 and 39* of the same number. The overwhelming approval of the foregoing reports by the Grand Lodge was a most flattering testimonial of the work of those responsible for the Magazine and an assurance of its continuance on the high plane which it occupies. If the members of the Order will read the Magazine carefully from month to month they will be fully and completely convinced that for the trivial sum of eight and one-third cents per month they are receiving a publication the like of which could not be procured otherwise for less than three or four times that sum.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

It is gratifying to note the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission on the progress of the Memorial Building now being erected in the City of Chicago and to be assured of the happy culmination of that enterprise at an early date when all Elkdom will be preparing for its dedication. Especial attention is directed to the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission dealing with this subject which is to be found on *page 37* of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for August, 1924, and to the splendid business management which has characterized its construction.

Committee on Social and Community Welfare

Possibly nothing in the work of our great Order appeals more strongly to the membership at large and those without who observe the activities of the Order than the achievements brought about through the labors of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The program carved out by this great committee is an extensive one in scope and character covering as it does the activities of the subordinate lodges in the large centers and reaching to the smallest cities within the Order. Particular stress has been laid on the subject of Americanization and there is no question but that the Order of Elks at this particular time can make a contribution to the country, the value of which can not be measured in dollars or cents. It is my most ardent hope, wish and request that the Exalted Rulers of the various subordinate lodges appoint at once, if they have not already done so, a committee on Social and Community Welfare, said committee to be made up of men who are awake to the needs of their community and who will be responsive to and cooperate with the Grand Lodge Committee, which will from time to time be in communication with them. The Order is committed to this work in earnest and the extent to which its beneficial influence may be carried will be limited only by the activities of the members within the ranks.

It is not my purpose to go into detail concerning the work of this great committee, but I am hopeful that every Elks Lodge will be the center from which will radiate influences helpful to its community. Every Elks home should be an American forum and when necessary and expedient there should be available members of the Order who will be ready to preach the doctrine of Americanism whenever and wherever the occasion demands.

Conservation of Human Life

The appalling increase of automobile accidents and tragedies growing out of the present day means of transportation is challenging the most earnest attention of the great leaders of our country in all branches, and recognizing the great value of a human life we can not engage in any more beneficial activity than to contribute our help to the minimizing of the great losses in this respect. Of the eleven million registered automobiles in the United States possessions, many are driven by members of our Order, who by their good example can do much to reduce the great drain upon human life. We owe this to our fellow citizens, young and old, and I believe the thought is worthy of careful study.

Public Duties and Responsibilities

Love of country begets proper care of country and its institutions, and it is pertinent in this particular year to call attention to our duties and responsibilities in connection with the affairs of our country, particularly with reference to the participation in elections. Altogether too few of our citizens participate in the actual management of the affairs of our Government and this is manifested by the indifference of the great numbers of the electorate who remain away from the polls at election time. No great business enterprise can succeed unless the proprietors thereof are watchful and attentive in its supervision and we, the proprietors of our country, have no occasion to complain if by reason of our lack of interest the management of our affairs is placed in improper hands. Regardless

of party affiliation the members of our Order by precept and example should endeavor to encourage a more general participation in public affairs, particularly in the exercise of the right of suffrage, one of our most cherished privileges.

Much instruction and entertainment will be derived by every member of the Order who will take the time and trouble to read the splendid report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare appearing on *pages 47 and 77 of the August number* of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Grand Lodge Dues and Assessments

Particular attention is invited to the resolution which was unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge, to be found at the bottom of the middle column on *page 41 of the August number* of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which is as follows:

“Resolved that, in accordance with Section 15, Article 3, of the Constitution and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1, 1925, annual dues in the amount of \$1.15; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, one dollar for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1, 1925, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, 15 cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st, shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1, 1925, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose.”

The adoption of the above resolution providing for the final budget followed the passage of a resolution introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which was unanimously adopted and is as follows:

“Resolved that the sum of \$200,000, which was turned over to the Grand Lodge by the National Memorial Headquarters Commission representing a surplus from the publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, be and is hereby appropriated for the use of the Board of Grand Trustees in defraying the general expenses of the Grand Lodge.”

Committee on Judiciary

The splendid report of the Committee on Judiciary showed the painstaking care with which the matters coming before that Committee were considered and resulted in the amendment of a number of the statutes of the Order, said amendments being set out on *pages 39 and 40 of the August number* of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The officers and members of the subordinate lodges are urged to read these amendments carefully so that they may have the latest knowledge concerning the statutes of the Order. Space forbids detailed statements concerning them, but they are all of great importance.

Violations of Statutes

Complaints against various lodges growing out of the violation of Section 183 and Section 219 of the Grand Lodge Statutes have been received by Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and the undersigned, and particular attention is directed to these two sections in order that there may be a clear understanding on the part of the members as to their contents.

Section 183 relates to the adoption and promulgation by subordinate lodges of resolutions or memorials without the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Section 219 provides that “lodges and members thereof are prohibited from soliciting aid from sister lodges or members thereof by the sale of tickets or otherwise” and attaches a punishment for its violation.

In desiring to start out with a clean slate as far as possible in connection with troublesome matters, it is my purpose to regard violations of these sections committed before the promulgation of this circular as unintentional and to take no action with reference thereto. This admonition is for the future and it is hoped that there will be no further occasion to refer to similar violations.

Elks National Home

A recent visit to the Elks National Home, as well as information communicated to me at the Boston meeting, justifies the belief that our brothers who are there are being given every possible attention by the management of the home under the watchful care and supervision of the Board of Grand Trustees, and in this connection I would suggest that the subordinate lodges which have members housed there temporarily keep in close touch with them at all times.

Boston and Portland

The generous hospitality dispensed by the New England brothers under the leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson in entertaining the Grand Lodge was full and complete and there is no question but that the memory of the pleasant visit in old New England will linger with those who were fortunate enough to be present.

Elkdom will wend its way to the other side of the country next year when the Grand Lodge session will be held in the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon, and there is no question but what a great treat is in store for all who attend the meeting which will open there on July 13, 1925.

Let us all work together to the end that the benefits of Elkdom may be extended as far as possible and to that end welcome into our ranks the eligible citizens of our various communities whose membership will add to the general good of the Order. Let us be careful in our expansion of membership and our extension of homes so that we may avoid the pitfalls that come from an improper consideration of the business responsibilities. The acquiring of property and the building of Elks Homes entails sacrifice and while every encouragement should be given to the development, yet good business judgment should always prevail in the assumption of obligations which will have to be met. Let us keep our Elks Homes free from all criticism and make them attractive points for the pleasure, convenience and accommodation of our members, and let us ever be on the alert in our activities to promote practical patriotism.

Appointments

Pursuant to a resolution of the Grand Lodge that a chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare be appointed before the adjournment of the Boston Grand Lodge session, it has been my pleasure to appoint as chairman of such committee Brother John P. Sullivan of New Orleans Lodge No. 30. Brother John W. Kaufman, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, has been appointed secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The office of the Grand Exalted Ruler will be in charge of Miss Mabel C. Alworth, of Watertown, S. D., and Miss Stella Drayer, of Columbus, Ohio. A list of other appointments will be made and promulgated as soon as possible.

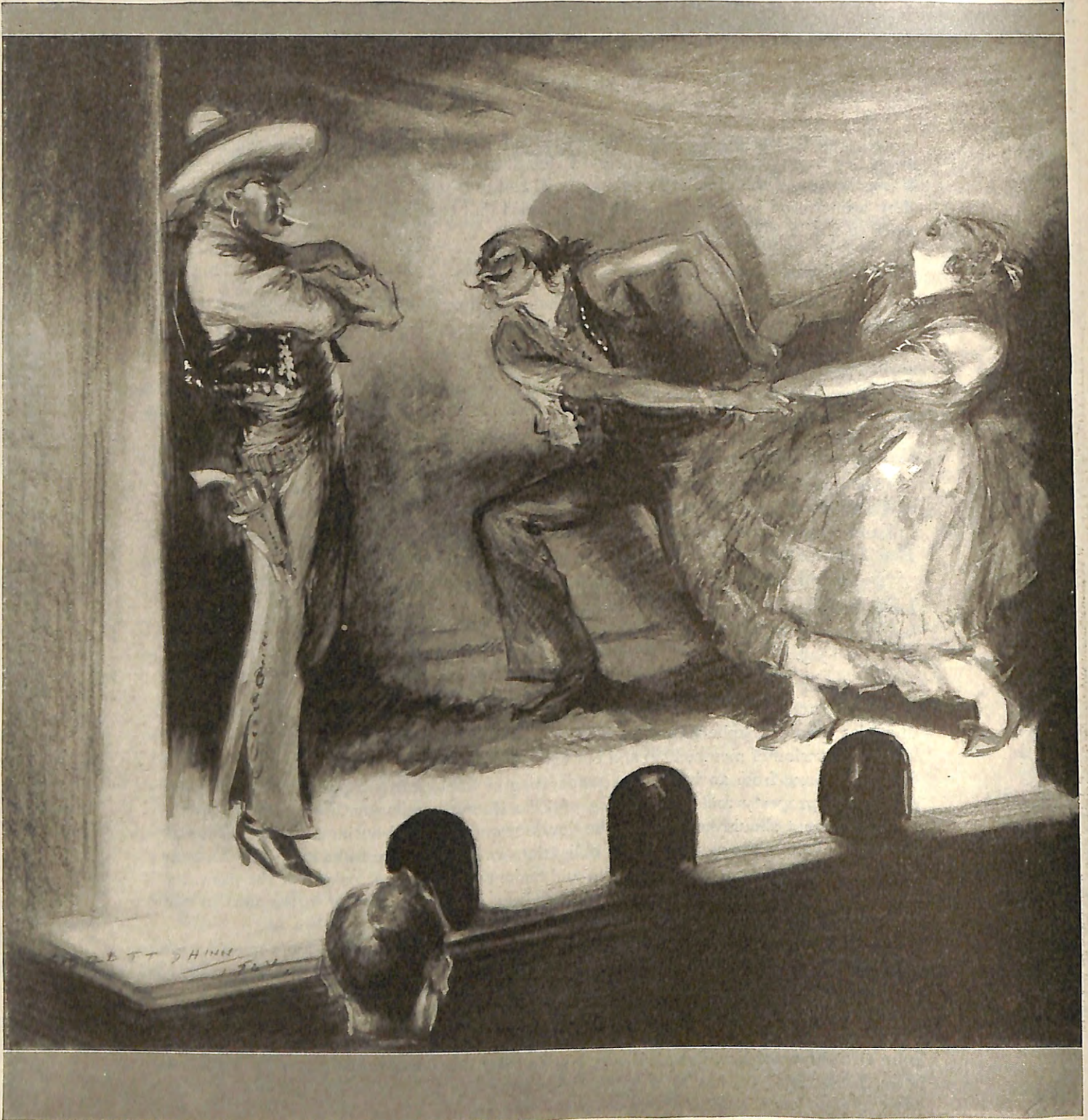
Fraternally,

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

John G. Trice
Grand Exalted Ruler.



THE scene was the big thrill of the play. The villain and his Mexicans had caught Jesse James's lady love. While she was being tied to the railroad track, the villain got another brilliant idea, to burn down Jesse James's house, so she could see her lover's home going up in smoke while she waited to be ground into a million pieces. In real life the villain was the heroine's husband. The heroine was a kittenish creature of about one hundred eighty-five pounds while the villainous Mexican who had to tie her weighed sixty pounds less.

To-morrow Night: East Lynne!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Drawings by Everett Shinn



Some Personal Reminiscences of the Precarious but Romantic Adven- tures of the Old Time "Rep Actor"

IT DOESN'T take long these days to become a patriarch. I discovered recently that it is possible to be one of those things, three years short of forty. I had happened to mention the fact that in boyhood days, I had served my time as a "rep actor."

The term is hardly known any more, except to the theatrical profession. Twenty years ago, every one knew it—especially if the place of usage was a town of five thousand and under. But now the real "rep show trouper" is as nearly extinct as the kerosene lamp and the dollar-a-day hotel in whose company he thrived: the three of them seemed to form a natural triumvirate, while the old fashioned surrey, the livery-stable horse, the irate landlady, who actually called the sheriff to collect the board bill, and the "opery" house, with a cannon-ball stove and sawdust-filled tobacco boxes punctuating the rows of kitchen chairs, held together by planks nailed beneath, formed an atmospheric background. All this belonging to the dim and distant past of twenty years ago, when a dollar was a lot of money; before the days of gasoline and limousine and the motion-picture shows. Back in the days when young swains actually "went courtin'," and they called the buggy road out by the big hedgerow: "Lover's Lane."

Gauged in years, it hasn't been such a span. In accomplishments, it has been an age; except for the tent shows and medicine outfits, which still flit about the country, the "repertory companies" have disappeared. Time was when they were as necessary as sassafras tea in the springtime or red flannels in the winter. Thus does the world move. Where once I squawked my lines of "East Lynne" or shouted my defi as Uncle Neb in the pirated production of "In Old Kentucky," there's a regular movie house now, with an electric sign in front and a clientèle which speaks in sophisticated fashion of the art of Barrymore or the directorial genius of Chaplin. And the Great Madison Square Theatre Repertoire Komedy Kompany comes no more.

In twenty years there has been a metamorphosis in small-town amusement, city folks to the contrary notwithstanding. I believe I should know. I once was one of the purveyors of that old type of entertainment. Offer the small town to-day a chance at a gin-u-wine set of German silver as a premium for a week's attendance at a "ten-twent-an'-

thirt" repertory show and he'd throw the family flivver at you. But there was a time!

All of which, in this advanced age, requires its explanation. Until twenty years ago—in fact, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, to be more exact—the motion picture was a thing only for the cities. Even then it was a precarious sort of amusement; nobody knew whether the pesky things would be any good or not. There were no photoplay theaters as such; instead, somebody bought a film, rented a vacant storeroom, put some seats and a screen in it and gave a show for a nickel. It was looked upon as a low business, about all one could see was the flicker. Even as late as 1906, I find in my scrap-books, such advertisements as the following:

FOR SALE!

Funny—Funny—Funny—Funny!

300 Feet 300 Feet
"MONKEY IN A BARBER SHOP"

Also stereopticon slides for all popular songs

If you run a real Nickelodeon

WRITE US!

But of course, such advanced things as that were only for the cities in the dark ages of eighteen years ago. Nor was it until 1907 and 1908 that they began to penetrate to the small towns, where, one by one, the "opera houses" capitulated to one-reel motion-pictures instead of "legitimate dramey." There were two reasons for the delay. One of them was the lack of electricity. The other was that the "rep show" was almost as much of a tradition as Santa Claus.

In those days there were two distinct forms of actors: those who worked in "metropolitan attractions" and those who lived by means of the "rep shows." The metropolitan actors sometimes saw the small towns through the playing of one night stands as a real attraction sought to lower the cost of transportation from one city to another. But it was indeed a rare occasion when a "rep actor" saw the city, except as a place to "join out" with a new show. He

was of the tanks, for the tanks and by the tanks, and he was proud to call himself a "tank actor." I once knew a theatrical leading man who, in the fourteen years of his experience, had never shown in a town of more than 3,000 population.

The shows? To tell the truth there was a delightful uncertainty about them, just as there was an uncertainty about everything connected with the company. The outfit was mainly judged by the number of trunks it carried; thus giving a clue to the baggage-man, the hotel keeper, the opery house owner, the restaurant man and the sheriff as to how much property the troupe possessed for attachment purposes. It was a matter of little moment, in fact, for a company to reach one town carrying with it the sheriff or constable from the last town, who would levy on the first night's proceeds and go home again, while a new sheriff would have his peg-leg pants pressed in preparation for a trip at the end of the week to make his collections in a village twenty miles distant. You've perhaps heard the expression: "One jump ahead of the sheriff?" It came from those old ten, twenty and thirty cent repertoire companies who counted themselves lucky indeed if there were not an officer of the law tagging them to collect the bills incurred in the last town.

THE "company" usually consisted of about ten persons, more or less, an "advance man," a manager, who put on his make-up, took tickets at the door, waited until the last dime was inside the house, then hurried back-stage to play his part, a leading woman, usually the manager-owner's wife, a "heavy woman" or villainess, a "heavy man" or villain, a comedian, a soubrette, a character man, for old man parts such as the Old Salt who pulls his pipe from his mouth, tips his sou-wester and exclaims, "God pity the poor souls at sea this night," a character woman, and a general conglomeration in a youth who was willing to work for his board and experience, earning his large wages by doing songs between the acts, small parts, distributing bills, being property man, stage manager, curtain attendant, song-book seller, general announcer, and keeper of the "special scenery." I was this latter.

It took fifty dollars to put out a troupe in those days. Sometimes not quite that much, depending upon how much the actors owed at the various boarding-houses of Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City, whence

most of the outfits emanated. However, fifty dollars represented an average bank-roll, the idea being to get to the first town and trust to luck. Often the luck ran the wrong way, in which case the actors either went to work or left their trunks with the landlady and "caught a black one" back to the city where, upon gaining a new engagement, the manager would advance the necessary three or four dollars to retrieve the trunk and the necessary wardrobe. In all, it lent a delightful zest of the gambling sort, both to the actor and the person who desired to see the show. Nobody ever knew whether the company would last out the week; consequently a good advance sale for a performance represented the money which came in between six o'clock at night and the time for the overture. The receipts rarely ran over two figures for the night; a hundred-dollar house was a matter for unrestrained rejoicing and much consideration. Recognition had come at last! There was not one of these actors who did not take his work and his reputation seriously; he was only playing the tanks because he never had been "discovered."

THE plays were anything which the manager-actor-owner happened to possess; and in those days the impresario's wealth was not gauged so much by his dollars as by his manuscripts. Those were the times of the "play pirates," when by the payment of a few dollars one could procure the manuscript of any play in existence. Several "playbrokers" existed who hired expert stenographers to make the rounds of all the theatres in New York, copying the plays word for word, then mimeographing them. These were sent forth to the hundreds of repertory companies on order. All that was necessary was to change the title—often not even that. But the strange part of it was that most of the new plays continued to rest in the actor-owner's trunk. The rural population of those days liked its drama raw, and it cared only for certain things. There were favorites, for instance, without which no Komedy Kompany could exist: "In Old Kentucky," "Way Down East," "Jim, the Penman," "Grit, the Newsboy," that "grand old pastoral drama, 'Roanoke,'" "Tennessee's Partner," "Jack o' Diamonds," "The James Boys in Missouri" and best and most desired, "East Lynne." Often the populations of the small towns would see all these offerings by four different companies in four straight weeks. So expert were they in their knowledge of the "drameys," that no matter how much the names were changed, to evade prosecution for play piracy, they could guess what the play really was. And they'd come to see it, if for no other reason than to gratify their curiosity as to whether this company played it better or poorer, and with more or less weeps than the company which had gone through town only a week before.

In my job as actor, bill distributor, property man, song and dance "artist," song-book seller, stage manager and scene shifter, I also was weighted with the task of making the evening announcement. There was always an announcement with these old companies; often they could not afford the printing of handbills which would give the name of the attraction for the following evening. Often too, the manager had not made up his mind what he desired most to act in; and sometimes, at the last minute, there would come a request for a certain play. That was the desired of all things, to be able to announce:

"And on to-morrow night, good people, for your entertainment, by special request of

Miss Sadie Jones of your fair city, we will produce that sterling dramey of smiles an' heartaches, that genial play of love an' heartaches, 'New England Folks,' in which Mr. Hickermann himself will play the part of the Professor. Thanking you in advance for your kind attention, after the fourth and last act, we will wish you one and all a kind goodnight."

You see, there was a stinger in that little announcement, other than the fact that Mr. Hickermann himself would play the part of the Professor. It was in the passing out of the secret that the Professor was a character in the play. Thereby, through a natural process of reasoning, the townsfolk could tell that "New England Folks" wasn't the real name of the play at all. They never had heard of a play called "New England Folks." But "New England" suggested something else: the part of the Professor gave more aid to memory, and when, on the next night we floundered through "Way Down East," nobody in the audience was surprised. They'd known all the time.

Strange, the liking they had for those old favorites. In those nightly announcements, my regular job was to tell what the attraction would be for Saturday night, when the set of German silver would be given to some lucky person who had suffered through a whole week of ranting and scenery chewing, thereby entitled to become a participant in the drawing, and when, if we had been the dramatic knockouts which we really thought we were, there'd be a "hundred dollar house." That was always the dream, a hundred dollar house! With one of those windfalls, that part of the "special scenery" which had been left in the last town as a guarantee of the payment of the hotel bill could be lifted, the trunk (well locked and weighted with bricks to make it seem important) which was being held by the landlady of two towns back, could be retrieved for future use, railroad tickets bought for the next stand and best of all, an important payment made on back salaries. So, as the show's announcer, I had my task, to whet the show-going appetite to fever pitch for Saturday night.

To that end I would tell of the production. It was to be "Broadway after Dark," or something like that. With special scenery, which had not so far been used in any of the

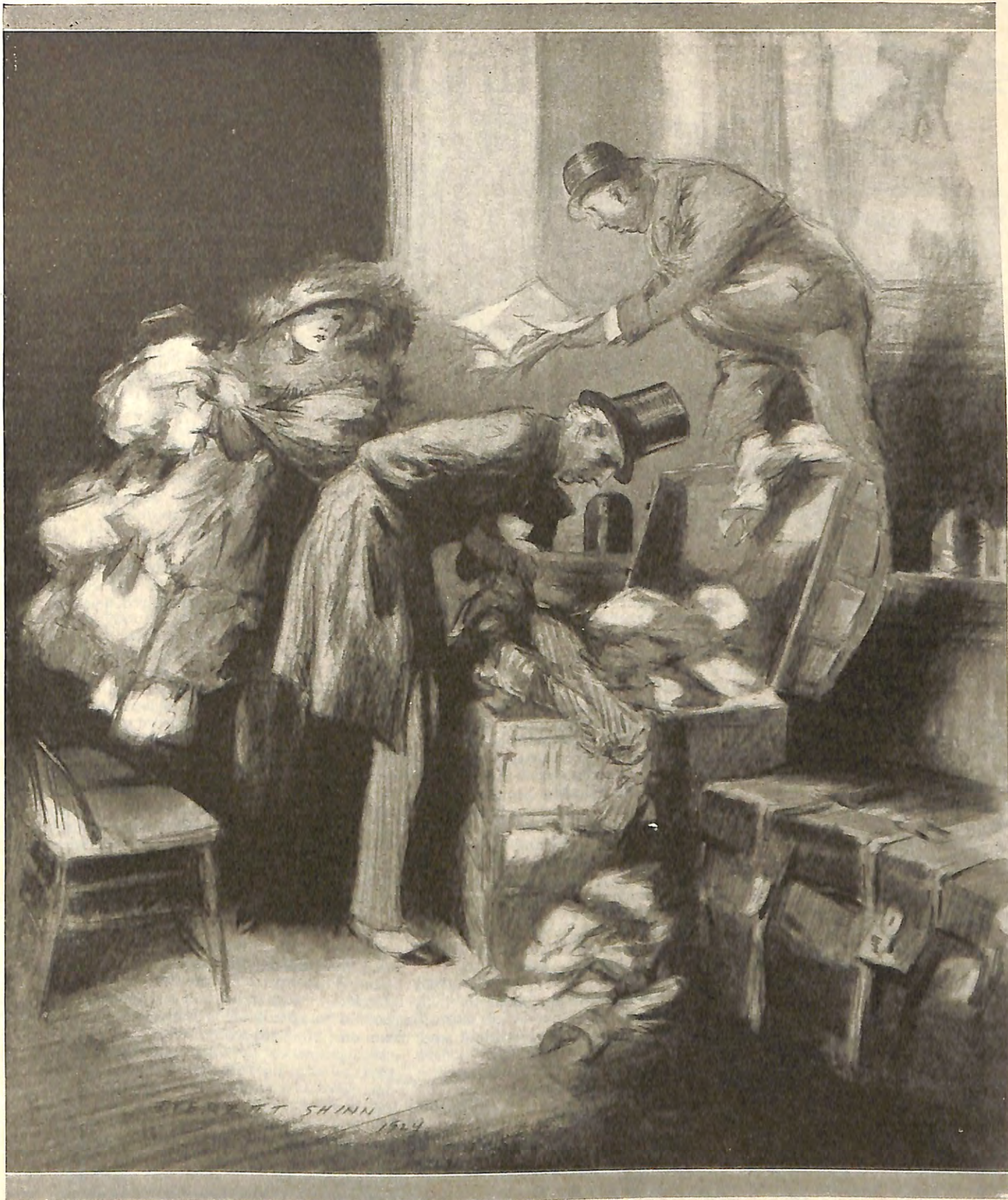
shows, and would not be displayed until Saturday night arrived. I would elaborate on that scenery, the reproduction of the gleaming lights of Broadway, the "real replica of Brooklyn Bridge," the "great harbor scene," the great ballroom spectacle "copied directly from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria." Nor did I feel the slightest hesitancy. The audience never had seen these things; neither had I. Therefore we were even and could talk about them, man to man. Nor did the fact that the general run of houses which we played consisted of nothing more than a stage about fifteen feet wide, fitted with grooves on each side against a tin ceiling in which "wings" were set, representing respectively a forest, a "drawing-room," a "palace set" and a "combination" which could be used either for the kitchen of a farmer's home or the attic roost of a starving poet, deter me. I elaborated just the same.

NIGHT after night, I would become more enthusiastic. The "drops" or back pieces of scenery, would be nothing more than crinkly, painted muslin which rolled on wobbly poles; the front curtain only different in that it showed a more or less beautiful gondola scene by some itinerant sign painter, and tastefully bedecked with scrolls advising a trip after the show to "Jake's Chili Parlor" or during the day to the "Empire Emporium, Furniture, Groceries, Hardware and Undertaking." But in spite of all that, I would tell in glowing terms of the tremendous moving panorama of New York City, showing the entire metropolis from the Statue of Liberty to Grant's Tomb. And about Wednesday night, I would reveal the Big Secret. So important was this play, so tremendous the potentialities of its acting, that this company could not hope to rise to its dramatic heights; therefore for this performance and this one only, a special leading gent and leading lady were to be imported all the way from Chicago! That was the snapper.

For when Saturday night came, and the house was more or less crowded, and the "orchestra"—I forgot to mention the fact that every company carried its own "orchestra," consisting of a man who could play the Maple Leaf Rag by ear for an overture and fake the cue music—had pounded forth his effusion, I would step before the crinkly curtain and unfold a "prop telegram" which I had written five minutes before.

I regretted exceedingly to make this announcement. However, there was nothing else to do. I had here a telegram—business of holding up same—which had brought gloom to the entire company. Also business of registering gloom. It was one of the saddest moments in the life of the Great Hickermann Comedy Theatre Repertoire Company. The leading man and the leading woman had telegraphed from the train—again business of holding up telegram—that they had been recalled by the serious illness of a very dear relative. Therefore, as everyone knew, much to the regret of the entire company, it would not be humanly possible to do credit to a tremendous production like "Broadway After Dark." And so, rather than give a mediocre performance, the Famous Great Hickermann Comedy Theatre Repertoire Company had deemed it best to forego its great spectacle of New York life and present instead that sterling play of heartaches and heartsease, that drama of love and life and sacrifice, that all-reaching dramatic effort that had so won its place in the firmament of world-theatricals, that well-known favorite of rich and poor, high and low, that masterpiece, "East Lynne."





Whereupon did the audience rise from its fastened-together kitchen chairs and, galumphing over the kerosene footlights, throw me out of the theatre? It did not. It settled into its seats with a sigh of relief and I hurried back to put on my policeman make-up for that scene where the cop sings "And her golden hair was hanging down her back!" accompanied by a heel and toe breakdown. That audience had just thought it wanted to see "Broadway After Dark." What it really had desired above all things was the weeps attendant upon the scene where Lady Isabelle comes back to her ba-bah, and dies in full view of the audience! However, please realize one thing in all of

There was no space in the dressing-room for the trunks. These were forced to recline in front of the stage in what passed as the orchestra pit, and the actors got out their wardrobe and make-up boxes before the audience arrived

this. These happenings are funny to look back upon. They were not funny then, either to the audience or to the actor. It all was in deadly seriousness. If necessary, we could have put on "Broadway After Dark." We had the scenery, which we used for San Francis Harbor, the entrance to Rio Janiero, Rome in winter and Skagway, Alaska, in summer—a wide stretch of muslin, upon which was painted with various colored dyes,

a picture of a building, a few barrels and boxes on a dock and out beyond this a beautiful stretch of water. By using dyes and muslin all that was necessary for packing was to fold up the scene and put it in a trunk. Also, by the same method, it was an easy matter to adapt the scene to any sized house; for instance if the stage were fairly large, up would go the whole thing, the scenery being put in place by tacking it to the roof or to what were known as "battens" which could be raised or lowered on ropes. If the stage were small, I simply tucked in the scene at the top and sides, eliminating the buildings or the ocean, as the

(Continued on page 50)



Birthright

A "Kentucky Canary" Proves Again That Blood Will Tell

By Odgers T. Gurnee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



IF YOU'VE ever jogged along the blue grass bordered lanes that radiate from Lexington through the thoroughbred country you will have felt something of the elusive atmosphere that distinguishes Central Kentucky from all other sections.

It is a difficult thing to pin down for close scrutiny—that atmosphere. The cold eye of outside worlds is blind to its warmer tones. Landseer or Remington might have caught it had they mounted easels at some paddock fence. Occasionally a writer translates it into terms of printed phrases. But the understanding still eludes the beholder unless he has felt the acrid tang of limestone dust in his nostrils and sniffed the pungent odor of the stables or the heavy, exotic aroma of the hemp fields under an August moon.

He must have "lived" along those pikes—perhaps a lifetime, perhaps only an hour—to truly know it. For it is an atmosphere that means little to the man who has not let it get beneath his skin. It is the tradition and the pride of birth. It is Blood!

An odd thing, that heritage of blood. And many the odd thing charged against it in the book of human events. There is drama between the lines of Burke's Peerage and the whole scale of stagecraft hidden in the pages of the Stud Book. But none that contain the elements of stark tragedy so clearly defined as in the story of Pete, the misfit mule.

Born of a mesalliance, cursed with great strength and unlovely outline, the mule is the step-child of the animal kingdom. Life service in the labor battalion of the friends of man is his sole existence, and his horizon a thing of work and woe.

But when the characteristics of the mule, from rasping love call to hair-trigger hind-legs, become blended with the warm blood of the greatest thoroughbred line in racing annals, then indeed has justice cruelly miscarried.

Thus it was with Pete. And it is of Pete, his trials and tribulations—and his supreme moment, that we tell this tale. For Pete is of the Old Frankfort Pike. Part and parcel of its charm and its tradition. Vibrantly living example of its creed and its ideal.

By conformation and the brand of a Kentucky mountain jack for sire, he is "just mule." By the accident of birth, lineal descendant of the fastest, most

courageous, most regal of all that long line of sovereigns of the turf for which his natal state is famous.

A sleepy groom in the stable that housed Fayette Belle, retired to a box stall as a prospective matron in the brooding band, and an unknown ability for topping timber on the part of a nameless jack, were the contributing causes to Pete's misfortune. An increasing quota of woe dated from that frosty February morning when he first saw the light of day and was greeted by the astonished outcry of the stud groom, the vet and the stock farm's owner.

The trio had gathered hastily to witness the advent of a hoped-for colt "by Star Dust-Fayette Belle"—and instead beheld a flop-eared, gangly-legged little animal with a ratty tail and more sense in his head than any thoroughbred that ever wore plates.

With so inauspicious a start in life, it was to be expected that "Pete" should acquire more or less of an in-grown disposition. But with the exception of the twelve months between his first and second birthdays, he had been a model mule.

When as a yearling he had his first taste of the breaking cart, Pete's soul revolted and his spirit soared in open rebellion. It took three hands the better part of two months to induce him to wear a set of harness, and pull when he was ordered.

A new band of lean-legged weanlings arrived to bound about the paddocks by the time Pete had been graduated to the indignity of work, and he watched them with mingled feelings expressed in the glint of heavy-lidded eyes and the tilt of a tapered ear.

Of these spindle-shanked, unbroken young things, one in particular held his interest. Taller by a full hand than any other colt in the band, he stood straight and clean on

perfect route-going legs, thin, long-cannoned and easy striding. A golden chestnut he was, with finely pointed head and a flowing creamy-tinted tail that waved derisively in the forefront of the band whenever they essayed a test of speed.

But it was the second April of their existence and the yearling breaking season had approached before that fraternal spirit reached visible proportions. Alexander, the dusky midget whose duty it was to straddle the lunging youngsters and stick on by virtue of a death grip in a tightly drawn cinch, was first to bring it to attention. He was lolling on the precarious perch afforded by the top rail of the paddock fence.

"How come," he demanded of the ancient negro squatting beside him, "how come 'at mule all-a time jess a settin' an' lookin' at dat big Belle colt?"

Tony, major-domo of the hands, started at the question.

"Do he?" he inquired, peering with new interest at Pete.

"YASSUH, he shuah do," affirmed the youth. He waved an excited smudge of fingers. "Jess look at him now."

The mule had wedged against the paddock fence, his head twisted at an angle of interrogative interest and his loosely hung ears waving to and fro as though to catch every passing sound. The eyes were fixed on the chestnut colt, following him as he frisked back and forth across the rolling grass plot.

"Well fo' evah moah," breathed Tony, amazement in his voice. The boy hunched closer to him. "Wot he do 'at foah?"

Tony grinned reminiscently before he answered. He was thinking of that February dawn three years before when Pete had been ushered into the world.

"Dat mule theah, Alexander," he explained, "is erlookin' at his lil' brotheh—seems lak he know it too."

Alexander was staring pop-eyed at mule and colt. Words almost failed him. All but the ever-ready, "How come?"

"Dat mule," continued Tony, with the proper dramatic pause, "dat theah mule is Fayette Belle's fust foal."

This time Alexander was speech-



It took three hands the better part of two months to induce Pete to wear a set of harness, and pull when he was ordered

Pete was blanketed and started off for the track. Tony leading him on the end of a yard-long chain; Alexander following at the rear keeping a wary eye for (motor cars



less. Even his hitherto unfailing question mark was stilled by the knowledge that, appearance and the stud book notwithstanding, the brilliant racing prospect before him was a half-brother in blood to the lowly work mule that hauled his fodder. For he was by Star Dust out of Fayette Belle, pride of the place and the thing that man had expected Pete to be, but Fate and a jackass had twisted unaware.

Pete was elected to serve as mount for the "lead boy" when the task of breaking the yearlings to saddle and bridle was undertaken. Daily the mule was saddled and taken to the big paddock where the band ran. Here a "boy," forty years old and scaling nearer 160 pounds than the usual weight for juveniles, mounted him and set out with a long length of stout rope. At the other end of the rope was a steel snapper that fastened to the bridle of the student thoroughbred.

The youngsters were brought out in turn, burdened with the still strange accouterments of the course, and, bearing Alexander on their withers, set at a gallop over the blue grass.

It was Pete's job to keep pace with them easily at the other end of the rope, allowing just enough slack to avoid jerking their still sensitive mouths and not enough to let them tear free and harm themselves in some mad dash for freedom. He went through the processes required of him in handling the other youngsters with half-shut eyes and meandering mule thoughts. But when the time came for "Shep" to gallop, the big head snapped up, the brown eyes gleamed in the sun and the great body radiated its heritage of noble blood.

"Shep," it must be added, was the chestnut's "stable name." Why and wherefore, no one knew, which is the way with all stable names. Some day soon, the Jockey Club would rule on a list submitted by his owner and a neatly lettered sign would be printed to go over his stall door. In time racing devotees in many states would hail him by that high-sounding *nom de course*; frantic thousands in many a grandstand would use it as a prayer and herald him or blaspheme him, as the case and the wager might be; but to the men who had watched him grow from wry-necked babyhood to glorious racing age, he would always be "Shep."

Two months before the racing season was scheduled to open at Lexington, groups of keen-eyed men would squat on or lean against the heavy fences while the sub-debutantes of racing were marshalled before them.

"Shep" was always the last to be shown. He was not for sale, the owner would explain, for he was saving the colt himself to win just one "Derby" before he died. So these groups watched the shiny-coated colts and fillies with polite interest and exclamations, interrupted occasionally by selling talk, until the grand finale.

THEN "Shep" would stalk majestically into the paddock. With the inherent theatricism of the blooded animal, he invariably paused on the threshold of the stable, head erect, nostrils distended, eyes looking up over the heads of the crowd before him, and legs straight and quivering as though set before a spring. Then a deep filling of the glossy, muscle-knotted chest, and out into the sunlight, with the rays flashing back darts of burnished copper from his short-bunched back and sloping thighs.

Intent on the equine king before them, none noticed the silent adorer on the other side of the square of grass. Here Pete made his abode when not between the shafts, and when the groups formed before the neighboring paddock fence and the stable door clanged open he trotted eagerly to the nearest corner of his allotted plot and hung the great head across a two-by-twelve upper rail. Unwinking, unmoving, he would stand thus until the parade was over and the colt returned to his stall. A strange, buoyant feeling would grip the mule and surging through his veins reawaken the dormant strain.

The head would go up with a jerk in imitation of the chestnut's, the same wide-eyed, regal gleam would paint the eyes, and the massive body would draw itself up in perfect alignment, hindlegs out behind it in long beautifully muscled curves, short back, straight; withers flat; forelegs out a bit in front and close together; neck straight and clean and long, and great-bowed throat latch rolling with the beating of his heart.

Unmindful of the men, now filing away in little groups, forgetful of the stringy tail and tell-tale oversized ears, the thoroughbred heart would burst its shell; the jaws would swing open, and from the depths of his being would flow—the most ungodly, unregal sound that ever blared across a stable yard. The battle-cry of a Kentucky "canary," raucous, strident, ear-filling.

Then the races came to town, and off to the track went everything on the farm that wore four sound legs, taking with them the glamor of preparation, the buoyant black boys and the merry chaffing over the favorites of this one and that. The stock farm settled down to the slow, droning summer season, with Pete, the ambling brood mares and the new crop of weanlings to work out their destinies with the aid of the oldest and most decrepit of the hands.

For weeks the big mule went through his daily work in a sort of trance, shot with only occasional flashes of his inner self. The call of the royal blood grew fainter and had time run on in the same changeless schedule, the warm blood might in another season have become completely subjugated by the cold.

But with the passing of July, a new experience was brought into Pete's life with a jolt that left him tingling.

HE WAS saddled, not with the cumbersome armload of a riding seat, but with the half-portion handful of a racing saddle; bridled, and led out on the half-mile track that constituted the great testing ground of the breeding farm. A small black boy, the lightest load he ever had carried, squatted over his withers and, whip in hand, urged him down the back stretch, fighting him into a steady, easy-going gallop.

The next day another mule made its appearance in Pete's stable and he rested regally till late sun up, while the newcomer rumbled away with the early morning load of feed.

Pete knew not, neither did he attempt to reason why this change in the course of his uneventful life had been made. In fact only two persons on earth did know and they weren't telling. Old Tony had approached the "Boss" several days before the gallop, with his dusty hat in his hands.

"Mist' John," he had said, "they's goin'

ter be the daggawndest mule race this year at the Blue Grass Fair 'at eveh was." He stopped and agitated one huge tattered shoe in the gravel walk.

"Yes," commented the breeder, with a gleam of understanding twinkling in his eyes, "that ought to be a mighty fine heat, Tony."

Tony laughed deep down in his massive black chest and brought the patting foot to a halt.

"Hit shuah will, Mist' John, an'—we all—" the foot took up the refrain again.

"Well, Tony, what's on your mind?" cut in the owner.

"Well, suh hits 'at mule Pete. We all down ter the stables thinks he mought outrun mos' enything in 'at race." He looked up for signs of support and must have seen them in the owner's eyes, for he continued:

"**A**T MULE kin run and we all 'ud shuah like ter try him out an' enteh him in 'at race ef you kin spah him. They's ernother mule down to the quarry that aint earnin' his feed and we could swetch 'em erbout twell after de race."

The owner looked across his cigar to the paddock where Fayette Belle and her new foal were idly munching tassels from the blue grass, and a smile twisted one corner of his mouth.

"Yes, that mule ought to be able to run like a fool, damn him," he said, but not unkindly. "Go to it, Tony, if he breaks a record, I'll retire him."

So it was settled and the intensive work of making an eagle out of a crow was pushed forward with all the zeal that ever attended the prepping of the swiftest colt to face a barrier.

For the first two or three mornings the gallop seemed just a playful interlude to Pete, but recollections of the yearlings learning their barrier manners and the vision of a slashing chestnut colt tearing down the stretch broke through the vista of day-long fodder hauls, and by the time the first week's exercise had been scored off, Pete had learned to break when given the word and dash down the track at top speed.

Old Tony standing by the quarter-pole would watch those flying legs through a maze of sun wrinkles about his shrewd black eyes and grin cheerfully, "Doin' half in fifty-two," he would remark to no one in particular, and shake his grizzled head in something akin to amazement.

One morning soon after Pete's first six furlong journey, the owner drove out to look him over. After a quick glance at the burnished monster in action, he waved the boy down and walked out on the track. Running a practised hand down from the withers and over the broad chest, he shook his head.

"Tony, this mule won't go a mile in fast company if you sprint him this way. Let him gallop a couple of miles every other morning for the next three weeks."

So the flair and blood tingle of the dash were discarded for the far less spectacular and more onerous drill of distance conditioning. Which did not appeal to Pete's thoroughbred side, and in remonstrance he called upon that ancient and inalienable right of his mule nature. He stopped stock still at the end of the first half mile one sparkling morning and neither the threats and entreaties of old Tony, nor the bat in the hands of his diminutive rider could sway him to motion.

So the wails of the black men again were carried to the ears of the gray-haired man.

"Try him on the road," was the gist of his advice and Tony hurried back to "try him."

Matching Ethiopian guile against mule mentality, it was planned to start him off down the unpaved lane that bordered the southern boundary of the farm and ended abruptly at the neighboring stock farm of the Carters.

A short telephone conversation preceded the first road trial. Tony was on one end and the Carters' stable groom at the other.

"Jes' open 'at gate and stay clear erway fum hit," admonished Tony into the mouth-piece. "Don' let nawthin' in his way, 'cause ef he eveh stops, they ain't nawthin' kin staht him."

Ten minutes later Pete was led out into the lane, headed east and mounted. It was two miles to the Carter gate. Approximately fourteen minutes after he had hung up the receiver, Wash, the Carter major-domo, beheld a gargantuan bay mule whirl through the gate he had just opened and round the stud barn at undiminished speed. Around the barn and out the gate again, bound west, went the flying apparition, guided by a tiny, huddled ink-spot on his withers.

Wash raced for the telephone. "Whyn't you tell me this yere thing was ercomin' rampagin' though mah back yahd a mile er minute," he shouted at Tony. "Ah weren't

no moah than erway fum 'at gate befo' he come a gallopin' right in on top o' me."

Tony made shift to answer, but was cut short by the thunder of scudding hoofs beating a steady roll across the turf. An instant later Pete charged into the dirt-floored exercise ring and skidded to a halt before his stall.

A limp black rag of a boy slid precipitately from his back and ducked for the tackle room.

"Here, yo' Alexander, where you gwine?" rumbled the old man.

"Me, Ahm gone, thass all. 'At daggawnd mule done run me round an' round 'at lane in nawthin' flat. Nossah. Ah aint riding nawthin' 'at runs all oveh eve'thin' lak him does."

Tony approached the mule slowly and with proper caution. Pete stood at his stall door gazing out across the paddocks. His enormous barrel swelled convulsively with great gulps

of air, but not a muscle quivered with fatigue.

"Lawdy, lawdy, oh mah goodness," he breathed, "four miles in ten minutes on a rough-en'-tumble ol' country lane an' not even laig weary." Reaching up to the bony head, he patted Pete between the ears. "Son, we all gwine win ahse'fs a hawse race wiff you."

And for many mornings thereafter, the graying black head nodded sagely over the performances of the big fellow. Daily the Carter gate swung open at the telephoned word, and a cloud of dust rolled down the limestone lane with Pete the galloping vortex.

