

The Elks

Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1925
20 CENTS A COPY



This Month: The first of a series of sporting articles by Gerald Beaumont

PULL A GOOD ONE—WHEN YOU WRITE OR LEND



Which Point Will You Have?

- 1-Extra fine—like this
- 2-Fine—like this
- 3-Medium—like this
- 4-Broad—like this
- 5-Stub—like this

You can get all five degrees in the classic Duofold Pens

And All Points Guaranteed for 25-Years' Wear

FOR what kind of writing do you use a pen? How do you hold it? And what style of writing is entirely natural to your hand?

These things make a big difference in the kind of point that will make your writing a joy to do and a pride to behold.

Close figure work or fine memoranda, for example, call for a fine or an extra-fine point. But the medium point, the broad, or the stub—these give one's penmanship a personality and character that make mighty valuable impressions in a letter or a signature.

These are reasons why, in the classic Duofold Pens, Geo. S. Parker gives the world the whole five degrees of points that the five degrees

of writing require. And we've placed these just around the corner where you can step in and try them all today.

These are the points you can lend without a tremor, for no style of writing can distort them. Points that are tipped with super-smooth Iridium, for which we pay a premium of 200%. Points that we guarantee, if not mistreated, for 25 years' WEAR.

And every point set in a shapely, hand-balanced barrel that feels so inspiring you hate to lay it down.

You can buy cheaper pens, but is the saving worth it? For you can't compete with the world on even terms if your pen can't keep pace with the Duofold.

Any good pen counter will sell you this beauty on 30 days' approval. Flashing black, or black-tipped lacquer-red, the color that's handsomer than gold and makes this a hard pen to mislay.

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Over-size Duofold \$7

Lady Duofold \$5 Ribbon \$1 extra

Duofold Jr. \$5 Same except for size

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office

"It Was Worth \$2,000! —and I Tossed it in the Drawer"

"It was in the fall of 1918 that I first began to realize what I was up against in business. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere, plugging along at a routine desk, and I had a feeling that I ought to put myself in line for something better.

"About this time I ran across a LaSalle advertisement—it interested me—I figured I'd better answer it.

"I cut out the coupon, but instead of mailing it I tossed it in the drawer. I don't know exactly why, but it was two years before I sent it in and got the facts.

"To make a long story short, I finally enrolled, sent in my papers, finished the training. And already it has boosted my income twenty dollars a week.

"When I think that I might just as well have had that 'raise' two years ago, it makes me sick! Mailing that coupon when I first saw it, instead of tossing it in the drawer, would have saved me \$2,000 in cash."

Fortunate thing for that man that he finally woke up! Some men pay an even costlier price for their delay. Recently a LaSalle member, a man of 49, confessed that he had first considered specialized training eleven years previously. He figured up what his delay had cost him—assuming that he would have held his own with the average LaSalle-trained man—and his loss was \$19,000.

Such experiences are not mere fiction—they're the bitterest reality. Thousands of splendid fellows, starting out in life with every promise of success, grow gray while waiting for their ship to come to harbor. At the critical moment they listen to their weaker selves—and go down to defeat.

On the other hand, thousands of men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted need but to be shown the path to promotion and they are quick to take it. The reward of their initiative is reflected in such statements as the following:



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

"Just received another raise of \$600. This makes a total gain of 400% since I started training. Can either you or I ask more?"

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of seventy-one."

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing \$22 a week. Today I am comptroller of a good-size corporation, with a salary to start of \$4,500."

"I was Mill Superintendent, with no practical experience in a business way when I started home-study training. Within one year I was promoted to General Superintendent. Within a period of three years LaSalle training has increased my income from \$250 a month to \$6,000 a year."

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

"In the last six months I have had an increase of nearly 50% as a result of LaSalle training under the Problem Method—but it is the foundation which I am building for something better that gives me the greatest satisfaction."

When one takes into account the foregoing evidence, together with the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of their training averaging 89 per cent per man, one begins to appreciate the tremendous money value of initiative—and decision.

You have read from time to time how LaSalle training is conducted—how the member learns by solving actual business problems, right in his own home, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. You have read how training under the LaSalle Problem Method quickly brings promotion.

The time has now arrived for your decision. You can wait one year—two years—eleven years, if you like, and take your loss—a loss, remember, affecting not you alone, but those whose happiness and welfare are most dear to you. Or you can sign and mail the coupon now—and make today your starting point toward bigger things. That little slip of paper just below this text will bring you complete information about the training you are interested in, together with details of our convenient-payment plans; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mailing the coupon does not obligate you. Incidentally, the man who wins promotion is the man who acts.

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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 2328-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

- Founded in 1908.
- Financial resources more than \$7,500,000.
- Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1600 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.
- Numbers among its students and graduates more than 465,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.
- Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.
- Average age of members, 30 years.
- LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.
- LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.
- LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.
- Tuition refunded in accordance with terms of guarantee bond if student is not satisfied with training received upon completion of course.

- Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.
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 - Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturers' 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.
 - 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.
 - Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
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Name..... Present Position.....
Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Nine



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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and

forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

Office of the

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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

Assessment of \$1.00 Per Capita National Memorial Headquarters Building

To All Subordinate Lodges:—

The construction of our National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago is progressing in a most satisfactory manner and in keeping with the requirements of the contract; in fact, the exterior of the building at the present time has almost reached completion.

In order to continue to finance the building operations it has been deemed advisable to levy an assessment at this time upon the Subordinate Lodges in conformity with the authority vested in your National Memorial Headquarters Commission by the Grand Lodge at its Annual Meeting held in Los Angeles, California, July, 1921.

At a meeting of the Commission held September 2, 1924, the following resolution was adopted:

"Pursuant to authority conferred by the Grand Lodge, the National Memorial Headquarters Commission does hereby levy upon each Subordinate Lodge of the Order, a special assessment amounting to One Dollar for each member upon its rolls on April 1, 1925. The said assessment is hereby made payable, through the office of the Grand Secretary, on or before May 1, 1925, at the same time and in the same manner as Grand Lodge dues are payable."

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

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

While the Commission was given authority by the Grand Lodge to levy an assessment of not more than \$1.00 per capita in each calendar year for this purpose, no assessments were levied for the calendar years 1922 and 1924. Since the Grand Lodge voted its appropriation for the building, July, 1921, two assessments have been made, aggregating one dollar and sixty-five cents (\$1.65) per capita, which averages for the four-year period but forty-one cents per capita.

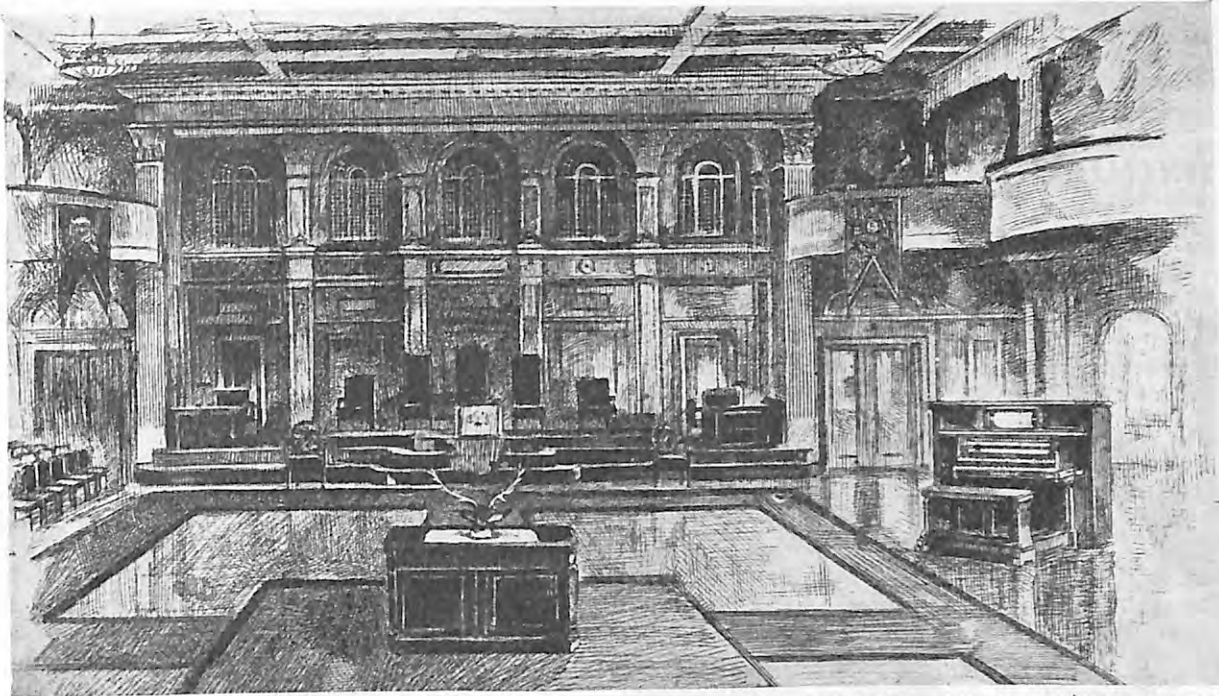
For the information of the Subordinate Lodges, and through no anticipation that penalties will be incurred, they are hereby advised that failure to pay an assessment levied by the Commission, will subject them to the same penalties that apply for failure to pay any other debt due the Grand Lodge.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION

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

50 East Forty-second Street
New York, January 2, 1925



WELTE REPRODUCING ORGAN IN THE ELKS LODGE OF JERSEY CITY

The invaluable asset of the Lodge

MEN of large vision in the Lodge, whether officials or leaders therein, realize that the Welte Reproducing Organ is the indispensable and crowning adjunct of the Lodge.

Pipe organ music has long been recognized as the perfect accompaniment of the ritual and the ideal musical expression of fraternal association.

But until recently it has often been unavailable on account of the high cost of installation, the space limitations of the Lodge Room or the necessity for previous architectural planning.

Also, there was the need of the presence of a skilled organist to play manually upon the keyboard.

NOW WELTE, the inventor of the reproducing organ and for one hundred years

the builders and perfecters of the pipe organ, have introduced the Welte Reproducing Organ—a pipe organ built in compact size.

The Welte Reproducing Organ is built for small space and no remodeling of the Lodge Room is required.

It is a complete and perfect pipe organ and it means *great music* wherever it is installed.

When manual playing is desired, the organist will find the Welte Keyboard marked by a simplicity and a superiority effected by improvements of the most advanced type.

Enriched indeed with the great music of all time played with incomparable beauty is the Lodge that possesses the Welte Reproducing Organ.

With the mere insertion of an artist's recording and the turn of a lever, for members and guests of the Lodge, it plays any masterpiece as the greatest artist in the world plays it—actually!

PRICES: \$8500 and UP

Send for the Book of the Welte Reproducing Organ for the Lodge



W E L T E

REPRODUCING ORGAN

WELTE-MIGNON CORPORATION 665 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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Gerald Beaumont

*Takes You Behind
the Scenes With
the Ball Players*



INTERNATIONAL
NEWSREEL



INTERNATIONAL
NEWSREEL

Base Hits And Heart Throbs

*Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Cardinals,
leading batter of his League for five seasons*

WE WILL call him "Joe Nelson." He was a brilliant young ball player—a shortstop on one of the Coast League Clubs—and his work attracted the attention of several major league managers, one of whom bought him in midseason for immediate delivery.

Accompanied by his young wife Joe left at once for New York. It was his big chance in life. He arrived, a stranger in a strange land, and a natural prey to nervousness and stage fright. His debut was a tragedy, for he "booted" almost every ball that came his way, and the unsympathetic crowd "booted" him unmercifully. His young wife sat in the grandstand, biting her lips and digging her finger-nails into the palms of her hands. That night Joe was blue and discouraged. He did not know why he had made such a miserable showing.

His wife put tender arms around him. "Never mind, honey," she comforted, "I think I know what's wrong. They hit the ball harder up here than they do on the Coast. Play back a little deeper to-morrow and you'll get them."

The following day Joe took up his position fifteen feet farther back than he had been accustomed to play. It worked like a charm. The crowd applauded sensational fielding.

This happened twelve years ago, and the man whose wife's quick wits saved him, is still in the major leagues, a favorite with fandom and head of a happy family.

This incident is quoted as a typical example of a phase of our national game that is little understood by the millions who daily wend their way through the turnstiles.

Baseball is a peculiar profession, possibly the only one that capitalizes a boyhood pleasure, unfits a man for any other career, keeps him young in mind and spirit, and then rejects him as too old before he has yet reached what would be considered, in other fields, the prime of life.

The public knows all about the professional ball player, as such; but surprisingly little of his private life. And yet, the hard-working son of the diamond spends only a few hours each day in his uniform. The rest of the time he is an ordinary human being surrounded by all of life's little joys and tribulations. Did we say an *ordinary* human being? Well, hardly!

The ball player earns his bread and butter in the same game that he learned when he

Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the original "Georgia Peach" who still retains his youthful cunning

was in knickerbockers. Possibly it is this that keeps him so young at heart, and gives him an immature outlook on life. He is like an overgrown child, reacting all the more keenly to the humor, pathos, tragedy and sentiment with which his life is filled. This can best be illustrated by the case of a certain major league pitcher, a star of the first order, famous for his eccentricities. Volumes could be written concerning the juvenile proclivities of this celebrated Southpaw, whose most marked characteristic was his fondness for running to fires. During the height of this man's colorful career on the diamond, he made it a practice to establish friendly relations with the firemen in every city where he played. Wherever possible he slept in a fire house instead of his hotel, and asked no greater privilege in life than to ride on hose cart or fire engine. Many an afternoon he showed up at the ball park out of condition from a night spent in fighting fire, nor did the protests of his manager avail anything. Fandom, unaware of the real state of affairs, attributed the pitcher's bedraggled appearance to a more serious offense, of which he was guiltless more often than not.

* * *



INTERNATIONAL
NEWSREEL

*Stanley (Bucky) Harris,
youngest manager of a
World's Series Winner*

The sweethearts, wives and children of ball players figure on the scoreboard to an extent that can hardly be realized except by those who have worn cleats, spat into a glove, and barked rudely at His Honor, the Ump. There was the case of a young

third baseman in a minor league whose bursts of ill temper alone prevented him from graduating into the "big tent." Bill had boils on his neck and a permanent frown. He was baseball's "bad man." He married a cabaret girl who was able to control him because he really loved her. His bride attended all the games, sitting close to the third base line, and she had a set of signals which Bill understood. Whenever the "bad man" would begin to boil up—a maneuver which usually lead to his expulsion from the game, his wife started wig-wagging with her program. Bill would glance up, choke down his wrath, wave one hand re-assuringly, and stalk solemnly back to his position. The fans thought Bill had "got religion," which was the truth. He became a club manager, very popular with the fans, and his past sins were forgiven.

* * *

A MAJOR league Southpaw, whom we will call "Lefty Smith," was a master of the "Spit-Ball" and relied upon its use almost exclusively when he was later sent to the Pacific Coast League. But a rule was adopted in that circuit forbidding this kind of delivery. "Lefty" was faced with the dilemma of giving up his most valued possession or going to some other league. The latter course meant disrupting his home and taking his little boy out of school. He talked it over with his wife that night while she sat mending the family socks. He explained matters and left it up to her. She in turn appealed to their ten-year-old son.

"Gee, Pop," said the boy. "You're a major leaguer! They can't beat you in this circuit, no matter what you have to pitch. Let the spitter go, Pop, and me and Ma will come out to root for you."

Thus it was decided, and "Lefty," using control and a change of pace, got by very nicely.

* * *

It is the married ball player who knows the full tragedy that is involved by failure on the ball field. We have seen a famous pitcher, just a little past his prime, sobbing on the rubbing table—not because his injured arm hurt him, but because he knew that if the damaged muscle did not go back to place, he would have to take his children out of school, and the whole social status of his family would be wrecked. Many a time the question of whether a man fields the ball cleanly or "kicks" it, marks the difference of whether or not the grocery bill will be paid.

Eddie Collins manager of the White Sox, not as young as he used to be but still batting .350



INTERNATIONAL NEWSPHOTO

It never occurs to the fan that a ball player is out on the field, not alone for fame and money, but to win for his wife and children a place in life—a matter that depends entirely upon his ability to please his manager and the public. The noisy rooter in the bleachers, who roars "bone head" at the over-anxious recruit in the outfield, never by any stretch of the imagination conceives of the girl in the grandstand whose happiness depends upon the "bone head's" success. We have seen an umpire's wife, sitting white-faced in the grandstand, while the mob shrieked invectives at her husband. And a crippled boy in the bleachers, sobbing because his Daddy was being batted from the box.

The tragedies are not confined to those of a domestic nature. Most sporting writers know of a very human drama that was enacted not so many years ago in the National League, and is not as uncommon in its nature as might be supposed. The manager of a World's Champion Club, who had collected the most famous infield combination in the history of baseball, was a bosom friend of a veteran member of his team. They had gone through much together, and were pals in every sense of the word. Each was married, and their wives were also good friends. But the inevitable time came when the Manager perceived that his friend must be replaced. Age had dimmed the luster of a star beyond repair. Duty to fandom and the owners of the club required the Manager to dispose of his chum and sever the treasured association of years. The tragedy of it was that the player, as usual, believed himself as good as ever. He could not realize that he had slipped. He imagined himself mistreated. A year and a half later he died of a broken heart. The Manager himself is dead now, too, having succumbed eventually to a physical injury suffered on the ball field.

* * *

This same club possessed a keystone combination so marvelous that it inspired a

The veteran manager, who suffered also, put up with martyrdom in the interests of the club. "Don't try to curb him!" he warned, "that's what makes this fellow a great ball player!"

* * *

Humor plays an important part in baseball, both off and on the field. The game is full of natural comedians and each club boasts its star performer. "Nick" Altrock and Al Schacht are two well-known examples. Their antics on the ball field have delighted millions. There was another character, not as well known, but greatly beloved in the Coast League. His tragic passing brought widespread and genuine sorrow, just as his quaint personality had gladdened the hearts of thousands while he was alive. Wallace Bray was his right name, though baseball only knew him as "Happy Hogan." He was for years the manager of the Vernon, Calif., ball club and the joy of cartoonists, sporting writers and baseball patrons. A single incident will suffice to illustrate the sense of humor that made "Happy Hogan" a constant drawing-card.

WHEN the Vernon Club was formed, Hogan fell heir to a number of ball players of more or less uncertain value. Among them was a lanky twirler who possessed that peculiar combination known in baseball as "a million-dollar arm and a two-bit head." In other words, he was a great pitcher but famous for doing the wrong thing at the right time, and in a moment of panic was just as likely to throw the ball over the grandstand as anywhere else.

One afternoon in a game that was being so very bitterly contested that many of the Vernon ball players had been chased to the

Judge of the Senators scoring the winning run in the second game of the 1924 World Series



P. & A. PHOTO

famous slogan of the diamond. Yet few people know to this day that two members of that famous infield—men who played along side each other brilliantly day after day—were mortal enemies and did not speak to each other off the ball field for four years! One of them in particular allowed his grievance to make him a misanthrope. He fought with everybody on the club, including himself, and became an almost unbearable thorn in the side of all.

showers in the early innings, Hogan found himself short of help. He was compelled to play first base himself, and to put his excitable pitcher in right field.

"Rube," said he, "the rules call for nine men in uniform on the field, so out you go! But listen: put your back against the fence and don't you dare move, no matter what happens! If the ball comes out there, let somebody else take it."

"Rube" obeyed instructions and the

game went on. A few minutes later, with the tying and winning runs on base, the fleet-footed Rollie Zeider was caught off between second and third, and one of those plays developed in which everybody takes a hand. The Vernon infielders chased Rollie back and forth until their tongues were hanging out. In the confusion and excitement, no one saw the Vernon right-fielder gradually edging into the play, but suddenly Rube reached up and intercepted a thrown ball that was urgently needed by the third baseman. As usual Rube didn't seem to know what to do with the ball, now that he had it. He spun around like a rattled weather vane. Everybody whooped and both runners started for the plate. Hogan had run over to back up the play, but found his services unneeded and was standing twenty feet out of the line of action. The panic-stricken Rube, whirling around, finally recognized a friendly uniform, drew back his arm, and let fly. The ball struck the startled Hogan in the chest and rolled off into the side lines. Both runs scored.

After the crowd had got through roaring with glee, Hogan staggered into the center of the diamond, and in a voice that could be heard all over the park, summoned the offender to his side.

"Rube!" he bellowed, "didn't I tell you not to move from that fence? *Didn't I?* Well, Rube, having disobeyed me, I now want you to explain to all these assembled ladies and gentlemen just why you decided to throw that ball at *me!* Was it because I was your manager, or was it just because you liked me personally!"

HOGAN'S career came to a dramatic and untimely end. His team was in the thick of a hot fight for the pennant, and over-exertion had weakened him. He went in swimming in the ocean one Sunday morning hoping that the salt water would break up a severe cold. In the afternoon he went to the ball park, and, as usual, gave all his energies to the direction of his team. In the last half of the ninth inning, with men on third and second, and Vernon one run behind, Hogan, disregarding his own weakness, saw a chance to win the game. Seizing a bat he undertook to act as pinch-hitter. As usual, he gave the crowd the laugh it always expected. Without waiting for the usual introduction from the umpire, he took off his cap and bowed comically to the stands.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he announced, "Mr. Happy Hogan will now win the ball game! I shall execute what is known as a 'squeeze play,' bunting the ball toward third base in such a manner as to score both runners. My signal will be this"—and he went through elaborate motions of pulling at his belt and tapping the cleats of his shoes with his hat. Everybody laughed and the outfielders moved back, expecting that Hogan would try to knock the ball over the fence. Instead, he did just what he had said he would do—dumping the ball adroitly toward third, and catching the infield so completely off its guard that a wild throw resulted and both men scored. Hogan posed on first base, cap in hand, bowing jocosely to the crowd.

Then he went home, took to his bed, and never left it. Three days later it was announced in every ball park, up and down the Pacific Coast, that Hogan was fighting for his life. Bareheaded thousands stood up offering a minute of silent prayer that this man might be spared, but it was not to be. Just before the end he rallied, opened his eyes, and reached for his wife's hand. "Honey," he whispered, "I think I've got it beat!" Five minutes later he had ceased to breathe.

* * *

Idol worship on the diamond is not confined to the youngsters who flock into the bleachers on "Kids Day" or the newsboys who hover around the players' gate waiting for their favorites to emerge after the game. Many a star of the ball field has a small son at home whose praise means more to him than the plaudits of the public or the printed comments of a sporting page authority.

We recall having witnessed once an extra-inning game on a terrifically hot afternoon. The contest had resolved itself into a pitching duel between two of the best twirlers in the league. One was comparatively a youngster, tireless and confident; the other a gray-haired veteran, leather-faced, sun-

browned, and grim. The latter came to the bench at the end of the fifteenth inning, and flopped exhausted among his team mates. He pulled an old sweater over his pitching arm, and stared moodily across the field of battle. If ever a man showed the strain of battle it was he. To his side came his eight-year-old son, the uniformed mascot and bat-boy of the team. The youngster held a glass of water to his father's lips, and the veteran gulped noisily. A second glass was brought him. The man opened his shirt and poured the cold water over sun-baked neck and hairy chest. The dry skin seemed almost to sizzle. The boy put a comforting arm around a parental shoulder.

"Stay with 'em, Pop!" he encouraged, "make 'em like it! They can't beat you!"

In the very next inning, the veteran pitcher won his own game with a terrific drive to the outfield.

* * *

THE influence of the family bond is nowhere more apparent than in the spring training camps when men who have been purchased from distant circuits report to their owners for trial. Until it is determined whether they are to be retained or not, the newcomers dare not risk the expense of sending for their wives and children. Sometimes they are not assured of a permanent place until the season is well along. Their value must be judged under trying circumstances. They arrive in camp, friendless and unknown. They must compete with others for the same job, and they are shown no favor or mercy. Not unfrequently it is the first time they have ever been away from home. They are lonesome and blue, and if they have little ones at home, it is particularly hard. We have seen a broad-shouldered, silent giant, sitting in a hotel lobby in the evening, his eyes filled with tears as he watched the children of guests romping at play—youngsters that reminded him of his own. And the same man has asked permission of his manager to stay up until midnight so that he could telephone home at an inexpensive rate and listen to the voice of his wife two thousand miles away. Many a man, unable to stand the strain of being separated from those he loves, has deliberately failed to do his best. "Playing for a release," they call it.

(Left) George Sisler, star and manager of the St. Louis Browns. (Below) Remarkably clear picture showing Terry of the Giants run down and put out between third and home

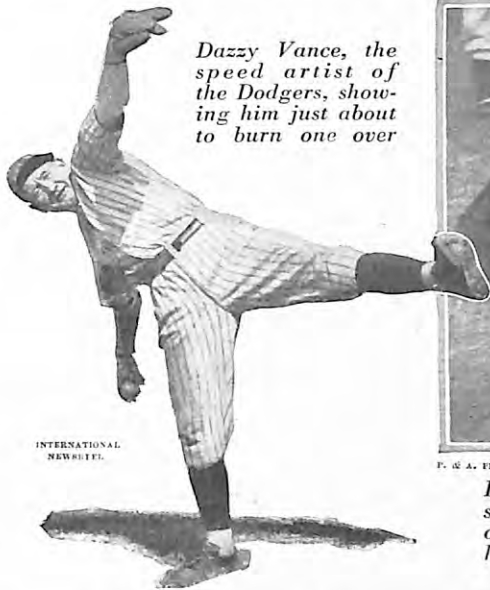


George Herman Ruth has just leaned on one. Last season he managed to tap out 46 home runs and earned an average of .379

INTERNATIONAL
NEWSREEL



F. & A. PHOTO



Dazzy Vance, the speed artist of the Dodgers, showing him just about to burn one over

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



P. & A. PHOTO

Long George Kelly of the Giants, standing Muddy Ruel, the Washington catcher, on his ear, as he slid safely home in one of the World Series games



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Here's what Hank Gowdy looks like without padding

Here is an interesting story of the unseen side of baseball: A well-known pitcher, who figured with the Boston Club in a World's Series, quit baseball so that he might take his invalid wife to Arizona. He had two children, whose health was also delicate. The ex-pitcher opened a grocery store in a small desert town and endeavored by this means to pay nursing and medical bills, but his income from this source proved insufficient, and he was practically forced back into baseball. The lay-off had affected him, particularly since he was no longer young. He caught on with a Class AA club, leaving his wife and children in the desert, and desperately he strove to win ball games in order that he might earn enough money to fight off the Grim Shadow. It was quite a while before he could strike his old stride, and meanwhile the bills at home piled up, and worry assailed him. Between ball games, whenever he could, he took the train and rushed home to his family. Only his team mates knew the story and they came to his aid one day with a benefit game. The contest netted a purse that staved off domestic disaster. In the club-house the check was handed to the veteran. He broke down and cried like a baby.

* * *

It is in the secrecy of the club-house that most baseball dramas are enacted. Here the plan of battle is laid down in advance, and afterwards the alibis are offered—and fist fights result. Many a lesson in moral courage falls from the lips of a man whose vocabulary is profanely picturesque. Three or four years ago a certain National League club faced a crucial series upon which the pennant hung. The players had been hard driven and the manager realized the strain under which they were laboring. While the team was dressing in the club-house before the first game of the all-important series, the manager produced a flask of strong liquor and offered it to his men. A few of the players accepted, but when it came to the shortstop's turn he got up and faced his team mates.

"That stuff!" he snarled, "was made for fellows that lack guts! I'm game, without it!"



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Groh jumping for a high one

The rest of the bottle went untasted, and the team went out and won!

* * *

The club-house corresponds to the "behind-the-scenes" region of the stage. If the fans could see what transpires there they would feel more kindly disposed to those players who sometimes commit on the ball field what looks like an inexcusable error. Men are frequently compelled to be in the line-up when every quick movement means excruciating pain. Infielders play with bone bruises on their hands, with bandages on their limbs, and freshly-lanced boils on arms or body. Ordinary physical ailments are ignored.

* * *

Here is a story of genuine heroism. A star first-baseman in the American league who saw service in France, returned with his lungs seriously affected by poison gas. Outwardly, there was apparently nothing wrong with him. He was a splendid specimen of manhood and a great ball player. But he could not stand the sultry summer weather of some of the cities in the major league circuit, and he was compelled to return to his native California climate. Even there, on afternoons when it was particularly hot, exertion told on him. Occasionally, he was compelled to retire from the game in agony. The trainer always had ice on hand with which to alleviate the player's suffering. It was an unseen enemy with which this gallant soldier was compelled to struggle. For him the war was still going on, and he fought as bravely as he had done on the soil of France. Gradually he gained ground over his enemy and the time came one afternoon when he hit a home run inside the ball park at Salt Lake City, where high altitude had hitherto always bothered him. He raced around the bases full speed, slid across the plate, and got up. Then, realization came to him that for the first time he was not in distress! He was breathing normally! Throwing up both arms, he reeled to the bench and sank down, calling to his comrades: "Boys, I'm free at last! Oh, boys, I've beaten it!" And he had!

* * *

The fear of injury is the bugbear

that pursues the professional ball player. The slightest incapacitation may bar him from his profession, and he is trained for no other. That is the real tragedy of the ball field. Those who are stars to-day are forgotten to-morrow. Players for the most part are improvident and when their brief career in the spotlight is over, few of them have laid up any money or are able to capitalize their fame. Every ball club has a groundkeeper with a history. The bleachers are filled with spectators whose names were once familiar to fandom, and who now are friendless and forgotten.

LUCK figures not infrequently in the making of a star. There was a college football player who turned to professional baseball for a living. He tried his hand at pitching, and then became a more or less indifferent first-baseman. Playing on the same club with him was an ex-major league shortstop whose arm had gone back on him, though he was still a brilliant fielder and valuable because of what he knew. The shortstop was Irish and small; the first-baseman was Dutch and big. The latter's shins were black-and-blue because of the fact that the little shortstop with the weak arm was always pegging the ball into the dirt.

While the team was warming up one day, "Danny," the shortstop, made a particularly wicked heave, and the ball bounced up and struck "Heinie" on his sore shins. That settled it once and for all! The big Dutchman pulled off his glove, hurled it into the dugout, and announced that he was through playing first-base. So they put him in the outfield, where, to everybody's amazement, he showed that this was where he had belonged all along. At the end of the season,

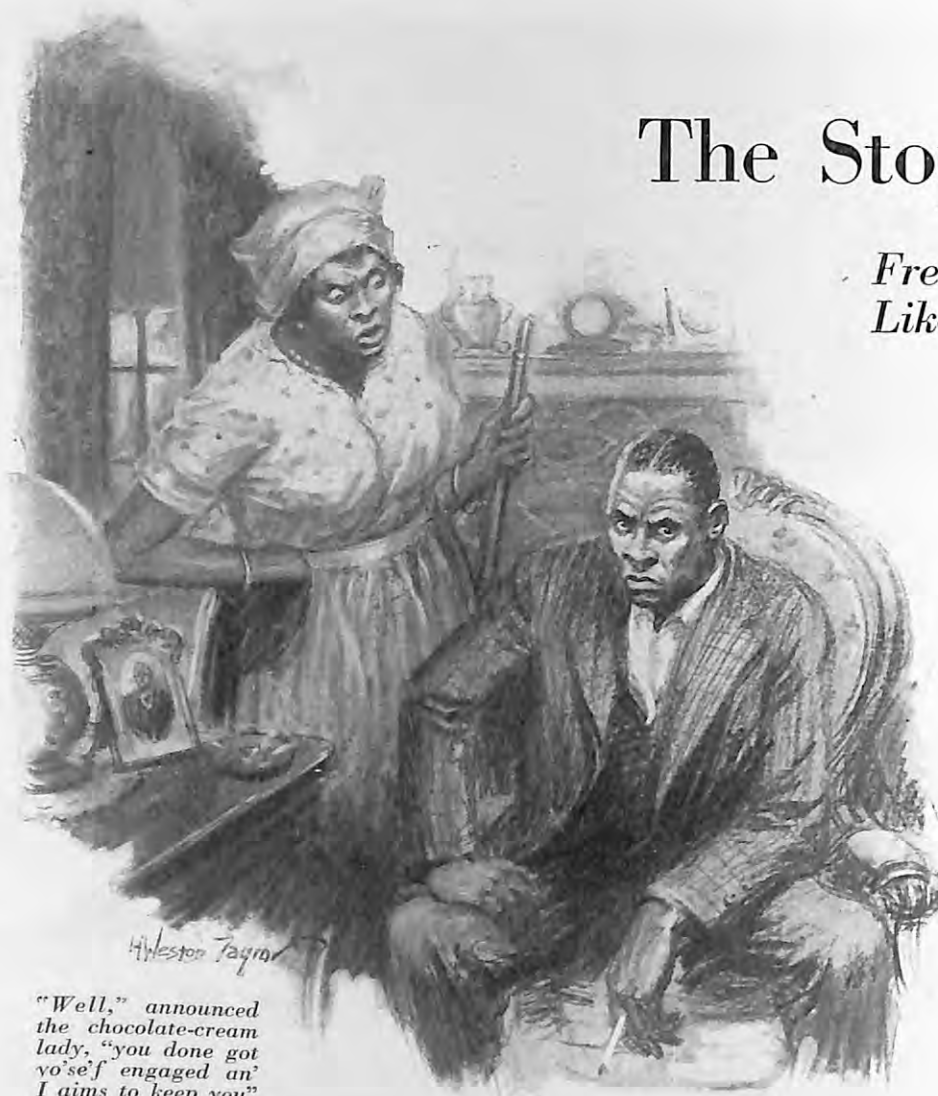
(Continued on page 70)

The Stop-Watchman

*Freedom Comes to Mr. Spratt
Like a Thief in the Night*

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor



"Well," announced the chocolate-cream lady, "you done got yo'se'f engaged an' I aims to keep you"

ELOCUTE SPRATT was engaged to be married—wherefore he was unhappy. It was his earnest desire to become unengaged. He paced the tiny living-room and advertised his general undesirability.

"I ain't no good nohow, Saccharine."
"Tha's true enough, Elocute—but you is better than some."

"Who?"
"Well, I can't ezac'ly remember—but there must be some you is better than."

"I ain't never met up with any." He eyed her approvingly. "A swell, han'some gal like you ain't got no business th'owin' herse'f away on a po' piece of tripe like me."

"You sho'ly does introduce yo'se'f elegant, Brother Spratt."

"It's all true. I ain't nobody an' I never will be. Was Work to meet me on the street. I woul'n't even reckernize it. What I ain't got fo' myse'f is no use, an' ev'ybody which knows me agrees that I is right."

"Well," answered the chocolate-cream lady with fine judicial discrimination, "I ain't sayin' they is wrong, but you done got yo'se'f engaged to me, an' I aims to keep you so."

Elocute groaned. "Ain't you got no sense in yo' haid a tall?"

"A few."
"I don't believe it. 'Cause if you had, you woul'n't keep right on bein' engaged to me. It ain't that I don't love you—but I just ain't wuth yo' time, honey."

"Tha's right—you sho'ly ain't." She made no comment over his protestation of love; recognizing that it was mere empty talk.

"Then how 'bout—"
"Nothin' stirrin'. Us is engaged, an' we keeps right on actin' that way."

Elocute sought a small portion of salvage from the wreck of his hopes. "You ain't got a loose dollar lyin' around, has you?"

"I ain't got no dollar, an' even if I did it woul'n't be loose."

"Two bits?"
"No. N'r neither even one thin dime."

He waved her an unfond farewell, never pausing for the osculation supposed to be the inevitable concomitant to a state of engagement. If she noticed the oversight, she made no comment. But she did walk to the front window and watch his fairly well set-up figure move dejectedly down the walk to the gate. Then her eyes lighted with keen interest.

Another figure bulked directly in the path of the departing Mr. Spratt. This man was a half-head shorter than Elocute and he was fully a foot wider and six inches deeper of chest. Quite deliberately he sought and obtained a collision with Elocute. Mr. Spratt ducked instinctively and a light of fear flashed in his eyes. Courage was not Elocute's most outstanding virtue. And recognition of the gentleman with whom he had collided did nothing to enhance his feeling of safety.

"Scuse me, Mistuh Boles," he apologized humbly.

"Hey, cullud man!" The deep bass voice of Jeems Boles boomed angrily. "Who is you runnin' into?"

"I—I didn't go for to do it. Honest I didn't."

"Hmph! Good thing for you, too. I got a mind to 'sterminate you anyway."

"Please, suh—"

"—On'y you ain't wuth it. What I think of you, Elocute, is downright indecent. Folks have been hung fo' less. Dawg-gone if I can make out what a swell gal like Saccharine Davis sees in you anyhow."

"Me neither, Brother Jeems. But she just nachelly 'pears to be crazy 'bout me—" The countenance of Mr. Boles became purple with fury and Elocute perceived that he had committed a tactical blunder. "An' I ain't nothin' to be crazy 'bout, is I?"

"I'll say not. You just ain't nothin'—or even less than that. An' some day, Elocute, when you has been callin' on Saccharine too frequent, you is suddenly gwine become ain't."

"Please, suh—you woul'n't go startin' nothin', would you?"

"Not nothin' that I woul'n't take pleasure in finishin'. Introducin' you to a hustlin' undertaker would be the fondest job I could possibly be of."

"But I can't he'p it, can I, if that gal won't leave me alone—?"

"On yo' way, Brother!" Jeems was finding it difficult to restrain himself. "On yo' way befo' an accident happens to you."

Mr. Boles entered the house which Elocute had just left. Mr. Spratt glanced at the other man out of the corners of his eyes and renewed his wish for freedom from the clutches of the fair Saccharine.

ELOCUTE SPRATT was nothing if not modest. He couldn't see what good qualities Saccharine had discerned in him in the first place—or why she persisted in her engagement when the magnificent Jeems Boles entered the matrimonial lists.

Elocute's position in the colored community of Birmingham was decidedly negative. He was a loose-jointed shadow of nothing at all, whereas Jeems was a personage of importance.

Jeems was featured pianist in Prof. Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, and without half trying he could make the ivories stand up and talk. Nor were his abilities confined solely to the ultra execution of jazz: he knew a few of the classics and played them well—and already two popular pieces in music stores bore his name. He was a queer combination of temperamental artist and bloodthirsty prize-fighter. He was ready at all times to enter into a catch-as-catch-can combat with fists or piano: no

holds barred. His income was reputed to be more than adequate, and his social position such that even the recent divorce proceedings through which he had come had done nothing to impair his popularity.

The public didn't know whether Jeems had been right or wrong. Some few of them were inclined to sympathize with his now ex-wife. But the fact remained that Jeems was once more a free agent, at liberty to marry again—and excessively eager to do so.

"An' of all the wimmin in Bumminham," groaned the miserable Elocute, "he goes an' picks on mine."

Elocute never had been quite clear as to how he became engaged to Saccharine. It just happened—and for the past month he had been striving unsuccessfully to extricate himself.

THE situation was embarrassing. Not that Elocute particularly objected to marrying Saccharine or anybody else: it was his nature to follow the course of least resistance . . . but since Jeems Boles' divorce, the chosen course appeared to offer a great deal of resistance, and resistance was something of which the timid Elocute was not overly fond.

Altogether, Elocute's cosmic scheme was all awry. He was unhappily engaged, colossally hungry and flagrantly jobless. He meandered downtown and stationed himself near the sandwich counter of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, hoping against hope that some misguided individual might invite him to inhale a bit of barbecue or a bowl of steaming Brunswick stew. But no invitations came his way and at length he staggered weakly into the street and directed lagging footsteps toward an employment agency.

This agency was not an attractive place, nor were the colored gentry who lounged in front of it of particularly prepossessing appearance. They were, for the most part, itinerant laborers come to answer the scrawled want-list: WANTED—Muckers, puddlers, iron-workers. . . . Those tasks involved too great physical effort for the well-formed but rather flabby Mr. Spratt. He slouched inside and complained to the

clerk that he must have work—easy work. That gentleman eyed him reflectively.

"Humph! Heah you is again, eh?"

"Uh-huh. Shuah is."

The man thumbed through the pages of a worn volume. "Think I got a job fo' you. One dollar a day, payable daily."

Elocute's eyes brightened. "Gits my dollar ev' y day?"

"Yeh. S'long as the job las's."

"How long it's gwine be?"

"Dunno. One day. Two. Maybe a week."

