

The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1925



This Month: Achmed Abdullah, Marcus Eli Ravage, Harris Dickson and many others



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



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The striking illustrations accompanying Achmed Abdullah's Chinatown story, "The Magnificent Gesture," were cut on linoleum by Lowell Balcom

The Magnificent Gesture

By Achmed Abdullah



AT THE corner of Pell Street Chinatown turned its back to the Bowery. It squatted turgid and compact, caring nothing for the white man's world that hedged it in, except to squeeze the pennies already squeezed dry by shrill, melodramatic Sicilian hucksters, to shave the dollars already shaved to the vanishing point by puling, whining Russian peddlers.

The sky pressed down from above with muddy clouds. The pavement pressed up from below with spongy asphalt and sewer gas. The houses pressed in from all sides with cluttered shops and teeming tenements.

Rickety, this Chinatown seemed, moldy, bulging; yet aloof, apart, slightly supercilious, rather unhuman.

Its outer shell and gestures were shoddy; its soul narrow in racial resolution and racial consciousness; but immense in pride of ancient civilization and practical, wire-drawn sense of values—values of matter; too, values of spirit.

It was choked with soft-slipped, butter-colored, murmurous people.

They ambled in all directions with the Mongol's furtive, gliding tread. Many stopped in front of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace. They stared at the broad expanse of wall between the lower floor windows.

They read. They speculated. They commented. A few laughed. A few sucked in their breath through thin lips with a sob of regret.

Five minutes earlier Smok Fat, jack-of-all-trades to the Golden Dragon Guild, had affixed there a great square of tough-fibered, scarlet paper, one of those strident broadsides that represent to the Chinese both the advertising and the "agony" columns of Western newspapers. Headed by the mandarin hieroglyphics that stood for the name and professional dignities of P'u Lun, attorney-at-law, LL.B., Columbia University, it told in simple words that on this day, June the seventh, 1924, the firm of Wen Ching & Shen Ho, merchants in curios, rare porcelains and jade, had been dissolved.

An ordinary business announcement.

But to Pell Street it held a spice of drama; marked the passing of an epoch.

Nag Hong Fah, the paunchy proprietor of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, came from the restaurant and read.

"All things come to an end," he said,

"except the beards of the beardless. And even they do—at times."

"When?" asked Kang Kee, a visiting hatchetman from San Francisco.

"When the beardless grow beards."

"And then—cut them off?"

"As they did, O wise and older brother!" Nag Hong Fah pointed at the broadside and laughed. "They cut off their beards because of one gray hair. They cut off their noses because of one small pimple." He changed his laugh into a sigh that was not altogether hypocritical. "Ah—who would have believed it? Wen Ching and Shen Ho! The rocks! The exquisitely immovable! The—if you, being an elegant and refined Californian Mister, will forgive my illiterate discourse—the changeless in love and loyalty, as changeless as the face of the Buddha. Ahee!—a thousand deeds build the pedestal—and one deed destroys it!"

"Yet another deed may rebuild the pedestal," gently chimed in Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss temple that jutted out slightly from the neighboring houses as if to draw attention to its gaudy, theological coating of crimson and gold and gamboge and deep blue.

Wen Ching and Shen Ho had been partners in everything, money and affection, matter and spirit, deed and thought, since years earlier they had come to America.

They had been young lads, friends, both of decent, middle-class stock, when in the sixties of last century their imagination and, a little, their greed had been fired by the tales of a Chinese supercargo who had returned from America, his pockets clanking with foreign gold. They had decided to try their luck in California where, it seemed, the tough brawn and subtle, astute brain of the yellow man were in demand. One day they had crowded aboard a rakish American clipper with a gang of laughing, spitting, acrid coolies, the sweepings of the Canton water front. Before the ship warped out they had received their first lesson of the New World at the hands of a Gloucester mate who, short of help, had picked decidedly involuntary and as decidedly unpaid stevedores from amongst his Mongol passengers; and the two friends had toiled while the Gloucester mate had cuffed and cursed them and their countrymen with a certain rather austere, Puritan determination.

Had come the sea's world, unknown, enigmatic, frightening. Seasickness, brackish water, bad food. Days with the waves running house-high under a puffed, desolate sky; nights of blackness running back to a yet deeper blackness.

Land at last. California. San Francisco of the early sixties. Crude. Blaring. But tremendously vital.

The houses there, the foreigners' incomprehensible houses. The incomprehensible streets leaping like red gullies. The thousands of incomprehensible foreign faces, ludicrous as well as terrifying to their Chinese standard, with the staring, light-colored eyes, the prominent noses, the short-cut hair that ran the gamut from whitish yellow to ruddy brown.

The strange language.

The strange, boisterous gestures.

And then the strange work.

For those were the West's smashing, roaring, epic years. Gold was king. Silver-lead was viceroy. Railways were being shot everywhere like the tentacles of a gigantic, steel-clouted octopus. There were ranches. There was coal and timber. There was the hard, red heart of wheat.

Work! Work! Work!—was the land's symphony.

Braggart enthusiasm flared; too, honest, high ambition.

California was going after the dollars, not after the cents.

"To the devil with the cents!" said the white man. "Let the yellow man earn them!"

He did.

SO THE two friends had no trouble in getting employment; and a few days after landing they were in a mining camp, baking very wretched mince pie under the supervision of a recent European immigrant who, flushed with the new-found freedom of the promised land, decided that this same freedom was not meant for them bloody heathen Chinks, and—*biff!* *bang!*—a freckled fist lashed out, connecting with Wen Ching's nose; another smashed into Shen Ho's jaw.

That night the latter, with the icy contempt of his race for foreigners, remarked to his friend that a blow from a coarse-haired barbarian and a step in the mud were one and the same thing. Regrettable. Also painful. But negligible. Not to be weighed either way in the final balancing of life's worth and achievements.

Wen Ching agreed.

The two friends always agreed, throughout the years, while their muscles became used to the bitter toil, their ears and lips to the foreign speech; while they learned, if not to respect, at least to adapt themselves to the foreigners' inexplicable customs and prejudices; while gradually they changed their brains from the reckoning of cents to the reckoning of dollars; while as the years grew, they grew, in dignity of work, in wealth, in civic importance.

There were years of harsh, merciless endeavor; of tight figuring, of living close to the danger line of starvation; cents frugally hoarded, then dollars, then hundreds; business acumen slowly acquired; shifting from manual labor to the greater ease and gain of shop; holding hard to the Mongol wisdom,

that it is more profitable to sell what other people use than to use what other people sell.

At last they had succeeded.

Their firm—"Wen Ching & Shen Ho, merchants in curios, rare porcelains and jade"—had become famous from San Francisco to New York, with branches in both places as well as in Boston, London and Shanghai.

Straight through, though youth had slipped by and then robust manhood, though they had grown old and fat and white-haired, as alike as peas in a pod in looks and speech and deed and reaction, their friendship and love for each other—love surpassing that of woman—had never faltered.

Now, to-day, there was this broadside where P'u Lun, the lawyer, announced the dissolution of the firm. There was confirmation of the choice gossip that for weeks all Pell Street had been rolling under thick tongues.

Pell Street spoke of it that night when its financial and social cream—grocers and laundrymen and restaurateurs and merchants, well-to-do, staid Chinese burghesses—foregathered, as was their wont, in the back room of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace which was for yellow men exclusively and bore the euphonic appellation: "The Honorable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity."

They spoke of it in the polished and curiously insincere

phraseology of their breed, with spiced epigrams and gliding, slurring allusions.

"Their exquisite harmony is no more," said Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant proprietor. "They are no longer Wen Ching & Shen Ho, but Wen Ching—and Shen Ho."

"When the lips shrivel and draw apart, then must the teeth catch cold," a laundryman pronounced trite wisdom.

"Yes," agreed Nag Hong Fah. "They relied too much on the spirit and not enough on matter. Matter alone counts. To disregard this fact is as futile as tethering a tiger with a strand of silk."

"There is one," said You Ch'ang, the priest, "who can tether a tiger with a strand of silk."

"Who?"

"The Buddha! The Excellent Lord Gautama!"

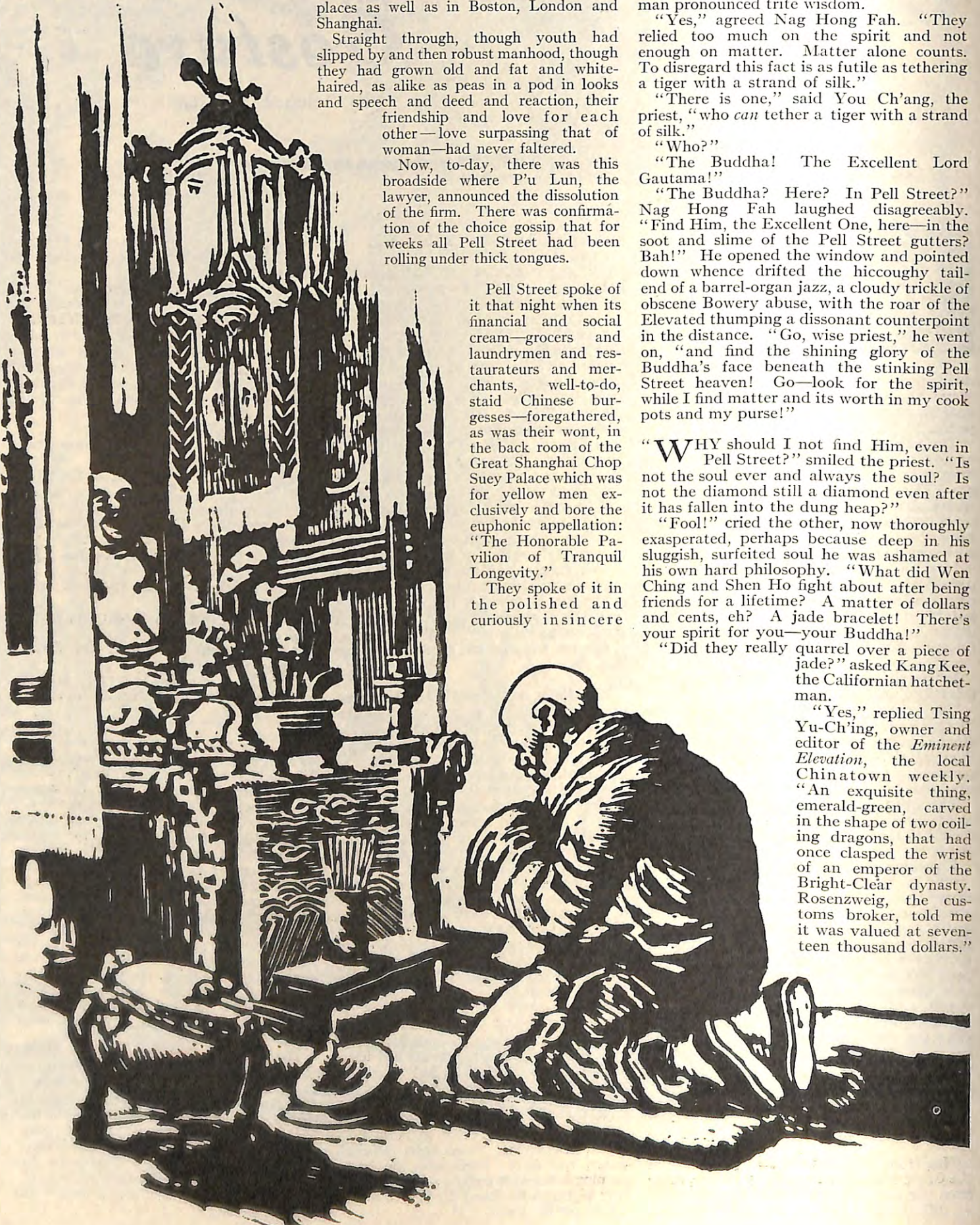
"The Buddha? Here? In Pell Street?" Nag Hong Fah laughed disagreeably. "Find Him, the Excellent One, here—in the soot and slime of the Pell Street gutters? Bah!" He opened the window and pointed down whence drifted the hiccoughy tail-end of a barrel-organ jazz, a cloudy trickle of obscene Bowery abuse, with the roar of the Elevated thumping a dissonant counterpoint in the distance. "Go, wise priest," he went on, "and find the shining glory of the Buddha's face beneath the stinking Pell Street heaven! Go—look for the spirit, while I find matter and its worth in my cook pots and my purse!"

"WHY should I not find Him, even in Pell Street?" smiled the priest. "Is not the soul ever and always the soul? Is not the diamond still a diamond even after it has fallen into the dung heap?"

"Fool!" cried the other, now thoroughly exasperated, perhaps because deep in his sluggish, surfeited soul he was ashamed at his own hard philosophy. "What did Wen Ching and Shen Ho fight about after being friends for a lifetime? A matter of dollars and cents, eh? A jade bracelet! There's your spirit for you—your Buddha!"

"Did they really quarrel over a piece of jade?" asked Kang Kee, the Californian hatchetman.

"Yes," replied Tsing Yu-Ch'ing, owner and editor of the *Eminent Elevation*, the local Chinatown weekly. "An exquisite thing, emerald-green, carved in the shape of two coiling dragons, that had once clasped the wrist of an emperor of the Bright-Clear dynasty. Rosenzweig, the customs broker, told me it was valued at seventeen thousand dollars."



He related how, ordered by neither of the two partners, it had been sent to their firm in consignment by a Pekin house a few weeks earlier and how at once both had wished to pay for it with their personal checks, to obtain it as their private property.

"There was an argument," he continued. "It grew into a quarrel. An insult. Then one—I forget who—struck the other. And now—" he shrugged his shoulders—"they are enemies."

"Exactly as I said!" grumbled Nag Hong Fah, staring defiantly at the priest who did not speak. "A matter of dollars and cents! Each, I suppose, wants to sell the bracelet at a handsome profit."

"Wrong!" commented his cousin Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer. "That sort of jade is a glut on the market. It is too valuable. When a foreign barbarian spends big money on jewels he buys diamonds, not the green preciousness." And, in answer to a younger man's ironic remark: "No. Nor for the sake of a woman's eyelashes. They are both old men, past the age when they made a carpet of their hearts for the stepping of narrow feet."

"Perhaps—for their personal adornment and vanity?"

"Wrong again! In spite of their wealth they are men of simple living."

"Then why . . .?" Kang Kee threw up his hands.

"Nobody knows," said Tsing Yu-ch'ing. "It is a mystery."

"Who has the bracelet now?"

"P'un Lun, the lawyer, keeps it in his safe. Ahee!—I greatly fear that in their stubbornness they may go to a court and judge of the foreign barbarians, thereby causing all Pell Street to lose face and . . ."

"Sh—sh!" came sibilant warning; and the editor spoke quickly of local politics as the door opened to admit a fat, white-haired, moon-faced old man, dressed neatly in loose, black alpaca coat and trousers, black velvet slippers on his small feet.

"Ten thousand years!" greeted the newcomer politely.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand years, O Wen Ching!" was the courtly reply.

There came a thick pall of silence, with only the angry sizzling of opium cubes as lean, yellow hands held them over the openings of the tiny lamps; a sucking of boiling-hot tea sipped by compressed lips.

Nobody said a word.

Coolies they were, the flotsam and jetsam of Canton, unimportant measured with the Broadway and Wall Street yardstick; but men of an ancient race at whose back stretched forty centuries of civilization. So they were patient, tolerant, sublimely unself-conscious, permitting each man to look after his own fate, be it good or bad. They had been eager to gossip about Wen Ching. For what harm was there in that? Too, they liked and respected him. Yet his life was his to make or mar. Sympathy? Yes. But not the arrogant indelicacy of help offered, of advice proffered.

They sat there quietly, their faces like ivory masks; all but Yu Ch'ang, the priest, who walked up to Wen Ching and bowed three times with hands clasped over his narrow chest.

"I am a man of religion," he said, "a humble seeker after truth, whose importance cannot compare with yours. Yet have I thought much. I have thought left and thought right. May I, the very small one, address you, O wise and older brother?"

"PLEASE do! I myself am the small one, you the elegant dragon!" came the reply, polite in wording, but high-pitched, slightly on the defensive, as if Wen Ching guessed, and dreaded, what was coming.

"I have thought," continued the priest, "that the soul is the vase which contains the ancient precepts. Consider: if the vase be broken in pieces, shall not the treasure of ancient precepts be lost? Consider furthermore . . ."

"Be silent!" the other interrupted violently. "I know what you mean . . ."

"But—you and your partner—your old friend . . ."

"No longer my partner! No longer my friend!" Wen Ching's voice rose a hectic octave. "He is a thief—a robber. . . ."

"A thief—am I?" came the echo from the door; and there entered another man, fat, white-haired, moon-faced, old, almost as if he were Wen Ching's twin.

"A thief—am I?" repeated Shen Ho, advancing into the room.

"You are! Robber! Robber!"

"Cheat!"

"Swindler!"

"Turtle-spawn!"

"Ah—may your deceased parents not find salvation!"

Step by step they had drawn near to each other, their obese bodies and round, bland features tense with fury. They stood there, facing each other. Their implacable, oblique eyes met, contended.

"O h—stop them!" cried the priest, stretching out an ineffectual hand.

At that moment both men leaped.

They were old.

They were weak. They were easily winded. But for all its burlesque ludicrousness, the fight was terrible in sweeping, brutish hate and lust to hurt and maim.

The puny fists went like flails. They grappled; rolled together under a table; rose together, upsetting it.

Once more they stood face to face, toe to toe, each striving to batter down the other with feeble blows.

At last the Chinese interfered. They separated the fighters and led them out through different doors: Wen Ching with a gash in his cheek, but his right fist clenching a tuft of his erstwhile partner's neat queue, while Shen Ho, his nose bleeding, carried away as trophy a ragged triangle of the other's black alpaca trousers.

"Hayah!" laughed Nag Hong Fah when they had left. "And all because of a jade bracelet!"

"Perhaps," said the priest, "the jade bracelet will show them the road back to harmonious understanding."

"Perhaps a cat can grow wings," came the other's pessimistic comment.

When Tsing Yu-ch'ing, the editor, had voiced his apprehension that Chinatown might lose face by the two men's stubbornness, he had been right. Not that they aired their quarrel before an American judge. But three days later they met by chance just



Kang Kee, the visiting California hatchetman, called on the priest Yu Ch'ang, who was alone in the joss temple, burning incense sticks before the goddess of Mercy

beyond the corner of Pell Street, and there was a repetition of their fight—with the Bowery hoodlums looking on and laughing and shouting coarse, ironic advice, while again their puny fists went like flails as they tried to batter each other down with feeble blows:

"Dat's de stuff, Chinkie!"

"Try de old uppercut!"

"Hey. Bitin' ain't allowed, yer yaller swine!"

"Wow! Dere goes a tooth!"

"Hooray! Ye got him groggy, Battlin' Nelson!"

"Kill him!"

"Gee! Ain't it de funniest t'ing ye've ever saw. . . .?"

FOR ten minutes they fought, out of breath, almost hysterical with weakness and pain and rage, until suddenly there was a cry of:

"Cheese it! De cop!"

And Policeman McGowan mixed in the contest with democratic impartiality, kicking Wen Ching's feet from under him, while his stick sent Shen Ho spinning to one side.

When the two bruised, bleeding combatants were hauled before the desk of the Essex Street police station, charged with disorderly conduct, Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch and specializing in the Chinatown beat of sewer gas and opium and yellow man and white, happened to be there.

He whispered a word to the lieutenant. The latter inclined his head.

"Sure," he said. "You're the doctor, Bill."

Then, to Wen Ching and Shen Ho:

"Discharged!"

And he did certain irregular things to the police blotter while Bill Devoy walked out of the station between the two Chinese, a hand on the arm of each.

He had known them for years; had always liked them and considered them decent, law-abiding citizens. Now he was shocked to the core of his jovial Celtic soul.

"Wot's the matter with you two boids?" he asked. "Been hittin' the hop?"

There was no answer.

"Wot's the matter?" he repeated. "I wanta know! Come through!"

Still no answer; and he continued a little more impatiently:

"Sure—I hoid about yer breakin' up partnership. But— Gee! to fight, at your age—three years older'n that there Buddha o' yers, ain't ye? To behave like a couple o' roughnecks! Ain't ye ashamed o' yerselves? Come on, boys! genially. "Shake hands! Kiss and make up!"

"Mr. Devoy," said Wen Ching in his meticulous, sing-song English, "I cannot shake hands with a thief."

"Nor I," purred Shen Ho, "with a robber."

They were on the point of breaking away from Devoy's restraining grip and flying at each other's throats, when the detective lost his temper.

"Cut it out!" he shouted. "If ever ye fight agin and I hear of it, I skin the yaller hide off both o' ye—see? Beat it!"—pushing them in opposite directions—"and behave, ye two pig-eyed, pig-tailed Chinks!"

He returned to the police station where he told the lieutenant what had happened.

"I know Pell Street," he added. "That's how them Tong feuds always start. I guess I'll take a walk and drop a word o' warnin' here and there."

During the course of the next few hours, Bill Devoy made the rounds of Chinatown.

He dropped in on the Hip Sing Tong, the Golden Dragon Guild, the Azure Dragon Guild, the Guild of the Four Companies, the Honorable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity, and the *Ching Wah Kong Saw* or Chinese Benevolent Burial Association, so called, Devoy used to say, for comic reasons, as its members always buried their own—after killing them.

Wherever he went he gave wary notice:

"I'm on to that quarrel between those two ginks. I got my eyes peeled. None o' yer doity hatchetman tricks—get me?"

The Chinese listened politely. They smiled. They offered him tea and cigarettes. Then, as is the habit of their breed when they do not wish to answer, they said:

"No savvy!"

"I do savvy!" rejoined the detective, nowise annoyed, and he winked at them as Greek is said to wink at Greek.

Either his apprehensions were groundless, or his warning fell on fruitful soil.

For Chinatown continued quietly squeezing the pennies and shaving the dollars, driving shoddy, oblique bargains amidst the ruts and grooves of its patched pavements, living the yellow, sluggish flow of its life pinched in by Bowery and Broadway. Nor was there a renewal of the fight between the two former partners, although they met frequently.

Then one late afternoon Kang Kee, the visiting California hatchetman, called on the priest, Yu Ch'ang, who was alone in the



Groping, yellow fingers leaped from the outer blackness into the light

joss temple, burning sweet-smelling *hunsuh* incense sticks before Kwannon, the violet-faced goddess of mercy, and before the gilt statues of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West and the Buddha of the Light without Measure.

He sat down and watched the other at his devotions.

"It appears," he said presently, plying his fan with slow dignity, "that the coarse-haired devil of the first class, Devoy, has given certain warning to all the local members of my ancient and honorable calling."

"So I understand," replied the priest without turning; and he kowtowed in front of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West and chanted a deep-throated: "*Om ma-ne pad-mi! Hong!*" (Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!)

"The coarse-haired devil of the first class is not as clever as he thinks," continued Kang Kee. "He believes that I am a harmless stranger from San Francisco who deals vaguely in silk and tea and ginger."

The priest turned.

"So?" he asked.

"So!" echoed the other.

"Why do you tell me, O wise and older brother?"

Kang Kee was caressing his cheek with his right hand. The dying, crimson sun rays danced through the window and glittered on his well-polished finger nails.

Finally he broke the silence:

"It would be dishonorable for a lawyer to take fees from and advise both parties to a quarrel—am I not right?"

"Decidedly."

"And—I suppose—it would be dishonorable for a hatchetman to . . .?" He slurred; stopped.

"They—they came to you?" asked Yu Ch'ang with a little mournful cadence at the end of the sentence.

"Both. Yesterday."

"Ah!" breathed the priest. He went to the door.

"You are going out?" demanded Kang Kee.

"Yes."

"And you leave your delightful gods to look after themselves?"

"No. I am taking them with me—in my heart."

He left the joss temple. Kang Kee, watching from the window, saw his tall, thin figure cross Pell Street where the floating twilight tinged his silken robe with purple and silver. He smiled. Then he walked over to the statue of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West.

"EXCELLENT, Lord Gautama," he said, "I am not sure that I believe in Thee. Yet, perhaps after my death, I may need Thy intercession so that my soul may leap the dragon gate. Behold, O Gautama: to-day I have acquired merit, and—" he laughed—"lost twice three thousand dollars thereby!"

And he relit the incense stick which Yu Ch'ang had dropped and chanted:

"*Om ma-ne pad-mi! Hong!*" (Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!)

He was still there half an hour later when the priest returned.

"Where have you been?" he inquired.

"Did you speak to Wen Ching or . . .?"

"To neither. I spoke to P'u Lun, the lawyer."

"What did you tell him?"

"Several things. But chiefly to have both Wen Ching and Shen Ho at his office late to-night."

"So that he may make peace between them? Useless! Useless!" exclaimed the

(Continued on page 48)



"Tidy little craft, eh?" the captain smiled while nailing a calendar against the door

THE catastrophe which befell Mr. Chubb of Chicago in a poker game on the Mississippi River, was due to lack of foresight, the sole and only slip that had ever occurred in his career. For Mr. Chubb founded his changeless routine upon the rock of mathematics, an exact science where all the facts are known. But the Chicago man had overlooked a most potent truth, to-wit: That in the beginning, Nature laid down laws for the government of every creature, except the Mississippi River, which does as it darn pleases. Consequently, along said erratic waterway there exists a spirit that stands hitched to no law, and upsets the immutable doctrine of chances as applied to a distribution of cards. Nobody knows what may happen when a sport draws one card, or two, or three. Such heresy would have been hooted at by Mr. Chubb, despite his principle not to betray intolerance towards many delusions which

Cats, Dogs and Tigers

A Poker Story

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

prevail amongst these small southern communities where he traveled and sold bonds.

To his accurate intellect the game of poker presented no mystery, being purely scientific and based upon infallible laws. Even the so-called whims of fortune were reducible to formulæ, which Mr. Chubb had repeatedly demonstrated before his poker club in Chicago—ten-cent limit—whereof Mr. Chubb was the unofficial president. During a thousand sittings, as Mr. Chubb maintained, each seat must be dealt practically the same cards. Therefore the scientist who bet or called, or who passed in obedience to the gospel of averages, would inevitably succeed. Naturally this presupposed a genius for psychoanalysis, an ability to read his opponent's mind, in which Mr. Chubb likewise excelled.

On the evening before the bond salesman was due to leave Vicksburg, after the usual spring call upon his customers, Mr. Jos. D.

Manley, banker, stopped in at the hotel and led him aside.

"Mr. Chubb, I'm having some friends to supper. Come along and take a hand. Of course you play draw?"

"A little; sometimes."

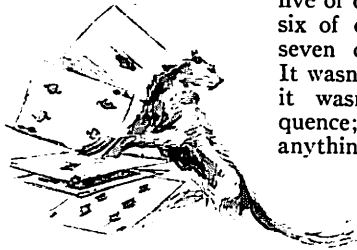
"Two-bit limit."

After supper the provincial banker's guests adjourned to a standard poker table, clean white cloth and regulation chips. With a genuine Havana, an ash-tray and highball at his elbow, Mr. Chubb began to wonder if the South were really so barbarous and backward. To-night he might well have been in civilized Chicago. But outside the Zoo, nowhere in that guileless city could Mr. Chubb have found the menagerie of freak hands that these southerners sprung upon him to win his money—dogs, tigers, cats, skips.

"Wait a minute," he protested when Harry Coates ignored Mr. Chubb's three aces, and proceeded to rake in the pot. "Hold on, Mr. Coates! What kind of a hand do you call *that*?"

"Little dog," said the sweetly smiling Harry. "I caught that lovely four spot."

"Dog? Four spot?" With a tightening of his lips Mr. Chubb examined the phenomenon—deuce of spades, four of diamonds, five of diamonds, six of clubs and seven of hearts. It wasn't a flush; it wasn't a sequence; it wasn't anything that so-



phisticated Chicago had ever regarded with respect.

"I beg your pardon," his host apologized; "Mr. Chubb, we assume that you play these same hands."

"Not in Chicago. I never saw a little dog."

His city ignorance brought about an impasse which nettled Mr. Chubb, made him squirm like a post graduate demoted to kindergarten, while Manley halted the deal and wrote down on paper a list of hands as played by orthodox congregations in the South.

One pair.
Two pair.
Threes.
Sequence.
Little dog; deuce to seven without a pair.
Big dog; nine to ace without a pair.
Little tiger; trey to eight without a pair.
Big tiger; eight to king without a pair.
Cat, ace to six, without a pair.
Flush.
Full house.
Skip, two, four, six, eight, ten.
Fours.
Straight flush.
Little dog flush.
Big dog flush.
Little tiger flush.
Big tiger flush.
Cat flush.
Skip flush.

His patient host went even further in Mr. Chubb's primary education, by spreading the actual cards and illustrating each hand, like diagrams on a blackboard for benefit of the stupid pupil.

"For a little dog," Manley suited the card to the word, "you *must* have this deuce, and you *must* have this seven. Between these, you may hold a trey-four-five, or a trey-five-six, or a trey-four-six, or a four-five-six. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Perfectly."

"A big dog is on the same principle, nine to ace, with any three of the four cards that come between. Get that?"

"Yes," Mr. Chubb almost snapped, and his face grew pinker as he eyed the ocular demonstration of tigers and skips.

"Dogs and tigers are 'eight-timers,'" Manley explained. "Any one of *eight* cards will make your hand. Can you estimate your chances of catching?"

"Yes. Seventeen per cent.; same as a sequence." Mr. Chubb was mathematically correct, as he knew from an exhaustive study of "Jack Abbott on Jackpots."

"But suppose," Manley exhibited a different combination. "Suppose you hold this nine-ten-jack-queen? Any eight or king that you may draw will make a sequence, while an ace gives you a big dog. You have *twelve* chances instead of eight."

"Precisely. Twenty-five and one-half per cent."

"Something like that. Now suppose that your nine-ten-jack-queen are all hearts?"

"Ah!" That's where Chicago took the floor. "Ah! Quite simple. I am dealt the nine-ten-jack-and-queen of hearts, with the four of clubs. I am looking at five cards. Of the unknown forty-seven cards, one—the ace of hearts—will make a big dog flush. Two—the eight or king of hearts—make a straight flush. Any one of six other hearts makes an ordinary flush; while any eight, or king, or ace, completes a hand. Let me see, I have eighteen chances out of forty-seven, a fraction under forty per cent."

"Figured to a gnat's heel," Joe Manley applauded. "We amateurs can't teach you much."

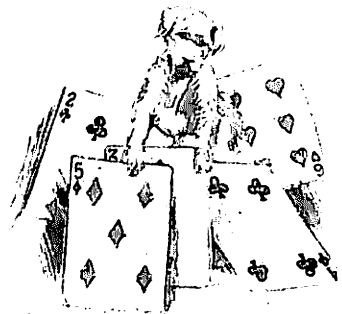
"Oh, no, no," Mr. Chubb's modesty waived all pretensions to omniscience. "It's a slate-and-pencil matter, and the proper theory of one-card draws is to let 'em alone."

"BUT look at the fun you have?" said Junius Wortham, who always tossed his chips and called for one card with undiscouraged optimism. "Come on! Play ball!"

Mr. Chubb hitched his chair closer to the table. Before him lay his schedule of values upon which he kept a vigilant eye; not that he drew to bobtails, but when a pat hand came his way, he'd play it. There was nothing spectacular about the Chicago method. His stack grew, inevitably as the piling up of compound interest, until he cashed in a winning of fifty-three dollars, uncommonly large for a two-bit limit.

"Beginner's luck!" he laughed. But Mr. Chubb knew better. It was the wages of science, the earned increment of skill, and he strutted out cockily to Joe Manley's car.

Manley's humorous blue eyes twinkled as he stopped to set down the victorious Chubb at his hotel.



"By the way, Mr. Chubb," he remarked, "did I understand you to say that you were going to Greenville in the morning?"

"Yes, on the early train."

"Fine! That just fits. To-morrow is Mr. Jessup's birthday. He's taking a party for the round trip to Greenville, on the "*Pride of the Bends*." As Manley called over their names, men of means and prominence with whom it would be good business to mingle, Mr. Chubb decided to join them.

"All right" — said Manley, "I'll call for you to-morrow afternoon, about four." Then he drove away, with a queer little smile, chuckling to himself. "Maybe those bullies will teach him some new kinks in poker."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Chubb contended that accidents never occur in this orderly world, it seemed that his own calamity just happened. Beyond all question he did not deliberately plan it, for Chubb had only a counting-house acquaintance with Mr. Jessup, the grim-faced old financier. That such a frivolity as birthdays could enter the life of William P. Jessup, President of the Planter's National, Mr. Chubb never dreamed. Something, however, in Jessup's gruff directness suggested water, not for drinking purposes but for navigation. Here again Mr. Chubb's deductions were correct, Bill Jessup having once been a steamboat captain, and made a fortune to invest in banking. But coupons and interest never weaned old Bill from his first love, the river. So he annually mustered the ancient mariners and turned himself loose for joy on his own boat, *The Pride of the Bends*. There, in the white-and-gold cabin of *The Pride*, Mr. Chubb found Mr. Jessup, surrounded by greybeard cronies. McGregor was on his native heath and champing mightily at the bit.

"Hello, Chubb," the old riverman sang out—in the bank it had always been "Good morning, Mr. Chubb"—"Joe says you are goin' with us. Here, Benny," he roared to the clerk, "send this luggage to the bridal chamber, best on the boat. Line up, boys, and meet Mr. Chubb."

The "boys" lined up, not an infant younger than sixty-five, "Jimmy," being Mr. James B. Patton, head of a huge hardware concern; "Charley" was Mr. Jessup's grave and reverend partner; "Buster," Mr. Chubb had met before under the dignified alias of "Judge Chatham," with silver hair and the features of a Greek Lyncurus; "Buck" was their present Member of Congress, and "Doc" a benevolent-looking physician. Their names were familiar to Mr. Chubb, also their comfortable ratings in Bradstreet. But the boat itself was unfamiliar, big and golden and gorgeous to Chicago eyes that had never seen the red-chimneyed Natchez or the Grand Republic. Mr. Chubb gazed admiringly down its long cabin, sparkling with crystal chandeliers above the dining-tables.

"Tidy little craft, eh?" the captain smiled like a proud parent, while unwrapping a roll of paper which he hung to a nail against the wall. It was a calendar, a calendar for 1884, and aggressively displayed the date, May 17th. The wondering Chubb couldn't figure out what 1884 meant, until old Jessup gripped his arm and pointed:



"Mr. Manley, I lost twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars . . . I can't pay," Chubb blurted out. "I'm a salaried man"

"You've already lost a million dollars by not being in these pots."

Coily Mr. Chubb hung back, like a girl waiting to be coaxed, and Jessup said, "Sit down. Joe, deal Finny a hand."

Possibly if Mr. Chubb had not been so eager he might have observed the expectant smile on Joe Manley's face. But he didn't. He only saw that Manley was dealing, to seven players, only saw a vacant chair with its virgin stack of blues and reds and whites. A fat old negro servant, wearing an apron, was holding the chair for Mr. Chubb. One by one Joe Manley flipped the seductive pasteboards before that empty seat, like a bait, until Mr. Chubb bit, and sat down to skin the cards for pairs.

"He's hooked," thought Manley, chuckling at Chicago's frozen face, for which a canny Scotch poet had written the prescription:

"Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection."

Judge Chatham, on Mr. Chubb's right, opened the pot by tossing in a red chip. Nothing more need be said. Poker, as Mr. Chubb contended, is a game of silence. Chips do their own talking. One red from the opener called for a red from Mr. Chubb, to signify that he played. Two reds, from Congressman Pharr, announced a raise.

Jimmy Patton stayed. Everybody drew three cards. Chubb caught a pair of nines to his aces, and Jimmy bet a red. Being a conservative, with aces up, Mr. Chubb only called.

"Three lovely sevens," Jimmy sang out, and showed them.

"Sevens?" exclaimed the astounded Mr. Chubb. "You came in, under the raise, with only a pair of sevens?"

"Not much," Jimmy defended himself; "I had better than that—I had two sevens, and a hunch."

Then Joe Manley laughed like an imbecile. At which Mr. Chubb settled down resolutely in his chair and thought, "I can beat any game where they play like that."

But he didn't. The game persisted in beating Mr. Chubb. Nineteen red chips from the top of his original stack were now gone, and he must change one of his blues.

"How much are these blues worth?" Chubb inquired of the benevolent Chatham.

"Two-fifty."

"What? Two dollars and a half?"

"No." Quite nonchalantly. "Two hundred and fifty dollars. Whites, five dollars; red, fifty; two-thousand-dollar stack."

Poker is a game of silence. Mr. Chubb kept silent. His mouth went dry. His collar wilted. An icy rivulet trickled down the gully in his back. Nineteen red chips and seven whites—nine hundred and eighty-five-dollar loser before he got his seat warm. But he

mustn't get excited. "To-day, suh? To-day, Mr. Finny?" old black Jerry touched his elbow.

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"Look at that, Chubb! Look good! Don't come down here from Chicago and try to tell me that this is 1924. This is 1884, May 17th. I'm thirty years old to-day. I'm a rake and a rooay, fixin' to raise forty-two different kinds o' hell."

In the confusion of the moment Mr. Chubb beheld a miracle, saw an apparition that he never hoped to see again in the flesh; Mr. Chubb saw a bar-room, a real bar-room. Right before his bulging eyes two white panels slid apart, and in the opening appeared a grinning face, not the face of a demon, but that of an angel, a patriarchal cherub, an old, old man with both fat hands resting upon the bar.

"Gents," said this seductive seraph, "I'm ready to serve you."

And he was ready. Had all the ingredients. Behind him, on the shelves, Mr. Chubb observed an array of bottles, decanters, strainers, shakers, and other reminiscences as unbelievable as the tear-jugs of antiquity. "But," as Jessup had reminded him, "this is 1884."

"SPEAK up, boys," the jovial captain urged; "say, Chubb, what's your front name?"

"Phineas."

"Strike a trot, Finny. Promenade to the bar and nominate yo' pizen."

"I'll take a toddy—Bill."

"That's the way to talk. Barkeep, make Finny a bourbon toddy, plenty mint. Now, boys, sing; everybody sing; all together.

I'm a ramblin', gamblin' river rat,
An' I drink my whiskey clear;
I'm a rollickin' wreck of poverty
And the son of a gambolier."

The *Pride* got under way. The Vicksburg hills sank into a dead level horizon. Nobody cared about hills or horizons. They sang. From somewhere, deep in the hold, an octagonal table appeared. Two roustabouts rolled it in, and the carpenter made it fast to the floor. A poker-table; and with three drinks under his shirt, Mr. Chubb was feeling mighty frisky.

Last night at Joe Manley's he'd got a taste of blood, and tingled for more. Big tigers symbolized his craving. But nobody had asked him to play, and he couldn't hang around looking hopeful. So Mr. Chubb strolled aft to his bridal chamber, where he made a pretence of unpacking, to kill time until the festivities got started. Then he expected to saunter back and look on, or sit in, if Mr. Jessup insisted. Of course Chubb could no more keep out of that game than a duck could keep out of a puddle when the other ducks were splashing around. Presently he heard the clink of chips and tried not to slam his state-room door too hastily, tried to move at a moderate pace towards the table.

"Hurry up, Finny," old Jessup shouted.





The Paradise of Tourists

You Can Do Much for Little, Abroad—And Much Can Be Done to You

By Marcus Eli Ravage

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

LAST summer my family and I spent in the Berkshire Hills. Two years ago we were at the seashore in Brittany. And in 1923 we had a four months' holiday among the lakes and glaciers of the Tyrolean Alps. For the benefit of those whose geography may be a little rusty I might add that Brittany is one of the picturesque provinces of old France, and that the Tyrol—at any rate, the corner of it which we visited—is still in the Southwest of dismembered Austria.

Now, when you have before you three samples of the same commodity it is only human to cast a glance at the respective price-tags. Comparisons are particularly in order in this case inasmuch as differences in quality, what there is of them, are quite negligible. We have a certain standard in matters like this, which we try to stick to irrespective of latitude and longitude or even the state of the exchequer. There was a cottage in each instance, comfortable in a modest kind of way, with three or four chambers and a bath, and an acre or so of ground with some shade and fruit trees and a corner for a vegetable garden. The aforementioned negligible differences—one of them—was in the lighting; and if you are in the habit of thinking of Europe as primitive, you may like to hear just how it was. Both in Brittany and the Tyrol we had electricity; in Massachusetts there were—for the sake of quaintness, as the owner explained—oil lamps. A trifling detail which we forgot the day after we went away.

The thing that was not negligible or trifling, the thing that we keep harking back to and ruminating over, was the outlay. We got the Berkshire place for four hundred dollars the season; and it was an off-year at that—normally it brought five hundred. At French seaside resorts summer-houses go by the month, and ours was eight hundred francs, which, at the rate of exchange then prevailing, came to an average of forty dollars. In Austria we paid, in American money, two dollars a week, though we voluntarily and munificently promised a bonus of twenty-five cents for good behavior. Further: in Massachusetts we employed a laundress two days in the week to do the washing and cleaning; wage, four dollars a day; and she had to be courted and petted

to come. In France our friends and acquaintances denounced us for demoralizing the native population because we paid our maid ten dollars a month. But in Tyrol we did not require any outside help. Over there when you engage a cottage for the summer you hire the landlord and his family with it. Herr Pfeifauf was our gardener and chief engineer. Frau Pfeifauf hiked to Innsbruck thrice a week with a knapsack to do our marketing. His old mother did the cooking and baking. The eldest girl made beds and dusted; her sister waited on table and washed; while the boys fetched the milk and the mail and ran small errands. And when the time came for us to go away the whole clan of them saw us to the boat and lugged our bags and kissed our hands, gratefully and declared with tears in their eyes that never again would they be blessed with such princely *Herrschaften*. All that for two and a quarter a week.