BY THE time the first tinge of red had sprayed the maples in the long avenue, Pete was as stout inside and out as a "Derby" horse. The zip of the springing barrier was the bugle call that sounded the charge; a kinky-headed, shouting, arm-flopping demon on his withers was the master of his destinies and his speed, but to old Tony went the allegiance of his thumping heart.

The Blue Grass Fair maintained an ambitious, racing program which embraced as many as five good running events daily, in addition to the smaller quota of trots and livestock parades over the famous old Lexington trotting-track. The mule race, a feature that brought every dark-skinned son of the blue grass from six counties, was the special comedy attraction of the mid-week. With Pete's entry duly made and

(Continued on page 64)



Alexander caught a glimpse of Tony as they flashed past

Off Duty

Books on All Sorts of Things That Make a Holiday

By Claire Wallace Flynn

"The Idyl of the Split Bamboo"

By Dr. George Parker Holden

ONE of the most interesting and wonderful things in life is that each of us can glorify his hobby, making some one certain thing a sort of passion and handing on our enthusiasm about it to the next fellow.

I know a man who has made a collection of shoes—a stupid enough idea at the start. He began with a pair of pretty, well-made moccasins, but now fascinating satin and leather and jeweled shoes from Persia, Arabia, and the remotest islands of the Orient are represented in this strange collection. His hobby takes that man into the far corners of the earth, and to hear him expound on shoes is to listen to an artist, an historian and a great geographer.

Much the same spirit pervades this volume by Dr. Holden. The doctor claims that "the making of a split-bamboo rod is readily within the accomplishment of anyone who can handle a few of the simpler carpenter's tools." His book inspires you to go ahead, at any rate, and try it.

You begin to smell the woods in the "Idyl" on the very first page where the author tells us what kind of bamboo to choose for these beautiful home-made rods. You see it growing in the silvery groves of Cochin China. You follow it on its long voyage to America until it lands in one of the many stores of fishing-tackle dealers mentioned by Dr. Holden. From there you take your bamboo butts under your arm and hurry home to begin work according to the alluring and explicit directions set forth. Then, finally, one day you find yourself standing, hushed, beside some woodland pool, arguing it out with a speckled beauty. And in your hand is a delicate, shining rod of split bamboo that you have made yourself.

Angling leads to camping, and so, as the book works on toward its final pages and the rod is safely completed, Dr. Holden gives us much valuable information and many good tips as to camp sites, camp outfits, camp tricks (such as keeping a fire going in the open in rainy weather, a fine thing for anyone to know.)

I can not help wondering as I put this book down, how many of us have a hobby about which we know enough and love dearly enough to inspire us to write a fine, stout book of nearly three hundred pages.

It would be interesting to find out how many of us are moved by Dr. Holden's enthusiasm, how many readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will plan to make their own rods before the next trout season and how the work will progress. What about a "Split-Bamboo Club?" Will somebody start it?

"Tales of Fishes"

By Zane Grey

GENERALLY, I want Zane Grey to give me a picture of the Arizona desert and present my city-bred nose with a whiff of pungent sage. Yet here is Zane Grey begging us to listen to him as a fisherman, and a very extraordinary fisherman he appears to be, at that.

This reviewer is the last person in the world who should be judging the experiences of an angler. A man goes fishing for trout in a mountain stream or for deep-sea fighters

But no! Zane Grey has caught them, and with twentieth-century tackle—dolphins, greenish gold and speckled with brilliant blue—exactly the same breed that Captain Morgan's men caught, in all probability, from the deck of that delightful buccaneer's famous ship as it prowled on its devastating errands among the West Indies.

And there are stories of swordfish. One, (the fish not the story) weighing four hundred pounds, twelve feet in length, and all other statistics in proportion, who was practically "licked" after hours of battle, but who got away at the very last second.

Mr. Grey had to rest his blistered hands three days after that encounter. Many a fish is caught in this book—sailfish, tuna, swordfish, tarpon! Each gave the fisherman a tussle before he was landed, teaching him many wise things about the inhabitants of the deep. And, in the taking of these sporting adversaries, Zane Grey and his companions ran into many a sea adventure and many a quaint human incident. A splendid book for any one who owns a rod and a reel.

"Log Cabins and Cottages. How to Build and Furnish Them"

By William Wicks

A CERTAIN little book drifted into this department some time ago. It was a good deal the shape of a hymn book and pretty thin, so that from the outside it really didn't promise any kind of good reading at all. We opened it. Some type telling the joys of camping, the super joys of building a log cabin, the extraordinary possibilities that lie in log cottages. Some pen-and-ink sketches and diagrams.

Yawns! A dutiful perusal and the conclusion to say a few kind words for the book some day in these pages. Then the scorching weather set in. The city seethed. Asphalt melted to one's heels in crossing the streets. The imagination flew with wings to cool woods, to mountain lakes and quiet, green places where there was peace and bodily joy. In fact, the imagination flew to a little log cabin in a clearing, with a prancing brook, like a sparkling dotted line, right before its door.

Down came the thin brown volume again—and all was lost! I am completely sold out to a log cabin. I beg of you, if you have some sort of a house of dreams hidden away in your heart, don't wait until you can build a mansion. Just get this book by William S. Wicks and go to it with logs.

A very little ground, some good timber, and then, if the directions in this book are carefully followed, you can boss the job of building yourself, and get excellent results.

The very look of these cabins recalls pioneer days and brave living; the very promise of one of them, or a dream of one, would make a winter of planning and saving seem very much worth while. These little houses in the woods somehow seem to spell a complete and beautiful vacation, a holiday beyond compare. More than that, almost any one of these little log houses possesses a distinct look of "home."

(Continued on page 70)

Books Mentioned This Month

The Idyl of the Split Bamboo, by Dr. George Parker Holden. (Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, Ohio)

Tales of Fishes, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

Log Cabins and Cottages, by William S. Wicks. (Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York)

The Wisdom of Laziness, by Fred C. Kelly. Introduction by Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

Common Sense in Auction Bridge, by J. C. H. Macbeth. (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York)

How to Play Baseball, by John McGraw. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

Nine Holes of Golf, by Royal Cortissoz. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

The Brain and Golf, by C. W. Bailey. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston)

Motor Campcraft, by F. E. Brimmer. (The Macmillan Company, New York)

Sportsmen's Encyclopedia, compiled by William A. Bruette. (Forest & Stream Pub. Co., New York)

Camping Out. (A Manual on Organized Camping.) Edited by L. H. Weir, Field Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. (The Macmillan Co., New York)

where the surrounding waters are called the Pacific. He fishes and he fishes and, at the end, he either catches his fish or he doesn't. This has seemed a simple recipe for a fisherman's yarn, and still, how astoundingly different a real fisherman's yarn can be!

You find out, when reading a book like this one, that there is much more in the whole business than just fish. There are—in this case—days and nights of delight and sheer beauty on the Caribbean and among the islands of the California coast. You discover that fascinating companions seem to flock around a good sportsman and that when a real writer turns fisherman and recounts his adventures with little touches of art and suspense, why—the trick is beautifully done.

Zane Grey is president of the Long Key Fishing Club, and Honorary Vice-President of the Tuna Club of Avalon. Obviously, he did not acquire these titles without hauling in something worth while at the end of his line.

Have you ever seen any old maps, hundreds of years old, and noticed the dolphins on them, always so exuberant and so out of proportion? And didn't you, along with a lot of us, think that they had practically disappeared from the sea with the passing of the Spanish galleons and the pirates?

The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

EVERY once in a while a great editor takes some episode in sport to point a moral or adorn a tale and usually takes off on the wrong foot. This should check any commentator who feels compelled to draw any lesson from the last Olympic Games, excepting that the Americans are great athletes. But there was one defect in the American track team that stood out at Colombes Stadium. In the Olympic Games four years previous the same defect was evident at Antwerp.

In both of these meets the American track team was comparatively weak in men for the distance races, the events which more than any of the others call for endurance and stamina. It is agreed, even by those who were loudest in the rejoicing over the achievements of the American athletes, that the stars of Colombes Stadium were the two Finns, Nurmi, who won three distance events laughing at the pack, and the forty-year-old Stenroos, who won the Marathon.

It is my notion that sport is only sport, and that the lesson taught by sport, if any, is not of any particular import. Yet the fact remains that our athletic teams rather reflect the national life of the United States. In events that call for dash and speed they excel, but in the events that call for endurance and dogged perseverance, the athletes of the Old World are still their masters.

The American turf reflects this too. They are breeding their horses for speed rather than stamina. The tendency is to cut the distance of the races. The popularity of the steeplechase has waned steadily despite the efforts of some of the turfmen to keep alive the interest in it. Our thoroughbreds are being made into neurotic speed machines. Our athletes, too, seem to be bred only for the events that call for sudden nervous effort, and these are the sort of events that burn out nervous energy most quickly.

I merely point this out and assert that it is something more than a coincidence that our athletes in two successive meets with the best of our brawn and muscle assembled against the best of the world triumphed in the events calling for dash and speed, only to seem comparatively weak in the events that called for endurance.

But I am not "viewing with alarm," as they say. Finland, according to the scoring of the last Olympic games, has the hardier and the more durable athletes. But what is the place among the nations in other lines of endeavor of Finland, the land of tireless distance-runners? As I have maintained, you can not draw much of a lesson from sports.

* * *

NOW that the Olympic Games are over and another Olympiad must pass before the next meeting, I still maintain that the



PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The pictures on this and the opposite page are taken from slow-motion films of Miss Aileen Riggan and Miss Helen Wainwright in the act of executing what seem to be perfect dives. Among the leading fancy divers of the United States, the Misses Riggan and Wainwright were in the group which helped bring the Olympic victory to this country

program for the games should be simplified, concentrated and dramatized, if you like.

Let us take some of the events staged in the last Olympic games. I will run over a few, with the winning nations in brackets:

Ice hockey (Canada), speed skating (Finland), figure-skating for men (Sweden), figure-skating for women (Austria), skiing (Norway), Rugby football (United States), Soccer football (Argentina), polo (Argentina), rifle-shooting (United States), pistol-shooting (United States), trap-shooting (United States), moving deer shooting (Great Britain), wrestling (United States), track and field (United States), water polo (France), rowing (United States), pentathlon (Sweden), gymnastics (Italy), swimming (United States).

Of these sports those that are essentially winter sports should be eliminated. Obviously the winter sports are for the people of the north countries and the north temperate countries exclusively. The football events could be very well omitted, because Rugby and Soccer football are not universal games. If they are to be maintained, the English might as well insist upon cricket and the Americans clamor for baseball in the Olympic Games.

Polo, of course, is a magnificent and ancient sport and should be maintained. The shooting events, while they are away from the spirit of the old Olympic games, also are universal. Wrestling naturally belongs, for that is truly Greek and a universal sport. All nations row and all nations swim.

The gymnastic event also belongs, though this is one in which the United States perhaps never will excel. The Americans do not take so kindly to organized games, where the individuals are submerged.

When they hold another athletic conference such as the one held at Lausanne they might go over these matters and arrange for the next Olympic games a program that would be fairer to all of the nations and a much more interesting and dramatic competition.

* * *

ONE writer became very much agitated because the American boxing team at the Olympics did not win all of their bouts by straight knockouts. He saw in this indications that the time was coming when the American dominion over cauliflower eardom would be ended, and some Finn or Argentinian would be wearing the mantle of the late John L. Sullivan.

There is no fear of anything of the sort. Remember that the American boxers sent to the Olympics were amateurs. At the current writing our professionals hold the championships in every recognized class in the boxing game, and they will continue

to hold these titles while the purses hold out. There are no signs at present that the purses will diminish.

Very few good boxers remain amateurs in the United States. The financial inducements are too alluring. If boxing had been on a purely amateur standing in the United States, Mr. Jack Dempsey probably would be a coal-miner, Benny Leonard would be in cloaks and suits, and Pancho Villa would be planting rice or insurging on the Island of Luzon in the Philippines. Boxing has become a highly lucrative business in the United States, and while it has this status America will continue to rule the ring.

Only once in recent years was the heavyweight title, the proudest jewel in our cauliflower crown, even menaced. That was when Señor Luis Angel Firpo knocked our champion, Mr. Dempsey, out of the ring. But our champion came right back and knocked out Señor Firpo. That was Firpo's great moment. He never will come that close to winning the heavyweight title again, though for about six seconds it looked as though the capital of cauliflower eardom would be Buenos Aires.

* * *

IT WAS a rather lugubrious picture that this writer produced. He was looking gloomily into the future when the American ring would be in about the condition the British ring is to-day. Joe Beckett, stretched on his back, epitomizes English boxing of the period.

There was a time when prize-fighting was exclusively a British sport. The science of boxing was fostered and developed by the English. The Marquis of Queensberry Rules, amending the London prize-ring rules, were written by an English nobleman, who must now be ever and anon rolling over in his sepulcher, if he has heard anything concerning Joe Beckett, the horizontal English champion, the successor of the Belchers and the Maces.

The last title held by the English was the tiniest. It was the flyweight title held by Jimmy Wilde, who came to this country to lose it to Pancho Villa, a sort of stepson to Uncle Sam. Mr. Tex O'Rourke, an American boxing expert, has been hired by some Englishmen of wealth to comb Great Britain for heavyweight championship prospects. That was nearly a year ago and the expedition headed by Mr. O'Rourke has reported little, if any, progress.

There is no guessing as to who the successor of Jack Dempsey may be, for the current heavyweight champion has no desire to retire, and there seems to be little prospect of his being retired involuntarily. But when Mr. Dempsey tosses aside his championship coronet or has it bounced from his head, the successor will be an American. The financial inducements to try for the heavyweight championship are so adequate that they will insure an American succession to the throne of the late John L. Sullivan almost in perpetuity.

When Benny Leonard is displaced as lightweight champion, it will be by some other bright young business man trained in the same sort of environment that produced the celebrated Benjamin. No, there is no cause for alarm as to the future of our cauliflower crop.

* * *

THE attendance at big-league baseball games has fallen off this year, not to what might be called an alarming extent, but there has been a big enough decrease in receipts to make the man with millions



invested in this particular form of amusement a little thoughtful. Persons with millions invested are prone to thought now and then.

Many maintain that the decrease in interest shown is due to the fact that the New York Giants and the New York Yankees have won the pennants in their leagues for three years in succession and seem on the way to make it four years. The success of the Giants and the Yankees, obviously, is due to the fact that they were able to buy players, regardless of price, to keep them in the running.

This made money seem to play a prominent part in baseball success, and such has been the case. The game began to savor of "Wall Street" and "Wall Street" is the bugaboo with which they frighten children in cities outside of New York. The situation has emphasized the business side of the national pastime and the business side does not fascinate.

There is another reason why the attendance in the grandstand is diminishing gradually. This is the growth of interest in golf. Many a tired business man who used to find relief from the cares that oppressed him by basking in the sun and complaining about the umpiring now spends his spare afternoons on the links. He has found a new interest, and his devotion to the national pastime diminishes. He can get all of the scores by radio at the country club.

I have half a notion that some of this objection to the baseball player taking up golf during the season is because of this. The old-time manager, seeing in the growth of golf a menace to his own business, gives vent to his jealousy by forbidding his players the freedom of the links. But nothing can stop this growth of interest in golf. That game is here to stay and to take more customers from the ball parks each year.

* * *

MY OWN theory I offer to the worried magnates for what it may be worth. I am inclined to believe that the lack of interest is due somewhat to the lack of colorful figures in baseball.

Look back to the days when Charley Dryden founded the new school of baseball writing. He had players like Rube Waddell to write about. There are no Rube Waddells around to-day and certainly no Charley Drydens. The present generation does not know of Rube Waddell and not so many of them will recall Charley Dryden. I wish somebody would republish some of Dryden's every-day baseball stories. While the games and the men would be half forgotten, those stories would sound as crisp and bright as they did in the days when they were written.

The baseball magnates owe a debt to Dryden that they never can repay. The cut-and-dried accounts of baseball would have interested only the few rabid fans. But Dryden wrote into his stories things that made even those who never went to baseball games chuckle and take notice. Eventually they did go to ball games and got to thinking they saw the incidents and the people that Dryden saw.

It came to pass that Dryden founded a school of baseball writing of which Ring Lardner became the prize pupil. But that school seems to be about dying out. Also there is a decided lack of color about the baseball player. The "nut" baseball player is almost entirely extinct, and your big-league player of to-day, with a very rare exception here and there, is a serious

(Continued on page 49)



They Named Him Hezekiah, But He Was the King of Diamonds—and of Hearts

WE WERE one pitcher short of the pennant. I was coachin' the pitchers for the Big Town bunch that year an' even before we started North from the trainin' camp I told Snooter Carmody, our manager, what was which.

"One more good pitcher, Snooter," I told him, "an' barrin' bad luck we'll be splittin' world series dough in October."

"Can't you make a good one out o' some one o' these youngsters?" he asks me.

"Oh, sure," I says, layin' on the sarcasm like free molasses on home-made hot cakes. "Sure I could, but I don't like to interfere with none o' their careers," I says. "I'd rather have 'em follow their own ideas an' grow up to be honest truck drivers an' coal heavers like they was born to be," I says.

"I don't know why we got you on the payroll," Snooter says. "Good pitchers don't need you an' you can't do anything with the bad ones. What do we pay you for anyhow?"

"For bein' smart enough to make suckers like you think I'm worth what I get long enough to make you sign your fool names to a long-time contract," I says. "Aside from that I get dough for bein' able to make real good pitchers an' awful lot better an' pretty good ones good enough. The better they are the more you can help 'em an' the worse they are the less any coach can do for 'em. You got some o' the worst ivory masqueradin' as promisin' young boxmen that I ever see gathered together in one dinin' room. Not a one o' the lot comin' through to win for you."

"You don't think we might get by on what we got?" Snooter asks with a wistful expression on his fat red face.

"We might," I says. "Two or three teams might get in railroad wrecks an' lose most o' their good men an' two or three more might have an epidemic o' smallpox or cholera or somethin' an' if that happened we might come through."

"I don't know who I can get," Snooter says, gloomy as an owner on a rainy Sunday mornin' with a sure capacity double-header scheduled an' no hope of a clear-up. "I'll have to think."

"Don't do that except as a last resort, Snooter," I advised him. "If a guy figures on thinkin' he ought to start in easy some time before he's forty. Lots o' times the first attempt's fatal to a guy your age."

"Is that so!" Snooter says, doublin' up his fists an' scowlin'.

"Yes," I says, makin' myself ten knuckles an a sour face to match his. "That's so!"

We were all set to take a smash apiece at each other, but just then Helen Barrett come in the room an' spoiled the fight. Helen was Carmody's niece. Her father an' mother had kicked off when she was a kid an' Snooter an' his wife had raised her. She knew the battin' averages in both leagues before she knew her grammar an' she could tell you what to pitch in a pinch to any three hundred hitter on our circuit before anybody had got around to tellin' her what states bound Kansas an' who first got his face dirty washin' it in the Mississippi an' such. She was nineteen years old at this time I'm talkin' about an' so pretty that women hated her on sight an' then got introduced to her to find out what she did for her complexion. She was such a good looker she could a' had any ball player in the business for a husband, an' she had so much sense she wouldn't have any of 'em for anything more than just a good friend. An' not too good a friend at that, what I mean. She knew too much about the noble athletes to suffer from any silly hero worship.

"**WELL!**" she says, walking between Snooter an' me. "What are you two gray-haired old children fussin' about now?" Snooter told her.

"You boys are just crammed with good sense, aren't you?" she said. "Your little heads are so full o' brains they're just about ready to crack. From the way you act I guess they already have cracked. Take me to lunch now, the pair of you, to the swellest place in town an' split the check between you just for bein' naughty. You've got the biggest bankroll an' the best coach in baseball, so why worry about a pitcher? Between you you'll buy or build one that'll do."

"Oh, I s'pose I'll get one somewhere," Snooter grumbled.

"Yeh," I says. "You'll get a lump of raw ivory an' tell me to carve you a big league star out of it an' please hurry. I know!"

"Just for those harsh words," Helen says, "you'll not only take me to lunch, but you'll buy me a box for the matinee an' I'll call up a lot o' my girl friends an' throw a party."

A week or ten days later Snooter come to me an' told me who he'd got for a pitcher.

"I thought you told me you was goin' to think!" I says.

"Pitchers ain't like poems," Snooter says. "You can't just sit in your room an' think



All or Nothin'

By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



'em up. An' you can't buy or trade for a good one this year. I'd have to give my whole ball team an' a half interest in the club for any pitcher with an even chance o' windin' up the year with more wins than losses. I know all the talk about this guy Hostetter, but he's all I could get an' I got him. Did you ever hear what his first name is?"

"No," said I. "Ezekiel?"

"Close," says Snooter. "Hezekiah."

We'd been hearin' of this fellow Hostetter for two or three years an' nothin' we'd heard had caused us to spend carfare goin' after him. He lived some place away back yonder an' away up high in the Tennessee mountains an' his favorite sports were huntin' an' fishin'. Once in a while he come down into the civilized lowlands where there were level spots large enough to lay out a diamond on an' pitched for the local semi-pro team, an' whenever he did we had word of him. One time he struck out twenty-seven men. O' course they were prob'ly twenty-seven o' the worst ball players that ever had on uniforms, but even so, fannin' the boys one-two-three for nine innin's is somethin' to write pieces about. Every time he pitched he pulled off some sensational stunt, but he didn't pitch often. That's where you begin to get down to the reason why he'd never been signed up by any league club, minor or major. To begin with he was a port-side pitcher—a left-hander. Accordin' to what we'd heard this guy Hostetter would

pitch a few innin's an' then decide he'd rather go fishin'. An' decidin' was doin' with him. He'd leave the game flat on its back an' go fishin'. Sandy Merlin went down once an' tried to sign him for the Cubs.

"Is Chicago bigger'n New York?" this guy Hostetter asks him.

Bein' a native of Chi, Merlin explains that the town ain't exactly bigger, but it's plenty better.

"No," says Hostetter to him. "If I'm goin' to leave home an' play ball I'm goin' to go to the bigges' town they is."

Merlin argued with him some more an' finally Hostetter says to him: "I'll wrassle you fer it. If you throw me I'll go up to Chicago with you an' play ball just for my meals an' clo'es an' a place to sleep. If I throw you, you go on along an' leave me be."

Merlin's a big strong man an' he took a try at it, but he says this guy Hostetter just kind o' broke him in two an' threw him away. He says he's the strongest man he ever seen.

"Can he pitch?" I asked Merlin when he was tellin' me about this.

"PITCH!" says Merlin. "He can stand off from a fence the pitchin' distance an' hang balls on a nail drove through from the other side all day long. That's how good his control is. An' speed! After you watch that long, addle-pated mutt smoke 'em in for a while you come to know that Walter Johnson's fast one is nothing' but a floater. Pitch! He's got more raw pitchin' stuff than any man I ever saw an' I wouldn't have him at a dime a dozen. He's a bug an' the manager don't live that can handle him."

An' this was the guy that Snooter Carmody had got for the extra pitcher we needed!

A few days later Snooter called me in the morning an' asked me to run up to the club house.

"What's doin'?" I asked him.

When he got to floppin' them un- gainly, long legs an' arms o' his around he got an effect that just stood the crowd on its ear. George Bromley yelled at me like a madman. "Get that guy. Get him. Bring him here"

"He's here," says Snooter in a queer voice.

"He?" I says. "Who?"

"Hezekiah," says Snooter.

"Oh," I says. "Him. Is he as bad as you sound over the phone?"

"I can't make no sounds that would come anywhere near bein' the truth," he says. "I ain't got that kind of a throat. Hurry!"

I GRABBED a cab an' busted up to the club house to have a look at the disaster with my own eyes. When I first got a slant I started to laugh. But I stopped before I started. I flatter myself I know somethin' about human nature an' after all this guy Hezekiah Hostetter was human, even if he didn't quite look it. He was human an' I could tell by the look on his face that he expected me to laugh an' that he also expected to do somethin' that would make me sorry that I had. So I fooled him an' didn't.

It was real easy for me to lay off doin' somethin' I figured Hezekiah might not like. Right from the first it was. There were several reasons why. One of 'em was that he was six foot six inches tall. Another one was he had the biggest an' the strongest lookin' hands I ever see hangin' out the ends of coat sleeves that covered human arms. The third was that, while he looked as thin an' scrawny as an undersized beanpole, he also looked as hard an' powerful as six foot six inches o' wire cable. An' from the look in his face an' eyes I gathered the idea that doin' anything he didn't want done would be just the same as electrifyin' that much wire cable with enough juice to maim or kill an' then tryin' to bite it in two with your bare teeth—which I think you'll agree ain't sense.

At that I had to do a day's work in thirty seconds to keep from laughin' in his face—an' at his face too. His neck was as long as an ordinary guy's forearm an' not much bigger around. There was an Adam's apple in it about the size and general appearance of the breast of a young roasted chicken and it bobbed around all the time like an overgrown wart with the St. Vitus dance. When you got up past the neck without havin'

RAY
ROHN

hysterics your troubles were only begun. He had one o' these naked haircuts. Nothin' showed but skull, o' course, but there was so much o' that it made you kind of ashamed for him. His head reminded me a little bit of a chicken that had been picked alive an' then turned loose to run around without no feathers on it. He had a high, thin forehead an' little bits o' light blue eyes set wide apart. His nose was the size of a young cucumber an' his mouth was so big that if it hadn't been for his chin you'd o' thought his throat was cut all they way around. He was sunbrowned to the color of a nice old saddle an' such hair as the hick barber who trimmed him up had left on his dome was a sort of a dull, brick-dust red. The coat sleeves an' trouser legs o' his well wrinkled suit o' hand-me-downs were inches too short an' the bottom o' the vest missed meetin' the top o' his pants by plenty. He wore a pair o' yellow Oxfords that were yellow. Not tan, mind you. Yellow with a big Y. An' if they were less than number fourteen then I'll own up that my eye for size is no good.

SNOOTER CARMODY was nursin' his hand when I come in an' lowin' on his knuckles as though he'd burnt 'em. He introduced me an' Hezekiah shook me by the hand. When he got through shakin' I knew what ailed Snooter. Grip? Just like a gorilla! Them big fingers o' his went around your hand like so many steel bands an' when they tightened a little you knew that he could squash your bones like eggshells if he wanted to.

"Mistah Cahmody, he tell me you's the teacheh' at learns pitchin' to folks 'at's goin' to play on you' team," he draws, grinnin' down at me.

"That's about the idea," I said.

"Ah reckon you can't learn me nothin'," he said. "Ah can th'ow 'em straight an' fas' an' ah reckon ain't nobody can do mo'."

"He wants to pitch all the games or not pitch at all," Carmody said.

"'At's right," Hezekiah said. "All o' nothin'." 'At's me."

"You're crazy," I told him. "You can't pitch 'em all."

"Ah may be crazy an' then agin ah may not be," he said. "But ah got sense enough in mah haid to know what ah goin' to do an' what ah ain't goin' to do. Ah ain't goin' to be no A pitcher foh no team. Ah goin' to be The pitcher or nothin'."

I smoothed out my temper an' explained to him that no one pitcher could possibly work in every game for a big league team. He listened to what I said, but it meant nothing to him.

"Guess ah don't want to play on you' team," he said when I got through. "Ah'll walk aroun' a little an' look at you' town an' go on home again."

I cut in there with fifteen minutes o' hot talk tryin' to get it across to him what havin' a chance to play with us meant.

"Ah don' reckon ah'd have no mo' fun than down home," he said when I got through.

"What do you do down home?" I asked him.

"Oh this an' that," he said. "Ah fiddle an' jig an' hunt an' fish an' now an' again ah gits religion an' does a little preachin'."

"Preachin'!" I said.

"Yes indeedy, suh," he said. "When the sperrit moves me

ah'm a right pow'ful preachin' man. Co'se mos'ly ah backslides an' then ah fiddles an' jigs an' hunts an' fishes an' sometimes makes me a little co'n liquor. Ah got plenty fun down home. Reckon ah'll go on back."

"Let him go," said Snooter to me. "Maybe he can pitch, but if I got to handle him to win a pennant, I'll go without."

An' right there Helen Barrett blew in.

She'd been ridin' over in Van Cortlandt Park an' she still had her habit on. An' she done credit to a ridin' habit I'll say. She was slim an' straight an' her light gold hair an' blue eyes an' high color showin' up above the black o' the costume. Boy!

She stood there in the doorway lookin' from Snooter an' me to Hezekiah an' back again, waitin' to be introduced.

"This is Hostetter," Snooter mumbles finally, scowling at the long hill billy. "My niece, Miss Barrett."

Hostetter looked a little bit like somebody had just hung one of Jack Dempsey's left hooks on his chin. He had that funny dazed look that guys get when that happens to 'em.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, givin' Hezekiah the best she's got in the way of a friendly smile in addition to her right hand in greetin'.

"Our new pitcher."

"No," Carmody growls. "He ain't goin' to pitch for us."

"He's not?" said Helen. "Why what's the matter?"

"Nothin' the matter, ma'm," Hezekiah says in a funny soft voice, still holdin' on to her hand an' lookin' at her steady in that queer dazed way. "You' uncle he didn't tell you right. Ah'm heah fo' to pitch fo' you' team an' that's what ah aim to do."

"Willin' to take your turn in the box?" Snooter asked.

"Yes suh," said Hezekiah, meek as any sucker tryin' to win himself a pleasant look an' a table from a headwaiter in a Broadway gyp joint on a busy night.

"Willin' to behave yourself an' work hard an' learn what I got to teach you?" I inquired, very stern.

"Yes suh," said Hezekiah. "Yes indeedy."

"All right," Snooter says. "Go sift yourself into a uniform an' we'll see whether you got anything worth botherin' with or not."

"Yes suh," says Hezekiah.



Grip? Just like a gorilla! Them big fingers o' his went around your hand like so many steel bands

All this time he'd been holdin' onto Helen's hand. All of a sudden he seemed to realize this. He blushed the color o' the inside o' a wet red paint can an' let go.

"Scuse me, ma'm," he said, backin' toward the door. "Ah didn't go for to act fresh. Ah'm right glad ah seen you an' ah hopes we'll meet some mo'."

"What's the big idea?" Helen asked when he was outside and headed for the dressin' room.

"Depends on what he's got," said Snooter. "If he's a pitchin' man the big idea is that you're a shepherd for the season an' he's your woolly lamb. You're prob'ly the only person in the world who can make him roll over an' play good dog an' if we need him that's goin' to be your job."

IT TURNED out that he was the kind of a pitchin' man we needed an' the world knows now that he had somethin'. I'll say! Battin' against him was just like standin' up there at the plate an' havin' an artilleryman shoot solid shot past you with a field piece. He had nothin' but smoke an' control, but plenty o' them two things are enough. An' Hezekiah had plenty. No man in baseball ever had near as much.

An' he handled just like mama's precious little pet. O' course Helen Barrett did the handlin'. I never see a grown man so willin' to behave himself every day in every way. She didn't have to bother with him much. Once in a while she'd leave him take her to lunch or to a show an' then she'd tell him to do whatever Snooter an' me wanted done. He turned in more winnin' games than any other pitcher on the team an' then came through with three o' the four wins that got us the heavy end o' the World Series stuff.

An' then come the blow off! After the big celebration was over Snooter put on a kind of a family party at the Cranford Hotel on Upper Broadway just for the ball players an' their relatives. It was while this party was goin' on that Helen Barrett come flyin' up to me with her cheeks lookin' like white hot metal an' her eyes full o' sparks.

"That baboon!" she says, grabbin' me by the coat. "That great ugly baboon! Somebody ought to kill him for that."

"What's up?" I asked her.

"Plenty!" she said. "He asked me to marry him!"

Just then Hostetter come up with the marks of Helen's fingers still showin' on his cheeks where she'd slammed him when he offered her his heart an' hand.

"Go away!" she snapped at him. "I never want to see you again."

"Ah'm goin'," he said. His voice was hardly more than just a whisper an' yet it had such a throb o' sheer power in it that it startled me as much as though he'd yelled in my ear. "Ah made a mistake an' ah know it. You made a mistake too, but you ain't found it out yet."

"I made a mistake!" Helen exclaimed scornfully. "I like that. I made a mistake! The only mistake I made was in thinkin' I could be polite to a baboon like you without bein' insulted for it."

"No," Hezekiah said. "That was not the mistake you made. Good-by."

He went away from there then, walkin' straight an' firm an' as he went I noticed for the first time how he'd improved. He had on clothes that fit him an' he wore them pretty good. His hair was cut in a civilized way
(Continued on page 44)



Lillian Gish
in
"Romola"

HAVING sampled the savor of making Italian pictures on their home stamping ground by the filming of "The White Sister," Lillian Gish became quite infatuated with the atmosphere and decided to stop over for the dramatizing of another famous novel laid in the southland—George Elliot's "Romola." Associated with her in this picture are Herbert Grimwood and Signor Ibanez, shown here (right). Above Miss Gish appears as the lovely and ill-fated Romola, patiently reading from the long scrolls to her blind father





Cynthia Stockley may or may not have had pretty Betty Compson in mind when she wrote "Dalla, the Lion Cub," the screen version of which is called "The Female." In any case the play is ideally suited to give Miss Compson opportunities to display her ability to appear equally alluring in rags as the untamed child of the African jungle, and as a gorgeously gowned woman of the world

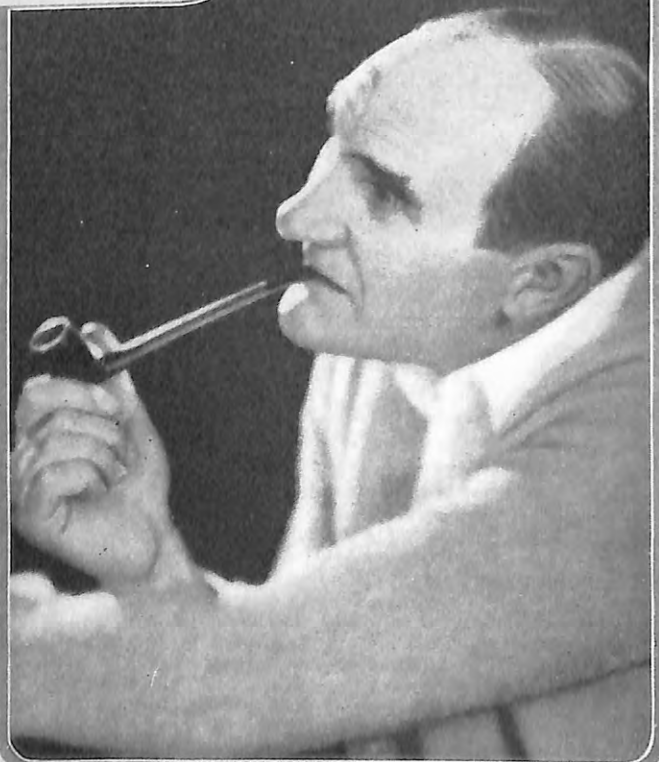
EDWIN BOWEN HESSEL

Ernest Torrence (below), acknowledged one of the screen's most successful character-actors since the days of his unforgettable impersonation in "Tolable David" down through plays too numerous to catalogue, to his present appearance in "The Side Show of Life"—adapted from the well-known play entitled "The Mountebank"



HENRY WAXMAN

Clyde Fitch's well-known stage success "Barbara Frietchie" is now in process of being transformed into a great patriotic spectacle for the screen. Florence Vidor will have the title rôle which was formerly played by Julia Marlowe





PHOTOS BY
EDWIN
BOWER HESSER

Scenarios of adventure and love stories we produce in quantity but when something bizarre is wanted we turn to a French importation such as "Open All Night," by Paul Morand, in which Jetta Goudal is the star

Corinne Griffith, one of the brightest luminaries of the movie world. "Single Wives" has recently been released and she is now working with Ian Keith on a play, the tentative title of which is "Wilderness" (left)



There are in every generation of actors a few who attain a warm spot in the affections of their audiences without ever attaining to the coveted state of stardom. Pauline Starke is one of these. She has lately been filmed in James Hearne's old vehicle "Hearts of Oak" and will be seen in "The Man Without a Country" and Dante's "Inferno"



The Sun Parlor



A Great Gift to the Nation

Dr. Walter E. Traprock Presents His Important Collections to the Nation at Large

"**T**HERE," said Dr. Traprock, signing the document with a flourish, "it is done." I looked at the noted traveler inquiringly.

"This paper," he explained, "is a deed of gift, in fee-simple of the simplest sort, of my lifework to date. It conveys to the United States Government my entire Museum of Perfectly Natural History to be maintained by them in perpetuity."

"Doctor," I gasped, "this is a magnificent thing. Have you any idea of the value of your amazing collection?"

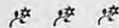
"It is priceless," he said modestly. "Several times I have sought to have the collection valued by the people who do that sort of thing, but the task was beyond them. They have refused to even attempt to set a value upon it. You see, it contains so many things that could never be duplicated.

"My collection of eggs alone is worth many times its weight in gold. One of the great exhibits in this department is my pair of Fatuliva eggs, the only square eggs known to ornithology. They are perfect cubes, the corners being slightly rounded by all-merciful Nature. Some scientists, seeing the curious dotted markings, have pointed out that they looked very much like large dice. This is true, but that is only a proof of early negroid influences in the Filbert Islands where

Sketches by
John Held, Jr.

they were found. Others have argued that no bird could ever possibly lay a square egg, but these I have silenced by pointing out that senators, Congressmen, and others in public life daily lay corner-stones. It is, therefore, manifestly easy for a bird to lay a square egg.

"Then there is my Pemmican egg, brought back from the icy wastes north of the Arctic circle. The Pemmican, or arctic crow, is the only bird known that lays its egg by the explosive method. It is an astounding thing to see. I shall never forget the morning I watched the process. A pair of Pemmicans, mistaking the crow's-nest of my yawl, the *Kawa*, for their own habitat, had mated, nested, and incubated. At the proper biological moment the mother bird rose from the nest, clutching the great egg to her breast in her strong claws. Thrice she flew around the ship until she was directly over a smooth floe when I saw the egg descending through the air. It struck the ice, exploded with a dull "Boom," followed by a cloud of sulphur-colored smoke and a very peculiar odor, in the



We Are Seven

(As written by William Wordsworth,
Late Instructor at the Grasmere Golf Links)

I MET a golf beginner's ball:
It was eight weeks old, it said;
Its face was sad, with many a gash
That clustered round its head.

It had a hacked and battered air,
And it was stained with mud;
Its shape was such I felt despair
And pity stirred my blood.

"Sisters and brothers, little ball,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," it said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
It answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us out of bounds do dwell,
Two are lost near one tee;

"Two of us in the long grass lie;
And I myself still smother
Deep in the golf-bag pocket—I
Will play, some day or other."

"You say that two are in the rough,
And two lost near one tee,
Yet ye are seven? Can that stuff,
And tell how this may be!"

Then did the little ball reply,
"Seven good golf balls are we;
Two of us in the rough do lie,
Beyond the seventh tee."

"You roll about, my little ball,
Your core it is alive;
If two are lost beyond recall,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little ball replied,

"Twelve holes or more from the clubhouse door,
And they are side by side.

"He often hits the ceiling there,
And tears his card to bits:
It makes me pale to hear him swear,
I'm scared out of my wits;

"For often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
He whales me with a niblick, sir,
And knocks me over there.

"The first he lost was Sister Jane,
He hit her with a shriek,
And knocked her into, it was plain,
The middle of next week.

"So, with the lost balls she was laid,
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the sun was scorching bright,
And I could roll and hide,
My brother John gave up the fight,
And he lies by her side."



Ancient: What! Do my old eyes deceive me? Can that really be Slim Slocum—working?
Modern: Naw, Gran' pop, he's acting in do movies—posing as Abe Lincoln splitting rails. (Walter F. Desmond)

midst of which I saw the fledging Pemmican rising in full flight to join its mother.

"Then there are my transitional specimens of egg life, the unique living example of the hard-boiled egg-plant which grows only in the Ahaggar Plateau of the Sahara. This plant solves once and for all the question as to which came first, the egg or the hen. It was neither; it was this interesting bit of vegetation.

"I can not begin to go into details. There is enough in the collection to afford material for a volume; my marine mushroom, for instance, which is both turtle and toadstool . . . but there, I must not bore you."

"But, Doctor," I protested, "this is a stupendous thing you are doing. And to give it outright, it is . . ."

"There is only one proviso," he amended. "The nation will, of course, undertake to house the collection properly and to supply sufficient endowment for its maintenance and to finance any future scientific expeditions which I may choose to make, for I shall naturally expect to add to the collection from time to time. It has also been my thought that the trustees might wish to incorporate a suite of rooms in the Museum Building which I might make my stopping place while in the city. Certainly nothing could be fairer than that."

"Doctor," I said, grasping his hand, "you are a good egg, the best in your collection. You may be sure your country will not fail to take advantage of your generosity."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little ball's reply:
"Why, Stupid, we are seven!"

"But they are lost; those six are lost!
They're in the duffer's heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little ball would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

—Samuel McCoy.

A Tip

THOUGH consciousness of work well done,
Is very satisfying,
BAD work, well paid for, is more fun,
And twice as gratifying.

—Vivien Chandler.

Out of the Air

LAST night as I sat at the radio,
A strange, strange thing befell,
I was tuning in on AOL,
Having let Havana go.

When suddenly out of the arms of space,
Like a blow from the bat of Ruth,
Came something that cost me a porcelain tooth
And the skin of half my face.

I fainted and closed two blackened eyes.
When the morning paper was brought
I sought and found the item I sought
And I nearly died of surprise.

A man, I read, had invented a ray
That could make thoughts into things
And bring to your presence as if on wings
What you thought of as far away.

A clever idea, but he turned it loose
Without any warning at all
When the smell of dinner was strong in the hall
And I was thinking of goose.

—Raymond Holden.



"Cut out that butler talk," snapped Peter with a forced laugh. "You're Acting President of Hassett, incorporated, and you don't have to 'Sir' anybody"

"Ask Battles"

By Forrest Crissey and
Paul Crissey

Illustrations by Kenneth Camp

PETER HASSETT'S cane had shared with him some thirty-odd years of active business. It had borne its burden uncomplainingly, so to speak, and had proved a model sort of companion. This, in all probability, was because it had learned to know Peter Hassett so well through the years of intimate association that it felt and responded to every mood of its master.

If Peter Hassett was tired, the bulldog-headed cane assumed a greater share than usual of Peter's weight. If Peter headed for his club in glad anticipation of a rubber or two of bridge, the faithful cane tripped blithely along. If Peter were angry, the cane obediently slashed violently at weeds and flowers alike and stumped along the pavement with short, snappy clicks in close imitation of Peter's heels.

All day long the polished black shaft stood dutifully in a corner of Peter Hassett's private office. The carved English bulldog features of the head glared uncompromisingly at the back of such visitors as came to Peter Hassett's office while Peter Hassett glared into their faces—and in much the same manner!

Then—quite suddenly, it seemed to him!—Peter Hassett became sixty years old.

Without so much as a farewell he abandoned his faithful cane in the rack at home and stalked to the office unaccompanied by his friend of many years.

"Can't afford to carry a cane now," he explained, "some one might think I'm old enough to need one. Always did despise the idea of age. Made up my mind I'm going to die a live one and keep step with

the world just as long as I attempt to toddle at all"

The lance that was quickest to sting Peter Hassett was an intimation that his methods or policies were a bit old-fashioned. His desire to be modern and progressive amounted to a passion. It was really a determination not to yield an inch to the encroachments of age. "Growing old"—even being suspected of it—was his pet abhorrence. His great and consuming ambition was to cheat the clock and the calendar.

He believed that the way to keep his business viewpoint fresh and youthful was to cultivate the society of youth. This made him an enthusiastic "mixer" with the young men in his employ and out of it. When an acquaintance spoke of a young man as "a comer" and "up to the minute," Peter immediately sought the acquaintance of the young man so complimented. His ear was always at the service of youth and the youngest man in his employ found him more ready to listen to his opinions than did those associates who were nearer his own age.

