

The Elks

Magazine

20 CENTS A COPY

SEPTEMBER, 1925



In this issue: Arthur Chapman, Walter Prichard Eaton, Will Irwin, and others



DODGE BROTHERS TYPE-B SEDAN

Its exceptional comfort is commented on by everyone who drives it.

Doctors, tourists, salesmen, and all who find it necessary to spend eight, ten and twelve hours on the road at a time, are particularly emphatic in their praise.

The fact is, that with its admirable spring suspension, deep seats and generous lounging room, the Type-B Sedan delights the most exacting seeker after restful transportation.



Home-Study Business Training —Does It Pay?



F. H. LANDWEHR, Sec'y
Electric Auto-Lite Company

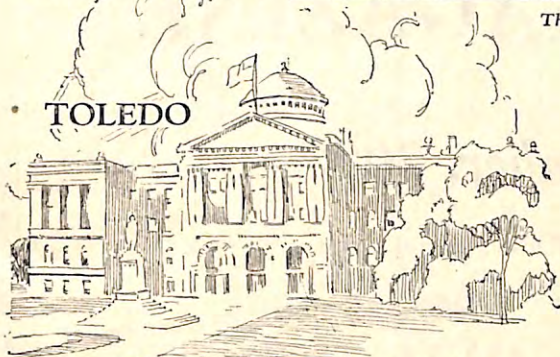


C. O. MINIGER, Pres.
Electric Auto-Lite Company



The Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo

SIXTEEN members of the Electric Auto-Lite Company are enrolled for home-study training with LaSalle Extension University. LaSalle-trained men and women—in positions of responsibility—are to be found in every large business organization in America.



TOLEDO

“It Increased My Income Approximately 700 Per Cent”

—So writes F. H. Landwehr, Secretary of
the Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo



“We want men who can think beyond their jobs”

“We want men in our organization today who have the capacity to think beyond their jobs. Highly competitive conditions in industry at this period present more opportunities to the properly trained young man than ever before in history. To my notion, LaSalle Extension University offers an excellent opportunity to the man who wants to get ahead.”

(Signed) C. O. MINIGER, Pres.
Electric Auto-Lite Company.

“My training has proved a wonderful investment”

“At the time I enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, I felt that I could not afford it, but the results obtained have proved it a wonderful investment. I can truthfully say that your training has made it possible for me to increase my income approximately 700 per cent.”

(Signed) F. H. LANDWEHR, Sec'y
Electric Auto-Lite Company.

F. H. Landwehr could still be a clerk in a small-pay position—and probably *would* be, if he had not made a certain decision . . .

He did not come to this decision all at once. He will tell you that he practically lost five or six good years.

But when he *did* realize that his future was absolutely in his own hands—that the right kind of home-study business training would quickly speed his progress toward the responsible executive position he aspired to fill—he ACTED.

Today he is Secretary of the great Electric Auto-Lite Company of Toledo. His earnings have doubled—trebled—quadrupled—till today he is making several times as much as he was making as a clerk. Ahead of him lies a splendid future.

And he dates his start toward this greater success from the day when he clipped and mailed a LaSalle coupon.

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Have you ever traveled a road when the night was inky black, arrived at a cross-roads, and wondered which way to turn?

In that predicament, have you ever flashed your spot-light on a sign and suddenly seen the

name of your destination in big clear letters and a hand pointing out the road which would take you there?

Thousands and thousands of men have arrived at just such a cross-roads in their business experience—have suddenly caught the vision of a successful career in the training offered by LaSalle and have followed that brighter path to the goal of their desires.

For example—during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of their training, totalling \$1,399,507, *an average increase per man of 89 per cent.*

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LaSalle offers you a *salary-doubling plan* which has added millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. LaSalle will send you a booklet describing this plan without obligation. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information this booklet will place in your hands is of very real and definite value. And—it's *FREE.*

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

CLIP AND MAIL

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Dept. 9328-R

Chicago

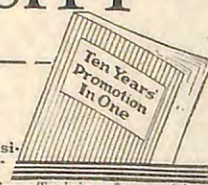
I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

- Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

- Industrial Management:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.



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

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

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



Volume Four

Number Four

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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Traveling Elks—

Can find living accommodations at any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed below.

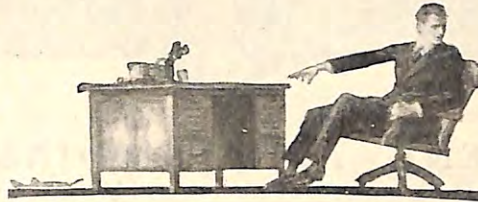
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- Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
- Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
- Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
- York, Pa., Lodge No. 213



If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it on request without charge.

You may be slipping, too—

and you may not know it



AMONG THE MEN who have enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute are 32,000 presidents and business heads. Here is the story of one of them which is rather unusual.

He is 49 years old and had been head of his own business since 1910. It was at his special request that a representative of the Institute called at his office, and he plunged into the subject without a wasted word.

"I don't think you need to tell me anything about your Modern Business Course and Service," he said. "A number of my friends have taken it. They are enthusiastic. I trust their judgment. Let me have an enrollment blank."

The Institute man laid it before him. He picked up his pen and then paused for a moment, looking out of the window. Abruptly he swung around again and wrote his name.

"I have been slipping," he exclaimed. "For some months I have been conscious of it. Conditions have changed in business since I began; problems come up that need something more than merely rule-of-thumb experience. I've got to have someone helping me here, and the easiest way to get really reliable help, I guess, is to take on your experts as my private guides and advisors."

We say this story is unusual. Why? Because he was slipping and knew it. Thousands are slipping and don't. Every man in business is either lifting himself steadily, hand over hand, or he is slipping. *There is no such thing as standing still.*

There are four signs of slipping; four separate groups of men who ought today to send for "Forging Ahead in Business," the book which gives all the facts about the Institute's training.

Are you in one of these four groups?

1. The man who sees opportunities for bigger undertakings, but who lacks the self-confidence to go ahead; who is afraid to reach out and assume responsibility; who knows that he lacks the knowledge on which to base large decisions. *The Institute can help that man.*

2. The man who has worked for many months without a salary increase. He has slipped; he may not know it, but he has. He needs some definite addition to his business knowledge, something to set him apart from his competitors, to make the men higher up take a new interest in him. *The Institute can help that man.*

3. The man who has stayed in the same position and sees no future. He may have had petty routine increases, but he has slipped. He is every day nearer to old age. He has been content with slow progress when the progress might have been rapid and sure. *The Institute can help that man.*

4. The man who knows only one department of business. He may be a good salesman, but if he knows nothing of accounting, banking, costs, factory and office management, and corporation finance, he will be a salesman always. He may be a good accountant, and never reach beyond the accounting department. The man at the top must know something about everything. *The Institute can help that man.*

You will find the descriptive book published by the Institute, "Forging Ahead in Business," different from any piece of business literature you have ever seen. It is so practical, so directly related to your problem, so clear in its analysis of the reasons why some men rapidly go forward while other men slip back. We should like to put a copy of it into the hands of every thoughtful reader of this magazine. It will richly repay you for an evening of your time. Fill in your name below; your copy will come by mail, without the slightest obligation, *at once.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

399 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.



Signature
Please write plainly

Business Address

Business Position

“HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD”

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

I.

Dallas, Texas,
August 11, 1925.

My Beloved Brothers:—

The assumption of the reins of leadership of our fraternity humbles me very much. With the deepest confidence, affection and earnestness I ask you to join me in the accomplishment of the following:

(a) The answering of every official letter that is received by the secretary of a subordinate lodge. An installation of real business methods with respect to such correspondence. When one writes a letter he does it because he wishes it to reach the one to whom it is addressed, and to receive from such one a speedy response. Let us join hands for that very simple and necessary business practice.

(b) The gathering into the order of one hundred and fifty thousand GOOD MEN between now and April first. Each lodge to use that wisdom in this movement which is most valuable to it.

(c) A representative from each subordinate lodge to the Chicago reunion in 1926. No lodge can enjoy that splendid national sentiment, patriotism and brotherliness which is harvested at each national gathering, unless it has a representative at the Grand Lodge. Arrange now to send such representative!

(d) To set the United States afire with that old-time patriotism which has made heroes of our soldiers in war time, and which shall make real patriots in peace time—an unflinching loyalty to the government and all of its laws!

(e) A business year—a charitable year—a lawful year—a surpassingly wonderful fraternal year!

II

The following Grand Lodge Officers were chosen at the Portland reunion:

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Dr. Carroll Smith of St. Louis, Mo.,
Lodge No. 9.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt.,
Lodge No. 924.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Walter F. Meier of Seattle, Wash.,
Lodge No. 92.

Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge No. 297
(re-elected).

“HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD”

Grand Treasurer, John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48 (reelected).

Grand Tiler, E. W. Kelly of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85.

Grand Inner Guard, John McW. Ford of Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122.

Grand Trustee, Clyde Jennings of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge No. 321.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee is continued with Colonel John P. Sullivan at its head, with a new consecration for its far-reaching and important duties.

A resolution introduced by Ogden, Utah, Lodge, calling upon the order at large to join in the use of every precaution for the prevention of forest and prairie fires was passed.

The call of the Secretary of the Navy for the assistance of our order in the preservation of our worshiped battleship, *Constitution*, was answered and at a later date I shall ask each lodge to provide for the placing of a speaker at a certain hour of a certain day in each school home in the United States for the purpose of presenting this matter, which we can do very quickly, to the school children of our country. Think about it and get ready.

The jurisdiction of the Grand Forum was enlarged to include actions or controversies arising between any member of the order and a subordinate lodge.

One dollar and thirty-five cents is the per capita assessment: one dollar of which is for the publication and distribution of your magazine and thirty-five cents is for the expense of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home.

The next meeting of the Grand Lodge and the next reunion of the order was fixed for July twelfth, 1926, at Chicago.

Too much can not be said of the thoroughness of the reports presented by Governor John K. Tener of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary; the Board of Grand Trustees through John Halpin, and the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

III

In return, Brothers, for your active cooperation, sympathy and faithful encouragement, I give you my hand and pledge you my heart and brain.

Always your earnest friend,

Wm. H. Atwell

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

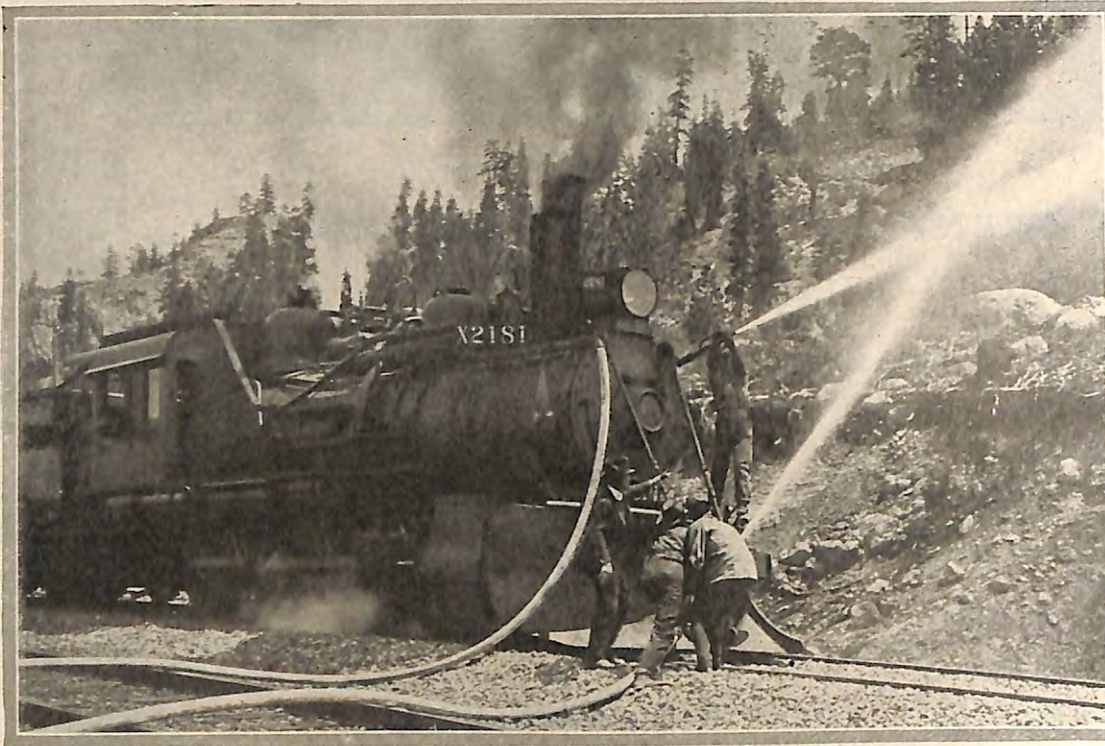
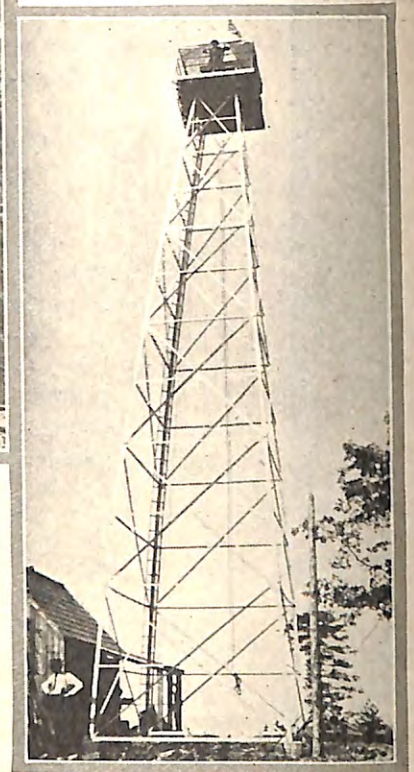


PHOTO BY SOUTHERN PACIFIC R. R.
COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

A close-up view (left) of a fire train with its fire nozzles in action in a California fire. Below, one of the 65-foot steel Forest Service lookout towers



Modern Tools and Old-Fashioned Heroes Fight The Flaming Forests

By Arthur Chapman

Photographs by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

HAVE you ever been in the path of a forest fire? There are thousands of men—and women and children, too, who can answer yes to that question, and every year sees thousands more who have known the sense of terror that only the red trail-maker of the woods can bring. For the forest fire is no respecter of persons or localities. Its black trails of desolation have been made in every section of the country—in the Adirondacks, in the Southern Appalachians, in the Ozarks and in the Far West. The same autumn days last year that saw the residents of the fashionable Tuxedo district battling for estates that are within easy commuting distance of New York City, saw California homesteaders out, fighting the common enemy.

It is only the person who has been in the path of a great fire in the forest who can sense the feeling of terror that comes with that acrid smell upon the winds, when the sky is darkened with smoke until the sun becomes a mere ball of red flame. There is a peculiar hush upon the countryside. There is no calling of birds, for all the wild things, feathered and furred, are gripped in the same panic that has seized upon men. Back of the spreading curtain of smoke, which is borne for hundreds of miles by high winds, there is the red

enemy advancing—ten, twenty, even fifty miles an hour. The questions that rise are, "How wide is the fire front?" "How fast is it advancing?" "Will the fire-fighters be able to hold it back?"

There are hours, even days, of anxious waiting, with the smoke pall growing constantly denser. There is no favorable change in the winds, and no rain falls. Smoke settles down upon doomed towns and villages until it is necessary to turn on the electric lights in the daytime. Then cinders begin to fall—red-hot messengers borne for miles on the wings of a hurricane. Hope yields to despair and men flee, leaving all their possessions as a sacrifice to a monster that is more greedy and insatiable than the red-tongued Baal of old.

Meanwhile, back near the roaring, crackling wall of flame that is not to be stayed, there are brave men who are choking and sweating in a furnace glare hotter than that faced by any stoker. They have fought until exhaustion is upon them. They have dug fire lines until the flesh of their hands is raw. They have started back fires and have turned away their seared faces when the two lines of flame have met and have leaped a hundred feet in the air, like giant animals in combat. And then, at last, perhaps it is their fate

to be trapped—to find their only means of exit from the forest tangle blocked by the deadly "spot fires" caused by blazing particles of wood.

Take a pioneer community in the West, amid the great pine forests where fires hit hardest. The settlers have managed to escape with their lives, in which they are lucky, for in five big fires alone, since the Peshtigo fire in Wisconsin, in 1871, more than 3,000 persons have succumbed. But life is all that has been spared to these victims by their grudging enemy of the big woods. Homes are gone, crops are gone, schoolhouses are gone, bridges are gone. Winter is coming on, and they will have to go back to a land that is denuded, blackened and outwardly desolate, and that has been robbed of its soil fertility. In the woods surrounding their homes—now only a ghastly parody of a forest—the wild life has perished. Even the fish in the trout streams have died, for those streams have run hot. To talk with these people, who may have escaped on refugee trains, across blazing bridges and through smoke-filled tunnels, and to realize the depths of their despair and then to find out that the fire was caused by human carelessness or by the ever-menacing incendiary—these are the things that make one ask: "When is this preventable destruction of life and property to end?"

WITH the increased use of forests for recreation, there has come an alarming increase in fire hazards. The careless camper bears his share of the blame. Also there has arisen a new menace—the firebug who sets forests ablaze to satisfy personal enmity or literally as a smoke screen to hide



How the fire tool-boxes are carried to distant places in the forests



An air-plane view of a forest fire in Tahoe National Forest California

motives, but they are all dangerous and there is no forested part of the country that has not suffered because of these skulkers. While detection is often difficult, many of these incendiaries have been run down and given justly severe sentences.

The firebug may be working for revenge. It may be a personal revenge, or it may be directed against society in general. Perhaps some wayfarer with a criminal record has been refused a night's lodging. He proceeds to set fire to the fine stand of timber adjoining the ranch where he has been treated in-

some occupation that is outside the pale of the law.

There are from 36,000 to 50,000 forest fires annually in the United States, with a direct yearly loss of \$12,000,000 in standing timber. When the intangible losses, such as diminished soil fertility, lessened stream flow, soil erosion, damage to young timber growth, and lessening of scenic beauty, are all figured up, the total has been put as high as \$500,000,000. Each year forest fires burn the equivalent of a ten-mile strip reaching from New York City to Denver. Such fires destroy or damage enough timber to build five-room houses for the entire population of a city the size of Denver, Portland, Ore., Atlanta, Louisville, Kansas City, New Orleans or Washington, D. C. The Peshtigo fire cost 1,500 lives; the Phillips, Wis., fire in 1894 burned 300 human beings; Hinckley and a half dozen other towns in Minnesota and Wisconsin were destroyed in that same year, 400 people losing their lives, and in 1918 the Cloquet, Minn., fire cost over 400 lives. The terrific fires in Montana and Idaho in 1910 took a heavy toll of the lives of brave fire-fighters.

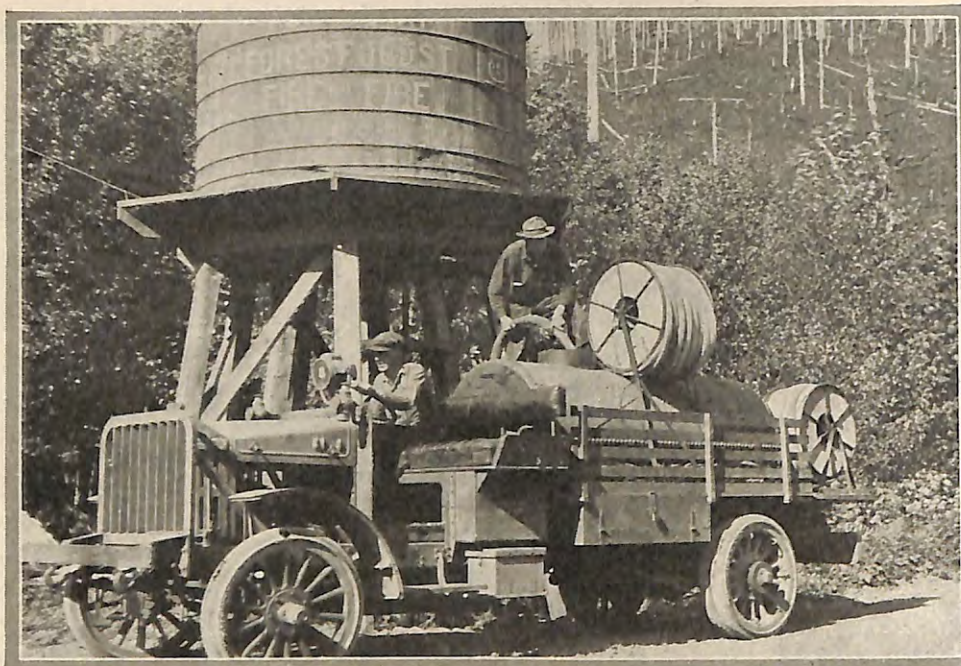
EIGHT out of every ten forest fires are caused by man, and therefore are preventable. In 1923 the proportion of man-made fires ran as high as 90 per cent. The adjusted average of a seven-year period, as figured by the United States Forest Service, shows a total of 36,112 forest fires annually. This figure is admittedly conservative. Of these yearly fires 3,135, slightly more than one-tenth, were caused by lightning—the only forest fire agency over which man has no control.

Incendiary fires have been on the increase in recent years. For the seven-year period which has been mentioned (1916 to 1922 inclusive) the average number of incendiary fires was 5,103 annually. Forest firebugs may be working from many different



Right—A fire on Echo Mountain, Calif., ten minutes after starting, and below the line that carries on the battle against such fires, showing weapons used





Forest Service truck used on Olympic blowdown, Olympic National Forest, Washington

what he considers an inhospitable manner. Or perhaps he is one of the class that counts any act of sabotage as a credit mark. Again, the firebug in the forest may be a local dweller of the ne'er-do-well type, who needs a little ready money. There is a comfortable daily wage to be made fighting forest fires for the government. To be sure there is no forest fire to fight, so he goes out and starts one. Then he volunteers among the first helpers when the forest rangers appear on the scene, and nobody fights the flames more valiantly than the man who started them!

In the South, many forest fires are started by moonshiners. The revenue officers have an uncanny habit of "spotting" the smoke from a still, so the moonshiner goes out and starts several brush fires. In the midst of so many smoke columns, the tell-tale evidences from his still are more than likely to go unnoticed. Perhaps the brush fires get beyond control and burn over much good timberland, but the moonshiner does not care.

Sometimes these forest firebugs have been run down and convicted when it seemed as if they had covered their trail beyond all possible detection. In California a fire was reported by a fire lookout and rangers hurried to the scene. It had been an un-

usually dry season and if the fire had secured a good start it would have done great damage. But it was put out in its incipency, and then the rangers began looking around for the cause. There were no campers in the neighborhood, nor were there any settlers near by. No lumbering operations were being carried on, and the possibility of brush-firing by lumbermen was eliminated.

It looked like a case of incendiarism, and the rangers began to hunt for evidence on which they might build a case. They found the track of an automobile in the dust. The tires had a peculiar marking. Near the spot where the fire had started, the rangers found some cigarette butts and an empty cigarette package, the name on which was carefully noted. A piece of rope, which looked as if it might have been part of the lashing of a duffel bag, was picked up.

THE rangers followed the peculiar tire tracks for a matter of one hundred and twenty miles. They found the owner of the car enjoying himself in a soft drink parlor in a little town. There was a duffel bag lashed to the running board of his car. The lashing was the same sort of rope as the piece which the rangers had picked up. Also the freshly severed ends joined nicely. The owner of the car was smoking cigarettes from a package like that which the rangers had found. He was accused of starting the forest fire and in a few minutes broke down and confessed.

The firebug is by no means the greatest obstacle to the satisfactory solution of the forest fire problem. An occasional conviction does much to discourage those who are victims of pyromania or who have private grudges to satisfy. But what is to be said of the careless individual—the camper who leaves a fire burning or the smoker who tosses a lighted cigarette stub into the forest cover?

The automobile has brought the people in closer contact with nature than ever before. Approximately 9,000,000 persons visited the National Forests for recreational purposes last year. This number is exclusive of the thousands who visited the National Parks, where the areas under government control are much smaller and rules are more strictly enforced. Also it is exclusive of the vast number who visited State-owned forests or private woodlands. Motor camping has

become one of the cheapest and most pleasant forms of recreation. Motorists in every community, who may not go in for extended trips, at least turn to near-by woods for week-end excursions. It is true that a majority of motorists exercise needful precautions when it comes to extinguishing camp fires, but there is a sizable minority which is costing the nation a heavy toll through ignorance or the sort of carelessness that is akin to criminality. This minority either can not or will not recognize the necessity of putting out camp fires. Camping parties drive away, leaving embers smoldering, rather than go to the trouble of carrying water to extinguish the final spark. The fire eats its way through the leafy mold to the surrounding brush, or sparks are carried by a breeze which springs up suddenly. The result may be much loss of property and even loss of life—all because



Back-firing to save a heavy growth of timber, Mount Hood National Forest, Oregon

sombody did not know or did not care.

The smoker who tosses a lighted cigar or cigarette stump from an automobile bears his share of the indictments against the criminally careless. A small blaze is started at the side of an unfrequented road, and soon a forest fire is menacing farms and settlements. But the unthinking individual who started the trouble may be miles away, serenely unconscious of the fact that he is one of the chief enemies of nature. Sometimes he may even be caught in a forest fire of his own making—witness the following from a Forest Service ballad:

He dropped his match when he lit a cigar
And it fell in a bunch of grass,
And he traveled on to shoot his ba'ar,
In the distant mountain pass;
And the wind it riz and the fire it spread
Till it went all over the patch,
And the melted pants button they found was his—
The fellow that dropped the match.



Fires in the pine forests of the West are the most disastrous, in loss of life and property damage. The South, however, has more forest fires than the West. This is due to several causes, chief of which is the widespread idea in many Southern localities that burning over a grass area is good for the soil. Also many planters hold to the idea that burning is good to kill out the boll weevil. In many instances these grass fires get into the brush and soon eat their way through woodland acreage.

In North Carolina a ranger on the Pisgah National Forest had his attention attracted by a series of fires just over the forest boundary. The fires had been set by a small landowner, who quite evidently was an enthusiastic believer in the theory that soil fertility was increased by burning over grass land. The ranger followed the trail of this enthusiast, and counted thirty-five fires,



When a fire is discovered fire lines cleared of brush and debris are usually used to check the spread of fires running along the ground. At left—Reforestation; a squad replanting a burned over hillside with young trees



head and plunged into the smoke screen to make observations. He could have escaped, but had no thought of abandoning his men.

Burning fragments were falling about the men as they struggled on. The heat was intense and the smoke stifling. Finally Pulaski ordered his men into an abandoned mine tunnel. The timbers at the mouth of the tunnel were on fire and the men hesitated. Pulaski fairly drove them into the tunnel, where he ordered them to lie down, with their faces close to the ground. Pulaski secured water from the mine depths and put out the blazing timbers. The smoke in the tunnel grew more dense. A choking, maddened man leaped to his feet and made a dash for the tunnel entrance, where Pulaski stood on guard. The ranger hurled him back, and then drew his revolver and said he would shoot any man who stirred.

For hours the men lay in the tunnel. Some of them became mad and others lapsed into unconsciousness, but the ranger

(Continued on page 58)

several of which got into the brush and woods and caused considerable trouble before they were extinguished. In the Ozark National Forest in Arkansas there are upwards of five hundred fires a year—mostly grass fires, which variable winds sweep into the woods, out of all control of those who have set the fires with the mistaken idea of renewing soil fertility. A campaign of education has been started in Arkansas to combat this erroneous idea which is proving so costly. A motor truck, equipped with a motion picture outfit, will visit every backwoods community in the hope of changing public sentiment regarding grass burning, and thereby securing better protection for Arkansas' magnificent forests.

It is the "top fire" of the Far West, sometimes leaping through the tree-tops at express train speed, that leaves death and destruction in its wake. In the South and East, the effect of forest fires is more like that of a cancer, slow and insidious and sometimes leaving no visible outer mark. One may travel for miles through a hardwood forest region, and get no idea of the damage that has been wrought by brush fires under the pleasing vista of green leaves. Such fires kill the young growth and retard the maturer trees, besides taking toll of soil fertility, but outwardly there are few marks of damage. But in a Western pine forest nothing lives in the path of a "top fire."

