

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

JUNE, 1925



This Month: Earl Chapin May, W. O. McGeehan, Herbert Ravenel Sass, and others



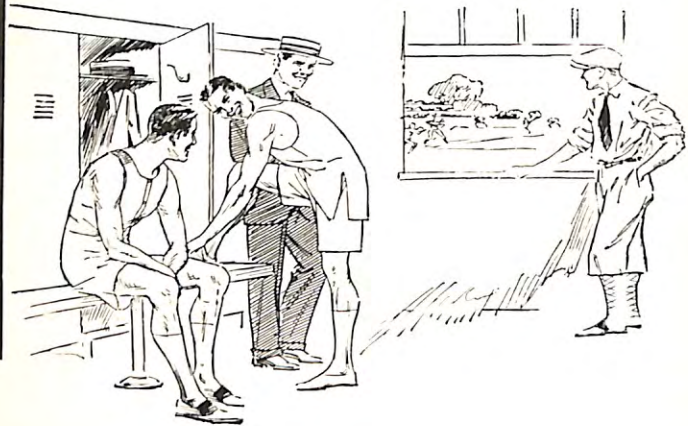
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Neglect of Home-Study Training Cost This Man \$47,424!

How much are you paying to stay untrained?

The other day we received a letter which every man working for a living ought to read—whether he's making \$20 a week or \$200. Here it is:

"During the forty years that I have been working, my salary has averaged less than twenty-four dollars per week with the exception of the last two years while I have been acting as foreman of a department. I made good in this position on a small scale and saw, thru the failings of others, what would happen to me unless I found a way to train for larger responsibilities.

"I had read of correspondence courses and began searching for that which I thought would benefit me. I found it in the LaSalle Modern Foremanship course, and benefited by it, my salary being nearly doubled, and I was promoted from foreman to factory superintendent.

"This happened in a period of about ten months, and by devoting only about four or five hours per week to the studies.

"I am now enrolled as a member of the Industrial Management Efficiency course, and find the work very interesting and beneficial. It can be applied every day in the factory, and brings results.

"I regret that I put it off to so late a day in life to reap the benefits I am now enjoying, and can truthfully say to younger men that if they would only profit by the experience of others they can gain more knowledge thru one year's training by LaSalle methods than can be obtained in ten years' practical experience by hard work."

SHERMAN C. WOOD, Maryland.

We quote the above letter not because

Mr. Wood is now making a staggering salary as a result of his training, but because it illustrates so clearly the principle behind LaSalle training.

Here is a man who all his life had accepted the thought that he was compelled to work for little or nothing.

For one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six weeks the writer of this letter paid at least \$24 a week for the doubtful privilege of staying in the ranks of untrained men.



Can anyone doubt that training would have doubled his salary just as easily when he was thirty-eight years younger—when he could attack his work with the abundant energy of a younger man?

Yet his neglect of this one main avenue of business progress cost him—leaving simple and compound interest out of the reckoning—the appalling sum of \$47,424—a fortune in itself.

If You Could Use \$47,424, Pause Before You Turn This Page

Perhaps you are now making quite as much as Wood—perhaps more. Perhaps, on that account, you may think that Wood's experience does not apply to YOU.

But if training in Higher Accountancy—or Modern Salesmanship—or Business Management—or Law—or Business Correspondence—or any of a dozen other branches of business could change your forty-eight dollars into \$96 a week—and if you now NEGLECT to advance yourself thru the training you need—will you not find it difficult, thirty-eight years from now, to explain to those who are dear to you why you threw away—not \$47,424, but fully \$95,000?

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



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 Number One

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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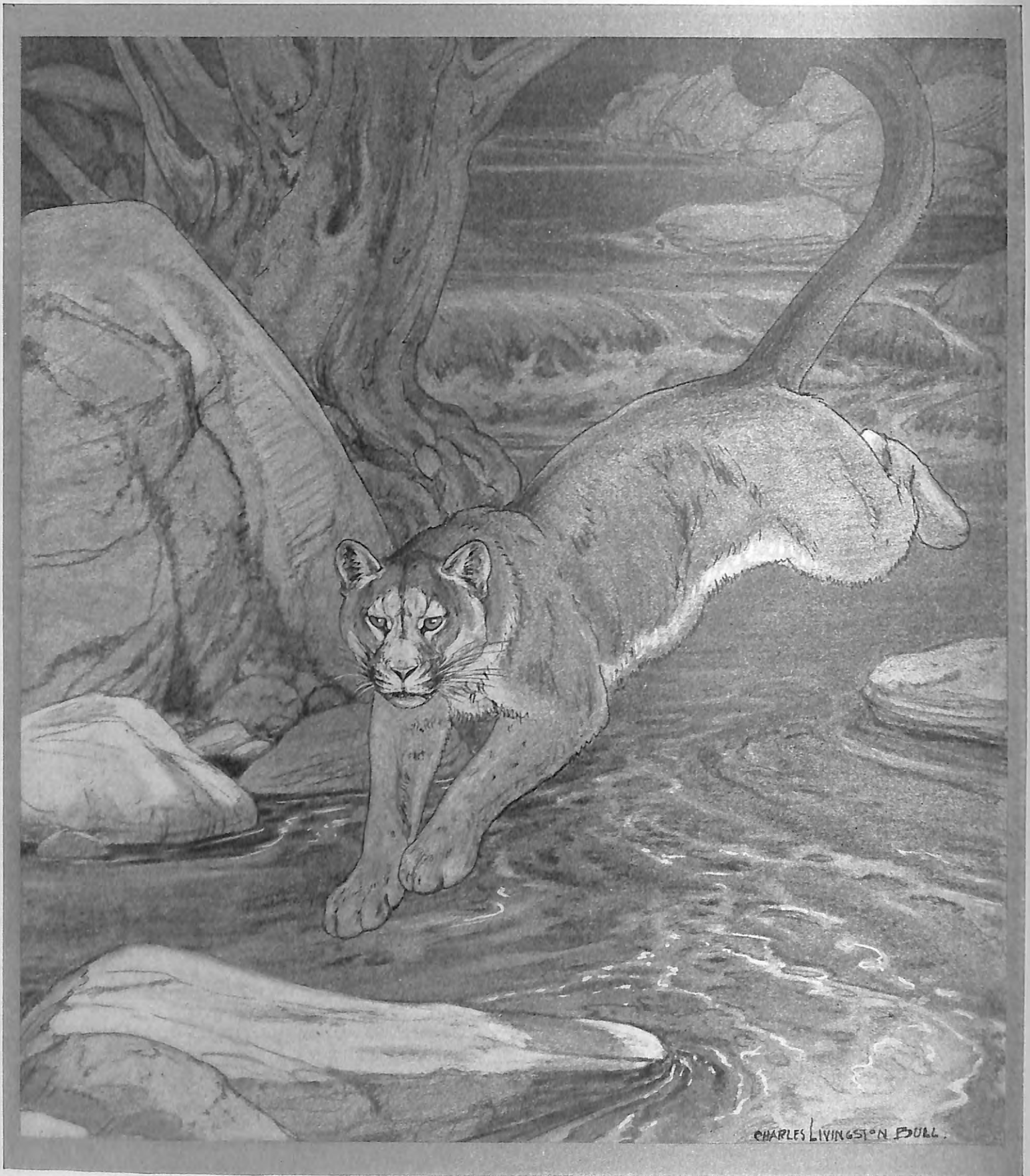
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FOR an hour he had followed the little mountain river down its narrow gorge-like valley, jumping lightly from rock to rock, leaping with marvelous agility and grace. . . . A dozen times he had crouched motionless, close by deep dank pools ready for the lightning-like blow which would scoop out some unwary fish



The War of the Kings

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

KOE-ISHTO, the puma, whom the Cherokees called the Cat of God, was king of the mountain forests; but Storm-Rider, the great golden eagle of Younaguska peak, was lord of all the blue empire of the air. As is often the way with monarchs whose kingdoms lie close together, there was a certain rivalry between these two and some day there would be a reckoning. At least, this was what Little Wolf, son of Sanuta the War Captain, said to himself, and to certain others, though whether he believed it or only pretended to believe it, even Pakale the Blossom did not know.

Little Wolf, the young Cherokee brave, just now coming to manhood, was at once a warrior and a dreamer. Straight as a poplar, lithe as a panther, keen of eye and sharp of ear, he was already a better hunter than many tribesmen of riper years and longer experience. Yet, man of action though he was, expert with the bow and the spear, tireless on the hunting trail and versed in all the stratagems of the forest, his active brain found time and inclination to weave strange fancies about the wild folk of the woods.

Often these fancies were not fancies at all but truths unperceived or unrealized by duller minds. Sometimes they were romantic imaginings in which he indulged for the fun of it, knowing all the while that they were imaginative but delighting in them, nevertheless, because they invested the wild creatures with a certain glamour and mystery. So, when Little Wolf told Kana the Conjurer that there was war between Koe-Ishto, the puma of Unaka Kanoos, and Storm-Rider, the golden eagle of Younaguska, Kana scarcely knew how seriously to take the young brave's words.

For a few moments the old magician turned the matter over in his mind as he squatted in the sun outside his hut near the middle of the Cherokee town. Very proud of his wisdom was Kana and very jealous of any man, especially any young man, who sought to tell him something he did not know. Yet he was cautious, too, and he could not afford to be caught in a mistake. To be caught by Little Wolf would be bitter indeed, for he disliked Little Wolf for various reasons, and most of all because of the young warrior's affection for Pakale the Blossom. At last, however, Kana made up his mind that this time he was on safe ground. He grunted scornfully.

"Behold," he said to the half-dozen young braves sitting in a half circle in front of him, "Little Wolf brings us more of his strange wisdom. He tells us now that Koe-Ishto, the king of the woods, is at war with the king of the air, who has his home on

Younaguska, the sacred mountain. Yet all men know that the paths of the puma and the eagle do not cross, that each rules his own kingdom and is High Chief there, and that no enmity lies between them. Behold, all ye, how Little Wolf's wisdom is deceit. If what he says is truth, let him prove it. Till then let him stand silent among his betters."

Little Wolf made no reply. Kana was a power in the tribe. Even the son of a War Captain could not dispute him too boldly. But the young warrior's dark eyes gleamed; the muscles of his bare red-brown arms rippled and tightened as he clenched his hands in anger.

He knew that Kana disliked him, but never before had the conjurer rebuked him publicly. He knew also that unless he could prove the truth of what he had said, his repute among the young men must rest under a cloud. Little Wolf realized that a hard task lay before him, one that would tax his woodcraft to the utmost.

FOR three days he went his way as usual. But he could not help noticing the changed attitude of the other young warriors and the averted glances of Pakale the Blossom. The Blossom had many suitors. She need not look at one who had been held up to scorn before his fellows. Besides, she was tempted to teach Little Wolf a lesson which in her opinion he needed—a lesson on the unwisdom of stirring Kana's wrath.

On the afternoon of the third day Little Wolf sought out Pakale's brother, Striking Hawk, a young man of about his own age, who was his closest friend; and the next day at dawn the two went out together into the forest and were gone for many days. But

before they went Little Wolf sent a message to Kana the Conjurer.

"Tell Kana," he said, "that on the thirtieth day Little Wolf will return to prove him a false prophet."

It was a daring challenge and the village rang with it. The warriors scowled and shook their heads. They feared that the young brave had attempted the impossible; and they knew that if he failed, he would not return.

Noiseless as a ghost, Koe-Ishto, the puma of Unaka Kanoos, stole along a dim winding tunnel threading the dense rhododendron thicket of Crystal Run. His padded feet fell soft as velvet on the damp carpet of dead leaves; his long, lithe, yellow-brown form moved amid the crooked rhododendron stems with the sinuousness of a snake; his round, inscrutable eyes

He came like a dreadful, pale-eyed ghost, to the edge of the thicket whence he could look out upon the spot which he had often utilized as an ambush



gleamed cold and hard like pallid, polished jewels. So soundless was his passage that even the marvelous ears of a horned owl, dozing through the daylight hours in the obscurity of the thicket, failed to record the great cat's coming.

Koe-Ishto, gliding around a bend of the path, saw the big bird perched on a bough some ten feet above the ground, his back turned; and for a half-second the puma paused, the tip of his tail twitching to and fro, his cold eyes measuring the distance. It would be a long, high leap, yet it might be accomplished. Koe-Ishto tightened his muscles for the mighty effort which would launch his sinewy body forward and upward; but at that moment from far away to the left a sound came to his ears.

It was the gobble of a wild turkey cock; and in a flash it sent Koe-Ishto's thoughts back to the business in hand—the mission which had brought him down from the heights of Unaka Kanoos to the rhododendron tangles bordering the bank of Crystal Run.

The big puma was a rather fastidious feeder. He would take all prey that came to him, all prey that he could capture with little effort; but in a land abounding with deer, wild turkeys and ruffed grouse, he seldom exerted himself in pursuit of smaller or less succulent game. The deer were his mainstay—his staple diet; but he had fed abundantly on venison the day before, and now he was sensible of a craving for the taste of fish or of birds. After his ample meal of deer's meat he had slept long; in fact, contrary to his custom, he had slept not only through the rest of that day but also during practically the whole night. Not until dawn had he awakened; and it was then that the craving for fish or fowl had come upon him.

It was spring; and Koe-Ishto had no interest, no occupation at that season except the satisfying of his own appetite. The time of mating was long past. The family of four playful, yellowish, spotted cubs in the cave near the summit of Unaka Kanoos were looked after by their mother, who ministered to them with devoted care and also did her own hunting. Koe-Ishto, unburdened by domestic duties, gave no thought to the cave on Unaka Kanoos, but set out immediately in search of the delicate food which he desired.

For an hour he had followed the little mountain river down its narrow gorge-like valley, jumping lightly from rock to rock, leaping with marvelous agility and grace from one to another of the gray boulders which strewed the river's bed. A dozen times he had crouched, motionless as the rocks themselves, close by deep, dark pools where many trout lurked, his great paw raised, ready for the lightning-like blow which would scoop some unwary fish out of the water; but not once in any of those pools had a trout risen to the surface within reach of that armored paw.

KOE-ISHTO realized at last that on this morning the fish were not rising; and when he had reached the lower part of the valley, where the forested mountain slopes on either side of the stream were less steep and the great rhododendron thicket of Crystal Run began, he decided to abandon his fishing and, instead, try his luck with the wild turkeys at a certain spot where he had captured many turkeys in the past. He

was on his way to this spot when the gobble of a turkey interrupted his hastily formed design against the horned owl.

Koe-Ishto gave the owl not another thought. The big bird, drowsing on its perch, never knew how close it had been to death, though it was startled out of its accustomed composure when it saw the long tawny body of the puma glide past along the trail directly under it.

KOE-ISHTO no longer moved slowly; he no longer paused at each bend of the winding trail to search the dim path ahead for possible prey. He moved swiftly, purposefully, wasting no time; but, if possible, he moved even more silently than before. No stick cracked under his velvet paws; if the leaves upon which he trod stirred, only the worms and insects of the mould were aware of it. So he came presently, like a dim, dreadful, pale-eyed ghost to the edge of the thicket whence he could look out upon the spot which he had often utilized as a turkey ambush.

The path had brought him back again to the river; but the character of the stream had changed. At this point Crystal Run was no longer a narrow brawling mountain torrent, rushing swiftly amid great tumbled masses of rock, foaming in white water-falls.

over sharp ledges under which lay dark, still, seemingly bottomless pools.

Here, where the valley was wider and flatter, the river had widened also and had become a placid, shallow stream scarcely more than a foot in depth and perhaps fifty feet from shore to shore, flowing slowly over a flat bed of smooth rock and yellow sand. On the further bank the forest came down close to the water; but on the bank where the rhododendron thicket stood, a clear space of level rock and dry sand intervened between the river margin and the edge of the thicket. Into this clear space an arm of the thicket, composed, however, not of rhododendrons but of alders, was thrust almost to the water's edge, forming a sort of hedge as straight as if some careful gardener had lined the bushes there.

Koe-Ishto, the puma, did not know why the wild turkeys of the mountain woods were in the habit of coming often to this shallow part of the river to drink. He did not know why so many of them, when they had slaked their thirst, turned and walked back across the space of flat rock and sand, passing within ten feet of the alder hedge. He knew only that this often happened, that it seemed to be a habit of the turkey kind. The fact alone interested him; the reasons did not matter.

From the thicket's edge his pale eyes searched the open space before him and roved up and down the stream, seeking the gobble whose voice he had heard perhaps five minutes before. Then he stole slowly along the alder hedge nearly to its end and crouched there utterly motionless, completely invisible.

So still was he, so perfectly did his tawny body blend with the foliage of the screening alders and the yellow sand under them, that even the far-sighted eyes of Storm-Rider, the golden eagle of Younaguska, failed to distinguish the outline of the puma's form. Yet, when a wood mouse scuttled across the flat surface of the rock near the alder hedge, Storm-Rider noted its passage instantly;



and when a crayfish moved slowly across a little space of sand, the eyes of the soaring eagle picked it out and his gaze dwelt momentarily upon it.

But wood mice and crayfish were of no interest to Storm-Rider; and he was not looking for pumas either and entertained no expectation of finding one at that spot beside Crystal Run. No more than Koe-Ishto did the golden eagle understand why this particular spot was often visited by wild turkeys, and no more than Koe-Ishto was he interested in the why and wherefore of it. But just as well as the puma knew it, the eagle knew that turkeys came here often; and for the eagle of Younaguska, as well as for the great cat of Unaka Kanoos, the place had often proved a profitable hunting ground.

Unaka Kanoos reared its rocky summit near at hand. The loftier dome of Younaguska, the sacred mountain, was many miles distant. But to Storm-Rider the leagues of air were nothing. His kingdom was broad; his hunting ground stretched as far as his tireless wings could bear him in a day. For fifty miles on every side of his home on Younaguska he ruled the airy spaces above the Overhills, as the Cherokees called the high mountains; and at any spot in that vast domain he might claim his booty. He circled now on motionless wings high above the shoals of Crystal Run because he, too, had become suddenly aware that morning of a craving for turkey-meat.

FOR some five minutes the fierce frowning eyes of the soaring eagle had been searching with peculiar intensity the margins of the open space beside the river. He, also, had heard the turkey-call which had come to the ears of Koe-Ishto in the rhododendron thicket. From his post in the air he had been able to note accurately the direction from which the sound had come; and since then he had been waiting impatiently but confidently for the gobbler to emerge from the woods and walk across the open to the water's edge.

Suddenly the long, yellow-brown body of the puma crouching in the alder hedge quivered and grew tense and hard; and in that same moment the head of the circling eagle dropped lower, his great yellow feet with their armament of black trenchant claws opened and shut convulsively, his

deep-set eyes glowed momentarily as though a flash of inner fire had lit them. A half-minute more he circled quietly, his eyes never shifting from his prey. Then, his dark wings half-closed, his banded tail spread, his talons opened wide beneath him, he shot downward through the singing air.

Few of the wild folk are blessed with keener hearing than the wild turkey. Yet, because the roar of a distant waterfall filled the air, a fatal moment elapsed before the gobbler sensed a strange low humming sound, faint yet somehow portentous and menacing. Instantly he turned and raced for the rhododendron thicket. Another quarter-second and he would have been safe within its barricade of stiff, unyielding branches; but twenty feet from its portals a great dark shape fell upon him from the sky, struck long needle-pointed claws into his neck and breast, slashed his throat with a hooked knife-edged beak which ripped through feathers and flesh and severed his wind-pipe.

Storm-Rider, the golden eagle, stood for a moment upon the quivering body of his victim, his wings half-spread, his proud head lifted high. Then with a scream he tore his talons loose from the turkey's body and with quick powerful wing-beats lifted himself into the air.

He was just in time. From the hedge of alders forty feet to his right, a great tawny form was racing across the sand in long bounds. High over the bleeding prostrate turkey Koe-Ishto the puma leaped, and landing on a bare space of level rock just beyond, launched his long sinewy body upward. A big furry paw bristling with curved retractile claws swished like a flail not six inches under the eagle.

For a fraction of a second the fierce eyes of the king of the air looked into the pale glittering orbs of the king of the forest. Then, as the eagle's laboring wings lifted him higher, Koe-

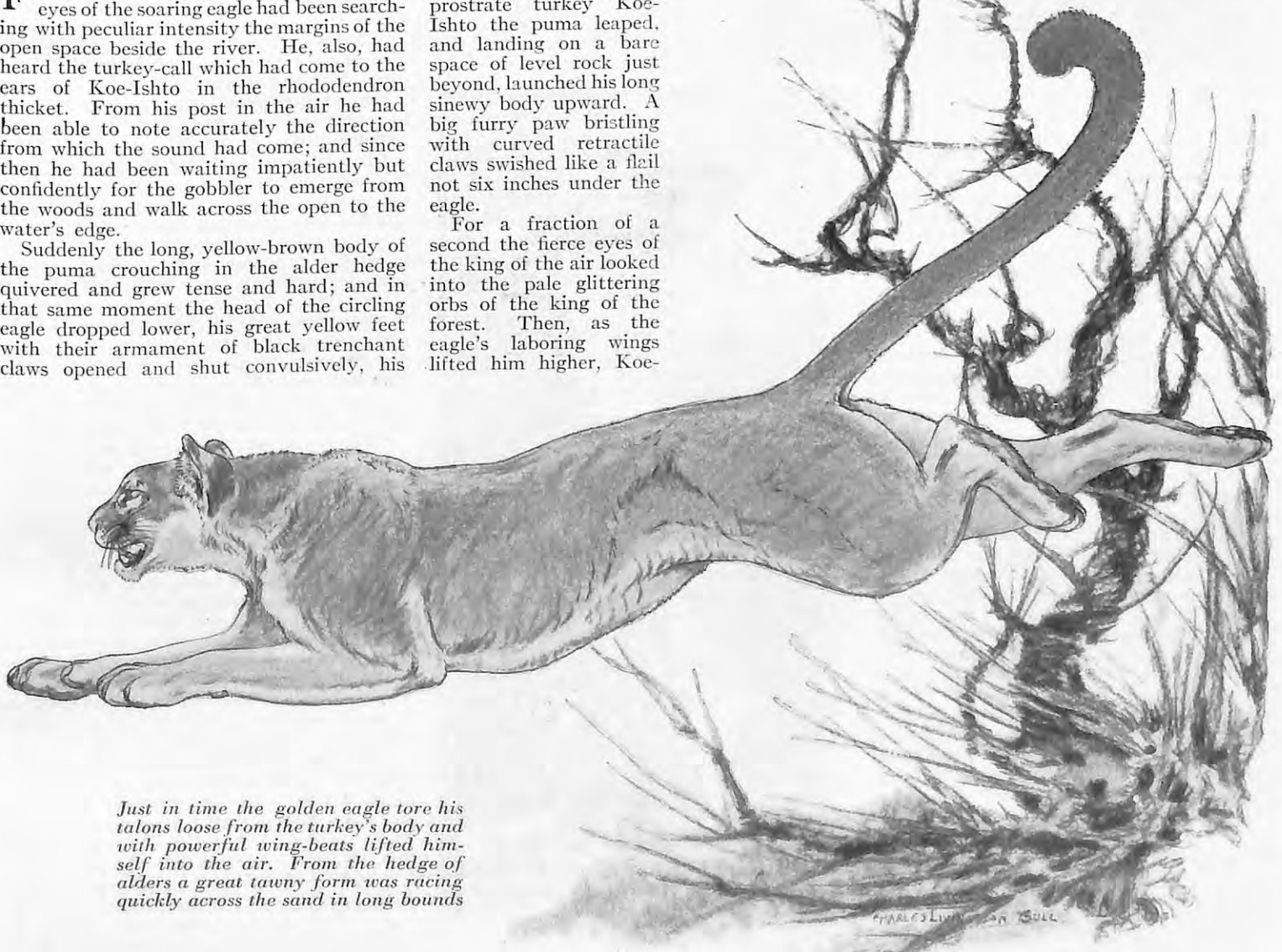
Ishto turned, walked slowly back to where the gobbler lay, picked up the big bronze bird in his jaws, and carried it towards the thicket's edge, while the eagle, screaming with rage, circled well above him.

THE white man has learned about birds and beasts many things which the red man never learned—things which only the white man's science could discover. But there are other things which the red man knew or believed and which are still dark to the white newcomer. This is so because the red man lived very close to the wild folk of the woods, the waters and the air, and because his very life depended on his knowledge of the wild folk.

The red man knew the great golden eagle of the mountain forests as no white man has ever known that mighty bird; and Little Wolf, the young Cherokee brave, who was a dreamer as well as a great hunter, knew the eagle even better than most of his fellows. So it may be that Little Wolf was right in his belief that it was not mere chance which brought about the strange thing that happened at the cave on Unaka Kanoos where Koe-Ishto's mate kept watch over her brood of four spotted yellowish kittens.

The sun rose that morning in a clear sky; and presently, when it had risen well above the purple wall of mountains rimming the eastern horizon, its slanting

(Continued on page 53)



Just in time the golden eagle tore his talons loose from the turkey's body and with powerful wing-beats lifted himself into the air. From the hedge of alders a great tawny form was racing quickly across the sand in long bounds

William Muldoon: the Solid Man

Who Signs Articles Every Day Against Old Age

By W. O. McGeehan

EVERY country and every walk of life has its "grand old man." But of all of the grand old men, the grandest to those who know the sporting world is William Muldoon, who for four generations was a dominant figure in the world where he has walked, and still walks, erect, clear-eyed and fearless.

When Abner Doubleday and his friends at Cooperstown, New York, were experimenting with what since has become the national game of baseball, William Muldoon was an active athlete. When John L. Sullivan, a young tinsmith, stalked on to the stage of a variety theatre and announced that he could "lick any blankety-blank in the world," it was William Muldoon, the showman, who acquiesced. When Jack Dempsey announced calmly that he could batter down the giant Jess Willard, it was William Muldoon, the physical culture expert, who told the world that this could be done.

To-day it is William Muldoon, Boxing Commissioner of New York State, whose force of character has rebuilt and rehabilitated the boxing game. Because of his dignified bearing, the intense seriousness with which he takes his duties and his irascible impatience with the money changers in the Temple of Fistian, they call him the Duke of Muldoon. The title, bestowed upon the grand old man of professional sports, fits him well. He is the Grand Duke of the Duchy of Cauliflowers, a tyrant to some but an absolutely just and honest tyrant.

I doubt if any country or any age could match the physical specimen that William Muldoon presents at the age of fourscore, combined with the mental alertness and the vitality that burns in his blue-gray eyes. All his life he has preached training for physical fitness, and his presence has been his strongest argument.

There are many who might have been a match for the Solid Man, Muldoon at twenty and at forty, but there is no man living who is the physical equal of Muldoon the Solid Man at eighty. His mission has been to teach that clean living is sure to work for a ripe old age. There are many theories for the attainment of a long and happy life. Muldoon's, like the man himself, were the simplest and most direct. The theories of another grand old man in another walk of life, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, are somewhat dissimilar. But at one time Mr. Depew, losing faith in his theories, placed himself under the care of Muldoon.

Muldoon is the soul and the incarnation of ancient Sparta. He is the eternal protest against the softening of the human race physically. His methods for the restoration of bodies worn by the dissipation of a life of increasing artificiality are thoroughly Spartan. Yet they seem to be thoroughly sound. Muldoon's Health Farm at White Plains, New York, was the first of the health farms and remains the best known.

The roll of the patients rebuilt is a long one. They have ranged from millionaires and statesmen to impoverished wrecks taken in and rebuilt gratis by Muldoon for the sheer joy of repairing human wrecks. The methods might make the soft-skinned rebel at first, and the self-indulgent want to flee.

But as one of Muldoon's patients put it,

"Nobody ever was killed at Muldoon's. You just think you are going to be killed by the course. But in a couple of weeks you know that you are not going to die. You are going to live longer than you expected, and perhaps longer than you have deserved."

The régime at Muldoon's is best told in the account of Elbert Hubbard of the experiences of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew at the health farm, and that régime has not changed since then.

"The work is really quite moderate," wrote Mr. Hubbard of the gymnasium course. "But the newcomer thinks that it is severe and is greatly relieved when in half an hour the order is given, 'To the shower bath.'"

"Arriving there, all disrobe but the Senator, but when the stern order is given to 'Get into the game,' he begins to struggle with his sweater and is soon in the gentle guise of Conesio's cherubim.

"Men in gym suits are all on an equality. Carlyle said, 'A naked House of Lords would inspire no awe,' but all that he meant was that a Senator under a shower bath would command no senatorial courtesy.

"A rough towel is passed to each man, and Depew is simply told to 'get busy.' And he does, for it has dawned upon him that safety lies in flight or obedience.



William Muldoon in 1888 when he was the champion wrestler

"Supper comes, and after that there is a long stroll across the meadow, over the hills, and back through the woods along the country road. The strolling party reach the long, low house on the hilltop just as the clock in the kitchen is striking nine. The Senator is told that he can go to bed. No order is required. He finds his room, undresses without a light, puts on a woolen nightgown that he finds on the bed-post, and tumbles into bed subdued, tired and a little resentful.

"He has decided to go home on the morrow—the system is too severe. But before he can really formulate his plans, he is asleep, lulled by the lowing of distant cattle.

"Six o'clock!" It is the mild voice of the athletic attendant. At 6:10 the attendant calls once more, this time in a chest tone.

"At 6:15 he returns with a bucket of water that he is told to douse on the victim of Mrs. Morpheus without ruth. It is not necessary, the victim is cosmic and struggles out on the floor making a dive for duds.

"Sleep is a privilege," says Muldoon, and when this truth is fixed in a man's mind he gets busy pounding his ear the instant he gets the chance. Insomnia never comes to a man who has to get up exactly at 6 o'clock. Insomnia troubles only those who can sleep at any time.

"And note you this, Muldoon trains with his trainers. All that he asks them to do, he does. He, himself, is an immaculate dresser without being extravagant, but he believes in a clean collar, cuffs, a fresh handkerchief and dental floss.

"Breakfast comes after the gentle work, the bath and the getting ready as a gift of the gods. It is a simple meal of fruit, toast, poached eggs and just one cup of coffee. After breakfast there is a rest for half an hour, and then the word is passed, 'Boots and saddles.'

"You get into your riding clothes and go to the barn a quarter of a mile away. One little plesantry is indulged in when there are raw recruits who are prone to be gay. You leave your horses in charge of a groom and walk down a hill through the woods to get a drink at a famous medicinal spring.

"When you get back to the road not a horse is in sight—they have broken loose and gone home. It is five miles to the quarters. Here the stout men new to the work begin to plead, to beg, to swear—the veterans laugh and start off on foot."

It is upon running this health farm that Muldoon specializes at an age when most men would have retired permanently long ago. You can see from this account that in his eighties, Muldoon is kept as physically active as any candidate was in the training camps during the war. That is his work. His avocation is the cleaning up of professional sports, particularly boxing and wrestling.

For his avocation no man is better qualified. Muldoon is a zealot with unquestioned honesty and fixity of purpose. He is a venerable Hercules with a financial Augean Stables to handle, and he is doing the job like a man. He is doing it for the love of the work, for there is no salary attached to the position of Boxing Commissioner. There are no perquisites for Muldoon. There is little honor or glory in it, for the Solid Muldoon is so strong-minded, so indifferent to



BROWN BROS.

FOTOGRAFES

At the left is shown the Iron Duke on horseback. Below you see him weighing in Mr. Dempsey in the offices of the New York Boxing Commission, of which he is a member, before the Firpo bout



public opinion that all that he seems to draw from the position is considerable unwarranted criticism. But he knows what he is doing, and he continues to carry on in his own way.

He is absolutely without a sense of humor, perhaps that is why he has devoted himself to the task of instilling idealism into the Cauliflower Industry of to-day. I must tell one priceless story of the Duke's attitude toward his work.

It was while John L. Sullivan was still a reigning demigod but a very besotted one. The champion of champions was running wild around the saloons. Muldoon was appealed to as a last resort to make the attempt to bring the wild gladiator to his senses.

He found Sullivan much the worse for drink. The champion proffered Muldoon liquor which was sternly dashed aside. "John," began Muldoon. "Do you want to be a man or a bum?" And he proceeded to give the savage old gladiator a terrific tongue-lashing. The conclusion of the speech, instead of making Sullivan murderously mad, as most criticism did, found him penitent.

Sullivan went with Muldoon to the health farm and started training again. Muldoon was overjoyed, for he was one of the first to see in John L. Sullivan the champion whose name would ring down the pugilistic ages. For a week or so all went well. John L. Sullivan was working off some of the effects of his excesses. But the work began to bore him and the comparative solitudes of the country around White Plains began to pall on him.

Finally a well known magazine editor called. Sullivan begged for an afternoon off. Muldoon had his forebodings but he finally paroled him into the custody of the editor. The pair strolled down into the little town of White Plains.

The swinging door of a bar invited them. It was natural to peer within. They found that the proprietor was a dwarf named Admiral Dot, who formerly was with a variety show that John L. had bumped into when he was touring. The Admiral was

standing on a high stool tending his own bar.

"We will have just one drink with my old friend, Admiral Dot," announced John L. Sullivan.

That was the beginning of the end. Sullivan lingered, and he and Admiral Dot reminisced for hours with drinks between each reminiscence. The reminiscences became shorter and the drinks became longer.

Finally Admiral Dot agreed to see that John L. Sullivan was taken home in state. The lone hack of White Plains was summoned. The editor helped into it the giant and the dwarf and the equipage started for Muldoon's around midnight.

The house on the hill was dark. The gate was locked. John L. Sullivan, forgetting his old fear of Muldoon, bellowed for some one to let him in. A light appeared, and a ghostly figure approached through the moonlight. It was Muldoon in one of the standard woolen nightgowns of the health farm.

WITHOUT a word the former wrestler approached the hack and looked inside. Still saying nothing at all he gripped the hack and putting all of his strength into the gesture he rolled the hack down the hill into a hedge some yards beneath. The editor finally extricated himself from the tangle of giant and dwarf. No bones had been broken.

John L. sat on his haunches still blinking with astonishment. He looked at the house, which had become dark again. "Well," said John L. Sullivan. "He always was an unforgiving blanky-blank." And after that relations between the Duke of Muldoon and the Champion of Champions were always more or less strained. It started a coldness between them, as one might say.

Of all of the professional athletes Muldoon was, perhaps, the most impressive as an actor, and this is not excepting the great James J. Corbett, the greatest prize-fighter that ever appeared on the stage, as

the jealous Thespians put it. Muldoon has one great rôle, and it was written for him by the master dramatist. He played Charles, the wrestler, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Ordinarily this is a small part; but, of course, nothing that Muldoon did could remain small. He became almost the star of the cast, and his presence on the boards caused many who otherwise would not have become at all interested in the "Bard" to see at least one Shakespearean play.

Muldoon quit the cast while the play was still having its long run on the road. They say that it was because the Duke of Muldoon did not relish the notion of faking a wrestling match even in the interests of the higher drama. Muldoon always has been death on fake contests and for that reason he could not endure the work.

He must have had some indications as to what his destiny would bring and even in those days was preparing to take his place as the arbiter of professional sport. It would not do to be in a position where he would have to be on the defensive against such charges as, "Oh, yes, Muldoon used to fake a wrestling match every night. Of course he says that it was for the sake of Bill Shakespeare, but the fact remains that the Duke used to let a mere ham actor pin his shoulders to the mat every night for a mere weekly salary. And this, gentlemen, is the man who is so particular about keeping the fight game so honest."

Muldoon is a sentimentalist as to prize-fighting. The modern business-man pugilist rouses his ire. As arbiter of prize-fighting for the State of New York only he is inclined to take in too much territory, as they say. In fact he wants to take in the entire pugilistic world and to dictate to it. From the Duke's

(Continued on page 66)



Sting of The Thistle

By Hermann B. Deutsch

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

HARD by the point where the sweeping arc of the great Gulf's shore reaches its northernmost tangent, there is a very peaceful little parish whose tranquillity is publicly derided and secretly envied by all the neighboring sections of Louisiana.

Visitors, for example, will chuckle loudly over such threadbare jests as the statement that the only use to which the sleepy little parish puts its jail is the storage of kindling wood for the sheriff's office; but they will sigh enviously, too, when they think of the taxes they pay for jail upkeep back home.

The most shopworn of all these many jests is the one concerning Celestin Grenier. In all the history of the little parish of peace, Celestin was the only man who was ever sentenced to be hanged there. And yet the parish was never put to the expense of building the gallows tree, for it is of record that before the sentence of the district court could be put into grim execution, Celestin Grenier escaped from prison and was never brought to justice.

II

Among the *couzans* along the bayou which was, of course, the little parish's principal thoroughfare, Celestin Grenier was an outlander, who had come drifting in from some remote section of the State with the fur-tide. Louisiana has always produced more furs than any other State in the Union—a fact not generally known. A boom in the prices of the pelts of muskrat, otter, mink and coon a few years ago brought so much sudden wealth to the lonely and hard-bitten little French trappers along the southern marshes, that a horde of immigrants swept in for a share of the new bonanza.

With these came Celestin Grenier, to be received with the shy, friendly reserve which the peaceful little parish accorded to all outlanders. Celestin might now live with them all his life long. But he would never break through that wall of reserve. To the day of his death he would be a stranger.

Over this particular manifestation of group psychology Celestin bothered his bullet head not one whit. So long as he was free to run his trap line, returning at nightfall with pirogue heavy-laden with small, furry bodies for whose pelts the wandering fur buyers paid such fabulous prices, he

was well content. In all the marsh none could walk the swamp with a heavier load of muskrats than Celestin; in all the marsh none was more expert in denuding the little rodents of their valuable pelage. In Celestin's whole life, money had never come so easily or in such incredible amounts.

Then the inevitable happened. The fur market, booming for two years, staggered into the inexorable morning after. Boom prices for even the most mediocre of pelts had drawn hundreds like Celestin to the trapping. The supply of raw furs became too great. The bottom quite literally fell out of the fur market and muskrat skins—the staple product—dropped from a minimum of a dollar and ten cents to an average of eighteen cents each.

IN THE meantime the State Conservation Commission, in the great suite of offices down in New Orleans, had also reached a decision with regard to the fur situation. The boom had so vastly multiplied the number of trappers and hunters that there was grave danger that the fur-bearers, one of Louisiana's greatest resources, would be exterminated altogether. So the break in the fur market was not the only blow the trappers felt. Sudden drastic restrictive regulations were adopted by the Commission. The trapping season was greatly curtailed and game wardens—themselves trappers and swampmen—were appointed to enforce the commission's rulings.

Many of the new-fledged trappers, therefore, went drifting back out of the marshes, to the cane country or the rice fields or the salt mines or the oil wells or the fishing platforms or the cotton plantations whence they had come drifting in. Some of them remained. Among these was bullet-headed Celestin, who, when the fur season closed, became ostensibly a gatherer of moss.

Each morning he left his cabin for the deep swamp, a long forked stick over his shoulder. With his stick he pulled down the trailing pennons of silver-gray Spanish moss—which is neither Spanish in origin nor a moss, but which hangs in lovely streamers from every oak and cypress in the coastal forests of Louisiana. At nightfall he emerged from the swamps, carrying on his broad back a bale of the green moss which was kept from slipping by a loose rope of moss that encircled the bale and Celestin's

forehead. In the shallow swamp sloughs close by his cabin, Celestin left this moss for some days, so that natural decay would destroy the green living covering of the fibres. Then the masses were hung on poles, above ground, to "cure." The beating sun sloughed off the thin, decaying pulp and left the black, hair-like core exposed, hard and dry, ready for sale to the upholsterers and the mattress makers.

Celestin's occupation was a legitimate one, and in the swamps not at all uncommon. There was nothing in it to arouse the suspicions of Pierre Guidry, newly appointed conservation agent. What did arouse Pierre's suspicions was the fact that although Celestin was simply a gatherer of moss these days, the boat of a fur buyer made such frequent trips down the bayou to the section where Celestin's cabin stood. Fur buyers normally have no interest in sun-cured Spanish moss.

When these suspicions could not otherwise be allayed, Pierre took it into his head to pay Celestin a visit in person. It was for just such formal calls that the Conservation Commission had put at his disposal a fast cruiser and the services of an engineer and of a licensed navigator. Leaving the boat with its crew to wait in a little cove close by the cabin—a cove where the cruiser would be invisible to the other craft that were always passing up and down the bayou—Pierre made his way about fifty yards overland to the clearing in which Celestin's cabin stood. There he waited for nightfall and Celestin's return.

With the mournful whistling of the grosbecks, who always herald the swift twilight of the Louisiana swamps, Celestin stepped out of the belt of red gums and latannier palmettoes which screened his cabin. He sighed gratefully as he slipped the moss rope from his forehead, eased the heavy bale off his shoulders and let it thud softly to the ground. Stretching his cramped muscles stiffly, he started for the cabin door. Pierre's crisp voice halted him.

"What you got in that bundle, Celestin?" he demanded, in English.

Celestin started.

"My dam', how you been scare me, Mist' Pierre," he gasped. "Hui! I t'ink h'it's some ghos' w'at's talk, yes." Then sudden anger drove away the swift surprise. "Say, Mist' Pierre," he continued, "h'it's



THE men who patrolled the swamp were a motley group—planters, swampmen, merchants, clerks, and laborers from the sawmill—to whom this man-hunt was a novel adventure

wan good t'ing I ain' got my *fusil* wit' me, no, because I'm mos' li'ble to shoot, me, w'en somebody scare me like dat, yes."

"All right, all right," agreed Pierre pacifically. "Sorry I upset your nerves, boy. Only thing, somebody's been selling furs to Ramsey right along, and my hunch happens to be it's you."

"No, sir, Mist' Pierre, I ain' sell no furs, me. I been pick moss, jus' onlee. Da's all." He kicked carelessly at the bale he had just brought in. "You want to look at de cabin, yes?"