Peter Hassett opened the door of his office, which had been his grandfather's before him, and kept it open. In the old days the office had been a sanctum and when any of the junior employees of the firm were invited to enter they invariably referred to it as "going in on the carpet."

Not so under Peter Hassett's later régime.

"If you've any ideas or kicks or suggestions come on in and get them off your chest," was the way he worded his invitation, "The door is always open."

It was through this door that Battles had come, his hat in his hand, his heart in his mouth and earnestness overspreading his fine, sensitive face.

He had "sold" the old man in jig time. Hassett, Incorporated, wanted youth, pep and the modern viewpoint. Peter Hassett sounded out the youth, hired him, and put him in an office next to his own.

"YOU do everything I should do," he told the serious young man, "and a lot that I wouldn't do. Make your own job."

Battles took to details with the avariciousness of a miser acquiring his first bag of gold. His capacity for absorbing the odds and ends of Peter Hassett's business brought many a grin of glee to that grizzled veteran.

"He's young, that's why," boasted Peter, "he's got pep and the harder it comes for him the better he likes it. Battles is a bear—he's a hound for work and what he doesn't know about this business isn't worth knowing."

And because of this conviction Peter Hassett grew more and more to rely upon his confidential secretary until his reply to virtually all questions was:

"Ask Battles."

And Battles liked it! The truth is, Battles would have made an excellent butler if he hadn't been an accountant and Peter Hassett's right arm.

He was the sort of young man upon whose shoulders young widows would have elected

to weep; orphans knew instinctively that he was gentle and generous and not even a Harvard man would have hesitated to ask him where the nearest ice cream parlor could be found, after a glance into the eyes framed by his horn-rimmed spectacles.

Figures meant something to Battles. They spelled profit or loss. Peter Hassett once said that Battles was the only bookkeeper he ever knew who could think.

Of course the office force looked upon Battles as a high-browed High Priest of the inner temple. Battles was not servile but he did give the impression that it was quite a distinction to perform personal service for his chief. While he had never sought an official berth and title in the company, he might have had one; but apparently he was quite well satisfied to express his authority in writing: "For President Hassett, I beg to say," etc.

Battles had one religion. It was loyalty.

He never discussed business or gossiped with the other employees. In a measure he held himself aloof from the office force with the result that the office force held itself aloof from him.

"You're a puddle-jumper, a weed bender and an apple knocker," Miss Sadie Gallop told him when she was discharged for incompetency—and Battles had to do the dirty work of firing her.

"And you," he told her severely, "will never be even a good stenographer until you get to putting more time on your work than you do on your hair."

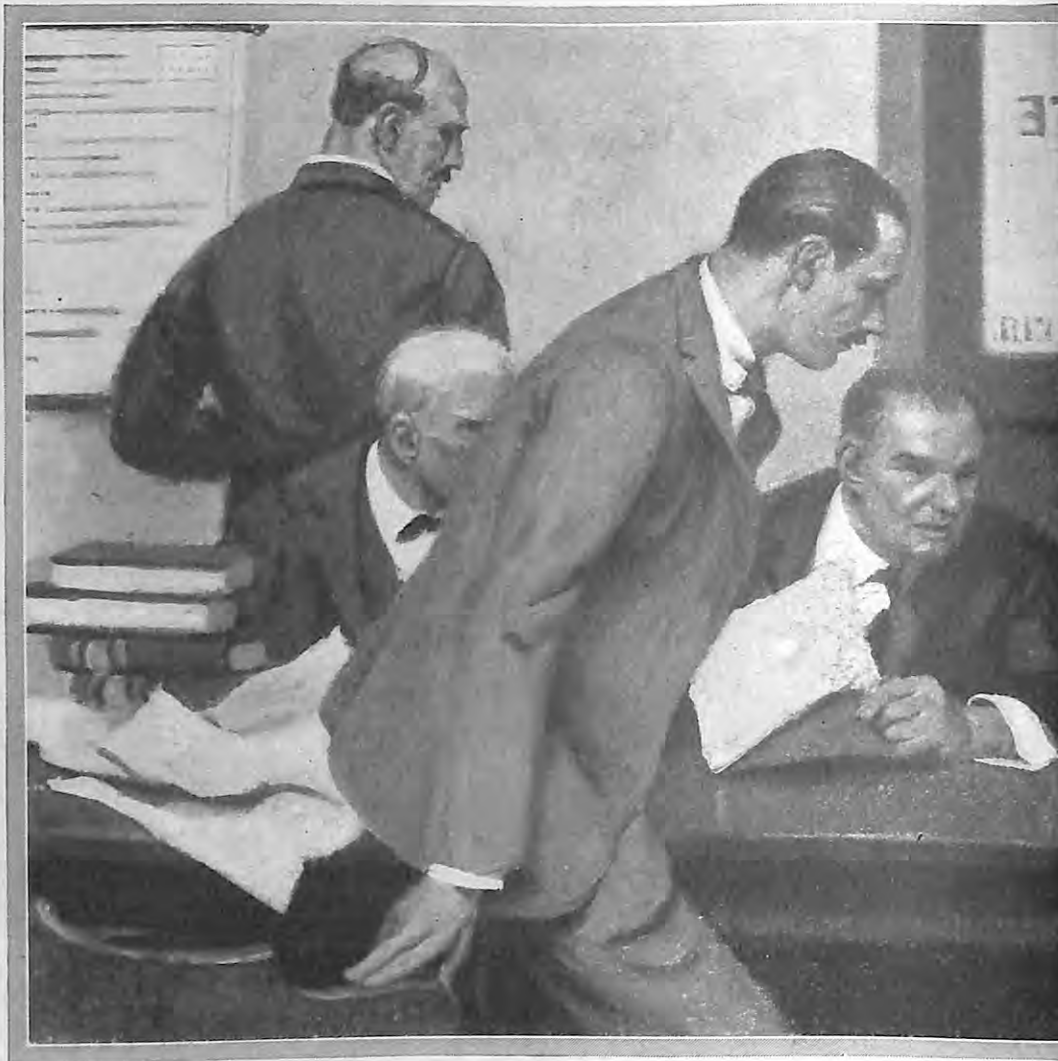
"Is that so?" she retorted, "I suppose you expect an attractive young girl to come to work looking like an office building scrub woman at two o'clock in the morning. Why, you've got such a crush on this business that you haven't noticed that skirts are not still draggin' in the mud and that every Jane in the place rolls her own."

"You may be a Carnegie some day, but you'll grow up to hate the sunshine, loathe flowers and curse babies. Hang a little crepe on your forehead, my little boy friend, and admit that you're dead! You're a poor pulseless puddle-jumper and you never even heard of Sir Walter Raleigh who knew more about ladies than you do about figures—which is a plenty."

Battles took a deep breath when she was gone—and grinned! For he knew that she couldn't have believed all she said. Battles shaved himself every morning and he was quite aware that his face would pass in a crowd. Inwardly he had the makings of a human being. He needed only the correct temperature, properly sustained over a sufficient period, to hatch out the slumbering desires and ambitions which are natural even to a man as old as twenty-eight years.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that he filled Miss Sadie Gallop's place with a young woman whose appearance absolutely belied the charge that Battles was blind to feminine charm.

Patricia Dane turned out to be the "Princess Pat" inside of a week. She was about as good a mixer as Battles and it probably was her delicate aloofness which originally suggested the title, although direct testimony is available to substantiate



the fact that the men in the office of Hassett, Incorporated, used the title softly and in a sheer complimentary way.

The Princess shared with no one such intimate facts as whether or not her father was alive, dead, divorced or had deserted her mother. She described to no one how many rooms there were in her apartment, whether she reduced by phonograph or with whom she stepped out of an evening.

"GIRLS, stop, look and listen, Hairpin curve ahead!" warned the stenographer who had been doing Battles' work, "she's the kind that works while London sleeps. Still water runs deep and dirty. She keeps her confidences for men alone and she hunts big game. That girl's the sort of vamp who doesn't need a powder box and a lip stick. If any of you girls have any prospects or options lying around loose in this plant you'd better close 'em now or kiss 'em good-by."

Battles watched Miss Dane out of the corner of his eye just as he did everybody and everything in the office.

"She knows enough to keep her mouth shut," he told himself. "She's too old to be a flapper and has too much sense to be a vamp. She'll do."

Miss Dane's employment card told one or two brief facts, only. She was a graduate of Smith, twenty-five years old and came to Hassett, Inc., from the law office of Rae, Munger, Chilton and Beckwith. She had been recommended by Judge Rae.

"Came via the golf links," commented Battles, for Judge Rae was a violently friendly enemy of Peter Hassett's on the fair green. Battles promptly took the Princess into his private office.

All eyes were turned on Battles, . . . all exclaimed: "Look! he's ill! He's . . ." Battles who had suddenly dropped forward upon the

That was the day that Peter Hassett became sixty years old.

"Mr. Hassett wishes to see you," the Princess announced as Battles came back from the bookkeeper's cage.

Battles pushed open the light swinging door which connected his office with the chief's.

Peter Hassett was shouting over the telephone:

"I don't know, I tell you. Ask Battles." He slammed down the receiver.

"Wants to know why we are high on that Syndicate bid," grumbled the old man. Then, with a grin—"You tell him, Battles."

Battles came to with a start. What had he been thinking of—oh yes!—violet eyes—brown hair—brown silk shirt—!

"Battles," said Peter Hassett, "I'd like to know what's the matter with this blooming place. I go away for one afternoon to play golf—and everything goes wrong. Here are five rejections—our prices too high. We can't afford to let every Tom, Dick and Harry underbid us. Who made up this estimate?"

"Mr. Holcome," replied Battles, relieving Peter Hassett's desk of a load of correspondence, as he spoke.

"Send him in, and come back here yourself."

Battles proceeded to the swinging door, opened it—and then stopped. There, bending gracefully over the Princess Pat's desk was McAllister Holcome who, in appearance, was everything that Battles was not.



but two at least, . . . when Patricia suddenly and the girl were at the side of Peter Hassett table . . . the Chairman quickly sprang forward

Holcome was the latest addition to Peter Hassett's justly famous Zoo of Youth. Holcome—declared Peter Hassett—was fast on his feet, hit a horrible wallop and was a "comer." Peter liked "comers." He hired them, talked business policies and religion with them, made them feel at home, gave them every chance to make good—and then had Battles fire them if they didn't.

As Business Engineer of Hassett, Inc., Holcome had gained a good foothold in the ring and was going strong. Already the old man was putting into effect more than one suggestion which he had offered.

"Holcome's a bear," he told his friends enthusiastically.

"That's what you used to say about Battles," he was reminded.

"Oh! Battles! Well—he's Battles—that's all."

But to go back to Battles himself, standing in the doorway.

It came over him suddenly that something had happened—not to the business—not to his work—but to himself, to Battles, personally! For a moment or two he stared at the easy, graceful figure of McAllister Holcome bending over the Princess Pat and the next instant his voice rang out with surprising sharpness:

"Mr. Holcome, Mr. Hassett wishes to see you at once."

Some unusual quality in his tone—possibly the unexpected sharpness of it—caused both Miss Dane and Holcome to straighten up suddenly. McAllister Holcome smiled.

"See you later," he called over his shoul-

der to the stenographer and passed into Mr. Hassett's office.

Battles was startled. At first he could not identify the surge of feeling which had swept him off his feet as he watched Holcome talking to Miss Dane. Then, quite as quickly, the reason for it dawned on him.

"I guess I *am* a puddle-jumper, as that girl said," he told himself—and then grinned.

For Battles was a changed man. He put the trayful of letters on his desk and sat down—swinging his chair so he could see Miss Dane.

There it was. That was the reason! That slim, brown-haired, much-desired, violet-eyed girl whose slender fingers diligently pursued their staccato course over the keys.

BATTLES smiled. For once he had stopped to see the world go by. If the Princess was aware of the warm scrutiny under which she was working she failed to show it—but when Battles swung back to his desk, her eyes strayed over the top of her machine and she smiled in an efficient, satisfied manner.

Meanwhile, in Peter Hassett's office, the head of the company was basking in borrowed youth. He rubbed his hands together with expectant delight as he put the problem to his "comer."

"How come," he asked, "that Standard Engineering puts it all over us on a bid like this? We are way high."

Holcome smiled easily and lighted a cigarette.

"Maybe," commented Peter Hassett hopefully, "they're due to take a nice fat loss on this job. Hope they do—it'll serve 'em right," he chuckled.

"Don't worry about their profit, Mr. Hassett," said Holcome easily. "They'll get it all right. You see their overhead is less in certain particulars than ours. That's why we fell down on the sale to the Harlan people."

"**T**HEN why," sharply demanded Peter, "haven't you talked this thing out with me before and suggested some move to cut our overhead as they have theirs? That's what you're here for—to suggest just such things as that. You know that, don't you?"

"Y-e-s," replied the young business engineer. "But I haven't felt quite at liberty to bring up this particular phase of that situation. It involves a vital difference between the view-point to which you've been accustomed—the one which has dictated the policy of this business almost from its foundation—and that of those who recognize that modern business has to meet modern conditions with strictly modern weapons."

"I'm as modern as anybody," hotly retorted Peter. "My ideas of business are as down to the minute as yours. It's my main job to keep them 'new every morning and fresh every evening' like the mercies of God—as the Bible puts it. Now open up and go into this thing without gloves. I'm interested."

But Holcome still maintained an attitude of caution.

"It's simply a matter of fighting the Devil with fire," he explained. "You see business men are beginning to realize that in the war the government put itself up as an easy

mark for fraud on a scale that was never known before in the history of the world—never! The 'Cost Plus' plan didn't cover all the operations but it was an open and official invitation to plunder Uncle Sam with an insurance against prosecution. Uncle Sam practically said: 'Come on and get while the getting is good. The bars are down. You're safe because I'm doing this with my eyes open. We understand each other perfectly.' That's what it amounted to. Well; human nature is human nature and manufacturers and business men everywhere fell over themselves to make the most of that invitation. It was a carnival of plunder on a huge scale. You know that, Mr. Hassett."

"I'll say I do," retorted the old man. "But we didn't get our share, I'll tell the world."

"The scandals in aircraft, ordnance and munitions," resumed Holcome, oratorically, "are only a hint of what took place. They don't scratch the surface. And the huge profits taken by scores and hundreds of concerns who kept inside the letter of the law and didn't get into the higher altitudes of fraud and graft were really plunder."

"Now we're paying the bills for all this. But the point is who is paying them." Mainly the men, like yourself, not in war industries, who didn't belong to the Plunderers' Union. It's natural enough that all who were not in on the plundering should object to paying for it. The men in this line of business look at the income tax—or the lion's share of it—as highway robbery and they propose, as I said, to fight the Devil with fire. As they see it Uncle Sam is virtually acting as a go-between, a fence. He tells you and all the men who were not in the plunderers'

(Continued on page 56)

Ann really rather enjoyed the adventure and zest of this wild jaunt through Mongolia; enjoyed the rest now by the wayside—the sublime scenery about them. “I wish the Kid were here,” she thought: “I wonder what mischief he’s in right now”



Maguire Profits by His Discovery of the Mysteries of the Temple and Has an Amazing Encounter

Grease Paint and Jade

CHAPTER VII

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige

TO SAY that at this moment Maguire was thinking of Limehouse Ann would be a deliberate, sentimental lie. He was too busy thinking of himself—with a mingling of fear and hope, dread of the unknown and a small residue of irrepressible, bubbling optimism. Ann, on the other hand, just then was thinking of him; was in fact speaking of him to Countess von Pahlen in not altogether complimentary terms and a deliciously feminine lack of logic.

“My word!” she said. “That’s the worst of the Irish—they are so blinking stubborn. For a thousand years we English tried to convince them that they can’t rule themselves. And even then the blighters wouldn’t own up—got positively fussy—disturbing the empire no end. Same with the Kid. Weeks back I told him I wanted to go with him to Mongolia. Would he let me? Not he! Stubborn, what? And yet here I am—here we both are—in the very heart of Mongolia!”

Here they were indeed, both women atop a sneering, smelly, shaggy, two-humped dromedary, while their Mongol driver, atop another dromedary, urged on the two beasts with words that reflected equally on their reputed female ancestry and his own morals.

Countess von Pahlen was turning green with seasickness from the animal’s pacing gait.

“Ach Gott!” she groaned.

Ann looked at her; read the symptoms; called to the driver:

“Stop the bus!”

The man, perhaps from experience, understood the British colloquialism and managed the almost incredible feat of forcing a brace of dromedaries to stop when they did not want to.

And the reason for this fantastic journey of two women, alone but for the cameleer, crossing Mongolia well to the south of Urga and making straight for the Pamirs? A double reason: boredom on the part of Ann, and a sort of fatalistic submission to the girl’s superior will-power on the Countess’ part.

Indeed, as Cheng had told Maguire, mandarin Po had been kind and hospitable to the two women after Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin’s arrest. But a conservative Chinese household is even worse—or call it better; but at all events unbearable from the selfish angle of flippant, spirited youth—than a provincial home in the English Midlands or an American Main Street.

“Everything except morning prayers and cold beans for Sunday high-tea!” Ann had exclaimed. “I can’t stand it any longer. And”—with a catch in her voice—“I want to see the Kid!”

So one day, with the mandarin reviewing troops in a near-by town, she had suggested that they run away, adding that, when the Prince had mapped out the route to Maguire, she had carefully listened to, and still remembered, every word.

“Let’s go!”

“Ach wol Unmöglich!” the German woman had been horror-struck, “No, no, no!”

“Yes, yes, yes! I’m going—and you’ll have to chivvy along, old dear. You know quite a little of the beastly language—and all I know is Cockney and a smattering of Americanese.”

Arguments to and fro, until finally, though voicing voluble Teutonic protests, the Countess had submitted.

“I’ll come—” a patient sigh—“still—for a woman of my age—a dromedary . . .”

“I’ll see to it that it’s a female dromedary—to guard the jolly old proprieties!”

THEY had left that same day and had really been more safe than it might appear. For—acting on the advice of the Countess who knew Asia well—they had picked up a supply of Chinese tracts and Bibles in Tai-Ho and traveled as missionaries. For, except during occasional, fanatical outbreaks, it is the missionary, man or woman, Christian or Moslem or Buddhist, who is the one character, safe as well as privileged, throughout the Orient. He can demand—and will receive—lodging and food for the sake of his faith. He is the Orient’s free, chartered, and respected vagabond whom none may ask: “Whence dost thou come?” or: “Whither dost thou go?”

Luck was with them from the first, chiefly in the fact that their driver was thoroughly familiar with Mongolia and took them a shorter way, south of Urga, then southwest through the province of Sinkiang, toward the Gobi and the Pamirs.

They really rather enjoyed the adventure and zest of it; enjoyed the rest now by the wayside—the savory food prepared by their driver—the ruddy crackle of the camp fire—the sublime scenery about them.

"I wish the Kid were here—" said Ann; and, laughing reminiscently: "I wonder what mischief he's in right now."

She would not have laughed could she have seen him at that moment, groping his way down the long, narrow landing which twisted and turned, rose and dipped through the inky darkness.

SUDDENLY he gave a smothered cry of pain. He had struck his forehead against a low beam. He had come to the end of the corridor. But beneath the beam a small door was set slantways into the wall. There was a knob. He gripped it. The door opened easily. He stooped, walked inside. The door shut behind him with a little click. And he was about to walk on, into the dark, the unknown, when all at once he was startled into breathless immobility.

For he had heard a faint, rasping noise—not of a man, whispering or coughing, snoring or breathing hard—nor of any animal that he had ever heard before.

It frightened him. He backed up against the cold, moist wall. The noise continued. Somehow, it seemed to hold a terrible menace. It was not a hissing,

nor a barking, nor a scraping. It seemed more like a tremendous vibration, rising like a solid wall, enclosing him.

And then—set like jewels into that wall of strange, humming vibrations—he saw two flat, oblong green lights.

His heart stood still, quite still. The blood in his veins felt exactly like freezing water. There was only one thought in him: that he must crush those two green lights, pluck them out. But his hand refused to obey his will; his brain control seemed numb, paralyzed.

He listened, as with a thousand tingling ears—while the vibrations increased in intensity and the two green lights swerved and swayed like gigantic fireflies. And—it was ludicrous, it was instinctive—he commenced whistling—like a small boy afraid of the dark, to regain his self-confidence.

So there he was, facing he did not know what unknown horror, and whistling—whistling one of those slow, dreamy Hawaiian melodies—and the flat, green, ghastly things in front of him swaying and swerving. . . .

But presently the impression grew on him that those swaying green lights were becoming more quiet, more stationary, the

longer and softer he whistled. Too, the vibrations, while they did not cease, became indifferent, less terrible and minatory; seemed to lose some of their menacing, crouching intensity.

A few more staves about moonlight and Waikiki beach—and the vibrations had blended completely into a soft, contented undertone, a mixture between a purr and a hiss, while the green lights lost their flat, dreadful glisten and became rather vague, filmy, wiped-over.

He kept on whistling. He went through his whole lengthy repertory of sentimental tunes, and his breath was about to give out when, suddenly, there was a soft, rushing noise, the green lights were blotted out altogether, and something hove up out of the dark.

It brushed against him. It passed over his feet and ankles with the pliable weight of an immense steel cable—mighty and alive and icy cold!

HE STOOD there like a statue and the clay cold thing drew itself up the length of his legs, around his waist with a great turn, over his left shoulder; then, without any apparent effort, still farther up, over his head, a foot or so encircling his neck. The next moment one end of it touched his cheek with something like a soft, gentle caress.

And he knew.

A snake. A huge king-cobra. . . . It had heard him whistle. Perhaps it was some sob catch in his voice which had done the trick, had reminded the great reptile of the plaintive notes that the native snake-charmers produce from their reed pipes. At all events, there it was, enwrapping Maguire's body, gently touching his cheek.

"May Saint Patrick forgive me!" he whispered, as he patted the triangular head; and afterwards he had a vague, shameful recollection that he had addressed the big brute as: "Nice little pussy!" But whatever it was, it seemed to please the cobra, and—as he added later on, when relating the experience—"if ever a snake purred, that snake did!"

Presently, though, it must have thought that there had been enough caressings. For, with one final, deep hiss-purr, it slid down his body and, with a mighty wriggle of farewell which nearly knocked him off his feet, it glided away.

He stared; listened.

There was now no glisten of flat, green eyes; no rustling, vibrating tone waves. Doubtless the animal had curled up in a corner and fallen asleep, to dream of some enormous, unspeakable reptile beatitudes.

Silence, then.

He wondered what to do; how to get out.

The snake's great weight had rather numbed him. So he moved his shoulders a little, felt behind him the door through which he had entered, heard behind him, a moment later, whispered words drifting through the wall—two words:

". . . . the foreigner"

He pressed his ear against the door and listened intently. Two men were speaking out there in the landing—speaking of him, there was no doubt:

"Thus far he came"

"Yes. His footprints stop here. . . ."

"We would have met him had he come back. . . ."

"Must have passed through this door—to escape the sacrifice of his blood. . . ."

"Ho!"—a laugh—"who can escape Fate? Who can escape what is written on the forehead? A sacrifice he has become after all—a sacrifice to the sacred cobra. . . ."



There was the thud of a bullet and a second later a short, squat man stepped from behind a tree

"The gods are indeed all-powerful. . . ." Words drifted away. Footsteps drifted away. Silence again.

But Maguire lost no time in putting two and two together. The remark that this was a sacred snake gave him the cue. He knew from what Indians who had played on the same vaudeville bill with him had told him, that these sacred cobras have their den directly beneath some altar and that they are fed by the priest in charge of the latter. The way to get out was therefore the way by which the priest brought the food, nor could it lead back to the landing whence he had come since this connected with the cell and the *Hut'ukt'u's* apartment. There must be another entrance and—since the den was beneath the altar—doubtless through the ceiling.

He reached up; found the ceiling low; groped; and, not long afterwards, discovered a curved metal handle.

A jerk and twist—and half the ceiling slid to one side into a well-oiled groove, sending down a flood of ruddy, indifferent light.

He gripped the edges with all his strength, pulled himself up, and slid the trap door back.

For a few moments he was bewildered. The red-glowing lights were dim with shrouds of incense smoke. Then he recognized the altar; the bestial, four-armed idol behind it; the whole temple of horrors. It was empty. He ran to the outer door; found it closed; and his nervous, twitching fingers touched the handle and were about to turn it when, immediately, they curled up, jerkily, as if they had come into contact with red-hot coal. For, outside, was a crackle of naked steel—voices babbling and laughing. Men on guard, doubtless—priests or soldiers. . . .

HE STOOD still, considering, trying to collect his scattering, frightened thoughts. There must be other doors, he said to himself, as he remembered how the priests had rushed in on Si-Si's yell of:

"Blasphemy! Blasphemy!"

He made the circuit of the great temple. Foot by foot, as high as he could reach, he examined the walls, groping, feeling, tapping carefully and minutely. Finally he located a door; a second; a third. But they were all locked. Nor could he use force; hurl his weight against them. He would be heard. . . . Rather hopelessly, he shrugged his shoulders. Trapped again! he thought—back in the place where they had captured him. And, presently, priests and worshippers would come in to pray before the gods—would discover him—and then. . . .

"Dear God!"—fear whirled in his brain, like fog in the brain of a blind world.

He decided to master that fear; to control his agonized, twisted nerves; to think of the next-best thing to do. . . . What? A hiding-place! . . . But—where—where. . . ?

He walked about, hunting for a niche, a closet, anything that might shelter him.

And then, passing in back of the great idol, he made a discovery.

He found that the lotus pedestal on which it stood had an opening in the back, a sort of curved sliding door, about three feet high and seven broad.

It was partly open. He opened it all the way; stooped to investigate; and, a few seconds later, he stumbled upon something which—as he put it afterwards—"would have raised one hell of a row in Mongol theological circles, believe me!" Indeed, it was proof of the fact that, while the age of miracles may have passed in the west—with biology and automobiles and radio—it was still very much to the fore in the eternal East.

For the whole statue was hollow; and, inside of it, easily reached by the occupant of the place in the pedestal, was an assortment of ropes and levers and handles and pulleys and knobs which were, one and all, connected with the different parts of the idol's sacred anatomy. Push a lever here, pull a rope there—Maguire tried it—and the idol would lift a leg, or wave one of its four arms, or wag its abominable head. There was even one bit of machinery—it was rather rusty and hard to move, as though it had not been used for a long time—which allowed the whole statue, pedestal included, to move forward into the temple: a most ingenious bit of Chinese machinery, a combination of wheels and gliding planes—and—thought Maguire—"the very thing for a smashing, all-wool, nickel-plated, twenty-four-karat miracle!"

Momentarily his fear disappeared. He became the actor, interested in new stage effects, new illusions, new props to fool the public. He had always wanted to do a turn in musical comedy or some Broadway revue. Only he had to have the goods, some brand-new wrinkle that would get the managers. And here it was, made to order. It would knock 'em for a goal! Maybe his name in electric lights; and the publicity dope—the true story how he had found it—and—he laughed—they wouldn't believe that it was true!

And—yes—the music! Like that haunting tune he had heard during the *Ts'am Ha-ren* dance.

How did it go?

Oh yes. He remembered it. . . . "*Humm tata humm tata humm* . . ." Sure. That was it.

And of course the gongs—the cymbals and devil-drums . . . he could hear that creepy, eery tune—could positively hear it, in some back cell of his brain . . . louder and louder; louder and . . .

Then he gave a little start; tightened his muscles, like a pointer at bay . . .

Why—this was not his imagination! This was real music drifting in from the outside, the street!

There it came—yes, yes . . . he listened intently—wailing and throbbing it advanced—nearer and nearer.

He hid completely in the hollow pedestal; closed the curved sliding door behind him. An uncomfortable position, half crouching; and his heart was pumping heavily—he wondered what was going to happen. . . ? Presently he could make out the different instruments; the clash of cymbals, the rubbing of gongs, the thumping of drums; voices,

too, chiming in with a melodious swing, and footsteps echoing—nearer, ever nearer. . . .

Twang-zumm-banng! droned the music—and the door opened.

Came a procession of worshipers, many hundreds, singing, playing on instruments, some carrying swinging lamps, others wreaths of flowers and bowls filled with milk and blood. It was the dawn ceremony of the Lamaists, the rite which celebrates the victory of day over night.

AT THE end stalked a tall, magnificent specimen of Mongol humanity, swinging a flat incense-burner on silver chains. Around and around he swung it, and there rose long, slow streams of perfumed, many-colored smoke—wavering and glimmering like molten gold, blazing with all the deep, transparent yellows of amber and topaz, flaming through a stark, crimson incandescence into jasper and opal fire—like a gigantic rainbow forged in the heat of a wondrous furnace. Straight to the four-armed idol moved the procession, and Maguire felt qualmy. For there he was, a foreigner, a Christian, a doubting Thomas of an American, inside of their favorite deity. They came right up—he could see well since, in the hollow pedestal, were two peep-holes very much like those in a stage drop—bowing with outstretched hands, depositing their votary offerings on the altar, and chanting their low-pitched litanies.

The voices quivered ecstatically, hysterically. By this time they were getting excited, frenzied. For religion affects the Oriental as strong wine the Occidental; goes to their heads; to their feet, too.

And they danced . . . danced, singly and in groups, with a whirling, gyrating motion—giving throaty yells—over all the sullen, palsying din of the drums and cymbals—and the red, floating wreaths of incense smoke swirling up from the censers . . . a fantastic, fabulous spectacle—and Maguire said to himself that there wasn't a single musical comedy star on Broadway who would not have given her little all to learn some of the steps which he saw that day.

But, presently, he grew tired of it; tired also of his crouching position, with every bone and muscle strained to the utmost. He thought of the levers and handles inside of the statue. There was one handy to his right arm; and, just for luck, he gave it a good, hard pull.

Immediately, there was silence.

He wondered which one of the idol's limbs he had caused to move, and the next moment he knew.

For there came a ringing, triumphant shout from one of the worshipers:

"Ah! The Great Mother! See, brothers, she moves her right arm, as in blessing!"

"In blessing—in blessing!" the crowd took up the refrain, and they thanked the deity for the lucky sign, sealing and emphasizing their thanks with a long-winded hymn:

". . . from food come creatures: food comes from rain, rain comes from sacrifice, sacrifice is born of action, and action of thy great miracle, O harasser of thy foes . . ."

"Miracle?" thought Maguire. "I'll give you one!"

A good enough light was trembling through the peep-holes and a couple of age-worn cracks into the interior of the pedestal, and he looked carefully to discover with which parts of the idol's anatomy the different handles and levers were connected. He located most of the connections; and, pushing a lever here and pulling a handle





there, he caused the statue to lift its legs and wag its brutish head, and then to jerk its four arms in one generous, embracing, altogether gesture. It was a success. There was no doubt of it. For the Mongols yelled and shrieked and moaned. But—and this was Maguire's plan—they did not run away; and Maguire guessed that the priests had worked the same miracle before, and so the worshipers were not afraid of it any more—since familiarity breeds contempt, even in the superstitious Orient.

"Try, try again!" he told himself, and a moment later he thought of the intricate apparatus, the combination of wheels and gliding planes, which made the whole

They bunched into one tremendous, fighting knot—hands striking out crazily—voices bellowing—a tearing scream as a dagger struck home—bodies dropping, crushed, trampled...

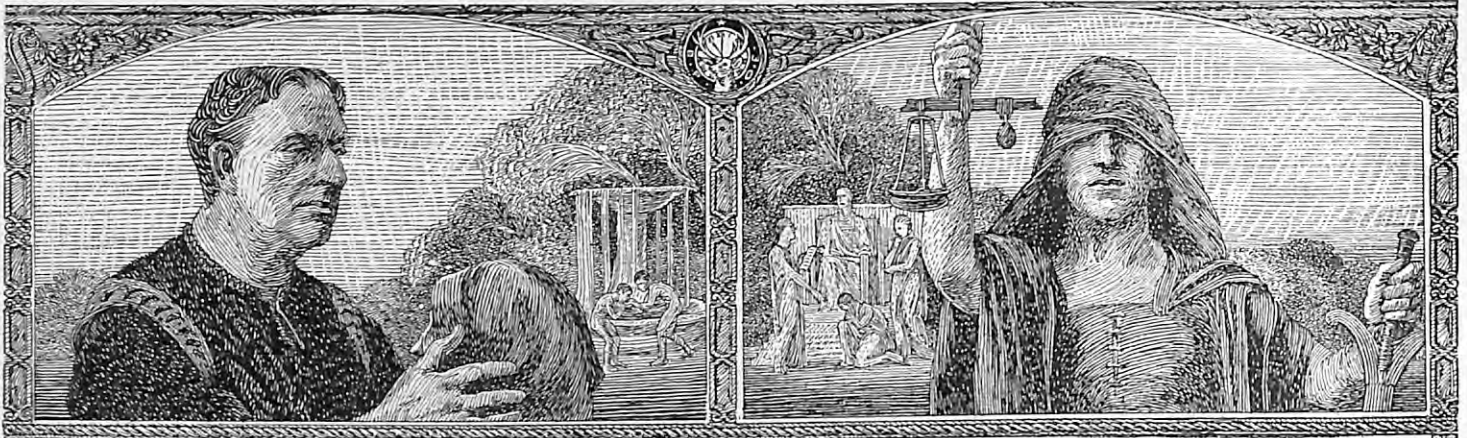
statue, including the pedestal, move forward across the floor. There was one master-handle within easy reach, but he was afraid of using it. For—as he had noticed before—that particular machinery had not been used for a long time, was rusty and hard to move; and he said to himself that some of these Mongols might smell a rat if they heard the squeaking and grating of the wheels.

What then?

Finally he thought of a way. He was an actor, trained in the use of his voice; and so, at the precise second of jerking down the master-handle, he let out a wild, long-drawn yell.

It must have sounded rather startling and ghastly, coming out of that hollow statue; and the more he jerked at the handle, the louder he yelled—and, at last, the idol moved. He felt it trembling beneath him. He continued yelling, and the effect was spontaneous. It was immense. "Boy!" Maguire said afterwards, "it brought down the house!"

The whole congregation gave one, long,
(Continued on page 46)



Decoration by Israel Doskow

EDITORIAL

FRATERNITY AND SECTIONALISM

EVERY convention of the Grand Lodge of Elks is a repeated demonstration of the influence of the Order in obliterating sectionalism and in building up in our country a broad and unifying national spirit.

In the use of the word "sectionalism" here no reference is intended to any particular geographical lines; but rather to that spirit of provincialism that is inevitably engendered by the conditions which are naturally peculiar to the different sections of so broad a domain as the United States, and which necessarily create interests and view-points that are divergent and sometimes antagonistic, and which tend to a narrow and restricted outlook.

In the national conventions of the Order, thousands of men from every section of the country are brought together and thrown into intimate contacts in circumstances that naturally assure a friendly association. Whatever may be the differences of personal interests, of mental attitude, of customs, habits of speech, political opinions, religious beliefs or business activities, there is an inevitable impulse toward fraternal consideration and courteous tolerance which softens, if it does not totally eradicate, the antagonisms that might display themselves in a gathering of such men not bound together by common fraternal ties.

The result is a less aggressive attitude toward others of different opinions, a better understanding of those differences and a clearer conception of the conditions which produce them. And there grows from this a broader vision, a more comprehensive outlook, and a disposition toward a national, rather than a sectional, attitude.

This influence is exerted to some extent, it is true, by all national gatherings of men who are assembled for reasons other than those of self-interest. But it is peculiarly true of the Order of Elks because of its definite patriotic purpose and its fundamental principles which are wholly dissociated from any personal interests, and which bind its members together in their altruistic and benevolent activities.

The extent of this influence can not be measured, but its effect is obvious. America is a more unified America, its people are more broadly national in their vision, because of the Order of Elks. And its annual conventions, by reason of the associa-

tions and contacts that are incident to them, are peculiarly effective in promoting that happy result. Sectionalism can not exist in the fraternal atmosphere that surrounds a Grand Lodge Convention, but is naturally and surely converted and elevated into a true, broadminded patriotism.

THE BOSTON CONVENTION

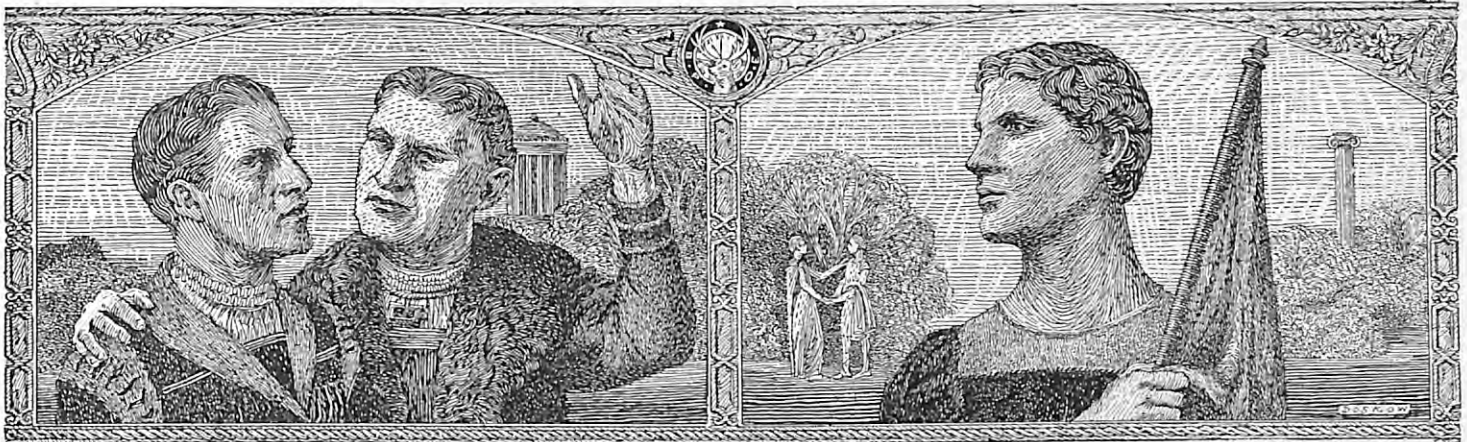
IT IS natural to make use of superlatives in describing a successful event which is yet fresh in mind and is compared with those of like character in the more remote past. But it is the deliberate judgment of those who have attended many Grand Lodge Conventions that the one recently held in Boston was the most successful in the history of the Order. In the character and extent of entertainment, in the number of Grand Lodge members in attendance, in the number of visiting Elks registered and in the length and magnificence of the parade, it broke all records.

This was due in part, no doubt, to the attractiveness of Boston as a Convention City and the appeal of its many historic shrines and monuments. It was also due, in part, to the confident assurance felt by all Elks that in Boston and New England they would find a sympathetic and congenial atmosphere and delightful associations, for the Order is known to be held in peculiar esteem in that section of the Country.

But in large measure the success of the Convention was due to the admirably efficient manner in which every detail of the program was planned and carried into execution by the committees of the local organization. They have merited the highest praise for their splendid service performed with unflagging zeal and devotion.

The opening ceremonies, participated in by the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the City in their official capacities, were conducted with a dignity and impressiveness that might well serve as an example for future like occasions. The obvious sincerity of the addresses of welcome, the enthusiastic approval of the vast audience, and the splendid musical program made this occasion the outstanding event of the week.

Boston Lodge and her neighboring sister Lodges redeemed every promise of fraternal hospitality; and henceforth Boston will be regarded by the members of the Order as a real Elk city which knows just how to entertain an Elks Convention.



THE GRAND LODGE APPROVES THE ELKS MAGAZINE

IT IS naturally very gratifying to the editorial and managerial staffs of THE ELKS MAGAZINE as well as to the Commission having general supervision of its publication, that almost the unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge at Boston was cast in approval of the Magazine and in endorsement of the policy which had been adopted for its continued maintenance. It is even more gratifying to record the fact that, throughout the long, free and frank debate which attended consideration of the subject, not a single expression of criticism of the Magazine itself was heard from any source.

The only question upon which there was any controversy was whether or not subscriptions to the Magazine should be made voluntary, instead of compulsory as is now the case. Some of the members were inclined to favor a change in this policy. But when the Supplemental Report of the Commission was read, and the very sound reasons underlying that policy were fully explained, the opposition dwindled to a negligible fifteen votes.

Those responsible for the publication of this official journal of the Order have been convinced from the beginning that it can be made fully to serve its declared purpose only so long as it is maintained in accordance with the high standard that has been set for it. They have felt assured of the wisdom of continuing it as a periodical of first class physical workmanship, of the highest literary merit, of artistic appeal, and of interest to all classes of readers. Only to such a Magazine would the members be attracted in a way to insure their personal receipt of the messages of fraternal inspiration and information, the conveyance of which, of course, constitutes its chief purpose.

It is essential to that purpose that the Magazine should reach every member. The Order is entitled to have it reach every member. Any less complete a distribution would mean an inevitable failure of its object. And, as convincingly explained in the Supplemental Report of the Commission, compulsory subscription is requisite to assure that complete distribution.

It has been all along confidently assumed that the Order approved the policy which has been established for the publication of the Magazine. The action of the Grand Lodge at Boston converts

that assumption of approval into an assured knowledge of the Order's enthusiastic endorsement which will prove an inspiration and an incentive to the highest endeavor to continue to merit that approval so generously expressed.

THE MILLION MARK STILL AHEAD

THE report of the Grand Secretary, as submitted to the Grand Lodge at Boston, disclosed a net increase for the past year of 11,631 in the membership of the Order.

To those who had looked forward to such an increase as would carry the membership to the million mark, the report may have been somewhat disappointing. But it will not be so to the thoughtful Elk who carefully analyzes the detailed figures.

First let it be repeated that a membership of a million is not, of itself, the special aim of the Order. Mere numbers do not reflect the real strength of an organization. It is possible for a fraternity to be topheavy and overloaded with members if they be inactive, lacking in interest and without enthusiasm. Five hundred thousand earnest, active Elks, devoted to the Order and its high purposes, would constitute a membership preferable to one of a million men who would take no interest in its activities, who had lost zeal for its real objects, and who simply availed themselves of the social Club privileges.

What the Order is striving for is an increase of its membership only to the extent that it is made up of true, loyal, active, enthusiastic Elks, imbued with the true spirit of the fraternity, who bring to their membership something more than the mere willingness to pay dues.

When it is noted that, notwithstanding the exceptionally heavy lapsations that were naturally incident to the almost abnormal growth of the Order in recent years, the Grand Secretary's report shows a net gain of nearly 12,000 for the past year, and when it is realized that lapsation is largely the sloughing of fraternal dead tissue, it will be seen that the increase in membership is substantial and gratifying. It proves that the Order is still a growing Order; that it is still making its appeal to men of high character and lofty purpose; and that it is daily increasing in power and prestige and public esteem.

With this thought in mind it is of small import that the million mark in membership is still ahead.

Representative Lodge Buildings



© SMITH, DETMERS

Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge No. 147, showing brick addition, recently dedicated



Beautiful structure which is the Home of members of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Lodge No. 22. The building is situated at 144-150 South Oxford Street



This sumptuous Home surrounded by unusually attractive grounds is owned by Findlay (Ohio) Lodge No. 75



The recently dedicated Home of Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge No. 750, which embodies every comfort and every modern convenience for the members

To left is the charming Home of Upper Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge No. 83, a compact and well-equipped Lodge building admirably situated

Elks Eleven o'Clock Toast

By Charles Edward Osgood

Boston Lodge No. 10

THIS is the Elks hallowed hour of precious recollections, consecrated by the great throbbing "HEART" of Elkdom to the loving memory of our absent comrades and brothers, who have crossed the invisible boundary line which separates Time from Eternity, and received an Elks greeting from the Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Ages.

Their book of life with its record of failures and achievements, of joys and heartaches, of shattered ideals and ambitions but partly realized, is sealed forever, for their work is finished and they have entered into all the glorified mysteries of Life's greatest adventure. And so to-night and every night, at this sanctified hour, every Elk who is an Elk, from the barren ice-capped sentinels of the frozen North in all the infinite majesty of their eternal vigil, to the Southland's sun-kissed hills and verdant valleys, pregnant with the living germs of nature's choicest offerings.