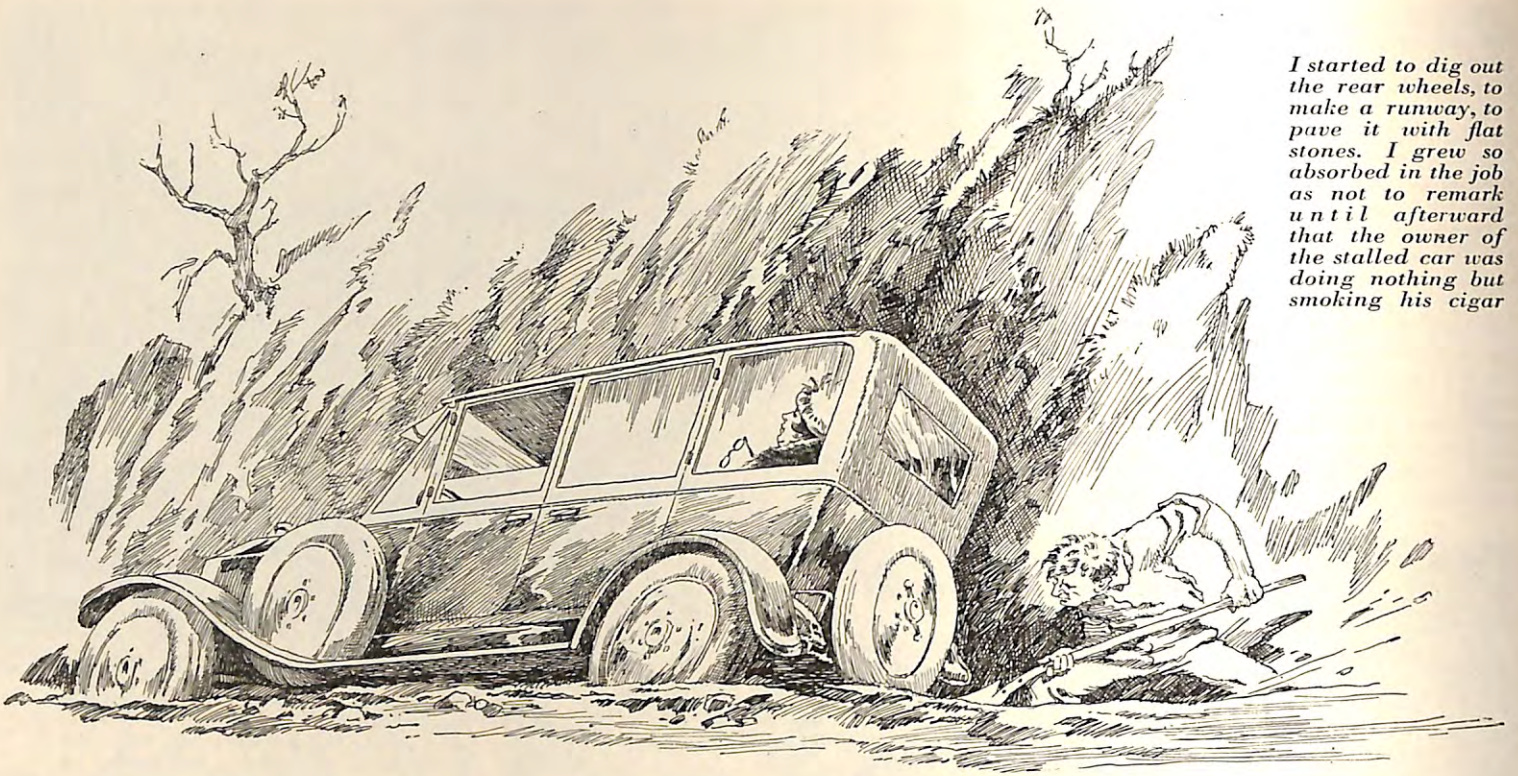
In Idaho and Montana the faces of men still grow serious as they talk about the big fires of 1910. By the middle of August of that dry year three thousand fires had been put out by patrols and nearly one hundred large fires had been brought under control.

Hundreds of men were hired as fire-fighters and ranches were drawn upon for every available pack animal. Storekeepers ran out of picks and shovels and other fire-fighting apparatus. Then came a terrific windstorm on August 20th—a storm violent enough to throw men from their saddles. Fire raced through the tree-tops with a roar that could be heard for miles. Along the Bitter Root mountains one strip one hundred and twenty miles long and from twenty-five to thirty-five miles wide became a blackened waste in two days. Seventy-four employees of the Forest Service, all of them temporary employees, were killed and as many more injured. In the Cœur d'Alene one group of twenty-five fire-fighters was trapped. The men had cut their way through the dense forest to a point where they could fight the fire to best advantage. The wind swept the fire back over their heads, and they were lost—because of lack of any road or trail by which they could make their escape.

IT WAS in this great fire that Ranger Edward Pulaski performed a feat of heroism which is without a parallel in the annals of forest fire-fighting. Pulaski was in charge of forty men on Placer Creek. He saw that the fire was out of all control, in the high wind which had sprung up. Getting his men together, Pulaski led the march through the smoke cloud toward Wallace, eight miles away. Pulaski was in the lead, with a crippled fire-fighter riding the ranger's horse. The rest of the men were inexperienced and could only trust blindly to the guidance of the ranger. Time and again Pulaski wrapped a wet gunnysack around his



A forest fire patrol on a southern railroad



I started to dig out the rear wheels, to make a runway, to pave it with flat stones. I grew so absorbed in the job as not to remark until afterward that the owner of the stalled car was doing nothing but smoking his cigar

An Epic of the World's Most Clannish Sporting Fraternity

The Sage-Brush Tourist

By Will Irwin

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

DOWN the road she coughs, shaking in every nut, bolt, rod and cam, making twenty-four miles an hour and giving a faithful imitation of a car that is going fifty. "Down the road," I say; and that means any road in the Land of Gasoline People—the crack cement highways, lawn-bordered and elm-shaded, of the Eastern Coast; the macadam pikes which lie like sheafs of gray ribbons across the face of the Middle West; the long, dusty paths of Texas; the straight reaches of carmine gravel that stretch into the sunsets of New Mexico; the dizzy, chasm-bordered, sweetly-surfaced passes of the Colorado and Wyoming Rockies; the golden trails across the deserts of Arizona; the winding ways between the great waters of Washington and Oregon; the smooth avenues through the orange groves and eucalyptus forests of California. Wherever you travel in this land of the comparatively free, you can not escape her—the Tin Lizzie, the Roadhopper, the Flivver, the Coffee-mill, the short and simple automobile of the poor, the bronco of motor-cars, the Little Detroit Whirlwind, the Baby Lincoln, the cheerful, homely, noisy, rowdy, omnipresent Ford.

Battered, rusty, disreputable, her hood and mudguards spattered with the muck of every American soil from the brown loam of Maine to the red orange soil of Southern California, from the dun clay of Missouri to the yellow adobe of Arizona, Tin Lizzie rattles on. About her tonneau strange, grotesque paraphernalia, as tents, canvas covers, toy cookstoves, canned goods, blankets, quilts, containers which must once have been suit-cases, loose boards and sticks of firewood, clatter in unison with her bumps and pitches. In the shadows beneath her dusty top, faces of all ages from six months to sixty years look out at you with the contented expression which the

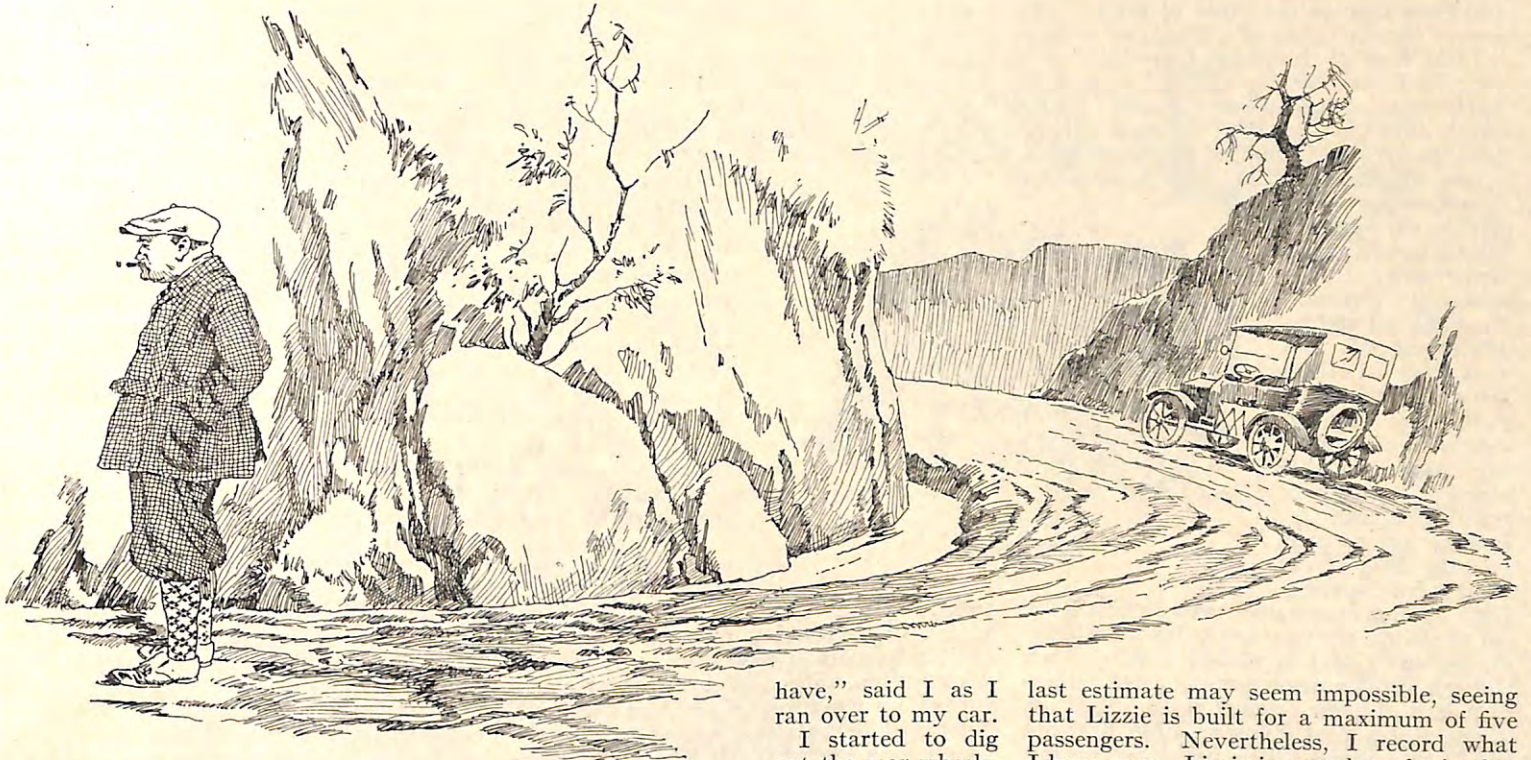
true American wears only when he is going somewhere. Mostly these countenances emerge from pillars of soiled Khaki; and when the sun of Florida or California is hot, the feminine among them are framed in boudoir caps.

On she bumps. The native inhabitants of all the lands she traverses glance up at her and remark, if they note her at all, "Sage-brush tourist" or "another Ford." The skippers of heavy, resplendent eight-cylinder cars toot with humorous contempt as they curve past her at fifty miles an hour. Tin Lizzie and her crew take it all with the meekness of conscious strength. They know that, humble though she be, she has behind her the largest, strongest, altogether the most clannish sporting fraternity in the world—the unorganized Society of Ford Tourists.

WE KNOW. I use that "we" by right. As I compose these lines I am looking out over the adobes of Santa Fe, just thirteen days actual running time from West Eleventh Street, New York. And I've driven all the way in a Ford. Not much of a record; but your true flivver tourist isn't out for records. He recognizes the unattainable. This is, as a matter of fact, my second trip West by flivver. I have done it, I must admit, at some expense to whatever social position I may have. When I stopped over in Oklahoma, I was driven about by friends in smooth, noiseless Marmons and Cadillacs and Packards. When they asked me what kind of car I came in and I answered "a Ford," they changed the subject with obvious tact. Plainly, they felt that this writing business isn't what people say it is.

Three years ago, I rattled with a burned-out brake-band into that town at the top of the Rockies where I was brought up. The boys with whom I went to school looked on me, I felt, with a shade of pity. Bill Irwin couldn't be much of a success in life—coming home in a Ford. Some of them remarked casually that they had seen a photograph of brother Wallace at the wheel of a Willys-Knight. Evidently they felt that he at least was a credit to the family. But I take it all with the same meek superiority which the adherent of a new and fancy religion shows toward the contemptuous and persecuting orthodox. I have within me a sure faith that sustains me. I am a man and a brother in the Society of Fordists.

Often in moments when I, a moron about machinery, was swimming in the waters of despair, have I felt the warm touch of fraternal friendship. There was the time, for example, when I got stuck near the Garden of the Gods. I'm not much of a backer. Second speed forward is my specialty. Every time I meet another car on a narrow mountain road and back to a wide stretch to let her pass, my wife and severest critic remarks through chattering teeth that what I need is lessons in backing. She says, further, that I do not go into low in a refined manner. This time, in attempting to make a short turn, I backed Tin Lizzie over the bank. There she stood cocked at an angle of 45 degrees, and though she shrieked that shriek of a Ford in low, which for expression of pain and terror can be compared only to the squeals of the dying pigs in the Chicago stockyards, Tin Lizzie could not pull herself out. It was three miles to a telephone and six to a garage; and Lizzie was making a kind of sighing sound which indicated that her vital forces were ebbing fast. Into sight soared a Rolls Royce bearing an Osage Indian family from



the oil lands. Lo, the Rich Indian passed me by. A Nash next; he condescended to smile as he purred on. Next a Dodge. There was hope, do not her untruthful detractors call a Dodge a Ford that has been to Vassar? But she saw us not. Then—from behind a red pinnacle of rock sounded the familiar clang of tin as a Ford with a Kansas license hove into view. “Stuck, brother?” asked the skipper even before he had brought his car to her chattering stop. He climbed expertly over the left front side where another door ought to be, dove under a blanket-roll and produced a tow line. A flivver with a California license rounded the rock and again “Stuck, brother?” sounded from under the hood. Kansas and California hitched the line to my front axle and quarreled good-humoredly for the honor of doing the towing. Kansas won by right of discovery. As my Lizzie regained the road, a native Colorado flivver joined us. I tried to start my own car. She coughed feebly, and fainted. Whereupon Kansas, California, and Colorado produced tools, set to work, and restored her health in five minutes. Before all this was done, we had traded cigarets, information about roads and personal confidences; revealed our names; announced our lines of business and views on politics. Lizzie in order, we shook hands all round and toured our way rejoicing.

The very next day, I saw the other side of the picture. As we were coming down a stretch of adobe road, a sudden mountain thunderstorm struck us. We slid as on ice—chains were of no use whatever. By luck rather than skill, I skidded without disaster on to a graveled stretch and stopped to rest. From the other direction came a big, nickeled car—a Pierce Arrow, if I remember right—at forty miles an hour. I waved a warning; the idle rich ignored it and went plunging on. The inevitable happened; he skidded into the ditch. I crawled over the side and found the driver, a masterful-looking person with a black mustache, swearing softly to himself. Within, a marcelled and haughty lady stared straight ahead with an expression of intense annoyance. “Got a shovel?” I asked. “Nope,” replied the man with a black mustache as he lighted a cigar. “Well, I

have,” said I as I ran over to my car. I started to dig out the rear wheels, to make a runway, to pave it with flat stones. I grew so absorbed in the job as not to remark until afterward that the owner of the stalled car was doing nothing but smoke his cigar. “Get aboard and step on it,” I said finally. I put my shoulder to the muddy wheel. The big car lurched, heaved, and pulled out to safety. The driver never looked back. Neither did his marcelled Countess. But as he reached the crown of the road, her left hand shot through the car window and something dropped into the mud. Thinking it might be a vital part of the car, I ran forward and picked it up.

It was a fifty-cent piece—my tip.

SINCE then I have kept in my class, as the British would put it. Stutz may signal, Buick may beg, Chrysler may cry for help, Hudson may hail—like the ships carrying United States mails, I stop for them only when it is a case of saving human life. But let me see a Ford stalled by the wayside—I pull up, no matter how well I am running, and deliver the great hailing sign of the fraternity, “Stuck, brother?”

These two incidents are perhaps enough to illustrate the close bond which unites flivver tourists. The driver of a big car would doubtless call it a common complex of inferiority. And now a few words about the size and importance of the organization. Some years ago, I believe, Henry, the patron saint in Detroit, celebrated the building of his ten millionth car; and he has constructed quite a number since. Not all of the ten million are running of course; still I have seen wrecks of flivvers come doddering into camp which looked like the first car Henry ever turned out. The passenger types are vastly in the majority. And the family which owns a Ford is almost sure to go touring once a summer. Judging from casual observation, I should say that each Ford on touring bent carries at least four passengers and sometimes seven or eight. This

last estimate may seem impossible, seeing that Lizzie is built for a maximum of five passengers. Nevertheless, I record what I have seen. Lizzie is a worker of miracles, anyway. She can drop off all her parts—and usually does—and still keep running; and she has always room for one more. You see there are millions and millions of us; as many probably as there were Democratic voters in the last election. So much for statistics.

Yet the clerk of Boston, the farmer of Nebraska, the waiter of Baltimore, who annually takes his family to the White Mountains, the Rockies or the Alleghenies for a two-weeks' vacation, does not, perhaps, represent the backbone of the fraternity. The true flivver addict, the higher-degree Ford tourist, has no home but his car. I speak quite seriously when I say that this class is enormous. Equally seriously, I add that it has great social importance. Fifteen years ago, I, among others, was vastly concerned about the state of the floating laborer, the man who digs our ditches, lays our highways and harvests our crops. In the nature of things, he worked intermittently. The average job of grading, harvesting, paving or pipe-laying lasted only a few weeks or months. Then he rode the rods, stowed away in a freight-car or got shipment from an employment agency, to another spot where there were prospects of a job. Generally speaking, to such a laborer marriage and family ties were impossible. The saloon was his home and fireside. There, when he got his pay, he floated off into an alcoholic haze and woke stony broke. Through alcohol, malnutrition and lack of care, he was burned out at thirty and dead or an old man at forty.

All that has passed. Now, your typical floating laborer gets married. All he needs to equip him for the fatal plunge is a Ford and a camping outfit. A touring-car without self-starter and with old-fashioned clincher tires doesn't cost much new—and he never buys it new. The price of the derelict he usually gets makes a hundred dollars look like a fortune. He has no home nor voting



residence save in the State of Ford. The center for his radius of action lies usually a little West of the Mississippi—that is as near as I can come to giving him a local habitation. Married, the young family drifts from job to job, camping. They have no trouble in finding places to camp. Every Western and Southwestern town shrieks at you from the billboards as you approach, “free camping ground!” Gasoline, oil and replacement of tires cost less in these days than rent. Of cost, there rises the question of replacing parts. Traditionally, spare parts for Lizzie can be bought at every country drug store. But the floating Ford laborer economizes even in this item. On the fringe of every town stand establishments which deal in junked Fords. They will sell slightly worn parts at from a third to a half of their original price. Further, if you feel a part going in time, and are willing to exercise a little patience, you can often get it free. All you need do is watch the road and eventually you will find it—where another Ford has shaken it off.

There is an old maxim of marriage—composed I think by the marrying sex for the entanglement of man—that two can live more cheaply than one. It has led many a deceived youth to step onto the trap. But Mrs. Floating Laborer has proved it true. Part of the time, she herself gets a job in the same locality with her man—at berry-picking in the Middle West, hop-picking in the Sacramento Valley, fruit-picking in the Santa Clara. Also, she belongs to the saving sex. The spare money which he used to pass over the bar, she puts into the stocking against the long, idle winter. For when frost comes, the Flivver family packs up and starts south to Florida, the Gulf Coast, the Mexican border or California. There, naturally, are more men than jobs. The summer earnings must be husbanded until spring brings plowing, construction work, or road-building.

WHAT exactly they do when the baby comes, I have not yet discovered. But the little pink persons lying on piles of blankets and gurgling at the road from many and many a touring Ford give testimony that the baby does come without in the least disturbing this irregular routine of life. Fifty years from now, I suppose, some of those Rags-to-Riches biographies will begin: “I was born in a so-called tourist camp during the old days of the gasoline or motor car. For the first ten years of my life, I had no home except the back seat of a Ford. To the hardy life which this necessitated, I attribute the physical vitality that has been such an asset in my career and also my immunity to noise and interruption.”

This business of tourist camps is another feature of Ford life which is becoming important. Three years ago, when last I bumped across the continent, camping was true camping. Even the smallest towns had set aside a field on the outskirts where you might pitch your tent under the trees and set up your little cook stove. There was water; there were possibly toilet facilities; nothing more. In the more popular resorts such as Colorado Springs these grounds were as large as an aviation field. Certain cities

had just begun to advertise added luxuries, such as shower-baths. The citizens did this all not for pure human kindness, of course, but for the retail trade which the tourist brought.

Now we are entering another era. Private enterprise has seen an opportunity. Along all the main motor-routes, like that Santa Fé Trail which I have just traversed, stand innumerable “pay camps.” Let one which I inspected yesterday—I think it was near Las Vegas, N. M.—stand for all the rest. At the back of a sizable yard stretch eight board shacks, each about as big as one good-sized room. The

twenty-foot intervals between them are roofed over, forming open-faced garages. Inside of each shack stand two wooden cots with springs, hinged so that they may be turned up against the wall, and a chair. That is all the furniture. At one side of the square is a bigger shack labeled “shower-bath and laundry”; and the biggest structure of all contains ten kitchen tables and ten small sheet-iron cookstoves. The scale of prices posted in each room may illuminate the business. “Cottages \$1 a night,” it reads, “Garage 25c. Parking in enclosure without rooms, 50c. Shower-bath 25c, each child 10c, extra. Use of laundry 25c without soap. Current for curling-irons 10c. Use of stoves free. Dogs must be tied in rooms or garages.”

The guests furnish, of course, their own bedding and provisions. When the camp is full, the gross return from cottages and garages can be only \$10 a night. However, the labor of upkeep consists merely in sweeping the yard every morning, and in scrubbing shacks and beds with antiseptic suds. Moreover, the woman who owns and manages it keeps a filling station, a small grocery, a meager supply of the most commonly needed Ford parts, a soft-drink bar, and a cigar-stand.

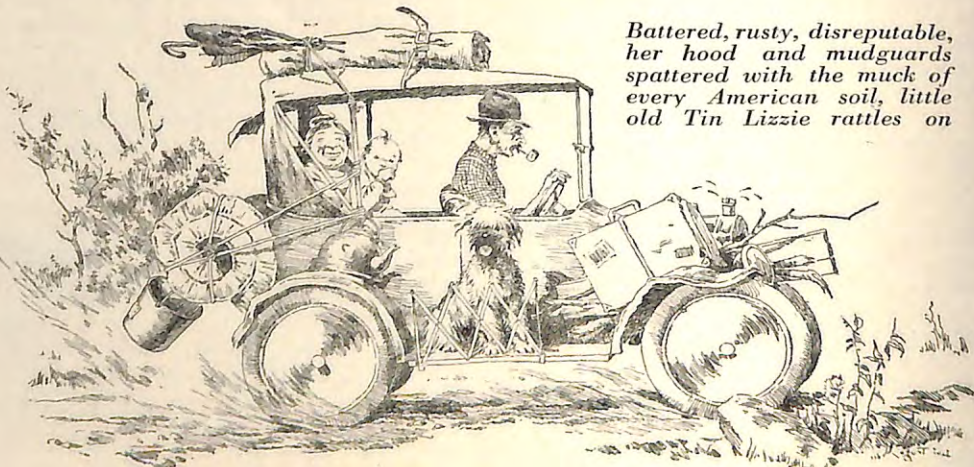
I have seen these “poor man’s hotels” with as many as fifty shacks; and in the mid-summer rush, the keepers tell me, they are brim-full. Now, municipalities are beginning to imitate private enterprise and to rebuild their camps on the “poor man’s hotel” plan. Las Animas, Colorado, has indeed introduced a new frill, which I suppose other towns may be imitating by next year. The casual observer of the sage-

brush tourist may have wondered at the old pieces of board, the scraggly roots, branches and pieces of stump, which he sees tucked in among the luggage. It is firewood. Fuel for campers is a problem not only for the campers themselves but to the stationary natives. The sage-brusher lives always on the lookout for dry sticks. He has pretty well stripped the road-edges of fuel, even in the forest countries. Necessity knowing no law, he has on the treeless plains begun to pull up fence posts. Last winter, Las Animas requested the farmers kindly to fill up their wagons, on coming to town empty, with corn-cobs. These, piled up all winter long in one corner of the enclosure, enable the city father to advertise as you approach the town, “free fuel for tourists.”

THREE-QUARTERS—more than half—perhaps of the cars which poke their noses out from the “two-bit garages” beside the shacks are Fords. As for the rest—a certain element among the sage-brush tourists shows a tendency to rise above its class and buy second-hand “big cars.” They put on airs over us, the incurable addicts; although we know and they know we know through how many hands their cars have passed since first displayed, all glittery, in a show-window. Still, who am I to criticize them? I, too, am behaving in a manner which the true believer can characterize by no term less contemptuous than high-toned and squiffy. For we—my passenger and I—do not camp. We put up at hotels. It is only three days since my conduct received the rebuke it merited. Across the wire fence of a tourist camp on the outskirts of Dodge City, I entered into conversation with an elderly individual who sat on the steps of a Ford which looked older than he. In putting him at his ease, I referred to ourselves as sage-brush tourists. He did not reply at once, but sat biting the end off from a plug of tobacco and regarding us critically through the shade of a ten-gallon hat. My Lizzie, new when we left New York, had just been washed and polished in the garage. On her back seat reposed not bedding, pans, coffee-pots, camp-stools and milk-cans, but three suitcases with foreign hotel labels, a hat-box, a camera and a typewriter. The wife and supercargo beside me wore not brown canvas knickerbockers, sailor jumper and boudoir cap, but a Fifth Avenue hat and coat. I was arrayed in golf clothes. All this he regarded with somber brown eyes before he spat and spoke:

“Sage-brush hell! You’re dude tourists in a Ford, that’s what you are. Putting on airs, I’ll say. Save money on your clothes and git a Rolls-Royce!”

(Continued on page 51)



Battered, rusty, disreputable, her hood and mudguards spattered with the muck of every American soil, little old Tin Lizzie rattles on



When the other members of the Greens Committee left all the work to Jim Morton and told him to do what he pleased with the Course—the results nearly split up the club

Little Old Blam

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

WHEN we made Jim Morton chairman of the Greens Committee (which in our club amounted to making him the Greens Committee) we didn't know that he had any imagination. Perhaps that was because we didn't have any. Like a good many other clubs outside of the metropolitan district, we had been struggling along, since the war, to run an 18-hole course on what now amounted to a 9-hole income. Labor and costs have doubled, but we haven't dared to double our dues. Our one attempt at an increase brought more resignations than revenue. So it looked like a good idea to wish the Greens Committee job on poor old Jim. Jim Morton was a manufacturer in a small way, who had never made much money, but had never failed, apparently, to make some. He didn't try to expand his factory, he evidently cherished no dream of large scale production, but he seemed to meet every rise in costs by some ingenious efficiency device, and maintained his income. In our town, which is not industrial, Jim's mill by the dam was unobtrusive and peaceful—like Jim himself. James Morton, senior, now dead, had started the mill, and worked in it twelve or fifteen hours a day. He wouldn't have approved of Jim's golf. Jim took every Saturday afternoon off for his game, and frequently in summer he arrived on the course at four of a mid-week afternoon. He excused himself by stating it was part of the new efficiency for him to keep fit. But he enjoyed his game, which he played in a slow, methodical, fussy manner, his scores averaging around 90 or 95. He never complained of the condition of the course, he never pestered the Greens Committee with

fool ideas, but now and then he made a suggestion of value, modestly and almost shyly. So the Board of Governors appointed him chairman of the new Greens Committee and wished him luck in the job.

Jim smiled faintly. "I shall do my best," he said. "I have accumulated a few ideas in the process of playing various other courses on a vacation trip last summer."

The words were portentous, but we didn't know it, and dismissed good old quiet Jim and his job from our minds. Once a Greens Committee is appointed, of course, there's nothing for the rest of the club to do but play golf and kick.

It became apparent early in the season that Jim was taking his job seriously. The other members of the committee soon complained that he was calling a meeting every Saturday and making them tramp all over the course, instead of letting them play in their usual foursomes. "Hang it all, Jim, do what you darn please, and I'll back you up, but let me get in my game!" Bill Bragdon finally exclaimed; and, "That goes for me, too," the other member added.

"But that is hardly fair to you gentlemen," Jim protested.

"Not fair? You know about five times as much about the upkeep as we do, you old efficiency shark," they laughed. "Go to it."

And they trotted back to the club house, leaving Jim, I fear, with a smile on his face.

My first intimation, a dim one to be sure, of impending trouble came on a Saturday tournament in June. I saw Jim standing by the green fairway that swept away in unbroken line from in front of the second tee. He held a bundle of new, white garden markers in his hand, and as each person

drove, he trotted out and set a marker on the spot where the ball landed, writing the driver's name thereon. When we passed back half an hour later, he was still at it, and the fairway looked like a military cemetery after some battle of Lilliputians.

"What are you doing, Jim?"

"Going to raise ce'lery?"

"Say, I'm not a dead one yet."

"Put my name on that wallop of young Sawyer's."

The comments and questions hurled at him were incessant. But Jim only smiled and kept at his task.

"What were you doing, really?" I demanded later.

"Making a study," said he.

"What did you learn?"

"Well, for one thing, I learned that very few people drive as far as they think they do—or say they do," he answered. And that was all I got out of him.

BUT when I reached the club the following Saturday (I have, alas, to spend most of my time in New York while the rest of the family summer at home), I found the answer. A yawning pit, placed at an angle to the tee, stretched across the fairway, at a point which debarred just about fifty per cent. of all our members from shooting straight at the pin. A bit of the rough off to one side was being mowed for them to land in, but from that point they could not reach the green in two, because another pit, near the green, now yawned in their path.

I came up on the tee with my foursome, to find another foursome ahead of us, waiting while old man Root, one of our oldest and most enthusiastic members, was hacking his way out of that new pit in front. For years and years old man Root had come up on that second tee with some companion (he

never played in a foursome), and tapped his ball 140 or 150 yards straight down the alley. And for years and years he had tapped his brassy second another 140 yards toward the green, and then croqueted his approach up near the flag. That was his game.

Tom Crosby, president of our club and of the local bank, was in the foursome waiting ahead of us. His grin was in startling contrast to the frowns of this three companions.

"It was priceless!" he chortled. "Old man Root just wouldn't admit there was a new bunker there, and drove just as he always does. Look at him now! I ask you—that's four shots he's had. I don't believe he owns a niblick. He's never needed one."

"We'd better buy him one, then," snapped Raymond Peters. "It's a pretty mess, tying up the whole course like this! I'd like to know who authorized putting that fool trap there anyhow, right across the fairway?"

"And I'd like to know who paid for it," John Thompson added. John was a member of our Board of Governors, and a watch-dog of our treasury. "We have no money for these fancy trimmings. Besides, we don't want one of these championship courses, which nobody but Ouimet can play. I can't possibly carry that trap."