"**R**IGHT. And if you haven't got any furs you've poached in there, why we'll call it square, you'll give me a cup of coffee, and I'll go back to town."

Celestin smiled.

"Where your boat is at, Mist' Pierre?" he inquired.

"She's tied up right back there," Pierre replied vaguely.

Celestin smiled again. He concluded quite promptly that Pierre had come down the bayou alone, in a pirogue, since he saw no large boat anywhere about.

"Well, come into de cabin," he invited. "H't ain' so moch to see, no, but w'ile you look on de cabin I'll put my moss in de water, me, an' den come in and make us coffee."

He stooped to the bale at his feet, as though to carry it to the piles of rotting moss in the near-by sloughs.

"Drop it, Celestin," ordered Pierre sharply. "I'm going to search the cabin, all right enough; but first I'm going to have a look into that bale myself."

He stepped forward, and Celestin retreated a few paces. Red rage surged over the swampman. Who was this man that he should order him about so? What to Pierre Guidry were the few animals, taken out of season? Of course there were muskrat and mink skins in that bale of moss. There was even one otter pelt which, in spite of the low market, would bring in the neighborhood of thirty dollars. His anger mounted dully at the thought that he would lose his entire present cache of furs, that he would probably be taken to jail, in addition—

As Pierre stooped to slash through the fastenings of the bale, Celestin slipped through the darkness into the cabin and

reappeared, an instant later, shooting as he came.

III

Aboard the conservation boat, the engineer and the navigator were drowsing away the tedium of waiting for their chief when the two heavy reports came crashing through the evening silence of the great swamp.

"By God, that's a shotgun, and Pierre wasn't carrying only a pistol," cried the engineer.

The navigator wasted neither time nor breath on words. He leaped from the boat to the soft, mucky shore, and sped as silently as he could through the rank undergrowth. The engineer followed him. Thus it was that as Celestin, having weighted the body with stove lids, was dragging it to the bayou's edge, two men came hurtling upon him from the darkness and bore him screaming to earth.

There was a deadly completeness about the case which made the trial a mere matter of routine. Pierre's back had been blown to pieces by two charges of buckshot, fired at close range. This in itself made a grisly jest of Celestin's attempted plea of self-defense.

Celestin was sentenced to be hanged. As soon as the governor, in Baton Rouge, should sign the death warrant, the peaceful little parish was ready to build the first gallows tree in its history.

In the meantime the prisoner was held in the rickety old parish prison. Since there was much truth to the old jest that the jail's only use was as a storehouse of kindling wood for the sheriff's office, a strict guard was maintained about the building for two days or so.

However, the mills of the gods grind slowly, at best. The novelty of guarding a condemned man soon wore off; the volunteer guards resigned, and the drain on the parish treasury for paid deputies was too heavy to be thought of. So the sheriff bought a stout padlock and heavy hasps for the jail's wooden door, and dismissed the guards altogether. Celestin couldn't run far without striking the belt of deep swamps, where it would be a comparatively simple matter to recapture him. The *cousans* went about their accustomed business just

as though there were no man in their midst who was brought nearer to trap and noose with each passing second.

IV

For perhaps the fiftieth time that night, Celestin Grenier flung himself in soundless fury upon the bars that sectioned off his cell window in the rickety little parish prison. Thirty more days to live! The death warrant had been signed that day. Within the week, carpenters would come to begin the building of an enclosed gallows in the prison yard.

Celestin had gone through the trial and the subsequent wait stoically enough. But the news of the signing of the warrant for his death had set off some subtle mental mechanism whose workings broke him completely, and turned assumed indifference into a spontaneous frenzy of fear.

Once more he crept stealthily to the window, raising his knotted hands to the old bars and wrenching at them until the sweat stood out upon his forehead and his whole body quivered tensely. A footfall outside, and a low hiss, sent him back from the bars in an agony of apprehension. Had they renewed the guards, now that his death warrant had been signed?

ETCHED in sharp silhouette, a head appeared outside the low cell window. No features could Celestin, crouching on one end of his cot, distinguish. But he could hear the voice, could understand the low French phrases.

"Eh, well, there, Celestin; to me!"

Hesitantly, fearful of he knew not what, Celestin crept closer.

"You can hear me, Celestin?"

The prisoner nodded.

"Then attend sharply, my old one. It is I who will aid you to escape. I have brought with me fine saws and a strip of fat bacon to grease them. We will work through the night, this night. By to-morrow we will have these bars out away."

The reaction almost stunned Celestin. The sudden flash of hope dispelled his taut frenzy and left him limp. But he suspected a trap. Miracles were no part of his understanding.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

"No one you ever heard of. My name is

Derouen—Onezime Derouen, if it is necessary that you know."

"But why is it that you do this?"

"Name of the devil, what is that to you?" came back the fiercely whispered reply. "I too have once been in peril of my life. I too know what it means to await a certain death. If that is not enough for you, you lettuce, I will bid you adieu fast—well fast!"

"Oh, no! No! For the love of Sainte Rita, do not leave me! It was but that I spoke without thinking."

"Ah, that is so better, my old one. After all, what care you why I aid to free you, so long as I do it, *hein!* To me, now, Celestin, and take the other end of this fine saw between the bars, and let us work at once."

THERE was no more conversation that night. Toward dawn, when the sky began to show pallid between the wisps of moss fluttering from the pecan and cypress branches, Onezime Derouen disappeared.

Celestin suffered endless tortures of doubt the next day. Would his deliverer return that night? Would the guards be renewed? Or did he now have but twenty-eight such nights in which he could breathe the low and heavy fragrance of the swamps, feel the fresh dawn wind as he fared forth into an awakening world to hunt, fish, trap—live?

The minutes that might have raced by had he been awaiting execution, dragged their weary and wing-broken procession interminably now that he was awaiting freedom and escape. But with the shrouding night, Onezime returned. Celestin almost leaped to meet him. Since the closing down of darkness he had not taken his eyes from the blocks of faintest radiance, transected by iron bars, which formed the cell window.

Once more they worked in a silent frenzy that recognized no weariness and no fatigue. A little past midnight the last barrier was down and Celestin crawled through into the night.

Onezime pointed wordlessly to the rim of gaunt cypresses that marked the nearest frontiers of the great swamp.

"Go, then, Celestin," he whispered. "Go—go with God."

Celestin waited for no second invitation. His whispered thanks were cut short by an impatient gesture on the part of his rescuer. Silently, as only one bred to the swamps can travel, he slipped away and was swallowed in the night.

Onezime looked after him a long, long moment.

"With God," he repeated softly. "With the good God."

Then he, too, disappeared silently and without trace.

V

SHERIFF André Chenet lost no time in summoning a posse to the man hunt, the moment Celestin's escape was discovered.

"He's in jus' one place, him," the sheriff announced, "and da's de big swamp. He ain' goin' down by his cabin, no, because he's know da's where we goin' look fo' him firs' right off. So we ain' goin' look dere at all, us. We jus' goin' surroun' dis swamp an' sen' fo' de dogs from St. Gabriel an' Baton Rouge, yes. He can't get out, no. An' w'en de blood-oun's come, we goin' go in after him."

The cordon of men that patrolled the few swamp egresses settled down to the routine of guard duty as they would have set about



Three times—four—five times he made a complete circuit of the island, until he came at last to a bit of relatively firm mud, that bore the imprint of a bare foot

any other job of work. They were a motley group—planters, swampmen, merchants, clerks, and a number of Northern laborers from the sawmill up the bayou, to whom this was a novel adventure.

Experienced swampmen were sworn in as special deputies and placed in charge of squads of the green guards. One of these leaders was Onezime Derouen, a trapper from an adjoining parish, who had come to offer his services the day after the jail delivery.

No squad was more vigilant than Onezime's. Not an instant's relaxation did he permit.

"But, Cap," complained one of the workmen-guards to him in the heat of the day. "I got to get me some water. I'm so dry, I'm liable to blow away in the next puff of wind, and I can't drink that stuff!"

He pointed in disgust to the standing pools of mucky water.

"No. You can't drink him. But you can eat a t'istle, can't you?" returned Onezime.

"Ho! Ho! 'At's a good one, 'at is. Eat thistles, huh? Thistles is for donkeys. You can't fool me like that, Cap."

But Onezime was not to be put off. Picking up a stick, he sauntered to the nearest of the thistle clumps with which the roadside was bordered in spiny profusion. Tapping skillfully at the thorny plant, he stripped down the outer bark with the stick, leaving a juicy, succulent green core of pith standing upright and bare.

"DA'S full of good water, him," he pointed out. "You break off a piece of him, yes, an' eat him. Den you won' be t'irsty no mo', no."

Suiting the action to the word, he broke off an inch or two of the thistle pith, and munched it himself. The guard followed his example gingerly.

"Well I'll be durned if you ain't right, Cap," he exclaimed. "That's just chuck full of water, and believe me she tastes good."

Onezime passed on to the next post, while the guard, charmed alike by the novelty of his pursuit and the grateful results of it, took up the discarded stick and began to beat down thistles so that he could regale himself with the succulent cores.

Late the following day two packs of bloodhounds, their loosely hung faces set in lines of indescribable grief, arrived.

The swampmen stared at the animals curiously. They had their private doubts about the efficiency of such beasts in swamp going. These doubts were soon more than justified, for the keepers of the hounds, when they heard that the trail they were expected to follow was two days old, shook their heads and laughed.

"Hard enough to follow a trail that's half water like this here, when it's fresh," one of them told the sheriff. "No use wearing out the dogs till you get a fresh trail. Best thing, just keep your lines the way you got 'em. Sooner or later your prisoner's going to have to come out to get something to eat and drink. Pass the word down that when he does, he's to be given food, and whoever gives it to him is to get in touch with us right off. Then we'll have a fresh trail to work on, and once we got that, he's our chicken. Where'll we sleep these dogs in the meantime?"

The words brought profound disappointment to the man hunters, who had hoped to conclude their efforts with the arrival of the hounds.

"No, we got to do somet'ing, us," Sheriff Chenet decided. "I'm goin' send in a posse



As Celestin, having weighted the body with stove lids, was dragging it to the bayou's edge, two men came hurtling upon him suddenly from the darkness

of good men to walk t' swamp, dem, while de guards outside stays put, yes. Maybe dey can find some sign of him, w'en dey walkin' de big swamp."

"Good idea, Sheriff," approved a bystander. "I'll walk de swamp, me. I been raise 'roun' dese swamps, yes."

"Da's fine, Onezime. I pick you, Jean Perrier, Joe Esteves, Euzebe Guion, Theophile Proche, Bolo Rivette, Antoine Boudreaux an' Olivier Carousse. You boys go into de swamp soon in de morning, yes, an' us, we'll be waitin' an' watchin' fo' him outside like now."

In a broken line some fifty yards wide, the small pursuit group entered the big swamp the next day at dawn. There was a curious deftness in the way they walked. Where one unaccustomed to the swamps would have splashed and floundered, they trod with a sureness of foot and a lightness that was astonishing. Almost by instinct they picked out those spots in the muck where gnarled roots would adequately support their weight. Without conscious volition they avoided contact with the sun-dried leaves of latannier palmettoes, a light touch upon which would send a dry rattle booming down the dim swamp aisles.

A LOW whistle now and again kept the line roughly intact through all sorts of going. Here and there they had to ford deep swamp sloughs. At other points they had to cut their way quite literally through tangled mats of briery vines. What appeared to be a reed-grown prairie but was in reality a bottomless pit of soft muck had to be skirted with extreme caution.

Conger snakes and an occasional moccasin had to be slain.

All this while it was necessary to keep up a sharp look-out for signs of the fugitive—for broken branches, for barely perceptible pathways through the trackless wild, for indications that moss had been pulled from the low-hanging boughs to make a bed, for remnants of fire and for all the other countless little things which might betoken recent human presence.

Through the morning, while the pursuit group plodded painstakingly through the moist heat and was followed by vast clouds of viciously bloodthirsty mosquitoes, the search was barren of result. Not only that, but their progress had been slower than was expected, so that it would not be possible to traverse the entire swamp before dark. Since they were paralleling one edge of the wilderness, they would have to turn south at the approach of dusk. They could emerge from the swamp in this fashion in half an hour's brisk walking.

At the brief noon rest, therefore, the procedure was changed. They decided for the sake of greater speed to walk in single file, at intervals of about thirty yards, instead of abreast, each one taking a turn at breaking the cautious trail. Onezime, who made this suggestion, insisted on taking the first turn at leading the file. He was to whistle for relief when he wished another to take his place in the van.

It was while leading the way across a cypress-studded island of slightly higher ground in the swamp that Onezime came to a sudden halt. About him, growing in rank profusion, the swamp thistles dotted the moist brown earth. Nothing strange in that, of course; but a number of these thistles had recently been stripped down to the core, and the cores had been removed. Onezime had only one moment for swift thought, but that moment seemed to suffice.

FIRST he gave the agreed whistle to signify that he wanted to be relieved. Then, with sure speed, he "broke" his shotgun, and began to strip down standing thistle plants with the barrel. By the time Euzebe Guion, the next in line, had come up, Onezime was munching thistle cores, and busily stripping still others of the stinging plants of leaves and outer bark.

"My good dam', yes!" exclaimed Euzebe. "You sho' mus' be hongry. You been eat plenty t'istle, you. How they are? Good, yes?"

Onezime nodded. Euzebe began to peel down some thistles for himself. When Olivier Carousse, the third man of the group, had reached them, there was nothing to excite comment in the number of stripped and beaten thistles on the ground.

Onezime confessed that he was tired, and asked the others to pass on ahead of him. He would bring up the rear, he said, and, later in the afternoon would resume the front position. Bolo Rivette took up the lead of the grim little procession. One by one the others passed from sight.

(Continued on page 62)



KENDALL EVANS

The plot of "China Rose," an Oriental operetta, collaborated by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard, is a miracle of complication. Briefly, there is a princess who sighs for love for love's sake, and a prince in like case, who disguises himself as a bandit and sues for her hand. If the play in the end seems overelaborate and incredible, there are many pleasant moments while Billy Taylor dances or Olga Steck (above) sings

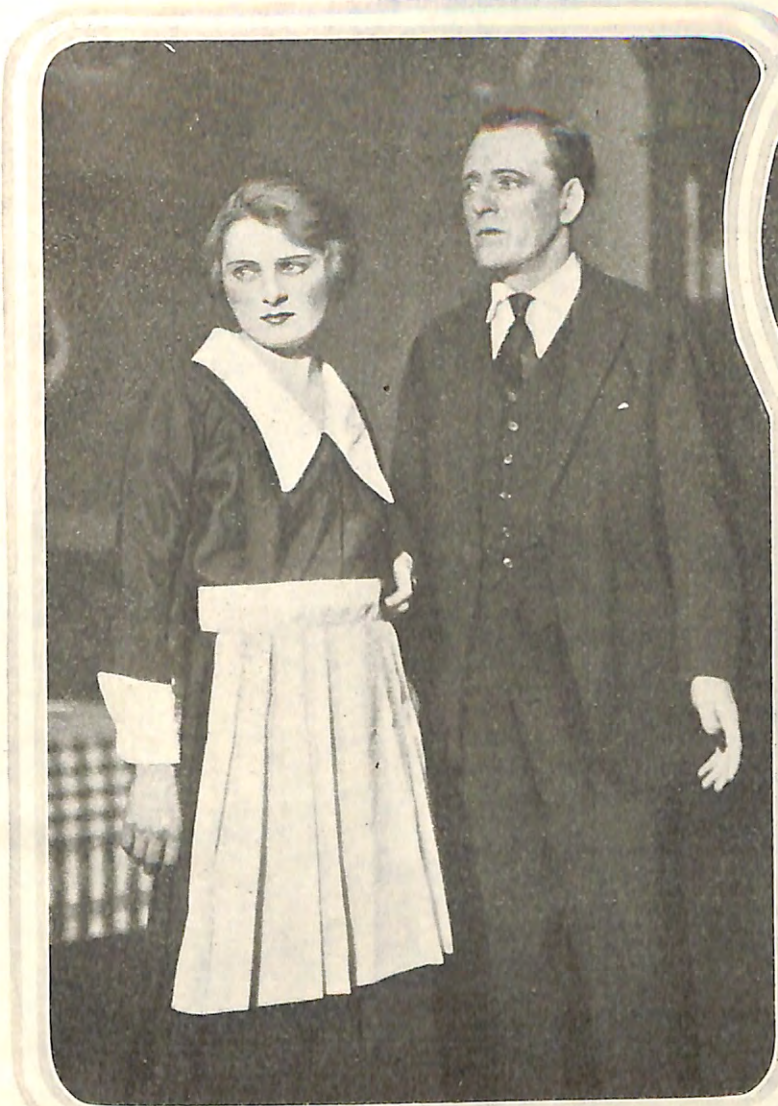


KENDALL EVANS

So far as we know, Harlan Thompson and Harry Archer are the first authors to dramatize the humor of the dialectic antics of two men who have learned the art of conversation via correspondence course. The theme is genuinely amusing in "My Girl" which is further enlivened by a very high stepping chorus, and more than acceptable dancing by Marie Saxon and Harry Puck (above)



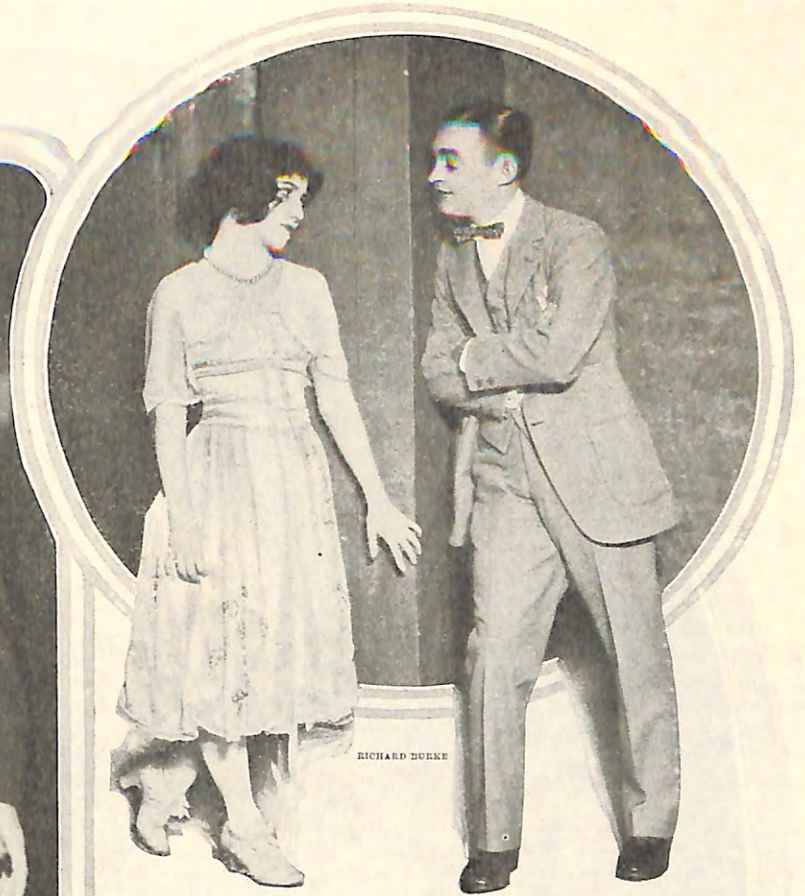
To the great band of Gilbert & Sullivan fans, a revival of the "Mikado" needs no press-agenting. Suffice it to say that the current production is lavish and adequate in every way. Marguerite Namara as Yum-Yum and Tom Burke as Nanki-po (left), act well and sing delightfully. They are supported by an excellent cast



KENDALL EVANS

Milton Herbert Gropper's much discussed "Ladies of the Evening" has a scene in the second act in which two adventuresses, who have gone to Atlantic City a-gold-digging, entertain a couple of rustic Lotharios, which is certainly highly seasoned, but quite as certainly hilarious. The third act descends to sentimentalism in order to compass the so-called happy ending. James Kirkwood and Beth Merrill, respectively hero and heroine, are pictured above

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



"Mercenary Mary," which boasts one of the season's best and fastest choruses, all tricked out in most fetching spring attire, is last year's "What a Wife," revamped with lilting tunes, by William B. Friedlander and Con Conrad. The dancing of Allen Fearn and Madeleine Fairbanks add much to the festivity of the occasion



Shirley Booth and Violet Dunn (right) are to be seen in "Hell's Bells," a somewhat stagey but withal mirthful comedy, by Barry Conners, in which we are given to see the changes wrought in a small town's attitude toward a returning prodigal son and his vagabond companion, because of their reputed millions. The acting of Eddie Garvie and Joseph Greene, the prodigals, is the high spot of the play

RICHARD DURKE



KENDALL EVANS

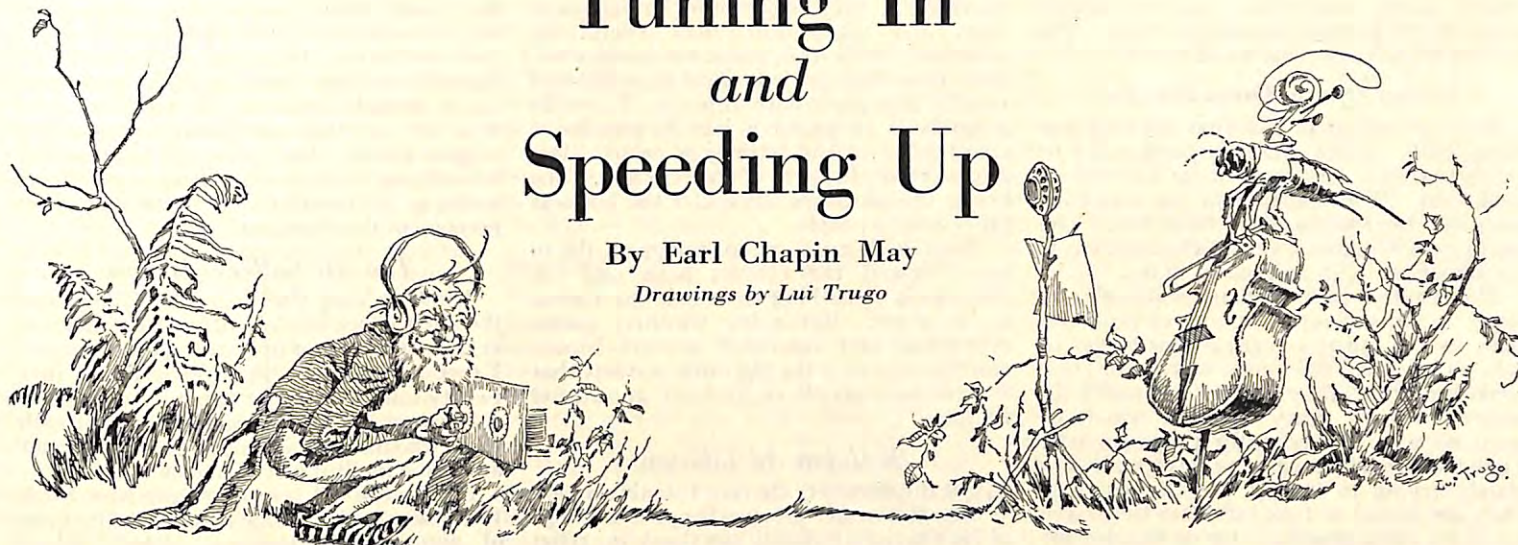
Fannie Brice
in
"The Music Box Revue"

IN ONE of her most amusing sketches Miss Brice impersonates the notorious Pompadour. She is one of those bright particular stars who can pop in and out through a revue and keep her audience always eager for her appearance, even when, as in the present instance, they are being very well entertained in the intervals. An interesting news note is the signing of a contract with Belasco under whose terms Fanny is slated to try her extraordinary talents in straight comedy.—E. R. B.

Tuning In and Speeding Up

By Earl Chapin May

Drawings by Lui Trugo



TWENTY-FOUR years ago a young Italian named Marconi sent a message through the air from Europe to America. Radio, or communication without wire connection between receiving and sending points, became an important fact in our civilization.

To-day there are more than 500 radio broadcasting stations and 4,000,000 receiving sets in the United States. One-sixth of our homes tune in to radio regularly. More than 16,000 amateurs are also sending messages through the ether. All told there are 16,000,000 active radio fans in this country. Last year our people invested \$350,000,000 in some kind of radio equipment.

In the rapidity of its development the radio industry is comparable only to its predecessors in industrial expansion—the telegraph-telephone-cable industry, the phonograph-player-piano industry, the automobile industry and the movie industry. And like its older giants in the history of big business, radio's rapid growth is due to our insistent demand for greater speed in the communication of intelligence. We are tuning in to ethereal waves, and speeding up our thought and action, as we never have before. The potentialities of radio transmission are beyond the liveliest speculation. What is the radio mania going to do to us?

Students of this latest and perhaps greatest expression of our composite character contend that, technically, radio will produce a nation of engineers; sociologically, a nation of home bodies; artistically, a people of vastly improved tastes and attainments; pedagogically, a much broader view of the problems of life, and politically, an internationally-minded America. Let us look at the case for the engineers.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI was but a boy when he turned from chemistry to radio, gave practical application to the rules laid down by the great electrician, Hertz, and sent the first telegraphic message through the air. Marconi had a healthy boy's imagination and ingenuity. Hence it is natural enough that a million American boys with a flair for mechanics should be cluttering up modern American homes with wires, tubes, plugs, condensers, crystals, headsets and a host of radio what nots.

We have always been a nation of builders. The scientific achievement of yesterday becomes the plaything of to-day. The marvel of last year becomes the household problem of this year—and the toy of next.

In spite of a certain superficiality exhibited in our tastes for amusement, this generation is intellectually keener and more active than its predecessors. Just as the advent of the rural telephone turned our boyhood attention to "talking" into empty tin cans connected by long, white string "transmitters," so the kids of 1925, intrigued by the programs of broadcasting stations, are solving the mysteries of their fathers' receiving sets by building receiving sets of their own—and eventually entering the ranks of amateur senders.

Amateur radio clubs are springing up in city, village and hamlet. The American Radio Relay League rejoices in the fact that short wave lengths may be transmitted across the continent in daylight. Berkeley, California, speaks in broad daylight to Hartley, Iowa. Another wonder has been performed! Amateur experimenters with radio become patentees of valuable devices. Boys who might find time hanging heavy on

Radio wires are strung over many a Nipa hut in the Philippines



their hands in rainy or stormy weather are happily engaged in the art of hooking up. Instead of pouring over the dubious and bloody adventures of Captain Kidd, they are engrossed in the romantic life stories of Dr. Lee DeForest, Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden or other leaders in radio development.

The demands of these scientifically-minded youths upon the pockets of protesting parents may at times seem to be out of all reason. But the dabbler in this decade's radio may become the high-priced radio engineer of the next. And letting your boy fool with radio is a dandy way to direct his energies. By all means let us raise, among other good things, an army of electrical engineers. It helps keep the family together.

Popularizing the Family Circle

MR. and Mrs. Henry Smith have two sons and two daughters. The children range in age from eight to eighteen. Quite an ideal family in many ways. The only trouble is they are seldom at home nights. There's a peach of a movie house—a veritable palace—just around the corner. And two blocks down the street is a dance hall. The parental Smiths and their two youngest offspring are keen for the silver screen. The two older children can't get enough of jazz. As soon as the supper dishes are cleared away the Smith sextette goes out and locks the door. The Smith home is principally a place in which to eat and sleep. There's no particular harm in that, perhaps, except that the family circle doesn't have much chance to get acquainted. Then father falls for a two-tube receiving set.

That first radio outfit is rather a joke in the Smith family. Father fools around with it nights, trying to tune in to this and that and getting mostly a lot of static, interference and annoying howls and screeches. Then Harry, the eldest son, takes a hand. Father evidently needs some assistance. Harry proves to be an adept at wave lengths. He has an uncanny knack of making meters behave. Pretty soon he gets Boston or Philadelphia or Schenectady.

By and by there is a multi-tube set in the Smith front room. Havana comes in. Then Chicago. Then Honolulu. Mother and Molly and George and Frances get onto the thing. Some one is working it afternoon and evening. Pretty soon the Smith family gets most of its after-supper amusement at home. Out of the loud speaker come jazz, speeches and popular songs. The Smiths are still going out one or two nights a week, but on other nights you'll find them at home. The

Smith family circle has become mighty popular. It gathers around the radio. The gadabouts have become home bodies.

Grand Opera Takes the Air

It is an axiom of life that nothing can stand still. There must be progression or retrogression. Things must go forward or backward. The things that go backward soon fall by the wayside, forgotten. The world does move—onward. Competition is the life of trade, in and out of radio.

The Smiths have not been listening in many months before the sort of stuff fed them by the broadcasting stations begins to pall. They have paid good money for their receiving set. They crave originality in entertainment. They become tired of speakers who are patently propagandists. They are bored by singers or talkers who are plainly trying to "plug" for this or that. They are forced to tune-out after they have heard the same popular ditty or reigning bit of "blues" for the twentieth time in one sitting. Their applause cards are changed to kicks—for something better.

The broadcasting stations, erected at great expense to advertise some concern or manufactured product or to increase the sale of radio sets or parts, are sensitive to this criticism. The station programs are bolstered up. Then suddenly a sensation is sprung on the radio world. Bona-fide grand opera stars take the air, via radio. There is a new boom in radio sales, a new boom in radio stocks, a new boom in phonograph records. A new era in radio broadcasting is ushered in. The Smith family revives its interest in the station programs. They cling closer to the family hearth. Radio has once more justified itself.

THERE is a big difference between mass psychology and group psychology. Individual desire for better things is apt to be lost in the crowd. Personal preference is more apt to manifest itself in the group. The Smiths, in their small family circle, begin to demand better and better things. Once given a taste of the good stuff they consistently reject the bad. In this they make common cause with their 16,000,000 fellow fans. Broadcasting stations continue to send out a certain proportion of the "popular" things, but, taking a lesson from

experiment, they enlist other grand opera stars and supplement their efforts by symphony orchestras, violin virtuosos, selections from high-grade musical comedies and equally high-grade current plays. The radio program is no longer a joke to persons of discernment. And, strangely enough, this reform reacts in favor of the reformer. The better the programs the better the business for the radio people.

What high-grade radio programs do to grand opera, the concert halls and the theatres is something else again, as I shall try to show. But a few tentative opera, symphony and top-notch concert broadcastings convince the big radio stations that the common people really want uncommon things.

Religion Ad Libitum

FOR the discovery that our listening nation has time to attend upon the serious things of life the radio industry can thank the religious element in our midst. Our church leaders were not the pioneers in broadcasting, but they were among the first to realize that radio was bound to have a profound effect on our people. A filled meeting-house is to churchmen more to be desired than great riches. Empty pews are an abomination in their sight. But, if people will not come to church, then the church, with the aid of radio, must go to them.

Hence, many of our great preachers adopted radio years ago. There are microphones on hundreds of pulpits. There is remote control apparatus in many of our churches. Seven per cent. of our broadcasting stations are owned and operated by churches. A dozen denominations are on the air each Sunday, and frequently during each week day. There are twenty-five stations owned and operated by institutions under church influence. These agencies for the propagation of religion are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian to the Mexican border.

Competition is keen among them. Several have evinced a desire to "hog the air." One religious body is preparing, as this is written, to open a new five-kilowatt station near Chicago, which while giving a rattling good show with which stations of lesser power cannot compete, will also advance some of its religious theories. And a New York divine is getting ready to blanket the metropolitan district. Los Angeles listeners-in are facing a similar situation.

For a while last year it looked as if doctrinal discus-

sion would make these religious propagandists so unpopular that they would defeat their own ends. But most of the radio religionists are now confining their broadcasting to straight sermons. It remains to be seen how far this movement for radiating religion will go. The movement to broadcast non-religious information from our colleges seems to be destined for wider and more permanent development.

The Air College Arrives

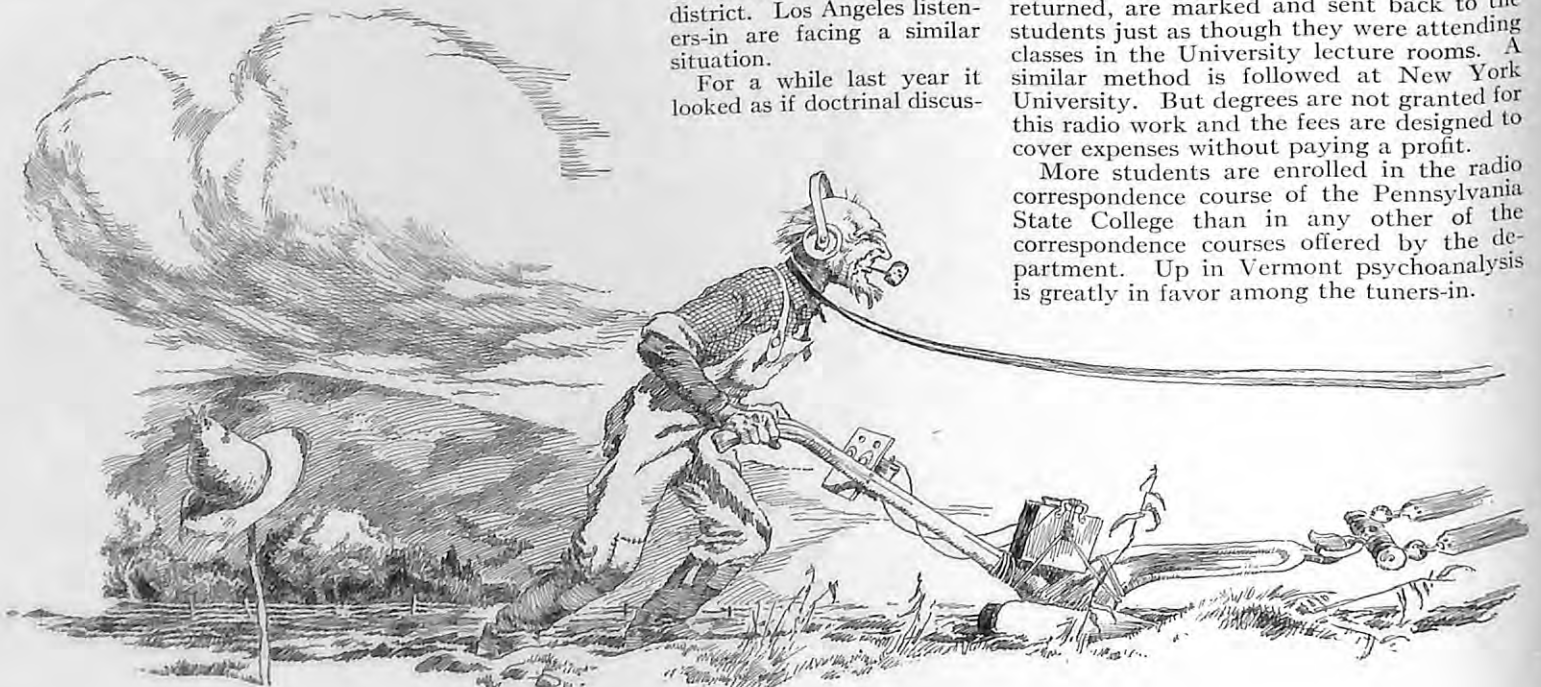
The New York University Air College and the Air College of Columbia University are in their second year of broadcasting lectures. Experiments made in 1924 showed that twenty-minute talks by faculty members on various subjects are immensely popular with those who have not attended or are no longer attending institutions of higher learning.

During the fall term last year New York University's Air College broadcast fifty-four of these short lectures. The "Radio Faculty" talked on archeology, politics and statesmanship, economics, geology, biology, English and history. These lectures were prepared especially for the unacademic listener. They made good. And they also taught the "Radio Faculty" that some speakers can project their personalities through the microphone—and some cannot, and that better results are obtained by broadcasting from a studio than from a classroom, the acoustics of the latter being less suitable than those of a nearly sound-proof studio. Selection of speakers is now made by allowing them to speak into a microphone while the voice is recorded on a phonograph. Subsequent hearing of the phonograph record determines the qualifications or lack of qualifications of the speaker.

Mineral wealth, advertising and trade, business economics, psychology, biology and engineering are some of the subjects chosen, with the aid of the "applause" cards, for New York University's second year on the air. Columbia University finds Browning, the Old Testament as literature, contemporary fiction, biology, practical politics, traffic problems, and the drama are the most popular with their radio classes—which seems to combat the theory that radio fans are content with jazz and the lighter forms of entertainment.

To add to the value of this modern form of university extension study Columbia is sending out examination papers which, when returned, are marked and sent back to the students just as though they were attending classes in the University lecture rooms. A similar method is followed at New York University. But degrees are not granted for this radio work and the fees are designed to cover expenses without paying a profit.

More students are enrolled in the radio correspondence course of the Pennsylvania State College than in any other of the correspondence courses offered by the department. Up in Vermont psychoanalysis is greatly in favor among the tuners-in.



Out in California, lessons in drawing are given by radio. The State College of New Mexico is giving telegraphy lessons by radio. Other colleges and universities are offering radio courses. But it is among the farmers that some of the most practical educational work is being done through the air.

In this type of radio broadcasting the Kansas State Agricultural College appears to be taking the lead. This Kansas "College of the Air" began broadcasting helpful information as well as entertainment more than a year ago. It has over 1,000 students, principally in Kansas and Nebraska, enrolled in its radio course. Over 500 have taken a final examination and received a "Radio Course Certificate." From its "radio rostrum," erected twenty-five miles from the college, forty courses of especial interest to farmers are broadcast. The class hour is from seven to eight p. m., although the lessons sometimes last longer. Monday and Tuesday evenings are devoted to agriculture; Wednesday to farm engineering; Thursday to household management; Friday to public speaking, business English, sociology, music, chemistry, zoology and botany. Anyone in the United States or Canada may enroll.

RADIO has taken a firm hold on the rural population of the country. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates 370,000 receiving sets in the homes of American farmers. In some counties ninety per cent. of the farmers are tuning-in, many of them on home-made sets. The farmers are taking to the radio just as they took to the automobile. But, as with the automobile, they have started slowly. In some cases the enterprise of country merchants has accelerated interest in radio.

There is the celebrated case of the cross-roads storekeeper in Ohio who found his radio stock sticking. Whereupon he posted a notice that all were invited to free radio demonstrations each week night from eight to ten. And on Saturday night any customer who felt that he had not been repaid by what he had heard would receive from the storekeeper thirty cents an hour for each and every hour thus wasted. The net result was that the storekeeper did not distribute any of his coin, but he did sell all his radio sets, plus repeat orders.

The United States Department of Agriculture probably helped him along, too. For the 800 county agricultural agents are doing everything in their power to encourage purchase of radio sets in the 2,850 agricultural counties, so the Government may more effectively spread crop and market advices. More than fifty per cent. of these county agents have sets in their offices for the dissemination of this information. Many of them are radio technicians who instruct the

farmers in the principles of unbroken circuits, tight connections, utility antenna, hooking-up and tuning-in.

Through the formation of farm radio clubs, and the relaying of reports over rural telephone lines, the county agricultural agents are able to reach 1,000,000 farmers via the radio. The farmers are getting over their stage fright caused by such terms as neutrodyne and heterodyne. Radio is speeding up the farmers.

Sending "Copy" Through the Ether

The ease and rapidity with which radio is spreading intelligence is, perhaps, illustrated most vividly in transmitting the typed page through the air from one point to another. On October 1, last year, C. Francis Jenkins, inventor, radioed this typewritten message to Senator R. B. Howell, at Washington:

"Dear Senator Howell: May I call your attention to a new method of communication, the radio letter. It retains the authentic character of an autograph letter while delivering it at the speed of radio. It is the beginning of the practical application of my ten years' development of a radio service to the eye, where heretofore radio has been developed only as a service to the ear. Isn't it about time the Government began considering a more rapid communication service to business? Photo copies of letters are admissible in court. Photo copies of business letters delivered by radio (at the speed of light) would be just as authentic and binding while speeding up commerce enormously. Commerce, like an army, can go forward no faster than its means of speeding up business. And should correspondingly increase our wealth.—Jenkins."

By the use of a comparatively simple apparatus, which converts light values of pictures into corresponding electrical values, just as a microphone converts the sound values of speech or music into electrical values, Mr. Jenkins was able to dispatch this air message, including his signature, autographically at a speed of one hundred words per minute. This is faster than it can go by telegraph. The inventor says he can increase that speed to 1,000 words per minute. And because he makes the copy at one end and reproduces it at the other end of the air

route the liability to error is virtually eliminated.

Only a few months ago very satisfactory portraits were sent by air from London to New York. That transmission of likenesses through the air has many practicable possibilities, but Mr. Jenkins makes the point that with his autograph letter-sending apparatus radio will become not a menace to the printed page but a valuable aid. It will hasten the correct sending of news as well as of important correspondence. Verily we are speeding up! And we are approaching internationalism in politics and language, through radio.