Unless you have been across in the few years since the late misunderstanding my story will seem like a tale out of the Arabian Nights. Therefore the only way I can hope to bring it home to you is by calling your most extravagant fancy into play.

PICTURE it this way, then: A voyager comes among us from some Atlantis of a neighboring planet. In his own homeland the scheme of existence was cut after a gigantic pattern—it would not be Atlantis if it weren't—though he never realized it till he began measuring everything against the lilliputian standards of this incredible world he had suddenly fallen into. The legal tender, for one thing, was of such generous dimensions that, translated into our money, a pair of shoes were priced at eleven hundred dollars, a dozen eggs sold at eighty-seven fifty, and a newspaper cost two dollars. Of course, incomes were in proportion. A clerk got his two thousand or twenty-five hundred every week. A physician earned on the average a quarter of a million a year; while the salaries of cooks and plumbers ran into figures that could not be expressed in earthly equivalents at all. Still and all, since nobody back there thought in infinites-

imal things like dollars, the great majority of Atlantians jogged along pretty much as everywhere else, working hard, spending carefully and laying up a bit for a rainy day, without feeling particularly opulent. Riches are not so much a matter of income as of surpluses.

But now this stranger—who in his own country, you understand, is just a modestly situated, average citizen—finds himself walking up Fifth Avenue. By the stars, he wonders with a rising pulse, can he be dreaming? He stops in at a bank to turn a little of his native cash into the local wherewithal, and gets a satchel-ful of bank-notes. A mistake, as sure as the world. So out he slips with quickened step before he can be pulled back. Nobody follows him. What in creation! Well, he'll put these bales of paper to some real test, see what they will buy. He hails a taxicab, by way of experiment; halts at an exclusive eating-place where he orders lunch with a regal hand; then, just to be sure, he makes a few small purchases—a morocco-bound book, a fine lace collar for his wife, a few trifles like that. Incredible, but it's honest to goodness money. He adds it all up. Back home he could just about have had a trolley ride and a cigar for that small change. At this rate the little wad he has brought with him and which he had hoped might last him for a quiet month, will keep him in blissful luxury for six—for a year, indefinitely. Happy thought! If only a fellow could in some way hold a job in Atlantis and live down here! Anyhow he can come again for his summer holidays and when he retires. It is Wonderland and his money is fairy gold.

Well, for three years I was that fortunate voyager from the American Atlantis. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and to a lesser extent France and Italy, were my paradise, and every day I tasted a hundred-fold the joys I have imagined for him. Any American who can permit himself a few weeks' vacation next summer can try the experiment still, though perhaps on a slightly modified scale.

I am like my Atlantian, an average professional man. You know in a general way what men of my class earn in this country. Suppose we say, for the purposes

of this story, ten thousand a year. You know, also, about what that sum will buy over here. It is a subway-the-year-round-and-Ford-car-in-the-summer livelihood. A man with a growing family and a good manager for a wife can just make ends meet decently and keep out of the poor-house in his old age. Now and then he might even indulge in some small extravagance. But he can hardly think of old masters and butlers and Paris models and opera boxes.

NOW, in the Republic of Austria I was, with the same income (never mind the figure), a spoiled and pampered plutocrat, a magnate, a prince of the blood. I could—though, being cursed with a democratic conscience, I did not—take a palace in town and a baronial castle in the country, employ a score or so of servants, including a marquise as a social secretary for my wife and a lady-in-waiting to take my children to the park, have my portrait painted by impoverished court-artists, dress in silks and ermine, give nightly box-parties at the imperial opera, and invite defeated generals and royalty out of work to dinner. Having rather quiet tastes, I lived, instead, like a sensible millionaire. (Anyhow, I compared notes with an ex-waiter who had made a good thing in army provisioning and was discouraged to learn that keeping an establishment in this aristocratic land was tied up with a lot of exacting ceremony. So I put my family up at an inconspicuous hotel just outside the city walls, which having formerly catered to the younger archdukes, had an excellent cuisine and a famous cellar, and took life simply. We decided we would not bother with any stables and grooms and that kind of thing. But, of course, we had to have something to move about in. Wherefore we engaged, European fashion, a good closed car and driver by the month, which took the children to school and their afternoon outings, and us elders to concerts and things as well as on longer trips to the numerous historic spots and the beautiful country round about. The opera, too, we patronized a good deal, though neither nightly nor in parties, and as our aim was to view the performances rather than to contribute to the spectacle, we contented ourselves with a couple of season tickets in the orchestra every Monday. We dined out often. And of course we did now and then a little shopping. In fact, we kept a couple of tailors and a dress-maker busy pretty much all of the time we were there, and slowly but systematically filled trunks with clothes, furs, etchings, ivory toilet articles, embroideries, laces, linens, antique jewelry, fancy leather nick-nacks, rare books and similar necessities, to help us bridge the gulf when we should come awake some day in our own country; which duty our accumulated stocks are still loyally performing to this day. And when we did tear ourselves away to Italy after a sojourn of six months we found that all our feeble efforts at extravagance had barely made a dent in our modest resources.

ALL this, if I haven't yet said it, was in Vienna. Yes, Vienna; which in the old imperial days was about the most expensive city on the continent of Europe. For that matter it still is, for the native. I spent a week there once, back in 1900, and I remember. But then, in 1900, an American dollar was only worth five crowns, and five crowns went very little, if at all, further than a dollar did in Chicago. This time it

fetches—well, almost any figure you may care to guess. On my first trip, when I came alone to look over the ground dollars went at five hundred, rising slowly to seven hundred in the fortnight of my stay. When I returned with the family they had touched two thousand. In the course of the ensuing few months they had soared to eight thousand. We left it at that; and when we came up from the Italian Riviera in the late spring we observed with some impatience what little progress had been made in our absence—a bare couple of thousand. But recently things began to happen. The great breath-taking nose-dives came that summer. Between June and September crowns flopped from ten thousand to eighty-four thousand for a dollar!

To have been truly worthy of the name, Fairyland prices for board and taxicabs should have maintained a haughty indifference to the capers of the exchange. But, alas! there is no perfection on this earth. The hotel proprietor, for one, showed a most vulgar and disconcerting interest in what was going on. He regularly opened his newspaper to page 5, where the bourse reports were found. From time to time he seemed to catch the drift of the performance, because once or twice a month he would post an apologetic notice "To the High-Wellborn and Very Honored Guests of the House" apprising them of his intention to advance the rates; the intelligence being always followed by deep lamentations about the soaring costs of beef and butter. After a while this tiresome way of his developed into a habit. When we put up at his place we agreed to pay six hundred crowns a day per person. Dollars at that time hovered in the neighborhood of two thousand. By the middle of December, when the exchange

stood just this side of five thousand, he had doubled the figure. And toward the last of January, by which time the trusty dollar had crawled up to the ten thousand mark, he had by slow gradations arrived at the extortionate price of two thousand crowns a day and had the hardihood to announce another twenty-five per cent. raise for the first of the month. Then, of course, sheer self-respect drove us to revolt, and we departed for more hospitable climes.

We were greatly put out by the greed of the fellow at the time. Still, in looking back, we concede that he may not have been entirely unjustified. Perhaps there was some truth, after all, in his plaints about the eternal increases in the cost of his raw materials. At any rate, his oppressive measures toward us were pretty largely make-believe. He exacted more crowns; that is all. In real money every one of his boostings was actually a cut. The original six hundred crowns were equivalent to thirty-three cents. After he doubled it, the twelve hundred cost us rather less than a quarter. And at the time we so exasperatedly bolted, the two thousand crowns we were paying him came to hardly more than twenty cents. Moreover, he was, for a hold-up man, not inconsiderate. He never raised without due notice, usually a week's time. Then, too, bills became payable at the close of the week. It happened more than once that a twenty per cent. advance turned, in practice, into a thirty-three per cent. reduction.

OUR grievances in Paradise, then, were not unbearable. Of course, man does not live by cheese-strudel and claret alone. The other necessities of a well-rounded existence were subject to a like failing of everlastingly going up. The public hacks, for instance, had an impolitic way of flaunting their exactions in the victim's face. If they had quietly changed the taximeter from time to time I should probably have been none the wiser and paid with a good grace. They did nothing like that. Maybe they could not; the clock face was not big enough for four and five figures. So they just did not tamper with the thing at all. You rode in your cab and watched it registering half a crown, three-quarters, one crown, and so on, as if there had never been any war and financial collapse. But when you got out the driver broke the news to you with wicked satisfaction. That is, he multiplied your fare by a certain constant figure; which, however, was never constant for more than a week or two at a time. The multiplier was thirty when crowns were five hundred per dollar. It went up to one hundred during the five-thousand period. And it soared at one blow to one thousand the following autumn when the crown sank to eighty thousand. The only relief to the traveling public was in the interspaces between boosts. It took drivers' strikes and board meetings and long arguments with the municipal authorities before the companies could revise the tariffs.

With train travel and the post-office matters went a little better. In Austria part of the railroad system is state-owned, and the rest is under rigid State control. The post-office, which includes the telegraph and telephone, is, of course, as everywhere else, a Government department. Tobacco also is a monopoly of the State. It cost thirty-four crowns to go to the city from our suburban stopping place—a distance of twenty miles—when we settled

Incredible, but it's honest to goodness money



there, which was then about two cents. It remained thirty-four all the time while the currency went oozing away to about one-fourth its value. Then suddenly rates were raised two hundred per cent. The unreasonable natives complained violently and talked revolution. But the hundred and thirty crowns cost us clear-seeing foreigners a little less than a cent and a half. And it went on hospitably reducing itself for our benefit throughout the next six months, until it took a microscopic mathematician to tell you just exactly what a trip from Baden to Vienna did cost. I only recall that on a certain hot day in August I went clear across the Republic—a journey of fourteen hours, in a sleeper compartment of a first-class express train, and paid for my ticket all of eighty-five cents.

I FAVORED a brand of cigarettes known as Egyptians, and paid for them at first, in terms of our money, twenty cents per carton of one hundred. In the course of my two sojourns the price mounted by leaps and bounds, till it was a hundred times as much as when I arrived. But I never complained. At the peak of the advance they cost me only twelve cents. They never quite caught up to twenty again, despite the most exhausting efforts. So also postage. A stamp for foreign letters came to two cents in the beginning (as against five paid by my friends at home for the letters they wrote me). By the time I went away for good I paid only half a cent, though the rates in crowns had been advanced ten thousand per cent. There were many intervals when a book manuscript, posted first class and weighing a pound, went for as little as three cents. And within the country I never troubled to write letters at all. It came cheaper to telegraph than mailing newspapers was at home. When I was *very* lazy, I used the long distance telephone. A half-hour conversation from the capital to the German frontier cost exactly the price of a subway ride at home.

I was a multi-millionaire, you see, in Austria; I had a haunting suspicion that I would never enjoy that blessed state again, and I made the most of it while it lasted. I am not an insensitive soul, and vaguely I was aware of the hardships that this Bedlam worked on the starved and haggard native. But there was nothing I could do to relieve his misery. In fact, to scrimp my own life would only have aggravated matters for him. It was hard not to recall that in the old imperial days I would have

had to bring two hundred thousand dollars into the country to be admitted to the society of millionaires, while now it took anywhere from two thousand to \$11.85 to raise one to that eminence. Putting my income at the hypothetical figure of ten thousand dollars, my annual earnings alone made me, for a brief period at least, eight hundred and forty times a millionaire.

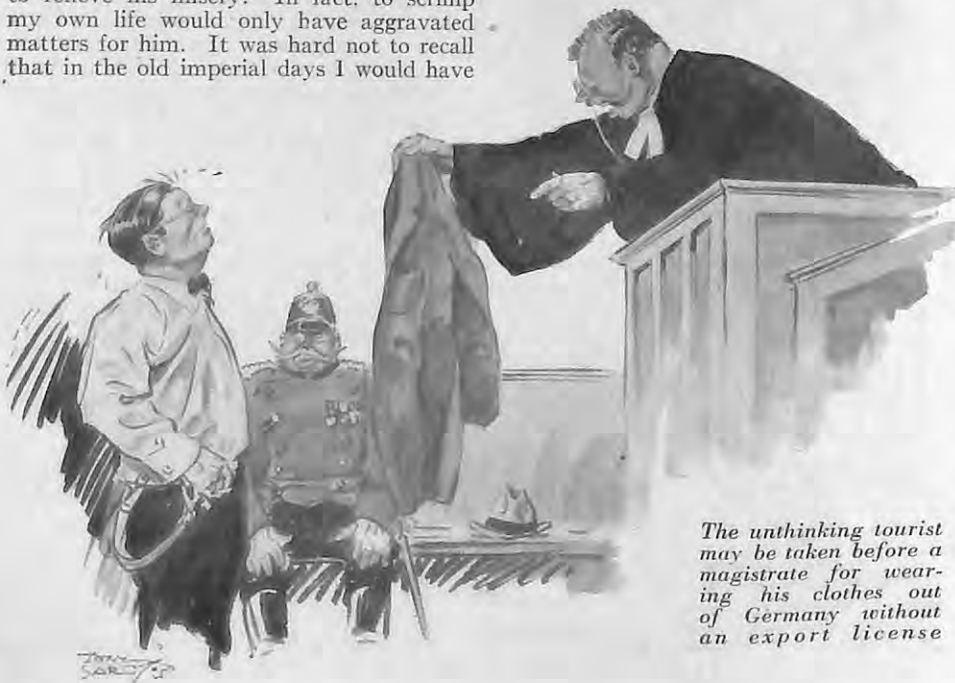
It was an agreeable sensation, I can tell you, to indulge in the lark which my wife and I often repeated. We would start from Baden late in the afternoon with one greenback in our pocket. Arrived in Vienna, we would stop at the bank and turn it into crowns. Then we would buy a pair of good seats at some theater, take dinner at one of the great hotels on the Ring (Vienna's Fifth Avenue), with a bottle of wine, of course, saunter out to a store and buy a box of candy or a toy for one of the children, and then, after paying our fare back, have enough small change left to tip the porter at home for opening the gates after hours.

I had been in Vienna a considerable while before I had got half initiated into the deeper mysteries of Fairyland. Then one fine day I quite accidentally, like Columbus, made a tremendous discovery; two of them, in fact. We were to go up to the mountain resort of the Semmering for the tobogganing at the week-end, and I ran into town to do a little preparatory shopping. It was my intention to go straight to the bank to get some money changed. I had with me only a couple of ten-thousand crown notes. My way led through the Kaerntner-Strasse and the Graben, where the finest specialty shops of Vienna are located, and I paused to glance at the window displays. Then, before I knew it, I found myself inside making purchases. I got two sweaters, two pair of lined gloves, and a pair of footless golf stockings, things the Austrians call "stutzen." The bill came to forty thousand crowns. I paid down ten thousand as a deposit, and had the articles put aside for me. I went on to two other stores, for skates and a fur cap, and made similar arrangements. By then it was almost lunch time. So I telephoned to the bank to find out which way things were moving. The official with whom I dealt there regularly and with whom I was on rather chummy terms, advised me to wait an hour or two. The bourse was having one of its wild days,

so that he was almost sure that by closing time I would gain anywhere between a thousand and fifteen hundred crowns per dollar. It turned out as he said. Shortly after one o'clock I had my wallet crammed with crowns,—about twenty-five per cent. more than I would have got at eleven thirty—and started for the stores to collect my purchases.

But the stores were still closed. I had often wondered about the Viennese shopkeeper's lunch recess. He looked much too lean and hungry in the afternoon to have been banqueting for two hours. But that was the legend. At twelve o'clock he withdrew behind his corrugated steel curtains, and if there were to be a foreign invasion you could not get him to sell you a pin until two. This time I did not speculate; I swore. We were to start from Baden at three-thirty, and if I did not get off right away, we would miss our train. So I banged, till with much grumbling and objecting I was admitted by a rear door. And then the mystery was solved. I found the entire staff seated around a table near the street entrance. But there was neither meat nor wine on the board. Were they carousing? No, they were revising price-tags. One clerk stood in the display-window removing the old labels and calling off the amounts. An elderly man thereupon rapidly did problems in percentage and read out the new prices. Two girls with typewriters were busily preparing fresh tags, which a second clerk, standing directly behind them, pinned on to the merchandise handed him from the window by his colleague. It gave me a thrill to observe that the advance was exactly equal to the rise of the dollar that morning. I had, without meaning to, bagged around twenty-five per cent.

BUT the great revelation came to me as I chewed on the occurrence going home. What a greenhorn I had been! Why, a chap with his head in the right place could cut his expenses in half in this country without lifting a finger. All he had to do was to make deferred paying into a system. He could do all his buying after the fashion I had stumbled on to that morning. I had, in fact, already made a start. When I paid my rent and food bill at the hotel at the end of the week I was simply profiting by the depreciation of the currency at my landlord's expense. Why not do it all around? Instead of buying my shoes and shirts and things like that ready-made, I could order them to measure, as all true Austrian galants did, agree on the price beforehand, and pay on delivery, with an almost certain gain during the interval of anywhere between a quarter and half the cost. Instead of changing dollars every time I had bills to pay I might get the bank to advance me a million crowns, say, on thirty days, my dollar account serving as security. Also, as an American press correspondent, with the fabulous wealth of Ali Baba in reserve, there ought to be no difficulty about opening charge accounts at some of the better shops. Then, too, I might buy two or three pieces of desirable real estate, and leave sixty or seventy per cent. of the price on a first mortgage. There was nothing like making debts in Austria these days for getting rich quick. The insurance companies, for instance, had reaped a golden harvest by getting premiums paid all these years in gold and now liquidating policies in paper. The present proprietor of the Hapsburger Hof had become a wealthy man by the sheer accident of purchasing the hotel just before the armistice. He owed a million



The unthinking tourist may be taken before a magistrate for wearing his clothes out of Germany without an export license



The Germans searched us for unauthorized exports and the French went through our pockets for hidden imports

crowns to a title company, which when he borrowed it was equivalent to two hundred thousand dollars, which at the moment of my cogitations could be had for exactly one hundred dollars, and which by the following summer when the notes fell due might (as indeed turned out to be the case) be paid off at the price of a tub of butter. The subject, anyhow, was worth serious consideration.

However, I did nothing much about it after all. For one thing, it looked to me just a little bit unfair, this playing on the innocence of a hospitable people, and, as I have already told you, I am afflicted with a tender conscience. What is more, the innocent Austrian had, as I presently discovered, stubbed his toe on my brilliant inspiration ages ago. Savings banks and charge accounts and the whole structure of credit had ceased to be even a memory. Mortgages and margin-transactions, yes, and the age-old institution of the pawnshop itself had passed out of Austria together with the Hapsburgs and the Dual Monarchy. I did once try to order a pair of skate-shoes, not so much to try out my scheme, as because the commodity was not to be had ready-made. But when I asked the shoemaker what they would cost me, he shrugged and said, "Ach, gracious sir, can I say what weather it will be two weeks from to-day?" "Freibleibend" was the watchword of commerce nowadays, which signifies that prices remained open, to be determined by the fortunes of the fickle crown.

And talk about commerce, its risks and uncertainties? I have sometimes heard American business men animadvert sadly on the topic. But Wall Street and the race track and even prospecting for oil are sure things compared with keeping store in these soft-money lands. It is still an unsolved puzzle to me how they do it. Just consider what it involves. For everything he buys your merchant must pay cash down. Thirty days-and-one-and-a-half-off is gone out of the dictionary of trade. If he gets into a tight corner the banks won't advance him a crown, no matter what rate of interest he offers to pay. Neither can he prepare him-

self against emergencies by saving. Save these "Fetzen" (paper-rags)! The moment he makes a sale he crams the proceeds into a bag and dispatches a special messenger with it to the wholesaler posthaste, lest the pesky stuff should melt to nothing on the way. Most of the manufacturers he gets his supplies from are, since the partition of the empire, foreigners living in Czechoslovakia or Jugoslavia or some such place, and even if they are on the ground they say "Freibleibend," and he has not the remotest idea what the goods he orders will cost him when he gets them. Meanwhile he must go on selling or shut up shop. Yet hard experience has taught him time and again that an article which he sells in the morning at a supposed profit will be hard to replace in the afternoon at one and a half times the price. And, to top his troubles, he must employ an actuary and a higher mathematician to keep him from slipping into the quicksands of the exchange not only of his own country but of neighboring states as well, which follow other laws and which have it in their power to ruin him. Does it dawn on you now, Mr. American Dealer, how blessed you are?

SO IT was partly out of charitable sympathy for the harassed native that on returning to another part of Austria early the following June I voluntarily offered to pay my cottage rent in stable coin. Partly—but, truth to tell, not entirely. A share of the consideration went out to myself. After six months in Vienna and Baden, daily marred by irritating reminders of the soaring costs of lard and cheese, and broad intimations that we foreigners were luxuriating on nothing a week, I was determined not to start all over again in the Tyrol, even if by hitching on to the racing crown I might save a problematical nickel a day.

My prospective landlord was asking five thousand for his place.

"Is that a price for the season?" I inquired. "I am proposing to settle down here for the summer, you know."

He looked at me with a worried face, not sure whether I was out of my head or just joshing him.

"It's five thousand a day," he explained patiently. "Our crown, sir, is so worthless. It's not what it used to be in peace-time." (To the Austrian the war that began in 1914 seems still on.) And he was about to wind himself up for the familiar lamentation about the disruption of the empire, and how incompetent the republican régime was after the fleshpots of the monarchy, and the dreadful exchange. But I interrupted him. I said:

"I UNDERSTAND fully that it's a daily rental we are talking about. But what I want to know is, will you stick by your bargain? or will you come and tell me a sad tale week after next and raise me to six thousand, and keep at me till you get three times what you are asking now? I am for settling on a permanent price now, so that apart from giving you your money every time it is due, I can forget the whole thing. I don't want to be reopening the question all summer long."

"I certainly hope it won't be necessary, sir," he said. "Perhaps our valuta will get stabilized soon, after all. Dear Lord, how we pray for the day! But of course, if things continue as they are going now, I shall have to keep up with the market."

The negotiations dragged on for a few days. By the time we met again the crown had traveled from fourteen thousand to nearly twenty and still going strong. Herr Pfeifauf, I found, was still willing to have five thousand.

I said to him: "Look here. The reason you will in all probability keep shoving up my rent is that your money is unstable and diminishes in buying value. Suppose I pay you in a currency that is as solid as these mountains. Will you be content and leave me in peace? Five thousand crowns are at present rates roughly twenty-five cents a

(Continued on page 69)



The Message on the Medallions Clears Up the Mystery of the Murder and the Jewel Robbery

The Road to Fortune

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

Part V

MR. DUDLEY RIVES, although it was three o'clock in the morning when he left Audrey Blair's apartment, did not at once retire. Instead, he made his way to a certain saloon on Seventh Avenue, woke up the proprietor, who occupied the floor above, and gave him some terse instructions.

As a result, when he entered the office of Mr. Samuel Morton the next day at eleven, that gentleman, red-eyed and shaky, was on hand to meet him.

Mr. Rives wasted no words.

"I've got the jade medallions—all six of them," he announced. "Get the jack and meet me here at one o'clock, sharp, ready to do business. Right?"

"Right," Mr. Morton mumbled, beginning to wake up.

"Bills, of course," Mr. Rives added. "New ones. Thousands. I never monkey with checks."

"Of course. What sort of a dumbbell do you think I am?" Mr. Morton spoke as though his business judgment had been questioned.

"Another thing," Mr. Rives went on, "I found out why that Blair girl was after the jades, took those wax impressions of them. It wasn't on account of having the bracelet remade, as she said. That was just apple-sauce. And it wasn't to send her grandfather's murderers up the river, either. She had another idea in her nut."

"What?" Mr. Morton asked, his lips trembling slightly.

"Why—she's got some notion there was a message on the things—a message to her from her grandfather. Seems he had the bracelet especially made for her—used to carry it about with him all the time—told his man, Stetson, to be sure to deliver it to her in case anything happened to him—sudden death, you know—or anything like that. He had it with him when he was killed. I guess your friend Pete can testify to that."

"What's written on the jade?" asked Mr. Morton savagely. "The first one, you said, was something about a willow tree."

"Search me. It's in Chinese. Nothing of any importance, I guess. Only mentioned it to relieve your anxiety. You said you were afraid the girl might be after the guys who bumped off her grandfather. Nothing in that at all."

"How did you get the one she had?" Mr. Morton asked, a glint of curiosity in his eye.

"Simple enough. She wanted the inscriptions—I wanted the medallions. We made a trade. Well—you'd better get busy now and dig up that five thousand. It's eleven o'clock. You've only got two hours." He went out, leaving Mr. Morton still chewing reflectively on his unlighted cigar.

At half-past twelve Mr. Rives drew up before Audrey's door, driving a long, expensive-looking car. He wore a golf suit, and looked, Audrey thought, as she met him on the sidewalk, a typical son of the idle rich, out for an idle afternoon. She also thought that he looked very handsome.

She herself was equally striking, in her English sport clothes. Behind her came Stetson, carrying a hamper.

"I thought we might want lunch, or supper, or something before we got back," she laughed, "so I had Stetson make some sandwiches and things. You never can tell."

"YOU never can," Mr. Rives assented, with a chuckle, as he helped her into her seat. "I've got a little business to attend to at one o'clock and after that, I'm free."

Audrey guessed what the "little business" might be. Taking a small round parcel from her purse, she handed it to him.

"Here's the piece of jade I promised you," she said simply.

"Thanks." He slipped it into his pocket. "I appreciate your giving it to me, and I promise you won't regret it. I'm going to leave you and Stetson in the car for a few moments around Forty-second Street, and then I'll rejoin you. Don't run off with the bus, will you? I think a lot of it."

Audrey, noting the make of the car—an imported one—thought that he well might. At ten minutes to one he turned from Fifth Avenue into Forty-third Street and managed to find a place to park not far from Broadway.

"Back in a little while," he called, waving his hat as he left them.

"Handsome, isn't he, Stetson?" Audrey whispered.

"Handsome is as handsome does," croaked the old man solemnly. "He'll bear watching, miss."

"I suppose he will, Stetson. That's why I'm watching him—every minute. And every time I think I've caught him, he gets

away from me. The strangest, most interesting man I've ever met in my life."

The object of her remarks, walking at a brisk pace, presently reached the entrance to the building in which Mr. Morton's office was situated. Along the curb, some twenty feet away in the direction of Seventh Avenue, a limousine had stopped. Its chauffeur was looking critically at his engine; a small, elderly man with a gray mustache sat motionless in the rear seat.

A short distance away, on the sidewalk, stood a rather pale-faced youth, in shabby clothes, eating a banana. As Mr. Rives passed him, he tossed the skin into the gutter. Mr. Rives noted the action, as he seemed to note everything that went on about him, then turned into the building before which he had arrived.

Mr. Morton was waiting for him, considerably more brisk in manner than he had been two hours before. A shave, breakfast, coffee, had done wonders for him. When he saw the six pieces of jade which Mr. Rives placed one by one on the battered top of the desk, his eyes glistened.

"Here's your five grand," he grunted.

"Unmarked, I hope," Mr. Rives said, examining the five new thousand-dollar bills carefully.

"Sure. Why would I want to get anything on you?" Mr. Morton was gazing curiously at the inscriptions engraved on the six medallions.

"By the way," Mr. Rives remarked carelessly, "I've found out what that Chinese stuff means." He placed a slip of paper on the desk, containing some words written in ink. "I got kind of curious myself, after what the girl told me, so I dropped in on a chink I know a little while ago and he wrote it out for me. If it's any use to you and your friend Pete, you're welcome to it."

"Thanks." Mr. Morton, after reading the inscriptions over carefully, did not seem greatly impressed. "Sounds like poetry, to me," he said.

"I guess so. Well, so long." Mr. Rives rose. "I'll let Mandel know everything's O. K. Might have got him in pretty bad, if these things had been dug up by the police."

"He ain't the only one," Mr. Morton remarked grimly, as Mr. Rives went out.

He relit his half-chewed cigar and amused himself by tossing the bits of jade from one hand to the other. Apparently he was waiting for some one. On the street outside

there was now no sign of Mr. Rives. The banana-eating youth was strolling toward Seventh Avenue, smoking a cigarette. It was not until he had reached the corner and turned it, that the man in the limousine got out and with hasty strides crossed the sidewalk and entered the building from which Mr. Rives had emerged some five minutes before.

Mr. Morton, looking up as Mr. Tresdale entered the office, gave a characteristic grunt.

"Thought you wasn't coming," he said.

"I considered it better to wait a few moments, so as to be sure you were alone. And there was a young fellow on the sidewalk whose looks I didn't just like. Where are the jades?"

Mr. Morton indicated the desk-top.

"Where's my other thousand?" he grumbled.

"Here." Mr. Tresdale handed him some bills. "You've already had five hundred on account." He gathered up the pieces of jade, while Mr. Morton angrily slipped the notes into his pocket.

"Five hundred berries!" he grumbled.

"A hell of a price, for saving your damned neck—"

"And yours," Mr.

Tresdale added sourly.

"Look here, Morton—I'm through with you, understand, from now on. The only evidence of what happened up at Tarrytown that night I've got—and I'm going to put it where it won't ever be used against you, or me, or any one else. You ought to be grateful for the way I've stood by you, but you're not. So I'm through. And remember this—from now on you can't blackmail me out of another cent. Talk all you want to: I shall simply deny anything and everything you say. I've never spoken a word to you before witnesses, and I never shall. I wouldn't trust you. You're too damned crooked.

"Did Rivestell you why this Blair girl has been after these jades? If it was to revenge herself for her grandfather's death she's likely to be disappointed." He chuckled grimly to himself.

"It wasn't for that," Mr. Morton replied, an angry gleam in his eye. Mr. Tresdale's words had annoyed him; it was quite true that he had nothing "on" the latter, and regretted that the old lawyer had proven too wily to be caught.

"What was it then?"

"Oh—some damned notion the bracelet had a message on it—a last will and testament or something of the sort that her grandfather had left for her. I've looked it over. There's nothing to it."

"You mean you had the inscriptions translated?" Mr. Tresdale asked, his voice quivering excitedly in spite of the efforts he made to control it.

"Naw. What would I be doing wasting my time on chink poetry? Rives got a friend to dope the thing out. It's over there on the desk."

Mr. Tresdale picked up the slip of paper with the translations on it, read it. A keen observer might have noticed that his fingers were trembling.

"H—m," he said after a time. "Rives gave you this, did he?"

"Yes. I asked him to find out what the girl was up to, and he did. Why?"

"Oh—nothing. It seems to be just a sort of poem."

"Sure. If the old man had wanted to send a message to the girl why didn't he write it to her? Or make a will?"

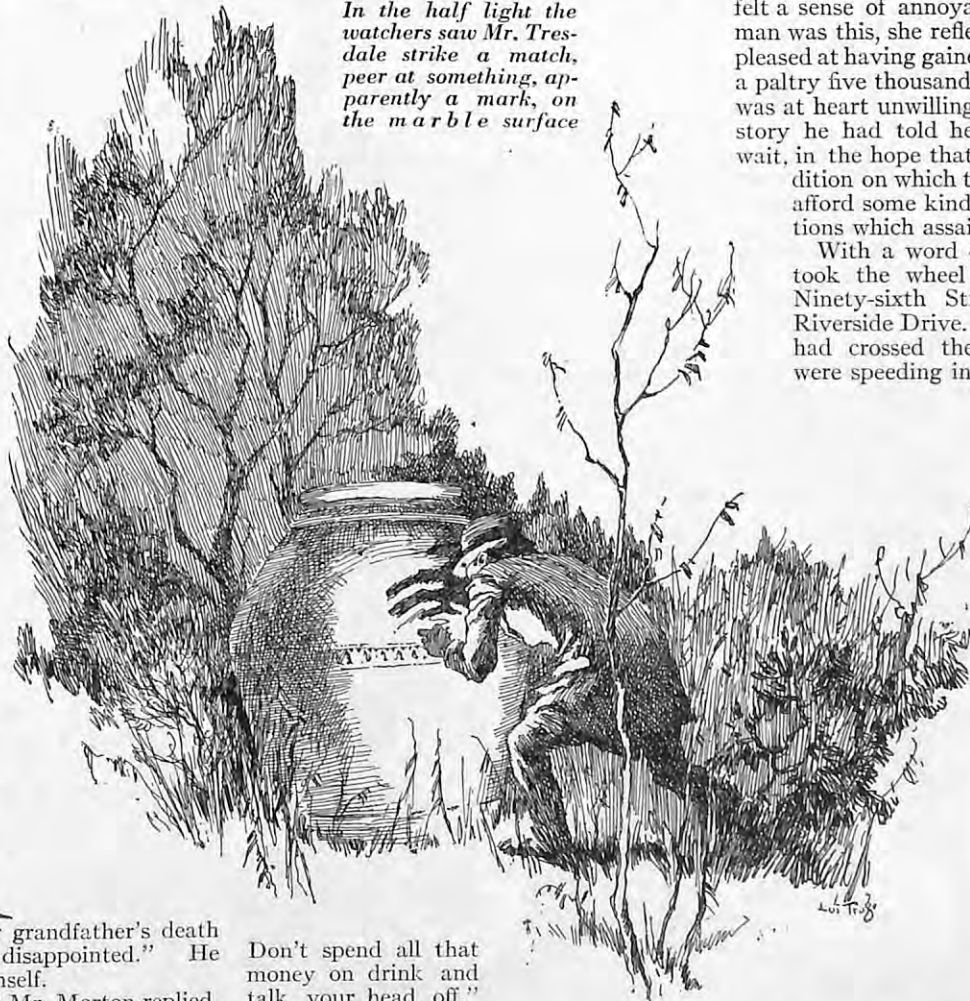
"Exactly. Why didn't he, indeed?"

Crumpling the bit of paper in his fingers, Mr. Tresdale dropped it carelessly into the filthy cuspidor which stood, half-filled with tobacco juice and cigar stumps beside Mr. Morton's desk. "An absurd idea, to suppose there was any message on the jades. What made her think so, I wonder."

"Search me. Maybe that old butler might of told her something."

"Maybe. Well, I guess I'll be going.

In the half light the watchers saw Mr. Tresdale strike a match, peer at something, apparently a mark, on the marble surface



Don't spend all that money on drink and talk your head off." He went to the door.

"Thought you said you didn't care how much I talk," Mr. Morton grinned.

"I don't—on my own account—I was thinking of you." With which parting shot Mr. Tresdale left the office.

He did not, however, at once proceed uptown as had been his original intention. Instead, he drove in the opposite direction and spent a half-hour closeted in his private office, copying with the utmost care the inscriptions on the six jade medallions. This done, he drove to a store on Third Avenue kept by a dealer in Chinese ornaments and rugs, and secured from him for the sum of ten

dollars, a duplicate of the translations he had so deliberately thrown away an hour earlier. He had not taken the bits of paper from Mr. Morton's office, because he considered it bad policy to permit that gentleman to suppose it of importance. The tobacco-juice in the cuspidor had doubtless obliterated its message by now. And he had not shown the rug-dealer the original jades, because he deemed that too dangerous. When he finally reached his home in Eighty-sixth Street he shut himself up in his study and spent the next two hours poring over the words the rug-dealer had written out for him. The jades themselves, wrapped in a bit of tissue paper, reposed in a pocket of his coat; he had certain plans regarding them, to be carried out after dark; for the present they could wait. The message upon them, which now occupied his undivided attention, was for the time being far more important. The rather pasty-faced young man who loitered on the sidewalk outside was nonchalantly consuming a bag of roasted peanuts.

XXII

WHEN Mr. Rives came back to the car, he was smiling so gaily that Audrey felt a sense of annoyance. What sort of a man was this, she reflected, who could be so pleased at having gained by crooked methods a paltry five thousand dollars? In fact, she was at heart unwilling to believe the sordid story he had told her; she determined to wait, in the hope that the mysterious expedition on which they were bound might afford some kinder answer to the questions which assailed her.

With a word of greeting Mr. Rives took the wheel and drove north to Ninety-sixth Street and thence out Riverside Drive. It was not until they had crossed the Harlem River, and were speeding in the direction of Yon-

kers, that Audrey began to have some inkling of their destination. The road up the Hudson led through Tarrytown, and it was at Tarrytown that her grandfather's old home was situated. The thought that they were going there, as fast as Mr. Rives' high-powered car could carry them gave her a moment of satisfaction. This was not the act of a criminal, a thief, unless—unless there had been a message on the jades, and her companion had solved it. In which case, why bring her along? And Stetson? The thing was out of all reason. She glanced at Mr. Rives' bronzed, eager face and smiled.

Presently she began to think of the medallions. The inscriptions on them, rendered into English, she knew by heart. All the morning she had been studying them, arranging them this way and that, in the hope of making some connected meaning. "The Road to Fortune" she had placed first, because if there really was a message, and it had to do with money, that seemed a fairly sensible beginning. "The Gateway

of Flowers," "The Willow Tree," might also conceivably be directions of some sort, but "The Lotus Bud," "The Finger of Time," "The Lengthening Shadows," baffled her completely. Well, if there *was* any money involved, it would naturally be hidden in or about the house, which might, she thought, be Mr. Rives' reason for taking them there.

THE old place had not been occupied since Mr. Harvey's death many months before. In part this was due to the gruesome story of the murder which clung to it, in part to its tumbledown condition. During the latter years of his life, Stetson had told her, her grandfather had refused to expend a penny on the place for repairs, because, he said, it would make the neighbors think he had money. And it had been one of the old recluse's eccentricities to pretend that he was practically penniless, in order to discourage visits from robbers. Audrey had not been to the place for over a year, not since the occasion of her unsuccessful attempt to bring about a reconciliation between her grandfather and her father. She was surprised, as they drove up, to observe how dilapidated everything looked. The lawns were choked with weeds, the fences down, some of the windows broken, and the house itself shabby from lack of paint.

Mr. Rives brought the car to a halt in the main road, and turned to Stetson.

"How large is this place, Stetson?" he asked.

"About fifteen acres, sir," the old man replied sadly. He, too, had been depressed by the forlorn look the old home presented.

"Does that bit of woods over there belong to it?" He pointed to a group of trees about two hundred yards beyond the house.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any way to drive in, without going through the front entrance?"

"Yes, sir. There's a drive leads off from the main road just at the foot of the hill."

"Good." He went on to the point Stetson indicated and between them they took down the bars of the gate at the entrance to a narrow rutted lane and drove in. At a turn of

this land, just where it passed through the bit of woodland, Mr. Rives parked the car behind some bushes, where it would be completely out of sight from either the road or the house. Then they walked slowly up a long gentle slope which led from the woods to the gardens at the rear of the building.

Proceeding carefully along an old flagstone walk, they presently came to a small enclosure which had once been a garden, enclosed by a high privet hedge. The hedge now presented a ragged, overgrown appearance and the garden within it was little more than a tangle of grass and weeds. But at one end of it still could be seen the old stone bench on which it had been Mr. Harvey's habit to sit with a book on sunny afternoons, and read.

In the center of the garden rose a weather-beaten sundial which Audrey remembered from her last visit, while in a far corner stood an ancient marble vase from which still hung masses of bright colored nasturtiums, their blossoms glowing gaily against the dark green of the hedge.

Stetson surveyed the scene of ruin, so familiar to him for twenty-odd years, in utter dejection. Even Audrey, to whom the place had been far less familiar, was affected by the aspect of neglect which pervaded it. But Mr. Rives was eager as a hound on the scent. After surveying the garden for a few moments, he led the way to the rear of the house.

"I understand, Stetson," he said, pausing, "that Mr. Harvey was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in the garden, working in his flower-beds, or reading."

"Yes, sir. He loved to go there when the weather was pleasant."

"And otherwise, where did he spend his time?"

"In his study, sir—during the daytime. Evenings he liked to sit in the library, because there was a better reading-light there. And the open fire, in winter. He was sitting there, before the fire, sir, on the night when—"

"Yes—yes, Stetson. Never mind about that, now. Where is the study? Can you see it from here?"

"Yes, sir. That little room in the west wing, sir." He pointed to a cottage-paned window.

"And when Mr. Harvey left the house to go into the garden, how did he proceed? Through the kitchen?"

"No, sir. There's a door from the study, opening right on the grounds, sir. Right here, at the end of this little path." He went around the corner of the wing and indicated a small, white-pannelled door.

"Good. Now suppose you go ahead and show us just how Mr. Harvey went, in proceeding from this door to the garden. Miss Audrey and I will follow."

"Yes, sir. This way, sir." Stetson set off along a narrow, gravelled path, now almost indistinguishable because of the weeds and grass which had overgrown it. Mr. Rives pressed Audrey's elbow with his hand; the sudden contact thrilled her.