From the Golden Gate in the West, which opens into the enchanted land of sunshine and flowers, rich in its mythical legends, in song and story, to the treacherous sands of New England's ragged shores where the spirit of Elkdom was first conceived in the "hearts" and exemplified in the lives of those hardy pioneers, the Pilgrim Fathers, whose conception of the great scheme of life, their

untiring zeal and Christian fellowship, their almost childlike devotion to Flag and Country and their exalted loyalty to God, typify the very essence of our own beautiful creed, —The Four Cornerstones of the Elks Earthly Temple.

And on this secure foundation there is building a mighty structure, the Loyal Elks of America, the master workman, which shall radiate Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, throughout the civilized world, the forerunners of the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Angels of Bethlehem, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." The Consumation of every Elk's hope and dream and prayer, when life will be one marvelous panorama of enchanting beauty.

And so to-night as the echo of the bells mingles with the sweet music of the chimes in ushering in this hour of sacred memories wherever an Elk may be, his heart is attuned with ours, as we drift together on memory's wings through the days and years that used to be, and offer our tribute of love to our absent brothers. No, not "Absent," for methinks the Gates of Heaven have opened wide to-night and they are with us right here in spirit, our invisible guests, for the very air seems purified and sanctified by their unseen presence as they leave with us their parting message and benediction, "Carry on, brothers; carry on."

If the way seems long and dreary
And your courage is getting low,
If your very soul seems weary,
As along life's trail you go—

You will meet with some poor pilgrim plodding on the road,
Struggling on 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Give him a lift, help share his load,
And your own may disappear.

If life's a failure and you hope for the end,
And you feel that you cannot suffer more,
Just remember Calvary, my friend,
And the load the Master bore.

Then let us scatter seeds of sunshine rare
As we journey towards life's goal,
They may blossom into Rainbows fair,
To cheer some dying soul,

For the spoken word we can feel and hear,
Before Life's work is done,
Is better than eulogies o'er our bier
Or garlands, after we're gone.

So grit your teeth and play the game,
For it's darkest before dawn,
There's no easy road to Honor and Fame;
Be an Elk and Carry On.

*To Our Absent Brothers
Exalted in Life, in Death Triumphant.*

The Order of Antlers

A Thriving Junior Offshoot of San Francisco Lodge of Elks

By Elford Eddy

THE story of a boy who had an almost unlimited capacity for getting into trouble is told by Johan Bojer, the Norwegian novelist, in his latest book, "The Prisoner Who Laughed." It is the story of an average boy. Sanity flees at his approach, mischief follows in his wake, devilry is ever at his side.

What are you going to do about boys?

They are tomorrow's men, and they will be worth while or no account according to the way they are trained.

Andreas, Johan Bojer's boy, had no father or big brother. He had a mother who was a hunchback and didn't understand him, and an uncle who was a dimwit and didn't understand him.

He forever was becoming involved in difficulties because he was misunderstood and neglected. Most boys who go wrong do so because of neglect. The rest because of misunderstanding.

Born hero worshippers, boys strive to be like their father or their big brother. If the father or the big brother has the right sort of stuff in him, together with what commonly is called "savvy," the second edition is pretty apt to be a clean print.

It is not sufficient always to set a good example to a small boy—or a big one for that matter. He instinctively is a savage, inclined to kick over the traces, supremely interested in himself, unreasoning and unreasonable if left to his own devices. He needs a dad or big brother; generally both.

The Elks of San Francisco have a well defined, smoothly functioning big brother

movement which is going a long way toward solution of the boy problem.

The boy problem is a constant quantity—it exists all the time, everywhere. The boy not only is a problem to his elders, but to himself as well. There is a great deal about himself he does not understand, and he is running over with curiosity. His head is full of questions and he turns to dad, big brother or other boys for his explanations. Often the questions concern sex, the most interesting subject in the world to most people. Such questions should be answered by the father, but too often prudishness or false ideas lead the father to tell the boy he is too young to think of such things, or to give some equally unsatisfactory or mystifying answer. Big brother is in line if father fails, but unless he is accustomed to assuming a paternal attitude and is blessed with good sense he also is apt to fail.

In such matters the average boy, who has not been taught to take dad into his confidence in everything, generally will carry his questions to some other boy. And what he is told often is all wrong and harmful.

The big brother movement has been developed by San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. Elks, until today there are more than 500 San Francisco boys between the ages of 16 and 21 years who belong to a junior order, the Antlers. There are two lodges in California, and it is the hope of the founder that the movement will spread to every state. The Elks of San Francisco are the big brothers of the Antlers of San Francisco.

One of the most successful men in the

United States in the handling of bad boys, Fred C. Nelles, head of the California reformatories, is a bachelor. The head of the big brother movement among the Elks of San Francisco, Esteemed Leading Knight C. Fenton Nichols, is not a bachelor, but he is not a father, either. He organized the Order of Antlers in February, 1922, but he was doing "boy work" long before that, and he had been chairman of the Big Brother Committee since 1920.

Throughout the country there are many agencies which concern themselves with the bad boy, who, after due process of law, rejoices in the classification of juvenile delinquent. But the boy who does not fall afoul the law, does not steal, riot or cause any serious disturbance of the peace, is entitled to his place in the sun, and it was to reach this boy and recruit future Elks that the Order of Antlers was formed.

Before bringing the Antlers into being, Nichols worked and wrestled with the delinquent boy problem. He and the members of his committee are still struggling to straighten out a number of such youngsters, boys who have known the inside of the Detention Home and are familiar with Juvenile Court procedure.

Nichols's interest in boys is lifelong. That interest was whetted when as a student in Stanford University he delved into sociology and learned that when everything is all wrong there's a reason for it. But his interest is deeper than that; it goes to psychological levels. Since he was four years of age Nichols has not known what it is to have

a father. He had a stepfather, not the sort one generally finds in books and only too often in the flesh, but one who stood by him and saw him through college. The boy, however, always was sensible of a want—the natural affection between father and son. It was this sense of something missed which impelled him in after years to take a fatherly interest in all boys, as he had none of his own upon whom he might concentrate.

Because he understands boys instinctively and because his method of getting acquainted is as simple as a boy's own—"I said hello to Jimmie Brown and he said hello to me"—Nichols' success has been extraordinary. He is a big brother literally. He learns what his boy likes best, and then proceeds to do that, whether it is hike, fish, camp, play ball or whatnot. He gains the confidence and draws out the story of the boy without the youngster realizing it, and the rest is comparatively easy.

A boy who had been spilled into Nichols' hands out of the Juvenile Court hopper suddenly awakened, after a long acquaintance with his big brother, to what it was all about. It dawned on Tom one day that Nichols' interest in him was not because he was an equal, or clever, or a fine fellow or unusual, but because he was growing crooked and his big brother was trying to straighten him out.

Once he had the main idea it was easy to bring this youngster around. A few days later, Tom, out of breath and excited, entered Nichols' office, and then the lawyer discovered the background of the boy's difficulties.

"Say, Mr. Nichols, will you talk to my folks like you talk to me?"

Nichols was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Of what scandalous thing had the parents been guilty?

"Pa and ma been fighting every time they see each other for a week," Tom elucidated. "Pa drinks most all the time and ma, she gives him fits, and pa, he doesn't like that, and they generally ends up by heavin' things at one another. You straightened me out and I'd like you to talk to pa and ma."

Nichols wanted to laugh and cry both, but the boy was so earnest he suppressed smiles and tears. Tom read acquiescence in Nichols' eyes and bounded out of the room. In a moment, to Nichols' dismay, he was back, dragging a middle-aged, shabbily dressed man and woman, who looked confused and sheepish.

"These is my folks," Tom announced.

He ducked between them and scooted away like a frightened rabbit.

For the next half hour Nichols sat in judgment. The father and mother, grateful for an audience, eagerly poured forth their stories. No wonder, the lawyer thought as he listened, that Tom had gone wrong. This man and woman, these parents, had the mentality of twelve-year-olds and were as fit to rear children as a couple of monkeys, it seemed to Nichols.

The judgment of the court was a bit of good advice. He doubted if it would accomplish much. But Tom loved these unworthy authors of his life story, and for Tom's sake Nichols did his best to put it over. Had some one taken them in hand at the age he assumed his big brotherhood over Tom, he reflected, there might have been some hope for them.

His experiences with boys of inferior intelligence or standards convinced Nichols that the Elks should not confine their work to low grade youngsters but should do something also for the better class of youths. This thought was the basis of the organization of a junior antlered herd two years ago.

The Order of Antlers was instituted with thirty-three members. An initiation fee of \$2.50 was charged and dues were fixed at half a dollar a month. The membership was thrown open to any youth of good character between 16 and 21 years of age.

Within three months the Order of Antlers had tripled its membership. It was attracting San Francisco boys who promised to develop into first rate Elks. The very name of the organization attracted these young chaps, for the Antlers were an offshoot of the Elks, just as real antlers are the offshoot of an elk, supported by it. Six fine young fellows already have graduated to the parent order.

The Antlers' officers are the president, first, second, and third vice-presidents, guide, chaplain, guard, sentinel, treasurer, financial secretary and recording secretary. Each of the secretaries receives a salary of \$10 a month.

There are several standing committees: The investigating committee, which canvasses each candidate; sickness and distress committee; publicity committee; publication committee, which is responsible for *The Antler*, the lodge publication, issued monthly with an average of eighteen pages and delivered free to members; social committee; athletics committee and sub-committees, and the like.

Being the juvenile order of the Elks, every boy who becomes an Antler naturally has ambitions to wear the Elk emblem as soon as he is old enough. To this end they strive to improve themselves, to make themselves fit to be received by their big brothers as one of their number upon attaining majority. This constitutes a wonderful urge toward better citizenship, better sonship and betterment in character generally. There is a

(Continued on page 72)

Recent Actions of the Board of Grand Trustees

AT ITS meetings held in Boston immediately prior to and during the Grand Lodge Convention, the Board of Grand Trustees took action in certain questions of general interest, and this action, reprinted from the minutes of the Board, follows herewith:

Princeton, Ill., Lodge No. 1461

"The question of changing Princeton, Ill., Lodge No. 1461 from the Northern District to the Western District of Illinois, was discussed by the Board, and the Board, after ascertaining that this was the logical location for Princeton Lodge geographically, upon motion of Brother Scott, seconded by Brother Gordon, the request for the change was granted."

Redistricting New Jersey

"The matter of redistricting the State of New Jersey was discussed by the Board, and upon motion of Brother Scott, seconded by Brother Boismenu and the Board concurring, it was voted to grant the request of the Grand Lodge Committee of the New Jersey State Association for the redistricting of the State in so far as it pertains to changing Dover and Boonton Lodges from the Central District to the Northwest District, and Elizabeth Lodge from the Northwest District to the Central District."

Redistricting State of Oklahoma

"Brother B. B. Barefoot, Past Exalted Ruler of Chickasha, Okla., Lodge No. 755 appeared before the Board and petitioned the Board to place Duncan, Okla., Lodge

No. 1446 from the Southeast to the Northwest District and Blackwell, Okla., Lodge No. 1347 from the Northwest to the Southwest District, the reason for the change being that it is the proper location for these Lodges geographically. Brother Barefoot explained to the Board this change is agreeable to all parties interested. Upon motion of Brother Scott, seconded by Brother Gordon, the Board voted to grant the request of Brother Barefoot."

Juneau, Alaska, Resolution

"Regarding Juneau, Alaska, resolution; Secretary Boismenu presented the following report on the Orphanage Home question and on motion of Brother Scott, seconded by Brother Halpin and the Board concurring, it was voted to receive the report of Brother Boismenu, same to be presented at Grand Lodge, Thursday, July 10, 1924.

"Brother Boismenu's report:

"To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

"A year ago at Atlanta, Ga., a resolution was presented to the Grand Lodge by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge No. 420, for the establishment of a Home for Orphan Children.

"It was agreed by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Committee on Judiciary that the subject was of so much importance that it be referred to the Board of Grand Trustees to report on at this meeting.

The Good of the Order Committee had

already reported at that meeting that they found no demand for a Home for the Orphan Children of Elks, and further gave it as their opinion that the subordinate Lodges took care of the situation without publicity. Nevertheless, your Board of Grand Trustees thought it advisable to send a questionnaire to each Lodge in the Order to ascertain if possible the sentiment of the Membership at large.

"The principal question asked was—Does the membership of your Lodge consider the establishment of a Home for Orphan children necessary and proper at this time?"

"We beg leave to report that we have received replies from Lodges of which 26 replied 'Yes' and 805 'No'.

"Therefore we finally report that we do not deem the project advisable and recommend that no action be taken at this time." (The Grand Lodge concurred in this recommendation.)

Election of Officers

At its meeting on July 10th, the Board held its annual election. Officers and members for 1924-25 are as follows:

John Halpin, Chairman and Approving Member, 709 Railway Exch. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

R. A. Gordon, Vice-Chairman, 77 North Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

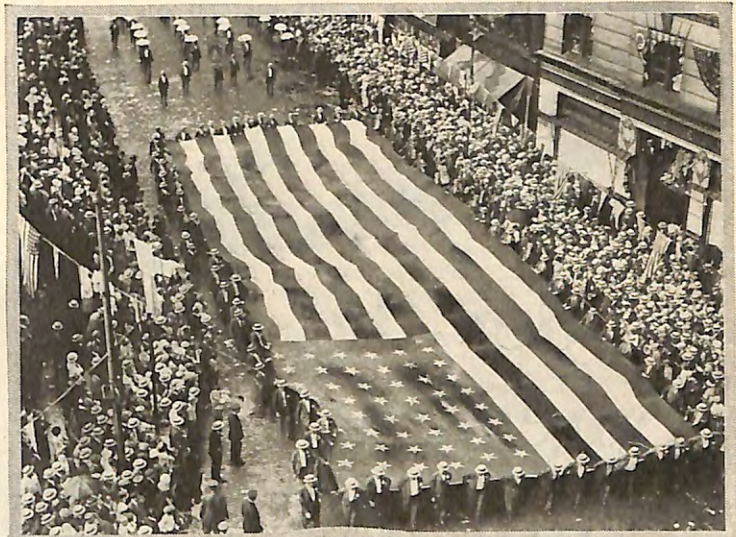
Louis Boismenu, Secretary, 21 N. Main Street, East St. Louis, Ill.

Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Linton, Indiana.

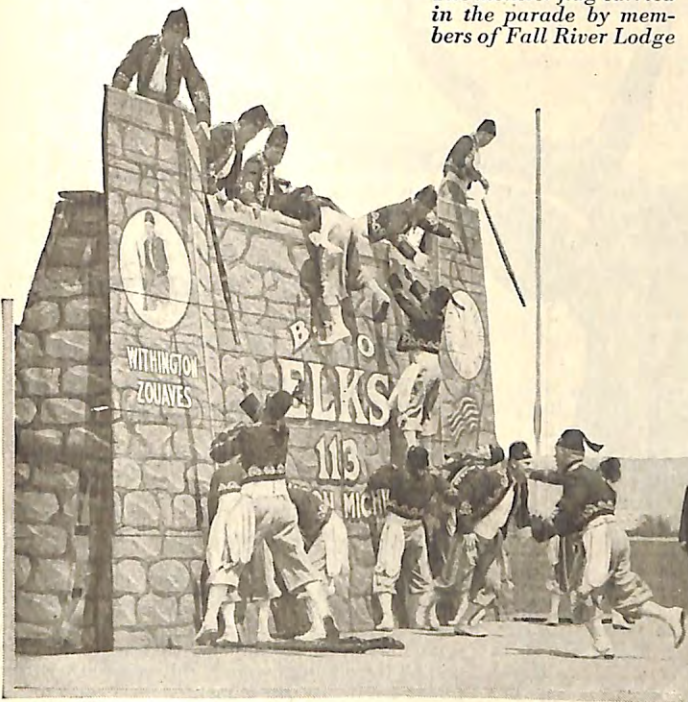
Edward W. Cotter, Pilgurd Building, Hartford, Conn.

Snapped at Boston During the Convention

The monster flag carried in the parade by members of Fall River Lodge



BOSTON POST



BOSTON GLOBE

The famous Withington Zouaves of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, scaling the fort at the conclusion of their drill in the contests at Braves Field, Boston. This team won first prize again for the fifth year



A view of some of the purple Ford runabouts which formed part of the spectacular Philadelphia contingent



BOSTON POST

This view of the parade shows the stands on Tremont Street, and the sidewalks opposite, densely packed with a portion of the crowd, estimated at 500,000, which saw the best parade ever held in Boston

The drill team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78, which won second prize in the contests. This team was organized a year ago, after the convention in 1923, under the direction of Captain Sparks of Jackson, Mich.



PHOTOS BOSTON GLOBE



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

THE Withington Zouaves, the famous drill team of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, under the leadership of Capt. William Sparks, recently were invited to give an exhibition at the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. The exhibition, given at the request of the authorities, broke precedent for the old military establishment to invite a civilian organization to display its excellence on the Academy grounds. The Withington Zouaves, fresh from their victory at the Boston Grand Lodge Convention, where for the fifth successive year they took first prize in the National Drill contests, gave the exhibition before the cadets, winning high praise from the commanding officers of the Academy.

Home of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge Badly Damaged by Tornado

The new Home of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge No. 285, was very severely damaged by the great tornado which recently swept the region. The building was struck by lightning and the large brick stack was knocked down, breaking through the corner of the building. A considerable portion of the roof was damaged in this way, and the rain that followed destroyed most of the furniture and decorations. The total loss was estimated at close to \$10,000. With true Elk spirit, Sandusky Lodge immediately began to repair the damage and to plan for the refurnishing of the Home.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge Conducts Big Trap Shoot

Nearly 500 representatives from various Lodges in the State were present at the first annual Merchandise Trap Shoot conducted by Richmond, Calif., Lodge No. 1251 on its gun club grounds. Ninety-seven shooters participated in the shoot and the whole event was run off in clock-like order. The prizes, donated by the merchants and business houses of Richmond, amounted to more than \$500. Richmond Lodge believes this was the first big shoot ever held in the State under the auspices of an Elks Lodge.

Idaho State Elks Association Meets at Twin Falls

Twin Falls, Idaho, Lodge No. 1183 was host to the Idaho State Elks Association which met recently in that city for its annual convention. The meeting, which called forth many visitors, was declared in all respects one of the most thoroughly successful in the history of the Association since its formation three years ago. A program of sports, dancing and other features was enjoyed by the visitors. Festivities on the closing day of the convention included one of

the largest parades ever seen in the city. Large representation in line by the various Lodges, many bands and handsome floats passed in review along crowded streets. The Royal Italian Band of Pocatello Lodge No. 674 and the famous drill team of Boise Lodge No. 310 were loudly cheered by the spectators. The Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Clinton H. Hartson of Boise; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry J. Fox of Pocatello.

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Home-Coming of Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was welcomed home to Columbus, Ohio, from the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston, by the band of Columbus Lodge No. 37 playing the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." More than 200 members of the Lodge greeted Mr. Price at the depot, and he was escorted in a triumphal parade to the Home, where he was the guest of honor at an informal banquet.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Plans Extensive Remodeling of Its Home

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge No. 50 plans extensive remodeling of its present quarters. Originally an entirely new building was considered, but as the location now occupied is more ideal than any that can be purchased, and as part of the present building is comparatively new, it was finally decided to tear down the old part, that fronting the street, and to rebuild it with a splendid facade, extending the more modern part thirty feet to the rear. Among the features to be incorporated will be six bowling alleys, sufficient to hold a State tournament, enlarged billiard-room, new reception and reading-rooms, a cafeteria, and a dance-hall that will be ample in size. The present beautiful Lodge Room will remain substantially unchanged except that it will be lengthened thirty feet. The cost of the remodeling is expected to be about \$100,000, financed directly by the membership. A selective campaign for new members will be carried on by the Lodge this winter.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Takes Crippled Children to Coney Island

Nearly 600 crippled children of the vicinity were recently given a day's outing at Coney Island by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge No. 871. A caravan of sight-seeing buses, escorted by four motorcycle policemen, assigned by Police Com-

missioner Enright of New York City, took the youngsters to the Island. There on the sand, seated in beach chairs, the children enjoyed the entertainment which was provided for them. A cold lunch, plenty of orangeade, and milk was served. The entire day was without a mishap and all the children were highly pleased. Bronx Lodge was highly complimented for its generosity and the excellent manner in which the outing was conducted by various teachers of the public schools, nurses and superintendents of the hospitals.

The Order Extends Deep Sympathy To Grand Exalted Ruler Price

It is with great regret that we publish the news of the death, August 6, of Mrs. Edward P. Price, of Canton, Ohio, mother of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. Mrs. Price, whose health had been poor for several years, had been confined to the hospital for the past thirteen months. Born in Ireland, eighty years ago, Mrs. Price was brought to this country as a young girl and lived in Washington, where she was a protégé of the late Senator John Sherman and his family. Married in 1870 at the Sherman home in Mansfield, Ohio, Mrs. Price went to her husband's home in Canton, and lived there for fifty years in one house. She was active in church and relief work, devoting herself largely to helping others. Mrs. Price is survived by Mr. Edward P. Price, her husband, one of the oldest residents of Canton, three children and seven grandchildren.

New Million-Dollar Home Of Detroit, Mich., Lodge

The Building Association of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 has abandoned the hotel idea in the consideration of plans for the new million-dollar Home, and the entire building, with the exception of a few stores on the ground floor, will be devoted exclusively to Lodge and club features, making it the largest exclusive Elks Home in the country. Architects are at work on the plans which will be submitted to the membership shortly, and work on the new Home is expected to start some time in the fall. Detroit Lodge has set as its goal a membership of 10,000.

Death Claims Peter A. O'Boyle, Former Chief Justice of Grand Forum

Judge Peter A. O'Boyle, widely known and loved throughout the Order, passed away recently at his home in Pittston, Pa., after a long period of illness, which began some years ago while he was still serving on the bench. He was a commanding figure in the political and social life of the

State, and was long an active member in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109 and in the Grand Lodge. He was appointed a member of the Grand Forum by Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson at the Grand Lodge Convention in Baltimore, Md., July, 1916, and served until 1921, being Chief Justice of that body during the last year.

Judge O'Boyle was born in County Mayo, Ireland, on October 10, 1861. He was brought to America three years later by his parents, who settled in Pittston, Pa. He was reared in that city and educated in the public schools. In 1885 he was admitted to the bar of Luzerne County, where he began to practice law. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia in 1891, and on June 1, 1892, was appointed Assistant District Attorney of Luzerne County for a term of three years. In 1911 he was elected to the bench.

Judge O'Boyle was not only well versed in the law but he was a gifted orator. His oratorical gifts made him a reputation that extended beyond the borders of the State, and he was always in demand as a speaker at political and fraternal gatherings. In the course of his brilliant career he made hosts of loyal friends in every part of the country. His death is deeply felt by thousands of members of the Order, in which he always took such an active and faithful interest.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge to Give Boy College Education

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 is working out plans for the selection of some young man to receive financial assistance from the Lodge in securing a college education. The committee recently invited the principals of the public High Schools and the Superintendent of Schools to dinner, where ideas were exchanged and suggestions made as to the best plan for establishing the scholarship.

Quincy, Ill., Lodge Will Occupy New Home in Fall

Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100 expects to occupy its new Home early in the fall. The building will be one of the finest in the region, and will embody many unique features. It will have a large banquet hall, big enough to accommodate 400 or more, and two private dining-rooms. A memorial hall or lobby will grace the entrance to the building. On the second floor will be the billiard rooms and lounge. A well-lighted and well-ventilated Lodge-room has been secured by having it extend from the third floor of the building up through the fourth. This room will be 55 x 44 feet and have a spacious balcony around three sides. Surrounding the upper part of the Lodge-room will be the living-rooms—12 on the third floor and 17 on the fourth. The building as a whole presents many novel features in construction and is thoroughly fireproof throughout.

The membership of Quincy Lodge is steadily growing and nearing the 1,000 mark.

Marietta, Ohio, Lodge Opens Ideal Tourist Camp—Members Invited

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Marietta, Ohio, Lodge No. 477 has opened a Tourist Camp, sponsored and maintained by the members. The Camp is ideally located at Marietta's Fair Grounds, a short distance after entering the city on the Cambridge-Marietta Pike overlooking the Muskingum River. There is a caretaker always on duty and all necessary equipment has been installed. The camp has cooking apparatus, good water, fuel, swings, rest-rooms, etc., for the young and the older folks. Marietta Lodge invites all members and their friends passing through this section of the country to avail themselves of this ideal camping spot.

Newport, Ky., Lodge Donates \$5,000 to Local Charities

The minstrel show recently staged by members of Newport, Ky., Lodge No. 273 was perhaps the most successful thing of its kind

ever conducted by the Lodge. Close to \$5,000 was realized and the entire proceeds were distributed equally among four charitable institutions of the city. The institutions receiving the money were the Campbell County Protestant Orphanage, St. Joseph's Orphans' Asylum, Speer's Memorial Hospital, and the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for New Home

The exercises celebrating the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge No. 1458 were conducted in a most successful manner. Many distinguished members of the Order from various parts of the country were present. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan delivered the principal address of the day, and Mayor Burns welcomed the visitors in behalf of the city. Mr. Hallinan and former District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers were the officiating officers. The Glen Cove band played a number of spirited selections, and every one present enjoyed hearing Mrs. Rose Le Balin sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge Gives Children Joyous Outing at Beach

The first Kiddies' Outing conducted by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36 was an unqualified success. More than 200 crippled and orphan children of the city were taken to Pleasure Beach in special automobiles donated by the members for the occasion. Everything was provided the youngsters in the way of refreshments and confections, and the concessions at Pleasure Beach were at their disposal throughout the day. The children were accompanied by 25 nurses of the Catholic Charitable Bureau, and the autos were escorted to the city limits by a squad of motorcycle police. The final touch to make the day a complete success in the minds of the children was the promise that a similar affair would be held by the Lodge in the future.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Entertains Colorado State Elks Association

The convention of the Colorado State Elks Association held at Greeley, Colo., was one of the biggest and best attended so far held by the organization. Greeley Lodge No. 809, which acted as host to the many visitors, entertained lavishly and everything was done for the comfort and pleasure of the delegates and their families. Much constructive legislation was discussed during the business sessions for the building up of a stronger organization within the State and throughout the entire Order. Among other resolutions adopted was one requesting the Grand Lodge to take action against the wearing of the Elk tooth. Claims were made that animals were being slaughtered for their teeth. Trapshooting, golf and tennis tournaments were features on the social program, and great enthusiasm was displayed in the various sporting events and races that took place on the second day of the convention. Over \$700 was distributed in prizes to participants in the parade, which was the grand finale of the convention.



The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: William R. Patterson of Greeley Lodge No. 809, President; Joseph H. Loor of Pueblo Lodge No. 90, Secretary, and John H. Drury of Trinidad Lodge No. 181, Treasurer.

Donors of Betty Bacharach Home Give Institution \$13,000

A gift of \$13,000 to pay for additions and alterations to the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children at Longport, N. J., was recently made by Mrs. Jacob Bacharach and her sons, Hon. Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J., and Congressman Isaac Bacharach—both members of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276. The Home, which is valued at \$40,000, was presented to Atlantic City Lodge last spring by the Bacharach brothers in honor of their mother, after whom it is named. It is perhaps the only Home of its kind owned and operated by an Elks Lodge. It has already served the community during the summer and now that this generous gift frees it of all encumbrances, the scope of its activities will be greatly enlarged.

Three-Day Celebration Marks Opening of New Home of Allentown, Pa., Lodge

A three-day celebration marked the opening of the enlarged and altered Home of Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130. Representatives from all Lodges throughout the Pennsylvania southeast district were present and many distinguished members of the Order attended the festivities. An expenditure of \$175,000 was made in enlarging the Home and the improvements have provided Allentown Lodge with one of the most beautiful and commodious Homes in the East.

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge Active in Social Welfare Work

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge No. 920, has been especially active this spring and summer. In addition to helping many destitute families of the city and providing a series of entertainments in hospitals, and at the State Prison and the Old Folks Home, the Committee is assisting the truant officers of Pawtucket and Central Falls and the probation officers of Lincoln. It is also cooperating with the Chief of Police and the Judges of the District Court in the interest of juvenile offenders. Recently the Lodge took nearly 300 crippled and poor children of the city to the seashore where they were given a real outing.

Members of Monongahela, Pa., Lodge Now Occupy New Home

The members of Monongahela, Pa., Lodge No. 455 are now occupying their new Home, situated at 500 West Main Street. The building has a frontage of 50 feet on Main Street and extends to a depth of 180 feet along Fifth Street to Chess Street in the rear. On the street floor are the main entrance, a large veranda, the library and lounging-room, the pool and billiard rooms, dining-room, and kitchen. At the rear, on Fifth Street, is the public entrance to the dance-hall. On the second floor are the ladies' parlors and lounge-rooms and the Lodge-room. The new Home, beautifully furnished throughout, is in every respect a building of which the membership can be proud.

Big Improvements Made on Children's Farm by Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289, assisted by other members of the Lodge, worked every Sunday during the spring and early summer getting the Lodge's Farm for Poor Kiddies at Dunellen, N. J., in shape for the season. During the past months as a result of their efforts the youngsters have had use of an entirely new building, containing kitchen, laundry, and shower-baths. Other important improvements were made on the Farm, all the work being done voluntarily by the members. The Lodge has already spent over \$10,000 in establishing this wonderful Farm for children, and with the

additional improvements which it plans to make during the coming year, it will have one of the best equipped places of its kind in the State.

Big Charity Ball in October Plan of Portland, Ore., Lodge

In order to raise a charity fund to enable it to assist the needy of the city this winter, Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 is planning to stage one of the biggest charity balls ever held in Portland. The ball will be given in the Auditorium some time in October. Everybody in the city will be invited to attend and the proceeds will be devoted solely to charitable work.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Prepares for Formal Opening of New Home

The new Home of Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17 has just been completed and will be soon occupied by the members. The Lodge is making plans for the formal opening early in September to which all members and their families will be invited. An elaborate program of entertainments and festivities will mark the day.

Playground Opened by Norristown, Pa., Lodge Popular with Children

The new playground recently opened by Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714 has been a decided success this summer. The daily attendance has been large and the various amusements have been continuously taxed to the utmost. The playground, situated at Swede and Beech streets, is fully equipped for the purpose for which it was established. The grounds have been fenced in with a six-foot wire fence and all the necessary apparatus has been installed. The grounds are kept open from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., and some one is always on hand to direct the play of the youngsters.

District Deputy James T. Hallinan Institutes Beacon, N. Y., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan recently instituted Beacon, N. Y., Lodge No. 1493. Many distinguished members of the Order were present on the occasion and representatives from many Lodges throughout the district took part in the exercises. A large banquet and a great parade, in which many bands were in line, were features of the exercises. The initiation of the candidates was conducted by the Exalted Ruler and officers of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge No. 247. Samuel D. Affron is the first Exalted Ruler of Beacon Lodge and William A. Forrester the Secretary.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Soon to Open New Section of Home

The extensive alterations and additions being made on the Home of New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 have been practically completed and preparations are under way for celebrating the formal opening of the new section. A feature of the improvements is the new auditorium and stage. No other organization in the city will be so well equipped in this respect. Their size opens possibilities for future entertainments that have been impossible heretofore. The new section will also include a swimming-pool and gymnasium—both beautifully constructed and complete in every modern appliance. These additions and alterations will give the membership of New Orleans Lodge one of the finest Homes in the country.

Handsome Car Presented Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland by Boston

At the close of the Grand Lodge Convention, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was presented by Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 with a handsome Marmon automobile as a token of the high esteem in which members of No. 10 hold Mr. McFarland. The presentation took place in Copley Square in front of the Copley Plaza Hotel on the last day of convention week. The car, a seven-passenger phaeton, enriched in purple, gold and white, was presented by Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane of Boston Lodge on behalf of the members. Mr. McFarland responded

with much feeling, expressing his deep appreciation of the gift and of the wonderful spirit shown by Boston Lodge throughout the convention. The car had been used by Mr. McFarland during convention week through the courtesy of the Marmon Company and W. D. White, a member of Boston Lodge. On the last day of the convention it was purchased by Boston Lodge and given to Mr. McFarland.

Provo, Utah, Lodge Host to Conven- tion of Utah State Elks Association

P. J. Evans of Logan, Utah, Lodge No. 1453 was elected President of the Utah State Elks Association for the ensuing year at its annual convention held recently at Provo. J. A. Boshard of Provo Lodge No. 849 was chosen Treasurer and D. T. Lane of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85, Secretary.

Provo Lodge, with its newly dedicated Home, played host to the large number of delegates and visitors which attended the convention. The city itself joined hands with the Lodge in welcoming the guests and was gaily decorated with flags and the colors of the Order. There was a rodeo, wrestling matches, a baseball game, and many other sporting events. On the final day of the convention one of the largest parades in the history of the Association marched through the city. Many valuable prizes were provided for the Lodges in line and there was keen competition for the awards. The convention closed with a Grand Ball held in the new Home of Provo Lodge.

The 1925 convention of the Association will be held at Eureka.

Past Exalted Ruler George F. Hamil- ton Victim of Ohio Tornado

The death of George F. Hamilton, Past Exalted Ruler of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge No. 231 and former District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, came as a great shock to his fellow members and to his many friends throughout the Order. Mr. Hamilton had gone to Cedar Point to promote the better road movement in that section and was on his return home when the great tornado, that recently swept over Lorain and much of northern Ohio, broke in all its fury and hurled a telegraph pole across his automobile, injuring him so seriously that it was necessary to amputate his leg below the knee. The shock was too great for his strength and he passed away shortly after the operation.

Mr. Hamilton was long a loyal and active worker in the interests of his Lodge and the Order at large. His passing is deeply mourned by all who knew him.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees:

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$650,000 with furnishings of \$50,000. Their site is valued at \$150,000.

Green Bay, Wis., Lodge No. 259. Purchase of a building site of \$13,500.

Ossining, N. Y., Lodge No. 1486. Purchase of a Home at a cost of \$16,000 with furnishings of \$1,000.

St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge Mourns Loss of Past Exalted Ruler Donald Stewart

Members of St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516 and his many friends throughout the Order mourn the loss of Donald Stewart, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Mr. Stewart was also commander of the Wallace Chute Post of the American Legion and a prominent attorney of the city.

Portland, Ore., Lodge at Work on Plans for National Convention

The National Convention Committee of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 is already at work on plans for the entertainment of the Grand Lodge Convention which is scheduled to meet in that city on Monday July 13, 1925. The Committee on Finance has already been pledged a

large sum, and an efficient organization is being built up to execute the elaborate program of events planned for the thousands of delegates and visitors.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New Home

Members of Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943 are now enjoying the facilities of their beautiful new Home which was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick T. Strachan. A large banquet, a feature of the dedication exercises, was attended by many distinguished members of the Order. On the day following the formal dedication, the building was thrown open for inspection to the general public. The new Home stands on Hancock Street just north of Quincy Square. It was erected at a cost of \$150,600.

Preparations Made for Convention of California State Elks Association

The annual convention of the California State Elks Association will be held at Catalina Island September 17-20. Long Beach Lodge No. 888 will act as host to the visiting members, and its preparations give promise of a lavish entertainment. More interest is being manifested in this year's gathering than was ever shown before. Already the reservations at the hotel greatly exceed the number that ever attended any former convention and bespeak the largest and most successful convention that has ever been held by the Association.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge to Give Kiddies Outing in September

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842 has made plans to give the children of its community an outing on September 6. An entire day in the woods and by the sea, a long drive in automobiles, a big picnic with sandwiches and ice-cream, will be features of the outing.

Mount Vernon Lodge is also planning to hold its annual clambake on September 7, when one of the largest crowds ever taking part in this event is expected.

Skagway, Alaska, Lodge Plays Part In Dedication of Mt. Harding

At the annual Midnight Sun Picnic of the Alpine Club, a mountain across the bay from Skagway, Alaska, was named and dedicated Mt. Harding in honor of our late President, Warren G. Harding, the first President to visit the wonderland of the North. W. A. Preis, Exalted Ruler of Skagway Lodge No. 431, spoke on President Harding as an Elk, as part of the dedication program.

La Junta, Colo., Lodge Now Entirely Free from Debt

Members of La Junta, Colo., Lodge No. 701 are congratulating themselves that their Lodge is now absolutely free from debt. The last payment on the property purchased by the Lodge in 1911 was made recently, thus placing the Lodge in excellent financial condition. The Home of La Junta Lodge contains five business rooms on the ground floor, while the second is devoted to the Lodge-room and club-rooms and one of the largest dance-floors in the State. The membership of the Lodge, which is rapidly nearing the 1,000 mark, is planning to celebrate its freedom from debt by a special entertainment, early in the fall.

Members of Platteville, Wis., Lodge Enjoy Mid-Summer Frolics

The first annual Mid-summer Frolic of Platteville, Wis., Lodge No. 1466 was held recently at O'Neill's Grove, and members from Lodges in Dubuque, Iowa, Galena, Ill., Beloit, Wis., and other points joined in the festivities. There was a tug-of-war, a ball game, a fat man's race and a relay race, to say nothing of excellent music throughout the day.

Platteville Lodge was recently presented with a handsome mounted elk's head, which has been hung over the fireplace in the lounge-room of the

Home. The antlers are a gift of Louis Piquette, a former resident of the city, but now a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4. Mr. Piquette made the gift on behalf of his brother James, a member of Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383.

Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge Will Build \$50,000 Home

Members of Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge No. 1030 are planning to erect a new Home on the lot purchased some time ago at Starr and Water Streets, fronting the bay and in the heart of the business section of the city. Since the purchase of the lot, numerous entertainments and carnivals have been staged by the Lodge, the proceeds being devoted to the Building Fund. The new Home will cost \$50,000 and will contain complete Lodge quarters, reading, writing and gymnasium rooms, as well as accommodations for visiting members.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Stages Series of Weekly Card Parties

Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 is staging a novel series of Saturday-night card parties for its members. Bridge was played on the opening night and at subsequent parties, duplicate whist, single pedro, hearts, double pedro, rummy, cribbage and solo. Prizes were awarded for high scores.

The jurisdiction of Alameda Lodge extends out into Alameda County for forty miles and includes several thriving county towns. To promote fellowship, the Lodge's September social dance will be held this year at Hayward. By holding various other social events in towns within its jurisdiction, Alameda Lodge hopes to keep in closer touch with its members in its extensive outlying territory.

Imposing New Home is Opened By Punxsutawney Lodge

A large entertainment and ball marked the opening of the new Home of Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge No. 301. The building, which cost over \$140,000, is one of the finest structures of its kind in that part of the State. It contains every modern improvement for the convenience and comfort of the members. The large ballroom on the second floor and the Lodge-room on the third are unusually spacious and attractive. The ballroom is 45 x 80 feet, and the Lodge-room 45 x 90 feet. The Lodge-room, with its purple carpet, purple draperies, purple-tinted walls, its windows each containing a stained glass elk's head, is one of the most imposing Lodge-rooms in western Pennsylvania. The exterior of the building is of brick and stone, and the design of the structure makes it a distinctive addition to the architecture of the city.

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Proves Summer Meetings Successful

The water carnival held recently by Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266 proved that meetings in July can be made just as popular with the members as meetings in December. The carnival was an unqualified success, the program of events

including exhibition diving and a water polo match between the Lodge's drill team and the officers. Only a short business session preceded the evening's fun.

The meetings of Bakersfield Lodge this summer have been in the nature of an experiment, as heretofore the activities of the Lodge have decreased during this season. The large number of members attending the carnival attested to the popularity of the plan for continued activities throughout the summer.

Women of Community Help in Welfare Work of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

The wives, sisters, mothers, daughters and widows of members of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276 have banded themselves together in an organization which is very active in assisting the Lodge in its welfare work. It was organized in 1904 with only three members. Since that time it has grown steadily until at present there are more than 200 members. It has a business meeting every first and third Friday of the month, and on the other Fridays a card party is given for which a small charge is made. Unusually excellent work has been done by the ladies of this organization in furnishing the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children which is owned and operated by Atlantic City Lodge.

Billiard Tourney of New Orleans, La., Lodge Proves Great Success

The Billiard Tournament recently conducted by New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 over a period of weeks created great enthusiasm among the members and was a means of bringing to light much excellent talent. The tournament was the first ever attempted by the Lodge, and its success makes certain that it will become an annual feature. There were three events to the Tournament—pocket billiards, straight rail billiards and three-cushion billiards. There were also two classes to each event and an additional prize was awarded the high-run man in each.

Marlborough, Mass., Lodge Dedicates Memorial to Sergeant Wm. A. Howes

With a most impressive ceremony and in the presence of several hundred residents of Marlborough, as well as many distinguished members of the Order from out of town, Marlborough, Mass., Lodge No. 1239 recently conducted the dedication exercises of the William A. Howes Memorial and turned it over to the city. The Memorial, consisting of a bronze tablet mounted on a boulder, was placed in a spot which will hereafter be known as Howes Square. It was dedicated to Sergeant Howes, a member of Marlborough Lodge, who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. At the close of the exercises the colors were brought to the boulder and all present repeated the Pledge to the Flag. "The Star Spangled Banner" was played and, as taps were sounded, the mother and widow of the dead soldier placed two memorial wreaths on the boulder.

Early on the same afternoon, as a further demonstration of its patriotic spirit, Marlborough Lodge initiated 12 members of the G. A. R. of Marlborough and vicinity into honorary memberships.

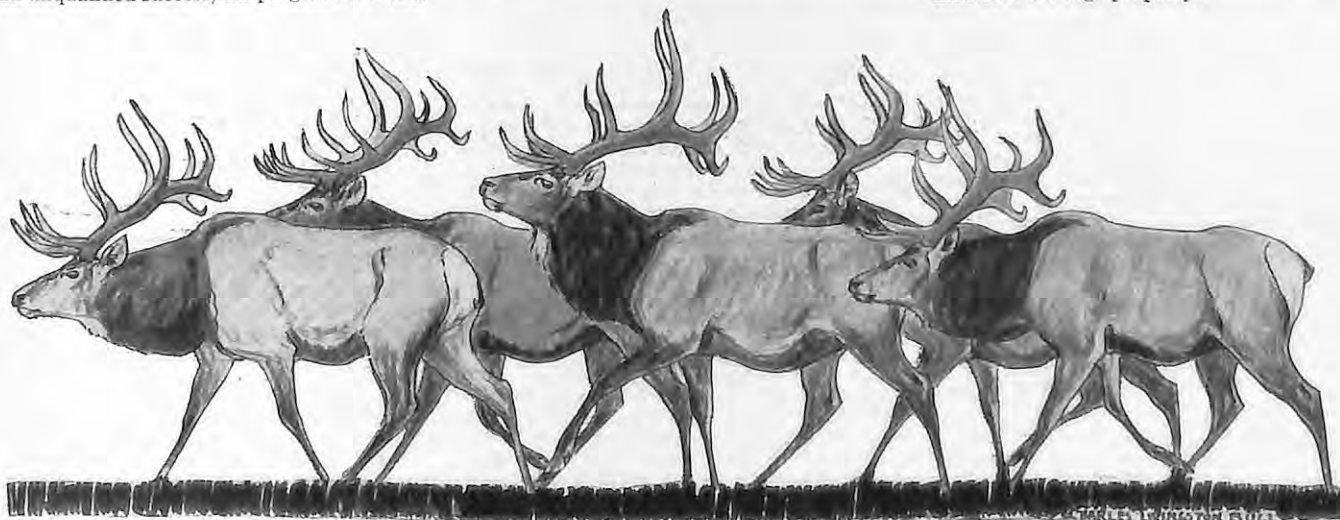
Improvements Give Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge Model Home

Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge No. 304 has just finished remodeling and redecorating its Home at a cost of over \$50,000. Many beautiful and distinctive features have been embodied and the scheme as worked out by the architect and interior decorator gives the Lodge an exceedingly handsome and practical Home. Typical of the taste and thoroughness with which the decorations have been made throughout the building is the main lounge-room on the second floor. This room, overlooking the Mississippi River, is furnished in an adaptation of the English style, with little touches of the Italian influence. The walls are painted mauvish tan with walnut wood trim and there are two large Hartford Saxony rugs in tones that give depth to the general scheme. Comfortable English overstuffed sofas and chairs, covered in rich gobelin blue mohair and embroidered wool tapestries of harmonious contrasting color notes, have place in this room. In the center of the Lounge there is a large octagonal table, around which are four wrought-iron Italian benches, patterned after the famous Donizetti bench. In the background are two polychromed walnut consoles and mirrors. High-back chairs also grace the background with rich upholstery, and several benches add a homelike note. In this room, and throughout the entire building, special attention has been paid to lighting, both in the portable and in the especially designed fittings.