Perhaps a Radio Esperanto

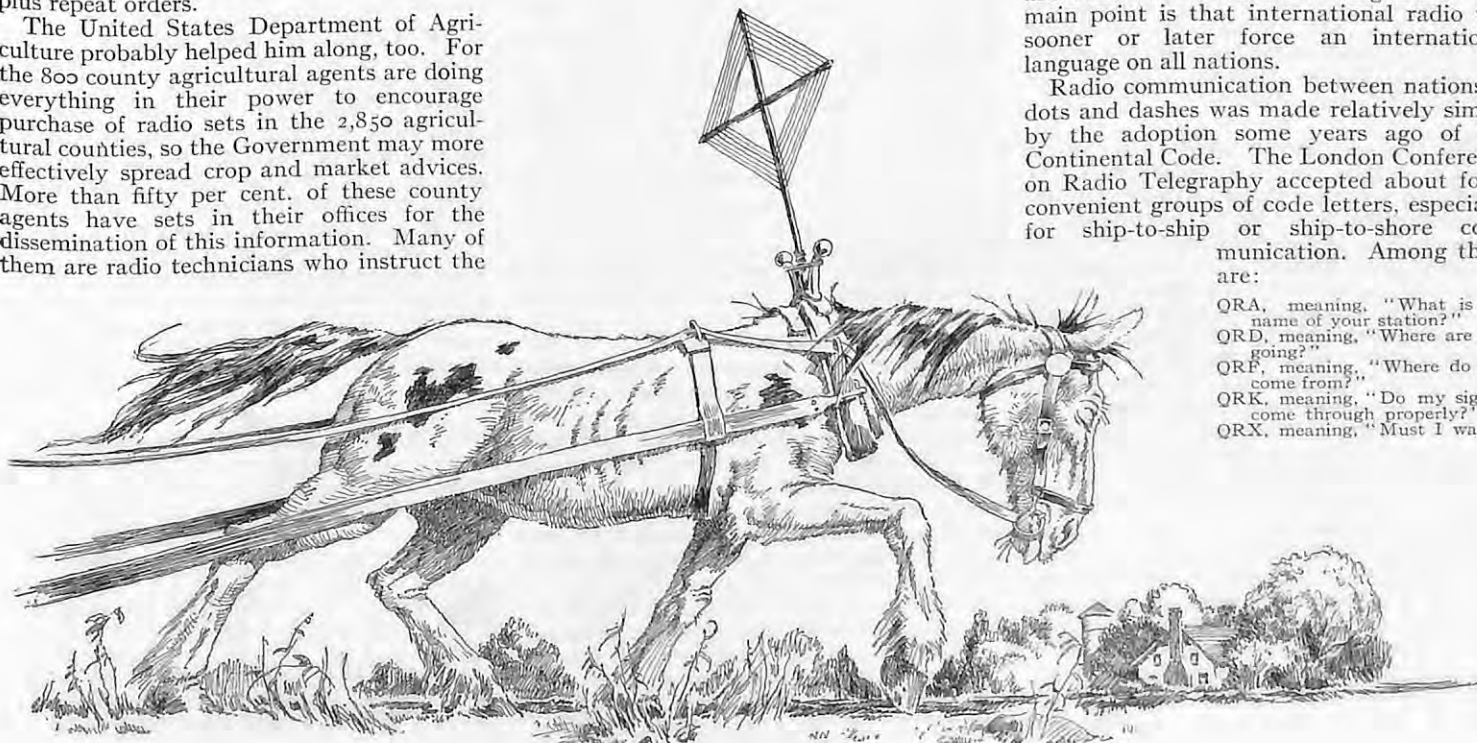
Most wars, military or commercial, arise through misunderstanding. Most international misunderstandings arise through lack of knowledge, among nations, of each other. Much of this lack of knowledge, among nations, is due to our ignorance of each other's tongues. It is particularly true that we, in these isolated United States, are ignorant of the world at large because we know so little about "foreign" languages. And by the same token a good many "foreign" nations will know and like us better if they knew what we are talking about.

Communication by letter, cable or telegraph can be read and understood through translation, although such translation is subject to error. But when Chicago gets Buenos Ayres, or St. Louis gets Rome, the radio fans on each end of the air route are instantly alive to the need for knowing what the other fellow is saying.

IT IS impossible for all radio fans to know all languages. But it is possible for all nations to agree upon one universal language for the radio. That language, according to many members of the radio fraternity, is Esperanto. This proposed international language was given form in 1887. Ilo and Ido followed. The world of international linguists is now divided into warring camps of Esperantists, Iloists and Idoists. Far be it from me to step blithely into this battle of tongues. The International Language Movement, The Universal Esperanto Association, the Amateur Radio Relay League and others can do and are doing that. The main point is that international radio will sooner or later force an international language on all nations.

Radio communication between nations in dots and dashes was made relatively simple by the adoption some years ago of the Continental Code. The London Conference on Radio Telegraphy accepted about forty convenient groups of code letters, especially for ship-to-ship or ship-to-shore communication. Among them are:

- QRA, meaning, "What is the name of your station?"
- QRD, meaning, "Where are you going?"
- QRF, meaning, "Where do you come from?"
- QRK, meaning, "Do my signals come through properly?"
- QRX, meaning, "Must I wait?"





There is also the Maritime International Code, including:

DAY, meaning, "I was away."
 OMP, meaning, "What has happened?"
 DOQ, meaning, "What do you advise?"
 KWF, meaning, "Send a description."
 OQY, meaning, "Are you in good health?"
 PCT, meaning, "I am ill."
 TMV, meaning, "What will you want—?"

But these single signals do not carry communication far when an Englishman in one part of the world wants to talk over the radio with a Frenchman in another. The adoption of some universal language is going to make international radio conversation much more exciting and valuable—to all parties concerned.

World-Wide Radio

Although an Italian started radio and the United States is taking the lead in its development, radio interest is world-wide. Nearly one-half of the 1,000 broadcasting stations are outside our boundaries. During the plenary session of the League of Nations at Geneva, the premiers' speeches were broadcast from a Paris station. Cape Town, South Africa, opened a station last September. There are 5,000 receiving sets within a hundred miles of the Johannesburg, South Africa, station. There are several stations in Finland. Sweden is opening five more. Valencia, Spain, has one and Barcelona is about to open another. There is a Danish Radio Society which has a rival in the Danish Radio Union. There was an International Radio Fair at Amsterdam, Netherlands, last fall. In spite of unusual static trouble, radio wires are strung over many a nipa hut in the Philippines. The Radio Communication Company of Hongkong is very active.

TEN thousand diners in sixty-two cities in the United States, Canada and Great Britain recently sat down to the first international radio banquet, in celebration of Founders' Day, by a Pittsburgh firm. Loud speakers permitted all the banqueters to hear speeches made by President Coolidge in Washington and by others in Pittsburgh. During a recent fight in which Firpo lost the decision, fight fans in North and South America got the rounds by radio. The football game between Notre Dame and Leland Stanford University was enjoyed from coast to coast by radio fans who attended vicariously. A South American opera star sang over the North American radio. An Italian count, an Austrian duke and a Russian admiral worked on radio apparatus in a Brooklyn factory. An amateur in Southern California conversed last winter with an amateur in New Zealand. Talk about a tie-up of nations!

The Romance of Radio

While radio is big business it appeals

primarily to the imagination of the fans. A boy in Virginia accidentally hears his lost sweetheart's voice in a Washington, D. C., hotel. He hurries to Washington and they are married and live happily ever after. Two branches of an Ohio family have daily radio talks between Cleveland and Collins, seventy-five miles apart. Radio amateurs in Illinois aid railroads battling with a mid-winter blizzard. A tug in the harbor of New York is directed by radio from Manhattan Island. The Radio Market Service of the United States Department of Agriculture gives storm warnings as well as market reports. The Canadian National Railways radio programs to their trans-continental trains.

The American Radio Association is assisting the American Federation for the Blind in securing radio sets so that the sightless may see through the receivers. By a simple device the deaf can hear by radio. To the dumb, radio is a constant delight.

Unfortunately the evilly minded are taking advantage of radio. Radio detectives ran down a sender in San Francisco who by using code words directed the operations of rum-runners. In a State's prison it was discovered that inmates were using radio to tell confederates when and where to throw "dope" over the prison walls. But that is to be expected when there are radio sets almost everywhere and most of them have a good mission in life.

A New York apartment has a set on its roof with which it gives service, through a loud speaker, to each tenant. A Cincinnati boy has stretched a wire around the ribs of an umbrella and thus receives air messages from afar. There are receiving sets on wheels, on sleds, on the backs of pedestrians. One ingenious youth has built a practical one on the handle of a toothbrush.

The United States Navy, which has radio equipment with a replacement value of \$15,000,000, is planning to expend \$8,500,000 in completing and modernizing it. The ZR-3 might and probably would not have sailed through the air from Europe to America had not radio warnings led the commander to alter his course and thus avoid head winds. During that trans-oceanic trip, the airship's radio crew handled 12,000 words in code and talked to both continents almost simultaneously. Nearly 4,000 vessels flying the United States flag are equipped for radio telegraphy and there are 900 United States coastal radio telegraph stations, while 10,000 ships of foreign registry and 2,500 foreign coastal stations are similarly equipped. The Eskimos at Pilot Station, Alaska, almost within the Arctic circle, get some of their instruction via radio from Oakland, California. It takes from three to six months to get mail to them. The Department of the Interior maintains that Eskimo school.

The Foreign Field

American business men are not content that citizens of this country should spend \$350,000,000 on radio sets and parts in one year where they spent \$2,000,000 for such commodities in 1920. They are reaching out after foreign business. Many of the 200,000 radio employees are in foreign fields or studying them. Three years ago there were a dozen manufacturers of radio apparatus in America. The principal demand then was for commercial telegraph equipment. As I write this, 325 firms are sending radio goods out of the country. For the seven months ending August 1, 1924, our radio exports totaled \$2,123,832, as against \$1,084,823

for the same period in 1923. American trade scouts in Ceylon, Australia, Central and South America, the South Sea Islands and India find the natives quite well up in the radio lingo. But there are vast territories still to be brought into the market. Radio salesmen frequently use the cable to get foreign business.

80,000 Leagues Under the Sea

The submarine cable gave people a first thirst for up-to-the-minute knowledge of what is going on in other parts of the world, and in this vital matter of international communication the cable concerns are *not* leaving the field to radio.

From 1858, when Cyrus W. Field and his American and British associates laid the first successful submarine trans-Atlantic cable, and Marconi flashed his first trans-Atlantic message through the air in 1901, the sub-sea medium had no competitor. During the past ten years radio has challenged cable communication, more aggressively each year—and during those ten years 30,000 nautical miles of submarine telegraph cable have been laid by governments or private corporations.

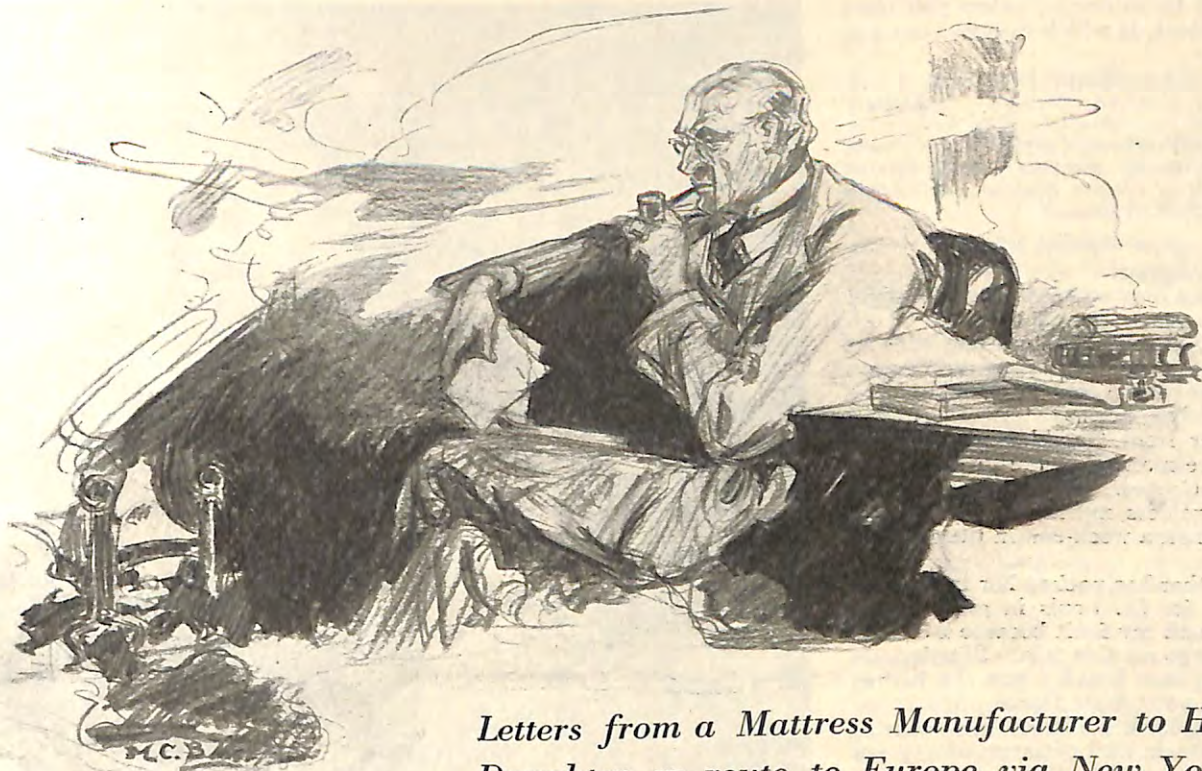
THERE are more than 240,000 nautical miles—80,000 leagues—of cables, carrying messages along the floors of the seven seas. More are laid each month. British interests own or control about 125,000 miles of these cables; American interests about 100,000 miles, and other interests about 35,000 miles. One American company laid a new \$4,000,000 cable across the Atlantic last fall. Another American company is preparing to lay its second cable across the Pacific this year.

Cable, telephone and telegraph interests are proceeding on the assumption that they will be in demand even after radio achieves complete secrecy in sending messages through the air. One United States telegraph company owns 300,000 miles of land lines served by 4,000 stations and has recently completed an additional trans-continental line. Another United States telegraph company owns 1,528,000 miles of land lines served by 25,000 stations. It, too, is extending its system.

In many cases telegraph, telephone, cable and radio interests work in harmony. Both the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Companies have established wire connections with the new United Fruit Company's powerful radio plant near Miami, Florida, so that the telegraph companies' New York offices may have quick wireless connection with South American stations. The United States Army Signal Corps has linked Government radio, telegraph and cables in Alaska where 2,700 miles of submarine cables and 840 miles of land telegraph lines and eighteen radio stations handle 10,000,000 words a year.

(Continued on page 52)





*Letters from a Mattress Manufacturer to His
Daughter en route to Europe via New York*

Love, Honor and Owe Dad

Sintonville, September 28, 19--.

DEAR ELEANOR: This is a most extraordinary trip that you are undertaking, but, then, you are an extraordinary girl.

I know you will not find time to read this letter, and I know, if you read it, it will impress you as being just about as interesting as the annual report of the Tick Committee of the National Association of Mattress Manufacturers.

However, one writes letters, primarily, to get things off one's chest, and, secondarily, to impress one's friends and relatives with one's cleverness, so that at least half the purpose of this epistle to unheeding youth will have been fulfilled.

Never having been a flapper, I do not know exactly how your mind reacts to certain things. I do know that most of your confidences, if and when any, have been reserved for your mother, and your Dad is quite a long way off from the center of your scheme of things. However (I do not know what I would do without that friendly word) your mother isn't speaking to your father just at this time, so I can not get in touch with you indirectly. The family strife has to do with your brother Gerald, as you know. He has turned Bolshevik, but some of the whipped cream of civilization must turn to buttermilk, so I am not worrying. However, your mother blames me for it.

I do not like to criticize your friend and globe-trotting companion, Mr. Priestly Newlan. As your mother says, our relatives are wished on us, but we can choose our friends, hence I imagine you respect your selection in this instance, and anything I might say against him would be likely to arouse your resentment. I can not refrain from adding, however, that I consider him a hopeless Dumb-bell, a Rug-jumper and a Lobby Lizard. He even qualifies for the odious term of Zebra, which, I am told, signifies a sport model jackass. I am using

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Illustrated by May Cornelia Burke

your own phrases so that my language may have a certain clarity. I do not at all consider him to be a Wow. You are mistaken about that. A Wow, I am sure, is something excessively superlative in the way of young men, and Priestly is excessive in nothing except synthetic gin.

He has repeatedly referred to you as a Hot Mommer, and I am not prepared to say whether or not I admit the entire appropriateness of this term. The Throckmorton-Smiths, next door, have a young sister, who, at thirteen, is admirably proclaimed by a host of bell-bottomed trouser adherents to be a Hot Mommer. If she is one, I should think you would consider the name somewhat puerile. You are almost ready to be a Matronly Conflagration.

However, Priestly is your idea of a reincarnated Good Time, and you are accompanying him to Europe on an unseasonable and misconducted Tour, so that is that. That young fellow who was a major in the Air Service, and hasn't yet decided whether he wants to go into the Advertising Business or take up Taxidermy, is much more to my liking, but I suppose you will exercise the ancestral Weathers common sense and do nothing desperate or ill-advised for a few years yet.

I know chaperons are out of date now, Eleanor, at least on this side of the water, but I want you to remember when you get to Europe that European young girls who are considered nice do not go running all over the terrain with young men, unless there is an elderly person present to lend respectability to their antics. You are quite likely to be misjudged if you do not restrain your fresh American enthusiasm and appetite for excitement.

Even on the boat you should exercise a certain caution. You should not permit

Priestly to kiss you in the dining salon, even if none of the other passengers are sober, the first two or three days out. These little things are sometimes noticeable. Osculation, to be sure, has become so common among young people that it has lost much of its former punch. When I was a young man, now, kissing meant something. It usually meant that you had to marry the girl, so that it was a practice attended by genuine perils. Hence it was a sporting thing to do, and there was a devil-may-care spirit of romance in the thing. I well remember a dashing young moustache-cup salesman who broke three girls' hearts by kissing them and then deserting them cruelly by going on the road for a Kansas City firm. I mean it was not so much the Kansas City firm that caused them sorrow, but his going on the road that way, when he should have kept his engagement to at least one of them.

I DON'T believe the villain ever married at all.

However, I predict that kissing will go out of style entirely, if the young people don't quit running it in the ground. Something like that has already happened to the Eskimos, who can get an affectionate thrill, now, only by rubbing noses. Nothing is any fun unless it is forbidden. What pleasure would you get out of running over a traffic policeman, if they didn't hang you for it? The answer is obvious.

So remember that, the sky being the limit, you must not be too wasteful with your thrills and pleasures, lest they pall on you and quit being thrilling and pleasant.

When you call on Gerald in New York, slip ten or fifteen dollars into his pocket. I am afraid the young man is hungry, but ashamed to admit it.

Drop me a postal, if you find the time. In some stores you can buy a postal with the message already written on it: "Arrived safely. Having a grand time. Going to the Follies to-night. Love to all." One

of these will be sufficient, unless you meet with an accident, in which case you can add a postscript.

Love from
DAD.

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to his daughter, Mrs. Priestly Newlan, nee Miss Eleanor Weathers, en route to Cherbourg on S. S. Aphasia.)

Sintonville, October 5, 19—.

Eleanor, Eleanor!

I have never been so upset since the night the factory burned.

How could you do such a thing without consulting your parents? You didn't even send me a postcard about it. All the news I have had has been a telegram and a skimpy letter from Gerald, simply saying that you were married at the Little Church Around the Corner. It is a mad generation that considers matrimony of no more importance than a week-end in the country.

YOUR mother has packed her trunks and departed for St. Louis in great anger. She says it is all my fault because I did not forbid you to go on this trip. She declares she is leaving me, but I fancy she is only going to visit your Aunt Doris.

However, I have squirmed and twisted about it so much, and disarranged my few remaining hairs so violently, and sworn and groused at the office force so long, that I suppose it is time for me to cool down and wish you my blessing. I feel more like saying God help you.

Eleanor, I am not going to disinherit you, or do any of the foolish theatrical things that good form and custom indicate should be done by the irate parent in such circumstances. I think it won't be necessary to disinherit you, if labor troubles get any worse in the plant. However, you may tell Priestly that I will find a way to support him, after he has squandered all his father's money. I shall never see a son-in-law of mine deprive himself of a motor.

But he is going to make you unhappy, and that is what worries me. By the time you get this letter you probably will have decided that it was all a mistake and a mad escapade. That's the trouble with marriage. Countless generations of our ancestors, plain and with crests, have married in haste and repented at leisure, but the advice of others doesn't mean a thing to young folks. Experience is a high-priced professor, but he's the only one that most of us will have.

The idea of marriage has changed so, since your mother and I engaged the drawing room to Niagara Falls, that I feel a sort of hesitancy in discussing it with you. It's like a chap who played whist back in 1882 trying to pretend that he hasn't forgotten anything about bridge.

Your mother and I didn't have any understanding at all about who was going to be boss. She promised to love, honor and obey me and I promised to love, honor and cherish her, incidentally paying all expenses. There was never any argument about who was boss. She was, and I thought I was. Men are vain, and only have to be joshed along. As long as you don't offend their dignity by telling them outright that they *can't* drop ashes on the living room rug, or wear comfortable slippers around the house, they won't cause any trouble.

But I am speaking in terms of old-fashioned men and wives, now. The modern girl swings in aggressively with her tennis racquet and raps the new papa resoundingly on the bean, reminding him that she is just as good as he is (whereas



she was formerly better than Gunga Din himself) and that she is socially, politically, inherently, spiritually, and intellectually on a par with him, and if there's going to be any bossing around the house, look out. And the amateur husband, having heard and observed a lot of things about muscular brides who treat their husbands rough, starts into married life very much on his guard. He is sort of class-conscious. He is willing to admit that most men are boobs and that they ought to have been ashamed of themselves for keeping the ladies in servitude for the last five thousand years, and he is anxious to make amends, but he is sensitive about being rapped on the bean. Hence every little move that his wife makes in the direction of more Liberty makes him jump.

I am afraid you are going to have this experience with Priestly. At first you will flit madly about with him from crag to crag and café to cabaret, but this sort of thing will soon get tiresome. Shortly you will be wanting to reform your husband, and I am afraid that, instead of artfully persuading him that iced tea is better for the soul than cocktails, you will bash him over the head with a decanter. That is precisely what I would do, but it is the

wrong way for a young lady to go about it. You will arouse Priestly's masculine class-consciousness by such a course, and the result will be a domestic tangle. I don't want him suing me for alienation of your affections.

You will get the impression, perhaps, that I am somewhat pessimistic over the probable outcome of your marital adventure, but I favor always being prepared for the very worst, so that a half-bad result will be in the nature of a pleasant surprise. It is my observation that young people get married nowadays with the idea that it is a game, the object of which is to see how long you can endure it. The theory of a life partnership is no longer taken seriously. If a young couple remain harmoniously married, it is an accident and an exception.

Gerald has been writing me things about the Socialist theory of free love. I don't know why he is telling me such things, unless he is leading up to the fact that he thinks he is in love himself. Free love is the only kind he can afford just now, being broke. But what he has had to say has given me food for thought. He contends that the happy state eventually will be reached, when women are economically independent of men, when they will no longer have to



Her husband came into the studio and told Doolittle he was a scoundrel, and all Doolittle said was that the lady in the case ought to be severely spanked

take that too many wives make. As Gerald says—there is a little gleam of intelligence in that Socialist rot now and then—the theory of marriage contains too much of the idea of possession. If a man owns a horse, or a house, it's a pretty good horse or a pretty good house, that's all. He gets used to them, like his neckties and golf clubs, because they're his. And when he persuades himself that he owns his wife, he just gets used to her in the same way. It would be better if he sold himself on the idea that he has just borrowed his wife, instead of taking her in fee simple, because then he would appreciate her more.

Your mother almost made that mistake once. It was the summer when we were at the Shore, and you were visiting somewhere or other, and Gerald was camping. I suppose I played a little too much golf in the daytime and poker at night, and was a little too confident that Mrs. Weathers would stay put on the veranda with the bridge and scandal shock troops. But I found her in the music room one evening with that lean pianist with the starved eyes—the one we entertained in Sintonville once—you remember, Nokoutchaieff, I think his name was—and he was abusing the instrument of the immortals and she was sitting about one and a half feet from him, drinking it in with a rapturous expression, as though the Lost Chord had come back home. I started to say something, and she frowned at me and placed a finger to her lips, and I had to wait there twenty minutes until he was through. She said it was the Moonlight Sonata, and it sounded to me like the Crown Theatre orchestra spending a half hour trying to tune itself up, the way they do when they start playing, you know.

WELL, I pretended it didn't make any difference, but it did sort of get me peeved, when I got to thinking about my wife wasting all that time with a fellow like that, when she might have been talking to her husband. And I asked her, that night, what she saw in that hungry tinkle-tuner. She just looked out of the window at the water—we had a sea exposure for fourteen dollars a day—and sighed and said, "Oh, John, what's the use? You would not understand!"

I stayed in a huff all next day and went fishing in the morning, and played golf until after dark, and I came back to the hotel and found that she and Nokoutchaieff had gone for a stroll down the beach in the moonlight. (I have never told anybody about this, Eleanor, and don't you ever tell your mother that I mentioned it.)

I'll bet I chewed up six Flora Fauna de Cubas without lighting them, sitting on the porch and waiting for that pair to get back. And when they finally did show up, she just smiled at me wistfully and that fool pianist bowed in his foreign way (I could have kicked him in the ribs!) and said, in his Russian manner, "I like very well the moonlight and Mrs. Weathers, just!" What the Sam Hill did he say that to me, for? I never have got over the fellow's insolence.

(Continued on page 54)

say, "Papa, I need a new hat," or "Leave a dime for the ice man, Dammit." (I am persuaded that some modern wives say Dammit.) If they don't have to depend on men for support, wives will feel more at liberty to pack up their suit and vanity cases and depart. Hence there will be more true love marriages, since love is the only bond that will keep man and wife together. I haven't time to go into this fully now, but I will say that I am eternally thankful that you are not economically dependent on young Priestly Newlan, and may leave him when you have a mind to.

However, I have rambled. I was merely going to wish you my blessing, and I do so.

Devotedly your

DAD.

(From John Weathers, *Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to his daughter, Mrs. Priestly Newlan, Hotel Ritz, Paris.*)

Sintonville, October 14, 19—.

Dear Little Girl:

I was quite touched by the letter you wrote me on the boat. I am sorry that you will have received, by now, a letter I wrote about the same time, which contained some things I should not have said. But you

will forgive your dad for being a bit upset over your impulsive step, won't you?

It is encouraging to hear that you are so happy with Newlan. Perhaps he is a Whang, after all, as you intimate. I may have judged him hastily. If he will make my little girl happy, that is all I shall ask of him.

I imagine it was quite pleasant to have the artist, Mr. Doolittle, along on the passage. That's a funny name for an artistic chap, isn't it? I should think he ought to be named Languedoc, or Cholmondeley-Davison, or something like that. I am glad that Priestly got a little jealous of him. The trouble with Priestly is that all his life he has been trying to conduct himself as though *his* name were Doolittle, and it probably makes him a bit mad at himself when an interesting fellow comes along who has accomplished something. I don't know what Mr. Doolittle gets for magazine covers and portraits, but I'll bet he would have painted your mother cheaper than that canvas-mechanic who charged me five thousand dollars for a picture that made her look like the Queen of Roumania.

But speaking of jealousy, don't ever let Priestly get the idea that he's the only man who is attractive to you. That's the mis-

The Plot Thickens

*In the Current Novels, in the New Kind of Biography,
and, in Fact, in Books of All Sorts*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Arrowsmith

By Sinclair Lewis

SINCLAIR LEWIS has arrived at that notch in the ladder of greatness where lesser literary gentlemen lecture about him; his "style," his "significance," his "artistic progress," his "position" in American letters, etc. It is all very serious and validly so, for no one surpasses him as far as we know. But for the greater number of us a new book by the man who wrote "Main Street" is just a jolly, personal event.

We admit that Mr. Lewis is all the erudite things that the lecturers tell us he is and that "Main Street" is this and "Babbitt" is that in the higher criticism; but even before I was through the first chapter of "Arrowsmith" I had lost all sense of analysis in the mere human enjoyment of a truly great book.

Here is a husky American novel, with the essential attributes of all husky young American things—brawn and passion, hunger and thirst, the eternal pursuit of liberty, and, above all, the need of service, the longing to be a voice in the wilderness. Gentleness and beauty struggle through the sterner gestures and features of the book. And love, a lovelier love than found its way into "Main Street" or "Babbitt" is told of Martin Arrowsmith and his wife Leora, his sweetheart and chum always—"her commonness was dear to the commonness that was in himself, valid as ambition or reverence, an earthy base to her gaiety as it was to his nervous scientific curiosity."

In "Arrowsmith" Lewis puts the practice and research of medicine on trial. He is counsel for the prosecution and for the defense. His witnesses are given us with astounding insight, his arguments are brought forward with a rush and fire of dramatic episode.

This story of a young country medico, who, by his very nature, must cast himself wholly into the sacrificial life of scientific research, reverberates with low laughter at humbug and hypocrisy, especially as those things are found in the healing profession in America.

Sinclair Lewis, himself son and grandson of physicians, set himself a task when he wrote this book. A false statement and the world of doctors would spring upon him and destroy him. To guard against errors he is indebted for his scientific and medical material to Dr. Paul H. De Kruif. These two, thrilled by the mission they had set themselves, traveled, a couple of years ago, through the West Indies gathering data for the chapters on the Plague. They prowled about the Islands, poking into all sorts of odd corners, and once their steamer was clear of the little palm-rimmed harbors, they worked like slaves in their cabin studying and making multitudinous notes. They considered that they were having great fun.

Well, great fun in one's job, and hard work, and infinite pains, and a genius for story-telling have all combined to give us a better book than "Babbitt," and—all ready, now!—a better book than "Main Street."

This novel has more sweep, more color, glamour, more heart-break than his last two

famous books. I think it is a great story. Get it as soon as you can and read it slowly, not skipping, for it is, I feel sure, Lewis' extraordinary gift of words, his opulent and fluent American tongue, as much as the theses of his books, that has given him the place he occupies to-day among the most important of living writers.

Books Reviewed This Month

Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

Numerous Treasure, by Robert Keable. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

God's Step-Children, by Sarah G. Millin. (Boni & Liveright, New York)

The Keys of the City, by Elmer Davis. (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York)

Old New York, by Edith Wharton. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

The Story of Irving Berlin, by Alexander Woollcott. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

The Italian Lakes, by Gabriel Faure. (The Medici Society, Ltd., Boston, Mass.)

Will Rogers' Illiterate Digest, (A. & C. Boni, New York)

Grass, by Merian C. Cooper. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

O'Malley of Shanganagh, by Donn Byrne. (The Century Company, New York)

Soundings, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Little, Brown & Company, New York)

The Constant Nymph, by Margaret Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Company, New York)

The George and The Crown, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York)

Healing the Devil, by Juanita Cassel Burbridge. (Nicholas L. Brown, Pub., 15 West 37th St., New York)

God's Stepchildren

By Sarah G. Millin

THIS is the pitiful epic of black blood mixed with white. Through four generations this tragedy is traced in a South African novel of strange passion and repression.

Indeed, to read this powerful and absorbing book is like sitting out on a brilliant and warm hillside and listening to a quiet voice (never raised in emotional cries or drowned in tears) that tells an unbelievable and heart-clutching story, the climax of which is as inescapable as that of a Greek play.

This book, the record of one helpless missionary among the Hottentots, and of his descendants, tainted with the dark blood of the native girl, will be much discussed.

We, here in America, have had our own novels on the same theme, but they seem to lack the calmness, the intelligence and the pity of this English woman's piece of work. It is a dignified and heart-felt study. A vivid tale.

The Constant Nymph

By Margaret Kennedy

GET this book just as quickly as you can and then thank God, fasting, for a good tale!

"The Constant Nymph" is an unbroken delight while you are reading it, and a thing to remember with tears and laughter when you put it aside.

I only hope this delicious story won't be talked to death, but, as you know, it has made a great hit and people are shouting backward and forward about it here and in England. There is just a bit of danger that "dear Tessa"—a truly nymphic child—may be hurt by so much excitement and enthusiastic handling.

It is a long time since we have been given by any writer a book so brilliant, so exciting, so tender, so clever, so heartbreaking, so merry, so altogether satisfying as "The Constant Nymph."

It is the story, or rather the picture, of the family of a musician. A family absurdly young, absurdly knowing, absurdly ignorant. When the father, who is a genius, dies, they are left to face a world where, for the most part, they are a mixture of babes in a wood and wild eaglets in a dove-cote. But they persist in being lovable, all of them, and especially Tessa who, so early in life learns its glory and sorrow. However she never becomes sentimental or maudlin. Her eyes hold "a kind of secret hilarity" and almost up to the last you can laugh with and at her.

Whistler should have painted her, Lillian Gish could play her. We, at least, may understand and love her.

But Tessa is not the whole book. Miss Kennedy has been prodigal with her material. Besides the Sanger family, who are "pitch-forked into a new world," we are shown their friends and relatives—Lewis Todd, beloved of Tessa; Florence Churchill, the youngsters' cousin (who had no easy time of it); Jacob Birnbaum, who so casually walks off with Antonia Sanger and learns the illusion of all possession.

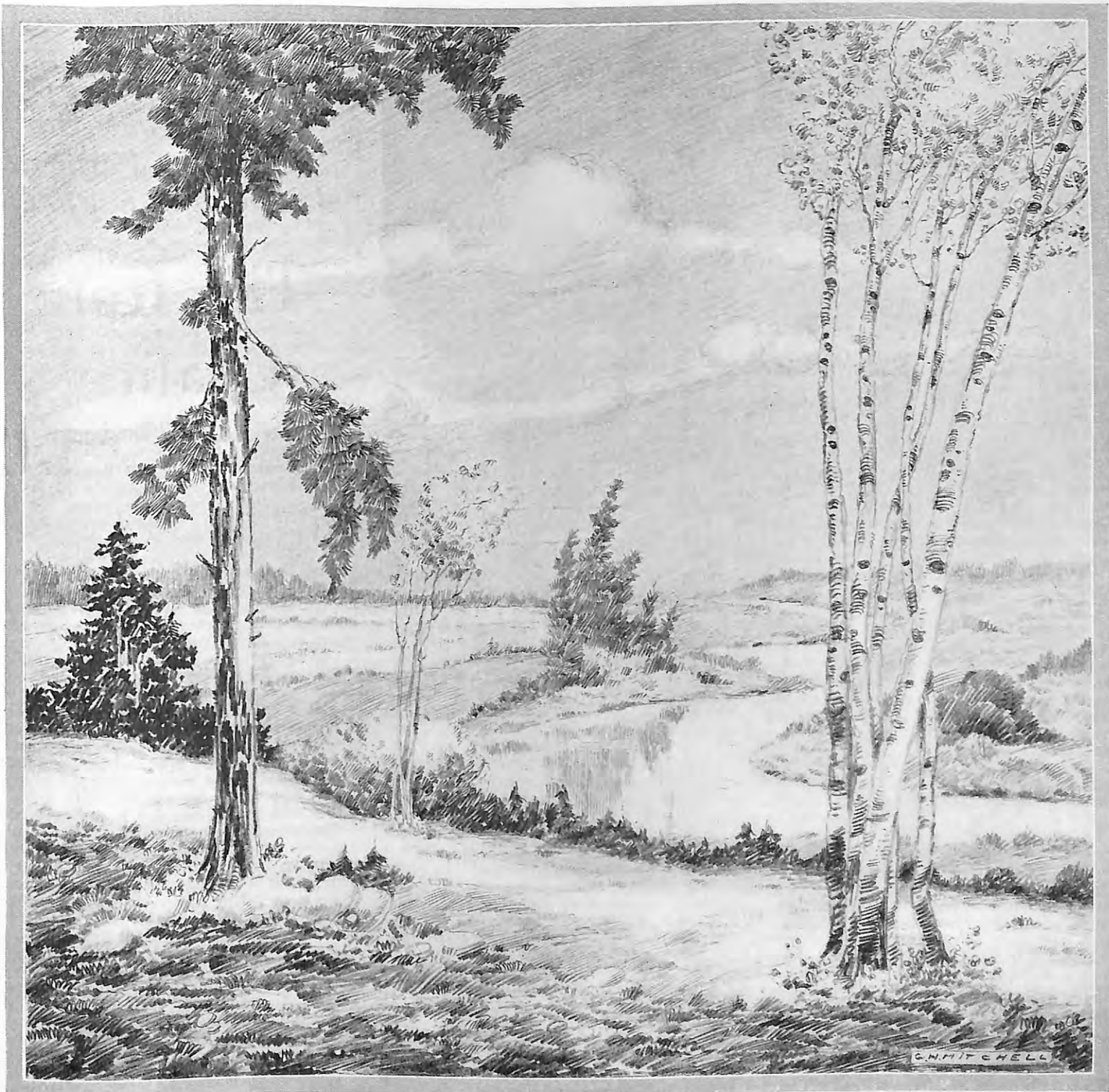
While we read, we live intensely with these people, gazing shamelessly upon their naked hearts and sensing the potent forces of their natures. We feel, for a while, the sacredness of music, as the children of the great Sanger felt it. We listen to them abusing each other most profanely in the argot of four languages, and deplore our own lack of glibness.

They are temperamental folk. ". . . at every crossing she shook his nerves by a total disregard of the traffic. The Sangers were like that, he remembered; they always did their best to get run over after a concert."

But don't blame them. Just look at their father! His friends adored him although he "would stay with them for weeks, composing third acts in their spare bedrooms" and, incidentally, making love to their wives.

At the very beginning of this remarkable story you are hurled head-first into the family at Sanger's little house in the Alps, at a time when the children, under the guidance of Lewis Todd, are giving a one-act

(Continued on page 70)



A LONG the road stand many trees, varied as we humans are, in their personalities.

By rank and file they stand in groves; while by the winding, limpid stream they struggle free and carelessly, like children out of school. Along the drive they're on parade; in the windbrake they're on guard; while on the distant hill-top stands a lonely sentinel to bend and wave strange semaphores of warning to the orchard trees below.

There are stately, historical trees ranged in stalwart, martial rows, fending blast and burning sun from the house of men beneath. They were planted by the fathers of the oldest men who know them, and they have watched the generations come and go.

Trees

By Harold Robb Lauder milk

Decoration by C. H. Mitchell

✻

In the lawns stand single birches with their striped, zebra trunks; and scrub cedars of the rough-lands, overfed in loamy soil. Swart catalpas, hung with fragrant bell-shaped blossoms, share scant space with nut-tree seedlings looking up to poplar neighbors.

As in the faces of the street, there is a strange combination of contrast and resemblance as they whisper, and rustle, and laugh in the sunlight; then moan and sigh, and wail in strange hysteria, underneath the passing thundercloud.

Fickle as the light that dances in the Opal's Heart—changing from laughter to sighs and tears, and back to mocking whisper in one summer afternoon.

Yet trees are near immortal!



*Beckwith Finds Out
About His Partner
In the Death Pact*

The Iron Chalice

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague

wished that he was in the final month of life . . . his thoughts were, perhaps, melodramatic—but then young men in such circumstances are prone to think in superlatives and it was Alan's initial experience of the sort.

He determined grimly that he would go on as before, playing his part as well as he was able, concealing from Beverly his accidentally-acquired knowledge. The decision gave him a feeling of vast nobility and righteousness and he retraced his steps toward the Avonmont.

IT WAS amazing how far he had walked. Squint swung into step behind him. Squint was panting with the unusual exertion and there was a look of beseechment on the ratty features of the little would-be gunman. Alan swung along with free-hipped, space-eating strides and Squint trotted along behind. The air was decidedly chill: the first finger of gray winter had been laid upon the city. Low-hanging, swiftly-scudding clouds threatened the first feathery fall of snow. People walked with heads bent against the chilling blasts . . . and Alan only knew that he was thoroughly miserable. He was learning now that mere physical discomfort is of indifferent consequence.

They approached the Avonmont. Mechanically Alan reached for a cigarette and withdrew an empty packet. He crossed the street to a corner cigar store where he made a purchase. Squint settled tiredly on the curbing. Alan emerged from the cigar store and paused on his side of the street staring in rather stricken fashion up at the windows of his tiny apartment.

And as he watched, something happened. From the entrance of the Avonmont came the young man whom Alan had seen enter the apartment an hour since. The young man stood on the steps, buttoning his overcoat about his neck, then turned southward.

But that was not all. The stranger glimpsed Squint Scoggins. Quite casually Squint raised his hand in a gesture of greeting. The stranger paused, chatted with Squint for a moment or two and passed on.

Alan was bewildered. Here was another complication; further food for thought. He was amazed that Squint should know the

Part III

SQUINT SCOGGINS joined him at the curb. "Where you headed for now, Mr. Beckwith?"

"What the hell business—" Then Alan checked himself. "Pardon me, Squint: I didn't mean to be harsh."

"S'all right, Boss—'s'all right. I'll just trail along."

"Good. But trail this time. I don't feel very companionable."

Alan struck off down the street. His brain seemed to be burning. That this should have come on the very heels of his exultation regarding Beverly . . . he was the victim of stark jealousy. The thing appeared so unnecessarily crude: it was the old, old story of the husband with an engagement, of the unexpected return . . .

There was in Alan a streak of inflexible honesty. It came to him now that there was this difference: that he was not, in fact, Beverly's husband—that the peculiar nature of their marriage gave him no marital rights. Only a short time before she had looked straight at him and told him that there could never be anything of a tenderer nature between them. She steadfastly had avoided telling him of her past life.

Very well, then, her past life was none of his business. And certainly he was not justified in thinking of her as rivaling the lily in purity: the very circumstances under which she had come to him, her terrified admission of the whip which North held over her, his knowledge that she was being forced into this thing—coupled with the certainty that nothing save a hold of enormous magnitude could possibly force her. . . . Cold logic afforded a single answer to the question even while his love and his instinct rebelled violently against that conclusion.

He fought down an almost irresistible impulse to swing back to the apartment and break in after the accepted manner of outraged husbands. He put the temptation aside as unworthy. It would not be playing the game—besides, he had no right. Yet the thought of a man's presence in his apartment was abhorrent. For the first time he had received ocular proof that there was a phase of Beverly's life of which he knew nothing; that he was ignorant of all save two months of her existence. He felt like a stranger, an outsider. He knew that he was cutting a rather ridiculous figure.

Oh, well! this altered things a good bit. Shattered were the rose dreams of an hour since, gone the urge for life and love. He

man . . . it savored of North's fine hand. Puzzlement now somewhat usurped the place held heretofore by anger. The meeting between Squint and the stranger; their brief, casual conversation—indicated that in some manner this person was a strand of the web which had been thrown so deftly and tenuously around himself, Alan Beckwith. Admitting that fact, it was still difficult to explain the nuance of genuine gladness in Beverly's voice as she had greeted her visitor.