"Golly. That soun's swell. What is it?"

"Night watchman!"

Elocute exhaled audibly. "Says which?"

"Night watchman."

Mr. Spratt shook his head positively. "I ain't fitten to watch nothin'. 'Specially at night."

"Shuh!" The employment agent refused to take No for an answer. "This ain't nothin' but an ol' residence out on Avenue F. All you got to do is sit aroun' an' smoke cigareets an' keep yo' eyes open."

"I know . . . but I never was awful fond of dark times."

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. On this job you ain't got nothin' to do, an' you does it all night long. Just take it easy. It's that ol' house which Jeems Boles an' wife useter live in—"

"Cease talkin', Big Boy. I don't want nothin' to do with Jeems Boles."

"You ain't got nothin' to do with him. It's his wife's house an' all they wants a watchman fo' is 'cause there is a lot of furniture out there which ain't been divided up yet sence they was divorced away fum each other."

"Hmm! An' Jeems don't never hang around there pussional?"

"Nope. Nobody does. You just sits down an' takes it easy."

Elocute was doubtful, but the urge for food eventually swayed him. He accepted the position

and borrowed two bits from the employment agent. Then he regaled himself with an adequate, if none-too-delicate meal and prepared to undertake the night's task.

He knew the house well enough. It was mournfully exclusive: far out on Avenue F and just off the main street—without the suggestion of another residence within two blocks. To the rear was the far-flung town of Tittisville and a mile in the opposite direction the beginnings of Birmingham proper. It was a lonesome, eerie place—the house made gloomy by spreading oaks and tall poplars; the porch shadowed by shrubbery. . . .

Elocute was due on the job at eight o'clock. At ten minutes of eight he arrived and for the next half hour seriously considered tendering his resignation.

THE place was dark. Ever since the Boles divorce it had been empty: Mrs. Boles was stopping in Birmingham with friends—preferring not to live alone in the isolated house. Jeems had a room at the Cozy Home Hotel for Colored; Sally Crouch, Props. Elocute couldn't see any sense to having a watchman . . . although he did understand that the Boles' had possessed some very fine furniture. "Golly—who's gwine steal furniture at this time of night?"

He settled himself timidly on the veranda. The moon was bright and clear and that helped a trifle, but the night dragged away on leaden feet, and Elocute heard many queer sounds and peculiar noises which sent cold chills wriggling up and down his back.

There was nothing of the hero in Mr. Spratt's makeup. He was content to let heroism be undertaken by others while he sought safety. Wherefore this night-watchman business did not overly appeal. It seemed like inviting trouble. Of course he wouldn't have minded it so very much



Mr. Spratt shook his head positively. "I ain't fitten to watch nothin'. 'Specially at night," he assured the agent



in the city where there were plenty of lights and a few friends to sit around and chat with him . . . but out here where there was nothing to be heard but grim silence and very little of that. . . .

"I craves sassiety," he informed himself nervously. "This night-watchin' is a rotten job."

One by one the hours passed. Nothing happened—and it happened with consistent regularity. The first cold, gray finger of dawn reached above the eastern sky: Elocute was trembling with the nerve strain of the past several hours. The landscape was chill and depressing and unutterably lonely.

But nothing had happened. That was the essential fact which appealed irresistibly to Mr. Spratt. The following night he could bring a blanket . . . perhaps even a sandwich or two.

At seven o'clock he knocked off work. He climbed stiffly aboard a town-bound Avenue F bus and made his way downtown where the employment agent handed him an additional seventy-five cents minus commission.

"Try it to-night again, Elocute?"

THE sun was out: the air was warm and pleasant . . . the spectral fear begotten of darkness was gone.

"Guess I might as well," he agreed.

"Fine. Be there at eight o'clock sharp."

"I won't do nothin' else."

Elocute slept during the morning. At two o'clock he was downtown partaking of a bit of luncheon. Looking back on the night from the radiance of midday, he didn't see what cause there had been for trepidation. Of course it was lonesome and all that—he shrugged disdainfully: "Watchin' ain't no hahd job," he reflected. "I guess I woul'n't mind bein' a watchman fum now on."

At Bud Peaglar's place he met the dandi-

Elocute took the hint, and thereafter he toiled valiantly to assist the three visitors in placing the heavy piano on the waiting truck

fied and immaculate Florian Slappey. The dapper fashionplate of Darktown inquired solicitously after his friend.

"Oh! Me? Ise just night-watchin'."

"You is which?"

"Night-watchin'."

Florian eyed him doubtfully. "Who put you to watch somethin'?"

"'Ployment agent."

"He suttinly is an ignorant feller. Where at is you watchin'?"

"Jeems Boles' ol' house near Tittisville."

"**H**MM!" Florian put tongue in cheek and surveyed his friend with renewed interest. "Ain't you kind of gittin' mixed up in somethin'?"

"How?"

"Well, you is engaged to Saccharine Davis, ain't you?"

"Wuss luck."

"An' Jeems wishes he was engaged to her, don't he?"

"Uh-huh. An' I second his wish most enthusiastic. But I don't see what all that has got to do with me watchin' that empty house."

Florian shrugged. "It's yo' job, Elocute—an' I ain't no pusson to say what somebody else should ought to work at."

Elocute eyed the retreating figure doubtfully. Florian gave the impression of having left a great deal unsaid, and the unsaid portion seemed as though it might have been of vital interest to the night watchman. He stood by for a few moments, pondering. Then he turned away, satisfied that a too vivid imagination was running away with him. So long as neither Jeems Boles nor his ex-wife were residing in the house. . . .

But if Elocute was able to dismiss from his mind the peculiar combination of cir-

cumstances, Mr. Florian Slappey was not. Various rumors which had been seeping through Darktown since the divorce reached the keen ears of Mr. Slappey and he embarked upon a mission of discovering what was what. He went straight to Jeems Boles.

"Evenin', Mistuh Boles."

"'Lo, Brother Slappey. How you is this evenin'?"

"Tol'able, Brother—just tol'able."

"Me, too. Have a drink?"

Florian agreed, and, shoulder to shoulder, they surrounded two bottles of soda-pop with themselves. Florian directed the conversation.

"Seen a friend of your'n just now."

"Who?"

"Elocute Spratt."

"Pā!" Jeems grimaced with profound distaste. "If it wasn't too much trouble I'd step on that feller an' squish him all up."

"What you got against him, Jeems?"

"Jealousy—tha's what. Him bein' engaged to the on'y gal I ever loved since I got divorced away fum my wife. Honest, Florian, I can't make out what Saccharine sees in a po' strip of bacon-rind like him."

"N'r neither I. He ain't hahdly nothin' an' he don't believe he's much. Tha's why I coul'n't understand how he come to git the job of night-watchin' out at yo' house near Tittisville."

"Eh?" Jeems cocked his head interestedly on one side. "How come him to git what job doin' which?"

"Night-watchin' out to that house where you userter live when you was ma'ied."

"Words what you utters! Is you positivel, Florian?"

"Absolution. He tol' me such with his ve'y own mouf."

For a moment Jeems was silent. Then a slow grin overspread his broad features, and he smashed one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"Hot ziggity, dam!" he ejaculated. "That settles it!"

"Settles which?"

"Nemmin'." He tossed a dime on the counter and moved away. "I got a hunch a heap of things is gwine happen pretty soon, Brother Slappey—an' they ain't gwine happen so dawg-gone far away fum where Elocute Spratt is workin' at."

FLORIAN sought a quiet corner and sat down to think things over. Stray snatches of rumor and conjecture had come to him from many sources but chiefly from the keen-eared and acid-tongued Sis Callie Flukers, in whose highly reputable rooming house Florian maintained an apartment. Piecing together these bits of gossip Florian began to understand a few things. . . .

For one thing he knew that when Jeems and his wife agreed to disagree there was a great deal of acrimony floating about. The former Mrs. Boles, it appeared, was of a vengeful nature and, even though legally separated from her once-husband, she was not minded to make him any less happy than he had been during the three hectic years of their life together.

Their home had been a modest one, but it had been furnished unusually well. There were walnut beds and a mahogany dining table—and as the *pièce de résistance* a seven-hundred-dollar baby-grand piano. All of the furniture, and also the piano, had been owned in common and the Court had decreed an equal division. Jeems immediately offered to take as his share the baby grand, leaving to his wife all the rest of the furniture, which was of considerably greater intrinsic value. But, being by nature contrary, Mrs. Boles had pointedly, firmly and steadfastly refused.

Whereupon Jeems raved and ranted and tore what portions of his hair he could get a grip upon. Not only was he a pianist of parts and sufficient of a musician to be attached to that particular instrument, but it was perhaps the only colored-owned baby-grand in all Birmingham, and its possession carried a touch of class which was not to be denied.

There were other pianos: pianos just as good, and pianos as sweet-toned—but they were not baby-grands and they were not this particular piano. That was what irked Jeems most disagreeably. His wife's refusal to make his suggested adjustment was merely arbitrary. . . . he knew that she was doing it to discomfit him: she herself did not play and cared very little for music. As recently as two days before he had called upon her and made his final and most desperate plea for mercy.

"I WANT that pianner," she said curtly. "But listen—what good does it do you? You can't play."

"Neither can you so long as I has got the pianner."

"Di'n't the Judge say us was to diwide up?"

"Uh-huh. Provided us could agree. But we ain't agreein', so it all gits sol' at auction an' we divides the proceeds."

That didn't suit Jeems at all—not even a little bit. He possessed only a small portion of ready cash. An auction sale meant either that someone else would bid in the piano, or else that he would be forced to pay for his own property much more than he could afford. He argued passionately. His ex-wife was as yielding as a ton of granite.

But now Jeems had started to think. He

recalled that he had terminated the interview with a threat. "Ise gwine git me that pianner or bust tryin'!" he vowed. And evidently that was why the wife had engaged a night watchman to keep an eye on the residence where the piano was stored.

But the thing which intrigued and amused Jeems at the present moment was the discovery that the person who was night-watching at his one-time love nest was Elocute Spratt. That started a train of thoughts to clanking in Jeems' brain. . . . and at the conclusion of his long session of contemplation, he started down the street in a highly purposeful manner.

It was fortunate for Elocute's peace of mind that he knew nothing of the mental processes which agitated Jeems so intensely. Elocute strolled languidly down Avenue F, lunch bucket and quilt in hand, quite content to remain warm and comfortable and well fed through the night-long vigil. The major portion of his fears of the previous night had been set at rest and when he eventually reached the house it was to settle comfortably on the tiny side veranda, encase himself in the quilt and prepare to keep his eyes open until early morning.

The night was not, however, as brilliant as that which had preceded it. The sky was overcast, and low-hanging clouds scudded swiftly across the face of

the moon. A breeze souged mournfully through the oaks and poplars in the yard and the shriek of sirens split the valley quiet as cars raced up and down the popular thoroughfare.

Elocute huddled closer in the shelter of the side veranda, protecting himself against breezes in which there was more than a hint of chill. He knew that everything was all right—much of his original fear had departed—but he was not entirely at ease. Elocute possessed a warm-fire-and-plenty-of-company complex and only the absolute necessity for an immediate dollar had impelled him to accept this lonely position.

He whiled away the quarter-hours by reviewing his own manifold troubles and the rather drab prospect for the future. He was not happy. Thought of the luxurious Saccharine Davis, to whom he was engaged, brought no thrill of exaltation. He wished himself thoroughly well rid of her. He was hoping against hope that she might see her way clear to ditching him and accepting the highly desirable hand of musician Jeems Boles. Why and how she failed to accept

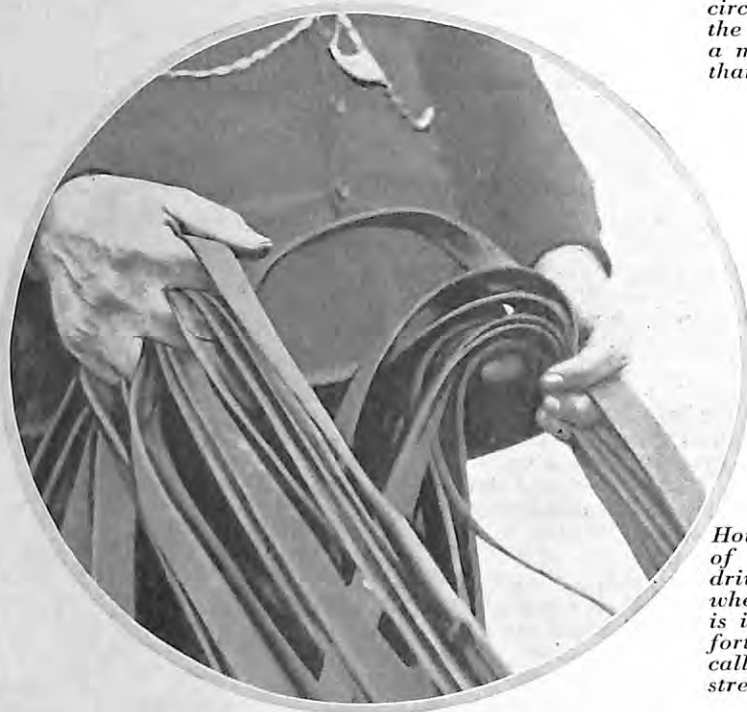
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At length Mrs. Boles pierced Elocute with a question. "I suppose you is gwine say you di'n't know the pianner was taken last night?"



A big hitch pulling a circus wagon out of the mud. This is a much smaller hitch than Jake Posey drives



How Jake Posey, last of the forty-horse drivers, holds the reins when the "big hitch" is in action. Guiding forty powerful animals calls for extraordinary strength in the fingers

IF YOU wander among the tents of Sparks' Circus and ask for Jake Posey, no one will laugh at you. Any showman on the lot will promptly answer: "Jake's over at the stables." For Jake Posey is his name. It is not a *nom de plume* or pen name, although Jake writes a little. It is not a *nom de guerre* or war name, although Jake is something of a fighter.

Jake was born a Posey in Cedar Grove, Franklin County, Indiana, in 1863. He was christened Jacob Albert, after a grandfather and a great grandfather. But his playmates dubbed him Jake—and Jake Posey he will be until the end of time.

But Jake's claim to a niche in the Hall of Fame is not based on his unusual name, nor on the fact that he is one of a select group of twenty-five circus boss hostlers. Jake occupies a distinguished place in the world of the white tops because he is the last of the forty-horse drivers. He is in a class by himself. He is the only man in or out of the circus business who can sit on a drivers' seat and guide forty horses, in one hitch, through the streets of a great city. In a world becoming so rapidly motorized as ours, I doubt if any one succeeds to Jake's title. Hence, Jake is a famous, almost unique, character.

Guiding forty horses in one hitch over any circus parade route not only calls for extraordinary strength in the driver's fingers, wrists, arms and back. It also requires possession of a sixth sense, aptly termed "horse sense."

Although the forty-horse team is "shortened up" by being hitched four abreast, the leaders are nearly eighty feet from the driver's seat. The two "lead" reins are therefore fully eighty feet long. The two "wheel" reins are only about ten feet long. The eight other pairs of reins vary in length between these two extremes. But the total weight is something to ponder upon.

The driver's great problem, however, arises when he has to round a corner because he then has to "take up" half his reins. If you watch a circus driver mount his seat, you will notice that the first thing he does is to throw the loose ends of the reins—they

are never buckled or tied together at the driver's ends—back of him, either on the wagon top or in an open space behind the driver's seat. There they are kept religiously untangled. The reason for this care in disposing of the driver's "loose ends" is apparent when his team reaches a corner or any turn.

If he wants to make a left-hand turn he continues to hold the allotted number of reins in each hand, but, with a deft motion, with his right hand, he seizes the left-hand reins and pulls them quickly through the left-hand fingers while those fingers loosen, then clamp tight again. The right hand then goes about its business. After the turn is completed or the corner negotiated the left-hand reins are allowed to slide through the fingers until they are no tauter than the right-hand reins. For a right-hand turn or corner this operation is reversed.

On a down-grade all reins are relatively tautened. On an up-grade all reins are relatively loosened by "taking up" or "letting go."

As it is impossible to use or even hold a whip over so large a team, a forty-horse driver depends largely upon his voice or the manner in which he handles his reins to get desired results, although occasionally the driver's helper, who sits beside him, has recourse to small pebbles which are hurled at reluctant steeds with rare precision. For it is, of course, necessary that these pebbles

strike the horses on the flanks and not on the head.

A big team driver reveals his familiarity with his job when he takes his reins in hand and throws the loose ends back of him. That is what Jake Posey means when he says, "I can always tell whether a new man is a driver or not the minute he picks up the reins."

But the best driver in the world could not handle a big team, especially a forty-horse team, unless he possessed horse sense in the *nth* degree. Big team horses are carefully matched as to weight and pulling power as well as to color. But each horse, to a circus boss hostler, is a distinct personality. Jake can read the character of a horse without looking at its palm, or what stands for a palm. It is that intuitive as well as practical knowledge of horse nature that has made Jake one of the greatest circus-team drivers of all time. Jake calls each horse by name, and each horse recognizes his name and thoroughly understands each inflexion of Jake's voice. Jake speaks an equine language.

Heredity and environment made Jake what he is. Jake's father, Jeff or Jefferson Posey, was a native of Lexington, Kentucky, and, again through heredity and environment, a horseman. Jeff Posey of the Blue Grass State began driving circus stock in 1865, and for seventeen years was boss hostler with the old John Robinson

Last of the Forty-Horse Drivers

By Earl Chapin May



A good driver is known by the way he picks up the reins. At left is the circus blacksmith shop, always a busy corner. Below, "Paddy" and "Rock," the pole team of the band wagon, with Jake, the last of the forty-horse drivers. Great responsibility rests on the pole team when the big hitch is in action



Show, which is one hundred and one years old. Naturally enough, Jeff's son, Jake Posey, began driving stock at an early age, for the Cincinnati Railroad Omnibus Company. The call of the open road reached Jake in his seventeenth year.

"Father had been driving team on an engine in the Cincinnati Fire Department that winter and I was living with father and mother," Jake explains, "when I heard the Van Amburgh Show was leaving winter quarters at Connersville, Indiana, and had an opening for drivers. Charley Drum, my mother's brother, had charge of the baggage stock. The wagon or mud shows of that time had one boss hostler for the baggage stock, which hauled the canvas, poles, seats and other heavy stuff over the road, and another boss hostler for the cage stock, which hauled the lighter stuff from town to town.

"Father and mother didn't want me to troupe. They wanted me to stay home and go into some regular town's business. They thought that I might some day have charge of the Omnibus Company's stock if I stuck to my job. But that didn't suit me. I was my father's son. I secretly decided to join out with the Van Amburgh Show, which was the big show of those days.

"I fixed it up with some local transfer men to take my trunk out of our front door while I was talking to mother in the kitchen. But my cousin, who was working for us and happened to be dusting in the front hall, caught them at it. She told mother, who told father.

"Father raised Ned. Mother wept. Finally she gave me a big round trade dollar, a hug and her blessing, father shook hands with me and away I went, young, husky, and tickled to death to join out.

"Three months later, deep in the mud of the Wabash Valley, I had a good many dark hours on tough night drives when I wished I was back in my nice clean bed, in Cincinnati. But I stuck to it and before the season was over I was a confirmed trouper.

"Of course my trunk didn't last as long on the show as I did. Hostlers, particularly first-season hostlers, were not allowed to carry trunks on wagon shows in those days. The boys around the circus stables emptied my trunk the second night out of Connersville, tied my clothes in a bundle, filled the trunk with old horseshoes and harness, and sent it back, collect, to father with a letter from Hyatt Frost, the circus manager, saying he and Uncle Charlie would keep me on the show and try to make a man out of me.

"Uncle Charlie started me with a four-horse team on the side-pole wagon. I used to leave the lot about one o'clock in the morning and drive until I got to the next



town, twenty or forty miles away, usually about daylight if the roads weren't too tough. There were a few turnpikes, but not many improved roads back in 1880.

"All the circus teams, wagons and people would wait outside the town until the last team had caught up. Then we'd put plumes on the horses, blankets on the elephant and camel, ring costumes on the ladies and gentlemen performers and uniforms on the drivers and so pull into town with the band playing. That was the parade! I'd sleep afternoons. So would the rest of the workingmen. It was a great life. Before the season was over, Uncle Charlie promoted me to a six-horse team on the trunk wagon.

"The next season I got an eight-horse team on the Sells Brothers' Show. Season of 1892 I ran the stock with my father's old show, the John Robinson Show, out of

Cincinnati. I stayed in the business—on the road summers, and in winter quarters between seasons, until, in 1899, my thirtieth year, I got my first big chance with the Barnum & Bailey Show, in England.

"Tom Lynch, still boss hostler with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, was boss hostler of the Barnum & Bailey show that season. I was his assistant. After Jim Thomas, who had been driving the forty-horse band wagon team got homesick and went back to America, Mr. James A. Bailey came to me and said:

"Jake, can you drive the forty-horse team?"

"Yes sir," I replied.

"That seemed to please him.

"All right, Jake," he answered, "Go to it."

SO I began to practice with the team at winter quarters at Stoke-On-Trent. I hitched up sixteen at first, then added four at a time until I had the full forty in harness and working fine. I drove the team in public for the first time at Birmingham, England, hitched to the bandwagon. It was a three-and-a-half hour parade. The bandsmen were scared to death—there were so many hills, sharp turns and narrow streets. I didn't blame them.

"That forty-horse team was the heaviest team per horse on the show. They were big bright bay Percherons. The pole horses weighed 2,000 pounds each. The leaders weren't much lighter. They were hitched four abreast with a military hitch. That is, there were two horses each side of the stiff wagon pole, two each side of the body pole hooked on ahead of the wagon pole, then the other four ahead of them were driven four abreast without any poles—just a trace or tug on each side of each horse running back to the trace of the horse behind it, same as you see on army artillery teams. Only I had no postillions on the horses, and no outriders. I guided the forty horses entirely by the twenty reins in my hands—ten reins in each hand. I always kept my lead reins and wheel reins separate, doubling four other reins between each of my other fingers.

"That bandwagon weighed about ten tons and sat high above the wheels. The team had a pulling power of about sixty

tons and the crowds, buildings and what not were always getting in my way. I was, the bandsmen knew, a green forty-horse driver. You can see why they got nervous. For three hours and a half I didn't dare let go of the reins. But nothing happened. We got back to the lot in good shape—all but my wrists and arms. They were pretty much swelled up.

"I drove that forty-horse team all through Great Britain—even after I had the run-away and tore the front out of a corner saloon in King's Lynn, England.

"King's Lynn was a Norfolk town of about 20,000. Like a lot of those European towns, it had no sidewalks. The streets were too narrow for that. And there were lots of corners. So Tom Lynch usually rode ahead to shoo the people out of the way, because lots of times I couldn't see my leaders or half my team when making those short turns with buildings two or three stories high right up to the street line.

"When I made that particular turn in the center of the business district of King's Lynn, Tom had been called back to the bandwagon a minute. A local King's Lynn bobby, standing at his post, saw that bunch of four-abreast horses coming around the corner on the run. I taught them to do that. It was the business of the leaders to get most of the team clear around the turn before the whole forty straightened out. Otherwise, the bandwagon wheels would be crowded into the high curb or buildings at the corner no matter how hard the wheel horses pushed the other way to keep the wagon in the middle of the road.

"So, Mr. Bobby, thinking he was doing someone a good deed, jumped into the street and grabbed the leaders, shouting at them as he did so. That piled the team up. Tom, soon as he heard the shout and saw the team piled up, whirled and made a dash for Fritz and Paul, my outside leaders. They got excited, let go with their heels and landed on Tom. I was pretty busy, but I remember saying to my helper, who was doing the best he could with the wheel brakes: 'Tom's got his leg broke.' Then it happened.

"The leaders bowled the bobby over before my wagon was clear of the corner. The right front hub got tangled in the glass front of James Bailey's corner saloon and out the whole front came with much crashing of glass and much spilling of patrons who had been standing on benches looking over the painted part of said windows at the passing circus pageant.

"It took about half an hour to clear that mess up and start the parade again. The circus legal adjuster settled with James Bailey, the saloon keeper, in behalf of James A. Bailey, the circus owner, and the Barnum & Bailey Show

continued on its triumphal tour of the British Isles.

"Two or three seasons later the Buffalo Bill Show, for which I had been retained by Mr. James A. Bailey—the Barnum & Bailey people owned the Bill Show in those days—made King's Lynn. Between shows I went down to call on my old friend, Bailey, the saloon keeper. Over a mug of ale we had many a good laugh about the 'runaway.' The laugh was really on me. For Bailey was a good business man. Immediately after the collision between his saloon and my forty-horse team, Bailey changed the name of his place to 'The Forty-Horse Inn,' and said he had never taken in so much money in his life. The forty-horse affair had made him rich.

"I kept on driving that forty-horse team without any other accidents until we left England and got on the continent. The Barnum & Bailey Show made its last European parade shortly after we reached Germany. The place was Frankfort-on-the-Main. Mr. James A. Bailey soon found out that the Germans, who were not used to big American circuses and were naturally thrifty, thought that, having seen the big free street parade in all its glittering, gorgeous glory, they had seen the whole show. So they never came near the lot. Mr. Bailey thereupon cut out the parade and I never drove the big forty-horse team again, except for the mid-lenten parade—the 'Mi-Careme' they called it—in Paris, on the sixth of March, 1901.

THE Barnum & Bailey Show was playing that winter at the Garden of Machines, Paris. That was one big building—1,400 feet long by 450 feet wide, much bigger than Madison Square Garden. As a courtesy to the Parisians, Mr. Bailey agreed to put the forty-horse team and bandwagon into the Mi-Careme procession. I hadn't driven the big team for months. I was out behind that team on that parade from one o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock that night. I never dropped the reins once, except for a few minutes when the parade stopped in front of the City Hall for speeches and champagne.

"I understand they toasted 'le grand Monsieur Bailee and le grand Monsieur Posee,' but I wasn't interested. I was wondering if I could get those twenty reins back between my fingers again when the parade started up. I did, somehow, and finished the job.

"Several nights before the close of the Paris engagement, Mr. Bailey sent word to me at the stables that I was to appear on the center stage in my evening dress suit just before the chariot races. Guess I'm about the only circus boss hostler now in the business who ever appeared in public in a dress suit and got away with it. But we

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At parade time the "ring stock" horses used in equestrian acts take a turn at being "all dolled up." At right, the elephant of the circus tries to move one of the big animal wagons, an easy job for Jake and his team



Sally's Star Boarder

He Finds His True Rôle at Last

By Walter De Leon

Illustrated by Donald Teague

MAYBE you remember me telling about those giddy old lovers, Sally Wynne and Montmorency du Bois; how Sally gradually promoted him from the third floor rear to the best room in her boarding house; and how, when Monty finally asked her to marry him, she blushed, gave him the old familiar fade-out "yes" kiss and started making her preparations for the big plunge as blithe and busy as a sparrow in springtime.

I'd known Sally on and off for twenty years, since the days we were both flopping consistently in vaudeville; good friends but bad actors. When we both left vaudeville flat, without wringing a single tear of regret from managers or audiences, Sally began eating regularly again by opening up a boarding-house for the profession. And I started cranking movie cameras at soothing Union rates.

Only a few old timers like me remembered the Englishman that, in a weak moment due to a long string of one-night stands, Sally had married, parted from and laid away all in a year. And only Simpson, Sally's youngish looking lawyer, knew how much money she received when her never-seen father-in-law sought his heavenly reward, and the surviving members of the family sent Sally her *pro rata* of his earthly treasures. Sally went right on running her boarding-house for actors with and without jobs. That never made much difference to roly-poly little Sally, with her chirpy voice and snappy black eyes lighting up her plumply pleasing face, still unlined and smooth even though a few gray hairs did show in her brown hair, looking a lot younger than even the forty-two she'd been admitting to for three years.

And then one day Monty du Bois strolled into her life. A performer with tent shows, carnival troupes, summer stock and repertory companies, small-time vaudeville and an actor of bits in pictures, at the age of fifty Monty had amassed a lot of experience and no money to speak of. How he'd managed to save the little he had was a mystery, because when it came to investing money Monty used enthusiasm instead of judgment. He was a living proof that a collection of experiences don't do a man any good if he can't decide which past experience to pattern his present actions after.

You couldn't help liking Monty, though. His kindly blue eyes shone trusting and clear and a smile was always pretty close to his sensitive mouth. Stooped a bit he was, with a rounded tummy, grown mostly since he'd been drawing his chair up at Sally's table. The remains of his hair were white, and though he was plain as an old shoe, several times I'd sensed a stubborn pride inside him that made me wonder what he might have been if he'd had more aggressiveness.

To show you how I stood with both of

them, one hot blistering day in August they nominated me as best man for the wedding which they planned for early October. When Monty left the room to dress for the ball game we were going to, I started to follow. But Sally tipped me a wink that read, "Linger."

"What's on your mind?" I asked her, as she picked up a silk chemise or something from the sewing table in her cosy living-room and started sewing lace around the edges of it.

"I wish you'd do something for me, Pete," she said. "I wish you'd keep an eye on Monty until after—after the October thing. He's been acting very suspicious the last couple of days."

"**W**HAT do you mean—suspicious?" I asked.

"Oh, he's been hopping around as happy and chattery as a care-free chipmunk. Last night I gave him his favorite dessert, and two hours later he couldn't tell me whether he'd eaten chocolate *mousse* or tapioca pudding, which he prefers just next to cod-liver oil."

"He's in love," I grinned.

"I hope you're right," Sally sighed, "but I've seen the same signs before, when some cipher-spilling salesman has got Monty all talked into making a lot of money, for somebody except Monty."

Sally jabbed her needle viciously through her work.

"Listen," I grinned. Sally always is funny to me when she's excited. Plump enough, her surging emotions always appear to puff her out even more. "Why don't you get Simpson to—"

"No," Sally interrupted, her lips shutting firm. "Twice now I've sent Simpson to the rescue of Monty's wandering money. Twice he's saved it and made Monty a nice profit. but both times he's made more money for me, too. I don't want any more. I've too much already."

"Nobody ever has too much money," I cracked.

"Ten dollars would be too much for me, if Monty had only five—and knew I had ten. He's so darn old-fashioned and—and sensitive, Pete!"

"I know," I said. "He still thinks no man has a right to marry a woman unless he can support her in the style she's accustomed to."

Sally snorted. "Can you imagine what would happen if he knew that I could actually save money by closing up this house and giving away the furniture? I'll tell you. It's painfully clear to me on account of it being my favorite nightmare the last week or two. Monty would be so afraid somebody would think he was marrying me for my money that he'd try to gamble his few thousand dollars into a fortune—and go broke trying. In which case I'd be left at the church door, all dressed up and no place to go—except crazy. That's how simple and sensitive Monty is." Sally's needle flashed back and forth under her lowered eyes.

"Well," I said, "after you're married—"

"Ah!" she broke in. Dropping her sewing she rose and wagged a determined, pudgy finger at me. "There'll be an entirely new deal if, as, and when we're married. That's not worrying me."

"Then what is?" I asked, figuring she was ready to get down to the point at last.

"**I**LL tell you. Three or four days ago I started asking Monty some questions designed to find out what sort of work he liked best to do; my idea being to tell Simpson to create such a job to keep Monty contented after we're married. Well, no sooner had I begun to talk than a hurt look came into Monty's eyes and he closed up like a wounded clam. The more I talked the more I saw he was misconstruing my interest into a complaint because he isn't engaged in some regular business instead of dubbing along in pictures and an occasional play, always looking for the big part that will make a star out of him."

Sally lifted the hair from her moist forehead with a worried gesture. "Just between you and me, Pete, Monty's no Barrymore."

"I know it," I said. "But don't forget the truth of the old saying in show-business; no matter how bad an actor a man seems to





be, there is always *one part*, in some play, somewhere, that he can act better than anybody else in the world."

Sally nodded. "You and I never did meet up with our star parts, did we, Pete," she said slowly. "And Monty's so old now—" She fingered the silk and lace on her sewing table. Suddenly she straightened. "But he's not too old to quit trying—God love him. The trouble is he'll try anything. And now that he thinks I want him to go into business"—again she broke off, coming over to me with her eyes filled. "Don't let him do anything foolish, Pete. It would break his heart if—if anything should happen to postpone our wedding."

"It's not going to be postponed, old-timer," I pollyanna'd. "Don't get nervous."

"I don't have to get; I already am," Sally confessed, the merry old twinkle struggling to shine through the moisture in her eyes.

The next day, Monday, when we went out to the studio where I was shooting a picture in which Monty was playing a small part, Monty and I were met at the gate by one of Life's mistakes, a female by the name of Jennie Merriwether Pringle. Grabbing Monty excitedly she button-holed him off to one side and started unloading whatever it was she had on her chest at the moment. Which served Monty right

because he'd been indulging Jennie in her ignorance and wordiness. She also was working on the picture because she'd taken in earnest some kidding advice I'd given her.

A COUPLE of months before, Jennie—she'd lived at least forty long winters and as many terrific summers in a suburb Skaneateles before seeking the creative of atmosphere of Manhattan—had tried to prove she was an authoress by pestering me into reading a scenario of hers called, "The Eternal Enigma." Jennie was rather pathetic to me, but not any more so than her scenario. It was one of those too-sweet sentimental things, as soft and squashy as a jellyfish.

"I'll tell you," I told her when I returned it, purposely staying as far from the truth as possible so as not to hurt her feelings, "I think you're making a mistake, trying to sell this as a movie first. If you could make a play out of it and get it produced, it would be much easier to sell to the picture companies and you'd get eight or ten times as much money for it."

"Mercy!" gushed Jennie. "Why didn't I think of that myself! I'll do it. I'll make a play of it."

"Have you ever written a play?" I asked.

"Not exactly a play. I wrote a sort of an allegory for a W. C. T. U. entertainment

once. But I've always felt I could write plays if only I'd set down to it."

"Well," I suggested, "while you're setting, why not do it in the atmosphere of show-business by getting a job as extra woman in a picture? You might learn something, possibly."

"I will," said Jennie, taking it seriously. Maybe it was poetic justice that she talked herself into the picture I was shooting. But it was nothing but plain bad luck that she latched onto sympathetic, kind-hearted old Monty as her one and only friend and listener.

Anyway, I didn't get a chance to ask Monty what she was so excited about that day for two reasons; one Monty finished his job on the film that day, and, second, the boss gave orders to rush the picture through, regardless. That kept me grinding so steadily from early morn till after midnight every day that I didn't even try to get back to Sally's to sleep, much less eat. So it was a week and more before I saw Monty again.

It was at one of the beautiful breakfasts Sally staged daily. I didn't need to see Monty sprinkle powdered sugar on his fried eggs and eat them without missing the salt flavor to guess that Grief had swooped down heavy on his stooped shoulders. And when, after breakfast, I found him standing in the hall, holding my hat for me, looking like a paid mourner at an expensive funeral, I



"No, you listen!" Monty's voice shook with indignation and rightful wrath. "You asked for something; now take it. I'm the only one in the show that will speak to you..."

me that it was as good as settled; the picture sale, I mean. Otherwise I never would have—" Off the sidewalk Monty blindly stepped into the path of an approaching taxi.

I yanked him back on the curb, and made him look at me.

"Tell me; what's this all about, anyway?"

"If—if I tell you, will you promise not to say nothing to Sally about it? I like for you to help, but—"

"Monty!" I choked, stricken with a melancholy hunch, "don't tell me you've put your honeymoon money into the production of Jennie's masterpiece!"

"You ain't promised nothing yet," Monty mumbled.

"All right," I felt actually ill. "I promise. Give me the whole story; all the details. The day is already ruined for me as it is."

"Well," Monty began, glad to unburden a few worries, "as soon as I read Jennie's play—you know, Pete, there's some fine ideas in that play; yes, sir, some mighty fine, helpful ideas."

"If she only knew what to do with them," I added.

"That's it; that's the point. I figured that a good stage director, a man like George Lasker, now; he'd see the value in them ideas and know how to bring them out. And

if he could bring them out plain, it'd be a play that everybody would enjoy. Not only that, but a play that every man and woman ought to see once. Especially women. For instance, Sally, now."

Monty removed his straw hat to mop the perspiration from his steaming head.

"Understand, Pete, I ain't criticizing Sally. No, sir. Sally Wynne is one of the finest women that ever walked the earth—if not the very finest. A wonderful woman. The only thing is," he hesitated. "Maybe because she's had to work so hard all her life, but sometimes I think Sally values money too high. Yes, sir, a little mite too high."

"That's a fine crack, coming from you, the original Take-A-Long-Chance Kid!" I had to say.

"Pete, believe me or not, I'd never take any chances if it wasn't that Sally thinks"—He broke off. "This is the way I believe; money is given to us to do good with. But if your money ain't doing any good to anybody but yourself it ain't worth very much in a city of seven million people, is it? Not a bit. It's something like that that's the main idea of Jennie's play; remember? That's why it hit me so strong."

"Just how strong did it hit you financially?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that—later. What I mean is, that from a couple of things Sally

said some time ago I saw she thought I ought to be making more and steadier money than I've been making. I'd been thinking the same thing; you know, wives ain't cheap these days. So I began looking around for a chance to buy into the production of some new show that looked good to me."

"Expecting, of course, to fall into another 'Rain' or a second 'Abie's Irish Rose,'" I suggested.

Monty passed the remark up in silence. "I was still looking for something that looked safe but promising, when one day Jennie told me Sam Thurman would produce her 'Eternal Enigma' if she could dig up a little backing for it. All in all, it looked like a good opportunity, especially on account of believing it was as good as sold to the movies, which would mean I'd at least get my money back."

"And so," I prompted as Monty stopped and we waited at a corner for the traffic to change.

"Well, I—I bought, for cash, forty per cent. of the 'Eternal Enigma' production from Thurman."

"For how much?"

MONTY mentioned the price he'd paid. "For that I could only get about fifteen or twenty per cent. in most shows," he said as though he'd pulled off something clever. "But, I don't know, Pete, it don't look so good—the show, I mean. I think it'd stand a chance if it was done right, but it ain't being done right. The way rehearsals are going, I can't see where the play will ever get any closer to Broadway than Utica. I thought if you saw a rehearsal maybe you'd get an idea about what was needed."

A few minutes later we entered the dark auditorium of Thurman's Star Theatre on Broadway. The rehearsal was just starting under the direction of Carl Carlsbad, who had all the motions of all the good stage directors in town without any of their brains. Then I recognized, playing the star part of the show, King Murden. King was bad news, too. He had played *his part*, the one part in the world for him, several years before, and had died the death of a dog in every rôle he'd appeared in since. Naturally, the last few years hadn't improved his already crabby and grouchy disposition. Sitting there, watching them blunder through the first act, I decided Thurman must have engaged the actors by the pound—on the hoof. That's what a cheap collection it was.

As the first act died away to a miserable nothing, I saw Bill Bloker, Thurman's head carpenter, step up to say something to Carlsbad. Bill and I had been friends for years. So slipping away from Monty, I went around back of the boxes and up on the stage to wait for him.

"Listen, Bill," I said after we'd shaken hands, "answer me some questions, will you?"

"If it's anything about this show, let's go out in the alley where nobody'll hear you laughing," Bill advised.

"What's the answer?" I asked. "Will it ever open?"

"Sure, it'll open; two weeks from Monday night in Stamford. It will open so it can close."

"Why?"

"When thinking of something else one day Thurman signed a contract to star Murden in a play this season. He's been trying to get out of it ever since, but Murden threatens to sue. While Sam is trying to reconcile himself to spoiling a good play by

followed him out into the hot summer morning prepared for the worst.

"Where are we going?" I asked. "To the Morgue?"

Monty shook his head. "I want you should look in at a rehearsal with me, Pete. I'd like your opinion."

"A rehearsal of what?"

"Jennie Pringle's play."

You can imagine what a jolt that was! "You mean she's written it and sold it already?" I managed to ask.

MONTY nodded. "Thurman's producing it," he said, meaning big Sam Thurman, a theatrical producer with the reputation of being a heavy gambler—with other men's money. "He ain't taking much of a chance," Monty continued. "It's a cheap show to put on; a short cast and only one set. The money he'll get when it's sold, like you said it would be, to the picture company you work for—"

"I said *what*?" I interrupted hurriedly.

"Didn't you tell Jennie your company would pay a big price for her play if it was produced on Broadway?"

"Never; not even when I was kidding her."