The other rooms of the Home are furnished in equally appropriate taste, the whole effect being harmonious and suitable. Muscatine Lodge can be proud indeed of its handsome Home, which is in many respects a model of convenience, comfort and charm.

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Plans to Hold Huge Carnival

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge No. 1456 is actively planning a carnival on its spacious grounds, Sixth Street and Boulevard East, beginning September 20th and lasting to 27th inclusive. Among the attractions will be a midway. The features will include numerous booths and dancing and all the accessories that go to make up a successful carnival. There will be fireworks and music every night. One of the big prizes to be given away will be an Oakland Sport Model touring car fully equipped. There will be a Popularity Contest for the most popular Elk in the State of New Jersey and a contest for the most popular organization of the State. The Elks, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Order of the Eastern Star, Order of Oddfellows, Kiwanis Clubs, Rotary Clubs, Lions Clubs, and others will compete in this event. The carnival is being held for two purposes, namely, to place Weehawken Lodge and its activities before the general public and to help pay off the indebtedness on the Lodge property.



Inglewood, Calif., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Cryderman

Hundreds of members from all parts of Southern California assembled at Inglewood to witness the institution of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge No. 1492. The program opened at 5 P. M. with a parade, and five bands and drill teams were in line. The streets were gaily decorated, and business houses covered with bunting. The institution was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Cryderman. Otto H. Duellke is Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Albert J. Coppage, Secretary.

Big Ovation on Homecoming for Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was greeted on his return home to Watertown, S. D., by such a reception as has seldom, if ever, honored any citizen of the city. From the big platform in front of Watertown Lodge No. 838, and facing a huge throng of men and women filling sidewalks and streets and extending far over into the Court House Square, Mr. McFarland declared his appreciation, responded to three addresses of enthusiastic welcome delivered by distinguished gentlemen of the town, and assured his hearers that this public expression of his fellow citizens had touched him more deeply than anything else he had experienced.

Mr. McFarland's eloquent address concluded an elaborate program that was carried out under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce. It started with the departure of a caravan of automobiles from Watertown Lodge which met the returning guest of honor twenty miles east of the city and escorted him into Watertown. A parade through the business district, a concert later in the evening, the addresses of welcome on the part of various city organizations and prominent citizens were some of the high lights of the reception. When the program was concluded at 9 o'clock, the merry crowd turned to a pavement dance on Broadway and found amusement until a late hour to music by the bands.

Mr. McFarland, accompanied by Mrs. McFarland and his two sons, made the trip from Boston across country in the handsome Marmon car presented him on the last day of the Convention by Boston Lodge.

Band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge Valuable Asset of Members

The band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827 takes a very active part in all functions given by the Lodge and is also prominent in welfare work, dispensing pleasure among the unfortunates of the city hospitals. It was one of the leading features of the Flag Day exercises; it has given outdoor public concerts, and has played for the inmates of various Homes and charitable institutions throughout its community. Its excellent appearance and performance at the meeting of the Washington State Elks Association in Bellingham won new praises for Ballard Lodge.

Shriners Present Providence, R. I., Lodge With Handsome Elk's Head

Officers and directors of the Providence, R. I., Palestine Shrine Club, with the Divan of Palestine Temple, Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, were recently visitors to the Home of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14 where a dinner was given in their honor. The Shriners presented the Lodge with a fine mounted elk's head. When the Shrine Club was opened some time ago Providence Lodge sent a magnificent bouquet with a letter of friendly greeting, and the gift of the Shriners was made as a reciprocal testimonial of the relations existing between two good neighbors.

Montana State Elks Association Holds Successful Meeting

The convention of the Montana State Elks Association was held at Havre, Mont., July 3, 4 and 5, under the auspices of Havre Lodge No. 1201. Many hundreds of visitors from all over the state journeyed to the convention city and took part in the elaborate three-day program. The visitors were welcomed in an address

by the mayor, who turned over to them the keys to the city.

A wide variety of sports and other amusements, from baseball to aquatic contests and from Indian pow-wows to dancing featured the social side of the meeting. On July 4, there was an elaborate parade and on the following day a trap-shoot and barbecue.

Officers elected for 1924-25 are as follows: President, Leon Chouquette, Past Exalted Ruler of Havre Lodge, No. 1201; Treasurer, Fred J. McQueeney, Past Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge, No. 240; Secretary, J. N. Minor, Past Exalted Ruler of Anaconda Lodge, No. 239.

Washington State Elks Association Holds Twentieth Session

The twentieth annual session of the Washington State Elks Association was held in Bellingham, July 28, 29 and 30, and from the standpoint of attendance, entertainment and business transacted, it was the best in the history of the Association. The reports of the President and Secretary showed not only a year of great activity, but also a healthy and prosperous condition of the Lodges of the State. Of the various matters of business transacted, perhaps the most important were the adoption of resolutions establishing the first Monday of August as Crippled Kiddies' Day, commending to each lodge of the state the planting, or dedication, of a tree in a park, or other public place, in memory of the Elk soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War, and the unveiling of a suitable tablet in connection therewith, and memorializing the Grand Lodge to prescribe as a prerequisite to the acceptance of an application for membership in the Order that the applicant must have read, or reread, as the case might be, the Constitution of the United States within thirty days preceding the making of such application.

It was decided to hold the mid-winter session in Seattle, and the next annual session in Vancouver, Washington, at such a time as to make it possible for the delegates to attend the Grand Lodge session in Portland, Oregon.

Walter F. Meier, Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, and present District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington, North-

Patronize Magazine Advertisers

"WERE a clearer understanding possible among the membership of our Order on the needs of a popular magazine, the Elks' official publication would soon pass all other monthlies in circulation and advertising. The day of the advertiser who bought space just to be a good fellow and donated a few dollars has long passed from existence. The man who uses up white space now is placing his money where it will pay dividends; this means that the advertiser in 'The Elks Magazine' is not displaying his wares in order to be charitable and prevent the Order from carrying a white elephant; it is a business proposition and should the magazine not pay profits, he will soon withdraw his copy. The brothers of Irvington Lodge can assist the directors of the Elks' monthly by reading every advertisement, sending for catalogues and other literature and always mentioning The Elks Magazine when writing to the advertiser. Patronize whenever practical the man who is patronizing you."

—Official Bulletin of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1245.

west, was elected president. The other officers are: Hale R. Nosler, of Yakima Lodge, No. 318, first vice-president; Gus Thacker, of Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, second vice-president; Lee B. Carroll, of Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204, third vice-president; Victor Zednick, of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, secretary; and C. W. Van Rooy, of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, treasurer.

Elks Lodge Wants To Secure Full-time Secretary

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge No. 255 wishes to secure a full-time Secretary, preferably a single man from some other city who is not well known to the majority of the local members. To be eligible, the applicant should be between 30 and 40 years old, and should have had some experience as a Lodge Secretary. In making application for the position, references should be given and expected salary stated. All communications should be addressed to D. F. McGowan, Chairman, Board of Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, No. 255, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Effingham, Ill., Lodge gives Children's Outing

Some five hundred children from Effingham and five nearby towns were entertained by the Elks of Effingham, Ill.; Lodge No. 1016, in Bliss Park, of that city, on July 25th. The park was gaily decorated with flags and bunting and the children engaged in baseball, foot races, singing and many other equally pleasant diversions, to the accompaniment of ice cream, lollipops, balloons and much unrestrained joy.

New York Lodge Entertains Thousands of Children

Since the middle of July the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York Lodge, No. 1, has been continuously active in the entertainment of children. Each week the Lodge has taken from 500 to 1500 kiddies to see the big league baseball games; a thousand children being taken on one day alone. In addition to the ball games, one hundred children every week have been guests of the Lodge at performances of "Abie's Irish Rose."

Early in August New York Lodge played host to some four hundred crippled children whom they escorted from various institutions to an outing at Coney Island which was an immense success. In addition to swimming at the beach, rides on the carousels and various other exciting things, the youngsters were served a wholesome lunch, under the supervision of William Collins, Vice-President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City and a member of the Lodge. On the same day, the Committee announced, the Lodge donated the sum of five thousand dollars for the endowment of a bed in perpetuity in the Hospital for Joint Diseases for Children.

Later in the month New York Lodge held entertainments in a number of local hospitals and similar institutions.

Flint, Mich., Lodge Awards Three Scholarships

The Educational Committee of Flint, Mich., Lodge No. 222, has awarded three scholarships from the special fund established a year ago to aid deserving young men of that city to acquire a higher education. The fund has been augmented since its establishment by the various activities of the Lodge and, following the award of the three scholarships this year, it was increased by personal contributions from individual members of the Educational Committee.

The three young men chosen were Harry Harper Glezen, who will take a course in Y. M. C. A. work in Chicago; Reginald H. Casey, who will study music at the University of Michigan, and Drury K. D. Turner, who is to be assisted in a four-year engineering course at Ohio State University.

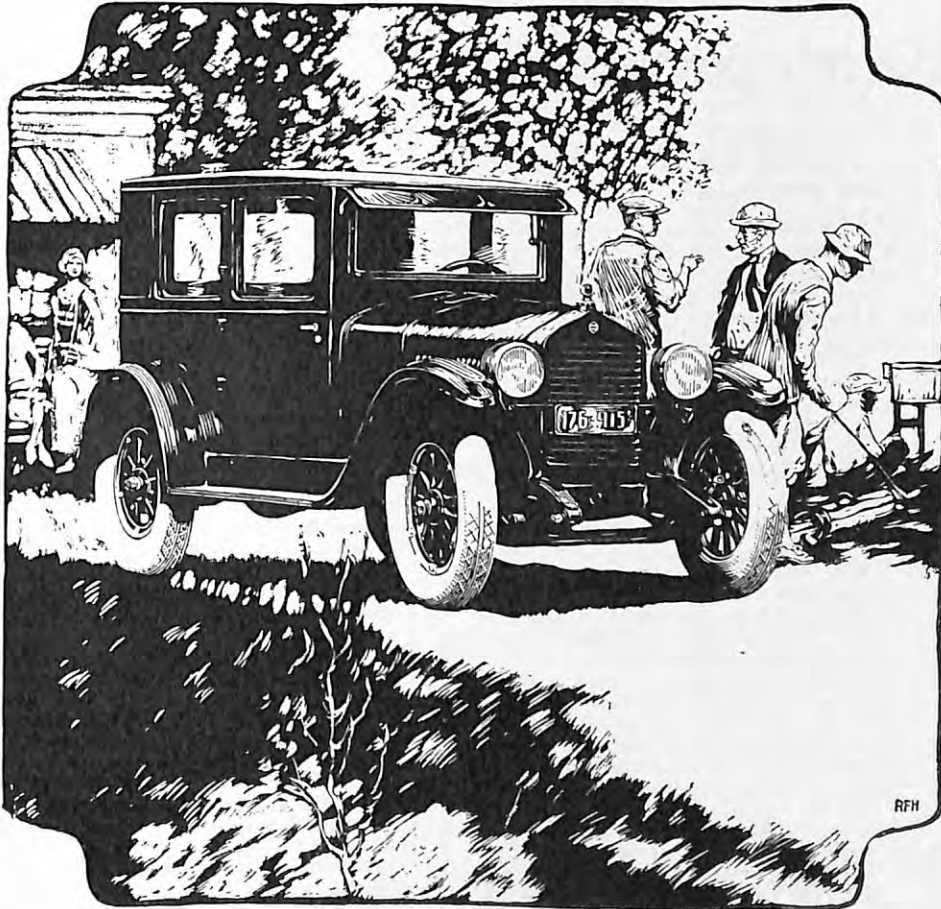
Millville, N. J., Lodge Gives Outing to Crippled Kiddies

Fifty-two crippled children and their mothers were given a most enjoyable outing at Stone Harbor, New Jersey, by Millville, N. J., Lodge No. 580. The guests were transported to the affair in automobiles belonging to local Elks and were taken on a cruise of the harbor aboard a specially chartered steamer. After the cruise a luncheon was served in the Shelter Haven Hotel, a special menu being provided for the children, and during the meal a vaudeville performance was given which also contained

(Continued on page 69)

Only Hudson and Essex Have the Coach

*It Gives All Closed Car Comforts
and at Open Car Cost*



Full Size Balloon Tires

Standard Equipment

Naturally when balloon tires had established their superiority Hudson and Essex would adopt them. They are now standard equipment. They add an even greater measure of riding ease, steadiness and good looks to the notable values of the Coach.

It marks another margin of advantage in Hudson-Essex values that all acknowledge.

*Be Sure to Get Parts
Price List from Your Dealer*

HUDSON-ESSEX parts prices are LOWER

So Why Buy an Open Car?

No need to accept an open car on the score of price. You pay no more for the Coach. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. It provides all the utility you can get in any closed car. It makes "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost" the outstanding issue of the year. And because you can get its advantages in no other car it is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

It Is the Car for Everyone

Motorists are fast forsaking the open type. Everyone wants closed car advantages. The Coach is the quality car within reach of all. You must consider any purchase in the light of this irresistible trend to closed cars. You must judge what the resale value will be of any type that is passing from favor. The Coach, as the wanted type, maintains high resale value. Comparative values of used open and closed cars should tell you what type to choose.

Hudson and Essex are creations of the same engineers. They are built in the same factories, by the same workmen, under the same patents.

In materials and workmanship they are of one quality. In either you get all the utility any closed car can give, with the assured mechanical satisfaction of a famous chassis. And you pay less even than for an open car of comparable quality.

ESSEX
SIX
COACH
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HUDSON
SUPER-SIX
COACH
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Hudson and Essex Are of One Quality



A bigger hold!

Compare it with the hold on old-type shaving sticks

WILLIAMS Doublecap is the newest thing in shaving sticks. It does away with slippery, finger-tip holds. Gives you a handle you can wrap your fingers around. And from first to last, even when the soap is but a thin wafer, the Doublecap hold remains the same.

Your first Doublecap at 35c is a permanent investment. When the original soap is gone, get a Doublecap Re-load, 25c.

A Doublecap stick is astoundingly economical. "It never uses up," says one man. And it's a time-saver. Apply it to your cheeks. Then take your brush. Instantly you have billows of thick, creamy lather. And such lather! Only Williams can give it.

It softens any beard quickly. Its lubric quality makes your skin pliable, instead of hard and resisting to the blade, and leaves your face feeling as smooth as a kid glove.

Complete Doublecap is 35c; Doublecap Re-load, 25c.

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Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving formula. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 59.



Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick

By the makers of the famous Williams Holder Top Stick, and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

All or Nothin'

(Continued from page 20)

an' all an' all he didn't look near so much like a leavin' from the last high tide as when he first come up in the spring. Watchin' him leave walkin' steady with his head up I begun to wonder if maybe a lot o' people like me an' Helen Barrett an' such hadn't done a lot o' laughin' at Abraham Lincoln when he first come out o' the tall grass with hayseed in his hair an' rail splinters in his fingers.

"That's the last we'll see of him," I said. "Well, he was good while he lasted."

"Mistake!" said Helen, glaring after him. "Mistake! What did he mean I made a mistake?"

"I dunno," I said. "That's somethin' for you to worry about through the winter."

"Worry!" she said, tossing her head. "Won't I just!"

I DON'T know about Helen, but Snooter an' me worried plenty durin' the winter. We couldn't get any trace o' Hostetter an' we were willin' to bet ten to one he'd never show up again. One thing made us pretty sure he was gone for good was that Eddie Kosack, the vaudeville bookin' agent, had seen him just after the row with Helen an' offered him ten weeks with an act at a thousan' per an' he turned him cold. If he was in a mood to throw that much dough overboard we didn't figure the ball team had any attractions that'd be liable to bring him back.

I met Helen Barrett in New York in January and she asks me if I'd heard anything of him. I told her no.

"What do you suppose he meant by saying I'd made a mistake?" she asked me again.

"I dunno," I told her for the second time. "I thought you weren't goin' to worry about it."

"Worry!" she said. "Can't I wonder without worryin'?"

"I dunno," I said. "Can you?" She made a face at me an' went away. I'd only been kiddin' her, but after she left I got to thinkin'. She looked as though she had somethin' on her mind that wasn't restin' there easy.

"I wonder if she can wonder without worryin'?" I asked myself. An' I couldn't get an answer to my own question.

Late February come an' still no word o' Hezekiah. Me an' Snooter had give him up complete an' were pagin' the world for a pitcher again. We went south an' settled in the trainin' camp an' the second day we was there Hezekiah come in as though he'd never been missin'.

"Ah been wukkin' in a little act in vaudeville in little houses in the southwest mos'ly," he said when I asked him where he'd been.

"Little houses in the southwest!" I said. "Howcome? Kosack told me he offered you real dough on the big time an' you turned it down."

"He didn't want me to do nothin'," Hezekiah said. "He only wanted mah name."

"Sure," I said. "I suppose these little houses where you've been playin' didn't want your name, huh?"

"They didn't know it," he said. "Ah been playin' undeh anotheh name. Ah been playin' with a fellow who's a ole time dancher an' clown an' all such like. He's been teachin' me a lot about how to cut up an' make folks laugh."

"How much were you gettin' out of it?" I asked him.

"Twenty-five to fifty dollehs a week," he said. "An' you turned down a thousan' on the big time to do that?" I said.

"Ah wanted to find out how to cut up good befo' ah went into them big theaytchs," he explained seriously.

"As a business man," I said, "you're the best ball player in Texas this year. Get on your uniform an' let's see what shape you're in."

He was good. As good as ever. As soon as I found that out, then I wondered how Helen would act when she met him. Funny thing I thought of after was that I wondered how she would act instead o' wonderin' what Hezekiah would do. Funny thing, too, when they did meet you couldn't tell by the way Hezekiah acted that anything had ever been wrong between 'em an' it was Helen that got pale an' stammered an' acted like she was embarrassed. He kept away from her pretty much, but she got him in one o' the public lounge rooms o' the hotel one mornin' when she thought no one else was around.

Wasn't my fault I was all kind o' slid down on my backbone in a big chair where I couldn't be seen.

"Are you mad with me?" she asked him.

"No," he said. "Just that an' nothin' else. Just no, an' then he stood there lookin' at her waitin' for her to go on."

"I'm sorry I got mad with you up in New York," she said after a nervous wait.

He didn't say anything to that. Just waited for more.

"What did you mean by sayin' that I'd made a mistake?"

"Don't you know yet?" he asked her.

"No," she admitted.

"Then you wouldn't unde'stan' if ah tol' you," he said. "Good mawnin'."

An' what does he do but up an' walk out on her with that steady dignified stride I'd seen him use when he made his getaway after she slapped him for askin' her to marry him; a stride that made you think there went a man who knew just what he was goin' to do an' knew that it was well worth doin'.

Then I had to stay curled up in my chair for near another half hour, 'cause after Hezekiah left Helen set down an' cried an' I didn't dare move an' let her know I'd heard what went on.

"Well," I says to myself when she finally dried her eyes an' went out. "If she ain't worryin' about somethin' she's givin' an imitation that she could get money for on any stage."

An' then I beat it on out to the ball yard whistlin' 'cause I thought our pitchin' troubles were all settled for the year.

WHAT a mistake it is to feel that everything's all right! That very afternoon the calamity happened. Helen Barrett rode out to the ball yard on her horse an' sat in the saddle watchin' the practice. A batted ball hit her nag in the left foreleg an' he bolted. She lost her seat an' got her foot jammed in the stirrup an' was bein' drug head down. Long-legged old Hezekiah Hostetter got there first an' closed in on this wild nag. There was a whirl of hoofs an' legs and feet an' arms, man, horse an' girl in a smother o' dust, an' when it was over the horse had went on his fool way without any damage done to him an' Helen was settin' on the ground, all right except for a slightly twisted ankle, an' one o' the best pitchin' prospects that baseball ever knew was standin' there grinnin' to hide the pain of a left arm busted complete in three places!

The Doc come up on the run an' give us the bad news after a quick look.

When she heard it Helen Barrett just set where she was on the ground an' cried.

"Oh, Mr. Hostetter," she said. "I'm so ashamed."

An' Hostetter didn't say nothin' back. He just went away an' left her settin' there; went away walkin' like I'd seen him walk twice before when he was leavin' that gal; walkin' with enough dignity in that long carcass o' his to last a President o' the United States through his whole term o' office. An' while I watched him a lump come up in my throat as I remembered what a long fool gawk he seemed when I first seen him and what he'd done since an' I got so darn proud of him all of a sudden I darn near blubbered.

The Doc who set Hezekiah's arm said it was just possible that he might pitch again some time, but certainly not that year, an' Hezekiah said good-by to some of us an' faded. Didn't linger around to get sympathized with an' didn't leave no address. Just went away from there between suns an' none of us heard a line from him until the mornin' o' the first World Series game after we'd won the pennant again by a margin of about the thickness o' the inner skin on a hen's hind teeth.

Then he walked into the club-house, grinnin', an' said he'd like to put on the spangles an' show with us when we went on the field.

"Try an' stay away," said Snooter Carmody. "How's the arm?"

"Ah may pitch again some day," says Hezekiah. "But not yet."

"You didn't leave no address," says Snooter. "So we didn't know where to send your dough. I s'pose you know you've got a whole summer's salary waitin' for you?"

"Ah ain't needed it," said Hezekiah. "Ah

been jiggin' an' fiddlin' an' cuttin' up one way an' another in vaudeville houses an' parks an' such."

"Funny we never heard of you," says Snooter. "Oh, ah was still doin' it under anotheh name," Hezekiah says. "Ah wasn't ready to own up to who ah was yet. Wanted to practice some mo' befo' ah did that."

The Long Boy got a great hand from the fans when he went on the field that afternoon. He didn't do much for a while. Batted out flies an' fooled around gassin' with old friends until about half an hour before game time, when the stands were pretty well filled, an' then he walked down near the coacher's box by first base an' stood there for a little bit, an' all of a sudden he begun to pull stuff. Comedy stuff. The first I knew of it was a roar from the stands, an', when I look to see what they're laughin' at there's Hezekiah doin' the funniest slow shufflin' dance I ever seen. He worked from that into a crazy eccentric dance that laid it over anything I ever seen done on the stage. When he got to floppin' them ungainly, strong, long legs an' arms o' his around he got an effect that just stood the crowd on its ear. An' every move was funny. Pure comedy! A scream! I went into hysterics an' stayed there for fifteen minutes an' that crowd in the stand howled until there wasn't a voice left in the gang to yell when the game started. After he finished his dancin' he did some pantomime comedy that was right up to the mark with the rest o' his stuff. He caught a cow an' started to milk her an' got kicked over an' a lot o' junk like that an' the crowd just screamin' itself sick all the way through.

An' never a grin from Hezekiah, never a sign of any kind that he knew he was doin' anything that had a laugh in it.

Finally he quit an' straightened up an' looked around surprised as though he was wonderin' what all the excitement was about.

By that time I was standin' near Carmody's personal box over at the right of the dugout. Helen Barrett was in that box with a party of friends. I took a look at her. She wasn't laughin' at Hezekiah. Indeed not. She was starin' at him the way people in the old days who seen miracles worked in front o' their eyes must o' stared. She'd stare at him an' then turn an' stare at the people that were laughin' themselves sick at him. Then she'd turn an' stare at him again an' while I watched her the tears begun to run out of her eyes an' roll down her cheeks.

Just about then George Bromley forced his way down into Carmody's box alongside Helen an' yelled at me like a madman. His hat was smashed an' his coat an' collar were both tore an' his nose was bleedin' some from the jam he'd been in gettin' through the crowd. You know who George Bromley is, o' course? The famous revue manager that stages a new edition o' the Frivols o' the Day each year? That's the one.

"Get that guy," he yelled to me, motionin' at Hezekiah. "Get him. Bring him here."

I got the play an' went after Hezekiah on the run.

"Tell him to look me up afteh the game's over," Hezekiah said when I had put him wise.

"But, man, don't you know who he is?" I gasped. "The biggest in the game, an' he wants you. He'll make a star out of you after what you've showed here to-day."

"He'll wait," said Hezekiah.

BROMLEY waited all right an' talked turkey to Hezekiah the minute he got the chance. When the question of salary come up Hezekiah was unusual as always.

"A week foh nothin'," he insisted. "Then we'll talk money."

He went on at The Frivols the next night an' the mornin' after that he was the rage of Broadway. He had everything that an eccentric dancer an' comedian could have in the way of stuff an' he had the advertisin' to go with it. He had everything, that guy. Everything!

Bromley insisted on talkin' dough right away an' Hezekiah Hostetter, the long boy from the Tennessee high hills, hung it on him for fifteen hundred a week an' a three-year contract. Crazy like a whole flock o' foxes! Oh, yes. An' then when Bromley agreed to that still Hezekiah wouldn't sign.

"Ah'll let you know soon," he says to
(Continued on page 46)



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All or Nothin'

(Continued from page 45)

Bromley. An' then to me: "Where can we find Helen Barrett?"

I told him an' he says: "Come on. You been a good friend to me an' you seen too much not to see the rest of it."

We went up to Snooter's place then an' found Helen in an' alone. Hezekiah went right to the point without any delay. He told her what Bromley had offered him.

"It's all or nothin' with me," he said. "It's fo' you to say wheth' ah take it or go back to the hills, huntin' an' fishin' an' fiddlin' an' jiggin' with mah own folks. If you'll be mah wife ah'll sign the contract an' we'll be big folks togetheh. If not ah'll go back wh'eh ah come from. It's fo' you to say."

"I'll marry you," Helen says, cryin'. "If you'll only believe it's because I love you better than anything in the world an' not because you're going to get a lot of money."

"Ah believe that," Hezekiah says, foldin' her close. "Lady! Ah've knowed that fo' a long time."

"Well of all the nerve!" said Helen.

"Ain't nerve," said Hezekiah. "Jest sense. Only thing worried me was wheth' you'd have the sense to find it out."

"Honey," said Helen meekly, with her head on his shoulder. "Tell me what you meant about a year ago when you told me I'd made a mistake."

"Recollect you had just th'owed me down?" Hezekiah asked.

"Yes," said Helen.

"Well!" said Hezekiah.

"Well of all the nerve!" said Helen. "I like that."

"Ah know dern well you do," said Hezekiah. An' from the way she kissed him I reckon Hezekiah was right.

Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 31)

lone, soul-appalling outcry. Then they ran, pushing, pulling, kicking, hitting, biting, scratching each other in their mad haste to get to the door. Doubtless they imagined that, somehow, they had offended the Great Mother, that their last hour had struck.

At the door they bunched into one tremendous, fighting knot—they fell over each other—hands striking out crazily—voices bellowing—a tearing scream as a dagger struck home—bodies dropping, crushed, trampled. . . .

On! Through the door; bursting part of the stone walls like rotten wood with the mad, massed impetus of their shock; running as fast as they could, with their legs and arms jerking out ludicrously, right and left, so that they looked like so many gigantic scorpions scurrying for cover; and Maguire, in the twinkling of an eye, was out of the pedestal, across the temple in a dozen leaping bounds—boring into the frenzied mob—dashing along with them—yelling as loudly as the others.

Out into the open!

Nor did they stop there. They hurried through the streets of Urga, spreading the alarm that the gods were angry, striking fear into the superstitious Mongol hearts.

Men and women prayed, moaned, ran about aimlessly. They forgot their household tasks, forgot the sane conventionalities of every-day life. Some there were who fluttered about like people whose home is burning above their heads—picking up useless, absurd things. Here was a giant Buriat woman, plunging as fast as her fat legs would let her and carrying in her arms a small reed bird-cage. Her husband plunged by her side, a child's cradle swinging from his massive shoulders—the child was left behind in the hut where the cooking fire, upset in the haste, was spreading over the flimsy walls—licking up in pink and orange flames. . . .

The fire spread, with a roaring and popping and hissing, adding dread of the body to dread of the soul. More alarm then. More shouts. More confusion. Animals, in stables and caravansaries, were forgotten; became as panic-stricken as the humans; dashed about, masterless, squealing—horses and donkeys and camels.

Here came one, full-pacing down the street. It was a slim, thoroughbred racing dromedary, doubtless belonging to some great Mongol prince, elaborately saddled and bridled, with large, square saddle bags flopping on either side.

Maguire saw it; saw his chance and took it. He launched himself into the air like a catapult. He caught the trailing halter; stopped momentarily the animal's wild progress; vaulted into the saddle, and was off at a gallop through the streets and alleys, careless of passers' anatomies and curses—away—out of Urga—out into the southern plains where a far, silver-gray mountain was tossed like a cloud against the horizon.

All that day he rode and most of the night, though the dromedary was ready to give up, her head bowed on her heaving, lathering chest, her breath coming with a rattling sob. A short rest in a deserted grove; and on again through a soft

morning that draped the plains with blue and gold; down a narrow road which was flanked by huge piles of bare rock, standing detached upon the surface of sand and clay.

He remembered Prince Seng-ko-lin-chin's itinerary in every detail. Southwest, skirting the Altai Range, through the territory of the Dzungarian Tartars, to Kuldja on the border of Russian Central Asia, ran his map; and thus, in a general direction, he rode—he could tell by the stars and the sun, by all his instincts of orientation trained to perfection in the U. S. air service during the war. Later on, when he was far enough away from Urga, he would look for native village or nomad camp and hire a guide. For the present it behooved him to travel warily. Nor did he have to risk stopping at villages for food since he found in the saddle bags a plentiful supply of Mongol bread and dried fruit; too, a pipe, tobacco, and Chinese matches. There was also a large water bottle which he filled whenever he had a chance.

He met few wayfarers since at this time of the year the nomads were grazing their cattle in the greener, northern pastures. Occasionally a Kirgis horseman would lope along, stare at him from a safe distance, and dash away again; or he would pass camel riders going the other way, ambling with a faint jingling of bells, their jaws and foreheads bandaged against the wind and sun so that only the eyes showed. He imitated their example by using his waistshawl for the purpose. It saved his skin from the whirling, red-hot sand grains, besides being a good disguise.

So he rode.

The memory of the long, weary days that followed was never very distinct in his mind. When friends, years later, asked him for the details of this incredible, fantastic, lonely journey through the heart of Central Asia, he would shake his head rather helplessly.

Details?

At the time they had seemed unimportant, negligible. He was here to carry on, to get there. And he tried his best.

HE REACHED the Dzungarian desert on the eleventh day out of Urga.

He stopped for a long time on a little hillock to watch the golden eternities of the sands. He had expected to loathe and fear them. But, strangely, they seemed to inspire him with high courage and hope; seemed to show him behind their mask of yellow death, a great, cosmic pulsing of accumulated life forces, waiting for the touch to break forth terrific and uplifting.

He crossed the desert; two days; riding hard; careful of his water supply.

The heart of Dzungaria came with a carved aridity, a great solitude, a sterile monotony floating on vague horizons; it came with occasional nomad felt tents where he had no trouble in buying food and asking directions from the friendly, smiling villagers; it came suddenly, with a thick growth of jungly forest.

It came at last with the Barhut River.

He found a ford; crossed. On the other bank the swamp bordering the river was several



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inches under water, a steaming expanse spotted with mounds of sticky, chocolate-colored mud, floored and streaked with purple bands and rainbow-glowing blotches; with an occasional infusion of clear emerald where a naive young tree was trying to battle against the miasmatic corruption.

Maguire dismounted. Dragging his dromedary by the halter, he jumped from mound to mound, when without warning there was the snick of a breechbolt, a yellow spurt of flame, and—by this time he had ducked and dropped, his body flattened out in the brown, slimy mud—the thud of a bullet splintering a tree a hair's breadth from his head.

Maguire's exclamation was instantaneous, automatic, profane, and in English:

"Say—what the hell . . ."

And, at once, answer came from the other side of the swamp; also in English, though with a heavy, guttural accent:

"A *saheb*—by Allah—an Englishman, here in this stinking devil's devicing of a land! And I thought it was some swine-fed Kirgiz. . . . *Saheb, saheb*—be pleased not to shoot! See! I have dropped my rifle!"

A second later a man stepped from behind a tree; short, squat, of extraordinary width of shoulders, with a ruddy, bearded face, a great beak of a nose, twinkling, humorous, steel-gray eyes, dressed in high-waisted, pleated, black coat, loose leather trousers stuffed into knee-length boots, an immense fur cap cocked rakishly over one ear. He reached out, helped Maguire to his feet, and lent him a hand with the frightened dromedary.

"Shahgassi Ali Popiljai is my name," he said. "I would not hurt a *saheb* except, belike, in the sport of border warfare. For once, indeed, I was a sergeant in the army of the Sirkar—the Berritish India government," he babbled volubly as he led the other out of the swamp toward a clearing. "What regiment—you asked?" although Maguire had not had a chance to open his mouth. "The Sixteenth Pathan Rissala—all first-class devils—and the commander is Kuranal I-shpence *saheb*"—standing, doubtless, for Colonel Spence—"a brave man. But on account of a misunderstanding about a horse I had to leave the regiment. . . . By the teeth of the Prophet and mine own honor—I did not steal *that* horse. . . ."

"All right, all right!" Maguire at last managed to interject. "But why the shot, buddy?"

"Because—" came the strange reply—"I am a dealer in horses."

"Whose horses?" asked Maguire, winking an eye.

"Anybody's horses!"

"When the owner isn't looking—?"

"Allah akbar!" laughed the Afghan. "But the *saheb* is a man after my own heart, of quick understanding and nimble tongue! *Wah!* soul of my soul!" He drew the American to his stout bosom and, in spite of his struggles and protests, implanted a smacking kiss upon his lips. "I like the *saheb!* And now—come with me. And I promise you a stew of rich mutton, flavored with honey and garlic, tobacco and, maybe, a drink of fermented liquor—although forbidden the True Believer by the Prophet Mohammed—may He intercede in my behalf on the Day of Judgment! And then, with our bellies well filled and our throats pleasantly tickled, we shall talk as it behooves men to talk—of women—and of horses!"

CHAPTER VIII

SHAHGASSI ALI POPILJAI was true to his word. There was a glowing camp-fire; there was a greasy profusion of Afghan food; there was strong drink and black *jabali* tobacco compared to which pure perique is mild.

It appeared that Shahgassi had recently returned from Russian Central Asia where he had done—as he put it—a "bit of first-class fighting in the Bolshevik armies." Fighting whom? What did it matter? All blood was red when it was spilled. All people screamed alike when an Afghan *cheray* dagger, skilfully handled, ripped their jugular vein. And all loot was proper and good—thanks to Allah, the Holder of the Scales of Justice! He had collected a great deal of loot, over a thousand gold pieces; had spent it all in a week—over there to the west—in Samarkand.

(Continued on page 48)

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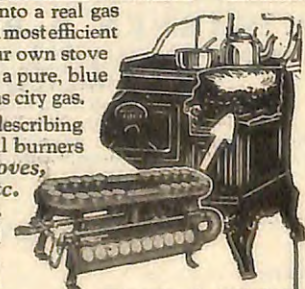
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Grease Paint and Jade

(Continued from page 47)



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State

"You'd be a riot on Broadway!" laughed Maguire. "Some little spender! How did you spend it—in one week—?"

"Because"—Shahgassi made a lordly gesture—"I am an Afghan, thus generous and splendid, the which is both my virtue and my vice. Some of the gold the dancing girls swallowed; some went to buy me fine raiment; some to wet my gullet; with some I bought *jadoo*, powerful magic, to send slow death to an enemy; some—Allah—I forget! What difference how and where? The gold pieces are gone—blown away as the wind of perversity blows away love from a woman's tinkly heart! Thus—" he added simply—"I crossed the border and became a gatherer of horseflesh among the Tartar tents."

He went on explaining that the Russians were mobilizing masses of cavalry on their side of the frontier, paying high prices for anything with four legs; and Maguire looked up, interested, correlating this information with what Cheng had told him: that the Bolsheviks had threatened China to send an expedition and capture the *Chien Ko* themselves.

"And what are you doing here?" the Afghan wound up.

"Just traveling about."

"Come with me. Be my partner. Your eyes are cold, your hands steady. The profits will be great. And the wine of Samarkand—the women—? Ah!" He blew a kiss into the air.

"Pleasant prospects. But really—I can't . . ."

"Just traveling, you said?"

"Yes."

"You lie in your throat!" There was no offense in the way he said it. "An English *sahib* in Central Asia—for to him there was no difference between English and American—travels only for one of two reasons. Either to preach the word of his God—and that, decidedly, you do not—who ever heard of a missionary with red hair? Or to find out secrets for the Sirkar—the British Indian government. Very well. I, too, honor the Sirkar. What way are you going, soul of my soul?"

"Toward Kuldja."

"Then we can travel together for a few days. Take the pick of my horses. . . ."

"But my dromedary?"

"Turn her loose. She is a mare and will run presently with some dromedary-stallion of the black tents, thus increasing a Tartar's herd. . . ."

"So that, next year, you can swipe the foals. . . ."

"*Kalamata Ungrezy*—by the word of an Englishman!" cried Shahgassi enthusiastically. "I love you as my own brother. You are a good beard. And now—away—before these swine-fed nomads trail their horses!"

SO THEY were off; and, after the dromedary's pacing, side-wheeling gait, Maguire was glad to straddle a smooth-trotting horse; glad, too, of the human companionship.

Shahgassi was a characteristic specimen of his race, a mountaineer of hardy soul, looking to violence and strong-thewed vitality to help his loose, riotous living; considering it his religious duty, as a good Moslem, to help himself to the cattle, the chattels, and the women of all "unbelievers." His was a capital hand with horses, riding and driving as well as stealing them, and so, steadily, as they traveled, their herd increased. Steadily, also, increased the Afghan's good humor.

Three days later they reached Umbrutsi, the ancient capital of Chinese Turkestan.

"Here our roads split," said Shahgassi, "mine to the northwest, yours to the southwest. Let us go to Hayder Khan's caravansary and tinkle our palates with a farewell meal of rich food and strong drink!"

He led the way; dismounted when they reached the caravansary.

"Wait, *sahib*. I shall arrange for a private room and for a dinner worthy of a silken-breeched Pasha—and, belike, if Allah be willing, a couple of dancing girls to wile away our sadness at parting from each other."

Laughing, he ran inside while Maguire talked with one of the Chinese hostlers.

And then, there came from the inn a loud turmoil—two voices talking in English, one with a strong Afghan accent and interjections, the

other with equally strong German accent and interjections—and a third chiming in with high silvery laughter.

"A woman after my own heart are you!" exclaimed the first voice which Maguire identified at once as belonging to Shahgassi. "Lo! Desire for you is blighting my manhood! Give me the touch of your lips! Give me the sweetness of your embrace! *Yah mahi-alum, soz-i-mun*—O moon of delight and burner of my heart!"

"Please—go away!" stammered the German voice. "*Aber bitte, mein Herr!* No—no—please—oh—*Sie müssen doch nicht so unständig sein.* . . ."

"Big you are, O crusher of hearts—and well-fleshed—and full-bosomed—and most pleasantly rounded! The woman for an Afghan indeed! Come, Sweetmeat! Come, Pearl Tree! There are secrets in your blue eyes which I feel inclined to read—now—immediately!"

"But—I don't want to—to . . ."

"Pah! I brook no master except my whim! No master at all—not even Allah's will! Give me your lips, O moon of delight!"

"*Ach du lieber Gott!*"

Maguire rushed into the inn; found there, surrounded by a dozen laughing Turkomans, Shahgassi putting a strong but profane arm about the waist of a large woman, whom he recognized as Countess von Pahlen, and in a corner, doubled up with mirth, Limehouse Ann. He mastered his surprise and delight at seeing her; mastered his overwhelming desire to take her into his arms. For here was the German woman in imminent danger of being kidnaped by the lawless mountaineer.

"Come with me, crusher of hearts!" the latter implored. "I shall find your love sweet, and you shall find mine strong. . . ."

"No!" she cried, thinly, ineffectually.

She tore herself away while he stumbled after her, swearing extravagantly that life without her love was like a pilgrim walking through the night, that he needed "the moon rays of your passion to shed light upon my dark path!"

"Hey!" exclaimed Maguire. "Cut it out! You aren't home in Afghanistan!"

It took all his physical strength and all his powers of persuasion to convince the other that he would have to look elsewhere for his moon rays; and at last the Afghan subsided.

"Very well," he said, taking Maguire's arm. "And now for a meal of spiced food since—" with a lascivious leer at the Countess which caused her to blush, yet which, womanlike, she did not find altogether unpleasant—"meal of spiced kisses I can not have!"

"You can't!" laughed the American. "But I will!"

He kissed Ann; and, not long afterwards, he and Shahgassi said good-by to each other with many mutual assurances of respect, friendship, and hopes of meeting again.

"I want to buy some of your horses," said the American.

"I shall leave you half a dozen—a present from me, soul of my soul! Besides—horses are easily obtained. . . ."

He walked to the threshold; turned there and addressed the Countess.

"You are—alas!—only a woman," he purred. "And a woman's love is hard to find—*punah-i-Khoda*—as hard as to count pimples on the belly of a cockroach! A woman's loyalty is as rare as wings upon a cat! Often, indeed, has woman deceived me . . . me!" And he wiped a tear from his left eye, which had no business there, and swaggered out of the room.

Ann looked after him.

"My word!" she said to Maguire, severely. "Nice sort of company you're keeping!"

Followed a flood of questions and answers; mutual explanations too—gently but firmly—mutual reproaches.

"Why—" said Maguire—"of course I'm happy to see you. I was never more happy to see anybody in all my life. Still—this wild trip of yours . . .? All the cuckoos aren't in clocks nor all the nuts on trees, I'll tell the world! You're as stubborn as a mule, young fellow, see?"

"What about yourself, old fruit? Wouldn't take me along when I asked you . . . you are so Irish!"

"And you so English, Miss John Bull!"
 More explanations; more reproaches, chiefly when—for he loved her so much that the idea of hiding anything from her never entered his head—he told her about the adventure with Si-Si.
 "So she kissed you, what?"
 "It's the truth, Ann!"
 "If you were staked out on the desert, you'd flirt with a cactus!"
 "I didn't flirt with her. . . ."
 "Look at the blinking mess you got into—making eyes at that Tartar hussy!"
 "Not my fault! Some girls kiss and tell—others kiss and yell. Si-si yelled."
 "It's jolly lucky for you—and for other Misses Si-Si—that I'm going with you the rest of the trip. . . ."
 "What—? You mean you are . . . ?"
 "Ach ja!" interrupted Countess von Pahlen, still shaken by her recent experience with the amorous Afghan. "I would not go another step without a man's protection!"
 "And—" wickedly from Ann—"the Kid isn't going another step without a woman's protection!"

(To be concluded)

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 17)

young business man with his interest centered in his pay check. Not that he is to be criticized too harshly for that either.

* * *

THE most colorful figure in the game, of course, is Babe Ruth. But the Babe has been around so long that the interest in him has started to wane a bit. Moreover they have changed the Babe from a carefree sort of person to a somewhat serious young man.

Concerning the Babe I am forced to disagree with no less an authority than Judge K. M. Landis, himself. When the Judge as high commissioner of baseball was pondering over punishment to be meted out to the Babe for *lese majeste* or something of the sort he said, "He is not bigger than baseball. No player is bigger than the game."

I am still wondering. After the exposure of the crookedness of the White Sox and the loss of faith of the fans in the absolute integrity of the game, all of the magnates were in a panic. Avowals were spoken and written by dyed-in-the-wool fans that they never again would go to professional baseball games. Baseball had been held up to them as the only absolutely clean professional sport and, now that the gamblers had ruined that illusion, they were through.

It was about this time that Babe Ruth started to break all home-run records. He put new life into a game that was threatened with something very close to extinction. They did not stay away from the baseball parks. They came with revived eagerness and a requickenened interest. New fans were developed.