"Suppose we start with 'The Road to Fortune,'" he said. "It may be this little path we are on now."

Audrey glanced up with a smile, but his face was tense, serious. She saw that his gaze was fixed upon some object about thirty feet ahead.

"Why," she said, with a little gasp, "it—it's a willow tree!"

"Exactly. 'The Willow Tree.' And I see that from it the path divides. One fork appears to go toward that red frame building, which I suppose is a barn. The other"—he glanced in the direction Stetson had taken, puzzled—"the other simply goes through the opening in the hedge that leads into the garden."

"Why!" Audrey exclaimed, "when I was here last, there was a trellis over that opening, with a rambler rose blooming on it. It must have fallen down."

"'The Gateway of Flowers,' of course," said Mr. Rives quickly. "We're getting warm."

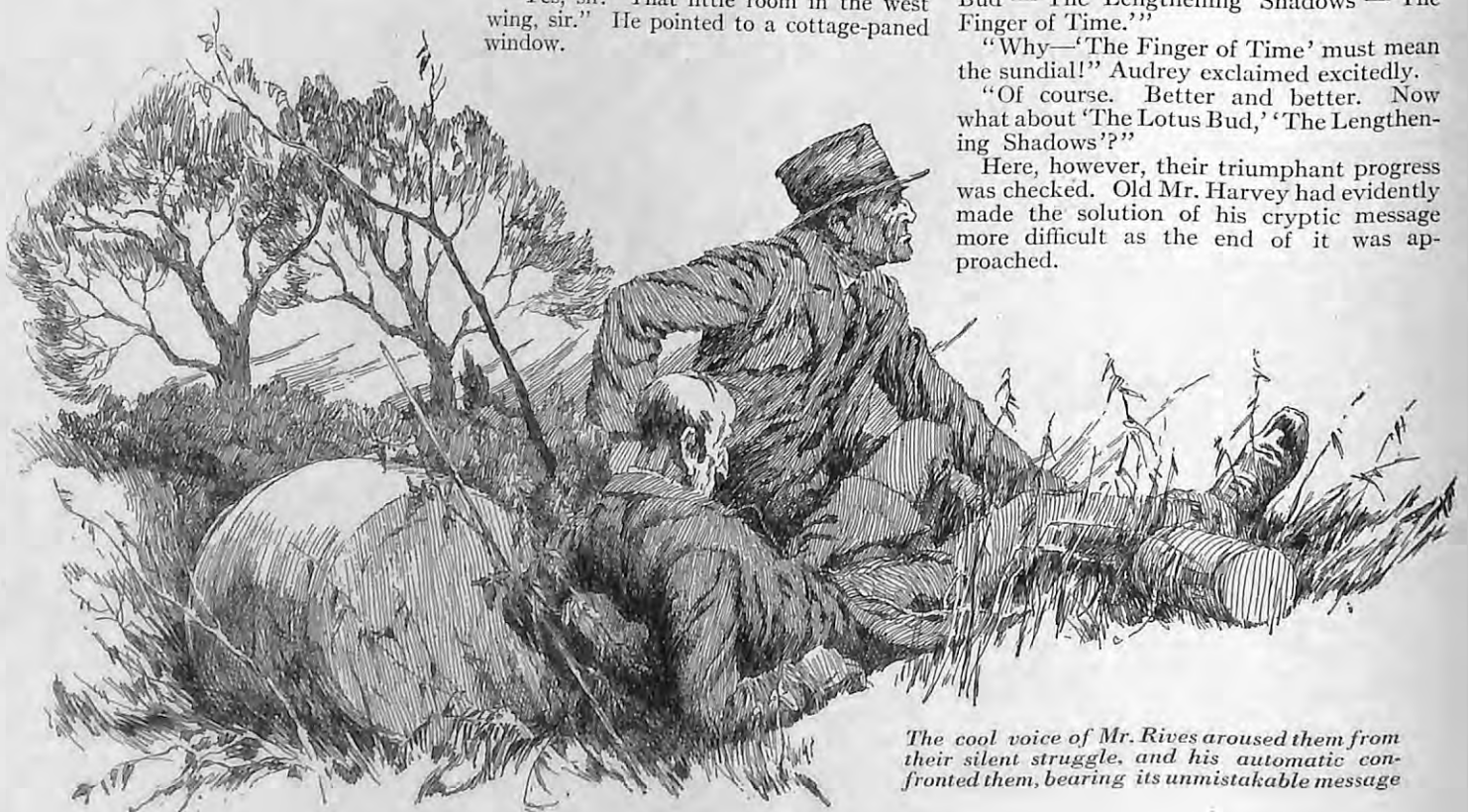
"Then the—the jades *did* have a message on them," Audrey burst out. "And Stetson was right after all."

HE SURELY was. And I have an idea that message is going to turn out a mighty important one, too." With eager eyes he swept the garden before them. "Let me see—what have we left? 'The Lotus Bud'—'The Lengthening Shadows'—'The Finger of Time.'"

"Why—'The Finger of Time' must mean the sundial!" Audrey exclaimed excitedly.

"Of course. Better and better. Now what about 'The Lotus Bud,' 'The Lengthening Shadows'?"

Here, however, their triumphant progress was checked. Old Mr. Harvey had evidently made the solution of his cryptic message more difficult as the end of it was approached.



The cool voice of Mr. Rives aroused them from their silent struggle, and his automatic confronted them, bearing its unmistakable message

"There's nothing whatever about the sundial to suggest a lotus bud," Mr. Rives announced, when he had examined the fluted marble column carefully. "And if the lengthening shadows of evening were what he had in mind, we'll have to wait an hour or two, before the sun gets low enough to cast any very long ones. Suppose we have Stetson bring up the hamper, and we'll try that lunch you were thoughtful enough to bring. I completely forgot we haven't had any."

"I ATE breakfast at eleven," Audrey laughed, "but it's way after three now, and I confess I'm hungry." She spoke to Stetson, and then she and Rives sat down on the old stone bench.

"Having a good time?" the latter asked, giving her a momentary smile.

"It's frightfully exciting," she smiled back. "I feel as though something tremendous were about to happen." Mr. Rives' manner may have been partly responsible for this; he seemed watchful, alert, as though waiting for some signal.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did," he told her, with sudden seriousness. "In fact, I'm rather counting on it." Just what he meant Audrey did not know, and she refrained from asking. One thing she had learned, in her brief acquaintance with Mr. Rives: he usually had very good reasons for anything he said, and it appeared that, if anyone had the patience to wait, those reasons would presently become apparent. At the moment, Audrey was quite unreasonably happy, a state of mind not at all what it should have been on this, her

with him to help repack the hamper—unnecessarily, as Stetson told her, but she wanted, somehow, to get away from Mr. Rives for a while—to think.

For a quarter of an hour that young man sat on the bench, his eyes half closed, staring at the sundial. It was not far from sundown and the lengthening shadows of the hedge, the sundial, were creeping slowly across the garden toward its opposite side, that of the sundial itself pointing obliquely off toward the far corner. With a start Mr. Rives sprang to his feet, following its direction straight across the grass and weeds until he came to the angle of the hedge. Here the weather-beaten marble vase confronted him; he had just leaned down to examine something upon it when there came to his ears the sound of a low whistle. With an exclamation of annoyance he turned. Audrey and Stetson were coming into the garden through its rear entrance. He waved his hand, motioning them back, at the same time striding quickly toward them.

XXIII

Mr. Samuel Morton had not been sitting in his office many minutes after Mr. Tresdale

and he wouldn't be surprised if he went out to Tarrytown this afternoon and tried to double-cross you."

"What—what!" Mr. Morton bellowed. "Say that again. I don't understand."

Patiently the girl at the other end of the wire repeated her message, using precisely the same words. Mr. Morton listened to them, his eyes bulging.

"Who are you?" he demanded, when the girl had finished. "Where'd you get that stuff?"

"Mr. Rives wrote it down and asked me to transmit it to you."

"Where is Rives now?"

"I don't know, sir. That's all he told me to do—deliver the message to you. Have you got it?"

"Read it again."

For the third time the girl repeated the words. Then, when Mr. Morton began to question her further, she quietly rang off.

At first he was disposed to treat the matter as a joke, or worse, a frame-up, perhaps, designed to lead him into some sort of trouble. But the longer he thought about the matter, the more unreasonable such an interpretation of it seemed. If Mr. Rives had wanted to make trouble for him, he had had plenty of opportunities to do so, during the past week. That very day, had such been Mr. Rives' desire, he could have had a force of plain-clothes men dash in, while the jade pieces



first visit to the house since her grandfather's death. And yet, her happiness, she well knew, meant no disrespect to him, no lack of sorrow, over his sad end. Audrey was happy because her heart was singing a gay tune, and it had begun to dawn upon her that Mr. Rives was the cause of it.

Stetson arrived presently with the hamper, and they sat down to an enjoyable lunch, which the old man insisted on serving. At its conclusion, Audrey went back to the car

left, when the sudden ringing of the telephone-bell aroused him. He answered it with a grunt of annoyance. Both Mr. Morton's office and his telephone formed what is known in underworld parlance as a "front." No one ever came there to see him, except by appointment, and no one ever called him up, except on the rarest of occasions, and then he was usually expecting the call.

"Well?" he questioned in cautious tones. "What is it?"

"Is this Mr. Samuel Morton?" a feminine voice asked.

"Who wants him?" Mr. Morton asked non-committally.

"I have a message for you, Mr. Morton, from a Mr. Rives. He says the gentleman who was in your office a little while ago has been going over those Chinese inscriptions,

were being turned over to him, and thus have laid him under suspicion of having guilty knowledge of old Mr. Harvey's death. Nothing of the sort had happened. And Rives had been sent to him in the first place by Mandel, whom he felt sure he could trust. No—Rives was all right. But as for that dirty old fox, Tresdale—it began to filter through Mr. Morton's rather feeble brain that there might be a great deal more to the matter of the jade message than Mr. Tresdale had let on. Where was that translation, anyway? He fished it out of the cuspidor, but it was stained with tobacco-juice and the ink in which it had been written had run until it was utterly illegible.

TRESDALE, however, had the jades bearing the original message. And if he had any idea of going to Tarrytown, the quickest way to find out was to watch him, to follow him, and see what it was all about.

(Continued on page 44)

Up to the Eyes in Fiction

*Galsworthy, Hergesheimer, Bennett, Masefield, Arlen and Others
Provide Some Gorgeous Winter Reading*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Balisand

By Joseph Hergesheimer

MR. HERGESHEIMER has done the thing that we have been waiting for so long. He has written a novel after the classic models of historic romance, but—it is more the story of a man's soul than of his sword.

It is the record of an inner conflict against the order of the day, against fate, destiny, the gods. Against life's loneliness and recklessness, its clamorous youth and its hungers and defeats.

That sort of analysis is not new to anyone. It constitutes, in fact, pretty much the whole of serious fiction at the moment. But Mr. Hergesheimer has set his hero, Richard Bale, down in the days of Washington and Jefferson. He has painted him against a background, abundant, glowing and important, of Virginia plantations, of fighting, drinking men immersed in politics, in horses, in slaves, in duels, in love-making, in hot elections and violent partisanship.

Richard Bale is a contradictory, thwarted yet impressive character. The author has spared no words to make us know him well, to make us pity him and hate him, to make us disdain him and love him. His exquisite meeting with Lavinia and her ruthless snatching away—these are indeed rare paragraphs. The undying vision of the girl lives not only with Richard but with every reader as well.

Mr. Hergesheimer enriches his hero with lands and love, but it is the poignant memory of Lavinia, her name, the old haunting passion for her, that finally ensnares Bale—draws the cord tightly around his throat.

Joseph Hergesheimer is always and increasingly worthy of careful study and of our deep admiration. Up to now the historical novel has given us the heroic gesture but not the thousand things behind it. Mr. Hergesheimer gives us all of these things.

As history, "Balisand" stirs the imagination. As romance it captures one's heart from beginning to end.

The White Monkey

By John Galsworthy

THE thing that you become most conscious of when reading Galsworthy (and who does not read him?) is the masterly weaving, in and out, of the delicate threads of his art. No man writing fiction to-day is a more finished craftsman than John Galsworthy. To pick up one of his books is to become proud of our heritage of the English language, a language that can be so powerful yet so clipped and cool, so simple and so rich at once. In Galsworthy's hands it proves to be a language that can most adequately say the thing that is exactly needed to give life and mind and soul to a character in fiction.

As for his themes, we know them best perhaps through his story of the Forsytes, those fortunes which we have so devotedly followed in many volumes. Here they are again in this book (though absolutely independent of anything that has gone before)—

Fleur and her father, old Soames Forsyte; Sir Lawrence Mont and his chivalrous son Michael, who has married Fleur, though a good portion of her heart was not at her wedding.

Galsworthy's people are our contemporaries. Indeed, they are ourselves, moving and struggling upon his pages. What more can an author do? What more may a reader ask?

Books Reviewed This Month

Balisand, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

In a Shantung Garden, by Louise Jordan Miln. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York)

The Needle's Eye, by Arthur Train. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Sard Harker, by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Co., New York)

Julie Cane, by Harvey O'Higgins. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

Plumes, by Laurence Stallings. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York)

Elsie and the Child, by Arnold Bennett. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York)

Shackled, by Achmed Abdullah. (Brentano's, New York)

The Isles of the Blest, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

How To Work Your Way Through College, by Raymond F. Sullivan. (Edward J. Clode, Inc., New York)

"The White Monkey" is a spacious interpretation of young life to-day; youth still chilled, shaken and disillusioned by the war; youth which thinks that it is emancipated but which is very little different in essentials from youth thirty years ago.

Temptations, acid and otherwise, come to many in this novel, and each man meets it according to his metal, even down to poor Tony Bicket, who couldn't resist the testing of his soul and who wound up selling toy balloons in the London streets.

Through the whole book looms the symbolic painting by a Chinese artist of a white monkey holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in its paw—a picture that not only adorns Fleur's house and Galsworthy's tale, but points indeed a moral.

In a Shantung Garden

By Louise Jordan Miln

THIS is a marvelously pleasant and entertaining little book—and not so little at that. It is concerned with the adventures of a young American business man who is sent by his father to make certain important mining investigations in China.

A slender connecting link—his acquaintance, in Harvard, with a Chinese student—flings wide open to Tom Drew the gates of an ancient Chinese garden. Here, indeed, is a place of enchantment and mystery, where new and old meet in side-splitting contrasts, where romance finds him, from where adventures draw him, and where, finally, he is forced, by virtue of their own young wisdom, to leave forever the girl he loves—a Chinese girl who has been educated in England.

We are given no improbable and poetic finale in this tale. There is, instead, the bowing to relentless facts and common-sense. By this ending to her story, Mrs. Miln has claimed the right to have her story accepted as something much above the usual romance of the Orient.

Mrs. Miln knows China extraordinarily well, as she has proved in previous volumes, but in this charming story she reveals an understanding that has qualities of true import in it. Vivid descriptions of the country, sympathy with its customs, insight into the very hearts of its people—these things are gathered into a tender and graceful yarn.

Of all the folks who went to and fro in the old Shantung garden, we like most the tiny, honorable grandmother, the despot and dictator of all that feudal place, who couldn't tolerate a foreigner and yet who prostrated herself at young Drew's feet, and who would even have given him her granddaughter if he had asked for her.

A bully good story.

The Needle's Eye

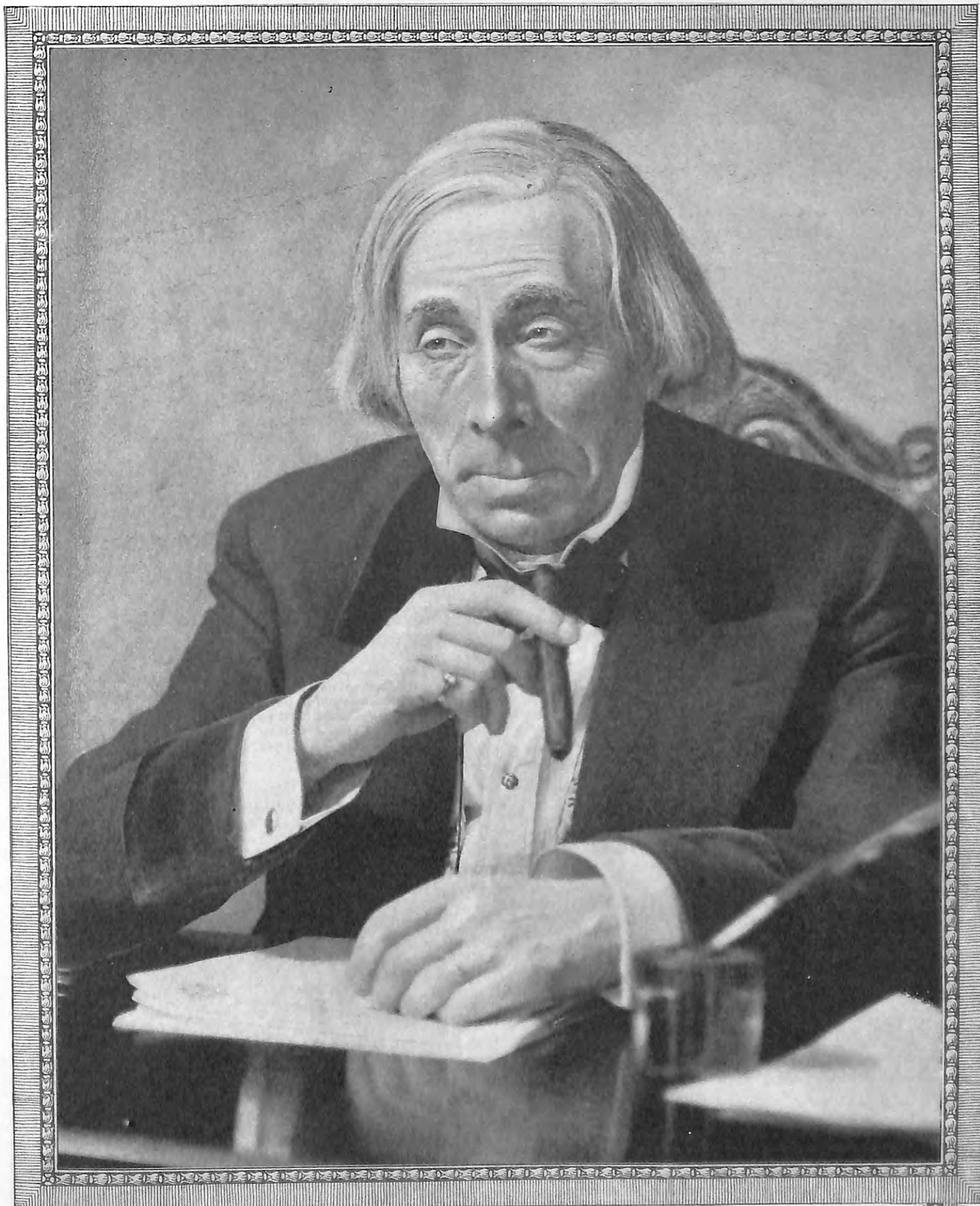
By Arthur Train

FOR many weeks now, critics' and readers of fiction everywhere have been talking about "The Needle's Eye," the story of a multimillionaire and his family. It is, therefore, difficult to find words that have not already been used by them with which to praise so earnest and so wise a piece of work.

There, that's enough, anyway, to let you know how we, personally, feel about the book. It is a big American story, by a philosophic and generous author. We think we recognize certain characters in it, and so may you. And we like the way Mr. Train treated them. Indeed, we have been meeting these people, more or less, on the front pages of the daily newspapers for years. Always they appear as bloodless plutocrats and robbers of the weak; others are always wild and dangerous labor agitators; and yet others, no matter how fair, always seem to trail a few tainted morals about, and so on. Such people are always to be found in the wide and greedy stream of metropolitan life. Mr. Train has dragged them out of the flood, set them in his book and turned a bright light upon them.

Thus we see them in "The Needle's Eye"—as human as ourselves, and quite as decent, by jinks! They are throbbing and high-minded, trying to find the best road out of the muddle of life—out of too much riches, out of too much poverty, out of too much ignominy and out of too much narrowness.

(Continued on page 53)



George Arliss
in
"Old English"

WIDE WORLD
ALL the shadings of George Arliss's wit and manner that have ripened to their richest maturity are given ample range in the name rôle of this play by John Galsworthy. As Sylvanus Heythorp, past eighty, who is still able to bully boards of directors and trick one of his contemporaries into making a settlement on his grandchildren—and then has the courage to make his exit with a defiant gesture, Mr. Arliss gives one of the most distinguished performances of his career—E. R. B.



WHITE

Elaborate operettas dealing more or less truthfully with the lives and loves of dead and gone composers have been found to be a profitable fashion. Offenbach is the latest bard to join the immortals by this path via "The Love Song" which is excellent of its kind and boasts a competent cast and tuneful score

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



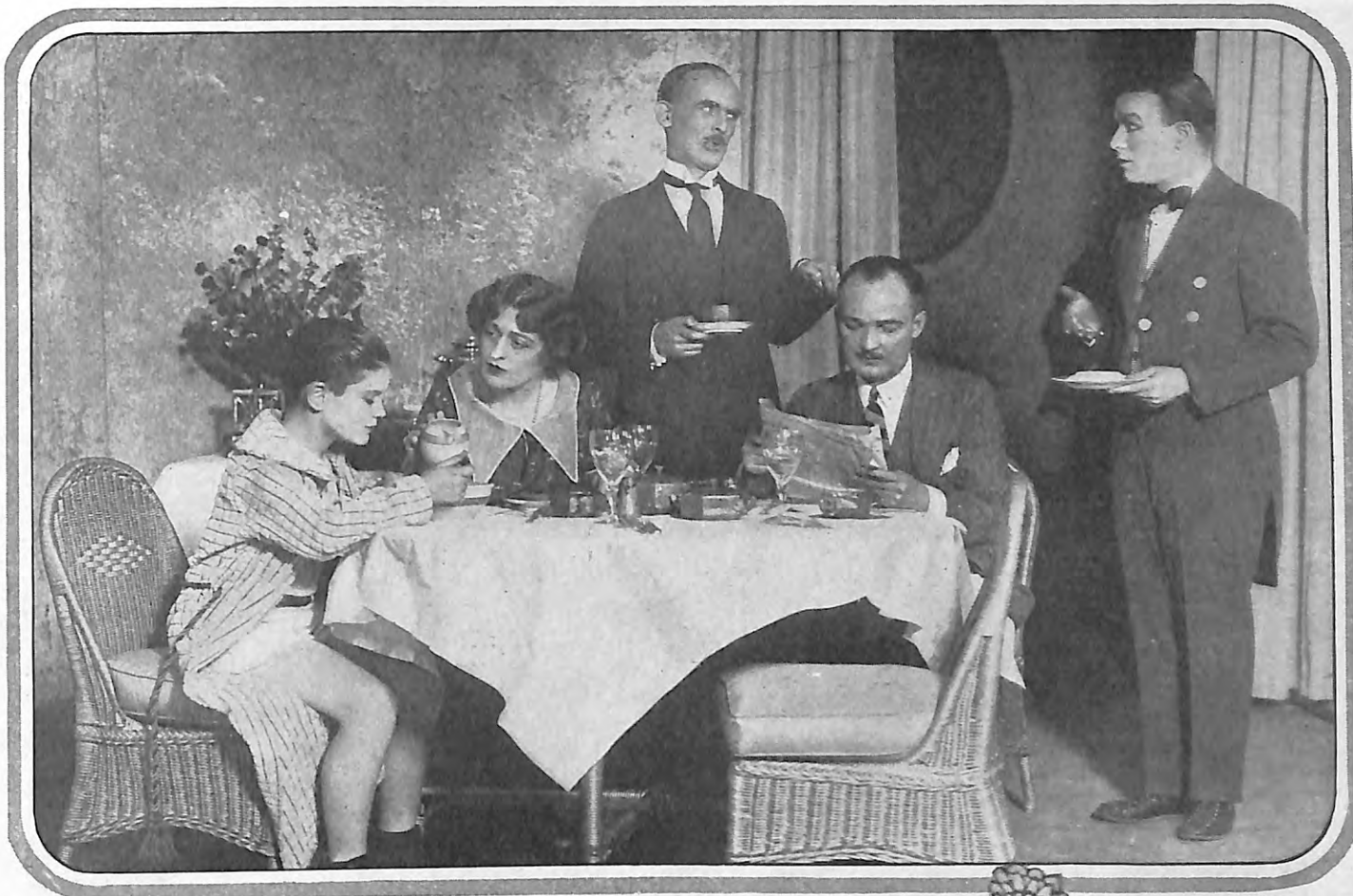
NICKOLAS
MURRAY

Miss Cecil Arden (circle), whose favorite opera is "Carmen," is an American and besides being a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, she is a most successful concert singer and has won popularity with a large audience. During 1925-26 she plans to give a series of fifty-two concerts on tour under her own management



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

"Betty Lee" is built on the skeleton of a farce once known as "Going Some" and, if the musical version does not attain any great degree of speed, nevertheless it has plenty of color, a bright, good-looking chorus and some very fair dancing. Gloria Foy (right), who holds the center of romantic interest, does her steps with excellent grace



James Gleason and Richard Taber had the happy idea of writing a play about a prize-fighter and his manager who become serving men in a fashionable household en route to the championship. The humor of "Is Zat So?" is enhanced by Mr. Gleason's acting in the rôle of the domineering manager and by Robert Armstrong as the "Champ"

A pleasantly new twist of an old motif is to be found in "Mrs. Partridge Presents" written by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. Blanche Bates (below) plays the mother who tries to force upon her commonplace, conventional son and daughter the life of art she had been cheated of. It is a jolly comedy and extremely well acted throughout



NICHOLAS MURAY



ARBE

More than thirty years ago this actor, known as Little Tich, headed the bill at Tony Pastor's with James Barton's father, Eddie Foy and Ernest Hogan. Since then he has traveled all over the world with his imitations—he is shown here impersonating the Spanish tragedienne Raquel Meller, one of his most popular numbers at the Alhambra in Paris. It is almost certain that when he finishes his Paris engagement he will return to this country to do a turn on the big time vaudeville circuit



Ilse Marvenga
in
"The Student Prince"

NICKOLAS BURAY
SELDOM since the days when Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan set all the town to twittering "Tit Willow," have we heard so delightful an operetta as "The Student Prince in Heidelberg." First honors are about evenly divided between Sigmund Romberg, who has written an extraordinarily good score, and the actors, who are uniformly excellent. Mlle. Marvenga, in the rôle of "Kathie," not only possesses a remarkably good voice, but is a charming actress—E. R. B.

The Best of It All Was That Father Had No Tact

By Conrad Richter

Illustrated by Henry Davis



It was the third or fourth night that Mrs. Wilse reported that Father had had a very nice chat with Mrs. Next Door across the hedge

IT WAS spring in Lombardy Park. The city's most expensive suburb looked like a real estate artist's painting. Houses were Spanish cream and colonial brick, a few Elizabethan. Tile roofs gleamed red and green. Lawns were groomed like a horse's flank, drives freshly raked. Even the automobiles that stood against the white curb glistened with a certain exclusive Lombardy Park distinction.

At a rather modest brick bungalow on Circle Road, there was no automobile standing—not even a kiddie car. The young lawyer inhabitant had cast eyes toward both in the manner of weak mortals, but there were reasons to the contrary. One of these was the \$80 rent of the brick bungalow, so called. The other was the unfortunate fact that, except in fairy-tales, the very young attorney's pathway is not strewn with golf-clubs and roses.

If Wilson Rebeck, Esq., had not been blessed with ready success, he at least had been provided with ideas in that direction. One of them had led to this very brick bungalow, whose rent he could scarcely afford. There were reasons. On his right, separated only by a shining California privet hedge, was a deep-chested stone house of a Somebody, who certainly should have profitable interests for an attorney. On the left he was neighbor to a white-column home with brick terraces and a three-car garage. In fact, the entire suburb was rich with promising prospects for a rising young attorney.

It would take years, of course, before he could expect to reap a cash dividend from the community. Meantime, he and young, smiling-eyed Mrs. Rebeck and Tom would bide their time. Tom was his younger brother, who made his home with them while finishing his studies in town. Both Wilse and Tom worshiped pressed trousers, brushed their hair with pomade from the same jar, and observed the customs of Lombardy Park and its inhabitants with respect and emulation.

Also, both of them looked forward to the time when young Mrs. Wilse might be asked to join the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lombardy Park Community Church, which, according to the Woman's Page of the *Daily Mirror*, met from time to time at the homes of such important people as J. Howland Arthurs, vice-president and treasurer of the Eastern Electric Light and Power Company, and J. Peter Bordner, retired president of the Denver Railroad.

Then one day in the late

spring, Wilse got a letter. It was a government envelope, printed on the upper left-hand corner, "Return in five days to Emilsburg, Pa." On the dotted line had been written in a flourishing, careful hand, "Jacob Rebeck." That evening the Rebecks, including Ethel, a married sister who lived in Philadelphia, sat long over the dinner-table to talk about it.

"Of course, I want to give Dad a home," Wilse was saying. "I don't want anybody to misunderstand me about that. He gave me one a good many years when I was too young to take care of myself."

"You wouldn't say Dad's too young to take care of himself!" grinned Tom.

"You can't expect him to keep working in the store forever," replied Wilse. "It's up to us to take care of him sometime like he did us. Only, it's unfortunate that he happens to be the kind of small-town person he is, and we happen to be the kind we are."

"Small-town—you said it!" contributed Ethel with feeling. "Dad's all right up in that burg. But down here—well, all I know—he's different!"

"He still talks to everybody," said Tom. "Last time I was home, I got so I wouldn't go out with a hat any more. The girls said I'd catch cold with such a crazy college fashion. I told them it wasn't a college fashion. My arm got tired tipping my hat to every female Dad spoke to."

"I wouldn't be surprised," announced Ethel, matter-of-fact, "if Dad talks to everybody down here. Not to everybody, perhaps—not to people who go right by you without seeing you. But anybody who gives him a chance—Dad's going to bid the time and lift his hat. It's his nature, and you can't change it."

"Some fastidious woman," said Wilse in his gravest legal manner, "might get the idea he's trying to flirt with her and have him arrested."

"Oh, Wilse!" protested his young wife. "Nothing stumps him," observed Ethel. "The weather doesn't need to be nice or ugly or rainy or dusty or cloudy or anything—he'll have something to say about the weather just the same."

Tom grinned wickedly. "He'd be a good press agent for you, Wilse. The first time he sees this neighbor of yours on her porch—the one you found out was president of the Woman's Club—he'll walk over and visit with her a little. He won't think he's a neighbor if he isn't sociable. If it's raining, he'll say, 'Fine weather for ducks.' If it rained yesterday, he'll say, 'Fine day after the rain.' If it hasn't rained at all for a while, he'll say, 'Getting pretty dry. I tell you we need rain.'"

"YES, and then she'll avoid him, of course," said Ethel. "Next time he sees her, he'll call, 'You're quite a stranger. Where've you been keeping yourself.'"

A fresh hearty laugh startled them. Wilse looked at his young wife in injured dignity.

"It isn't so funny to me. The first time he's out with me and sees anybody around here he's bid the time to, he'll stop and get hold of my arm. 'This is my son, Wilson, the lawyer,' et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

"The dear man's proud of you, Wilse!" said his wife.

"If it was I," suggested Ethel, "I'd talk to him a little like a Dutch uncle when he comes. I'd tell him its different down here than Emilsburg."

Witse shook his head. "I don't want him to think we think he isn't good enough for us."





"No, I agree with Wilse there," said his wife decidedly.

"It might make him feel bad," conceded Tom.

"He wouldn't take the hint anyway," declared Ethel. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

The two brothers sat for a while in moody silence. The fourth member of the family circle, after a vain attempt to keep the tiny demons of laughter out of her eyes, said at last,

"I'm sorry, but I can't see anything to be so worried about. I'm sure I'm going to enjoy having your father here."

"You don't know him," informed her husband. "He smokes long cheap Manila cigars. They cost him about two cents apiece and smell like burning hair. The smoke sticks to the furniture for a month."

"It can't be any worse than your pipe, Wilse," she decided equably.

"He'll play and sing for you," said Tom, a wicked gleam in his eye. "Whether you want him to or not. Usually not. He can only play about four pieces, and the one he plays the most is Johnny Schmoker. It's Pennsylvania Dutch and has twenty verses. Every time you hit the chorus, you repeat the whole shooting match like this:

Fillywillywee, das iss mein pfeify,
 Rubbydubbydub, das iss mein drummy
 Quack, quack, quack, das iss mein doodlesock.
 Mein fillywillywee,
 Mein rubbydubbydub,
 Mein quack, quack, quack,
 Dass iss mein doodlesock.

"You got it wrong," said Wilse. "'Rubbydubbydub iss mein drummy' is the last line."

"Now, neighbor!" came Father's slightly Dutchified voice. "Just like old times!" With his final word, Father's hand banged out three solemn chords of "A-a-men" as a prelude, and they were off

"You sing it for her then," suggested Tom with irony.

The brothers glared at each other. Young Mrs. Rebuck said something to divert their attention.

"I remember one little song your father sang that wasn't Pennsylvania Dutch. I rather liked it."

"I can get it on two guesses," challenged her husband. He pitched his voice to tremolo baritone. "'One wintry, stormy, snowy nightttt—two per-ished—in the cold.' No? 'Only a rosebud that she wore in her hair. Only a rosebud, nothing more. Poor—' No? I'll get you yet. 'When the old cock crows, then everybody knows, there'll be eggs for the breakfast in the morning.' How about that one?"

"That's it," admitted his wife, laughing.

"THE worst part is, Harriet," said Ethel, "he goes to the piano and sings on the slightest provocation."

"Provocation!" derided Tom. "He doesn't know what provocation is. Thirty minutes after company comes, he'll ask them if they know, 'Johnny Schmoker, consht du sphiela?' If they say no, he'll sing the whole forty verses. And if they say yes, he'll sing 'em just the same."

"The company might like it," suggested Mrs. Wilse. "I believe I would."

"At our expense, yes," said her husband. "You wouldn't if it was your father."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said his

wife. But the others agreed that whose father it was made a difference.

The discussion closed without arriving at any solution, except that Wilse was to be sure to write Father to write back what train he was coming on, so he could be brought out in a taxi. "Get one of those big yellow ones, Wilse," suggested Tom. "They look more quality." Wilse wrote his father a second letter that night. He posted the letter himself at the newly painted box near the trolley station.

Next day was Sunday. At eleven o'clock the Rebucks were lounging in their living-room, dissipating with several Sunday papers. About quarter of twelve, Mrs. Wilse who had been alternating between the very much occupied kitchen stove and the living-room window-seat, suddenly announced there was "a man with a suitcase coming down Circle Road."

"To hear you," mildly reproved her husband, "one might infer that the poor man did not enjoy the common-law privilege of carrying a suitcase—"

"It looks like your father!" protested the other.

"What!" It was a queer gurgling sound. With it, the rising young attorney went to the side window. A hundred yards or two up the concrete sidewalk came a wandering figure with an apparently new chocolate colored suitcase.

"Dad, or I'm cockeyed!" breathed the younger brother with the comic supplement in one hand, as he bent over his elder's shoulder.

"Why!" stammered Wilse, "I don't see how he could come four hundred miles by this time of day. He must have started last night and slept on a day coach."



The figure with the suitcase had halted. After what was evidently hesitant deliberation, it turned in at the very biggest house on Circle Road, an impressive timbered structure spelling opulence in every line which stood in the midst of a hundred-and-fifty-foot lot and flanked by a mass of evergreens and shrubbery.

"It wasn't your father after all," said Mrs. Wilse.

"Don't I know my own father!" replied her husband.

"Good-night, Wilse!" gurgled Tom. "He thinks you live in that fifty-thousand-dollar house!"

"Perhaps he's just gone in to ask," suggested Mrs. Wilse.

"He'll be flabbergasted when he finds they never heard of us," muttered Wilse.

"Why in the world do you stand here at the window!" wondered his wife. "Why don't you go up and get him?"

"Up there!" stammered her husband. "And have him kiss me on their front porch! You go, Tom. You're no rising young lawyer."

"Why pick on me!" squirmed Tom. "I don't want to carry that chocolate suitcase any more than you. Wait till he gets down a little nearer."

"Well, I'm surprised!" announced young Mrs. Rebeck with indignation. "If that's the way you treat your father, I'll go up and get him myself."

The brothers gazed at each other with relief. The next moment the daughter-in-law had flung open the front door and run down the walk. The two men at the window saw her wave to the figure with the suitcase who had now returned to the sidewalk. There was a happy meeting. By

the time the pair had gained the porch of the brick bungalow, the two sons, now somewhat ashamed, met their parent at the door with outstretched hands. Father was not to be denied. He kissed them both. The brushing feel and taste of his mustache brought back a dozen boyhood scenes in Emilsburg, Pa. Led by Mrs. Rebeck they filed indoors.

FATHER gave up his suitcase and yielded to the request to make himself at home. He took off his coat, hung it on the back of a chair and adjusted his sky-blue sleeve-holders. Then in his shirt-sleeves he looked about the room and told them the house reminded him of Jim Schneck's at Emilsburg. Tom, safely behind his father, made a dramatic fall into one of the stuffed chairs. Fortunately, Wilse didn't remember Jim Schneck's house.

The suitcase, it developed, was borrowed. Father had promised to mail it back to Charley Wenrich by parcel post Monday. Father also artlessly mentioned that he had got off the trolley in plenty of time and walked. His walk had made him thirsty. Tom got him a glass of water. After drinking it, Father recited:

Water for me,
Cold water for me.
And wine for the trembling debauchee.

But it isn't as good as our water at home," he added.

At lunch a little later in the fumed oak dining-room, he put his hand to his forehead and began a prayer of thanks "for being reunited again at this table laden with Thy bounties." Young Mrs. Wilse, who had

been about to serve the mashed potatoes, remained with one hand to the potato dish as she bowed her head. Wilse wondered what some of the attorneys who played cards and checkers in the back room of Clark's tobacco shop opposite the courthouse would say.

With the same hand with which he had propped his head in prayer, Father speared a piece of bread. He was a great bread eater. Young Mrs. Wilse had to rise twice from the table to cut more. He especially liked gravy bread. He told his daughter-in-law her gravy tasted nearer like "Mother's used to" than any he had tasted in a long time. Wilse could not help thinking of his neighbor, the president of the Woman's club, watching his Father eat gravy bread.

THROUGHOUT the meal the brothers found themselves exchanging glances—when Father said, "Excuse me for reaching in front of you"—when he declined sugar with the time-worn reply, "Don't you think I'm sweet enough"—when he drew up his coffee with audible soup-like notes—when he answered, to a proposal, "I'm ready—or Reddy's brother"—when he said such trite things as, "Two heads are better than one even if one is a cabbage head."

Young Mrs. Rebeck, however, did not seem affected. She kept up a running conversation, laughed at his trite pleasantries and warmly declined his proffered help at the dishes. Father brought out from his suitcase a round, high, stoved-in paper box of Manila cigars and proffered it to his sons. They accepted with gingerly fingers. Father lighted the three cigars from one match.

Young Mrs. Rebeck let him dry the supper dishes. Wilse closed the door to the dining-room, so no possible callers should look through the glass door and see. Father looked so ludicrous, a long, lighted cigar in his mouth, the near eye closed to keep out the drifting smoke, a limp, pink-striped tea towel in his hands. As he walked back and forward between the sink's draining board and the kitchen table, he hummed, now and then breaking into words:

When the old cock crows,
Then everybody knows,
There'll be eggs for the breakfast
in the morning.

The last line was brought out with a dramatic tone and swelling in volume until Wilse was sure the neighbors were at their windows.

Father slept with Tom in the middle room. Wilse could hear the stentorian snores through the wall. Thank goodness, Tom slept like a railroad tie. Mornings, Father spent mostly in the yard. He liked to sit on the back porch steps in his shirt-sleeves and the sun, and smoke his long Manila cigars. He also spaded the flower-beds and sheared the privet hedge.

He especially enjoyed working at the hedge. He said the clipped twigs smelled like green apples. He dug out dandelion and purple crab grass from the lawn with an old black-handled knife and kept the grass cropped short



with his son's lawnmower.

One morning the sound of the clattering machine streamed up into the front bedroom windows about six-thirty, waking Wilse, whose dressing hour was seven. The latter wanted to call from the window and stop the racket, but his young wife would not let him.

(Continued on page 51)

*This Man Starts
Hundreds of Races*

PHOTOGRAPH BY
C. C. COOK



Marshall (Mars) Cassidy, the most famous race starter in the country

*But He Never
Sees Them Finish*

Mars ("Come On") Cassidy

By W. O. McGeehan

IN a quarter of a century of service at the barrier Mars Cassidy has started probably twenty thousand fields of thoroughbreds without seeing the finish of a single race.

He stands on the starter's platform until the plunging and kicking thoroughbreds are aligned. Then he barks, "Come on." He presses a button. The barrier flies up. All over the track comes the shout, "They're off." In the stands and on the lawn they press forward and all eyes are focussed on the field.