"Kidding her!" Monty stood stock-still, the lines in his face deepening. "Were you—didn't you tell her that—I can't understand. Why, I understood—in fact she told

putting Murden into it, along comes an up-State dame with a script she says she can get backing for. Without reading the play, Thurman tells her to get her angel and have him bring his check book along. Then Thurman reads the play, estimates the cost of production, and nicks the angel for the amount."

"What is Sam doing for his sixty per cent?"

"Furnishing scenery and props—out of his warehouse, engaging the cast and giving them the Star to rehearse in."

In other words, fulfilling his contract with Murden without it costing him a nickel. The Original Corkscrew."

"It ain't so crooked if you look at it another way," said Bill.

"With your eyes shut?"

"NO," Bill laughed. "You know how hard it is to get a play produced. This up-State Jennie Ibsen is at least getting her chance. And a play don't have to be good to make money—sometimes."

I went back into the rehearsal to see if Bill had found something in the "Eternal Enigma" I'd overlooked. I decided no. The way Carlsbad and the rest were not getting the show into shape was brutal.

"This scene needs a few lines at the beginning of it," Carlsbad said once, about the middle of the second act. He was speaking to Jennie, down in the front row. "I want a line when Mr. Murden comes on with his dog and finds his wife and daughter have left him; something to show his shock and grief. What would you suggest?"

"Why, er, a, let me think," murmured Jennie without an idea in her head. "I'll think one out and bring it to you to-morrow," she smiled.

"Oh, it's not as important as that," Carl told her. "Just some natural, spontaneous line as he finds the note his wife has left."

"Um, well, er—Oh!" stammered Jennie, "maybe this would be nice. Have him say, 'Oh, they're gone,' and—then kneel down and cry on the dog's neck."

"I'm afraid the dog might not understand and begin yelping. That always makes an audience laugh," objected Carl. "Unless you want a laugh in this scene—"

"Oh, goodness, no! Well, couldn't he just strike a pose and say in a heart-rendering manner, 'Abandoned!'"

"May I make a suggestion?" asked Mur-

den, showing what he thought of Jennie's idea. "Let me come on, find the note, read it, stagger over to a chair by the table, sink into the chair, lay my head on the table and say, 'After all these years— My God, deserted! Deserted like a—like a—like a something or other.' Get the idea? And I could get a pretty effect by having the dog come over and lick my hand. That is, it'd look from the front like he was licking my hand, but it would be a lump of sugar or a bone I'd carry on the stage with me."

"Very good," admitted Carlsbad, "except that I don't like the word deserted. It's being used in a couple of Broadway shows now. If Miss Pringle could think of something a little more original—"

"You said natural," Jennie interrupted.

"Well, if you want something natural," Murden horned in, inspired, "why not this: I come on, read the note, stagger to the table, clench my hands, look up and say, 'My God, this is terrible!'"

"It's worse than that," some one behind me groaned. It was Monty, doubled up in agony in his seat. In silence I led him out, led him back to Sally's house and up to his comfortable room.

"Pete," he said, when we'd taken off our collars and lighted our pipes, "if it was your show, what would you do—before committing suicide?"

"Shoot Jennie," I told him, meaning it. "And then this is what I'd do. I'd bring suit against Thurman unless he fired Carlsbad immediately and engaged George Lasker or some other first-class director. I'd make Sam hire at least three good actors to off-set Murden. And then I'd go get the best play-doctor available and tell him to rewrite the show from curtain to curtain under Lasker's supervision."

"Then that's what I'll do," said Monty quietly. "It'll take more money—about all I've got left. But I've got to do something."

Looking at old Monty, his eyes burning with the fire that had dried his tongue and lips, I thought of Sally and what Monty's happiness meant to her.

"Listen," I said, "I've got a little money saved up. Let me lend you—"

"No," said Monty firmly. "Thanks just the same, but I ain't going to make my friends lose if I do. Sally will be disgusted enough with me without that."

A sudden draft slammed the door shut. When I rose to open it again, I found Sally standing outside with a tray on which was a long pitcher of iced lemonade and a couple of glasses.

"It ain't the heat so much as the humidity," she grinned. "I thought you boys might be thirsty so I brought this up to you." She handed me the tray. "I've got to go out

to do a little shopping, but I'll be back by four o'clock, in case anybody asks for me." Off she trotted, leaving me to mentally kick myself for promising Monty not to tell Sally about the sour lemon that was absorbing all of Monty's sugar.

The next afternoon, with a certified check in his pocket, Monty and I were shown into Thurman's office. Big, beefy, clean-shaven, fish-eyed, he received us sitting. "Well?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "there's a lot of growing rumors flying around that this 'Eternal Enigma' production of yours is just one of those things; an open-and-shut, heads-I-win, tails-you-lose joke that—"

"Who's saying that?" roared Thurman.

"What do you care—if it ain't true?" I asked.

"That's what we come to see you about," said Monty, when Sam made no answer. "We'd like for you to prove it ain't true."

"How?" growled the producer.

I told him our plan—what we wanted done with Carlsbad; all of it. Instead of the loud jeering laugh I half-expected, Sam started mildly complaining.

"THAT'LL run into money, boys. Carlsbad will have to be paid in full; and a play-doctor; and Lasker—you can't get Lasker for a nickel a week, you know."

Monty made a move toward the check in his pocket. Something prompted me to stop him.

"Well," I told Thurman, "up to date the production hasn't cost you anything."

By all rights, that should have warmed up a lot of words on his tongue. Before he could say anything the telephone bell on his desk rang. "Yes, I'll talk to him," he grunted into the instrument. Receiver to ear, waiting for his party, Sam turned to Monty.

"You used to be an actor, didn't you, du Bois?"

Completely surprised, Monty nodded yes.

"Play in a rep show out West, about five years ago?"

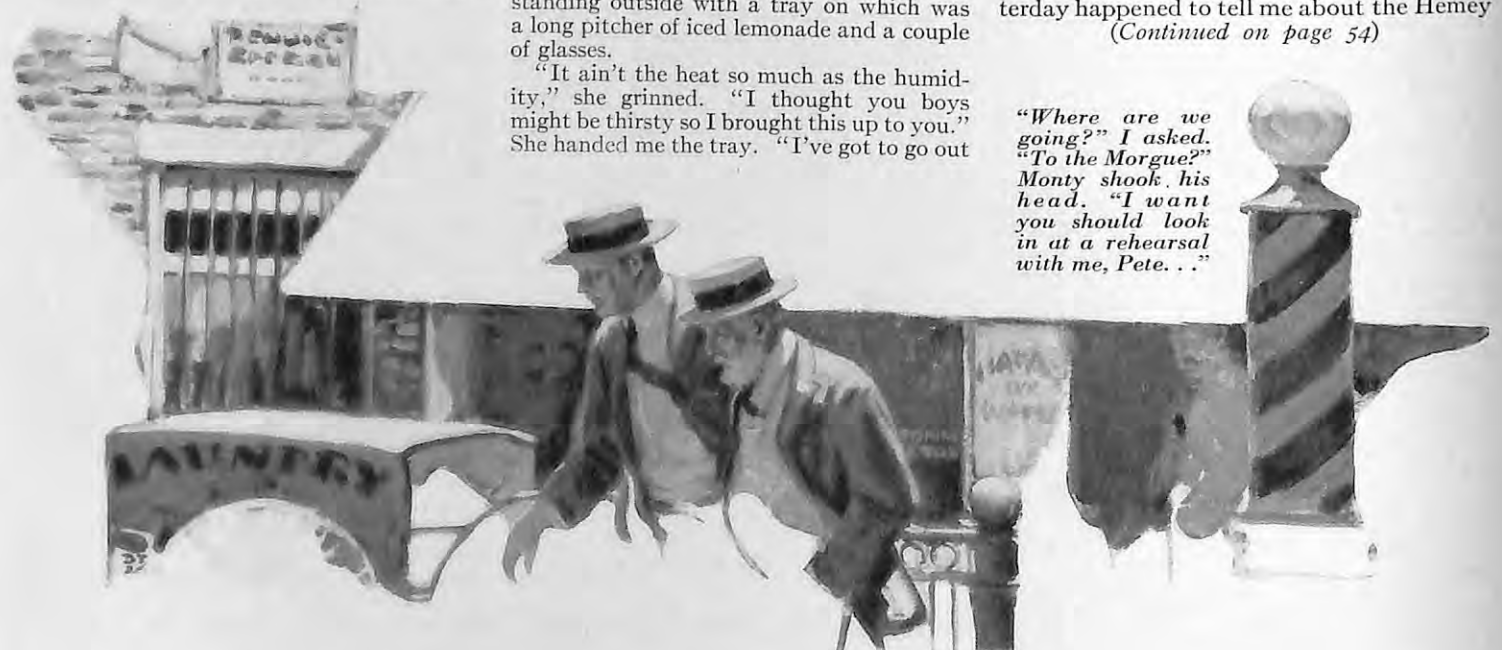
"Yes, sir. The Hemey company. I played old men, constables, town idiots—that line of parts. I got some fine press notices with that troupe."

"Did you play the old man lead in 'Hills of Ohio'?"

"Best thing I ever done. Did you see me in it?"

"No. Somebody I was talking to yesterday happened to tell me about the Hemey

(Continued on page 54)



"Where are we going?" I asked. "To the Morgue?" Monty shook his head. "I want you should look in at a rehearsal with me, Pete. . ."



Lenore Ulric
in
"The Harem"

ERNEST VAJDA'S new comedy would seem to show that sophisticated Budapest has tired of exciting itself theatrically over ladies who, for one reason or another, seduce other ladies' husbands, and are toying with a slightly less hackneyed angle of the eternal triangle—the case of the wife whom circumstances force to re-seduce her own husband. The play is smart rather than brilliant and well cast throughout with Miss Ulric's acting the high spot of the proceedings—E. R. B.



WHITE

Like a number of other plays now current, "Quarantine," by F. Tennyson Jesse, while intrinsically a moderately amusing comedy, is raised to a much higher level by the quality of its acting. Pictured here are the chief instruments of this elevation—Beryl Mercer, as a maid; Sidney Blackmer, an explorer; and Helen Hayes as a nice flapper who substitutes for her married cousin in eloping because she wants to save Sidney from social error—and, incidentally, because she loves him



NICKOLAS MURRAY

"Badges," by Max Marcin and Edward Hammond, is probably the first play in which a detective graduated from a Brooklyn correspondence school has been allowed to triumph over professionals. Gregory Kelly creates the detective and Madge Kennedy (above) is the bright star of his ambitious efforts

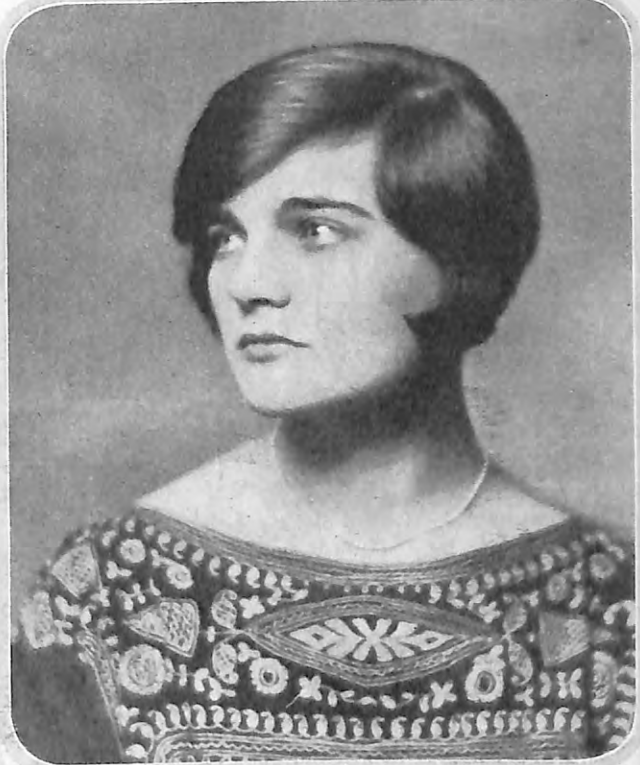


NICKOLAS MURRAY

Frank Craven can be relied upon for rich and happy comment on American life in its lighter moments. "New Brooms" is a delightful comedy of father and son in which Mr. Craven enacts his own hero, and Blyth Daly (left) the sweet young girl who marries him as the final curtain falls

Max Marcin, co-author of "Badges," is also solely responsible for the season's most successful melodrama—"Silence." In addition to Flora Sheffield, pictured here, who gives all that the rôle of the heroine demands of her, there is the always reliable H. B. Warner who plays the noble-hearted crook with genuine sympathy. The plot is compact and absorbing with something of novelty and effective use of well tried melodramatic devices

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



NICHOLAS MURRAY



PAUL HERSE

In "The Youngest," a comedy by Philip Barry, Genevieve Tobin (above) plays the part of Nancy Blake, a very managing young woman on a visit to her school chum. She boasts that she can make the much hectored youngest son of the house assert himself and succeeds beyond her expectations only to find herself in love with the victim of her scheme



NICHOLAS MURRAY

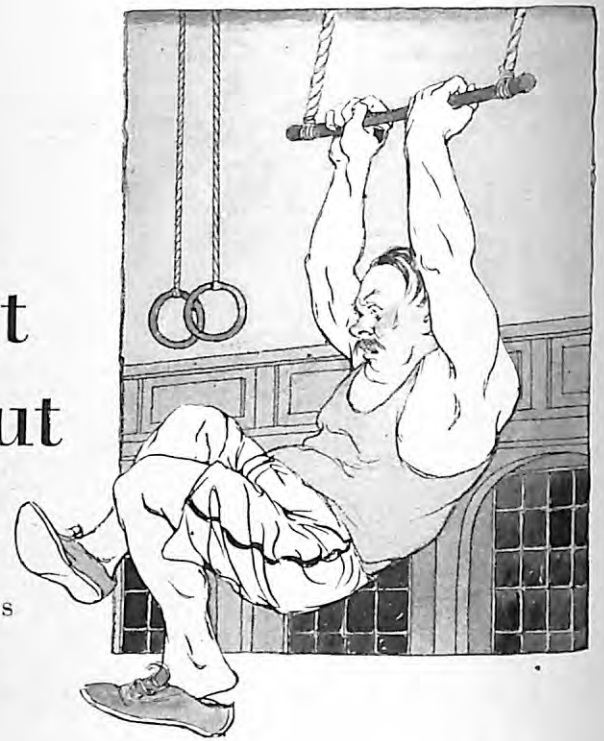
Michio Itow's (right) eccentric dancing is by way of being very remarkable and well worth seeing. He is starting now on an extensive tour over the Keith circuit as premier danseur with a small troupe of Fokine pupils. He is probably best remembered in New York as master of ceremonies of the "Pin Wheel Revel," a clever but short-lived revue



A Straight Talk About Exercise

By Carl Easton Williams

Drawings by George Richards



THERE is a certain attitude of mind in which one makes his will and talks to the life insurance agent. It is a mood in which one is willing seriously to face the truth about life and death, and about his own physical condition.

It is in some such spirit that we occasionally take thought of the matter of keeping our youth and our health. And so we begin to ask ourselves various questions. For instance, are we getting soft?

Do we not need some exercise? Or perhaps, more exercise?

If so, how much?

And what kind of exercise will do us the most good?

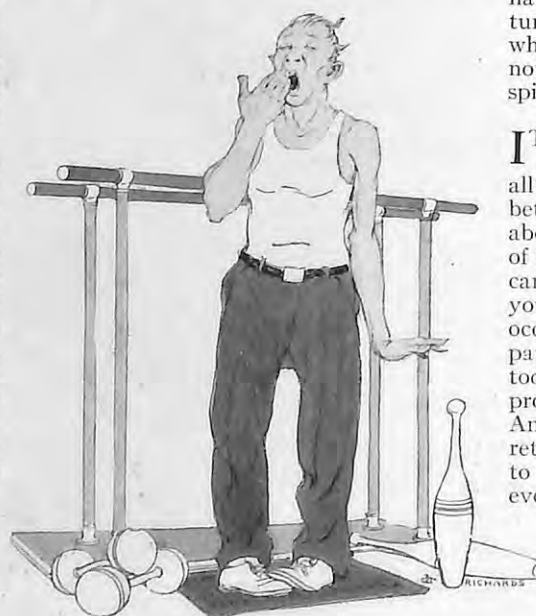
For when we stop to think about it we discover that we have known all the time that some exercise is necessary, not just for the sake of strength but for the sake of keeping fit. And we realize that we have known all the time that it is one of the fundamental essentials of life, along with eating, sleeping, keeping warm and keeping clean.

And so we ask ourselves, further, how much time should we give up to this obviously basic necessity? Is it sufficient for our purpose to adopt some form of daily dozen that we can do in ten minutes and thus have it over with for another twenty-four hours? Or is it really worth while to give up hours and hours each week to physical recreation of some sort?

This question of the time allotment is probably the first consideration with many of us, because some of us wonder whether we can spare any time at all for this purpose. And while it is true that it is possible to spend too much time in recreation, it is also true that one will secure more benefit by devoting a few hours each week to some form of bodily activity, especially in the open air, than by giving up only a few minutes a day. You can pay a cheap price for a poor pair of shoes, or you can get much better shoes by spending more money. In the same way, by spending a little more time on exercise you can possess a better body. Perhaps we might say that you *should* spend considerable time in physical recreation, if possible, but that you *must* spend at least a little time.

Of course, the investment of time in

this respect depends upon what you wish to get in return. If you simply wish to keep your muscles tuned up you can accomplish a great deal, perhaps all you need in ten minutes a day of intensive exercise. As to that, you could get all you needed in half a minute per day by sprinting two hundred yards or more at top speed—if your condition permitted. But as it happens, muscular strength is not your chief aim. What you need most is exercise for your heart and lungs, something that will keep your arteries elastic, stir up your liver, promote elimination, take the load off your kidneys and keep your internal machinery generally clean of grit and ashes. For therein lies the big value of exercise. And if that is what you want, ten minutes a day is not sufficient. Yes, that ten minutes of stretching and bending will help in tuning up your organs as well as in setting you up muscularly, but it will not give you all that you should have in this respect. Better pay more and get a better article. Go in for quality in this health business, the same as in other matters. And surely, the very finest is none too good for you.



But are daily dozens good? Of course, they are good. Even though in the very nature of things they are only a substitute for natural activity, a means of keeping fit designed for the man who sticks doggedly to his job and refuses to get outdoors for relaxation. (I am not speaking in particular of the "daily dozen" devised by Walter Camp, who coined the phrase, although his is as good a selection of movements of the kind as one could find.) I am using the now popularized term in a broader way to signify various systems of condensed calisthenics, all of them being contrived to take the place of primitive, warlike, sporting or industrial activities. Men who have no occasion to chop wood, wield the broadsword, dig in the dirt, plow fields, pitch hay or work in metal, stone or wood, and who have perhaps neither the leisure nor the inclination to engage in sports that call for running, throwing, striking and what not, must have some substitute or they inevitably deteriorate. That is the hard, cold fact of the matter. You see them everywhere, these men who are soft. They are overweight and flaccid, or they are underweight and flabby. They have lost their youthfulness. They are not tuned up. They are not on their toes. And when one is not on his toes physically it is not easy to get up on his toes mentally and spiritually.

IT IS easier to be honest with others than with ourselves. But facing the truth in all cases is one grand idea. And so we would better not indulge in any pretty fancies about keeping our youth. Youth is a period of life, and when it is gone it is gone. All we can hope to do is to retain a measure of our youthfulness, and this we must do. One occasionally meets a man who declares with pardonable pride that he is as good a man today as he was thirty years ago. And he probably looks it. Certainly he feels it. And he is to be congratulated upon having retained the physical condition that seems to justify his thinking it and saying it even though it is not strictly true. What is actually true is that he has retained much of his youthfulness and postponed middle age. And deferred middle age will mean deferred old age. Actually, however, he probably is

only half as strong as he was at half his age. There is nothing pessimistic about this, however, for that may mean that he is still very strong indeed. But since we gradually grow older and in doing so experience a certain amount of wear and tear in spite of everything, it is highly important that we plan to wear as little as possible. After we have left our youth behind it is even more important than ever that we should try to keep what strength we have—strength in the organic and vital sense, particularly.

We all know something about this calisthenic stuff, because we have met it so often, here and there. Ask the next man you meet to show you some exercises, and without hesitation he will show you a series of movements that you already know perfectly well. He will show you how to stretch up, then bend over and touch the toes with the fingers, knees straight. He will bend sideways. Then backwards. He will twist. He will revolve, with the hips as a pivot. He will swing his arms up and rise on his toes. He will bend his knees, squatting and rising. Then the floor dip. He will lie on his back and raise his legs; then sit up. Then raise his back, or bridge on his head and heels. He will swing up his legs and touch the floor beyond his head with his toes. But there's about a dozen already, all of which you know quite well, but which you don't do every day.

AND why don't you do them? What's the matter with them? The matter is that very few will do them, except in a class where there is company. From a physical standpoint they are all right; only the psychology is wrong. And there you have it. The big trouble with dutiful physical training has been the lack of a satisfactory psychology. It is not human nature to submit to drudgery or monotony, except under obvious necessity. And most people do not sufficiently recognize the necessity of exercise. At all events, the need is for some factor of mental interest. The introduction of music has helped to make exercise attractive, and has given the phonograph a new value. But there are limitations even here.

And what's the matter with walking? The same thing. Some of our most eminent citizens, having a good health-conscience, walk. An ideal instance was that of the late Mayor Gaynor, of New York City, who used to walk several miles and across the Brooklyn Bridge to the City Hall, and home the same way. Speaker Gillett, at seventy-three,



walks to and from his job at the Capitol when in Washington. Cyrus Curtis often "walks instead of rides," as do many others, usually with a definite objective. There are not so many who set out to walk, not to go any place but just for the sake of the walk. You probably feel that this would be a good thing to do. You know that hygienists are pretty well agreed that walking is the "constitutional" exercise, the one single best conditioning activity in the world. You know that walking uses the largest muscles of the body, but moderately and without strain; that it mildly exercises the heart and lungs over a period of time and thus gives you the greatest internal benefit with the least drain upon your nervous system. But still you do not go out and walk if you are like most people, simply because it does not sufficiently interest you. There are some who walk because of a love of the beauties of nature. There are some who walk because they find they can think best that way, when they have problems to work out. And others who enjoy companionship best that way. But possibly walking just bores you; it is not physically but mentally tiring.

BUT when you play golf? Ah, that's different. That is mostly walking, too. But the thing that is wrong about walking is the thing that is right about golf, and that is the psychological element. And that applies generally to all sports. The fascination they offer is the bait by which we are induced to enjoy the benefits which they may bring us.

Now, since keeping fit is the very beginning of the art of living, it is one of the things that should be managed. It should be a result, not an accident. If you have just happened through various circumstances and conditions to find yourself in fairly good

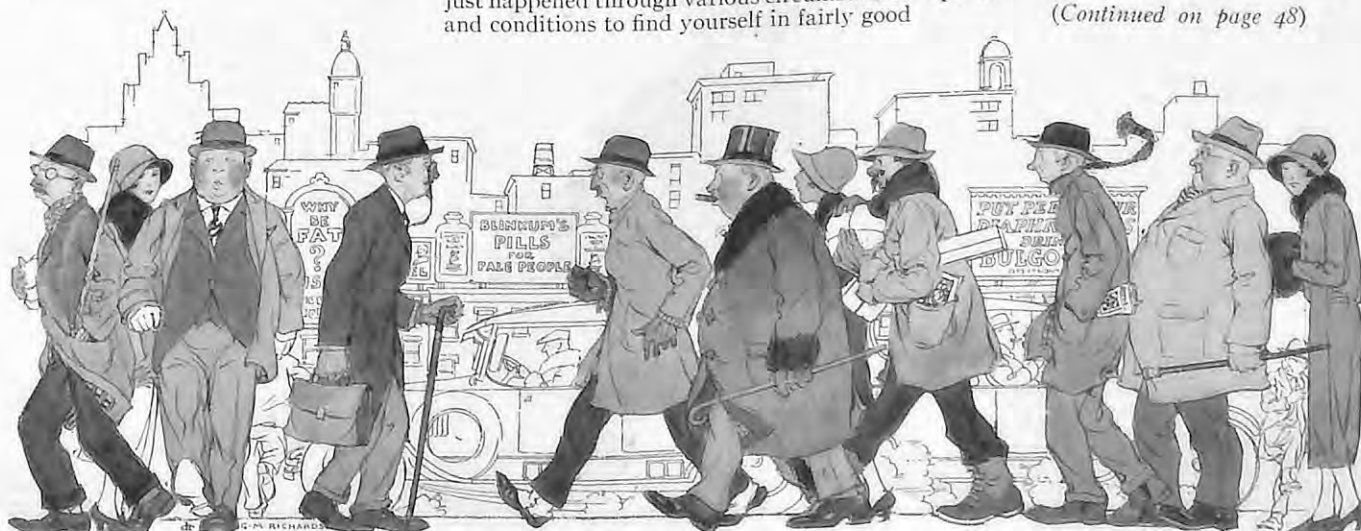
shape so far, then some change in circumstances may chance to leave you in very bad shape next year. Personal efficiency is a matter to be planned and controlled, one way or another.

But since outdoor sports present exercise in a manner that is easy to swallow, is it not desirable to make some concession to human nature in this respect, and to find some means of reconciling or combining the duty of physical conditioning with the joy of some appealing sport—when-ever that is possible? Sometimes we can not do this, but sometimes we can. Each one must work out his own problem in his own way. But when outdoor recreations are available they are by far the best form of exercise. Some of them are a little one-sided from the standpoint

of the physical director's ideal of using all of the muscles of the body equally, but that is an impossible ideal, anyway. And since it is the inside rather than the outside that we are most concerned about, we will not lose any sleep over that. However, we will find good exercise for both inside and outside, organs and muscles, in golf and tennis, canoeing and swimming, riding and skating, hunting and fishing or in whatever other sports that we may find convenient and to our liking. And we should make something of the kind a definite part of our plan of living. All of which is something like telling a small boy that ice cream is good for his health, which it may be, if home-made out of good milk and eggs.

There is another type of exercise that makes a strong appeal to some of us, namely, the so-called useful work. There are some pretty theories about that kind of thing, and probably there is nothing better if you really feel that way about it. One gets a chance at this if he owns his own home, with wood to chop, grass to cut, gardens to dig and all that. There are people who like to saw wood. I don't like sawing, but I do love to swing an ax because that has some "pep" to it and to me is as good as batting a ball, throwing a discus or pulling an oar. I buy four-foot wood and then chop it up for the fireplace. Also I like to push the lawnmower. The other chores are just work. However, you can insure for yourself at least a part of the exercise you need by buying a home where there will be things that must be done. As between sports and useful work, however, from a strictly hygienic or physical training standpoint, the former are probably the better, though there may be differences of opinion upon this point.

(Continued on page 48)



*The Last Link in the Bracelet Is Recovered
But the Message on the Medallions Remains a Mystery*

The Road to Fortune

Part IV

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

AUDREY, on hearing Miss La Rue's remark about a "thrill," experienced a sudden, almost hysterical desire to laugh. And in truth the situation was not without its humorous features, even though the nature of that humor was decidedly grim. Here she sat, with Stetson beside her, their hands in the air, while half a dozen feet away, their arms also extended above their heads, sat Miss La Rue and the young man who had been her supper companion at the Red Arrow Inn. In the road before the two cars stood the sinister figure with the revolvers, his features hidden by the slouch hat which had been pulled down over his eyes. With the headlights of his car glaring behind him, he presented in the darkness but a shapeless, blurred mass, yet it seemed to Audrey that there was something about him which struck a not unfamiliar note.

Without speaking again he went swiftly to the side of the roadster in which Miss La Rue sat and glanced at the handkerchief in her lap. The blond young man had removed from it his seal ring, his meagre roll of bills, but Miss La Rue's sapphire surrounded by diamonds still glistened against the white square of linen, along with her two jade earrings. With a jerk of his head, a wave of one of his revolvers, the man signalled to Audrey to drive on. When she hesitated, not quite understanding his meaning, he barked a sharp command. "Beat it!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice which was to Audrey entirely unfamiliar.

It seemed too good to be true, but Audrey wasted no time in doubting it. In her purse lay both the first of the jade medallions and the wax impressions she had just made of the other two. If the bandit who had waylaid them wanted more loot, why did he not insist that she and Stetson turn their valuables over to him as well? As it happened, neither of them had anything of value about them, with the exception of the piece of jade, but the robber could not know that. Audrey was forced to conclude, as she swept down the road at top speed, that the hold-up man was after Miss La Rue's earrings, and nothing else.

But—how could he—how could anyone, have known about them—about her plot, so cleverly carried out a short half-hour before, to obtain impressions of the jades by pretending that she and Stetson were prohibition agents and thus holding Miss La Rue and

her companion up? Mr. Rives had hinted at other persons who were trying to obtain possession of the medallions—indeed, the ransacking of her rooms the preceding afternoon left no room for doubt on that score. But how could these persons, or even Mr. Rives himself, in case he had anything to do with their recent experience, know that she, as well as Miss La Rue, were to be found together at that particular hour of the night, on that particular stretch of road between Rye and the Connecticut border?

As she considered the matter, however, a possible solution presented itself. She might have been followed to the roadhouse just as Miss La Rue might have been followed there. She might have been seen to leave, directly in the wake of Miss La Rue's car. A telephone message from a confederate on watch at the Inn, to the bandit, his machine parked along the highway leading to Rye, would have been a simple matter. There

was a group of houses, a filling station, some two miles south of the Red Arrow Inn. The robber could have waited there, beside a telephone, until he received word that Miss La Rue's car, and her own behind it, had left, headed for home. Starting north immediately on receipt of this message, he would have reached the spot at which the two cars and stopped at just about the moment he actually did. This explanation of the matter appealed to Audrey because it seemed the only one which completely fitted the case. Well, she laughed, as they saw the lights of New Rochelle ahead of them, she had done what she set out to do. The inscriptions engraved on five of the missing medallions were now in her possession; it only remained for her to secure the sixth and the message on the jades, if any such message existed, would be hers. The thought gave her a distinct and rather pleasant thrill.

XVII

It was close to three o'clock the following afternoon when she and Stetson came into the apartment after several hours spent in trying to find someone to read and translate the lettering on the two pieces of jade in the possession of Miss La Rue. Success had finally rewarded their efforts; the proprietor of a little grocery shop in Doyer Street had left his dried shark's fins and ancient eggs long enough to glance at the two cardboard discs on which Audrey had printed the Chinese characters, and then summoned his studious son. The latter wrote the translations carefully out on a bit of paper, and Audrey, by way of showing her appreciation, immediately invested in a huge bag of *li-chi* nuts, which she had Stetson dump into a garbage can on the way uptown.

Throwing her hat on the couch, she sat down at her desk and arranged the six cardboard discs, with their lettered inscriptions, before her. One of the six was blank—it represented the sixth medallion, still to be recovered. The inscriptions on the other five, translated, read as follows: "The Willow Tree," "The Lotus Bud," "The Gateway of Flowers," "The Lengthening Shadows," and "The Finger of Time." Audrey stared at the little pieces of cardboard for a long time, shifting them about, this way and that, in order to make, if possible, some readable sentence. But try as she would, her efforts resulted in failure. The inscriptions told her nothing at all, nothing which had





The Chinese proprietor summoned his studious son who wrote the translations carefully out on a bit of paper. . . .

any connected meaning. The independent phrases seemed but the fragments of a flowery oriental poem.

"I'm afraid we're barking up the wrong tree, Stetson," she laughed, pointing to the row of discs. "I can't make any sense out of them."

"I don't know, Miss Audrey," Stetson replied, wagging his head sagely. "Maybe you need to get the last one, before the meaning becomes clear."

"**B**UT suppose, after all, there isn't any meaning?"

"There must be, miss. Otherwise, why should your grandfather have taken the trouble to have the things engraved—to make me promise, time after time, that I would place the bracelet in your hands in case anything happened to him?"

"I don't know, Stetson. It's a queer problem, all around. But after all—suppose the message had something to do with grandfather's collection of jewels. Those jewels were stolen. So even if we were able to read it, it could not do us any good."

"There's something to it, just the same, miss—something we don't understand," the old man asserted stubbornly. "I'd stake anything I have on it. Better try to get that last medallion, Miss Audrey—take my word for it. Don't stop now, when there's only one more to be regained."

"I'm not going to stop, Stetson, but I'm going ahead for another reason than my curiosity about this so-called message. There is something else—something mysterious, involved in the finding of these jades. You saw *that* last night. And you've seen it ever since the beginning, otherwise why is this Mr. Rives so anxious to gain possession of them. Something, Stetson, having to do with my grandfather's death, I think. And while I haven't been very successful in getting the medallions themselves, these inscriptions may prove very valuable to me, in identifying the bracelet, and possibly the man who stole it. And don't forget, I *am* in possession of *one* of the jades, and as long as I hold that, I believe I hold the trump card in the little game our friend Mr. Rives is playing."

"Then you better look out, Miss Audrey, that he doesn't get it away from you," said Stetson gloomily. "It would be easy enough, with you carrying it loose in your hand-bag."

"I had it there last night, Stetson," Audrey told him with a grin. "Looks as though it might be a pretty safe place after all, just because nobody would think me foolish enough to carry it about with me. Mr. Rives supposes I've locked it up in a safety deposit vault."

"Then you'd better let him keep on thinking so, miss. I don't care for that young man."

"Why not, Stetson? He seems to be rather attractive. And he certainly *did* help me out the other night, at Miss Valentine's apartment."

"H—m. Maybe so. He told you to leave. Maybe he just wanted to get you out of the way so he could steal the piece of jade without your seeing him do it. He got it, miss—don't forget that—just as he got Mrs. Cole's piece down on Long Island, and, I don't doubt, those two pieces in that young lady's earrings last night."

"You think he was the highwayman who held us up, do you, Stetson?" Audrey asked with a curious laugh. "I thought so myself, until I heard his voice. It was rough and hard—not a bit like Mr. Rives' voice. He talks like a gentleman."

"Plenty of gentlemen crooks, miss," Stetson remarked sourly. "Take my advice and steer clear of him."

Again Audrey laughed.

"Did you suppose I was falling in love with him, Stetson?" she asked.

"**S**TRANGER things have happened, miss—a whole lot stranger things. It's a strange world." He turned as the doorbell rang. "Speak of the devil, miss—I don't doubt that's him—shall I let him in?"

"Yes, Stetson, of course. Mr. Rives and I are playing a curious game. And I have an idea we're pretty close to a show-down."

When Dudley Rives came in from the hall, Audrey thought him even more attractive than usual. There was a gleam of humor in his bright grey eyes—a suggestion of satisfaction with himself and the world in his smile. He shook Audrey's hand lingeringly, allowed his gaze to dwell at length on the cool, crisp loveliness of her, in her smartly cut suit of white linen.

"Feeling all right?" he inquired solicitously.

"Yes. Why shouldn't I?" Audrey countered. "If he knew of her adventure of the

night before she meant him to be the first to speak of it.

Without replying, he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a pair of earrings—Miss La Rue's earrings, Audrey perceived at once.

"Got these last night," he laughed. "Thought you might like a chance to make impressions of them."

"I've already done so," Audrey said frigidly. The man's effrontery was beyond belief. "I also got my friend of the Celestial Kingdom to translate the inscriptions on them in case you hadn't found any one to do so."

"**G**OOD. I'd hoped so, but I wasn't sure." He returned the earrings to his pocket. "I also got my friend of the Celestial Kingdom to translate the inscriptions on them in case you hadn't found any one to do so."

"Thanks. I found somebody." "Did the translations help you any?" he asked, smiling agreeably.

"You can see for yourself," Audrey replied, pointing to the row of cardboard discs on the desk. There would be no harm, she knew, in allowing Mr. Rives to inspect them; he was already entirely familiar with the words on the five pieces of jade.

"Doesn't make much sense, does it?" he remarked, bestowing on the bits of cardboard the most casual of glances. "Maybe the sixth will turn out to be the missing link—the key to the mystery. And that brings me to the purpose of my visit. I think we ought to go after that sixth medallion right away."

His assumption of partnership between them—the cool way in which he referred to them as "we," should have filled Audrey with sudden resentment, but somehow it did not. There was a whimsical, a laughing quality about Mr. Rives, in his lighter moments, which disarmed her. She found herself smiling with him. Well, she reflected, why not enlist his services in obtaining this last of the lost medallions; he was a clever man, certainly, and also a bold and unscrupulous one, who would stop at nothing, she felt, to gain his ends. And as long as she held one of the medallions—the first one—in her possession, Mr. Rives was more or less in her power. It was not in her purse, now; she had placed it where she felt more certain of its safety.

"If you'll tell me the name of the person who bought it," Mr. Rives went on, "I'll undertake to go and get it, right away, without your being put to any trouble at all."

"Thanks," Audrey smiled inwardly. Was he trying to secure control of one of the medallions himself, a trump card, which, with the inscription on it, he could match against her own trump card? It was clever of him, she thought—tremendously clever. He wanted the jade she possessed. *She* wanted the inscription on the one still missing. It would be a fair trade. She began to understand, now why he had been so pleasantly frank with her—why he had even now offered to give her, with such apparent generosity, an opportunity to secure copies of the inscriptions on Miss La Rue's two earrings. A clear frankness, which however meant nothing, so long as the message on the sixth jade, the key one, remained in his possession. Audrey was lost in a fog of doubts.

"Well?" Mr. Rives asked.

"If you don't mind," she told him coldly, "I'll go along with you."

"Mind? Not in the least. I'm delighted. Why, to have you with me means"—he hesitated, stopped. "I suppose it means," he presently resumed, a bit lamely, "that you

don't trust me. And you can, really. I've told you that, from the first, but you, of course, haven't believed me. I'm getting these pieces of jade—trying to get them at least—for a very definite and important purpose. I told you that, too. The people I'm working for are getting restless. They want action. That's why I'm in a hurry to go ahead. If it's all the same to you, we might go after that sixth jade right now. Who bought it, anyway? Of course you realize that, outside of old Sternberg, you are the only person in the world who knows."

Yes, Audrey remembered that—knew that in her several adventures Mr. Rives had followed her, in order to locate the purchasers of the jades. Well—there was nothing to prevent him from following her again; she might as well give him the information he wanted now as later. He would secure it in any event.

"The sixth jade," she said slowly, consulting a bit of paper she drew from her purse, "was bought by a man named Arthur Rockwell. His address is the Winona, on Eighty-sixth Street. The medallion was set as a watch-fob."

"H—m. Arthur Rockwell, eh?" Mr. Rives reached for the telephone-book. "Yes—I thought his name sounded familiar. The theatrical director. Has an office in the Manhattan Theatre Building. He ought to be there right now. Let's go."

Audrey put on her hat. Mr. Rives, it seemed, was not one to let any grass grow under his feet. Going to Stetson, who had effaced himself by returning to the kitchenette, she spoke to him in a whisper, thrust a bit of paper in his hands.

"I'm going to this address, Stetson, with Mr. Rives. I don't know when I'll be back, but I'll keep in touch with you by telephone. You won't need to go out—there is food in the ice-box. If I don't show up by midnight, notify the police. And please take good care of the jade."

XVIII

Mr. Arthur Rockwell sat in his private room reading a play manuscript and smoking

a slim cigar, completely indifferent to the fact that at least a dozen persons, men and women, were waiting to see him in the office outside. The greater part of them were destined never to see him at all. They were actors,

looking for parts in some one of the many plays it was Mr. Rockwell's duty in life to put on for the producing firm of Sheehan & Harris, of which he was General Stage Director. Audrey, as she accompanied Mr. Rives into the room, glanced about her, observed the restless and petulant crowd, and came to the conclusion that their own chances of interviewing Mr. Rockwell were extremely slim.

Not so, however, Mr. Rives. With his usual debonnaire assurance he drew a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it, and instructed the young man behind the railing to see that Mr. Rockwell got it at once. Nor was Audrey greatly surprised when, two minutes later, to the supreme disgust of the waiting crowd, she found herself following an office-boy into Mr. Rockwell's private sanctum.

MR. RIVES did all the talking, plunging into the reasons for his call without any preliminaries whatever.

"You recently bought a jade medallion from a man named Sternberg, on Fourth Avenue, Mr. Rockwell. Made up as a watch-fob. I should like to take a look at it."