"YOU don't have to," said Tom, cheerfully, because he knew he *could* carry it; "there's some nice new fairway out to the left."

"He doesn't want to go to the left," I suggested. "Old man Root is out at last. Suppose you gentlemen have a try at it."

Crosby, who still hits a real ball in spite of his fifty years, drove first, and cleared the new trap nicely. His partner took the new long way to the left. But Peters and Thompson both grimly faced the trap, and both, of course, went into it.

"Damn Jim Morton!" Thompson exploded. "He's a fool. Tom, why don't you have a governors' meeting called right away?"

We watched Peters and his partner heave sand, and each of them play three before they were out of our range. And we watched Tom put a straight second nicely on the green. His partner, who played to the left, had to play his second short.

"It looks to me," said I, "as if Jim Morton was a pretty good golf architect."

My three companions were all younger men. The light of battle was in their eyes as they faced this drive. Two of them carried the trap. The third got the hint of a top, and just failed to carry. Never mind what I did. And it was the one who got in who exclaimed, "Say, there's something to shoot for on this old hole now!"

As we crossed the new trap, I examined it with some care, because I couldn't understand how Jim, with our small force of workmen, could have excavated such a big pit in so brief a time. It must have taken much extra labor, and I had to agree with Thompson that it looked like foolish extravagance for us. The pit, I discovered, was really a series of holes

and mounds, but the subsoil was almost clear sand, so none had been hauled in. The trap guarding the left front of the green was made in the same way, the holes being of the same shape and size.

"Well, I don't know how he did it, but Jim certainly made those traps in record time," said I.

"GOOD for old Morton," laughed Sawyer, who was my partner, and generally came up with me on the same train from the city for our week-ends at home. "Who cares how he made 'em? We've got one real hole on the old course, anyhow."

"Yes, you got it in a par 4," somebody else remarked. "But old man Root had about a 14, and old Thompson had at least a 7. Wait till the returns from those counties come in."

"Let 'em play tiddley-winks, then," said Sawyer.

For the next five holes the course was its old, familiar self. The fairways were unbroken, save for two or three ancient cop bunkers, about 125 yards out, which you could hop over even if you topped your drive. We didn't catch up to the other foursome until we approached the eighth green. But there we beheld Thompson and Peters in excited conversation with Jim Morton, while Tom Crosby stood by, evidently grinning. They were close to the edge of the green, and didn't budge even when we yelled "Fore!" in chorus. Near the green, we could see, were more of Jim's now famous itt garden stakes.

"I'm going to shoot," said young Sawyer, and with a loud "Fore!" he swung his mashie niblick, and sent his approach sailing toward the green. This green was on a slope, and already

had a small trap at the lower left edge. To hold it, you had to hit just short, and well to the right, your ball curling down-hill as it ran. Sawyer's shot hit almost exactly right, with a good back spin, and curled down just enough to stop close to the pin. We saw Jim Morton watch it come to rest, and then spring to the spot where it hit and deposit a marker.

"What are you up to now, Jim?" I demanded as we came up, after playing our shots, all of which hit farther to the right than Sawyer's, and which Jim didn't bother to mark. "Why don't we get gravestones, too?"

"He's talking about a trap here," snapped Thompson. "You can't stay on this green as it is!"

Young Sawyer glanced at his ball—an easy putt for a 3.

"Some of 'em stay on," he said.

"Oh, you—you play in the 70's," Thompson retorted. "But a few of the rest of us like to be considered, also, if you don't mind."

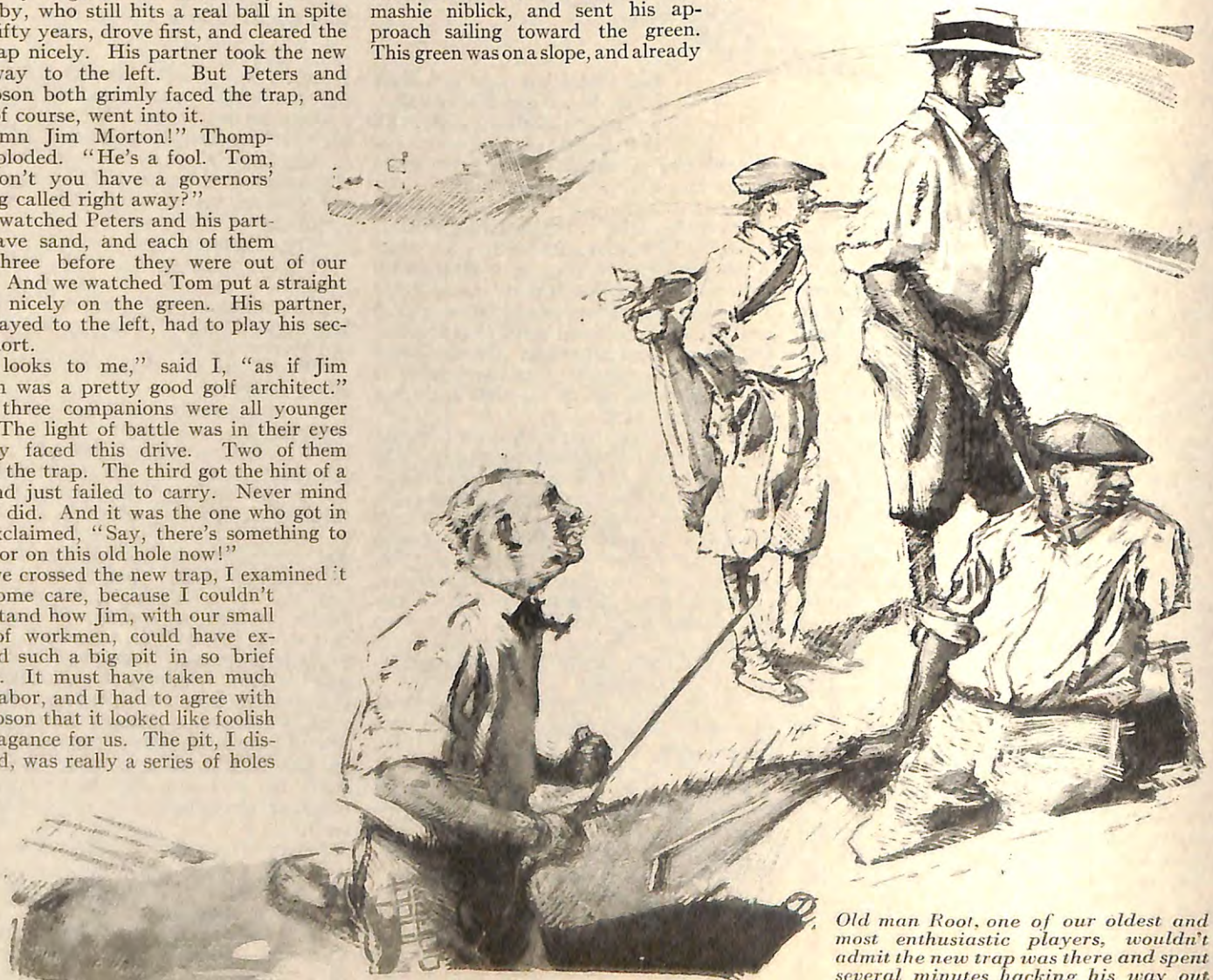
"Naughty, naughty!" Sawyer reproved himself, while Thompson glared at him.

Jim Morton hadn't, meanwhile, said a word.

"I think we are in danger of some congestion," he now suggested mildly. I regret to say that our foursome snickered, as the other one took the hint and moved on to the next tee.

Sawyer sank his putt, and came over to Jim. "What's the big idea?" he asked eagerly.

Jim's face beamed at the appreciation.



Old man Root, one of our oldest and most enthusiastic players, wouldn't admit the new trap was there and spent several minutes hacking his way out

"You see," he hastened to explain, "everybody has to shoot to the right here. I've been watching all the approaches from drives of 180 yards or better. I find that if a drive is upwards of 200 yards, it is possible to hold the green while hitting as close as you did. I shall put in a large pit on the right almost up to your marker. That will make a rather interesting approach, don't you think?"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world it will!" Sawyer exclaimed. "How'd you get this way, Mr. Morton? You know you'll be in that trap, or else the other one, nine times out of ten."

"But the tenth time will give me all the greater pleasure," Jim smiled.

"You're all to the good, sir!" Sawyer cried. "Gosh, why didn't this old croquet club elect you ten years ago?"

"Jim," I said, as we left, "how on earth did you dig those bunkers on No. 2 in a week?"

"I'll tell you at the club house," he grinned.

The rest of our round was without adventure. There was nothing new to see, except the phenomenon of tees mowed properly to the extreme edges, with no hairy fringe in front.

Thompson, Peters, and several more of the older members, including most of the Board of Governors, were in a state of evident excitement when we arrived at the locker room.

"We can't have this going on," Thompson was saying. "I was in New York all the week, and I have no idea how many teams or men it took, but from my experience with grading, and you know, gentlemen, how much I've done around my house and in Mrs. Thompson's sunken garden, those traps, perfectly silly traps, that ruin the hole, can't represent a cent less than \$300 worth of labor. We can't let this go on. We had to borrow \$2,000 last year, after the most rigid economy."

"It might be a good idea to ask Jim about them," I suggested mildly.

"Spoil the hole, your grandmother!" cried young Sawyer, not at all mildly. "That's the best hole we've got now—it's the only decent hole we've got. I'll say they're worth \$300, and then some."

"You are not asked to contribute to our annual deficit, young man," said Thompson, testily.

"Mother doesn't want to speak to you again!" Sawyer chided himself, with much severity, as he pulled off his shirt.

And just then Jim Morton came in.

"Jim, it's a good time to tell me, out loud, how you built those traps," I said, with a glance at the ominous group.

"Oh, that was easy," he replied, in casual fashion. "Maybe you didn't know I'm a county commissioner? We had one of those big gasoline scoop shovels that move on their own caterpillar traction, working on the new road to Southfield. The contractor's a good friend of mine, and he sent it down here for a couple of days when it got through on the job. All it cost was the gas and the labor. I guess he hopes to get the Bedford road in the fall. If he does we can fix up another hole or two cheap. It'll dig a small pit, if the soil's sandy, in about thirty minutes."

"Efficiency—I'll say!"—from Sawyer's lane of lockers.

"Say, this is too much," Sawyer boomed. "A trap in the middle of the fairway"



"Too bad, Thompson"—from Tom Crosby.

"Well, it's ruined the hole," Thompson declared. "Nobody but a professional has any chance for a four there now."

"We don't want a course just for cracks," Peters backed him up.

"A man who can play straight, even if he can't hit 'em a mile, ought to have some rights," put in old man Root testily, and somewhat breathlessly, because he had started to lace his boots.

"I advise you, before you make No. 8 unplayable also, to consult the sentiment of the club," Thompson continued.

A cold gleam came suddenly into mild Jim Morton's eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I was appointed, at no request or desire of my own, on the Greens Committee. My fellow members have preferred to play golf rather than share the responsibilities with me. As long as I remain the committee, I shall act as I think best for the good of the course, and the game of golf, which, I take it, we all have at heart. This club has no revenue because it is too dull a course to attract visitors. I intend, so long as I am in office, to increase its interest. There are some players, many, I think, who find interest in the conquest of difficulties, not the avoidance of them . . ."

More was evidently coming, for Jim was roused, as I had never guessed he could be. But suddenly he was interrupted.

"Come on, boys, nine long 'rahs, and a 'Morton' on the end. Make it snappy now. Are you all set? Let's go!"

AND from Sawyer's locker aisle came the rhythmic and percussive yells of my three young golfing companions.

"The rude young pups!" Thompson grunted.

"That's it—they don't pay the bills, but everything is done for them. I don't know what to make of the new generation—no respect—"

Jim Morton had slipped away, as if he were suddenly ashamed of his outbreak. Old man Root, who had got on his boots at last, and was rising to refute him, opened his mouth, started to speak, saw the object of his attack had vanished, and grunted in disgust. The three rude youngsters dove in hilarious nakedness under the showers and then into the icy pool. Thompson produced some of his precious pre-Volstead stuff from his locker—and obviously ignored me in the distribution.

During the week that followed, Jim set his gang to work on the new trap at the 8th. I managed to take off time in midweek,

for a game, and found two of his factory trucks pressed into service, hauling earth away and bringing sand back. Evidently he was donating this labor to the club. The earth was being deposited at various tees which Jim proposed to enlarge. None was being wasted. The sand was coming out of a hole he had opened near the 15th green. He was getting sand and making a new trap at the same time! Jim himself, armed with a shovel, was actually working with the men, and carefully cutting the edges into curves that I couldn't but notice were attractive to the eye.

"I'll have a hole here by Saturday!" he said to me grimly, as I passed.

He did. When our members reached their drives on No. 8 Saturday afternoon, they were confronted by a sloping green, with a trap on the low side swung halfway round in front, on a graceful curve, with punishing rough behind, and to the right a great, yawning hole four feet deep, delightfully irregular in outline. There was just room for a perfectly played shot to get in by the one entrance, and stay there. And there was Jim Morton, sitting off to one side, watching every approach.

"WHAT'S the verdict?" I asked him, after I had pitched my ball out of the new trap, across the green into the other one, and then back, to take a six at last.

"So far, judging by the remarks, I have the devil ro down and 8 to play," he grinned. "There have been five fours made, however. The hole is perfectly possible."

"What did Thompson get?"

"He's going to get a new niblick," Jim replied. "He broke his. It seems I don't even know how to put sand in a trap. I put too much in this one. But he removed a good deal of it."

Late that afternoon, at the club house, the debate was hotly renewed, everybody joining in. Old man Root, Thompson, Peters and many of the older members, declared such bunkering was absurd, and was spoiling the course, and would drive people away, and something would have to be done about it. Old man Root, indeed, threatened to resign at once if Jim Morton was allowed to continue in charge.

"What are the rest of the committee doing?" he foamed. "Why don't they stop this nonsense?"

"We're backing Jim up," Bragdon replied, appearing round a corner of the lockers. "That trap didn't cost the club one cent, and old Jim donated four men and two trucks for six days. You ought to give him a vote of thanks."

"I don't doubt he means well," said Peters, who had already let it be widely known that he had made the new 8th in four. "But such radical changes in the course should not be made without sanction from the Board of Governors, even if they do not involve extra expenditure of club money. Hitherto our course has offered a delightful opportunity for exercise and relaxation. It is now becoming a—a—"

"A debating society, I'd say," Tom Crosby cut in. "Let's get down to brass tacks. First, nobody can deny that the new holes are good golf. Second, nobody can deny that most of our holes are old-fashioned, simple affairs, with no difficulties and no variety. Ergo, from a strictly golfing

(Continued on page 63)

We Give Notice

Concerning the Merits of Several of the Season's Latest Novels

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WE ALL have our pet phrases, and the one most frequently used by a kindly and just man whom we know is: "There's no pleasure without some pain, as the monkey said when he kissed the porcupine."

We fancy it is very much that way with books. If we read the novels of the day with even half an eye turned inward upon our own lives, we are going to be stabbed with truth, in addition to being given a great deal of entertainment. Which isn't so bad. Except in the case of the most ephemeral sort of fiction the writing brotherhood questions and even tries to correct the current values of the world—values which, we all agree, are most confusing and unsatisfactory.

In fact, novel reading is a great deal more than "enjoying a good book" these days. It is excitedly like kissing the porcupine. But then—and never mind for a moment what the fundamentalists say—just see what the monkey grew up to be!

St. Mawr

By D. H. Lawrence

AS AN instance of what we really mean by all that, just look at D. H. Lawrence's "St. Mawr." Here on the surface is a most readable novel about a young American woman married to an English baronet. She lives in charming surroundings amidst a world which adores and spoils her handsome husband. He, besides being Sir Harry Carrington, is a popular portrait painter. There is also, and most importantly, "St. Mawr," a big red-gold horse which might have been ridden by a god, and which becomes invested, in Mr. Lawrence's hand, with almost all the fundamental qualities obviously lacking in human beings.

Mr. Lawrence cries aloud for vigor and more vigor, maleness in men and honesty in women. He makes Lou, Sir Harry's wife, and her delectable and sardonic mother, Mrs. Witt (of Texas and New Orleans), quiver in a world of hokum. They discover that there is an awful lot of hokum. Down in an English garden—on a ranch in Texas—hokum everywhere! People don't want to admit that there is anything wrong. They don't want people to call such things to their attention. As long as the surface is pleasant, don't, for heaven's sake, stir up undercurrents. The great word of the day is "Fine! Fine!" No one wants to know the truth about you. Keep smiling and be a happy hypocrite.

The emptiness of her life finally "gets" Lou. She has been making remarkable comparisons in her own heart between the men and women she knows and "St. Mawr," who has thus far gone through the tale with his arrogant head up and his eye undaunted. There is no weakness about "St. Mawr."

Lou bolts, abetted by her mother, and brings the golden horse over here to America. She is in search of freedom and reality. The people she has known have pretty much broken her heart. Even "St. Mawr," trotting after a little Texan mare, pricks holes in her trust in his invincible strength and aloofness.

At the end, we see Lou and Mrs. Witt installed in a little mountain ranch, a spot that calls for all the belief that Lou has in her power to live richly within her own soul.

One can not read this novel, which by the way is a short one, without being challenged and quickened to a deeper contemplation of our present civilization. Mr. Lawrence writes with an irresistible irony and a furious yet smiling disillusionment which almost make us forgive his overemphasis and persistence.

Of all the people in this novel, Mrs. Witt is the one we should most care to know. Where Lou is still looking for some fire and dignity in life, her mother either sits back calmly and says humorous yet acid things about her world or else gets up, makes a few whimsical faces and turns her back upon it.

In highly academic language, Mrs. Witt is a great old girl scout!

The Mother's Recompense

By Edith Wharton

YOU know how we feel about Mrs. Wharton's books in this department. We're positively foolish about them. We get called down for it sometimes. So, you can imagine how it hurts to have to admit that perhaps of all her books, "The Mother's Recompense" left us most unmoved.

The deep, hidden springs of life are here as in all her work. But the people moved by them seem, somehow, unworthy of either the theme or of the author's great power.

Of course, some one may come right back at this point with: "All people are not adequate to the tremendous things that happen to them. Isn't it really art to put these tragic questions up to plain, groping folk—like any of us?" That would be the very dickens to answer. We hope that no one will ask it.

It may be that what we miss in this novel is not so much a heroic capacity for emotion as a lack of that radiance with which Mrs. Wharton invariably envelops her characters. *Ellen* in "The Age of Innocence" moved in a circle of it. *Sophy Viner* and *Anna* in "The Reef" both had it. *Lily Bart* surely was possessed by it. And some of the finest instances of it are to be found in those novelettes of "Old New York," so lately spoken of in these columns.

The idea of "The Mother's Recompense" is good enough to have tempted any author. A woman who, in the early years of an unhappy marriage, has left her husband and child, now becomes a part of that cheap and artificial expatriate society that wanders along the Riviera.

A few years before the story opens she has played a brief but always losing game with a young artist, *Cris Fenno*. After compromising herself recklessly with him, he deserts her. She, however, never gives up hope that he will one day beg to be taken back.

The husband meanwhile has died, and the girl now grown to early womanhood begs the mother to return and live with her in the old home in New York.

The mother's happiness at possessing

her child again is heartbreaking. The experiment seems all too delicate for human handling. Especially as there goes along with Mrs. Clephane the ghost of her old love for *Chris Fenno*.

He also reappears in New York, a war hero and ultimately a suitor for her daughter's heart. Here is, indeed, a dramatic situation.

Once in a while one of the old Wharton thrills comes over the reader—as when *Kate Clephane* goes to *Chris Fenno's* home and threatens to divulge her own sorry past unless he promises to vanish from the girl's life. And again, in some of those blind, agonizing moments when she thinks that she is about to forfeit the love of her child—so lately given back to her.

But, for the most part, the chief joy to be had in reading this romance will be found in its mercilessly true characterizations, especially of those thin souls who make up Mrs. Clephane's circle in Cannes.

We would not have missed reading "The Mother's Recompense" for anything. It, however, just doesn't seem to us to be Mrs. Wharton at her best.

May Fair

By Michael Arlen

WHEN you realize that *Michael Arlen's* characters are all dyed-in-the-wool Londoners, you can easily understand why so many people are forever rushing over to England. We would rush ourself if we could.

These folks of Arlen act every which way, and speak in lovely short sentences with lovely long meanings. They find themselves in outrageous and picturesque situations. They are always vivid, and always very, very entertaining.

"May Fair" is a collection of short stories, with a prologue which is as good a tale as any. They are concocted, according to the author, for those youths and maidens "turning aside for a moment from the realities of life."

If you have need to turn aside for a moment from the same, this book is enthusiastically recommended. As we have said before in these pages, we adore Mr. Arlen's happy and snappy phrases. The man has the gift of words. We certainly like to read of some one who has been "a perfect martyr to bankruptcy." Of a princess whose eyes "were more than adequate to every occasion, men being what they are." Of a young man accused of being too full of self confidence, and who answers "—I am so poor that I have to be full of what costs me least." Then there's the wild young blade who dies in a duel, exclaiming, "must one have been bored to death in this world to win eternal life in the next."

The whole gamut of emotions is run in these brilliant episodes—all the things that one finds in more impressive tomes—tragedy, mystery, ruthlessness, villainy, love, hate—all—everything! But does Mr. Arlen sink beneath the wave of these classic emotions? He does not. He rides them into shore, using the sparkling sun streaks and the flying foam of life for his reins. In

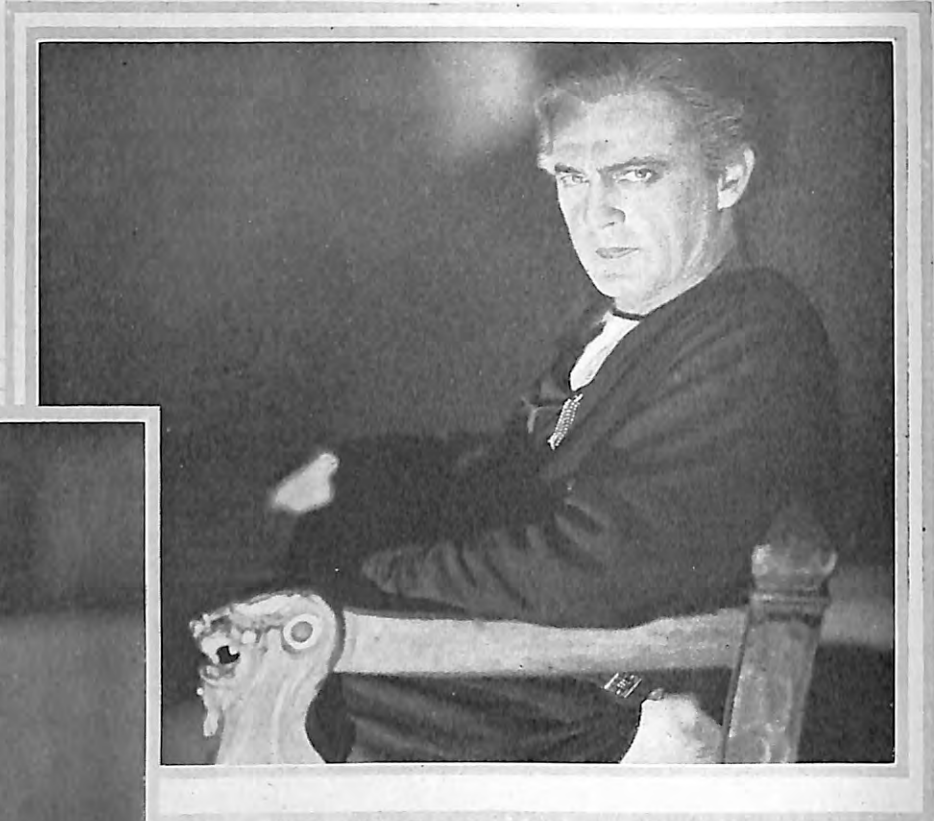
(Continued on page 44)



Genevieve Tobin
in
A Coming Attraction

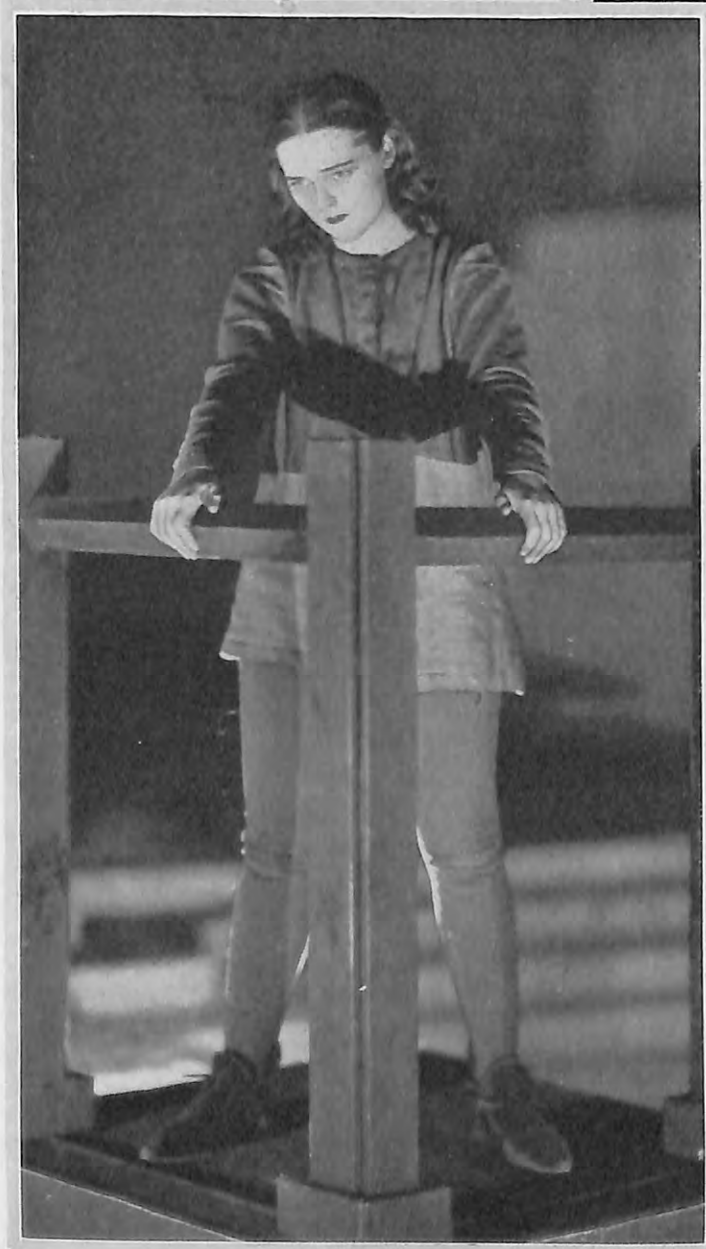
PLAYS without number have been announced for the new season, but David Belasco, who has acquired the direction of Genevieve Tobin's talents, is still shrouding the choice of a play for his new star in mystery. It may be an American comedy such as "The Youngest," in which Miss Tobin did excellent work last year, and then there is a rather persistent rumor that it will be a play called "Salvage," by Achmed Abdullah.—E. R. B.

John Barrymore (right) is doing a swash-buckling sea story for the screen by way of relaxation. This is no other than a movie version of the epic whaling story, "Moby Dick," to be known as "The Sea Beast." Later he will do Don Juan, and if the sort of light comedy he wants for the speaking stage is not forthcoming, he may accept Berlin's invitation to play "Hamlet" when the season is at its height



ABBE

In France Eva Le Gallienne (left) has scored brilliantly as Jeanne d'Arc in Mercedes d'Acosta's play of that name. Miss Le Gallienne has just returned from abroad and, with several plays under consideration, she has not yet come to a decision as to her immediate plans. She may give us a sight of her as the French saint or decide to appear in some more worldly rôle



ABBE

Ted and Betty Healy (right) work hard to keep the spark of comedy flickering through the myriad scenes of the "Earl Carroll Vanities." This revue strikes the new note of intimacy between audience and stage which, rumor hath it, will be fostered in many novel ways as the season progresses. In this case it consists in turning over the fore-stage and orchestra to the theatre's paying guests for dancing before the curtain goes up and during the intermission



KENDALL BYANS

Chicago is getting first sight of the pretentious new operetta known as "Riquette" which has an Oscar Strauss score. Stanley Lupino (below), whose versatility has long been highly popular in England, will be comedian-in-chief, while Vivienne Segal and Marjorie Gateson head the list of attendant artists. New York will see the play later



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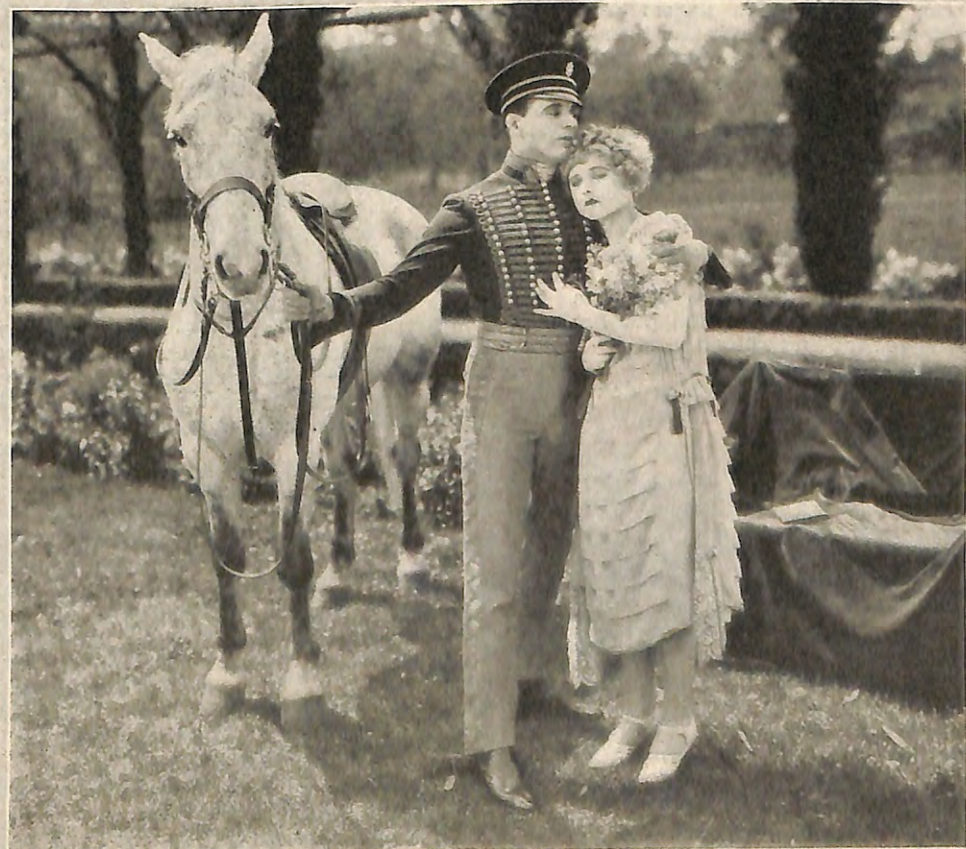


NIKOLAI MURAY

In a couple of weeks the Theatre Guild's Shaw repertoire will be inaugurated with "Arms and the Man." In the cast will be Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Robert Warwick, pictured above, as Sergius. From a group comprising "Man and Superman," "Fanny's First Play," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Pygmalion," and "Androcles and the Lion," a choice of four or five will be made to follow

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

"American Pluck," which has very recently had its general release throughout the country, brings back to the screen two favorites who have been vacationing for some time—George Walsh and Wanda Hawley. The play is from Eugene E. Lyle, Jr.'s novel, "Blaze Derringer." One of those fanciful romances in which a handsome young American visiting a small kingdom of mythical location falls in love with its sovereign and finds some satisfactory way of reconciling kingship with his democracy





Johnny Ames Offers a Brave Sacrifice
In the Final Solution of the Death Pact

The Iron Chalice

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague

CHAPTER XXX

A WILD thought flashed through Alan's brain: the thought of Andrew North dead. It was something which had never occurred to him. . . . Then he became conscious that his fingers were gripping Mae's fleshy shoulders and that he was staring into the eyes of a woman demented with fear and worry.