I offer this in evidence that personality may be bigger than any game.


ONCE Connie Mack, the now very sorrowful Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, owned a nearly perfect baseball club. That machine won ball games with startling regularity, and for a time it drew big crowds. But the winning became too monotonous. The machine lacked in striking personalities. Soon the customers began to dwindle and the inevitable came to pass. Mr. McGillicuddy was forced to sell the perfect ball team piece by piece.

Nearly every big-league ball club has one striking personality on it, at least those that draw. With the Giants it is McGraw, with the Yankees, Babe Ruth, with the Tigers, Ty Cobb, with the Indians, Speaker, with the Cardinals, Hornsby, with the Browns, Sisler. None of those mentioned is in any way an eccentric as Rube Waddell is, but they stand out.

Subtract McGraw from the Giants and you have merely a baseball club. Without Ruth in the lineup, the Yankees never would be able to fill their huge stadium. Take Wilbert Robinson away from the Brooklyn Dodgers and the owners of that club would not be able to get a dollar for their big-league franchise.

(Continued on page 50)

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The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 49)



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But all of these figures have been constantly before the customers. None of the teams could afford to part with their dominant personality, but they should be adding new and striking personalities to their organizations. The game itself interests, of course, but that interest in the game for the game's sake is mild at best. They must have sideshows, and there are times when I am inclined to believe that the sideshows and the freaks are the most important factors in making the turnstiles at the baseball parks rotate to the satisfaction of the owners.

When John McGraw was forced to dismiss Shufflin' Phil Douglas, I heard him say that he was done with eccentric baseball players forever and that he hoped before he died to have the Giants made up entirely of serious young college men. But I know McGraw better than to believe that. I would be willing to wager, that if another Rube Waddell were to appear and offer himself to the Giants, McGraw would throw his arms around the young man's neck and order the fatted veal. McGraw is too good a showman to do otherwise. He knows how much personality pays at the gate, and he is a part owner of his baseball club.

* * *

IN ANY of the professional sports it is personality that helps the box-office. Few now can name any of the men knocked out by the late John L. Sullivan. It was that super gladiator's personality as much as his fistic achievements that impressed itself indelibly upon his generation and carried over to other generations.

To-morrow Night: East Lynne!

(Continued from page 11)

case might be. To this end we also carried a "drawing room," a "woods scene," a "center door fancy" and a "palace set." Sometimes the stages were so small that all that was left of the "center door fancy" or the "palace set" was the grand central entrance, but then it was special scenery. Then, too, with almost the first entrance, some one would inadvertently brush against one of the marble pillars, knocking it loose from its security where I had tacked it to the floor and leaving it to float weirdly throughout the act, but neither the company nor the audience seemed to notice. Every one knew there was such a thing as poetic license, and revered it accordingly.

I carried all the "special scenery" in my trunk underneath my wardrobe. There, too, I also carried The Sea. That was one of our best pieces of scenery—The Sea. It could be stormy or calm at will. When it was calm the actors who weren't spouting lines merely moved gently in crouched positions beneath a green covering stretched from one side of the stage to the other. When it was stormy, they moved faster and swung their arms. Besides that, we had other duties. When the hero shoved the villain off the raft in the great shipwreck scene—the raft being fashioned by stretching a platform across two rocking chairs from which the backs had been sawed, and concealing the groundwork by the sea cloth—we were always there to catch him. I remember one time—although the play is forgotten—where the Big Third Act hinged upon just such a scene as this. The villain did a back fall from the raft into the stormy sea. Out in the wings, the comedian was working the wind machine, consisting of a sheet-metal contraption which sounded more like the screaming of a fire siren than of a storm. The character woman was likewise working the rain machine, made from a circular enclosure of tin which turned on a handle, allowing dried peas to rattle around within. The leading woman, the leading man and the villain were on the raft, fighting it out in the middle of the ocean. The piano player was hitting the bass notes of the ancient instrument with all his strength, regardless of discords. The sea was rolling, somewhat lumpily, owing to the fact that I had suddenly found myself in something of a quandary. The "theatre" was equipped with electric lights. That afternoon I had discovered that by pulling the switch on and off very quickly, it gave a simulation of lightning, and in my desire for "effects," I had placed the soubrette there to help out with the storm when

Consider the case of Jess Willard. In Jack Johnson he beat one of the greatest gladiators of modern times. He did what they were clamoring for him to do. He "brought back the championship to the white race." Yet Willard could not draw so much to the box-office. When they did go, they went in the hope of seeing him knocked out. That big, negative, Willard was not made of the stuff that excited the popular imagination. He was lacking utterly in personality.

Then Jack Dempsey crawled from underneath a freight train and began to fight his way up. By the time he had developed to the point where they matched him with Willard his scowling and menacing personality had stamped itself upon the popular mind. This was a young man fit to wear the mantle of John L. Sullivan, which ill became the negative Willard, they said. There were no tears shed over the passing of Willard, the man who had "brought back the championship to the white race." In fact, there were few champions so easily forgotten.

Therefore when I think of Judge Landis and his contention that no player is greater than the game, I wonder. Do not the great players make the game?

The tennis authorities said something of the same sort in regard to William Tilden 2nd, and threatened to make him submit to a certain ruling under penalty of being dismissed from the amateur ranks. But Tilden will not be made to comply with this ruling and he will remain in the amateur ranks. Napoleon was greater than his epoch, and the "Little Napoleon," John J. McGraw, is greater than the Giants.

she usually aided me at being the sea. Which would have been all right, except for the fact that just at the Big Moment, I found myself facing a Rubicon. Somebody had to catch the villain when he fell backwards off that raft. But if I caught him who would be the sea?

I figured it out quickly. Better to let him take the fall as best he could than to have the sea suddenly sink into nothingness. I continued to be the ocean, running doubled beneath the sea cloth and swooping my arms, to summon all the air force possible and send Neptune billowing before me. On the raft, loud voices. A shot. A scream. Then a plumping noise as the villain fell off—and struck the stage. A howl of pain, and I ran toward him, sending the billows higher than ever in my progress. Out from under the sea cloth and into the runway where he had fallen, for an instant's glance, before I rushed back to my job as Neptune. But I didn't return. About that time a surprised audience saw a wild-eyed villain rise from his watery grave, raise a squirming property boy by the nape of the neck and tastefully pop him in the nose with a doubled fist. Then the curtain came down and the manager fined me five dollars, which hurt me just as much as though I had been forced to pay it. However, as the company went broke the next week, owing a month's salaries, that matter did not come up again. Nor was the incident mentioned when the next act went on. We all realized, front and back, that art had its difficulties.

In fact, there was always an excuse for what might happen on the stage in what was known as "the limitations of the house." This alibi was always included in my primary announcement, made just before the wobbly curtain went up on the first act, and in which I called attention to the condition of the theatre and that while we realized it was the best the town could afford, it could not possibly give the proper scope either to our offerings of special scenery, nor our dramatic efforts. That done we could let our consciences be our guide. But at that, we had our troubles.

The opera houses in those days, in towns of downwards of 5,000 population, were almost invariably up-stairs affairs, usually built over the fire-house or the big furniture store. The theatre proper consisted of a square hall in which dances, weddings and funerals could be held, when not occupied by a repertory company. The means of heat was invariably a "cannon-ball stove" which the opera house keeper poked to a redhot

condition about an hour before performance time. The rest of the day the place maintained a mean temperature of about ten above zero, and it was in this frigid condition that we did our rehearsing, arranged our wardrobe and set our stage, to say nothing of hanging that special scenery.

There was no stage crew. The actors took turns at that, depending upon who "doubled" for various acts. By this I mean the playing of more than one part; it was an unusual drama in which anyone except the leading man, the heroine and the villain went all the way through without changing his make-up to depict someone else. For instance, if an actor was killed off in the first act, he didn't stop work for the night. He merely hurried to his trunk and his crinkly mirror, slapped on a new supply of grease paint and came forth as another character.

The stage, as I have said, was usually about fifteen feet wide, and beyond the stage proper, a depth of about six feet on each side, which shielded a long partitioned room, one side being labelled "Gents" and the other "Ladies." Often there wasn't even a room, merely partitions of canvas. In here we dressed, all of us tumbling over each other, or quarreling for the smoky lamp or a chance at the big mirror. For individual work we carried candles and small mirrors of our own—but once in a while we liked a glance at the ensemble.

THERE was no space in the dressing rooms for the trunks. These were forced to recline in front of the stage in what passed as the orchestra pit, and the actors got out their wardrobe and make-up boxes before the audience arrived. When they forgot anything, that was just too bad. The result was that the customers were often treated to a view of from one to five half-dressed members of the company before the play ever started, coming out from the stage, to delve into their trunks and lug back clothing that would be needed in the various acts. All of which, however, was forgiven. It was the town's fault for not having a better opera house, and my main task on arriving was to convince the show-house manager that any defects which our troupe might fall heir to were his, not ours.

To that end, I would talk loftily of the "metropolitan houses" which we had played, and the necessity for good effects for the production of our dramas. This always followed by the query:

"Now, about your equipment. Have you dimmers?"

Not one house out of fifty possessed such a thing—an electrical arrangement which allows the lights to be made brighter or fainter by an operation from the switchboard. What was more, we were so unaccustomed to them that we inevitably forgot our lines when we struck a theatre with such new-fangled arrangements, but to establish our superiority, that was the first question. One day I received a surprise.

The theatre was the usual upstairs affair. Around the walls were the ordinary kerosene lamps, backed by smoky reflectors. There was the usual arrangement of kitchen chairs and the inevitable "gallery" or balconade, tastily fitted with cast-off pews, sold second-hand when the First M. E. Church South built its new edifice. I therefore gaped at the answer:

"You jest bet your bottom dollar young feller! You bet we've got dimmers!"

I looked at the footlights. They, like the illuminators of the rest of the hall, were of kerosene extraction. I doubted the house owner's word. He replied heatedly:

"I ain't got dimmers, eh? Well, you jest give me your cue sheet an' I'll show ye!"

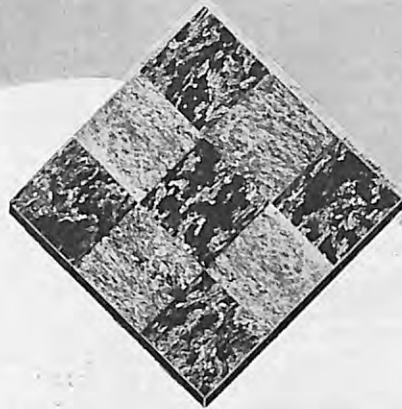
That made it more intricate. We didn't have any cue sheet. So I went back to the hotel, found the boss and together we cooked up one. Then I gave it to the theater man and forgot the matter in the throes of putting up special scenery and setting the stage for the opening act.

There was one advantage for the property man of those days. Shows carried no long property lists. Plenty of revolvers, a few nail kegs, a sprinkling of kitchen and "parlor chairs," a "sofa" and a writing desk, a shotgun with which to simulate the Big Dynamite Explosion, a few planks and other odds and ends completed the matter. The range of scenes ran about the same for all the plays: a rocky pass in the mountains, with a trail leading down to the

(Continued on page 52)

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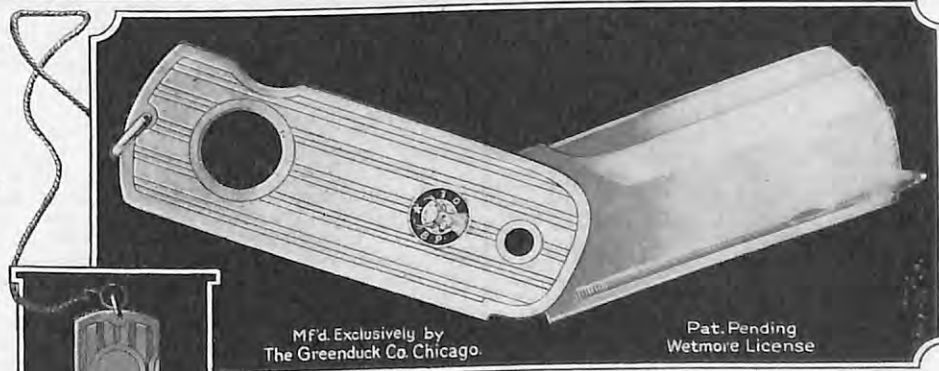


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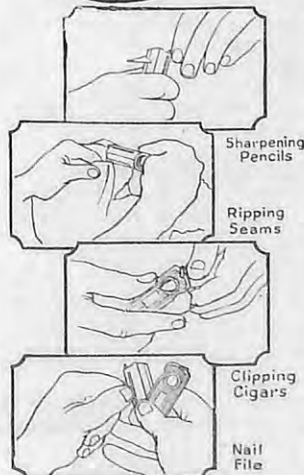
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To-morrow Night: East Lynne!

(Continued from page 51)

stage, accomplished by laying planks from one wooden box to another and concealing it all with what was known as a "set rock," the stage being occupied by two tree stumps, prepared by the simple artifice of wrapping brown and green mottled cloth about nail kegs and draping a patch or two of stage grass at the base; this usually formed the opening act. The next was either kitchen, parlor or palace or attic, in which any furniture which the house manager happened to get fitted in equally well. Then there was the forest scene, with the same stumps again, and the center door fancy with the same furniture that had been in the kitchen scene. The stages were small. We couldn't gang them all up with furniture.

So I proceeded to the work of the day and forgot the dimmers. So did the company. We met as usual, about four o'clock in the afternoon and rehearsed—we rehearsed every day with those little companies; there was almost pathetic seriousness about the way in which we struggled to have our lines letter-perfect and never succeeded. Night came. The house owner lighted the lamps. The audience thumped in, exchanged greetings on the weather and the various states of health of the oldest residents, then silenced as the piano player began to strangle The Maple Leaf Rag. The actors ran forth to their trunks for forgotten bits of wardrobe. I edged out from behind the curtain—a nifty little trick we had for getting the audience in a good humor, made the opening announcement and sang "Back, Back, Back to Baltimore," accompanied by gestures. Then I edged off again and took up the curtain. The play was on. The hero entered. The heroine. The comedian. All of us. Things began going good. And then a wailing—

A WAILING such as a stricken soul might emit when condemned to the bottomless pit, beginning deeply and throatily, to rise to screaming heights, to bellow and sob and chortle, to screech and howl and squawk with ominous forebodings, like the fabled cry of the banshee or the whoop of the Bloo-bloo bird. We stopped and stood gawking, expecting the audience to rise and rush forth in excitement. But the audience merely gazed placidly upward, while the whole front of the stage, lamps and all, disappeared! Our lines had gone by the board. Nobody knew what was happening—where kerosene lamps had smoked a moment before, now was only darkness, to give way to faint light as that wailing rose higher, to reappear, to fade and then come back again. Gradually it came to us—the dimmers!

Dimmers which worked at cue and off cue, between acts and during acts—it was the house owner's obsession. He had seen the effect of dimmed illumination used in a city and he had liked it. So he had come back to his own dearly beloved opy house, cut out a part of the stage containing the footlights, connected it to an unbelievable mass of counterweights and pulleys and then attached the whole thing by a cable to an ancient, rusty steel windlass. It was the shrieking of this that we had heard. In vain we pleaded to discard the dimmers. No, sir. That was his invention and he was going to use it. So throughout the play, he would stand in the wings, winding his screaming windlass, while weights bumped and pulleys shrieked and lights disappeared, and while we on the stage shouted lines unheard beyond the first few rows. The audience evidently was accustomed to it, and made no complaint. But I never asked for dimmers again!

In fact, a great many things about trouping in those ancient days of twenty years ago, were funny simply because of the underlying basis of pathos. Not long ago, I sat in the greenroom of a New York vaudeville theatre talking to an actor I had met a week or so before. A little girl, the daughter of a "turn" then on the stage, roamed in, carrying with her a small zither.

"I can play this," she interrupted.
 "Is that so?" he asked. "What can you play?"
 "Oh, lots of things: 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' 'Three O'Clock in the Morning,' 'Home, Sweet—'"
 But there the actor leaped to his feet.

"Oh, my Gawd!" he shouted. "Not here! Don't play that here!"

I laughed with an ancient memory.
 "I didn't know you were an ex-rep actor," I said.

"Yep," came his answer. "Played with 'em all, from Stater's Madison Square Garden Theatre Company on up and down. Now, Honey," he pushed the child along, "run on up-stairs now. And don't play 'Home, Sweet Home' in a showshop!"

IT BROUGHT up a picture which still has its gaunt memories. Dusk. A bleak, cold, barn-like place, set with rows upon rows of empty kitchen chairs. A stage, black at its farthest depths, scattered with the remains of a hard day's work, saws and scantlings and battens and rumpled pieces of dye-painted scenery, yet unhung. A group of shadowy beings gathered about the ancient piano, tired from a day-coach ride that had begun at three o'clock that morning and lasted, by joltings and bumpings, until dawn. Tired, too, from a long day of rehearsing, from being undernourished, from being the constant victims of fear—fear of the constable roaming to the box office at curtain time, fear of the glowering glances of landlords and landladies who fed niggardly lest they not receive payment for what scanty things they had given, fear for the great, terrible haunting thing which ever threatened, that condition known as "Stranded."

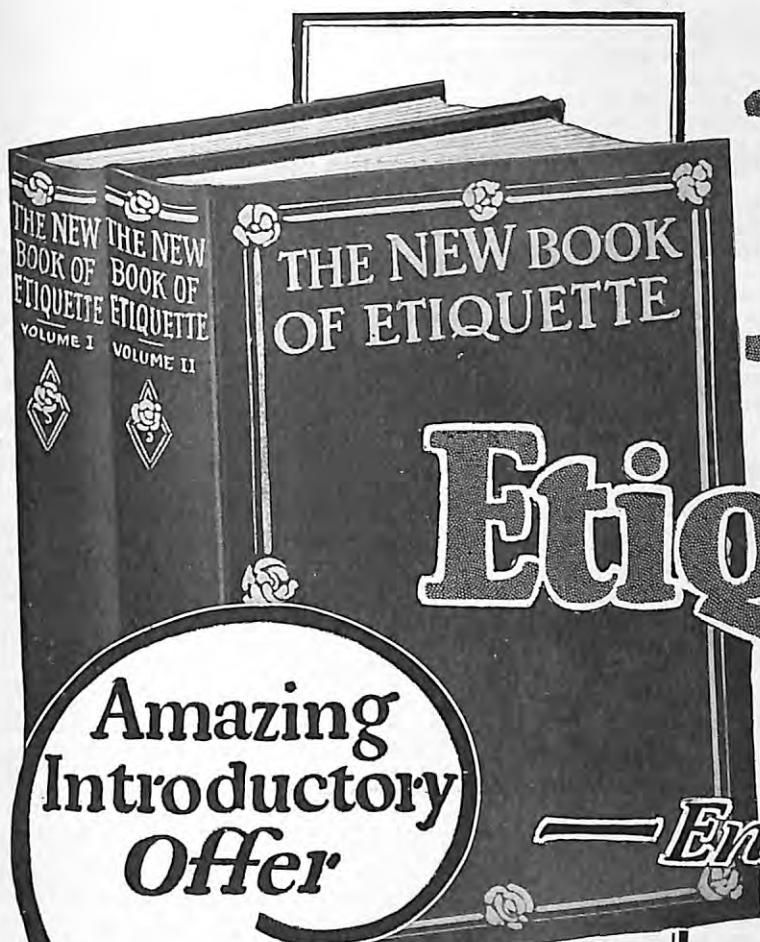
A little group of persons who clung together because they had nowhere else to turn; a stage-struck girl who had followed a man away because he had looked so wonderful in his make-up, a gaunt manager who had started forth with great hopes and a lean pocketbook and who now had only his hopes left. A leading woman, a leading man, a comedian who was only funny on the stage, a runaway boy who now is writing this article, and for a touch of comedy, a deputy sheriff who had been placed with the show three stands back to collect a board bill, and who had liked the life, sent back his resignation and become an actor; shadows there in the dusk, singing the old songs. A little group content and willing to undergo privation, even a sort of suffering, in response to some strange urge within that bade them believe themselves in a crude sense, creators. Not that they knew it—all they realized was that they wanted to act; homeless, friendless, objects of suspicion for every one from the baggagemen who hauled their trunks to the opy house owner who paid off the town bills before he gave them a cent, outcasts in a certain sense—there in the shadows singing, but refusing to sing the song which rose uppermost within them, the song that demanded that it be heard. It was bad luck to sing "Home, Sweet Home" in a theatre, or showshop, as they called it. The troupe might go broke!

There were other superstitions—it meant the worst kind of luck to whistle in a dressing-room, or put one's hat on a bed, or spit over the footlights. There were a score of others, including that of speaking the "tag" or last line of a play at rehearsal or playing the part that had been played by some one you knew who was dead. The rep show actor revered them all.

I remember a time in particular. It was bitter cold. The character woman, a motherly old person of about 65, who never had told anything about herself, not even a permanent address, had complained slightly at rehearsal of pleurisy. That night she arrived at the theatre, gasping, almost unable to move. But she played her part ungrudgingly—it was as serious a matter to these actors to give the best they had to their "art" as it is to the greatest star of Broadway. Early the next morning, while we watched beside her, a strange sense of loneliness and oppression upon us, she died.

Fortune had been breaking pretty well until now. The show had planned to pay salaries that week, but of course this new status of things made a difference. We examined her scanty possessions, but there was nothing to tell us of her home, her people. There were no letters; few keepsakes and none of these illuminating. So the next afternoon, with the money which was to have been our salaries, we

(Continued on page 54)



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To-morrow Night: East Lynne!

(Continued from page 52)

buried her and bought a small headstone; show-folk are queer that way. Then we went back to our tasks of the dramey—and disregarded the old saying. The show closed two weeks later, broke. There wasn't one of us who wasn't absolutely sure it was because we had continued with those plays, and put somebody else in the character woman's part. Thus goes superstition in the show business.

However, the troubles of the usual rep actor were not always of this drab sort. More often they were of the uproarious variety which speedily lost their seriousness once the grotesqueness of it all became apparent. As I've hinted, there was a great deal of rehearsing with these old-time dramas, and for a good reason. Often somebody would ask for a play that the company wasn't "up on." Which couldn't be admitted. As far as the world knew, every company was up on everything—any play, any song, ladies and gents, name your pick! In a case like that there was only one thing to do—get up in a hurry.

Which, however, was not as hard as it sounds. The theatrical knowledge of the average person in the small town in those days was not a variegated affair, and the desires ran along the lines of plays which had been seen before. An owner-manager might not have much money, but he had a manuscript trunk which could yield on notice anything from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "Shenandoah." There were always a few persons in the company who had worked in the desired play at some time or other, thus being able to "direct" and to drag the rest of the cast through. All that was necessary then, was to get out the play, rehearse all night, and most of the morning, retiring for a noonday sleep in order to allow another rehearsal just before performance time. That is, everybody could retire except the combination song and dance man, property boy, scene-shifter, bill-distributor, baggage hand, announcer, song-book seller, juvenile actor and stage manager, which was myself. I had to stay awake, howling for speed from a lethargic printer until at last his press began to clank and give forth beautiful if badly muddled, pink dodgers which I distributed with the aid of small boys, announcing:

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After which I had nothing to do but to dig up the various "props" used in this "pastoral drama," by making the rounds of the various stores which furnished them for the week in return for a season pass. Having procured them I could then transport them to the theater by any means possible, as long as it didn't cost anything. It was nothing in those days to see a bright young man who that night might sing, dance and jest, oh so merrily, skidding along over the icy sidewalks with a kitchen table on his back, a chair hooked over each arm, a piece of dynamite fuse protruding from one pocket, a collection of revolver muzzles from another, and a nail keg or two, hooked on by a piece of rope, bumping along in the rear as he assembled the various properties for some new production. Then to the hanging of the "special scenery," often accomplished by merely moving the palace set to one side so that the door hung at the right instead of the center or didn't show at all, or draping the harbor scene so that the audience saw the buildings instead of the ocean. Versatility was a great aid in those days. But somehow or other those special productions always seemed to bring disaster.

I remember one in particular. It was "Jack o' Diamonds," a "drama of the wild and rugged West." In the first place there had been a handicap in the morning of this particular company. I had come to Kansas City from a

more or less turbulent season with a circus for which I had been all the clowns at the magnificent salary of \$5 a week, which, as I look back upon it, was perhaps too much. But it had been really "per week," which was a rare joke in those days, and I had saved enough to buy a new suit with peg-leg pants, a pair of bump-toed shoes with pearl buttons on the side, and a hat with a feather in it. Then I had a dollar and a half left, but I looked like ready money.

That was the rep actor's ambition—to look like he really possessed cash. I hid me down to a show printing establishment where small companies were often organized and was hired immediately for the Great New York Eastern, so swiftly in fact as to almost occasion surprise. Then to rehearsals in the ancient space of what had once been a ballroom in a now decrepit hotel, and at last, the day we were to leave town, came the reason for my popularity. The owner-manager asked me to lend him fifty dollars. My clothes had led a simple soul astray. He thought he was hiring the son of a millionaire.

THERE had been only one thing to do after the ghastly announcement that I, too, was broke. The manager pawned the trombone, cornet and snare drum which he carried to make good on his announcements of "band and orchestra"—every actor doubled in brass in those days—left a trunk with a friend and parted with a few of his plays. And the first night in Bevier, Mo., there came a request to put on the following evening, "Jack o' Diamonds" the script of which he had sold in Kansas City.

Acknowledge defeat? Nothing of the kind. The manager had worked in the play and knew the dramatic sequences. And the characters. All we needed, therefore, was a little conversation to lead up to the main points. So, after the curtain went down upon that poignant play of the policeman and the prisoner, "The Ticket of Leave Man," we started in to rehearse.

There was only one trouble. As fast as we'd originate the lines to lead up to the various situations, we'd forget them. Nobody spoke the same things twice. It was a bit confusing. At last, along about ten o'clock in the morning, when a semblance of something that resembled a play had been whipped into shape, the manager assembled the company, with me in the foreground and announced his edict: "There's only one thing to do," he said. "That's to concentrate on the duel scene in the third act. These folks down here like shootin', and if we give 'em enough of that it'll make up for the rest. Kid," he fastened his managerial eye upon me, "get double the number of guns and blanks. We'll whoop it up right in that duel scene—with three of us shooting on the stage and the rest banging away in the wings."

The rest of the company went to the hotel to bed. Sleepily I wobbled forth to the printing of the handbills and the assembling of the artillery. It wasn't long before I discovered that I had bumped into a crisis.

Bevier, Missouri, was a coal mining town. There were plenty of guns—I had no trouble whatever getting all I wanted. But when it came to blank cartridges, that was a different matter. When Bevier shot, it shot in earnest. There were lead cartridges, steel cartridges, shot cartridges and mustard seed cartridges, but there were no blanks. From one hardware store to another I went, more and more sleepily. But there were no blanks. They just didn't carry 'em.

It got on my nerves. All in the world I wanted just then was to go back to the opery house, curl up on the special scenery and go to sleep. But I had to have those cartridges. At last an idea:

"Gimme two boxes of thirty-eights," I commanded, "and about three sticks of sealing wax."

An hour later every gun was loaded and I was snoring on a crumpled view of the Rocky Mountains in springtime. When evening rehearsal came, I answered "ready" to the inquiry about cartridges, without a qualm. But as the big duel scene swung into action—

The villain had pulled at his drooping, black mustaches and then he had pulled at his gun. The heroine, high on the rocky pass had screeched

a lofty shriek and reached also for her holster. The hero had leaped from behind a groove-set wood-wing, drawing two revolvers as he did so, defying to the death that sneering cry from the black-browed demon who now stood gun in hand: "Aha! Aha! Jack o' Diamonds! I have you now! Throw up them hands!"

Out in the wings I waved an arm to the comedian and the character man. The duel was on. Revolvers blazed. The house yelled. Faster and faster the triggers played—and then we in the wings began to notice that something was wrong. The villain had stopped shooting and was holding his stomach. The heroine was still shrieking, and dancing on one foot. The hero, his revolver forgotten, one hand clasping a thigh, was pirouetting in mad fashion. We didn't know what it was all about, so we shot a few more times. Then above it all we could hear the screeching of the heroine:

"Pull down that curtain! F'r Gawd's sake, pull down that curtain. We've all been murdered!"

I dropped the revolver and ran for the curtain. It came wobbling down. With its descent, the manager-villain, one hand still on his stomach, and a baleful light in his eyes, came forward and grasped me by the collar.

"Kid!" he bellowed, "what was in them cartridges?"

"Nothing but sealing wax," I replied. "Nothing but sealing wax? Oh, my Gawd! Don't you know sealing wax is almost as bad as a bullet? And you call yourself a property man!"

After that he fired me thoroughly and with the consent of the entire company. But the next day he relented. To fire me it was necessary to pay me under my contract, a two weeks' salary which was another serious angle of the old rep show days. Everyone signed a contract, defining the services to be given, and agreeing to give two weeks' notice in case of leaving the company and to be given the same by the management. It was lived up to religiously, except when the show went broke. So I was reinstated, and a week later, there came an echo of that Jack o' Diamonds' production.

The manager-villain was a stickler for realism. He'd been around a bit, he had, and he knew acting when he saw it. On this night he had conceived a great idea, talking it over with no one. When the duel came he flopped forward in regular fashion, clapped a hand to his brow, jerked spasmodically, then rolled on his back, disclosing a face besmeared with red. The hero took just one look. Then he whirled excitedly, the memory of that sealing wax episode uppermost: "Is there a doctor in the house?" he shouted. But just then the villain sat up.

"WHO wants a doctor?" he snapped. "Ain't you got no sense? That's red grease paint!"

Which did not occasion the riot of merriment which one might think. In fact, the queer thing about those old shows was not the ludicrous, amateurish quality of the acting, but the manner in which the audience forgave. It seemed to be a part of the expectations that the show would be bad, puerile, hard indeed is it to imagine in these days when a rural community will often turn up its nose at a \$500,000 production of a motion picture, that these same persons twenty years ago viewed with ecstatic delight such masterpieces as "Ole Olson," and "Yonnie Yonson" and shouted with delight when the soubrette and the comedian came out between scenes to do a song and dance. Perhaps there is no better example of their fortitude and amusement-starvation than the marvellous production of "The James Boys in Missouri" which we gave regularly once a week with the Famous Metropolitan Dramatic Entertainment Company, and for which we carried special scenery consisting of a "set house," a railroad switch, a railroad track and three "set rocks," to say nothing of four regular stumps and a special painted backdrop, showing a corn-field in October.

I always liked "The James Boys in Missouri." It gave me a chance to play two parts, in addition to my other work, and to ride a horse in the street ballyhoo with a red bandanna around my neck, like the pictures of bandits. How times have changed. We got the horses from the local livery stable—six of them—in return for two passes, total value, sixty cents!

(Continued on page 56)



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To-morrow Night: East Lynne!

(Continued from page 55)

I really had a star part in "The James Boys." As I say, I played two parts. That is, in view of the audience. Off stage, I was another part, that of the railroad train which almost runs over the heroine.

But I liked the human parts best. In the first act, for instance, I played the Indian, in which I had some pretty heavy lines. When the villain said: "Bring that girl out of the cave," my line was "Ugh!" When he said: "Take her back into that cave and see that yuh bind her well," my line was "Ugh, Ugh!" I loved that part.

I didn't like the Mexican so well. I had only one line, when the villain told me to tie the heroine to the railroad track, I was supposed to say "Si señor!" But as I always had to hurry right away in order to become the train itself, puffing upgrade ofstage, the lines bothered me. I never could remember whether to say "See Seenyore" or "Sigh Senior." Which perhaps didn't make any difference, inasmuch as things always happened so vociferously immediately afterward.

As I say, we carried special scenery. The "set house" we had picked up in Kansas City, where it had been discarded because of its impracticability by some regular company. It was a representation of a cottage, which remained standing simply through the fact that it was hinged in the middle, the sides folding at an angle. The railroad track was an invention of my own, made by painting the ends of railroad ties upon one of the "battens" used for the special scenery. I also invented the switch target, consisting of four angling uprights of wood, through which ran a broomstick which could be turned any way desired, and surmounted by a red and white circular piece of cardboard. There was no way to securely fasten the railroad track to the stage, other than by nailing it to a woodwing at each side, with the result that the center section wobbled a bit. The switch target stood on its own record, and we had no stage-braces for the set house.

The scene was the big thrill of the play. The villain and his Mexicans—just what Mexicans were doing in Missouri, I can't say—had caught Jesse James's lady love. While she was being tied to the railroad track the villain got another brilliant idea, to burn down Jesse James's house, which happened to stand close to the right of way, so she could see her lover's home going up in smoke while she waited to be ground into a million pieces. In real life the villain was the heroine's husband. The heroine was a kittenish creature of about 185 pounds. Now, the big scene is ready.

Enter Mexicans, of which I was one, carrying heroine. Enter Bob Ford, the villain. Speaks line:

Villain: There now, Boys! It's nearly time for the Express. Tie her to the railroad track, curse her!

First Mexican: Sigh, senior!

Second Mexican: See, Seenyore!

Heroine: Oh, save me, save me! Will no one save me!

Villain: Aha! What is that I hear?

Voice ofstage, filling in until I can get there: Whoo—who-o—who—who-o-o-o!

Villain: Aha! The Express. Tie her to the railroad track, while I burn up the house. Hark! What is that? A noise! Guard the woods, Lopez, and let no one approach!

Exit villain into set house to light the red fire in the lid of a lard pail. Also exit Lopez, which was myself, to guard the woods and let no one approach. That was just a ruse. I simply had to get off, because I was the only one who could do a double-shuffle, thereby reproducing, with the aid of a little sand on the stage, the approach of the Express. Besides, I could imitate a train whistle—you could hardly tell it from the real thing. Right there was where the difficulties would inevitably begin.

My departure would leave only one Mexican, weighing about a hundred and twenty-five pounds, to tie the hundred-and-eighty-five-pound heroine to the railroad track. To make things realistic, she would always struggle. Of course he would drop her. And knock over the switch target. To say nothing of jarring loose the tracks, leaving me, the Express, out there in the wings, shuffling and whistling at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, with no tracks to run on and no switches to warn me of my danger. And about that time the villain would look out the crack in the middle of the burning house, see that his wife was rolling about upon a wrecked track and switch-target, become excited, start to push open the door of the set house instead of pulling it, thus knocking down the burning building, and struggling with it half across the stage in his attempt to right it again, while the pan of red fire gleamed on in full view of the audience. Likewise, in sudden panic, I would stop being the Express and run to let down the wobbling curtain.

But did the audience jeer? It did not. It applauded, and one by one, we walked in front of the curtain to take our applause or hisses, according to what character we were playing, following which, I slid out among the thrilled spectators and sold song-books.

That was twenty years ago. It seems a thousand in the present-day status of amusement. Twenty years. Gone are the rep shows now, except for upstage affairs which actually pay royalties on plays, and employ actors who are simply filling in between engagements. Gone are the kerosene lamps. And the wobbly curtains. Gone also that thing which was wont to greet us in every tatter-demalion opera house we visited, that answer to all our rantings and simulated dignity, that crudely painted slogan which flared along the back of every crinkly curtain, just above the peep-hole:

"WE KNOW OUR HOUSE IS ROTTEN
BUT
HOW IS YOUR SHOW?"

"Ask Battles"

(Continued from page 27)

band to come across. And when you do he passes it on to those who did the dirty work."

Peter Hassett snorted. The smooth, logical arguments of the younger man were falling on fertile soil. Slowly but surely he began to agree with his protégé. At first he had been curious only, then interested, and now he was rapidly agreeing with, he believed, every other business man in the country.

"That's the way your competitors look at it," continued Holcome. "They're willing and anxious to pay their fair share of legitimate and honest war expenses, but they object to legalized robbery—and they're finding ways to shift at least a part of this unjust war burden. That is the strictly modern and practical view-point of the men in your line of industry. They're fighting with the only weapon they have. I don't know that you can blame them. Of course it isn't regular, but neither is the situation which has been forced upon them."

"H'm," Peter Hassett cleared his throat.

But the steady, easy flow of language from the lips of the younger man had him fascinated. "Go on!"

"Of course," responded Holcome, "this kind of warfare puts those of their competitors who stick to old conservative lines to a double disadvantage. The house that insists on handing to Uncle Sam all the taxes that the government has the face to accept can not compete with those who are protecting their interests by trimming their taxes down to the lowest possible point. It's a safe bet that one-half the tax-payers in this country are doing that—and getting away with it, too."

"However, I'm not suggesting any line of policy or action—none whatever. I'm simply explaining, at your request, what is being done by those who are not too conservative to protect themselves against what they consider an outrageous injustice. But that is why you are too high in your bids. Your tax overhead is too heavy."



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A few days later Peter Hassett ambled into young Holcome's room, scratched his head doubtfully and remarked:

"I guess you've got the firing range on what our competitors are doing with their income tax reports. I dropped into the restaurant yesterday and overheard a conversation between Bayfield's treasurer and the head accountant of their auditor's office. I didn't catch much of it—but what reached me indicated that they were putting a lot of special work on amortization and inventory accounts and that they were planning to make quite a saving there."

Again Holcome laughed and with a shrewd glance at the old man, said:

"Sure! It's my guess that the greatest cut in your taxes could be through the subsidiary companies. Of course, not being permitted free access to all records I am not in position to speak with certainty; but I'll wager I could prove to you that my hunch is good if I had the chance to do so."

He failed to cover his surprise when Peter Hassett did not invite him to examine the records whenever he wished to.

Battles, who had opened the door between the President's office and his own, instead of entering immediately, as he had intended, returned to his desk and waited until he was certain that Holcome had left.

Peter motioned him to a seat and remarked: "Well, I suppose it will soon be time to begin thinking about the damned income tax return." Then he brought his fist down upon the desk and exclaimed:

"I'm sick and tired of being held up to pay for the plunder party which the government staged when the war was on. That's precisely what it was. There are lots of firms in our line that are not submitting to it, either. They're fighting the devil with fire. Of course I suppose that some of them are taking a little chance in what they're doing—but it shows their spunk and courage anyhow. They're fighters, not fossils! And their competitors who haven't the nerve or the gumption to defend themselves against this kind of legalized plunder are going to be forced by competition to the tail end of the procession. Taxes are costs and the man who can cut his costs has the whip hand in competition. He can undercut and still keep his profits."

Battles maintained a judicious silence. When he saw that Peter was not going to pursue the subject further he presented the papers which he had brought in for the latter's signature.

A few days later Peter again brought up the subject with Battles and expressed the same opinion but with still greater positiveness. Again Battles refused to rise to the bait.

"Anyhow," was the final comment of the head of the house, "you'd better prepare the basic figures on the subsidiary companies and hand them in to me. I want to work over them a bit. Under the present showing it seems to me that we're simply handing the government a lot of money—probably a quarter of a million dollars or more. We can't stand being too old-fogy and thin-skinned about trimming our tax ship so that the load is not all on one side. There's such a thing as learning how to shift our ballast to the best advantage."

"We've never had the slightest trouble with any tax statement so far," remarked Battles, "and I hope we never will."

"Of course we haven't," hotly returned Peter Hassett. "Why would we when we've gone out of our way to hand the government all it would take. You know we've given the government the benefit of the doubt on every point that could be questioned."

"That's the only way to figure a tax statement."

This little brush gave Battles a much-needed mental impetus. But that afternoon he got another jolt which left him standing on a curbstone looking off into space. As a statue he might well have been labeled:

"Watchfully waiting."

He had just seen the athletic McAllister Holcome assist the Princess Pat into a red, mean-looking mile dissipator known as the Bearcat raceabout. He had failed even to tip his hat.

Battles was fully awake now. He knew that grass grew quickly underfoot in the springtime and he didn't propose to stand still until it took a haymower to cut the lawn under him.

The next afternoon he cleaned off his desk fully an hour before the usual time, got his hat and

walked straight across the room to Miss Patricia Dane's desk.

"Have you anything pressing just now?" he asked.

"Not a thing," she replied.

"As a favor," he requested, in his grave way, "would you object to helping me with some shopping?"

An amused smile flickered over the Princess Pat's face for an instant, but her eyes were friendly.

"I'd love to," she answered, "if you're quite sure I could help."

"Thanks," said Battles.

At the door a taxi was waiting.

"For you?" asked Miss Dane.

"For us," replied Battles. He gave the driver a number. When they started lurching through the traffic, the Princess turned to Battles.

"You seemed to be pretty sure I'd go—having the taxi waiting."

"I'd have used it alone, if you hadn't come," he replied stiffly.

"Oh," said the Princess.

"What I want," explained Battles as he touched her arm to guide her through the doorway into the big display room, "is a car which will just about meet every need. I want comfort and speed and—"

A look in Patricia's eyes stopped him.

"Sort of a 'Keeping-Up-With-Lizzie' plan, isn't it?" she asked sweetly.

"Not a bit of it," replied Battles, reddening despite a heartfelt desire not to "I—I need a car. My friends—I—you see—they are so convenient. And besides I really can afford one."

"Damn it," thought Battles, "all anyone ever does with me is ask questions."

THE Princess was pretty, all right. Even the sleek-haired salesman who advanced like the Pasha of Poodoonk across acres of tile flooring and runners of Turkish rugs to meet them, appreciated her olive complexion and promptly ignored Battles.

"This," pronounced Patricia finally, sitting back in the soft tan-colored cushions of a snappy coupe, "is about the most gorgeous thing on four wheels I have ever been in."

"You like it?" said Battles in a matter of fact voice.

"I love it," replied Patricia, "but it's not exactly the type of car a single man would naturally choose, is it?"

"Here's the psychological moment," breathed Battles to himself—but it was gone as quickly as it had come, for the sleek-haired salesman was pushing Battles slowly but surely toward the dotted line.

"Of course," suggested Battles, "you'll have to help christen it—say to-morrow evening."

"I'm sorry," said the Princess, "but—"

"The next evening then."

She nodded.

And Battles, with two loves in his heart—his business and his Princess, saw the Bearcat bear away his prize two evenings in succession.

Then came his turn.

"I'd like to have you meet my mother, Mr. Battles," she said, at the end of their drive.

"And I'd love to," replied Battles fervently, but he left the Danes' apartment that evening with a single bit of Mrs. Dane's conversation ringing in his ears.

"You must come up to dinner some evening, Mr. Battles, with Mr. Holcome."

Battles was married to his work but it was a matrimonial arrangement which permitted polygamy.

"Pat," he told the square of black which was his window, "You're a darling and I want you. But I'm afraid—"


Then began the outward awakening of Battles. His tailor found no difficulty and not a little pleasure in fitting him to suits three or four shades more stylish than those he had been making.

"What the hell's got into you lately," Peter Hassett asked Battles. "You've changed. You're different. You used to look like a rainy Monday and act like an undertaker. Now you look like a chrysanthemum and act like a lounge lizard. But I'll tell the world you've been making things step around here."

Battles grinned.

"What's got into Battles?" Peter Hassett asked Miss Dane.

(Continued on page 58)



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“Ask Battles”

(Continued from page 57)

“I don’t know. I’m sure,” she replied.
 “Ask him,” ordered Hassett.
 “Maybe,” she suggested quietly, “it would be better if you asked him.”
 “Battles,” said Peter Hassett, “are you in love?”

“Yes, sir,” said Battles calmly
 “I’ll be damned!” commented Peter Hassett, then scribbled a note to his confidential secretary:
 “If you don’t look out you’ll be good company for me yet. You’re growing young.”

Battles flung himself into his work.
 “Pick out what you want—then go get it,” Peter Hassett’s grandfather had once said, according to Peter. Battles was out to get it.

But there were big things brewing in the Hassett & Co.’s uppermost circles.

First Battles called in McAllister Holcome and asked him to go to the nearest plant for information which he pretended he needed. Next he sent the Princess Pat to the bank to get certain documents. With the decks thus cleared he summoned Hooker, the white-haired head bookkeeper, and asked:

“Has Mr. Holcome ever had access to the books of the main company or any of the subsidiaries?”

“No, sir.”
 “Not in a single instance—not even to the stock books?”