Mr. Rockwell smiled.

"So should I," he said. "Unfortunately, it was stolen from me some two weeks ago."

"By whom?"

"I don't know—exactly. A performer in a cabaret, I think. A supper and dance place called The Bayou, on Fifty-second Street. They have a 'high yaller' bunch, there, if you know what I mean." He glanced doubtfully at Audrey. "Mulatto girls, who do a so-called Creole dance. I dropped in there one night about two weeks ago, with a party of friends. A little birthday celebration. The man who runs the place—Jules Applebaum—knew me, and told the performers who I was, so when they came down between the tables several of them crowded about me. Thought I might put them in a show, sometime, I suppose. Anyway, I remember taking out my watch to see if it

wasn't about time to go home—parties like that usually bore me—and the piece of jade was there all right—then. We left, ten minutes later, and when I got home, it was gone; the thin gold chain holding the medallion had been snapped. No, I didn't do anything about it. The jade wasn't worth much, the woman probably took it as a joke—and—" he gave a queer smile—"I didn't want to start anything, because—well—to tell you the truth, my wife thought I'd been kept down town by a rehearsal that night, so you see—"

MR. RIVES moved toward the door. He had not accepted Mr. Rockwell's offer of a chair.

"Thanks," he said shortly. "I'll have a look over the place to-night."

"I suppose you know," Mr. Rockwell remarked, as he bowed his callers to the door, "that the show doesn't begin until very late."

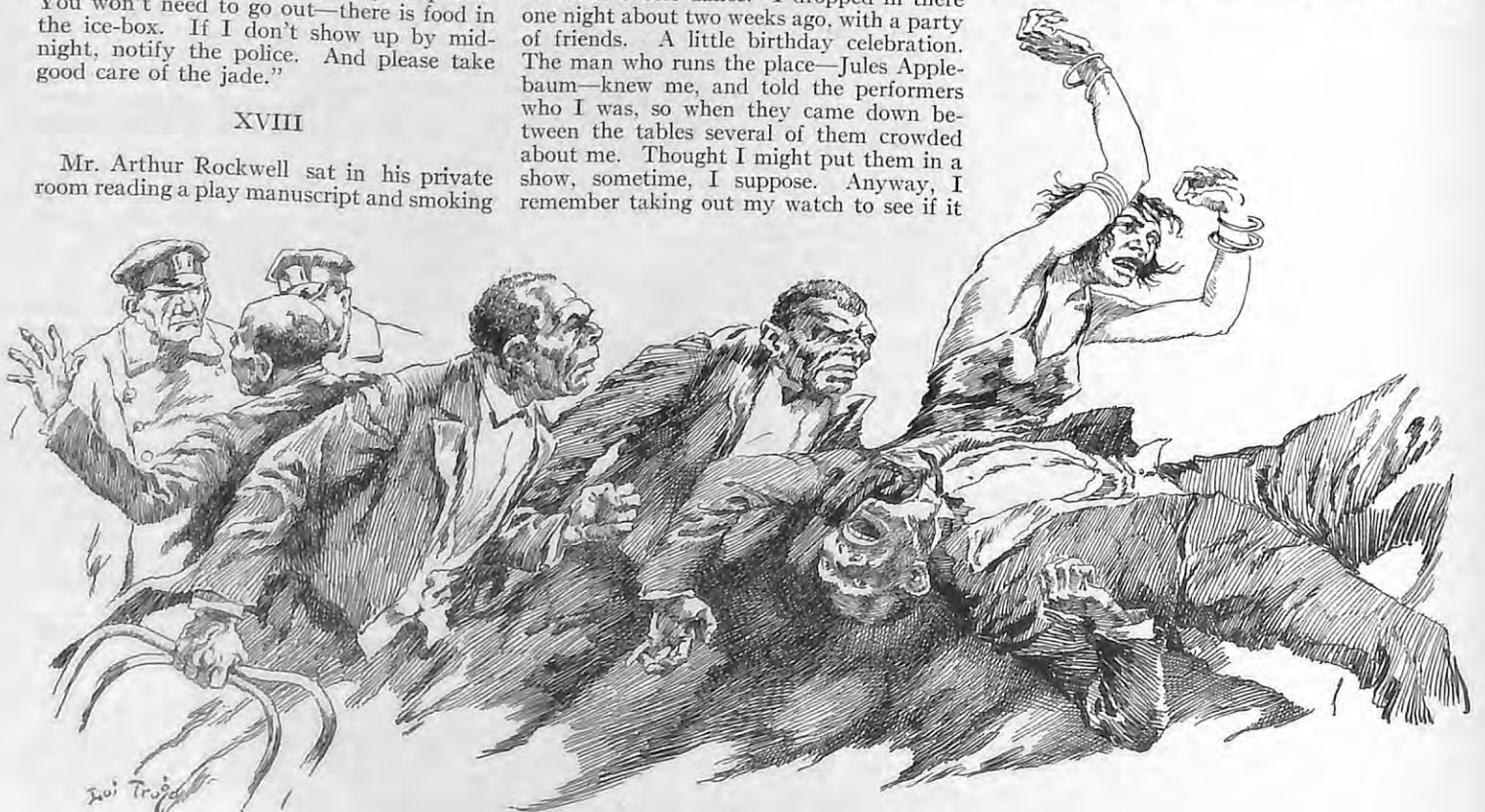
"I know," Mr. Rives replied, and went out. On the sidewalk he glanced at his watch.

"A little after five. It will be six or seven hours at least before the time comes to look in at The Bayou. Do you want to go home, and meet me later?"

Again a little flare of doubt rose in Audrey's mind. Was her companion trying to get rid of her, so that he would have an opportunity to go after the jade alone? She felt ashamed of her suspicions, yet they persisted.

"I—I guess I'll take dinner uptown," she said, "and see a show."

"If you do," Mr. Rives laughed, "you'll do so with me. Now here's my suggestion. It's always better to go to a place like The Bayou in evening clothes. You command more attention—Why not jump into a taxi, go home and change and meet me—well—say in the lobby of the Biltmore at seven o'clock. That will give us both plenty of time. And I know a little restaurant not far from the hotel where you can get some of the best cooking in New York.



Their cream of fresh mushrooms is worth going miles to taste, and their brook trout *meunier*—perfection!" He made an expressive gesture.

"Really," Audrey said, thinking that for a criminal he possessed rather unusual tastes in the matter of food. "Very well. The Biltmore, then—at seven." She knew she was taking a risk—knew there was a possibility that he might not meet her at all, but a vivid curiosity concerning the man—determination to put him once and for all, to the ultimate test, caused her to acquiesce. She rode downtown with a very queer sensation about her heart, the hope that he would keep his word quite overshadowing the original reason for that hope—that he would not attempt to make off with the jade. In fact, as she slipped into her most becoming evening gown she gave the matter of the medallion and its recovery scarcely any thought at all, so eager was she to look her best before this man who seemed so great a mystery to her.

To Stetson, whom she found puttering about the little kitchenette, she explained her change in plans.

"YOU might as well go on home, Stetson," she said. "I sha'n't be back until very late—one or two o'clock."

"I do hope you'll be careful, miss," he told her, his pale old face twisted by lines of doubt. "You never can tell what's going to happen these days."

"Isn't it the truth, Stetson?" Audrey laughed. "You really never can. I knew a girl once, in London, who went out one evening to a church bazaar, and woke up the next morning in Paris with a perfectly good husband."

"You will have your little joke, miss," the old man grumbled as he went to the door, "but just the same, I think that young man will bear watching. Why, I've seen him look at you, at times, miss, when you weren't noticing, as though—well, miss, as though he'd like nothing better than to eat you—"

"Oh—Stetson—really?"
 "Yes, miss. Like a—a wolf, miss."

"Oh, Stetson"—Audrey flung after him—"Now you've gone and spoiled it all," but he did not hear her, having already closed the door.

XIX

Audrey arrived at the Biltmore at least ten minutes ahead of time, and spent those minutes worrying most unnecessarily over the question of Mr. Rives' appearance.

She was quite ravishing, in a gown of old rose chiffon, and when that young man came up to her, as he did on the stroke of seven, there was no denying that he looked at her precisely as Stetson had said—as though he would like to eat her. It was the first time he had seen Audrey really "dressed-up" and her loveliness made an impression that even she could not fail to observe.

He himself looked so smart, so distinguished even, in his well-cut dinner jacket, that Audrey felt proud of her escort. His rather lean but smoothly powerful frame was of the type which affords a conscientious tailor thrills of delight—the type of man for whom it is a pleasure to design well-built clothes. More than one of the idling crowd in the lobby gazed after them as they went out, the men with envy, the women with jealousy in their eyes.

The little restaurant at which they presently arrived was all that Mr. Rives had claimed for it, and more. A discreet and dimly lit luxury seemed to be its keynote; there was no noisy band, the service was perfect, the diners about them well-dressed, restrained. Yet beneath it all Audrey felt the pulse of life—real, inner New York life, not the counterfeit, noisy variety which attracts the visitor from Main Street. She ate her meal in a warm and luxurious glow while Mr. Rives discoursed agreeably on New York and its night-life.

"Do you know, Miss Blair," he said presently, "this is the first time I have dined with a charming woman in over three months."

"Weren't the others charming, then?" Audrey asked.

"There weren't any others. As a matter of fact, I've been tremendously busy, especially evenings."

"H-m," Audrey could quite understand that. "Evenings." Men of his amazing profession usually were.

"Why don't you give it up?" she asked.

"Give what up?"

"Why—your work—the things that keep you up—evenings."

Mr. Rives gave a wry smile.

"I'm rather fond of it, I guess," he said slowly. "Of its excitement—its risks—its danger."

"YES?" Audrey could understand that, too, in a way. She liked danger herself—in a good cause. "If we get this piece of jade to-night," she said, "I suppose we sha'n't see each other again."

"Indeed we shall. Why—nothing in the world could stop me from—from seeing you," he concluded lamely, "if you wanted me to."

"It's been very pleasant meeting you," Audrey said. "But you know, most of my friends are in London, and I suppose, after I find out about these medallions, and whether there really is any message on them or not, I'll be going back—"

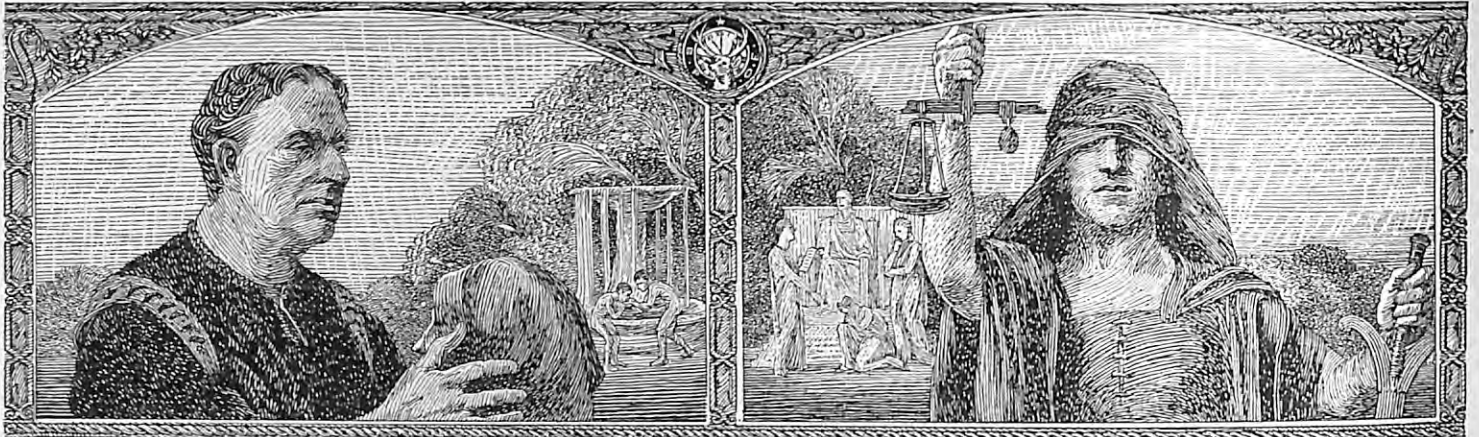
"Really," Mr. Rives whispered, his voice rather husky. "Well—I may have to go abroad myself."

Quite suddenly Audrey realized the direction in which the conversation was drifting. It was all, she reflected, utterly absurd. What did she know about this man, except that he was a self-confessed burglar and thief?

She had seen him herself in the very act of opening Miss Valentine's trunk to rifle her jewel casket. And his posses-
 (Continued on page 48)

The water-bottle in the hands of the infuriated drummer was about to descend once more. Audrey saw it coming, and with a despairing shriek, pulled at Mr. Rives' arm





Decoration by Israel Doshkow

EDITORIAL

ROBERT W. BROWN

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

TRULY a prince and a great man in Elkdom is fallen; for Robert W. Brown, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, passed away at San Diego, Calif., on December 28th, last.

"Bob" Brown, as he was affectionately called by the many thousands of Elks who knew him and loved him, was frequently referred to as the best beloved member of the Order; and not without cause. Throughout his long and active membership he came in personal contact with a vast number of his brothers in every section of the country. Always his dignity and sincerity commanded their respect; his affability and charming personality won their regard and esteem; and his own exemplification of Elky Brotherly Love inspired a reciprocal affection which grew deeper with the passing years and continued association.

From the day of his initiation as a member of Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8 to the day of his death, he was ever a loyal and enthusiastic Elk. The principles of the Order appealed to him not as theories but as a true working basis for human fellowship. Its companionship rejoiced his heart, which was always bright and cheery. And he made the practice of its cardinal virtues the purpose of his daily life.

His interest in the Order, his faith in its future, and his enthusiasm in its service, coupled with his unusual ability and untiring energy, marked him early for a distinguished fraternal career. And successively as Exalted Ruler of Louisville Lodge, as Grand Trustee, and as Grand Exalted Ruler, he was signally honored by his brothers and found ever expanding fields of usefulness; in each of which he demonstrated his capacity for wise and constructive leadership.

Later, as Justice, and Chief Justice, of the Grand Forum, his great knowledge of the constitution and laws of the Order, as based upon its history and traditions, and his sound judgment and trained mind, enabled him to render distinguished service in that high office.

Having been for many years of his life connected with the publication of periodicals, it was but natural that he should have evinced a

keen interest in the establishment of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, whose value to the Order he so clearly foresaw. And it was equally natural that, in the organization of its staff, he should have been selected as its first Editor. It was to this work that he gave the last, and perhaps most devoted, service of his fraternal life.

The Order was but a struggling young organization when he first became a member. Its present high place among the leading fraternities of the country is due in no small measure to his faithful service and able leadership.

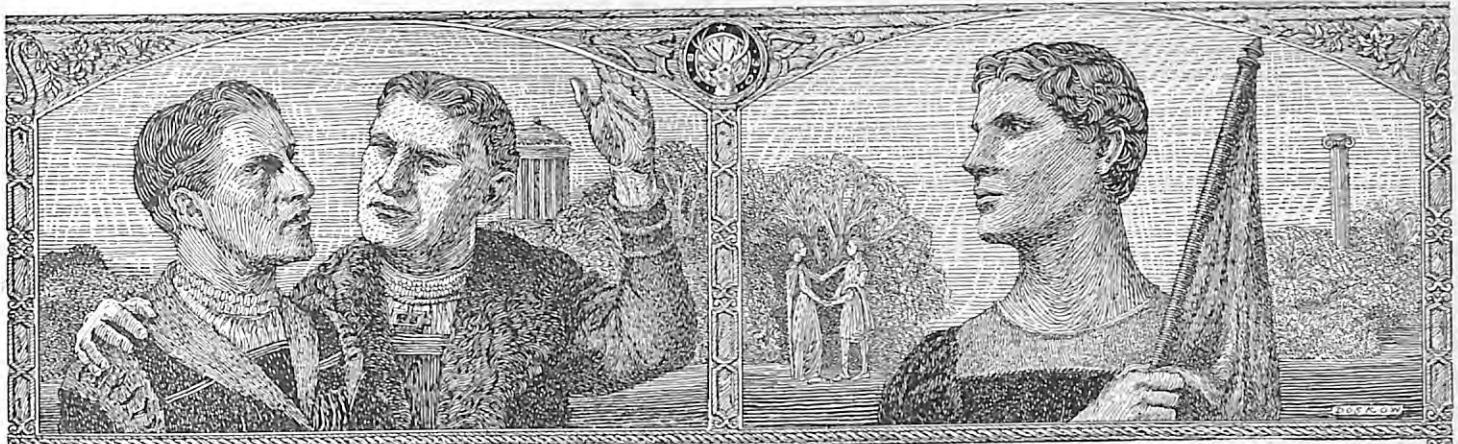
This is not the place for an extended biographical sketch. Elsewhere, proper tribute is paid to the distinguished career and splendid fraternal service of our departed brother. But here it is appropriate to record this brief expression of appreciation of all that Robert W. Brown has meant in the life and growth of the Order and in the lives of its members.

His familiar face and his genial smile will be missed by those who attend the sessions of the Grand Lodge, where he was so long a commanding figure. Thousands of Elks will miss the sweet companionship with him which added so much of wholesome happiness to their fraternal lives. And those who knew him best and had the most intimate association with him, and therefore loved him most, will mourn his loss as a personal grief. And every true Elk will share the poignant sorrow of his stricken widow, toward whom there goes out, from the whole Order, a sincerely tender sympathy in her deep bereavement.

And yet, because Robert W. Brown was a veritable Chevalier Bayard of Elkhood, *sans peur et sans reproche*, there is abiding comfort for all in the confident faith that, when he embarked across the bar, and "put out to sea," he saw his pilot face to face, and was greeted with a smile.

AGE—FIFTY-SEVEN

LAST year in commenting on the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of the Order's birth, there was expressed a very keen pride in the fact that it was still a growing, still an achieving organization. And it was stated that only so long as this continued to be true, would its anniversaries be events worthy of celebration.



Accepting that statement as announcing a proper criterion, now that another year has passed and its fifty-seventh birthday will be reached on February 16th, it is asserted, with a gratifying consciousness of its indisputable truth, that never before has the Order been better justified in celebrating the occasion with pride.

The year has been one of progress and achievement. Prosperity has attended the Subordinate Lodges. Harmony and fraternal concord prevails throughout the Order. And it yet faces the future with a definite purpose and a lofty courage.

At the age of Fifty-seven, the Order of Elks may well take occasion to celebrate its splendid record of the preceding twelve months; not so much for the purpose of self-laudation, but rather to catch a fresh inspiration to gird its loins for greater endeavor in noble service to humanity. It is in this spirit that the whole Order feels an interest and pride in the commemoration of its birth to be held by New York Lodge No. 1, the "Mother Lodge."

INVITATION MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

THE Grand Exalted Ruler, in his Official Circular published in the December number of the Magazine, launched a campaign for new members that should be well under way by the time this issue reaches its readers. And it is earnestly hoped that it is being conducted throughout the Order strictly in accordance with his suggestions.

The Order of Elks is now a great and powerful fraternal and benevolent organization. Little would be added to its real strength and influence by the mere increase of its membership. It is only to the extent that such new members are drawn from America's best citizenship that the added numbers will prove of value to the Order.

It is of importance to note that the campaign is proposed to be "highly selective"; and that the suggested invitations should be tendered to "None but the Best—Rich or Poor."

But the real significance of the Circular lies in the fact that it is addressed: "To All Elks." It is not a call to the Subordinate Lodges, as such, urging the conduct of local drives which are peculiarly prone to become promiscuous rather than selective. But it is an appeal to the individual members for a personal service.

There is not a single member of the Order who does not include among his friends a number who

are not Elks, but who are in every way eligible and desirable for membership. In many instances it will probably appear that they have never been invited to join the Order and have naturally hesitated to take the initiative.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion is that each member who feels a pride in his own membership, shall make it his business to bring the pleasures, the advantages, and the opportunities for service, incident to that membership, to the attentive consideration of at least one friend whom he knows to be worthy; and to apprise him that the Order would welcome him as a member. It is a challenge to the fidelity and enthusiasm of each individual Elk.

If that challenge be met by the loyal response which the Grand Exalted Ruler has a right to expect, there will be more than a million Elks in America when the Grand Lodge meets in Portland next July.

COMMERCIALISM

THE provisions of the Grand Lodge Statute prohibiting the use of one's membership in the Order for business purposes are very comprehensive and very rigid. The breach of the statute is an offense which merits the severe punishment prescribed therefor; and happily there have been few cases which have required the application of the penalty.

There are, however, more frequent instances of disregard of the spirit of the Law, which, though they do not constitute technical offenses, are breaches of good taste which are earnestly deprecated by all men of high ethical standards. And every Elk should be included in this class.

The member of the Order who seeks a business interview with another, and who opens that interview by calling attention to the fraternal relationship, even though there is no suggestion, frank or veiled, nor any purpose that it should in any degree influence the transaction, is acting in questionable taste. Membership in the Order is a recognized evidence of probity and standing, of which every Elk is justly entitled to avail himself upon proper occasions. There are, of course, many business contacts in which, with strict propriety, he may avouch this fraternal testimony. But even in such cases it is a very delicate matter, which should be considered and determined in the clear light of the true policy and spirit of the prohibitive statute.



Robert W. Brown

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON SUNDAY, December 28, 1924, in San Diego, California, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, of Louisville, Kentucky, Lodge No. 8, Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, died after an illness which lasted nearly three years.

With the passing of Mr. Brown, the Order loses one of its most active, devoted, best known and best loved members: one whose impress is graven deeply on the records of the fraternity.

It is doubtful if any single event in its history was more effective in establishing the Order firmly in public esteem as an organization of national scope and capacity for service than that in connection with the San Francisco earthquake and fire. As Grand Exalted Ruler at the time, Mr. Brown hastened in person to the stricken city, supervised the formation of a relief organization and, by his splendid administration of the generous contributions of the Order and the Subordinate Lodges, made the Elks the outstanding figures in the work of mercy there performed. From that day the Order of Elks held a sure place in the hearts of our whole people. A less capable executive, a less en-

thusiastic and courageous leader, might have lost the golden opportunity to increase the Order's prestige. Even more important, a less true and loyal Elk in his high position might have lost to the Order the opportunity for a great humanitarian service.

Born at Otter Creek, in Hardin County, Kentucky, November 13, 1862, Mr. Brown went early into the newspaper business, first as a reporter on the *Louisville Commercial*, then in various capacities on the *Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times*. He served the latter paper as managing editor for some twenty years, during which he attained prominence in connection with the civic and business affairs of his city and State.

Mr. Brown joined Louisville Lodge of Elks while in his twenties and his activity and boundless enthusiasm led to his election in both 1899 and 1900 as Exalted Ruler of that Lodge. His two years' administration was marked by large increases not only in membership but also in property owned by the Lodge. When Charles E. Pickett was Grand Exalted Ruler, in 1901-1902, Mr. Brown served as

one of his District Deputies. He was appointed, in 1902, to the old Committee on Appeals and Grievances and was elected Grand Trustee in 1903, serving two years. At the Grand Lodge Convention of 1905, in Buffalo, he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. During his term at the head of the Order he was largely responsible for the creation of a new Constitution and the adoption of a new Ritual. Following his service as Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Brown was appointed a member of the Grand Forum, on which he sat continuously from 1907 to 1921 inclusive, being Chief Justice in 1911, 1916 and 1921. His knowledge of the law of the Order was second to none.

When THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established by action of the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles in 1921, Mr. Brown was chosen, by reason of his long journalistic experience and his wide acquaintance in the fraternity, to be its first editor. Unfortunately the first attack of the illness to which he finally succumbed came upon him during the winter of 1921-1922, and his health was such that sustained work in the office was not possible for him.

He was seriously stricken again on April 1, 1923, while visiting his mother's grave, at Russellville, Kentucky, with a cerebral hemorrhage which, after more than a year of suffering, led to his death. He recovered temporarily from the stroke and soon thereafter moved from his Cleveland home to San Diego, in the hope that the beneficent climate there would hasten his convalescence and recovery. His malady recurred, however, and his ardent wish that he might get back into harness on the Magazine was never realized. During Mr. Brown's sojourn in the California City, members of the local Elks Lodge did everything in their power to add to his mental and bodily comfort.

Very impressive funeral services were conducted by the officers and members of San Diego Lodge, No. 168, on Saturday, January 3. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was present, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and representatives of nearly all the Southern California Lodges. The chanters and the Elks orchestra of San Diego Lodge rendered beautiful musical selections at the services and the bier was a mass of floral tributes from friends all over the country. Grand Exalted Ruler Price delivered the following:

*Eulogy of Past Grand Exalted Ruler
Robert W. Brown*

"My Brothers and Friends:

*'There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*'Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by,—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban.—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.'*

"These few words, taken from a familiar poem, in a manner epitomize the life of our dearly beloved friend, to whom we come to-day to say good-bye, Brother "Bob" Brown, as he was affectionately and familiarly known by thousands throughout the country. I say by thousands, because I am certain that there was no more active figure in the Grand Lodge for years and years than was "Bob" Brown.

He was always attentive and responsive to the calls of those who needed him. He was always active and punctual in his interpretation of the Elk spirit. He was useful in many, many ways. And it is in fact somewhat significant that he should have passed away out here in sunny California, where perhaps he performed the deed that reached the pinnacle, the heights of the greatest performance of his lifetime. It was an achievement of which he was proud. That was the activity he showed while Grand Exalted Ruler, when, permitting nothing to delay him, he hastened to California to bring succor to those who were in need during your troubles here on the Pacific Coast in 1906. And that was simply characteristic of his life.

"Bob Brown passed through the avenues of life both from the standpoint of success and failure. But, nevertheless, whatever might have been the condition, he always met the happenings of life with a smile, and I dare say no one who ever came into his presence was depressed by reason of any of dear Bob's troubles. He was intent upon bringing to the Order of Elks the greatest possible success, and his activities have contributed to the wonderful achievements which have stamped this Order as one of, if not in fact, the greatest of all organizations of its kind in the history of the world.

"He was acquainted with the most intimate details of the Order. He was a repository of its traditions, and to no one could we look with a feeling of greater security for an accurate statement of its history.

"He was known, as I said before, throughout the country, not only by the men who attended the Grand Lodge sessions, but by many of the rank and file. As he traveled about he never failed to visit the Elk Lodges; he always sought out the brother who, perhaps once active in his lodge, was laid low with illness or incapacity; and it was his custom to visit and cheer him regardless of his station in life, thinking only of his distress. And now we have seen the answer, we have seen the reflection of those splendid activities on his part. For he was a philosopher, and he realized full well that the time would come when, in the ordinary course of events, he would have to feast on the pleasures of the past; when the things that would console and succor him were to be found only, as it were, in the storehouse of his memory. The beautiful fragments of recollection that had been placed in that storehouse, which he had built through his many years of activity, were ready and waiting for him when they were needed.

"It was but a moment after it became generally known that Bob was ill until there were floods of messages of sympathy from every one almost of the fifteen hundred outposts of the Order, the Elk Lodges scattered so widely throughout the various States and possessions of our beloved country. He was flooded with messages of good wishes, with expressions of hope and cheer. And I am sure there were many months added to Bob Brown's life by reason of the splendid feeling that came to him from a realization of the appreciation of his efforts to serve his fellowman, as a member of the ranks, a member of Louisville Lodge, as a member of the Grand Lodge in the various important positions which he held, as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, and most of all as Past Grand Exalted Ruler. In the latter position the Grand Lodge turned to him to occupy one of the most important stations of the Order, that of membership on the Grand Forum—the Supreme Court of the Order. It was because of his wonderful nature, his especial fitness and his perfect conception of Elkdom, that he was turned to as one of the men who could solve the troublesome problems that arose in the course of human events in connection with the Order.

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The Tent Ropes of the West

Since the Elks' Convention in 1912, Portland, Oregon, Has Developed a "City-Conscious" Habit of Hospitality

WHEN the same thing happens twice in the same place within a dozen years, the first thing one does is to begin to compare this and that, and see how much everything has grown.

So the first day that John G. Price, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, was in Portland, Oregon, with his immediate official family this fall to select headquarters and what-not for the 1925 Elks' Grand Lodge convention, everybody—local committee and visiting officials—had a wonderful time comparing this and that and seeing how much everything had grown.

It has been twelve years since the Elks held Grand Lodge in Portland and the whole world has been practically made over in that time—through war and the radio and flying machines, besides other items that elude one at the moment.

The findings of the visiting officials and the Portland committee appeared to an observer to bring to light one thing in particular, under the heading of "growth."

And that one thing in particular was—"How much longer your tent ropes have grown."

Of course, they didn't word it just that way, but that is what they meant.

Be it recalled, from the lore of the Orient and the history of hospitality in the country of the Thousand and One Nights, that among the Bedouins this custom

obtained: Whoever came within the radius of your tent ropes was your guest and entitled to the fulness of your hospitality.

BECAUSE the Bedouins, like all out-door and frontier people, hold hospitality to be the greatest function of man and the presence of a guest as the greatest blessing that the gods can shower upon one, they were naturally delighted whenever a visitor came within the radius of their tent ropes.

So it is of record the Bedouins spliced their tent ropes and lengthened them immeasurably so as to take in ever a larger and larger area, and enjoy the blessing of greater and greater numbers of guests within their shelter.

Well, that is what has been transpiring in Portland, Oregon, in the past dozen years, and the tracing of its development has been a fascinating story of the evolution of an organized civic hospitality that is almost unique.

While the evolution did not have its very first beginning in the performances of 1912, that historic summer marked the crystallizing of a spirit that had been evolving through long years. Its emergence into its present form has followed.

Hospitality came West with the emigrant's covered wagons in the forties, and began to grow up with the West as an affair of individual choice.

It was in full flower in the frontier city

Columbia in 1805 to ascertain what the territory out there might amount to, the people of Oregon and Portland got together and held an International Exposition. It wasn't a very big one, but it was big for a new country and it did two big things: It awakened the rest of the United States to the Northwest as it had not been awakened before, and it put the Northwest up against a question of receiving newcomers that it had not met in a similar degree before.

This was twenty years ago.

Seven years later "Kap" Kubli, Exalted Ruler of Portland, Ore., Lodge of Elks, and Senator Gus Moser of Oregon and six or seven others, attending the Grand Lodge convention of the Elks in Atlantic City, stood up and invited the 1912 Grand Lodge convention to come to Portland.

SENATOR MOSER, in presenting the invitation, painted such a charming picture of the allurements of the Northwest that the Grand Lodge decided to come.

Then the boys came home in high spirits—and looked at one another rather blankly and realized of a sudden that they had a man-sized job cut out for them—the biggest job of the sort that Portland, Oregon, had ever attempted.

So they tore out and raised \$110,000 for an entertainment fund and constructed the first big civic entertaining machine that had been built.

It was built on confidence, and enthusiasm, and unflagging zeal and on the traditional impulse of hospitality that the pioneers brought with them in their covered wagons. It was built swiftly and the committee had to make its own patterns as it went along.

And, like the flivver of the famous rhyme: "The durned thing ran."

Portland, Oregon, lay isolated from the rest of the cities of the West, except by the natural water routes and by the railways. There was practically no such thing as an endurable highway extending more than ten or fifteen miles from its city limits.

Surrounding the city within a radius of 100 miles was a fabulously beautiful wonderland of scenery, attainable only by telescope or at the cost of the severest possible journeying. Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams, the Cascades, the Pacific beaches, the miracle of the Columbia Gorge were as inaccessible to a visitor in Portland, as they would have been to him in New York—except visually.

But the visitors came in tens of thousands, and the Portland committee devoted itself to putting up such an entertainment within

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COURTESY N. P. H. E.

One of the many beauty-spots on the Columbia River Highway

of Portland in the '80's when the young Rudyard Kipling stopped off there overnight, scraped up an acquaintance with a Portlander (who today is a prominent banker of the city) and rollicked off with him to hook salmon on the Clackamas River a score of miles away.

It was a two-nights-and-a-day trip in those days, by wagon over the worst roads on earth, with a "shakedown" in a rancher's cabin at night—and settlers that were delighted to give such as their shack afforded to the visitor.

THEY still hook salmon up there, only they make the trip in an hour now, over a paved highway, and are back at their hotel in Portland in time to wash up for dinner and to make a dicker with the chef whereby the salmon, "planked," shall be a part of the menu.

Between those two pictures lies the history of the growth of hospitality in the West from an individual to a civic and organized thing.

Sketched briefly it is somewhat thus:

On the hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition which President Jefferson sent across the plains and down the

Directory of State Associations

1924—Presidents and Secretaries—1925

- Alabama**—President, Harvey M. Blue, Montgomery Lodge No. 596. Secretary, E. D. Warneck, Ensley Lodge No. 987. Annual meeting at Birmingham.
- Alaska**—No State Association.
- Arizona**—President, G. K. Smith, Tucson Lodge No. 385. Secretary, W. C. Doudna, Tucson Lodge No. 385. Annual meeting at Tucson in April.
- Arkansas**—President, Dr. Louis J. Kosminsky, Texarkana Lodge No. 399. Secretary, A. W. Parke, Little Rock Lodge No. 29. Annual meeting at Pine Bluff, May 11-12.
- California**—President, Edgar F. Davis, Long Beach Lodge No. 888. Secretary, James T. Foyer, Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Annual Meeting—place and date not decided.
- Colorado**—President, William R. Patterson, Greeley Lodge No. 809. Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo Lodge No. 90. Annual meeting at Denver in June.
- Connecticut**—No State Association.
- Delaware**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- District of Columbia**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- Florida**—President, David Sholtz, Daytona Lodge No. 1141. Secretary, P. M. Henderson, Lakeland Lodge No. 1291. Annual meeting at Lakeland—date not decided.
- Georgia**—President, G. P. Maggioni, Savannah Lodge No. 183. Secretary, Thomas B. Lamar, Columbus Lodge No. 111. Annual meeting at Tybee Island—within jurisdiction of Savannah Lodge—in May.
- Idaho**—President, Clinton H. Hartson, Boise Lodge No. 310. Secretary, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello Lodge No. 674. Annual meeting at Burley, June 22-23.
- Illinois**—President, L. N. Perrin, Jr., Belleville Lodge No. 481. Secretary, Geo. W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge No. 584. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Indiana**—President, Garnet R. Fleming, Shelbyville Lodge No. 457. Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge No. 576. Annual meeting at Valparaiso—date not decided.
- Iowa**—President, James G. Clark, Waterloo Lodge No. 290. Secretary, James E. O'Brien, Des Moines Lodge No. 98. Annual meeting at Burlington—date not decided.
- Kansas**—President, Thos. E. Elcock, Wichita Lodge No. 427. Secretary, Frank E. McMullan, Wichita Lodge No. 427. Annual meeting at Wichita in October.
- Kentucky**—President, Pat J. Carroll, Covington Lodge, No. 314. Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel Louisville Lodge No. 8. Annual meeting at Henderson—date not decided.
- Louisiana**—No State Association.
- Maine**—No State Association.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia**—President, P. J. Callan, Washington Lodge No. 15. Secretary, John E. Lynch, Washington Lodge No. 15. Annual meeting at Frederick, Md., September 1-2-3.
- Massachusetts**—President, Dr. William D. McFee, Haverhill Lodge No. 165. Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge No. 1264. Annual meeting at Lynn, June 14-15-16-17.
- Michigan**—President, Deland A. Davis, Battle Creek Lodge No. 131. Secretary, George D. Bostock, Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48. Annual meeting at Detroit, June 17.
- Minnesota**—President, John E. Regan, Mankato Lodge No. 225. Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, Minneapolis Lodge No. 44. Annual meeting at Brainerd in August.
- Mississippi**—No State Association.
- Missouri**—President, L. M. Henson, Poplar Bluff Lodge No. 589. Secretary, Sam D. Byrns, Mexico Lodge No. 919. Annual meeting in September—place not decided.
- Montana**—President, Leon Chouquette, Havre, Lodge No. 1201. Secretary, J. N. Minor, Anaconda Lodge No. 239. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Nebraska**—President, Dan B. Butler, Omaha Lodge No. 39. Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus Lodge No. 1195. Annual meeting at Falls City in June.
- Nevada**—No State Association.
- New Hampshire**—No State Association.
- New Jersey**—President, A. Harry Moore, Jersey City Lodge No. 211. Secretary, E. T. Reed, Perth Amboy Lodge No. 784. Annual meeting—probably at Asbury Park.
- New Mexico**—President, D. Rollie, Gallup Lodge No. 1440. Secretary, E. E. Huyck, Las Vegas Lodge No. 408. Annual meeting at Santa Fe—date not decided.
- New York**—President, James A. Farley, Haverstraw Lodge No. 877. Secretary, Amon W. Foote, Utica Lodge No. 33. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- North Carolina**—President, Charles U. Harris, Raleigh Lodge No. 735. Secretary, T. B. Kehoe, New Bern Lodge No. 764. Annual meeting, Wrightsville Beach, Wilmington Lodge No. 532 entertaining.
- North Dakota**—President, Philip R. Bangs, Grand Forks Lodge No. 255. Secretary, William Broderick, Williston Lodge No. 1214. Annual meeting at Grand Forks in October.
- Ohio**—President, George A. Snyder, Fostoria Lodge No. 935. Secretary, John W. Ranney, Columbus Lodge No. 37. Annual meeting at Cedar Point August 25-28.
- Oklahoma**—President, Park Wyatt, Shawnee Lodge No. 657. Secretary, M. W. Brown, Shawnee Lodge No. 657. Annual meeting at Woodward in October.
- Oregon**—President, Ben S. Fisher, Marshfield Lodge No. 1160. Secretary, Frank D. Cohan, Marshfield Lodge No. 1160. Annual meeting at Portland during Grand Lodge Convention in July.
- Pennsylvania**—President, Edward J. Morris, Reading Lodge No. 115. Secretary, W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge No. 123. Annual meeting at Bethlehem August 25-26-27.
- Rhode Island**—No State Association.
- South Carolina**—President, W. W. Beacham, Greenville Lodge No. 838. Secretary, Raymond E. Cochran, Anderson Lodge No. 1206. Annual meeting at Greenville in May.
- South Dakota**—President, John R. Russell, Deadwood Lodge No. 508. Secretary, W. J. Mulvey, Madison Lodge No. 1442. Annual meeting at Mitchell in June.
- Tennessee**—President, J. T. Menefee, Chattanooga Lodge No. 91. Secretary, George Haszinger, Memphis Lodge No. 27. Annual meeting at Bristol, June 8-9-10.
- Texas**—No State Association.
- Utah**—President, P. J. Evans, Logan Lodge No. 1453. Secretary, D. T. Lane, Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85. Annual meeting at Eureka, June 5-6.
- Vermont**—No State Association.
- Virginia**—President, Hubert S. Larrick, Winchester Lodge No. 867. Secretary, Harry K. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge No. 758. Annual meeting at Roanoke second week in October.
- Washington**—President, Walter F. Meier, Seattle Lodge No. 92. Secretary, Victor Zednick, Seattle Lodge No. 92. Annual meeting at Vancouver in July.
- West Virginia**—President, John Kee, Bluefield Lodge No. 269. Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg Lodge No. 482. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Wisconsin**—President, George L. Dwinnell, Waukesha Lodge No. 400. Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge No. 299. Annual meeting at Superior, August 13-14-15.
- Wyoming**—No State Association.

Activities of State Associations

STATE Associations, since becoming legally a part of the Order in 1915, have been gradually broadening their scope and increasing their activities to the point where they are functioning in harmony with the Grand Lodge and accomplishing many real things.

Elks like to mingle with their fellows and enjoy the privilege of getting together at State meetings. Here the layman is afforded an opportunity to take part in the proceedings, hold office, and actively participate in the workings of the organization. All this broadens his vision and imposes a sense of responsibility which he would not otherwise feel. Thus State Associations would prove worth while if they did no more than to bring the active members of the Order together annually for a few days of fraternal intercourse.

But State Associations are doing more than this. They are stimulating general

interest in the Order and establishing themselves as points of contact between members of Subordinate Lodges and the Grand Lodge. In other words, those members of the Order, who are actively engaged in State Association work, and are not members of the Grand Lodge, are given an opportunity for greater service than if their efforts were confined to the limitations of a Subordinate Lodge.

It is the purpose of this article to review briefly some of the outstanding features of the work of State Associations, culled from reports of thirty-one meetings held between April and October, 1924.