Mars Cassidy climbs down from the starter's platform and starts to walk across the infield to the judges' stand. With the pressure of that button and the lifting of the barrier his work in connection with that particular race is done. By the time he mounts the judges' stand the race is over and the numbers of the horses placed are up on the boards.

The position of Mr. Mars Cassidy prohibits him from having any financial interest in a race. He never bets. He never would bet even when not acting as an official. He abandoned that form of amusement when he became a starter some twenty-five years ago.

Of course he has a sentimental interest in every race, for Mars Cassidy started as a horseman in the old days on the "Frying-Pan Circuit." Once a horseman always and forever a horseman.

The command that he barks just before he starts the barrier shows that his mind and his heart are with those horses as they strain on to the wire. He says to them, "Come on," not "Go" as other starters of horses and men are inclined to do. It is

as though he would lead them in spirit around the turn. "Come on," is the command of a leader. "Go" is the mandate of a driver.

But he never looks to the finish. He concentrates on getting them off. He starts them, gives them the best break that he can, and the rest lies with their own fleet limbs and their stamina. He would like to look but he feels that he must not show even a sentimental interest in what happens after the start, which is his particular business.

There have been numbers of starters at the various racetracks around the country, but Mars Cassidy seems to start forever. It is a peculiarly specialized job, of course. His two sons, have been trained to take up the work after him. Marshall Cassidy, "Young Mars," they call him, handles the barrier at the Tia Juana racetrack, and out there they say that "Young Mars" will in time be a greater starter than his father. The other son, Edward Cassidy, was made assistant starter at the new racetrack at Miami. One of these days he, too, will be standing on the platform directing the assistant starter and ready to press the button when the field is set.

First of all they say of Mars Cassidy he is honest. That is the first requisite. Second he is competent, in fact, the most competent man that ever handled the barrier. He must be all of these to have lasted a quarter of a century at a game, the background of which is suspicion and where hundreds of thousands are involved.

The jockeys like and respect him. Every

jockey is trying at the start of every race to beat the gate. A good jockey will do this if he can. His business is to ride his horse to a victory taking advantage of every break he can get. Mars Cassidy has it in his power to fine them for this. But Mars Cassidy never imposes fines. He may give them the full force of his scathing vocabulary, but he never takes away their money. He loves the battle of eyes and wits that he has with the jockeys every time the horses go to the post.

THE horsemen love him because they know that he has the heart of a horseman and that he wants to give every thoroughbred in the field a fair break. He takes account of bowed tendons, sore feet and all of the other myriad ailments that afflict the delicate horses. He is considering all of these things while he is lining up the field in an atmosphere made sulphurous by his own vehement commands, and all of the time he is watching those jockeys trying to beat the gate.

All of the tense moments are not at the finish of horse-races. You can get quite as big a thrill as a close finish would give you by walking through the infield and watching Mars Cassidy get them off. Also you will learn that some of the vehemence attributed to handlers of mules is mild compared to the vehemence that must be employed by a man who has as his job the sending off of a big field of fractious thoroughbreds to a start that will pass the caustic criticism of those on the lawn.

The air is full of language. Some of the horses move into position and wait a few seconds while others back and rear. When





BROWN BROTHERS

the nervous ones calm down, the others start to back out of position. The assistant starters move some of them into places. They rear and back out again. Sometimes, not often, the assistants have to use the bull whip. This is discouraged by the horsemen and by the starter, but sometimes it has to be done. A "mean" horse can not be permitted to delay the start too long.

The horses never are quite still. Mars Cassidy watches them all the time, keeping up his running fire of commands. At last they are all facing the barrier. All of the silky muzzles are pointed in the right direction. They are almost in line. Then "COME ON!" The barrier flies up. Mars Cassidy climbs down from his platform in the thin cloud of dust as the sound of the pounding hoofs dies in the distance. His work is finished. It was a good start, a fair start or a poor start. But the start has been made and cannot be recalled.

The only penalty that Mars Cassidy enforces is that of sending a horse back for more schooling for a certain length of time. This means that the horse and jockey must report in the mornings to the starting school, and that the horse will not again be permitted to face the barrier until the period of schooling is past.

Sometimes it happens that the horse so penalized is the only horse of a poor owner, his lone "meal ticket." Frequently the owner of a lone "skinner" will come to Cassidy and plead for a remission of the sentence. Invariably the good-natured Cassidy will remit the penalty, for he knows the troubles of the poor horseman whose stable consists of one lone thoroughbred.

Mars Cassidy always has been an advocate of a change in the present system of starting. He is for the walking start. "It helps the horses with poor legs," he insists. "Also I think that it would permit us to do without the bull whip altogether. The owners object to the use of the whip. So do I. So do all starters and all people who love the thoroughbred. But with this system of

starting there are times when it must be used. There would be no beating of the barrier with the walking start."

The particular hobby of Mars Cassidy is the raising of game-cocks. Of course the law prevents him from fighting them. Not since he used to start them in Juarez, Mexico, has Mars Cassidy been able to see his favorite sport.

"A gamecock," said Mars Cassidy, "is the gamest thing there is. I can see why the French take the gamecock as a symbol. They talk of the thoroughbred horses running on with broken legs until they drop. Of course that is true, but the gamecock is the true soul of gameness.

"Here is the test. If you starve a thoroughbred for a certain length of time you will find that he will have to eat before he will run. You can take a pit bulldog and keep food away from him for a certain time. Then throw him into a pit with another dog and some food. He will fight all right but first he will eat.

"Then try it with the gamecock. Throw him into a pit with another bird and some corn. He will not notice the food. The feathers on his neck will ruffle and he will go after the other cock. That is why I say the gamest thing in the world is a gamecock. After that your pit-bull. Third comes the thoroughbred horse.

"ABOUT men? Well, men are too hard to classify in this regard as a species. There have been and are some very game men. But in the scale of gameness I would put men in general very far below the gamecock, the pit-bull and the thoroughbred."

There is something of the gamecock in Mars Cassidy himself, and in the way that he walks. His is not a quarrelsome disposition nor is there any suggestion of absolute belligerence in his carriage, but somehow you feel about this chunky and vigorous Irishman that he would refuse no challenges. There is always a twinkle in the eyes, ex-

cepting when he is engaged in his occupation on the starter's platform.

While he was starter at Juarez, Mars Cassidy became a favorite of Pancho Villa while Villa held that city. After his business hours at the track, Cassidy, frequently accompanied by General Villa, would proceed to the place where the cocking mains were held. Mars Cassidy was enjoying himself. His occupation forbade his betting on the races but there was no law in Mexico to prevent him from betting on the gamecocks.

AT ONE of these cocking mains, Mr. Mars Cassidy became involved in a dispute with a Mexican general. One word led to another, as they say, and the general became abusive. Whereupon Mr. Mars Cassidy dropped the general, who was upholstered with forty-fives and cartridge belts, with an accurate right swing to the jaw. Then he proceeded to fix the gaffs on his gamecock and to proceed generally with the evening's entertainment. Señor Cassidy, being a friend of General Villa, was not molested any further.

Away from his work, Mars Cassidy is a confirmed practical joker who will go to the limit for the sake of some merriment. He tells a good one about himself at the Juarez races.

One night while he was standing before a bar with a group of Mexican generals and some American friends a stranger called him aside. It was very clear that the stranger did not know the reputation of Mars Cassidy, for he said, "I will make it worth your while to let my horse beat the barrier in the second."

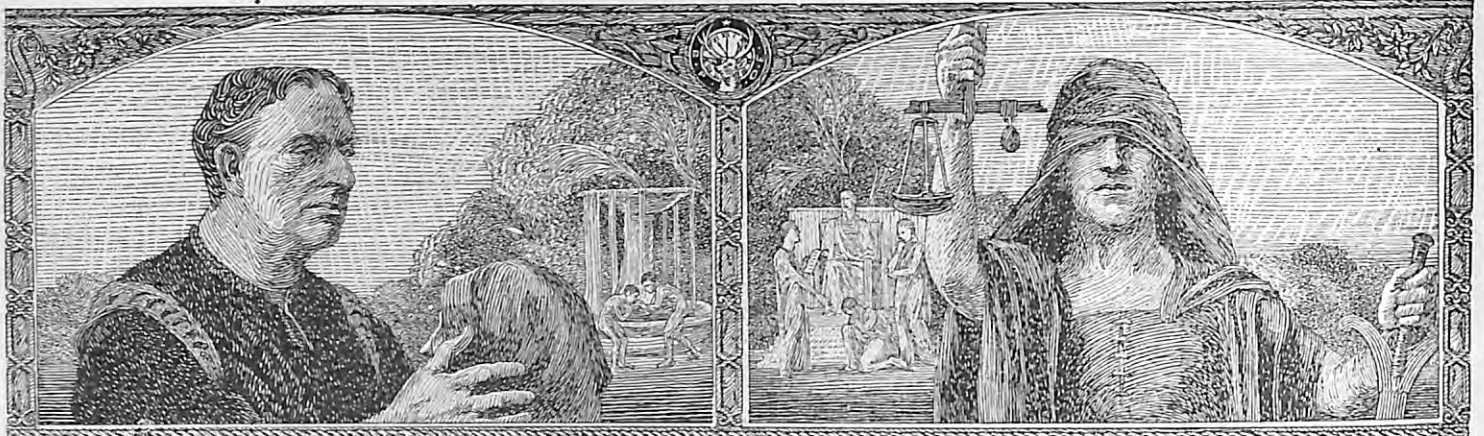
Mars Cassidy promptly replied, "All right." He went back to his party and proceeded to forget all about it after considering just how disappointed the stranger would be.

The next night the stranger again took Cassidy aside, "You did fine," he said. "You gave my horse a great break and he

(Continued on page 63)



BROWN SAVAGE



Decoration by Israel Doskow

EDITORIAL

THE PORTLAND CONVENTION

THE next session of the Grand Lodge, to be held at Portland in July, is now only a few months away. It behooves those subordinate Lodges which intend to take part in the spectacular features of the Convention to bestir themselves. And individual members should begin now to arrange for attendance.

Already the reports of plans for the entertainment of the Order indicate that it will surpass any occasion of like character ever held in the Country. Portland is an ideal convention City. It knows and appreciates the Order of Elks. And it has promised, under the leadership of the splendid Subordinate Lodges there, to set a new standard for fraternal conventions. The memory of the session held in that City in 1912 is still fresh enough in the minds of those who attended to inspire confidence in the fulfillment of that promise.

Those Elks of the east who have never attended a Grand Lodge Convention in the west may well seize the opportunity to journey to the coast in July and enjoy the association with the fine memberships of our western Lodges. They will find much in that association to increase their pride in their own membership. And they will return home from those contacts better Elks and better Americans, with a finer conception of the Order as a great national instrumentality of service.

THE CANADIAN ELKS

THE existence of a splendid fraternity in Canada, known as the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is, perhaps, a matter of common knowledge among the members of our Order. It may not be so generally known just how closely the two organizations resemble each other, not only in name, but in basic principles and lofty purposes; nor to what power and influence the Canadian Order has grown within its jurisdiction.

Among those who know something of these facts, both within and without our membership, the question is not infrequently asked: Why do not the two organizations, so much alike, unite or amalgamate into one great fraternity, having jurisdiction throughout the enlarged territory?

This is not the place to recite the history of the founding of the foreign Order, nor to recount the discussions that for many years marked nearly every session of the Grand Lodge, when this question was considered, at times upon the definite suggestion of the Canadian Order.

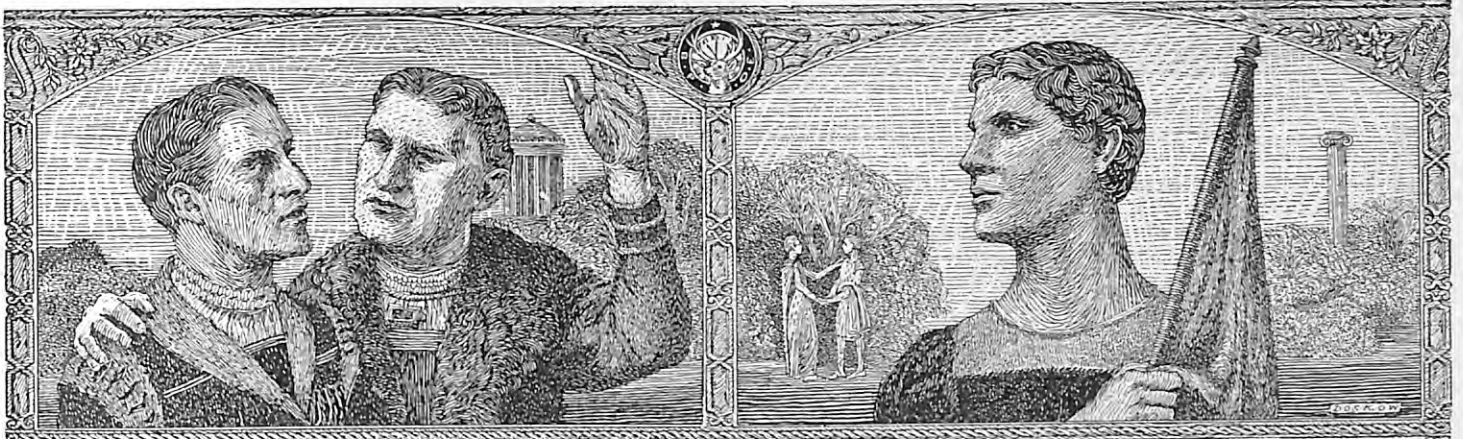
But there is one controlling reason which necessarily prevents the favorable consideration of any suggestion looking to the combination of the two Orders. It is to be found in the essential Americanism of our fraternity. The Order of Elks would cease to be the distinctive patriotic organization that it now is the very moment that the American Flag should lose its place and its significance upon our altar. Its pride and its glory, and much of its power and prestige, is based upon the pure American citizenship of its members, and upon its definite patriotic purpose. It is obvious, without the slightest disparagement of the splendid Canadian Order, that our own organization could not, except at the unthinkable price of its national integrity, change its constitutional restrictions as to membership and purposes, in the manner that would be necessary to provide for any sort of amalgamation.

The relations between the two Orders have been, happily, most cordial and friendly. They have much in common that creates a certain kinship that it is pleasant to contemplate. It is confidently hoped that these relations shall continue to be characterized by mutual respect and admiration. But the American Order must remain American. And it is quite likely that now the Canadian Order has an equally commendable purpose to preserve its own national character.

GRUDGES

A MAN who bears in his heart a grudge against another is carrying a heavy and a very disagreeable burden. It not only affects him unhappily, distorting his mental vision and depressing his spirits; but it unpleasantly affects all with whom he comes in contact and to whom he exhibits it.

It is not Elklike to bear a grudge, to treasure resentment. It is neither charitable nor just. Assuming that there has been an injury or misconduct that has aroused anger and resentment, true charity and real justice require that it be



dealt with in a fraternal spirit, which involves a forgiveness that forgets.

It was a true Elk who, upon being told by one friend that he had been mad with another for years, said: "I can understand how a man may get mad about anything, or about nothing. But I can not understand how he can stay mad with any one for years about anything."

This may seem to be quite idealistic; but it must be remembered that the Order of Elks, with all its practicality, is based upon exalted idealism.

THE RADIO—A NATIONAL INFLUENCE

LESS than two years ago these columns carried an editorial comment upon the effect of modern conveniences upon community life, especially with respect to the enlarged territorial boundaries of a "neighborhood." It is an evidence of the rapid development of instrumentalities which multiply the contacts of human life, that no mention was made in that editorial of an agency which has since become of tremendous importance in our national life—the radio.

The installation of this latest scientific marvel in thousands of homes, and particularly in the more or less isolated country homes, involves the injection of a new influence upon our cultural life the extent of which can as yet be only vaguely estimated. But one outstanding effect is obvious. It is sure to be a potent agency in bringing the whole American people into a closer communion that will insure a greater national solidarity; and will tend to a corresponding elimination of sectionalism.

When one can place the receiver to his ear and hear the President of the United States, at Washington, speak directly to him; or hear a sermon preached in a church a thousand miles away; or receive an inspirational message from the Grand Exalted Ruler broadcast to every Lodge of the Order; or hear an uplifting concert in the most distant city; the experience naturally tends to promote a wholesome sentiment of common interest, a feeling of personal contact. It inevitably tends to eradicate the feeling of dissociation, of isolation.

It is impossible to realize that the turn of a disc will place one in any desired audience, without a consciousness of being an integral part thereof and of association with the thousands of other scattered auditors who are likewise "listening in." There is sure to be a feeling of companionship, of kindred interests, that will neces-

sarily leave an abiding effect upon one's mental concepts.

Truly this marvel, yet in the infancy of its development, is destined to exert an ever-growing influence upon our national life.

THE FAULTS OF OUR BROTHERS

THE motto of the Order of Elks is a beautiful fraternal doctrine that embodies, in brief but striking imagery, the very foundation principle of the Order: "The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands; their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory."

There is, perhaps, no organization which so consistently adheres to its declared policy with respect to those brothers who have passed away. Our annual Memorial Services in honor of their memory, and our daily tributes to "Our Absent Brothers," are sweet and wholesome evidences of virtues affectionately recalled and of faults fraternally forgotten, as they relate to those who walk no more in our midst.

But the motto would scarce be worthy a place in any ritual if it meant no more than this. Its real significance is in its application to the living; who may yet be moved, by the charitable disregard of error, to more worthy conduct; who may yet be thrilled, inspired and strengthened by expressed appreciation of fraternal conduct that is worthy of commendation.

Do we not too frequently overlook the real meaning of our oft quoted motto? Even though it is comparatively easy to recognize virtue, and even though it is a natural impulse to applaud it in our hearts, we are sometimes neglectful of the obligation to acclaim it in a manner to make that appreciation of double value, to him who expresses it as well as to him who merits the acknowledgment.

And do we not, even more frequently, neglect the harder duty of forgetfulness of fault? Human nature is prone to criticism of error; to nurse resentment and the feeling of personal injury. And yet, just there lies the true beauty and value of the Elks Creed.

Every honest-minded Elk will admit at once the fraternal duty involved. No lengthy essay could add to the effectiveness of the mere suggestion of obligation. Yet it cannot be too frequently repeated, that the motto of the Order is not a mere ritual expression to be used upon formal memorial occasions, but is a principle that should control every Elk in all the relations of his daily life.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Four
Our Individual Responsibility

*Columbus, Ohio
Feb. 16, 1925*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

The time is at hand when the affairs of the present Grand Lodge year will be brought to a close, the books of the various Subordinate Lodges audited and a general understanding reached as to the conditions of each of the various Lodges which make up our great Order.

The Secretary of your Lodge is primarily responsible for the work of gathering in the finances which are required to carry on the work under way. His efforts will be of little or no avail unless he has the hearty cooperation of the individual member. I am appealing to the individual member to cooperate with the officers and members of his Lodge by seeing to it at once that on, or before, the 1st of April his accounts with the local Lodge are balanced with the same care that his ordinary business transactions are disposed of. Nothing will give me greater pleasure and more satisfaction than to be able to realize that the finances of each Lodge are in proper condition at the close of the Lodge year, namely April 1st. That will be a complete assurance that all of the engagements, in the shape of financial obligations resting upon the Order, may be met without any unnecessary delay, annoyance or worry on the part of those responsible for them.

In calling to your attention this suggested course of action, I am actuated not only by the desire that we all have of increasing the magnificent membership of this Order, but also of preserving and maintaining that which we have. It is only by holding the membership that we now have and adding to it that we can establish and maintain the splendor, the vigor and the dignity of our Order.

I appreciate the hearty spirit of cooperation and encouragement that I have met with everywhere in my travels and with kind fraternal greetings, beg to remain,

Sincerely,



Attest:

Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

John G. Tice
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home

Grand Exalted Ruler Formally Opens Handsome Building

MEMBERS of the Order representing practically every Lodge in New Jersey and Southeastern New York and a host of Grand Lodge officers witnessed the dedication of the new million-dollar Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21 at Broad and Camp Streets. It was indeed a memorable event in the history of the Lodge, and marked the culmination of a dream long cherished in the hearts of the membership.

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price conducted the dedicatory ceremonies, assisted by the following distinguished members of the Order: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, and James R. Nicholson; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Edward Cotter, Grand Trustee; Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; John W. Kaufman, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Richard P. Rooney, Past Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, and Henry A. Guenther, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. In addition to these members who took an actual part in the ritual, many other prominent members of the order were present. During the ritualistic services, organ selections were played by Alexander Berne, organist of the Lodge; Dr. L. D. Allabach sang a solo and the Glee Club and Band of the Lodge rendered several numbers. Grand Exalted Ruler Price made the introductory remarks to the dedication oration, which was delivered by David I. Kelly, Chairman of the Dedication Committee. Pearce R. Franklin, Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, also addressed the audience.

Following the dedication, which took place in the afternoon, a large banquet was given in honor of the event to the Grand Exalted Ruler that evening in the new Home. Many members were present and heard his appreciation and praise of the fine achievements of Newark Lodge. Richard P. Rooney, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was the genial toastmaster of the occasion, who introduced the various after dinner speakers. Exalted Ruler Franklin extended a warm welcome to Grand Exalted Ruler Price on behalf of the entire membership; and Mr. Malley, Mr. Hulbert and Mr. William Kelgard also addressed the diners. Chairman of the Building Committee, Morland B. Soria, spoke of the problems which had been met in financing the structure and praised his associates and the membership for their enthusiastic cooperation.

Ground was broken on April 7, 1923, for this beautiful building which is now the Home of Newark Lodge, and the cornerstone was laid on October 6 of the same year. From the vestibule to the uppermost living room the structure is a model of magnificent appointments and sumptuous interior furnishings. The visitor is at once charmed upon entering with the artistic arrangement of the Italian marble benches, mounted with imported velour cushions,

and the wrought iron console with hanging mirror and high back chairs. In the lobby, which is 50 feet long and 22 feet wide, is located the clerk's desk, telephone exchange, and cigar counter. Large, comfortable sofas and arm chairs, upholstered in red leather, have been conveniently placed.

The parquet floor of the lounge is covered with five Hartford Saxony rugs. The

There are ten billiard and pool tables in the billiard room. The floor is covered with a rubber composition, laid in blocks of black and white. Specially designed Old English furniture has been selected for the adjoining grill room. The floor is laid in red and brown tile. The furniture has red leather seats and the windows are draped in red velour.

The restaurant and private dining room are situated on the second floor. They are fitted with imported chairs and tapestry seats. There are tables designed to accommodate two or four persons, as well as several club tables and arm chairs. Bronze lamps with parchment shades adorn the pleasing effect.

Adjoining the restaurant and ladies' room, the reception room, done in period furniture, has been placed. The coverings are of beautiful damask, and handsome rugs complete the furnishings.

A master creation of the architect's and decorator's art greets the eye in the huge Lodge room of octagonal shape with walnut paneled walls. Arrayed along the walls rests specially designed furniture with walnut carved frames. Long settees and portable chairs have been adopted. The Exalted Ruler's platform has a large pedestal, two fine settees, and a tall chair. The Secretary's and Treasurer's desks and chairs are made to match. Each station has a high back chair of beautiful carved design and pedestal with marble top. The coverings are blue and the boxes have walnut chairs with blue velour seats. Conspicuous

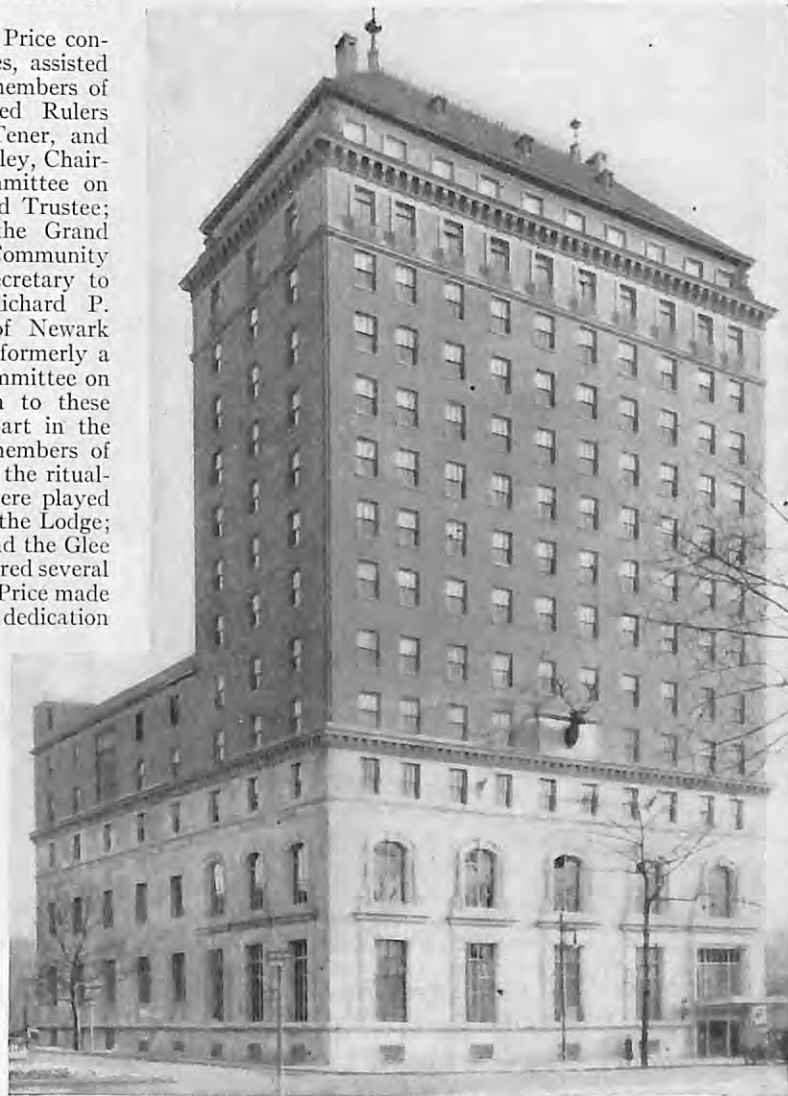
among the features of this room is the organ, a magnificent instrument and work of art.

Specially woven rugs are laid in the corridor outside the Lodge room. The furniture has walnut frames and is upholstered in a fine grade of tapestry. The columns are fitted with permanent settees also upholstered in tapestry.

The Trustees' room is on the third floor and is appointed with heavy oak furniture, large settees and arm chairs covered in green leather. The floor is covered with green carpet and the windows are hung with velour draperies. The Secretary's room is fitted with walnut furniture.

The ladies' room, situated on the third floor mezzanine, is furnished in Louis XVI style, with walnut furniture, upholstered in dainty fabrics. Settees, arm chairs, chaise longue, console tables, wall mirrors, carpet covered floor, and damask draperies complete

(Continued on page 65)



windows are draped with exquisite brocette, enhanced by heavy valances. The room is done in Elizabethan style, with oak-paneled walls. There is an open fireplace with hand-wrought andirons and a fire screen. The furniture is in walnut framework, with imported tapestry, mohair and frieze coverings. Every piece was built especially for the room. Bronze lamps and torchieres and beautifully carved tables and smokers add a touch of distinctiveness to the atmosphere. This room is 45 feet wide and 75 feet long.

Directly off the lounge is situated the library. The sofas and chairs are upholstered in red morocco leather. Three specially woven Hartford Saxony rugs of Bokhara design cover the floor space. The draperies are in red velour. Writing tables border the wall and an atmosphere of extreme restfulness is presented by the comfortable chairs, sofas and bookcases.

The Founding of Astoria

A Vital Factor in Opening Up the Vast Oregon Country

By Ben Hur Lampman

ON JUST such a day as summons the trout from the sea—a gray and blustering day in March, when the river is heavy with rains—the *Tonquin* turned into the Columbia and felt her cautious way through the breakers and up the channel. Twice she sent small boats before her, for the waters were uncharted and unknown. Both were swept away never to be seen again, and of their crews but a single sailor escaped. Blindly, desperately, the *Tonquin* spread sail in the night, her trust in providence, and at dawn found a safe anchorage in Baker's Bay. The year was 1811.

Laden with a variety of trade goods, and bearing a motley company of officials, clerks, voyageurs and kanakas, the *Tonquin* represented John Jacob Astor's bid for supremacy in the rich fur trade of the Pacific Northwest. Her mission was the establishment of Fort Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, and the discomfiture of the British trading companies, but in a providential sense it was to strengthen at a later year the claims of the United States to that vast and wholly desirable territory known then as "the Oregon country." Where they built the fort, that spring of 1811, Astoria, Oregon, stands today and the shipping of the world turns in to traffic with the ports of the great river—that beautiful western waterway that little more than a century ago was naught but a name and a mystery.

A score of years before the landing of the Astor party the great river of the West was a rumor among geographers and seafaring men. The Spaniards had sought it—more, they had expressed their conviction of its existence in the name they gave it on their maps, Rio San Roque. The English had looked in vain for it. Consider the good fortune of the Americans, who, coupled with their boldness, discovered the long sought river of the West and forged another link in the claims of the United States to a western empire.

"It is of no consequence, and at best but a small stream," said Capt. George Vancouver, the British explorer, to Capt. Robert Gray of the American trading vessel *Columbia*.

"It is a great river," answered Gray, and he sailed south from this meeting, south to the yellow water of which they had spoken, and in, risking his ship gallantly, and so the Columbia River was discovered.

But to return to those first Astorians, the heralds of all development in the vast Oregon country. They landed on the fringe of beach that faced the dark fir forest, and

with curious Indians dogging them they set about the clearing of land for their fort and the felling of trees for its construction. It was cruel work for men unaccustomed to the ax, and so inexpertly did they manage it

reassured them against the terror of utter isolation. As the vessel left the river, she paused to pick up an Indian fisherman, one Lamazee, who was to act as interpreter. She was fated never to return.

The story of the loss of the *Tonquin* is one of the most graphic chapters in northwestern history, and Lamazee alone was left to tell it. Within the week the ship touched at Vancouver Island, in the harbor of Newweteet, against the urgent remonstrance of Lamazee, who warned that the Northern tribesmen were fickle and dangerous. Captain Thorn was a stubborn, opinionated commander, by all accounts, and with characteristic rashness he disregarded the caution. Large numbers of Indians were permitted to board the *Tonquin* to barter peltries, but they were far from being the untutored savages the Astorians had been led to anticipate. They had met with traders before, and they held their otter-skins at prices Captain Thorn would not pay. At his refusal to trade the Indians waxed insolent and jeered him. The indignant captain wheeled upon one of them, a particularly malicious old fellow, seized the otter-skin and rubbed it in the Indian's astonished face. With true salt-water roughness he propelled the ancient to the rail and kicked him over the side.

Lamazee urged them again to lift anchor and make sail. The insult would be terribly

avenged, he said. But Captain Thorn thought of his guns, of his muskets and his stout crew, and laughed at the interpreter. At daybreak scores of Indians came out in their canoes and were received on deck, apparently eager to trade. A brisk barter sprang up, the tribesmen being particularly eager for knives. Distrust awakened tardily in the mind of Captain Thorn. He sent seamen aloft to make sail, and ordered the ship cleared. But even as he shouted his command a knife flashed and a trader fell dead across the bale of blankets he had opened for barter. It was the signal for slaughter. The unarmed traders were knifed to death almost before they could lift a hand in defense. The captain, bellowing with rage, jerked open a clasp-knife and laid about him. And the Indians paid for his life, six to one. But they held the *Tonquin*.

In the cabin a wounded officer, Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, and four seamen, were all that remained alive of the company of twenty-three men, excepting Lamazee, the Indian interpreter. But in the cabin were muskets and with these they drove the Indians from the deck, and with cannon fire sent the canoes scuttling to shore.



This picture shows how one of the principal streets of Portland, Oregon, was decorated in celebration of the 1912 Grand Lodge Convention. The Grand Lodge officers, heading the parade in open carriages, are coming through the Arch of Welcome.

that summer was well advanced before fort and warehouse were erected. So gruelling was that first essential toil, in truth, that various of the men deserted and with the courage of ignorance actually set out to regain the distant Eastern States, by traveling overland. Tribes of the upper river made them captive and held them in slavery—a common custom among the Pacific Coast Indians—until Duncan McDougal sent their ransoms from Fort Astoria.

When the fort was completed, and trade begun with the Chinooks of the lower river, the *Tonquin* spread sail and swept out to sea, it being her purpose to traffic with the Indians of Vancouver Island. Those who remained at Fort Astoria must have sped her with their most genuine prayers, since to them the *Tonquin* represented contact with their distant homes. She was all that

They had recaptured the *Tonquin* but they could not sail her, and as for Mr. Lewis he was near to death, and knew it. He bade the four seamen take one of the ship's boats and attempt escape, and this they did under cover of darkness—only to be driven ashore and to die by torture. That night the desperately wounded ship's clerk planned his great coup.

At dawn he beckoned to the Indians, who were cautiously circling the *Tonquin* in their canoes. He made signs that they were to have no fear, but to board the vessel. For a time they withstood the blandishments of the wounded trader, so grimly bent upon his vengeance. But presently one ventured on board, and then another, and another. Mr. Lewis smiled to see them and went below. It was a rich booty, the *Tonquin*. Her decks were heaped with trade goods, and her hold filled with similar treasure. Canoes swarmed out to the ship, scores of them, until all the chivalry and statecraft of the tribe were represented by the exultant savages on deck. There was room for no more. Then the *Tonquin*, as Mr. Lewis touched tinder to the tons of powder below decks, disappeared in a great roar and a red flame. And the women of that tribe mourned for many months. Lamazee brought the story back to Fort Astoria, as the sole survivor of the expedition to Vancouver Island.

As for McDougal and his comrades at Fort Astoria, the disaster filled them with apprehension for their own safety, since not only were the bold spirits of the *Tonquin* gone, but word of the destruction of the ship had raced through the coast tribes. There were rumors of a conspiracy to capture the fort. By a shrewd stratagem McDougal set this fear at rest. He summoned the chiefs to council and when they were assembled he held up before them a small glass bottle stoutly corked.

"Here I have caged the pestilence," he told them gravely. "We are few but mighty, we white men. Let any tribe move against us and I will set free the smallpox."

The Indians knew the smallpox of old, and as one man their chieftains disclaimed any intent to harm the Astorians, and on the contrary asserted an undying friendship. The astute Duncan McDougal seems to have been a versatile fellow, gifted in statecraft, for somewhat later he sealed this pact of friendship by marriage with a Chinook princess, the daughter of one-eyed Comcomly, an aged and friendly chieftain. True, the bride was redolent of fish oil, but, as Washington Irving tells us, after much laving she was conducted to the altar while traders and redmen made merry in honor of the nuptials.

Meantime an overland expedition arrived

at the fort, after many hardships, and in May, 1812, the supply ship *Beaver* arrived from New York. Trading posts were established, as feeders to Fort Astoria, at Spokane, the Okanogan, the Snake, and elsewhere. The future of the venture seemed assured, despite its earlier misfortunes. But word of the outbreak of war with England reached the lonely outpost at the mouth of the Columbia, and, beset with doubts and threatened with actual attack, the post was sold to the Northwesters and the Union Jack replaced the Stars and Stripes. At the close of the war, however, negotiations were begun between the two governments for the return of Astoria to the United States, and in October, 1818, actual restoration was made.

Only a trifle more than a century ago—yet how remote and dim and strange it all seems. But for Gray daring greatly in the discovery of the Columbia River, but for the gallantry of Lewis and Clark, but for Astor dreaming of a rich fur trade, but for any of the several providentially related episodes of adventure and exploration, our claims to the vast Oregon country, so rich in resource, so unique and wonderful in scenery, could scarcely have been valid. Some day the novelists will turn to the Columbia river, to the Oregon country, as the historians have turned. The wonder is that they linger so long in the discovery.

Sonnets Inspired by the Order

By William F. Kirk

Charity

*To give a little from a shining store—
Is that to give? To give and feel no loss—
Is that to GIVE as Christ gave on The Cross?
The rich may give and keep a faithful score
And send a herald, telling o'er and o'er
How lavishly they parted with their dross!
And on their headstones, white above the moss,
May shine the gifts of men that give no more.*

*To share the crumbs of happiness we gain
With those who weep apart—to give our best
Of healing sympathy to hearts in pain—
To give our labor when we fain would rest—
This is the Charity men knew when He
First breathed that word by starlit Galilee!*

Brotherhood

*IT IS not fellowship, for it is more.
It is not friendship, for it may be less.
An Elk may aid a brother in distress
Without the urge of love in his heart's core.
Yea, he may aid that brother o'er and o'er
When Fortune had withheld her coy caress
And he may so contrive that none may guess—
Nor charge the sum against sweet Friendship's score.*

*When Brotherhood IS Friendship, clean and true,
Then and then only shall our Band be blest!
Then and then only shall the heavens blue
Smile o'er a Perfect Order, East to West.
Oh, that this might transpire in our brief day—
That we might see it ere we drift away!*

Candidates for Grand Lodge Offices

TWO Subordinate Lodges have authorized announcement of the following candidates for Grand Lodge offices to be filled at the Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Portland, Ore., next July:

Dallas, Texas, Lodge Presents William Hawley Atwell for Grand Exalted Ruler

Dallas, Lodge No. 71, joined by all the Lodges and Past Exalted Rulers of the State of Texas, endorses and presents William Hawley Atwell as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler to be filled at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge to be held in Portland, Ore., next July.

For more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Atwell has been active in the affairs of the Order. He has served his Lodge as its Exalted Ruler for three terms and has been prominent also in the work of the Grand

Lodge. He was twice appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and served during 1920-1922 on the New Membership Committee of the Grand Lodge. For two years, 1922-1924, he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

Mr. Atwell is a graduate of Southwestern University and of Texas State University. He has been a nominee of his party for Governor. He was Assistant County Attorney of Dallas County for a number of years and served more than fifteen years as United States District Attorney. He is now United States District Judge for the Northern District of Texas.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Presents Clyde Jennings for Grand Trustee

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge No. 321 announces that, at the Grand Lodge Session to be held at Portland next July, it will present the name of Clyde Jennings for the office of Grand Trustee.

Mr. Jennings, who holds a prominent position in the business and civic life of his community, has always been active in the affairs of Lynchburg Lodge since his initiation in 1910. After filling various subordinate stations he was elected Exalted Ruler in 1914 and became a life member of the Lodge. At the end of his term as Exalted Ruler he maintained an active interest in his Lodge, serving as Trustee and as Treasurer for a number of years. He was appointed and served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the terms 1917-18 and 1920-21.





Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

PLANS are being perfected for the dedication of the handsome new Home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13 which will take place sometime in March. As the forty-fourth anniversary of the Lodge falls on March 20th, the ceremony will be conducted as near that date as possible. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and a host of other Grand Lodge officers will be present, and representatives from many Lodges in the surrounding districts will be on hand to congratulate No. 13 on its fine achievement.

The new Home of Indianapolis Lodge stands at the corner of Meridian and St. Clair Streets on property 125 x 197 feet. It is eight stories high, of fire-proof construction with a brick and stone exterior. Architecturally and in every other respect, it is a beautiful creation. It is the idea of Indianapolis Lodge to make it not only the meeting place for members of No. 13, but the social headquarters of all Indiana Elks as well. Close to 200 rooms, each comfortably appointed, offer excellent accommodations to all traveling members of the Order.

Past Year Was Successful One For Grafton, W. Va., Lodge

The past year has been an eventful and prosperous one for Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308. Its membership was brought close to the 600 mark and the indebtedness on its Home was materially reduced. The Lodge celebrated Flag Day and conducted its Annual Memorial in fitting manner, and has been ever ready with a helping hand of charity both among the public and its own membership. The Lodge staged a most elaborate indoor circus and provided many other entertainment features of high quality throughout the year. Its Home and its equipment were never in better condition than now. Everything points to a further healthy development during the present year.

Clinic for Crippled Children Opened by Millville, N. J., Lodge

A large assemblage of members of Millville, N. J., Lodge No. 580, physicians, nurses and many prominent residents of the city were present recently at the Home of the Lodge when its first public clinic was held under the auspices of the Crippled Kiddies Committee. A number of patients were examined and arrangements made by the Lodge for their proper treatment. The clinic will be held from time to time at the Home and excellent results are expected.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Prepares to Welcome State Association

Superior, Wis., Lodge No. 403 is already making plans for its reception of the Wisconsin

State Elks Association which will hold its annual convention in that city August 13-15. The indications are that it will be one of the biggest gatherings held so far by the Association. Not only are the Lodges in Wisconsin planning on large representations, but many members from Northern Michigan, the Range and as far South in Minnesota as Twin Cities and Winona have already signified their intention to be present. Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46, which entertained the convention last year, is making elaborate preparations to be well represented at Superior.

Well-Organized Welfare Committee Functions in Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge

Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge No. 609 feels justly proud of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, the success of which is due to the hearty cooperation given by the membership to its chairman, Will Welch, and to Mrs. Welch. At least once each winter the Lodge invites close to 200 children to its Home, where a special dinner is served in their honor, and at Christmas time the youngsters are the recipients of many presents. Delinquent children at school are looked after, and in practically all cases the Lodge has found that the reason for delinquency is lack of proper food and clothing. When these are provided by the Lodge the school records show a large increase in attendance.

As far as the finances of the Social and Community Welfare Committee are concerned, this committee functions as though it were an independent organization and funds for carrying on the work are raised by it so that there is no financial burden to the Lodge.