“No, sir.”
 “Have you ever furnished him any figures which have not passed through my hands?”

“Never, sir.” Then in tones of unconcealed anxiety he asked:

“Do you suspect—?”

“I’ll ask you,” replied Battles, with unfamiliar sharpness, “whether you have any reason to suspect that he has attempted to secure figures or information through any of your assistants—and without my knowledge or authority?”

“No. I haven’t had the slightest reason for such a suspicion.”

“WELL,” returned Battles, “for Mr. Hassett I’m saying again that all figures for Mr. Holcome come through me. I’m personally responsible to Mr. Hassett for the privacy of our records. Even if Mr. Holcome should present an order purporting to come from the President it is not to be honored until I have been notified. And, by the way, it will be best for you not to hand any figures, books or records to Miss Dane. She occasionally helps Mr. Holcome as well as myself and if she should ask for any records you will understand that I have not sent her. Of course I don’t need to say that she would not seek any information on her own initiative.”

“I understand,” replied Hooker, nodding his grizzled head until it seemed in danger of coming loose. “No figures will go out of my cage except on your orders.”

“There is just one thing more,” resumed Battles, “which I will ask you to understand without further explanation. If any figures should come back to you for confirmation or explanation—well they’re my figures and not to be questioned.”

“Certainly, sir. Your figures are always correct. They always have been and they are not to be questioned.”

“Exactly,” returned Battles. “Thank you. Now please give me the complete figures on the subsidiary companies for use in compiling the tax statement.”

When the guardian of the records departed and was safely in the seclusion of his private cage he muttered:

“It’ll be a snowy day in August when any one slips anything over that boy—if he doesn’t fall for the Cleopatra stuff.”

A few days later, in a way intended to be quite casual, Mr. Hassett asked Battles if the figures for the tax statement were ready.

“They’re all on my desk,” he answered. “But I haven’t yet focused them on the work sheet. Perhaps you’d like me to turn them over to you.”

“I was thinking,” remarked the President, “that perhaps I’d have Holcome handle this. Your work has been uncommonly heavy of late and he has plenty of time. Besides, it’s well enough to have more than one man in an organization in training to handle income tax matters.”

“I’ll be glad enough,” returned Battles, “to have it off my hands. It’s about the most responsible and delicate matter that any man can handle for an individual or a corporation. Besides, if you’ll let me say so, my ideas about how a tax return should be made out have not changed from the first. I’m quite hopelessly old-fogyish about that.”

“But I notice,” came back Old Peter, “that you’re picking up some decidedly new-fangled ideas in other directions, Battles. How about shaking a mean ankle. Tried it yet?”

“O! yes. I wasn’t bad on the fox trot before I bought my car.”

It was the last of April when Battles, who had been alert for developments, caught the first sign of the harvest following the tax-statement incident. The preceding afternoon Peter Hassett and McAllister Holcome had left the office early and in high spirits for the Country Club. Peter had looked almost boyish, his face flushed with the anticipation of giving his pet youngster the trimming of his life on the links.

“Nothing like being young!” he had flung back at Battles as he slapped Holcome on the shoulder and handed his bag of clubs to the chauffeur. “Some day you’ll be nutty about pasture pool and we’ll have to tie you to your chair to get any work out of you.”

The next morning, which was the day of the regular directors’ meeting, Battles was jolted at the face which looked up at him as he entered the president’s room. Peter Hassett looked unbelievably old and anxious.

“What’s the matter?” asked Battles. “Did the worm turn and beat you or did Colonel Bogey keep you putting at the nineteenth hole all afternoon?”

But instead of the usual eager and circumstantial account of the Battle of the Links, Peter Hassett almost snarled:

“I went up against the stiffest game of my life, Battles—and I guess I’m through.”

Battles looked for a moment as if he wanted to sympathize with the old man, but he thought better of it.

Immediately after the adjournment of the regular meeting of the directors Peter Hassett sent for Battles. He looked older than when he had entered the office in the morning.

“Got some news for you, Battles,” he remarked with an almost pathetic attempt at jocoseness. “Hassett, Incorporated, has a new vice-president—Holcome.” His eyes avoided meeting those of his confidential secretary and his facial muscles twitched perceptibly. “But that’s not all. We’ve got a new Acting President, too. No? Well; we have—and you’re it! I’m going to take a trip. Don’t know how long I’ll be away. I’ve executed a power of attorney which gives you authority to act for me in every capacity—privately and officially. Just to be sure that it’s binding I’ve had the Board ratify it—to put it into the records. Perhaps that wasn’t necessary but I did it. I’ve taken a notion that I want a change. So I’m headed for Japan and the Orient. Going to stay as long as I want to and return when I get ready. You’ll fill my place and draw my salary—every cent of it—while I’m gone.”

“That isn’t necessary,” began Battles; “you have always—”

“Don’t say a word—it’s settled. It goes,” interrupted Peter Hassett almost petulantly.

“Very well, sir,” replied Battles.

“Cut out that butler talk,” snapped Peter with a forced laugh. “You’re acting President of Hassett, Incorporated, and you don’t have to ‘Sir’ anybody. And I’ll tell you what, Battles.” There was a moment in which Peter Hassett appeared to be having trouble with his throat, then, as he recovered his voice control he continued: “I’ve come to the conclusion that you’re about as loyal as they make ‘em. Loyalty is the biggest virtue there is—in business or out of it—to my notion. A man who sticks by his principal through hell and high water is—well he can have about anything I’ve got outside of my wife and children. That’s the way I feel about it—and I want you to know it.”

It was all clear now to the shrewd, alert Battles. Holcome had carried to the golf links, the day before, a club which was invisible to caddies and acquaintances on the green—and he had used it

with telling results. Battles wondered how much cash or how many shares in the company, in addition to a vice-presidency and a fat salary, Holcome had bludgeoned out of Peter Hassett by picturing the unpleasant possibilities of their income tax situation. Of course Holcome had handled the job smoothly—trust him for that! What Battles couldn’t understand was how Holcome escaped being hit over the head with a driver. There was nothing which set off the T N T in Peter Hassett’s nature quite as quickly or surely as an attempt to hold him up. Yes; the old man must have been thoroughly terrorized to listen to Holcome’s proposal without exploding.

AND Battles hadn’t lived with Peter Hassett all these years without understanding the old man’s attachment to himself and how he would revolt at the injustice of shoving Holcome the new-comer into a vice-presidency over his own head. That alone was enough to explain why Peter had insisted upon the step with respect to the Acting Presidency. Battles, however, did not deceive himself as to other motives which might have influenced this move—probably did influence it. Peter Hassett, he well knew, was far too shrewd and hard-headed to overlook the possibilities of human nature “as is.” If the man who had been his right arm for a score of years didn’t blow up at the injustice of promoting Holcome over his head and expose the tax manipulation he would hardly be human. The way to offset this would be to give a larger salary and greater power to the man who had been “passed” by the new and younger candidate for honors. Also, Battles could not doubt, a further consideration had been a strong factor with the terrorized Peter in dictating his own peculiar promotion—that of protecting himself and his business against further raids from the efficient and predatory “youngster.” The acting-presidency move on the chess board was about the only way by which there was any hope of checkmating Holcome.

These would certainly be the lines of reasoning followed by Peter Hassett in arriving at the decisions indicated by his official acts. There was no sting to Battles in the recognition of the one consideration uncomplimentary to himself which had undoubtedly had its weight with Peter Hassett in his present state of mind; Battles felt sure that he had never held a firmer foothold in the confidence and regard of old Peter than at the moment.

“I believe,” he told himself, “that he regards me as the only life raft in sight.”

Battles moved into President Hassett’s room. If the business had interested him before, it fascinated him now. He knew every detail of it and it was this intimate knowledge which equipped him to make instant decisions, to force his arguments through by sheer weight of facts.

“Ask Battles,” had been President Hassett’s byword. Now the entire organization adopted it. His butlerish attitude vanished like magic under the assumption of further authority—and in its place there came a cool, polite dignity, a reserve which moved his business visitors to comment upon his poise and quiet forcefulness.

Between himself and Holcome there was no obvious constraint. Battles welcomed the new vice-president into his office as cordially, if not as effusively, as had Old Peter Hassett. But the effect on young Holcome was disastrous. His fire had disappeared and the flow of suggestions which he had to make were so inconsequential that they could easily have been made by almost any of the office boys or stenographers.

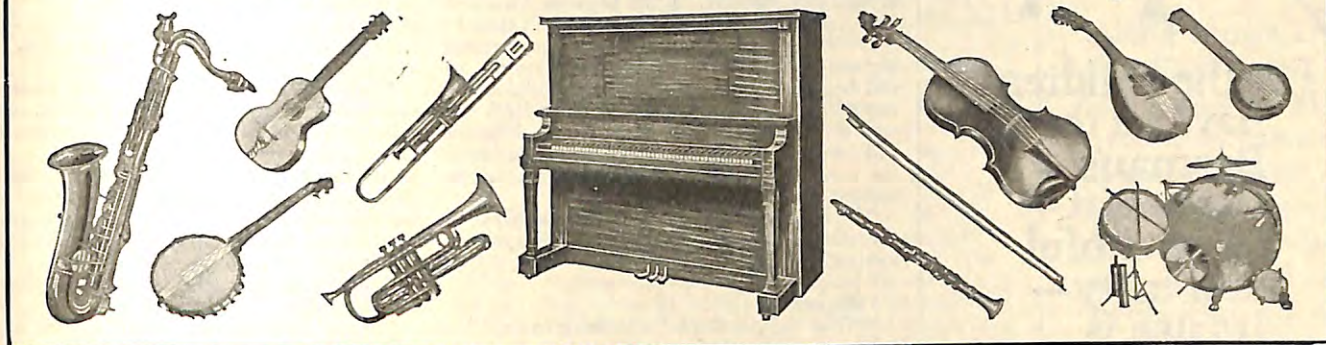
In his quiet moments Battles sat and stared at the swinging door which led to his old office, where he could hear the steady click-click of Pat’s industrious typewriter. Then, when the longing to see her, to be near her, came like the seventh wave he would press one of the buttons on his desk and she would sit beside him while he dictated. When correspondence was light, John Henry Battles took to answering advertisements in the magazines, just to have some excuse to dictate.

This, he thought, was a bright and original idea, until, one day, the smiling Princess deposited several catalogues on his desk and he suddenly realized that he had answered two perfume and one corset advertisements.

Late one afternoon in the cool shaded quiet

(Continued on page 60)

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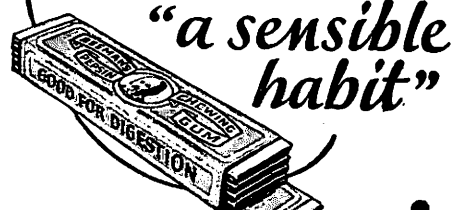
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**A Letter from
Mr. L. C. Gruneberg
of Lehighton, Pa.**



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Lehighton, Pennsylvania
September 6, 1923
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It may interest you to know that an article in the Evening Leader, a local paper, inserted by us, has made THE ELKS MAGAZINE the topic of conversation all over town. Every Elk is being besieged for loaning the magazine.
"How to tell a good store" made all the stores here clean up and brush up. Store fronts are being repainted, windows washed. There is a rush for new globes, and new electric fixtures. It's a regular Bee-hive. And THE ELKS MAGAZINE is responsible for it.
Go to it. Give us some more of that stuff. Public and storekeepers alike need such an education badly.
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Very truly yours,
L. C. Gruneberg
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

"Ask Battles"

(Continued from page 58)

of Peter Hasset's office Battles began to talk and the Princess Pat laid aside her pencil.

"I just want to tell you," said Battles, "that until you came here I regarded every one around impersonally. I had been so interested in my work—so busy that I hadn't had time to play. Somehow, having you here has changed my outlook. I don't want our relationship to end here in dictation—and office details. Why can't I see you more frequently—outside?"

A dull rose color mounted to the Princess Pat's cheeks and her violet eyes half closed as if she were trying to get the proper perspective on some far-away picture.

"I'd really enjoy seeing you more frequently," she said quietly, "but it—it is not always convenient. You see mother and I—"

"Is it because you—you—"

"Oh, not at all!"

"What did you think I was going to say?"

The rose color became pink now.

"I thought," said the Princess Pat, "you were going to say that it was because I didn't—enjoy—having you."

"No," said Battles, "I was going to suggest that maybe it was because you preferred to spend your time with—with some one else."

The Princess sighed deeply.

"Please," she pleaded, suddenly alert and very much in earnest—"please tell me, Mr. Battles, what you think of—of Mr. Holcome."

John Henry Battles would have made a good poker player. His face remained like unto a house with the shades down.

"Mr. Holcome is our vice-president," he replied evenly. "Personally I do not know him intimately."

"Do you trust him?" Two deep violet eyes met his squarely. Within a few inches—within easy reach were two dear hands—soft—efficient.

For just the fraction of a second Battles felt an irresistible impulse to seize them, crush them in his own, kiss them and shout:

"No, I don't. He's too smart. He's too wise—too sporty."

The deliberation with which Battles struggled for a diplomatic answer to this surprising question resulted in another astonishing outbreak from Patricia:

"That will do; the witness is excused from answering. I quite forgot that it's a violation of their code for men to tell on one another." And with this she disappeared into her own room.

HOLCOME had the rail at the three-quarters and was going strong for the finish. Battles lagged. The few rare, ever-to-be-remembered appointments, which he succeeded in getting with the Princess Pat only filled him with more misgivings.

Yes; Holcome was having an easy race of it. Battles plunged into his work, but at night, at home, all the loneliness and longing which a man feels in the swift-moving dream of being in love, almost overpowered him.

"I want the Princess," he told the electrically spotted city night from his window. "And I might as well ask for the moon."

And then—one night of all nights!—he had both!

They had slipped silently through the long stretches of boulevards and reached the outskirts of the city. Almost at the edge of the road a lazy night-lake lapped listlessly at the shore, the water like ink, while from a distant pier came the irregular flashes of a harbor light.

Silence enveloped them both and then, suddenly, Battles found that nestled in his hand was a small soft one—the long, strong fingers gently pressing his.

It was not a moment for speech, so Battles, with God-given instinct rather than experience, turned slowly, until the olive-tinted face with its beautifully regular features was close—so close—then he kissed her.

Just the faint breath of a light sigh crossed her lips as his drew away. He fancied that in the breaking of that contact he had felt her cheek linger softly and caressingly against his for a moment.

But in an instant it was over.

"I wonder," thought Battles all the way back, "if Mack Holcome ever kissed her—like that."

Had the question been one of business, Battles would not have rested short of its answer.

Driving back through the boulevards he had it on the tip of his tongue a dozen times to say, in a light, unconcerned manner:

"Well, I suppose I'm as far behind Mack in kissing styles as I am in everything else."

But he didn't. Instead:

"I know just riding bores you—but I just don't seem to fit in those Jazz Palaces. Besides, I hate to share you with a crowd when I get a chance to be with you."

She looked up at him quickly and for just a moment her hand rested lightly on his arm. Battles swore fervently because a curve in the road forced him to move the wheel. The hand was gone.

"Do you think I really miss those places on a night like this?" she asked.

"Well," said Battles, "that's hard for me to say. I know you like to dance—because you are a good dancer. And I can only judge by—"

"Because Mr. Holcome likes cabaretting," she finished for him.

"Yes," said Battles.

"But, still," she continued sweetly—far too sweetly—"this is nice for a—diversion."

Battles snorted. He could feel that she was laughing softly at him.

"I know what you are thinking," she volunteered. "You are wondering if I like to sew and cook and read—and stay home."

"Yes," suggested Battles hopefully.

"Well, what do you think, Mr. Battles?"

"Oh! Lord!" groaned Battles hopelessly, "I don't know," and again he surmised that she was laughing at him.

The concentration which Battles focused upon the income statement prepared by Holcome of Hasset, Incorporated, was a proof that it is possible for the human mind to function normally along certain lines when the emotions are in the same disorderly state which follows an explosion in a shingle mill. Battles put in several days of absorbing calculation in connection with these schedules, occasionally calling upon the grizzled Hooker for information. And this understanding old Maine Yankee never left Battles' desk without a shrewd smile twitching at his lips.

The Princess Pat obviously and openly avoided him—but on rare occasions she shot him a glance which, strangely enough, he found himself unable to interpret.

As the distance between them widened, that between herself and Holcome became less and less. In Battles' solitary drives in the coupe the roaring sport car would rush past him like a simoon; at the theatre he had only to lift his eyes to the choicest box to locate Patricia in new plumage and her industrious suitor at her side. He was, as Battles had heard one of the office girls remark, "the fastest worker who had ever hit the Hasset track."

There was only one brief interval in which the favored Holcome appeared to be slipping. This was during the official visit of the field man for the Income Tax Unit. In this period the young vice-president was not his gay debonair self. In his brief and infrequent calls at his office he was nervous and ill at ease. And his attentions to Patricia lost their continuity and aggressiveness.

The fact that the inspector appeared to be quite chummy with Battles and accepted luncheon and dinner engagements from the Acting President undeniably had a disquieting effect on Holcome. He told himself that they were altogether too thick. The quiet young man with the ready smile apparently found his task a pleasant one—not to be hurried unduly. He had told Battles that he was sent to check against the return for the second year back—the last one which Battles had personally prepared. And Battles had called in Hooker and given instructions that the official caller be given complete access to all books, records and documents. Both he and Battles appeared to regard the investigation as a mere formality—a very pleasant one, since it brought them together.

"Young Redfield Martin seems to be a mighty interesting young chap," Battles told Patricia. "I like him. He talks well about almost any—"

thing—excepting his job. That shows his discretion. Mr. Holcome doesn't seem to take to him especially, I gather."

"Mr. Holcome," replied Patricia, "is preparing an address for the annual meeting of the Society of Business Engineers and says he can concentrate better in his apartment than in his office."

Battles laughed and declared: "I'm entirely agreeable to leaving him undisturbed. In fact, I'll help to protect him against distractions. How about joining Mr. Martin and myself at dinner—to be followed by a ride on the shore road. I have reasons for believing that our official visitor would welcome such a diversion. Besides, with him along I'd feel that I was not taking any unfair advantage of Mr. Holcome's enforced preoccupation."

And the Princess accepted with unexpected graciousness. As they passed a popular roadhouse Battles—and perhaps Patricia—noticed the Roaring Roadster parked in front. The vivacity of the mixed party, led by Holcome, was so marked as to move Mr. Martin to observe, in his soft Southern drawl:

"It looks like a pleasant time was being had by all present."

AND Battles, despite a sudden quietness on the part of Patricia, was happier than he had been since that one wonderful night of nights. The Gods were certainly looking in his direction with kindly glances.

But, after the genial and unobtrusive inspector finished his task, said his farewells regretfully and went his way, Battles was forced to the conclusion that as an interpreter of good luck signs he was a dismal failure. Holcome renewed his attack upon the citadel with increased vigor and the Princess became so preoccupied, so absorbed in his attentions that Battles felt as isolated as Robinson Crusoe. Women were certainly queer! He was positive that Patricia had recognized Holcome at the roadhouse—which was only another way of saying that she had seen him in a hooch dream with his arm about the waist of a "doll" whose feet were as unreliable as her face. And yet she was devoting her outside time exclusively to his company—probably fired with a passion to save him from moral disaster. Certainly that was the only reasonable theory on which her conduct could be accounted for. The race was certainly to the swift! Hope seemed to die within him.

Battles waited with bated breath for the day when the office would get a larger thrill from the peal of wedding bells than it had when a Bolshevik workman in the foundry threw a stick of dynamite in Number One furnace. Each day which passed without this dénouement was a surprise but no relief to him. It meant only one more day of mental suspense.

One day when the bright June world seemed an insolent mockery to him and the end of his dream more inevitable than at any moment since its beginning, he took up the morning's mail with a weariness which would, he felt, have done credit to a man of seventy.

Suddenly he felt it all drop from him. Uppermost on the heap of letters on his desk was a suggestion from the Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue that he appear at the Income Tax Unit with such books, documents, associates and employees as might be necessary to an inquiry into the correctness of the schedules filed by Hassett, Incorporated, for the preceding year. The date of the hearing was but two weeks away. Battles was, for the moment, so absorbed in the letter, that he did not notice that Holcome was standing at his elbow. One glance at the young vice-president's face told Battles that Holcome had undoubtedly absorbed the contents of the letter. However, he passed the communication to the other with the casual remark:

"Only a matter of form, I presume. As you handled this thing originally you will, of course, appear and make the necessary explanations to the head of the Unit."

"You furnished all the basic figures regarding the subsidiaries," retorted Holcome. "If there's any explaining to do it will certainly be up to you to—"

"Of course I'll go along," interrupted Battles. "And it would be well to take Hooker, too. He knows the figures almost by heart. I don't think you need to borrow any trouble about this, Holcome, for the name of Hassett, Inc. has always had a high standing in the Tax Unit.

There has never been a mark against them—never. This should help to make an explanation easily acceptable. I'm not going to bother Mr. Hassett by reporting this matter to him. It is quite unnecessary."

"Well," responded Holcome, "he's the one who is responsible for the tax statements—absolutely. But do as you like about notifying him. It strikes me that someone has done a bit of notifying already." The insinuating tone put Battles instantly on his guard.

"Think so?" inquired Battles. "Don't you overestimate the importance of this notice? Apparently it is simply a conference. I'm told that it is not unusual—in fact is quite ordinary—and without any special inference. Don't let it worry you, Holcome."

A few minutes later, his private bank book in his hand, he started, apparently, for the bank. These details did not escape Holcome's sharp but troubled eye. Back in his own office, the new vice-president pushed the buzzer for the office boy, hurriedly scribbled a telegram and tossed it, folded, to "Skip" Cannon who hurried away with the assurance that his promptness would be rewarded. He had hoped the message would be handed to him by Battles who was not only generous in tips but in friendly words as well. A few moments later, as he was passing out of the side entrance to the building he heard a quiet:

"Did you get the message to Mr. Hassett, Skip?"

"Yeah," said the boy, "but that's all I got." He handed the message over to Battles with the remark "that new guy up there is a sure grouch." In a quick glance Battles read:

"Peter Hassett,
Hotel
Seattle, Wash.

Battles has advised Washington. Conference July one. Meet there thirtieth. Holcome."

"That's all right," remarked Battles as he handed the message back to Skip with a quarter, adding, "Are you still strong for the Sox?"

"Y'bet," grinned the kid and hurried on. Instead of going to the bank Battles made his way quickly to the office of a certain private detective agency which had, on occasions handled some of his work. He gave them brief instructions.

As he walked back to the office Battles reflected:

"I scarcely believe he'll get scared enough to skip. But, still, he's more alarmed than he'd admit, even to himself. He shows that in his face. His confidence in his own shrewdness will hold him. Then there's his salary—and Patricia. He has the tax crook's usual confidence in the stupidity of the men employed in the Unit—the notion that if they were really competent they would be working for corporations at two or three times the salary paid them by the government."

Later, in the office of the detective agency, when reviewing reports of the operatives shadowing Holcome, the superintendent remarked:

"That girl seems to be a regular whizz. Operative Number Ten is a shark on women and he tells me privately that she has a surplus of brains—altogether an unnecessary stock for even a high-class stenographer. Know anything about her?"

"Yes," was Battle's crisp reply. "This investigation is not concerned with Miss Dane. It's objective is McAllister Holcome."

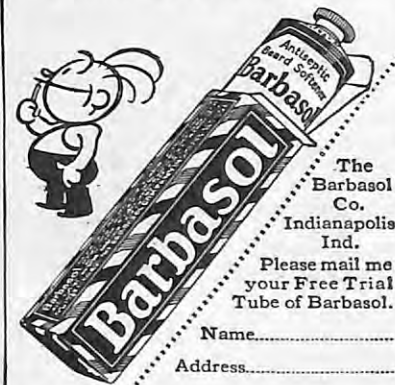
"I get you," replied the detective superintendent, "but I'm going to take a chance on saying that if you knew all that she knows you'd know all that you want to know about Holcome. My operative raved so much about her that I went out with him myself last night. She's the smoothest piece of silk I ever set eyes on. And as a vacuum cleaner she's got the world's suction record within easy reach. Last night at the cabaret she just dropped one question, lifted those lids of hers, gave him both barrels at once and he was off in a canter on the subject of—"

"What they talked about," interrupted Battles, "is not material to my purpose. I hardly consider myself privileged to know it. I simply want to be sure that Mr. Holcome doesn't skip out, and that if he does we shall be able to get in touch with him at any moment."

(Continued on page 62)

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"Ask Battles"

(Continued from page 61)

If Battles suffered because he believed that Patricia was lost to him, he suffered no less keenly over the position in which Peter Hassett now found himself. This was because he was Battles. The note of personal attachment to Peter Hassett, which amounted to something like hero worship, was the reaction of Battles' own character. He asked himself a hundred times if Holcome's lying telegram would be believed without question. And was it possible that Peter Hassett would show a yellow streak by failing to appear at the hearing. Well; could he be greatly blamed if he did? He had suddenly discovered that he was old; that Youth had trapped him and that he faced terrible possibilities at the end of his life. As Battles wrestled with these questions, Patricia gave him little or no chance to look into her eyes for an answer to at least one of his problems.

IN THE private car which had been chartered for the trip because of the mass of books and documents to be taken and the size of the party, Battles came face to face with Patricia.

"I prevailed on her last night," explained Holcome. "We may need a stenographer, one with brains, before we get through. Besides; she copied the figures from the work-sheet in making out the return and checked them back afterwards. Thought it best to have everybody who had anything to do with the matter along. While you seemed to regard it as unnecessary for Mr. Hassett to know anything about the matter when the notice first came, I assumed that you would think better of it later, so I wired him.

"No need to have him bothered with this thing," was Battles' good-natured reply. "There's nothing to worry about—you should know that better than anyone, for you handled the work. As to Miss Dane, it's all right for her to come along. Probably I should have thought of it myself."

"We ought to go over those books right now," said Holcome in a troubled tone.

"Why?" asked Battles.

"Well, we've got to have some sort of explanation ready, haven't we?"

"Do our figures need explaining? You are the one who knows best."

"Hell! I don't know anything," said Holcome angrily. "Do as you damn please about it."

Battles smiled. The fact that Patricia was brought into the party at the last moment, and through Holcome, was an unpleasant omen to Battles. Didn't it imply that the relations between the two were so intimate, so acknowledged, that the girl was taking her stand at the side of her man in his hour of trouble?

Not by any outward sign, however, did Battles betray his emotion or the strain of suspense which quickened his heartbeats when the quartette from Hassett, Inc., finally found themselves seated in the mahogany furnished office of the Deputy Commissioner on the following day.

Battles occupied a chair near one of the four windows through which, framed in the rich green foliage which makes Washington unlike any other city, he could see the statue of Lafayette. Hooker, characteristically enough, found interest in the charts and diagrams which adorned the walls. Holcome, pale and nervous and obviously ill at ease, allowed his gaze to rove from point to point, varying this effect by a periodical study of the green carpet which covered the floor.

The Princess Pat found solace in an intent scrutiny of the blue sky, although she occasionally permitted her thoughtful, almost sorrowful gaze to rest now and then on the confident, almost dreamy face of Battles.

Once she sighed. Holcome looked up sharply, suspiciously. Battles remained immobile.

The arrival of the Deputy Commissioner and the chief of the corporation section caused a tightening of nerves, but the effect of their quiet, businesslike and almost cordial attitude restored Holcome to a semblance of his old confident bearing.

"We'll wait just a moment or two," announced the Deputy Commissioner after the party was seated at the long table. "I expect that you

find Washington almost unbearably hot," he continued. "I'm sure nothing but necessity would keep me here a day in midsummer."

Turning to Patricia he asked:

"Is this your first experience in Washington, Miss—eh—Dane?"

"Oh! no," came the quick, smiling answer. "I was here for a year—as social secretary to the wife of a new senator from—"

But her sentence remained unfinished, for Peter Hassett—looking tragically worn and old, suddenly appeared in the doorway leading from the reception-room. He nodded in a vague, unthinking way to the group collectively and then said to the Deputy Commissioner: "I'm sorry to be late, but I came on from the Coast and my train was delayed. Really intended to see you before the hearing began, but—"

At this the face of Holcome went white. Hassett apparently had lost his nerve and intended to squeal. That was an old man's trick, anyhow! Why hadn't the old fool come on in time so that they could have talked together? But with no chance to give him a mental shot in the arm, here he was with a face that was a confession of crime and despair. If he ever got out of this, Holcome told himself, it would teach him never to depend on an old man for anything that took nerve or poise.

"Now, gentlemen, we might as well proceed on the matter for which you were called to Washington. In the preliminary audit of the consolidated return for your company for the year ended December 31, 1920, it appears necessary to request that you furnish additional information in connection with your claim of invested capital."

The habit of years asserted itself and in a dull mechanical way—apparently quite as much to himself as to the Chairman of the hearing, Peter interrupted with:

"Ask Battles."

All eyes were turned on Battles—all but two, at least—when Patricia suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! He's ill! He's—"

Battles and the girl were at the side of Peter Hassett, who had suddenly dropped forward upon the table.

"The rest of you remain here," directed Battles, "until Miss Dane and I look after him for a moment. He'll be all right shortly."

The Chairman was quick to catch the inference in Battles' glance and words and said:

"Yes; we'll remain here. No doubt it's simply a touch of Washington heat after a long, exhausting trip." Then, at the doorway, he summoned ushers who were directed to take the stricken man to the first-aid room.

When Battles returned, followed in a moment by Patricia, he began abruptly:

"If we may resume, sir, I'll try to answer your question. You are apparently under the impression that the return indicates a manipulation of the figures with respect to the subsidiary companies. They have been manipulated."

The face of Holcome turned from white to ashen and he seemed about to exclaim, but finally checked himself and did his best to compose his lips into a cynical smile.

"Do I understand you—" began the Chairman.

"Exactly!" interrupted Battles, "I said that the figures have been manipulated. But no fraud has been committed. In fact the government owes Hassett, Incorporated, a refund of several thousand dollars—about eight or ten."

"That," remarked the Chairman of the hearing, "is rather a remarkable statement. In fact"—and he laughed in a tone in which the note of cynicism was unforced—"this promises to be quite a novel experience. But perhaps I ought to warn you—"

"No need to do that, sir; I fully understand that this is a formal and official hearing and that what I say may be used against me. The basic figures for subsidiary companies were manipulated. I know—for I did that work myself."

As he dropped this bomb he glanced at the faces of Holcome and Patricia. Both were vivid with amazement. But the countenance of the girl showed an uncontrolled expression of horror, while that of Holcome took on an intense look of relief.

"However," Battles resumed quietly, looking

straight into the astonished eyes of the Deputy Commissioner, "my part of the manipulation was not in the direction you would naturally think. It was calculated greatly to increase the taxes instead of lowering them. To be exact, without any further manipulation anywhere along the line, the result of working out my basic figures would have been to increase the total tax some three hundred and fifty thousand dollars above the correct amount. In other words, I boosted the basic figures.

"My motive? I had reason to believe that I was not to compute the tax return, as I had done since the first report, but that this task was to be turned over to another. Also, I had convincing reasons for suspecting that the person delegated to prepare the statement intended to attempt to frame a fraudulent statement so that he might use it as a club over the head of Mr. Hassett. He has used it, in fact, very effectively. There is ample evidence of that. I couldn't stand by and see Peter Hassett jockeyed into the position, technically at least, of being party to a fraudulent return. Also, I wanted to rid him and the company, for all time, of the most sinister influence which had ever touched them. So I took the only way which seemed open to protect Mr. Hassett and trap the crook who had gained his confidence.

"Fortunately a chance remark which I overheard gave me rather a definite idea of the amount of tax which he intended to 'save' and the manner in which he proposed to make this manipulation. All these statements are capable of corroboration. In fact every book or record having any direct bearing on the accuracy of the Hassett company's tax statement is here. So also is Mr. Hooker, who has been the chief accountant of the company for forty years. His principal assistants are at the hotel, ready to be called."

"THIS," commented the Deputy Commissioner, "is certainly an amazing statement. Can you explain how the person who had the responsibility of computing the tax came to accept your manipulated figures without question?"

"If you'd let me, sir," interrupted Silas Hooker, with a peculiar light in his faded old eyes, "I'd like to answer that question. Whenever anyone has wanted to know anything in the way of company figures Mr. Hassett has always said, 'Ask Battles'—yes, sir, always! Ever since Mr. Battles became his confidential man, years ago. And everyone in the head offices knows that Mr. Battles' word is the same as Mr. Hassett's. He speaks for Mr. Hassett—we understand that! Before Mr. Holcome came with the company it was a rule that no one, in or out of the company, was to get figures of importance excepting from Mr. Battles. I prepared all the other basic figures and handed them to Mr. Battles."

"And I passed them on to Mr. Holcome as in the usual course," rejoined Battles. "Here is the tax statement as it should have been and here are all the basic figures. The books and records from which they were taken are ready for examination and checking. They will show that the government has not been defrauded, but, on the contrary, that a substantial refund is due the corporation.

"Before, however, I arbitrarily increased the valuation of our closing inventory by twenty per cent, which, as you know, would increase the income for the year by the same amount. As I said before, I had reason to suspect that the tax return would be manipulated, and from certain remarks which had come to me I anticipated that the manipulation would be in the inventory. Of course without access to the books themselves, I realized that the person preparing the return would not dare to manipulate the invested capital, because he would be unable to make it correspond with the returns for the preceding years. I did not pass on to him the original inventory, nor the details, nor the total. We have those inventories here, however, as originally taken, and which are, of course, subject to your inspection.

"You will find that in making up the tax return which was submitted, the closing inventory was arbitrarily reduced, with an effect to reduce income and correspondingly reduce taxes. I would prefer not to comment further upon that reduction, at least as to the motives

(Continued on page 64)



“Now It’s My Turn To Laugh at Him!”

WE were dancing together to a beautiful, lilting melody. I led her gracefully around the room, keeping perfect harmony with the music. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

And then, suddenly, I saw Jim standing near the door. He was watching us. But he wasn’t laughing this time! His eyes followed us around the room, wondering, curious. He seemed a little lonesome standing there in the doorway, and I just couldn’t help drawing it to Jeanne’s attention. “Now it’s my turn to laugh at him!” I said.

She grinned up at me. “He’ll never laugh at you again!” she whispered.

“I’ll be there,” I said
“and I’ll dance”

I remembered that other night, a month ago, and was glad. Jim had invited me to a dancing party, although knowing very well that I hardly knew one step from another. And he urged me to ask Jeanne for a dance, knowing that she was the most graceful and talented dancer in the room. I was horribly self-conscious, clumsy as a boor, stepping all over her toes and leading her right into other couples. It was torture. And then I saw Jim standing in the doorway, laughing. Other couples had stopped dancing to watch us, and were laughing too. I was the goat!

It was a humiliating experience, and the next time Jim invited me to a dance I refused. “Tired of dancing already?”

he asked, laughing slyly. That laugh, somehow irritated me. “I’ll be there!” I said grimly—“and I’ll dance!”

I sent for the five free lessons

That evening I sent off a coupon to Arthur Murray asking him for the five lessons that he offered free. I would show Jim—I would show all of them! They’d never make me the goat again. I’d become a good dancer, as popular as any of them.

Arthur Murray’s five free dancing lessons arrived just the evening before the dance. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I practiced before a mirror. I quickly mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to dance in harmony with the music. I acquired a wonderful new sense of ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jim’s dance.

And then—that wonderful dance with Jeanne! She had hesitated when I asked her, but she was too polite to refuse. The orchestra was playing a fox-trot, and I swung her gracefully into the rhythm. She was an exquisite dancer, and we interpreted the dance like professionals. It was a triumph. Everyone was amazed, and especially Jim. He stood in the doorway watching us—the very doorway where only a short time ago he had stood and laughed. Laughed! Well, it was my turn to laugh now!

Jeanne and I finished the dance together. Others stopped to watch us. Jeanne was smiling—others were smiling—soon everyone was smiling and applauding. I was popular! *I never dreamed that knowing how to dance well could make anyone popular so quickly.*

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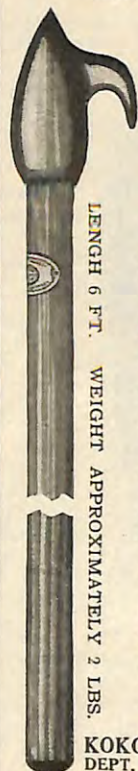
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"Ask Battles"

(Continued from page 62)

which may have prompted it. The reduction does not seem to have been upon any definite basis, but was simply accomplished by setting up a smaller figure for the closing inventory than I had given. Decidedly a crude, cheap piece of work but, I think, thoroughly in keeping with the mentality of the manipulator. You will find that the reduction, however, was less in amount than the increase which I had made. Instead, therefore, of an additional tax due to the Government, the company has really overpaid."

After an examination of the statements which Battles, with the help of Hooker, had prepared immediately after the departure of Peter Hasset, the Commissioner remarked:

"It looks very much as if you had thrown the switch and saved an old man from serious consequences.

"He's been something like a father to me," admitted Battles. "But this thing has about broken him. He's an old man now. Before it happened he was twenty years younger in appearance." Battles hesitated. The one burning question burned on his lips:

"Mr. Commissioner, there's one thing I'd like to ask before I go: Did you get the tip which caused you to call us here from—"

The Deputy Commissioner had no opportunity to answer. Patricia was looking Battles squarely in the eye and saying:

"He got the information from me. I have never received nor expected to receive any reward for it—except for a certain satisfaction which I doubt that you would—ever appreciate."

And before Battles could recover his astonishment, she had fled.

He turned to the Deputy Commissioner. "Satisfaction?"

The official smiled. "Sit down a minute," he invited Battles. "I think I can tell you something which may help you to understand."

"Probably you hold the common impression that the Unit employs an almost unlimited force of trained detectives, spies and investigators—rubber-soled shoes and false whiskers—in turning up income tax frauds. As a matter of fact, we don't. We depend upon human nature for the greatest part of our detective work. You have just had striking evidence of how it operates."

"But still I don't quite understand?" said the puzzled Battles.

The Commissioner chuckled. "Well, human nature includes all of the emotions: hate, jealousy—and love. Perhaps now—?"

"Y-e-s," said Battles, "perhaps I do understand—now. Anyhow I'm going to find out if I'm right."

And when, two hours later, he cornered the Princess Pat in the vestibule of the private car, he continued his education.

"I suppose you know that Holcome is quite liable to go to jail as a result of your testimony."

"I hope he does," she replied angrily, "he deserves it."

Battles grinned appreciatively, but Patricia didn't see the satisfaction in his smile, for she had turned her back suddenly.

Battles's arms enfolded her and with his lips close to her ear he whispered:

"Why did you do it, dear?"

"Because," she answered. Battles fancied that her voice trembled slightly. But he noted she made no effort to slip from his embrace.

"A woman's reason!" His lips were very close now to the rose-flooded cheek.

Suddenly she swung around and faced him.

"I did it," she said, "because I just couldn't bear to stand by and see a bragging dishonest young upstart like Holcome come into a new place, vamp an old man and upset the decent order of things—pass a man—pass the men who had been working hard and faithfully for years. You don't think I wanted him with his shifty, dishonest plans to become your superior, do you? I just had to find out what he'd done and I took a woman's way—the only way—to do it."

But she could explain no further, for her lips were suddenly silenced by Battles.

"You darling!" he breathed—and kissed her again.

"Is it true that Miss Dane is going to be married soon," asked Judge Rac, looking after his drive down the ninth fairway with smug satisfaction.

Peter Hasset gripped his club and shifted his feet a tenth of an inch as he took his final stand and responded, absently:

"Ask Battles!"

Birthright

(Continued from page 14)

accepted, Tony set himself up to the final polish of his training career.

Back from the Saratoga meeting tramped the Master and the stable, and again the stock farm seethed with activity. In three weeks the fall meeting would open at Lexington, and then the \$50,000 Championship was to be run at Latonia.

"Shep," now bearing his racing name, Golden Star, standing close to sixteen hands on racing plates, and admittedly one of the most formidable entries for the classic, led the regal band as they unloaded from the spur near the training track.

Pete, in the midst of a canter on the freshly harrowed turf, stopped almost in mid-stride to stand at attention in homage to his brother in blood. But Golden Star had been away to far lands, had accepted haughtily the plaudits of thousands in the stands, and to him, the returned victor, Pete was just a mule. The little brother had forgotten the binding tie of the strain of Fayette Belle.

Pete missed the old camaraderie and the chilling aloofness with which his welcome was received created the first unfavorable impression upon his internal mechanism since the day he had been backed between the shafts of a breaking cart. In consequence he developed a case of sulks that bade fair to ruin a hitherto perfect disposition.

Even old Tony, who had been able to handle him like a kitten, approached his stall with trepidation and departed hastily when the door shivered on its hinges from the weight of a vicious kick.

He stamped holes in his bedding through the night and chewed great chunks of pine from the feed box. But when the hands re-

ported for exercise duty shortly after sunrise, Pete sounded the rol call with a whole-souled bray and an innocence of demeanor that belied the murderous heels and the rolling, red-rimmed eyes of the dark hours.

Just what metamorphosis of thought went on behind the knobby forehead is a matter for conjecture. But that one did go on, and with emphasis and effect, can not be gainsaid.

Golden Star was on the track when Pete was led out for a workout. The brothers passed each other at heels' length, but neither gave heed, though a noticeable tightening in the thigh sinews of Pete's long legs caused Tony to bark at him in fear.

He went about his work with an earnestness that surpassed anything thus far accomplished, and made a great impression on the newcomers who swore in vari-colored he ghts of profanity that the farm's entire resources would be carried to victory on his shiny shoulders at the Blue Grass Fair.

Long Jim, the gambling demon of the entourage, pushed back a wreck of straw that crowned his cranial abutment and declaimed vociferously upon the virtues of the speed marvel.

"Ahm ergoin' to bet a thousan' daggoned dollahs on 'at mule," he announced with a lordly gesture, glaring truculently about a circle of envious and lesser liars for signs of mirth at the mention of the unheard-of sum. "Yassah," he concluded with finality. From the fringe of the group came a timorous suggestion. "Bettah lay 'at bet away fum heah else you shuah spoil the odds." Jim flung an exasperated arm toward the voice. "You all think Ah'm crazy," he demanded, "suttinly 'at's wot Ah'll do. Ah'll—"

But no one ever heard just what tremendous financial manipulation was budding in Jim's fertile imagination. Tony, bearing down on them from the direction of the big house, was shouting excitedly.

"You nigger," he bellowed, "hop in dat stall and bring out de Shep hawse." Above the clatter of answering conversation echoed Alexander's shrill "How come?"

Tony pulled up breathless in the center of the group, obviously filled with important tidings. "We goin' ter work the big hawse at the Blue Grass Fair." He paused for breath and to lend added weight to his announcement, "Mile an er quateh 'gainst time same day we runs de mule."

Only Pete and Golden Star failed to join in the hullabaloo that followed.

THE morning workouts took on a new intensity with the next sunrise. The big colt became the cynosure of all eyes and as the interest in his preparation waxed, the mule commanded less and less of an admiring audience when he fogged down the lane and back again.

All of which was not lost on Pete. He knew his fall from popularity and attributed correctly its cause. An intense feeling of envy toward the chestnut rankled in his breast and scarlet nostrils distended in an angry snort whenever they passed on the brown oval of the training track.

Fratricidal strife might have come of it had not the colt and his band of swipes departed suddenly for town to work out over the fair grounds track. Left to himself, with only Tony and the little black stable boy to polish him up for the race, Pete stored his hatred behind a calm demeanor and gave them cause for much joy in the way he cut down the time in successive dashes over the two-mile stretch of lane.

Then Pete was blanketed and started off for the track, Tony leading him on the end of a yard-long chain. Alexander followed at the rear keeping a wary eye for speeding motors. Too much was at stake to take any chances on last-minute disaster. He cast a dubious eye skyward. "Looks powerful lot lak it gwine rain," he groaned in a fever of apprehension.

Tony's chuckle reassured him. "Shucks, little ole rain ain't gwine ter botheh this yeah mule. He gwine romp in." But Alexander had planted the seed. The old man cast a perturbed glance over his shoulder at Pete's nodding muzzle. "Believe me, boy," he said grimly, "he gotta win."