These reports indicate that the greatest amount of practical good coming out of State Associations is along lines of Social and Community Welfare service, and the outstanding feature of this work is the Crippled Children's movement. In this field New Jersey is the pioneer. Similar work

has been taken up by New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Arkansas, Nebraska, Massachusetts, Virginia, Wisconsin and Florida. New Jersey was not only first in this field, but has accomplished the most. Through the efforts of its State Association and the cooperation of Subordinate Lodges, clinics have been established in various cities throughout the State where crippled children are treated by specialists and hospitalization provided if necessary. This work has reclaimed many apparently hopelessly crippled children and set them on their way to becoming useful members of society. The Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children has been established by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276, and is used jointly with the State Association.

These are mentioned as a few of the high spots in the children's work of the New Jersey State Elks Association. During the year 1923-24, 8,500 cripples were registered

for treatment and relief, 3,460 examined and treated, 252 operations performed, and 153 braces furnished crippled children. Shoes were purchased as prescribed by orthopedic specialists, X-ray and laboratory tests made, and eye-glasses, artificial limbs, wheel chairs and crutches provided. Every lodge in the State participated in this Crippled Children's movement.

Elizabeth N. J., Lodge, No. 289, has established at Dunellen, N. J., a Kiddies' Farm, consisting of one hundred and eighty-seven acres, and a house providing accommodations for sixty children. This lodge also maintains a boys' club with an enrollment of three hundred and an average daily attendance of one hundred and forty, made up mostly of boys of foreign parentage. The aim is to make the boys mentally, physically and morally fit. The clubrooms have a library containing over one thousand good books for boys.

The Pennsylvania State Elks Association has adopted the Crippled Children's movement and is working on plans for its practical application. The New York State Elks Association has also followed suit, and its Social and Community Welfare Committee is cooperating with the State authorities in making a survey of crippled children, with a view to providing treatment where necessary and giving them vocational training. The first Monday in August has been designated by the lodges of New York, through the efforts of the State Association, "Crippled Children's Day," and an outing is provided for the crippled within their jurisdictions on this date.

THE ARKANSAS State Elks Association is centering its activities now in raising funds to maintain a ward in the Arkansas Children's Home. It is also advocating an appropriation by the legislature for the erection of a State hospital for crippled children. Each Lodge in Arkansas is interested in the Big Brother movement, and Hot Springs Lodge, No. 380, supports a home for forty children. The Nebraska State Elks Association at its last annual convention appointed a committee made up of a representative from each lodge in the State to devise ways and means for engaging in the Crippled Children's movement. The Washington State Elks Association has also decided to formulate a definite plan of service for crippled children.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association since the war has been actively engaged in welfare work among wounded veterans confined in hospitals within the State. During the winter an entertainment is provided every Monday evening. In some cases this is put on by the local lodge under the direction of the Association Hospital Committee. In other cases the money is provided by the lodge and the Association Committee provides the entertainment. The Association has received highest commendation for this work from Red Cross recreation workers, medical and other officers, and hospital authorities. The necessity for this activity, instead of lessening, is constantly growing, as the number of veterans in hospitals does not decrease. At Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day contributions of tobacco, fruit, potted plants and cut flowers are sent to these hospitals by the Association. In Massachusetts the State Association has been the means of combining the Elks of all the lodges in the State for a dinner and reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler each year. This has been helpful in promoting fraternal fellowship and increasing interest in the Order.

The California State Elks Association is

particularly interested in the welfare of boys. The Big Brother movement is its greatest field of endeavor, and the outstanding feature of the convention held at Catalina Island last September was a most interesting discussion of the report of the Big Brother Committee, which resulted in plans for greater activity in this field during the current year.

The Oregon State Elks Association has a committee which is looking into the feasibility of providing a parole officer to work among children who are in the State institutions and to assist them to lead better lives after they are released. Many of these children drift back into criminal ways for want of a helping hand, and this the State Association hopes to prevent.

As the Order of Elks is distinctively American, every State Association is, in its own way, promoting better citizenship. Some have made this more definitely a part of their activities than others. The Oregon State Elks Association, for instance, urges all lodges to take upon themselves the work of educating foreigners in their respective jurisdictions, at least to the extent of qualifying them to become citizens. The Wisconsin State Elks Association has been instrumental in organizing Committees on Americanization in a number of Subordinate Lodges. Several judges of the circuit courts of Wisconsin have commended the work of the Order in this respect.

In line with the stimulation of Americanization, the State Elks Associations of North Dakota, Georgia, Utah and Tennessee offer prizes to school children presenting the best essays on American topics. It is interesting to note that the first prize for an essay on the Flag in the city of Memphis was won by a Polish boy of fourteen who had been in this country only four years.

Rochester, Minnesota, presents a problem peculiar to itself. It is a small city which has become a great hospital center. Patients come there from all parts of the United States and in all stages of financial circumstances. On an average, forty States are represented in its hospitals at all times. The Minnesota State Elks Association maintains a welfare-worker at Rochester to visit and assist members of the Order, who are alone among strangers, and to take care of those discharged from the hospitals who are without resources. This Association will also take an active interest this year in the Sunset Home Committee, whose object is to provide homes for the aged.

A GREAT benefit to the entire Order is derived from the interest many State Associations stimulate in the improvement of ritualistic work. California, Michigan, Florida, Illinois, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Indiana and Pennsylvania, during the past year, held contests and awarded prizes for efficiency in the exemplification of the ritual. The officers of all State Associations make it a point to stress the importance of the ritual on their visits to Lodges.

The Wisconsin, Washington and New Jersey State Associations are urging lodges to plant trees as memorials to members who died in the Great War. This is a fitting way to symbolize the great sacrifice of the men, who gave up their lives for American ideals.

The State Elks Associations of New York, New Jersey, Iowa and Wisconsin maintain a speakers' bureau under the supervision of a committee which keeps on file a list of available speakers, and endeavors to supply Subordinate Lodges on Memorial Day and Flag Day. These committees also make it a point to impress upon Subordinate Lodges the significance of these days and the impor-

ance of publicity to insure attendance at the ceremonies of their own members and of the public at large.

MICHIGAN and Iowa State Elks Associations have recommended to Subordinate Lodges with a considerable degree of success a plan which provides for raising funds to assist worthy young people to obtain college education. Individual lodges in Iowa assist students, and Michigan has established a scholarship in the University of Michigan.

The Idaho State Elks Association is fathering a movement to make the Home of every lodge in the State a community center. The Montana State Elks Association has acquired a twenty-five-acre plot of ground on the shores of Flathead Lake, a choice location in the heart of the Rockies on the highway between Yellowstone Park and Glacier Park. Several cabins have been constructed and members of the Order who have spent their vacations on this site are loud in its praises. The Ohio State Elks Association has established a custom of tendering a banquet annually to the Past Exalted Rulers of the State with the idea of encouraging them to keep up an active interest in their own lodges for the guidance and assistance of the younger officers. The State Association is only in the process of formation in New Mexico, but has indicated that it will take an interest in the Boy Scout movement just as soon as the organization is completed.

This article has mentioned briefly some of the specific activities of State Associations for the past year, as gleaned from their several reports. This does not, however, summarize all of the work carried on by State Associations. Every one of them is more or less interested in local movements, in the Boy Scouts, Red Cross and Christmas activities. The reports also show an increased attendance at each State meeting, indicating a more general interest. Many Associations have a membership of 100 per cent. Those that have not reached this figure are making special efforts to do so this year. All of the State Associations are exhibiting an interest in the welfare of Subordinate Lodges, and several have appointed committees to visit the weaker lodges within the State and help strengthen them.

Reviewing achievements of the past year, ample proof may be found that State Associations are increasing their usefulness to the Order. They have, as a whole, widened the interests of Subordinate Lodges in community service, in the possibilities presented by the subject of Americanization, and in the practice of Charity in a way that is bound to leave its impression on the minds of those outside the Order, and inculcate respect and affection for it as a patriotic and charitable institution.

The Associations making greatest progress are the ones which have adopted a definite plan of action, such as the New Jersey Elks' Crippled Children movement, and followed it energetically and consistently. Some of the Associations have not yet found themselves. When they do, they, too, will select a worthy cause and devote to it their time, efforts and energy. To reach anywhere there must be an objective, and the objective of a State Association should be some branch of real service to humanity. This service, however, must be something that the State Association and its affiliated lodges can handle themselves. Every State has its own problems, and the Association that will make the greatest success is the one which selects a problem well within its limitations and seeks its solution with intelligence and determination.

Some Splendid Homes in the Order



NEW STUDIO

Dedicated early last Spring, this handsome new Home of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge No. 624 embodies within its spacious proportions everything for the comfort and for the convenience of its rapidly growing membership



A building of singular beauty is this new Home of Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge No. 301, dedicated recently



The members of Wausau, Wis., Lodge No. 248 moved into this imposing new Home last Fall



The new Home of Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge No. 304 was recently remodeled and redecored



EGUTHLAND STUDIO

The Home of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge No. 606, known to visiting members from the North



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

DETROIT, Mich., Lodge No. 34, expects to begin actual work on its new Home on the northeast corner of Lafayette Boulevard and Cass Avenue early this spring. The new structure, which will embody all that is finest in club Homes, will cost \$1,500,000. This amount, with the price paid for the site, will give Detroit Lodge a \$2,000,000 Home. Arrangements have been completed for financing the project and the final architectural plans are being considered. By March or April ground will be broken and the new Home will begin to rise at the intersection of two streets that are destined to be among the finest in Detroit. The new building will stand in the heart of the downtown district and the edifice will do justice in every respect to its superb location. According to tentative plans, the entrance will be on Lafayette Boulevard, with stores on this side and on Cass Avenue, giving the Lodge a source of revenue from its building that will in no wise detract from its utility and beauty.

Pueblo, Colo., Lodge a Leader in Community Welfare Work

During the past year Pueblo, Colo., Lodge No. 90, has continued to do a large amount of laudable welfare work. One of its chief activities has been the organization of a Boy Scout troop made up of boys of foreign parentage. These youngsters, to begin with, were really foreigners themselves but have become, through this medium and the supervision of the Lodge, thoroughly Americanized. The troop meets at the Home of the Lodge every Friday night to go through its drills and to enjoy special entertainments of various kinds provided by the Lodge.

Another good work which is being done, is the weekly distribution of magazines to the hospitals, child-welfare organizations and the orphanages. Every year on Christmas Eve the Pueblo County Poor Farm is visited and presents distributed, carols are sung and other entertainment is provided. The Lodge also takes a lively interest in the Salvation Army, the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts Council, cooperating with these organizations in many ways.

Grand Exalted Ruler Will Dedicate New Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge

The new Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21, at Broad and Camp Streets, facing Lincoln Park, will be formally dedicated on Sunday, February 1, in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, and a large number of other Grand Lodge officers. An elaborate program for the dedication and opening of the Home has been arranged by a special committee and provides for a public inspec-

tion on Saturday, January 31, the dedication services and banquet on February 1, and a musicale and reception for the members and their families on Monday afternoon and evening, February 2. During these three days no business whatsoever will be transacted in the new building. The actual business operations will be started officially on Tuesday, February 3. On Saturday, January 31, the public will be invited to visit and inspect the Home—the hours from 12 noon till 10 P. M. being set aside for that purpose. The formal dedication exercises will be held in the new Lodge room described as the most beautiful and most artistic Lodge room in the country, at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, February 1. This ceremony will be attended by members of the Order only—and will be in charge of the officers of Newark Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler Price and members of his staff will participate in this program. At 7 o'clock the Dedication Banquet will be held. All of the Exalted Rulers of the Lodges in New Jersey; the four District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State, and the President and Past Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and many other distinguished members of the Order will be guests of Newark Lodge on this occasion. On Monday—the third day of the celebration, the afternoon and evening will be given over to the members of Newark Lodge and their families exclusively. An interesting program of organ, orchestra and vocal music will be arranged for the afternoon and evening, the hours being from 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 o'clock. Buffet luncheon and supper will be served at the conclusion of each program.

Ground was broken for the new Home on April 7, 1923, and the cornerstone was laid on October 6 of the same year. It is one of the most beautiful structures in the city, costing close to \$1,500,000.

Concord, Mass., Lodge Helps Raise Hospital Endowment Fund

Members of Concord, Mass., Lodge No. 1479, have been very active during the past few months on behalf of a drive recently completed for a \$150,000 endowment fund for the Emerson Hospital in Concord. The Lodge is represented in the newly formed hospital corporation by its Exalted Ruler G. F. A. Mulcahy who is Secretary and a member of the Executive Committee. Esteemed Leading Knight Benjamin Derby and Trustee Joseph M. M. Appleby are also members of the corporation which is composed of thirty citizens of the community.

The Lodge is at present making plans for its anniversary banquet and dance to be held on

Lincoln's Birthday. This will be the first anniversary of the institution of Concord Lodge. A committee of thirty is also perfecting arrangements for the mammoth Fair and Bazaar which the Lodge will stage late in May.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Pays Visits to Lancaster, Ohio, Lodge

The recent visit of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price to Lancaster, Ohio, Lodge No. 570 marked the first time in its history that it had the honor of entertaining a head of the Order. Elaborate plans had been perfected for the reception, and the banquet and meeting were impressive in every detail. Mr. Price was accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James A. Allen and several officers and members of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37. In his after-dinner talk the Grand Exalted Ruler emphasized the need of Social and Community Welfare work and complimented Lancaster Lodge on its achievement in this field. Over 200 members and visitors were present at the meeting which was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in the Home.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of California South Central Meet

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in California South Central recently met at the Home of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672, in response to a call sent out by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Horace H. Quimby. Many matters concerning the Subordinate Lodges were discussed in detail, much stress was placed on Social and Community Welfare work, and the Lodges were requested to take part in all civic work where the community at large would be benefited.

Everett, Wash., Lodge Plans to Celebrate Dedication of New Home

The new Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479, will be finished and ready for dedication sometime in February. Extensive plans are being perfected to celebrate the occasion with proper ceremony and festivities. The plans at present call for a three-day period of merry-making, one day of which will be given over to the initiation of a class of candidates numbering close to 200.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Dines Victorious College Football Team

Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130, recently entertained the coaches and players of the victorious football team of Muhlenberg College. A banquet was served in the Home, after which short

addresses were made by various members of the team. A vaudeville show, special music and a supper wound up a delightful evening.

Members of the Lodge's Antler Guard and Bugle Corps were recently hosts at a banquet given to the members of the cast of the show recently staged by them. About 150 people, including friends of those who took part in the performances, were present. After the banquet a dance was held in the Lodge's ballroom.

Mangum, Okla., Lodge Looks Forward To Building Own Home

Mangum, Okla., Lodge No. 1169, has renewed the lease on its present quarters and will occupy them for five years more. Extensive alterations and improvements are being made and the rooms will be redecorated throughout. The Lodge has created a Building Fund which should be of sufficient size at the expiration of the present lease to allow it to begin building a permanent Home of its own.

Mangum Lodge has been very active the past year in welfare work, especially in connection with the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls which it has helped materially on various occasions.

Successful Minstrel Show for Benefit of Crippled Children

The big minstrel show, recently staged by Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105 for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund, was a huge success. It was one of the best attended shows ever conducted by the Lodge, the public responding very generously and in many cases purchasing patrons' tickets for \$25.00, \$50.00 and \$100.00. Close to \$7,000 was realized by the show. Performances were given later at the Hopewell Orphanage, the New Jersey Children's Home, Union Industrial Home, Odd Fellows' Home, Widows' and Single Women's Home, Municipal Colony and at all of the Day Nurseries.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Erb Guest of Fort Madison, Iowa, Lodge

Visiting members from many parts of the county were present at the Home of Fort Madison, Iowa, Lodge No. 374, on the occasion of the installation of its new Exalted Ruler P. H. Penrod, who had been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of H. A. Park. Among the distinguished visitors was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward A. Erb of Burlington, Iowa, Lodge No. 84, who delivered an interesting address to the gathering. Following the installation a duck supper was served to visitors.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Will Raise Funds for New Armory

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44, recently went on record as unanimously in favor of accepting an offer made by the Armory Board of the city to assist in raising funds to keep the Armory open for the use of the State Militia which is located in Minneapolis and which must have convenient quarters if its existence is to continue. Heretofore the city appropriated the necessary funds and an equal amount was donated by the State. The city failing to make the necessary appropriation this year, the \$4,000 needed for the maintenance of the Armory must be raised otherwise. It is the plan at present to present a large circus or similar entertainment at the Armory sometime in March, and Minneapolis Lodge, with the assistance of the members of the 151st Field Artillery, will see to it that the needed funds are raised in this way.

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge Looks After Sick Newsboy

Thanks to the benevolence of Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341, a little newsboy of the city who is suffering from tuberculosis of the bone, will be constantly supplied with fresh milk and have a real chance to win back his health. The youngster had been ill for sometime at his home in the city's settlement district and was showing such slow improvement that the county physician had prescribed plenty of rest and wholesome food.

The boy's parents are very poor and because of the high price of feed, a cow, which was owned by the family, was about to be sold. This would have meant that the child could not have a sufficient amount of good, fresh milk daily. Two welfare workers, appreciating the seriousness of his condition, applied to Fort Smith Lodge for assistance in feeding the cow and as a result the Lodge is now supplying bran and other feed stuff and will continue to do so as long as necessary.

Harding Memorial in Woodland Park Nearing Completion

Construction has been started on the Harding Memorial, which will be erected under the auspices of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92, on the spot where the late President delivered his address to 50,000 boys a few days before he passed away in San Francisco. It was originally planned to have the Memorial take the form of a statue of Mr. Harding, but this idea was modified to make the Memorial more utilitarian. The plans as now drawn provide for a stand, which may be used as a rostrum in case of public meetings, at the rear of which will be a stone tablet with an embossed representation of the President delivering the oath of allegiance to the assembled youngsters.

It is expected that the Memorial will be completed and the dedicatory ceremony held sometime in April.

Work Progresses on New Home Of Oakland, Calif., Lodge

Another great monument to the spirit of the Order and a symbol of its growth and prosperity is being erected by Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171, on its recently acquired site at Twentieth Street and Broadway. This new Home, which will cost over a million dollars when completed, will be one of the most impressive buildings in

Basement—Two elevators, elevator-lobby, well-ventilated locker-room, shower baths, two regulation handball courts, four perfectly equipped bowling alleys, room for the Big Brothers Band, club commissary, boiler and blower-rooms, and space for stores above.

First Floor—Stores on Broadway and Twentieth streets, lobby, elevators and locker-rooms.

Mezzanine—Well-lighted gymnasium, lockers, showers, and janitors' room.

Second Floor—Lounging-room, library, officers' room, office, dining-room, kitchen, hat and coat room, ladies' and gentlemen's retiring-rooms, and balcony.

Third Floor—Billiard rooms and upper kitchen.

Fourth Floor—Assembly-room, preparation-room, property-room, Lodge-room with ante-room, cloak-room, check-room, ladies' and gentlemen's retiring-rooms, and ladies' rest-room.

Fifth Floor—Promenade, three store-rooms, projecting-room, organ loft, space overlooking Lodge and assembly hall.

Sixth to Twelfth Floors—Living-rooms with either bathrooms or showers.

Thirteenth Floor—Blower-room and other necessary equipment.

Testimonial Banquet Given to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clark

Over 400, including representatives of Lodges in New York, South East and many distinguished members of the Order, were present at the banquet recently given at the Hotel Commodore in New York City by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842, in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark. Hon. Sydney A. Syme, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon Lodge, acted as Toastmaster, introducing the following speakers: Hon. James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick A. Hughes; Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and Judge A. W. Glatzmayer, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Each of the speakers paid a splendid tribute to the guest of honor both as a public servant with a fine record of achievement and as a tireless and loyal worker for the good of the Order. Particularly impressive at the close of the banquet was the speech made by Louis A. Fisher, Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon Lodge, on presenting Mr. Clark on behalf of the Lodge with a copy of a poem written by Mrs. Clark and dedicated to her husband. The poem, engraved on parchment and beautifully framed, was given to Mr. Clark as a token that carried with it the thoughts of many who had gathered to pay him tribute.

Over \$80,000 Spent by Lodges for Charity in Massachusetts

Lodges in Massachusetts last year spent over \$80,000 for charity, not counting eight Lodges out of the fifty-six who did not report their expenditures. These figures speak for themselves of the wonderful work the Order is doing in this State alone. This year, at the suggestion of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, the Massachusetts State Elks Association will award a prize to the Lodge spending the largest per capita amount for charity, the records of the various Lodges as received and published by the Grand Lodge to be the basis for this award. Last year Leominster Lodge No. 1237 had the highest rating with a per capita expenditure of \$12.36.

Blind of Wyoming Valley Guests of Wilkes-Barre Lodge

The blind of Wyoming Valley were recently guests of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109, at the second annual concert given for their benefit at the Home of the Lodge. The guests were taken to and from the Home in cars furnished by the members, close to forty machines being used to transport all those who attended. The concert was even more successful than the first one given last year and the

ON THE eve of going to press with this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, reports are coming in to us from all parts of the country, telling of the Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order. We wish there were some way of adequately reporting all these thoughtful and charitable observances of the day, the deeds that made thousands of children happy and that brought the season's spirit into the bleak homes of the poor. It would take, however, more than one full issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to do proper justice to the Christmas spirit as exemplified on the part of the Lodges everywhere. The officers, the Christmas and Welfare Committees, and the membership of nearly 1,500 Lodges are to be congratulated on the fine and noble work done by them for their communities. Through their unselfish efforts and by their generosity the Order is enshrined more deeply in the hearts of many.

the city. The main structure will be nearly as high as the First National Bank building and the tower eight stories higher, making it the tallest building in the community. All the rooms will be spacious and exquisitely furnished. The Lodge-room will be especially magnificent and so will the Assembly Hall with a seating capacity of 1,000.

Briefly, the building is being designed on the following lines:



CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHING CO.

Rear View of The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

THIS photograph shows the rapid progress that has been made on the National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago during the past few months. Taken from a different angle than the picture published on page 40 of the November issue of the magazine, it conveys in a more convincing manner the great size of the edifice and the beautiful

balance and symmetry which the architect has achieved. Situated at the intersection of Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway—one of the most commanding sites in Chicago—this magnificent structure will claim a leading place among the city's many remarkable buildings. All Elks who come to Chicago are urged to inspect it

idea of making it an annual event received further endorsement by the enthusiastic appreciation of the guests and members who were present.

Virginia State Elks Association Plans Welfare Work

Lodges in Virginia will establish and maintain a permanent haven for crippled children, the blind or tubercular, if action taken by the officers of the Virginia State Elks Association at a recent meeting in Richmond is approved by the Association when it holds its next convention. Though no particular institution was decided upon at the meeting in Richmond, plans covering the establishment of various charities in this field will be worked out for presentation to the membership of the Association later in the year.

Four Active Musical Units Supported by This Lodge

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91, is one of the leaders in things musical throughout the South. In addition to its saxophone band, recently enlarged to 8 pieces, the Lodge has a senior band of 42 members; a junior band of 59, and a little symphony orchestra of 22 members. Each of these musical units is a valuable asset to the Lodge and takes part in many public functions.

Mother Lodge is Active In Welfare Work

Many important community activities are being undertaken by New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1, that will surpass the fine record established by it the past year. During that time the Lodge conducted the orphan children of various institutions to the baseball games, where they experienced the same thrill which comes to the

more fortunate boys and girls of the city. More than 300 crippled boys and girls from the city hospitals were cheered and heartened by a day of merriment at Coney Island. Entertainments were provided for the patients of various hospitals. The sum of \$5,000 was donated as a permanent endowment to the Hospital for Joint Diseases. On Thanksgiving many were taken care of, and on Christmas several thousand baskets of food were distributed, and clothing, toys and entertainment were provided for close to 10,000 children of the poor.

Carnival of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Netted Over \$71,000

The eight-day carnival recently conducted by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, netted more than \$71,000 for the fund out of which its new Home has been furnished. The carnival was one of the most successful ever conducted by a Lodge in the East, the gross receipts being over \$100,000.

Elaborate plans have been perfected by the Lodge for the celebration which will mark the first meeting in the new Home on February 3.

Members of Hawaiian Lodges Have Enjoyable Meeting

By special dispensation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Hussman, Past Exalted Ruler of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge No. 759, permission was recently granted Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616, to hold a session in Hilo, the occasion being the initiation of a large class and the exchange of fraternal greetings between the two Lodges. The meeting was held in the National Guard Armory and close to 200 officers and members were present. Exalted Ruler William L. Lederer of Honolulu Lodge presided at the meeting, and Past Exalted Ruler Howard

Hathaway of Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479, made the principal address of the session. Past Exalted Rulers of Honolulu and Hilo Lodge also addressed the large gathering. Preceding the meeting at the Armory there was a colorful parade of the members which all Hilo turned out to see. The merchants of the city had decorated their windows in honor of the event so that the streets were gay with American flags and purple and white streamers. The next large meeting of this kind is scheduled for the second week in November when all Elks in the territory will be invited to share the hospitality of Honolulu Lodge. It is planned to have similar meetings every year.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Offers Cup In Ritualistic Contest

In accordance with the recommendation of the New York State Elks Association, Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, has invited all Elk Lodges on Long Island to enter a ritualistic contest for a beautiful loving cup. The winner of this trophy will represent Long Island in the Ritualistic contest of the Association to be held at its next annual meeting.

Texas Southwest Holds Successful District Meeting

More than forty delegates, representing eleven Lodges of Texas Southwest District, met recently at the Home of San Antonio Lodge No. 216 and discussed matters concerning Subordinate Lodges and the good of the Order in general. The delegates, including Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and other representatives of the Lodges in the district, were called together by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke. It was one of the most successful and beneficial district conferences held in recent years.

Following the business sessions the visitors were honor guests at a luncheon and vaudeville entertainment, and witnessed the initiation of a number of candidates by the officers of San Antonio Lodge.

Work Begun on Million-Dollar Home Of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge

Ground was recently broken for the magnificent new Home which Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 is erecting at Eleventh and J Streets. The ceremony and the accompanying exercises were most impressive and took place at the culmination of a New Membership campaign which added close to 500 names to the roster of the Lodge.

A committee of the Building Association, accompanied by Exalted Ruler Marco S. Zarick and the architect Leonard Starks, recently visited San Francisco, where a number of buildings were inspected and much helpful information gathered. Especially profitable was the visit to the office of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who went into much detail concerning the problems being worked out by San Francisco Lodge in the construction of its new Home.

The building which is being erected by Sacramento Lodge will be one of the most imposing in the Order. The structure will cost \$650,000 and \$50,000 additional will be spent on the furnishings. The building site was purchased some time ago by the Lodge for \$150,000.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Gives Cabin To Boy Scouts

The Boy Scout Troop, sponsored by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53, is now sharing its cabin at the Reservation with the less fortunate members of other troops. This is due to the action taken recently by Toledo Lodge in turning over to the Toledo Council, Boy Scouts of America, the handsome Scout cabin which the Lodge had built for its own troop. This gift to the Council means that fifty or more boys will now find constant pleasure in its use, where only a small number used it when it was owned exclusively by the Elk troop. The Scout authorities have expressed their appreciation of the gift in the heartiest terms.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Begins Work On New \$3,000,000 Home

Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 has awarded the contract for its new Home and will start work immediately on its erection. The new building, costing \$3,000,000, will stand in the heart of the theatre district and will be the last word in structures of this kind. The Building Committee, of which Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane is chairman, had planned to start the work immediately after the Grand Lodge Convention in that city last July, but it was necessary to postpone building and to change the plans of the structure because the city decided to widen the street on which the Home will be erected.

P. J. Brennan, Past Grand Treasurer, Passes Away January 10

It is with deep regret that we publish the news of the death, on January 10, of P. J. Brennan of Denison, Texas, Lodge No. 238. Mr. Brennan, President of the National Bank of Denison, served the Order as a District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler twice, in 1910-11 and 1914-15. He was elected Grand Treasurer in 1919 and held the office for four successive years. His death followed a rather short illness.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge Has Novel Plan for Attendance

The Attendance Committee of Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827 has worked out a plan to make its meetings more attractive and to insure the presence of a large number of members. While similar in some respects to the "Zero Hour" idea practiced with such success in many Lodges, the plan has a novelty of its own which should make it very popular and effective. According to the plans of the Committee, each member of the Lodge will receive a personal request to attend

Lodge on the meeting night during the week of his birthday, and he will be asked to donate a gift, either money or merchandise, to be drawn for and given away at this meeting. The members so invited will be placed in the seats of honor and will be treated with royal favor. In the case of Ballard Lodge, the birthdays of the members are such that there will be from 15 to 35 gifts to be drawn for each meeting night. The members will be asked to give only once a year and each will have a chance to be the lucky one on forty-five meeting nights of the year. The cash contributed by the "birthday" members will be pooled and given to one member, the various articles of merchandise will be given out separately. The drawing will be made from a large box containing the names of all the members. Ten names will be called and the first member's name called who is present will be awarded the prize. In case ten names are called and no member is present the prize will be held over until the next meeting.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge Prepares for Meeting of Indiana State Elks

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500 is already at work preparing plans for the entertainment of the Indiana State Elks Association which will hold its twenty-fourth annual meeting in that city next August. The sessions of the Association will be held in the new \$250,000 Home of Valparaiso Lodge which will be dedicated some time in May.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Conducts Old-Time Charity Circus

All records for attendance at the big State Armory were broken recently when Middletown,

Help Us Make Our Mailing List Correct

THE mailing list of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is being revised.

A copy of the mailing list, with a stencil imprint, giving the name and address of every member of each Lodge to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE is mailed, is being sent to every secretary of subordinate Lodges for the purpose of having these lists compared with the roster of the Lodge. The object is to have such corrections made as will insure a mailing list as nearly perfect as possible, in order to assure the delivery of the Magazine to every member of the Lodge.

Each secretary is requested to forward immediately to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., all corrections and additions necessary to make the mailing list for his Lodge complete and accurate.

Every member of the Order is entitled to receive THE ELKS MAGAZINE. If you are not receiving your copy, or if it is not correctly addressed, notify the secretary of your Lodge at once.

N. Y., Lodge No. 1097 held its mammoth charity circus there. The show, lasting a full week, was one of the best ever seen in the city. It was a genuine circus, with a side show, elephant, horses, ponies, monkeys, real red and blue circus seats and a host of special performers, clowns, etc. A most impressive sight was the free show on Saturday afternoon to the children. Not only were the youngsters of the city guests of the Lodge, but the orphans and cripples from Sussex, Port Jervis, Chester and Goshen were among the many who enjoyed the performance.

A very substantial sum was realized by the circus, which will be devoted to relief work among the poor and needy of the city.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge Launches "Safety First" Week

Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge No. 309 has sponsored a "Safety First" week in its city, the

object of which will be to further the success of the campaign suggested by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price to cut down the number of automobile accidents. Various other organizations in the city are cooperating in the movement, and the city itself, through the head of the Police Department, has put new ordinances into effect which will tend to reduce reckless driving. As a part of the campaign, motion-picture films released by the National Council of Safety will be shown in all the city picture houses, and speakers of prominence will be called in to address luncheon club meetings. At least 100 special police will be sworn in by the city to aid in the campaign. These men—selected from a list of reliable business men—will be supplied with cards on which to note violations of the traffic regulations as they drive through the city. These cards will be turned over to the police department, which will proceed to act against the offenders.

Bristol, Tenn., Lodge Active in Welfare Work—Building New Home

Bristol, Tenn., Lodge No. 232 has had a very active year in Social and Community Welfare work. It has supported the work of the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Children's Home Society of Virginia, and has contributed money and entertainment to the Old Ladies' Home. At Thanksgiving and Christmas the poor of the city were remembered with gifts of food, candy and clothing.

Bristol Lodge is also making headway with the building of its new Home, which will cost close to \$150,000 when finished. Plans are now under consideration by the membership and actual work will be started in the early spring. The building will be erected on a beautiful two-acre lot which has been the property of the Lodge for some time.

Georgia State Elks Association Officers Meet in Albany

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert L. Colding, G. P. Maggioni and Thomas B. Lamar, President and Secretary respectively of the Georgia State Elks Association, were recently the guests of honor at Albany, Ga., Lodge No. 713, where plans for the convention of the Association to be held in Savannah next May were discussed. The meeting was also the occasion of the initiation of a large class of candidates. The ceremony was held in the Municipal Auditorium and was impressively conducted by the officers and degree team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78. A. H. Martin and Jesse Harris, Vice-Presidents of the Association, and many other distinguished members from Lodges in adjoining States were also present.

Mid-Winter Session Held by Washington State Elks Association

Called by President Walter F. Meier, the Washington State Elks Association recently met for its mid-winter session at the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92. Among many important questions discussed at the meeting were plans to provide funds for crippled-children work; the proposed establishment and maintenance by the Elk Lodges of Washington of a convalescent Home for these unfortunates; plans for the Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Portland in July; the promotion of plans for the establishment of a Federal Game Preserve in the Olympic Mountains for the protection and perpetuation of wild game, particularly the elk; and plans for the State Convention to be held in Vancouver, Wash., in July. The meeting was well attended and much interest and enthusiasm were manifested by the delegates.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates New Home

The members of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535 are now occupying the first unit of their handsome new Home at 58 Hamilton Avenue. This structure, recently dedicated, will in a short time be enlarged by the addition of the second unit on which work will begin as soon as possible. The first unit is three stories high. In the basement are the grill-rooms, bowling alleys, and



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Last of the Forty-Horse Drivers

(Continued from page 16)

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used to do a lot of dolling up around the Big Show on that European trip. So out I came, looking as grand as any head waiter. There were more speeches.

"The Frenchies had been pulling off a prize beauty contest just as we do over here now and then. No, I wasn't in the contest. The winner was the most beautiful woman in Paris. I've forgotten her name, but she was a peach. She had ridden in our opening spectacle, 'The Queen of Sheba,' or something like that, and there we stood—she and I—on the center stage of Barnum & Bailey's Circus, while we listened to a lot of French oratory spouted by some top-hatted Frenchies with cute black mustaches.

"She knew French, but I didn't. So she knew all the time which of us they were shouting for.

"Now and then they would yell out: 'Vive la belle Reine!'—and she would bow.

"Well—Rein was my middle name. So I would bow too.

"Then they would shout: 'Vive le beau Posee!'

"Well, she was a posey, all right, so we would both bow.

FINALLY she was given her 110,000-franc prize and I got a medal—to the accompaniment of a lot of 'Vives' and 'oo-lahs' and 'hoop-la-ahs' from the enthusiastic French multitude. After which I made my own personal bow and hustled back to the stables to look after a lame horse. Mrs. Posey has that bronze medal given to 'le grand Monsieur Posee from Cedar Grove, Indiana, back home in the attic, I guess. I haven't seen it for years.

"I didn't want to see anything connected with that Mi-Carême parade for weeks thereafter. My wrists and arms were so swelled I couldn't lift a cup of coffee in the cook-house. I had been almost butchered to make a Parisian holiday. But that's all in a troupier's life. A circus man, particularly if he is a boss hostler, has to take the rough with the smooth, mostly smooth, though.

"Most of my life has been kind of hum-drum. I've been boss hostler or on stock with a lot of shows—the S. H. Barrett, Great Western, Miller & Freeman, Headlight Show, Stowe, Long & Gumbles, Bob Hunting, Ben Wallace, Hagenbeck-Wallace, Buffalo Bill, Campbell Brothers, and Sparks. I tramped through Europe nine years—five with the Barnum & Bailey and four with the Bill Show, from 1897 to 1906. I'd have come back to America sooner if Mr. Bailey hadn't cabled for my wife and sent her money to join me over there.

"I quit the road a couple of seasons ago and was sitting pretty on a good horse job in Cincinnati when a friend of mine hunted me up, with a telegram in his hand.

"Want to troupe again, Jake?" he asked.

"I shook my head and went on fussing with some harness.

"Sure you don't want to troupe again?" he repeated.

"I looked up this time. His voice had kind of a meaningful sound. He waved the telegram in his hand. If there's one thing a retired trouper can't resist, it is the sight of a telegram. It's apt to mean that someone wants him to join out.

"Depends on who it's with," I answered, pretending not to be interested.

"It's with Charlie Sparks," he answered. 'He's wired for a boss hostler.'

"I'd known Charlie Sparks when he had an eight-car show. I'd heard a lot about him since.

"Where'll the show be next Sunday?" I asked.

"Bangor, Maine," my friend answered.

"Wire him I'll catch the show there," I answered. "Then I broke the news to my wife, who doesn't like to travel—you can't blame her when we have such a nice, neat home—and the next Sunday morning I walked on the lot at Bangor and joined out. Guess I'll stay on the road to the finish, now. But there isn't so much excitement about it.

"Of course I've had some runaways. One night, before I was a boss hostler, I was driving an eight-horse team hitched to the rhino cage down a hill from the lot to the loading runs in Lynchburg, Virginia, when the old foot-brake

failed to work, the cage bumped into the wheel horses and the whole team started on a lope. I managed to make the turn at the bottom of the hill without spilling anything and at the end of the next half-mile straightaway the team calmed down. But it's no joke to have an eight-horse team run away with a ton or more of rhino.

"Of course I've been in a good many blow-downs—at New Orleans, Louisiana; Havre, France; Sioux City, Iowa, etc. If I have time after I see a twister coming I yell to the boys to throw the harness on the horses and turn them loose. They are safer outside than in the stable tents. If the tents come down on them they are apt to thresh around and get hurt. Worst part of a blow-down is, that it messes everything on the lot, breaks poles, tears canvas, and all that. My job is to get the show from lot to train at night and from train to lot in the morning. I usually have the lot clear by midnight, but after a blow-down, which is usually followed by rain, I may not get the show off the lot until daylight.

"Railroad wrecks are worse for the boss hostler. It usually means losing some horses. I've been in wrecks at Beuthen, Germany; Wheeling, West Virginia; Richmond, Kentucky, and other towns. I've had to shoot a good many injured horses, mighty valuable ones, too. That hurts. No man hates to lose a good horse more than I do. You can sling up a mare and put her leg into a splint and maybe save her for breeding, but a ring horse or baggage horse with a broken leg isn't worth saving. And losing a horse costs money.

"Even a plain, untrained baggage horse is worth three times what it was twenty years ago. We did get one for \$210.00 at Madison, Wisconsin, season of 1922. He looked all right, but he is too nervous to make a first-class circus horse. But last season Mr. Sparks paid his regular horse dealer, at Newark, an average of \$400.00 for twelve head and paid \$900.00 for one pull-up team, a team that pulls the wagons up the loading runs and onto the flats at night. Some of those wagons—particularly pole and canvas wagons—will weigh ten tons or more in wet weather.

"We pick dapple grays for most baggage work because Percherons make good, steady draft stock, they are easy to match, and people have gotten to expect circuses to carry dapple grays. It's kind of a tradition. The only difficulty in matching comes from their fading out. The average age of a circus horse in service is about eight years. We buy dapple grays about four years old. After six years in service they turn pretty white. A little later, when they begin to speckle, we retire them.

"The average baggage horse on the Sparks show stands sixteen hands high and weighs eighteen hundred pounds. The best team in the show, in my opinion, is Paddy and Rock, pole team on the bandwagon. They weigh a ton apiece. Polers must be heavier than their teammates, because they have to be strong and smart enough to keep the wagon in its course on sharp turns even when the leaders and the rest of the team straighten out too quickly.

"Guess I got to be a boss hostler because I aim to bring my stock into winter quarters each fall in just as good condition as I take them out in the spring.

"In fair weather circus horses have a pretty easy time. Each baggage team makes four round-trips each day between train and lot and goes out on street parade—about ten miles, all told. From noon until evening feed at five they sleep in the horse tents, while I sleep in an empty stable wagon or on a canvas chair under a canopy. Ring stock has it still easier. They work a few minutes during each afternoon and evening performance and also go out on parade, but make just one round-trip each day between train and lot, and without any load to haul.

"In wet weather, especially on a soft lot when I have to move a heavy wagon, like the cook-house wagon that weighs 28,000 pounds, out of a hub-deep hole, I hitch the regular eight-horse team to it, then hook an extra eight-horse team to special rings at each front wagon-corner and maybe an extra eight-horse team on each side a little farther back, then let them all jump into their collars at once. If that don't move the load, I borrow a couple of bulls—elephants—

from the menagerie and get them to lift. Bulls aren't much good at heavy pushing or pulling but they can do a lot toward prying a heavy wagon out of the mud, especially if the wagon is tipped over to one side. But it's the horses that really turn the trick.