Mae was sobbing convulsively; great, dry, body-wracking sobs. It was a new Mae; a Mae Deshler sans poise, a woman stripped to primal emotions. Mae's man was in danger—and the protective instinct was paramount.

"Get him!" she choked. "Don't stand there!"

Beverly was pallid, but her voice was steady. She crossed to Mae and put her arms around the sobbing woman.

"Sit down, dear. Please. Tell us—"

"This ain't no time for sitting down. Can't you understand Johnny is up there committing a murder—"

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Gawd! *You ask that!* How do you know that Alan is going to die next week? How do you know that, eh? Your heart tells you, that's how. It tells you whether you know anything about it or not. A woman knows those things—when she loves a man."

"Yes, Mae—" Beverly's voice was gentle. "But you must have something more than instinct."

"You make me argue. . . . I've seen this coming for weeks: Johnny's been going around like a crazy man: worried and nervous and fearful like. And then one day I seen him at the Royal Arms. Well, I thinks to myself—'What is Johnny doing at

a swell joint like this?' and then I seen that the man he was talking to was the superintendent. That starts me wondering . . .

"And Johnny's been talking nutty recently. About how a man like North shouldn't be allowed to live. I agreed with him, of course; he oughtn't to be. But it ain't Johnny's job to kill him. He's talked about how miserable Beverly's gonna be when Alan cashes in—which is true, too; but it ain't true like Johnny says that it's all his fault. And then yesterday afternoon when Johnny left my boarding-house I found something on the floor." She fished about in the flashy beaded bag she carried and produced a key. "This!" she finished.

"What about it?" asked Alan.

"Can't you see? Don't you know nothing? That's a master key. It's a two-to-one bet it's a key that'll let him into North's apartment. That's what he was getting chummy with the superintendent for: somehow or other he got an impression of that master key and had a couple made."

"Two? How do you know that?"

"He must of had two. Ain't it reasonable that if it had just been one he'd have missed it and come a-hunting? Ain't it? But he didn't miss the key, or if he did—he didn't mind. I know Johnny—he's that kind of a feller. He's the kind that'd always have an extra one made."

"But just because you find a key, Mae—even a master key—"

"Oh! Alan—you're blind. It ain't only the key: it's everything together—the key, the superintendent at the Royal Arms, his crazy talking about everything being his fault and how things would be all settled if North was to die, and then his breaking a date with me this evening—not even telephoning or nothing, I *know!*" She swung on Beverly—"Ain't that the kind of a boy Johnny is, Beverly—ain't I right?"

Beverly nodded slowly. "Yes, Mae . . . and yet . . ."

"Sure, you can stand there and say 'And yet' because you've got two men to think of: one's your brother and the other's your husband. Well, I know what I'd do if I was in your place—I'd rather have the husband. I ain't saying that you don't love your brother—but that kind of love ain't nothing to what a woman feels for her man. And Johnny is my man! I don't want him to get done in . . ." She was rapidly losing control. They tried to soothe her.

Across the girl's bent head and quivering shoulders the eyes of Alan and Beverly met. They knew that Mae's conclusions were correct. It was typical of Johnny . . .

The very soul of Beverly Beckwith was torn. Mae, for all her crudeness of speech,

was a keen analyst of human nature. It was not that Beverly did not love her brother—only a deep and mighty love could have forced her into the original marriage with a man of whom she knew nothing under circumstances which must have been loathsome to every fine fiber of her being.

But since then a new phenomenon had occurred: for the first time in her life she had learned to love a man with the mating love. For months now she had crouched beside the yawning grave of that man—waiting . . . waiting . . .

WITH North dead there would be no need for Alan to die. She hated herself for the very thought; but it persisted. Fear for her brother was obliterated by the wild, passionate hope that by this miracle—any miracle—Alan might be granted the right to live. For a few moments she could think of nothing else. She knew the idea was despicable, but she knew, too, that it was human . . . and, right or wrong, she thought it! She couldn't help thinking it any more than she could help breathing. And then she knew that Mae's eyes were upon her, and that Mae had probed her thoughts—

"Beverly!" The blonde girl's voice rose almost to a shriek, "You won't allow that! You can't!"

Beverly was startled. "What?"

"Alan to stand still and let Johnny commit a murder. You're wanting to do it, Beverly—but you can't. You got to make him go. . . . Johnny's your brother; you can't let him do a murder!"

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Beverly rallied to the defense of her unspoken thoughts.

"What can Alan do?"

"He can get in his car and go down to the Royal Arms. He can take this key and let himself into North's apartment and see . . . see what's happened. Maybe he can get there before Johnny—and stop things. But he's got to do something: he can't just stand here like that—looking and looking . . . and just standing still." She turned pleadingly to Alan—a woman distraught.

"You'll go, won't you, Alan? You've said yourself that Johnny didn't get you into this, and it ain't up to him to get you out. Honest, Alan, I wouldn't be asking you if it was Johnny's fault in the first place. But it ain't, and you know it. Be fair, Alan—be fair and be decent. Don't let the kid do this for you."

Alan spoke: his voice quiet—

"I only want to be sure."

"You are sure, Alan. I can see it in your eyes. You are sure, ain't you?"

"Ye-e-s, I rather think so."

"Then go! Go now!"

"I will—"

"No!" Beverly's voice was trembling. "You shan't go, Alan."

"You keep out of this—" Mae grabbed Beverly's arm and whirled her around. "This ain't your affair—"

The two women eyed each other with flaming hostility. The veneer had been stripped from both: they were women in love—two women fighting for their men.

"Not my affair? Not my affair when Alan's life is concerned? Mae—are you crazy? Don't you understand what you are asking Alan to do? How do we know that Johnny has gone to North's?"

"You do know."

"I don't. Maybe I think so, but—"

"You *know!*" repeated Mae evenly.

Beverly's eyes lowered. She turned to the drawn, set face of her husband. "You'll not go, Alan—say you'll not go."

"You don't wish me to save Johnny?"

"You have nothing to do with this." Her hands closed on her breast in an unconsciously dramatic gesture. "Oh! Alan—I don't know myself. I hate myself for what I'm saying . . . but I want to see North dead. I can't think of anything but that. If North dies—you live, and Alan—I want you to live. I can't think of John—I can't think of the horror of murder—I can't think of anything except that I want you, for now and for always. Hate me for it, Alan—a woman in love isn't heroic: she's governed by the heart, Alan—and my heart cries out with hope that Andrew North has been killed."

Alan stared at the two women. How strangely alike they were under stress of this terrific emotion. Mae the blatant, Beverly the demure: fused into a single identity in the crucible of love. They were fierce, unthinking, imperious.

But the song of love sang in his heart: it was for him that the gentle Beverly had become for the moment transformed. . . . He turned away and took his hat from the chair near the door. Beverly was beside him in an instant, holding him with a grip of amazing power.

"Alan! Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He bent and kissed her: soothingly, softly—on the lips.

"I am going to North's apartment, Beverly. It isn't a case of what is expedient. I'm going because I must."

The door closed behind him. Alone in the apartment the two women, torn with grief and with fear—stared at one another.

And then, because they were both women and because they both loved and suffered—they understood each other.

They drew close together. Their arms went out . . . and they sobbed their hearts out on one another's shoulders.

CHAPTER XXXI

THERE was no taxi in front of the Avonmont and Alan's car was in a garage two blocks away, so he walked toward the Royal Arms. A mere matter of a half-dozen blocks—and he covered the ground in great space-eating strides.

His brain was whirling—a crazy quilt of thought—ideas apparently unrelated which came and went in a series of startlingly vivid pictures:

North dead. The night at Markstein's a year before. Beverly must love him . . . she had forgotten her brother in a passionate unreasoning desire that he—Alan—should

live.—Wonder what Squint would think if Johnny succeeded in killing North?—Queer how hard it was to fancy North dead.—Beverly had looked like a child; her slim figure and bobbed hair.—One victim already to this queer compact, Nick Webb. Alan was rather sorry for Nick. No reason, of course, but . . . What a woman Mae Deshler was! Lucky boy, Johnny.—Did Dan Watkins mean he might get a partnership some day? If North were dead anything might happen. Funny he never had found himself before; matter of opportunity, perhaps. No, he had made the opportunity. Necessity, that was it; necessity to provide for someone else.—Suppose the key had nothing to do with North's apartment.—North dead . . .

HE WAS at the Royal Arms before he knew it. He passed through the ornate portals and into the lobby. The elevator was on a trip, the telephone boy probably operating it: often happened that way. Alan took the marble stairs two at a time. Marble! Morgue! This was it . . . yes, there was North's apartment. At the door he paused; a chill came over him. He felt a sense of repulsion not untinged by fear. What was he running into? A corpse? Had anything happened? If not—what was it that he had come to prevent—and how?

He had come to prevent the death of the man whose very existence meant his own death. He stretched the key toward the lock—then withdrew it. He listened. Not a sound within. Thoughts raced through

his brain. They were more connected now—they drummed rhythmically—and their drumming was all of advice against this mad course which might seal his own doom.

After all, Johnny Ames was not his brother. And Johnny was doing this of his own accord. Why should he interfere? North's death would automatically terminate the unnatural contract . . . it was an agreement of personal gain for North and if North were not alive . . . Or if Johnny had not yet come, then all he had to do was let the boy go ahead. Tough on Johnny—but then there was the possibility that he might not even be caught.

Alan was startled by the tenor of his own thoughts. It was a strange process, and he felt a sense of shame that he should even consider such a course. But it was human—he understood better the Beverly of a few moments since. There were times in a person's life when the instinct of preservation must rise supreme above everything else: in Beverly's case it had been the instinct to preserve him—even at a price of critical danger to the person whom she loved next best in the world. And Mae—Mae had possessed that emotion too, and Mae was thinking of no one except the man she loved. Strands of fate—twisted and intertwined in the lives of all of them. But if Johnny had actually killed Andrew North and then made good his escape—

The key fitted snugly into the lock. It turned noiselessly. Alan stepped inside. He peered down the gloomy hallway and into the soft light which streamed from the library.

Silence. Automatically he closed the door leading to the hallway. The click of the lock punctured the stillness and Alan started. Still no sound from within. He moved forward, his feet making no sound on the thick, velvety carpet.

Alan knew that something had happened. In spite of himself he shivered—and resisted an instinct to withdraw. There was a subtle something in the atmosphere, in the very tomblike silence of the place. He pulled himself together—his feet moved again—he was peering ahead, always ahead into the dimly lighted room. He crossed the threshold—

"Stop right there!"

HE LOOKED at the grim, implacable figure in the easy chair. North's face was blank, expressionless; the light which shone from his eyes was cold and unwavering. The man was not excited: he seemed never to be. And then Alan noticed that in North's hand was an automatic. He held it lightly, as one accustomed to such things, and the barrel was pointed straight at him.

Alan's initial emotion was one of surprise; and then, quite unaccountably, of relief. It came to him that Mae had been wrong. But that was impossible. The key had given access to North's apartment. Merely then that he had arrived in advance of Johnny Ames. He wondered why he felt glad. He heard North's voice: dull and disinterested.

"Well?"

And then Alan experienced a new thought—North was more than human. It didn't seem possible that the man was any more susceptible to the effects of human evil than he was to human



emotion. He lived. He probably always would live.

"What are you doing here?" North's voice cracked sharply. Alan pulled himself together.

"I came to see you . . ."

"That is obvious. Why?"

"You were in danger."

"Were—yes. I am not in danger any longer."

"Good Lord! You don't think?"

"I didn't expect this from you, Beckwith. I have been prepared for it, of course."

"I say, Mr. North . . . You believe that I came here tonight to kill you?"

North bowed mockingly. "What else is there to think?"

A SLOW smile crossed Alan's face. In a second it was he who dominated the scene. His glance was faintly contemptuous. "Naturally," he said slowly, "you would think that."

"What else may I think?"

Alan shrugged. "I suppose it would be needless for me to explain."

"No-o. I would suggest that an explanation might be very fortunate. Do you realize, young man, that you have broken into my apartment and that I could kill you—and probably shall—without danger to myself?"

The man's misunderstanding imparted to Alan a cold anger.

"Do what you damned please. Personally, I'm sorry I bothered to come here."

Their eyes met and held. North spoke—calmly, slowly.

"I am waiting."

"Except that I know you know I am not a liar, I wouldn't bother to explain. I know you will believe me when I tell you that I came here to save your life."

"I have never required assistance, so far as I am aware."

"You did to-night." Alan's granite tone matched North's.

"Hmm! So you think somebody planned to kill me?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know."

"Who was it?"

"None of your business."

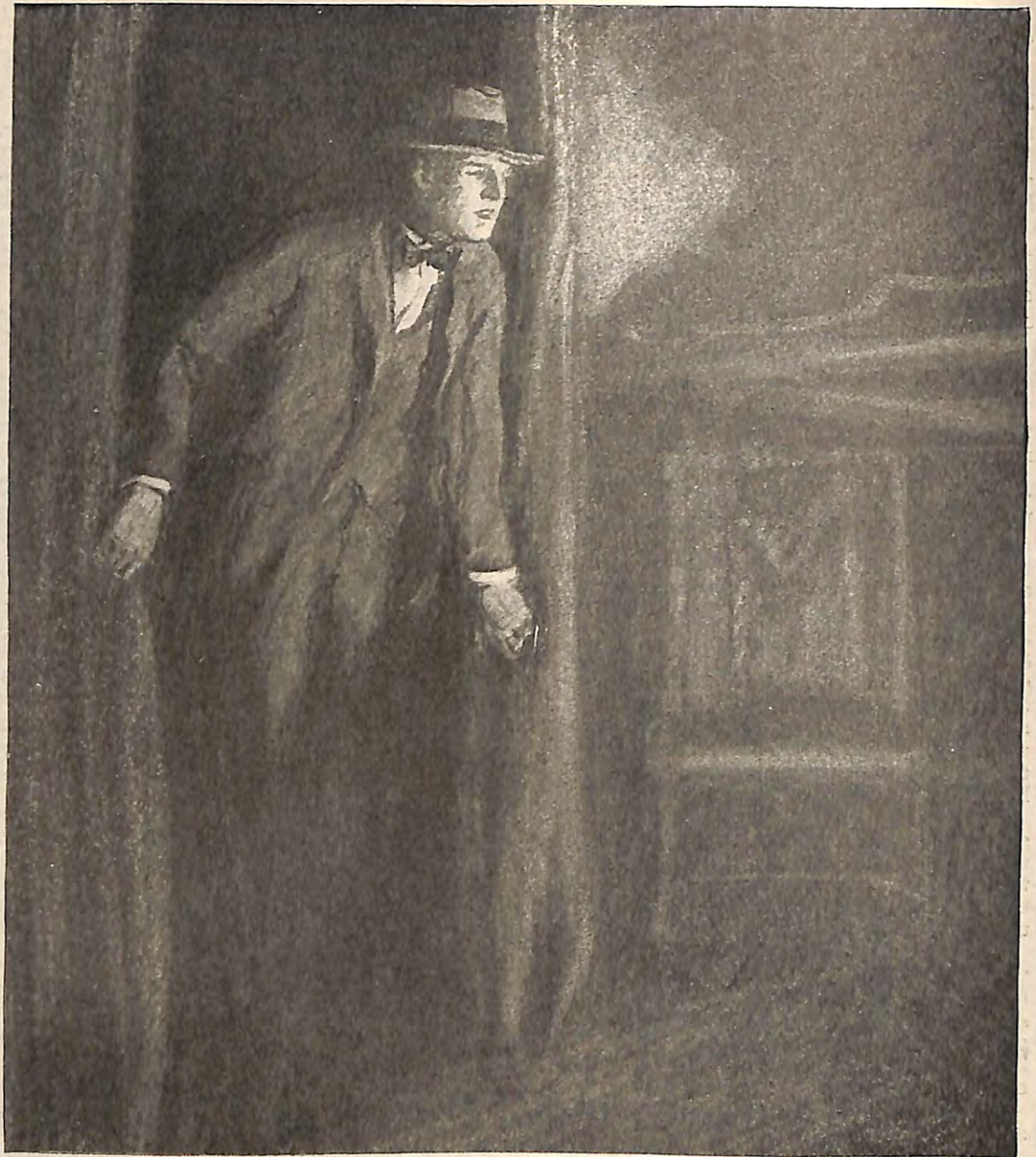
"Oh! isn't it? Well, I propose to make it my business."

Again that chill smile played across Alan's sensitive lips. "Do you really think, North, that you can frighten me?"

North stared reflectively. "No. I don't. That's one of the things I've liked about you from the first. I cotton to men who don't scare easily."

"Thank you. So we'll forget to mention the identity of the man who planned to kill you."

"Have it your own way. But let me make this quite clear: without that name I cannot believe you. Perhaps you are of the school of gentlemen who hold their word above their lives. But I can scarcely credit that any man in your position would come here to save the life of a man whose death would mean continued existence. No, no—Beckwith; that's piling it on a trifle thick. I fancy that if you had known someone was going to kill me you'd have given three rousing cheers and wished him luck. Even presuming that you had the



Alan crossed the threshold. "Stop in North's hand was an auto-

nerve and the decency to go through with your own bargain—it is too much to ask me to believe that you would endanger yourself to save me."

"Is it? Well, it doesn't make a particle of difference to me what you believe. I am here—and I have told my story. As a matter of fact, North, you know I am telling the truth and only your own twisted code of ethics forbids you to accept my statement as true. The point to be considered right now is—Shall I go or do you prefer to kill me? I take it for granted that you don't intend to enlist police aid?"

"You'll stay."

"Very well."

"And you'll stay where you are. I don't quite make you, Beckwith—and I'm taking no chances. A single suspicious move. . ."

"It's rather amusing to have you threaten me."

"Funny as hell, isn't it?"

North let his eyes rest on the tall, slender figure in the doorway; he dwelt for a moment on the smile of amused tolerance which played about Alan's lips; on the faintly ironical light in Alan's glance; on the overcoat thrown carelessly back. . . . Abruptly North reached for the telephone. Alan was surprised. Certainly not the police. . . . He found himself wondering where Johnny might be. Queer thing if the lad should enter now.

"City 1-7-3-2."

Alan leaned forward interestedly. That was the number of the Avonmont's switchboard.

"Mr. Beckwith's apartment, please." There was a moment's wait, and Alan heard only North's end of the conversation. "Mrs. Beckwith?—Yes, this is Andrew North.—Where is your husband?—Hmm! Perhaps . . . I want you here right away.—Yes, at the Royal Arms.—Immediately!—You can find that out when you get here.—Good-bye." He hung the receiver on the hook and turned to Alan.

"When she gets here," he said acidly. "You will permit me to do all the talking. I intend to find out a few things."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE wait for Beverly seemed interminable. Alan remained standing in the doorway, and North, apparently oblivious to his presence, did not invite him to be seated. The man with the colorless hair and inscrutable countenance leaned back in his chair and focused his eyes on the blue steel automatic in his hand.

Alan stared at the man and wondered what was going on behind the glassy eyes. How much of his story did North believe? The fact that his mission might be misun-



right there!" Then he noticed that matic, its barrel pointed at him

derstood had never occurred to him. In a way, he did not blame North for refusing to credit the tale.

And now suppose Johnny should enter. Alan smiled faintly at the thought of the lad's amazement should he let himself into the apartment and come sneaking down the hallway to find his entrance blocked by Alan's figure. At any rate, he had accomplished the purpose of his errand—he had prevented Johnny from committing a capital crime. Or, had he? Suppose Mae's hysteria had completely robbed her of all intuitive sense; suppose fear had been the father to her thoughts? It seemed as though everything was at sixes and sevens—nothing worked out as planned. Yet Alan felt an inexplicable gratitude for the diversion: temporarily the menace that beclouded his brief life was forgotten—for that mental relief he was devoutly thankful.

The doorbell sounded sharply. North raised his eyes calmly.

"Let her in, Beckwith. And mind you—no talking."

Alan walked away without a word. He wondered again at this man who trusted him to go where he might easily effect his escape.

He flung open the door. Beverly stood there: eyes wide, figure tensed. At sight

of him she slumped; the tiny figure sagged—and her arms went out.

"Oh! Alan! I was so frightened. . . ."

He nodded. "I promised North not to talk," he said briefly.

"Then nothing has—happened?"

He shook his head in negation. She preceded him to the living-room, and he could see the game effort she was making to control her feelings.

North greeted her with a chill glance. "Good-evening, Mrs. Beckwith. Have a seat." Then to Alan—"Sit down."

"May I remove my overcoat?"

"You may. But nothing funny."

"Don't worry, North."

Beverly looked from one to the other. She recognized the open hostility. And she was seeing her husband in a new light. Gone was his infinite gentleness; his eyes were no longer soft, they were as somber, and as unyielding as those of North himself, and his manner was curt to the point of rudeness.

There was no hint of timidity or uncertainty in Alan's manner. Beverly had the feeling that Alan was the strongest person in the room. She saw the mocking, disdainful smile on his wide, thin lips; the amused tolerance of his manner; his air of utter indifference. It was new to her and she thrilled to his poise.

Abruptly North commenced speaking.

"Mrs. Beckwith—when did you last see your husband?"

Beverly sensed what was coming, and she was frightened. She glanced appealingly at her husband and she found his face impassive. Obviously then there was nothing for her to do but tell the truth.

"An hour ago."

"Where?"

"At home."

"When he left there—did you know where he was going?"

"Yes. He was coming here." She was rapidly getting control of her ragged nerves: her answers were coming crisply.

"Why?"

"To prevent some one from killing you."

Briefly North's glance rested on Alan's face. The younger man smiled broadly, and North nodded with absolute imperturbability.

"Why should your husband try to prevent some one from killing me when my death would automatically give him the right to live?"

"Because—" and Beverly's voice crackled through the room—"he happens to be decent."

"Ah! And the inference is—?"

"There is no inference. I made a statement."

"I see. It's rather a good deal for me to believe, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. And I don't see that it matters particularly whether you believe it or not."

"There, Beverly, is where you are wrong. It matters very considerably. And now—let us presume that I credit this wild story of twentieth-century honor; do you realize what it means to Beckwith?"

"I suppose so."

"That his agreement remains in force?"

"I expected nothing else.

Frankly, Mr. North—I want to explain to you that this errand of Alan's was undertaken against my wishes and advice. I preferred to let the other person have his way."

"You preferred to see me dead?"

"Certainly." She gazed at him levelly and made the statement with a cold calm which matched his. He bowed.

"I ADMIRE your honesty, Beverly. I also admire your rather foolish fearlessness."

"I can't see that there is anything to be gained by being afraid."

"You are right. I despise cowards." He leaned back in his chair and regarded her through half-closed eyes. "You are in love with Alan?"

A faint flush dyed her cheeks. "Yes."

"Yet, being in love with him, you have never counselled him to evade his agreement with me?"

"I have, frequently. He refused."

"You amaze me—and stretch my sense of credulity to the breaking-point."

"I merely stated a fact."

"So? You knew of his plea to me for a reprieve?"

"Yes. But I was not surprised at your refusal."

"You evidently know me better than he does."

(Continued on page 48)



The La Festie Tennis Club at Monte Carlo, situated five hundred feet above the Mediterranean. The courts are built on a garage roof

René Lacoste, the twenty-year-old French player who was victorious at Wimbledon last June and is now playing over here



EDWIN LEVICK

Tennis, the Common Denominator of Sport

By John R. Tunis

IN THE historic gardens of the Tuileries in the heart of the city of Paris is a broad avenue nearly a mile long that is bordered by two rows of historic trees. Strange sights these rows of age-old trees have seen in their lifetime, the Revolution and the death of Louis XVI at the hands of the mob, a World War, air-planes and dirigibles hovering overhead while American doughboys played baseball below. But never have they seen a more unusual sight than I saw there one day late last summer, a sight that can be witnessed any pleasant day from early spring until late in the fall. It is

the schoolboys of Paris playing tennis underneath these same trees.

That is, they call it tennis. They have marked out regulation courts with a stick in the gravel, one after the other up and down the avenue as far as you can see. For nets they have tied together pieces of string and fastened them to the trees, the very trees that once supported the scaffold of Marie Antoinette. Their balls are very old, no two alike, children's balls of soft rubber, ancient tennis balls long since retired from active duty in first-class company, hard rubber balls the dogs love to chase; anything, in short, that bounds. Their racquets are the strangest, weirdest collection of racquets ever assembled in one place, many of them so warped they look like spoons. But somehow they function, and all up and down this famous old avenue these kids play this game with all the intentness of the French youth in sport.

There are no private courts for them to play on, there is no fine system of public courts, no help from the city, nothing in fact but the dirt surface of this old park. Yet these boys are determined to have their tennis, and they succeed in getting it, playing with just as much earnestness and concentration as their elders who play in elaborate stadiums before thousands. It was a funny sight, funny until you realized that any bunch of kids who wanted a game as much as these kids did were bound to get it, and bound to improve. One of them may yet be playing in the United States in ten or fifteen years and taking our National Championships away from us.

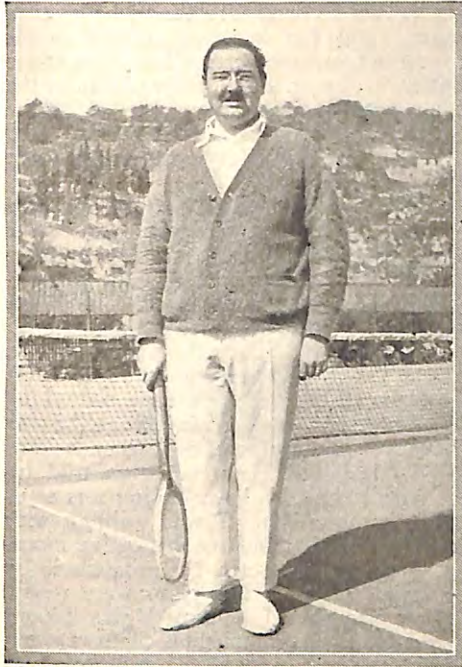
The world over, there are more people playing tennis to-day than any other ball game. Every country has its own national sport, but as you go round the world you will find that every country also plays tennis. Cricket is the great game in England and the

English colonies; in the United States and Europe it is seldom played and attracts little attention. Baseball gets big crowds in this country, in Canada, in the Philippines and Japan. But the tour of the White Sox and the Giants in Europe last fall was a washout. I attended a game in Paris at which there were less than a thousand people. Soccer is popular both in England and on the Continent. Mobs turn out for the Cup Tie at Wembley near London which takes place every spring, and resembles our World's Series. The France-England match fills the bleachers at Colombes with a crowd of excited Frenchmen. It is also played in Italy, Hungary and Austria, and parts of South America, but stage a big soccer match in the United States when a college football championship is being played, and it will be unattended. Our own football, on the other hand, is exciting to us because we know it and understand it. In England and France those who have seen it consider it dull and uninteresting.

DID you ever see pelota played? There's a game for you. It is played with a ball several times harder than a piece of bone, which is bounced up against a cement wall. If the wall was made of anything but cement, it would break. The players are armed with big woven baskets attached to their arms with which they catch the ball. Dangerous? Not at all! Stopping this ball with any part of your anatomy is no more dangerous than stopping the Twentieth



Henri Cochet, a ranking French player



© C. N. DALY
René Gallepe, is French, lives at Monte Carlo and is the best player in that place

Century Limited with one of Mr. Ford's 1926 models. Not a bit more dangerous.