He was thinking of how scarce dimes were going to be around the farm for the rest of the summer if Pete lost. Every Ethiopian on the place had mortgaged his soul, savings and future salary for cash to back the entry's chances.

It did rain, too, but no one worried much about it, least of all Pete, who looked over his new quarters calmly and proceeded to sleep the sleep of all good work mules until morning dawned bright and clear.

The sun had just gotten a fair start when Tony routed him out and sent him on the track, slow and holding from the night rains.

It was far too early for owners of rival mules to make their appearance, but the usual quota of clockers stared in amazement at the sight of a lop-eared mule prancing down the back stretch.

By the time Golden Star had made his matutinal appearance, however, the rails were crowded with owners, trainers, jockeys, swipes and turf enthusiasts, eager for a close-up of the horse that would carry the hopes of Kentucky against eastern invaders in the big three-year-old classic at the "Death Valley" track.

He obliged with a faultless circuit of the oval at a canter before being led off to a rub-down and breakfast in bed.

There were morning events in the show ring, and the Midway, with its exhibits, indulged in a mild flurry of fair-life before noon, but the races were the big attraction and it was one o'clock before the real crowd began to gather. The mule race was third on the program, post time 3:15. Golden Star was to step his mile and a quarter immediately afterward.

By the time the first race had been called stands and enclosures were black with moving figures. Seats were at a premium and the vast circle of the track infield held a surging mass of perspiring and excited brown-skinned sons and daughters of the Blue Grass Belt.

Across the track Tony and Alexander were lying in the sun before Pete's stall. A wisp of

straw hung loosely between the old man's teeth, bobbing up and down in eccentric whirls in time with the movement of his jaws. He was repeating for the hundredth time his riding instructions.

"Keep yore eye poppin' to'awd the stahteh, kawse he likely to be jess the leas' bit careless wif his hand count, it being only a mule race." The soft voice intoned the words, rolling them over in slurred cadences. Tony was in his heaven.

"Yassuh," responded Alexander, dutifully silent before the approaching crisis in his affairs.

"—n when you sees him grip 'at string duck yo head and fly. 'Member," he admonished sternly, "yo' got to get 'at mule off on top and around at fust turn ahead." He spat meditatively. "Yo' know dat fust turn counts a heap in how you come at th' wire. 'Taint that yo' kin win from theah, but, boy, you shuah can lose."

On and on droned the throaty voice. Direction, reminiscence, dreams of riches when the tickets were cashed. Alexander, lulled by the warm chords that issued from old Tony's lips and the warmer scent of fresh bedding and sunshine, slipped gradually off into a doze and left his mentor, still ecstatically racing an eighth of a mile from home.

He was jerked into consciousness by a wrenching twist that settled in his shirt collar and sent him spinning across the dirt floor of the stable. Long Jim was berating him with widely waving arms. It was ten minutes to post time. Tony was lying in the self same spot in which he had spent the morning, dozing peacefully after the wearisome efforts of instructing his jockey-for-a-day.

Jim placed a well aimed kick against the sole of one bedraggled shoe and the old man came back to life with a startled howl. But when he saw the tableau before him and realized its portent he acquitted himself nobly. "What you mean by er-letting me sleep here, Alexander? Din't Ah tell you to wake me up shuah at two-thutty?"

With a deep mutter he scrambled to his feet and collared the boy. "Hist yo'self in at tack room and get ready."

Five minutes later they emerged from the stable. Alexander carrying his saddle and Tony leading Pete. It was clear around the course to the paddock and time pressed.

Then "Boots and Saddles" called the entries to the post and sixteen mules responded bravely to its challenge. The first two events had served only to whet the appetite of the race-loving crowd and as the paddock gate swept open and the mules took the track a roar of greeting sent half the field into a frenzy of lunging, frightened action.

A stranger field never faced a barrier on any track. Runtly mules, swaybacked mules, grey mules and black, mules that shamed the glories of Solomon in polychromatic coats, mules that hung together loosely, seventeen hands above terra firma, and underslung, well-muscled mules with wicked eyes. In all that motley crew Pete alone stepped out on the track as befits a scion of the house of Fayette Belle.

PROUDLY he arched his great head, lazily he switched what should have been a glossy, well-twined tail. Down past the judges' stand, in a jumbled line, they marched, Pete bringing up the rear, disdainful of the competition before him, his head up, his eyes looking out across the sea of faces. The mule nature was gone and in its stead ruled supreme the heritage of the track.

Back to the starting post. Hastily the barrier was stretched and the small army of assistant starters flew frantically along the line, whipping them into some semblance of order. The starter grinned as he leaned idly on the railing edge of his little platform, and fingered the wire that would snap them into motion.

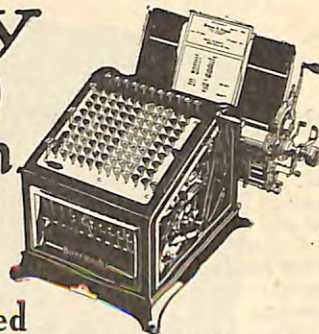
Pete backed slowly away from the lunging hoofs of his excited rivals, and—the barrier swung.

Of the field, perhaps as many as six sprung into instant forward motion. The rest were in motion, but in ten different directions. One more ambitious than the rest vaulted neatly over the infield fence and scattered the crowd in confusion as he bore straight for the stable he had so lately left.

Pete stood still for the fraction of a second and kicked resentfully as the tiny nigger on his back

(Continued on page 66)

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Birthright

(Continued from page 65)

whacked him with a heavy leather bat. Then he decided the course of future events in one wild leap and wheeling in his tracks, pounded at full speed down the stretch—headed the wrong way of the track! Hugging the rail he dashed blindly and wholeheartedly for the first turn.

Coming into the back stretch the racing field were nearing him at every jump and almost certain death loomed at the point of their meeting.

Whatever may be said, for or against Alexander, it can never be held against him that he lacked discretion. A futile tug on the reins assured him that Pete had no intention of deviating from his course and the youngster, picking a soft spot on the far side of the fence, catapulted gracefully over the rail.

His rider's dereliction, far from disconcerting Pete, seemed but to lend him added speed. The tatterdemalion group of "boys" whose mounts were leading the field looked up at the turn of the back stretch and beheld, horror-stricken, a gigantic, red-eyed mule bearing down on them, hugging the rail and tearing off thirty feet to a stride.

They argued not, neither did they hesitate. With one accord the field telescoped as though it had run into a solid wall, and then spread fanwise as the frantically pulling jockeys jerked their mounts from the rail and broke for the outside of the track. Pete went through them, past them and almost over them without slacking a second or shortening a stride. Only when he had passed the very nearly apoplectic grandstand throngs on his mile journey did he ease his sprint and suffer old Tony, heart-brokenly crying, to snatch his bridle rein and slip a blanket across his thighs.

The reproach in the old negro's voice and the tumult of acclaim that greeted one of his lather-covered rivals, brought Pete the first realization that something had gone wrong. Whether or not he ever knew that he had not won cannot be told. But a strange feeling that he had not lived up to expectations did disturb his deep breathing apparatus.

Sadly old Tony led him back beside the track for the half-mile walk to his stable. The saddle still perched behind his withers. He had none of the honors of a race horse coming to him now. The erstwhile jockey squatted on his back, tears running in crooked rivulets down his dust-gray face.

"Daggone you, Alexander, why'n't you keep his haid straight? Ain't I done teach you how to ride?" wailed the old man. "Now Ah'm broke, you broke, eveybuddy on 'at fahm's broke, and we lose a chance to make a killin'." He jerked angrily at the bridle rein and favored Pete with a killing glare. "You daggone low-down, no'count thing, you, you—" his limited vocabulary failed to supply the depth of denunciation. He faced about and shook a bony finger in the downcast eyes. "You MULE," he shouted.

The depth of disgust in the voice made Pete's ears buzz as he laid them back against his head. With an angry snort he swung sideways before the rail, gazing out on the track, the scene of his disgrace.

It was at the three-quarter pole, the place where Golden Star was to start in his race against the stop watch. Tony stopped berating his charger to watch the colt. "Rub some o' them tears outen yoh eyes and look at the way a jockey gets his hawse off," he commanded Alexander. Prancing up the track from the

stands came Golden Star, fretting at the bit as the boy on his back held him in tightly. With him came a four-year-old from the farm's racing stable to act as pace-maker for the first five furlongs. Another old campaigner and co-star of the stable was to carry him along for the last half of the long journey.

Pete drew back from the rail and turned to face them. Almost in front was the starting gate and across the track the starter in his coop. Golden Star swung gracefully about and walked up to the barrier on the rail. His companion ranged close beside and with a snap of the assistant starter's whip, the narrow band flew upward and the horses broke.

A shrill cry from Tony, the thunder of hoofs, a curse from the starter, and a glistening figure shot over the fence and lunged down the outside of the track in the wake of the evenly running team on the rail. Clinging to its back in desperate self-defense, slack-armed, scared to death, huddled Alexander.

At the tip of the grandstand, Golden Star had opened a lead of a length on his pacemaker and was running easily on the inside. Unknown to either of the jockeys, thirteen hundred pounds of outraged mule was thundering down on them, bent on victory, out to win or break a leg, striving for vindication and nursing the totaled wrongs and injured pride of a race-horse heart in a misfit frame.

The grandstand, the paddock and the stables, that had started to laugh, stopped to wonder, then to applaud. Bets on how long the mule could stand the dizzy pace were laid and taken. Pete could have quit now and been a hero. But he had other ideas.

At the five-eighths pole stood the sprinter who would carry the racing chestnut across the line. An excited group of hands milled about the rail, lashed by the stinging tongue of a little gray-haired man who ordered them to stop "that damned mule." As the trio of speeding racers cut the intervening distance down to a bare thirty feet, the fresh horse broke and the jockey on the other pacemaker pulled up to gallop slowly on the outside. But as he slackened speed to pull over, a gleaming nostril poked past his saddle girth and a massive mule caromed from his horse's side and continued in full-strided pursuit of the three-year-old. A scattered, chattering crew of negroes hustled them off the track and in a daze the jockey watched the progress of the race.

They were at the turn off the back stretch. The fresh sprinter, aided by his early lead, still showed in front. Lapped on his flank on the outside was Golden Star and hugging the inner rail and a jump back was the mule. Around the turn they flew without change and as they swung into the head of the stretch the boy on Golden Star let out a wrap of leather from his wrists and the chestnut took the lead. Still on the inside, Pete was carried wide by his great weight, but straightened out quickly and bumped between the sprinter and the curving rail and clung to the chestnut's side.

Alexander caught a glimpse of Tony as they flashed past the turn and gaped in amazement. A wild-eyed, frantic, old man, beating a dusty hat against the white-limed rail. Pleading, exhorting, his voice rising in a falsetto shriek above the din as he danced in the forefront of a sea of grinning black faces. "You Alexander," he howled, "Ride 'at mule—co-o-me on, you Pete." All around that tortuous oval Alexander had lived in fear of the wrath to come, but when

he saw that forgiveness, even honor, might result from victory, he set down to his work with all of the art that he had learned.

Jerking his bat from beneath his knee, he thumped it in a rolling sweep above the mule's ribs and haunches. Timing the down stroke of the leather goad with the exact moment of impact with the turf, he shot the great body forward in ever increasing leaps until the stiff, pointed ears were nodding at the white boy's knee.

It was the first intimation the colt's rider had of a third contestant and he turned a surprised face to identify the persistent challenger. Only his years of experience kept him from falling off when he saw the mule with Alexander on his back, lapped at his own mount's saddle girth—and gaining. For an instant Golden Star wavered as his rider weaved in his saddle. And in that instant the mule came through on the rail, his thighs welting by the stinging bat that flung down on them at the end of Alexander's arm.

He was in the lead—a head, then a half a length and the finish line less than fifty yards away. Golden Star felt the prowess of his rival, sensed the spirit of the contest that carried back to the yearling days and beyond, and settled down gamely running on his own courage and with little help from the jockey on his back.

Bit by bit he cut down the mule's lead. But the rush had come too late. Stride for stride they passed the wire, but the nose that was first to catch the judge's eye was the bony, loose-lipped muzzle of a mule.

Gradually the horse slackened speed and came to a stop at the middle of the first turn. Not so Pete. His racing blood was up and race he did. Again it was old Tony, tears streaming down his face and words of love and forgiveness streaming from his lips, that halted him.

Back to the stands they marched. The wizened black man with the stride of an Emperor, leading his victorious charge, Alexander grinning on his back and Pete, the mule-horse, thoroughbred heart thumping against hybrid ribs in a mad tattoo, head up, eyes a gleam.

"See 'at time," shouted Tony, waving toward the board near the stand. Alexander looked.

"Time, 2.09," it read.

"Great Gawd, we done flew," he gasped in mingled awe and exaltation.

And then came the deluge. The fair grounds rocked with cheers and laughter. The Master, his anger melting into a smile of sportsmanlike pleasure at a great performance, walked out on the track and patted Pete's muzzle. Then he turned to Golden Star, head bloody but unbowed and still the hope of all Kentucky for the Latonia Championship.

"Well, old timer," was his greeting. "you ran a great race, but it took your big brother to beat you, so it's all in the family."

The chestnut pulled himself erect. It was the old pose of the yearling sales. Proudly he looked over at Pete, through him, and beyond. No sign of defeat dulled the spirit of his eye. He was a thoroughbred.

And Pete knew it. Easily, almost lazily, he too drew himself to attention. Up-headed, straight-legged, eyes afire.

And then across the course, the stands, the stables, blared the most ungodly, unregal sound that ever struck the ear of man—the battle cry of a "Kentucky canary," raucous, strident—but triumphant.

Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order

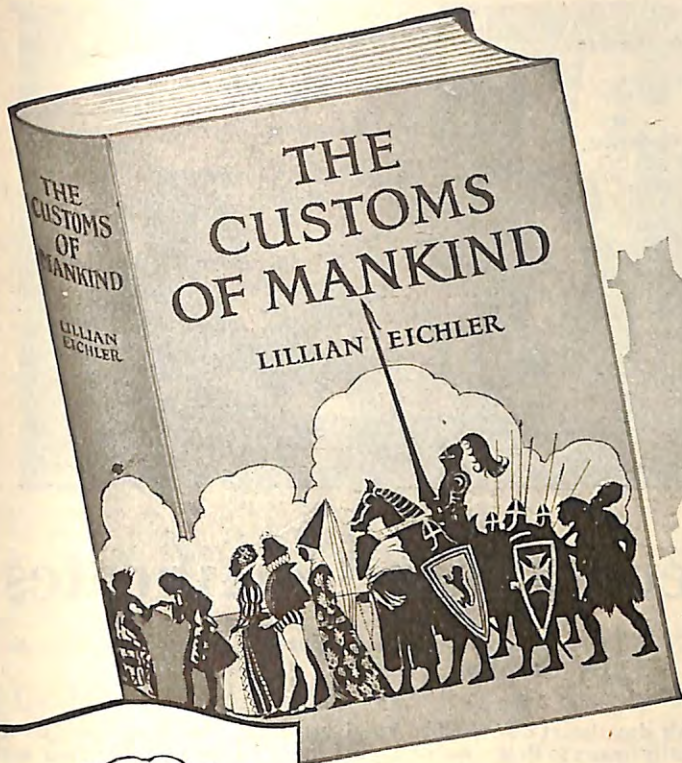
THE ELKS MAGAZINE for August inadvertently omitted from the record of the Grand Lodge Convention mention of the Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order. The report was made Thursday morning, July 10, by the Chairman, Hon. William H. Crum, of Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158. Its outstanding features were as follows:

At the 1923 session of the Grand Lodge held

in Atlanta, the California State Elks Association presented a memorial, asking that the Grand Lodge observe "Founders Day," to be made compulsory upon all subordinate Lodges for some day in the month of February each year. The Committee, after hearing arguments, held that the petition should not be allowed, stating that subordinate Lodges should observe "Founders Day" at their own option. The large lodges, the Committee recommended, could

observe it as a special service, while the smaller ones might combine it with Past Exalted Rulers' Night, thus securing a larger attendance.

The Committee also recommended that the new history of America being sponsored by the American Legion receive the hearty endorsement of the Grand Lodge. The report closed with commendation of the splendid co-operation given the Committee by Grand Exalted Fuller McFarland.



What Is Your Pet Superstition?

- Will a broken mirror cause unhappiness?
- What makes 13 an unlucky number?
- What is the myth of the four-leaved clover?
- Why is the horseshoe a "lucky omen"?
- Does a cat really have nine lives?
- Do you believe in the omen of spilled salt?
- Are pearls unlucky?
- What does your birthstone mean?

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- the woman who confessed she was a "witch"

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- why the Egyptians mummified their dead
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- why the Egyptians worshipped the snake
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For instance, there existed in the dawn of life a human pairing-off system which took place at a time that corresponds to what is now June. That accounts for the modern urge to marry in June.

Similarly, we throw rice after the bride because it satisfies a certain primitive impulse, and we dare not say in words what this curious old custom suggests.

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Equipment Trust Certificates

By Stephen Jessup

A RECENT article in this department discussed the type of security known as Real Estate Mortgage Bonds and laid stress on one of its features, viz., serial maturities. This feature is shared by another type of security which, moreover, possesses additional advantages: Railroad Equipment Trust Certificates.

What They Are

These certificates are a form of bond or note issued by a railroad with a lien on new rolling stock and equipment as security. Usually they have a fairly early maturity, such as ten or fifteen years, in contrast to long-term bonds secured by mortgage on right-of-way.

The first recorded instance of what is known to-day as an equipment trust certificate was in 1845, when the Schuylkill Navigation Company arranged to purchase some barges on borrowed money. As time went by this form of obligation came into more general use as a means by which railroads, especially impoverished ones, could acquire equipment. In recent years the equipment trust has become a prominent part of the financial operations of nearly all roads desiring to purchase new equipment on borrowed funds.

Rolling Stock Essential

A lien on rolling stock gives a railroad credit additional to that which is based on its mileage and terminal properties, and usually it allows the road to borrow more cheaply than through the flotation of mortgage bonds. The reason for this is almost obvious. Rolling stock is essential to the operation of a railroad. Even a receiver is anxious not to lose the cars and equipment that carry the traffic. In case of default the trustee can seize the equipment and move it to another place for sale, which obviously can not be done by the holders of bonds secured by a mortgage on right-of-way or other permanent property.

Serial Maturities

It goes without saying that engines and cars depreciate to a certain extent each year, and at best have a limited life. For this reason equipment trust certificates are not issued with a single maturity twenty, fifty or more years away, as mortgage bonds are. They are issued to mature serially by a certain amount each year until the whole amount is paid off. By the end of five years, for instance, the equipment will have depreciated in value, but at that time there will be fewer certificates outstanding against them, and those still outstanding will be proportionately as well protected as the whole amount was in the beginning.

If the certificates were all to mature in a single block at a certain date, the equipment by then would be worth less than the amount of the certificates; and if the date of maturity were too far off the equipment might be worn out, ready for the scrap-heap and practically no security whatever for the certificates.

The serial maturity, therefore, provides an automatic sinking fund, which, combined with the margin of safety in the beginning and the fact that the equipment is of prime importance and necessity to the railroad, gives the certificates such a well-rounded protection that they are generally considered an investment medium of a high order.

Interest Yield

These certificates, in fact, are regarded as so desirable for the several reasons already enumerated that their interest rate rarely exceeds 6%, and usually they are offered or sell in the open market at a price to yield 5% or less. Most of the important railroads of the country have issued them. The best grade of railroad equipment issues sell at levels to yield about 4³/₄%. The prevailing cheapness of money is also a factor in causing this type of investment to command a good price in the open market.

The final test of any security is its position in case of the failure of the enterprise on whose credit it is issued. Judged by this test, equipment obligations are among the strongest form of corporate security. Of course there are exceptions—as there are to every rule—but in practically all the reorganizations of American railroads the equipment obligations have been either paid in cash or else assumed by the new corporation succeeding to the property of the old one.

IN HIS book, "Financial Policy of Corporations," Arthur S. Dewing says: "In only one instance in the recent history of railroad finance has a reorganization committee forced the holders of equipment obligations to accept a compromise, and in this instance the bonds were issued under an unusual and weak agreement. This is a remarkable record for any class of corporate securities. It is even more remarkable for the protection afforded to the bondholder than the record of municipal and State bonds."

Railroad equipment trust certificates rest on the general credit of the corporation using the equipment and issuing the certificates, but this general credit has little to do with determining their investment position. Their investment position, as a whole, is as strong as that of any other form of corporate security, on account of the specific features described above. This fact amply explains why their yield to the investor, in the main, is about 5% or less. The best of gilt-edged securities rarely yield more than 5%. There are plenty of good securities paying 6%, or even slightly more, and they are called, and rightly so, a good business man's investment. But the small investor, especially the man or woman whose principal is so limited that no loss can be afforded, should always bear in mind that with each additional 1% of return there is a corresponding departure from absolute safety—or the nearest to it that human ingenuity and foresight can devise.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital"—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

Adair Realty & Trust Co., 800 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York City, are distributing an interesting booklet which explains the many advantages of buying high-grade bonds and stocks on the Partial Payment Plan. In requesting booklet please mention E. M. 253.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

special features for the children. Presents were distributed to the kiddies who received every possible attention and there were addresses by Exalted Ruler Jesse DuBois and others.

Thirtieth Anniversary Dinner For Colorado Springs Lodge

Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge No. 300 was thirty years old on July 31 last. On that date the Lodge gave a dinner for the charter members. Ten of the fifteen still on the roll of the Lodge were in attendance and the banquet was voted extremely successful.

Five Thousand Dollars Donated to Ohio Relief Commission

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, after making a personal investigation of the damage in the area devastated by the recent tornado in Ohio, which included the city of Lorain, placed the sum of \$5,000 at the disposal of the Ohio Relief Commission, in accordance with the authority given him by the Grand Lodge at Boston. In acknowledging the donation the Chairman of the Commission wrote to Mr. Price thanking the Order of Elks for its "benevolence in making such a large subscription for the relief of the citizens of the devastated area who have been so sorely stricken."

News of the Order From Far and Near

Silver Lake was the scene of the picnic held recently by Everett (Wash.) Lodge. Races, baseball, swimming, boating and dancing were on the program.

St. Cloud (Minn.) Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by a picnic on the grounds of the St. Cloud Town and Country Club.

Entertainers from the Oakland show houses and many other big features were on the program of the Jinks Show recently given by Alameda, (Calif.) Lodge.

Newport (Ky.) Lodge held its annual basket picnic at Cold Springs.

Homestead (Pa.) Lodge will hold its annual picnic at Homestead Park on September 13.

The annual reunion picnic and outing of the Lodges comprising the District of Pennsylvania Southwest, consisting of 22 Lodges, was held recently at Kennywood Park.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Malden (Mass.) Lodge has assisted the Malden Sea Scouts by purchasing equipment enabling this troop to carry out its program of summer training.

(Continued on page 70)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Seattle (Wash.) Lodge No. 92 recently presented the city of Seattle with a 150-foot flag-pole, together with a suitable flag. The pole has been erected in the park opposite the City and County building.

Erie (Pa.) Lodge played a prominent part in the dedication exercises of St. Joseph's Home for Children.

To commemorate its thirty-third anniversary, Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge held a Summer Night's Festival on the Roof Garden of its Home.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Greenfield (Mass.) Lodge, with the assistance of the members who loaned their cars for the occasion, did a splendid piece of work in taking nearly 500 children on a day's ride and outing.

Olean (N. Y.) Lodge is considering a plan to erect an addition to its Home.

Binghamton (N. Y.) Lodge held its annual clambake at Elk Lake near Nineveh. It was a day of excellent fun and food.

The children of Newton, Mass., and vicinity were recently taken to Norumbega Park by Newton (Mass.) Lodge. Free use of the Park as well as the varied attractions were given the youngsters, and ice-cream, milk and other refreshments were served.

The membership of White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge is now well over the 1,000 mark. Recently a class of 122 candidates was initiated and plans are on foot for the initiation of another large class in the fall.

The annual Funfest of Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge will last through Labor Day. Great preparations have been made, and this outdoor event will surpass anything of its kind ever conducted by the Lodge.

Johnstown (Pa.) Lodge is considering the purchase of a Summer Home to be used as an outing place for the members. A plot of about 40 acres within a few miles of the city has been offered the Lodge at a very reasonable price.

All the crippled children within the jurisdiction of Hempstead (N. Y.) Lodge were given an outing on August 4th.

Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge expects to open its new Home with a New Year's Eve celebration dinner and ball. The cornerstone for this magnificent building was laid in June by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland.

Rahway (N. J.) Lodge will hold its annual outing and clambake this year at Leichtnam's Grove, Picton, N. J., on September 14.

Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge, under the auspices of its Crippled Kiddies Committee, gave the children of its community a delightful day's outing at Olympic Park.

Hanover (Pa.) Lodge held a successful picnic at "The Rocks."

Disabled veterans of the World War were recently guests of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge. Twenty autos transported the soldiers to the Barnum-Bailey-Ringling Circus where they were entertained at a special performance.

A recent benefit dance conducted by San Diego (Calif.) Lodge netted over \$250, which will be used in Big Brother work among underprivileged, dependent and delinquent boys.

Wallingford (Conn.) Lodge recently celebrated its fifth anniversary with a large banquet. Over 150 members were present, and Exalted Ruler Hugh P. Prior, acting as toastmaster, introduced Judge John G. Phelan, who read an interesting history of the Lodge.

The membership of Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge is now close to 1,500.

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge recently took the children from the South Pasadena Home in autos to Hollywood where they were treated to a motion-picture show. The Lodge also paid the expenses of a number of boys of the Home who went to the Boy Scouts' Encampment at Catalina.

Members of Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge and their families held a giant picnic at Whiting Ranch, one of the most picturesque ranches in Southern California.

Braddock (Pa.) Lodge recently entertained over 500 youngsters at Hiland Park.

Portland (Ore.) Lodge members have cooperated in a drive to sell 150,000 tickets to the County Fair, half of the proceeds to go toward the building fund of the Children's Farm Home.

Ballard (Wash.) Lodge is considering plans for the enlargement of its Home.

Swimming races, games, boat-rides and a dance were some of the features of the second annual picnic conducted by Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge at Lake Chelan.

Cohoes (N. Y.) Lodge recently donated a sum of money to the Salvation Army Home Service Fund.

Belleville (N. J.) Lodge expects to break ground for its new Home shortly.

The orphan children of Worcester and vicinity were given a day's outing by Worcester (Mass.) Lodge.

An auxiliary uniformed drill-team has been formed by Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge. It will assist at initiations and other functions of the Lodge.

Manila (P. I.) Lodge is considering the idea of building an outdoor salt-water swimming tank.

There was a large attendance at the Annual Bubble Dance given by Ketchikan (Alaska) Lodge.

Actual work on the improvements for the Home of Norwalk (Conn.) Lodge is under way. New plumbing, painting, lighting and other features are planned.

Everett (Mass.) Lodge has appointed a committee to look into the advisability of purchasing property adjoining its present Home with the idea of enlarging its quarters.

The vaudeville show recently conducted by Santa Monica (Calif.) Lodge was a real success, some 350 members and their friends attending.

Worcester (Mass.) Lodge will hold its big annual outing this month.

A large outing and picnic was held jointly by Winona (Minn.) Lodge and Rochester (Minn.) Lodge recently. Games and athletic contests were features of the program.

Melrose (Mass.) Lodge held a reunion and outing for its members and their families at Salem Willows.

Off Duty

(Continued from page 15)

"The Wisdom of Laziness"

By Fred C. Kelly

(With an Introduction by Booth Tarkington)

AT THE bottom of every true vacation there is a slight foundation of laziness. And so this book is recommended to every one, from the man who is starting around the world to the fellow whose prize holiday consists of a Sunday morning in bed—completely surrounded by newspapers.

"It is true," says Mr. Kelly, "that we lazy people are not receiving the serious consideration that is our due. We comprise the hope of

the world." And to prove it the author regiments his facts and mows us down with them. "Most men of genius are lazy. Mark Twain did much of his best work lying in bed. Most important rules and formulas have been arrived at by lazy men who were trying to make mental short-cuts. Professional baseball would cease except for the lazy spectators. Eighteen men play while a hundred thousand look on." And so on, until you are completely converted to the idea of taking things very, very easy—during the hot weather.

The book is a man's book and a good one. It
(Continued on page 72)

A Timely Message to Lodges Interested in Raising Funds

(with special reference to money
for Christmas Charities)

LARGE as our organization is, we cannot serve all who will need to retain us at this season.

Last year it was necessary for the B. C. McGuire Company to decline contracts from some twenty lodges.

It is not one day too early to consider how the charity funds you hope to raise before Christmas or New Year's Day are to be obtained.

Whatever the method, plans should be getting under way *very soon*.

And if you wish to benefit by the services of the organization which was so successful for many of the leading lodges last year, a talk with one of our experts is essential *now*.

* * *

The B. C. McGuire Company is an organization of 150 trained experts. It has behind it an experience of ten years as philanthropic specialists—ten years of service to lodges and charitable organizations (during these ten years it has raised for Elks' charity and building alone, hundreds of thousands of dollars)—ten years of intensive study of practically every known method of fund-raising.

Out of this ten years' experience has grown the *McGuire Plan*—by far the most successful method of fund-raising ever developed.

The McGuire Plan has many advantages which cannot be gone into in this limited space. Suffice it to say that by this plan:

The lodge makes no investment whatever—the B. C. McGuire Company bears every cent of the expense and assumes the financial responsibility.

The lodge gets a full net return—and the relation of the lodge's profit to the gross amount collected is definitely known in advance.

There is no committee work—what the committee generally does is done by McGuire Organization.

The results can be predicted with more certainty than with any other method

The McGuire Plan has never failed to accomplish what it set out to do.

* * *

For the reasons stated we urge that you get in touch with us now. There is of course no obligation implied by an interview. Kindly address your letter for the personal attention of Mr. Charles E. Rock, President.

B. C. MCGUIRE COMPANY

245 West 55th Street, New York

"PHILANTHROPIC SPECIALISTS"

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New York City

Colonial Trust Company
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Franklin Trust Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lowell Trust Company
Lowell, Mass.

And 600 fraternal orders all over the
United States

Off Duty

(Continued from page 70)

is really a collection of very short, snappy essays, squibs, paragraphs and odd observations.

The one thing about it that made us cross was the foreword by Booth Tarkington, an author for whose work we all have the utmost admiration. In these preliminary sentences he tells us what a clever chap Mr. Kelly is. This is too bad. Mr. Kelly does not need a godfather for his book. There is something distinctly irritating about this growing custom of a lesser author getting a greater one to pat his little book on the head. Who started it, *anyway*?

"How to Play Baseball"

By John J. McGraw

RIGHT on top of Mr. Kelly's remark about the eighteen men who play and the hundred thousand who look on, comes this book telling the young fry how to be among those eighteen and "doing things."

This volume by McGraw does not claim to make professional players, but it does contend that the boy or young man who studies the book will be a better ball player than if he had not read it.

There is a chapter devoted to each position, besides taking up training, team-work and other ramifications of the great game.

This book should be a splendid incentive to a small boy to keep in good condition, play the game for all it is worth and be a "regular fellow." Isn't somebody's birthday coming along this month, and don't you think this would make just the right gift for him?

"Common Sense in Auction"

By J. C. H. Macbeth

WELL, since we're on the subject of holidays, and having a good time, and being lazy, and playing at whatever relaxes us most, it is not possible to ignore the omnipresent game of Auction Bridge. It blooms in every land and the population of half the globe sits down with dignity, not to say ponderousness, to the game. Who would dare ignore it!

Mr. Macbeth assures us that "One of the greatest charms of Auction Bridge is its infinite variety." This, to our unserious soul sounds very much as though he were speaking about love. He goes on—"No two hands are ever the same, and no two games exactly similar"—which completes the illusion.

To the millions who do play one of the best card games in the world, this book has a decided reason for being. It is a discussion of the principles and practice of Auction Bridge.

It is written by a master hand at the game, and it is vastly interesting to any one who wishes to improve his playing. The mere beginner, reading it, would not be confused, which is saying much for a book of this character.

One of its most instructive features is the series of illustrated hands and the solution for the proper playing thereof.

"Nine Holes of Golf"

By Royal Cortissoz

ROYAL CORTISSOZ, critic and essayist, says that he "believes that the pursuit of beauty is as legitimate on the links as among works of painting and sculpture. Landscape is there, hills and streams and the enchantment of trees. The human body in action on the golf course is often full of beauty. . . . If golf were only a game it would not appeal to the meditative man. But it is, far more, like Platonism, a habit of mind. Hence its lure. In golf you do not loaf, not by any means, but you invite your soul. It is one of the few adventures left in an age of prose. It is one of those pursuits in which the goal lies perpetually just over the brow of the hill, from which place it also perpetually recedes."

Here is the spirit in which this refreshing and distinctive book is written. A good bit about the game in general, and a goodlier bit about anything that may drift into a golfer's day.

"The Brain and Golf"

By C. W. Bailey

WHISTLER once was asked what he mixed his colors with, and he snapped out his answer, "Brains, madam."

So along comes this compact little volume, first published in England and now given an American edition, which is a novelty in that it hopes to bring the latest discoveries of mental science to the aid of players of the great game of golf.

Skill lies in practice, and practice under the technique given by Mr. Bailey becomes almost automatically accurate and leads almost unfailingly to a better game of golf.

Psychology and science and instincts and the subconscious mind all play a greater part, claims the author, in this ancient game than the casual golfer dreams. It is by pointing out what part they do play and how the golfer, by a knowledge of his own mental mechanism, may control and build up his playing not only on the course but in his own home, by five minutes properly applied before breakfast.

"Motor Camcraft"

By F. E. Brimmer

HERE is a handbook on the art of camping with a motor-car, which is so full of the fine spirit of outdoors, so replete with the lure of the road, of vagabonding along the highways of the nation in comfort amounting almost to luxury, so bursting with good advice and the illuminating details of real experiences that anyone who owns anything from a Rolls-Royce to a motorcycle stands in danger, upon reading Mr. Brimmer's "guide," of packing up *pronto* and lighting out, with or without his family.

"Sportsmen's Encyclopedia"

Compiled by William A. Bruette

(Editor, *Forest and Stream*)

IMAGINE a book reviewer, in August, in the city, completely subdued by hot pavements and beastly brick walls—imagine such a creature opening this book and coming, smack upon the illustrated paragraphs telling the woodsman, the hunter, the camper, how to make a shelter for himself in the forest! Such pictures are a distinct temptation—they should be suppressed.

In addition to directions for making various things, there are many pages given up to guns and shooting, the rearing and training of dogs, trapping and angling, the whole comprising an unquestionably valuable authority in many fields.

Even if one is not given much to the outdoor and sportsman's life, the reading of this little book, at odd moments, can not fail to interest and inspire.

"Camping Out"

(A Manual on Organized Camping)

Edited by H. L. Weir

IS YOUR boy or your girl at a summer camp, or, having seen the splendid possibilities of these places, are you planning to send the youngsters next year? In either case, get a copy of this book so you will know what such a camp ought to be and how it should be conducted.

There may be, among the readers of our magazine, some courageous and enterprising citizens who have even now made up their minds to try to "run a camp" not only for sentimental reasons but as a means of increasing their income. There must, of course, be money in them or so many camps would not exist. For these people this manual should prove priceless.

The Order of Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

tendency to develop leaders through opportunities presented by lodge activities.

The Order of Antlers stands for respect of parents, reverence of womanhood, better citizenship, clean thinking and living, assistance to less fortunate youths and a constant endeavor to lend a helping hand.

The lodge ritual was written by Nichols. There are opening and closing ceremonies attendant upon the draping of the altar, an initiatory ritual with charges from each station of the lodge and an installation service which is used for induction into office at the beginning of each term. Terms are of four months' duration. This gives every boy opportunity for advancement.

The order is self-sustaining. San Francisco Lodge No. 1 has no unpaid bills and more than \$1,000 in its treasury. The only expense it has been to No. 3, the parent body, was an outlay of \$20 for post-cards and for a feed for the boys at their first two meetings.

The second lodge of the Antlers was founded in Santa Rosa, about fifty miles north of San Francisco. It has ninety-one stalwart young charter members.

There are indications that Nichols' idea will take root in many places. He hopes to see the Order of Antlers established wherever there is a

lodge of Elks. He has received inquiries concerning the juvenile organization from South Carolina, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon and Washington, and from various Elk lodges in California.

The Elks of Richmond, across the bay from San Francisco, have a junior order of some years' standing, known as the Junior Elks. Nichols considered the use of the name Elks improper in view of the laws of the order, hence the Antlers.

San Francisco No. 3 shows its interest in the big brother movement in a number of ways. The Antlers meet every Monday evening in the Elks' clubhouse at 540 Powell Street, and their activities are intermingled with the play of their big brothers.

The San Francisco Elks are putting a boy in college every year, selecting one from each of the city's high schools for a test. The boys selected are youths who are ambitious and worthy but unable to finance themselves. The scholarship is given to the most promising lad in such a class and all his expenses are paid out of a fund maintained by the order. The boy is put through either the University of California or Stanford University, the selection being his. The first boy to win such a scholarship is now in

his freshman year at Stanford. He is a fine upstanding chap, of high principles.

Nichols is in his fifth year as chairman of the Big Brother Committee of No. 3, and in his second year as state chairman. He is in addition chairman of the Elks' social and community welfare work. Finding homes for motherless and fatherless children, bettering home conditions, securing playgrounds for kiddies and bettering conditions of education and hospitalization are among the duties of this committee.

As indication of the good being done by the Elks of California among the youths of the state, Nichols received a report recently from San Diego Lodge No. 168. San Diego is but a few miles from the Mexican border and a few miles beyond the international boundary line is Tia Juana, where horse-racing and brothels thrive and there is no eighteenth amendment. Thither Americans of all classes and ages throng by the thousands.

Between December 1, 1922, and June 1, 1923, San Diego Elks interviewed 1,740 boys and 1,098 girls who were on their way to Tia Juana "for a good time." Of the 2,838, the Elks succeeded in inducing 2,722 to turn back.

That's distinctly worth while and shows there is hope for to-morrow's man.

Vauv

PRONOUNCED VÖVE



We take no credit for the discovery of the magic of Vauv after shaving—it was discovered by shavers themselves. They have written us hundreds of letters acclaiming it

New after-shaving magic!

No more shine—no more oiliness—and a clean, fresh "finish" that lasts all day

Not merely an emollient—but a real aid to immaculacy and of real benefit to the skin

Read what men say

"Fills a great need"

"You are missing a good bet if you don't advertise Vauv for after shaving. It fills a great need. As far as I know there's nothing else like it on the market."

K. C. B.,
NEW YORK CITY

"Great stuff"

"Enclosed please find 50c for which please send me another tube of Vauv. I have discovered that it is great stuff after shaving."

R. S. T.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Delightful after shaving"

"I am now on my third tube of Vauv since using the sample, and I am quite pleased with it. I shave daily and find that Vauv excels any cream I have used; it finishes off a shave in a delightful manner."

H. R. B.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"Vauv absolutely satisfactory"

"Vauv is absolutely satisfactory and does all you say it will do. My trouble was when dancing, perspiration would remove all semblance of talc, causing shine to appear on forehead, nose and chin. Vauv eliminates this, I am happy to say."

A. H. E.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

We owe a debt to shavers.

For they have discovered an important use for Vauv—a use that hadn't occurred to us.

Vauv was formulated for shine—shine on nose, forehead and chin. And for unsightly spots of oiliness and moisture.

Its success was immediate. For shiny nose particularly thousands praised its effectiveness.

And then we began to notice, among the letters that flooded our mail, hundreds from men extolling the virtues of Vauv as an after-shaving cream.

"Why don't you recommend Vauv for use after shaving?" they asked. "It's great stuff—there's never been anything like it before."

Why men like Vauv

Vauv, first of all, ends shine—and prevents it all day long. And it ends oiliness, that "greasy" look so distasteful to fastidious men. No powder is needed.

Also, it clears the skin, rids it of impurities, keeps it free from blackheads.

The skin not only is clean but looks

clean after Vauv is applied—and it stays fresh and smooth all day long.

The minute you try Vauv you'll be a convert. You can *feel* it work—can feel the instant, grateful response of your skin.

Begin using Vauv today. Note how your skin improves in texture and cleanliness—note the refinement of the pores—and note, please, that you're a better-looking fellow than you've ever been before.

At 50c per tube Vauv is very economical; it will last a month or longer. At drug stores and toilet counters.

THE VAUV COMPANY
Dept. 229, Blair Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sample sent for 10c

If you want proof before you buy a full-size tube, send us 10c for a generous sample. Use it a week and you'll never be without it.

THE VAUV COMPANY
Dept. 229, Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Enclosed find 10c for which send sample tube of Vauv.

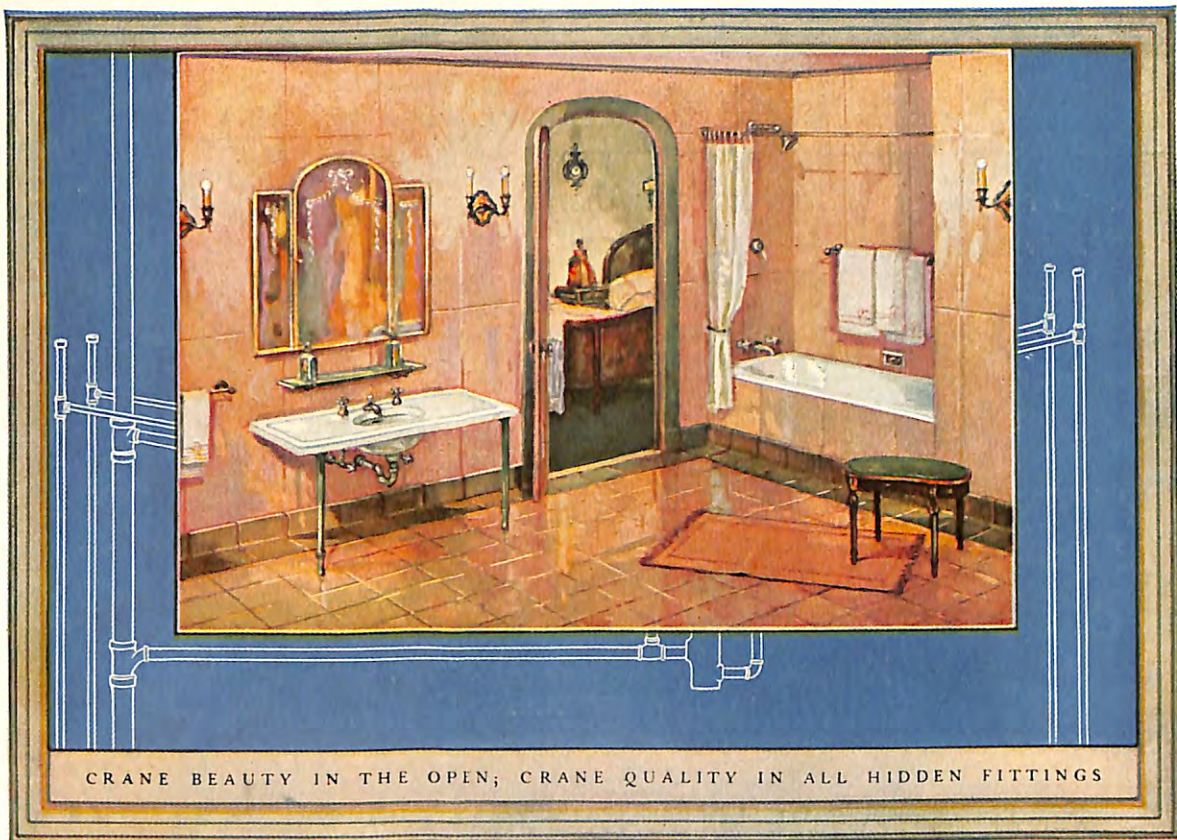
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service under any condition encountered in modern use. True economy results.

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