"There will never be any such thing as an all-motor-truck circus. It's been tried and found wanting. In the first place a circus wouldn't be a circus without horses. In the second place motor trucks aren't much good with a circus. I use them now and then on long hauls over good city pavements especially when the lot is downhill to the circus train, like it was at Steubenville, Ohio, one season. That was a long, steep grade. So I hooked the trucks on *behind* big loads to hold them off the pole horses' flanks. But on a wet lot or any soft lot—such as the black waxie of Texas, the red clay of Georgia, the black gumbo of Minnesota, dry sand in Florida or on the Western deserts, or some of the newly ploughed fields we have to use for circus lots on Long Island or near the big cities—the trucks just spin their wheels and bury themselves.

"So we have to keep our horses in condition. That's why Mr. Sparks carries a blacksmith wagon and four blacksmiths, a harness maker and a wagon maker.

"We pay top price for feed for the same reason. My baggage stock gets twenty-five pounds of hay, and eighteen quarts of oats per head per day, the ring stock about twenty pounds of hay and nine quarts of oats per head per day. It has to be the best stuff, too. I like timothy hay best. That costs us anywhere from \$30.00 to \$40.00 a ton, baled and laid down on the lot. But it's rare that I lose a horse, from sickness, on the road. That is partly because I have good help. I can always tell whether a new man is a driver or not the minute he picks up the reins.

"For the 160 head of stock on the Sparks show I have an assistant boss-hostler, a feed man, twenty ring-stock men or grooms, and thirty drivers and drivers' helpers. Each man usually has four horses to take care of. Then there is the night stock watchman. Part of his job is to trip-feed the stock just before daylight. That is, he goes along the top of the stock cars and by pulling a sort of trigger releases the oats feed which falls into a metal trough along the inside of the car at the horses' heads.

"You see the circus stock all travels standing up, with harness on. I load thirty head of the big draft stock and thirty-six of the smaller ring stock into each seventy-foot stock car. The stock is usually in the cars, often with bull boards between them, at one o'clock and out again at six each morning. The bull boards keep the horses from getting down in the cars, nearly always. If the night watchman finds any horse down during the night run he stops the train, routs me out of the stateroom in which we bosses sleep and we get the horse up. Then the train goes on.

"MY day, like my horses', begins about daylight when the trainmaster's assistant or my night stock watchman wakes me and the rest of the bosses up. Then my men get the horses out of the stock cars, hitch up and start with loads for the lot, following a route chalk-marked on telegraph poles, buildings, fences or pavements by the twenty-four hour man. The boss canvassman and I get there first, then I sit in the saddle spotting wagons. We're on a new lot in a new town each day.

"We rarely have any trouble with towners but once in Mississippi a local city marshal stopped me just as I was leaving the train in the morning, took me off the brick pavements and made me go to the lot by a long, roundabout muddy road up and downhill, though the twenty-four man had given me a much shorter, easier route. I didn't say anything. Just took my medicine. During the day I made friends with the marshal. That night he came to me and said: 'Mr. Posey, sah, you can use any pavement in this blamed town. Your man ahead of the show went over mah head, failed to consult mah, Sah! And made mah sore, Sah! But you've been so all-fired white, Sah, you can have the town, Sah.' And that was that.

"We get along well together, too. I haven't hit a hostler for twenty years. It isn't done any more. The boys do get hold of liquor now and then and the stuff they get now drives 'em

(Continued on page 46)

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Last of the Forty-Horse Drivers

(Continued from page 45)

crazy. But most of them know the rules of the game. They have to be for it and do their work or they can't stay with it. A good many of my boys have been with it six or seven seasons.

"About my hardest job now is to get horse-shoes. I needed some new shoes for the stock we bought at Newark last spring. I sent a hostler into a big New York supply house with an order for two kegs of shoes, one keg of fives, one keg of sixes. About twenty shoes to the keg. The supply-house man looked as if my hostler had lost his mind.

"What on earth do you want of so many horse-shoes?" the big New York supply-house man demanded.

"For horses, circus horses," my hostler naturally replied.

"Great Scott!" the New York wholesaler exclaimed. "I didn't know there were so many horses in the world! I haven't had two kegs of horseshoes in stock for two years!"

"It took me a week to get those horseshoes." Jake Posey is, in his sixty-first year, more than six feet in height, broad shouldered and straight backed. He weighs about 200 pounds and has not varied in weight for a decade. He is deeply tanned. His gray eyes look straight at and through one. He smokes four or five cigars a day but uses little tobacco in other form.

"Guess I've travelled five million miles by wagon or rail," Jake once told me. "And showed every town bigger than a thousand people in the States and Canada," he added.

Although he has been, to use his own words, "wet for weeks at a time," he has never had bronchitis, pneumonia or rheumatism. "Nor have my helpers," he adds. "We live in the open air."

Nearly every small boy or girl has been awakened on some magic morning by the unmistakable rumble of the circus wagons as they rolled over pavements or hard crossings. I asked Jake whence came this characteristic circus rumble.

"From the all-steel hubs," he said. "Most of the big baggage wagons have all wooden wheels and are on dead axles—without springs. But practically all circus cages and tabs or tableaux wagons have hollow-boxed, steel hubs, spokes and fellies, and all such wagons are supported

on platform springs. It's the rumble hubs of the steel-built wagons that make such a peculiar circus sound."

Jake Posey has "been kicked clear out of the horse tents many a time," but he has never had any bones broken. He finds that, with rare exceptions, draft or baggage horses can be "broken into the business" in three weeks. They get as used to the noise of a circus lot as do horses that work around coal yards. They become accustomed to the railroad yards in much the same way. They do not become so readily accustomed to elephants and other menagerie animals.

"And are you really the last of the forty-horse drivers?" I asked Jake one afternoon at Bayside, Long Island.

"There were only two in the first place, Jim Thomas and I," he assured me. "Jim, who must be seventy-five years old, doesn't drive or troupe any more. He sticks close to the Big Show winter quarters at Bridgeport. But I'm still young and on the job. I can drive a forty-horse team now on an hour's notice—if the team is broken for work, although I haven't especially big arms, wrists and hands. I wear about a number nine glove. But I'm hard enough."

"Yet there must have been other forty-horse drivers," I suggested.

"Not on your life," Jake insisted. "Many years ago young Addie Forepaugh used to feature what he called a forty-horse act. But he only drove his thirty-nine, not forty, horses tied to a center rope, with plenty of helpers running alongside, around the hippodrome track under the big top. And there was a Bill Paul who sometimes drove forty ponies, but not to a load or on parade. There've been just two regular forty-horse drivers and I'm one of them—the only one on the road, and getting ready to handle a forty-horse team again next season."

"But Jake," I dubiously inquired, "when you get your forty-horse team hitched up and climb onto the driver's seat and pick up that bunch of twenty reins how do you know which rein to pull for which horse?"

Jake looked at me pityingly for a moment. "How does a piano player know which keys to strike?" he demanded in gentle sarcasm.

Robert W. Brown

(Continued from page 35)

"My Brothers and friends, I am sure that, from the standpoint of an Elk, we can look back and survey the past, we can appraise by the most severe measuring stick to be found, and we will note that in all respects our Brother, to whom we come to say good-bye, has performed his full function and has bestowed upon you, and on those with whom he came in contact as an active member of this Order, choice benefits which will remain fragrant with us as recollections of him. His life will, or at least should, be to us an example of what is in store for us in the future if we but do our full duty as Elks.

"As he endeavored to profit by the experience, let us remember that the time will come when we too will live in the past, when the occurrences of the passing moment will no longer interest us; and if we have been diligent, if we have been attentive to the duties of life and our responsibilities to our Order, we will, by our activities, have built a storehouse which will be filled in abundance and which will serve us when we have reached the autumn of life, when we are gazing into the sunset, and from it we may pluck those beautiful fragments of recollections, the thought of which comes to us now as we say good-bye.

"As one of the immortals has said:

*"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world,
'This was a man.'"*

Following the services at San Diego, Richard C. Benbough, Secretary of San Diego Lodge, acting as personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Price, accompanied Mrs. Brown to Louisville, Kentucky, where a special funeral service was held by Louisville Lodge, No. 8, on January 10.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Astley Apperly, of Louisville, John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans, August Herrmann, of Cincinnati, and Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., were in attendance, as were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Grand Tyler F. B. Wilkinson, of Jackson, Tenn., and Lloyd R. Maxwell, of Chicago, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. There were large delegations from Cincinnati, Ohio and New Albany, Ind., Lodges. Colonel Sullivan delivered a beautiful eulogy on behalf of the Grand Lodge and Rev. E. L. Powell and Exalted Ruler William S. Heidenberg delivered eulogies on behalf of Louisville Lodge. Interment was in the cemetery at Russellville, Kentucky, the following day.

Lead

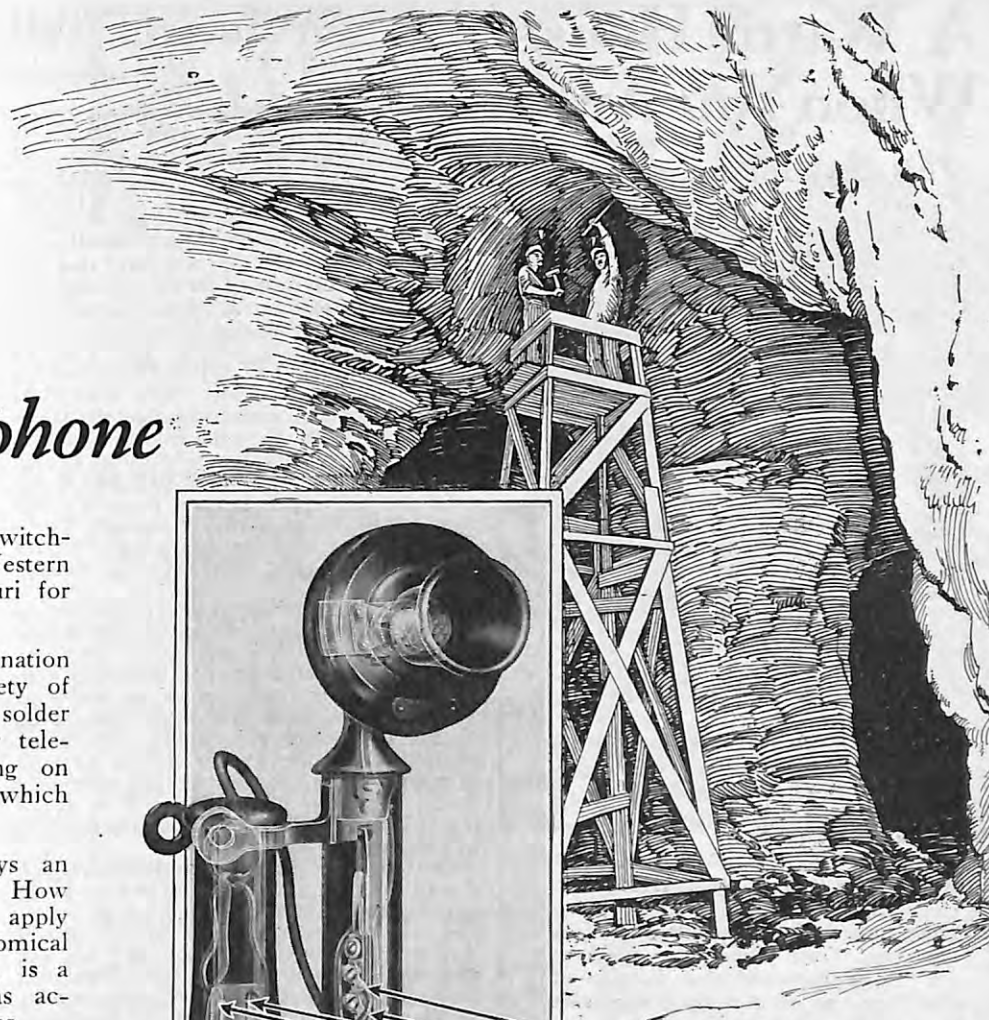
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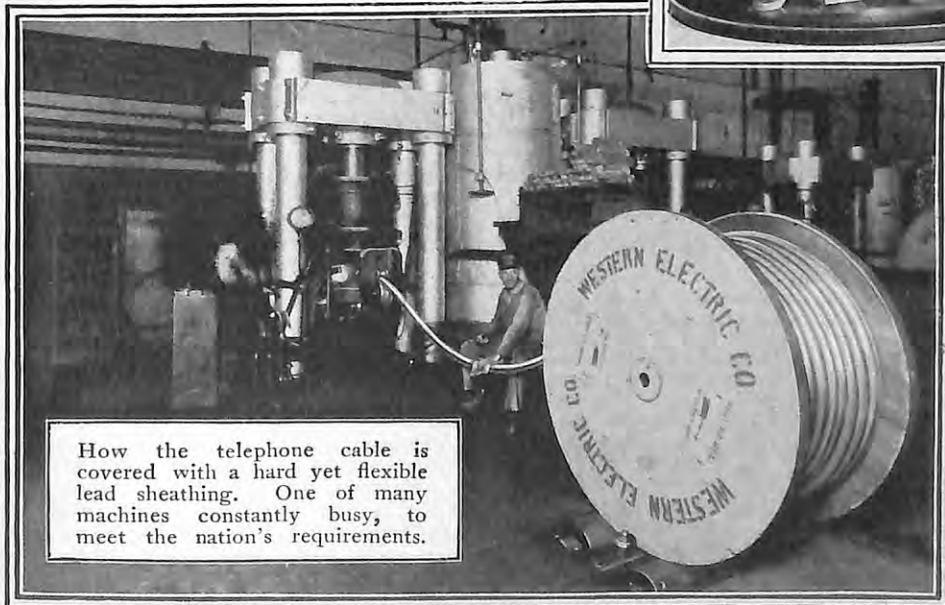
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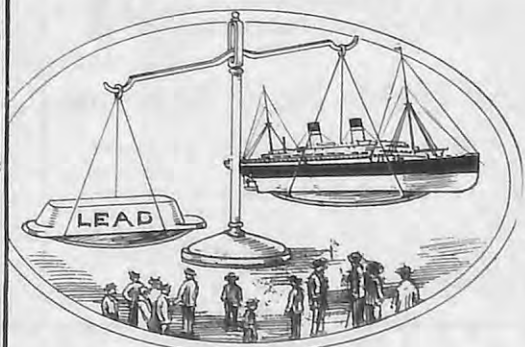
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Try this at the attic and basement as well. There will be a draft at each. It goes on all night from bedrooms, constantly from the basement, while warm air escapes to the unused attic. That is why bath and breakfast rooms are almost always cold in the morning.



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Enc. Dept. J-14

A Straight Talk About Exercise

(Continued from page 25)

Finally, if you live in the city and are greatly restricted in your opportunities for open-air pastimes, then it becomes partly a matter of what you should do and not so much what you would like to do. And your best bet is to combine a certain amount of walking with either some gymnasium work or home calisthenics, preferably the former. We will grant that you are not keen on walking for its own sake, but you will find that it is quite tolerable if you apply the principle of "walking instead of riding," having a destination, such as your place of business or your home. On that basis walking is not half bad, particularly if you learn to do it "with a swing," on your toes, toeing straight forward, bringing your arms into it, and thus using practically the entire body instead of only your legs. Walking is a great bore only if you poke or shuffle. It is rather a pleasure if you snap into it. Many people of good sense, knowing its benefits, have contrived some attractive psychology of their own to make walking interesting.

You can best psychologize your calisthenics by making it social, that is, by getting into a class of the kind at an athletic club or the Y. M. C. A., where you will get all you need in twenty minutes about three times a week, preferably at 5:30 P. M. If you do it at home, make it ten minutes daily, before going to bed. You do not enjoy shaving, either, but you make it a matter of routine. You can do that with your daily dozen. Use your phonograph, muffled partly if you like, to enable you to dance through it, in a manner of speaking.

One should really spend a couple of hours each day in the open air. The hard worker in the city may best distribute this time between morning, noon and evening walks, with a total of several miles a day, a minimum of three, and preferably between five and ten. Remember that a period of time spent in moderate exercise, ventilating the lungs and thus also ventilating the blood, is more important than intensive effort. Your aim is not to tear down your tissues, but rather to build them up.

Now how much of the sport stuff? About half as much as you think you want. Eighteen holes of golf may be right; thirty-six holes are usually too much. If it is a choice between less and more it would be better to stop at nine than to go on to thirty-six. Your purpose is to build energy, not to waste it. Find what you feel like doing, then cut it in half. Which is as close

to formulating a rule as one can go. Restraint is a virtue almost everywhere, and certainly in physical recreation. If you will stop eating when still able to enjoy your food, and drop your exercise while it is still fun, you will be a healthy man, just as you will have proven yourself a wise one.

Whatever your form of exercise, the first thing in the morning is not the best time for it, although that was formerly advised by many teachers. If you do a lot of exercise early in the day it is likely to take the edge off your working energy and leave you fagged in the afternoon. Many office-workers know what that means. And better personal efficiency is what you are after. It is better to go to your work with fresh energy and to take your exercise between five and six in the afternoon, allowing a reasonable rest before dinner. In this way you will find your exercise refreshing and restful. Fatigue poisons that have accumulated during the day's work, making your nerves tired, will be swept out of the system by the increased circulation and the increased oxygenation of the blood incidental to active exercise. It will brighten you up. Provided you don't carry it too far. Too much exercise, again, will produce a new accumulation of fatigue poisons so that you will end up where you started. Take just enough exercise at the end of the day to exhilarate you, and then stop, before you get tired again, and you will have in that very practice a good part of the art of living.

THE walk of two or three miles in the morning, if that is a part of your program, probably will not tire you enough to detract from your working energy. You can find out for yourself about that. But any walking beyond that distance would better be postponed until later in the day.

As for that busy business man who is endeavoring to work as near to twenty-four hours per day as possible, the "work hard and succeed" fanatic who feels that he has no time for physical recreation, it has always seemed to me that there must be something very wrong with his scheme of things. There is a lack of the quality of management if he feels that he must do everything with his own hands or his own eyes. Most intelligent men have found appealing hobbies, and usually they ride them hard. And they keep youthful and fresh and well by doing so.

The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 29)

sion of Miss La Rue's earrings meant beyond doubt that he had robbed her as well. With a lift of her chin Audrey directed the conversation into less personal channels. The remainder of their talk was uninteresting but safe.

The play for which Mr. Rives had secured seats happened to be one that Audrey had seen before. She was glad when eleven o'clock found them driving in the direction of The Bayou.

The latter proved to be, to Audrey at least, an astonishing place. A large room in a basement, its mural decorations of Spanish Mission style, it seemed particularly noteworthy for its dense atmosphere of perfume, cigarette smoke and human flesh, and the vivid, almost frenzied dancing of the semi-nude mulattos and octoroons who performed on its miniature stage. She took a seat at the table which Mr. Rives, after an interview with the head waiter, quickly secured, and proceeded to sip the ginger ale which was presently brought in response to her companion's order.

"Better have something to eat," he suggested, and without waiting for her reply, told the waiter to bring club sandwiches. It was clear that Mr. Rives' mind was not centered on either drink or food; he watched the girls on the stage with a cold and scrutinizing eye.

Presently, their number concluded, the women began to move between the tables, undulating suggestively to the music of the negro band.

Mr. Rives watched them eagerly, scanning each one from head to foot as she passed their

table. Suddenly, as a particularly daring yellow girl bent toward him, singing the suggestive words of her song, he pushed back his chair, rose.

"I'll take that piece of jade," he said coldly, pointing to a round green object which hung from a chain of beads about her neck.

The girl drew back, gave a high laugh.

"You all been drinkin' too much sympathetic gin, white man," she shrilled.

Mr. Rives did not stop to argue the question. With a deft motion of his hand he caught the necklace and ripped it, beads and all, from her throat.

The woman stared at him for a moment, speechless, then her hands shot out, two swift, writhing claws, tearing at his face. At almost the same moment the jazz band ceased playing and a tall burly negro dropped his drum-sticks and made a wild dash down the aisle in the direction of the screaming girl. People rose from near-by tables. Waiters dashed to the scene of action, dropping their trays as they came. Someone blew a police whistle, its thin scream cutting knifelike through the rising hubbub. Audrey rose. With one hand Mr. Rives was thrusting the piece of jade into his pocket—with the other he was doing his best to defend himself from the mulatto girl's frenzied attack. Already blood was pouring down his cheeks. A sallow-faced youth seized Audrey by the arm.

"Come on, kid!" he whispered, "let's go while the going's good."

She pushed him away, threw up her arm to

ward off a blow which the negro drummer, armed with a water-bottle, had aimed at Mr. Rives' head. The impact numbed her; she thought for a moment that a bone had been broken. Mr. Rives had not struck a blow, but he seemed, to Audrey, in frightful danger. Not only the drummer, but the entire jazz band, had now precipitated themselves upon him; he was surrounded by a ring of flaming black and yellow faces. One of the men had a razor in his hand; Audrey found herself thinking what a frightful cut it would make, should it ever descend.

Then the door of the place was thrown open, and two patrolmen, batons in hand, came into the room, forcing their way through the struggling crowd. The sallow-faced youth, who had kept close to Audrey's elbow, seized it, attempted to drag her away from the *mêlée* toward the door. She gave a cry of alarm. Mr. Rives, hearing it, turned. Then the water-bottle in the hands of the infuriated drummer descended once more.

Audrey saw it coming, and with a despairing shriek pulled at Mr. Rives' arm. It was enough. The bottle struck harmlessly upon a table.

THE patrolmen had by this time beaten a clear way to the two chief combatants—Mr. Rives and the mulatto girl. One of them took the former by the collar, raised his night-stick. Then quite suddenly he stopped. The night-stick did not fall. Instead, the officer, with a quick word to his companion, thrust the crowd aside and began to lead his prisoner to the door. The latter might perhaps have dashed out, made a break for freedom, but thoughts of Audrey must have restrained him. With an exclamation of joy he found her close at his side.

"Sweetheart!" he muttered, and placing his arm about her, drew her along with him toward the door.

Audrey was never quite sure of what happened, when they reached the sidewalk. She did see that Mr. Rives had a short conversation, under his breath, with the policeman—that something, money, she supposed, passed between them. She had heard, often enough, of persons who, could they produce the necessary amount of cash, were promptly released, in brawls of this sort. The policeman nodded, at the same time preventing, by his bulk, any one else from coming through the door. And Mr. Rives, without a moment's delay, swept her into a taxicab which stood before the restaurant waiting for a fare.

Her companion sat in stolid silence as they drove off. His cheeks were bleeding, torn by the mulatto's clawing nails, but he seemed unconscious of it. Audrey tried, with her handkerchief, to wipe away the blood, but Mr. Rives put her hand aside with a laugh. It was not, however, a humorous laugh.

"I acted like a fool," he groaned, "starting a fight with that negro wench. Lucky thing I was able to fix that policeman. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Don't talk nonsense," Audrey said, "you got the medallion, didn't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Rives felt in his coat pocket. "Look here. Why not stop for a moment and find out what the inscription on it means." He leaned out, gave the chauffeur an address. "Make it snappy."

The taxicab stopped in front of a building having a Chinese restaurant on its second floor, and Mr. Rives excused himself, telling Audrey to wait. She observed, with satisfaction, that he held her lace-bordered handkerchief against his cheek. In less than five minutes he was back again, and instructed the cabman to continue on at once to the Eleventh Street address. With a smile Audrey glanced at the watch on her wrist. Its hands marked a quarter to two.

"I'll ask him in," she said to herself and sank back into a corner of the seat with a singularly happy smile about her lips.

The first thing Mr. Rives did, on reaching Audrey's apartment, was to drag from his coat pocket the jade medallion he had taken from the dancing girl at the Bayou Cafe.

"Here," he said, tossing the piece of green stone on the table. "The inscription on it reads 'The Road to Fortune.'"

Audrey scarcely glanced at it. She was for the moment far more concerned with the bleeding scratches on his face.

"Never mind that, now," she whispered. "I'm going to fix up your wounds." In spite
(Continued on page 50)

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The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 49)

of Mr. Rives' protests, she went into the bathroom and presently returned with hot water in a dish, a bottle of antiseptic solution and some cotton.

"Just a couple of scratches," her companion said carelessly. "Don't amount to anything. It might have been different if you hadn't saved me from that water-bottle."

"I didn't suppose you saw that," Audrey replied, as she sponged off the gashes in his cheeks.

"You bet I did. Twice. What was that fellow who had you by the arm trying to do?"

"Kidnap me, I guess."
 "I ought to have murdered him."
 "You were busy enough as it was," Audrey laughed. "Don't you think it strange that that woman was careless enough to wear a stolen article where every one could see it?"

"No, you see, she didn't regard it as stolen, exactly. I imagine our friend Mr. Rockwell was considerably more foggy that evening than he admitted to us. These girls—women of that sort—don't think it any particular crime to take trinkets from men they are with. She would probably claim that Mr. Rockwell gave it to her. I realize that I went about getting the thing back in a stupid way. I should have had a talk with her in private. But—when she lit into me—accused me of being drunk, I—well—I lost my temper, I guess."

"There!" Audrey exclaimed, as she finished bathing the ragged cuts. "Now if I only had some adhesive tape—"

"Nonsense." Mr. Rives did not seem to take his wounds at all seriously, although there is no denying the fact that Audrey's ministrations were not exactly displeasing to him. "I'll slap some iodine on them when I get home. And I guess it's about time I started." He glanced at his watch with a laugh. "Rather late, to be calling on a young lady, isn't it? But there's one thing I want to ask you before I do."

"Yes?" Audrey had no suspicions of what was coming.

"It's about that jade piece you have—the one you bought from Sternberg. I have the other five." He took the medallion from the table and placed it in his pocket. "But I can't do what I set out to do, without all six of them. You have the inscriptions, which was what you were after, and maybe I have helped you a bit in getting them. Now, if that one jade piece isn't of any particular use to you, I wish you'd let me have it."

"Let you have it?" The request left her gasping.

"Yes. I need all six."
 Audrey did some quick thinking, her eyes singularly mysterious.

"Would you mind telling me, first," she asked? "just what use you mean to make of those jades?"

"WELL," Mr. Rives, too, paused for an instant. "The first thing I am going to do," he said presently, "is to sell them. To a man who has promised me five thousand dollars, if I can get them back."

"Oh," Audrey's voice was heavy with disappointment. "I thought you told me you were working for the police."

"I did," Mr. Rives assented blandly. "And you didn't believe me."

"How could I, when I saw the things you did?"

"You couldn't, I guess—not very well. But never mind about all that now. Will you let me have the jade?"

Audrey looked at him, their eyes meeting—clashing. Suddenly she made a decision. The piece of stone was of no use to her; perhaps the only way she could ever know the truth about this man who faced her so calmly was by doing as he asked. And yet, the thought that he had stolen the medallions, placed himself in jeopardy, been willing to appear in her eyes a thief, for a pitiful five thousand dollars, disgusted her. A man who risked his liberty, his life, for a million she could at least have understood, even have respected. But a cheap, a common sneak-thief—

"Yes," she said in a colorless voice. "I'll let you have the jade."

"Thanks," he answered simply, and extended his hand.

"Only," Audrey went on, "I can't give it to you until to-morrow."

Mr. Rives frowned.

"Can you let me have it by noon?" he questioned. "It's extremely important."

"Yes. I can let you have it by noon."

"Then I'll come for it." He took up his hat, stood for a moment gazing down at the row of little white disks on the table top. "You'd better write down this last one, before you forget it," he said. "The Road to Fortune." Sounds promising, at least."

Audrey took a pen and slowly imprinted the words on the circular piece of cardboard.

"Doesn't it," she answered. "If only grandfather's jewels hadn't been stolen that night I might begin to believe that there was really a message about them on that bracelet."

Mr. Rives pondered, a frown pressing over his bright gray eyes.

"IT IS a singular thing, Miss Blair," he said suddenly, "that no trace of the missing stones has ever been found. Many of them, I understand, were large and of great value. It is queer that no attempt has ever been made to dispose of them. Sometimes I think there weren't any jewels in your grandfather's safe at all."

"Oh, but I know there were," Audrey exclaimed.

"How do you know it?"

"Because—because the thieves dropped one of the stones, a diamond, right in front of the safe on the night of the robbery. I suppose they must have opened one of the little bags grandfather kept the jewels in, to be sure they were there, and this diamond rolled out on the floor without their having noticed it."

"Are you sure?" The interest Mr. Rives displayed on hearing her words was tremendous; his eyes sparkled, his expression became tense, keen, as though he attached some strange importance to this apparently simple statement.

"Of course I'm sure," Audrey told him. "Stetson found the stone himself and gave it to me. He thought that I ought to have that much of my inheritance, anyhow. That's why he didn't say anything about it to the police. He knew they'd take it away from him as evidence, and he figured that I might never get it back again. I'm keeping it for a rainy day."

"You have it, here?" Mr. Rives asked, his eyes glowing.

"Why—yes," Audrey admitted. All her early suspicions of him returned with a rush. Why was this man so interested in her poor little diamond? Because it was—evidence? So were the jade medallions. And he had been eager enough to get hold of them. Was this Mr. Rives a monstrous clever crook, after all, far above working for any beggarly five thousand dollars? Suppose, she thought—just suppose, he, or his friends, had themselves been the actual robbers—the murderers of her grandfather! It would be a matter of life and death with them, to remove whatever evidence might exist tending to send them to the electric chair! Stetson's story of the jade bracelet, in her grandfather's hands at the instant of his death, led to nothing, unless through it the murderers could be traced. Now, with this diamond and his story of finding it, to prove the robbery, a definite motive for the crime existed. So far it had rested solely on Stetson's statement that there were jewels in the safe—something so far lacking of any proof. There was not the slightest trace of any such jewels having been offered for sale. Mr. Rives had just informed her. Of course not. Really clever thieves would keep such things, lay them away, to be sold later on, when the excitement caused by the murder had blown over—to be taken to Europe, perhaps, for sale. And Mr. Rives had admitted, at dinner that very evening, that he might shortly have to go abroad himself. It all dovetailed perfectly, and yet—

"May I look at it?" she heard him asking.

"Why—yes—I suppose so," Audrey replied not at all enthusiastically. Mr. Rives did not fail to perceive her embarrassment.

"I suppose you're afraid that I'll make off

(Continued on page 52)

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The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 50)

with it," he said rather bitterly. "Well, I don't exactly blame you. But I *would* like to look at it, if you don't mind. It may just happen to explain something that has been puzzling me a great deal."

Without replying, Audrey took the stone from the desk drawer where it had lain ever since she placed it there, overlooked, apparently, by the thief who had ransacked her apartment.

"Here," she said, and extended the diamond to Mr. Rives.

He took it, gazed at it carefully for a moment beneath the light, then went over to the window and swept the diamond sharply across the pane. Although his back was toward her, Audrey could see quite plainly what he was doing. An instant later he turned, a queer and by no means disappointed smile twisting the corners of his mouth.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Miss Blair," he announced, "but this diamond is nothing but a cleverly cut piece of glass. Could the original have been stolen?"

Once more Audrey's eyes grew dark with suspicion. Had her companion substituted a bit of glass for the real stone, while his back was turned? It would have necessitated a knowledge on his part of the diamond's presence in her rooms, so that he could have come prepared to make the substitution, but her mysterious companion seemed to have an almost uncanny knowledge of many things. Or, had the thief who ransacked her rooms made the substitution? At least this latter and most probable explanation would exonerate Mr. Rives.

The question of his exoneration, however, did

not seem to be troubling that young man at all. As he gazed at Audrey, he very nearly smiled.

"It's too bad," he said agreeably, "that the only thing left of your inheritance should turn out to be worthless. I'll take the stone along with me, if you don't mind." Without waiting for her answer, he thrust the diamond into his pocket. Audrey sat amazed, stupefied. "By the way, what are you doing to-morrow afternoon?" she heard her visitor asking.

"Why—nothing in particular," she replied, scarcely able to speak, so great was her confusion.

"Good. I'll call for you and the sixth jade, around half-past twelve. We are going for a little ride—in the country." His gray eyes danced with excitement.

"In the country?" Audrey repeated mechanically, still unable to collect her thoughts. "What do you mean?"

"Too late to explain, now. It's almost three o'clock. You need sleep. I'll see you at twelve-thirty to-morrow—and as I suppose we'll need a chaperone"—he laughed with whimsical gaiety—"I think we had better take Stetson along with us." With a quick "good-night" he left her.

Audrey stared at the door through which he had just passed, more puzzled than she had ever been in her life. What an amazing man! In order to make sure of the only remaining piece of evidence against her grandfather's murderers, he had declared her diamond worthless and then calmly walked off with it! Should she have stopped him? *Could* she have stopped him? She did not know. It seemed to her, for the moment, that she had acted like an utter fool.

(To be concluded)

The Stop-Watchman

(Continued from page 13)

Jeems in preference to him remained an enigma. He felt that if he could learn the answer he'd solve the problem: he wanted her to marry Jeems for several reasons—first, because he himself wished to be free of anything which hinted of matrimonial entanglement; second, because he was ag'in marriage anyhow; third, because he was fearful that if Saccharine should insist upon carrying their engagement through to a fatal conclusion Jeems might commit homicide with himself in the rôle of homicide.

He pondered bewilderingly upon the vagaries of a woman's choice: himself selected unwillingly and in preference to the delectable Jeems. . . . Jeems flouted by a woman who should, by all the laws of eligibility, have been mad with delight at the opportunity of acquiring him for her very own. And Jeems, consequently, breaking his heart over her. Queer, queer situation—and one defying explanation.

Traffic thinned out on Avenue F, a half-block distant. Occasionally a joy car howled past, leaving a trail of motor oil and midnight hilarity. The lights of Tittisville had winked out . . . a vast quietude pervaded the scene, and without apparent reason Elocute shivered.

There was no particular cause for him to shiver. Certainly there was nothing about the big rumbling truck heading west on the avenue which should have brought him the faintest premonitory qualm. It was only when the truck swung suddenly north and headed straight for the one-time establishment of the Boles' that Elocute knew he had been watching it in fascination for some minutes.

He knew instinctively that the car was headed for the house which he had been hired to watch. After all, the conclusion was not very difficult of attainment: the house stood on a blind road and was the only structure on it. He foresaw trouble and addressed his legs pleadingly:

"Limbs," he pleaded, "le's us move away fum heah."

But the legs would not obey. Ice water was coursing through Elocute's veins and he realized now that he should have resigned from the night-watching profession before ever accepting the job.

The progress of the truck was amazingly flagrant. Its motor, sans muffler, roared defiantly in the chill night. Its headlights invited all who would to take a look. Elocute was the only one

to accept the invitation, and he did so only because horror held him spellbound.

The truck stopped directly before the front veranda. The headlamps were dimmed but not extinguished. Three men leaped to the ground, and Elocute groaned audibly as he recognized one of them. There was no mistaking the squat, powerful frame of Mr. James Boles, pianist and pugilist. And there were many millions of other individuals inhabiting the earth whom Elocute would have preferred to meet then and there.

It occurred to Elocute as he saw the three visitors calmly enter the house that they were unaware of his presence. The thought was delicious. He was quite willing that they should remain in ignorance. It never occurred to him that he should raise a hand to prevent whatever it was they had come for. Three against one was entirely too many—particularly when one of the trio was the venomous Mr. Boles.

After all, this was evidently some personal squabble between the Boles' and Elocute had no mind to mix in. Besides, his legs wouldn't let him. He was only afraid that they might hear the thumping of his heart above the banging and clanging which was going on inside the house.

One thing was certain: they didn't know he was there . . . and he determined to remain motionless until after they should have gone. As to what course he would follow after that . . . that was something else to be considered. Just now he was chiefly concerned with preserving a whole skin. He cowered at the angle of side porch and main building: giving terrified ear to the thumpings and bumpings from inside the house. His jaw was hanging loosely and his eyes staring off at nothing at all.

And then came the most unnecessary and unkindest cut of all. From within had come a bit of choice blasphemy, giving evidence of the fact that the three men lacked sufficient strength to do that which they had set out to accomplish. The broad-shouldered figure of Jeems Boles appeared on the veranda, and his voice clarified authoritatively into the night:

"Elocute! You Elocute Spratt! Where is you at?"

Elocute shrank perceptibly. He was shocked and surprised that Jeems knew of his presence. His pride was hurt . . . and he was frightened.



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He said nothing, and continued to say it. Again came the raucous call:

"Come heah, Elocute—befo' I fetches you."

This time Mr. Spratt tried to move: whether to answer the summons or to separate himself from the vicinity he didn't quite know. The faint movement betrayed him and in an instant Jeems was beside him, one powerful hand on his arm. Jeems' manner was exceedingly positive.

"Whyn't you come when I called you, cullud boy? You reckon I crave to stan' up there th'ow-in' good breff after bad?"

"Y-y-yassuh." Elocute was trembling violently. He didn't know what was going to happen but he more than suspected that it was in the process of happening.

"Come along with me."

Jeems led the way into the house. He introduced Elocute with a wave of his hand. "Heah's the night-watchman, fellers. He'll lend a hand."

Elocute stared dumbly. He saw now the objective of the visit: the legs of the baby-grand piano had been removed, the instrument itself turned on its side. It appeared that the immediate job was to slip a little truck beneath the baby-grand and so roll it across the veranda to the waiting three-tonner outside.

A feeling of colossal outrage pervaded Elocute Spratt. It was one thing to burgle a house under his very official nose and quite something else to conscript his services. This seemed very like piling an Ossa of insult upon a Pelion of injury. It was on his lips to protest, but, fortunately for him the words died abornin'. He placed his hands where directed and strained his back muscles against the stubborn inertia of the cherished instrument.

He felt enormously degraded. This did not seem at all in keeping with his high estate of police powers. "I—I hadn't ought to be doin' this," he vouchsafed weakly.

"Huh!" Jeems Boles was peeved and he didn't care whom he extincted. "Does you speak one protest I is gwine fixt things so you looks upward to some growin' grass roots."

Elocute took the hint, and thereafter he toiled valiantly to assist the three visitors in placing the heavy piano on the waiting truck.

The very flagrancy with which the act was conducted insured its safety. Not once had voices been lowered, headlights extinguished or the slightest precaution taken. As for Elocute, that gentleman worked in a daze, temporarily content that he was being permitted to remain alive.

HE couldn't understand what it was all about. And he didn't particularly care. But he did entertain a horrid suspicion that Jeems's nocturnal visitation was not entirely disconnected with the fact of his presence here as night watchman.

Elocute's pride had received a severe jolt. So far as confidence in his physical prowess was concerned—he was nothing minus. But he had come to the conclusion that he had been foolish to accept this position in the first place. Already there seeped into his brain a fear of the explanations which the morrow would demand. Elocute was not fond of explaining—he had a bad habit of tripping over his own best alibis.

At last the task was finished. Jeems mounted beside the truck driver and waved a cheerful farewell.

"Much obliged, Elocute. You suttingly is one swell li'l helper."

Elocute gravely acknowledged the somewhat doubtful compliment. He stood alone and mournful on the front porch as the truck roared away into the night, the staccato crackle of its motor rending hideously the peaceful quiet of Jones Valley.

And then Mr. Spratt was alone again. Once more he settled himself upon the veranda, but now all vestige of tranquility had vanished. Reaction set in and he went cold and hot by turns . . . and found himself speculating upon what manner of punishment would be visited upon him for permitting this invasion of the precincts he had been hired to watch.

Elocute's spirits were at low ebb. He was convinced that now—and for the first time—he had plumbed actually the extreme nadir of despair. He was quivering with apprehension, staring with fear, afraid of the night and in dread of the dawn. "Golly Moses! They ain't but two things I can do—an' the on'ly thing which is worse than the fust, is the second."

(Continued on page 54)



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The Stop-Watchman

(Continued from page 53)

Eventually day supplanted the velvet blackness. Elocute pulled himself together and trudged miserably toward the serried skyline of Birmingham a mile or so distant. He presented a dejected figure as he plodded along, fearful of the future and afraid to look back upon the past.

He was as yet undecided upon what course to pursue. The immediate thing, however, was to collect his dollar and let later chips fall where they might.