District Deputy John T. Osowski Visits Norwich, N. Y., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Osowski of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge No. 62 recently paid his official visit to Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222. Prior to the meeting Mr. Osowski was entertained at dinner by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Norwich Lodge. In his remarks at the Lodge session he spoke of the achievements of Norwich Lodge and the manner in which its officers performed their work.

The occasion was also marked with a Lodge of Sorrow for Federal Judge George W. Ray, a charter member of Norwich Lodge and who was also one of its first Trustees. Tributes were paid his memory by Past Exalted Ruler James P. Hill, a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Chaplain William H. Sullivan, both of whom

were intimately acquainted with the deceased for more than a quarter of a century. Judge Ray was a loyal Elk and citizen. He served in Congress for several years, and was Federal Judge of the Northern District of New York since his appointment in 1902 by the late President Roosevelt. Death came to him on January 10 at his home in Norwich. He was in his 81st year.

Fulton, N. Y., Lodge Makes Generous Gift for Worthy Project

Last year Fulton, N. Y., Lodge No. 830 gave a bazaar to raise funds for a children's playground and realized \$2,500. Since that time the Lodge has been trying to find a desirable site for the playground, but has been unsuccessful. As the members wanted the public to benefit in some way by the money, they decided at a recent meeting, after having given the matter serious consideration, to donate the \$2,500 to the purchase of a building for a proposed Home for old ladies. An option was taken on a desirable residence, and the Lodge will cooperate further with those who are promoting the establishment of the Home. Without this generous gift of Fulton Lodge it is doubtful if the Home could have become a reality.

Washington State Elks Association May Establish Home for Cripples

A convalescent Home or Hospital for crippled children is likely to be established by the Washington State Elks Association according to the sentiment expressed at its mid-winter session held recently in Seattle. Looking to that end, the delegates adopted a motion authorizing President Walter F. Meier to appoint a committee of five to investigate all phases of the question and to submit its report to him. The President was directed by the motion to transmit this report to the various Lodges of the Association so that they can discuss it preparatory to a final consideration to be made at the next State convention in Vancouver, Wash., in July.

Beautiful New Wing Added to Home of Roanoke, Va., Lodge

Visitors from Lodges in many parts of the State attended the exercises held by Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 at the opening of the new \$65,000 addition to its Home. A large banquet and a dance were some of the features of the celebration.

The completion of the new wing makes the Home of Roanoke Lodge one of the most modernly equipped in the State. A large part of the third floor of the addition is given over to the exclusive use of the wives and daughters of the

members of the Lodge. A reading and writing room, dressing-room, club-room and serving pantry are included on this floor. The third floor will also include athletic quarters for the members. On the second floor a spacious dining-room connects with the old ball-room giving a banquet hall and auditorium with a seating capacity of 500. The kitchen, and the grill room with a seating capacity of 100, are housed on the second floor, as are the reading and writing room. These changes in the arrangement have increased the space on the first floor for billiard rooms, lockers, showers and baths. It is also the purpose of the Lodge to install a modern barber shop on the first floor for the use of the members.

Many Present at Institution Of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge

Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge No. 1499 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Shea of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge No. 924 before a very large gathering of many visiting Elks from all parts of New England including many prominent and distinguished members. District Deputy Shea was assisted in the ceremonies by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, both of whom spoke in high praise of the Order's achievements in New England and predicted a future full of success for the new Lodge.

A number of excellent vocal selections were rendered as part of the ceremony by the quartet of Keene, N. H., Lodge No. 927.

Brattleboro Lodge begins its career with a charter list of 75 members. Dr. E. R. Lynch was elected Exalted Ruler and Charles F. Mann Secretary.

Cornerstone Laid for Handsome Home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

Before a representative assembly of civic officials, citizens and members of many Lodges in New Jersey, and with impressive ceremonies heard by an unseen host of radio audiences, the cornerstone of its new Home on South Virginia Avenue was laid by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276. Exalted Ruler Joseph Altman was the principal officiating officer of the Lodge, the actual placing of the stone being done by United States Senator Walter E. Edge, twenty-five years a member of Atlantic City Lodge, and who also delivered the address of the day. The new building, which when completed will cost approximately half a million dollars, was decorated with banners and flags for the occasion, while inside, on the main floor of the structure, where the various addresses were made, a stage and seats were placed, this chamber also being appropriately draped.

The laying of the cornerstone and accompanying exercises were preceded by a parade from the present Home in which patrols and bands lead the members of the Lodge and the city officials. Following the ceremonies luncheons were served to the visitors at the old Home and also at the Hotel Breakers.

The entire cornerstone laying ceremony was broadcast by WGP, the new municipal radio station, and was heard throughout the city and in many distant places.

The site for the new Home was purchased on May 10, 1922, and ground was broken on July 13, 1922, with appropriate ceremonies, attended by many distinguished members of the Order.

Lodge Produces Movie for Benefit of Its Band

One of the first Lodges to have a special motion picture made for it is Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122. This Lodge entered into a contract with one of the large producers to send a company of well-known movie stars to Shreveport where the entire picture was filmed. Hundreds of people on the streets witnessed the taking of the picture and many had the good luck to be included in some of its scenes, so that when the first showing was made at the Grand Opera House, a most interested and enthusiastic audience was present.

The entire picture was done under the auspices of Shreveport Lodge and was a means of raising

a considerable sum toward sending the Lodge's band to the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Ore., next July.

Fellow Members Pay Tribute To Dr. James A. Hart

Members of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge No. 309 joined various civic and patriotic organizations of the city recently in paying tribute to Dr. James A. Hart, long a member of No. 309, on the occasion of his 75th birthday. Dr. Hart, who is in the Glockner Sanitorium, where he has been confined with a serious illness for nearly a year, was deeply touched by the memory of his friends outside and especially by the testimonial presented to him by his fellow members of the Lodge. This took the form of a purple leather covered booklet. On the cover was inscribed the dates, 1849-1924, and the contents included a fine tribute in verse to Dr. Hart followed by 75 signatures, one for each of his birthdays. The signers were all close friends of Dr. Hart. Accompanying the gift were 75 roses.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Opens Free Medical Clinic

In addition to its free Dental Clinic, Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253 has opened a free Medical Clinic. This is situated in the Johnson Building, South Grove Street, near Olive Boulevard, and is under the supervision of Dr. William H. Runcie. A nurse is available at all times for the needy and all cases of illness where patients are unable to pay for treatment are cared for.

Madison, N. J., Lodge Shows Big Increase in Membership

During the past year Madison, N. J., Lodge No. 1465 has almost doubled its membership. The members feel that this increase is due in a large degree to its many social and charitable activities, which have attracted wide attention. Also the fact that the Home is situated on the main highway between New York and Pennsylvania makes it a popular stopping place for many motorists. Any member passing that way is cordially invited by the Lodge to partake of its hospitalities.

Boy Scout Troop Guests at Elks National Home

The residents of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., were recently hosts to the Boy Scout Troop of the city. The Troop gave an interesting exhibition in the Home, going through their drills and exemplifying other phases of Scout work, much to the delight and satisfaction of the residents. Following the exhibition there

were refreshments and excellent music by the Randolph-Macon orchestra which had accompanied the Troop.

Decatur, Ill., Lodge to Open Country Club House

Decatur, Ill., Lodge No. 401 expects to complete its beautiful new country club house early in March. The site on which the building stands was purchased sometime ago by the Lodge and is one of the most desirable in the region. It is situated on the shore of Lake Decatur and contains about 100 acres ideally fitted for a golf course. The building itself is a handsome structure and will embody every facility and convenience found in a modern country club house.

Large Assemblage Sees Institution Of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge

Large numbers of visiting members from Lodges in Albany, Troy, Cohoes, Mechanicsville and other neighboring places were present at the institution of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge No. 1500. The institution was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin F. Feinberg, of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge No. 621, who was assisted by many prominent members of the Order. Among these were Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane; James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William T. Byrne and Henry S. Kahn; and William E. Fitzsimmons, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, New York State Elks Association.

The exercises were conducted in the spacious St. Bridget's Hall with many members present. Joseph E. Keis was elected the first Exalted Ruler, and James A. Reilly, Secretary.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lays Cornerstone For Monument in Elks Rest

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, on the occasion of his official visit to Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906, laid the cornerstone for the imposing monument which is being erected in the Elks Rest at the Woodlawn Cemetery. Impressive ceremonies accompanied the laying of the stone, the band of the Lodge and the quartet furnishing suitable music. Mr. Price spoke eloquently, dwelling upon the dignity and beauty of this accomplishment of Santa Monica Lodge.

The monument will be unusually imposing. An idea of the size of the memorial can be had by visualizing it as being 44 feet wide at the base and 23 feet high. The monument proper will have an interior diameter of 15 feet and will contain 750 niches in which can be placed the ashes of those who desire cremation.

Hotel Antlers, which is also the Home of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301



Ogden, Utah, Lodge to Spend Large Sum in Building

Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719 is planning to spend a large sum in building an addition to its present Home and in remodeling the structure from cellar to roof. The contemplated improvements provide for the doubling of the Lodge room capacity as well as greatly increasing all the facilities of the Home. Work will be started immediately in order that the building can be completed as early in the fall as possible.

Ogden Lodge will celebrate its Silver Jubilee on July 9, 1926, at which time the convention of the Utah State Elks Association will probably be held in that city.

Mother Lodge to Change Usual Program of Its Christmas Charity

After a spirited discussion which indicated conclusively that the members of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 were practically unanimous in favoring a change in the method of carrying out its program of Christmas charity, the following resolution, introduced by Joseph G. Conlon and which was made a special order of business of the session, was adopted:

Whereas, It has been the custom of New York Lodge No. 1 for some years past to mark the Holiday Season with the distribution of food, clothing, toys and a Christmas Tree Festival held in our home—and

Whereas, This custom has not only grown beyond the limitations of our Home, but it has also become so obviously the subject of abuse that much of our bounty is misdirected into channels where no real need exists—and

Whereas, The Christmas Tree Festivities have reached a stage where it is necessary for the expenditure of large sums of money which accomplish no permanent good—therefore, be it

Resolved, That it be the sense of New York Lodge No. 1 that the Christmas Tree Celebration in its present form be abandoned and that the matter of community welfare be referred to the incoming Social and Community Welfare Committee, the Relief Committee, Board of Trustees and the past Chairmen of the Christmas Tree and Social and Community Welfare Committees, who served since the institution of the Christmas Tree Festival, with instructions to investigate ways and means of engaging in charitable activities which will be of lasting benefit and reflect New York Lodge No. 1 in the light of an institution seeking to render real service to stricken and unfortunate humanity in practical and permanent form.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Guest Of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge

More than 500 were present at the testimonial dinner given to Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price on the occasion of his visit to Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge No. 5. These included many of the city's most prominent business men, professional and civic leaders. Over 50 members of Newport,

Ky., Lodge No. 273 and representatives from Lodges at Covington, Ky., and Hamilton, Ohio, were also on hand to do honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Price, in his address, following the initiation of a class of candidates, paid tribute to Cincinnati Lodge for its efficiency in ritualistic and practical work. There was an ovation for

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.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann when Mr. Price alluded to him as "the guiding spirit of the Order not only in Cincinnati but in Ohio."

Mr. Herrmann, who was also one of the dinner speakers, reported as Chairman of the Membership Campaign Committee, stating that the preliminary activities of his committee indicated that the goal set by the Lodge was bound to be achieved.

New Home of Modesto, Calif., Lodge Now Well Under Way

Modesto, Calif., Lodge No. 1282 has laid the cornerstone of its beautiful new Home and actual work on the structure is well under way. The building will be a distinctive addition to the architecture of the city and will have everything in the way of comfort and convenience for the members. Among some of the many attractions may be mentioned up-to-date handball courts

and a number of bowling alleys. The members expect to be in their new quarters some time this summer.

District Deputy Nosler Visits Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hale R. Nosler recently paid his official visit to Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186, where he addressed a large gathering of the members. Among the many helpful suggestions made by the District Deputy, which the Lodge is now planning to put into effect, were the following: That the number of trustees be increased to five. That the officers continue to hold their regular meetings. That the New Membership and Lapsation Committees increase their activities, and not only add to the roll of members, but assist in bringing back the delinquents. That a "Past Exalted Rulers Club" be formed so that the Lodge may continue to profit by their training and experience. The District Deputy also complimented the Lodge on its financial showing and upon its large membership and average attendance. He was particularly impressed by the beautiful exemplification of the Ritual which he had witnessed.

Hospital Patients Made Happy By Detroit, Mich., Lodge

The officers and a committee of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 recently paid a visit to the Northville Sanatorium where an entertainment was staged for the benefit of the tubercular patients there. With them went a troupe of vaudeville stars and a load of dolls, books, games and candy for the hundred or more children. The Elks Quartette was there also, and their music was greeted with applause that left no doubt as to the appreciation of the audience. Exalted Ruler James Bonar and Frank T. Lodge made short addresses.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Host to District Deputy George J. Kambach

A large number of visiting members from fourteen different Lodges were present on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Kambach's official visit to Braddock, Pa., Lodge No. 883. A large class of candidates was initiated in a manner that drew praise from the District Deputy. Mr. Kambach also commented favorably on the Social and Community Welfare work of Braddock Lodge and the spirit of cooperation which pervaded the whole membership. A massive floral wreath presented to the distinguished visitor at the close of the meeting was graciously turned over by him to the Lodge's Visiting Committee to be given to the patients at the local hospital.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Receives Trust Fund for Charity Work

By the will of Daniel S. Horton, Jr., who was a member of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge No. 885, the Lodge receives a trust fund of \$10,000, the interest from which is to be applied each year to the Christmas fund for the children and poor of the city. Mr. Horton had a big place for children in his generous heart and during his life performed many kindly acts in their behalf. He took keen interest in the Christmas giving of his Lodge and after careful reflection and consultation with other members decided some time ago to create this fund in aid of this very worthy charity.

Famous Drill Teams Make Plans For Grand Lodge Convention

Captain William Sparks, Commander of the famous Withington Zouaves, of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, recently visited Portland, Ore., and made arrangements for the erection of the tent city which will be headquarters for his organization during the Grand Lodge Convention next July. The Withington Zouaves have won first prize in competitive drills at Grand Lodge conventions for the last five years and are the only civilian organization to be invited to give an exhibition before the cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The drill team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78, which

Hartford, Conn., Lodge No. 19 owns this beautifully designed Home



Captain Sparks helped to organize, will share quarters with the Zouaves in the tent city.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

A significant event in the history of Olean, N. Y., Lodge No. 491 was the recent dedication of its new Home on West State Street. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen, of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23, before a very large gathering of members from Lodges in Niagara Falls, Syracuse, Buffalo, Salamanca, Wellsville, Jamestown, Hornell, Erie and other New York cities. The speakers of the occasion were the District Deputy and A. S. Leuthe, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. Both commended the officers of Olean Lodge on the efficient manner in which the building program had been carried out and praised the conduct of the Lodge during the year, and the initiation of candidates, which was one of the features of the dedication exercises. After the dedication, supper was served to the visitors in the new Home and a program of vocal and orchestral music wound up a most pleasant evening.

Rahway Lodge Host to Meeting of New Jersey State Elks Association

Representatives of more than half of the 51 Lodges in the State attended the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held recently at the Home of Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075. President A. Harry Moore, of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211 was in charge of the meeting, with E. T. Reed, of Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge No. 784, Secretary of the Association. The delegates were most cordially welcomed by Mayor Frank L. Foulks, a member of the local Lodge. Many important questions, and plans made for the next quarterly meeting to be held in East Orange, N. J., March 8, were discussed.

Following the meeting a dinner was served to the visitors, the arrangements being in charge of the entertainment and house committee.

Member of McMinnville, Ore., Lodge Wins Poster Competition

Paul C. Belt, member of McMinnville, Ore., Lodge No. 1283, won the prize of \$100 offered by Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 for the most attractive poster featuring the coming Grand Lodge Convention. The judges in the competition included Mayor G. L. Baker, of the City of Portland; R. D. Cannon, of the *Portland Telegram*; H. E. Thomas, of the *Oregonian*; Charles T. Hoge, of the *Oregon Journal*, and E. W. Jorgensen, of the *Portland News*. The contest was conducted by the publicity committee of the convention commission.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge Visited by District Deputy Clark

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485 recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark on the occasion of his official visit to that Lodge. Accompanying Mr. Clark were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who instituted the Lodge, and Peter S. Beck, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, and a number of Exalted Rulers from neighboring Lodges. Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253 was very well represented by its officers and by its members. District Deputy Clark expressed appreciation of the fine growth and community activities of Hempstead Lodge and of the remarkable record it held for so young a Lodge.

Hempstead Lodge has a beautiful Home which was formerly a residence of the late August Belmont. An excellent restaurant is one of its features, and its well appointed living-rooms offer excellent accommodations to visiting members of the Order.

Be On Guard Against This Man Expelled from the Order

Secretaries and members should be on their guard against C. A. Irving, holding membership card No. 672, membership No. 542, issued on November 5, 1924, to April 1, 1925, by Rawlins,

This beautiful home was recently dedicated by Lowell, Mass., Lodge No. 87



Wyo., Lodge No. 609. He was recently expelled from the Order for violation of his obligation, and has since used his card to obtain money from lodges and members. Should he present his card it should be taken up and forwarded to P. H. Leimbach, Secretary of Rawlins Lodge.

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:

Allegheny, Pa., Lodge No. 339. Rebuilding and remodeling of Home due to fire which occurred on March 15th, 1924. The plans call for an expenditure of \$138,000 on the building and \$10,000 for furnishings.

Michigan City, Ind., Lodge No. 432. Erection of a three-story reinforced concrete, Bedford stone and brick, fireproof building; the ground floor to be used for commercial purposes, the second floor for club-rooms, and home, and the third floor for lodge-rooms. The building site 51 x 165 feet is already owned by the Lodge. The cost of the building is estimated at \$130,000, and the furnishings at \$5,000.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719. Erect on of an addition to its present home, 50 x 72 feet, two stories and basement. The estimated cost of the addition is \$60,000 with furnishings of \$10,000.

Eastport, Me., Lodge No. 880. Purchase of a three-story wooden dwelling, 42 x 42 feet with a lot 100 x 100 feet, at a cost of \$2,500. The building will be remodeled and \$1,000 will be spent for additional furniture.

Santa Cruz, Calif., Lodge Develops Its Boy Scout Troop

Santa Cruz, Calif., Lodge No. 824 is progressing rapidly with the development of the Boy Scout Troop which it organized and sponsored last fall. The troop, known as Elk Troop No. 824, meets every Tuesday night in the Home of Santa Cruz Lodge. There are at present 32 boys in the troop, which is divided into four patrols of eight each. The boys are drilled and

given special instruction by various members of the Lodge, and have already shown remarkable ability.

Santa Cruz Lodge recently staged a most successful play for the benefit of its charity fund. Over \$1,000 was realized, and this money was efficiently expended by the Lodge working in cooperation with various charitable organizations of the city.

Poor of the City Cared for By Detroit, Mich., Lodge

Over \$13,000 was expended for various charities during the holiday season by Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34. More than 22,000 pieces of clothing and many baskets of food were supplied the poor of the city, to say nothing of 20 tons of coal and much medicine. The Lodge also secured positions for 53 people, and gave a special vaudeville performance before 500 patients of the Northville Tubercular sanitarium. On this occasion dolls, candy, books and games were distributed to every patient under fifteen years of age.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Raises Charity Funds by Direct Appeal to Members

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78 has decided to discontinue the giving of shows, circuses, etc., for the purpose of raising money for its charities, as it believes it is much better to make a direct appeal to the members for funds to be used for this purpose. Their decision is based on the excellent results obtained last Christmas by using this method of direct appeal. More money was raised and expended on charity during this season than at any other time in the entire history of Atlanta Lodge.

Westfield, Mass., Lodge Has Active And Growing Membership

Westfield, Mass., Lodge No. 1481 recently held its first annual concert and ball in the Community Hall of the city. Nearly 1500 people attended the event which was one of the most

successful social functions of its kind ever held in Westfield.

This Lodge recently leased new and larger quarters in Parks Block to take care of its growing membership. The number of names on its roster has doubled since its institution last year and the present prospects are for a membership of over 300 before the Lodge celebrates its first birthday.

Order Gives \$1,000 for Relief of Sufferers in Georgia Floods

On the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, the Trustees of the Grand Lodge recently approved a donation of \$1,000 for relief of the sufferers in the flooded areas of Georgia, principally within the jurisdiction of Albany Lodge No. 713. The unprecedented high waters in this region brought about the destruction of much property and rendered many hundreds of the inhabitants homeless and destitute.

After the contributions made in behalf of their respective organizations proved insufficient to meet the needs of the situation, the Grand Exalted Ruler was appealed to by I. G. Ehrlich, Exalted Ruler of Albany Lodge, and by G. P. Maggioni, President of the Georgia State Elks Association.

The prompt and generous act of the Order in donating part of the special Grand Lodge Fund for the purpose was greatly appreciated by the homeless people. Shelter, food, clothing and medicines were supplied, and heroic work was done by the members of Albany Lodge in helping the sufferers.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Opens Its Remarkable New Home

As this issue of the Magazine goes to press elaborate plans for the dedication on Washington's Birthday of the magnificent new Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 have been perfected. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, a host of Grand Lodge officers and prominent city and state officials, together with representatives from many Lodges, will be present at the ceremony and will take part in the festivities that will mark the event.

Though this formal dedication will not take place until February 22, the new Home has been opened and occupied for some time. Its completion was the occasion of a special celebration on the part of the membership and the citizens of Philadelphia. On the evening the building was thrown open to the public for inspection, over 15,000 passed through its doors and were shown through its many beautiful halls and rooms. On the following evening a large banquet to over 2,500 was given in the new Home. Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia and a member of the Lodge, was the guest of honor. Speeches were made by the Mayor, the Chairman of the Building Committee, Executives of the Bond Committee and by Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelov, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge.

The new Home, costing over \$2,000,000, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the city. It embodies everything imaginable for the comfort and convenience of its membership. Its accommodations for traveling members of the Order are especially adequate, and a real Elk welcome awaits them in this most modern and most complete building of its kind.

Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Many New York Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price made an extensive tour through New York State early in February, visiting twenty-five Lodges, close to one-third of the Lodges in the entire State. He was accompanied on his trip by Pres. James A. Farley of the New York State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the various districts of the State and by Past Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Trustees and other officers and committeemen of the Association.

The Grand Exalted Ruler began his tour at Norwich Lodge No. 1222 on February 5. Following his visit here he was welcomed in the evening at Binghamton Lodge No. 852, where he took part in the anniversary celebration of the Lodge and was a guest at a reception held

in his honor by the Knights of Columbus. On February 6 he visited Lodges in Owego, Corning and Elmira. On the following day he visited Auburn Lodge No. 474 and in the evening attended a banquet given by Syracuse Lodge No. 31. Representatives from Lodges in Oswego, Fulton, Ogdensburg, Watertown and Malone were also present on this occasion. On February 8, Mr. Price visited Oneida Lodge No. 767, and was the honor guest at a dinner and meeting of Utica Lodge No. 33 in which members of Rome Lodge No. 1268 also participated. The follow-

To California Lodges

THE memory of my recent tour through the State of California is one which I will always recall with deep feelings of personal gratification, and with pride in the wonderful development of the Order evident throughout the whole beautiful region. I am sincerely thankful to the efficient and thoughtful committees and to the Lodges, their officers and members, for the execution of the excellent plans that made my visit so rich in pleasure and accomplishment.

Starting on New Year's Day at Los Angeles, my trip through the Southern, Central, and portions of the Bay Districts of the Golden State, convinced me, as did my first tour through the Northern section, that California is alive with the true spirit of the Order. Everywhere the interest of the Lodges in the welfare and growth of their communities is manifest. Everywhere I saw handsome new Homes in the course of construction, and everywhere I felt the enthusiasm of growing and increasingly active memberships. I witnessed the beautiful Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, the great civic event in which the local Lodge played a prominent part, and I heard on every hand in the Lodges of wonderful work being done in behalf of the poor, the sick and the youth of the State. Surely California Elks may be considered as holding a leading position in the Order, and their prosperity, growth and spirit should serve as inspiration to us all in the great work that lies before us.

My thanks and congratulations to you, Elks of the Golden State!

JOHN G. PRICE,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

ing day a luncheon and reception was tendered the party by Lyons Lodge No. 869. In the evening Rochester Lodge No. 24 was visited where a large banquet and meeting had been arranged. On February 11, Lodges in North Tonawanda, Niagara Falls and Lockport entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler. In the evening he and his party were present at a banquet given by Buffalo Lodge No. 23. The next day, Lincoln's Birthday, members of Lodges in Little Falls and Herkimer greeted the distinguished visitors. The evening was taken up with the dedication of the beautiful new Home of Iliion Lodge No. 1444. Elaborate preparations had been made for this event and it proved one of the most memorable of its kind in the history of the Mohawk Valley. On February 13, the party centered its activities in Albany Lodge No. 49, paying visits to Troy Lodge No. 141, Schenectady Lodge No. 480 and Cohoes Lodge No. 1317. On the following day the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party returned to New York City, where they attended the banquet given at the Hotel Commodore by New York Lodge No. 1 in celebration of the fifty-seventh birthday of the Order.

Everywhere throughout the trip the Grand Exalted Ruler was impressed by the achievements of the Lodges visited and by the generous and enthusiastic welcome tendered him on every occasion. The Lodges of New York State, with their membership of close to 90,000, left nothing undone to make the Grand Exalted Ruler feel the importance of the great work that is being carried on by this spirited body of Elks.

Band of La Crosse, Wis., Lodge Is Live Organization

La Crosse, Wis., Lodge No. 300 has an excellent band that holds an important place in the life of the Lodge. Not only is it rendering valuable service in connection with many of the social functions conducted by the Lodge, but it has been the means of bringing cheer and entertainment to many of the unfortunates of the city. Concerts given by it recently at various Orphan Asylums, the Old People's Home and hospitals were greatly appreciated. La Crosse Lodge is very anxious to enlarge the membership of its band and is constantly on the lookout for new material.

Member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Appointed to Important State Office

Hon. James A. Hamilton, Ph.D., member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge No. 871 was recently appointed Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York by Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1. Dr. Hamilton was engaged in educational work for many years until elected State Senator in 1914. In 1918 he entered Mayor Hylan's cabinet as Commissioner of Correction for the City of New York, where he remained for five years. During 1923 and 1924 he was Secretary of State of the State of New York.

Excelsior Springs, Mo., Lodge Now Has New Home

Members of Excelsior Springs, Mo., Lodge No. 1001 are now enjoying the comforts of their handsome new Home which was recently dedicated with fitting ceremonies. The building, 40 x 100 feet, is a one-story and basement structure of brick and tile, located in the heart of this beautiful health and pleasure resort. On the first floor to the right of the entrance there are the ladies' reception room and parlor, and to the right is located the members' lounging-room. Back of this is the secretary's office, and the Lodge-room, 40 x 60 feet, which is so arranged that it can be used for receptions and special entertainments. In the basement there are the billiard-room, fully equipped gymnasium, the kitchen and steward's store-room.

The members plan to keep the building open to all social and civic organizations and to make their Home a center of the town's social activities. As Excelsior Springs is a noted watering-place, thousands of visiting members of the Order are expected to enjoy the hospitality of the local Lodge every year.

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Establishes A Shoe and Stocking Fund

After a careful survey of local conditions the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge No. 202, recently recommended the establishment of a Fund to be used exclusively for the purpose of furnishing shoes and stockings to poor children of the city. This recommendation was adopted by the members and voluntary contributions from them have already resulted in helping many children. This fund is kept quite separate from the Lodge's Charity Fund for which no contributions have been asked for a number of years, due to the money raised for it each year by the Annual Minstrel Show.

In this work Charleston Lodge cooperates with the local branch of the Salvation Army, which investigates all cases, thereby insuring proper and careful distribution.

Trophy Given High School Athletes By Butte, Mont., Lodge

Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240, recently presented a purple and white banner as a trophy to the athletes of Butte High School who so successfully won the State championships in basketball, track and football in 1924. The colors of the school are the same as the Elk colors, purple and white, which makes the gift all the more significant. Butte Lodge is proud of the prowess of the boys, and has always been a consistent booster for their success.

(Continued on page 57)

The Best Essex Ever Built—\$895

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Price considered, Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note this smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price.

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The New, Easy Way

INTERIOR decorators agree that the beauty of a room depends largely on the beauty of its floor. Select a floor finish which has withstood the wear and tear of centuries—the waxed finish in the beautiful castles and palaces of Europe. Perfectly preserved, this waxed wood mellows and glows with the years. You can easily have this same beautiful finish on your floors.

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The new easy way to wax floors and linoleum is with Johnson's Liquid Wax applied with a Johnson Wax Mop and polished with a Weighted Brush.

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Cats, Dogs and Tigers

(Continued from page 11)



"No. Get away from me." Mr. Chubb wouldn't drink. Not a drop. He must keep cool to win. Mr. Chubb kept cool. Icy cold. Especially his sweat. Nine eighty-five? What was he going to do about it? Get up and quit? No. This was a crazy game, and conservative play must win. Besides, he couldn't afford to lose that much money. He couldn't afford, either, to appear a quitter in the eyes of these distinguished and influential gentlemen. A sort of blind and unreasoning faith in his own abilities as a poker player gave him some measure of support and enabled him to muster his rapidly deserting wits. He simply had to win, or else face a situation which was too horrible to contemplate.

By one of his supreme efforts of will-power, for which Mr. Chubb was so justly celebrated, he pulled himself together. Yet the deal had passed nearly twice around the table before he ventured another bet; and won. Things were coming his way. Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Chubb found himself tangled up in a rear-end collision. Something struck him from behind. He had sneaked into a pot, and couldn't get out; which finished his first stack.

"Hey, Jerry!" Hilarious Bill Jessup snatched a bell from the floor and clanged it. "Jerry! Quick! Man overboard! New stack for Mr. Chubb."

The game grew wilder. They played like burglars. Mr. Chubb played tight, and lost. He plunged, and got in deeper. His third stack vanished before it hit the table. Again the bell jangled. "Conceal yourself." He remembers what Robert Burns had written, but how could Mr. Chubb conceal himself, when cold sweat dappled his face like dew-drops on a pumpkin? "Man overboard!" Again the bell jangled, "Jerry, fetch two stacks for Mr. Chubb. They'll last longer."

THE night grew older and Chubb's luck grew worse. Somebody was always making one of those infernal dogs or tigers. Animals ate him up. He got stampeded. Between ten and eleven o'clock, whatever Mr. Chubb did was wrong; between eleven and twelve, when he happened to do right, it ruined him. And he had to hurry. The waiters were already setting table for supper. Supper? Mr. Chubb didn't feel hungry. The clatter of dishes annoyed him. He played faster, and lost.

The final calamity occurred at precisely six minutes to midnight, immediately after the steward came out and signalled to Mr. Jessup. "Supper's ready, boys," old Bill announced.

"Last hand. Play her loose." At this harrowing crisis, Mr. Chubb owed for eleven stacks, and had about half of one before him. Jimmy, looking like a putty-faced gargoye, began to deal.

"Last pot, boys," said Jimmy. "Higher'n a cat's back."

As Mr. Chubb sat "under the gun," it was his first say. He skinned his cards, then closed them up again, and blinked. Three aces and a pair of jacks, too good to be true. He kept extremely cool, and innocently shoved one small red chip to the center.

"Up once!" Charley Yerger tilted it—Chubb had dreaded that nobody would raise.

"Every fellow take a shot!" Old Jessup snorted like a warhorse and put in three reds.

Before the pot came round again to Mr. Chubb, it had been elevated five times. Did he back-raise and betray his strength? Not he. Wilier than a serpent and softer than a cooing dove, Mr. Chubb barely whispered, "Guess I'll stay."

It rained chips. Idiots with both hands full, showered them in like buttons. Four at a time, Mr. Chubb's last thousand melted into the pot. Four at a time he began pulling them back, and stacking to keep count of how much he was shy.

"Pot's big enough, boys," old Jessup said.

"Now draw! Draw your fool heads off."

"How many cards, Mr. Chubb?" Gargoye Jimmy Patton leaned forward with the deck.

"I'll play these," Mr. Chubb's voice came a trifle shaky. Charley Yerger drew three, and old Bill hesitated a moment. Then Jessup spread his cards, face up; seven, eight, nine, ten of mixed suits—and the ace of hearts.

"Well," he considered aloud; "I was aiming to make a straight. But Finny's got that beat. Mr. Dealer, gimme four

cards to this ace."

All the interior of Mr. Chubb expanded with satisfaction. Drawing four cards to one ace, old Bill hadn't a dog's chance to catch anything against an ace-full.

After the draw Chubb bet a red chip, which nobody called except Bill Jessup. Apparently nobody could beat openers.

"Gentlemen," smiled the triumphant Chubb. "You will remember that I never once raised this pot. And I had these all the time."

Old Bill squinted over his specs at the ace-full and said:

"Tolerable fair hand—for Chicago. But look! I had this ace of hearts all the time—and drew these," showing the deuce, four, five and six of hearts.

"You have an ace-high flush! I win!" Mr. Chubb sat up jauntily and laughed while Jessup shook his head. "No, that's a cat flush." "Cat flush!" So many animals had beaten him that Chubb's cold sweat broke out afresh.

"SURE. Gaze upon it, Finny, and weep. Ace to six without a pair, and every one a heart. Supper's ready boys. Wash up."

The stunned and plundered Chubb kept his seat long after all the other noisy gamblers had departed to their staterooms. Dazedly he watched old Jerry counting their chips. Mr. Chubb already knew what he'd lost, twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifty. He rose, and went staggering through the cabin. The door to number 6 stood half-open. There was Joe Manley, swabbing his face with a towel. Mr. Chubb stumbled inside, and closed the door.

"Come in, Chubb! Lively game, wasn't it?"

"Lively? Oh—yes." Chubb clutched a bed-post to hold himself up. "Mr. Manley, I lost twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars—"

"That much?" Jeerusalem!"

"I can't pay," Chubb blurted out. "I'm a salaried man. Six thousand a year. Got a little over eight thousand in securities, the savings of a lifetime. I'll turn that over; and will you arrange with Mr. Jessup to accept notes for half my salary—"

"Tough, Chubb. Tough." "Those notes would have to run for upward of five years," said Mr. Chubb, sinking down hopelessly upon the bed.

Bankers frequently deal with the unfortunate, and perhaps grow callous. It even seemed that Manley was smiling, that he was making light of another man's trouble.

"That'll be all right, Mr. Chubb. Don't worry. Eat a good supper. Sing. Laugh."

"Sing? Laugh? Oh, hell!" Chubb bounded up and paced the narrow floor. "I've got to put this matter in shape, to-night. Won't sleep a wink anyhow."

"But, Mr. Chubb, remember that tonight is 1884."

"Rot! What's that got to do with twenty-odd thousand dollars?"

"Nothing much, except—" the banker turned from his mirror. "It has nothing to do with your loss, except—listen. Forty years ago every man along this river overspent himself. Everybody overplayed their hands. And sometimes they took forty years to pay, or compromise."

The bewildered Chubb failed to comprehend. "Mr. Manley, what do you mean?"

(Continued on page 44)

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WORLD'S FAIRS
AND INTERNA-
TIONAL EXHI-
BITIONS GIVEN
TO WELTE

Cats, Dogs and Tigers

(Continued from page 42)

"Simply this: To-night is May 17th, 1884. To-morrow will be May 18th, 1924. Forty years from now we'll settle our game, at ten cents on the hundred—"

"You mean for me to pay ten cents—on the hundred?"

"That's what we always do. Regular system on Mr. Jessup's birthday parties."

"Then," Chubb's face showed the most intense relief, "then I'll owe twenty-three hundred and sixty-five dollars?"

"No," Manley said, and Chubb's jaw dropped. "You entirely misunderstand me. We do not

settle at ten cents on the dollar, but at ten cents on the hundred dollars!"

"Oh! oh! Chubb tottered and grappled his saviour's arm, who laughed and said:

"Mr. Chubb, you pay twenty-three dollars and sixty-five cents. That's plenty in a five-cent limit. We call those red chips 'fifty dollars,' just to amuse Mr. Jessup." Pink-faced and sweating, Chubb stared, then strode into Manley's bathroom and soused his head under the faucet, where Joe Manley could hear him sputter:

"To amuse Mr. Jessup? Didn't amuse me a damn bit."

The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 19)

Leaving his office, Mr. Morton ate a hasty luncheon at a Times Square drug store and hailing a taxi, made his way uptown.

At the corner of eighty-sixth street he got out, and went slowly down the block in the direction of Mr. Tresdale's house, taking care, however, to keep on the other side of the street. He was quite certain that Mr. Tresdale, if he went to Tarrytown at all, would do so by train. Chauffeurs *might* be trusted, up to a certain point, but not beyond it. And there were reasons why Mr. Tresdale would be very chary about having his visit to that particular point advertised—reasons better known, perhaps, to Mr. Morton than to any one else. He had first to find out, however, whether or not his quarry had already left. To a man of Mr. Morton's experience this was a simple matter. He went to a store in the next block, where there was a telephone and called up.

A maid answered the call. Mr. Tresdale was in, but could not be disturbed. It was better than he had hoped; he had been prepared for a futile conversation having to do with demands for money, which Mr. Tresdale would have peremptorily refused. His purpose accomplished, Mr. Morton went back to the corner of Madison Avenue, from which point of vantage he could watch the house without danger of being seen.

HIS wait was a long one; it was four o'clock before the lawyer came out of the house, and walked rapidly eastward. If his calculations were correct, Mr. Tresdale would board a south-bound car on the opposite corner, en route for the Grand Central Station. It would be a simple matter to stop a taxi, or jump aboard the next car, and follow him.

Before the car which Mr. Tresdale took had gone two blocks a taxi came along, and Mr. Morton hailed it. As a result, he was able to enter the Grand Central Station some half a dozen yards in the lawyer's rear, and, screened by the crowds, to board the train for Tarrytown undetected.

The problem of keeping out of sight, when the train had reached their destination, was simple. Mr. Tresdale was in one of the forward cars, Mr. Morton hid himself in a rear one. They would disembark a hundred yards apart. If Mr. Tresdale took a cab from the station, Mr. Morton would do the same; if he walked, Mr. Morton would walk as well, and by a shorter and less conspicuous route. Not for nothing had he studied this ground for a full week, prior to Mr. Harvey's death.

Mr. Tresdale took a cab. Mr. Morton did likewise. His instructions to the driver were to follow Mr. Tresdale's cab, at a discreet distance, up to a certain point, and stop there. It was a point well out of sight of the old Harvey mansion.

Everything went off as planned. As Mr. Tresdale's vehicle disappeared around a bend in the road, Mr. Morton stopped his car and got out. Then, when the driver had turned around and driven off, Mr. Morton crawled through a fence into a wooded field. By this maneuver he arrived opposite the Harvey place just in time to see Mr. Tresdale pass out of sight around a corner of the house. Very cautiously Mr. Morton followed. Creeping silently through the shrubbery, rounding the opposite corner of the build-

ing, he watched Mr. Tresdale as he walked slowly down the path toward the garden, wondering what he had in mind to cause him to stop so often, to consult so frequently the slip of paper he clutched in his hand. As soon as Mr. Tresdale had disappeared inside the garden, Mr. Morton advanced rapidly and noiselessly to the small gateway, and stood just outside it, peering through the overgrown top of the hedge.

It would have surprised Mr. Tresdale greatly could he have known that five pairs of eyes were eagerly watching his every movement. One pair belonged to Mr. Morton; three more to Mr. Rives, Audrey and Stetson, also hidden behind the hedge, but in a position directly opposite to that occupied by Mr. Morton. And the fifth pair of eyes belonged to a heavily built man who sat at a window on the second floor of the Harvey house commanding a clear view of the garden. There was still another pair of eyes near at hand, but they were not fixed on Mr. Tresdale, their owner being engaged in watching the road in front.

Quite oblivious to all these observing glances, Mr. Tresdale stood near the sundial, deep in thought. Like Audrey and Mr. Rives he had readily solved the first four steps of the jade message, but for a moment the last two puzzled him. It was a brief moment, however. The setting sun, now striking over the top of the hedge, cast a clear shadow of the sundial across the garden to its further corner, where it fell upon the moss-stained surface of the marble vase. And when Mr. Tresdale, in a few rapid strides, had followed its course to the vase, he saw, cut in the white stone, a pattern of small, conventionalized lotus buds, encircling it like a girdle.

It had begun to grow dark, now. In the half-light the watchers saw Mr. Tresdale strike a match, peer at something, apparently a mark, on the marble surface. Then, with a quick push, he set his two hands against the vase and toppled it by main force from its base.

Mr. Rives, with a signal to Audrey and Stetson to remain quiet, drew a pistol from his pocket and went quickly to the rear gate leading into the garden. He did not, however, at once enter. Apparently he was waiting for something. But when Mr. Morton, with a wild leap, projected himself across the enclosure in the direction of Mr. Tresdale, now kneeling beside the empty pedestal, Mr. Rives followed him, stepping as lightly as a cat. The two watchers in the house had also left their posts, and were closing in on the garden, from the direction of the main road.