Pelota is, nevertheless, a great game. Especially to watch. In Spain, Mexico, South America and parts of France it is highly regarded; elsewhere a pelota player is as useful as an iceman in Switzerland. There, with plenty of ice, ice hockey of course flourishes. In Canada and the United States hockey has many devotees also. But it is a game unknown in Italy, in Spain, in South America or the Far East. Who ever heard of bull-fighting in Canada? Or polo in Denmark? Or lacrosse in India? Or hockey in Japan? Or basketball in Chile? Yet all these nations play tennis and enter teams annually in the competitions for the Davis Cup.

There is hardly a nation in the world, large or small, which cannot boast of some game essentially its own, some sport peculiarly adapted to its own people and its own climate. But at the same time there is hardly one that does not play tennis as well.



© LOTHAR HUBELT
Charles F. Aeschliman, holder of the Czech, Swiss and the Cote d'Azur titles

In the most unlikely places, in the tiniest nations, in the smallest and most distant towns you will find some one to give you a match. Indeed not all the best players in the world belong to the larger nations, and I should like to describe a few interesting personalities and splendid players that I have met upon the courts of the older world during the past five years.

BEGINNING, of course, with René Lacoste of France. Lacoste is the peer of European tennis, as he may well be at no distant time the peer of world tennis. In case this seems extravagant, let me remind you, that in two years he has climbed from a position as an unknown boy in Paris to the fifth place in the world ranking. In 1922 he was beaten by O'Hara Wood of Australia in straight sets at Wimbledon; exactly two years afterward he was beating the same player at Boston in straight sets. Like progress in the next two years will put him very close to the front.

I shall never forget my first close-up of René Lacoste, this most un-French of all French athletes. It was during the Hard Court Championships at Paris in 1923, just after he had come off the court with Bill Johnston. The match had gone to four close sets, in the last of which this unknown boy had pulled up from 2-5 against him to five games all. It was a feat of which he might well be proud, he had left the center court with the plaudits of his countrymen ringing in his ears, yet when I saw him directly afterward in a tent, he was almost in tears. He was disappointed because he had not beaten the second ranking player in the world.

Which makes him sound conceited. But the truth is that René Lacoste is the most modest athlete I have ever met. It is impossible to get him to talk about himself, to retail his list of victories and conquests since he started to devote himself seriously to tennis. He has, however, that implicit faith in himself, that belief in his ability to win, which is the gift of champions alone. Tilden, Dempsey, Ruth—go down the list, and you will find they all have this quiet confidence in their power which makes them what they are. Lacoste has this also. He is the only European who has.

The story of his rise in the world of tennis is a romantic one, and so far as I am aware it has never been told. Three years ago he was on the eve of entering the Polytechnique, the great French engineering school, from whence issue the mathematical geniuses of France—that is, if they live to tell the tale. For the Polytechnique is the hardest school in France to graduate from. And just before entering, young Lacoste went to his father.

"Father, I want to become a great tennis player."

His father is the director of the great Hispano-Suiza factory, the French Rolls Royce. He looked at his son without understanding.

"You wish to abandon your career? To sacrifice yourself to a game?"

"Yes. I wish to devote myself to tennis with all the seriousness, all the energy and all the concentration that I would to business. I have an aptitude for the game. I would rather be tennis champion of the world than the head of an automobile factory."

His father pondered over this last remark. Finally he said to his son:

"I tell you what I will do. You are now almost eighteen. I will give you two years. In those two years you will study tennis, practise tennis, devote yourself to tennis just as you would to your studies at the Poly-



INTERNATIONAL NEWSPRELL
Jean Borotra, one of the ranking French tennis stars, in action at Forest Hills, L. I.

technique. If at the end of two years you are the fifth best player in the world, well, then we will talk again."

The boy agreed. He went at it with an American determination; he studied, he practised, he devoted himself to tennis. The answer was that in exactly two years he was the fifth ranking player in the world. He had beaten men like Borotra and Gobert and Cochet of France, and Patterson and Wood of Australia. The future is in his own hands. He will undoubtedly make the most of it.

I HAVE seen some of the methods by which he has advanced so rapidly in the past few years, and I have been astonished at the thoroughness and the carefulness with which he has prepared himself. For instance, he has a small notebook in which he notes down the peculiarities of every great player that he has met. As soon as he meets a man on the courts he returns and writes down all he has learnt about that man's game, his weaknesses, the best way to play him; his strong



© C. N. DALY
Jean Washer, the Belgian champion, who is coming to the United States this fall

points and the game he likes best. In another notebook he has tennis plotted mathematically; angles and shots diagrammed for clearness. These are just a few of the reasons why he has gone ahead so fast since 1922, why the future is even still more rosy for him.

Nicholas Mishu, the Rumanian champion, is another personality who is interesting. Unlike Lacoste, he is a Latin of the Latins, and is more than apt to be very temperamental. His game is one full of cuts, slices, chops and twists; disconcerting in the extreme to play against. But when he starts losing he becomes even more difficult. He will loudly question the decisions of the umpire. He will amuse and delight the gallery with personal remarks about that gentleman or his opponent. If he finds himself still being bested, he has one or two tricks up his sleeve that often catch an unwary opponent. As for instance a habit of serving with his back to the net. He will turn around, pick up a ball lying behind him, and then serve over his head. And the serve always goes in. The opponent who is not expecting it, usually makes a wild stab at the ball and misses it or hits over the backstop. Mishu also has a way of upsetting an adversary by hitting a ball a hundred feet up in the air and dropping it on the baseline. It sounds very childish and it is, too, but it is also very effective against any one whose nerves are not of the stoutest.

MISHU is the First Secretary of the Rumanian Legation in London, and he usually gets down to the Riviera for a couple of weeks in winter for some tennis. Several years ago he was playing very well in the big South of France championships at Nice, reaching the round before the semi-finals where he was drawn against Henri Cochet, one of the ranking Frenchmen. That particular afternoon the Mistral arose; the famous wind-storm which sweeps the countryside and blows a swirling mass of dust and leaves about the court. Mishu was put off by the wind, his soft tricky shots did not find their mark in the storm, and he was much distressed. After losing three games in the first set he burst into tears, fled from the court, jumped into a taxi in his tennis clothes, and driving to the station, just caught the last car of the Blue Train, the



EGGIE E. WATERLOO, D. C.

Nielson, the Norwegian champion



Baron H. L. de Morpurgo, Italian champion, who reached the Olympic semi-finals in '24

train de luxe which was pulling out of the station for London. What they said when this figure in white flannels arrived in the mud and rain of a February day in London has never been recorded.

One of the hardest players to beat that I have ever seen on a court is F. R. L. Crawford, a Scotchman, who learned the game in India. Crawford, who was an officer in the Indian Police, got little chance for practise, as he was often sent up to the small stations in the hills where there was no tennis—indeed no white man. But with all the determination of the Scotch, he set out to teach himself. Every afternoon for hours he would have an Indian coolie throw tennis balls at him. In this way he learned both a forehand and a backhand drive, right and left hand. Indeed he is the only right-handed player I ever heard of who won a tournament playing with his left hand!

Crawford has been called "pertinacious," by the best authorities in Europe, and to show how well he deserves this title, I remember an incident which happened in the Monte Carlo Championships several years ago. I came up to the courts while he was playing a match with Friederich von Rohrer, the Czecho-Slovakian Davis Cup player, and one of the finest sportsmen I know. On asking the score, I was told that it was a set all, five games to two and forty-five for von Rohrer, who was serving. The match looked to be about over, and inasmuch as I was soon to play on the same court, I went in to the locker room to dress. When I came out fifteen minutes later, Crawford was leading by six-five. Needless to say he won the match.

This is remarkable. But curiously enough the next morning I reached the courts to find the same thing happening. This time Crawford was playing a steady English player named Brame Hillyard. The score was again five-two in the third set, and forty-five against Crawford. I watched one rally during which Hillyard lost the point by clouting a hard hit forehand drive inches over the baseline. At this moment the umpire began to call me for play on another court, so I hurried in to dress. Once again when I came out Crawford was leading six games to five. And once more he won the match. Nor will you be surprised to learn that he later won the tournament.

One of the most interesting personalities in European tennis is Alain Gerbault. Before the war, at the age of fourteen, Gerbault was the rising young star of French tennis; as the schoolboy champion in

1914 he beat Gobert, then the best player in France. But the war put an end to his career as a tennis-player, for five years at the front as an airman are no preparation for the siege of years of tournament play. After the war he played intermittently, and though he won a few meetings, he never took it seriously.

Instead he lived on board his yacht, a small thirty-foot boat, usually in some port in the south of France in winter and some harbor in the north in summer. His one ambition, an ambition about which he often talked to his friends, was to cross the ocean alone in his yacht. For several years he made plans to set off; each time something prevented, until in May, 1923, he was all ready. But no one knew when he was actually leaving. He never even told his best friends, and his leave-taking was especially characteristic. I was walking with him and a close friend one soft spring morning along the Croisette, the promenade by the sea at Cannes. His plans were ready, his boat provisioned, he himself was anxious to cast off. We discussed his chances, wishing him the best of luck . . . and then . . .

We looked around. Gerbault, who had been walking just a step behind us, had vanished. It was his way of taking leave. He could not bear to say good-bye for he felt his chances of reaching New York were slim. And so he disappeared without our realizing it. The next morning, the *Firecrest*, his little sloop, was hull down on the horizon. It was three months before the audacious mariner sighted the lowlands of Sandy Hook; his boat battered and ruined; his provisions gone; his water spoilt, he himself a feverish wreck of the once sturdy athlete. But he had won through, alone he had crossed the three thousand miles of ocean in a thirty-foot sloop.

NO MENTION of European tennis is complete without a word about King Gustave of Sweden. "Mr. G.," as he is known on the courts, would not worry Bill Tilden a whole lot. Still, if Tilden would beat him, I know of almost no other American of his age who would. For to-day he is seventy years old, yet he still plays doubles and holds his end up with a faster and younger partner. I have played against the King many times in

(Continued on page 46)



LOTHAR HUBERT

C. F. Aeschliman (left), and Fritz Gottleib



Beecher saw that sentiment was against him. "Very well," he said, "if you feel that way about it we will call off the pot and say no more about it"

Tillie's Radio Jackpot

By Frank G. Andrews

Illustrated by Henry Davis

ACCORDING to the old yellowback story-books, they had some grand poker games on those ancient Mississippi paddle-wheel steamboats, where men would raise each other a year's crop of sugar-cane or tobacco or cotton or niggers with hands no bigger than a five full.

Then there were those wonderful games they played in the Klondike, where a man with a stubby black beard, on getting a hand he thought pretty well of, would back it down to his red flannel shirt—and then rave about hard luck because the other fellow only called.

I can recall reading, also, about those Western railroad conductors who seemed always to happen around to take up tickets just as the big pot of the day was being played. None of the stories ever mentioned anything about the conductor winning a piece of change but they generally detailed how he put up a year's earnings to help out some pale-faced boy who had no more money to bet on a hand that "couldn't be beat."

The big play always ended with the conductor flim-flammed out of his money, getting cured of the gambling urge once and for all and behaving himself forever after as becomes a man of family.

Those stories invariably pointed out a good moral because they tended to make conductors quit hanging over poker games. Had it not been for that one fine feature, the railroad companies might have stopped gambling on the trains altogether.

Now down at our camp we indulge in this great American pastime and folly two or three nights a week but it is simply a harmless little game of straight two-dollar limit, and no one ever goes home minus his red flannels.

We don't want to brag about ourselves or vie with those fellows who used to make such a soft living up and down the Mississippi or back and forth on the Pullmans but we certainly did pull off one pot the other night that was a humdinger. Taking the evening's indulgence as a whole, it was similar to any other sitting, but this one pot that closed the evening's play ought to land high up in the Poker Hall of Infamy. For quick identification I am calling it a radio

jackpot, which should immediately arouse interest and a desire to read further.

This wonderful jackpot that I am broadcasting didn't cure any conductors of gambling and didn't push anybody into the church, but I guess one poor heart was made happier, or that was the motif of the thing, anyway.

While it is a regular poker yarn, there are sobs in it every little ways, making it sound different from the stories of poker games played in the Golden West when the West was young and juicy, that being in the period when very little was getting away from the James boys and the Younger brothers. This is about a crippled girl, her sister and their dead father on the one side, and seven rude, coarse, hard-boiled knights of the gaming table on the other.

The two girls are the Bucknell sisters, daughters of Tom Bucknell who used to sit in with us as one of the regulars around the green baize table. Tom died two years ago and I want to say right here that if ever anybody owed anybody else anything, Tom Bucknell had it coming from our little branch office of the Never Stick Playing Card Company.

About as far as Tom Bucknell ever got playing poker was to get there first and get up last. He never won. That didn't seem to be what brought him out. He was the most consistent, persistent and insistent loser that ever thumbed over or spread out a poker hand. And good-natured with it all. If ever Tom had once gotten up from a poker table a winner, he sure would have taken a feel of himself to see what was burning. I hate to say it, but the boys used Tom more or less as spending money for a good many years.

Then poor Tom, who always had the evil, heart-breaking luck to fill in two pairs and bob-tailed straights at precisely the wrong time, passed away, leaving two dependent orphan daughters. One was Tillie, a cripple from spine trouble, who was compelled to pass her long, endless days in a wheel-chair. The other was Martha, about seventeen, three years older than Tillie.

None of us ever mentioned it but I think we all felt guilty after Tom died on account of the way we had always filled in hands that nosed him out of the money in the big plays. We took a lot of cash from Tom and it was money that these two orphan children of Tom's could use to pretty nice advantage right now.

Tom didn't mean to leave the two girls penniless and dependent but that is what it amounted to. He was simply thoughtless and improvident. When Tom got waxed fast to a poker chair, all he could see was a deck of cards and the playing chips that went with them.

LIKE so many of us who are lured away from home ties and family responsibilities by the fickle, elusive and demoralizing Goddess of Fate, home and the children were serious thoughts that came after the heart-breaking cash-in.

This is getting pretty sobby right here and as I don't want to frighten anybody off maybe I'd better break and switch back to that jackpot mentioned a few minutes ago.

To mention those that sat in that night I'll go around, starting at my left. First was Al Sadler, then Buss Briggs, then Sam Stevens, then Bill Domer, then Red Murray. At my right, the seventh man of the party, was Beecher Snover and as he is to be the star of the play there is something additional and extra special to be said about him.

Beecher was a distinctive person, either in or out of a poker game. He had blond whiskers and eyes that were as pink as a white rabbit's. He had a way of saying very little in a game but a wizardly faculty of always coming through with the winning hand, especially on the big plays. He pinched 'em hard and bet 'em harder and had some sort of a general rule to always cash in the highest stack of checks at the finish.

Of course a man who does that month in and month out is presently going to make himself unpopular with his fellow men and it was that way in his case. This Beecher person certainly did fling a mean poker hand. He sure was tough.

Maybe it isn't the true Christian spirit to

feel that way toward a fellow gamester but Beecher won so consistently, relentlessly and prodigiously, I might say, that he made himself unpopular to the point of downright dislike. Therefore, when the question came up of naming a delegate to attend the annual conference at Denver, a fine two-week trip with all expenses paid, Beecher stood in the rôle of a man who didn't have a gambler's chance. He sought the honor, as we all did, but Beecher ranked a poor last among the list of availables.

And I can say that there was nobody who craved that trip to Colorado more than Beecher, the boy to my right with the blond whiskers, the pink eyes and the blue chips.

THE session on this particular night had been rather uneventful. Hands were running slow and nobody seemed to be making much progress. After four hours of play the chips were fairly evenly divided. It was coming along near two o'clock when Bill Domer yawned and said something about quitting. This was what I had been waiting to hear. It was the cue for me to say something that had been on my mind all evening. When Buss Briggs yawned to second the motion about cashing in, I pulled my chair closer to the table and held up my hand with a sort of one-moment-please gesture.

Beecher Snover was gathering up the cards preparatory to making a deal but he stopped and the others looked over in my direction to see what was coming.

"Listen to me, brother gamblers and friend ruffians," I began. "Before we close our little party for the evening I crave your undivided and unselfish attention for a few moments."

Naturally they all perked up. They could see that something out of the usual was in the air.

"What I want to say, fellow knaves," I went on, "has to do quite intimately with our old clubmate, Tom Bucknell. You all thought pretty well of Tom, didn't you?"

"They didn't turn them out any better than Tom," chimed in Sam Stevens, and the others nodded in approval.

"Well, listen, rogues," I said. "This old pal of ours has two daughters and I've just been down to their house on the old Oak Grove road and find that they are not getting along any too well. You pirates know that Tom let money dribble through his fingers in a careless sort of way and that when he died there wasn't anything left for the two orphaned children. And we don't have to kid ourselves for one moment as to where most of the money went. It was pretty evenly circulated among the bandit gang assembled here this evening. Am I right, brother villains?"

They were following me closely. A couple hung their heads guiltily. The only one around the table who didn't get restless and interested was Beecher Snover, but there was nothing remarkable about that because Beecher Snover never got excited, not unless the house got on fire and the firemen couldn't do anything.

"Now, brother swindlers," I went on, "these two girls, the daughters of our old friend, are in a bad way. Tillie is unable to move out of her wheel-chair. Martha is working in a mill every day, doing her best to keep the house going and make the invalid sister's monotonous and painful existence a little more cheerful and bearable. She doesn't make as much in a whole week as Tom used to dribble away in a single pot on three losing deuces."

They were now thoroughly interested in what I was saying, all except Beecher



"These Bucknell sisters don't know yet what brought me to their

Snover who, as I remarked before, wasn't much on hysterics.

"I want to tell you ropenecks assembled here this evening about a visit I made to the home of these girls," I continued. "I know you are a hard-boiled bunch, but I guess you've got hearts like regular human beings for all that. I found Tillie alone in the house, the other sister being off to the mill on her daily grind. Tillie was in the wheel-chair, where she passes the long, hopeless days with no companion except a little pet house dog."

"**T**HEN the idea is," interrupted Bill Domer, "that we ought to pass the hat around and help them out."

"I'm coming to that pretty soon, friend ruffian," I replied. "What I want you to know first is the kind of impression I got in my visit to the home of the girls. Tillie was alone, just she and the pet dog. The other sister was at her regular work at the mill. And I am now asking you tough-hided old rascallions how you would like the idea of sitting penned up in a wheel-chair, week in and week out, with no companion except just a little house dog! That is one kind of solitaire that you birds wouldn't fancy much, I imagine!"

I didn't expect any one to answer and no one did. I'll say, though, they all showed

respectful interest, all except Beecher Snover. He kept toying with the cards, apparently having his mind more on the coming deal than in what I was saying.

"Now you birds all know that I am just as tough-skinned and hard-boiled as any of you, but I want to say that the spectacle of that crippled girl, chained fast in a wheel-chair in that cheerless home, shut out from the common joys of life, got my goat pretty much—and I'm no spring chicken, either, nor no gambling lamb. When I entered the house she was in the wheel-chair listening to a program that was coming in through the radio. The sisters have a small two-tube set, Martha having scraped together enough out of her small earnings to buy this modest outfit for her shut-in sister. It isn't much of a set but it is worth its weight in gold for the comfort it is bringing to that invalid girl. She told me how much she enjoyed it and how comforting it was and how it cut the dreary days in two while the other sister was off to the mill on the long eight-hour grind every day. Really, brother scamps, it would have done your heart good to witness the spirit of that girl as she told me how that radio set had spread cheer into that lonesome home."

I stopped long enough for the words to sink in. I guess they had a hint of what was coming but they didn't know from just what



home, and they never will know if it's left for me to tell them"

angle the blow was to fall. Perhaps they thought I was going to pass around the collection plate or subscription paper and raise a fund for the sisters. That wasn't altogether the idea. I had something newer and better than that.

"NOW, friend thugs," I said, "we must do something to brighten up the lives of these two unfortunate girls. I've a hunch we can ease things up considerable for Tom Bucknell's daughters, especially the one that has to live fifteen or sixteen hours a day in a wheel-chair. If you could witness the enjoyment that the crippled girl is getting out of that bum little radio set you would right away get the idea of what I mean. What I am thinking of is to yank out that apology for a receiving set and replace it with a real outfit. There is nothing I know of that would bring as much joy to that crippled girl as a real honest-to-goodness radio outfit. The cheap set they have now is a joke. It is nothing but a lot of whistles, squeaks, squalls and squawks."

I knew at the outset that the proposition would set all right and could see in the eyes of the others that my remarks had borne fruit. You could read it in the eyes of every man except Beecher Snover. You could never read anything in Beecher's eyes. His pink eyes registered just the

same whether he held one jack or four jacks.

"I think we ought to do a little something for Tom's kids," suggested Red Murray.

"A little?" I repeated. "We are going to do more than a little. We are going to buy that crippled girl a real radio set and you four-flushing gentlemen are going to come across. I've got a plan that will make it easy and simple. We are going to play one more jackpot before we go home this evening, or rather this A. M. It is going to be a nightcap and we'll call it Tillie's radio jackpot. It will be played just the same as any other jackpot except that the limit will be four dollars instead of two dollars. The idea is to make the pot as large as possible for the good cause it will represent."

"What becomes of the money after the pot is played?" asked Beecher Snover.

It was just like Beecher to cut in with something like that. It was his characteristic greed coming to the front. I settled him quickly enough, however.

"Oh, that is simple enough," I explained. "We will all play in the pot, boost it every way we know how and whoever wins will contribute the proceeds to the radio fund. The fellow who wins the pot won't win any money but he will win all the honor."

The rest took to the idea. Beecher made

no objections but his grim silence seemed to indicate that he didn't care much for pots where you have plenty of chances to lose but no chance to win. That wasn't his style of gambling. He said nothing further, though, and started to riffle the cards again, it being his turn to deal.

"Before we start off this big charity pot," I said, "let me suggest that we all hump ourselves to swell the proceeds. Ordinarily it is wrong to bluff in a poker game but the man who bluffs this time will be called blessed if he gets away with it and nothing will be held out against him in the hereafter. Remember that it takes a lot of blue chips to buy a good radio set and if you want to do the right thing by Tom Bucknell's girls you'll stick 'em in fast and bet 'em up lively."

Beecher Snover didn't fall into the scheme as readily as the others.

"I just don't see the point of all this," he remarked in his deliberate, drawing way. "There is nothing to aim at. All of us must try to win but none of us can win anything. All we do is just go round and round like whirling dervishes."

Ordinarily I would have sent something back pretty hot, but just then a fresh idea struck me.

"BEECHER is right," I said. "There is no goal to aim at, no incentive for any player to bet 'em up. I have a plan that has just come to me. We will play the pot for all it is worth, boost it to the highest notch and the player who lays down the winning hand will get the endorsement of the others for delegate to the Denver conference. We can easily fix that because we have a majority right here on the nominating committee. How does the idea strike you? Any one of us would be glad to win the honor and it should be sufficient inducement for every man to do his best to land the pot."

That was a fine solution. All thought the idea was great. Even Beecher's countenance seemed to brighten up. It always did when there was a prospect of winning anything, and Beecher was just as keen for that free trip to the conference as any of the seven men seated around the table.

Beecher was in the rocker and dealt the cards, first putting them down for Red Murray to cut. That deal has since been the subject of much discussion, but all agree that Beecher did nothing to the cards—that they were properly cut by Red Murray and that the deal was perfectly on the square.

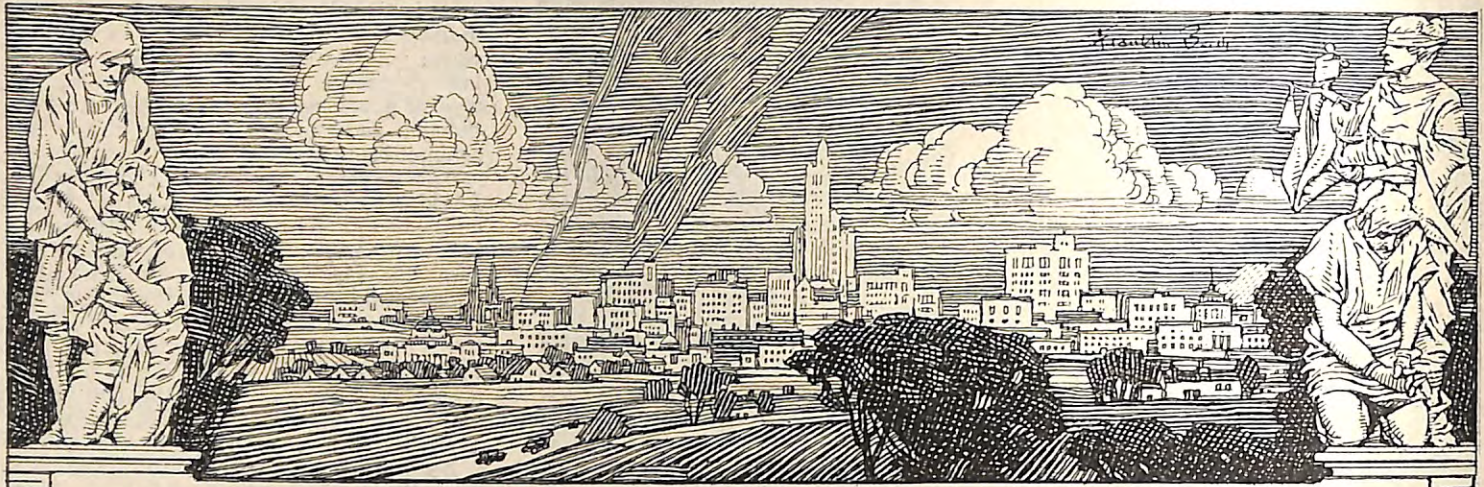
Sitting at the dealer's left, I had first say. Even before opening up the cards my mind was perfectly clear as to what I would do. I intended to open the pot, openers or no openers. It was a charity pot, anyway, nobody would protest in case I couldn't show openers after the draw and it would go that much further in running up the pot to a high mark.

Spreading open the hand I saw at a glance that it was worthless. The best cards in it were the jack and queen of clubs. However, I declared the pot open and shoved four dollars into the center.

Just to play the part of good fellow, Al Sadler, at my left, made it eight. That didn't frighten anybody and all the others stood the raise. Beecher Snover not only put in eight dollars but gave the pot a tilt, making it twelve for everybody. It looked like a sweet pot for Tillie.

I was glad to see indications that big hands were out. It would not only insure a big pot but it would cover up the openers that I didn't hold. I could shove the hand

(Continued on page 54)



Decorations by Franklin Booth

EDITORIAL

DIMITS AND DELINQUENCY

IT IS quite apparent that members of the Order who permit themselves to be dropped from the rolls for the non-payment of dues, do not give proper consideration to the obligation they have assumed. Otherwise there would be fewer cases of such delinquency.

The Grand Lodge statutes provide that, when a member desires to surrender his active membership in the Order, he may do so, if he be not under charges and be not indebted to his lodge, by securing an absolute dimit. By adopting this method the withdrawal of the member is accomplished with frank honesty and dignity; and he leaves a properly balanced account. However much his course may be regretted, no criticism can attach to him. And he preserves a certain fraternal status as a non-affiliated Elk.

But the member who permits his name to be stricken from the roll for failure to pay his dues disregards a very definite obligation and occupies a status that is wholly to his discredit.

The obligation assumed by every Elk includes, naturally and essentially, the promise of obedience to the laws of the Order. Those laws require the payment of dues, respecting the amount and due dates of which he is fully advised. His failure to apply for a dimit prior to the date of payment is itself a renewal of his promise and a ratification of his honest indebtedness.

The annual budget of each lodge is prepared and adopted upon the assumption that its members will discharge this particular obligation; and liabilities are incurred upon this assumption. Delinquency in the payment of dues is not only a failure to meet a just debt, but it is a breach of faith with his brothers and with the Order. And it is obvious that, if there be many such cases in any one lodge, it may become seriously embarrassed.

The fact that the statutes do not provide any method of compelling payment other than prescribing the penalty of being dropped from the rolls does not lessen the moral obligation involved. Lodge dues are really debts of honor, of a higher dignity than mere legal debts, because there is no method of enforcement, and reliance must be placed entirely upon the good faith of the

debtor. This fact should itself prompt a more particular regard for the obligation.

It is to be hoped that any member who may contemplate withdrawal will give proper consideration to the suggestions here made; and that, if he determine to sever his active connection with the Order, he will do so in the manner prescribed by its laws, by securing an absolute dimit. The alternative course is a deliberate avoidance of an obligation solemnly assumed.

These suggestions do not apply to those happily exceptional instances where a member becomes really unable to pay his dues. In such cases, a frank disclosure of the situation will invariably be met by effective measures for appropriate relief.

STIMULATING ATTENDANCE

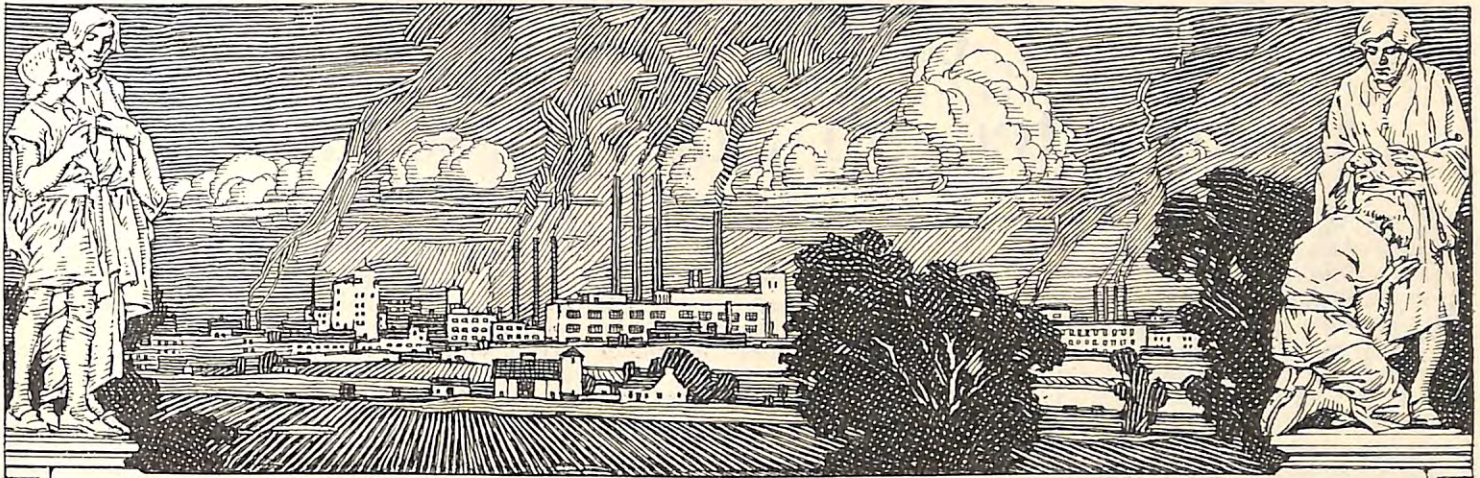
THE problem of securing satisfactory attendance upon lodge meetings is a perennial one. It faces every new set of officers who undertake the administration of lodge affairs. This is particularly true with respect to the smaller lodges and the problem is likely to be acute during the vacation season through which we are now passing.