The employment agent paid the fee, and a half hour later coffee and waffles had somewhat alleviated the Spratt sufferings. But he still slunk about Bud's place, afraid to visit his room for much-needed sleep. . . .

At two o'clock in the afternoon someone descended upon him in force. Sinewy fingers wrapped themselves about his arm and he was jerked rudely. He emitted a shriek of terror and instinctively raised a protecting arm.

"Leave go . . ."

He found himself looking into the shining eyes of his particular *bete noire*. Jeems Boles, clad in a new tan suit resplendent with bell-bottom pants, was fairly a-gleam.

"Elocute," he enthused, and at least there was no enmity in his voice—"I suttinly is happy to meet up with you again."

Mr. Spratt waved his head slowly around on top of his neck.

"Says which?"

"Says I is glad to meet up with you again. I has got some bad news fo' you."

"I knew it," groaned the unfortunate Elocute. "Me an' Bad News meets each other constant an' enthusiastic."

"This," exulted Jeems, "is about Saccharine."

"Tha's awful."

"Well, it's done."

"What's done?"

Jeems struck a pose. "I an' Saccharine is married to each other!"

For a few seconds Elocute did not speak. The idea was hammering home in his brain, and then, fearful that he had not heard aright, he poked his face forward and begged that the news be repeated.

Then his face broke into a broad grin: into a smile of sheer, unalloyed joy.

"Hot diggity dawg, Jeems Boles! I cain't congratulate you, but I suttinly is happy. Tell me—how come you to take that gall off my han's so sudden?"

Jeems explained briefly. "It was this away, Elocute: it seems now that Saccharine never was crazy about you a-tall, but was on'y stayin' engaged to you to keep me jealous. But this mawnin' I brung her over and showed her that baby-grand pianner which you helped me git

last night an' right away she admitted she would be happy to marry the feller which owned such a noble instrument an' could play on same. So us went right down to the City Hall. . . ."

Long after Jeems had departed, Elocute stood in a daze of pleasure. The affair of the piano's disappearance was yet to be accounted for—but nothing that might happen now could be of sufficient importance to dull the keen edge of his happiness.

Saccharine was gone. The lethal menace of Jeems Boles's rivalry was once and for all removed. Elocute rattled the six bits in his pocket and moved rapturously up the street. "Life," he philosophized, "is shuah somethin' worth livin'."

He found a telegraph post and lounged sleepily against it. A vast contentment pervaded his being and fear of the employment agent was well-nigh forgotten. That gentleman had dissolved into a background which was of small consequence . . . and then without warning two persons seized him and shrilled anathema into his ears.

Elocute Spratt gazed languidly upon the employment agent and the obviously irate ex-wife of Mr. Jeems Boles. They were expressing in loud and uncomplimentary terms their opinion of him as a man and a guardian of private property.

Somehow Elocute found it impossible to become excited. He heard their words, but they carried no message of terror. He was, in fact, rather amused by their excitement. He let them rave on—eying them in a frosty, impersonal manner—and at length the employment agent ran out of breath and Mrs. Boles pierced Elocute with a question

"I suppose you is gwine say you di'nt't know the pianner was taken last night?"

He was amazed at his own calm. "I ain't gwine say nothin' of the kind, Mis' Boles."

"Well, of all the nerve! You stood right up there an' let Jeems Boles take that pianner out of my house?"

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

"Ooooh!" It was apparent that Mrs. Boles was about to be overcome with emotion. "Is that what kind of a night-watchman you is?"

"Reckon so, Mis' Boles. Kind of reckon so."

She was rapidly becoming hysterical. "What you reckon I hired you for anyway?" she shrilled. "Answer me that. What did I hire you for?"

Mr. Elocute Spratt stifled a yawn. He gave the impression of being rather bored with the whole proceeding.

"You hired me to watch," he answered calmly. "And that is exactly what I done."

Sally's Star Boarder

(Continued from page 20)

troupe and I was just wondering if you were the same du Bois. Hello," he turned to the phone, "what do you want?"

Pulling the instrument closer to him, he dislodged some papers from the desk. Mechanically I stooped to pick them from the floor. I couldn't help seeing they were contracts, signed and dated. Hardly had I replaced them when Thurman hung up.

"Listen," he included both Monty and me, "do I understand you absolutely insist on George Lasker and a re-write author at once?"

"Yes," I said, loud enough for two.

Sam pressed the buzzer for his steno. "That's all I wanted to know. I'll get in touch with Lasker to-day and turn over the production to him. Anything else, boys?"

"N-no, thank you," stammered Monty.

As for me, I went out of the office winging, looking for something solid to light on. One of the contracts I'd picked up from the floor was, I'd seen, an agreement signed that day between Sam Thurman and George Lasker for Lasker to stage and produce the "Eternal Enigma!"

"You mean," Monty scratched his head bewildered when I told him, "Sam had already hired Lasker before we spoke about it to him?"

"He had. What I'm guessing at is—why the play-acting he did for us just now?"

"What do we care!" cried Monty, his eyes brightening and the blood coming back into his cheeks. "If anybody can make a success of the play, George Lasker can!"

As luck would have it, my boss took me out of town with him the next day to dig up locations for his new picture. So it was the day of the dress rehearsal before I saw Monty again. There were about twenty people, friends and relatives of the company, scattered through the auditorium of the Star when I eased in, looking for Monty.

NOBODY outside of show business knows what a terrific ordeal for all concerned a dress rehearsal of a new play is. For the first time, usually, the work of all the different departments is collected and dove-tailed. The actors work in the scenery for the first time. They use the different props—suit-cases, golf clubs, knives, napkins and so forth—for the first time. They work under the lighting system which the electricians and the director have evolved—and alter. The director sees whether the atmosphere, the illusion, he has been build-

ing for is apt to be achieved when the play is presented to an audience.

In order that he may see what possibilities and flaws the play possesses, in unfamiliar surroundings, in unaccustomed clothes, handling unfamiliar objects, overcoming all these handicaps to ease and repose, the actors are expected to put forth every ounce of their ability, magnetism and personality, an exhausting, heart-breaking task because out in front there is no audience to lean upon, to inspire and support their efforts. Yes, a dress rehearsal is a nerve-wracking thing if for no other reason than you never can tell how long it, or the star's, or the director's temper will last.

The rehearsal had not begun when I walked into the Star. The curtain was up; on the stage several of the crew were setting and arranging furniture and pictures according to Lasker's last minute suggestions. Monty saw me and motioned me to join him and Jennie. The strain showed in his face for the world to see.

"How does it look?" I asked.

"I think it's got a chance, Pete; yes, sir, I honestly do. If it wasn't for Murden—" He gulped.

"Maybe you've been sticking too close to rehearsals to get the right perspective," I soothing-sirup'd.

"I've been sticking close to rehearsals, all right," Monty admitted. "I know every line of every part backward and forward. There are some corking good lines in the show, too—now."

"Can you imagine, Mr. Stevens," burst from Jennie, "they've taken out nearly every line I wrote!"

"As I've told you a hundred times," said Monty wearily, "changing nearly every situation the way George did, your lines, good as they was, didn't fit the new situations."

"What's the matter with Murden?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Everything," Monty snapped. "In the last half-hour alone he's complained to me about his lines, George's direction, the leading lady, his dressing-room, the dog and the stage carpenter's shirt. He's peeved because he can't play the part right, and he's taking it out on the rest of us, knowing we'll stand for it because the show can't open to-morrow night unless he's in it." He pointed a trembling finger toward the stage. "There he is now, the big stiff!"

Dressed in the shabby clothes the role demanded, Murden walked to the center of the stage and began inspecting the set. As he did so, a man in one of the stage-boxes stood up and called him. Murden turned, smiled, walked to the box, jumped into it and began chatting with the man, a youngish-looking chap I'd seen before—several times—always unexpectedly—in troublous times. And here he was again—young Simpson, Sally's lawyer!

"Who's the young fellow in the box?" I asked Monty, trying to make it sound casual.

"I don't know; some friend of Murden's. He's been around here talking to him a couple of times this last week," growled Monty.

I looked again at the two men in the box. Simpson took a slip of paper from his wallet and gave it to Murden. The actor looked at it, nodded, put it in his pocket and scribbled his name on a paper Simpson held for him. That done, Simpson left the box. On his way out he passed Monty, Jennie and me. Squarely he looked me in the eye. Without a smile or even a warning wink, he passed me up cold and continued on out of the theater. A minute later when I chased out after him he was gone.

The curtain was up and the first act on when I got back. I watched the play closely. Lasker had certainly done a miraculous job, if I was any judge. Concentrating upon one idea—the love of an indigent jack-of-all-trades for his wife and daughter, he had larded scene after scene with wholesome humor and homely characterization. It wasn't the play nor the lines that were so delightful as the atmosphere, the "feel" of the play which George's skilled touch had brought to it.

And then Murden came on. All out of key in appearance, manner and voice, he was the opposite of the meek, self-effacing, quaint old hero of the play. Harsh when he should have been tender, blatant when the scene called for whimsy, before the first act was over he had destroyed all the sympathy and interest that had so carefully been built up for him.

(Continued on page 56)



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Sally's Star Boarder

(Continued from page 55)

"Well?" asked Monty hopefully as the curtain descended.

"The act is all right," I hedged

"Oh, is it!" Jennie burst out shrilly. "It's absolutely ruined! Not one single speech of mine did I recognize in the entire act. Not one! They've simply taken my idea—"

"Congratulate yourself," I cut in. "The fact that they've kept your idea makes your batting average about .900 in the Author's League." I turned to Monty. "If Murden could only—"

"But he can't, Pete. He—"

He stopped, staring at the stage. The curtain was up; Lasker was explaining a few minor changes he wanted made in the act. Interrupting him, Murden stepped down to the footlights, his jaw set stubbornly.

"Listen, Lasker," he said in a nasty tone, "the positions at the end of the act will have to be changed."

A shocked hush fell over the company and spread to the stage hands grouped in the entrances.

"Indeed?" answered George quietly.

"Yes. You've got me way over on one side. I should be in the center of the stage."

"Indeed?" repeated George. He hadn't been talked to in that way for fifteen years.

"Furthermore, that last scene is all wrong. I've tried to play it the way you want, but I can't feel it. In justice to myself I'm going to play it my way in future."

"Indeed?" George's quietness seemed to infuriate Murden.

"Yes, indeed!" he shouted. "I've been in this business too long not to know when my scenes are being deliberately ruined. Did you get that? I've stood all the monkey business I'm going to stand. I'm the star of this company!"

"Through the courtesy of the management, merely," said George drily.

Wow! That started the fire-works. In the center of the stage Murden raved steadily for one solid minute, swearing that unless he could play his scenes exactly and precisely the way he wanted to the show would positively not open in Stamford the next night.

"Did you get that?" he dared. "Has anybody got anything to say? Anybody from the door-tender to the pin-headed angel back of this show? Let's hear it now, or—"

"You'll hear it! Don't worry; you'll hear it!"

It was Monty—madly chasing down the aisle, to scramble up on the stage and confront Murden with blazing eyes.

"Listen du Bois," began Murden.

"NO, you listen!" Monty's voice shook with indignation and rightful wrath. "You asked for something; now take it. I'm about the only one on this show that will speak to you; that's how popular you've made yourself. Did you get that? Listen to this, then. You call yourself a star. I think you're a worse actor than any human has a right to be. Mr. Lasker doesn't have to worry about spoiling your scenes. All you've got to do is play them—and they're ruined. Did you get that? Here's something else. For a week you haven't passed up a single opportunity to insult the other members of the company and to crab and kick and obstruct the progress of this play. You've plastered gloom over the whole troupe, and I'm telling you to your face I believe you've done it on purpose. Nobody could be naturally as stinking as you've been for a week. Have you heard enough, or will you hear what I think about the sort of man that risks the bread and butter and jobs of twenty other men and women because he's too conceited to follow the advice of the best known and honored stage director in the United States!"

Old Monty, head back, eyes flashing, fists clenched, waited for Murden to answer. Not a soul moved for a long second.

"I only want to hear one thing more," the actor said, finally. "That's your apology."

"Apology!" Monty's voice cracked; squeaked. "Why, doggone it, the very nicest thing I'm wishing you is seven years of limbo!"

A stage hand in the wings snickered. Murden quickly looked at him, and then around at the rest of the company.

"In that case, ladies and gentlemen. I'm

through!" He unbuttoned his collar, always the first move of an actor quitting a rehearsal.

"Just a minute, King." It was George Lasker speaking. "Do you realize what walking out of this theatre now means to you, as well as the rest of us?"

"I do, and I'm walking out—for good!" said Murden, suiting the action to the word.

For a sickening second there wasn't a sound. Dazed, the members of the company looked into each other's faces, white under the grease-paint and rouge. Then one of the girls began crying.

Trying to guess what George would do, I saw Sam Thurman striding down the center aisle toward the stage

"Ladies and gentlemen of the company!" He called their attention. "Mr. Murden has seen fit to break his contract in the most unprofessional manner possible. It puts you—and me—in a serious situation. Serious, but, I hope, not hopeless."

THE tone of his voice and his smile brought the mercurial spirits of the troupe soaring swiftly up from the depths. But as they looked expectantly at him, his smile faded and his voice was colder when he spoke.

"Mr. du Bois."

"Yes, sir," Monty shook himself to attention.

"You realize you are responsible for Mr. Murden quitting the show."

"Y-yes, sir."

"You further realize the importance of opening this play to-morrow night in Stamford."

"Y-yes, sir. But I don't see how it can. Nobody could—could get up in Murden's part on such short notice."

"That is your opinion—as an actor."

Monty nodded miserably.

"You—if I remember correctly—you told me you were a good actor, didn't you?" It was hard to tell whether Sam was ridiculing Monty or not.

Monty flushed. "S-some of the papers said so," he muttered.

"That was in a play called—what was it?"

"Hills of Ohio."

"A part something like the leading part in this play, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Umm. You've been watching Mr. Murden rehearse in this play, I take it."

Monty nodded.

"Have you watched him closely enough to become at all familiar with the lines of the part?"

"Familiar!" Monty snorted. "Not only do I know every one of his lines, but doggone it, I know exactly how George wants every one of 'em read!"

Monty's outburst brought smiles to several faces. A chuckle from Lasker further eased the tension.

"Well, then," said Thurman, his heavy features relaxing, "if you will step in and play Murden's part, this play will open in Stamford to-morrow night."

All eyes focused on Monty. He turned to Sam, slow to comprehend the turn of the situation.

"You—you mean that?"

"I do. It's up to you to save the show."

Monty slowly faced the company semi-circled about him. His rounded shoulders bent forward, he stretched out his arms, palms up, toward them.

"Will you help me, boys and girls?" he asked simply.

Would they! They rushed to him smothering him.

"Did you get that gesture?" Lasker whispered to Thurman. "Murden couldn't do that in a hundred years of trying!"

A moment later he called for order. "We'll take the first set again as soon as Mr. du Bois is ready. Folks, if you've any engagements for the rest of the day, please phone now and cancel them. Mr. Thurman has kindly offered to have dinner sent in and served to us here. Clear the stage, please."

He faced about toward us in the audience. "Sorry, but I'll have to ask you to leave the theatre. Everybody out, please."

"Out? Me, too?" gasped Jennie.

"You, too," I said, rising to go.
 "But I'm the author!"
 "Through the courtesy of the program printer, merely," I told her. "Come on!"
 Standing in front of the Stamford Theater Monday night, cooking my tongue tasteless by burning large quantities of cigaret tobacco while wondering if Monty would be able to stagger through the part good enough to hold the show together until another man could get up in the lines, I was about ready to go inside the theatre when I saw Sally and Simpson get out of Simpson's sedan and start sneaking up the stairs to the top gallery.

"Are you speaking to me to-night?" I asked Sally's lawyer, overtaking them on the stairs.

They both turned, Simpson grinning, Sally glaring at me.

"He may be, but I'm not!" she said, puffing out all over. "What a wonderful friend and best man you turned out to be!"

"Sally, I didn't know anything myself until I'd promised Monty—"

"What right had you to promise Monty anything!" Sally hotly demanded. "Do you know how much this show is going to cost me?"

"Cost you?" I echoed blankly. Then in a flash came the memory of the afternoon in Monty's room; he and I talking over the jam he was in; the draft slamming the door shut; and, when I re-opened it, Sally standing outside with the lemonade. "You mean you overheard Monty and me planning what to do about the show? You heard what we said about Lasker, and—"

"And I put Simpson on the job the same afternoon," Sally said. "What you don't know is, that to get my way Simpson had to buy—for cash—all but ten per cent. of Thurman's interest in the show."
 "Sally!"

"GOOD Lord, Pete, didn't I have to rescue Monty's money if I hoped to get married this year? And it's got to be soon. I can't keep the wrinkles out of my face and disposition forever, the way things are going!" She fanned her heated countenance with a handkerchief. "But the initial cost is nothing to what the up-keep of this show is going to be."
 "The up-keep?"

"Don't you see I've got to keep this dramatic cripple limping along—by buying huge blocks of seats to force on the populace—until Monty gets his money out of it? Yes, and pay him a salary while I'm doing it!"

"If Murden hadn't quit like a hound"—
 "Murden quit because he was given a check to do that very thing," Sally snapped. "A very healthy check, signed by me."
 "But why?"

"He was no good in the part. Monty couldn't be any worse, I figured, and Monty wanted a steady job, didn't he? Something to bring him a steady income, darn him!" Her teeth clicked shut. Her eyes rolled upward in prayerful anticipation. "Oh, wait till I'm married to that man!"

The strains of the overture reached us. Sally glanced on up the stairs to the gallery where she's hoped to watch the show unseen by any of Monty's friends.

"I don't need to tell you, Pete, that there'll be a new face at your place at my table if Monty learns what I've just told you."
 "You can depend on me," I said.

"Ha!" croaked Sally. Then, over her shoulder, "I hope you enjoy the show. Simpson has spared me no expense."

There's no use telling what happened that night, nor the next night in White Plains, because the same thing—only more so—happened the opening night of the "Eternal Enigma" on Broadway, with Monty in the star role. Every seat in the Star was filled, including two in the eighteenth row occupied by Jennie and me, and all the critics were there with their fingernails nicely sharpened when the curtain went up on the first act.

The third line of the piece drew a little laugh. The next line, one of Jennie's remnants, was delivered to silence, but a moment later chuckles startled rippling steady and continuously over the audience. Even better, the customers were becoming interested in the play, following the story and the characters closely. That was fine, except that the more interesting and enjoyable

(Continued on page 58)



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Unnecessary because now you can stop foot and leg pains almost instantly this new scientific way. If our method fails it costs you nothing.

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Sally's Star Boarder

(Continued from page 57)

the audience found it, the harder it would flop if Monty disappointed them when he came on.

So all my nerves were tied in solid knots and my fingers and eyes were crossed for good luck when Monty finally made his entrance, shambling on, stoop-shouldered, his bald head glistening, a wistful, pleading smile hovering around his lips. A few paid hands gave him a scattering reception. Paying no attention to it, Monty opened his mouth for his first line. It came out weak; at least it sounded weak to me, but he must have been heard because an amused chuckle rose all over the theatre. His second line brought another chuckle. Ditto the third. A moment later, a serious line, said in comedy manner to mask a hidden pain. It brought, not the laugh which it easily might have, but the indescribable rustling murmur that tells an actor his audience is sympathizing with him.

AS THE act progressed I realized that Monty wasn't acting. He was being just natural, being just old Monty du Bois, with a heart full of kindness and a head full of dreams, lovable old conscientious, knocked-about Monty, careless of his grammar but never of his friendships, thinking everyone's feelings were as sensitive as his own and being extra careful not to wound them; plodding along the road of life one day at a time as it opened before him, doing the best he could and hoping, always expectantly hoping for something a little better for everybody.

He didn't use a gesture I hadn't seen him use a hundred times. In a scene with his wife when, filling his pipe, he dropped a few tobacco crumbs on the floor, he slyly put one foot over them with the same delightfully fearsome expression in his eyes I'd seen often when Sally had turned her back on Monty and the tobacco crumbs he'd spilled on the carpet of her tidy living-room.

No; Monty wasn't acting. He was doing something better. He was living the part. And the applause at the end of the first act showed that the audience, as audiences always do, appreciated it.

With the enthusiasm generated in the first act to bank on, the second act started off with a sweep. As it progressed, laughter was followed by sniffling and finally by unhideable tears in the scene where Monty came home to his deserted house and found the note from his wife. And Monty didn't need any sugar in his hand to coax his dog to his side and put his paws and shaggy head in Monty's lap as he sat in the lonely room.

At the end of the act, nine times the curtain rose and fell before the audience was satisfied and Jennie swooned silently on my shoulder. And then, as the curtain rose the tenth time on Monty alone, bowing, smiling, tremulously happy under the storm of applause that rocked the house, a dizzy thrill chased up my spine as I realized that after many weary years of seeking Monty had at last found the one role he could play better than any other actor in the world!

When the last act curtain fell I was already on the stage, standing in the wings. Monty saw me and, escaping from the joyous congratulations of the company, he led me to his dressing room. "Well, Pete?" he anxiously asked for the verdict.

"The show is a knock-out," I told him straight, "and principally because of your performance. Why, darn your old hide, you had even me reaching for my handkerchief. You were great, Monty; simply great. How did you ever do it?"

"Doggone it, Pete, I had to be good," apologized Monty, relieving his system of a prodigious sigh.

There came a knock on the dressing room door. "Miss Wynne to see you, Mr. du Bois," the door-tender called.

Monty, half-dressed, turned startled eyes to me.

"Listen," I said, tossing him his dressing gown, "I'll go out and talk to her until you're decent."

Outside in the hallway I found Sally, her eyes still pinkish from the third act weeps, but so puffed out with excitement and joy and pride I expected any second to see her rise up off the floor and start bouncing around gaily on the ceiling.

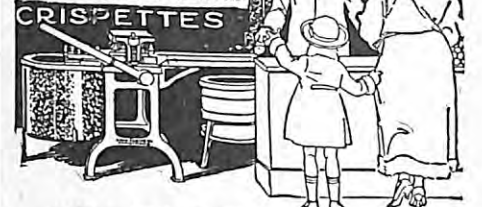
"Pete!" she exploded, grabbing my arm,

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"did you see him! Did you see the performance he gave!"

"Sure," I said, putting on a blasé, patronizing manner, "he got by very nicely."

"Got by!" Sally squeaked indignantly. "Pete Stevens, he's an artist! He's so wonderful it"—she paused. Her eyes big, one hand on her heaving bosom, her voice sank to an awed whisper—"it scares me. I feel as though I'd never really known him."

"All right," called Monty through the door. "Go in and get acquainted with him," I laughed, shoving Sally in the dressing room and closing the door on the two of them.

Just as a matter of record, and to finish what I started to tell, the next day Monty's name went up in lights in front of the theatre, and before the week was over newspaper advertisements of the "Eternal Enigma" carried the line—"Seats eight weeks in advance."

Also; two weeks later I strutted my stuff as best man at the wedding held on the stage after the Saturday night performance. Bride and groom were driven to Greenwich for their Sunday honeymoon in the automobile Thurman gave them for a wedding present; a "Conscience Six," he called it.

Jennie Pringle wasn't at the wedding, being detained in bed by a high fever and delirium caused by the sight of the check for her first two weeks royalty and her struggle to absorb the fact that she'd be receiving similar amounts for weeks and weeks and weeks to come.

Helping the blushing, bubbling, blissful bride into her car after the ceremony I couldn't resist one last kidding remark.

"How can you be so happy—knowing all the money this show will add to your bankroll—for you to explain to Monty?"

Sally frowned. Then her lips twitched; her eyes sparkled vivaciously. Throwing her arms around my neck she gave me a rousing kiss.

"I don't care what happens anymore," she gurgled. "I'm married now."

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

be the Tiler's room leading directly into the Lodge-room. On this floor there also will be provided a large library and lounging-room with checking and serving rooms. The Lodge-room will have a balcony in which a pipe organ will be installed. The ballroom on the first floor will also be provided with a pipe organ and a projection booth for motion pictures.

The building when completed will represent an investment of \$1,300,000 on the part of Buffalo Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Charles C. Ryan is chairman of the Building Committee having the construction of the Home in hand, and the architects are Townsend and McNeil, both members of Buffalo Lodge.

Honolulu Lodge Dedicates New Lodge Room

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Hussman, Past Exalted Ruler of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge No. 759, recently dedicated the handsome new Lodge-room which is now one of the most attractive features of the Home of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616. Besides adding this new room, the members have completely renovated and redecored their Home from top to bottom. Everything has been done to make it a beautiful, comfortable and commodious building, admirably suited to the needs of the membership.

Grand Exalted Ruler Pays His Home Lodge Official Visit

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price's official visit to Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, of which he is a member, was the occasion of a fitting celebration in honor of the event. Accompanying Mr. Price was Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Mrs. Price. The festivities began with a reception and a banquet, which were followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a beautiful Chrysler sedan automobile, the presentation speech being made by the Hon. George J. Karb, former Mayor of the city. Mrs. Price was also remembered by the gift of a very hand-

(Continued on page 61)



How is Your Throat?

Full of soreness and pain—raw and swollen—sending aches all over your head and body?

If this is your throat—then why not make a few improvements?

Absorbine, Jr., that accomplished liniment and capable antiseptic, will remove the germs and rawness, clear out the aches and pains.

It will promote health and comfort, a clear voice and clean taste.

Men who can't afford to be ill use Absorbine, Jr. daily, as a preventive. As a gargle within and a massage on throat muscles, Absorbine, Jr. is most effective. It is stainless and agreeable.

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An Invitation

BRIGHT prospects mark the opening of the New Year. The business horizon is aglow, for fundamental conditions never were sounder. Building construction will continue in large volume. Steady growth of the nation makes this inevitable. Builders are anticipating their 1925 needs. During the next two months thousands will visit the famous Limestone district.

When the quarry pits are roaring, the Bedford-Bloomington countryside becomes a vast panorama of engineering skill. The scarred hills of natural stone are an irresistible fascination. From French Lick Springs, the Land of Stone can be reached in a single hour. Motorists use the Dixie Highway for Bedford and Bloomington, which are midway between Indianapolis and Louisville.

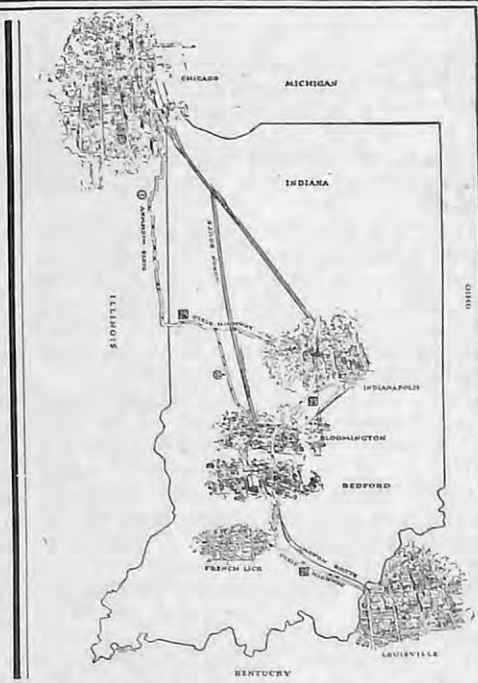
Every prospective builder should make this trip a part of his New Year schedule, for it combines business, education and pleasure.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Bedford, Indiana

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH



The NATION'S BUILDING STONE





30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was *trying* to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Some day I would show them. Some day I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation—and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which, I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course. I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No!" I retorted. He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I *would* come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner-mail-box—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads, how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling. I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys

gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause!

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 30 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at *my* dancing again. I became popular overnight!

You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 200,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray's remarkable new method.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons which tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz—these complete five lessons are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

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To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send me the FIVE FREE lessons by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

February, 1925

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 59)

some beaded bag. The whole evening was a wonderful ovation to Mr. Price, and the enthusiasm and thoughtfulness of his fellow members touched him deeply.

Austin, Minn., Lodge Moves Into New Quarters

Austin, Minn., Lodge No. 414 is now situated in its new quarters on the second floor of the Cummings Building. The rooms were recently entirely redecorated and altered to suit the requirements of the members. There is a large lounge and recreation room, 50 x 35 feet, with pool tables, cigar stand and telephone booth. Off this is the reading-room, 40 x 24 feet, a conference-room, ladies' rest-room, store-room, kitchen and the Lodge-room. The Lodge-room, 50 x 47 feet, affords a beautiful meeting-place for the members, who previously had to use the Knights of Columbus Hall more than a block away from the quarters just vacated on Main Street.

Lives of Unfortunate Children Brightened by Norwood, Mass., Lodge

In accord with its custom established several years ago, a number of the members of Norwood, Mass., Lodge No. 1124 recently visited the Massachusetts Home for Crippled Children at Canton. After distributing favors in the form of hats, noisemakers and candy to all the youngsters, they furnished an evening's entertainment consisting of comic movies, a Punch-and-Judy show and songs by four members of the Lodge. The enthusiasm and pleasure shown by the unfortunate children was an inspiration to the committee in charge of the visit. It was indeed a wonderful night for all concerned.

Great Quantities of Clothing Distributed by Peoria, Ill., Lodge

Peoria, Ill., Lodge No. 20 supplied more than 1,500 persons with clothing in a single day last December. Altogether 312 families were reached and furnished with garments for the winter and over 11,000 pieces of clothing distributed to the needy poor of the city. The new and old clothes together represented a total value of \$8,500—\$2,500 of this being expended for new garments. A committee of 100, headed by Past Exalted Ruler William Fritz, cooperated with many of the local organizations in making the distribution effective throughout the entire city.

Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The handsome new Home of Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge No. 1170, constructed at a cost of approximately \$70,000, was formally dedicated recently by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price assisted by the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. The ceremonies incident to the dedication were attended by more than 700 members of the Order including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. R. McKay. The dedication exercises were held in the afternoon, beginning at three o'clock, and were followed by a banquet served in the dining-room of the new Home. The initiation of a class of over 30 candidates was a feature of the evening. One of the best numbers of the afternoon program was the Elks Glee Club of Piqua, Ohio, Lodge No. 523. The singing of this club was greatly appreciated by the gathering.

In his address Mr. Price complimented the Lodge on the enterprise displayed in erecting such a handsome Home, which he said would be a credit to any Lodge in the country.

Orphans and Cripples Entertained By New Orleans, La., Lodge

New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 recently played host to the city's orphans and the crippled children of various hospitals. A splendid entertainment, including moving pictures and vaudeville lasting more than two hours, was provided the youngsters. Cakes, candy, lemonade and gifts were also distributed. Automobiles furnished by the members brought

the children from the institutions and took them home at the conclusion of the entertainment.

Permanent Charity Fund Created By Gloucester, Mass., Lodge

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892 has created a permanent Charity Fund. Into this fund will be paid all moneys accruing from charitable functions held in the name of the Lodge; such moneys as shall be voted into it by the Lodge and all legacies left it. The fund will be cared for by the Treasurer of the Lodge, under the direction of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, of which the standing Relief Committee of the Lodge shall at all times be members and Executive Committee, having the power to expend not over \$100 in any one emergency case, unless permitted a larger amount by the vote of the Lodge. This Permanent Committee will make a full and complete report of all its activities to the Lodge at the end of every fiscal year.

Harding Memorial at Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

Plans are going forward for the dedication of the Harding Memorial at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va. This memorial is being erected under the auspices of the Maryland State Elks Association and the cost is being borne by the members of Lodges in Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, through voluntary contributions from their members.

Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Gets New Uniforms

Thanks to the generosity of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91, the boys who make up the Elks Junior Band will now be provided with handsome new uniforms. The uniform will consist of a white coat with purple trimmings; white cap with purple band and insignia; and purple trousers with white stripes. They will be given only to such members of the organization as have been diligent and prompt in their attendance at rehearsals and concerts and who, by their interest, have shown an intent of purpose to continue and progress. The purchase of the uniforms represents a considerable outlay on the part of the ladies. The money was raised by them since the organization of their group last August.

Grand Exalted Ruler is Guest Of Springfield, Ohio, Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was recently the honor guest at Springfield, Ohio, Lodge No. 51, where he addressed a large gathering of the members and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates, the ritualistic work being conducted by the officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37. Close to 200 were present at the banquet following the meeting, and addresses were delivered to an enthusiastic audience by Mr. Price and other distinguished members of the Order.

New Lodge Instituted Into the Order

Burbank, Calif., Lodge No. 1497 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Horace H. Quimby. The first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge is Thomas V. Walker and the Secretary is J. B. Brown.

Banquet Given Football Team By Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge

In accord with a custom begun a few years ago, Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge No. 645 recently gave a banquet in honor of the Port Jervis High School football team. All the members of the team were present as well as the two coaches, both of whom spoke a few words about the success of the team and its fine spirit. Following the address, Captain Crawford was called upon to introduce the members of the squad, and as each player rose he was given hearty applause. After the banquet the members of the team were

(Continued on page 62)

I need 100 Men



who can earn \$500.00 a month

Here is an opportunity for you to join the most successful, biggest money-making sales organization in the world. Here is an opportunity for you to step into a position that will pay you amazingly big profits *immediately*. We need 100 additional Fyr-Fyter salesmen—and we need them **QUICK**. If you are of only average ability; if you can simply tell the story we give you; and if you have the ambition and desire to make real money—you can easily make from \$300 to \$500 a month.

Here's The Proof

J. W. Trantum, of Conn., without any previous selling experience, has made as much as \$167.25 a week, and he is just getting started. C. E. Hickey, of Ontario, has cleaned up \$148 in a single day. T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, is averaging over \$600 a month right along. That gives you some idea of the money Fyr-Fyter salesmen are making and there is no reason in the world why you can't equal or exceed these big earnings.

Big, Natural Demand

Point your finger in any direction—and there is a live prospect for Fyr-Fyter. That is the secret—the reason why Fyr-Fyter salesmen are making so much money—and are making it so easily and quickly. Fyr-Fyter is a device which means fire prevention. It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. It can be used in factories, public buildings, homes, automobiles, garages, stores, churches, schools and hospitals—*wherever there is inflammable material*. That is why W. E. Saal found it easy to make \$100 in six hours; why P. W. Lemons crashed through with a profit of \$792 in one month—and that is why you too can enjoy an excellent income as a Fyr-Fyter salesman.

Write for Full Particulars

This big profit opportunity is waiting for you, no matter where you live. Mail the coupon at once. Let me tell you how we train you to become a fire-prevention expert; how we equip you to go out and make big money at once. Let me tell you how you have a chance to make \$300, \$400, \$500—up to \$1,000 a month—regardless of what you are now doing. Sign and mail the coupon and I will send you this valuable information free. You risk nothing.

The Fyr-Fyter Company

617 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

Approved by (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories

MAIL NOW

The Fyr-Fyter Co.
617 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Send me full information regarding your wonderful proposition. Tell me how I can become the fire prevention expert in my community with a chance to make \$500 a month.

Name

Address

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

given the privilege of enjoying the many features of the Home for the rest of the evening.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

- Watervleit, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500.
- Rochelle, Ill., Lodge No. 1501.
- Cliffside, N. J., Lodge No. 1502.

Boy Scouts Troop Guest of Canton, Ill., Lodge on First Anniversary

Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626 recently gave a special entertainment to its Boy Scout Troop in honor of the first anniversary of this organization. An excellent banquet was served to the boys after which they were allowed the privileges of the Home while the members attended the weekly Lodge session. At the conclusion of the meeting the troop gave an exhibition drill which included "stunts" such as tying knots, signals, and a series of first-aid methods, among them the improvising of bandages, splints, etc. Several Scouts were honored by presentation of first and second-class badges for the excellence of their achievements in the various fields of Scout work.

Recognition of "Star-Spangled Banner" as National Anthem Urged

Joe H. Hart, first Exalted Ruler of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 100, in his capacity as President of the Allentown Flag Day Association, is doing laudable work in urging Congress to make the "Star-Spangled Banner" the official anthem of our country. Resolutions to this effect were adopted unanimously by the Grand Lodge at its meeting in Atlantic City in 1922, and similar endorsement has been given the idea by the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, the Allentown Chamber of Commerce, Liberty Bell Chapter of the D. A. R., and other bodies.

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:

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge No. 613. Erection of a new Home on a site valued at \$75,000 which has a frontage of 214 feet by 160 feet deep, and which is owned by the Lodge. The building will be two stories and basement 160 x 125, of brick and steel construction with twenty-nine living rooms, and an auditorium that will seat 1,000, beside Lodge-rooms. It will cost \$231,500, with \$25,000 additional if gymnasium is included, and the furnishings will cost \$40,000.

St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge No. 1418. Erection of a new Home, the building to be two stories with full basement and of brick construction. It is intended to erect only the first story and basement at this time, at a cost of \$25,000, with furnishings to cost \$3,000.

Clearfield, Pa., Lodge No. 540. Purchase of a two-story brick residence 42 x 60 feet, which is to be remodeled and used for a Home. The entire property, 60 x 150 feet, is in the central part of the city and will cost \$25,000 with furnishings of \$3,000.

Vineland, N. J., Lodge No. 1422. Purchase of a new Home consisting of a lot 45 x 150 feet on which is a two-story brick building 45 x 120 feet, which will be remodeled. The purchase price is \$40,000. \$5,000 will be spent for alterations and \$5,000 for furnishings.

Elkins, W. Va., Lodge No. 1135. Purchase of a lot 60 x 150 feet, with three-story brick residence consisting of ten rooms, centrally located. The Lodge intends to erect an addition consisting of sun parlor and roof garden 15 x 20 feet, of brick and tile, and to generally remodel the interior of the residence. The purchase price of the property is \$17,000, with improvements of \$3,500 and additional furniture to cost \$500.

Sheridan, Pa., Lodge No. 949. Erection of a new Home. A building site in the center of the town is already owned by the Lodge. The build-



DEAFNESS IS
A MENACE
TO BEAUTY

*Frowns change to
smiles when deaf-
ness goes.*

DEAFNESS Conquered by New Radio Invention—at Trifling Cost!

FREE Ten Days' Trial

Radio science has wrought another miracle. A miracle for the deaf—giving good hearing at once to poor ears and ending the discomfort and embarrassment of deafness.

The makers of the ACOUSTICON, for 20 years recognized as the world's best hearing aid, announce a vital refinement to this remarkable little device.

The ACOUSTICON is now based upon the same sound-sending, reproducing and amplifying principles of the radio itself—with the deaf person as his own receiving and sending station.

Like the radio, the ACOUSTICON has a transmitter and a receiver sensitive to a pin drop. So powerful they pick up any sound the normal ear can hear and deliver it clearly, distinctly, resonantly to the impaired auditory nerve.

FREE 10 Days' Trial

The new radio-built ACOUSTICON is a marvel of lightness, comfort, inconspicuousness. A joy to wear and use. We are so sure it will delight you, regardless of what other device you are now using, that we invite you to try it 10 days without a penny of risk. No red tape to go through. No deposit or payment of any kind. Just send your name, address and free trial request to the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION Dept. 1320, 220 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

The Radio-Built Hearing Aid
Acousticon
TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

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Decorating beautiful art objects is a delightful spare time work that pays splendid profits. You can learn easily by joining Fireside Industries. No experience or special ability needed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

You Take No Risk
We furnish outfit to members without extra cost, teach you exactly how, and help you find market. Send 2c stamp for postage on Free Book giving experiences of successful members.

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SEND NO MONEY

2 Genuine Diamonds 4/100 Each

Cut Stones No Chips

Solid Gold
\$25

Terms if desired
(6 mos. to Pay)

14 kt. White Gold Top,
Gold Emblem (any Lodge)
or any initial (Old Eng-
lish) Inlaid in Genuine

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Also, in Black Onyx

Send size of finger and
ring will be sent for in-
spection.

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This Reg. Trade-Mark
guarantees you genuine diamonds.

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MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Builders of Sets
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GOOD MAGAZINES FOR ONE YEAR ALL FOR ONLY \$5

Think of it! 5 big monthly magazines—60 issues—all for only \$1.

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Wonderful reading matter for the whole family for a whole year—fiction, patterns, embroidery, recipes, poultry, dairy, livestock, etc.

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Men's, Women's and Children's. Sold direct to Wearer. Representatives wanted. For information write Dept. E. KORRY KROME SHOE CO. Gorry, Pa.

Old Money Wanted

Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c. for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you.

NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. 462 Ft. Worth, Tex.