A new and horrid idea assailed him: was it possible that Beverly, too, was reporting to Andrew North? Was she, after all, so much in sympathy with the implacable controller of his destiny as to be using her residence in his apartment to keep North and his agents posted on his comings and goings? The thought was sickening—and he found it hard to believe. But then there were so many things that were difficult of belief in this whole rotten business where unpleasantness seemed to follow with sinister inevitability on the heels of unpleasantness.

At least, however, some of the veil could be lifted. Alan crossed the street and dropped a hand on Squint's shoulder as that tired gentleman rose. Alan's voice was rasping and harsh.

"Who was that man, Squint?"

"Which man, sir, Mr. Beckwith?"

"The man who just came out of the Avonmont? The one you spoke to."

"Oh! him? Seems like you sure ought to know him, sir."

"Why should I know him?"

"Because," grinned Squint. "He's your very own brother-in-law!"

"Oh!"

For a moment Alan felt unaccountably weak in the knees. Then a sensation of infinite relief welled up within him and he experienced a desire to shout aloud with sheer happiness. How ridiculous of him to think that Beverly would be so poor a sportswoman as to entertain a man in their apartment . . . he wanted to rush up-stairs and apologize.

"Mrs. Beckwith's brother?" he queried.

"That's what he is, sir."

"I—I didn't even know she had a brother."

"Is that so?" Squint grew cautious. "I guess I've gone and spilled some more

beans, Mr. Beckwith. I'm always doing something crazy like that. Guess I ain't got the brains ever to amount to much."

"You're a wonder: that's what you are. Now tell me—Who is this chap? What does he do?"

Squint seemed evasive. "His name's Johnny."

"And his job?"

"Hmm! I don't rightly know has he got a job."

Alan stared severely. "You know a great deal you're not telling me, Mr. Scoggins."

"Well, what if I do, sir? I guess it's Mr. North who's paying me my salary, ain't it?"

North! The name confronted Alan at every turn. Like the bars of a death cell.

"I guess you're right, Squint. I've no business cross-questioning you. But it means such a great deal to me—to learn things."

"I know, sir," answered Squint with quick sympathy. "I guess if I was going to be bumped off pretty soon I'd like to know something about the bimboes which I was connected with by marriage."

"That's it: you've got the idea down fine. I won't question you any more—"

"Wait a minute, sir, Mr. Beckwith. I'm having an idea."

Alan stood patiently while Squint had it. He saw the little man's eyes brighten.

"SAY, Mr. Beckwith—it wouldn't be fair for me to pass on no dope which your very own wife keeps mum, would it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"But it'd be different if I was to steer you up against some one who knew it all, wouldn't it?"

"I see . . . Squint! some day, if you keep practicing, you'll become a genius."

"It'd be all on the up-and-up?"

"Whatever that is, Squint—it would."

"Fine. Come along."

"Where to?"

"It's this away: Johnny Ames has got a girl—My Gawd! what a looker she is. She's a manicurist down at the Empire Hotel barber shop. She's got the dope on Johnny up one side and down the other. And she ain't hard to get along with, either. I'm telling you she ain't. Now what I'll

do is to show her to you—and after that you're on your own."

"I see. You will introduce me?"

Squint Scoggins laughed.

"Introduce you! Holy sufferers! Why, say, Mr. Beckwith—you don't need no introduction to a frail like Mae Deshler. All you got to do is walk in, sit at her table, stick your flippers out and say Hello. She'll know then you're a wise one and the rest'll be soft pickin's."

"I gather," commented Alan, "that my brother-in-law's lady friend is inclined to be rather free and easy."

"Well," came the Delphic retort. "It ain't my habit to slam no lady—but I'd guess there are plenty of 'em in this burg a heap harder to get on with."

CHAPTER XV

THE Empire was the city's leading hostelry: it was a huge, imposing structure with atrocious interior decoration which the majority of citizens thought very beautiful. The barber shop was one of the show places in the big building.

It was located in the basement: a cavernous affair of gleaming white tile and shiny mirrors; of pussy-footed, white-uniformed barbers; of glittery sterilizers and of many, many pulchritudinous manicurists in uniforms of white silk.

Into this impressive establishment—and himself quite in awe of its ravishing beauty—Squint led the way. He was careful to conceal himself from the view of the manicurists who occupied a row of booths on the far side of the shop. But his eye missed no detail.

"She's the blonde in the third booth, Mr. Beckwith."

"Sure?"

"Positive. You can't miss."

"Thanks—" Alan moved away. "You can wait outside. I'll pick you up when the interview is over."

Squint vanished and Alan walked toward the manicure booths. He was decidedly ill at ease: this was a rôle which did not appeal to him and to which he was not accustomed. But he was impelled by the urge to know more of his wife, to—if possible—discover the nature of the bond which held her to Andrew North.

He seemed a fly in the midst of a great spider's web, each strand of which led eventually to Andrew North. This woman might, after all, prove the key . . . not that the information he might glean altered his own position, but he possessed a perfectly natural desire to make things easier for his wife.

He was in the booth almost before he knew it. A sudden panic seized him and he would have turned back had not a cool, self-possessed voice come to him:

"Manicure?"

"Yes." He seated himself and then dared to study the girl.

Squint had spoken truly. Mae Deshler was a person of intense femininity. She possessed decided charms which she took no particular pains to conceal from the approving masculine eye. She was large and inclined to be voluptuous and her heavy, golden hair was not bobbed—wherein Mae exhibited marked individuality.

She had a peaches-and-cream skin which the inexperienced Alan thought very remarkable. While she was not the type of woman who made the slightest appeal to him, he could see readily enough that she possessed a very decided attractiveness.

"No high polish?"

"No."



"No high polish? Thought not. You don't look like the high polish kind"

"Thought not. You don't look like the high polish kind."

His eyes met hers and she smiled boldly.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Just don't look like it, that's all. I can classify the gents who come in here easy enough. Got to ask 'em, of course: they get peeved else." She plunged one of his hands into a little bowl of warm water. "Turning cold, ain't it?"

"It is. This morning I planned to play golf and to-night I'm thinking of sleigh-riding."

"I never played golf," she confided.

"I hear it's an elegant game."

"We'll have to try it some time."

FOR an instant her eyes became chilly; then she laughed. "I've had a lot of invites, but this is the first time anybody ever asked me to go out and try cow-pasture pool."

"Well, why not?"

"Just ain't in my line. The lobster palaces hit me harder."

"How about one of those? I rather like you, Mae."

She pulled her hand away, startled. "Where'd you get hep to my name?"

He could have kicked himself. "Little bird told me."

"Little bird, my eye. Say, listen here—you ain't got any particular reason—"

"Why should you suspect a particular reason because a gentleman learns that your name is Mae Deshler? A girl as pretty as you—"

"Look here." She leaned forward across the table and spoke with disconcerting directness. "I don't know what you're up to and I don't care. But I wasn't born yesterday and I know a few things: One of 'em is that you ain't making no breaks for me, see?"

"Why not?"

"Because you ain't the kind who goes around dating up manicure girls. And in case you are, let me set you right: I ain't that kind of a girl, see? Maybe I like my good times, but I'm straight."

"I'm sure you are."

"You ain't sure of anything of the kind—which is why I'm putting you wise. And now since we're agreed that you hadn't fell for me—suppose you tell me why you took the trouble to learn my name?"

Alan was distinctly embarrassed. The girl had a keenness of perception which was enormously disconcerting. "It really wasn't any trouble."

"Aw! Cut it! Cut it! Come clean."

"Really, Miss Deshler—A policeman? Good Lord, no! What made you think—?"

"Well, you're darned queer. I don't make you—not even a little bit. I don't know that you're so awful popular with me."

"I'm sorry, truly I am. I'd like to be popular with any friend of Johnny Ames'."

"Johnny. . . ." Her whole expression softened. "What do you know about Johnny?"

Something prompted Alan to frankness. "I am his brother-in-law."

For a few seconds she regarded him in silence. Then—"You poor kid," she said.

"You know—?"

"—Enough to be sorry for you. But Johnny said he'd never met you."

"He hasn't. I saw him to-day for the first time. My wife has never even mentioned him to me. I wonder if I can trust you, Mae."

"The sky's the limit."

"You're in love with Johnny?"

"Gawd . . . if you only knew!"

"Very well, then; I am in love with his sister. She's in trouble. Never mind the details. There's some good reason why she has never told me of her brother—and it just struck me that they were linked up some way. I don't amount to much, but perhaps I might help her if I knew something about him."

She was very grave now; regarding him with the light of age-old wisdom out of her baby-blue eyes.

"I'd size you up for a square-shooter."

"I try to be." He showed her a visiting card and a wallet with its insurance identification slip. "Doesn't that clear my identity pretty well?"

"Yes. . . . But I got to go awfully slow. I don't want to get Johnny into nothing. Gawd knows he's in bad enough as it is—the poor kid. But if there was anything you could do—"

"Perhaps there is. Tell me something of Johnny: how old is he?"

"Twenty-three—there sure ain't no harm in spilling that."

"Not possibly. What does he do for a living?"

She did not answer immediately. Then—"He runs liquor."

"He what?"

"Runs liquor: drives a liquor car between here and the coast. He's no jellybean, Johnny ain't. That's a job that takes guts—and he's the lad who's got 'em."

"I see. . . ." Alan felt vaguely disappointed; his wife's brother a liquor-runner. Queer thing, too, that this girl should speak of his profession with pride.

"Who employs him?"

Her voice came softly, fearfully. "Can't you guess?"

"Andrew North?"

Her cheeks went white at the very mention of the dread name. "I didn't say so."

Her admission startled him: North again—at every turn. The man was super-human . . . but this time he was glad to hear of the connection—there seemed now a possibility that Beverly herself might not be personally involved with North.

"Now listen," Mae was speaking with passionate earnestness, "I ain't told you a thing, see? I ain't let loose a single yip. I don't know what you done to me because I'm usually tight-lipped . . . and here I've spilled more dope—"

"It's safe with me."

"I hope so. Well, the reason why I done it is that the kid's in bad, and—"

"How?"

"That's for you to find out. But he's a good kid, kinder impulsive and adventure-some and all that, but he's nice and clean; and he don't deserve to be where he is. No, I don't mean the liquor running; that's a good profession these days . . . lots of swell fellers are in it. It ain't soft, either—it takes guts, like I said. And maybe some day Johnny might get to be an independent bootlegger if he was left alone. But they're down on him—"

The poker swished through the air. The gun clattered to the floor, and Webb, cursing vilely, clapped his left hand over the shattered wrist



"Who?"

"Find out—like I said before. I can't tell you nothing else and if it was ever discovered I told you this much I'd swear you was a liar. Johnny would brain me if he ever found out I untied my upper lip this much. Of course I'd like to mention meeting up with you. . . ."

"Please do."

"I think you're a regular guy and you and him ought to be good friends, specially with you being married to his sister; Gawd! how crazy he is about her. Always raving about what a swell jane she is."

"He's right."

"I and she don't travel in the same crowd."

ALAN trembled to question her about Beverly; but his finer instincts deterred. Close as this girl was to Beverly's brother, it yet seemed sacrilege to discuss her with Mae. It was a keen temptation and one which he dismissed with a visible effort. He'd find out about Beverly what she chose to tell him.

"What do you know of Andrew North?" he asked abruptly.

The girl shivered. "So much," she said nervously, "that the very name of him gives me cold chills. He's got no more blood than a fish, nor heart than a mountain."

"He seems to wield an extraordinary power."



"He don't think no more of having a human life took than you do about killing a mosquito."

"Hmm! That's cheerful. . . . Now listen, Mae: you tell Johnny you met me. Tell him I'd like mighty well to make his acquaintance. There's always a chance that I might be of service."

"Not this time there ain't, Mr. Beckwith. But I'll tell him."

"Good." Alan rose and dropped a bill on the table. "Perhaps some day, Mae, when the clouds have rolled away, I'll give you that golf lesson."

"These clouds," she said heavily, "won't roll away. They ain't that kind."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE aftermath of Alan's interview with Mae Deshler came from an unexpected quarter.

It was two nights later. Beverly had been unaccountably silent at dinner. She replied to his queries with monosyllables and obviously had been waiting with impatience for Ellen's departure.

Alone with him, she sat very straight in her easy chair and came to the point with characteristic directness.

"Alan," she said, "I'm surprised at you, and keenly disappointed."

"Why, Beverly. . . . How?"

"You have been trying to discover things which—if you should have known—I would have told you."

"I say. . . ." Yet he was beginning to understand and to experience a discomfiting sense of guilt.

"You have been trying to glean information from Mae Deshler."

"I have," he answered with perfect candor. "I was signally unsuccessful."

"I wonder. . . ."

"I wouldn't lie to you, Beverly."

"I don't believe you would." Her toe traced a design on the rug. "Why?"

"Why did I question Miss Deshler?"

"Yes."

"Because you are in trouble. My own life hasn't long to run. I've never accomplished anything worth while. I wanted the opportunity of doing something for you before—the end."

"I see." Her voice was very gentle. "I appreciate that, Alan. It is what I would have expected. But it's no use. . . . Nothing is any use—now."

"You are in trouble—deep trouble."

She bowed her head.

"I want to help you. I want you to tell me what it is—I can help only by being a ready listener."

"But why should I tell you?"

"Because," he said quietly—"I love you!"

Silence. The simple words seemed to reverberate through the room. . . . For a moment the girl did not reply and then she raised her eyes to his and he glimpsed a trace of tears.

"That is fine of you, Alan—to tell me. It makes things look different, in a way: just to know that there is someone who cares very, very deeply. I wonder if you can understand how much difference it does make?"

"Yes, I can understand. I've never had anyone care for me that way."

She opened her lips to speak, then closed them suddenly. He spoke pleadingly. "Say it, Beverly."

"No-o. You may understand—but it would be dangerous to put it into words. There are reasons. . . ."

"If you'd only tell me. I love you so. . . ."

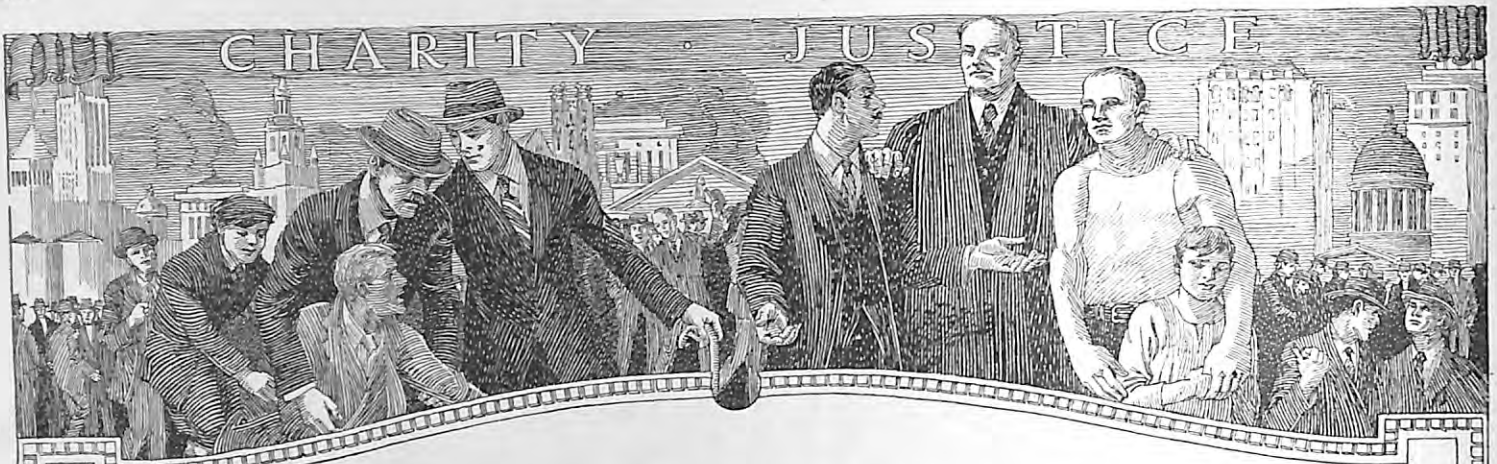
"Knowing nothing about me?"

"Knowing only that you are you."

"You care for me—in view of the way I came to you: as the tool of Andrew North?" Her voice rose and he detected a slightly hysterical note—"What do you know about who I am—or what? What right have you to presume that I am worthy of your love?"

"I don't presume anything, Beverly. I only know that I love you. I can't help that, can I? It doesn't seem to matter

(Continued on page 46)



EDITORIAL

FLAG DAY

THE subordinate lodges whose observances of Flag Day this year are likely to be of real community importance, have probably already matured their plans and provided their programs. The proper celebration of the occasion necessarily involves time spent in preparation and intelligent attention to the numerous details incident to such a ceremonial. It is to be assumed that the local officers have not neglected their duties with respect to this outstanding feature of the lodge year.

But it should be realized that responsibility does not rest upon the officers alone. Every member of the Order is under obligation to assist to the extent of his opportunity in promoting the success of the occasion; and no true Elk will fail to regard his attendance upon the ceremonies as the least contribution he should make thereto.

The Order of Elks claims, and with a justly founded confidence, that it is the most practically effective patriotic organization in America. Flag Day is the particular event which furnishes public testimony, of an inspiring and dramatic character, of its patriotism and loyalty. If it is to be a truly convincing demonstration, it must be made so by the interested participation of the entire membership.

However elaborate the program, however well exemplified the ritual, however inspiring the oration, all these together will not impress the public with the sincerity of the sentiments of the Order, as will a full attendance of its members. On the contrary, a failure of such attendance will naturally invite a suspicion of that sincerity.

It is urged, therefore, upon every Elk who can possibly do so that he attend the ceremonial of his lodge, or of some sister lodge, on June 14th; and by his presence give evidence of his true devotion to our great country, his loyal allegiance to its starry emblem, and his recognition of his obligation as a member of our patriotic fraternity.

THE PROPER NICHE

IN THE selection of committees, or the appointment of individuals, for service in forwarding the activities of the subordinate lodges, it is too often apparent that the choice is not controlled by a proper consideration of their special qualifications to perform that service. In many instances

the choice is based upon the mere willingness of the appointee, or his local prominence, or his lodge popularity, or upon friendly association.

All these are circumstances that may well be taken into account; for they are, of themselves, not without importance. But where the end sought is not the mere payment of a compliment or bestowal of an honor, but a definite result from a required service, the suggested considerations do not necessarily indicate the essential qualifications. These must have relation to the special work to be done.

Some men are thinkers and planners, not doers, and have little aptitude for a service involving the labor of carrying their plans into effect. It would be an obvious mistake to assign to such a one a task which primarily calls for attention to physical details. Some men have little capacity for initiative, but are specially efficient in executing a definitely prescribed task. It would be equally obvious an error to place upon such a one the responsibilities of leadership.

If those in authority in the subordinate lodges, charged with the duty of appointment, would look *first*, to the special qualifications for accomplishing the particular result desired, and would give only secondary consideration to less important attributes, there would be a noticeable increase of the percentage of successes to be accredited to their respective administrations.

It is a matter of assigning each person to his own proper niche instead of inconsiderately placing him in one into which he does not appropriately fit.

ON PARADE

A FEW short weeks and many thousands of Elks will be journeying toward Portland, for the Convention of the Grand Lodge to be held in that city in July. The attention of the country will not only be directed to that important gathering of the representatives of a great fraternity to note the results of its deliberations, but it will also be directed to the groups and individuals who attend, to observe in them anew the true character of the Order.

In a measure that is true at all times; for every organization is, in actuality and in public estimation, just what its interested and active membership makes it. But on occasions when the Annual Convention is assembling, when so many Elks



are giving themselves wholly to the business and pleasure of attendance upon its sessions and to the conduct of its fraternal business, the Order is peculiarly on parade. This is meant not in the sense of a purposeful display and a bid for public notice of it, but in the sense of occupying a position which, for the time, of necessity, specially attracts it.

Every member who contemplates attendance upon the Portland Convention should give thought to this. He should realize that, from the moment he leaves home until his return, he is, by his entire conduct and deportment, interpreting the Order of Elks to an observant public. The dignity, prestige and good name of the Order are peculiarly in his keeping.

This involves a responsibility that should be recognized and worthily borne so that the Order may be deservedly more firmly established than ever in the admiration, the regard and the affection of the whole country.

KRIPPLED KIDDIES

A STRONG, healthy, happy child arouses the affectionate interest of all who come into even momentary contact with him, or her as the case may be. To the thoughtful person, there is so much of promise in the normal young life, the possibilities of the future are so infinite and so varied, that he sees beyond the present and is interested in the contemplation of its maturity. But in every one there is the instinctive response to the compelling charm of infant innocence and happiness and well-being.

When the little body is neither strong nor healthy, when it is distorted and maimed, so that it imposes a painful burden upon the present and an insurmountable handicap upon the future, the appeal to one's sympathies is irresistible. It is impossible to look upon such a pathetic little figure without an impulsive desire to help.

But it is human nature to shrink from the contacts which wring the heart. There are many distractions which prevent busy men from taking the time and trouble to seek out such unfortunates. It is only natural that the little cripples are less in evidence before the casual observer than are normal children. And in consequence we know less, and do less, about the many appealing cases that are right at our doors than, in due observance of our humane obligations, we should.

It is in recognition of all this, and with a view

to encourage a fuller performance of our duty to remedy unfortunate conditions so far as may be practicable, that many of the subordinate lodges, and some of the State associations, have undertaken special work among "Krippled Kiddies." There is something pleasing about the phrase and even in the spelling of it. It suggests affection, and kindness and real interest, and good cheer. It is a conscious effort to mitigate the tragic significance of the words: *crippled children*.

Truly there is no field of activity in which the membership of the several lodges can find a better opportunity for the exemplification of every virtue which our Order teaches! The items which appear each month in this Magazine, relating the splendid things that are being done by Elks all over the country, for the rehabilitation, the well-being and the happiness of these little sufferers, must bring a thrill of appreciation and pride to every reader.

Let it be hoped that they will do more than that; and will inspire in each member a desire and purpose to have a more definite share in a service that is so practically humane, and therefore so characteristically Elk-like.

DOERS AND BE-ERS

EVERY Elk must be an American Citizen. A true Elk is a good citizen. Citizenship has a local as well as national significance. It involves a relationship to the affairs of the community, as well as of the country. And a good citizen is one who not only feels an intelligent interest in those affairs, but who also actively participates in them when his activity may be helpful.

It is easy to cast one's vote and then sit back without further effort and criticise others who are doing things. And courageous criticism of unwise conduct is itself an aid to good government. But the man who really counts in his community life is he who acquaints himself with its needs, its opportunities, and its limitations; and then takes an active part in seeing that those opportunities are seized to meet those needs within those limitations.

An Elk is under a double duty to his community by virtue of his membership in the Order, which carries a special obligation of good citizenship. Morally an Elk believes in doing good—not merely in being good. So in civic life, he should be a doer not merely a be-er.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Six

Flag Day—June 14, 1925

*The Year Which Marks the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
Of the Beginning of the American Revolution*

*Columbus, Ohio,
May 8, 1925*

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

The attention of the members of the Order is again directed to the celebration of Flag Day, one of the foremost of the holidays of the year. The beautiful ritual which has been prescribed by the Order for this particular celebration in itself breathes a spirit of patriotism such as is reflected in all of the principles and tenets of the Order. A public demonstration under the auspices of the various lodges of Elks on this all-important day could not help but arouse in the hearts and minds of the people of the various communities a greater and more intense reverence for the flag and be fruitful of most beneficial results.

This particular year of all years, marking as it does the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of that great series of patriotic efforts on the part of our forefathers who bore the brunt of the American Revolution, should be the occasion for an extraordinary effort on the part of the various lodges to recall the memories of the men of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill who gave so abundantly of their lives, limbs and treasures in order that the way might be opened for those who were to follow to enjoy the blessings and privileges of human life, which in their day were in the balance and threatened with destruction.

As we recall the sacrifices of our forebears let us incorporate in our Flag Day exercises some special tribute to them and exemplify in practical form the patriotic character of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

With every assurance of my deep appreciation of your cooperation in the carrying on of the work of the Order, I have the great pleasure to be

Sincerely and fraternally,



Attest:

Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

John G. Trace
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Flag Day and the Order of Elks

How June 14 Came to be Observed as a Regular Annual Celebration by Every Subordinate Lodge

THE Order of Elks is, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the only fraternal organization which has adopted the observance of Flag Day as an obligatory ceremony on the part of its Subordinate Lodges throughout the country. Every Lodge is required, under the Grand Lodge law, to hold Flag Day exercises, using a special ritual, a very beautiful ritual, created for the purpose. The Elks Flag Day ceremony was designed to be a public function, intended to stimulate interest in and knowledge of our flag, its history and that of the making of America. It emphasizes the patriotic character of the Order.

Since the adoption of the Flag Day ritual, the fraternity has undergone a tremendous growth. To acquaint the newer members—those, say, who became Elks during and after the war—with the circumstances leading up to the mandatory celebration of Flag Day in the Order, this article will set forth, briefly, the facts.

Before going into the part the Elks have played in commemorating the birth of the American flag, it might be well to outline the origin of Flag Day itself. The national banner, of which our present flag is a direct descendant, was designed in response to a general demand for an emblem more specifically representative of our own country than the Grand Union Flag, which bore the distinctively British crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. The Continental Congress, on June 14, 1777, formally adopted a resolution:

"That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternating red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

"While the fact has never been authentically established," we quote from the Elks Flag Day Ritual, "it is generally conceded that the first flag of this design was made by Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia. It is also generally believed that George Washington, as a committeeman, submitted the design to her; and that it was upon her suggestion that the stars were made of five points, as in France, instead of six, as in England."

Although the exact details as to the making of the first flag of the Stars and Stripes pattern may never be fully authenticated, it is known that the design was adopted on June 14, 1777. In 1877, one hundred years after the birth of the flag, the Federal Government, in Washington, and the governments of many cities, celebrated the centenary with appropriate exercises. It is possible that June 14 was celebrated again here and there before Flag Day was ever spoken of as such, but it is generally believed that the first effort was made by Dr. B. J. Cigrand in 1886.

Dr. Cigrand, then a school teacher in Fredonia, Wis., and a writer of books and articles on the history of the flag, called attention to the significance of June 14, in an article in the Chicago *Argus*. At that time he also caused his pupils to write essays on the theme—a forerunner of the Flag Day essay contests which are today so generally sponsored by Elks Lodges all over the country. Dr. Cigrand's enthusiasm, coupled with that of other interested persons,

notably Le Roy Van Horn, a Civil War veteran of Chicago, resulted in 1894 in the formation of the American Flag Day Association. This was an Illinois organization which later formed the nucleus of the National Flag Day Society, the object of which was to promote the celebration of Flag Day nationally on June 14 every year. The custom of observing the anniversary of the birth of the flag became widespread and received the support of five Presidents of the United States. It was not until 1916, however, that it was recognized by official action. In that year President Wilson issued on May 31 the following proclamation, calling for a national observance of the day.

"My Fellow Countrymen:

"Many circumstances have recently conspired to turn our thoughts to a critical examination of the conditions of our national life, of the influences which have seemed to threaten to divide us in interest and sympathy, of forces within and forces without that seemed likely to draw us away from the happy traditions of united purpose and action of which we have been so proud.

"It has, therefore, seemed to me fitting that I should call your attention to the approach of the anniversary of the day upon which the flag of the United States was adopted by the Congress as the emblem of the Union and to suggest to you that it should, this year and in the years to come, be given special significance as a day of renewal and reminder, a day upon which we should direct our minds with a special desire of renewal to thoughts of the ideals and principles of which we have sought to make our great government the embodiment.

"I, therefore, suggest and request that throughout the nation, and if possible in every community, the 14th day of June be observed as Flag Day with special patriotic exercises, at which means shall be taken to give significant expression to our thoughtful love of America, our comprehension of the great mission of liberty and justice to which we have devoted ourselves as a people, our pride in the history and our enthusiasm for the political program of the nation, our determination to make it greater and purer with each generation, and our resolution to demonstrate to all the world its vital union in sentiment and purpose, accepting only those as true compatriots who feel as we do the compulsion of this supreme allegiance.

"Let us on that day rededicate ourselves to the nation, 'one and inseparable,' from which every thought that is not worthy of our fathers' first vows in independence, liberty, and right shall be excluded, and in which we shall stand with united hearts for an America which no man can corrupt, no influence draw away from its ideals, no force divide against itself; a nation signally distinguished among all the nations of mankind for its clear, individual conception alike of its duties and its privileges, its obligations and its rights."

The institution of Flag Day as an integral part of the rituals of the Order of Elks had come several years earlier than this Presidential proclamation. It was given its initial impetus, in fact, by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin, in his report submitted to the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia, in 1907. In that report he said:

"In our new Ritual, in all our public meetings and in our fraternal sessions where the flag of our nation glorifies our altar and is bestowed as a talisman, a token and an inspira-

tion upon each initiate, the patriotic purposes of our Order are emphasized. Our membership is confined to citizens of the United States and our fraternal obligation requires a renewal of the oath of allegiance. The Elk is first of all a patriot, and ever the sentiment grows and blossoms into eternal beauty that ours is the typical American fraternity having a sacred duty not only to practice obedience to the laws of the land, but to promulgate in every legitimate way the highest ideals of American manhood—the holiest reverence for the flag of our nation with all that it typifies. One of the best, the tenderest rites ever celebrated by an order is our annual Memorial Service, when, at the eleventh hour of the declining year, we pause with loving hands to link anew the golden chains of memory which bind our hearts to our absent brothers. Why not have another day, a 'flag day,' when the all-absorbing theme shall be patriotism—a day for rehearsing the history of our land and our Order, a day of apotheosis of our banner? During the year from many sources have come suggestions with reference to such a day. Several dates have been named, each being appropriate. June 14th, the anniversary of the adoption of the flag, would, of course, be a significant date, as would February 16th, the day celebrated by us in memory of the birth of the Mother Lodge. Another golden day is February 12th, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, who with prophetic words foretold the time which has blessed us with the vision of a reunited nation, without sectionalism, but with one flag, one purpose, one destiny, when he said: 'The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures.'

"This, it seems to me, is a topic worthy of careful consideration by the Grand Lodge."

In response to these suggestions of Grand Exalted Ruler Melvin, the Grand Lodge officially chose June 14 as Elks Flag Day and directed that the Committee on Ritual prepare an appropriate service for the use of the Subordinate Lodges.

THE following year, at the Grand Lodge Convention held in Dallas, Texas, Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, in his report, referred to Flag Day as follows:

"At the last session of the Grand Lodge a resolution was adopted designating June 14 as Flag Day. The Committee on Work and Ritual was instructed to prepare a Ritual suitable for this occasion. Right well has this Committee performed the duty. Such a Ritual will be presented to the Grand Lodge at this session. I am persuaded that it will be well received, and that it will measure up favorably with the beautiful Lodge Ritual now in use.

"On account of the fact that there was no ritual ready for this year, no uniform observance of Flag Day was possible. In an official circular, attention was called to this fact, and the Lodges were advised to follow their own inclinations in this regard. Flag Day services, interesting and instructive, were held by many of the Lodges; others attended Divine services in a body as suggested in the circular; others contented themselves by asking the members to wear small flags on that day, while some permitted the day to pass unobserved. But in almost all Lodges something was done to show to the world in a pleasing and impressive form the sacred position held by 'Old Glory' in our fellowship."

(Continued on page 64)



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

THE Academy of Music at Brooklyn, N. Y., was crowded to the doors recently at a special meeting of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, called for the purpose of receiving the report of the Lodge's Building Committee.

Hon. Joseph A. Guider, President of the Borough of Brooklyn and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Brooklyn Lodge, gave a very interesting description of the architecture of the new Home, and the Chairman of the Building Committee, Past Exalted Ruler Albert T. Brophy, described the interior of the building. The structure will be erected on a plottage 188 x 160 feet and its thirteen stories above the ground will rise to a height of 168 feet. The Home will cover the entire block on Boerum Place, 200 feet, bounded by Schermerhorn Street, 160 feet, and Livingston Street, 160 feet, with its main entrance on Livingston Street. The site is opposite the Hall of Records, County Court House, and the handsome new Municipal Building.

The club features will include a grill to seat 375 people, a restaurant which will accommodate 1,200 persons, 12 bowling alleys, 21 billiard and pool tables, a swimming pool 25 feet in width by 75 feet in length, a gymnasium 50 feet wide and 90 feet long, and 4 regulation size handball courts.

The Lodge room will be 116 feet in width and 134 feet in length with a ceiling height of 42 feet and will accommodate 3,500 people.

In addition the building will contain 240 living rooms for traveling members, roof garden, barber shop, valet service, laundry, turkish baths, lounge rooms, library, executive offices and committee rooms.

The buildings at present on the site of the new Home are being demolished, and bids for the construction will be received in the latter part of June.

The land was purchased at a cost slightly in excess of \$600,000. The estimated cost of construction is \$3,300,000 and the furnishings \$400,000, making a total investment in land and building of \$4,300,000.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Will Enjoy Elaborate Program

The convention this year of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will be held at Swampscott, an ideal spot for an outing of this kind, under the auspices of Lynn Lodge No. 117, which will formally dedicate its new Home on this occasion. The program as tentatively agreed upon for the four days of the convention is as follows:

Sunday, June 14: Mass meeting at theatre with Grand Concert. Address of Welcome by Hon. Alvin T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts, of Malden Lodge No. 965. All Elks who register,

as well as the ladies, will receive a strip of tickets covering the many events of the four days of the convention.

Monday, June 15: Business session at 10 o'clock at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler will preside. President Coolidge, who will be at the Summer White House just across the road from the Hotel, is expected to address the delegates. Dinner to delegates in the main restaurant of the Hotel. For visiting Elks and ladies, an automobile trip along the beautiful North Shore. Luncheon at Gloucester. Bathing and water sports at beautiful Lynn Beach. Diving Girls' Contest with national entries. Grand Ball in the evening in gorgeous New Ocean House Ballroom.

Tuesday, June 16: North Shore Day. Motor trips to the various Elks' Homes along the Shore. The afternoon will include attractions at Lynn Beach, concert at New Ocean House, Little River Playground events, band and program of field sports for Elks, with worthwhile prizes. In the evening an elaborate parade with appropriate prizes for the largest number in line as well as for costumes and floats.

Wednesday, June 17: Competitive Style Show on Board Walk at New Ocean House. Concert and dancing followed by a genuine North Shore Clambake.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Will Begin Work on New Home Soon

Work is expected to start shortly on the new Home which Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 will erect on the northern corner of Lafayette Boulevard and Cass Avenue at a cost of more than two and a half million dollars for land and building. A complete building program was recently announced by the Lodge. This calls for a structure four stories high of steel and stone, in keeping with the newer architectural work of Lafayette Boulevard. With the exception of five shops on Cass and six on Lafayette, the entire structure will be devoted to Elk purposes. The structure will extend two floors under ground. The sub-basement will be for the power plant and workshops. The basement proper will have a rathskeller 72 x 88 feet. The main floor will have guest rooms and an immense reception lobby, with a grand staircase at the rear leading to a mezzanine overlooking the lobby. Around this mezzanine is planned a promenade. Opening on to it will be the office of the Exalted Ruler, office of the Secretary and other offices. The second floor will house club-rooms, bowling alleys with plenty of natural air and light, a spectators' gallery, showers, and

committee rooms. The third floor will have a billiard hall, grill, buffet, private rooms and a library. On the fourth floor will be the Lodge room, 116 x 90 feet, one of the largest in the city. There will be a memorial room which is to be one of the features of the Home, a candidates' room, an organ loft, and a sound proof glee club and band practice room.

The value of the site is set at \$1,000,000 and it is estimated that the building will cost \$1,750,000 and furniture and equipment \$150,000.

Georgia State Elks Association Prepares for Largest Convention

Great preparations are being made for the coming convention of the Georgia State Elks Association to be held at Savannah, June 10-12. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price will be present as the guest of honor, and as this will be his first official visit to Georgia's port city, the event will be one of the outstanding functions of the year. The business sessions of the Association will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, where Mr. Price will be welcomed by Mayor Hull. On the afternoon of June 10, a grand parade of delegations, bands and drum-corps will be held, and that evening a large class of candidates will be initiated. A reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler, followed by a grand ball will also be among the festivities. The morning of June 11 will be devoted to the closing business session, and the afternoon and evening to a trip to Tybee, where a special program of seaside entertainment will be provided the distinguished guests and visitors. The committees in charge are preparing for the largest convention ever held since the organization of the Association.

"Homecoming" at Norfolk, Neb., Lodge Is Well Attended Event

The "Homecoming" recently conducted by Norfolk, Neb., Lodge No. 653 was one of the most successful of these annual functions ever held by the Lodge. Norfolk Lodge has a large number of members in the small towns near Norfolk and on this occasion practically every community within its jurisdiction was represented. The program of festivities included the initiation of a large class of candidates and a banquet which was followed by a special entertainment.

Ground is Broken for New Home Of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

The first step in the erection of a new \$200,000 Home was taken recently by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253 when it broke ground for the

building on the site at Merrick Road and Bergen Place. Exalted Ruler Miles E. Browne turned the first shovelful of dirt, and short talks by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and prominent visitors followed as part of the exercises.

Freeport Lodge starts the new building entirely free of debt, as the mortgage on the property was burned with appropriate ceremonies early this spring. When the new Home is finished it will be one of the finest fraternal edifices in the State, and will add greatly to the beauty of the famous Merrick Road.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge Holds Its Annual Trapshoot

The annual trapshoot of Richmond, Calif., Lodge No. 1251 was held recently at the traps of the Martinez Gun Club. Two hundred dollars in prizes were awarded the winners. The participants were placed in four classifications according to the scores made in the preliminary events, and the prizes were \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the three high guns in each class.

Holland, Mich., Lodge Stages a Safety First Drive

Holland, Mich., Lodge No. 1315 recently inaugurated a successful "Safety First" campaign among the school children of the city with the object of impressing upon them the danger of crossing the street without first pausing at the curb and looking for approaching automobiles. Every one of the school children was asked to sign a pledge to the effect that they would be careful in this respect. The campaign had the support of the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, the principals, the entire teaching staff and the police department. In addition, valuable assistance was rendered by the Chicago Broadcasting Station KYW, which put on a special number every evening further emphasizing the importance of the campaign to the children. "The Curb is the Limit" was the successful slogan used during the drive.

Illinois State Elks Association Convention at Murphysboro

The 1925 convention of the Illinois State Elks Association will be held in the city of Murphysboro on June 2-3-4, as originally scheduled despite the fact that the city and its immediate neighborhood were swept awhile ago by a devastating tornado. Grand Exalted Ruler Price will attend.

George H. Horsfield, Secretary of Murphysboro Lodge No. 572, in confirming the convention dates and plans, wrote some time ago: "I am pleased to advise you that our people would not for a minute consider cancelling our arrangements for the convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, and plans will go forward for that event, in spite of our disaster. The spirit of Murphysboro still lives, as we shall be glad to demonstrate to the Elks of Illinois in June."

With such a spirit prevalent in Murphysboro, the 1925 gathering of the Elks of Illinois will be one of the finest and most successful in the history of the State.

Astoria, Ore., Lodge Dedicates Its Beautiful New Home

While the embers of the great fire which swept Astoria, Ore., two years ago were still smoldering, Astoria, Ore., Lodge No. 180 began its plans to construct a new Home, even larger and better than the one that had been destroyed in the flames. To-day that building is finished and is occupied by an enthusiastic membership who recently dedicated the new Home with appropriate ceremonies in which the whole region joined.

The new Home is a handsome three-story structure located on a plot 95 feet square at Eleventh and Exchange Streets. Beautifully furnished and decorated throughout, the building contains everything that a modern structure of this kind should have for the comfort and convenience of the membership. Especially attractive is the Lodge room situated on the third floor. Across the north end of this room extends a wide balcony, commodious enough to

seat 300 people. Novel lighting and special decorations further enhance the charm and dignity of this feature of the Home. An excellent billiard room, a number of bachelor suites, handball and volleyball courts, and a large dining room are other features of the building. All in all, the new Home of Astoria Lodge is one of the most complete club buildings to be found anywhere and would be a distinguished addition to a city many times the size of Astoria.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Honors Well-Known Comedian

Joseph E. Brown, well-known musical comedy star, was recently honored by his fellow members of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839, who elected him to life membership. Every seat in the Majestic Theatre, of Boston, Mass., where Mr. Brown was playing in "Betty Lee," was bought by the members, and following the performance Mayor Quinn of Cambridge presented the comedian with the life membership card. All the members of the company, from the musical director, stars, principals to the wardrobe mistress, were also remembered by suitable gifts. After the presentation a banquet was held which was followed by a dance at the Home of Cambridge Lodge.

The honor of a life membership was bestowed on Mr. Brown in recognition of the many services he has rendered the Lodge, especially in the field of Charity and Welfare work, where he has always given generously of his talents and time.

Record Class Instituted by Erie, Pa., Lodge

With the initiation recently of one of the largest classes of candidates in its history, Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67 now has over 2,500 members on its rolls. The initiation was one of the most elaborate ever conducted by the Lodge. The Elks Band of eighty pieces took an active part and special music for the ritual was composed. Beautiful tableaux and electrical displays were also features of the ceremony, and the famous White Squadron of the Lodge acted as honor guard to the entering class. Representatives from Lodges in Meadville, Oil City, Franklin, Titusville, Warren and other surrounding communities were present and packed the great auditorium to its very doors.

Commenting editorially on the occasion, the Erie *Dispatch-Herald* said: "Those who saw the initiation were impressed as never before with the real spirit back of this Order—a spirit of brotherhood, with the strong insistence upon Charity, which knows no creed, no race, but only need."