In the effort to remedy the difficulty, a number of lodges have adopted the plan of providing a prize of attractive character, to be drawn for, by lot, by those members actually present.

A variation of the plan, which has proved quite effective, is that of providing a cash prize. The names of all the members of the lodge are placed in a box and one name is drawn. If he be present, he receives the prize. If he be not present, his name is returned to the box; and the prize is not awarded. But at the next meeting the amount is supplemented by a fixed sum and the drawing again takes place. And at each succeeding meeting the constantly growing prize is drawn for until that of some member actually present is drawn.

By this method the prize frequently becomes quite substantial and attracts a markedly increased attendance upon the meetings.

It may be suggested that such a plan is really the purchase of the performance of a fraternal duty. But the obvious reply is that the result sought is so important that it may well be secured



by any appropriate device. Even though the members be attracted merely by the prospect of winning the prize, yet, once there, they take part in the proceedings and naturally become more interested in the affairs they discuss.

CONVENTIONS

THE incidents of the Grand Lodge Session recently held in Portland again bring to mind the pleasures and advantages of such occasions. The American people are noted for their predilections to meet in conventions. All sorts of organizations and associations meet together for periodical conferences upon matters of common interest. And it is sometimes suggested that we, as a nation, perhaps overdo it.

But whatever may be the opinion as to the custom generally, there can be no question as to the value of the conventions of fraternal bodies such as ours.

The important business that is transacted on such occasions cannot be wisely disposed of except by the consensus of opinions that are drawn from every section of the Country, and which are based upon different conditions and experiences which must be carefully considered. This alone would justify the time and expense that is involved, were there no other features to be taken into account.

But there are also the fraternal associations which are incident to such gatherings and which add immeasurably to their pleasure and to their value. When an Elk from Maine meets a brother Elk from California, in an atmosphere which encourages prompt friendship; and when their association discloses how much they have in common, because both are Elks; they naturally form mutual attachments no less warm because their homes are thousands of miles apart.

These new friendships are indefinitely multiplied at each annual convention and form enduring ties which tend to strengthen the bonds which bind the fraternity together as a whole.

And then the renewal of old friendships upon such occasions, frequently the only times when the personal contacts are renewed, is a consideration that adds to the pleasure and value of such meetings.

If there be occasional extravagances of expression and conduct at such gatherings that may be properly deprecated, they are merely incidental.

And they are more than counterbalanced by the wholesome aggregate of dignity and good taste and the splendid spirit of brotherly love that is displayed.

The Order of Elks is social as well as benevolent, and its annual conventions, national and local, are important stimuli to the spirit of true fraternity.

REPLACE THE TURF

ALL golfers will at once understand the above caption. It may require explanation to those who have thus far escaped the "bite of the golf bug."

In playing the game it frequently happens that a player's club will dig up a small bit of the turf upon which his ball has rested. These are called "divots"; unless they are promptly and carefully replaced and tramped down, the course will soon present a fairway that is noticeably marred by the many small scars left where the turf has been cut out. Hence upon every well maintained course there are numerous signs, "Replace the turf."

The phrase, with all that it implies, furnishes an admirable text for a lesson in human conduct.

The friendly associations of life may be likened to the fairways of golf courses. When they are maintained with thoughtful care and kindly consideration they are smooth and pleasing expanses over which friendships move in comfort and happiness. But occasionally, by some thoughtless word, by some ill-considered act, an unintentional wound is inflicted. The friendship is not ended, the association is not broken; but its perfection is marred, just as when a player cuts up the turf.

Unless that wound be promptly healed by considerate explanation, by gracious apology, by every proper restitution, it remains a scar and a blemish upon the fairway of friendship. But if appropriate amends be generously and promptly made, the wound leaves no scar and is soon forgotten in the contemplation of restored perfection.

It would be wise if we would carry into our daily lives this particular lesson from the golf course and remember that, if we should cut up a divot on friendship's links, we should, as promptly as possible, carefully "replace the turf."

Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations

To the Grand Exalted Ruler, Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

YOUR Committee on State Associations herewith submits its report for the year ending July, 1925.

Appreciating the great value of State Associations to both the Grand Lodge and the many subordinate lodges of our Order in furthering the true spirit of Elkdom and in the organization of our various lodge activities, in each state, your Committee on State Associations realized early in the year the great need for a unification of the work of these Associations and the adoption by all State Associations of a definite program of activity.

With this end in view, much correspondence was entered into, with the various State Associations, and many valued conferences held with the Grand Exalted Ruler, Brother Price, in an effort to form at least a tentative plan that might prove workable in all States. Our work could have progressed much more rapidly and a great value could have been derived from a conference of all members of the Committee with the Grand Exalted Ruler, had adequate appropriation been available for such a conference, and your Committee would strongly urge that this matter of additional appropriation be given early consideration, for the present appropriation of \$500 is entirely inadequate to properly carry on the work of this Committee and meet the demands created by the continued expansion of this work.

As a result of the information gathered, your Committee sent a communication to the Presidents and Secretaries of all State Associations, containing the following suggested plan for adoption as a program of activity.

First, in the fixing of the dates for the various State Association Conventions, the meeting dates of all adjoining State Associations should be taken in consideration, in order that the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge Officers may arrange their itineraries to include as many of these meetings as possible.

Second, the adoption of the Ritualistic Contest in connection with State Association meetings, as a means of stimulating the interest in, and proper rendition of, our beautiful ritual service, such contests being so arranged that elimination contests may first be held in each district in the State and the winners of said elimination contests to represent their district in the finals to be held at the time and place of the Annual State Association Meeting.

Third, the adoption of the first Monday in

August as Crippled Kiddies Day, together with a complete program of handling this important work, especially in all communities where this work is not now adequately cared for. As to the success of this type of Brotherly Love and Community Service, we need but to look at the results, first in the State of New Jersey, and now in many States over the country.

Fourth, the planting of a Memorial Tree by each State Association, or possibly better still, by each subordinate lodge in the Association, to commemorate the Elks of that State, or lodge, who participated in the World War. This could later be combined with the Flag Day services and made very impressive.

Fifth, the formation and maintenance of a speakers' Bureau in each State, through which all available speakers for all occasions are listed.

Sixth, the adoption of a comprehensive and state-wide program of real Americanization, not in name only but a workable plan to be followed up during the entire year.

Seventh, the adoption of a more organized program by each State Association to reach our present boys and future men, many of whom are to be the future Elks of our communities. Truly here is an opportunity for every State Association to render a real account of its stewardship and contribute a real and lasting service to its State and country.

Lastly, the enlistment of every subordinate lodge, in each State, in the work of the State Associations. In some States a few of the lodges have not seen fit to accept the great benefits to be derived from such an association and fail to realize that to be entirely effective a 100 per cent. participation is needed.

Many States have adopted these suggestions in their entirety, while others have had many of them in operation for some time. Your Committee realizes that this is only a small beginning in the unifying of our State Association work and feels that it should be continued very definitely this coming year, for to be entirely successful there should be a certain uniformity and definiteness to the aims and activities of our many State Associations.

From its very inception the plan of establishing State Associations has proven a success and has contributed much to the interest and welfare of our Order. It has been the means of bringing together, as never before, the lodges of each State, into an organized working body, and accomplishing in many States a work for Elkdom, undreamed of as being possible.

Having accomplished so much in many

States, it is to be regretted that in the few still remaining without associations, the value of such organization has not as yet been realized. It has been the endeavor of your Committee, therefore, during this past year, not only to unify the work of existing associations, but also to develop an interest in this work in States not yet organized.

At the beginning of the year the following States and territories were without State Associations, namely:

State	Number of Lodges
Alaska	5
Connecticut	23
Louisiana	20
Maine	13
Nevada	6
New Hampshire	11
Rhode Island	5
Texas	66
Vermont	5
Wyoming	7
Territory of Hawaii	2
Island of Guam	1

Delaware and Washington, D. C., are combined with the State of Maryland in an Association.

In February of this year, it was the great privilege of the Chairman of your Committee on State Associations to meet with the representatives of the Lodges in the State of Nevada and form the preliminary organization in that State and on June 7th to again visit Nevada and participate in the permanent organization of that Association and take part in its first State Convention.

The argument has been advanced by some States that they had too few subordinate lodges within their limits to perfect a State organization, but our experience in the State of Nevada disproves this. With only six lodges in the entire State covering an area of 110,000 square miles, and with great distances intervening, a most successful organization has been perfected and an enthusiastic and well attended convention held, during which they held their first Ritualistic contest, participated in by four of the six lodges, and a finer and more accurate rendition of the Ritual was never listened to.

A wonderful spirit of Elkdom was found in Nevada, their membership statistics showing about 38 Elks per thousand population, while the general average over the country is only about 9 per thousand.

NOW that the States of Utah and Nevada, each containing six lodges, are carrying on successful State Association work, it is to be hoped that some of the few remaining States, though containing few lodges, will follow.

(Continued on page 71)

William Jennings Bryan

BY the recent death of William Jennings Bryan, the Order has lost one of its most distinguished and loyal members. "The Great Commoner" was, in 1888, one of the charter members of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge No. 80, and it is due, in large part, to his efforts that this Lodge came into existence. He was active in all its affairs and played a

prominent part in its growth and prosperity. Later, when Mr. Bryan made his home in Florida, he dimitted to Miami Lodge No. 948, becoming a member of this Lodge on October 21, 1921. Here again his loyalty to the principles of the Order were manifested in many ways up to the time of his death.

Like all strong personalities, he made in the course of his long and eventful political career both enemies and friends. At his death these joined hands without question in recognition of his sincerity, his integrity of character, and his steadfast allegiance to the principles of humanity on which our Order is founded.

Address to the Grand Lodge By

Hon. Mike T. Lively, of Dallas, Texas

Nominating Hon. William Hawley Atwell for Grand Exalted Ruler

Brother Grand Exalted Ruler
and Brother Elks:

WHEN you want to know a man, it is but natural that you ask from whence he came, for we not only inherit the characteristics of our immediate ancestors, but we are as well influenced and touched and colored by every environment from the cradle to the grave. "Tell me of what tribe he comes that I may know him."

But a little more than a hundred years ago Stephen F. Austin established the first Anglo-Saxon colonization, consisting of three hundred families, of that uncharted territory known as Texas. The first law promulgated by Austin, whose proclamation was law, was that "Settlers in the province of Texas must give the most unequivocal and satisfactory evidences of unblemished character, good morals, sobriety and industrious habits." Then less than 3,000 civilized persons inhabited that vast territory of matchless plain and wood and mountain and valley and seacoast known as Texas. From that small band of fearless and rugged frontiersmen, within the span of almost a lifetime, there has sprung and followed more than five millions of people, the equal in refinement, education and the splendor of their citizenship of any of the peoples of the world.

These pioneers, oppressed by tyrants, ultimately won their freedom and their right to self government in the most heroic and romantic struggle that history anywhere records. The Alamo, "That had no messenger of defeat"; Goliad, and San Jacinto are its three shrines of freedom, consecrated by the blood of those men whose valorous deeds will live forever in the archives of human memory.

Then, the far-flung outposts of civilization, the home of the wild man, and wild

beast. Now, within about a hundred years, an actual and potential mighty contender for first place in the Marathon of modern progress. The contented song of the husbandman, the hum of the spindle and the music of a limitless commerce supersedes the tom-tom of the savage, the cry of wild beast and the violence of wild men.

I have not said this in glorification of my State, but that you might visualize the type of men and women whose blood still flows through the veins of, and whose examples still animate, the true sons and daughters of Texas. The character of Austin and Travis and Bowie and Houston is reflected in the character of Ross and Coke and Roberts and Reagan and Hogg and Culberson and Atwell. Is it any wonder that such a people should readily accept and enthusiastically embrace the ennobling principles of this Great Order; that they should realize that our motto of "Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity" is not a mere attitude and pose and gesture, but a real, living, breathing, pulsing thing. That it is an impulse propelled by love that penetrates the inmost soul of man and makes evident his kinship with God.

MY BROTHERS, in every City of this Beloved Country of ours, you are establishing and building a new creed. You are substituting charity for greed; brotherly love for selfishness; justice for cruelty, and fidelity for unfaithfulness. You are in the fore front of the march of that evolution which is carrying man forward from savagery to the delightful state where love will sit enthroned and rule the destiny of the world forever more.

My Brothers, I know that you want as your Grand Exalted Ruler a man within whose bosom these sentiments find response. I bring you to-day such a man, exemplar

of the principle of those devoted men who won for Texas her freedom and planted the seed of her greatness; big enough not only to love his State, but big enough to love every inch of earth and every uncovered head over which Old Glory waves. College and University have honored him with diploma and degree. He has been honored by his people with public office. When a mere boy he served them as Assistant County Attorney; and afterward as United States District Attorney. He was selected by his party as candidate for Governor of Texas. He was appointed by the President of our Nation, with the advice and consent of the Senate, as United States District Judge for the Northern District of Texas, which office he now holds to the glory and honor of his country. In recognition of his worth, he was three times elected Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge No. 71. He has had long and distinguished service on Committees of the Grand Lodge. He has kept this Order very near his heart. Such a man I bring you to-day. A finished scholar; a just, merciful and upright Judge; a great Executive; a devoted and consecrated Elk; a matchless orator; a man worthy to sit in the seat of the great; worthy to be companion with all those men renowned in humanity's cause, who have served as Grand Exalted Ruler of this Order and whose splendid service entitled them to be enshrined perpetually in the heart of every Elk in the land.

BROTHER GRAND EXALTED RULER and my Brothers, obedient to the unanimous instructions of Dallas Lodge No. 71, and of each of the several Lodges in the State of Texas, I place in nomination for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of this Order the Abou-Ben-Adhem of Elkdom, **WILLIAM HAWLEY ATWELL**.

"Old Ironsides" Will Be Saved

The Order of Elks Has Taken Hold and Success is Assured

THE inspiring patriotic and educational lesson interwoven in the deeds and adventures of "Old Ironsides" and the early traditions of our American Navy will be brought to twenty million school children in this Nation during "Old Ironsides Week," October 19-24, by the 1400 Lodges of Elks. This is the indication from the early returns of the survey of the school situation of America that has been going on for over a month in the different Lodges throughout the country.

Everywhere the movement has been received with great enthusiasm, and to the National Headquarters at the Boston Navy Yard thousands of letters have poured in characterizing the work as the most practical patriotic service that the Elks have been asked to do. The scope of the activity is more far-reaching than any national movement among the school children. The slogan of the campaign is—"An Elk in Every School Will Save 'Old Ironsides.'"

The 1400 Lodges are striving to make this slogan a reality, for the "Old Ironsides" Committees of each Lodge are planned on this basis, and there will be an Elk assigned to every school within the jurisdiction of each Lodge.

The campaign received another big impetus at the Grand Lodge Session at Portland, Ore., which enthusiastically passed resolutions endorsing the movement and calling upon the Lodges to do their utmost in this patriotic call. It was the keynote of the Grand Lodge Session, and thousands of delegates and members of the Order went back to their home Lodges resolved that they would put over the campaign in a 100 per cent. way.

Commander Marion Eppley, U. S. N. R., a member of Newport Lodge No. 104, has donated to the "Save Old Ironsides" Fund the sum of \$2500 to be used for the purchase of medals to be presented to the school children within the jurisdiction of each Lodge for the best 500-word essay on the

United States frigate *Constitution* and the early traditions of the American Navy. The medals will be distributed as follows:

One bronze medal for each Lodge jurisdiction, the obverse of which reads "For Excellence in Naval History," and carries other lettering descriptive of the restoration of the frigate *Constitution*, for presentation through the Lodge to the child in an elementary school writing the best 500-word essay.

One gold medal to be awarded to the child writing the best essay of those produced by the children of all the elementary schools in the country.

One silver medal for the child writing the second best essay of those produced by the children of all the elementary schools in the country.

One silver medal for the best essay written by a high-school student in each State.

One gold medal for the best essay written by a high-school student in the Nation.

(Continued on page 70)



NEVER was any Lodge, nor any city, better prepared to entertain a Grand Lodge Reunion of the Order of Elks than was Portland, Oregon, Lodge No. 142 or Portland itself. It is in no sense detracting from the achievements of other Lodges in other cities, which have extended hospitality to the Grand Lodge in other years, to say that the social program arranged for the enjoyment of the Elk visitors in Portland last July has never been surpassed elsewhere. There were, in particular, a profusion of flowers and automobiles—the latter manned by non-Elks as well as by members—so that no feminine visitor lacked floral adornment and no visitor of either gender lacked means of transportation. It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to single out two excellences—if one can single out two things—when there were so many. These two, however, the flowers and the automobiles, were so noticeable that we can not bring ourselves to pass them by with a casual word. And if any of the members of other committees of the Convention Commission, who worked equally hard as those which provided the two features just named, feel entitled to equal credit, let them be assured that such credit shall be and is, hereby, given to them without stint. The 1925 Portland Elks Grand Lodge Convention Commission was made up as follows:

Joseph F. Riesch, chairman, Gus C. Moser, vice-chairman and head of entertainment; Gilbert G. Joyce, secretary and chairman of printing committee; Guy W. Talbot, treasurer and member of auditing committee; James D. Olson, executive secretary; C. C. Bradley, grand lodge; Julius L. Meier, finance and auditing; Dr. Ben L. Norden, decorations; George L. Baker, reception; T. H. Williams, hotels and accommodations; Clay S. Mors, music and parades; Stanhope S. Pier, guides for uniform bodies; A. H. Lea, automobiles; Ira F. Powers, grandstands; Leslie E. Crouch, concessions; W. R. McDonald, registration; Frank E. Andrews, information; Charles E. Alphonse, public safety; William McMurray, publicity; Barnett H. Goldstein, outside lodges; Milton R. Keppler, legal.

Assisting Mr. Meier in the finance and auditing committee were Franklin T. Griffith, vice-chairman; Fred E. Taylor, C. L. Boss, who was also head of the budget committee; John T. Dougall, Dow V. Walker, Mr. Moser, Mayor Baker, G. G. Joyce and C. C. Colt.

Too much can not be said for the energy and efficiency of these committee chairmen and of the members of Portland Lodge who served with them.

Above you see pictured the beautiful float which represented Portland Lodge in the big parade. It was followed by 250 marching members of the Lodge, clad in gray

At right is a portion of the big Tacoma delegation, winners of first prize for having the greatest number in the line of march



Social Events of the 1925 Grand Lodge Reunion

By John Chapman Hilder

The Grand Lodge Reunion and Convention was officially opened at the public exercises, held in the Municipal Auditorium on Monday evening, July 13, as reported in our August issue. But, as usual, festivities of an impromptu nature took place several days earlier than that, as delegations from all over the country, arriving on special trains, advanced on the city with colors flying and bands going full blast. Incidentally, we want to say, to those of you who never have attended a Grand Lodge Convention, that the visiting Elks bands are alone worth the cost of the excursion. They are active from morning to night and well into the night at that. Wherever you go you're almost certain to be within earshot of a band, not only outdoors but indoors too. When the bands want a change of scene they march into the nearest hotel lobby and play there. It is a little startling, at first, to be waked up at three or four in the morning—if one happens to be asleep—by the blaring of a lusty, well-rounded band, but the music adds immeasurably to the fun of the proceedings. A Grand Lodge Reunion without bands would be like food without salt.

The few days prior to the official opening were given up chiefly to the reception and registration of delegations, official and unofficial, to the issuance of credentials at Grand Lodge Headquarters in the Multnomah Hotel to officers, committeemen and members of the Grand Lodge, to committee meetings and to greeting old friends. There were also motor trips around the city for those who wished to do their sightseeing early.

The Grand Lodge Special train, bearing Hon. William Hawley Atwell, of Dallas,

elected Grand Exalted Ruler for 1925-26, Mrs. Atwell, many Grand Lodge officers and Past Grand Exalted Rulers, with their wives and families, arrived in Portland on Saturday, July 11. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, on a special Ohio train, with Mrs. Price and their family, arrived on Sunday and were welcomed to the city by Mayor Baker, Chairman Joseph F. Riesch of the Convention Commission, Exalted Ruler Milton R. Klepper, Past Exalted Ruler C. C. Bradley and other officers of Portland Lodge. They were escorted to Grand Lodge headquarters by those officials and by the band and drill team of the local Lodge, both of which did yeoman service all through Convention week.

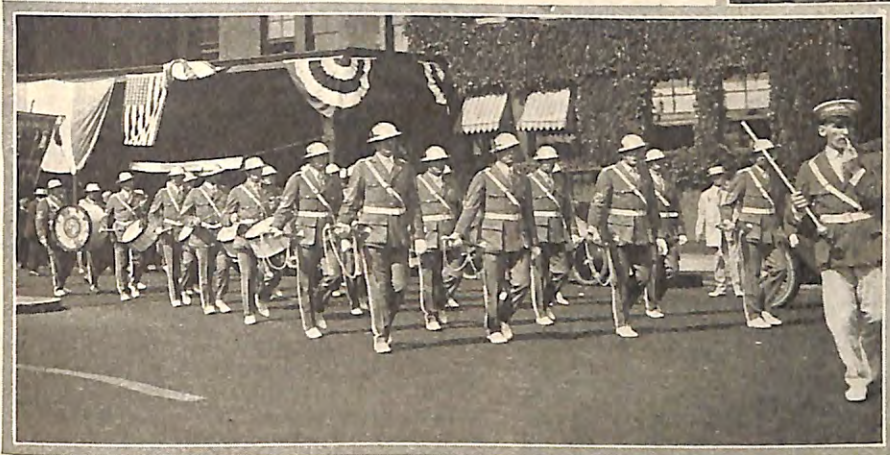
Sunday morning the pulpit of Ahavai Sholom Synagogue was occupied by Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, who spoke on the Order and its ideals and its desire to better the condition of mankind. In the evening Grand Chaplain Rev. John Dysart, preaching at a special Elks service in Trinity Episcopal Church, emphasized the importance of utilizing the moral and spiritual lessons of the past in solving the problems of civilization today.

Sunday afternoon the first social event took place in the form of a garden party for the Grand Lodge officials, under the auspices of the Convention Commission and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. O'Brien of Portland. Mr. O'Brien, though not an Elk, put his very attractive estate on the banks of the Willamette River at the disposal of the commission's guests. That evening Rossini's oratorio "Stabat Mater" was played twice by the Band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 147, directed by Harry W. Evans. The oratorio was performed first early in the

A Glimpse of the Varied Happenings of a Busy Week in Portland



This shows the mummers, a colorful section of the large Philadelphia contingent in the parade



Here is the St. Paul, Minn., drum corps, winners of two trophies, one in drum corps contest and the other for the best drum corps in the parade

evening in Laurelhurst Park and immediately following was broadcast from KGW, radio station of the *Portland Oregonian*.

On Monday the Oregon State Elks Association and the Washington State Elks Association both held their annual meetings. These are reported elsewhere in this issue. Though not connected officially with the Grand Lodge meeting, the fact that they occurred during Convention week, the one in Portland and the other in its nearby neighbor Vancouver (Wash.), served to add numbers to those visiting Portland. During the day there were automobile trips to various points of interest. In the evening came the opening public exercises described last month. By the time the exercises opened virtually all the visiting Elks and their families had been quartered in hotels, apartments and private homes. And no small job it was for the housing committee to see that every one had a place to sleep. Portland has good hotels and enough of them for all ordinary demands. But a Grand Lodge Convention gives rise to more than an ordinary demand. It practically creates a crisis.

Before passing on to Tuesday, we must record for Monday a luncheon and two teas given for the ladies. One tea, a garden party, was for feminine visitors to the Washington State Elks Association meeting at Vancouver, across the river from Portland. The luncheon and the second tea were given for feminine members of the Grand Lodge party, wives of delegates and visitors to the Oregon State Elks Association meeting, with the auxiliary of Portland Lodge acting as hostesses. The luncheon was held at the Benson Hotel, and the tea at the Ladies' Headquarters. There will be mention all through this article of special events for the ladies. We stress this point in order to encourage those of our readers who are wives of Elks to demand that they be taken to Chicago next year. After all, aside from the parade, most of the color of a convention is furnished by the ladies. There are exceptions, of course, some of the masculine delegations being quite colorful

themselves. One such was the Miami, Fla., contingent, which came to Portland in the garb of Seminole Indians, others were the men from Spokane in their Scotch tartan regalia and those from Texas, Montana and Pendleton, Ore., who appeared as cowboys. Speaking generally, however, it is the ladies who supply the color.

The ladies' auxiliary of Portland Lodge, headed by Mrs. Jesse Harrington and Mrs. Charles E. Runyon, Mrs. Milton R. Klepper, Mrs. Joseph F. Riesch, Mrs. W. A. Ekwall, Mrs. Albert Price, Mrs. A. E. Clark and many other wives of prominent Portland Elks, worked as hard as any of their husbands in order that the women visitors might have as pleasant a week as the Elks themselves.

On Tuesday, July 14th, during which the Grand Lodge met in business session morning, afternoon and evening, many social events were programmed. An innovation—and one evoking much enthusiasm—was the first Elks National Trapshoot, which took

place at the Portland Gun Club. Considering the fact that the shoot was a new idea in Grand Lodge Convention features, the total of 108 entrants was an impressive list. After the shoot, preliminary organization of the National Elks Trapshooting Association was effected. Henry R. "Hy" Everding, of Portland, well known sportsman, who was chairman of the committee sponsoring the shoot, was elected first president of the Association. Charles D. Ray, of Watertown, S. D., was elected vice-president and Charles S. Hart, of New York City, secretary. A treasurer and one more director will be appointed by President Everding, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors, composed of the following: Dr. E. H. Smith, Hillsboro, Ore.; W. L. Crowe, Portland; Charles Fleming, Spokane; J. R. Thoman, Oakland, Cal.; Capt. W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.; and Guy Egbers, Spokane. Winners in the various classes in the shoot were:

Champion of champions: James A. Gallagher, Corvallis, 98.

Class A: First, James A. Gallagher, Corvallis, 98; second, R. G. Lacey, Parker, Ore., 97; third, Dr. C. F. Cathey, Portland, 95.

Class B: First, R. K. Mace, Spokane, 97, second, Ray Glass, Eugene, Ore., 95; third, H. B. Looney, Jefferson, Ore., 95.



Winners of the team prizes in the first Elks National Trapshoot. Members of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge. Left to right: H. B. Watson, A. C. St. John, H. L. Petit, H. B. Quick, Sam Downs

Class C: First, B. McCann, McMinnville, Ore. 96; second, E. D. Button, Hood River, 93; third, J. Coulson, Napavine, 93.

Class D: First, L. Schroeder, Richmond, Cal., 92; second, H. Nelson, Napavine, 91; third, Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, 90. (Mrs. Andrews, a holder of the women's singles championship for the South, is the wife of Hon. Walter P. Andrews, of the Grand Forum.)

Five-man team shoot, first, Chehalis, Wash., Lodge No. 1374, with a score of 463; second, Portland Lodge No. 142, with 459.

High gun over 60 years of age, Abe Aden, West Palm Beach, Fla., 81 targets.

High professional, Ed Morris, Portland, 95.

High run, James A. Gallagher, Corvallis, 71.

Doubles championship: First, J. B. Troeh, Portland, 47; second, R. K. Mace, Spokane, 47; third, G. L. Becker, Ogden, Utah, 44.

The shoot was a great success and it is expected that through the organization of the Elks National Trapshooting Association the event next year in Chicago will attract a record entry list.

Simultaneously with the shoot, but in a different part of the city, the annual Elks Band Contests took place. These were held in the field of the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland before a large audience. The competing bands were divided into two classes. Class A comprised those bands made up of 35 members or more; Class B of bands consisting of 35 members or less. The contest in Class A was very close, first prize being awarded to the band of Detroit Lodge No. 34, directed by E. G. LaBarre. Detroit, which was the winner in Boston the year before, barely nosed out the band of Chicago Lodge No. 4, directed by Albert Cook, which gave so splendid a performance that even Detroit's most ardent supporters were uneasy over the probable outcome until the judges announced their award. Glendale, Cal., Lodge No. 1280, J. J. Burke, director, took third place and Seattle Lodge No. 92, E. J. Carey, director, was fourth.

The winners in Class B, the smaller bands, were as follows: First prize, West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge No. 1352, E. A. Moses, director; second prize, Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39, Henry G. Cox, director; third prize, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, Harry G. Evans, director, and fourth, Chisholm, Minn., Lodge No. 1334, C. H. Cook, director.

It was estimated that in all there were fifteen hundred musicians in Portland during the Convention, all members of Elks bands.

The third big feature of the day was the

Above is the prize-winning band of Detroit Lodge, performing at Multnomah Field, where the drill contests also took place



Below is the team of Bakersfield, Cal., Lodge, which won first prize in the drill contests, defeating the famous Jackson Zouaves

barbecue held in the afternoon and evening at Laurelhurst Park, during the course of which some five tons of Chinook salmon, cooked in a huge trench over charcoal embers, were dealt with by the hungry visitors. A futile feeling seizes the writer when he attempts to describe one of those Convention barbecues. It is so large an undertaking that it baffles description. Suffice it to say that the salmon one gets in Portland is salmon what am salmon and that there was enough of it at the barbecue to nourish twenty thousand people and that twenty thousand people went; saw and were nourished.