February, 1925

ing will be two stories of brick construction with basement and will cost approximately \$71,000 with furnishings estimated to cost from \$7,500 to \$10,000.

West Chester, Pa., Lodge No. 853. Purchase of a 3½ story brick building of twenty-one rooms at a cost of \$25,000. The Lodge expects to remodel and add to the building, these improvements to cost \$20,000, and will use their present equipment and furnishings.

The Order Mourns the Death of Past Grand Trustee Perrott

The Order has suffered a deep loss by the death of Past Grand Trustee, Samuel V. Perrott, who passed away at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on January 7. Mr. Perrott, a Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, was elected to the Board of Grand Trustees at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Rochester, N. Y., July, 1913.

When Mr. Perrott took up his residence some time ago in Linton, Ind., he became affiliated with Linton Lodge No. 866 and, though he later returned to live in Indianapolis, he still kept his membership in 866 and was a member of that Lodge when he died. His death is keenly felt by his many friends throughout the Order.

Dallas, Texas, Lodge Sets Itself High Charity Record

Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, has dispensed more charity during the past eight months than ever before in any twelve-month period of its history. In addition to generous distribution of clothing, food and toys at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge has done some excellent work in caring for the sick and crippled of the city. A typical case was that of a man who had been paralyzed for more than sixteen years, and who was finally cured by an operation arranged by the Lodge. A room was provided him in the best sanitarium of the city, the best nurses were employed, and Dr. W. W. Samuel, a member of the Lodge, assisted by another distinguished surgeon, performed the delicate operation that brought him back to health. Recently this grateful man, fully recovered, came to the Home of the Lodge and thanked the members for their kindness and generosity.

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge Glee Club Visits Chicago

The Glee Club of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge No. 603 recently paid a triumphal visit to Chicago, Ill., where they sang with great success before the microphones of four large broadcasting stations, and gave concerts at the Chicago Rotary Club and the Chicago Association of Commerce. As a result of the broadcasting, enthusiastic comment poured in from radio listeners from Maine to California, and especially from members of the Order in all parts of the country. Telegrams were also received from many places inviting the Club to come there and sing.

The members of the Glee Club were signally honored by being received by Hon. William E. Dever, Mayor of Chicago, at his office where autographed photographs of the Mayor were presented to the Club, to its director, James W. Jenkins, and to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Otto R. Roenius, who had accompanied the Club to Chicago.

As a result of its trip to Chicago the Glee Club was literally deluged with offers and has arranged another tour that should prove equally successful. The Club is composed entirely of members of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge. It has regular weekly rehearsals in the Home every Thursday evening and is called upon to sing at Memorial Day Services, and dedicatory exercises. It also is in great demand at many civic and community gatherings.

Memorial Services of Two Lodges Sent Through the Air

The Annual Memorial Services of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, the largest Lodge of the Order, were unique in many respects. They were held in the famous Plymouth Church of Brooklyn and were broadcast through the

(Continued on page 65)



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Examine FREE

Special to Elks Diamonds

Radically Low CASH Offers

Never in three-quarters of a century in the diamond business, have we offered such bargains as we do now compared with prevailing prices. Diamonds right now at rock-bottom even in regular market. Yet ours are but 60% of market prices. The opportunity of a lifetime. Buy now—the trend is already upwards, but, our diamond prices are based on unpaid loan diamonds left on our hands for a fraction of their real value. All in the Classicst of Brand New Mountings.

Why Pay Full Prices

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This diamond banking house, ¾ century old, rated more than \$1,000,000.00, takes this way of turning into cash the diamonds on which money was loaned and not repaid. Also many bargain gems from other sources. Many from big cash deals direct with European diamond cutters. See these bargains as the wisest buyers do.

Send for Latest Bargain List

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14 Kt. Green Gold.

\$68⁵⁰
69/100 Ct.
Snoopy Solitaire

\$100
78/100 Ct.
Correctly Cut

\$150
65/100 Ct.
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AS LOW AS \$60 A CARAT for DIAMONDS

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You can play while learning this amazing new way . . . no hard work, no long hours. Have a good time wherever you go—be the center of attraction—play your way to popularity.

YOU have wanted to play music . . . it was one of those dreams that never-come-true. You have sometimes wanted to sit right down, pick up your favorite instrument and play your favorite pieces. But you couldn't, simply because you thought it hard to learn, and took up too much time . . . time that you could not spare. You hated to think of long, dull hours of grinding practice . . . never-ending scales. Now you can play without waste of time, by this wonderful method, because . . .

It's Quick

This way of learning is new and different. It makes those dreams of yours come true, and without hacking, heartless work. It makes learning a pleasure, because from the very beginning you start *playing* melodies. You don't have to work at scales for hours. In a few short months you have begun to realize your ambition . . . and soon you can play every and any piece on your chosen instrument, because . . .

It's Easy

You don't have to be a genius to play this way. No special

talent is necessary. In fact, pupils say, "It's as easy as A B C." The PRINT-and-PICTURE method makes it possible for anybody who wants to play, to play in an incredibly short time. Don't say, "Oh, it's too hard, I can never learn to play." It is not . . . it's as simple as learning to read. No matter what instrument you choose, you can learn to play it. You learn to play classics or jazz by note, not by ear . . . and the whole time you have . . .

Lots of Fun

It is so much fun that it is hard to believe that you really are learning to play. The U. S. School of Music methods cut out all grinding work . . . it's a fascinating game. Imagine picking up some lovely classic and dreamily playing it—or some jazz hit . . . dashing it off with pep. Learn to play . . . it's quick—and easy and lots of fun.

Free Booklet Explains New Method

Send for our interesting Free Booklet . . . it will give you all the details of this remarkable course. Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. 350,000 men, women and children have taken this course and thousands of our most successful students never dreamed they possessed the slightest musical ability until it was revealed to them by our wonderful "Musical Ability Test."

In order to make it perfectly plain just how you learn by this Home-Study method, we will send free with the booklet, an illustrated Print-and-Picture lesson which will give you a clear idea of how thousands of others have learned to play. You are asked to examine it thoroughly . . . note its careful preparation . . . how easily it can be understood. After doing this and seeing the method for yourself, turn to the booklet and read what grateful students say of the results they secured in a short time and how delighted they are with the course.

If you are really anxious to learn to play your favorite instrument and want to know how you can get ahead twice as fast as those who study old time methods . . . if you want to have a good time wherever you go . . . and if you want to make yourself popular . . . send for this booklet and illustrated lesson before the supply is exhausted and this offer is withdrawn. They will make those music dreams

of yours come true quickly and easily and open up a new interesting world before your eyes. All you have to do is to send your name and address to the

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3622 Brunswick Building, New York City
Be sure to write name and address plainly so book and lesson will reach you.

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Please send your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," Illustrated Folder, and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....
Name.....
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For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Piano | Cornet |
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| Violin | Composition |
| Drums and | Sight Singing |
| Traps | Ukulele |
| Banjo | Guitar |
| Saxophone | Hawaiian |
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| Clarinet | Piccolo |
| Flute | Harp |
| Cello | Trombone |
| Voice and Speech Culture | Automatic Finger Control |

Letters of Appreciation

"Since I have been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine."—Melvin Freeland, Macopin, N. J.
"When I started with you I knew nothing about the cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

municipal radio station WNYC. Hundreds in the surrounding districts heard the eloquent address of Hon. Francis P. Bent who was the orator of the day, and listened in on the whole impressive service—one of the most beautiful ever conducted by the Lodge.

Another Lodge whose memorial services were successfully broadcast to thousands of listeners in all parts of the country was Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge No. 5. The services were held in Music Hall and Hon. Lawrence H. Rupp, formerly Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was the orator of the day. The organ music and the vocal selections were particularly impressive, and laudatory comment on the beauty of the entire service was received from listeners scattered all over the United States. The services were broadcast from station WLW through the kindness of the Crosley Radio Corporation.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler English Suffers Loss of Daughter

The whole Order extends its deepest sympathy to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English of Indianapolis who recently suffered the loss of his daughter and only child, Mrs. Rosalind English Parsons. Mrs. Parsons was killed in an automobile accident when the car in which she was riding plunged over a steep embankment. Mr. English, who was Grand Exalted Ruler 1886-1887, and his daughter were the closest of companions. She was an attorney of the Indianapolis bar and shared law offices with him in the Hotel English building. She had also been active in the campaigns of her father for election as joint State Senator from Marion and Johnson counties. Though only twenty-one years old, Mrs. Parsons was already an exceptionally successful young woman and a brilliant career lay before her.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home February 22

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and a host of other Grand Lodge officers will be present at the dedication of the new Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, which will take place on Washington's Birthday. Most elaborate plans are being perfected in celebration of the event, including a three-day program of festivities in which many representatives from other Lodges will take part.

The new Home of No. 2 is one of the outstanding buildings in the Order. Costing over \$2,000,000 and embodying beauty and every conceivable modern device and improvement for the comfort of the members, it is a monument not only to the enterprise of Philadelphia Lodge but to the advancement of public welfare and community spirit as well.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge and Quincy, Mass., Lodge recently exchanged fraternal visits. In each case the visiting officers conducted the initiation of a large class of candidates, and a special entertainment was provided the guests.

Sufficient funds for the monument to be placed in its Elks Rest have been raised by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge and actual work on the construction has been started.

Waltham, Mass., Lodge recently celebrated the payment of the mortgage on the property which it owns adjoining its Home.

Bristol, Pa., Lodge has organized an excellent band.

Members and officers of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge recently visited Vallejo, Calif., Lodge where they initiated a large class of candidates and were guests at a special entertainment given in their honor.

The Frolic recently given under the auspices of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge was successful in realizing a substantial sum of money for its charity fund.

The annual charity ball of Boston, Mass., Lodge, which is one of the mid-winter socials

(Continued on page 66)

Beats Owning a Store!

You can have a business of your own. Without saving a lifetime to get it. Without risking money in store fixtures and stock. Through a new selling plan that doesn't take a dollar!

Let Wm. B. Garden tell you how:



Ask Garden—He Knows!

Here's a man who dates his real success from the time he got out of small retailing—and got into large selling. The Simpson plan did it—without a dollar of capital!

"I only thought I was making money when I had a good season in my store. After paying rent, clerk hire, insurance, etc., and charging off my losses from dead stocks and deader credits—I had little left for the capital invested and the worry expended.

"Today I'm letting someone else bear all the burdens of the business. I have tied to an organization that has the money and the men and the ideas that make business hum! I'm making twice the money, with lots more fun, and the business I am building up is permanent. Here is my advice to anyone who wants to make money:

The Plan That Made Me Independent

"In January 1921, I discovered the amazing system by which the big tailoring house of Simpson was putting virgin wool made-to-measure suits in the individual's hands for \$31.50. No wonder it was getting harder to coax men into even good store suits! I took on the marvelous Simpson line—on the side. Soon I was selling three suits tailored the Simpson way, at the Simpson price, to one of other make.

"These clothes so full of individuality at such a close price soon brought me new trade from all quarters. And my Simpson customers began to repeat.

I began getting orders in the evening; on the street; to and from work; my commissions began to grow like interest on money.

"I got orders galore from men who lived miles from town—who wouldn't pass my store once a month—men who had just been waiting for such an easy way to buy good clothes at a price that had no store expense tacked on. Eventually I sold my store to have more time for handling the demand for Simpson tailoring. That was the day my income started to double.

To Men Who Seek a Real Business Opportunity

The new Simpson line is ready for the coming season—with 100 beautiful suitings in every imaginable pattern, and all the late colors—at \$31.50! Also some striking virgin wool summer fabrics—at \$21.50! Such a line sells on the spot. Our system of measuring is extremely simple. You need no previous experience. There are still openings for Simpson representatives—all or part time—but we urge immediate action if interested. Here's the coupon:



A Successful Business—But, Too Slow!

View of the Garden store whose owner was satisfied with profits until the Simpson plan showed him how to do twice as well—on the other fellow's capital! Would you rather be a small merchant—or a big money-maker?



Learn to Draw at Home

New Method Makes It Amazingly Easy

Trained artists earn from \$50 to over \$250 a week. Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through wonderful new easy method—right at home in spare time. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning. Actual fun learning this way. Individual attention by mail from one of America's most famous artists. Learn to draw and earn big money.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, and gives full details on this new easy method of learning to draw. Tells all about students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Write for this Free Book and details of special free offer. Mail postcard or letter, NOW.

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Specialty Salesmen and District Managers to represent \$100,000.00 Ohio Company selling twelve year established line of constantly used specialties. Unlimited opportunity for big earnings and promotion to capable men. Write at once. The Colorcraft Company, 902 W. 70th, Cleveland, Ohio

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows why. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me how.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old.

And here is the secret; he keeps his spine a half inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation" or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men and women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in ten minutes. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable Spine-Motion

series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of Spine-Motion. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available. It costs nothing to try it.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Without any payment whatever, would you like to try this way of "coming back?" Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week, you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracleman's method can be tested without any advance payment. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep by mailing only \$3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming \$3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The \$3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance, nor do you make any payment or deposit on delivery. The trial is absolutely free. Requests will be answered in turn. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

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I will try your SPINE-MOTION without risk if you will provide necessary instruction. Send everything postpaid, without any charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find SPINE-MOTION highly beneficial I can remit just \$3 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

events in that city, was held recently at the Copley Plaza Hotel.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge is sponsoring a series of concerts by eminent musicians by which it expects to raise a considerable sum for its new Building Fund.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Webster, Mass., Lodge has been enlarged in order to take care of a larger field of work. The Lodge has also appointed a Publicity Committee whose duty it will be to send news of the Lodge's activities to THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Money realized by the Annual Purple Bubble Ball conducted by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge went toward a fund to install an Orthopedic Ward in the city hospital.

An unusually large gathering of members was present on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann to Marlborough, Mass., Lodge. Representatives from many other Lodges in the District were also on hand to greet him.

Representatives from many surrounding Lodges recently came to Oroville, Calif., Lodge to take part in the celebration attending the initiation of a large class of candidates. The ceremony took place in the Exposition Building and was beautifully conducted by the officers of Sacramento Lodge.

Newton, Mass., Lodge now has more than 1,000 members.

The beautiful clock in the Lodge-room of the new Home of Joliet, Ill., Lodge was a gift from Aurora, Ill., Lodge.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge recently gave its second annual banquet to those who have been members of the Lodge twenty-five years or more.

The Thirteenth Annual Charity Ball of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge was held recently at the Town Hall. Always the social event of the season, the ball this year surpassed anything of its kind ever attempted by the Lodge. Vaudeville stars and excellent music enlivened the event.

Hanford, Calif., Lodge recently celebrated its Thirteenth Anniversary. Officers and a large delegation of members from Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge took part in the festivities.

Erie, Pa., Lodge has set aside every Monday night as Actors' Night.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of North Adams, Mass., Lodge recently gave an entertainment at the Northampton Hospital for Disabled Veterans of the World War.

Close to 2,000 attended the Annual Charity Ball of Everett, Wash., Lodge.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge has voted to sponsor the Boy Scout movement, particularly Troop No. 6 of the local Scouts.

Edgar F. Davis, President of the California State Elks Association, was recently the guest of honor at a reception given by his fellow members of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.

At a recent meeting, Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge voted to present an American flag to the new Uniondale School at its dedication.

The initiation of a class of candidates and a reception were features of the welcome given to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Mills T. Carter on the occasion of his official visit to Norwalk, Conn., Lodge.

Plans for the erection of the new Home of Modesto, Calif., Lodge were recently completed.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge recently presented two \$50 checks to the Mayor of the city, one for the Police Pension Fund and the other for the Firemen's Pension Fund.

Work is progressing on the new Home being built by Belleville, N. J., Lodge. The members expect to occupy the new quarters some time in May.

More than 200 members attended the banquet given to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Emerick on the occasion of his visit to Ashland, Ky., Lodge.

Water Valley, Miss., Lodge recently staged a minstrel show for the benefit of the poor of the city.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge recently gave a party to the forty crippled children it had cared for during the past year.

David H. Anderson, a member of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge is anxious to locate his brother, Alfred August Anderson, who has been missing since last May. He is 26 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and is of dark complexion with brown hair. The middle finger of his right hand is amputated at the first joint. Any information should be sent to David H. Anderson, 218 East Eckman Street, South Bend, Indiana.

Pursuant to a call from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hale R. Nosler, the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries from the five Lodges in Washington East recently met at the Home of Yakima Lodge, where a most profitable and interesting session was held.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge has completely paid for its Home and is planning a mortgage burning ceremony in celebration of the event. During the past months \$4,000 has been expended by the Lodge in redecorating and painting its Home.

The monthly visits of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge to the Municipal Sanatorium at Otisville, accompanied by a group of entertainers, bring good cheer and comfort to the patients.

Close to 1,000 men, women and children were outfitted with clothing as a result of the success of Old Clothes Week recently conducted by Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

More than \$500 was realized recently by Danbury, Conn., Lodge as a result of a motion-picture show conducted by it. The sum was equally divided between the Boys' Band of the city and the Junior Republic.

Great success attended the Father and Son Banquet recently given by Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge.

The Annual Charity Ball of Washington, D. C., Lodge will be on February 21, at the New Washington Auditorium.

One of the features recently inaugurated by Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge which has been successful in increasing the attendance of members at meetings is the presence on these occasions of some speaker of prominence who makes a short address on a popular and interesting subject.

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge recently visited the Cayuga Home for Children and the Sunnycrest Sanatorium, where the youngsters of both institutions were given an entertainment and remembered with fruit, candy and other presents.

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge has established an Elks Rest in Fairmont Cemetery and will erect a beautiful monument on the site.

Freehold, N. J., Lodge is equipping a fire and drum corps and organizing a drill guard.

The Irvington, N. J., Lodge Band of fifty pieces assisted by a dance orchestra of fifteen players recently entertained the old folks of the Irvington Bethany Home for the aged. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served at the conclusion of the concert by the wives of the members.

Lewiston, Pa., Lodge has a committee working on plans for financing and building a new Home on the site now occupied by the Lodge.

Mrs. Gracio L. Anthoni is very anxious to receive word from her brother, who is a member of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge. He has been missing from his home since last June. Communication should be sent to her at 11 South Mississippi Ave., care Umberto Hotel, Atlantic City.

Members of Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075 recently made their annual visit to the Bonnie Burn Sanatorium, where they gave the patients of that institution, both young and old, a fine entertainment. Over 30 autos with more than 100 members made the journey to the sanatorium. A special show and a concert were staged and the patients were given fruit, candy, books and games.

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Thousands of men who were formerly burdened with heavy, disfiguring stomach-fat have not only vastly improved their appearance at once—but have quickly acquired a normal waistline this easy, pleasant, inexpensive way. It is endorsed by physicians and athletes everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed—or your money refunded without question. Mail the coupon at once for full description and special 10-day trial offer. No obligation. Address The Weil Company, 132 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

With every movement—walking, running, climbing stairs—even breathing—this wonderful belt gently massages every inch of your abdomen. It works every second to reduce your fat.

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Public Utilities

By Stephen Jessup

THE bonds of well-managed and advantageously-located public utility companies, investigated and recommended by a responsible banking house, constitute a desirable medium in which the average investor can place his funds.

The public utility industry is perhaps the third largest industry in the United States in the amount of invested capital. Authorities estimate that the capitalization of the public utility business exceeds \$15,000,000,000, and is exceeded only by farming and the railroads.

Under the broad heading of "public utilities" come telephone, telegraph, electric light and power and electric (street) railway companies. The industry as a whole may be said to be about forty years old. During that period its development has greatly changed and improved the physical aspect of American life. The tremendous growth of our cities was made possible by public utilities and has rendered their services indispensable. In hundreds of ways these services have become an integral part of the daily lives of people in the great metropolitan areas.

Gas

THE history of gas goes back over a century, but on the scale we know it to-day it is a product of the last few decades, and its real development has been within the last twenty years. Before electricity was developed gas was used almost exclusively as a lighting medium. The advent of electricity caused many people to think that the gas industry was doomed. But the real modern history of the gas business dates from the time when gas was superseded by electricity for lighting purposes, and when its development as a heating medium began to receive full attention. Not only in the home but in industry large quantities of gas are used for a multitude of heating purposes. The increase in the annual sales of gas for the last ten years was greater than the total of the increases for all preceding decades back to 1821. Sales of gas for industrial heating are estimated to have grown 1000 per cent. in the past decade.

Electricity

THE birth of the electric lighting industry was in 1882. In its development the United States leads the world. More than half the world's installed generating capacity is in this country. Our annual consumption of electrical energy exceeds the consumption of all other nations combined. Practically 75 per cent. of the increase has taken place during the past ten years. This has been due to a large extent to the development of central station energy for large power purposes. Electricity as power is now established as an operating charge in practically every business and industry. There are tremendous possibilities in the future in connection with electrification of the railroads. Moreover, almost two-thirds the power of the industries of the country is yet to be electrified from central stations. Most manufacturing plants and mines now generating their own power are potential customers for the central stations.

Increased efficiency in fuel consumption by central station electric generating plants in the past few years has resulted in a steady decrease in the average amount of coal used each year to generate a given amount of electrical energy. This has saved a vast amount of coal—something like twenty million tons since 1919, worth more than \$90,000,000—and has resulted in the fact that, despite the diminished purchasing power of the dollar generally, a dollar will purchase a greater amount of electric light now than ever before.

Telephone

AS ALMOST everyone knows, the United States is the greatest telephone user among the nations. The first commercial telephone exchange in the world was put in operation in New Haven, Conn., in 1878. The telephone industry has an unbroken record of yearly increases in telephone stations from 155,751 in 1885 to over 15,000,000 to-day. There is now one telephone station for each eight persons in the country. The whole country is covered with a network



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of lines, and new stations are being added all the time. In fact, one of the chief problems of the telephone companies is keeping up with the demand for additional service.

Electric (Street) Railways.

THE 80's also saw the first practical electric railway. Adequate traction service is indispensable to every city and to most communities. The Federal Electric Railway Commission's exhaustive study of the situation in 1919 concluded that the electric street railway is "the most nearly adequate, reliable and satisfactory system available for transporting the maximum number of people through the streets of our cities with the least interference with the use of our streets for other purposes."

While during the war and immediate post-war years some of the companies in this industry were in difficulties, owing to increasing costs of operation not accompanied by any increase in fares, to-day the companies operating in practically all the important cities of the country, except New York, have been able to adjust their fares to meet present costs of operation. This has seemed to be a hard lesson for municipal authorities to learn in many cases. In some instances, temporary suspension of service was necessary and the relief finally afforded came too late to prevent inconvenience to the public and loss to investors. The publicity attending these instances decreased the popularity of electric railway securities. There are, however, many electric railway companies that enjoy a good credit rating. The principle that capital invested in the business is as much entitled to its "wages" as labor is steadily becoming more recognized, and as a result the position of securities of electric street railway companies has improved.

The average investor is interested in obtaining safety with a good interest return on his investment. The yield on the best public utility bonds is about 1 1/2 per cent. higher than on first-grade municipal bonds and about 3/4 per cent. higher than on high-class railroad bonds.

From the investor's viewpoint, the stability and steadiness of growth in the volume of business is an attractive feature of the public utility industry, for it means stability and growth of earnings, which in turn means stability in the payment of interest on bonds and dividends on stock. Most utility companies emerged from the trying conditions of the War and post-War years with records of interest and dividends paid in full. In practically all cases bond interest has always been paid, and there are not many instances of their dividends having been suspended.

While, as a class, public utility securities are not largely represented among the securities listed on the Stock Exchange, there is considerable activity in their "over-the-counter" market which is maintained by the investment houses of issue.

Purchases of public utility bonds are not confined to private individuals. Large institutional investors, such as insurance companies, banks and savings banks, number blocks of them among their assets. The savings banks, which are custodians of the small savings of the mass of the public, select only the most conservative investments. In most States the securities in which they may invest are specified by law. The laws of fourteen States provide that savings banks may invest in high-grade utility bonds.

NOT only the bonds, but the preferred and common stocks of the best utility companies find a ready market. Several such companies have placed substantial amounts of their securities directly with their employees and customers. According to the National Electric Light Association, over \$175,000,000 of securities were placed in the hands of the customers of power and light companies during 1922, and the Association estimates that 1923 will show a total of about \$200,000,000.

While the common stocks of public utility companies do not enjoy the market activity and popularity of the common stocks of industrial companies as a class, there are a number of exceptions.

Many public utility bonds rank with the highest grade of railroad and industrial bonds. Any of the leading investment houses will furnish detailed information on request.

(Continued on page 70)



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Public Utilities

(Continued from page 69)

Investment Literature

Geo. M. Forman & Co., 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., will be pleased to send on request a copy of their book, giving Tested Plans for Building a Fortune.

S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, have issued a primer on sound investments, which they will be glad to send on request. Ask for Booklet B-1520.

Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C., have gotten out a new book entitled "Safety Supreme," which will be sent free on request.

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 6 1/2 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.

The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send on request the following booklets: "Your Money—Its Safe Investment; Are you losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds; Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages; Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail."

Arnold & Company, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send a copy of their interesting booklet, describing Arnold's Certificates, on request.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

Base Hits and Heart Throbs

(Continued from page 9)

his work was so convincing that his contract was purchased by a National League manager, and the little shortstop forever afterwards claimed credit for having put "Heinie" in the majors.

* * *

Many stories are told at the expense of that much maligned institution, the baseball umpire, and not half of it has been said. As a rule, the men in the blue can be trusted to more than hold their own, especially those who hold an indicator in the major leagues. The dean of them all, a man who was pensioned after thirty-five years of service in the National circuit, had a unique method of defending himself against the usual charge of being "blind." Whenever a player accused "Bob" of failing eyesight, the veteran arbiter offered to bet \$500 that he could outshoot his accuser at the traps. And nobody dared take him up, for he could smash the clay pigeons with the best of them. He loved the game and got along fairly well in the world's most difficult job. Toward the end of his career, a hot-tempered player, during a dispute, threw the ball at "Bob," and it struck him on the arm. The blow did little damage to the skin, but it almost broke his heart.

* * *

A word must needs be said concerning the superstitions to which ball players are almost as subject as deep-sea sailors. There is an excuse for this, since luck plays an acknowledged part in baseball. This was well demonstrated by the balls that bounded so peculiarly in the final game of the last world series, enabling the great Walter Johnson to realize his life dream. There are few players who do not woo Lady Luck in some form or other. Most of them cling to a treasured undershirt, or to some other favorite portion of attire. When a man has had a particularly good day, he tries to recall exactly which sock he put on first the day before, and in just what order he had donned his uniform.

(Continued on page 72)

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Some Remarkable Facts About Conrad

AT an auction before Conrad's death, his original manuscripts sold for \$110,998. Before his death also, a numbered de luxe edition of his books, the Sun Dial Edition, was published. It was limited to 735 sets. That number of people came forward and paid, each \$175.75 for one of these sets (a total of \$129,176.25) simply because it was autographed! Such was the judgment of connoisseurs of the certainty of Conrad being ranked with the Immortals. Now, for the most modest book budget comes the Canterbury edition of his complete works, containing everything in the Sun Dial Edition, including the same special prefaces written by Conrad for each book. This 24-volume Canterbury Edition, however, is offered for only \$31.00, payable in small amounts, instead of \$175.75 cash.

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The leading writers of the world, spontaneously at one time or another, had united in acclaiming Conrad as "the greatest living master of fiction." Even more striking than *their* praise, was the unexampled enthusiasm—amounting often to adoration—which he inspired in tens of thousands of intelligent people in every corner of the world.

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Courtesy of First National Films, Inc.

"She now stood framed in the dark background, her lips slightly parted, her hair in disorder after the exertion, the gleam not yet faded out of her glorious and sparkling eyes." Thus does Conrad paint the elusive Nina, the Malay girl who married a white trader in *Almayer's Folly*.

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Base Hits and Heart Throbs

(Continued from page 70)

The notion that posing for a photograph before the game is unlucky is quite prevalent.

A certain outfielder in the Coast League never came to bat without a wad of chewing-gum stuck on the button of his cap. If the pitcher got two strikes on him the batter removed the gum and popped it in his mouth; otherwise he left it undisturbed.

Ball players and fans all over the country who have heard the expression, "Old Joe Slump," without having any clear idea of how it originated, will be interested in the explanation. "Old Joe Slump" is the Jonah of baseball, the Jinx that sometimes fastens itself upon a ball player and renders him helpless.

Some years ago a man named Joe Schlumpf conducted a cigar store in Seattle. It served as headquarters for ball players. Naturally, Joe rooted hard for the home team and was a regular attendant at the ball park. His personal acquaintance with nearly all the players in the Pacific Northwestern League resulted in some good old baseball kidding, particularly over their efforts to hit the pill. One particular player on the Spokane team actually believed that the cigar dealer had his number. When this man came to the plate Schlumpf used to yell at him from a seat near the press-box:

"Oh you! I've got you." Sure enough the player would fan the air. It got to be quite a joke among the home fans who were naturally pulling for the local team. At a critical stage of the game they would yell "get him, Joe!" and Schlumpf would rise and go through the motions of a Svengali, shouting, "I've got you!" In case the batter struck out the crowd always yelled, "Joe got him."

Visiting players used to warn each other, "keep your eye on the ball, Old Joe Schlumpf is in the grandstand."

Fans and players took up the phrase and passed it along and in time the original name was found too difficult to pronounce and became "Old Joe Slump!" It is still applied to any batter who is not hitting or fielding as well as usual.

* * *

A BIG Texas southpaw was very successful so long as he was permitted to use a wide-swinging windup that invariably resulted in pulling his shirt flap out from under his belt. Whenever he pitched, the game was prolonged fifteen minutes over the usual time because of the fact that "Harry," after every pitched ball, removed his glove and wasted several seconds in tucking his shirt back into place. The club manager, with an eye to saving time, fastened the shirt in place with safety pins, but the result was disastrous. The big Texan could not get the ball anywhere near the plate and he walked four men in succession before they could get him unpinned. A broken little finger ended his baseball career, and now he is teaching Sunday School in the old home town.

Time was when the professional ball player was a rough, unschooled product of the sand lot. Now he is not infrequently a man who holds a college diploma and can make a creditable appearance in society. Whether this has improved the standard of actual play is open to question. The old-timers assert that the only difference between the professional of the old school and the modern college product is that when a fly ball goes up one man says, "I have it!" and the other says, "I got it!" To which they add the somewhat cynical conclusion that when the old-timer says, "I got it," he actually has it, while the university man is sometimes mistaken.

The Tent Ropes of the West

(Continued from page 34)

the radius of the city as would make up for the unattainableness of the scenic and outing attractions round about.

How successful their effort proved was best indicated by the fact that Portland was allowed to know even before its delegation went to the Grand Lodge convention last summer, that if it saw fit ever again at any time to be host to the Elks Grand Lodge, all it needed was to say so—and the Elks would be on hand.

After the summer of 1912 the Elks went their ways and Portland took stock of its experience.

It found that it had had a bully time; that its guests had had a bully time; that it liked the "kick" it got out of visitors enjoying themselves within its gateways.

And Portland began systematically and with enthusiasm "lengthening its tent ropes."

The annual Rose Festival, which had already become a traditional event in the city, took on a new significance.

An entertaining order, "The Royal Rosarians," perfected its being and stretched hands up and down the Coast to sister cities all along the line, until everybody was making neighborly calls on everybody else. They were not individuals calling on individuals; they were cities calling upon cities; communities translating the spirit of neighborliness into organized expression.

Every trip the Rosarians made brought return visits from San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Spokane and other host cities, and as these visits became more and more frequent and larger and larger in personnel, the machinery of entertainment was enlarged and perfected in greater detail.

The old gallant guard that had put across the entertainment in the 1912 convention was pressed into continued service on numberless other occasions.

Since that year the committee has been, in spirit, a continuing thing, since its personnel has been diffused through numberless other committees that have dealt with numberless other conventions and other affairs of civic scope.

And each committee has bequeathed at the close of its active service all of its acquired ex-

perience and most of its personnel to committees that have succeeded it.

Today it is practically possible to predict the personnel of the entertainment committee and sub-committees for a convention before the invitation committee has decided to go out and invite another convention to visit the city of Portland.

The citizenship of Portland has been enlisted and trained in the service until the city practically resolves itself into a Committee of the Whole, the moment the first delegations arrive, and so continues until the last delegation has pulled out from the Union Station. Portland has formed a "city-conscious" habit of hospitality.

Meanwhile the process of evolution that has gone on has carried other vital changes with it.

In 1920 the Shrine convention came to Portland and really gave the city an opportunity to try out its now almost fully developed Civic Hospitality machine. The results are historic—too extensive to fit in a limited chronicle.

But the old committee of 1912 and the committee that functioned in 1920 and all the other committees that have worked with and between them are being pressed into service in 1924, and the Oregonians are talking about surprising even themselves with what they intend to achieve.

The incoming Elks of 1925 will find themselves entering a new city, but they will find very familiar hands stretched to greet them when they come in.

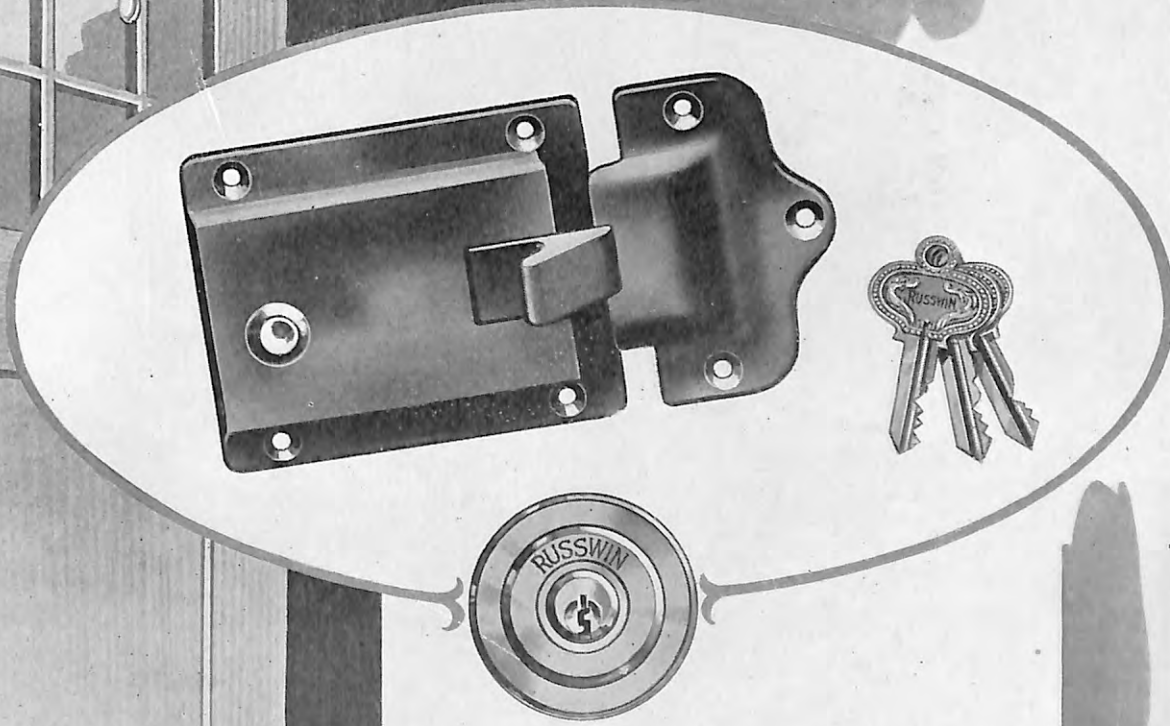
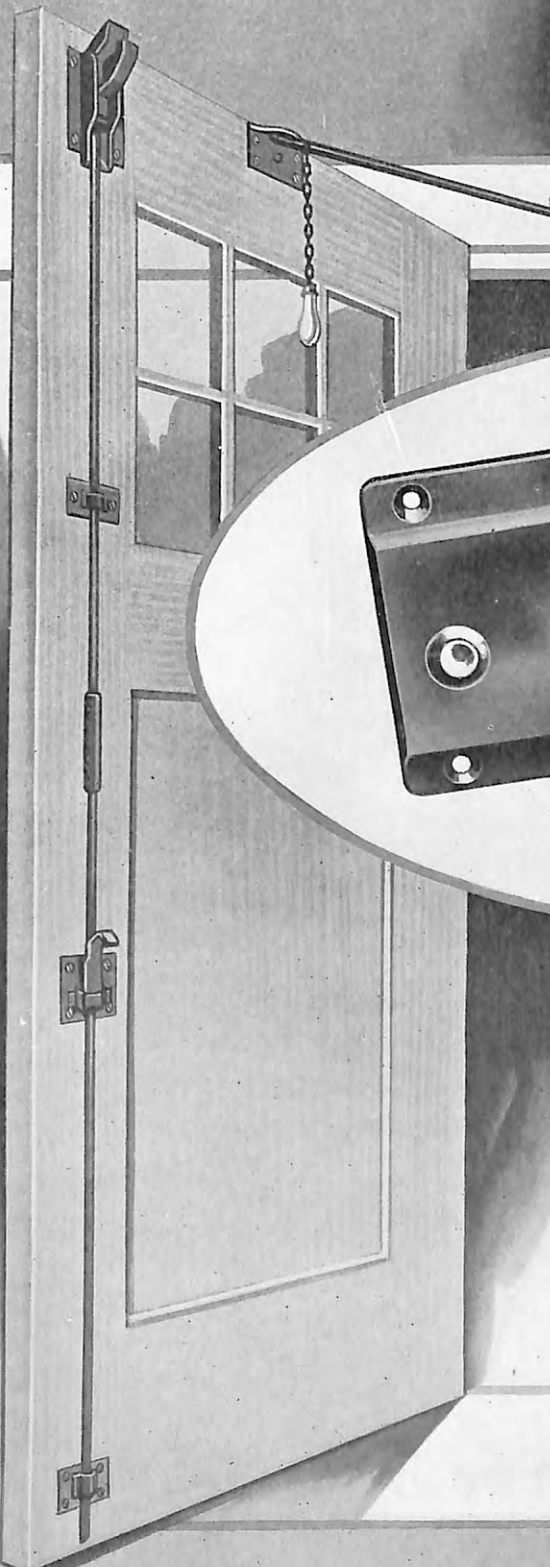
It is not always that a man or a group of men are permitted to taste the full fruits of their sowing within a period of a bare dozen years or even within a single generation, but that is exactly what the Grand Lodge of Elks is going to be permitted to do when it comes back after thirteen years to experience the matured, the rich hospitality of the City of Portland, Oregon.

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In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets thought whiskers made them look wise.

That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bearded bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, men of fashion utilized their whiskers as ornamental shrubbery; but such things could not go on.

Even the prettiest of the patch-work beards were doomed as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

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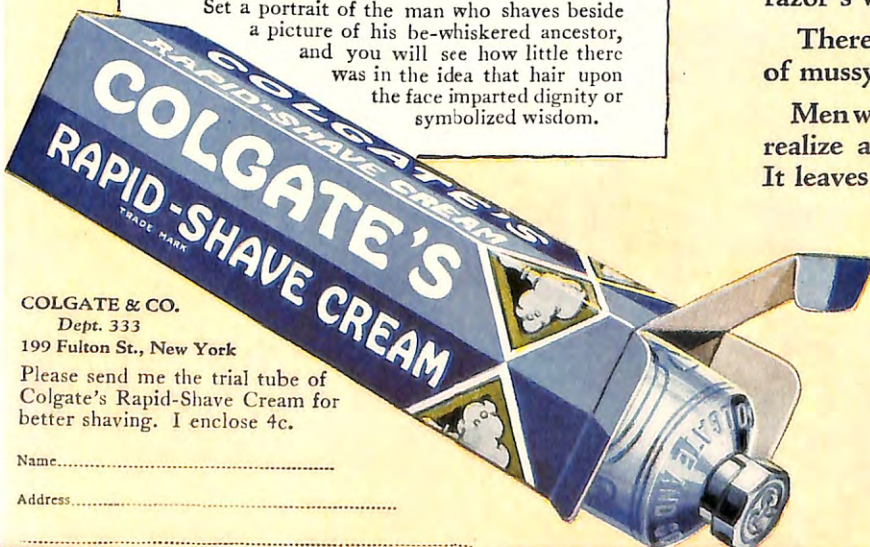
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