National Bowling Tournament Was Huge Success

The Elks National Bowling Tournament which was concluded recently at Toledo, Ohio, was the

largest and most successful held so far. A total of 582 Elks took part in the bowling as compared to 557 last year. There were 175 five-men teams as compared to 137 last year, and there were 310 two-men teams as compared to 285 last year. Entrance money totaled \$7,335 as against \$5,650 in 1924. Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 carried off the palm for the greatest number of teams with 44, out-ranking Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53 with 39. The bowlers came from all over the country, representing many Lodges. The following were the high rolling winners in the Tournament: The five-men event, team of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge No. 576; the doubles, H. Millen and J. Smith of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46; the singles, L. Schueneman, Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4; in all events, O. Carmichael of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge No. 1295; high individual score of the tournament, E. L. Wieniecke of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge No. 946.

The next tournament of the Association will be held at Indianapolis.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Is Guest Of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was recently the guest of honor at the banquet given by Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge No. 231 in observance of its thirty-third anniversary. A large number of members from Steubenville Lodge and from other Lodges in the region were present to pay tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Following the banquet there was a special musical and vaudeville entertainment which included a group of seven artists from Pittsburg. As an expression of the high regard in which Mr. Price is held in Steubenville Lodge, the members presented him, at the close of the banquet, with a beautiful floor lamp. The presentation was made on behalf of the members by Congressman Frank Murphy, who was also one of the speakers at the banquet.

Joint Installation of New Officers Of Three Lodges Conducted

For the first time in the history of Lodges in the Great Imperial Valley a joint installation of new officers was conducted. The ceremony was in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. C. Crandall and the three Lodges whose officers were installed simultaneously were Calexico, Calif., Lodge No. 1382, Brawley, Calif., Lodge No. 1420, and El Centro, Calif., Lodge No. 1325. The meeting was held in the Home of Calexico Lodge and visiting members from Lodges in Yuma, San Diego, Santa Ana and other cities witnessed the interesting and impressive installation. The program was made especially entertaining by the famous Chanters of San Diego Lodge who rendered several song numbers, both humorous and classical. The chorus was accompanied by a sixteen piece orchestra, also from San Diego Lodge.



The handsome new Home which Astoria, Ore., Lodge No. 180 recently dedicated. Its former building was destroyed by fire

On the following day the program included the appearance of the Chanters at the service of the Presbyterian Church in El Centro, where the visitors enjoyed the unusually fine music. In the afternoon the guests assembled at the Lee Wing ranch, six miles from Calexico, where a great barbecue dinner was served. The visitors were enthusiastic in their expressions of the way the entire program was conducted by J. J. Lopez, Exalted Ruler of Calexico Lodge, and his fellow members.

Colorado State Elks Association To Meet in Denver

The annual meeting of the Colorado State Elks Association will be held this year in Denver June 17-19. Denver Lodge No. 17 will be the host to the delegates and visitors, and a most diversified program of entertainment will be provided throughout the convention.

Freehold, N. J., Lodge Wins Possession Of Hackensack Trophy

At the final competition between New Jersey Lodges for the State Ritualistic Championship held recently at the Home of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge No. 885, the team of Freehold Lodge No. 1454 was again victorious. This is the third consecutive time the championship has been won by Freehold Lodge which gives it permanent ownership of the handsome tablet donated by Hackensack Lodge No. 658 to the New Jersey State Elks Association as a prize in these annual competitions. In each victorious year Freehold Lodge has won the championship with the perfect score of 100 per cent. This year Red Bank Lodge No. 233, East Orange Lodge No. 630 and Rutherford Lodge No. 547 finished in the order named.

Freehold Lodge is now planning to present a new tablet to the State Association so that these annual contests may be continued.

Woonsocket Formally Dedicates Its Newly Purchased Home

Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850 recently dedicated its handsome new Home on Hamlet Avenue before a large and most enthusiastic gathering. Many distinguished members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, took part in the exercises, and representatives from practically every State in New England were present. On the program were a parade from the Home to Harris Hall, where a banquet was served to the visitors, the dedicatory services, and an elaborate entertainment following the dedication. E. Mark Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10, made the dedication address and other speakers included William A. McCarthy, Past Exalted Ruler of Woonsocket Lodge, in

whose term decision to buy the new Home was made, and Judge Herbert L. Carpenter, one of the early members of the Lodge. Two presentations were also made, Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14 presenting the new Home with a handsome roll-top desk and chair for use in the office of the building, and Woonsocket Lodge presenting Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson with a traveling bag as an appreciation of his interest in the Lodge.

The new Home, a three-story building originally the Holt mansion, is a handsome structure. The lower floors contain the Secretary's office, lounging and reading rooms, living-room and kitchen. The upper floor has nineteen living-rooms for the members and traveling Elks. Wide piazzas facing the street and flanked by bushes and vines make the Home very attractive. Many improvements, now in the course of completion, will give the members one of the most comfortable Homes in the State.

New Lodge Instituted Into the Order

Hazard, Ky., Lodge No. 1504 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick. The first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge is J. I. Dempsey and the Secretary is W. N. Senter.

Jerome, Ariz., Lodge Active in The Life of Its Community

Through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, Jerome, Ariz., Lodge No. 1361 is cooperating in a movement to establish a public library in the city. At a recent meeting it was unanimously voted that every member should be asked to donate at least one book to the library.

Another expression of this Lodge's interest in Community Welfare was made recently when it donated a handsome bronze cup, to be known as the Verde District Junior Track Cup, and which will be competed for annually by the track teams of the junior high schools in its jurisdiction. These are the schools of Camp Verde, Cottonwood-Clemenceau, Clarkdale and Jerome. It is understood that this trophy has already fired the young athletes with a greater determination to excel in the various track sports.

Montana State Elks Association To Hold Convention July 10

The next annual meeting of the Montana State Elks Association will be held on July 10 at Kalispell, with the official headquarters at the Glacier Hotel at the head of Lake MacDonald in Glacier National Park. Both the time and the place make it most convenient for those who desire to continue on their journey to Portland,

Ore., to attend the Grand Lodge meeting, and for many Eastern Elks on their way to Portland. The occasion will also afford the members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beautiful summer camp maintained by the Association on Flathead Lake.

Many important matters will be taken up by the delegates. Among these will be the question of giving substantial support to the orthopedic hospital at Billings. This is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country and its equipment includes a school where the crippled children can acquire an education while undergoing treatment.

Two Western Washington Elks' Golf Leagues Organized

Two Western Washington Elks' golf leagues have been organized for the 1925 season. The Class A league is made up of teams from Lodges in Tacoma, Bellingham, Everett and Seattle. A regular schedule will be played, home-and-home matches between each of the various clubs to finish in September. Each club will furnish six-men teams, and each Lodge will contribute a substantial amount to be used in the purchase of a large cup. This trophy must be won three times to secure permanent possession. The Class B league is made up of Lodges in Tacoma, Olympia, Centralia and Chehalis, ten-men teams forming this league. A trophy will be put in play along the same lines as the Class A league. This organization will give the higher handicap players a chance to get into inter-club competition.

Memorial Tablet to Service Men Dedicated by Oak Park, Ill., Lodge

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge No. 1295 recently unveiled a handsome bronze memorial tablet dedicated to the memory of those members of the Lodge who served in the military and naval forces of the United States during the War. The tablet, which measures 4 x 2 feet, is one of the most handsome memorials of the kind to be found. Its dedication was made the occasion for an unusual public gathering which taxed the capacity of the beautiful Home. Hon. Royal C. Johnson, member of Congress from South Dakota and Chairman of the House Committee on Veterans, delivered an inspiring dedicatory address; and the tablet was unveiled by Maj. Reed Landis, famous aviator ace. The ceremonies were preceded by an informal dinner at the Oak Park Arms Hotel, which was attended by ex-service men.

Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. J. Perault, Jr., recently was the guest of honor at Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge No. 847, where he initiated a large class of candidates. The class was the result of the membership campaign conducted by the Lodge over a period of several months. In celebration of the successful close of the campaign a special program was presented which included orchestral music and a number of vaudeville acts. A report read by the Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee during the Lodge session showed that excellent work was being done for the children of the city, the Committee having recently sent a number of crippled youngsters to Boston for special surgical treatments.

Marshall, Mo., Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

Marshall, Mo., Lodge No. 1096, has interested itself particularly in Social and Community Welfare work. In addition to cooperating with all civic bodies, it has done considerable individual work in furnishing hospital rooms, relieving distress and making donations to all worthy causes within its jurisdiction.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful Monument in Elks Rest

A beautiful monument and columbarium erected by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906, in the Elks Rest of the Woodlawn Cemetery,



Monument and columbarium erected by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906 in the Elks Rest of the Woodlawn Cemetery



Timber line on Mount Rainier, from a Camera study by John Kabel

Program of the Grand Lodge Meeting at Portland

THE program for the Grand Lodge Convention opens on Sunday, July 12th, with special services in the churches of Portland, Grand Chaplain John Dysart occupying one of the important Episcopal pulpits.

Before the official public opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge at the Auditorium at 8 P. M. on Monday, July 13th, there are plans for automobile trips on the famous Columbia River Highway, and to Vancouver, Wash. In the afternoon there will be boat racing and river sports on the Willamette, followed

in the evening by a Purple Bubble Ball.

Tuesday, July 14th, will feature the first business session of the Grand Lodge in the public Auditorium. During the day trap-shooting contests will be held at the Portland Gun Club and an Elks' frolic at The Oaks Park. At 7 P. M. a banquet will be served to the Grand Lodge officers, and at night several dances are scheduled, in addition to band concerts in the parks and auditorium.

On Wednesday, July 15th, there will be a second business session, and the final contests for

the drill teams and bands will take place. A trip to Oregon City up the Willamette River, visits to the huge paper-manufacturing plants there, and special entertainment by Oregon City Lodge are on the program.

The final business session will be held on Thursday, July 16th, and the Grand Lodge reunion parade will be the spectacular feature of the day. Friday, following the formal closing of the Grand Lodge session, will be devoted to trips to Longview, Wash., and along the Mount Hood Highway loop.

was recently dedicated with impressive ceremony by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Horace H. Quinby, assisted by the Exalted Ruler and other officers of the Lodge.

The monument, which has crypts for 1,600 urns, is built of monolithic cement. Classical in design, it rises like a small Greek temple from its green setting against blue hills—a thing of beauty that holds the eye. It was designed by H. X. Goetz, a charter member of the Lodge, and was built through subscriptions from members and friends of the Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price who laid the corner-stone for the structure, stated that this was the first monument of its kind to be erected by an Elks Lodge and predicted that many others would be built in the future.

Testimonial Banquet is Tendered to Past Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland

Members from all parts of New Jersey and New York gathered recently at the Home of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211, to honor, at a testimonial banquet, Francis P. Boland, retiring Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. William B. Quinn, Director of Public Safety, was the toastmaster of the occasion and introduced a number of distinguished speakers who expressed their appreciation of Mr. Boland's efficiency as Exalted Ruler and who praised the excellent achievements accomplished by the Lodge under his régime. Those who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; United States Senator from New Jersey, Edward I. Edwards; William K. Devereux, first District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of New Jersey; James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association; A. Harry Moore, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Frank Hague, Mayor of Jersey City; and the Exalted Ruler of Jersey City Lodge, Frank G. Walter. Past Grand Trustee Patrick T. Powers was Chairman of the General Committee that made the arrangements for the banquet, which was one of the most brilliant functions ever conducted in the Home of Jersey City Lodge.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful Harding Memorial

On the wind-swept hilltop under the trees in Woodlawn Park, where nearly two years ago President Harding stood with bared head and administered the Oath of Allegiance to 30,000 boys, the beautiful monument erected there by Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 and by the boys of the State was recently unveiled, dedicated and given to the city with impressive ceremony. The memorial, which is pictured elsewhere in this department, is a replica in stone of the speakers' stand of timbers erected by Seattle Lodge two summers ago on the occasion of its great boys' picnic and from which President Harding made one of his last public addresses.

Instead, however, of the rough board wall that formed the back of the stand, there is now a sculptured panel showing the late President administering the Oath to a multitude of boys. The sculptor of the monument was Alice Robertson Carr.

Walter F. Meier, President of the Washington State Elks Association; George W. Hill, Chairman of the Memorial Committee; Theodore A. Johnson, Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge; E. J. Brown, Mayor of the city; and Congressman John F. Miller played prominent parts in the dedicatory exercises, as did the bands of Seattle Lodge and Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827.

Ohio State Elks Association Prepares for Big Convention

Preparations are going forward for the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association which will meet at Sandusky and Cedar Point during the week of August 23. Generous money prizes in the great parade, which will be a feature of the meeting, have been offered, and a program including many other attractive events has been prepared. From the response of the Ohio Lodges, the coming convention bids fair to excel any so far held by the Association.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Contributes Sum for New School Building

At a recent meeting Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 voted to give the sum of \$1,500 toward the new building which the Boys' and Girls' Training School is erecting in Altadena. The new structure will cost \$200,000 and the necessary funds are being raised by popular subscription. The children of this school have always had a tender spot in the hearts of Pasadena Lodge members, as has been shown on numerous occasions. The Lodge has given them a joyous Christmas for the past twenty-three years, and furnished them with transportation for their summer outings at the beach. It has also equipped their members of the Boy Scouts and taken the children to the circus and other entertainments. In addition, many other acts of kindness and consideration such as free medical treatments have been provided throughout the year. When it was announced that a new building was needed by the school, Pasadena Lodge made its donation even before the public subscription list was started.

Home-Coming Reception Tendered District Deputy William C. Clark

A brilliant home-coming reception was given recently to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark by his fellow members of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842. The large gathering of members included many Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers from all the Lodges in the district and officers of the New

York State Elks Association. The initiation of a big class of candidates in which the famous drill and degree team of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535 took part and many interesting features marked the program of events during the session. Following his home-coming message, Mr. Clark was presented with a handsome traveling case by Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher on behalf of Mount Vernon Lodge. He was also the recipient of a complete set of Shakespeare's works with a testimonial from Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, and a diamond studded pin, the gift of Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge No. 1457. Through the courtesy of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge No. 707, the reception and meeting were in its Home on South Broadway.

Citizenship Meeting Held at Home Of Corning, N. Y., Lodge

An inspiring patriotic spirit marked the recent presentation of citizenship papers under the auspices of Corning, N. Y., Lodge No. 1071, to a group of aliens who had previously fulfilled the requirements and been passed by the Naturalization Court. The meeting, held in the Home of Corning Lodge, attracted a large gathering. Following brief talks and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," City Judge John C. Wheeler presented the new citizens with their second papers and each was given a copy of the Constitution and an American flag pin as souvenirs of the occasion. After all the papers had been presented the entire audience stood and gave in unison the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The meeting was closed by the singing of "America."

Benefit Show Raises Large Sum For Veterans Hospital

The benefit show put on recently by California East Bay Lodges for the United States Veterans Hospital at Livermore was highly successful, netting over \$8,000. The Government having made a recent appropriation of \$5,000 for the Hospital, sufficient funds are now available for carrying out all the proposed plans.

Colorado State Elks Association Will Run Special Train to Portland

The Colorado State Elks Association invites all members of the Order who are going to Portland, Ore., for the Grand Lodge Convention to include in their itinerary a visit to the beauties of Colorado. With this end in view a route and schedule have been worked out for the visiting members who care to make the trip. A special train leaving Denver July 10 and arriving in Portland July 12 has been chartered. This will give the travelers a view of all the marvelous scenery of the region and allow for stop-offs at various points of interest. All members anxious to make the trip should communicate with Joseph H. Loor, Secretary, State Transportation Committee, Colorado State Elks Association, Pueblo, Colo., so that proper reservations can be made.

Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge Has Active Welfare Committee

Among its many activities, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge No. 520, during the past flood-stricken year, took care of the needy in the town of Buffalo, district of Arvada and in the town of Buffalo, where the Lodge has a large membership. The work of the Committee was not entirely limited to caring for those in need, but was extended so as to afford a few pleasures for some of the children of the community who do not have the financial privileges of others. The work of the Committee at Arvada was carried on largely through the Red Cross, who made the investigation and recommendations. In Buffalo, the work was directed by a resident member of the Lodge, who was assisted by other members in that locality and by various charitable organizations.

Work of Paducah, Ky., Lodge is Recognized by Community

We are glad to reprint the following editorial from *The Evening Sun* of Paducah, Ky., which



Memorial to President Harding, built by Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 and the boys of the State, which was recently dedicated

appeared recently in that newspaper under the heading "Real Charity":

"On the occasion when its new officers are installed it is not out of place to commend the Paducah Elks on the excellence of a work little known to the public at large and yet as worthwhile as any done in the city—its charity. The *Sun* learns from other sources that through the efforts of the Lodge over 600 pairs of shoes have been fitted to children of the city during the last Lodge year and the work goes on without interruption. Many a hard-pressed parent and many a school teacher could tell of children kept in school because that necessary feature of wearing apparel—shoes—were obtained from the Elks when no other source could supply them. The Elks' charity is not limited to this alone, they give readily and willingly in all worthy causes and their benevolences are of the broadest. It is characteristic of their work that no mention is ever made of it by the Lodge, but it has been carried on without interruption for years."

District Deputy H. W. Masten is Honor Guest at Asheville, N. C., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. W. Masten of Winston, N. C., Lodge No. 449 was recently the guest of honor at Asheville, N. C., Lodge No. 1401. One of the features of the meeting was the campaign planned by the members for the extension of the Social and Community Welfare work of the Lodge. Following the installation of the newly elected officers, a large banquet was served in honor of the visiting District Deputy.

Mangum, Okla., Lodge Looks Forward to Banner Year

Mangum, Okla., Lodge No. 1169 opened the new Lodge year with an enthusiasm that speaks for many laudable achievements during the coming months. An excellent attendance record, a great increase in applications for membership, improvement of its Home, and a well-organized plan for greater activity in Social and Community Welfare work indicate a bigger and better year for 1925-1926.

San Pedro, Calif., Buys Site For a New Home

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge No. 966 recently purchased the forty-foot lot which adjoins the site of its present Home. This now gives the Lodge a corner property of ample size for the construction of a new Home in keeping with requirements of its rapidly growing membership. While no immediate steps will be taken toward the erection of a new building or remodeling the present one, it is the ultimate plan of the Lodge to rear a magnificent Home on the site. Pending definite action in this direction the newly acquired property will be used for parking purposes.

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge Plans Dedication of New Home

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge No. 896 is preparing elaborate plans for the formal dedication of its new Home some time in June. The building, which is exceedingly attractive in every detail, occupies one of the principal corners of the business section of Lewiston. Considering the size of the community, it is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the Northwest.

Michigan City, Ind., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

With a record breaking attendance of its membership, Michigan City, Ind., Lodge No. 432 recently staged one of the most brilliant affairs since it was instituted, more than twenty-five years ago. It was the initiation of a large class of candidates, and the beautiful and impressive exemplification of the ritual by the degree team of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge No. 576 left a lasting impression on all who witnessed it. Many distinguished members of the Order were present at the banquet, which preceded the ceremony. Among those who complimented the Lodge on its excellent growth and achieve-

The beautiful Home of Honolulu Lodge No. 616, in far-off Hawaii



ments were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry K. Kramer; William J. Sinek, Past Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge No. 4, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; Garnet Fleming, President of the Indiana State Elks Association, and Dr. Frank J. McMichaels, Vice-President of that body.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Taking Steps Toward a New Home

San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168 has outgrown its present quarters and has taken steps toward the erection of a new Home. As part of the celebration of its thirty-fifth birthday in June, the Lodge plans the burning of the mortgage on its present Home and the initiation of a large class of candidates—a membership campaign having been inaugurated during May with this end in view. As soon as present indebtedness on its present quarters is cleared away, plans will be drawn up for a new and larger Home in keeping with the progress of the Lodge and the city.

Bowlers of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Win Inter-State Championship

The championship of the Elks' Interstate Bowling League was won recently by the team representing Pottstown, Pa., Lodge No. 814. As the league is comprised of teams from Lodges in Philadelphia, Pa., Camden, N. J., Wilmington, Del., Chester, Pa., and Norristown, Pa., the success of Pottstown Lodge—which is the smallest Lodge in the League—is especially remarkable and praiseworthy.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Has Plans For Building New Home

Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439 will erect a handsome new Home on property owned by it adjoining its present quarters. This site has a 75-foot frontage on Tulare Street and extends east from the Rowell Building alley. Plans outlined by the building committee call for a four-story structure, extending 122 feet back from Tulare Street, with facilities for stores on the ground floor.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge No. 1505.
Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge No. 1506.
Hood River, Oregon, Lodge No. 1507.

Oroville, Calif., Lodge to Have New Home Shortly

Announcement was recently made by Oroville, Calif., Lodge No. 1484 that it plans to erect a handsome new Home at an expenditure of

\$150,000. A choice site in the business section of the city will be purchased for the new building. While no specifications have been drawn up as yet, in general it is the intention of the Lodge to construct a building that will contain stores on the lower floor, and offices, social and business rooms for the Lodge on the upper floors. The Lodge contemplates building one of the most pretentious buildings in northern California, one of which the city can be proud. The membership is enthusiastic with the plan and it is hoped that construction will start this year. At a recent meeting when the subscription lists were opened for the first time, pledges amounting to \$14,000 were made.

Hawaii Lodges Welcome Visit of Past Grand Treasurer Charles A. White

Past Grand Treasurer Charles A. White was given a splendid reception recently by the members of Hilo Lodge No. 759 and Honolulu Lodge No. 616 on the occasion of his visit to Hawaii. Special entertainments were provided for him and Mrs. White, and every hospitality was shown them throughout their stay in the territory. Mr. White came to Hawaii as a special District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, having been designated as such by Grand Exalted Ruler Price for this occasion.

Southern California Elks Bowling League Begins to Roll

The Southern California Elks Bowling League was recently organized at a meeting held at Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415. H. Will of Huntington Park Lodge was elected President and Ray Cady of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, Secretary.

This season the bowling will be carried on in two divisions, one an open circuit and the other for the 850 class. In the former division Santa Monica Lodge No. 906, Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, Pasadena Lodge No. 672 and Glendale Lodge No. 1289 have each entered one team, while Long Beach Lodge has entered two. Santa Monica Lodge No. 906 also has entered a team in the 850 class, along with Lodges in Redondo Beach, Long Beach, Inglewood, Alhambra and Santa Ana. Los Angeles and Huntington Park Lodges have each entered two teams in this division. The competitions began on May 21.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Continues Its Work With Crippled Children

Since the inauguration of its first clinic for crippled children by Dr. Adolph Lorenz in 1923, Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60 has registered nearly 900 cases. Seventy operations have been performed which have resulted in restoring the ability to walk to at least nine boys and girls who theretofore had to be carried. Scores of others who had difficulty in getting about have had their disabilities eased by operations, and by massage treatments which help to reduce the

Traveling Elks—

Can find living accommodations at any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed in this column.

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 430
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazelton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1310
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Mena, Ark., Lodge No. 781
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middlesboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 109
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

LODGES having accommodations for traveling Elks but which are not included above will be listed on application to The Elks Magazine. There is no charge for this service.

afflictions and enable the prescribing of braces and other artificial aids. The Lodge maintains a trained nurse and welfare worker, and Dr. Paul E. Rauschenbach of the Paterson General Hospital is in charge of the clinic. In addition to treatments, the Lodge sees to it that proper educational opportunities are afforded the crippled children.

Recent Activities Reported by San Juan, P. R., Lodge

The annual Red "D" dinner, now a regular function of San Juan, P. R., Lodge No. 972, was recently celebrated at the Hotel Miramar. The banquet was preceded by a special meeting of the Lodge at which a large class of candidates was initiated.

San Juan Lodge also was very successful in the Follies Show which it recently staged at one of the large local theatres. Each of the two performances played to a packed house, and many complimentary letters from the mainland were received by the Lodge as a result of the broadcasting of the music by radio station WKAQ.

Handsome Residence Purchased By Arlington, Mass., Lodge

The handsome residence recently purchased by Arlington, Mass., Lodge No. 1435 is now being remodeled throughout and will be formally dedicated during June—in all likelihood as a part of the Lodge's Flag Day exercises. The new Home of the Lodge is situated on the main highway over which Paul Revere and William Dawes made their memorable rides in Colonial days. Recently, in celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the Lexington-Concord battle, the building was handsomely decorated, and notwithstanding the inclement weather the membership turned out in fine numbers to take part in the parade which commemorated the day.

Florida State Elks Association Meets at Lakeland

The Florida State Elks Association recently met at Lakeland, Fla., for one of the greatest conventions in its history. Lakeland Lodge No. 1291 was host to the delegates and to the thousands of visitors who crowded the city during the three days of the convention. An elaborate program of entertainment in which the whole city joined was provided for the guests. One of the most interesting reports read at the business session of the Association was that of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. It was brought out in this report that more than \$25,000 was expended during the last year by the Lodges throughout the State for charity. The committee records indicated that the Lodges had shown an extensive interest in this work, and had extended solid support to their respective Chambers of Commerce, the Salvation Army units and the children of their communities. More than 5,000 youngsters were entertained and helped by Florida Lodges last year.

Paul M. Henderson of Lakeland Lodge was elected President of the Association, and the

other officers for 1925-1926 were chosen as follows: First Vice-Pres., Judge John W. DuBose of Jacksonville Lodge No. 221; Second Vice-Pres., Justin Van Buskirk, Orlando Lodge No. 1079; Third Vice-Pres., G. J. Callahan, Miami Lodge No. 948; Sec., L. F. McCready, Miami Lodge; Treas., Henry G. Pollitz, Daytona Lodge No. 1141; Chaplain, F. W. Ramm, St. Petersburg Lodge No. 1224; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. B. Stewart, Fernandina Lodge No. 795; Tiler, Curtis Linstrom, DeLand Lodge No. 1463.

The next meeting will be held at Ft. Myers.

Waco, Texas, Lodge Formally Dedicates New Home

Judge W. H. Atwell of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, was the honor guest and principal speaker at the dedication of the beautiful new Home of Waco, Texas, Lodge No. 166. Judge Atwell complimented the Lodge on its achievement and characterized the new Home as a sanctuary where men could come for help and understanding and for the communion and fellowship of true friends. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. R. Cornwell of Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201 presided at the dedicatory ceremony and the officers of Hillsboro, Texas, Lodge No. 903 filled the other Grand Lodge officers' stations. A banquet for the officers of Waco Lodge and the honor guests was held at the Raleigh Hotel preceding the dedication exercises.

The new Home is an exceedingly attractive one and contains every modern club-house facility. The Lodge room is unusually large, with handsome furniture and special lighting effects enhancing its beautiful proportions. Other features of the new Home are the big billiard room, the lounges, the magazine room and the dining room.

Plans Approved by Board of Grand Trustees and Grand Exalted Ruler

Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge No. 294. Erection of new Home at a cost of \$100,000. The Lodge owns a lot 80 x 165 feet on which is a residence which will be made into a three-story building 48 x 165 feet, the balance of the lot at the side to be used for a driveway. \$7,500 will be spent for furniture.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge No. 263. Purchase of residence property on lot 120 x 150 feet. A Lodge room 45 x 100 feet will be built to the north of the present building, with a stage at one end, permanent members' seats and officers' stations. There will be a basement for the purpose of social sessions. The purchase price of the property is \$40,000, with estimated cost of improvements \$65,000 and of furnishings \$5,000.

Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222. Purchase of two-story frame house on a lot 201 x 87 feet at \$20,000, remodeling to cost \$2,025 and furniture \$2,000.

Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge No. 922. Purchase of a Home, known as the "Avery Estate" at a cost of \$25,000. It is expected that \$5,000 will be spent for furniture.

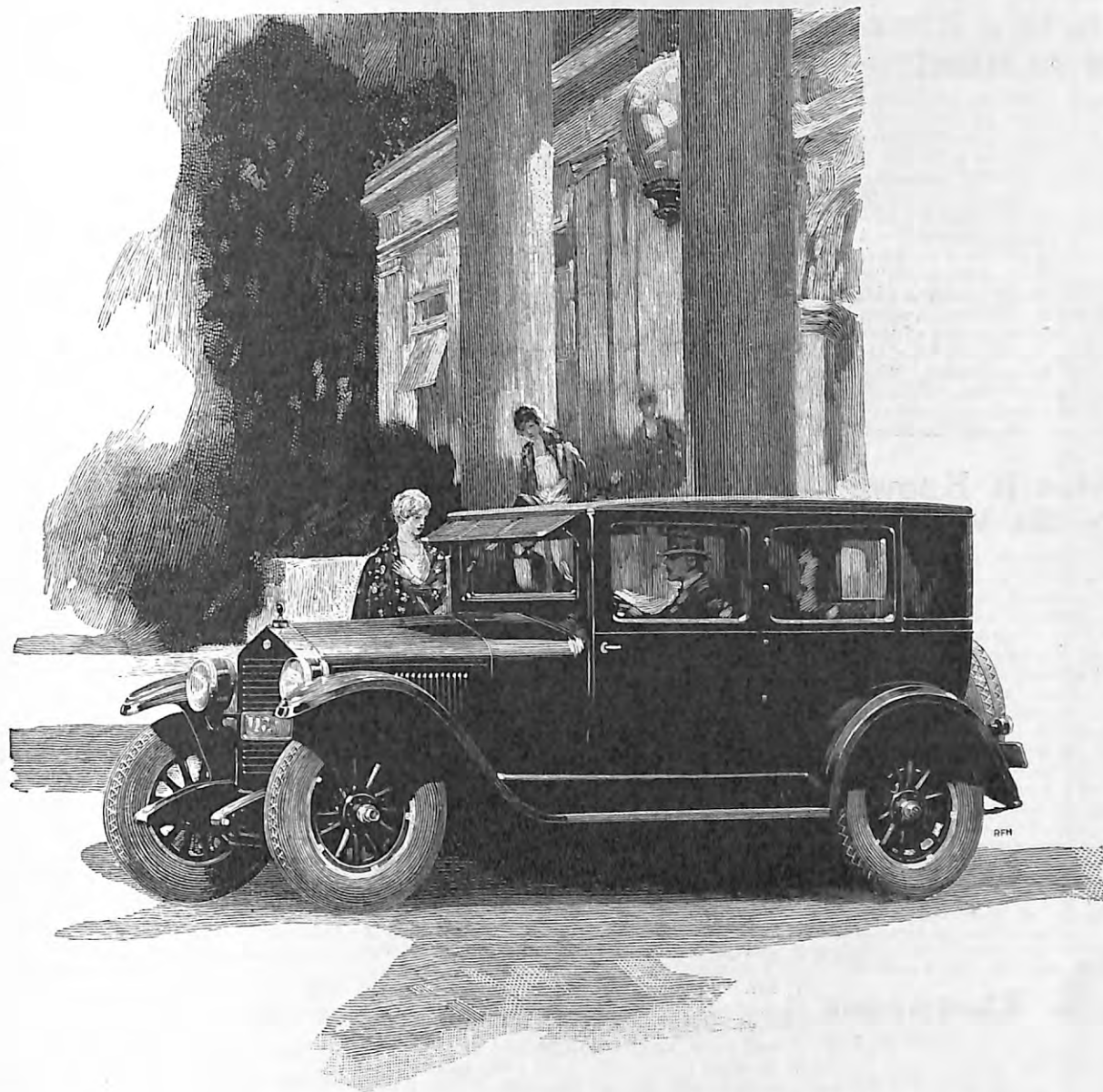
(Continued on page 42)



Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price recently dedicated this handsome Home of East Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 630

Greatest of All Essex Values

Greatest of all Essex Years



Built by Hudson, Essex not only shares the advantages of the famous Super-Six patents, but also the value-building supremacy of their enormous combined production.

It is the one issue in the most astounding sales success of motordom. The greatest of all Essex values is responsible for the greatest of all Essex years. No car, at or near the price, rivals it in actual proof of value—which is SALES.

ESSEX COACH \$895

Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson-Essex, Now World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars
More than 1000 Bought Every Day

A Member of the Lodge for 10 Years

Yet No One Ever Heard of Him!

The Exalted Ruler and his Advisors met to discuss committee appointments. The conspicuous members classified themselves at once. Then someone suggested George Marshall. The Exalted Ruler looked surprised.

"George Marshall? Who is he?"
 "George Marshall is a department head for one of the big insurance companies but has brains enough to be president," replied one of his Advisors. "George is a big man if he only knew it. He doesn't assert himself. He has been a member of this lodge for ten years and no one ever heard of him."

The Exalted Ruler frowned. "No," he said, "I fear he won't do. The men who are to head my committees must not only have good ideas, but must be able to put them over."

A Man is Known by His Words

How many times, in every lodge, and in every business are similar conversations held! Thousands of men go through life like George Marshall. Mentally they excel. Frequently their ideas are vastly superior to the ideas of other men, yet they go through life without the rewards their intelligence deserves.

Why—do you ask? Every man of affairs knows the answer.

It is told in a wonderfully interesting free booklet, "Molding the Minds of Men," which describes the twelve volume library, Modern Eloquence. This famous library is a part of the working equipment of thousands of men of affairs all over America. Dawes, Schwab, Gary, Hughes, Taft, Borah and thousands of others consider it a necessary aid in their busy lives. And John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania, writes: "Everybody desiring to improve his mind and to make a better speech would want Modern Eloquence if he only knew what it contained."

Modern Eloquence

In Modern Eloquence, you will find the finest models of forceful speech in the English Language—Addresses, Lectures, Toasts, After Dinner talks and a series of articles on how to plan, prepare and deliver a speech. There are over 450 contributors, including Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Chauncey Depew, Lloyd George, Viviani, Clemenceau and other world leaders.

While you sit in the comfort of your home or office you may read the forceful words and the profound ideas that carried these men to higher places. Their words will become your words. Their thoughts will enrich yours.

Send Coupon for Free Booklet

If you ever feel hesitant about speaking in public—if you ever fail to think of the right word to express the precise thought you have in mind—if you ever "think of the things you might have said" after you have finished an interview, this free booklet will be of unusual interest and value to you. It tells what Modern Eloquence has done for thousands of others. A copy will be sent to you without charge if you mail the coupon below.

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Gentlemen: Please send me free booklet "Molding the Minds of Men," which tells me how Modern Eloquence can be of practical service to me.

Name.....
 Business or Profession.....
 Business Address.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253. Purchase of plot of ground 350 x 400 feet at a cost of \$60,000. The Lodge intends to erect a three-story brick and steel construction building, approximately 135 x 125 feet, to contain restaurant, pool and billiard rooms, Lodge room, living rooms, and to cost \$200,000, with furnishings at \$35,000.

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge No. 1431. Purchase of new Home consisting of a two-story cement building 30 x 60 feet, with full basement, for \$4,800, the furnishings to cost \$1,500.

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge Initiates "John G. Price Class" of Candidates

One of the largest meetings in its history was held recently by Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 18, at the Hotel Hollenden, the occasion being the initiation of the "John G. Price Class" of candidates numbering close to 300. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor and many other distinguished members of the Order were present at the ceremony and at the banquet by which it was preceded. Among these were William H. Reinhart, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Blake C. Cook and R. Ford Loomis. In addition to an address by Mr. Price, speeches were made by other honored guests, including Judge Walter McMahon of the Court of Common Pleas; Thomas E. Lewis, Trustee of Cleveland Lodge and General Chairman of the Membership Committee; Exalted Ruler Reuben Schumacher; and Secretary W. F. Bruning. Other members of the Membership Committee, Past Exalted Rulers, officers of the Lodge and the various Team Captains also made short addresses during the course of the evening.

On March 31, 1924, the records of Cleveland Lodge showed a membership of 655 and on March 31, 1925, the membership was 1,066. The initiation of the "John G. Price Class" on May 1 brought the membership up to 1,330. The concerted efforts of the officers and the cooperation of all the members in this selective invitational membership campaign indicate that the present year will reveal an even greater growth for Cleveland Lodge.

Death Claims Prominent Member Of Alexandria, La., Lodge

Fellow members of Alexandria, La., Lodge No. 546 and his many friends throughout the State mourn the recent passing of A. D. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin was for a number of years secretary of his Lodge and was a moving spirit in its development and in all of its activities. He was well known and loved throughout the Order and his death is sorely felt by the many who came in contact with his gracious and congenial personality.

Record Class Initiated by Portland, Ore., Lodge

Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 recently initiated the largest class of candidates in its history. The ceremony took place at the City Auditorium and was presided over by Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Riesch and the officers of the Lodge. The class, numbering close to 500, marched from the Home, headed by the Elks band, through the business streets direct to the Auditorium. They presented an imposing appearance and were viewed by large crowds along the line of march. The officers of the Lodge were assisted in the initiation by the degree team of McMinnville, Ore., Lodge No. 1283.

Eastern and Western Lodges Visited By Grand Exalted Ruler in May

During the early part of May, Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price's itinerary called for visits to Ohio Lodges in Painesville, Ashtabula, Findlay, Van Wert, Ironton, and to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. On May 11 Mr. Price was present at the convention of the Arkansas State Elks Association held in Pine Bluff. Following this he visited Little Rock, Ark., Lodge No. 29, and Kansas Lodges in Wichita and Concordia. Returning East he was

the guest of honor on the 21st of Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 577, and of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge No. 494 on the 22nd. On May 31 he was present at the opening of the New York State Elks Association Convention at Niagara Falls.

During June the Grand Exalted Ruler will visit Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4; Herrin, Ill., Lodge No. 1146, and Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge No. 572, where the convention of the Illinois State Elks Association will be held on June 4. On June 11 and 12 Mr. Price will be at Savannah, Ga., for the meeting of the Georgia State Elks Association.

First Meeting of Nevada State Elks Association at Goldfield, June 8-9

The first meeting of the recently organized Nevada State Elks Association will take place at Goldfield June 8-9. Goldfield Lodge No. 1072 has set June 7 as the date for the dedication of its handsome new Home, so there will be a three-day celebration by the Association opening with this event. An excellent program including a ritualistic contest has been planned.

James A. Farley Elected to Important Athletic Post

James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877, was recently elected Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, one of the most important and responsible offices in the domain of sport. Mr. Farley had already served as a member of this commission for some time.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Active In Many Fields of Endeavor

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91 recently closed a most prosperous and productive Lodge year. Its enlarged activities included the organization of a 35-piece band, a little symphony orchestra of 22 pieces, a jazz orchestra of 12 pieces, composed of members of the Lodge's Boys' Band, and a saxophone octette. A Ladies' Auxiliary, formed among the wives, daughters and mothers of members, conducted a children's pageant in which over 5,000 youngsters participated. This organization also established the Boys' Band of 64 pieces and raised funds to equip and to install it. The Lodge at present is financing the installation of radio sets in the Pine Breeze Tuberculosis Sanitarium, and in organizing an Order of Antlers to be known as Lodge No. 7 composed of boys and young men.

Annual Easter Automobile Fashion Show by New Orleans, La., Lodge

The success this year of the Annual Easter Automobile Fashion Show, which was conducted by New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30, demonstrated that the Lodge has created and fixed by this event a permanent addition to the New Orleans Spring Social Calendar. From the point of attendance, the Show was the biggest ever held, since the grandstands and enclosures of the Fair Grounds were packed to capacity. While the receipts were slightly smaller than last year owing to the fact that no opening pageant and frolic were held, the Show, nevertheless was one of the most highly profitable projects conducted by the Lodge. Many distinguished members of the Order from various parts of the country and leading citizens of the community were active in their support of the show.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Accepts Gift For Educational Fund

Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 has taken steps toward the establishment of a permanent fund to assist sons and daughters of members of the Order to complete their education when without such assistance their efforts to secure an education would have to be abandoned. This fund is to be created out of the proceeds derived from the sale of "The Heart of Elksdom," a book written by Walter F. Meier, a Past Exalted

(Continued on page 41)

GREAT MUSIC

WELTE

MUSIC as sweet as the dreamy light of dawn on sleeping flowers, as soft as the hush of endless calm and as thrilling as the night on which a new love comes to rule the enchanted world—Welte Music.

GREAT MUSIC
IN A
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The Welte Reproducing Pipe Organ is the indispensable and unanimously-acclaimed accessory of the Lodge.

And it is a well deserved distinction.

For Welte has achieved mankind's dream of super-music.

It is the high result of one hundred years of Welte genius.

It is the science-art of musical instrument building, accomplishing the perfect blend of melody and tonal coloring.

Music of unbelievable beauty—that's the Welte Reproducing Organ. For every occasion and

—for the playing of the Elk's ritual without an organist

Whenever the organist is unavailable or whenever desired, the Welte Reproducing Organ will, *self-playing*, accompany the ritual and requires merely the insertion of a recording.



PRICE upon application \$8,500 and Up

Send for the Book of the Welte Reproducing Organ. Ask about the Welte Purchase Plan which makes it easy for every Elk's Lodge to secure the Welte Reproducing Organ.

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FOR 100 YEARS
THE HIGHEST
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1892



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FACSIMILES OF
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WORLDS FAIRS
AND INTERNA-
TIONAL EXHI-
BITIONS GIVEN
TO WELTE

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

Ruler of Seattle Lodge, and President of the Washington State Elks Association, and which is now in process of publication. Mr. Meier has made provision for the payment to the Lodge of the net proceeds arising from the sale of this book, and in appreciation of his act the Lodge will call this fund "The Walter Meier Educational Fund." It is to be administered under the supervision of the four chair officers, together with the Secretary and Treasurer of the Lodge.

Under the terms of the gift, the fund cannot be given away. It can only be loaned at five per cent. interest, the interest to go toward the enlargement of the fund.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Guest Of Findlay, Ohio, Lodge

Practically the entire membership of Findlay, Ohio, Lodge No. 75 were present on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's recent visit to their Home. Mr. Price gave a most interesting and inspiring address, stressing the importance of Social and Community Welfare work in the activities of the Lodge. Following his talk the Lodge voted to buy an 8-acre tract to be used by the Boy Scout troop in which the members are interested.