Mr. Tresdale was so occupied with his work at the base of the overturned vase that he did not hear Mr. Morton until the latter was close upon him. The sun had set, by now, and the angle between the two high lines of hedge was shrouded in shadows. There was still light enough, however, for Mr. Morton to witness an amazing, an almost unbelievable sight, and, witnessing it, to become, for the time being, quite mad.

Mr. Tresdale was crouched beside the pedestal which had until now upheld the marble urn. In his hands he clutched a cylindrical tin box, such a box as is commonly used to hold oatmeal, or crackers. The hinged lid of it had been raised, and Mr. Tresdale sat gazing with ashen face at its contents.

All this Mr. Morton perceived at a glance, and a vast fury seized him. As Mr. Rives had indi-



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cated in the message—the message transmitted over the telephone by the non-committal female—Mr. Tresdale was trying to double-cross him—to obtain for himself alone something for which he, Mr. Morton, had already risked his life. With a howl of rage he threw himself upon the astonished lawyer, clutching madly at his throat.

It was from this silent struggle that the cool voice of Mr. Rives aroused them. Both men staggered to their feet, Mr. Morton reaching automatically for the revolver he habitually carried inside his coat beneath his left arm. The movement was futile; Mr. Rives' automatic confronted him, bearing its silent but unmistakable message. And to complete his discomfiture, two other men now appeared as though from the gathering shadows and added their own silent arguments to the one carried by Mr. Rives. Mr. Tresdale had said nothing at all. He stood, bent and dejected, staring at the cracker-box now lying on the grass at his feet.

"Search them!" said Mr. Rives crisply. The search was quickly and expertly made. The man who had Mr. Tresdale in charge drew from the lawyer's pocket a small round package wrapped in tissue paper. Mr. Rives opened it, disclosing the six jade medallions.

"You will witness, Russell," he said, "that these were found upon him. And you, McTavish." The men nodded. Mr. Rives thrust the medallions into his pocket. "Anything on the other one?" he asked.

"Nothing but this hardware." The man addressed as McTavish grinned, extending a clasp-knife, and a heavy revolver.

"All right. Take 'em along. Your car's here, of course."

"Yes, sir. Down the road a piece, in the bushes."

"Good. I'll take charge of this." Rives picked up the cracker-box that lay at his feet. "And you can say to the chief that I'll be along in a little while; and that he'd better have someone up from the District Attorney's office at once, to take care of the necessary papers."

"Very good, sir." The two detectives moved silently off with their equally silent prisoners. Mr. Morton, however, after a step or two turned.

"I'll give you the whole dope," he shouted. "I'll come clean. This ——— tried to double-cross me, damn him."

"It's your best chance," Mr. Rives said pleasantly, "unless you have a particular fondness for the electric chair. We'll take your confession later on and I may as well tell you that your friend Pete was arrested in Detroit last week."

With a shudder, a screaming oath, Mr. Morton passed into the shadows. Audrey, who with Stetson had stood some distance away, watching the amazing spectacle, came up, her eyes like moist stars.

"What does it all mean?" she asked breathlessly.

"Suppose we go into the house," said Mr. Rives with a queer smile, "and I'll tell you."

XXIV

THE dusty old library was illuminated by half a dozen candles which Stetson had unearthed from a closet in the pantry. The electric current had long since been turned off.

Mr. Rives stood with his back to the wide and blackened fireplace, smoking a cigar. On the couch at the other end of the room sat Stetson, oppressed by vivid memories of the night he had once spent, bound hand and foot, upon its velvet surface. On a small stool near the piano Audrey sat very erect, her eyes fixed admiringly upon the countenance of Mr. Rives. The large easy chair before the fireplace, in which Mr. Harvey had met his death, remained unoccupied; from where he sat, Stetson could almost imagine that the old man still reclined in it.

"There are so many things I feel I ought to tell you," Mr. Rives began, blowing a cloud of cigar smoke into the air, "that I scarcely know where to start. But as far as my connection with this case is concerned, it began about three months ago.

"I happen to be a good friend of Inspector Fallon, of the Detective Bureau in New York, and also something of a student of unusual crimes. My name, I may as well tell you, is not Rives, but for the present we will let it remain so.

(Continued on page 46)

Ripe pineapple, the tasty slices floating in tempting juice—what a delicious dessert! It's the perfect ripeness that makes it so good.



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The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 45)

W
Wrigley's is as beneficial
as it is pleasant and lasting.

R
Regular use of it will aid the
teeth, appetite and digestion.

I
It cleanses the teeth, removing
food particles that cause decay.

G
Good gum is good for you -
doctors and dentists affirm this.

L
Let the children have Wrigley's
for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E
Eat wisely, chew your food well and
use Wrigley's - after every meal.

Y
You will note a marked improve-
ment in your health and spirits.

S
Smiles come easier, breath is
sweeter, the world is brighter with
Wrigley's
F 27
"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



In the underworld, with which I happen to be rather familiar, I am known as 'Spike' Rives, and my specialty," he laughed with whimsical gaiety, "is to carry out 'inside jobs,' jewel robberies, in the homes of the idle rich.

"One night, about three months ago, I happened to be discussing with Inspector Fallon the matter of this Harvey murder. It did not come, of course, directly under his department, since the murder took place in Westchester County, and not within the limits of Greater New York. But the county authorities, believing the murderers to be New Yorkers, had called on the city Police Department for assistance, and Inspector Fallon had been rather nettled at his failure to produce any results.

"THERE had been no clues whatever to go upon. The robbers had used rubber gloves, leaving no finger prints. The testimony of Stetson had been of no value since he had never seen the robbers at all, having been struck down, from ambush, by means of a sandbag and rendered for the time being unconscious. All we knew was that Mr. Harvey had been murdered and his safe rifled of its contents. The only motive for the crime was robbery, and as Stetson had failed to say anything to the police about the bracelet, there did not exist a single clue by which we could hope to run down the thieves. So far as Mr. Tresdale was concerned, there was no reason for his being even remotely suspected.

"The usual course, in the case of extensive jewel robberies, is to watch the pawn-shops, the 'fences' through which stolen goods, such as jewelry, are usually disposed of. But for some unusual reason, not a single stone was pledged or offered for sale, in spite of the fact that we knew, from Stetson's testimony, that Mr. Harvey's safe had contained hundreds of them. We could understand, of course, the robbers' caution, in the case of large, individual gems, certain to attract immediate attention, but we thought it queer that the thieves did not make an attempt to dispose of some of the smaller and less valuable jewels. Not a single stone, so far as the police were able to determine, was ever put on the market. The case seemed to be an insoluble mystery.

"During the rounds which the Inspector's men were constantly making, of the small antique and pawn-shops, it had come to their attention that a young girl, usually accompanied by an elderly man who seemed to be a servant, was conducting a similar search, having as its object the recovery of certain pieces of jade. At first this attracted no particular attention, but when it was discovered, as it of course was very soon, that the young woman in question was Mr. Harvey's granddaughter, and the man with her Mr. Harvey's former servant, the matter took on greater significance.

"It was at this point that I came into the matter, Inspector Fallon having sought my advice and aid. Knowing me to be fairly familiar with the underworld and particularly with that portion of it which specialized in jewel robberies, he thought I might have heard something which would lead to the unravelling of the mystery.

"By good fortune I happened to be following you, Miss Blair, on the day you visited the shop kept by Sternberg and bought the piece of jade. I entered the store a few moments after you left it, and asked the old man certain questions, designed, in case he knew anything about the origin of the pieces of jade, to frighten him a bit. He supposed me, of course, to be just an ordinary customer, but the sudden interest in these jade medallions, and particularly the request you, Miss Blair, had made for a list of the customers who had purchased them, began to worry him the more he thought about it, particularly as the medallions had been bought from a man named Mandel, who is a 'fence.' As I expected, he went to see Mandel that night, and I followed him. Mandel, fearing trouble, tried to locate the man who sold him the stones—a young Italian gunman named Pete Moretti, or 'The Snowbird' as he is called from his habit of using cocaine before going out on a 'job.' Unable to find him, learning that he had left town, Mandel got in touch with his friend Sam Morton, known in the underworld as a 'finder.' It was Mr.

Morton's part, as a rule, to locate good 'jobs' without taking any active part in them, but in this case he seems to have departed from the usual practice of his profession.

"Mandel's efforts to locate the Snowbird, his warning to Morton, were, of course, known to us. And we knew, too, that Morton at once communicated with Tresdale. We thought at first that he had gone to the latter as a lawyer, with a large criminal practice, for advice, but both were constantly shadowed, while the police all over the country were notified to apprehend 'Snowbird' Pete.

"At this point the police closed down on Mandel, put him through the third degree, and under severe threats he was forced to suggest to Morton that an attempt be made to recover the jade medallions at once and thus make away with the only existing clue to Mr. Harvey's murder. In making this suggestion to Morton, Mandel agreed to supply a man—an expert jewel thief—to carry out the 'job,' and I was selected, by arrangement with the inspector, to do the work.

"My first attempt, of course, was to secure from Sternberg a list of the persons who had purchased the jades, but this I was unable to do. The old man had become frightened and neither begging nor threats could get a word out of him. And the sketchy entries in his books, which we of course examined, meant nothing to anyone except himself. I was, therefore, forced to depend, Miss Blair, on the list in your possession.

"The recovery of the first jade, that owned by Mrs. Cole, on Long Island, was, of course, very simple. As soon as I found you had not secured the medallion from her, by purchase or otherwise"—here Mr. Rives smiled broadly—"I went to her, exhibited my credentials, and explained that her pendant was stolen property, whereupon she at once gave it up. I confess, Miss Blair, that I did not understand your game until Mr. Morton unwittingly gave me a clue to it that night. He discovered, in the crevices of the engraving on Mrs. Cole's pendant, a scrap of modelling wax.

"It was after that, that I came to you, sought your cooperation. I realize perfectly why you refused to give it to me. You did not trust me and I do not blame you. But I could not, in the circumstances, be frank with you—put my cards on the table. There was too much at stake, and in my work I find it best never to disclose my plans to anyone. So I decided to follow you, to help you in what I considered your utterly fantastic idea that the pieces of jade contained a message.

"At Miss Valentine's apartment, where the second medallion was recovered, I went up the fire-escape, with the full knowledge of the hotel people, in order to enable you to escape. Had I helped to break in the door, I should have been obliged to disclose my hand by arresting you. I followed you to the Hollywood Arms, was in the lobby when you went up to Miss Valentine's apartment. As soon as the negro maid, by escaping from the bathroom, gave the alarm, I rushed for the fire-escape and mounted to where you were. I looked in the jewel casket, of course, to make sure the piece of jade was there—you might have stolen it, you know—and when you had gone I unbolted the door, let in the hotel people, and pretended that you were one of my assistants engaged on a delicate mission. Of course, you had no right to break into Miss Valentine's apartment without a search warrant, but I smoothed that out with the young lady later on when telling her that the jade she had in her possession was stolen property.

"The case of Miss La Rue and her earrings was more simple. My assistants, following and watching you and Stetson at the Red Arrow Inn, saw him empty the gasoline tank of her car, and as soon as this was reported to me, I knew you were going to waylay Miss La Rue and her companion and hold them up. A telephone message from the Inn to the point where I had my car in waiting on the Rye Road, told me when you left, and my arrival on the scene was, if I do say it myself, timed to the minute. As soon as you drove off I explained matters to Miss La Rue and took possession of her earrings. She was only too glad to turn them over to me.

Do you know, I believe you gave that young lady the thrill of her life. She'll never forget it.

"The affair at the Bayou was forced upon me, against my better judgment, by my fears for your safety. If, after I had secured the information about the stolen watch-fob from Mr. Rockwell, I had turned the matter over to the Detective Bureau, I could have recovered the jade without a struggle, but I knew that if I did that, and left you to your own devices, you would go to that hell-hole, the Bayou, by yourself, and that thought I could not endure for an instant. And I knew, too, that you were testing me—that if I took the least advantage of your confidence, you would hate me for the rest of my days. But when I got out of that place by showing my badge to the patrolman, I knew that I had you to thank for saving my life. If that water-bottle had ever hit me"—he laughed whimsically, and Audrey colored.

"It was that night, in your apartment, Miss Blair, that I first became convinced that there really was something in your notion about a message on those pieces of jade. I wonder if you have any idea what it was that convinced me?"

"No," Audrey said, shaking her head, "I haven't."

"It was that imitation diamond."

"But I don't see yet—"

"You will in a minute. I was convinced that night that there was a message on the jades—a most important one. And when I turned them over to Morton in return for the five thousand dollars Mr. Tresdale was paying me through him, I mentioned the matter—left Morton a copy of the translation.

"IF I had *not* thought there was such a message, I should have had Morton and Tresdale arrested then and there, although the mere possession of the jades, without some sort of a confession would have been very inconclusive evidence on which to send them to the chair. All I could do was to prove, by the testimony of Stetson and yourself, that the bracelet in which the jades were originally set had once belonged to your grandfather, but I could never hope to convince a jury with as little evidence as that. We had 'Snowbird Pete' under arrest in Detroit by this time, but he would admit nothing beyond the fact that he had gone into the house on the night of the murder, found the old man dead, and picked up the bracelet from the floor. We believed, of course, that Tresdale had planned the robbery to obtain possession of Mr. Harvey's jewels, but we couldn't prove it. He must have heard, in some way, that your grandfather had converted all his securities into gems.

"On the strength of that glass diamond I laid a trap for Mr. Tresdale, by telling Morton about the message on the medallions. Morton, I felt, was too stupid, too unimaginative to see anything in it, but I knew that Mr. Tresdale was not, and I thought I knew, and events proved that I was right, that as soon as he had learned about the message, studied it a bit, he would come to Tarrytown and do just what he did.

"I made certain that Morton would follow, by having a message sent him to the effect that Tresdale was trying to doublecross him. You see, they both knew something that nobody else knew, although I had begun to suspect it."

"What?" questioned Audrey, as he made a smiling and dramatic pause.

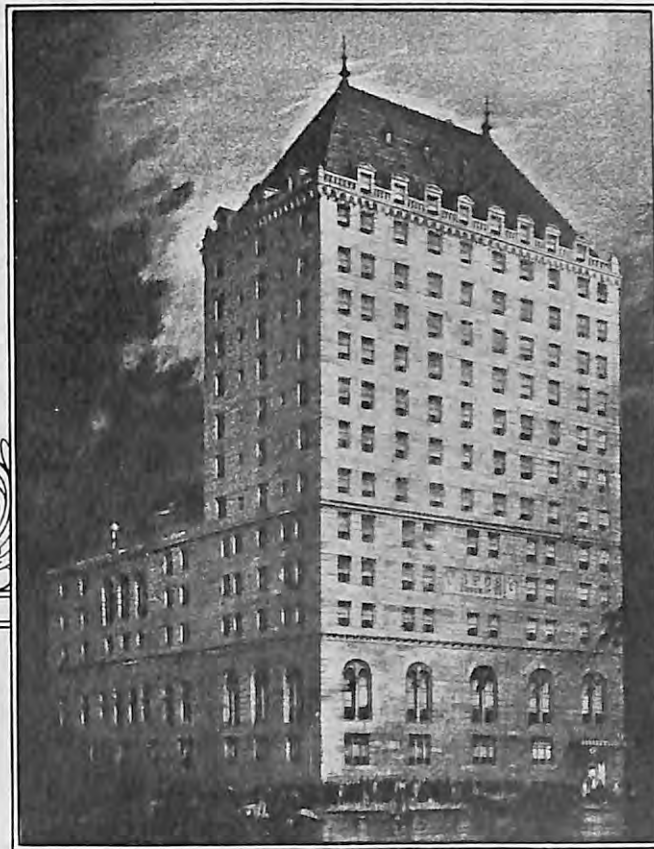
"That your grandfather's jewels had never been stolen at all!"

"What?" exclaimed Audrey again, in a queer voice. As for Stetson, he stood up and gazed at Mr. Rives as though he thought the latter quite mad.

"Don't you know, sir," he said, "that I found one of them—a diamond—where the robbers had dropped it on the floor?"

"Yes, Stetson, I know. You found a diamond, it is true, but unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, it was a glass imitation, and not a real one. The way I figure the thing out," Mr. Rives went on quickly, "is this. Your grandfather, Miss Blair, feared that his jewels might be stolen. He also feared, in case he put them somewhere else than in his safe, that robbers, not finding them when the safe was opened, would probably subject him to horrible tortures in an effort to make him disclose their whereabouts. We know of too many cases,

(Continued on page 48)



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The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 47)

unfortunately, in which the most fiendish cruelty has been resorted to. What more natural, then, for an eccentric old man like your grandfather, to fill his safe with imitation gems and hide the real ones somewhere else? In the darkness, the hurry of escape, the jewels all carefully stowed away in convenient little bags, there was not one chance in a thousand that the robbers would discover their mistake until the next day, and I knew that if Mr. Tresdale, or his hired crooks, had made such a mistake—had walked off with a lot of fake gems—the suggestion of a message on the jades would come to them with tremendous force—

"Why then!" exclaimed Audrey eagerly, "the message really—"

"Just a moment," said Mr. Rives, with his gayest of smiles. "When you left me, after our little luncheon, we had gotten as far as 'The Finger of Time,' 'The Lengthening Shadows,' and 'The Lotus Bud' had stumped us. While you were gone, however, I figured out that the shadow Mr. Harvey meant must have been that of the sundial, 'The Finger of Time,' and I saw that in the course of another half hour it would strike full on the old marble vase in the corner. I was just examining this vase when I heard a signal from one of the men I had placed on watch in the house an hour or more before we arrived. This signal, a whistle, told me that Mr. Tresdale had put in an appearance. But before I turned away from the vase I saw that it was decorated with a girdle of carved lotus buds, and that on

one of them had been cut a tiny arrow, pointing to the pedestal beneath!

"The rest you know. Mr. Tresdale pushed the vase over, disclosing the hollow space in the pedestal. In that space lay this cracker-box. And in this cracker-box," Mr. Rives concluded as he opened it with a dramatic gesture, "he found your inheritance!" Lifting the bag, which Mr. Tresdale had torn open, he poured a shimmering cascade of jewels upon the library table.

"For several moments the other two occupants of the room gazed at the glittering mass, held silent by its magic. Then Audrey gave a long sigh.

"It's wonderful!" she whispered, "but I'd be a lot happier if grandfather were here to claim them."

"So should I," Mr. Rives rejoined, regarding her with a wistful smile, "for then, when I ask you a question I've been meaning to ask you ever since we first met, nobody could accuse me of being a fortune hunter."

The color in Audrey's face, the sparkle in her eyes, matched those of the gems upon the table. Quite unmindful of the old butler's presence, she faced Mr. Rives, her chin in the air.

"If I thought you'd let a little thing like that stop you," she said waving her hand toward the pile of jewels, "I—I'd be willing to turn them all over to Stetson!"

It was then that Stetson, with a noiselessness born of forty years in service, melted from the room like some vagrant shadow.

THE END

The Magnificent Gesture

(Continued from page 8)

hatchetman. "There is no elbow that bends outwards. They will not listen to him. Useless!" he repeated. "As useless as measuring the ocean with a jackal's tail. Nag Hong Fah is right. Matter alone counts."

The priest's features, yellow as old parchment, curled in a slow, queer smile.

"Nag Hong Fah is not entirely wrong," he admitted. "Matter counts indeed—if used by a just spirit. Why—" with sudden, startling laughter—"tell me: is not a window matter? And hands—" his laughter peaked—"clever, agile hands—are they not matter, too? Ahee!" he sucked in his breath; was silent; put his fingers together, delicately, tip against tip; vouchsafed no replies to the other's puzzled queries.

THAT night, at the hour when Yu Ch'ang was in the habit of attending to his sacerdotal duties, exorcising evil spirits, burning incense before the idols, beating gongs and cymbals, and explaining these rites, and lying frightfully to the personally conducted rubberneck-wagon tourists—that night the latter found the joss temple locked and barred.

The "personal conductor" interpreted the closing rapidly, mendaciously and picaresquely.

"One tough egg—that priest!" he cried into the megaphone. "Guess he's out doin' a little killin' on his own hook. Dangerous spot, ladies and gents—as dangerous as sellin' safety razor blades at a barbers' convention!" He waited for the laugh; went on: "On your left, ladies and gents, ye'll see the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace—one of the most notorious joints. . . ."

He rambled on romantically, his voice cutting shrilly through the night where lemon and elfin-green lights sprang against the violet of the sky, while all about coiled the Pell Street and Bowery symphony, bloating in volume as, with dying day, bloated and heaved the dark smouldering passions of the city.

A pocket flask shivered against a stone. A foul curse was answered by throaty, malign laughter. Came the tail-end of a cloying gutter ballad; a shouted, obscene joke already old when the world was young; more curses and laughter; a sailor's maudlin mouthings; a woman's gurgling contralto:

"Aw—chase yerself, yer ugly Chink stiff!"
The drama of the city. The comedy. Life, writhing, clouting, fighting—killing eternally to recreate eternally.

Drama, comedy, life—up there on the second

floor above Yung Long's wholesale grocery, where P'u Lun, the lawyer, had his office.

This office, with its safe, its steel filing cabinets, its roll-top desk and shelves of prosy law tomes bound in pig's-skin, was immaculately modern and American. The only intruding Mongol note was in the painted, baroque bird's-nest balcony that ran the length of the window and was ornamented with a peacock-blue pot where homesick Cantonese lilies bent their heads beneath the greasy Pell Street soot.

The greater part of the room melted into shapeless gloom like a cavern. Only the place near the window—its shade half drawn, flopping dismally in the wind, giving a lean glimpse of balcony and firescape—was lighted by a single green-shaded electric bulb that centered its rays on a small table, touching the sill, and on the faces of three men.

P'u Lun faced the window; at his right side sat Wen Ching, at his left, Shen Ho. The two avoided looking at each other. They inclined their heads politely when the lawyer apologized for the lack of light, explaining that something had gone wrong with the electric switch.

There was momentary silence in the room. The night noises of Pell Street seethed up in frothy, brutal streaks.

"You sent for me—why?" came Shen Ho's low, morose voice.

"I sent for you both," replied the lawyer. "On business?" demanded Wen Ching; and, as his face was Shen Ho's double in color and outline, so was his voice exactly like the other's in pitch and tone and inflection.

"On business—decidedly!" replied P'u Lun. He reached across the table and pulled the flopping window shade down a little. "All your other affairs are settled. Remains the matter of the jade bracelet. You—ah—you have not considered the possibility and virtue of honorable compromise?"

"No!"—hard, dry.
"No!"—the hard, dry echo.

Again silence in the room. Again the noises of the street seethed up: the gliding sing-song of Chinese coolies; the rumbling overtone of the elevated around the corner on Chatham Square; the sardonic hooting of a four-ton motor dray; the ineffectual tinkle-tinkle of a knife-grinder's bell.

P'u Lun rose, went to the safe, opened it. He returned a few moments later, looming up dramatically in the ring of uncertain light as he

(Continued on page 50)



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The Magnificent Gesture

(Continued from page 48)

bent over the table. He dropped the bracelet with a soft thud. It was very beautiful: emerald-green, translucent, carved by a forgotten artist of the Bright-Clear dynasty.

Instinctively Wen Ching and Shen Ho reached out eager hands; withdrew them at the lawyer's warning:

"Wait. The ownership is not yet decided."

"It is mine!" said Wen Ching stolidly.

"Mine!" as stolidly asserted his former partner.

THEY looked up simultaneously.

Their sloe-black eyes met; never dropped, never wavered. It was like a duel to the death between two evenly skilled fencers, handling evenly tempered blades.

"I am willing to pay more for it than the assessed value," said Wen Ching. "I offer nineteen thousand dollars."

"And I twenty thousand!" rejoined Shen Ho, rather scornfully.

"Twenty-one thousand!"

"Twenty-two. . ."

"Please!" interrupted P'u Lun. "I know you. You are both stubborn. You would fell a tree to catch a blackbird. You will end by offering all your possessions, including your ancestral tablets, for this trinket."

He touched the bracelet, giving it a slight push. It slid across the smooth mahogany table, coming to rest flush against the window-sill.

Silence again.

"The light is very bad," said the lawyer, half rising and reaching toward the lamp.

He fingered the socket. The bulb flickered; stammered; went out.

"Damn!" he exclaimed in English; and as Wen Ching and Shen Ho started nervously: "Wait! Perhaps I can fix it."

Once more he busied himself with the bulb, unsuccessfully.

"Wait!" he repeated.

It was now quite dark in the room. Then, as the window shade moved in the breeze, jerking to one side, a sharp, clear, thin silver moon-ray stabbed in. Gradually it broadened, lengthened. There was a haggard, creaking noise outside. A furtive silhouette etched itself on the balcony.

Wen Ching and Shen Ho did not see. They were staring into the dark, trying to watch the lawyer's futile attempts with the electric fixture.

Then a hand reached quickly through the open window. Groping, yellow fingers leaped from the outer blackness into the moon's silver wedge. They picked up the bracelet just as Wen Ching and Shen Ho, hearing the scratching, slithery sound, looked down.

"Oh!" they cried in unison; stretched out trembling, protesting arms—but already the thieving hand had disappeared. So had the bracelet.

They jumped up, toward the window. At exactly the same fraction of a second P'u Lun screwed the globe tightly into the socket. The sudden flow of light blinded them. They bumped against each other; staggered; regained their balance; rushed out on the balcony.

They saw a thin figure, dressed in purple brocade, glide down, land on the pavement with a little soft plop like some great cat, run across Pell Street, lose itself in a maze of dancing shadows, its pattering feet vanishing in the night's rollicking lurch of noises. As quickly as their clumsy, obese bodies would let them, they followed down the fire escape.

They reached the street.

One fell.

"Oh—did you hurt yourself?"

"No. . ."

"Here—let me help you!"

One hand reached down; the other up. Once clasped the fingers did not let go. Hand in hand they ran across the street as many years ago, in Canton, they had run hand in hand, playing their childish games.

P'u Lun watched from the window. He laughed. So did the people in the street as they saw the two, still hand in hand, running awk-

wardly: ludicrous figures, old, fat, puffing, their queues flying in the wind.

They stopped for breath.

"I—I saw the thief . . . I think it was . . ."

"Yes. I recognized the purple robe . . . you mean . . .?"

"Incredible! But—yes—Yu Ch'ang—the priest . . ."

"Shall we go and see?"

"Yes! Look!" Shen Ho flung up a plump hand, aiming it like a pistol at the joss temple.

A moment earlier its window had been dark. Now lights flared up in back of it, orange and vermilion. Came the broken rhythm of a gong, the clash of cymbals, a faint, reedy chanting.

"Come!"

More slowly they mounted the stairs to the joss temple. They were so old, so fat, so tired. They entered. Yu Ch'ang was kneeling before the Buddha of the Paradise of the West, his hands busy with gong and cymbals, his eyes staring at the idol's calm, unearthly features.

"Om ma-ni pad-me! Hong!" he chanted monotonously. "Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!"

He did not seem to be aware of the two men's presence. For he did not turn. Shen Ho was about to step forward when Wen Ching took him by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered; and the other, following the pointing finger, saw there, like a sacrifice on the Buddha's lap, the carved jade bracelet.

"Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!" the priest's voice rose clear and strong as he kowtowed again and again. "All things are illusion! Pain is illusion—and the sun and the moon—the many living stars—and flowers and trees and rocks!

Wealth is illusion—and gold and silver—and jade! Illusions all—formless or multiform! Only the spirit is permanent! O Buddha—"

with the suspicion of a sob—"grant Thou to Wen Ching and Shen Ho the blessed wakefulness of peace! Even as the tortoise withdraweth its extremities into its shell, O Excellent Lord, help Thou Wen Ching and Shen Ho to withdraw their unclean hate and greed into the exquisite purity of perfect remorse, perfect understanding!"

He was silent. He lit an incense stick. He watched the smoke rise in opalescent spirals, veiling the Buddha's face, veiling the jade bracelet with gold and gossamer gray.

"Come!" whispered Wen Ching to Shen Ho.

OUT on the street Shen Ho laughed softly.

"The priest was right," he said, "and yet wrong."

"How?"

"Right—when he spoke of hate. Wrong—when he spoke of greed. For it was not because of my greed that I wanted the bracelet."

"No?" Wen Ching looked up, with the glint of a smile in his oblique eyes, the curl of a smile on his thin lips, as if he knew what was coming.

"No?" he repeated. "Then why . . .?"

"I wanted it for you, as a present. I wanted to give it to you as a token of my love and friendship, next month, at the *Ch'ing Ming* festival."

"And I—" said Wen Ching—"I wanted it for . . ."

"For me?"

"For whom else, pray?"

"And now," came Shen Ho's low words, "the Buddha has our bracelet."

"The Buddha is welcome to it. We are men of simple living and simple tastes. What would we do with a precious jewel? What would a bald man do with a comb?"

"What indeed?" echoed the other.

"Will you come to my entirely worthless house and sip a cup of quite wretched tea?"

"Gladly, O wise and older brother!"

So they walked on.

Pell Street was all about them: with its reek and riot; the whine and stumble of its tinny, jazzy sounds; the flinging of its chimneys against the muddy night sky; the violent, ragged fragments of its lust and envy; the burst and bang of its footling pleasures; the nasal moan of its dark passions.

They neither saw nor heard.



Father Had No Tact

(Continued from page 27)

"The neighbors will think we're crazy," protested Wilse, sitting erect in bed, "letting him make a noise like that at this unearthly hour." But young Mrs. Rebeck was adamant, and insisted early rising for once in their lives would do the neighbors good.

What the neighbors thought of it, Wilse never found out. He was not as yet on speaking terms with the community. Some men living on the same road nodded when he passed, but the ladies remained aloof. Wilse respected their reserve, but Father was different.

It was the third or fourth night that Mrs. Wilse reported that Father had had a very nice chat with Mrs. Next Door across the hedge that day. Wilse groaned, but could not find out what had passed between them. He could imagine the raised eyebrows on the dowager face of the president of the Woman's Club. With new ironclad resolve, he closed the front door each time Father broke out into song. When his wife protested, Wilse mentioned something about drafts.

Then one Saturday noon Father came home late for lunch.

"Well, you won't need to get supper for us hungry hounds to-night, Harriet," he greeted. With the pleasure of a Santa Claus distributing presents, he laid at each plate a pink ticket printed in blue.

Young Mrs. Wilse picked up hers with interest. It provided "admission and supper for one at the social room of the Lombardy Park Fire Home from five to nine Saturday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lombardy Park Community Church."

"Why, isn't that fine, Father!" she declared, pleased. "Where did you get them?"

"Oh, I bought them from a fellow up the alley," said Father.

Witse and Tom exchanged glances.

"Does he work up the alley?" fished Tom.

"I see him up in the garden of that big house with timbers around the outside upstairs," said Father. "He's a Pennsylvania Dutchman, like us. He told me he couldn't talk English till he went to school. We talk Dutch together most of the time."

"The gardener at the Bordner place probably," said Wilse, trying to keep his voice level.

"I don't know what his job is," said Father.

"He's lame and pretty well up in years. We get along good together. I'll have to bring him down some day."

Witse looked at the ceiling.

"Dinner ready?" asked Father. "Well, I'm ready, too, or Reddy's brother. You start right in. I want to wash my hands a little first."

When he had vanished upstairs, Wilse looked grave.

"I hope you have a nice time at the church supper, Harriet. But please don't expect me."

"Nor me," said Tom hastily.

"Why, what do you boys mean?" demanded young Mrs. Rebeck with surprise.

"I wouldn't go along with him to such a thing in Lombardy for a thousand dollars," said Tom.

"He'll talk to everybody he sees."

"If I were you," began Wilse, "and knew as much about him as I do now, I'd tell him I had already prepared dinner for to-night."

"After he's bought the tickets!" exclaimed his wife. "I'll do no such thing."

"Well, unfortunately, then, I expect a client," regretted Wilse.

"That's right!" declared Tom as if with sudden thought. "I promised to go with Chick Hollingsworth to the movies."

"Tom and Wilse Rebeck!" exclaimed young Mrs. Rebeck. "I am ashamed of you. After your father has spent his money to please you! When he's so happy about it, too. Why, his eyes shone when he came in!"

"That's what made them shine," said Wilse.

"He was thinking of all the strangers at the supper he'd have a chance to sidle up to and—"

"He was not," replied his wife indignantly.

"He was thinking of giving us a nice supper that I wouldn't have to go to the bother to prepare."

"Anyhow—" began Wilse.

"Anyhow," interrupted his wife with flashing eyes, "for once in my life I am going to be bull—"

(Continued on page 52)



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Father Had No Tact

(Continued from page 51)

headed. You boys are not going to make your Father feel badly by not going to his supper. If you make excuses, I shall tell him right out that you told me you were going to lie to him just to get out of going with him."

"You wouldn't do that, Harriet!" declared Wilse, paling.

"You try me, and see," replied his wife. There were sparks in her eyes that her husband had never witnessed there before. He hesitated.

"Be reasonable, Harriet—" "Sh. Here he comes. We're going. It's all decided. That's all there is to it. I'd be ashamed. Both of you!"

APPEARING chastened and somewhat helpless but not entirely penitent, the brothers kept their faces partly lowered as Father came to the table. He did not seem to notice that anything was wrong. His spirits had never been higher. Anticipation of the church supper had evidently raised them. He told several Pennsylvania Dutch stories that neither son had heard before. Both had to laugh despite themselves, first at the story, then again to hear Father explain it in English to Harriet.

About mid-afternoon Wilse, who had decided to make the best of it, suggested getting away to the supper early to avoid the rush. Father said nothing to this. Mrs. Wilse, however, whether by purpose or accident, took so much time to dress that the clock on the mantel struck six as they opened the front door of the house to leave.

"Doggone it, Wilse," whispered Tom as they left. "I just thought of something. I was only in that Fire Hall once, but I'd swear they have a piano on the platform upstairs."

"I knew it," said his brother with a grim mouth.

The Lombardy Park Fire House was a sort of community center. The borough council met here. So did the Children's Playground Association and a number of similar organizations. The social hall was on the second floor. It contained a platform for entertainments, and had been equipped with a kitchen for suppers and kindred affairs.

To-night long tables had been spread on the main floor. The stretches of immaculate white were decorated with flowers in ornamental vases from prominent Lombardy Park homes. A number of ladies in white stood about or made their way to and from the kitchen bearing trays.

The tables were only half-filled. Wilse breathed easier when he saw this. Presently they were seated, and he decided with relief that it was not going to be as bad as he had feared. Father joked with the lady who waited on them and said "good evening" to several others, but there was no offense taken and Wilse felt steadily better. About six-thirty there was quite an influx, and the tables rapidly filled.

"We'll have to hustle along now and make room for others," mentioned Wilse, not without secret pleasure.

Father ignored the suggestion. For the past several minutes, in fact ever since his eldest son had discreetly nipped his telling the story of the Dunkard preacher's funeral sermon about stealing cherries, he appeared restless and restrained. Wilse was sorry, but felt entirely justified. Across from him sat a well-groomed, successful looking gentleman and his expensively gowned daughter. A Pennsylvania Dutch story in front of these was simply out of the question.

He was glad when the Lombardy Park preacher, a rather young, smoothly-combed, man, climbed the steps to the platform. Wilse hoped he would speak until it was time to go. The minister cleared his throat.

"On behalf of the ladies who have provided this very excellent repast here this evening, I have been requested to announce with regret that the pianist, violinist and cellist whom they had engaged for the evening were unable at the last moment to come, owing to the critical illness of the father of the pianist and the cellist, who are brothers. The ladies desire everyone to know that the absence was quite unavoidable, in fact, entirely so, much as it is to be regretted."

He coughed.

amateur musicians might favor the rest of us with a selection, either vocal or instrumental. It would—er—lend a pleasant note to the supper. I am sure we would all enjoy it, including myself."

He left the platform and stood to one side near the steps as if waiting for the first volunteer performer to appear. No one, however, came up.

"Why, I don't believe anybody's going to do it!" exclaimed father, pained.

"I guess everybody's waiting for somebody else to break the ice," suggested Harriet so innocently that Wilse could have thrown his napkin over her head and carried her from the room: He noticed with quick dismay that Father was making a movement as if about to get to his feet.

"You're not finished yet, Dad?" he asked hastily.

"Just about," allowed Father. He had a certain eager look in his eyes that gave his son a flood of misgivings.

"Dad," whispered the latter, trying to keep his voice level. "Sit down. Please sit down."

Father didn't seem to have heard him. He had pushed back his chair, and now started across the floor among the tables to where sat a stout, dignified old gentleman with a fiery red face and gold eye-glasses. The latter saluted Father with a friendly wave of his white cuff, then held his great head to one side to listen to what Father had to say. Whatever it was, he laughed and made a shooing gesture with his hands. But Father was not easily dampened. Taking hold of one of the shooing hands, he attempted to pull the other man to his feet.

With a sickening feeling, Wilse looked away. When he had the courage to look back, Father and the stout dignified old gentleman were making their way up to the platform and everyone was looking after them with interest and anticipation. Father's companion, as he walked, supported himself with a cane. There was something familiar in his limping, yet imposing gait.

"That's J. Peter Bordner!" ejaculated Tom in his brother's ear. "I heard him talk to the graduating class at Tech last June."

THE room grew steadily quiet. When the two men reached the platform, Father tried the stool. It was too low and he made an effort to raise it, but evidently turned it in the wrong direction. A little ripple ran over the audience as he gave it up and made the best of it as it was. At this his companion showed his teeth and made a stiff bow. Then, propping himself securely with his cane, he took his position facing the audience beside the piano.

"Now neighbor!" came Father's slightly Dutchified voice. "Just like old times!" With his final word, Father's hands banged out three solemn chords of "A-a-men" as a prelude, and they were off.

Jhony Schmoker, consht du shpiela?
 Ich con shpiela meine drummy.
 Rubbydubbydub, das iss mein drummy.

Johnny Schmoker, consht du shpiela?
 Ich con shpiela meine pfeify.
 Fillywillywee, das iss mein pfeify.
 Rubbydubbydub, das iss mein drummy.
 Mein fillywillywee,
 Mein rubbydubbydub,
 Das iss mein drummy.

As they struck the refrain, each took alternate lines.

"Rubbydubbydub, das iss mein drummy!" bellowed Father's stentorian voice.

"Fillywillywee, das iss mein pfeify," piped the high, cracked tenor of the retired president of the Penver railroad.

They sang it through to the fifth refrain:

Quack, quack, quack, dass iss mein doodlesock.
 Suum, suum, suum, das iss mein cymbal.
 Fillywillywee, das iss mein pfeify.
 Rubbydubbydub, das iss mein drummy.
 Mein rubbydubbydub,
 Mein fillywillywee,
 Mein suum, suum, suum,
 Mein quack, quack, quack,
 Dass iss mein doodlesock.

Whether it was the natural drollery of the naive number, the prestige of Father's partner or the amusing simplicity of the dialect, the

audience smiled broadly before the first verse was done. And when Father hastily closed with the same solemn "A-a-men" chords with which he had started, there was a hearty outbreak of laughter and handclapping. Father's dignified companion bowed as deeply as his stoutness permitted. Then, observing that Father merely sat on the piano stool beaming with pleasure at the ovation, he laid his cane vigorously over the back of Father's neck and compelled him to make a sitting bow. This was greeted with a fresh volley of appreciation.

As the two performers made their way down from the platform, a number of Ladies, Auxiliary members ran up to meet them with laughing compliments. The young preacher himself came forward with a hearty hand and a pleased, indulgent smile. Important looking men and well-gowned ladies reached out congratulatory hands to the retired president of the Penver Railroad, and incidentally to Father, as the two passed between the two tables.

AT HIS own table beside Father's vacant chair, now grown surprisingly distinguished, Wilse was conscious that his young wife was looking at him with glowing cheeks and radiant eyes. He did not dare look at Tom. Abruptly he became aware that the well-groomed, successful looking business man across the table was smiling to him in a friendly fashion.

"Your father's quite a singer." He extended a hand across the cloth. "My name's Arthurs—J. Howland Arthurs—I'm glad to know you."

Wilse managed to reply in kind, with his own name, though his tongue was a bit unsteady. Keeping his head, he introduced his happily flushed wife and the stunned Tom, all of whom therewith met Mrs. Arthurs, one of the auxiliary members, a motherly woman in white, and the daughter, high bosomed and pleasant like her mother, in expensive gown and hat.

While the three ladies chatted together cordially, Wilse tried to believe that this was J. Howland Arthurs, vice-president and treasurer of the Eastern Electric Light and Power Company. His mental processes were very gradually interrupted by the proximity of a new, strong perfume. Glancing about, he found the dowager, silk-clad form of Mrs. Next Door, the president of the Woman's Club, at his elbow.

"I know your father. So I feel I know you," she was saying, oh, so pleasantly, holding out a plump hand. "Did you ever hear anything more excruciating than your father and Mr. Bordner this evening! Mr. Wheeler says they might have been a pair of professional headliners from Keith's. Everyone thinks it was lovely of them to volunteer. . . . Oh, how do you do!" This latter across the table to the Arthurs. "Do you know our neighbors, the Rebucks? . . ." Then to Wilse and Mrs. Wilse and Tom. "So glad to see you here. Try to run across the lawn some evening to see us. Neighbors should be neighbors. We shall expect you."