During the day there were other things going on too, such as automobile trips, boat trips, teas and the like. And in the evening there were a concert by the Detroit band and special midnight performances for Elks at Pantages and the Hippodrome theatres. The various bands circulated around town all evening, playing between acts in the theatres and giving impromptu concerts in the streets and hotels.

In the contests for jazz bands and circulating bands, prizes were awarded as follows: Jazz bands: First, St. Paul, Minn., \$100; second, Ashland, Ore., \$50. Circulating bands: First, Chicago, \$100; second, Glendale, Cal., \$75; third, Omaha, \$50; fourth, Detroit, \$25.

A feature of the Portland Convention Commission's hospitality plans and a very popular feature was a gigantic soft-drink bar, said to be one hundred and forty feet long, set up in an office building. This oasis was known as the "Serve Us All Sis Klub" and from it were dispensed vast quantities of free liquid refreshments, sandwiches and other snacks, admission being by membership card. The statistician in charge figured that the daily flow was in the neighborhood of eighty barrels and fifty cases of beer, in addition to other soft drinks. It was perfectly soft and legal beer. The consumption of sandwiches per diem was stated to be over twenty thousand. It is little touches of thoughtfulness such as the establishment of this bar that make a convention city live in the memory of its visitors.

On Wednesday, July 15, the second Grand Lodge business session took place. For

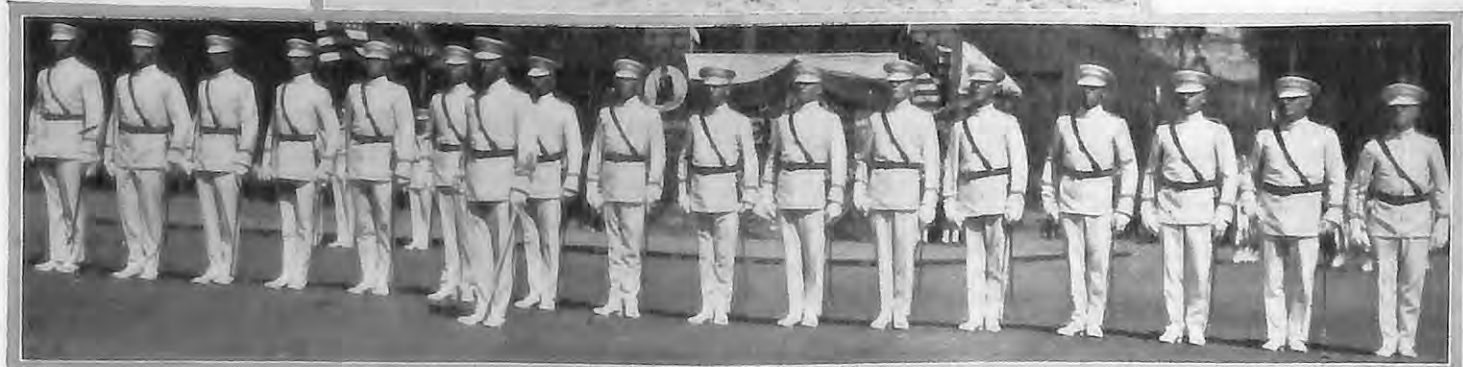
those not obliged to attend in the interests of their Lodges, there were many things to do and to see; notably the annual championship Drill Contests, motor trips over the Columbia River Highway, tours to the industrial plants, to Oregon city, Longview and other nearby points. Portland Lodge held open house all day and thousands of visitors inspected the beautiful Home from cellar to garret. There was a luncheon for ladies of the Grand Lodge party on board a river boat. There were circulating band concerts. There was golf at many of the city's splendid country clubs and public links. In the evening there was dancing, at the Elks Temple and elsewhere. There was, in short, everything for everybody.

The drill contests took place at Multnomah Field, and furnished one of the surprises of the week in the victory of Bakersfield, Cal., Lodge No. 266 over the famous Withington Zouaves of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, holders of the championship for five consecutive years. To be beaten by the Bakersfield team was no disgrace. In spick and span white uniforms and with sabers flashing, the California men performed their drill evolutions like an almost perfect mechanical unit. The judges, army officers, rated them 93.2. To the lay eye, the Jackson Zouaves did their quickstep as well as ever before. Their rating, however, was 89.8. There is no question but that the judges knew what they were about and that their award was just. It might be suggested, however, that comparing a quickstep drill with a regular military drill is a little like comparing grapefruit with oranges—they belong to the same family but they are totally different in themselves.

Third prize in the contest was won by the team of Pasadena, Cal., Lodge No. 672; fourth was taken by Detroit Lodge No. 34; fifth, Seattle Lodge No. 92; and Boise, Idaho, Lodge No. 310 was sixth.

The annual drill contests are always a colorful and inspiring sight. Led by their bands and brilliantly uniformed, they first march one after another in review before the stand containing the Grand Exalted Ruler and other officers, and go through evolutions as a body prior to doing their individual drills. This year, before the general review, an exhibition drill was performed by the

team of Portland Lodge, which, in their rôle of hosts, refrained from entering the competition for prizes. Halfway through the contests there was an intermission while the
(Continued on page 68)



The New Home of San Francisco Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell Attends Dedication Of Magnificent New Building

THE new fifteen-story home of San Francisco Lodge No. 3 was formally dedicated on Wednesday evening, July 22. Although this building, one of the largest, costliest and best-equipped Elks Homes in the United States, had been opened for use toward the end of last May, the dedication services had been postponed so that some of the Grand Lodge officers attending the Convention in Portland might be present to assist in the ceremonies.

The dedication took place in the superb Lodge-room of the Home, following a dinner given by the officers of the Lodge to the Grand Exalted Ruler and other distinguished guests who were to take part in the program.

In addition to Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, there were present Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and William M. Abbott; Judge Thomas J. Lennon, of the Grand Forum, a member of San Rafael, Cal., Lodge No. 1108; Lloyd Maxwell, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge No. 312; O. C. Hopkins, of Petaluma, Cal., Lodge No. 901, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for California Bay, and Edgar F. Davis, of Long Beach, Cal., Lodge No. 888, President of the California State Elks Association.

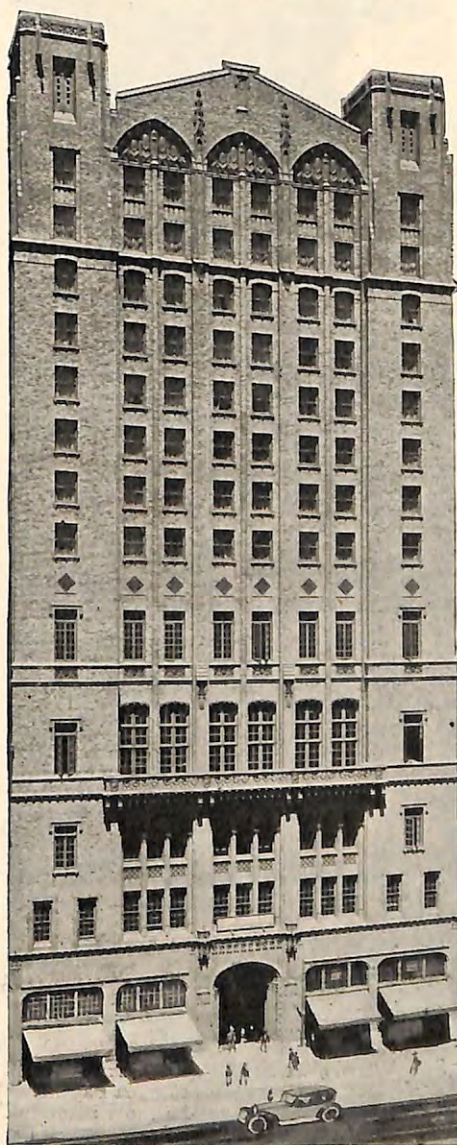
Although it had been expected that the dedication ceremony would be conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers, Judge Atwell deputized the officers of San Francisco Lodge to represent him and the other Grand Lodge Officers, and so it was that the Home was dedicated by the following: C. Fenton Nichols, as Grand Exalted Ruler; Andrew F. Burke, as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; John E. Bohm, as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Joseph J. Flatley, as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; John P. Broder, as Grand Tiler; Albert S. Reedy, as Grand Esquire; Dan J. Tadich, as Grand Inner Guard; and Laurent J. Lamanet, as Grand Chaplain.

After the dedication ritual, in the course of which vocal selections were rendered by members of the Lodge glee club, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell delivered the address of the evening. Judge Atwell commended warmly the achievement of San Francisco Lodge in attaining its present high position in the regard of the citizenship of San Francisco, and upon its erection of so distinguished a Home. He said that the building is the epitome of the city's dauntless spirit. Speaking of the purposes to which an Elks Home is dedicated, the Grand Exalted Ruler mentioned the custom of the ancient Hebrews who, in their dedications, made sacrifices of blood upon their altars, believing that thus they would consecrate their buildings to God. In the dedication of an Elks Home, he went on, the building is consecrated by the vows of those who will use it to uphold the principles of the Order. The purposes of a Lodge are threefold, he suggested: sanctification, through doing good; amalgamation, through uniting in bonds of Brotherly Love all sorts and conditions of men, regardless of creed; and, lastly, the purpose of offering men sanctuary from the hurly-burly of life.

The other speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, who touched on

the wonderful growth of San Francisco Lodge; Judge Lennon, District Deputy Hopkins, State President Davis, and Lloyd Maxwell. In introducing Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, President of the Building Association, as the last speaker, Exalted Ruler Nichols credited him with having done more than any other one man to make the great new Lodge building possible.

Mr. Abbott, in his reply, modestly shifted



Recently dedicated home of
San Francisco Lodge No. 3

credit for the achievement to the officers and members of the Lodge and his co-workers on the Building Association, which was made up as follows: Past Exalted Ruler John J. Van Nostrand, vice-president; John H. Wood, secretary; Trustee Charles S. Wheeler, treasurer; and Past Exalted Rulers William J. Boyd, Oliver D. Flahavan, Arthur A. Goepp, Frank L. Hart, and John J. Lermen.

The Home on Post Street, opposite the St. Francis hotel, is an unusually fine example of architectural beauty and good taste, both in design and execution. The façade, of

modified Spanish Gothic style, rises fifteen stories above the bustle of one of San Francisco's busiest streets, and is crowned at the four corners by graceful towers. All suggestion of monotony has been obviated by interesting variation in the size and decoration of the window casements and by a filigreed balcony extending under the tall third-floor windows of the lounge. Later on it is planned to temper the floods of California sunshine in some instances by the insertion of stained-glass windows with symbolic Elk emblems. Messrs. Frederick H. Meyer and Oliver R. Johnson were the architects.

The body of the building comprises four departments or divisions. These are the Lodge-room, the rooms devoted to club activities, the dining- and hotel-rooms and the pool and bathing department, which last is unusually complete and luxurious.

THE pool, 27 x 75 feet, with a depth of 4 feet at the shallow end and 9 feet in the deepest part, is patterned after the Roman plunge, and occupies a room rising two stories from the basement with a gallery on the first floor, and is lighted by high-arched windows. Vitreous tile has been used to line the pool, the floor is of non-slip tile and a colorful and attracting wainscoting of tile has been run around all sides of the room. Having in mind the possibility of future race-meets to be held here great care has been taken that the design should meet all the requirements of the Amateur Athletic Union. In the sub-basement a complete filtering and purification plant has been installed where the water in the pool will be constantly recirculated, and in addition there is a vacuum sweeper for removing lint and foreign matter from the sides and bottom of the pool.

Adjoining the pool-room are the lockers, designed to accommodate fifteen hundred, a complete hydro-therapeutic department with control table, masseur department, a steam-room, hot-room, rest-room, and the general showers. These accommodations constitute the building's most distinctive feature, and should prove one of its most popular attractions.

Opening out of the foyer on the second floor is the Exalted Ruler's room, a photographic record-room and the Memorial Room which contains an altar and the Memorial Book in which are engrossed the names of departed brothers. Ante-rooms on either side of the Memorial Room give direct access to the Lodge-room which extends across the whole width of the building on the Post Street side. This room, which has a total seating capacity of 1,200, is of simple and dignified design. Realizing the desirability of making the room practicable for Christmas festivities and other entertainments, a splendid organ has been installed, and the completely equipped stage is augmented by a projection-room for moving-pictures. At the end opposite the stage there is a balcony which seats approximately 250.

The third and fourth floors are devoted to the beautifully decorated club-rooms. On the lower floor is a large lounging-room facing Post Street with windows opening on

(Continued on page 80)



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

WHEN the American Legion comes to Omaha, Neb., for its annual convention, October 5-9, it will find the members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39 prepared to welcome and to entertain the Legionnaires. A message from Exalted Ruler Ray Short of Omaha Lodge, recently sent to the Convention Committee, promises true Western hospitality to the visitors. "The Elks of Omaha," he wrote, "are eager for an opportunity to serve the Legionnaires. We want you to be our guests and to let us assist in making your visit to our city as comfortable and as enjoyable as possible."

The new million-dollar Home of Omaha Lodge will be an "open house" to the Legionnaires. Its rooms have been offered to the housing committee of the convention, and additional sleeping-quarters can be provided by placing cots in the ballroom and gymnasium. If these two spacious rooms are not used for sleeping-quarters, the Lodge plans to provide the veterans with dances and other entertainments. In addition, all members who have cars will place them at the disposal of the Legionnaires and will take veterans around the city and to the various places of entertainment. The convention will be one of the largest held so far by the Legion, close to 100,000 visitors being expected.

Work Goes Ahead on New Home Of Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge

The membership having recently approved the plans of the Building Committee, Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 846 is now proceeding rapidly with the construction of its new Home. The building will have a Hall, 49 x 94 feet with a balcony; a Lodge-room, 32 x 35 feet; grill-room, 20 x 43 feet; and dining-room, 20 x 43 feet. There will also be lounging-rooms, ladies' rooms, bowling alleys, and pool and billiard tables. The new Home will be handsomely furnished and decorated throughout, giving the Lodge one of the most beautiful and comfortable structures of its kind in the region.

Oregon State Elks Association Meets in Portland

Attended by more than 125 delegates from the 21 Lodges of the State, the Oregon State Elks Association, which met during the week of the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, was most successful. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and many other Grand Lodge officers were present and spoke at the session. The following officers were elected for 1925-1926. President, E. M. Page of Salem Lodge No. 336; First Vice-President, David Kuratli of Tillamook Lodge No. 1437; Second Vice-President, Connie Grabb of Baker Lodge No. 338; Third Vice-

President, William Briggs of Ashland Lodge No. 944; Secretary, Frank D. Cohan of Marshfield Lodge No. 1160; Treasurer, Herbert Busterud of Marshfield Lodge; Chaplain, Rev. Frederick G. Jennings of Eugene Lodge No. 357; Trustees, R. Alexander of Pendleton Lodge No. 288, Gilbert Hedges of Oregon City Lodge No. 1189, and William Liljequist of McMinnville Lodge No. 1283.

Much important business was transacted at the business sessions, resolutions indorsing various forms of social and community welfare work being adopted. Other resolutions, passed at the concluding session, encouraged the Flag Day exercises in the public schools of the State. A Constitution Week, to be designated at some time during the year, was favored as a period for the emphasis of the principles of liberty, freedom and equality upon which the government of the United States was founded. In order to impress the full significance of the title "American Citizen" upon the newly naturalized, the resolutions called for an appropriate ceremony at the time of naturalization. Another resolution favored the establishment of junior Lodges and Boy Scout organizations to inculcate the principles of fellowship and friendship among youths.

The next convention of the Association will be held at Eugene.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Conducts Its Annual Picnic

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 held its annual picnic at the beautiful Landa Park, New Braunfels. It was one of the most successful and enjoyable events conducted this year by the Lodge. Games and contests of every description with valuable prizes, featured on the program. There were also swimming, dancing, boating, concerts by the band, a drill by the Elks Patrol, and a baseball game. More than twice as many members and their families as were present last year took part in the outing.

Additional Building for Home Of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

Ground was recently broken for the new addition to the Home of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842, and work is progressing satisfactorily on the building. The structure will be three stories high, of hollow tile and stucco finish, including structural iron work throughout, with the main entrance on South First Avenue.

On the first or ground floor will be installed four up-to-date bowling alleys, three billiard

tables and two shuffle-boards. The second floor will be utilized as the Lodge-room, 60 x 50 feet, with a height of 22 feet and a seating capacity of 750. There will also be several ante-rooms, a reception-room, grill-room, secretary's room and an organ loft.

The building will occupy a space of approximately 53 x 92 feet and will cost \$63,000. It is expected that the structure will be completed and ready for occupancy about October 15.

The necessity for the erection of this additional building was made imperative by the constantly increasing membership of the Lodge. The new recreational features will add considerably to the inviting and pleasant surroundings which the new building and the present club-house afford.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Brightens Patients of Veterans' Hospital

The bed patients at the Livermore Veterans' Hospital for tubercular soldiers who were unable to attend the first entertainment given at the hospital by a troupe of entertainers from Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 were recently treated to a special show by the same performers. They were immensely pleased with the affair, and the members of the Lodge were informed by the hospital authorities that the entertainment more than served as a satisfactory antidote for the mental condition of the patients, so difficult to overcome by ordinary measures. Piano and other instrumental and vocal selections, monologues, and dancing were some of the features of the program presented.

Proceeds of Athletic Meet Donated To Fund for Crippled Children

The athletic meet held recently under the auspices of the Singer Employees' Recreation Committee for the benefit of the Crippled Kiddies' Fund of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289 was very successful and netted a considerable sum for the cause. Some of the best athletes in the Metropolitan section competed in the games, and the entire affair was handled promptly and efficiently. The Lodge was deeply grateful to the Committee whose offer to donate the net proceeds of the meet to the Fund was entirely voluntary.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Cheers Patients of Farmington Sanitarium

Exalted Ruler George M. Bird, accompanied by the officers and a large number of members of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, recently made a pilgrimage to the Farmington Sanitarium for tubercular patients. An excellent musical program was provided the patients, including many vocal selections, and numbers

by the Boys Band of Bellmore. This band, sponsored and organized by Freeport Lodge, is made up of boys, the oldest of whom is 17. It furnishes music for the Lodge on special occasions and is rapidly developing into a real musical unit, of which the Lodge is very proud.

Large Class of Candidates Is Initiated for Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

The Degree Team of the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest recently conducted the initiation of 50 candidates for Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11 at the latter's Home. They also initiated on this occasion a candidate for Key West, Fla., Lodge No. 551 and one for Monongahela, Pa., Lodge No. 455. Several city officials were in the class of candidates, and the meeting was one of the largest ever held by No. 11. After the session, a banquet was tendered the new members, the Degree Team and visitors.

New Lodge Recently Instituted

Cicero, Ill., Lodge No. 1510 was recently instituted by Dr. William R. Fletcher, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. The first officers of the Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, Anthony W. Komarek, and Secretary, Edward Glickauf.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Looks After The Cripples of Its Community

Since April 30, 1924, when Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130 became actively interested in helping the crippled children of its community, it has examined and treated hundreds of cases. Clinics have been held frequently at the Sacred Heart Hospital and at the Allentown Hospital, and the best medical and surgical care has been provided the children. The work is in charge of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, and is carried on largely through the contributions of the membership.

Orphans' Picnic Is Conducted By Denver, Colo., Lodge

The Orphans' Picnic conducted again this year by Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17 was greater than ever before. Over 1500 children availed themselves of the hospitality of the Lodge for the outing at Lakeside Park. Free use of the park was given the youngsters, and tickets—as many as they wanted—for all the concessions were donated to the little folks. The children were brought to and from the park in autos furnished by the members or loaned for the occasion by citizens interested in the welfare work of the Lodge. The affair was a splendid success in every way.

Former Governor of Alaska Given Reception by Juneau Lodge

Hon. Scott C. Bone was given a farewell reception by his fellow members of Juneau Alaska, Lodge No. 420 on the occasion of his leaving the Territory at the expiration of his four-year term as Governor. The affair was a brilliant one and was largely attended by the members.

The new Governor, Hon. George A. Parks, who was appointed last March by President Coolidge, is also a member of Juneau Lodge.

Modesto, Calif., Lodge Now Occupies New Home

In the presence of a number of Grand Lodge officers, many other distinguished members of the Order and representatives of California Lodges, Modesto, Calif., Lodge No. 1282 recently dedicated its handsome new Home. An elaborate program in which the whole city took part celebrated the event.

The new building was erected at a cost of \$125,000 and, with the exception of six stores on the ground floor, is entirely devoted to the activities of the Lodge. In the basement is the jinks room, 70 x 50 feet, with a stage and a number of dressing-rooms. The west end of the basement houses the gymnasium, which will be equipped shortly with various kinds of apparatus. On the second floor of the structure are located the club-rooms, dining-room, kitchen,

Lodge room, secretary's office and advisory board chambers. Midway between the first and second floors is located the beautifully furnished ladies' rest room.

The Lodge room is unusually attractive. Velour hand-stenciled draperies cover the windows, extending from the top of the room to the floor, a distance of two stories. Between these draperies, two to each window, are gold gauze net draperies. The ceiling is of the latest "putty shade," trimmed with gold. The side walls are of Caen stone. Elaborate fixtures and lighting facilities further enhance the beauty of the room.

On the second floor are also the billiard, pool and club rooms. On the third floor is the ballroom, a handsome and beautifully decorated room. On the same floor are located the library and reading-rooms.

Lyons, N. Y., Lodge Provides for Poor New York City Children

Repeating their commendable action of last year, when Lyons, N. Y., Lodge No. 869 arranged for the housing and care of poor New York City children, sent to that district by a New York newspaper for a vacation, the members this year provided accommodations for nearly twice the number. At the suggestion of the Lodge, which made known the needs of these youngsters through the local papers, many citizens of the community volunteered to take care of one and, in some cases, two or three children, during the vacation period.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Will Build Addition to Present Home

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839 is planning to build a new addition to its present Home. Part of the addition will be occupied by the United States Post Office, and the rest of the building will be laid out as follows: A large and commodious Lodge room will be on the second floor of the new building, directly over the Post Office. It is proposed to make this Lodge room one of the handsomest in the country. A ladies' room will be provided for on the street floor, in the rear of the present reception-room. A large banquet hall will be located in the basement of the new addition under the Post Office, with stage, kitchen, coat-rooms, etc., suitable for social sessions and entertainments. This room can be rented to outside organizations for banquets, etc. The present billiard-room will be converted into a large lounging-room, and the present Lodge room into a billiard-room. Additional committee rooms on the Green street side of the present building, and a commodious game-room adjoining the present Lodge room, are included in the plans. This will give the entire second floor of the present building for the use of the members. A roof garden will

be constructed over the new Lodge room, which can be utilized from the present ballroom as well as from the new Lodge room. A ventilating system for the entire building will also be installed.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home September 5

Everything is in readiness for the formal dedication of the new Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46 on September 5. An elaborate program has been prepared for the occasion, and many distinguished members of the Order, including Grand Lodge officers, will be present for the ceremony. The new million-dollar Home of Milwaukee Lodge is one of the finest buildings in the Order, and one of the outstanding edifices of the city.

Band, Clowns and Toys Add to Merriment of Orphans' Outing

Close to 2,000 homeless youngsters from various orphanages of the District were guests of Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15 at its twentieth annual outing. The little people were given virtually everything in the way of toys, food and amusement. The boys were given baseballs, gloves, bats, marbles and handkerchiefs, while the girls received rubber balls, dolls, pocketbooks, wrist-watches, vanity cases, sewing-boxes, music-boxes, tennis racquets and jackstones. More than \$1,000 worth of playthings were distributed. The presence of the Elks band and a troupe of clowns added much to the merriment of the outing.

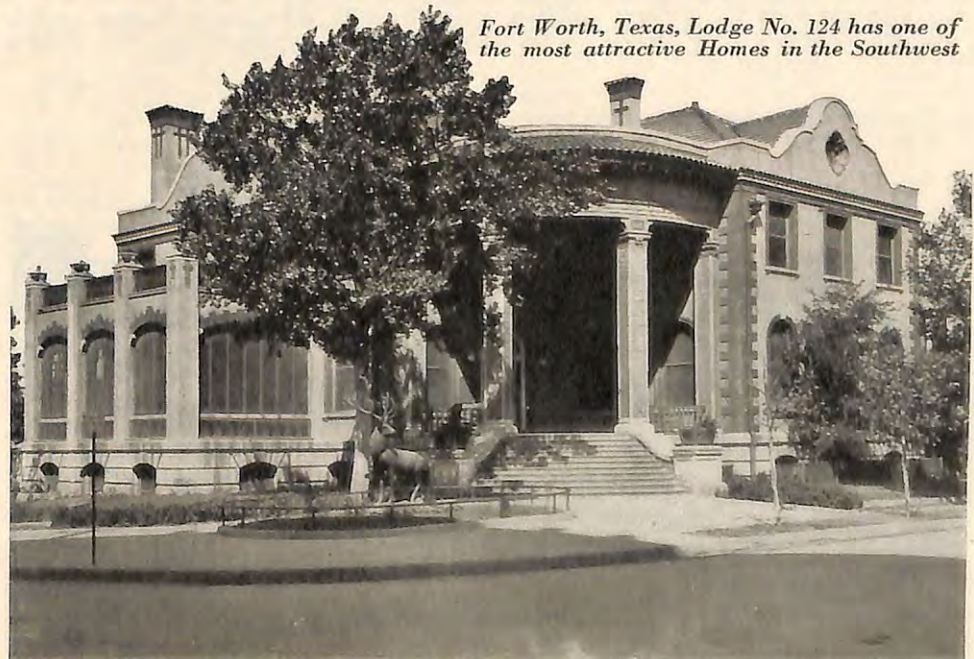
Newark, Ohio, Lodge Plans Improvements on New Home

Newark, Ohio, Lodge No. 391 is planning to make extensive additions to its recently acquired Home, and to remodel the building throughout. The proposed addition will be of fire-proof construction, and will be located directly to the rear of the present building. It will have a wing extending to the north which will provide a main entrance separated from the main building. Three main stories are provided for in the plan under consideration, the lower or basement floor including the grill, the main floor, the assembly hall and dance floor, and the upper story, the Lodge room. Special features will be embodied in the Lodge room, and provision will be made for a stage and large seating capacity.

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Has Active Summer Season

Activities in many fields have marked the summer schedule of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge No. 1150. A circus was recently conducted

Fort Worth, Texas, Lodge No. 124 has one of the most attractive Homes in the Southwest



for the benefit of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. This Committee also has been active among the boys of the city. Recently the victorious team of the local Grammar School Baseball League was taken for a day's outing to New York where a baseball game was witnessed at the Yankee Stadium.

Residents of National Home Enjoy Movie of Swimming Pool

When the swimming pool at the Children's Home was recently dedicated by Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge No. 93 motion pictures of the event were taken and shown later in the city's theatres. Through the generosity of John A. Schwalm of the Jewel Photoplay Company, these pictures were forwarded to F. L. Van Arsdale, a member of Hamilton Lodge, now a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Here they were shown before an audience of the residents who expressed their appreciation of the pictures.

Marlborough, Mass., Lodge Gives Outing to Children of the City

Hundreds of the city's children were recently guests of Marlborough, Mass., Lodge No. 1239 at a gala outing arranged for their benefit in Artemus Ward Park. The youngsters, with gaily decorated doll carriages, ponies, wagons, automobiles and bands, formed in a colorful parade and marched to the Park. Arriving at the big playground the children, and the throng of adults that had gathered for the celebration, were greeted by Exalted Ruler Augustus F. Elderkin and Mayor Hurley. An exhibition by a boys drill team, games and contests for valuable prizes, and the serving of refreshments completed a most enjoyable day for the youngsters.

Washington State Elks Association Meets at Vancouver

Hale R. Nosler of Yakima, Wash., Lodge No. 318 was chosen President of the Washington State Elks Association at its annual convention held recently in Vancouver. Other officers elected for 1925-26 were as follows: First Vice-President, Gus L. Thacker of Chehalis Lodge No. 1374; Second Vice-President, Lee B. Carroll of Anacortes Lodge No. 1204; Third Vice-President, Frank Cooper of Everett Lodge No. 479; Treasurer, Richard A. Anderson of Port Angeles Lodge No. 353; Secretary, Victor Zednick of Seattle Lodge No. 92; Tiler, Sterling Cox of Tacoma Lodge No. 174; Chaplain, N. W. Merrifield of Vancouver Lodge No. 823; Sergeant-at-arms, A. L. Remlinger of Aberdeen Lodge No. 593; Executive Committee, Board of Trustees, Ernest Morris of Ballard Lodge No. 827, Harry O'Brein of Centralia Lodge No. 1083, and Lewis Larsen of Tacoma Lodge No. 174.

Tacoma was chosen as the meeting-place for the mid-winter session of the association. No decision on the place for the annual summer convention was made, it being decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Executive Com-

mittee of the trustees and other officers who will gather at the mid-winter meeting.

A number of important resolutions were adopted, favorable action being taken in pledging support to a definite program for aiding the crippled children of the State, and on a proposal whereby each Lodge of the State will appoint

How Your Lodge Can Add to the Interest of This Department

WE RECEIVE hundreds of bulletins and letters from Lodges every month, but there are still quite a few Lodges which rarely, if ever, send us any news of their activities. We are anxious to receive any news that is of interest to the Order at large and to report it as fully and as promptly as possible. As it takes some time to prepare and print each issue of the magazine, news should be sent us at least six weeks in advance of the publication date. For example, news for the November issue should reach us not later than September 26, preferably before that date.