American Legion Pays Tribute To Gen. John J. Pershing

Army, Navy and Cabinet officers and a host of other distinguished citizens prominent in many walks of life recently joined the National Vaudeville Artists' Post No. 690 of the American Legion in tendering a testimonial banquet to Gen. John J. Pershing. The dinner at which General Pershing was the guest of honor was given at the National Vaudeville Artists' Club in New York City and was a most enthusiastic tribute to the commander of our army during the World War. Representing Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning who spoke on behalf of the Order, expressing the high regard and patriotic loyalty in which General Pershing is held throughout the entire membership.

Following the banquet a mammoth entertainment was given by the Legion in honor of General Pershing at the Hippodrome, many of the best-known and most talented vaudeville artists of the country being on the program.

Children's Playground Established By Norristown, Pa., Lodge

Among the notable achievements in the field of welfare work done during the last Lodge year by Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714 was the establishment of an excellent playground for children. This was accomplished with the aid of the Friends Home who granted the Lodge the use of the ground free of charge. All kinds of playground apparatus were installed by Norristown Lodge for the use of the children.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge to Dedicate Statue Given by Miles S. Hencle

An elaborate program has been prepared for the unveiling and dedication of the huge bronze elk which Miles S. Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31, has donated to the Lodge, and which has been placed at the entrance to the Elks Rest in the Oakwood Cemetery. Many distinguished members of the Order and representatives from Lodges throughout the State will take part in the ceremony. As the dedication of the statue will take place on June 14, exercises suitable both to the occasion and to Flag Day will be conducted.

The statue was donated to the Lodge by Mr. Hencle in memory of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Hencle. In order that it might have a natural setting, a large tree was transplanted to the cemetery from Geneva during the winter as a fitting background.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Apperly Celebrates 50th Wedding Anniversary

Many distinguished members of the Order were present at the Fiftieth Wedding Ann-



20,000,000 Customers Within 24 Hours' Reach!

Within 200 miles of the Port Newark water-front lie 41 of the 100 largest cities in the United States. New York City is only nine miles away, and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston are within easy reach. From Port Newark, delivery can be made within 24 hours—by rail or motor truck—to almost any point in this territory, which supports more than 20% of the total national population, and which comprises one of the richest consuming markets in the world.

Spreading out from Port Newark, like the ribs of a huge fan, is a system of railways and highways that reaches every important center of population in New England and the Eastern States. Seven trunk lines from the interior converge at Port Newark, and have belt-line connections with its water-front. By reason of its highly developed harbor facilities, economical *all-water* shipments can be made from Port Newark to practically any market.

Regular steamer service is maintained between Port Newark and the principal Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Ports. Shippers, who wish to reach the great cities of the west and northwest by an economical route, may use the regular barge service between Port Newark and Buffalo, where transfer can be made to the Great Lakes steamers.

In order to obtain the very advantages of location that Port Newark now affords, manufacturers for a decade have been crowding into Manhattan, willing to pay almost any price for factory or warehouse sites, until sheer lack of space has prevented a further influx. Now that these advantages have been duplicated at Port Newark, it is reasonable to expect, within the next few years, a sharp rise in the value of Port Newark property, which now may be acquired on most attractive terms.

If you are interested in quicker, more economical access to the nation's best markets, *now* is the time to consider Port Newark and its possible relation to your business. Write today for your free copy of "PORT NEWARK," the comprehensive book that fully describes this great development.

Well-paved motor highways connect Port Newark with all of the important cities of the East. Most of the cities on this map are within overnight motor trucking distance of the Port Newark water-front.



Port Newark is part of the Port of New York. It is only nine miles from the heart of New York City and less than ten minutes' drive from the business section of the city of Newark, New Jersey.

THOS. L. RAYMOND, Director

Dept. of Public Works, Newark, N. J.

PORT NEWARK

versary of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly and Mrs. Apperly, which was celebrated recently at the Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8. Congratulatory messages and remembrances were received from many old friends in all parts of the country.

Mr. Apperly, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of Louisville Lodge, served as Grand Exalted Ruler for 1893-1894.

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Large Tri-State Meeting

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price recently had the unique experience of visiting four Lodges in three different States all in one day. The occasion was the great Tri-State meeting conducted by Ironton, Ohio, Lodge No. 177, and the four Lodges visited were Huntington, W. Va., Lodge No. 313; Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge No. 942; Ashland, Ky., Lodge No. 350, and Ironton Lodge. Mr. Price, accompanied by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, visited the homes of these Lodges escorted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John J. Emerick and James A. Allen; Exalted Ruler Reuben Schumacher and Secretary W. F. Bruning of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 18; and Past Exalted Ruler C. J. Nee camp of Ironton Lodge. The party were guests of Huntington Lodge at luncheon, and on the return to Ironton visited Catlettsburg Lodge, the home of Mr. Emerick, and Ashland Lodge, the home of Past District Deputy Clyde R. Levi. A large banquet given by Exalted Ruler E. B. Allen, of Ironton Lodge, was served that evening to the distinguished guests at the Hotel Marting in Ironton. This was also attended by many Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. At a meeting following the dinner a class of candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work being beautifully exemplified by the degree team of Catlettsburg Lodge under the leadership of District Deputy Emerick. An informal reception and smoker to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and their party wound up a most interesting and delightful day.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Rochester, Minn., Lodge has organized a Past Exalted Rulers' Association of which Frank Chute is President and John A. Miller, Secretary.

Eufaula, Ala., Lodge recently staged a most successful minstrel show which realized a substantial sum for its charity fund.

Susanville, Calif., Lodge, which was instituted a little over a year ago with a charter list of 52, now has close to 300 members, and has enlarged its field of activities to a remarkable degree.

James A. Farley, in his official capacity of President of the New York State Elks Association, recently visited Lodges in Freeport, N. Y., Glen Cove, N. Y., and New London, Conn.

Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge initiated a class of 66 candidates a short time ago, one of the largest in its history. The Lodge recently honored its oldest member, N. B. Bryant, who is 90 years old, by electing him to a life membership.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge will establish an Elks room in the new wing of St. Vincent's Hospital, which is nearing completion.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge is planning to make extensive alterations on its Home.

The troop of Boy Scouts sponsored by Winthrop, Mass., Lodge has developed to the point where it is planning to form a 30-piece band.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge will erect a steel flag pole in the city's new Memorial Park at Thirteenth Street and Bissell Avenue.

The seventh annual minstrel show put on by Mason City, Iowa, Lodge was a great success, playing to capacity houses. A considerable sum was realized for the Lodge's Charity Fund.

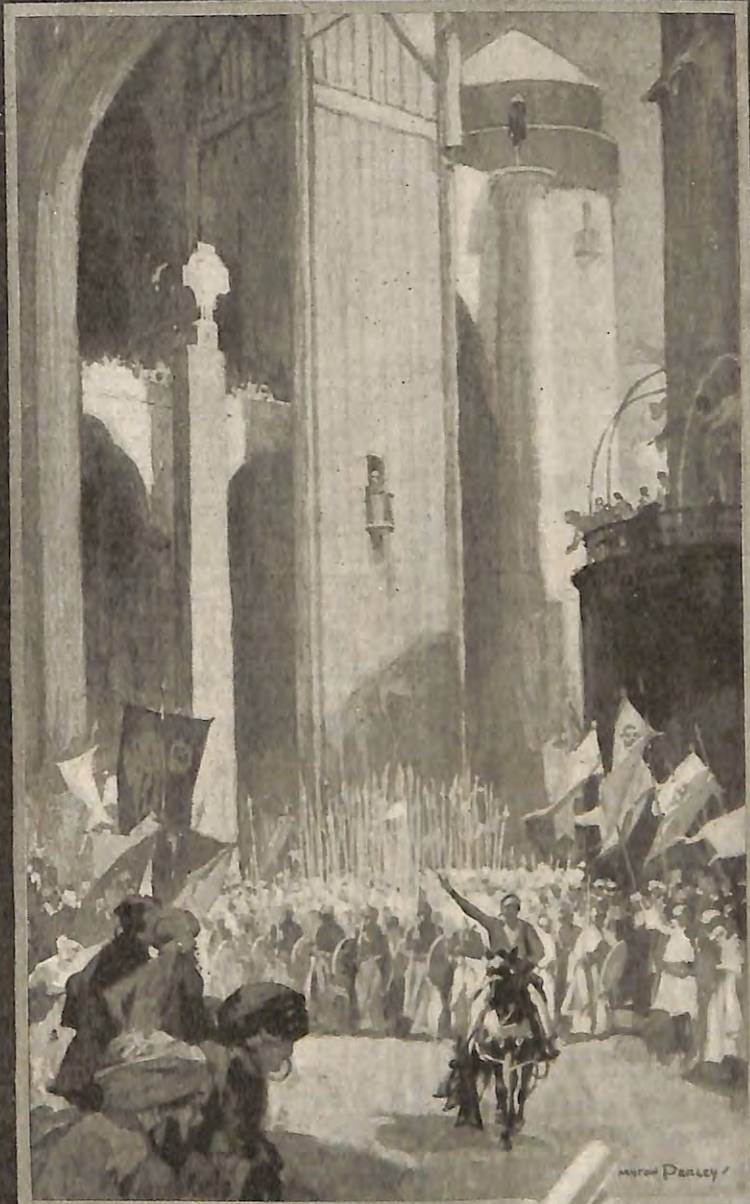
Jules Bertero, Past Exalted Ruler of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge was recently installed as Secretary of the Lodge for the twenty-fifth time.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge has sponsored a Boy Scout troop.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge is making progress with its recently organized drill team.

During the past lodge year Detroit, Mich., Lodge expended \$36,000 for relief, distress,

(Continued on page 46)



**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
in THE THIEF OF BAGDAD**



SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

Mr. Fairbanks has won immense success in many roles, Chesterfield in but one. Yet the same simple maxim accounts for both—the surest way to win success is to deserve it.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 45)



We make Champions the very best we can. They will render better service for a much longer time. That is why they are outselling throughout the world.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed sili-manite core with the semi-petticoat tip, its special analysis electrodes and its gas-tight two-piece construction.

To get the best service from your car you should change spark plugs at least once a year—even Champions.

You will know genuine Champions by the double-ribbed core. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion Spark Plug Company
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of Canada, Limited
Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.



funerals, flowers, civic and welfare and various other charities. This amounts to almost \$5.20 for every member on the rolls of the Lodge.

Members of Beaumont, Texas, Lodge are occupying their beautiful new Home at Main, Pine and Travis Streets.

A successful Bazaar was conducted during May by Concord, Mass., Lodge.

Fraternal visits were recently exchanged by Arlington, Mass., Lodge and Winthrop, Mass., Lodge.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge has begun a movement for the establishment of a home for crippled children.

During the past Lodge year, Elmira, N. Y., Lodge expended the largest amount in its history for charity.

In commemoration of its 39th anniversary, Omaha, Neb., Lodge issued an elaborately illustrated booklet combining a history of the Order and the Lodge, and a roster of its members.

Work is going forward on the new Home which will be erected by Monrovia, Calif., Lodge.

A very substantial sum was realized by the Charity Bazaar recently conducted by Grafton, W. Va., Lodge.

The contracts for building its new Home were recently awarded by Camden, N. J., Lodge and work has been begun on the structure.

Theodore T. Ellis of Worcester, Mass., Lodge at a recent session, presented his Lodge with a check for \$5,000 toward the purchase of an organ for the Lodge auditorium.

Many children took part in the Juvenile Follies staged by Braddock, Pa., Lodge at the Capitol Theatre.

Good progress is being made on the new Home being erected by St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge.

By the will of the late Joseph Y. Work, a member of Denver, Colo., Lodge, the Lodge was left \$500. The money will be used to furnish a room at the hospital in compliance with the wishes of the donor.

New York, N. Y., Lodge, in addition to expending over \$18,000 during the past Lodge year for relief of sickness and distress, and over \$8,000 for the burials and expenses incidental to funerals, spent \$62,000 through its Social and Community Welfare Committee for charitable purposes.

At a recent meeting of Richmond, Calif., Lodge all of the living Past Exalted Rulers oc-

cupied the various chairs and conducted the initiation ceremony in a most excellent manner.

The Washington State Elks Association Convention will be held this year at Vancouver while the Grand Lodge Convention is on at Portland, Ore. Vancouver is only a short street-car ride from Portland.

Freeland, Pa., Lodge recently awarded a prize for the best essay written by a High School pupil on the prevention of forest fires.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge recently gave a dance for the benefit of the crippled and dependent children of the city.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge has shown remarkable growth in the first year of its existence, adding 400 new members to its rolls.

The troop of Boy Scouts sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge is showing excellent progress. There are now ten boys in the troop and their weekly meetings are held in the Home of the Lodge.

Elaborate festivities marked the celebration by Iowa City, Iowa, Lodge of its 25th anniversary.

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge has organized a trapshooters club.

The Elks Association of Pennsylvania, North West District is arranging for a big picnic and outing at Conneaut Lake June 13-14.

A father and a son were recently installed to important posts in Orange, N. J., Lodge. John A. Flaherty was installed as Exalted Ruler and his father, P. J. Flaherty, who has also filled that chair, was installed at the same time as Senior Trustee.

New Albany, Ind., Lodge recently conducted a most successful minstrel show.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge is making excellent progress on its new Home. Recently this Lodge initiated a class of over 100 members.

Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge wiped out the indebtedness on its Home in celebration of its 25th anniversary.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge has launched a selective membership campaign which has for its slogan "One Thousand More for Forty-four." It is the firm belief of the membership that this goal can be reached before July 1.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge recently tendered a testimonial to the famous ball player Edward T. ("Eddie") Collins, who was recently appointed manager of the White Sox.

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 29)

what you are or what you have been. Of course I've thought and I've wondered and worried, but I don't think anything makes any difference except that you are the only woman for whom I have ever cared. And all I'm asking is the chance to bring you such little comfort as I can—even if only by affording you the opportunity for speech. Your soul shines through your eyes, Beverly, dear, and I can see that it is overflowing with bitter pain. Don't you know that you can trust me?"

"Yes . . ."

"And haven't you longed for somebody to talk to?"

"Of course." Suddenly she looked up. "I will tell you. I'm afraid—but since you put it as you do . . ."

He bowed his head. "You make me very happy, Beverly."

She spoke slowly and with difficulty—selecting her words with meticulous care.

"John and I are orphans, have been ever since I can remember. We have lived in this town ever since we were children. There was an Aunt who died . . . details don't matter. Public school, work. . . . John is a good boy, a fine lad; fearless and chivalrous, but he's young even yet—only twenty-three.

"YOU'RE a man. You know how things can happen to mould the career of an impressionable youth. He was too near my own age to

be under my control. He got in with the wrong crowd: pool-room hangers-on, cheap gamblers. He knew how to handle a car and he longed to drive one. So one day he took a position driving a taxi. That was the beginning of the end. I don't know whether you know it, but for the most part our taxi drivers are not a very reputable lot. John was popular with his companions; he always had a smile on his lips and a ready hand when a friend was in need. He handled a car as deftly and certainly as a mother handles her baby. He was thrown in contact with the seamy side of city life.

"Of course it looked romantic and adventure-some to him. He was financially independent in a very modest way which thoroughly satisfied him. He brought me presents—he laughed away my fears and assured me that he was well able to take care of himself. And then one day I learned that he was no longer driving a taxi. He had accepted a position with Andrew North."

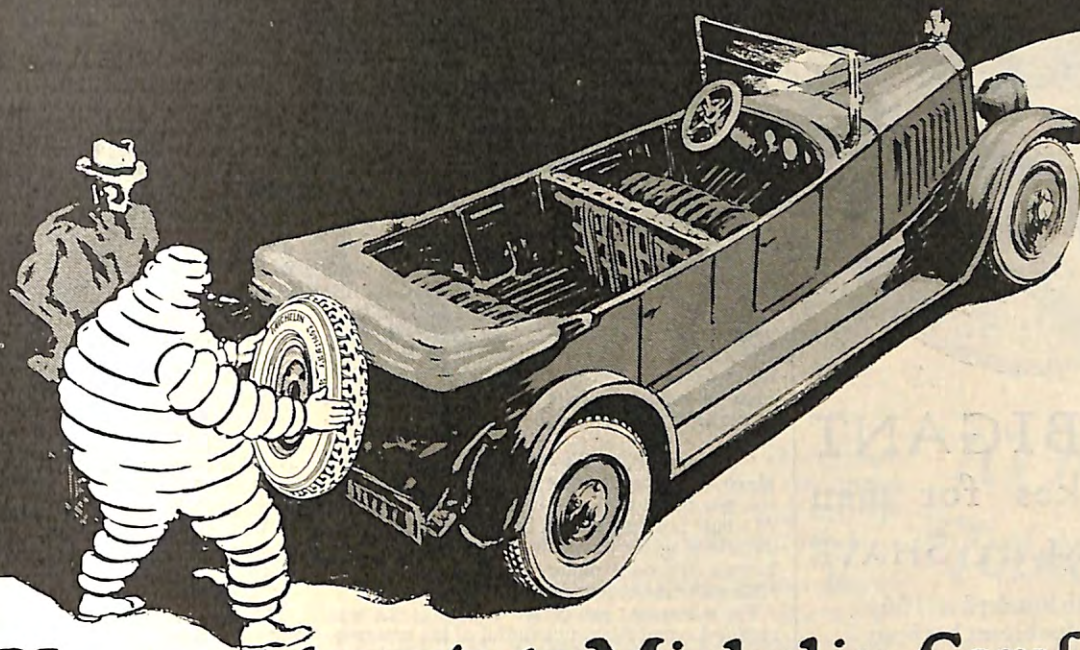
She paused on the name, her lips twitched with loathing. Then she pulled herself together and went on.

"I suppose Mae Deshler told you what he is doing?"

"Yes."

"It was dangerous work, this liquor-running. Therefore, it appealed to John. He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear: his nerves are of steel. The very danger of it made an

(Continued on page 48)



**You can change to Michelin Comfort
Balloons without any extra expense
One tire at a time -**

Next time you need a tire buy just one Michelin Comfort Balloon. It will cost you no more than you have been paying for high-pressure tires—and it will fit your present rims without any change whatsoever.

Mount this first of your balloon tires as a spare. Then when another of your old tires is worn out, buy a second Michelin Comfort Balloon and mount the two balloons on your rear wheels. Repeat the process on front wheels.

If, in the meantime, you must run with a Michelin Comfort Balloon and a high-pressure tire opposite one another, you can do so temporarily without any harm or inconvenience.

90.4% of all the cars at the last New York Automobile Show were balloon equipped. The balloon era is here. You, too, should be using balloon tires.

Michelin Balloons fit practically all rims, the new small sizes as well as the old. Michelin also makes high-pressure tires and the famous Michelin Ring-Shaped Tube.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

MICHELIN

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 46)



HOUBIGANT now makes for men THE LUXURY SHAVE

FOR one hundred and fifty years Houbigant has been the maker of finest toilet goods for women... Now Houbigant makes for men a complete line of shaving luxuries—Shaving Stick, Eau Vegetale, Talcum, Soap—all delicately scented with the odor of Fougere Royale, the Royal Fern, an odor of outdoors made for men.

Those men who are satisfied only with the best of everything, Houbigant invites to try this new shave.

Fougere Royale



HOUBIGANT, INC.
16 W. 49th Street
New York

irresistible appeal. I argued with him from an ethical standpoint, but it was too late. His mind was crammed with false philosophy and unworthy standards. He argued with me soberly and seriously that bootlegging had become a recognized and organized business; that while it was a violation of the law it did not involve moral turpitude. His crowd really believes that sort of thing... it is small wonder I could not dissuade him.

"Don't get the idea from what I am going to say that I blame John for getting on the wrong road—and remaining there. Circumstances were against him: he never had his chance to see clearly and think straight. Unfortunately, his partner was the wrong sort.

"You know, Alan, these liquor runners work in pairs. They load their high-powered touring cars at the spot where the liquor is landed or stored and drive like a rocket across at night. They do not stop for anyone. They relieve each other at the wheel and accomplish impossible feats of mileage. John's partner was a man about thirty years of age—a man named Conroy.

"Conroy was, I believe, a congenital criminal. He couldn't play straight with anyone. And he, too, was bereft of fear. John used to boast that Al would not only fight a buzzsaw but spent his days looking for buzzsaws to fight. He was, I believe, the only underworld denizen in this state who did not fear Andrew North."

For a moment she ceased to speak: she was staring beyond Alan, unmindful of his presence.

"No—he was not afraid of Andrew North, but that was ignorance on his part. Everybody should fear that man. God knows I wish Conroy had been afraid.

"At any rate, he wasn't. And then something happened, just what it was don't matter. It was, though, an attempt to double-cross Andrew North. Conroy attempted to injure North—not physically, but with the authorities—to further his own ends. He betrayed the man, and it appeared that John, my brother, was equally guilty.

"Let me be frank with you, Alan. I don't know yet whether John was partner to this thing or not. I cannot swear that he was not—yet I believe in his innocence. After all, it is a horrible thing to betray a person who trusts you—even in a career which is tinged with criminality. I don't believe John is built that way. I have talked to him about it—begged for the truth; and he has looked me squarely in the eye in telling me that he didn't understand.

"Participate he did, but he swears that he was ignorant of Al Conroy's intentions. According to his story Al made it appear as though the two were equally guilty. Perhaps John might have accepted the profits of the rotten transaction had it been successful. I don't know. I don't know how far John's moral disintegration might have gone. But the point is that Andrew North believes John as culpable as Conroy."

Again her voice trailed off, and Alan leaned forward earnestly.

"You believe your brother was innocent—but you cannot swear to it? Is that it, Beverly?"

"Yes. Of course the plan failed. Any plan which is directed against North must fail: only a fearless, self-satisfied fool like Al Conroy could have thought he might succeed."

"And then—?"

"What do you imagine? Remember the single unforgivable sin of the criminal world is betrayal. Conroy had not only attempted to betray North but had worked calculatingly."

"North found out?"

"I believe he knew from the first."

Alan questioned softly.

"Where is Conroy now?"

And her answer came in a whisper—

"He is dead!"

CHAPTER XVII

ALAN shivered: he began to understand the light of horror which shone from Beverly's eyes at the mere mention of North's name. It was smouldering now...

"He was killed?"

"Murdered. By North's orders. My brother will be next."

"You poor kid... I don't wonder you've been terrified. But are you sure—?"

"About John being doomed? Yes, I am sure. North himself told me: told me calmly, with that unblinking imperturbability of his—just as though he was mentioning the next day's weather."

"But if Conroy was murdered—how is it that the murderer was not discovered and punished?"

She smiled wanly. "You don't know much about the underworld—or North—Alan. There isn't a chance for discovery—the way these things happen. Besides, the police are not unduly concerned: the dead man was declassé, a useless member of society—a denizen of the underworld killed by one of his fellows: gangsters is the word they use. Decent folks are not interested; just another criminal gone. That is why there was no stir created over Conroy's death—and why there will be no possibility of preventing John from meeting the same end."

"Hmm! But I don't understand. This Deshler woman told me your brother was still running liquor for North."

"He is. But his new partner is a gunman in North's employ. The boy is shadowed when he is in town. The slightest misstep and—" her cheeks paled: "Can't you see?"

Alan could see—all too plainly. "I don't wonder you are afraid of North. Yet may I tell you something—something irrelevant?"

"Yes."

"Your story makes me happy. Oh! don't misunderstand... but all the time I have wondered what manner of hold this man had over you. His name is synonymous with all that is criminal and rotten—and you came to me as his tool. Instinct told me that things were not as they seemed to be—but stark facts proclaimed the opposite. Tell me—why has North permitted your brother to live this long?"

"You saved his life, Alan."

"I?"

"Yes—you. You went to North with your insurance proposition. The idea appealed to him, but he always sees things on an enormous scale. Then it came to him; the idea of protecting his interests by providing a beneficiary who was absolutely under his control—with whom there could be no possibility of betrayal. It must be a woman... and so he came to me."

"Good God! And you are hostage for your brother's life?"

"Yes."

"But how do you know that—that when it is all over—North will not have Johnny killed?"

"Because Andrew North is a man of his word. That's a peculiarity of his. He has told me that if I play straight with him, he will spare John. More, that he will give him a chance to make good. He knows he is safe. John and I both have the grisly memory of Al Conroy to remind us that we had better play square with North. That is why my terror of the man is not theoretical—not based upon hearsay. I have seen it with my own eyes—the operation of his diabolical power, because whether his promise be for good or ill—he fulfils."

"And that is why I consented to marry you, Alan. Because when North came to me, John was the only person in the world for whom I cared. Because my refusal would have been tantamount to sentencing John to death. Can't you see, Alan, that there was nothing else I could do?"

"Yes... I—I didn't know that things like this went on nowadays..."

"Why not? What is to prevent?"

"And John's freedom—?"

"Will come with your death." She covered her face with her hands. "It is awful. I could do nothing else—yet now I wish that it had never been. How was I to know what sort of man you would be? As a matter of fact, I didn't care. I didn't think. I thought only of saving my brother. What happened to me didn't seem to matter... but I never dreamed..."

"That you might learn to care—for someone else?"

"Yes..."

He half rose to cross to her, then changed his mind. Somehow, this did not seem to be the

time for love making. But the revelation caused a lilt of exultation in his heart: Beverly did care—that was the one magnificent, amazing, joyous fact which stood out beyond all the misery of her story.

The thing was weird, though: he must die in order that his wife's brother might live. Damn it all! What he had done was to bring further misery to the girl. He wished now that she had not learned to care for him—and at the same moment he exulted in the fact that she had. It was queer, topsy-turvy complexity of emotions; without continuity or logic.

And there was another element which brought him joy: Now he knew why Beverly had married him—no longer need he wonder whether she was "one of North's women." That thought had haunted him more than he cared to admit—and he was glad now that he had declared his love before he knew who or what she was, or what manner of hold North had upon her.

"And there's nothing to be done, Beverly?"
 "What?" She raised her face passionately.
 "How can you combat a power which is more than human? John can not run away. He would be killed. You can not run away . . . perhaps you understand now the horrible inevitability of your own position. You're in a web: Ellen and her husband are spying on us—if we packed so much as a suitcase there would be an explosion. And don't think that because Squint likes you he wouldn't kill. He would do it reluctantly but he would do it. John is running liquor with a partner who is under orders to see that he does not escape. We're caught—all three of us."

"I am glad—for myself, Beverly."
 "Glad?"
 "But for this I would never have met you."
 Something like a sob shook her frame. "Don't, Alan—please."

"And as for my own predicament, it seems trivial beside yours. You were sucked into this: I incurred an obligation with my eyes open. Don't be sorry for me, dear."

"I can't help it . . . any more than I can help being sorry for myself."

"So far as I am concerned, I feel better: I feel that my own life won't be spent for nothing. That may sound queer—mock heroics, perhaps—but it isn't. I am reconciled—I try to make myself believe that I died two and a half months ago. Now I find that when the end comes, I will have saved a very young man who is the brother of the woman I love. That I will have given him his freedom and a chance to start over. I feel better, dear."

"I—I wish I could tell you—what I think of you, Alan."

"Perhaps you'd better not. God knows I want to hear it—but it would be dangerous. It might be that a year from now . . . well, that you would be too unhappy. We must prevent that."

They sat for a long time in silence, and it was he who spoke first.

"What does your brother think of this?"

"He wants his freedom, Alan. He wants to start over. He has learned to be afraid—not physically, but morally—which is good for him. He plans to take me away with him, somewhere far away—where all trace of this nightmare will disappear."

"Good. I am glad of that. And now I have an idea. Why doesn't your brother come to live with me when he's in town. If he's going to start over perhaps this atmosphere might be the best thing in the world for him. Remember that even yet he's in constant contact with a human element which can not help but be harmful."

She looked at him in wide-eyed gratitude.
 "You mean that, Alan?"

"Yes. Do you fancy he would consider it?"

"He'd love it. And so would I. He needs me—he needs a man like you."

"When will you speak to him?"

"He left this morning on a trip. He'll be back day after to-morrow morning about daylight. I'll speak with him that afternoon when he comes to see me. And I want you to be sure that this isn't an impulsive offer."

"I am sure, Beverly. It is little enough for me to do."

She came and stood before him and ran her fingers caressingly through his long curly hair.

"Alan," she said gently. "I love you."

(Continued on page 51)



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The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 49)

He looked up at her pleadingly, hungrily. He half rose—then sank back.

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. And for a long time they remained that way. Then she withdrew her hand and returned to her chair under the reading lamp.

Hours they sat there in a golden silence of happiness.

CHAPTER XVIII

TWO days later Johnny Ames moved into the apartment. Alan studied him with keen interest and found him not at all as expected.

Twenty-three years of age, Johnny possessed a fair complexion and beardless face which made him appear not more than eighteen. He was considerably shorter than Alan and of a slender, wiry build. His features were even—and attractive; but it was the hair and eyes which Alan particularly liked, scarcely recognizing that it was because they reminded him of Beverly.

It was hard to believe—in the presence of the boyish Johnny—that he was engaged in the profession of liquor-running, or that he was involved seriously with a man of North's stamp. His wide-open brown eyes seemed innocent of evil, he had an attractive way of throwing back his long, brown hair—and laughing so as to show even white teeth.

Johnny Ames—three years Alan's junior and an integral part of the city's underworld, reeking with experience of which Alan knew little or nothing; yet Alan felt aged by comparison with the boy. His attitude was almost paternal from the moment they clasped hands firmly—

"Howdy, Johnny: welcome."

"Thanks, Alan. . . ."

A moment of awkwardness when Beverly stepped in and assumed charge, directing the first embarrassing moments of conversation with feminine tact and deftness so that in an inconceivably short space of time the two young men felt perfectly at ease with one another.

They liked each other from the outset. Alan correctly gauged Johnny as an impulsive, romantically inclined young daredevil who possessed the makings of an excellent citizen. At present the lad was without the moral balance that comes with years. At the dinner table the lad's eyes crinkled at the corners as he twitted Alan with a recital of the interview with Mae Deshler.

"You sure threw an awful scare into her, Alan."

"How?"

"She sized you up for a dick. At any rate, she couldn't get you at all. She said you talked like you were making a play for her—and she knew all the time you weren't. Of course she knows that I'm in bad and you scared her silly."

"I like Mae," responded Alan simply.

The boy's eyes lighted. "Say—do you, really?"

"I do."

He turned triumphantly to Beverly. "You see, Sis. Listen to him, will you? Say, Alan—suppose you tell me—and Beverly—just why you like Mae. Come clean."

"Well—" Alan spoke slowly, choosing his words with care,—"I'd say first because she impressed me as honest and loyal, because from the moment she knew who I was she made no effort to conceal the fact that she loves you very deeply."

"Gosh . . . go on."

"She does love you, Johnny. Don't you ever doubt that. She may not be overly cultured. But she's one hundred percent. And another thing—if I may be personal—the girl is straight. She was willing to kid with me, but that was all. Frankly, she's the first girl of her type I've ever met . . . and I hope she won't be the last."

Johnny's face beamed. "Sis! You've got a wise ol' hubby. He should have been a 'tec or something. He's got Mae right down to the ground." He turned back to Alan again—"Sis has been kind of leery of her."

"John! I never in my life said a single word against Mae."

"No, sure you didn't. Not in words. But, Oh, my Gawd! what you've looked. You'd think I had fallen for some ordinary little gold-digger. Honest, Sis, she's the sweetest wren that

ever warbled a song, and that ain't a lie, either. And what she don't think about little ol' Johnny Ames. . . . Why, Sis, you ain't hardly met that girl; you don't know her at all. I wish—" wistfully—"that since Alan seems to like her, I might have her around some evening."

"I'd be happy," said Alan, "if it's all right with Beverly."

"It's settled then. Bev'll do anything that'd make me happy. To dinner?"

"Yes—if she'll come."

"Attaboy! Mae is kinder strong for this entree stuff. She'll go anywhere that food is."

Later when Beverly went into the kitchen to speak with Ellen about restocking the pantry shelves, Johnny Ames dropped his mask of levity and turned serious eyes upon Alan.

"Old man," he said quietly, "you're a peach."

"What's that, Johnny?"

"You're a wonder. I'm for you. I didn't know anything about you—or this deal—until after Bev had gone and pulled it. I hit the ceiling; you know . . . if you'd been the wrong sort things could have been made pretty tough for the kid—and I'd have felt like a worse dog—her doing it for me, and all. Well, ever since you two got hitched I've been hearing nothing from her but Alan—Alan—Alan. It's rotten, that's what."

"Why rotten, Johnny?"

"Aw, hell! you know what I mean. The kid has fallen for you. She's wild, crazy in love with you."

Alan leaned forward, his face shone. "Are you sure of that? Has she ever said so?"

"Yes. Oh! maybe she's never said 'I'm nuts about Alan!' but that ain't necessary. Didn't you know without Mae saying it that she kinder thinks pretty well of me: didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's how I know about Sis. And the funny part of it is that she hasn't ever before given a thought to a man—not one in her whole life."

"And why, Johnny, is this rotten?"

Ames flushed. "Don't you see?" he explained with difficulty; "you're in a sort of a helluva fix."

"Don't be sorry for me. I went into it with my eyes wide open. I would have killed myself that first night and ever since then I've tried to regard myself as though I were already dead."

"That's fine talk," answered Johnny, and now it was he who appeared the more mature, "but it ain't human nature. No matter whether you'd have bumped yourself off or not—you didn't. You ain't dead now—you're very much alive, and I take it you'd like to remain that way."

"I would: that's true."

"All right. Six feet of earth and a lot of sweet-smelling flowers don't look good to a man who has started to live for the first time." A shadow crossed his face—"Believe me, Alan, I know!"

Alan leaned forward and rested his hand on the boy's knee—

"It's a pretty worrisome situation all 'round, isn't it, Johnny?"

"Fierce."

"And knowing what you do about North—?"

"You want me to be frank?"

"Surely."

"I wouldn't give a German pfennig for your chances; that's what."

"Very well, then . . . there's one thing both of us can do."

"And that is?"

"Beverly."

Johnny shook his head. "I don't get you." "She's the one who's getting the tough breaks in this little deal. The fact that she loves me makes me happier than anything in the world—and more miserable. Otherwise it wouldn't matter to her when—when I get what is coming to me. We've got to think of her, old man, and make the best of a pretty tough bargain. We've got to put our heads together and figure to let her down as easy as possible."

The boy's hand came out—"You're the gamest sport I've ever known, Alan. Shake!"

And it was thus that Beverly found them.

(To be continued)



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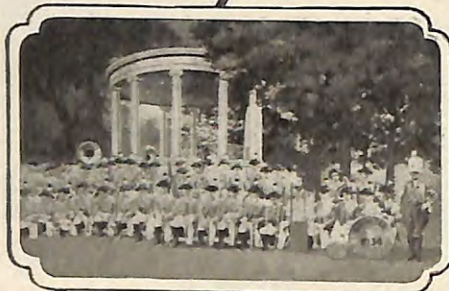
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Tuning In and Speeding Up

(Continued from page 20)

So far nation-wide broadcasting has depended upon telephone connections between stations. Many "outside" broadcasting jobs are brought into the studio from the microphone by telephone.

The Phonograph Comes Up Smiling

When I was in the phonograph business in 1910 and 1920 that business was enjoying its share of post-war hectic prosperity. In eighteen months the number of bona-fide phonograph factories increased from 25 to 250. There were hundreds of other stenciled machines—machines assembled in furniture and other factories and given some more or less fancy names. The country was phonograph crazy. The man who could think of a new trade name for a line of phonographs was in demand.

In 1914, a normal year, the phonograph factories in this country turned out 514,000 machines. In 1919 the number was 2,226,000. The business began to slump in 1921. That year only 592,493 machines were turned out by 154 factories, and 105,000,000 records were put on the market. Rapid increase in radio broadcasting, and general business conditions, were charged with this slump. Then the phonograph industry proceeded to take advantage of the situation. Most of the 10,000 surviving phonograph retailers went into the radio game. They were fitted by equipment and experience to handle the new product.

Most of these phonograph dealers had sound-proof rooms for demonstrating their machines. They were accustomed to selling on time payments. They had educated their trade to buy attractive cabinets. They sold the radio manufacturers on the advisability of putting radio "hardware" into artistic cases. Some of the big phonograph producers put out combination phonograph and radio cabinets. The phonograph business crept up, slowly. In 1923, 981,635 machines were put on the market, although only 98,000,000 records were offered for sale, and but 100 phonograph factories were listed in the national census reports.

To-day half of the twenty thousand retailers of complete radio sets are phonograph retailers. They are selling radio outfits just as they have long sold phonographs, on appearance and performance. The women of the homes, sold years ago on artistic phonograph cabinets, are demanding artistic radio cabinets. The latter, like the former, have found permanent places in our homes. The American public can always dig up money for the things it wants. Where homes are already supplied with phonographs a place is found for a radio cabinet. In new homes the housewife buys the combination.

Radio gave the talking-machine industry a severe blow, but the talking-machine industry is again becoming stabilized. Two of the big phonograph and record manufacturers are putting their star artists on the radio, and reaping reward in record sales. A library of good records is becoming as essential in homes of good taste as a library of good books.

What About Theatres and Movies?

When John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori sang over the radio last New Year's night, approximately 6,000,000 fans listened in through seven hook-up broadcasting stations, and the Eastern theatres suffered. Some theatre and movie managers were quoted as saying that such radio concerts would put the theatres out of business. There was much talk of preventing actors and actresses from going on the air. But managers and magnates in the theatre-movie world are not a unit on this subject. Several musical comedy producers insist that broadcasting parts of their performance has helped their box-office sales. Several prominent movie managers have been broadcasting from their theatres for months and intend to keep on broadcasting. Two dozen new legitimate theatres are being constructed in New York and other cities. Twice as many new movie houses are going up. Fifty million movie fans continue to patronize the 15,000 movie houses in this country each week. Grand opera continues to turn people away. Philharmonic and symphony concerts are sold out, even when some of their performances are broadcast. Only a few of the

instrumental soloists appear to suffer from going on the air.

It seems to be generally accepted in theatrical and musical circles that even radio has its limitations; that few, if any, comedies or dramas can be made interesting via the air route because so much of the action and illusion is lost, and that in most cases a radio performance merely whets the hearers' desire to see the performer on the stage or in the concert hall.

As one man who has for a long time been exclusively interested in the motion-picture industry phrased it, human beings are gregarious. They may and do stay home a great deal to hear some types of performances come over the radio but they get most of their kick out of coming en masse to a theatre. My five years of service in a theatre prompts me to agree with him.

The Auto and the Radio

In 1910 our production of motor vehicles was valued at about \$225,000,000, wholesale, and radio was just coming to public attention. In 1920 we were spending about \$2,000,000,000 for autos and their accessories. In that year sales of radio sets and parts was at the \$2,000,000 mark. Last year we spent in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000,000 for motor vehicles and accessories, and \$350,000,000 for radio outfits. Approximately 17,000,000 motor vehicles were registered in this country while about 16,000,000 fans were listening in on radio. With occasional lapses, the automotive industry has grown measurably year by year. It was 38 per cent. bigger in 1924 than in 1922. The point of saturation seems to be somewhere in the future. Our buying power and our demand for more means of communication are constantly on the increase. Radio is still an infant industry.

Who Shall Control the Air

Although our Department of Commerce exercises supervision over the air, fixes wave lengths, station power, apparatus and time of operation, has divided the country into nine radio districts over which it has placed supervisors, and licenses transmitting stations, Secretary Herbert Hoover seeks national legislation which shall give legal sanction to what is now done without that sanction. Mr. Hoover expressly disclaims any ambition toward censorship, but he says, "I hope that another year's experience will show what direction of legislative course must be pursued. In the meantime, I feel that we would be actual gainers by allowing the industry to progress naturally and unhampered, except by the maintenance of a firm control of the ether and the elimination of interference so far as it is possible."

The two problems uppermost—establishing of a few superpower broadcasting stations that can serve an area within a radius of 1,000 miles instead of the hundreds of stations whose effective radius is now fifty or a hundred miles, and the support of the industry by taxation of producers or of listeners-in—will be solved before many years. The government is experimenting with the first named. It may follow the British plan of taxing radio receivers or it may place the tax on the manufacturers.

In any event something must be done to take care of the present broadcasting overhead. Now no one pays for it, except an occasional phonograph record factory and some concern desiring to use the radio for strictly advertising purposes. It is evident that the necessary improvement in radio programs cannot be effected until some way is found for paying for the 36,000 entertainment features that are now offered radio fans for nothing each year.

That the problems of radio will be solved just as the problems of other means of communication have been solved, and that the consuming public will absorb the new product, just as it has absorbed others, seems to be a certainty.

The telegraph remained in action after the telephone came in. Both of them survived the submarine cable's entrance into their field. The phonograph did not put the musicians out of business. Pianos and piano-teachers flourish in spite of the mechanical piano-player. We shall have theatres and movies long after the radio industry is on a level keel.

It hustles all types of communication to keep up with the industrial and commercial procession.

In the Hall of Fame of New York University is a bronze tablet upon which is inscribed: "Samuel Finley Breese Morse, 1791-1872. 'I am persuaded that whatever facilitates intercourse between different portions of the human family will have its effect upon the guidance of sound moral principles to promote the best interests of man.'"

And so, over land and sea and on old ocean's floor, by railroad, steamship, airplane, airship, telegraph, telephone, and radio—from theatre, library, newspaper and magazine—the facilities of intercourse increase. But we shall never have enough means to satisfy our racial desire to know what is going on in the world.

The War of the Kings

(Continued from page 7)

rays warmed and dried the flat shelf of rock in front of Koe-Ishto's cave. Koe-Ishto's tawny mate, nursing her little ones just within the cave's entrance, noted this fact with joy. For days a steady drizzle had kept the puma cubs under cover. A wetting might not have harmed them, but they did not like the feel of the rain on their backs. So they had stayed inside the cave; and now their mother welcomed the sunshine because, like most human mothers, she liked her little ones to romp and play outdoors.