Wilse turned to J. Howland Arthurs as she moved graciously away.

"Doesn't it seem a little warm in here to you?" he wondered.

Up to the Eyes in Fiction

(Continued from page 20)

This is a big canvas to splash away at, but Mr. Train has broad brushes and vivid colors. He knows Wall Street, and the file cases of big corporations and the inside of board rooms and he knows the people connected therewith. He knows them in the market place, in their palaces and in the mines that run the palaces. With such intimate and clear knowledge, and with his lawyer's power to state a case logically and dramatically, you can see that he is adequately armed for his job.


This is a man's tale. A story of blood and sand, and of the eternal conflict of human being against human being.

The Little French Girl

By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

IF YOU have not already read this distinguished story (which is, in fact, more than a story, being a profound study, in contrasts, of English and French thought and standards) go and get it at once.

(Continued on page 54)



BEFORE the coming of the law of property came man's instinct to protect his family and his home—with the dawn of history came civilization and the common law—both recognizing this instinct as right and just.

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No, dear reader, the gentleman will not be arrested. He is just one of the few perverse males who still insist on carrying their tobacco in a tin can instead of a Locktite.

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Up to the Eyes in Fiction

(Continued from page 53)

It has been said that women appreciate this book more than men, but we doubt that. Why should they? The thing that interests most thinking men and women is—other men and women. Both are found in this candid and fascinating and significant piece of work, so we think that its appeal must be quite universal.

In brief, the little French girl, Alix, tender daughter of the lovely but mysterious Madame Vervier of Paris, is sent by her mother to England to live awhile with the Bradleys, a hearty, bouncing middle-class family. The oldest son of the Bradleys had visited the alluring French woman during the war. That boy is now dead, but his brother, Giles, comes finally to suspect the relations of the young English captain and the mother of the girl who is now, strangely enough, their guest. They have all grown to love Alix, Giles more than any of them.

The dark story of the mother's life begins to throw little shadows, torturing little shadows, across the young girl's path. At last, the whole hideous outline lies clear before her. Which way, then, shall she move, so as to wound as lightly as possible, her mother, Giles, the Bradleys' glorious memory of their hero?

Tense and unforgettable are many of the pages of this remarkably well-written book. Delicacy of thought and delicacy of touch do not weaken the tremendous situation that lies hidden from the very first. There is a fine, insistent pulse that beats its way through this story, making you keep your fingers on it up to the very last page.

A study of life and character. It judges nobody, yet it leaves indelible pictures of life's cruelty and beauty.

Sard Harker

By John Masefield

MASEFIELD, the poet, or Masefield, the novelist, the romancer, the teller of a wild tale of an English sailor who follows a dream, who tries to find the girl of this dream, and in that following comes upon the most unbelievable and crazy adventures? And, at the end, when the reader as well as the hero and the heroine are at the point of complete exhaustion, *he finds her!*

Well, as for us, give us Masefield the poet. We would just as leave let someone else write our wild tales of South American republics in the throes of revolution, of dream ladies, of quicksands, of jungles, knives in the back and awful pagan rites. There are lots of fellows around who can turn this stuff out. But no one can write Masefield's poetry. Someone should shove these gentlemen into their proper places.

After reading this astonishing book (which, we must admit, we gobbled up whole), we can only attempt to describe it with words such as *gusto*, *furioso* and others ending in o. Maybe, just "O!" itself.

It is breathless, it is totally impossible, in so far as anything is impossible, and it is "bloody as anything." Read it if you like, but don't think that just because Mr. Masefield dashed this off in red ink with the other end of his pen on fire you have to think it is a great yarn.

We don't think it is.

Julie Cane

By Harvey O'Higgins

"*ANYTHING is possible*—" says Mr. O'Higgins, "and I offer in proof of it, first, *Julie Cane's father*."

Yet that father, a visionary, down-at-the-heels, unsuccessful, small-town grocer, manages, somehow, to instil into his little girl, Julie, a pride of being, a heart of oak, and a spirit of sunlight.

No sensitive and lovely daughter of a shabby grocer has an easy time of it trying to keep her head above water, as anyone knows who has dwelt among the tepid, stupid superiorities of a small community. Julie's way was hard. It was complicated by a whining mother and more by Alan Birdsall, a boy, cruelly twisted emotionally and a type which menaces many a group of young people.

This story of Julie Cane is a surprisingly simple piece of work. The straight line of its telling,

its slim, young central figure, its steadfast adherence to the points under consideration—(Julie, her development, her dangers, her ultimate victory and happiness)—make the book a decided pleasure to read.

This tale has been acclaimed as "one of the outstanding novels of the year." But what book does not have that claim made for it by someone? And we are not saying that in any spirit of doubt or dismissal. What is one reader's "outstanding novel" is not another's, that's all. If we were to write a novel like "Julie Cane" (and would to heaven that we were only clever and learned enough to do it!) we would expect people to like it—very much; to say that it was an honest and painstaking and fine piece of work, but not that it was great. Perhaps Mr. O'Higgins thinks just like that.

A great play should, we maintain, make your knees knock together, or your mind click suddenly, like the shutter of a camera. And don't you think that a great story should have an approximate mental or emotional excitement? Quite honestly, we didn't get either from "Julie Cane"; but we did receive a sense of deep and gentle understanding and sympathy.

Plumes

By Laurence Stallings

TWO excellent books have been written by American veterans of the World War, who have returned to struggle through the "aftermath," each according to the fire in his heart and the wounds on his body.

Last season Larry Barretto's "A Conqueror Passes" flared for a good long while on the book stalls with its passionate story of a young soldier's search for peace in his own breast after it had been declared in the trenches. The book made a hit because it so obviously poured from a rich font of feeling and idealism. It was a fine piece of work, reviewed in these pages at length and with many congratulations.

Early this season another voice, recounting the price of patriotism and telling it to us with a voice sharp with pain and cut across with gusts of bitter humor. The author was a captain of the Marines at Belleau Wood, where he lost a leg. He came home to his young wife and began the tragic search for some place in the world into which a broken man could fit.

This story in the main is biographical. It is a pleasure to know that as far as the author himself is concerned, the place has been definitely found. Mr. Stallings is the co-author of that most successful play, "What Price Glory!" which since the early autumn has been packing a large theatre on Broadway with record-breaking audiences.

It all proves, beyond everything except that one doubt in a thousand, that he who writes of what he is himself a part stands the longest chance of writing well.

The Green Hat

By Michael Arlen

IF YOU are completely grown up and partly sophisticated you may read this astoundingly clever story of Michael Arlen's. You will then feel very young and terribly sophisticated—which you will doubtless enjoy. But don't let the youngsters get hold of it. It is much too clever, the wicked people in it are much too fascinating and the whole thing written in such a brilliant, epigrammatic and provocative way that they will never give it up to you, which will be bad all the way 'round.

This is the story of a beautiful but "uncensored" lady in a little green hat who drives up to the hero's door at an outrageous hour of the night and most unceremoniously never goes completely out of his young life again. The little green hat is the first thing he ever sees of her and, at the last, when she has come to a most tragic end, there is the little green hat in his hand.

There's much, much more than that, of course. The tale of many troubled loves, and all that sort of thing. The most emancipated and sparkling and cutting and smartest people in England fill the pages with dizzy conversation.

(Continued on page 56)

Earth's noblest thing, wrote Lowell. A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, wrote St. Chrysostom a thousand years ago.



Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and many other saintly, noble, and able women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing, a woman," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, however, are no more unusual than those of thousands of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in



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Up to the Eyes in Fiction

(Continued from page 54)

After you've read this much-talked-of novel, you will probably forget what it is all about, but you won't forget the breathlessness of the writing, nor the wicked wit, nor the flashes of philosophy, nor the surprise of meeting things you've laboriously thought of yourself suddenly held out before you balanced on the point of a rapier. You hardly dared read the phrase for fear of tipping it over and losing it.

Well, such is "The Green Hat." To talk more about it is to begin quoting. To begin quoting is to quote too much. Read it; but remember to be grown up.

Elsie and the Child

By Arnold Bennett

THIS is the same Elsie who so captured all our hearts last year in Bennett's "Riceyman Steps." Elsie married to her forlorn Joe and living with Dr. and Mrs. Raste and ruling the Doctor's kitchen and carrying on her old tricks of mothering the weak and comforting the afflicted and glorying in her advanced station in life. You will remember, she was only a drudge in the home of the penurious old bookseller when we knew her first.

This advance, however, brings its own sorrow. The Raste's little girl, the same long-legged youngster who originally discovered in Elsie the germs of greatness and beauty, suddenly developed too great a fondness for the honest creature. Such things happen. Little Miss Raste belonged upstairs and Elsie in the basement—still, the child's devotion grew and grew and wove a network of trouble around the simple servant.

Elsie being what she was, it is small wonder that Mr. Bennett would not let her slip away from him with the last page of "Riceyman Steps." This new picture of her makes a delectable addenda to the history of that most lovable of "chars."

This story is short, all too short. It does not come anywhere near filling the covers of the book, so there have been added for good measure and good luck several of Bennett's briefer tales which have recently been appearing in the magazines.

Shackled

By Ahmed Abdullah

BURNING desert dust, the shrill cries of the bazaars and the drowsy heat of the East. Such is the spell which, in the very first pages of this romance of Arab life, weaves a fine veil about you and whisks you off to a far corner of the world—very much as on a magic carpet.

But the corner, once you get there, is much like other corners. There sits an old father (of the lineage of the great Prophet), and there sits the little daughter who must be kept from knowing the world and who, forthwith, learns all about it.

The story springs into action and passion from the very first, and the Oriental scene is the scene this author knows so well.

The romance, we notice with interest, is dedicated to Miss Lenore Ulric, who would make,

without a shadow of a doubt, a most adorable Gouthia (the daughter) if ever this story were to find its way to the stage or the screen. Indeed, it seems to us that Achmed Abdullah must have had her in mind all the while he was writing this romantic novelette.

Not a dull moment. Heaps of local color. Youth, beauty; love, all under desert skies. What more is left!

The Isles of the Blest

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

"Love, yes; but no chains. Love that leaves each free of the other, or at need to run a thousand miles away and be alone . . ." and so on.

SO THEY had run away from each other, this strange bride and her husband, because love had begun to cling and tug and imprison.

But they ran, each secretly, upon the same ship sailing to South America, and the first night out they discover each other on deck. There's a mighty good situation for a novelist to present in the first two chapters of a story! What can they do? How will they act? Will the little break for freedom hold, or will the chains descend upon their wrists again?

Mr. Steele has spun a yarn, a real yarn, here, and many will find rich entertainment within the pages of this exciting book. The pictures the author draws of the days in the tropic West Indies and in Guiana are excellent. The writing holds the reader, and the story, while sensational in a measure, has the virtue of being stimulating and in spots truly dramatic.

How to Work Your Way Through College

By Raymond F. Sullivan

THIS very excellent and unusual book has crept into this talk among the novels this month because we felt that there is no time like the present for telling our readers about it.

Based on personal experience (the author earned every cent of his college expenses) this volume cannot fail to inspire a lot of boys to go to college next year who, otherwise, might feel that their education had, of necessity, to stop with High School or Academy.

One hundred thousand youths in American colleges and universities are proving today by their own resources that insufficient means are not an insurmountable barrier to higher education. Neither does a boy have to be a genius to be able to earn his way through such halls of learning.

Girls, too, as well as boys, are shown the illuminating way. Bureaus of Self Help exist in practically every college in the country, and scholarships are more numerous than the average boy imagines.

However, any boy who wishes to "go on," who has good health, ambition, energy and common sense, should read Mr. Sullivan's practical advice. It is inspiring and it will, without doubt, make a lot of fellows sit up and stretch their muscles.

Sonnets Inspired by the Order

By William F. Kirk

Fidelity

THE tiny needle pointing to the Pole,
The gentle rain that comes when fields are dry,
The faithful stars that decorate the sky
While on their courses myriad planets roll—
These things bear testimony to the soul
That somewhere in the boundless fields on high
Reigns Life forever, Life that cannot die,
Life everlasting, Time beyond control!

The Brotherhood of Elksdom does not mourn
For its Departed when the Reaper gleans.
We live to die that we may live reborn
Amid the glory of celestial scenes.
Faithful we live our days 'neath God's blue sky
And faithful to the Amaranth we die!

The Amaranth

SLIM sprig of Immortality, today
We saw it on the bier of one we knew—
One who had Played the Game with purpose true
Before he drifted on the Outward Way.
Exalted Ruler, Thou to Whom we pray,
Didst Thou not give it that immortal hue,
Blending so softly with the heaven's blue?
Didst Thou not crown Life monarch o'er Decay?

Knights of The Antlers! Brothers one and all!
Within your hearts enshrine this bit of green!
The shifting years, like tides that rise and fall,
Are bearing our small barques toward Sunset's sheen.
'Twill be our Olive Branch that Death's White Dove
Brings Home to prove the deathlessness of Love!

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

"How the Best People May Make Best People"

Under the above head the following editorial, commenting on the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Price to Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge No. 5 appeared recently in the Cincinnati, Ohio, *Commercial Tribune*:

"The Elks of the local Lodge entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler, himself an Ohio man, and in turn were given a treat in the inspiration of good citizenship. John G. Price of Columbus, as incumbent of the national leadership of the sometimes styled 'best people on earth,' is but the latest in the line of other Ohioans who have in like worthiness filled the same position of fraternal exaltation.

"In charging his brothers that in the genius of their organization Elks are constituted guardians of the liberties and the rights of American citizenship, Mr. Price told them how. And as one very effective way he emphasized the assimilation of the immigrant.

"Strangers in a strange land, among strange people, confused by strange customs, these are material to hand for the making or the marring in citizenship construction.

"For the most part, in Mr. Price's judgment, these are poor but honest people earnestly in quest of home and happiness. Anxious to become citizens, they eagerly grasp at every avenue and agency of information in aid of these objectives. Rightly guided they become righteous citizens, wrongly steered they become a burden and a menace to orderly government. This is not their fault, but all too often their misfortune.

"It is the province of the Elks and all good citizenship, organized and individual, to give them sympathetic assistance—in a perfectly neighborly way to show them the ropes and lead them along right lines.

"Exercise the right of independent suffrage yourself, admonished the speaker, and teach these newcomers by precept and example how to do the same. They will not neglect the teaching nor will they evade the duty. They are anxious to become a part of the best of us, not the worst. It is work among these, concluded Mr. Price, that offers practical service for Elksdom.

"And that which is excellent, practical social service for Elksdom in this especial field of endeavor is just the same sort for all Americans in individual and organized expression."

Lawrence, Mass., Lodge Gives Clock For New Home of Lowell, Mass., Lodge

A beautiful mahogany chime clock was presented at a recent meeting to Lowell, Mass., Lodge No. 87 by Lawrence, Mass. Lodge No. 65 as a token of the friendship that exists between the two Lodges and the gift now graces the handsome lounge-room of the new Home.

A large delegation of the members of Lawrence Lodge came to Lowell for the presentation, which was made by Exalted Ruler John J. Burns on behalf of the Lodge. James E. Donne'y, Exalted Ruler of Lowell Lodge, expressed the deep thanks of the entire membership for the thoughtfulness and generosity of Lawrence Lodge.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Grand Exalted Ruler Price

On Saturday, January 31, Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22. The program arranged in his honor began with a visit to the powerful municipal radio station WNYC, where a short program was broadcasted. Here the Glee Club of Brooklyn Lodge sang several songs and addresses were delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning.

Leaving the radio station the party proceeded to the Home of Brooklyn Lodge, where a reception was held, at which time hundreds of the members took advantage of the occasion to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler. A musical program

(Continued on page 58)



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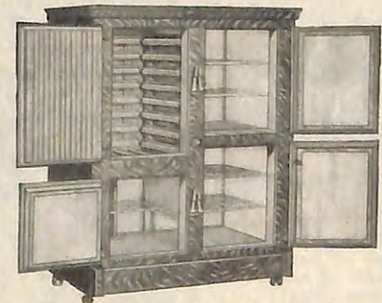
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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 57)

was rendered, and Charles M. Newins, Senior Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, made a brief address. Following the reception there was a banquet, at which addresses of welcome were made by James T. Brady, Exalted Ruler, and Joseph A. Guider, President of the Borough of Brooklyn.

James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and Joseph T. Fanning also addressed the diners. An Eleven-O'Clock Toast was delivered by William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1.

Following the address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the toastmaster of the occasion, Past Exalted Ruler Albert T. Brophy presented Mr. Price, on behalf of Brooklyn Lodge, with a chest of silver containing 220 pieces.

Judge Conway of Grand Forum Appointed to High State Office

Judge William J. Conway of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge No. 693, a member of the Grand Forum, was recently appointed by Governor Blaine of the State as a member of the Wisconsin Tax Commission for a full term of eight years. This is one of the most important appointive offices in the State and comes as a fitting reward of merit to Judge Conway's long record of service as County Judge of Wood County.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Host To Grand Exalted Ruler

For the first time in fifteen years San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 had the honor of a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. It was a great occasion for the members and equally enjoyable for Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. He was given a welcome, the warmth of which made him understand how deeply the Lodge appreciated his coming. Not only did the members extend the hand of hospitality, but they were joined in receiving and entertaining Mr. Price by city and county officials, representatives of other fraternal organizations and the army. As the climax of his visit, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an eloquent address before a large audience of members and their families and friends, following a reception given in his honor at the Home on Pecan Street. In the course of his stay in San Antonio, Mr. Price visited the Alamo, and was escorted through the new Scottish Rite Cathedral at the invitation of Herman H. Horner, Potentate of Alzarfar Temple.

William W. Koons, "Father of Minnesota Elks," Dies

Elks throughout the State of Minnesota, and his many friends everywhere, deeply mourn the passing of William W. Koons, Treasurer of the Minnesota State Elks Association at his home in St. Cloud. Mr. Koons was known as "the father of Minnesota Elks," for it was largely due to his enthusiasm and efforts that the State Association there was organized over twenty-one years ago. Mr. Koons was its first president, and continued to be a loyal worker in its behalf from that time on, never failing to be present at its annual meetings.

Mr. Koons was a member of St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516 and was born at Marion, Ohio, where he has been buried. His death is a real loss, not only to the Elks of Minnesota, but to the Order at large.

Members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Visit Panama Canal

Thirty members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22 and their ladies who recently made a special trip to Panama were met on their arrival at the Cristobal dock by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. M. Davies, J. Lang Wardlaw, Exalted Ruler, and Arthur W. Goulet, Past Exalted Ruler of Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge No. 1414, and a large number of members accompanied by the famous Coco Solo Navy Band.

The tourists were taken to the Gatun Locks, where the party boarded the yacht *Engineer* for

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a three-hour trip through the Canal. On arriving at Pedro Miguel they were met by another large delegation of Balboa Lodge members with motor cars, and then came more sightseeing to the places of interest around Panama. This was followed by an open-air *sancocha* dinner and a native entertainment at Old Panama. The visitors then boarded a special train for Colon, where a dance was given in their honor at the famous Strangers Club.

Annual Tournament of Elks Bowling Association Opens March 28

The Annual Tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America will be rolled on Hagerty's Interurban Alleys at Toledo, Ohio, beginning Saturday, March 28, and will continue over a space of three weeks, possibly more, dependent upon the number of entries.

The Bowling Association is strictly an Elk organization which is growing steadily every year. No one but Elks in good standing in their home Lodges can participate in its tournaments.

Every Lodge in the country is invited to send at least one representative to the coming tournament. The entry fee is \$3.50 per man in each event: five-men, two-men and individual; in addition to \$1.50 per team Association dues. Valuable prizes given every year have made the tournament one of the most hotly contested in the country. Further information can be had by writing Jack Hagerty, care of the Interurban Bowling Parlors, Toledo, Ohio, or John M. A. Galen, 2579 Fairview Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Shenandoah, Iowa, Lodge to Give Prize Radio to Listeners

On Wednesday evening, March 11, Shenandoah, Iowa, Lodge No. 1122 will broadcast a program from Station KFNF, which operates on a 266 meter wave length. The program will begin at 6:30 P.M. Central Time and will last until 9:30 P. M. Lodges and members having radio sets will do well to tune in on this, as Shenandoah Lodge announces that it will give a number of prizes to listeners. A fine Elk pin will be first prize, this going to the member who hears the program from the greatest distance.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Welcomes Grand Exalted Ruler

Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Grand Chaplain Rev. John Dysart, Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price recently paid his official visit to Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34. Following a banquet at which many distinguished citizens of the city were present, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his staff held an informal reception in the lobby of the Home, where a large number of the members greeted them. The Elks Band, which won first prize at the Boston Grand Lodge Convention, rendered a special program before the meeting which was held in the large auditorium. Hon. John W. Smith, Mayor of the City and a member of Detroit Lodge, extended a warm welcome to the Grand Lodge officers. Speaking in response, Mr. Price delivered an address that was most enthusiastically received by the large audience. Speeches were also made by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Chaplain and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain. James Bonar, the Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge, introduced the speakers of the evening and spoke interestingly of the progress of the Lodge during the past four years. Following the meeting a vaudeville performance was given.

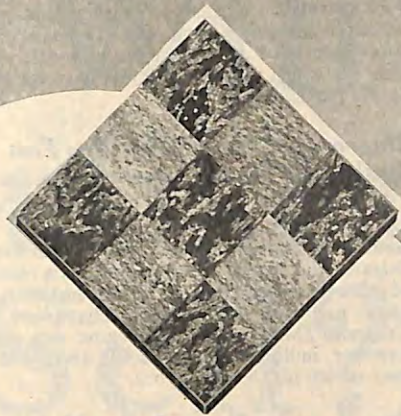
It was the universal opinion of all the old-timers of the Lodge that the evening was the best social session and reception ever given a Grand Exalted Ruler in Detroit.

Members Make Gifts to New Home Of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge

Many members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 have signified their desire and intention to contribute some special furnishing to the new Home, which will stand as a memorial to their love of the Order, and show their personal interest in the beautiful building. Gifts of chimes, mural paintings and a Lodge room clock have already been made by various members.

(Continued on page 60)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 59)

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Provides Food and Fun for Children

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge No. 86 was recently host to 125 youngsters from the Glenn Home for Dependent Children. A turkey dinner was served in the dining-room of the Lodge, and this was followed by a special entertainment, and a dance in which the older children from the institution participated.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Has Fast Basketball Team

The basketball team of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge No. 378 has had great success on the courts this season. The team has met and defeated the New York Nationals and a number of other professional teams. It has lost only one game, and that to the world champions, the Celtics. The score in this game was close, however, indicating that the Elk team was no easy match for the champions.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Makes Trade Trip a Success

Members of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216, accompanied by an all-Elk band, took part in the recent excursion of the city's business and professional men to the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Nearly 500 made the trip which was done to cement the friendly relations existing between San Antonio and the numerous thriving communities in the section visited. Among the towns that welcomed the visitors were Harlingen, Mission, San Juan, Alamo, Weslaco and Mercedes.

Woburn, Mass., Lodge Helping Work of Safety Council

Woburn, Mass., Lodge No. 908, in common with other Lodges in the State, is putting its shoulder to the wheel and showing a willingness to cooperate with the Massachusetts Safety Council. Every member of the Lodge has been asked by Exalted Ruler Charles H. Cosgrove to use every precaution in the operation of motor-cars and thus give all assistance possible to the Council in the great work undertaken in the community—the conservation of human life.

Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge Reports a Year Of Growth and Activity

Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge No. 106 is closing a Lodge year that has been marked by prosperity, many outstanding social and welfare activities, and a large increase in membership. Among some of its successful achievements has been the organization of a Glee Club of forty members which holds a high position in the musical life of the city. The Lodge also recently redecorated its Home and conducted an Invitation Membership Campaign that added 130 new names to its roster.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Lodges in the State of Washington are planning to hold a great electrical parade in Portland, Ore., which should be one of the outstanding features of the Grand Lodge Convention next July.

A leading part was taken by New Orleans, La., Lodge in raising funds for the newly established "Community Chest" of the city.

As a result of an Invitation Membership Campaign, St. Charles, Mo., Lodge recently initiated the largest class since its installation nearly twenty-five years ago.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge has organized a Choral Society which is rapidly making a name for itself.

There were close to 200 members and their ladies present at the annual New Year's party given by Everett, Mass., Lodge.

A Past Exalted Rulers Association which meets

monthly has been organized by Austin, Minn., Lodge. O. J. Simmons has been elected President and Harry Rutherford, Secretary.

Everett, Wash., Lodge held a three-day celebration on the dedication of its new Home.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge recently organized a Crippled Kiddies' Committee which has already done much good work.

The Elks Bowling League has been organized in Eastern Massachusetts and a tournament in which the Lodges of this district will participate has been planned.

The charity bazaar conducted by Anacortes, Wash., Lodge was a huge success and netted a very tidy sum for the Lodge's welfare work.

Close to 100 candidates were recently initiated by Norristown, Pa., Lodge. The ceremony was held in the City Hall and was enlivened by several special features.

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge will stage an elaborate historical pageant next summer at some point on Hood's Canal.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge is making plans for the initiation of a large class of candidates early in March. Special arrangements are being made in celebration of the event.

A large number of Lodges in Southern New Jersey were represented at the celebration held recently by Camden, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of its 25th anniversary.

Lorain, Ohio, Lodge is planning to initiate a large class of candidates on its anniversary in March.

The best Carnival Mask Ball in its history was recently held by Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge.

Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge recently was host to forty orphaned and crippled children.

Portland, Me., Lodge will have a minstrel show this year.

Covington, Ky., Lodge fittingly celebrated its 30th anniversary with an old-fashioned stag social.

The Annual Ball to be held this year on March 17th by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge will celebrate its 25th anniversary.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, which spent over \$2,000 last year in helping the needy of the city, recently staged a minstrel show to replenish the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge is considering the purchase of a new Home.

The annual Charity Ball of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge was held this year at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. This was the twenty-second event of its kind conducted by the Lodge.

Kingston, N. Y., Lodge observed its 25th birthday. A special entertainment was enjoyed by the members and the many distinguished visitors who were present.

Great success attended the Elks Minstrels staged by New Haven, Conn., Lodge. On the evening following its premier at the Shubert Theatre the members of the cast journeyed to the Allingtown Hospital, where a performance was given before the patients of that institution.

President of the New York State Elks Association, James A. Farley, accompanied by Exalted Ruler Howard L. Jersey of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge and Past Exalted Ruler Charles D. Engle of the same Lodge, recently made his official visit to Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, where he was enthusiastically greeted by a large gathering of the members.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge has celebrated its 25th anniversary.

Over 1,000 youngsters were recently guests of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, who gave them a

(Continued on page 62)

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and this 14 Karat Solid White Gold Rectangular Wrist Watch set with four full cut, Genuine Diamonds comes to you all charges paid. Highest grade 15 ruby and Sapphire Jeweled Movement. Lifetime guarantee. Price only \$42.50.

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P. S. Give the Elk's Magazine credit
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Make \$50-\$75-\$100 a Week



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DO YOU want a job that pays big—a job where you are your own boss—where there are no limits to the amount of money you can make? Here it is.

We are a big, substantial New York firm. We need salesmen to sell our high class clothing. We give you all the assistance any man could possibly ask for. We supply you with an outfit that reduces selling to an easy, pleasant occupation even if you have never sold before. And we back you up with the finest clothes ever sold for \$24.75—Latest N. Y. styles—splendidly tailored of fine, long-wearing woolsens. Clothes you will be proud to sell—clothes that bring big repeat business.

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These kits make it astonishingly easy to sell Harrison Clothes. Kit A (free) is best if you want to try out selling Harrison Clothes. Kit B is a large sized specialty man's kit, elaborately cased. Kit B is also expensive we have to ask for a deposit of \$3 before sending it. Mail the coupon for your kit today.

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Send me, free, Kit A [] (Check the kit you want).
Send me Kit B—enclosed is my check for \$3 []

Name.....
Address.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 60)

special vaudeville entertainment and distributed toys and candy.

The newly organized band of Braddock, Pa., Lodge gave its first concert before a large and enthusiastic audience. The band is composed of twenty-five pieces and every player is a member of the Lodge.

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge is considering the desirability of constructing an addition to its Home, to provide a large auditorium, pool and billard rooms and bowling alleys.

Hampton, Va., Lodge has made generous contributions to the Kings Daughters Hospital and to the work of the Visiting Nurses Association.

A banquet and an entertainment by vaudeville stars were the leading features of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge's 31st Anniversary.

Leo Henderson, a member of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, who recently made his home at Camp 62, Big Creek, Calif., is being anxiously sought by his parents, we are informed by H. P. Christian, Secretary of his Lodge.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge recently contributed a sum of money to the Albany County Tuberculosis Committee to assist efforts in stamping out the White Plague.

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge will charter a special train to Portland, Ore., so that a large number of its members can attend the Grand Lodge Convention. This Lodge now has 1,200 members and will soon dedicate its new \$100,000 Home.

Melvin G. Winstock was recently presented by Portland, Ore., Lodge with a beautiful engraved platinum membership card case in recognition of his splendid Memorial Day Address.

David Moses of New York Lodge No. 1 has generously donated a handsome silver cup to the New York State Elks Association as a Drill Team Trophy to be competed for at the State Convention, which will be held June 1-3 at Niagara Falls.

L. J. Christopher, Trustee of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge was recently made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his untiring efforts in building up the devastated districts of France.

Portland, Ore., Lodge has under consideration a plan to assist worthy boys and girls of talent to secure an education fitted to their abilities.

Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, Mass., is turning over all royalties he is receiving from the sale of phonograph records of his address of welcome and Eleven O'Clock Toast at the last Grand Lodge Convention to the Massachusetts State Elks Association for the benefit of the wounded veterans in Massachusetts hospitals.

Montclair, N. J., celebrated its 21st anniversary by breaking ground for the handsome new Home which it is erecting on Park Street.

Quincy, Ill., Lodge is already occupying its new Home, though the formal dedication of the building will not take place until some time in the spring.

Stuttgart, Okla., Lodge reports that fire recently destroyed its quarters and that all furnishings and supplies were lost.

The Executive Committee of the Boston 1924 Grand Lodge Convention, through its chairman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Timothy E. McCarthy, has donated \$500 to the Massachusetts State Elks Association for the benefit of wounded and disabled veterans in Massachusetts hospitals.

McMinnville, Ore., Lodge has voted to contribute \$1,000 to the 1925 Grand Lodge Convention fund of Portland, Ore., Lodge.

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Such promises have been made before—but note this fact well—this offer is backed with a written guarantee of results or money refunded.

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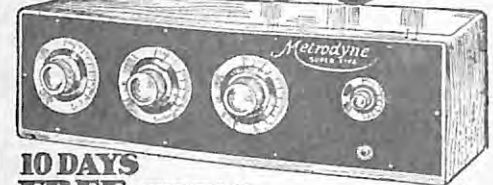
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Mars ("Come On") Cassidy

(Continued from page 29)

only was nosed out at the finish. If I only had fixed the judges, too, I would have won."

Mars Cassidy drew back his right, but he did not let it go. The joke was on himself. It seems that the stranger's horse had accidentally beaten the barrier, and that he was quite convinced that this was done through the good-will of the starter.

At the old Monmouth Racetrack, Cassidy, a little late, was stopped by a dapper young man wearing a white carnation in his buttonhole. He halted Cassidy and, like the Ancient Mariner, fixed him with his glittering eye.

"Listen," said the young man, "I have a sure thing in the second race. It can't lose. Now I want you to get down a big bet on it. You can see me afterward at the paddock."

Mars Cassidy stumbled upon the joke of his career. He had come upon a tout who did not know him. It was evident that he had never even seen Cassidy, for the starter once seen is very easily remembered.

"I'll get down the bet of my life," said Cassidy promptly, "and if the horse wins I'll fix you up handsomely."

"Oh, he will win all right," replied the tout. "You can shoot all you have right on his nose."

After starting the second race, Mars Cassidy proceeded to the judges' stand, as is his custom, and took a look at the board. The horse upon which he had been touted won. Of course, by this time he felt sure that the tout had found out who he was and that the joke was over. He was walking across the lawn when the tout seized him and whispered hoarsely, "How about my bit?"

The joke was getting good. The tout had not yet found out that Cassidy was a track official. "I'll see you a little later," said Cassidy. "I haven't had time to cash my tickets."

"Put it all back on—— in the fifth race," said the tout.

"I'll do it," said Cassidy, the practical joker.

Coming in from the start of the fifth race, Mars Cassidy again looked toward the board. The second winner given him by the tout had won. Theoretically Cassidy should have cleaned up a trifle more than a hundred thousand dollars. He felt sure that at last the joke was over. But as he crossed the lawn, the tout again seized him. "Come through," he demanded. "Come through."

Cassidy hurried away to mount the wagon to be driven to the starting-post. He was certain that the tout must have been following him with his eyes. But after the race was over Cassidy was again seized upon by the tout.

"Come on, now," said the tout. "You come through, or I'll start something."

By this time Cassidy was weary of the joke and angry. He flung the tout aside and told him, "On your way."

"You dirty welcher," screamed the tout, and he proceeded to grapple with the starter. Mars is by way of being a very handy man in a melée, but the tout was a husky youngster and they were grappling on the lawn when the Pinkertons intervened and ejected the tout.

A few nights later Mars Cassidy was standing in a Philadelphia café with some of his friends. Suddenly he saw a familiar figure at the end of the bar and the man was starting to move toward him. Remembering that the tout had threatened shooting, Cassidy thrust aside the friend who stood between him and the tout. He expected to be shot at and faced the tout waiting for the draw.

"Mr. Cassidy," said the tout, "I just wanted to tell you that when Captain Duhane told me who you were, I felt like a blankety-blank fool. I gave up trying to be a tout then and there and I got myself a job. I would like to buy you a drink because I took you for a soft one once. It was my mistake and it is my treat."

The tout confessed that he knew nothing much about races or race-tracks. It seems that he read somewhere an article on the art of tout-ing and decided to try it. He dressed himself according to the mode prescribed for touts in the magazine, and he selected his own horses. In this he had "beginner's luck." But he picked for his first victim Mars Cassidy, who knew every

(Continued on page 65)



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This is the famous Fyr-Fyter trademark identifying the most perfect fire prevention device ever invented.

Mars ("Come On") Cassidy

(Continued from page 63)

trick over every race-track in the world. That convinced him that his judgment was not good.

There is one jockey who has become the pet aversion of Mars Cassidy. This one is little "Pony" McAtee; for McAtee beats the gate, and he beats it in spite of all that Mars Cassidy can do.

McAtee was doing this so frequently and so consistently that some of the suspicious ones on the lawn were beginning to say that Cassidy was giving McAtee the best of it. Whispers do not annoy Mars Cassidy. His reputation is too well established for that.

Finally somebody spoke to Cassidy about McAtee. Cassidy swore and then laughed. "Yes, he is beating the gate," admitted Cassidy. "And I can not find out how he does it. He obeys every instruction. But somehow, just as I get ready to say, 'Come on,' McAtee is off with his mount. Sometimes he almost grazes the barrier. And let me tell you something: I have made more bad starts lately just because I am watching to see that McAtee does not beat the gate than I made in all my career before."

As a proof of the fairness of Cassidy, he never fined McAtee and he never reprimanded him. A man of weaker character would have taken it out of the jockey and would have attempted to intimidate him with fines and penalties. But Cassidy always is ready to admit when the joke is on himself. When he is outguessed, he acknowledges it. His is not a one-track sense of humor.

Mars Cassidy is his own severest critic, as they say. Once and only once did he take his old crony, "Air Plant" Casey, out to see him start. The field got away in very ragged fashion, and Mars Cassidy was chagrined.

"Well, what did you think of the start?" he asked "Air Plant" Casey.

"It was a grand start," replied "Air Plant" Casey; "a blanket would have covered all of them."

"It would if the blanket was a furlong in length and the width of the track," said Mars Cassidy. "It was a rotten start, and you know it, 'Air Plant.'"

To-day Mars Cassidy is sixty-two years old and looks not much more than forty. The chances are that he will be standing on the starter's platform until he is as old as Pop Gears was when death overtook him in his sulky with the reins in his withered hands.

Some of the greatest of the modern thoroughbreds, including Man o' War, have started to the shout of Cassidy, that ringing "Come on." And the verdict of the turf the world over is that Mars Cassidy, the gallant old gamecock, is by way of being a real thought-redd himself. They call him "Come On" Cassidy.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home

(Continued from page 33)

the effect. On the third floor of the building a large tile daylight swimming pool has been installed. This has all the fittings and conveniences that go to make an up-to-date, safe and comfortable natatorium. Adjacent to the pool is a completely equipped gymnasium.

From the fifth floor to the twelfth floor, 125 living rooms occupy the space. Each room is furnished in walnut, with a gentleman's chifforobe with hanging mirror, a writing-table, bedside table, comfortable arm chair, desk chair and metal bed finished in walnut. All pieces are fitted with glass tops and linen doilies. The mattresses are all hair-stuffed and the pillows are filled with goose feathers. A bronze lamp, fitted with parchment shade, waste-paper basket, tray and pitcher are included. Each room has either a bath or shower. The floors are carpeted, and lace panels and draperies adorn all windows.

For the traveling Elk, for the Elk whose family is away, these beautiful rooms offer excellent accommodations. Moderate prices are charged for transient visitors and special rates are allowed to a limited number of members who desire to make their permanent home in this beautiful new building.

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We don't want a single penny unless the Weil Scientific Belt convinces you that it will quickly and easily help you to reduce your waist just



as it has thousands of others. So we are willing to let you try the belt for 10 days at our risk. Simply send the coupon below and full particulars will come by return mail. If you write at once, you can get in on our Special Offer. Mail coupon TODAY to The Weil Company, 133 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

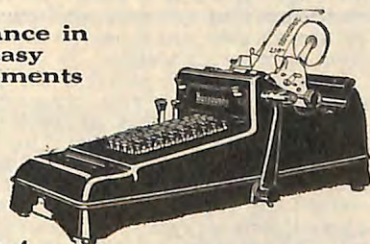
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133 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.
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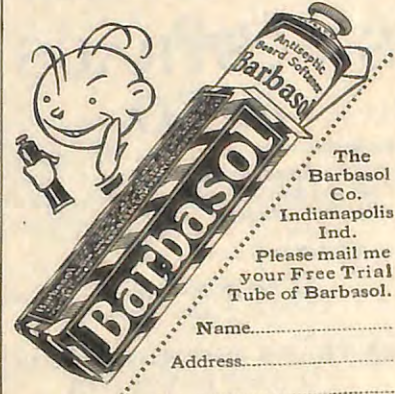
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Real Estate Bonds As Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

IT IS said that the most effective criticism always starts with an enumeration of the good points of the thing to be criticized. If, for example, you wish to write a man a particularly scathing letter, begin your epistle with compliments, and then when the time comes for the mean remarks, the contrast makes them appear so much the meaner.

Apply this principle to some special class of investments, such as real estate mortgage bonds, the subject of this article. If our purpose were to discredit these securities, we should first emphasize their many good qualities, and then we should go on to say, BUT—and by calling attention to the arguments against them, and by laying the most stress on their disadvantages endeavor to prove that it would be inadvisable for any investor to consider purchasing them. Conversely, we suppose that if our purpose were to give as favorable an account as possible of these bonds, we should begin by mentioning their bad qualities, and then, as before, say BUT—and go on to tell how really wonderful they are after all.

As it happens real estate mortgage bonds are, in our opinion, most excellent investments. This does not mean to say that we believe them perfect and flawless, however, and it shall be our endeavor to paint as true a picture of them as we can, calling attention impartially to both their good and bad points. Inasmuch as we consider their good points to be very greatly in excess of the bad ones, the picture must of necessity be rather flattering than otherwise, and so we suppose the dark side should be presented first. And here goes.

Real estate mortgage bonds, as their name indicates, are secured by real estate—land and buildings. The buildings may consist of hotels, apartment houses, business offices, warehouses, any kind of buildings at all. Now as everyone knows there has been a tremendous demand for buildings during the past few years, for during the war the building program fell way behind, and we suddenly found ourselves faced with a shortage. We started to make up this shortage as fast as we could, and with the demand brisk, real estate values naturally went up. Suppose we catch up with the demand, or possibly run ahead of it, the results will be a drop in the price of real estate, lower rentals, and a narrower margin of earnings over interest requirements on the bonds secured by this real estate. We don't say this is going to happen, for we know nothing about it, but it might. And it might happen in one locality and not in another. If it did happen, the value of real estate mortgage bonds would be impaired, and this eventuality is something the prospective purchaser might bear in mind. We Americans are liable to shut our eyes to unpleasant things, but they do exist, and it does no harm to think about them once in a while.

Some people may say that the preceding paragraph contains a poor argument against these bonds we are discussing. Perhaps they're right, and let us hope they are. But we have others. One of them is the fact that real estate mortgage bonds are not so easily sold as many other classes of bonds. We were talking with a man the other day who told us he could convert all his investments into cash at any time on three hours' notice. This factor of marketability is an important one in the rating of any investment, and it is somewhat lacking in the case of real estate issues. True, it must be admitted that most of the good houses dealing in this class of investment maintain a market for their own issues, and stand ready at all times to buy them back at a small discount. Of course, too, some people feel that lack of marketability is no drawback in a certain percentage of their investments, and they always have some which they intend to hold until maturity.