The wide flat ledge in front of the cave made a splendid playground for the cubs. They were safe there, for no Indian hunter had ever invaded the puma's almost inaccessible lair on the precipitous slope of Unaka Kanoos, while the preying beasts of the forest stood too much in dread of the great lion-like cats to approach their dwelling-place.

True, the ledge ended in a sheer drop of perhaps a hundred feet to the wooded mountain-side below, and a human onlooker might on that account have considered it a perilous nursery. But the puma cubs were in no danger of falling over the ledge. Young as they were, they were wonderfully sure-footed, blessed with a marvelous gift for keeping their balance. Their mother could leave them wrestling and tussling on the ledge within a foot of its brink and remain away for hours without feeling the slightest anxiety regarding their safety.

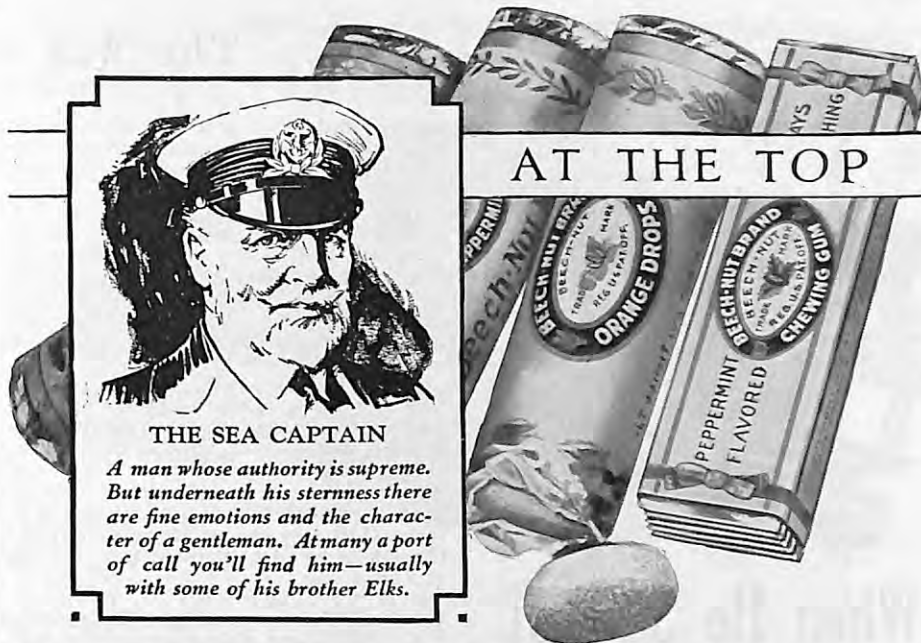
On this morning, the first sunny morning in many days, the mother puma cut short the breakfast of her nursing kittens. She, too, disliked the rain and had postponed her hunting, remaining in the cave throughout the previous night; and now she was hungry and was eager to find meat. Presently she pushed the kittens away from her, rose, walked out upon the ledge, yawned hugely and stretched her long lithe body. Then, with a low farewell to the cubs which had followed her outside, she walked to the end of the ledge around a jutting shoulder of the rock, leaped to the slanting trunk of a big chestnut oak, and gliding lightly down its rough surface, disappeared in the forest.

Some two hours later a black speck appeared in the sky high above the summit of Unaka Kanoos. For many minutes it swung there, moving in circles and ellipses, gradually growing larger. The puma cubs, playing on the sunny ledge in front of their cave, either did not see it or, if they saw it, paid no attention to it.

Neither instinct nor the teaching which, even at that early age, they might have had from their mother, had ever warned them of danger from above. Probably they knew vaguely that the air was peopled, for doubtless from time to time they had seen turkey vultures or a solitary raven or duck-hawk pass over; but never had any harm come to them from these aerial wayfarers which as yet were the only ones among the wild folk that their eyes had ever looked upon.

Storm-Rider, the golden eagle of Younaguska, looked down from the air and saw on a sunny ledge of Unaka Kanoos four small furry creatures which moved erratically here and there. Whether or not he knew what they were; whether or not he recognized them as the young of Koe-Ishto the puma; whether or not there flashed into his brain at that moment memory of the morning not long ago when Koe-Ishto had robbed him of his prey—these are questions which no man can

(Continued on page 54)



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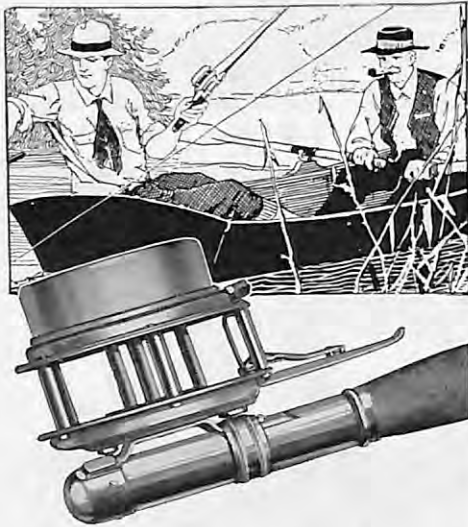
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The War of the Kings

(Continued from page 53)



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answer. But certain it is that, after watching them for a while, he spiraled gradually downward for perhaps five hundred feet, then closed his wide wings and plunged.

If the puma cubs heard the low hum of his coming, they did not know what it was nor what it meant. If they saw that living spear-head shooting down from the sky, pinions half-opened now, widespread talons thrust beneath it, trenchant beak pointing straight downward, they saw it too late to regain the shelter of the cave.

Storm-Rider chose as his target the cub which happened to be closest to the brink of the precipice. A moment the baby pumas crouched in terror, as the air, buffeted by mighty wings, swirled and eddied around them. Then curved, grappling hooks closed upon one of them and lifted him from the rock. In the ears of the three others rang the golden eagle's scream of triumph as he swept outward from the ledge with his victim.

IN FRONT of the round hut of Kana the Conjurer the braves of the Cherokee town sat in a half-circle, their bronze faces lit by the fire burning in front of Kana's low door. Behind the braves stood the women and girls, Pakale the Blossom in their midst. Facing the throng, Kana sat on one side of the fire. On the other side, wearing the ornaments and feathers which were symbols of their rank, sat Tiftoe, the aged chief, and Sanuta, the War Captain, father of Little Wolf.

Little Wolf stood in the center in the full light of the fire; and beside him, resting his hand on a large object over which a deerskin had been thrown, stood his friend Striking Hawk, Pakale's brother. Little Wolf spoke, addressing himself to the chief.

"I have come," he said, "as I promised. For many days and nights I have kept watch in the woods with Striking Hawk, my comrade. I have come to prove Kana a false conjurer whose wisdom is deceit. Listen and I will relate what we have seen, and Striking Hawk will tell you if I lie.

"Kana put shame upon me because I said that there was war between Koe-Ishto, the Cat of God, whose lair is on Unaka Kanoos, and Storm-Rider, the eagle of Younaguska, the sacred mountain. Kana said that I lied.

"For many days, with Striking Hawk by my side, I watched in the woods where Koe-Ishto hunts and searched the air where Storm-Rider seeks his prey. My task was hard, for the forest is vast and many things happen there unseen. But I knew where to look and the Great Spirit was good. One morning, by the shoals of the Crystal Water, where the turkeys drink, we saw Storm-Rider fall from the air upon a turkey, and saw Koe-Ishto the puma leap from his ambush and rob the eagle of his prey."

A murmur ran around the circle of braves. A louder murmur was heard among the women and girls. But Little Wolf raised his hand.

"It was good," he said, "but it was not enough. The Spirit told me to keep watch at the cave where Koe-Ishto's mate nurses her little ones. For three days we watched there, hidden on the mountain side in a place which I knew; and the Spirit sent rain and a favoring breeze so that Koe-Ishto's mate never scented us nor knew that we were near. And on the fourth morning, when the she-puma had gone out to get meat, we saw Storm-Rider the eagle fall from the sky and seize a cub in his claws."

Kana the Conjurer rose, drew to its full height his lean body streaked with paint and decked with feathers, and pointed an accusing finger at the young brave.

"Little Wolf lies," he cried in a high cracked voice. "His words are empty as wind. Let him be dry-scratched with snakes' teeth and scourged from the town with rawhide thongs. For he comes with lies, bringing no proof, and such as he cannot dwell among us."

Little Wolf turned to Striking Hawk and spoke a guttural word. The latter, with a quick motion, removed the deerskin covering the object at his feet. The eager braves saw a large cage made of willow withes. On a perch in the cage stood a splendid golden eagle.

Little Wolf spoke again. "I bring proofs which all must believe," he said. "With a blunt arrow I shot at Storm-Rider as he flew over our ambush with the cub. It was a far shot, but again the Spirit was good. The blunt arrow struck the eagle's wing and brought him down. That is he in the cage—Storm-Rider, the golden eagle of Younaguska. When his wing is healed, I will set him free."

The young warrior paused for a moment, his eyes fixed on Kana. But the conjurer was gazing with wide panic-stricken eyes at Striking Hawk, who, almost unnoticed, had slipped for a moment out of the glare of the firelight to the spot where his sister Pakale the Blossom stood among the maidens. Pakale had given him something which she had kept concealed under her loose garment and the youth was now returning with it to his post beside his friend.

Little Wolf laughed in triumph. "Kana sees his doom," he cried. "He sees in Striking Hawk's hand the puma cub, the whelp of Koe-Ishto, which Storm-Rider captured. Let him come nearer and he can see on it the marks of Storm-Rider's claws."

The young brave turned and faced Tiftoe, the aged chief.

"Now let it be known," he said in a low tone which was his tribute to the chief's authority, "whether it is Little Wolf, or Kana, the false conjurer, that must be scourged from the town."

Love, Honor and Owe Dad

(Continued from page 23)

And that night your mother told me that there was a spiritual life deeper than mere mundane things, and every woman likes to wander in that realm among the moon flowers (I think she said) and I shouldn't blame her for enjoying the company of a stimulating artist like Mr. Nokoutchaieff. And she ended up by sighing toward the waves again and saying, "Oh, John, what's the use? You wouldn't understand!"

Well, sir, I took John Weathers by the scruff of the neck and shook him, and I said, "John Weathers, there's something you don't understand, and you've got to snap out of this trance and get wise. You ain't the kind of man to let a damn piano player outshine you before your wife." Yes, sir. Mrs. Weathers wasn't listening, and I said Ain't and Damn without hesitancy.

And, believe me, I took so much interest in the deeper spiritual life from that time forth that your mother thought I had a sunstroke. I made that Nokoutchaieff chap explain to me the difference between Chopin and Anchovies, and let him talk himself blue in the face. Then I put him up to a series of recitals, all Brahms and

all Beethoven—he told me they were the most "academic," and that sounded hard. The guests got so sick of fugues and sonatas that they began leaving the hotel, and I think it was the hotel manager who finally stopped it by paying Nokoutchaieff to go to some other resort. Your mother said, "John, I think we had better go home." And I watched my step after that, and tripped around among the moon-flowers with the best of them. I even went to hear that fellow Pagliacci, when he sang the tenor part in "Y Chaliapin," I think it was.

All this sounds funny when your mother is out in St. Louis with your Aunt Doris, now; angry with me because I made you go and elope with Priestly Newlan, and made Gerald turn Bolshevik. I am just mentioning these things because I don't want you to make the same mistake your mother made, and let Priestly get the idea that you'll stay put, whatever he does.

Write me all about the Rueful Invalids, or whatever they call that street.

Fondly yours

DAD.

Sintonville, October 28, 19—.

Dear Daughter:

You shouldn't write that kind of letter to your stupid old dad. Didn't I apologize already for anything I might have said about Priestly? I did not say anything "contemptible," or anything to indicate a lack of respect for your husband. At least I didn't mean to. You will note in my letter of the 14th inst., that I freely admitted that he probably was a Whang, and that ought to make up for any remark I let slip previously.

Of course you've got to protect your husband against criticism. Every modern flapperina—that's the name for a married flapper, isn't it?—must see that her husband isn't abused. He's probably doing his level best to live as rapidly as she does, and people really ought not to talk about him.

I NOTE with interest also that you resent being called a flapper by your father. I may have been in error, but there is such a wide divergence of opinion about this term that I am not sure. I imagined that every young girl who rolled her stockings, bobbed her hair, drank cocktails, smoked cigarettes, carried around a lipstick, danced at luncheon dates, tea dates, dinner dates and after-theatre dates, sat in young men's laps to make them fussed up and embarrassed, and did anything else scandalous and shocking that occurred to her, was a flapper. You have done these things on occasion, and your mother has grieved over them, and seared me with scorching looks whenever I refused to admit that such conduct was all bad.

It isn't normal and it isn't healthy. I admit that. But I think the one encouraging feature of the whole situation is the brazen frankness of the younger generation. The very effrontery and flagrancy of your conduct are enough to acquit it of the charge of being essentially bad. Sin hides itself in hypocritical smirks and a halo of self-righteousness. The flappers have dropped the halo because they are honest, and I think we ought to thank them for it.

The older generation is getting a slap in the face because of its prudishness. It had pretended righteousness so long, and closed its eyes shudderingly to social cankers, and lived its mid-Victorian lie so respectably, that it had really come to believe in its own perfection. It withheld from its young the vital truths of life, because they were "not nice"; it allowed the spread of vice and disease and infamy through utter ignorance. It has always been afraid to call a spade a spade. The younger generation has pushed it into a very cold bath.

When I was in New York last year at the annual convention they entertained us by sending around the South Sea ballet from the "Follies." Clad only in grass and chastity, and very little of either, the girls taught some of our pop-eyed delegates entirely new things about geography and anatomy. One of them who sat next to me, a pompous elderly gentleman with long hair and a record of sixty years of uprightness, regarded these dancers sadly but vigilantly and shook his head. "The war did it! The war did it!" he said to me mournfully.

The war may have had something to do with hastening the new era, because it did strip a good many things besides chorus girls down to elementals, but the movement had started before the war. You remember—no you don't, because you were too young then—how we threw up our hands in horror over the open discussion of such a thing as "white slavery"? That was the beginning of a wave of protest against prudishness. The wave has grown to a mountainous billow, because we always overdo things in our enthusiasm.

It is a protest also against all other mockeries of the old order. The newspapers aided and abetted it enormously, along toward the end of the last century, by turning "yellow." That meant turning the searchlight of curiosity upon the tabooed subjects of sex. It was "human interest," from their standpoint, and made possible tremendous circulation. It was what the public wanted because the public was tired of the respectable hushing up of things that were "not nice." The movies are helping the cause along by serving sex so abundantly that the market is flooded with it. There are signs, of late, that the public is getting fed up on it, but at least the widespread billboarding given to this

(Continued on page 56)

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Love, Honor and Owe Dad

(Continued from page 55)



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once shameful subject has got to us so we are no longer afraid to talk about it.

Then your equal rights for woman has a lot to do with flapperism. Women had had to be so smug and respectable—outwardly, of course—under the iron rules of convention, that when the theoretical liberation came the younger generation thought it was up to it to go wild with joy of freedom. Your sex hasn't taken so much interest in the vote, because you are essentially emotional rather than rational, and most of you find politics boring. But you have taken an interest in your personal enfranchisement, and you seem to be determined that men and women shall be on a par morally. Whether you will bring men up to your level, or will descend to theirs, remains to be seen, but I have hopes.

All of which is a very roundabout way of explaining to you that I don't think you're so bad even if you are a flapper. And if you are not, I apologize for calling you one.

I think you are going to find some things in the marriage relation which will change your ideas about life being one large jazz concert. But I am glad you are having a good time in Paris, and interested in learning that you are going to give the Riviera a whirl.

You didn't mention Mr. Doolittle in your letter, but, then, you were angry with me when you wrote it, and naturally left out a lot of details. I believe you said he was going to prosecute his art in Paris.

Well, be a good girl. I can't seem to grasp the idea that you are married.

Devotedly,
DAD.

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to his daughter, Mrs. Priestly Newlan, at the Hotel du Prince de Galles, Monte Carlo, Monaco.)

Sintonville, November 15, 19—.

Dear Eleanor:

I ENCLOSE draft, as suggested in your cable of even date.

I really should have wired the money, but I want Priestly to see how it feels to be without funds for a few days. You can charge everything you really need to the hotel account, until my letter reaches you.

It seems quite incredible that you should have disposed of ten thousand dollars in travelers cheques in this short time. You must have bought that "Aries" car you were touring in, instead of merely hiring it. You couldn't have touched more than the very high spots at Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Beaulieu and Mentone, yet you fetch up broke at the world's premier sportsman's paradise. I strongly suspect that Priestly has been showing them how to open the season at the Casino in approved American style. He would do that. It is not surprising that his father has decided to withhold any expression of his approval of this matrimonial splurge, beyond three figures.

The more I think about it, the madder I get. If this happens again, I shall wire you authorization for passage home, and permit Priestly to work his way on a cattle boat, or work his father, instead of his father-in-law.

I have never refused to give you money, Eleanor, for any purpose however foolish. Your education consisted of a series of sky-larking experiments at a boarding-school, a college, an academy, a seminary, an institute and a university, and all you learned at any of them was a new excuse for speeding back home in an unfinished intellectual state. I paid a full season's tuition at each of these establishments where you dipped your pearly toes in the Pierian spring, thus wasting enough money to have educated ten normal, corn-fed girls. I never complained of this or any of your other extravagances. I did not scold you for pawning your diamonds in New York, and selling three railroad tickets home which I sent you, the time when you wanted to stay longer than you were authorized to stay, so you could play an atmosphere part in the photoplay production of "Sin's Little Sister." It wasn't my fault that your mother boarded a train and fetched you back home because she was afraid you were going to disgrace the family. I don't think it's a disgrace

to make three thousand dollars a week in the movies, though it might have taken you three thousand weeks to get that far.

I have never begrudged you your nine pairs of twenty-eight-dollar shoes or your three-hundred-dollar gowns, or your lavish expenditures for less useful things. I believe people who have money to throw away should throw it away, because in so doing they at least keep it in circulation, and give others who have less money an opportunity to get a share of it. Think how many worthy people profit when one rich man spends a few thousand dollars for a dinner and dance entertainment—how many poor tailors get an extra job pressing pants, how the grocer and the baker and the vintner (which is Park Avenue for "bootlegger") and the manufacturer of confetti and what-nots for favors, and the power house lads who furnish current for the white lights, and the taxicab drivers and chauffeurs and gasoline filling stations—I could go on indefinitely until I had listed a thousand people who are benefited by that "sinful extravagance." If the lazy classes—I like that better than leisure—should have an attack of Benjamin Franklin thrift fever it would simply lock more money in dark safe deposit boxes, to emerge only at moulting time for clipping of coupons, or to remain glumly at 6 per cent. until such time as the Grim Reaper came along with his giant safety razor and clipped the rich man himself. No, the rich must waste their money, so that there may be pageantry to entertain the poor and give them a symbol and an incentive to become rich themselves. They would be just as happy to remain poor, if there were no visible show of luxury to make them discontented. Extravagance has its virtues.

But I was going to say that I am angry. I am not going to provide money for the cultivation of Mr. Priestly Newlan's pet vice. I assume that gambling is his pet vice, although he lavishes more or less affection upon his bibulous inner man. I do not approve of gambling, particularly with other people's money. A great many promising young bank clerks are thinking this over in the penitentiary. Wasting your own money and losing other people's money in a game of chance are two white horses of entirely different facial expressions.

I really shall have nothing further to say upon this subject. I shall follow the course indicated in this letter, as sure as my name is John Weathers.

Fondly but firmly your
FATHER.

Sintonville, December 1, 19—.

I AM shocked, Eleanor.

I do not know whether to believe it or not. Your letter with the deplorable details was delivered to me this morning, and I have read it over and over, trying to convince myself that you are merely perjuring yourself to save your husband's face.

Do you mean to tell me that you have been gambling at roulette and have lost twelve thousand dollars, in addition to your jewels? Enough to keep a young married couple in luxury for a lifetime, even with a Ford.

You pass it over quite debonairly. It seems of far more importance to you that the Prince of Wales and the King of Spain are stopping at your hotel, and that you danced with the Equerry in Waiting to the Prince and expect to step on His Royal Highness' own shoe-shine at the next ball. I suppose if King Alfonso shot craps with Priestly, your earthly felicity would be complete. You keep away from that Prince of Wales fellow, and don't let him persuade you to go horseback riding with him. He's worse than the Four Horsemen of the Apoplexy, or whatever they call those cowboys.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There's your poor mother, feeling too glum to even want to dance with the Mayor of St. Louis, and your poor father, trying to make ends meet before the Referee in Bankruptcy counts ten. And your poor brother, putting up with fleas and delicatessen food in Greenwich Village, trying his best to reform the world.

What's the use for us men to reform the world,
(Continued on page 58)

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 Address.....
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Love, Honor and Owe Dad

(Continued from page 56)

if our daughters are going to indulge in such sinful extravagance?

And you're not one of the idle rich any more—let me tell you that. I have not wanted to inflict my business troubles on you—if such a thing is possible—but things have been going from bad to worse lately. What with long drawn out labor troubles in the plant, business has hit the chutes alarmingly, and it may be that any week, now, I shall have to close down the factory. The good old meal ticket has been punched full of holes.

If I refuse to be a party to your ridiculous waste of money hereafter, it will be not wholly because I disapprove of it, but because I can't afford it.

If I thought you would use it, I would send you transportation right now. But I want you to see if you can't convince Priestly that it will be highly advisable for him, in the near future, to begin making a living for self and family.

It cuts me to the quick to have to say these things, for I have never before quarreled with my children on the subject of money—except that I have upbraided Gerald for not taking some of it, instead of following this communistic mirage of his, and scorning me as a Bourgeois.

Do what you can to help pump the water out of the poor old family ship. You needn't worry about necessities, or comforts. There's enough for that. But don't let's be foolish again, hear?

Devotedly your

FATHER.

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer of Sintowville, to his daughter, Mrs. Priestly Newlan, Hotel Baie des Anges, Nice.)

December 16, 19—.

Dear Little Girl:

THAT'S what I call a sport! Even if young Edward and Alfonso don't put up at the same place with you now, you are living within your income, aren't you? And you can imagine that Priestly is a former Russian Grand Duke in disguise—those dukes out of a job are usually broke, nowadays, anyway—and have just as good a time.

That was an acid little letter you wrote me, and it made me sorry for some of the things I have said to you. It probably is cheaper, as you say, for you to stay where you are, with modest expenses, than to come home.

But I judge from the tone of your letter that Priestly is getting on your nerves, and that is bad. Were they serious quarrels?

I think I know what you are going through. The lady who went out West with Young Lochinvar thought he was perfection's own little knight, until she discovered, next morning, that he was bow-legged. That's why he rode his horse so well, but she didn't consider that. Women are so unreasonable. It's too bad the way we go to picking flaws in people we love. If Mrs. Lochinvar hadn't really been in love with her speedy husband, she wouldn't have cared a bagpiper's hoot whether he was knock-kneed, rheumatic, or cross-eyed; she would have borne these things with perfect equanimity. But it is one of the merry little contradictions of life that love must be plentifully salted and peppered with hate and jealousy and spitefulness. It would be too sweet otherwise, I guess. I often wondered if it was true, as the poet wrote when he was in jail, that "each man kills the thing he loves." I didn't understand it until Mr. Freud came along and explained all about the "ambivalence of emotions," which seems to mean that you hate at the same time you are loving. That makes it clear why a perfectly devoted married couple can abuse each other like pickpockets and enjoy it.

The fortunate thing about marriage, Eleanor, is that love doesn't last. Don't misunderstand me, now—I'm not talking about affection. Love is that love-flying in the emotional ether, and no aviator can ride upside down and loop the loop all his life. He comes to earth for gasoline eventually, if he's lucky enough not to burst into flames and drop to destruction. And he finds that only one or two stunt-flying trips—usually but one—may be permitted to each individual in the course of a short lifetime. Thereafter he must content himself with gliding along



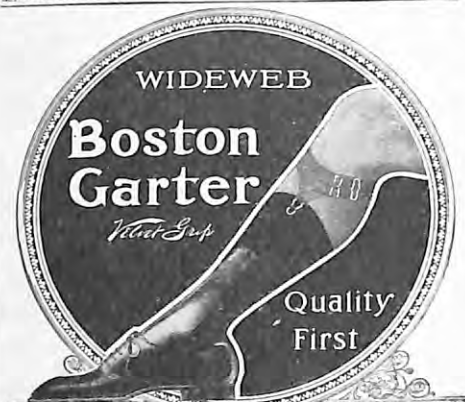
Keep fit!
 Beeman's helps the digestion and nerves - its daily use is

"a sensible habit"



BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



What is the meaning of the Pad without a Pucker?

It means just this—that the Boston is the only well-known adjustable garter without metal parts on the face of the pad—does not pull out of shape. Lies flat on the leg.

For quality, comfort and service Insist on having Bostons. Also Knicker Bostons for Sports wear.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half. **\$2 and it's yours**
 All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today. International Typewriter Ex., 185 W. Lake St. Dept. 620, Chicago



Old Money Wanted We paid \$2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. 462, Ft. Worth, Tex.

safely and pleasantly on a conservatively even keel.

The philosopher who exclaimed, "I love my wife, but Oh, you Kid!" really meant to say, "I affect my wife, but Oh, you Kid!" Strictly speaking, we do not love our wives and husbands. We loved them. But we realize that love is a very rare bird which may be domesticated, but which changes its name to Affection when we keep it around the house in a cage.

What a world it would be, if love really lasted! Think of trying to attend to business with 104 degrees of fever burning under one's shirt. Fancy the president of the First National Bank, rising to deliver his annual report to his directors, and declaiming sadly:

"Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops!"

And the moonstruck vice-president interrupting:

"On such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay!"

And I will leave it to you to imagine what mother would be doing at home. Probably reading "Indian Love Lyrics" aloud to the grocery boy, or watching the clock tearfully against the time of her beloved husband's return from that cruel business.

Nobody would have any appetite—why—
Don't expect it to last, Eleanor. We can't go through life delirious. Seek, rather, the tranquillity of even affection. Give and take. Smother the tart reply, and say to yourself, "Priestly will be pleasant if I am pleasant." I am sure he will. I am rather getting to be sorry for that boy.

Write me oftener.

Affectionately,

DAD.

(A Cablegram.)

Sintonville, 24 Dec PM207 NSA 274 19

MME. P. NEULAN, HOTEL BANGES, NICE.
STICK IT OUT NO WEATHERS WAS EVER A
QUITTER MERRY CHRISTMAS

DAD

Sintonville, December 24, 19—.

Poor Little Girl!

WHAT a dreary Christmas present came to me to-day—your letter telling me it is all over between you and Priestly. I heard nothing from your mother and nothing from Gerald—not a line! But it's not my lonesomeness that is hurting me—it's the thought of your unhappiness.

I hope you had not left Nice before the arrival of my messages. I have wired you more funds, so that if you are determined to go on to Paris you need not want for anything that I can provide. You said nothing about coming home. Don't you think you had better? Why did you give me William Doolittle's address in Paris?

I am very much depressed, Eleanor. Business troubles are nothing—let them blow up the plant, if they like! What saddens me is the miserable failure of my private life. All those I love most dearly are unhappy—your mother, Gerald and you.

Outside, the snow—silent, dolorous, falling endlessly. Snow touches the memory, doesn't it, dear? A while ago, I heard your little dog, Pearl, whimpering at the back door. I let them in, Pearl and Mother of Pearl. It is such a tremendously new experience to them that they don't know how to conduct themselves. Remember how you cried because your mother wouldn't let them stay in the house? I have sent the servants away. I am not going to the club tonight. I want companionship, and they shall stay with me. They are *your* dogs!

And—don't think your Dad is foolish—somebody delivered a little bit of a Christmas tree here to-day, about the size of the one you had for your third Christmas; and when I came home I found that Wilma had dressed it up in tinsel and pretty baubles, and unearthed the little electric lights from somewhere; and there it shines on the table. Poor little Christmas tree—with nobody to look at it but me and the two pups!

Eleanor, don't leave him—don't be a quitter.
(Continued on page 60)

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?



Hollow nipples feed the lotion directly to the hair follicles as you massage.

New Hair—or Money Back Written guarantee given by your own dealer!

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, given by your own drug or department store. If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 800,000 men have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by re-growing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as \$300.00 for similar basic treatment. Baldness is a symptom of a disease. It is most frequently a symptom of infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anyone with falling hair not to make the test.

Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on new principles. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—removes the infected Sebum. Falling hair stops. It revives the sickly, under-nourished hair roots, makes new hair grow. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today, ask for the Van Ess Treatment.

All drug and department stores in America handle Van Ess. We prefer *not* to ship by mail. Please order from your own local druggist or department store. Orders from outside U. S. A. will be filled direct from Van Ess Laboratories, 141 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Foreign orders must enclose postal money order at rate of \$1.50 per bottle.



Note This New Way—

It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.
Van Ess Laboratories, Inc., 141 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thermo

KNITTED
COATS & VESTS



For work
or play —
indoors
or
outdoors

Useful the year 'round

Thermo combines attractiveness with utility. Sporty looking styles as well as "quiet" ones.

No shoddy in Thermo—they are all virgin wool, which is responsible for their good looks and superior wearing qualities. They wash beautifully.

Wear a Thermo and learn why so many wise men get *all year 'round comfort* out of this unusually handy coat.

Thermo coats and vests are made right and priced right—if your retailer cannot supply you, write us

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
345 Broadway, Dept. E New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"



THE MOHAWK CHIEF

Just the Bag for you to take to the Portland Convention, July 13th to 16th. Sturdy, good-looking and roomy. Hand made throughout—genuine cowhide (brown or black), full leather lined, 18" long, solid brass hardware. Formerly sold only at wholesalers—now direct from manufacturer to you for only

The best buy in leather goods. If not entirely satisfied, return at our expense. **\$10**

MOHAWK BAG CO., 66 Greene St., New York

I enclose \$10. Send bag to

Name

Address

Color bag desired

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week **RETOUCHING** photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish **WORKING OUTFIT FREE**. Limited offer. Write today. Artcraft Studios, Dept. 46, 3900 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Love, Honor and Owe Dad

(Continued from page 59)

Some day you will have a Christmas tree for a little family all your own, and the joy of that will compensate for all the trials, fancied and real, of married life. Some day you will laugh at the petty qualms that are disturbing you now.

You have chosen Priestly Newlan. Stand by him. If he is unworthy he needs you more than if he were worthy. I have said some unkind things about him, but I said them because I thought it would make you defiant—would make you stick to your choice. I never knew a Weathers who was a coward, and often there is something cowardly in divorce. Sometimes it is nothing but double desertion. Both have enlisted, and both quail before the first demand upon their steadfastness.

The successful married couples are not those who live forever in the bliss of a transient passion made miraculously permanent. They are those who take themselves in hand and determine to submerge selfishness for a common purpose.

I have a lot of right to talk, haven't I? But at least I am standing by the fort.

The fire is going out. It is still snowing.

A merry, merry Christmas to you, Eleanor, if only I could make it so!

DAD.

(A Cablegram.)

Sintonville, 10 Jan am1102 DSA 137 I

M. WILLIAM DOOLITTLE, 21, BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

I SHALL HOLD YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF MY DAUGHTER ELEANOR.

JOHN WEATHERS.

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to his daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Weathers Newlan, in care of Mr. William Doolittle, 21, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris.)

Sintonville, January 10, 19—

My Dear Child:

I DID a foolish thing to-day. I cabled your interloper friend that he had better watch his step. I think an interloper is the lowest common denominator of cussedness, but what's the use of threatening him? He merely hides behind the skirts of the woman he has misled, and whimpers, "Don't blame me—she did it." And she takes up for him.

So your artist friend invited you to look him up in Paris, whenever Priestly maltreated you? And what is Priestly going to do about it?

Eleanor, it is not true that everybody has deserted you except William Doolittle. I have not refused to help you, as you so plaintively charge. I merely begged you to stop the reckless waste of money, at a time when it is not so freely available as it used to be.

It does seem that you might have maintained a bit of dignity about it, if you felt compelled to leave your husband. The proper place to go home to is your mother's, and not some wild artist's studio in Paris. Still, I believe there will be an outcropping of the ancestral Weathers common sense.

The money I wired to Nice probably has reached you by now, if you thought to leave a forwarding address. However, I am having it traced, and I trust you will have the discretion to use it, when you get it, by coming home at once.

I have written your mother in St. Louis, as I suppose you have, also, and I feel sure that she will return at once if you say you are coming back. I have said nothing to Gerald about your mix-up, because he is having troubles of his own.

Please wire me that you are coming home.

Fondly your

FATHER.

(Cablegram, from John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to Mr. and Mrs. Priestly Newlan, Hotel des Grands Boulevards, Paris.)

Sintonville, 16 Jan pm147 266 19A

M. et Mme. NEWLAN, BOULVAROTEL PARIS

CONGRATULATIONS THAT IS WHAT I CALL SENSIBLE CHILDREN

DAD

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to Mr. and Mrs. Priestly Newlan, in care Hotel Transylvania, N. Y.)

Brings your Choice 10 MONTHS TO PAY

Only \$2. will bring you for your FREE EXAMINATION and 15 day trial your choice of the exceptional values shown below. If satisfied, pay the balance in TEN Equal Monthly Payments, otherwise return and your money will be refunded. NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY. TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.



E1 Solid gold, blue-white diamond. Ord. value \$10. Price \$6.00 \$2.00 Down \$1.00 a Month

E2 Solid gold, blue-white diamond. Price \$12.00 \$2.00 Down \$1.00 a Month

E3 14K solid gold engraved, Enameled front white gold raised emb l e m . Blue-white diamond. Price \$20.00 \$2.00 Down \$1.50 a Month

A postal brings a complete pamphlet of Elk Emblematic Jewelry, all priced exceptionally low. Send for it.



E4 Ladies' SPREDTOP Ring 18K white gold hand carved AAA quality blue-white diamond. Special Price \$45.00 \$2.00 Down \$4.30 a Month

E5 Gent's SPREDTOP Ring 18K white gold blue-white diamond. Price \$57.00 \$2.00 Down \$5.50 a Month

FREE A complete booklet containing over 3,000 exceptional values in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. TEN MONTHS TO PAY ON EVERYTHING.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

L. W. SWEET INC.

Dept. 975-L 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



REAL IRISH LINEN

The enduring high quality and charming appearance of this Real Irish Linen Lunch Cloth delights discriminating women. Cloth is size 36 inches x 36 inches; hemstitched border; plain design. When ordering please mention Pattern No. 1400. Price, each.....\$1.98.

NAPKINS. Wonderful quality Real Irish Linen, to match above Lunch Cloth. Each napkin has hemstitched border; size 14 inches x 14 inches; plain design. When ordering please mention Pattern No. 1400. Price, per dozen.....\$5.19.

COMBINATION OFFER. Lunch Cloth, as illustrated, and 4 of the napkins to match, combination price.....\$3.89.

Send No Money

Pay your postman, plus few cents postage. If not satisfied, return merchandise within 5 days and your money will be promptly refunded.

SEWARD LINEN HOUSE
15 Wall Street Madison, Conn.

FRECKLES

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sintonville, January 22, 19—

Eleanor Darling!

What was it Shakespeare said when he was out shooting rabbits—"Now is the winter of our discontent made milk and honey—" No, that wasn't it, but I know what his sentiments were.

Eleanor, you and Priestly are a couple of Wows—Gerald is a Whang. I even suspect your mother is a Whangstress!

Are you all really coming home?

Maybe we won't have to put in our application at the poorhouse after all. Gerald has renounced Bolshevism and become a Rotarian. Guess! He is to be superintendent of the factory—the thing I have always wanted to have him try. Of course, I will be here to superintend *him*, but you just watch the business boom. It is already picking up, and your mother wired me for money! Your mother has a knack of doing things gracefully, hasn't she? She knew if she had *written* me for money, it would have made me feel self-conscious and ill at ease. But when she merely telegraphed, in her tactful way, "Wire me five hundred dollars immediately," it made everything seem so simple.

And what else did Priestly say to William Doolittle that day when he swarmed in on the studio and found William cooking ham and eggs on a charcoal brazier? I'll bet you are holding something back on me! But when you say "Priestly is so brave, so masterful," it convinces me that he at least must have called Mr. Doolittle a scoundrel.

And Mr. Doolittle told you you ought to be spanked, eh? That's a fine thing to tell a lady when one has invited her to one's studio! And did Priestly exercise his first option and spank you, himself?

Never mind. I think Old Man Circumstance has spanked you enough.

One of these days, perhaps, you will have something of your own to spank. They're fine little anchors, Eleanor, when one has been buffeted about on seas of irresponsibility.

Tell Priestly he needn't worry about looking for a job. That's a fine spirit of his—determining to go to work that way, to show you he's no Zebra, after all.

I've got the very job for Priestly, right here. I met his father at the club the other day, and we had a long conversation about Priestly. I wanted to learn from Newlan whether he didn't think his son had some particular aptitude for something—so many boys never get the opportunity to follow their natural bent, and develop their own native talent. And Newlan said to me:

"Weathers, there's just one outstanding characteristic of that boy, and if you or anybody else in the world can develop it as a commercial asset, I'd like to see it done."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Priestly," he said, "is the most consummate liar who ever wore sideburns and slicked down his cowlick with hair grease—that is, I mean to say, he is probably the champion long-distance liar of the Younger Generation."

I got to thinking that over. Old Newlan, I know, is something of a liar himself, and, since most of our civilization is just a polite falsehood thrown in the face of Nature, I thought the old scoundrel rather had his nerve to criticize the boy that way.

Well, sir, I called in my advertising man. Clever fellow, that—he could sell earmuffs to an oyster in August. And I said:

"Watkins, do you always speak the truth in all the ads you write about Paramount Mattresses?"

"Why, Mr. Weathers," he said, "relatively, yes."

"What do you mean—relatively?" I asked him.

"That is to say," he went on, "of course, every good modern cotton mattress is made by machinery—exactly like ours—of clean, new cotton, fresh from sunny fields, not rags and shoddy. And they're all made up of 'airy-fairy layers of downy cotton felt, cut mattress length, so they can never bulge or knot out of shape.' All modern machine-made mattresses can't help but be made that way, but it's our duty to make the public think that ours is the *only* mattress in the world that is sanitary, knot-proof, bulge-proof, insomnia-proof, and all that sort of rot."

(Continued on page 62)

Man to Man

ROI-TAN

A cigar you'll like



GOODFELLOWSHIP is one of the human graces which generates good will. The passing of a ROI-TAN Cigar from one man to another is an act of good fellowship in general practice everywhere.

Mildness—with full bodied mellowness—a cigar that improves with every puff.

10c—2 for a quarter
15c—3 for a half

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

\$2.00

WILL DELIVER THIS

Lightning Lawn Edge Trimmer

TO YOUR DOOR



PATENTED JUNE 28, 1910.

Will last for years. One of the handiest lawn tools ever devised. With this tool the rough, straggling, overhanging grass along the edges of the walk can be trimmed in a few minutes. It plows a clean "U" shaped trench, delivering the cuttings on the sidewalk. The edges along the curb and walk of an 80-foot lot can be trimmed in twenty minutes.

Order one today. It will save your back, temper and time. Send for catalogue.

MAYO-BELDEN COMPANY, Inc.
Orchard, Garden and Lawn Supplies. - - Rochester, N. Y.

America's New Fire Protection



Brings Salesmen \$200 A WEEK!

An amazing new weapon for fighting fires has been invented. Almost like magic it creates a powerful fire gas—508 quarts of it at a simple turn of a valve. No pumps, no moving parts, no mechanism to get out of order. So simple a child can operate it, yet so effective that it puts out fire like a blanket—throwing its spray more than 25 feet.

\$130.00 IN ONE DAY

Never before have salesmen, agents, spare time workers had such an opportunity for big earnings, week in and week out. For this new Fire Gun is such an improvement over anything ever offered before that it sells—on sight. Clements made \$130 in one day. G. D. McPhail in four months cleaned up \$1,140.00. F. A. Butters and others make from \$500 to \$800 a month. But no wonder!



Sells Cheaper—Faster—Bigger Commissions
Because this wonderful new kind of Fire Gun is less complicated than old-fashioned devices, requiring no pump, it can be sold cheaper. Consequently it sells faster, and the rate of commission to salesmen is higher.

Mail Coupon for Free Territory Offer
We can place a few more salesmen for this fast selling, new device. It means an opportunity for you to make a lifetime connection. Others make \$200 to \$400 a week. There is no reason why you cannot do as well. We give you a free selling outfit, and a free course in Salesmanship. Mail the coupon immediately.

WELDON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 376 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Weldon Manufacturing Company
Dept. 376, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send me at once full details of your free territory offer. No obligation.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Love, Honor and Owe Dad

(Continued from page 61)

"I see," said I. "You're not losing any sleep over how restful you make our mattresses appear, in print. Well, could you use a good, practical young liar—a man especially experienced in matters of sleep and rest—as a copy man in your department?"

"Why, I could use a man with imagination," said Watkins, with dignity.

"Good! You can expect him in a couple of weeks," said I.

And now there's a career ahead for Priestly. Tell him he can spend the next few weeks imagining what his salary is going to be.

I suppose you have wired Gerald of the time of your arrival in New York, and that he will meet you and come home with you.

All sorts of love from your happy DAD.

ANN III 8 (A telegram)
SINTONVILLE 3 FEB 11 33 A
MRS. PRIESTLY NEWLAN HOTEL TRAN-
SYLVANIA NEW YORK N Y
AM WIRING FUNDS AS REQUESTED DAD

Sting of the Thistle

(Continued from page 13)

Once the last man had disappeared down the island's gentle farther slope, Onezime galvanized into activity. Assembling his gun, he cast about, eyes to the ground, in ever widening circles. Three times—four—five times he made a complete circuit of the island, until he came at the last to a bit of relatively firm mud, that bore the imprint of a bare foot. It was an old track, and the seepage water that filled it was clear as crystal, showing that it had been standing in that shallow imprint for some time. But the track pointed north-east, and a hint of direction under such circumstances is frequently all that is needed, because there are so few paths by which it is possible to travel the great swamps.