There are some things to be on the watch for, even if they are not real objections. In the first place what relation has the amount of the bond issue to the value of the property securing it? Is the valuation conservative? Is the property liable to show much depreciation? What about the company offering the bonds for sale; is it financially strong, well managed, and are their loans conservative, based upon com-

petent valuations, and made on income producing properties? All of these objections apply to other than real estate bonds, and with equal force, except for the one about the house of issue. If you deal with a good real estate mortgage bond house the chances are all in favor of your having a sound investment, but you are taking chances, it seems to us, unless you are certain on this point.

We seem now to have about exhausted our objections, and we can proceed with the pleasanter side of the case. And having just mentioned the house of issue, we should like to outline briefly how the best concerns go about making a loan. First of all the prospective borrower files an application for a loan, and it may be stated in passing that he does not always get it. A statement is required from him containing a complete description of the property which will secure the bond issue, together with valuations of both land and buildings. Every application must also be accompanied by plans and specifications. The bond house then turns this material over to its investigation department. In this department are engineers and architects who take the specifications and estimate the cost of the building without knowing anything about the valuation placed on it by the owner. Needless to say this affords an excellent check. The company's realty experts meanwhile investigate the site of the building, determine the value of the land, and the character of the neighborhood and its suitability to the improvements contemplated. The credit department looks into the financial standing of the borrower, and secures credit agency and bank reports. The whole proposal, in other words, is carefully considered from all angles, and is not accepted unless the company's officers are satisfied as to every detail. A bond must be given guaranteeing completion of the building. A title insurance policy covering the entire issue of bonds is required. Skilled lawyers pass upon the transaction. A trust company is appointed trustee of the mortgage securing the bonds, and the trustee's lawyers satisfy themselves about the form and legality of the proceedings. The trust deed, of course, must be recorded before any of the bonds are certified and delivered.

THESSE proceedings sound technical, and while they may not simplify matters for the man who is trying to negotiate the loan, they do provide safeguards for the people who buy the bonds, and from the investor's point of view that is what counts. In other words, a house which is truly particular about the kind of loans it makes is the kind of house to deal with. A good house therefore is one of the good points of a real estate bond. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is the most important point of all, and fortunately there are many real estate bond houses with long records of unbroken successes to their credit.

The first requirement of any good investment is, of course, the safety of its principal, and the income it pays is secondary. Income and yield, however, are important considerations, and one of the advantages of real estate bonds is the fact that they usually yield a higher rate of return than other classes of bonds comparable to them so far as safety of principal is concerned. This may be due to their comparative lack of marketability, but it is an argument in their favor none the less. Moreover, the properties pledged as security for these bonds are usually of a sort which enjoy steady earnings. A combination store and office building in a good location, for instance, is fairly certain to be well populated by tenants at all times, and not be affected to the same extent by the variations of business activity which make some years lean ones for a manufacturing concern. Everyone knows that a steady income, one that can be confidently relied upon, is preferable to one which, while it may be large one year, may disappear entirely at some other time.

Earlier in this article the danger of possible depreciation in the value of the land and buildings which furnish the security for the bonds was mentioned. Such danger may be present. One function of the company issuing the bonds,

however, is to see that all needed repairs to the building are made, and that it is constantly maintained in first-class condition. If this is done, and it is done by the best real estate mortgage bond houses, there is as much chance that the property will increase in value as that it will decrease.

Another advantage enjoyed by owners of this kind of bonds is the fact that they mature serially. In other words a certain percentage of them fall due and are paid off every year, so that the amount of those outstanding is being regularly reduced, and the security for those remaining is correspondingly increased. If a two-million-dollar building is bonded to the extent of \$1,250,000, and if at the end of five years \$500,000 of bonds have been retired, and if the building has been kept in proper repair, the holders of the \$750,000 of bonds still outstanding have a half million dollars more security for their bonds than they had before.

Most of the real estate mortgage bond houses have arrangements whereby securities purchased from them may be paid for on the installment plan. This is a decided advantage for the small investor, not only because it makes it possible for him to become the owner of a bond which might otherwise be beyond his reach, but because the regular saving which this method of purchase entails is good discipline for the purchaser. Bonds usually can be had in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000.

Another advantage possessed by these bonds is the fact that they do not fluctuate much in value. The owner knows at all times—provided he has bought from the right kind of a house, of course—that his bond is worth what he paid for it, and this knowledge imparts a very comfortable feeling. The common practice is for the bond house to buy back the bonds at a discount of one per cent.

One thing about real estate bonds, not always appreciated, is that the investor gets the benefit of the full rate of interest prevailing in any section where a building is financed. At least this is usually the case. The company selling the bonds deducts none of the interest paid by the borrower for services rendered either to the investor or the borrower. For example, if X. Y. Blank and Company arrange to loan the Nill Corporation \$500,000 on a building, and the corporation pays X. Y. Blank and Company 6½% interest on the loan, bonds paying 6½% interest are issued and sold to investors. X. Y. Blank and Company get their remuneration by charging the borrower a commission at the outset of the transaction, and this fee covers the entire life of the loan whether it runs for five, fifteen, or twenty years.

THE question of interest rates is an interesting one, and worthy of some special attention. These rates are dependent upon the amount of available capital, or to put it another way, are determined by the law of supply and demand. If capital is present in any given locality in quantity, interest rates are low, for the possessors of the capital naturally want to put their money to work and with the supply of capital large there is competition among the possessors of it for the people who want to borrow. If on the other hand there are a large number of borrowers, and the supply of capital is limited, then it is the borrowers who must compete for the capital. In the first case the loaners would have to be content with lower rates of interest than in the second instance. So it comes about that in and near the money centers of the country the interest rates are lower than in localities where money is less plentiful. This will explain why real estate mortgage bonds secured by properties in the South or West pay higher rates of interest than, for example, similar bonds secured by properties in New York City.

About a year and a half ago a real estate mortgage bond house made an investigation and comparison of interest rates in the Southern and Northern States of this country lying east of the Mississippi River. It was discovered that due to the scarcity of capital in the South the legal rates of interest were higher than in the North where capital was, and has been for a long time, in comparatively ample supply. Their investigation disclosed the interesting fact that in fifteen Southern States the legal interest rate averaged 7.53%, while in fourteen

(Continued on page 68)

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RESOURCES	
Loans on Collateral	\$ 8,772,005.24
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U. S. Govt., County & Municipal Bonds	9,655,159.05
Other Bonds	5,759,437.52
Bills Purchased	9,179,570.83
Real Estate and Banking Houses	778,083.68
Main Office Building	952,355.51
Other Real Estate	367,004.64
Furniture and Fixtures	128,789.99
Safe Deposit Vaults	149,479.86
Cash on Hand and in Bank	5,563,169.84
Other Assets	408,475.44
	\$54,742,086.08
LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus	1,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,208,125.46
Deposits	49,717,140.32
Other Liabilities	66,820.30
	\$54,742,086.08

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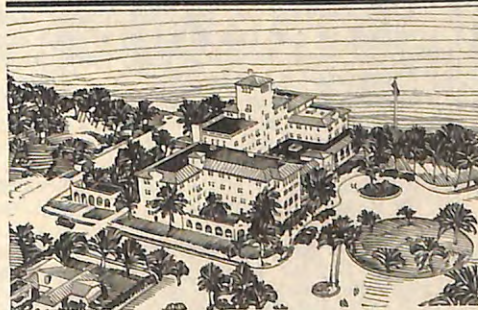
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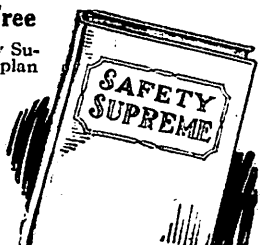
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Real Estate Bonds As Investments

(Continued from page 67)

Northern States this average was 5.85%, about 1¾% lower. Ordinarily it is assumed that the higher the interest rate the greater the risk, but that assumption scarcely holds good here. The North has always had more money at its command than the South, and has been settled industrially for a longer period. The demand for capital, therefore, is not so heavy in the North, and rates consequently are lower; in the South the opposite situation obtains, and if some Southern investments pay more than Northern ones the question is not one of safety, but of the supply of capital and the demand for it. And of course in parts of the West, too, interest rates are higher than in the East, the situation being the same as that in the South and the North.

Banks and insurance companies are large purchasers of real estate mortgage bonds, and they buy those secured by properties in various sections of the country. By doing this they diversify their risk, and they also get a higher return on their money than might otherwise be the case. And the fact that banks and insurance companies do invest in these bonds is good evidence of their worth. Certainly they possess a great many advantages, and they are really the oldest form of investment known. Practically everyone knows what a real estate mortgage is, and a real estate mortgage bond is nothing more than a share in such a mortgage, a form of investment that has been tried, and tested, and established as sound over a period covering hundreds of years.

So it is our inescapable conclusion that the good points of real estate mortgage bonds far outweigh the bad. No unqualified statement as to their safety is possible, but if the investor will exercise due care in choosing the bond house from which he proposes to buy; if he will remember that safety of principal is the most important requisite of a sound investment; and if he will assure himself that the earnings of the property securing his bond are, and will continue to be, more than ample to pay interest requirements—then satisfied on these points he can buy real estate mortgage bonds and feel that the probabilities of his having chosen a good investment are all in his favor.

Investment Literature

The Trust Company of New Jersey have recently published a very helpful booklet entitled "Life Insurance Trusts." Copy gladly sent on request.

Noyes & Jackson, 42 Broadway, New York City, and 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, will be glad to send on request an analysis of the Savage Arms stock.

S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, will be glad to send a copy of their new thirty-six page booklet, "Forty-three Years Without Loss To Any Investor."

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 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

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.

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Put Overalls on Your Dollars

An idle dollar is just a dollar. Add another to it and you have two—no more.

But, put overalls on your dollars. Let them build income producing buildings. Invest them in Fidelity First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds at 6½%.

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The Paradise of Tourists

(Continued from page 15)

day. I will pay you two dollars a week, and let me hear nothing about depreciation and price advances till I go away."

Of course he accepted gratefully, and for four months he and his were our devoted slaves.

We had not been in the place many weeks before our eyes were opened to the true sorrow of the Tyrolese. When you talked to him casually you got but little wisdom. He lamented oratorically the destruction of the glorious empire, the inconsiderateness of the Allies in not letting him unite with his blood-kin of Germany, the annexation of the richest part of his province by the Italians and many other abstract calamities of that kind. Of the thing that really gnawed at his heart he was too brave and self-respecting to say a word before strangers.

It was my wife who first was struck by the apparent thriftlessness of these folk. "Nowhere in Europe," she said, "have I seen peasants like these. They seem incapable of hanging on to a penny. They spend everything they earn as fast as it comes in. Just look at all the ridiculous elegance on this dresser. Two white hair-brushes, pray, a bone-handled hair-curler, a bevelled hand-mirror with an imitation silver back. Everything new, too. And all the gim-crack rubbish they are accumulating in their kitchen and parlor! You could never get a French peasant to invest his money in such things. I suppose the war and all they have gone through have just demoralized them."

It was true. I had not made any particular note of it, but I recalled now that on several occasions when I had given one or another of the children a few crowns they promptly ran to the store and got sweets and things for them. What a way for working people to train their offspring! On Saturdays when our man got his pay—he ran the engine on the lake steamboat—his wife would immediately bolt to the city and never return till she had disposed of the last crown. It was very odd.

Then one day my landlord came to ask a favor of me and I saw the light. For a moment he talked about the fine days we were having, and remarked that he had observed in his hunting that the rabbits were putting on a heavy coat of fur, which spelled a severe winter. Then he said:

"The *Herrschaften* have been a godsend to us. Indeed, you have saved our lives, sir."

I made some deprecating noises.

"Oh, yes, sir, it is so," he persisted. "You see how we are forced to throw our hard-earned money away, because it won't keep. We buy anything we can get our hands on rather than to see it rot in our pockets. Our youngsters get extravagant habits. But what can we do? The law forbids us to put our savings into foreign *valuta*. If it weren't for the good dollars we are getting from you we would be destitute this coming winter when there are no *Herrschaften* and the boats lie idle in the shed."

I said I was glad to be of service to him.

"Well, sir," he went on, "that is what I was coming to. If you would care to help me I should like to salt away my little surplus every week. It would be no trouble to you. You have to buy crowns at the bank anyhow for your current expenses. I should be glad to accept the same rate."

And now it is time that I pause and sound a warning. Slabs of gold are indeed to be picked up in the streets of Fairyland, but the over-greedy voyager will frequently find to his grief that they have a way of turning into gold-bricks when he gets them home. The first law of self-preservation in Europe to-day is: Man, sit tight on your dollars. Never listen to your banker when he tells you that depreciation has about reached the limit, that a turn is now due any day and that it is the part of wisdom to lay in a winter's supply of crowns or marks or whatever it happens to be. I could tell you many a sad tale of the innocents who came, changed all their money and walked home again after a week's sojourn.

In particular I recall an Irishman from London who meant to spend the season in the Tyrol. He said he was a broker at home, which makes the recital of his experience doubly delectable. I knew him only toward the end of his stay, and

(Continued on page 70)

4 inches off waistline in 15 days

by this remarkable discovery

See what it will do for you in ten days—FREE

*Without Medicine Without Dieting
Without Exercising
With No Effort at All*

"In the fifteen days I have had your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer I have reduced my waistline 4 inches," writes J. J. Collins of 5326 West Adams Street, Chicago.

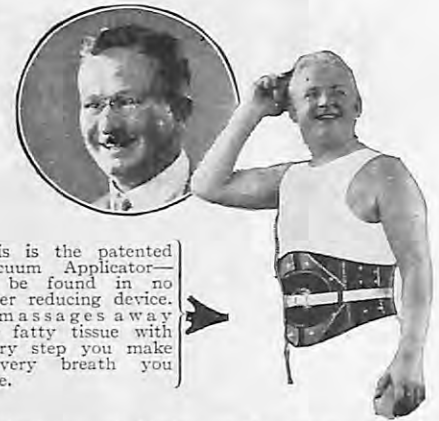
Short and to the point is this testimonial from one of the thousands of men who are regaining their normal, symmetrical figures through the use of Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Between the lines may be read many pounds of weight reduction, also, for when you take off that fatty unsightly mass about the waist and abdomen, weight is sure to fall as well.

Something entirely new

This astounding discovery must not be confused with ordinary rubber belts. It does all that they do—AND MORE. In the center and on the inner side is the patented Vacuum Applicator, which gently, surely massages away the fatty tissue with every breath you take—with every step you make. Further, it is cool, comfortable, well ventilated and made of special reducing material.

Ten days free trial for you

Just decide how much you want to reduce. Then send for Dr. Lawton's Automatic



This is the patented Vacuum Applicator—to be found in no other reducing device. It massages away the fatty tissue with every step you make—every breath you take.

Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Use it for ten days. If that trial does not convince you that it will do for you what it has done for Mr. Collins, your purchase deposit will be refunded.

Sign your name and address to the attached coupon. Send it to Dr. Lawton. It will bring you full description of this remarkable reducer and details of the FREE TRIAL OFFER. Don't miss this opportunity to get rid of that unsightly paunch.

ACT RIGHT NOW—WHILE THE COUPON IS BEFORE YOU

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Easy to make with new sure-fire plans. Sells on sight to every auto owner. Phillips, Ont. writes "Sold 2 dozen today, 3 dozen yesterday. Rush 10 dozen." Write for special Free Demonstrator Offer and FREE deal to introduce these wonder spark plugs in your territory. Write quick—today.

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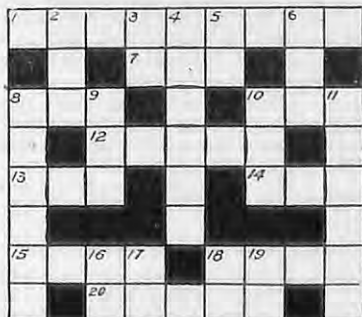
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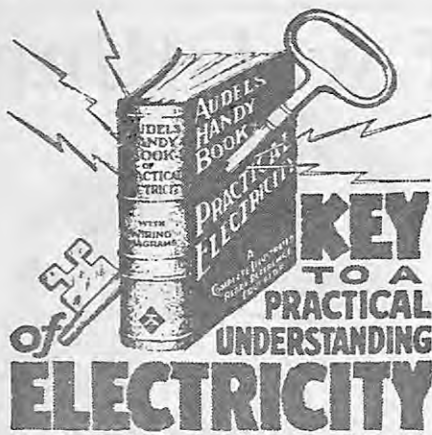
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| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
| 1—Only Safety Razor that Straps itself. | 2—Utilize. |
| 7—To take, to grab (Slang). | 3—Upon. |
| 8—To place. | 4—Security. |
| 10—Insures entire satisfaction (Abbr.). | 5—The Best (Abbr.). |
| 12—Free from stain, spotless. | 6—Unit. |
| 13—Best Card. | 8—Daily pleasure for men when right razor is used. |
| 14—Neither. | 9—This cleans easily (Abbr.). |
| 15—Without effort. | 10—Tavern. |
| 18—Cease. | 11—Sharpens (as a razor blade.) |
| 20—Shaving instrument. | 16—Safety Razor (Abbr.) |

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ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Paradise of Tourists

(Continued from page 69)

a more disgusted, unhappy mortal you would not want to see. He got there about the time I did, when crowns were forty thousand to the pound. He kept a watchful eye on them as they went on mounting to fifty and sixty. Oh, I must not forget. He was in the habit of spending his winters at Monte Carlo, and I suppose contracted the habit there of trying to bust the bank. Anyhow he was determined to make a coup in Austria. Well, there came one of those sharp, short-lived declines which I have always suspected are designed to ensnare the otherwise. Pounds went back again to fifty-five thousand. Then our friend swooped. His banker told him the long-awaited break had come, and he believed. He flung all the money he had brought with him for a grand splurge on the counter—a hundred and fifty pounds. In three days, of course, the crown resumed its downward curve, and continued it with but rare interruptions throughout the summer, until, as you already know (pounds being worth a little over four dollars) they fetched three hundred and thirty-odd thousand apiece. Prices, it goes without saying, rose more or less in proportion. With the consequence that while his less astute fellow-countrymen, staying at the same hotel as he, lived at the rate of two shillings a day, our clever chap was paying a round pound. That is all the good Paradise did him. He could have lived for about half at some exorbitant resort in Scotland or the Belgian coast.

MY PLEASANT adventures in Brittany, the Tyrol and many another Wonderland have often caused me to wonder why there is not a more general exodus of Americans. The doors are open, you know, and anybody who cares may enter. Is it that they do not know? Or are they proof to temptation? Well, when I go back and review my diary carefully I seem to discover the answer for myself. No law in chemistry is more firmly established than this moral one—that you can't get something for nothing. It costs considerable to get to Brittany and a huge lot more to arrive in the Tyrol. Money? Yes, some; though that is the smallest item in the budget nowadays. I am thinking principally of the toil and sweat of the enterprise.

I have, for instance, just looked over some tables of figures. Listen: very close to half of my expenses for three years in Europe went neither for hotel bills nor to the railroad companies, nor for any other item that could in any way be ear-marked as travel proper. It was extorted by the authorities in fees and fines and taxes and in red-tape of every style and width. In my four months in Italy I gave nearly as much to the government as I spent in food and lodging. Seventy per cent. of my villa rent was tax. I could buy coffee and tobacco and meat and many other luxuries and necessities two miles away, over the Yugoslav frontier, for two-thirds less than they cost me in Abbazia; the difference was tax. When I went to a restaurant and the waiter brought me my bill I wanted to call a policeman to have him nabbed for extortion. By the menu card I had not consumed anywhere near what he was charging me. But then he particularized the items and I understood. Out of thirty lire, eighteen were for food. The rest was: ten per cent. for service, ten more for sojourn tax, another ten for luxury tax; and five again for cure tax. For the remainder, having failed to think up a plausible name, they just lumped it as "contribution for war widows and orphans." I went by land and water all the way from Paris to Bucharest and paid in fares twenty-five dollars. But my consular fees came to fifty. Or better yet: My wife, my two children and I, on quitting the Tyrol, went clear across Germany to Cologne. We had, too, five hundred pounds of baggage, every ounce of which was, in accordance with the tradition of those parts, charged as excess. Yet the entire trip, three full fares plus baggage, cost one dollar and eighty cents. The visa fee was ten!

However, as I was saying, money is but dross. Nowadays travel is in the main an official matter. The man who leaves his own, his native land, must be stout of heart and prepared for eventualities, for he goes all the way under surveillance. When the tourist may be hailed before a magistrate for wearing his clothes out of

Germany without an export license, and jailed in Poland for bringing money into the country or given forty lashes in Rumania for taking it out of the country; when the very frontiers of nations wobble dazedly all over the map, like the floating isles of fable, so that the bewildered stranger may be routed out of his berth without warning at any hour of the night, driven into a dreary shed at the point of a bayonet and ordered to produce his papers and unpack his belongings as if he were a runaway convict, where is the soul so mean that will think of mere lucre?

I remember the time when, if you happened to be of a particularly careful disposition and consulted your Baedeker on the question of passports, he would shrug a shoulder and say: "Oh, I should not bother if I were you. Convenient—m-yes, in remote contingencies, but not at all necessary, you know. You are an honest, law-abiding citizen, aren't you. Well, then, run along and enjoy yourself. Don't go complicating things with a lot of formalities meant for bad actors."

That is still true. Only what were remote contingencies once are in 1925 the order of the day: Respectable citizens do not travel in Europe any more. Every foreigner is a suspect till he has given a documentary account of himself.

I don't mean to suggest that the passport is in itself a great matter. It is not. You get it, in the first place, from your own government, which understands you without finger-talk or an interpreter. And the tax is but a paltry ten dollars. The formalities, too, are quite simple: You write your autobiography, send in a dozen or so of photographs together with the papers in your family vault, and if your police record is clear, the Secretary of State will send you a double sheet of engraved paper with his signature. As a good American you cannot but feel that this autograph of the premier of your country is alone cheap at the price.

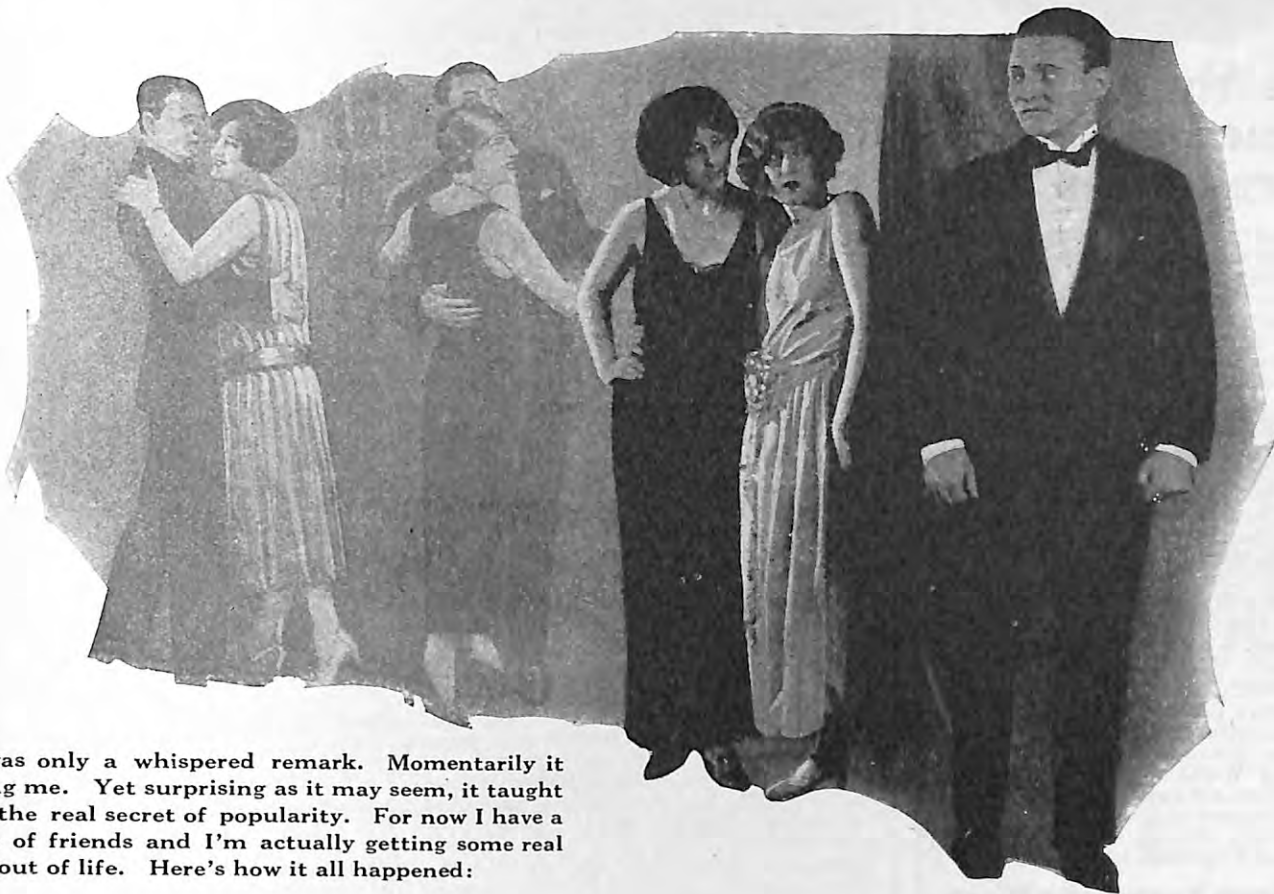
The passport is a mere vehicle for visas, and is of no use to you till it has been decorated with the seals and coats of arms of alien states and potentates. That is where the song begins. For the very first visa, to be sure, your latitude of choice is somewhat limited. If you mean to land on the other side at all you had better get it before you start across. That done, the problem arises: should you lay in a complete supply while you are about it, or ought you to collect them more discriminatingly and at leisure as you go along? Well, there is much to commend either procedure. Also, there are drawbacks both ways.

I voted in favor of the former method. It seemed to me so obviously the best way. Here I was at home. I could get to the consulates without employing a guide. The blanks would be partly in English; if I tried to get a Czechoslovak visa in Poland I might slip up on the vocabulary. Any little delay, too, would not bother me where I was not running up any hotel bills. The Italians and some others, again, wanted me to be properly introduced before they would entertain my application; which was easily managed in my home town; whom could I get to say a good word for me in a distant and alien and unfriendly world? Lastly, when a fellow is lading out money by the bucketful for a trip abroad, a few ten dollar bills more or less don't look very big. Suppose I ran short after I got over there! So I thought I would buy in a complete set in advance.

Well, as a matter of fact, it turned out that I really followed both procedures. I mean, that after getting my passport all stamped up before starting I was obliged, in a couple of instances, to begin over again after I landed on the other side. In the first place, the commodity proved to be perishable; it spoiled after 30 days and became quite unfit for use. Then, too, in my ignorance I did not discover that there were quite a variety of kinds of visas: sojourn and transit, one-way and round-trip visas. In Germany I escaped ending my days in a medieval dungeon by the skin of my teeth, or rather by a Red Cross letter I had, for staying a month with a stamp valid only for passing. And at the Czech frontier they were going to turn me back and compromised by fining me thirty dollars for trying to smuggle through on a visa which had expired the week before.

(Continued on page 72)

When I Overheard What She Said ~I Learned Why I Was Unpopular



It was only a whispered remark. Momentarily it stung me. Yet surprising as it may seem, it taught me the real secret of popularity. For now I have a host of friends and I'm actually getting some real fun out of life. Here's how it all happened:

"I'M sorry, Dick, but I really should help Evelyn to prepare the refreshments—I know you won't mind."

It was the same old story, I thought bitterly. But why—?

Doris was one of the few girls at the party whom I knew real well. We had been brought up together—went to the same school—yet even *she* avoided me. Perhaps it was my imagination.

I went out to the far end of the hall, sat down by myself, lighted a cigarette and thought.

The orchestra was playing a catchy, irresistible melody. Laughter filled the air. No wonder I felt blue. Others seemed to be having the time of their lives. Yet here I was all alone—just an "outsider" looking on. Was it because I was a poor mixer—a bit more backward than other fellows? I would answer that question for myself right away.

I crushed my cigarette and walked towards the party room resolved that I would join right in with the rest of the crowd, and have just as much fun as—

I stopped short. It was Doris's voice.

"Well, thank goodness, Evelyn, I was able to duck that dance with Dick Mitchell—why, he can't even fox-trot."

At that moment every nerve in me jumped. I wanted to say something—tell her just what I thought. Yet, that would have only created a scene. No, I would not let them know that I overheard their conversation—and after all Doris was right. So *that* was the reason why I was unpopular.

Suddenly an idea dawned on me. I had read and heard of other fellows doing such things. I didn't know how true they were—but why not try it out and see, especially since I risked nothing?

I Sent for the Five Free Lessons

The very next morning I mailed a coupon to Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor, asking him for the five lessons he offered free. I would show them that I could dance—not only the fox-trot but all the latest steps.

The five free lessons arrived promptly. I mastered the fox-trot in one evening. I learned without music or partner all the wonderful steps that had always been a mystery to me. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. Why, I was so tickled that the very next week I attended a "frat" party

and I didn't miss one single dance the whole evening.

I never dreamed that knowing how to dance well could make any one popular so quickly.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz—and 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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The Paradise of Tourists

(Continued from page 70)



Have You Learned the Secret of Leadership

Do you ever stop to consider that there is one asset common to all leaders of men? Every man who is the head of a big business, every outstanding figure in the professions and every leader in politics has the ability to persuade others. He speaks forcefully and convincingly. He has the ability to transmit his ideas.

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There is an easy, pleasant way to cultivate forceful speech and clear thinking. Thousands of men of affairs are now using it. Dawes, Taft, Hughes, Schwab, Gary, and hundreds of other famous men were among the first to use it. This way is through the famous library of Modern Eloquence. Charles G. Dawes in a recent letter says, "It is indispensable to any good library."

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Every visa represents a boundary line, and every frontier means a passport and baggage examination. Sometimes a few frontiers are thrown in for good measure. Between Mayence and Paris we were hustled out four times with bag and baggage. The Germans searched us for unauthorized exports and the French went through our pockets for hidden imports. And between them lies the Saar dependency of the League of Nations, which is about thirty miles across, and which, to maintain its dignity as a sovereign state, loved to stick labels on our trunks and sign its name in our passports both on entering and leaving. To cap the climax, many independent and inviolable nations, not content with mere frontier red-tape, set up customs barriers between every village and the next within their territories, and unless you report to the gendarmerie of the locality within twenty-four hours after arriving and within an equal period before departing, you are liable to be flogged in the public square or something equally picturesque.

I HAVE mentioned in passing the laws about foreign money. I can, with a little effort, understand why Austria, for instance tries to discourage excessive importation of expensive money from abroad. They argue—and perhaps not unreasonably—that it tends to undue luxury on the part of the tourist and excites the envy and discontent of the home population. But the logic of prohibiting foreigners from taking money—and their own money at that—out of the country is a stumper. Anyhow the law exists on the books of several ancient as well as some newly born nations. Rumania is one of them.

I spent six weeks in that country one time. When I got ready to leave, friends and everybody told me to be sure and get a permit from the Ministry of Finance, that I must on no account try to smuggle money out. Well, it so happened that I had not any money, nothing worth mentioning. I was on my way to Vienna, where I did my banking, and the little ready cash I had had with me I had invested in some native embroideries and a number of Rumanian books an American publisher had asked me to get for him. I kept only enough for the trip—for meals and tips and the like.

At the frontier the train halted for several hours while the customs officials went about their work with zeal and thoroughness. A dapper young fellow in civis, followed at a respectful distance by a uniformed guard, entered my compartment. My typewriter was set up. I was typing a manuscript. The pair clicked their heels, German fashion, and introduced themselves. Then the dapper one asked me how much money I had. I told him: a trifling sum—ten dollars, some two hundred French francs, and perhaps a thousand lei. He listened to me without emotion. But as I understood subsequently, it was the very insignificance of my supposed funds that at once aroused his suspicions. If I had pulled out a hundred thousand dollars he might have let me alone. That a grandee who had a compartment all to himself in the Orient Express would go on a long journey like that with all but empty pockets, struck him as a patent falsehood. So he set me down for a sure thing right off.

Next he handed me a sheet of paper and asked me very politely to put down what I said I had. "Please sign your name," he added. I did not see the point, but I obeyed. His tone and manner were a good deal like those of a prosecutor engaging a witness in third degree proceedings. You could have heard him winding himself up for the final spring. I was sorry to see his skill going to waste on me. It would have been a fine dramatic moment: the sudden turn, the flashing eye, the finger pointed at my cringing form, and then the torrent of withering words poured out upon my unmasked villainy.

Preliminaries over, he got to business in earnest. He was still all courtliness itself. He clearly regretted his unpleasant duty toward a distinguished foreigner who might be, for all he knew, a monarch in disguise. I had three or four pieces of luggage. Would I permit the guard to take one down and open it? I asked which one. At other frontiers they usually take the first piece that comes to hand, and if that proves un-

tainted they pass the lot without further ceremony. He replied, "Any one." The guard opened one, then another, till he had them all sprawling over the seats and floor. Then both men proceeded to inspect every garment, shake out every book, turn all my belongings inside out. I had seen drastic baggage examinations before, but never anything like this.

I said to him: "If you would care to tell me what it is you are looking for, I might perhaps help you find it."

"I am looking for your money," he answered. "But you have seen all I have with me."

He smiled sweetly and again apologized for the inconvenience he was putting me to.

After a rapid general review he reluctantly gave up the bags. Now—would I mind taking off a shoe, just one. That seemed to be his way—unhurried, methodical, one thing at a time. However, one shoe deserved another, and presently hosiery followed. Then he became interested in the insides of my pockets. Whereupon, finding them disappointing, he took me in hand personally. He embraced me like a brother, and sounded my chest and back. He made the shivers go through me as he traveled up and down my legs and arms. I did not protest. But I did suggest to him that it might save time if he would just suspend me by the heels and run a patent vibrator over me.

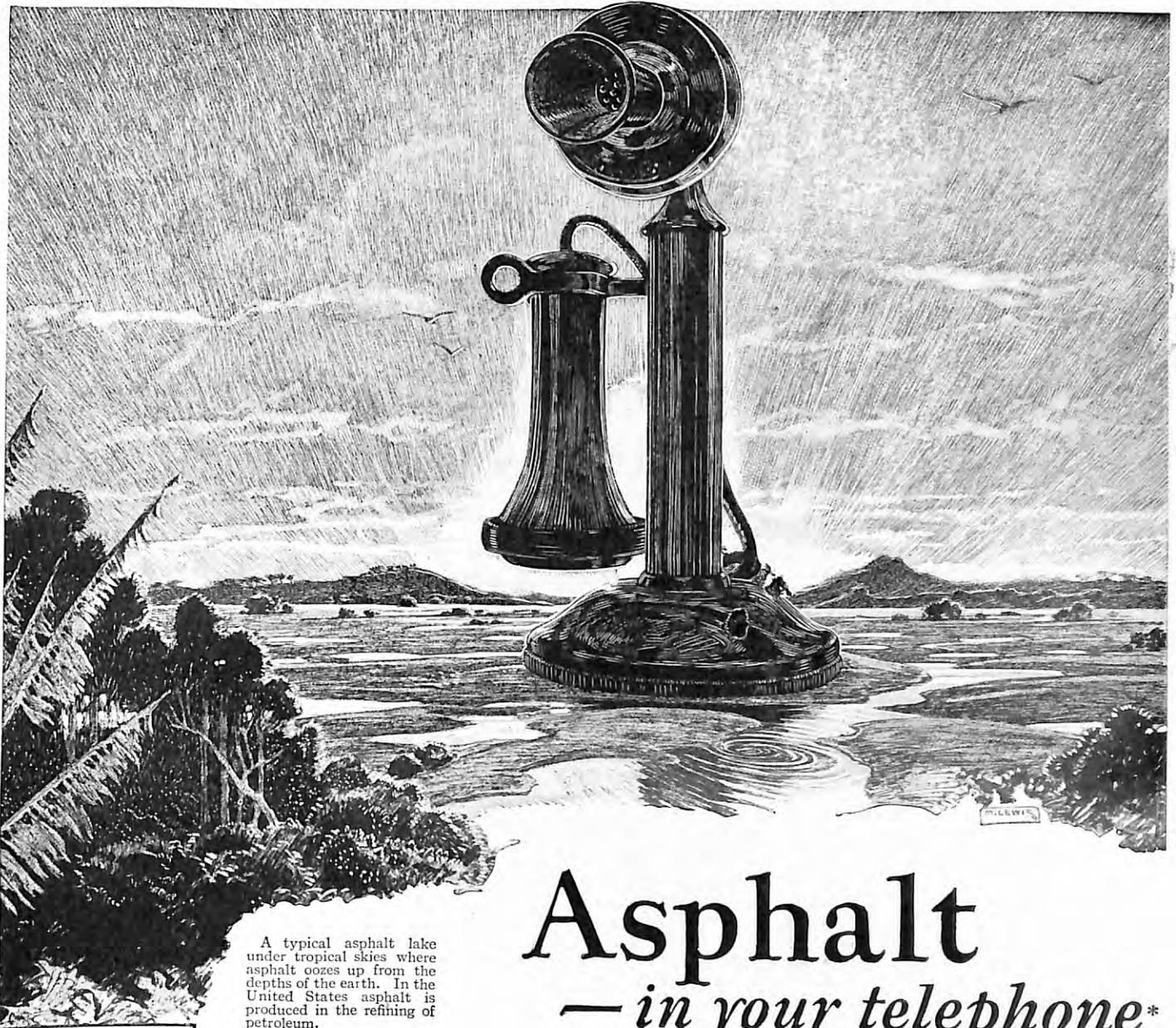
He did not heed my irony. He raised up the rug, undid the bedding, ransacked the lavatory cabinet, took down the window blinds and put them up again. And at last, with a look of puzzlement and infinite sorrow, he withdrew. As he passed into the corridor I heard him remark to his aide, in the native tongue (he had been talking a kind of French to me):

"Gosh blame the American. If he is not the slick one. Where do you suppose he could have put it?"

A colleague of his, in the compartment next but one, had better luck. It was occupied by an English oil engineer and his wife. The lady had a hundred pound note in her purse which she had not declared. She, like myself, had been warned against departing without a permit. But she had gone through a milder form of this affliction before, and as she explained to me later, she never dreamed they would be "such cads." Well, as soon as the inspector went to work she realized that he meant business, and she became panicky. While he was taken up with the luggage, she slipped the note out of her hand-bag under her cushion seat. It was a silly thing to do; but she was frightened. The next moment, of course, turning his attention to the bedding, he located the treasure and confiscated it. Whether or not the British Foreign Office ever recovered it—with interest and indemnity, as she threatened—I am not able to tell you.

THIS IS what travel in Europe is like these days. Get me straight: I am not complaining. I pay the price willingly and with enthusiasm. I remember the good old days when going to Europe was an affair of packing a trunk and buying a ticket and a set of Baedeker handbooks. But I can't say that I look back to them with any regret. I confess I always thought the adventure lacked salt. It was not just my notion of a high old time. It was too much like climbing mountains in a fenicular. Personally, I do not crave doing the world in a wheel-chair with a nurse and a lecturer shouting at me through a megaphone. I am not going over there to school and I cordially dislike being led by the hand by a governess. My whole idea is for a change, and that consists principally in breaking away from the humdrum of normal existence. If it is to be a repetition of neatly pointed arrows and blazed trails and push-buttons, I would just as lief stay at home where comfort is not any make-believe and save my pennies. What I ask is to be flung headlong into the water and left to scramble out for myself. The more surprises the better. A bit of a scrape now and then, an occasional run with the local authorities, is all to the good.

There are, I suppose, folks in the world who enjoy traveling in dullness de luxe, and having everything cut and dried for them. All I can say is this article is not for them. I am afraid it will be discouraging.



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Asphalt

— *in your telephone**

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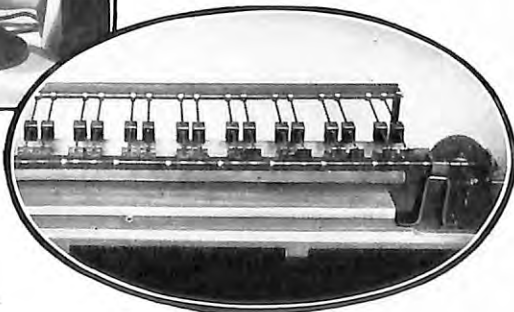
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Boncilla makes the skin glow with renewed life—renders it soft and velvety. It lifts out lines and wrinkles. It rids the face of pimples and blackheads. It literally **draws out** every imperfection that stands between you and a perfectly clear and youthful skin.

And, oh, how good it feels! As refreshing as an ocean breeze.

And how different this blue-gray magic makes you look! Your skin is born anew. It puts June in your face—keeps you looking youthful into the December of age.



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