With only this to guide him then, Onezime slipped along the brakes like a shadow. No swift dashes here; just a steady plodding whose footfalls were blended perfectly with the small rustling noises of the undergrowth. Nor did Onezime waste either time or effort in a study of the trail which might or might not be the right one. He knew the swamps; knew that toward the north-east, in the direction that lone footprint seemed to indicate, there lay one of the many shallow islands that dot the marsh; a dome of firm earth upthrust through the unstable muck. It was a difficult place to reach. But there was a good deal of bird life there, and this was the season of berries which grew only upon the comparatively high ground. And, finally, Onezime knew that approximately on the peak of that shallow cone of earth there stood what was left of a trappers' hut, abandoned years ago.

Noiselessly, keeping away from the open glens of lance grass, Onezime forged forward at the steady pace of the swampman; a pace that looks slow but will kill those unaccustomed to it who try to follow it through the marshes. Dripping and muddied to the armpits, he drew himself out at last upon the island's edge. Here were larger trees, towering above the rank undergrowth. Without pausing for rest, Onezime darted from tree to tree, deeper into the dense forest. His pace became slower; slower still, until, peering from behind the trunk of a mighty red gum, he saw the rude cabin which was the object of his present search.

The first glance he gave the abandoned structure wrung a curse of sick disappointment from him, for the shanty stood deserted, the crazy door swinging idly back on warped wooden hinge pins to reveal the blank interior. But a closer scrutiny banished this first bitterness, for through narrowed eyes, peering intently, he caught a glimpse of a pile of fresh moss spread evenly in one corner of the cabin floor. Exultation filled him. Evidently Celestin was out foraging somewhere about the island. Stopping his very breath that he might listen more intently, Onezime reconnoitred, and then made one swift dash across the clearing and flung himself into the cabin.



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Full upon the moss pile he cast himself, burrowing into it until he was completely hidden from casual view. Then, and not till then, he looked to the loading of his gun. Satisfied, he rested the weapon before him so that the single sight covered unwaveringly the bright, long rectangle of the open door.

One by one the minutes went trooping by while the small creatures of the surrounding wood took up once more their interrupted business. A fat gray squirrel renewed a swearing match with a red-capped flicker, busily drilling for wood-borer grubs in the squirrel's favorite tree. A soaring sharpshin hawk dropped suddenly out of the blue with a hard, dry rustling of stiff feathers, and sank his talons into the back of a scampering woodrat which was borne squealing to an aerie in a ragged cypress top. And through it all two black disks, like a pair of fearsome, lidless eyes, remained fixed unwaveringly upon the cabin's open door.

VI

ALL things considered, Celestin Grenier was reasonably well content with his present lot. He was finding enough food to keep body and soul together—a few nestfuls of young birds here and there, once a squirrel, berries in plenty, and an abundance of the succulent, edible thistle cores. He knew what these man-hunts were—a week, or at most ten days, of frenzied milling about, much gesturing and shouting, and then loss of interest and the inevitable conclusion that the quarry had escaped.

He would wait long before making any attempt to slip from the swamp across open country to another swamp, and from that by night to another. By that time his beard would be grown. Privation would have changed his appearance. No one would recognize him from a description. He would work his way westward to the sulphur mines, and take employment there until he had enough money to take him well beyond the reach of Louisiana law.

However, in the meantime it was necessary to maintain the utmost vigilance. The man-hunt was on; and in a man-hunt the chances are always all with the hunters.

So it was with the most elaborate precautions that Celestin made his way back to the shanty where he meant to spend one more night.

Carefully, stopping ever and again to listen, keeping his path only in standing water and avoiding any of the higher ground that might retain a footprint, Celestin arrived at the edge of the tiny clearing where his shack stood. Here he paused to reconnoiter at leisure. All serene thus far. He sped across the clearing in one noiseless rush and was indoors. He turned to peer out through the open doorway.

"Eh, well, I'm safe once more," he meditated, smiling a little.

A mild cough broke the stillness. Clutching at his breast, Celestin whirled and faced a cabin apparently empty.

"That is good, my old one," said a voice Celestin remembered well. His sigh of relief was almost a sob.

"It is you, *hein*? But why needs it that one should be killed with fright? And why hide there?"

Onezime made no move to rise.

"It would be well unfortunate if you should move in haste," he suggested calmly. "It is perhaps that you have failed to see what I am holding so steadily here. Behold, then, I beg you to regard it well."

It was a very faint stirring he made there in the moss; but such as it was, it sufficed to show very clearly the staring muzzle of his shotgun, the twin openings standing out like a pair of malevolent, lidless eyes.

Celestin shook in sudden, nameless apprehension.

"But—but—was it not you—that delivered me—that gave me freedom?"

"Shut yourself!" Onezime snarled so venomously that Celestin shrank as from an impending blow. "It is to explain that to you—and only for that reason—that I am here. Oh, yes, I took you out of their jail. I told you then—did I not?—that I too had once been in peril of life and had waited for a death that was as certain as the sunrise. Listen, and comprehend well, for it is but little time you have left to use those ears or that ugly head.

(Continued on page 64)

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Sting of the Thistle

(Continued from page 63)

"I am of the swamps, me. I have always walked the swamps for my livelihood. Sometimes it was the trapping. Sometimes it was to show the big sawmill company where stood the choicest timber. And once I suffered accident.

"A falling tree pinioned me by the leg in such a fashion that though unhurt I lay face down and could not move. My struggles were of less use than none at all; they but served to exhaust me. Nor were my frantic cries of any avail, for it was a deep swamp; deep as is this one. Three days and nights I lay there, and my strength was gone. By the good God, I did not want to die, either. But I had to die. And there beneath that log would my bones be rotting still, save for a friend who searched for me after all the others had given up hope, who found me, and by his own unaided strength freed me and carried me out to new life. That friend was dearer to me than a brother. Perhaps you have guessed who he was, *hein?*"

Celestin tried vainly to speak. His lips worked, but no sound issued from them, and the spasmodic twitching of his corded throat beneath the newly grown beard was not a pretty thing to see.

"Ah, well," continued the smooth voice, "it is perhaps more good that you do not speak. My finger is about the triggers of the gun, and it is tightening very slowly, Celestin. But it is tightening. So, if you have any voice yet left, use it in prayer.

"You see, scum, I had to rescue you. It was not meet that a noose should avenge the blood of my friend Pierre. The blood of Pierre Guidry cried out to his friends, and not to the paid hangman, for justice. Though the court had decreed you must die, though your life was forfeit, had I slain you then and there, they would have dealt with me harshly. So it needed that I had to break you out of jail.

"Oha, I knew I could find you again. The posse is far away now, Celestin, and when I rejoin them to-night, I shall tell them how I took the side trail but found nothing. And my finger is still tightening, so slowly, so slowly, Celestin! Even though they hear the shot, and ask about it, I shall say that I lost my way, which is very droll, and that I was shooting in the air to signal to them. And still it is tightening about the triggers, here beneath the moss where you cannot see it, that finger of mine, Celestin Grenier. Tightening . . . tightening . . ."

VII

So the little peaceful parish, hard by the point where the sweeping arc of the great Gulf's shore reaches its northernmost tangent, must still endure the shopworn jests concerning Celestin Grenier, the only man ever sentenced to be hanged there. For it is of record that before the sentence of the district court could be carried into grim execution, Celestin Grenier escaped and was never brought to justice.

Flag Day and the Order of Elks

(Continued from page 33)

The Committee on Ritual exemplified the Flag Day ritual, which was unanimously accepted by the Grand Lodge.

Thus the services for the celebration of Flag Day came into being and were made an integral part of the ceremonials of the Order. But their use, or, in fact, the holding of any celebration at all, was optional with the Subordinate Lodges. At the time of the adoption of the ritual, it was thought best to allow its use to remain optional. Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, in his report to the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, in 1909, gave voice to this sentiment:

"The patriotic impulse which demanded the establishment of a day for the 'rehearing of the history of our Country and Order, a day of apotheosis of our banner,' has grown in fervor until now it can safely be said that on the 14th day of June each year our Order will be found in one grand assembly, rendering its part in public expression of patriotic devotion.

"The ceremonial for the observance of this day, adopted at the last session of the Grand



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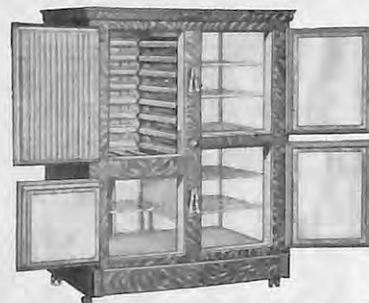
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Lodge, was published in convenient form and distributed to each Subordinate Lodge at an early date, and in addition thereto the District Deputies while making official visits laid special stress on the proper observance of the day.

"The question as to whether the observance of Flag Day is obligatory was answered in the negative. The Grand Lodge, in its wisdom, did not see fit to require its observance, such action doubtless being deemed unnecessary, as the patriotic sentiment permeating the Order will impel each Lodge appropriately to honor the day."

In 1911, however, the feeling that Flag Day observance by the Subordinate Lodges should be not obligatory was no longer general. And at the Grand Lodge Convention held that year in Atlantic City, the Committee on Judiciary prepared a statute which was incorporated into the Grand Lodge law. The statute read:

"Sec. 218a. It shall be the duty of each Subordinate Lodge to hold the service known as 'Flag Day Service' at the time and in the manner prescribed by the Ritual of the Order."

This is the statute as it appears today, except that it is now numbered Section 229.

At the Grand Lodge Convention in Baltimore, 1916, a resolution was introduced and adopted with a view to putting on record the facts as to the institution of Flag Day observance in the Order. Inasmuch as the resolution has never heretofore had wide distribution among the membership at large, and inasmuch as it gives credit to the authors of the Flag Day ritual, we publish it herewith:

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

"We, your Commission on Ritual, beg leave to present for your consideration the following resolution. The Chairman of the Commission, Brother James L. King, does not sign the resolution, inasmuch as it is a matter in which he is personally concerned.

"Whereas, Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin, in his report to the Grand Lodge in 1907, recommended the celebration of Flag Day by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, as recorded on page 46 of the Grand Lodge proceedings for 1907, and

"Whereas, the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia in 1907 adopted the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler and instructed the Committee on Work and Ritual to present a Flag Day Ritual at the next session of the Grand Lodge, and

"Whereas, this Committee, consisting of James L. King, of Topeka Lodge No. 204; Charles Beecher Lahan, Chicago Lodge No. 4, and William M. Hargest of Harrisburg Lodge No. 12, did present and exemplify to the Grand Lodge in session at Dallas, Texas, in 1908, a Flag Day Ritual, and

"Whereas, the Grand Lodge at that time unanimously adopted the Ritual prepared by the Committee, as recorded on page 183 of the Grand Lodge proceedings for 1908, which Ritual was in 1908 copyrighted by the Chairman of the Committee, and the copyright assigned to the Grand Lodge, and

"Whereas, the Grand Lodge in session at Atlantic City, in 1911, passed a resolution making obligatory on all Subordinate Lodges the observance of Flag Day and the use of the Flag Day service adopted at Dallas in 1908, as recorded in the Grand Lodge proceedings for 1911, on pages 254 and 255, and

"Whereas, there have been recently circulated printed letters and statements to the effect that the celebration of Flag Day was 'instituted' and 'inaugurated' by another member of the Order who was in no wise connected with the institution or inauguration of this custom, and

"Whereas, such statements, if allowed to go unchallenged, might in course of time obscure the fact that the observance of Flag Day was recommended to the Grand Lodge by Grand Exalted Ruler Melvin, and that the Flag Day Service was written and prepared by the committee consisting of Brothers King, Lahan and Hargest, now therefore be it

"Resolved, that the facts as above stated be inserted in the minutes of the Grand Lodge, and be it further

"Resolved, that all Elk publications which have published letters or statements calculated to give rise to a false impression concerning the authorship of the Flag Day Service be requested to publish a copy of these resolutions.

"WILLIAM T. PHILLIPS,
"JOHN C. FUTRALL,
"Members Ritual Commission."

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(Continued on page 66)



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Flag Day and the Order of Elks

(Continued from page 65)

manner commensurate with the impressiveness and dignity of the ritual, the Subordinate Lodges can do much to make the celebrations occasions of definite value in the Americanization work of their communities.

It is interesting to note that the stars in the flag flying over Fort McHenry, on September 14, 1814, which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner," were cut out by Miss Margaret Young, who later became the mother of Henry S. Sanderson, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order in 1884.

Muldoon: the Solid Man

(Continued from page 9)

point of view, this dictation is for pugilism's good. Perhaps it is, but it is difficult to dictate to a world, even the pugilistic world.

The theory of the Duke of Muldoon is that a prize-fight champion should defend his title once every six months or retire. This is sound and just. It cuts off what the sport writers call "the sordid commercialism" or, at any rate, it tends to reduce it to a minimum.

But then the traditions of the prize-fight game handed down from the days that were even before Jem Mace, say that a champion remains a champion until he retires voluntarily or loses his title by referee's decision in the ring. It is not wise to fly in the face of traditions, but Muldoon the Solid Man, the Strong Man, is courageous enough to grapple even with tradition.

It is bound to be a long and interesting struggle but in the end I am quite confident that the Duke will have pinned the shoulders of Tradition to the mat. All in all the contest that this Grand Old Man has undertaken at fourscore is the hardest of his career. That always is a great wrestling match, the bout between the stubborn tradition and the eager ideal.

The Duke's insistence upon pointing the way for the higher pugilism has caused some queer complications. To the world at large Mr. Jack Dempsey is the heavyweight champion, but once he steps inside the boundaries of New York State, which is the pugilistic Grand Duchy of Muldoon, he becomes merely Jack Dempsey, moving-picture actor.

Dempsey was ordered to accept one or two challenges by Ducal decree. Mr. Dempsey treated the edict with something akin to levity. The title of heavyweight champion, he indicated, included some royal prerogatives that could not be taken away by a mere Duke from one state. This is the supreme test of the power of the Duke of Muldoon, the man who would impose a code of ethics and found new traditions in the sport which was so ardently supported by the late Marquis of Queensberry.

At first I may have been a bit skeptical as to the Duke and his mission. But after considering the Grand Old Man and his career I am inclined to believe that the future histories of pugilism will exalt the Duke of Muldoon far above the Marquis of Queensberry. The Iron Duke has an iron will and the personality to inspire respect and to force his convictions even in the cynical world of professional sport.

Rulings have been made by the Duke of Muldoon that might not stand in a court of law, but they would be heartily upheld by a court of common sense and elemental justice and these, after all, are the courts that must have final say in professional and amateur sports. I would say without debate that the Duke of Muldoon was a thoroughly just man.

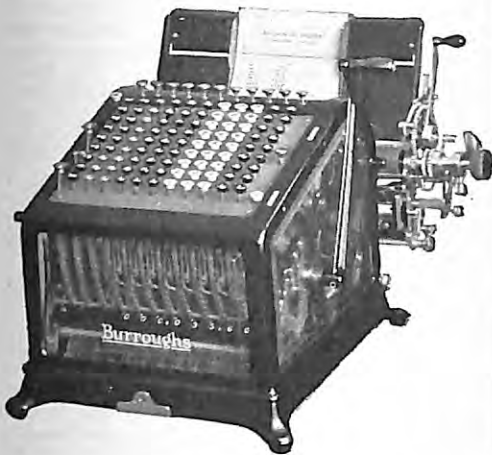
His edicts have the appearance of tyranny at times. It would seem that he was trying to write into the laws of the United States the crime of lèse majesté. That is because he is so thoroughly convinced of the seriousness of his mission that he cannot brook opposition. It is not egotism that moves the Duke. It is his absolute faith in himself and the work he has set out to do.

The man's mind is a vast encyclopedia of professional sport. Some time ago I became a bit flippant over the name of the Polo Grounds, declaring that the reason for the name was that no polo ever had been played in that vicinity. Immediately I received a courteous letter from

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Muldoon informing me that he was present when the late James Gordon Bennett sponsored the first polo game in the United States on the spot that is now the Polo Grounds.

The sport of wrestling, fallen into some disrepute as far as the professionals are concerned, really got its foothold—or shall we say toehold?—in this country with the career of William Muldoon. It first became popular during civil-war days when the Duke of Muldoon was a young man and the incarnation of Charles the Wrestler.

Muldoon was a boxer, too, as a young man, though he never was particularly famous for this. It was rather as a trainer of boxers that he played his part in this game.

On the eve of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada, Muldoon visited Jeffries, "the hope of the white race." The wise old trainer had his misgivings as to the condition of the white contender.

He exhorted Jeffries with the fanaticism of a zealot. "Jim," he warned him, "the white race is looking up to you to save it to-morrow. Are you sure that you are fit? Are you sure that you can do it?"

The man was so earnest that he made the usually plegmatic and always dull-minded Jeffries nervous. They had to take Muldoon away for fear that he would unnerve the "hope of the white race" by the importance that he gave to the contest. All zealots lose their perspective. That affair at Reno to this zealot was of quite as much importance as the Battle of the Marne.

The curse of the American race, according to Muldoon, is the money madness.

"Money hogs and money madness are the twin causes of decay," he says. "The corroding influence of this greed for wealth has been felt in every walk of life. Take the millionaires who achieved wealth—I get them, lots of them, worn out, dissipated, crazed by their perpetual struggle for more money. They are burnt out, body and soul, and their children are worse.

"The younger generation loses its vitality, its ambition, its morals and its reputation. They are no good to themselves and no good to anybody else. And all of this is the result of too much money.

"It is impossible to see where this degeneration will stop. Every year it gets worse. The race is becoming every minute more hotly contested, and men are driving themselves at a greater pace. Then comes the inevitable collapse for men can achieve only a certain pace and then they break down. Nearly all of my patients are neurasthenics, their nerves ragged, their digestion gone and sufferers from insomnia.

"It is alarming, this increase of degeneration, mental and physical, with which we must battle."

Of course these are the words of a zealot. The physical ideal held by Muldoon is so high that no race, not even the ancient Greeks, could live up to it. At eighty, Muldoon is a giant among pygmies but exhorting the pygmies to become giants—not only that, but pointing the way and making the transition seem not only possible but simple.

The message of the Duke of Muldoon to the race is no minor matter. As his mission is the cleansing of the Augean Stables of professional pugilism I can not get particularly excited. Somehow the ultimate fate of prizefighting does not seem important.

Yet I am with him in this also, as far as my negative enthusiasm will permit, and I am willing to join the shouting, "Down with Dempsey. Long live the Duke of Muldoon."



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The Financial Page of Your Newspaper

By Stephen Jessup

STRICTLY speaking, the singular word "page" in the heading above is a misnomer; for the leading newspapers of the country recognize the importance of financial and business news to the extent of devoting from two to six pages to it. Perhaps the reason is twofold: the vast number of people in the United States today who, as a result of the several Liberty Loans during the war, have become bondholders; and the recent tendency for a wide variety of stocks of industrial corporations to become popular mediums for investment and speculation. It is only a few years ago since the newspaper reports of the dealings and quotations on the New York Stock Exchange were headed: "Railroads and Other Shares." At that time railroad stocks comprised more than half of those listed upon the Exchange. Latterly, however, stocks of scores of corporations engaged in a wide variety of business activity have taken the public in as partners through ownership of their securities, which have been listed on the Exchange mainly to provide a constant market for them. Practically all the industries of the nation are represented: steel, coal, copper, gold, silver, lead, wool, oil, equipment, automobiles, rubber and tires, motion pictures, etc., etc. New and additional ones are constantly being added, recent inclusions being the advertising and hotel businesses.

Many people, after scanning the headlines on the front page, turn to the financial page containing the stock and bond quotations. Having ascertained that ABC common gained half a point or that the XYZ six per cent. bonds were fractionally lower, their financial researches are at an end, and they turn back to read the general news in earnest. They do not seem to realize the variety and value of the news and information contained in the financial pages. Here are laid before them at the trivial cost of two or three cents what may prove to be many dollars' worth of actual benefit. Below is a brief reference to some of the factors and features.

The leading article, which is usually headed: "Yesterday's Market," or words to that effect, gives a concise bird's-eye view of the occurrences in the Street, emphasizing unusual features; a rise or fall in stocks; exceptions to the rule, with individual explanations; foreign news; professional speculative operations; the visible reflection of good or bad news or tendencies in specific industries—all having a bearing on the going value of securities which represent the business of the country.

For example, if the closing quotations of the copper stocks as a group have been higher, the explanation may be found in the fact that production of the metal has been reduced while exports have sharply increased. On the other hand, if the oil stocks' prices are preceded with a "minus" sign, there may have been a cut of so-much per barrel in the market price of crude oil. Again, if the steel stocks are reported as having behaved in a disappointing fashion, the reason is apparent that two or three of the chief steel companies have published statements of earnings for the past three or six months which are much lower than they had been anticipated, to which may be added the news that the steel mills are operating at a lower percentage of capacity.

The leading article will also comment on the trend in the commodities markets, such as wheat, cotton, corn, oats, etc. There is a tremendous business particularly in wheat in the Chicago Board of Trade and in cotton in the New York Cotton Exchange. On an active day wheat may rise or fall from 5c to 10c per bushel and cotton from $\frac{1}{2}$ c to 2c per pound. At first blush there may not seem any connection between these movements and the activities of stocks, but there may be a close relation if the wide swings of wheat, for instance, cause speculators as a result of their operations in that market to buy or sell stocks in quick and heavy volume, irrespective of the normal course of the stock market.

Other factors touched upon include the foreign exchange fluctuations; the price of money; new securities admitted to trading on the Exchange; the announcement of new stock and bond issues to be made by well-known corporations.

The price of money is a great factor in the dealings on the Exchange, especially the price of "call" money. "Time" money is money lent in the course of ordinary business, and also with security collateral, for three or six months. "Call" money is money lent on the floor of the Stock Exchange and to brokers who give securities as collateral and are required to give the loans on demand or "call." When the banks have large amounts of surplus money to lend, the supply naturally influences the rate, and "call" money may be quoted $3\frac{1}{2}\%$, 3% or less. When the reverse is the case, the rate rises, sometimes to 6% and higher. Speculation in stocks or "margin trading" is mostly conducted on borrowed money, or "call" money. It is encouraged by money being available at a favorable rate, and discouraged by its being scarce and expensive. When the banks have other uses for the money lent "on call," they demand the payment immediately of such "call loans," and as a consequence stocks are likely to be sold to a considerable degree. Large operators and speculators on the Exchange, therefore, keep a watchful eye on the quotation for "call money."

In addition to the leading column, there are usually one or two columns consisting of short paragraphs containing news items regarding individual industries or companies which are of general interest and yet not of sufficient importance to be included in the general review. Here will be found bits of news, and also gossip and rumors, especially with regard to the leading and popular speculative stocks.

While much space is devoted to stocks, quotations, news, items, etc., a great deal, although perhaps in lesser degree, is given to bonds and to other markets, such as wheat, cotton and other commodities; the Curb market; Public Utilities; Unlisted Securities; and the quotations on the Exchanges in other cities.

Many newspapers conduct a department in which readers' inquiries regarding investments are answered. As the answers are in practically all cases written by an expert whose knowledge is varied and comprehensive and whose opinions are sound, they are well worth reading. It is obvious that \$1,000 should not always be invested in the same way, any more than the same diet should be given to an infant of one year, a boy of fourteen or a woman of fifty. A widow having a few thousand dollars of insurance money would be advised to invest her \$1,000 in one way, the keynote being with safety of principal. A business man earning a comfortable surplus from active participation in business would have brought to his attention securities with perhaps more interest or dividend yield and less attention devoted to absolute safety of principal.

FREQUENT statistics of various kinds are reported that indicate the trend of business in general. Among these may be mentioned check clearings; pig iron production; freight car loadings; crude oil production; copper and cotton exports, etc. For instance, you frequently see items such as these:

"Tire prices were advanced 5% to 15% yesterday by the leading makers."

"Freight loadings for last week totaled 900,000 cars, the heaviest volume since five weeks ago, demonstrating that the business turnover was again on an ascending scale."

"The continued heavy drought in Texas has caused the leading authorities to revise their estimates of the next cotton crop downward by 2,000,000 bales."

"Crude oil production last week increased by 50,000 barrels average daily, making daily average production for the country approximately 1,950,000 barrels."

And so on.
An extensive and informative portion of the financial pages is devoted to the advertisements. These are, broadly speaking, of two kinds. One is the public offering of new issues of stocks and bonds. These are issued by governments, municipalities, and corporations. They are offered by members of the Stock Exchange; well-known bond and investment houses, and private bankers. The salient features of the securities are recited in the advertisements, and detailed

information can be obtained by applying for circulars published by the house that sponsored the issue.

The other advertisements consist of the smaller announcements that usually occupy the columns at each side of the page. Some are simply dignified cards, giving a firm's address and telephone number with the words "investment securities" or simply "bonds." But many advertise specific circulars on different subjects; for example, an analysis of the E F G Railroad's Funded Debt; The Lead Situation; A Review of the Steel Industry, and so forth. These circulars or pamphlets—and some of them are extensive and elaborate—are generally compiled and written by the managers of the statistical departments of the large investment houses. They are usually authoritative, and are free on application. Sometimes it is astonishing the amount of information—in fact, one may call it education—that these houses give for nothing in the course of their ordinary business. And letters on a particular phase or point regarding an industry or a company will be answered in detail.

While the reviews of the world of finance, the statistics, the circulars, the pamphlets, etc., are practically always informative, interesting and beneficial, a word of caution to those who are looking for a way to make money quickly, namely: do not fail to distinguish an expression of *opinion* from a statement of *fact*. Brokers will cheerfully furnish the latter, and their service in this respect is admirable. They will also furnish the former; in fact, most of them issue a weekly or monthly market letter which surveys the investment and speculative field. But in the nature of the endeavor with regard to the future it is merely an *expression of opinion*.

Investment Literature

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."

Adair Realty & Trust Company, Atlanta, Georgia, will be glad to send you a copy of their new list of offerings. Address Department H12.

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.

The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., have recently published two new booklets, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety," and "How to Build an Independent Income," which they will be pleased to send free on request.

"Why Florida First Mortgage Investments Pay up to 8%"—a concise, common-sense statement of five logical reasons why investors may at this time send their money to Florida and get 8% on sound first mortgage security. Sent without charge on request made to the Trust Company of Florida, 807, Trust Company of Florida Building, Miami, Florida."

The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2106 Bedford Bldg., Miami, Fla., will send free on request a copy of their illustrated book "8% and Safety."

Chisholm & Chapman, 52 Broadway, New York City, have issued a very helpful booklet on Trading Methods, which they will be glad to send free on request.

George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., are getting out a very interesting book telling how to start and build a fortune. Copy will be sent free on request.

Tillman & Pratt, Economic Engineering, Nottingham Bldg., Boston, Mass., have recently issued a very interesting booklet dealing with the subject of how to gauge turning prices for any stock. They will be glad to send a copy on request.

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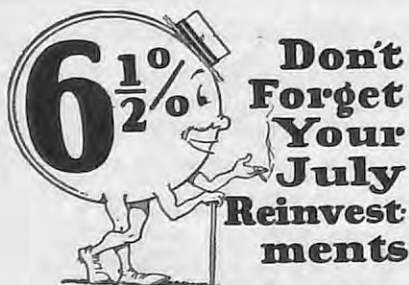
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NO LOSS to ANY INVESTOR in 52 YEARS

The Plot Thickens

(Continued from page 24)

opera, "Breakfast with the Borgias," as a birthday celebration for their father. Miss Kennedy must often, as she wrote that chapter, have been forced by her own laughter to stop and dry her eyes. It is delicious.

There is in this book, thank God, no plot. There is youth, life, emotion, reality. Miss Kennedy is, in a way, merciless to her characters. She loves them, but she does not let them hide behind her petticoats.

They do shocking things, but strangely enough there seems to exist no shock. They are wildly sophisticated, yet they exude such an air of delicate innocence that you long to rush to their rescue. They are tragic, yet they smile through their tears.

In short, these are the Sangers, and this is art. The pattern of the book is Miss Kennedy's own. Her people are simply taken out of life, clothed by a brilliant imagination, and flung upon the pages, and it is all done with that rare spark which makes this book a most exciting and unusual piece of work.

Numerous Treasure

By Robert Keable

WHEN one remembers other books of Mr. Keable—more or less gorgeous tales that have sold like hot cakes and have, in some instances, found their way to the stage—and, when one reads the "Author's Note" at the beginning of this novel of the South Seas, there is a distinct feeling that this story should be taken seriously.

But—No can do. "Thrills," says Mr. W. C. Brownell in his "The Genius of Style" (Scribner's Sons), "clearly are among the dearest desiderata of the day. . . . And the test of thrill is intensity; that of intensity being all you can stand."

Well, frankly, this book is pretty much all one can stand; so, based on Mr. Brownell's nice little definition, it must, of necessity, be "intensely thrilling."

Here is life in the Marquesan Islands with all the unnecessary furbelows of civilization removed. And how Ronald Herrick, our hero, does enjoy himself, once he grows accustomed to the simplified South Pacific arts of living and loving.

"Numerous Treasure" is the name of a more than beautiful half-caste girl. The name, taken from a box of Chinese cigarettes, was given the child by her worthless white beach-comber of a father, and Ronald Herrick, lately come to the Islands to visit a fellow Englishman, falls quite redundantly in love with her. Most of the book is concerned with these two very affectionate youngsters.

For ballast, we have a description of how the Great War came to the Marquesas, a reviving part of the book, and later a picture of the influenza epidemic in the same little Islands resulting in the death of a lot of the natives. Treasure is included in the casualties. There really was nothing else to do with her.

The censors would have a most busy afternoon over "Numerous Treasure," cutting and pruning and scratching out and generally enjoying themselves. But, in a way, this is a very clean book, for never in one romance have we met the chief protagonists so continually bathing themselves.

At every turn in the story they swim out into the sea. On the slightest provocation, or indeed with none at all, they dive into limpid pools. And in the quaintest of costumes. The thing goes so far, in fact, that when you see the heroine taking her early morning dip and handing her cake of soap to the hero with the request that he wash her back, you murmur—"How untrammelled. How Arcadian."

The pernicious effect of a book of this kind lies not so much in a general loosening of the well-known morals, but in a sudden divine scorn for tile floors and nickel plumbing just when both are "within the reach of all" as you will learn if you read any book on building.

It is a tropical tale, to be read only if you are quite sure your layer of civilization is a bit more than skin deep. Mr. Keable has done better work than this.

The Keys of the City

By Elmer Davis

AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS Yankee story, this, of a prodigal son who enters Hollisburg, Indiana, in the guise of a tramp; in fact, he *is* one at the moment. Hollisburg is death on tramps, so the cut-off-with-a-shilling grandson of a New York millionaire has a series of experiences which go to make a very keen and merry romance.

All readers who like to wander through American towns teeming with real American characters will welcome this novel. It is not great, but it is good. And it is just the sort of yarn that might easily be made into a splendid motion picture, for, perhaps, Dick Barthelmess; and after pointing that out to his "director" I think the job of turning the book into a thrillingly exciting scenario ought to be handed to this department.

We have suggested book after book to those movie men as likely material—even going into much detail on occasions, as you will remember—and in almost every case we have seen these suggestions carried out, and *what have we got out of it?* It is an ungrateful world!

Old New York

By Edith Wharton

FOUR stories, each in a separate little volume, by the author of "The Age of Innocence." These appeared quite early in the winter and caused considerable excitement and infinite pleasure amongst Mrs. Wharton's huge audience.

There is no American writer who has so mastered the technique of her art as this famous author. Her style is incomparable. And always, when she draws a picture of vanished days and manners (as in these tales), the beauty of the story is never dimmed by an over-valuation of history or local color.

These four little novels date back to the 'Forties, the 'Fifties, the 'Sixties and the 'Seventies, and of these I like best the first and the last—"False Dawn" and "New Year's Day."

The latter, indeed, displays one of Mrs. Wharton's best gifts—that ability to wrap an erring character about with a sense of impending disclosure, when a shadowy menace lurks behind every gesture and threats sound in even the gentlest word.

These novelettes are sure to delight all lovers of Mrs. Wharton's work.

The Story of Irving Berlin

By Alexander Woollcott

is recommended with the utmost enthusiasm to everyone who ever sang "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," or listened to "What'll I Do?" over the radio, or danced to any of Berlin's irresistible music at any time. If you happen not to fall under any of these heads, read the book any way. For it is surely a stirring and splendid history of a little Russian immigrant who came to America when he was four years old, and who wrote his first song fifteen years later when he was a "singing waiter" in a Bowery saloon.

Here is inspiration, laughter, pity, and sheer wonder. Berlin for some of us is merely the name that means lilting melody and marvelous rhythm. Here he becomes a startlingly real person, perilously near a hero. The best sort of reading.

Cheating the Devil

By Juanita Cassel Burbridge

HERE is a little volume, a modestly published book, which gives in most simple form the record of a strange experience. The author, a woman who did not believe in hell and was frank enough to tell the world that she did not, is forced to undergo, in a Southern hospital, a major operation. At the very point of death, she claims to have made a descent into some Inferno, guided by the hand of the Master. She lived, but the adventure was a turning-point in her spiritual life.

There is nothing of Dante or Milton here, but the book is honestly written and offers itself

especially to the notice of skeptics and unbelievers the world over. It demands attention, not so much by any claim of being an extraordinary narrative, but by virtue of its obvious sincerity.

O'Malley of Shanganagh
By Donn Byrne

WELL, Mr. Donn Byrne, author of that little masterpiece "Messer Marco Polo," certainly has made out a case against the lady in his latest novel, "O'Malley of Shanganagh." Such a case, that, finishing this charming Irish romance, you are left with aching sorrow for handsome de Bourke O'Malley, and a sharp, yet, I think, lawful desire to shake the Lady Joan Bruce-Bennett until her nice, tawny, boyish head should all but come off. Time was when Mr. B.'s heroine would have escaped more easily, but our books, these days, do not accustom us to people who have not "the courage of their emotions."

You, see de Bourke O'Malley—young, dashing, master of a fine old stone house set in a mellow park, owner of greenhouses and hunters and a gallant name to live up to—was not possessed, when it came to love, of even the luck of a Chinaman.

Out of all the world, he had to become bewitched by a high-born Anglican sister—a Protestant nun—and these two run away and are married by a Registrar. Then they go flying off to the South of France and Italy where they have a pretty good time until the old churches of Venice get on the Lady Joan's nerves and she contracts a sort of sickly remorse which she seems at no pains to buck up against. Rebellion demands, after all, a good deal of steel, and this steel O'Malley's wife had not.

I don't know how the beautiful lady would have affected any of us, but as for de Bourke, he was so patient that one might doubt his being truly Irish were it not for the persistent Gallic atmosphere of the whole tale.

After a few gorgeous weeks of romance, there begins for O'Malley a descent into hell, and we have to leave him still paying a heavy price in the unimportant bar-rooms and the dingier streets and haunts of a Dublin whose winning gayety was once his by every right. Paying a heavy price for having beheld a certain luminous white-robed figure as he once rode past a convent wall.

But what rare writing! The words distill romance; they breathe a fateful, poignant, misty Irish beauty which is indeed captivating. Donn Byrne's style is courageously tender and poetic. It is prose with a rhythm and a simplicity which achieves for its author a distinct literary manner. It is to be found in all his work.

For those who love their English language, this short drama of Ireland and of Irish lovers will prove enchanting.

Soundings

By A. Hamilton Gibbs

AS LONG as the three Gibbsses keep steadily at their job, we are all going to have something to read one way or another. Sir Philip and Cosmo Hamilton and now young A. Hamilton form a sort of writers' club of their own, where industry is truly rewarded. And, while the output of this interesting literary family is not all gold, there are in it many glittering and shining spots which closely resemble the authentic metal.

When "Gun Fodder" came out of A. Hamilton Gibbs' experiences as an artillery officer in the Great War, this young writer certainly won his right to follow in his older brothers' footsteps. That volume was proclaimed by the critics as among the few really good books born of the world conflict.

Now, in "Soundings" he tries his hand at a love story, and while it is in no way the kind of book whose title goes flying on wings around the reading world, it is a sturdy, well-worked-out tale and can be followed with pleasure.

A sensitive, healthy English girl, daughter of an artist, begins to live and love and suffer and so on, much in the fashion of all humans, and finds, at the end of the story, a pretty good solution of the problems of the young.

The person over in Boston who writes the
(Continued on page 72)

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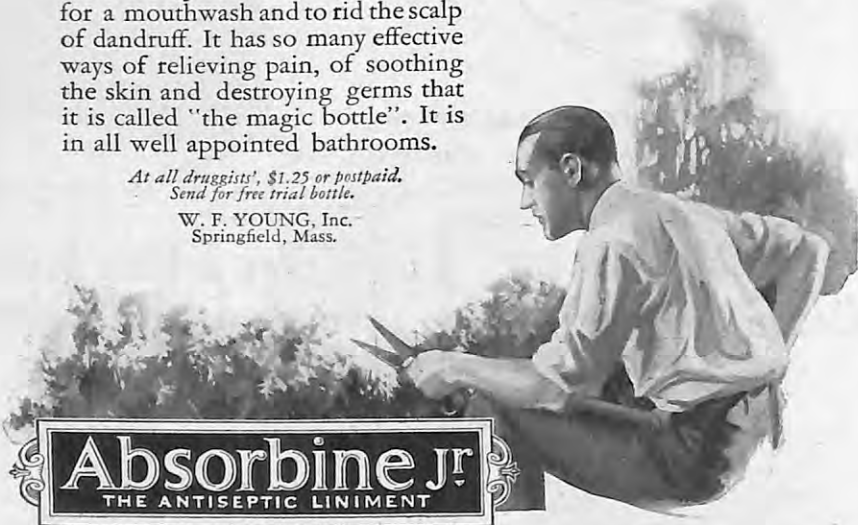
Lazy muscles have been overworked—but there's prompt relief for you in *the magic bottle*. Just apply a few drops of Absorbine, Jr

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And you will come to use Absorbine, Jr. after shaving (diluted); for a mouthwash and to rid the scalp of dandruff. It has so many effective ways of relieving pain, of soothing the skin and destroying germs that it is called "the magic bottle". It is in all well appointed bathrooms.

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By skillfully manipulating the loggy tissues, right at the spot where the bulging fat appears, the expert masseur is able to set up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt operates on the same principle. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat.

Made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber, it not only reduces your waistline many inches the moment you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. It massages away the abdominal fat so quickly and easily

that it seems almost like magic. In a few weeks inches and inches of fat should actually disappear.

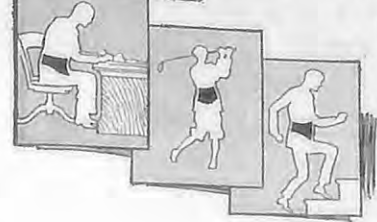
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The Plot Thickens

(Continued from page 71)

"blurbs" on the jackets of Little, Brown & Company's books describes the novel as "Bravely outspoken, it is in the finest sense reticent" which, come to think of it, is a pretty good way of saying that while this is no "Elsie Book," it can be read without violent shocks.

The chief value of the book seems to lie in the delineation of the two characters—Bob and Nancy. Bob with his caddishness, his indifferent brutality, and Nancy whose passion for him was so unswerving that she forces even the author to see some virtue in him. These two are real people, often found in a real world.

For the rest, the various folk who live in "Soundings" exist in many another novel, but are not, because of that, uninteresting. The writing is young, fresh and simple. A good book to add to the vacation fiction list.

Grass

By Merian C. Cooper

THREE Americans, one of them a woman, went into the hinterland of Arabistan, those sun-baked plains, and snow-choked mountains, which stretch from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf. They went to make a great epic motion picture, a true picture, and one of them went to write this book—a startling and impressive record, huge in its meaning, of a whole Nomad nation on the move for pasturage.

"And the grass dried up. And without grass their flocks and herds must die. And upon these animals depended both the shelter and food of the race—life itself."

So, seeking grass, the barbarian horde left the hot, arid plains, swam the icy rivers of Persia and climbed week after week up the grim mountains.

"It was the movement of an entire people. A battle against nature, staged on a gigantic scale."

And the dangers that beset the three dauntless travelers are left for us to imagine. Mr. Cooper has not dramatized himself or his companions.

You will doubtless go to see the motion picture. In which event the reading of this absorbing account of the great trek will be but an added pleasure.

Three things in it, quite outside the story of the heroic migration, we beg you not to miss. One is the amusing discovering of an early Persian poker game. Another is the story of Mohammed's clever trick to get his followers to clean their finger nails. And the third is Mr. Cooper's account of the immunity of his fiery steed to the lash, and how Cooper finally "whooped" him up.

All these anecdotes make good "small talk."

Will Rogers' Illiterate Digest

WILL ROGERS can say pretty much what he wants to about anybody because while he is saying it he looks as though he didn't mean it—but he does. And he writes just the same way.

A shambling sort of satire trickles through this book of impressions. Plain impudence "busts out," and chuckling fun predominates. Nothing better for a Saturday afternoon on the side porch than this book of meditations on Famous People, Corsets, How To Eat Soup, Helping the Follies' Girls with Their Income Tax, Taking the Cure, and so on—and off.

The great question is, did we need the Prince of Wales to tell us that Will Rogers is "a great man"?

The Italian Lakes

By Gabriel Faure

MAGGIORE, Como, Lugano and four smaller and less famous meccas for searchers after beauty. This book, a travel book in the best sense, is picture, romance, history and description all in one. If you want to go to Italy this Summer and can not, don't feel completely vanquished. Get this book. It will help a little, really.

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