If you have never seen your Lodge mentioned in this department it is because, in all likelihood, no communication concerning your outstanding activities was sent to the magazine.

Why not appoint a committee of one, as many Lodges have done, whose function it shall be to send interesting news regularly to your magazine?

a committee on public safety, its aim being to aid in the reduction of traffic accidents.

As the Convention was held during the week of the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Ore., many Grand Lodge officers and the bands of various Lodges were present in Vancouver for the occasion and took part in the celebration attending the meeting.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge is Host To Thousands of Youngsters

All the children of Jamestown and vicinity were recently the invited guests of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge No. 263 at an outing held in Celoron Park. It was a day of glorious fun for the kiddies. The frolic started when they gathered at the Elks Home where, after being given small American flags and varicolored paper caps, they were put into automobiles donated to the cause by Jamestown citizens, many of whom deserted the office, factory or home to show the youngsters a good time. On entering the park, the children were supplied with tickets entitling them to free entertainment and amusement, and enabling them to enjoy all the attractions.

Big Silver Jubilee to be Held by Ogden, Utah, Lodge Next Year

In 1926 Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719 plans to hold a Silver Jubilee, July 5-10, which it hopes will prove one of the greatest celebrations ever attempted by any subordinate lodge, other than those lodges which have entertained the Grand Lodge. Not only will Ogden Lodge observe its twenty-fifth anniversary, but it will also be the occasion for the thirteenth annual convention of the Utah State Elks Association; the celebration of the 150th birthday of the American republic, and the first time there has been a "home-coming" of the former residents of Ogden. One of the features of the Silver Jubilee will probably be the designating of each day of the Jubilee as a day for each Lodge of the State. The opening day, July 5, will be known as Logan Day; July 6, Provo Day; July 7, Park City Day; July 8, Tintic Day; July 9, Ogden Day; and July 10, Salt Lake City Day.

Lodges throughout the State are already enthusiastic about the celebration and have pledged a large representation.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Has Novel Membership Plan

An interesting way in which a Lodge can help increase its membership from the prominent citizens within its jurisdiction is being successfully tried by Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8. Each month the official bulletin of the Lodge carries a short list of leading Louisvillians who, because of their standing, and interests, should be members of the Order. The business occupation and the address is given in each case. As many of the members of the Lodge are quite likely to be acquainted in some way with one or two of the gentlemen so listed, the publication of the names serves to call attention to possible candidates that might have been overlooked otherwise.

Past Exalted Rulers Association In Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

Recently the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 met at the Hotel Vista del Arroyo where, following a banquet, a Past Exalted Rulers Association was formed. Walter C. Austin was elected President; Thomas D. Nestor, Vice-President; and John L. Breiner Secretary-Treasurer. The object of the new organization is to assist the administration in promoting the welfare of the Lodge.

Interesting Features Mark Meeting Of Bellaire, Ohio Lodge

A recent meeting of Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge No. 419 was featured by the attendance, perhaps for the first time in its history, of the fathers of the four chair officers of the Lodge. No pre-arrangements of a "father and son" affair had been made, the interesting situation happening by coincidence. In addition, five charter members of the Lodge were also present and an unusually large number of Past Exalted Rulers. The meeting was marked by the initiation of a large class of candidates, and there was an excellent musical program by the Elks band. Following the meeting a buffet luncheon was served the guests and members of the Lodge.

Moline, Ill., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home September 1-4

The handsome new \$300,000 Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556 will be formally dedicated on September 1-4. The first day of the four-day program will be devoted to the actual dedication of the building, with a ceremony in the afternoon open to the public and a banquet in the evening for members only. Open house will be observed between 9 A. M. and 7 P. M. on the second day. The Lodge will initiate a dedication class in the evening. Open house will again be observed on the third day, and in the evening there will be a program open to the public. A ball will be held on the evening of the following day.

Representatives of many Illinois Lodges and various Grand Lodge officers are expected to be present and to take part in the exercises.

Puyallup, Wash., Lodge No. 1450, three years old, has this very charming Home



Board of Grand Trustees Organize for Year 1925-26

At a meeting held in Portland following the Grand Lodge Convention, the Board of Grand Trustees organized as follows: R. A. Gordon, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78; Clyde Jennings, Vice-chairman, Lynchburg, Va., Lodge No. 321; Louis Boismenu, Secretary, East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664; Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Linton, Ind., Lodge No. 866; Edward W. Cotter, Approving Member, Hartford, Conn., Lodge No. 19.

Huntington, Ind., Lodge Now Occupies Its New Home

Members of Huntington, Ind., Lodge No. 805 are now occupying their beautiful new Home, located on West Park Drive just off Jefferson Street. The building was erected at a cost of \$100,000 and is in every respect a modern structure, admirably suited to the requirements of the Lodge. It is fireproof, three stories high, and is topped with a roof garden. The first floor has the entrance vestibule, a men's and women's waiting-room, the bowling alleys, the pool and billiard rooms, the shower and locker rooms and the gymnasium. The second floor has the solarium, the main lounge-room, the dining-room, the kitchen, the secretary's room and check room. The third floor consists of the combined main Lodge-room and ballroom. There is also on this floor a committee-room, the tiler's room and the preparation room in addition to a small hall connecting these rooms. The Home is handsomely furnished throughout and no detail for the comfort and convenience of the membership has been overlooked.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge to Lay Corner-stone of New Home

The date for the laying of the corner-stone for the handsome new Home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 has been set by the directors of the Elks Hall Association. It will take place on Sunday, September 6, at noon. An appropriate program in celebration of the event has been arranged, and many prominent members of the Order and representatives of California Lodges are expected to be present. Work on the building is progressing rapidly, and the date of dedication is not now so very far in the future.

Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge Host To Distinguished Members

Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters were recently guests of Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge No. 1221 at a reception and banquet given in their honor. A. C. Gruver, Exalted Ruler of Woodlawn Lodge was master of ceremonies and introduced the two distinguished guests, both of whom addressed the diners. Following the banquet there was a delightful musical program and dancing. The affair was a brilliant one and was held in the large pavilion at Elks Park.

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge Finances City's Girl Scout Troop

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge No. 911, which has a long record of charitable activities to its credit, recently rendered valuable assistance to the Girl Scouts of its city. Through the generosity and thoughtfulness of the Lodge over 50 girls were enrolled to go on a summer camping trip. All the expenses of the outing were paid by Sullivan Lodge, which has also underwritten the budget of the Scouts for the entire year.

California South Central District Forms New Association

At the request of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Horace H. Quinby, all the Junior Past Exalted Rulers of California South Central District met recently and formed a new Association consisting of the present Exalted Rulers and Junior Past Exalted Rulers, whose purpose it will be to promote and stimulate the meetings of the various Lodges in this district. It is the intention of the Association

The attractive new Home of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge No. 1415



to visit in a body the Lodges in the Southland. Members of the various Lodges will accompany them, and interesting meetings will be conducted in this way throughout the district. The first of these visits was made to Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378, and the success of this speaks well for the future accomplishments of the Association.

Kiddies Enjoy Annual Outing Given by Franklin, Pa., Lodge

Thousands of children were recently given an outing by Franklin, Pa., Lodge No. 110 at Monarch Park. Many autos took the youngsters to and from the grounds, and every attraction of the big amusement park was enjoyed without cost by the children. A feature of the day was the various games and athletic contests in which both boys and girls participated for handsome prizes.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Sponsors Child Welfare Nurse

Thanks to the generosity of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46, a highly trained nurse was recently appointed by the City Health Commissioner to the position of Child Welfare Supervisor of the Milwaukee Health Department. This was made possible by the willingness of the Lodge to pay the salary of such a nurse. The appointee will be known in the Health Department as the Milwaukee Elks' Nurse, and with the backing of the Lodge she will perform an excellent service to the community.

Independence, Kans., Lodge Will Cooperate with American Legion

Independence, Kans., Lodge No. 780 is rendering a valuable service in cooperating with the American Legion in the establishment of a children's Home near Independence. This will be one of the first regional Homes established to take care of the children of deceased or incapacitated soldiers of the World War. Recognizing its advantages and benefits, the Lodge not only pledged itself recently to provide the equipment for one room of the cottages planned, but it also sent out circular letters with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler urging similar action on the part of all other Elk Lodges in the region.

Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge Conducts Brilliant Pageant of '49

Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 409 recently conducted a four-day celebration which won the approval of the whole district and was the means of raising a considerable sum for the Lodge's building fund. The celebration was an historic pageant of the "days of '49," and the romance and glamour of the old pioneer period were admirably pictured both in costume and settings. Stage-coaches, prospectors with burros, the gamblers, and the family pioneering

west with ox-team, chickens and cow—all were realistically portrayed.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Has Active Guard of Honor

The Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 is one of its most active units and renders much valuable assistance at various public functions. At the recent convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association in Lynn, the Guard played a prominent part in the parade, and on the following day turned out full strength for the celebration of Bunker Hill Day at Charlestown. The newly organized band of Boston Lodge is also a valuable adjunct to the members. Concerts by it are given with regularity in the Home, and it is present at all public and private affairs of the Lodge that call for music.

Christmas Fund of Lodge Receives Generous Bequest

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44 was recently the recipient of a generous bequest in the will of Edgar J. Raymond, a well-loved member of the Lodge, who passed away a short time ago. The sum of \$5,000 was given to the Lodge to be held in trust by the Minnesota Loan and Trust Company of Minneapolis, to be invested by them, the entire net income therefrom to be paid annually to the Minneapolis Lodge at Christmas-time and used in the purchase of Christmas presents for the children of the poor people of the city.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Looks After Crippled Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756 continues to do excellent work among the crippled children within its jurisdiction. Besides supplying braces, special shoes, clothing and other necessities, the Lodge has given the youngsters a number of outings. Recently a large number of them were taken by busses to Hudson Park where launches took the party to the island owned by the Hudson Park Yacht Club. The entire day was spent here. A professional entertainer and other forms of amusement were provided, and a chicken dinner was served to the youngsters.

Loveland, Colo., Lodge Mourns Death Of Its First Exalted Ruler

Sorrow throughout the Order was felt recently at the death of George W. Foote, charter member of Loveland, Colo., Lodge No. 1051, and its first Exalted Ruler. Long a resident of Loveland, he was active in the affairs of his Lodge and took a keen interest in any project whereby the welfare of his county and town could be advanced and the prosperity of his fellow citizens promoted. The funeral services held in the Methodist Church of Loveland were conducted by his Lodge, many prominent people of the district being present to pay a last tribute to their friend.

Lodges in Illinois West District Form Association

An organization known as the Illinois Lincoln Highway Association of Elk Lodges has been recently formed by various Lodges of the Western District of Illinois. The purpose of the Association is to accomplish certain things throughout the year that will make for better Lodges and increase interest and facilitate acquaintance among the members. Inter-lodge ritualistic, social, and sports activities are among some of the cooperative events planned by the Association. The following Lodges are included in the Association: De Kalb Lodge No. 765, Dixon Lodge No. 779, Mendota Lodge No. 1212, Sterling Lodge No. 1218, Sycamore Lodge No. 1392 and Rochelle Lodge No. 1501. As about 3,500 Elks are listed as members of these six Lodges, good attendance at all functions and affairs arranged by the Association should be assured. Officers for the current year were elected as follows: President, Dr. Rodney A. Wright of De Kalb Lodge; Vice-President, O. J. Ellingen of Mendota Lodge; Secretary and Treasurer, Paul M. Furr of De Kalb Lodge.

Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Children's Fresh-Air Camp

Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge No. 93 recently dedicated a Kiddies Fresh Air Camp which has been established by it in cooperation with a number of other organizations of the city. A large dining-room, kitchen and two sleeping-rooms were provided by the Lodge, and at its suggestion an electric refrigerating plant was installed. An excellent program marked the formal opening of the camp, the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and the little folks of the Children's Home being guests of the dedication committee. Entertainments of various kinds and supper were provided the youngsters following the dedication.

New Mexico State Elks Association Meets in Santa Fe

A large representation of the Lodges in New Mexico and many visitors were present at the annual convention of the New Mexico State Elks Association which was held this year in Santa Fe. The city and the members of Santa Fe Lodge No. 460 showed splendid hospitality to the guests, providing a continuous round of entertainment for their benefit during the convention period. All the Association officers were re-elected for 1925-1926 with the exception of Frank Strong, Treasurer, who now makes his home in California. J. L. Regensburger of Albuquerque Lodge No. 461 was elected to fill this post. The other officers are as follows: President, D. Rollie of Gallup Lodge No. 1440; Vice-President, W. B. Walton of Silver City Lodge No. 413; Secretary, Ellsworth E. Huyck of Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468.

The 1926 meeting of the Association will be held in Las Vegas, in all probability during the Cowboys' Reunion.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Conducts Children's Field Day

Orphans' Field Day, an annual event on the calendar of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, was recently held at Ebbets Field, the baseball grounds of the National League. Hundreds of youngsters were the guests of the Lodge on this occasion, and enjoyed a most interesting program especially arranged for their benefit. Many funny clowns, a score of acrobatic acts and other features dear to the heart of childhood were provided. The crippled children of various institutions were taken to and from the Field by autos loaned for that purpose by the membership.

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge Greets Members of Dallas, Texas, Lodge

Members of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71 and their ladies stopped off, en route to the Grand Lodge Convention, at Caldwell, Idaho, where they were given a rousing reception by Caldwell Lodge No. 1448. A delegation headed by Exalted Ruler F. L. Crews, Dr. C. M. Kaley, mayor of the city, and A. I. Myers, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, welcomed the Texas visitors to the city and escorted them to the Home. Following a reception, the Cowboy Elks Band of Dallas Lodge gave concerts in front of the Home and in the city park, which were enjoyed by a large gathering of the citizens. Before the visitors continued on their journey, refreshments were served to them and a special program was provided for their entertainment by the members of Caldwell Lodge.

Oroville, Calif., Lodge Buys Site for New Home

The site for the new Home which will be built this year by Oroville, Calif., Lodge No. 1484 was recently purchased. The property is located at the corners of Bird and Meyers Streets, in the heart of the business section of the city. Although no definite plans for the building have been adopted, it is understood that the structure will be at least three stories high. The ground floor will probably be leased for business purposes, and the second and third floors devoted solely to the use of the membership. It is estimated that the new Home will cost close to \$150,000 when completed. Actual construction on the building will begin some time during the latter part of this year.

Dedication of Soldiers' Graves in Three New Haven Cemeteries

The dedication of the graves of soldiers in three New Haven cemeteries was recently attended by a large number of members of New Haven, Conn., Lodge No. 25. The exercises were impressively conducted, many prominent speakers taking part in the ceremonies. Great credit is due the membership of New Haven Lodge which secured the funds that enabled the Soldiers' and Sailors' Grave Fund Com-

mittee to carry to a successful ending the task of having the boys who made the supreme sacrifice buried amid beautiful surroundings.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Holds Big Picnic at Antlers Park

The annual picnic of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44 held recently at Antlers Park was a most successful and enjoyable affair. Every conceivable form of amusement was provided by the committee in charge of the event. Many track and aquatic contests in which both old and young participated for valuable prizes were the features of the outing.

Order of Antlers Lodge No 9 Is Instituted by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

The Order of Antlers Lodge No. 9 sponsored by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906 was recently instituted. Number 9, in common with other Antler Lodges, is made up of young men of the community, any white boy between the ages of 15 and 20 years being eligible to membership. At a meeting of Santa Monica Lodge held a few weeks previous to the institution of the Antlers, the principals of all the high schools in its jurisdiction were present, and congratulated the Lodge for taking up this big work. Full support of each school was also promised to the movement.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Remodeling Its Present Home

Work is progressing rapidly on the improvements being made on the Home of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31. The Lodge expects to spend about \$85,000 in remodeling the building. When the work is finished the members will have as complete and attractive a fraternal home as there is in the city, and one that will take care amply of its present needs as well as the expansion of the Lodge for years to come.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Opens Its Pool and Gymnasium

Special swimming events and athletic exhibitions marked the opening of the new swimming-pool and gymnasium of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878. Many A. A. U. champion swimmers and divers of the city were present and many prominent boxers gave exhibitions. There was also a group of entertainers, including singers and dancers, who added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The pool and gymnasium of Queens Borough Lodge, one of the best in the country, add another attractive feature to a Home that is known throughout the district for its beauty and comfort.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Gives Bronze Elk to Elks National Home

Through the thoughtfulness and generosity of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31, the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., will receive a handsome bronze elk which will be erected in the Elks Rest there. Announcement of the gift was made at Portland, Ore., during the Grand Lodge Convention last July by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Miles S. Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse Lodge. The Board of Grand Trustees in accepting the gift to the Home expressed their deep appreciation of the wonderful spirit exemplified by Syracuse Lodge.

The elk is an exact duplicate of the one recently presented to the Elks Rest of Syracuse Lodge by Mr. Hencle. Life size, designed by Eli Harvey, one of the foremost animal sculptors of the country, and cast by Gorham, it is a most impressive piece of statuary mounted on a roughly hewn granite base.

Preparations are being made by the Board of Grand Trustees for the dedication and unveiling of the statue early in October.

Prominent Iowa Elk Passes Away Suddenly Returning from Portland

It is with deep regret that announcement is made of the death, on July 21st, of George T. (Continued on page 66)



The recently dedicated Home of Modesto, Calif., Lodge No. 1282

ESSEX COACH

\$850

Freight and Tax Extra

**The Finest Essex
Ever Built**



Never Before a Value Like This

The largest sales of 6-cylinder cars simply reflects the general recognition of greatest car value.

But it is important to note how this position of leadership gives Essex advantages in continually improving value to the buyer—because of volume economy, and because of the utmost refinement of workmanship through concentration on practically one model—the Coach.

Built on the famous Super-Six principle, the patents which account for Hudson's famous reliability, brilliant performance and long life, are responsible for the same qualities in Essex.

It is the easiest riding and steering Essex ever built—the finest in performance, appearance and workmanship. We believe it is the most economical car in the world to own and operate. Now it holds the greatest price advantage with the finest quality Essex ever offered.

World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

More Than 1200 New Hudson-Essex Buyers Daily



Now—
if you're ready
for real lather

AREN'T you tired of thin, quick-drying lather that doesn't penetrate the beard?

Get a tube of Williams and quit your present shaving cream just long enough to learn the facts. Squeeze a bit of Williams on your brush. Here are the improvements you will see:

- Williams piles up a richer, denser lather.
- It delivers a wetter lather—holds its moisture to the end.
- It more quickly breaks and scatters the oil film from the beard.
- It is absolutely mild—leaves the skin in perfect condition. Its purity is indicated by its whiteness.

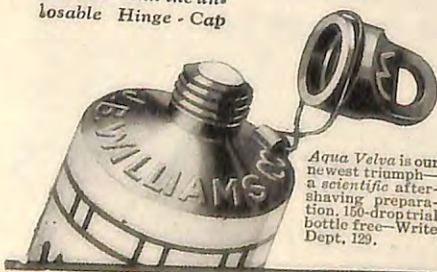
Williams is the master product of the leading firm of shaving soap specialists. It gives a better shave! That's why men are turning to it by thousands.

Let us send you FREE a trial tube of Williams (sample does not have Hinge-Cap). Use a post-card. The large size tube is 35c. Double-size tube at 50c contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

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Williams Shaving Cream

The tube with the un-
losable Hinge-Cap



Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. 150-drop trial bottle free—Write Dept. 129.

We Give Notice

(Continued from page 16)

other words, he is utterly delightful, artistic, sophisticated and daring, as a gentleman would needs be who came riding a wave into shore in any such bizarre manner.

If you liked "The Green Hat" you will want "May Fair," and in this volume you will have a chance to again meet some of "Those Charming People."

Serena Blandish or The Difficulty of Getting Married

By A Lady of Quality

TO BE really in the swim you must go about saying "Have you read Serena Blandish?" And then you must look very wise, a tiny bit wicked and totally amused.

You must put this question to all the unmarried women that you know, intimating in a few words that perhaps they can better their lone plight if they will only profit by some of *Serena's* experiences.

You must also speak to your married friends about the tale, seeking to discover whether any of them ever used *Serena's* methods—then you'll know what to think of them!

As for the bachelors and highly desirable young gentlemen of your acquaintance, well, if anything could make them more wary than they already are of matrimonial traps "*Serena Blandish*" will put the finishing touch to their elusiveness.

Serena, a beautiful nobody, is taken by the Countess Flor di Folio to live in her magnificent home in London for the avowed purpose of making a profitable marriage.

"One must beware of such small successes," said *Martin*—(and *Martin* is the understanding and philosophic butler who fears that he may have to marry *Serena* himself in the end—but who doesn't.) "They make the time pass too quickly. One must not waste enthusiasm upon crumbs—but get the loaf."

Again *Martin* warns *Serena*: "A lady who stays to tea where she has been asked to luncheon is never engaged to be married."

Says the Countess: "Those who do not contribute to a party detract from it."

"How absurd to think of using your private thoughts in public conversation."

Poor *Serena*! She has, she tells us so herself, the kindest heart she has ever met in this world. She is young but not any too innocent. Still, because she considers herself quite virtuous, she may be that, after all. The nice part of the whole thing is that we don't have to take *Serena* seriously. Its author never intended that. She—if it really is a woman—aimed at a highly civilized and gaily cynical caricature of the eternal feminine searching for the eternal masculine because without him she perishes. And in that search *Serena* discovers many things.

For instance, that human beings are very tough; that the only tears in woman that a man approves of are those caused by himself; and that what you can not do with a man on the first day can not be done at the end of a dozen months.

This little font of worldly wisdom, "*Serena Blandish*, or *The Difficulty of Getting Married*" is something in the nature of a *tour de force*. It must be taken as a literary cocktail, to make one's conversation sparkle a trifle and to start the evening off well. The Prohibition officers haven't got after it yet, but it is not recommended for the nursery.

Clothes Make the Pirate

By Holman Day

HERE is another instance of an author who is having his own bit of fun writing a book. And anyone who can not have an equal amount of fun reading it is a very slow fellow indeed. In fact, some folks found it so satisfying that they are making a "movie" of it, and Leon Errol and Dorothy Gish and a lot of other well-known actors are going to have the time of their lives filming the thing.

Boston, some time before the Revolution. A dark night and mischief abroad. Mr. Tidd, the timid tailor, decks himself out in the habiliments of a "Complete Buccaneer." Mr. Tidd

cherishes a love for pirates in his baby soul and is, as you might imagine from his trade, extremely handy with the needle. Hence the costume.

Tidd's wife is indulging in one of her most shrewish evenings. So Tidd leaves the house—as for a fancy dress ball.

At the water-front a crew of desperados await the terrible Captain Dixy Bull, late of the Spanish Main.

Along comes poor little Tidd. The clothes certainly make him look a bloody sea rover.

So— "Rout out all hands to greet our great chief!" shouts one of the waiting pirate crew—and with that Tidd finds life really beginning for him.

There's a girl in the story, Nancy Downs, and a handsome young British officer, and two broken hearts which the tailor-Buccaneer finally succeeds in patching up.

This book has every claim to that well-worn term "a rattling good yarn." Written for the irrepressible boy lurking in the heart of every man.

Those Well-Known Open Spaces

THREE books which positively gravitate together as they stand upon the shelf waiting to tumble into these columns, are "*The Thundering Herd*" by Zane Grey, "*The Ancient Highway*" by James Oliver Curwood, and "*Last Hope Ranch*" by Charles Alden Seltzer.

Hunting around for the words that best describe them, we are reminded of the thrilling advertisement of a certain vacuum cleaner which "sweeps as it does something-or-other as it does something else yet again." There is a breathlessness about that cleaner ad that seems to fit these tales of action perfectly.

Here indeed one fights as one rides as one ranches as one logs as one hunts buffaloes as one hates as one loves as one lives! In fact, you can see that they really leave the vacuum a long, long way behind in the matter of performance.

"*The Ancient Highway*" whirls you up to French Canada, to that very section of the continent staked out by Sir Gilbert Parker. It is, however, a broad land, and there's room for all.

A young man, of Curwood cut, goes into the North Country to tell his enemy what he thinks of him. After that, he takes up a righteous cause, partly because he loves justice but mostly because he loves the girl involved.

Mr. Curwood has given us a sturdy and vivid tale of the logging camps. There are air and water and freedom and manliness in "*The Ancient Highway*" as in all this writer's work, but there are, also, in this story, surprising flashes of high romance—passages of real literary beauty.

For anyone who loves a brave plot, and for anyone who has ever roamed this way and that amongst the narrow, historic streets of the Lower City in Quebec and felt the glamour of the days of the grand seigneurs settle down over the peaked roofs and upon the little churches like some magic and elusive mist, why then this tale will bring much pleasure.

"*The Thundering Herd*" is Zane Grey's excellent picture of the southwest shortly after the Rebellion, and of the great herds of buffalo which moved miles wide and miles long across the prairies like huge brown waves of life.

In the '70's, buffalo hide-hunting brought forward a rush of adventurous spirits, as did the gold discoveries of '49 and '51—seekers after wealth, ex-soldiers, outlaws, tenderfeet, plainsmen, and pioneers looking for new homesteads.

Grey's hero casts his lot with these people. The undertaking is brimful of peril. Indians attack. Buffalo-hide bandits do their most dastardly. The good U. S. Cavalry gallops across the plot and—love conquers all.

This is the sort of thing that Zane Grey can write like a streak.

We hereby urge all timid and sensitive people to read "*Last Hope Ranch*" with their fingers in their ears. Gun-play enlivens every chapter. The hero-villain kills so many people in self defense and in the brave defense of others, that we lost track of the slain when two-thirds of the way through the book. We have never had

time to go back and gather them all up and count them correctly.

Mr. Seltzer's tale is, however, very ingenious and done with the fewest lapses of action that we have ever encountered. He gives us something quite new in the way of "killers" and a very satisfyingly brave and loyal heroine—an Eastern girl brought to an isolated ranch by her father who is haunted with a tragedy in his past.

But, as you know, gentle reader, no past is safe from the world. Even on the desert Nemesis will come riding, riding out of the sage brush to bring the whole thing up again and make life not worth a tinker's damn.

This sort of Western romance is light, brisk reading. It is seldom more than that. But in the case of "Last Hope Ranch" the author achieves a sense of leashed excitement and two-edged danger that one hardly expects to meet in the cow-country school of fiction.

The story is without doubt even at this moment on its headlong way into the scenario mills of Hollywood. Nothing could ever keep it out.

The Light Fantastic Pen

THE world is a pretty darned serious place. You'll have to admit that.

Every once in a while nature provides an antidote or a palliative or an anæsthetic—so that we can forget for a while the sharp stings of daily life.

Sometimes these reliefs come in the way of fortunes left by an utterly mislaid grandfather or unknown step-brother.

Sometimes we become movie stars and make a million on our perfect jaw line.

Sometimes we fall desperately in love or get religion.

But these cases are rare. To make life bearable to the masses, Providence has provided Mr. Irvin S. Cobb.

Mr. Cobb writes the kind of books that you read while the storms storm, and the bills become overdue, and the children behave like demons. He makes you forget these things, or else believe in their ultimate happy endings.

The new Cobb book, "Here Comes the Bride," talks to you in an intimate, chuckly way about all the things that annoy you to distraction—or puzzle you. Mr. Cobb shares these distractions with you and shows you how you can snap your finger at the petty tyrannies of civilization and say: "Avaunt! I see through you—you're a set of jokes—it is to laugh!"

In "Here Comes the Bride" the author reduces to ashes and loud laughter such subjects as Weddings, Bores, Travel, Christmas Gifts, National Holidays, The Advantages of Being Homely, and this and that—to again borrow from Mr. Arlen.

In a word, read it and grow merry. If, after you have finished Mr. Cobb's book, you find worry and dullness not entirely dispelled, we recommend "The Crazy Fool" by Donald Ogden Stewart.

Here is as mad a piece of lunacy, epigrams, insolences and wit as you ever came across. It leaves you standing on your head, as it were—which may be a good change after being on your feet all day.

It is the story of Charlie Hatch, a crazy fool, whose uncle leaves him an insane asylum and whose sweetheart insists upon his "making good."

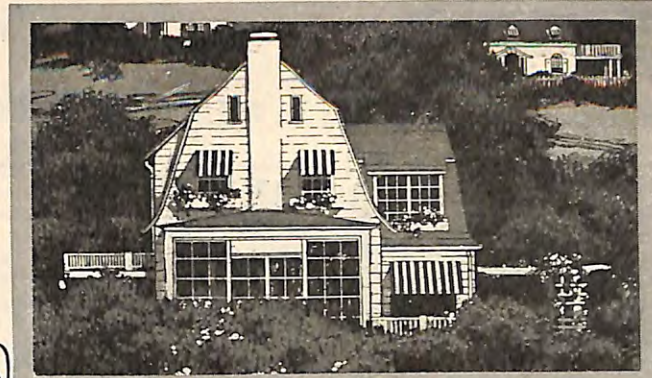
In "modernizing and reorganizing" the insane asylum Charlie shows his genius. Mr. Stewart also shows us up as an appallingly funny nation, for out of Charlie's experiences is distilled the maddest, merriest satire on life and the technique of big business.

For a fleeting moment the book brought to mind certain scenes in "A Beggar On Horseback."

Charlie is a gentle, disarming creature. "I'm just a young man," he says, "and I don't want to seem critical—but I do think the station's on fire."

He's as polite and considerate as that all the way through the night-mare, so that though one's sides may split and one's brain reel, one's manners are in no danger.

(Continued on page 46)



Pride of the Street

Every finish correct as specified on the Household Painting Guide

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If you cannot locate *Paint Headquarters* write us at once. The Sherwin-Williams Co., largest paint and varnish makers in the world, 670 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.

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HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE				
SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES.....	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS.....	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK.....	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior...	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior...	SWP House Paint	Repar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE.....	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior.....	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint	Repar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES.....	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood).....	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete.....	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch.....	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
Porch	Enameloid	Repar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Enameloid
HOUSE OR GARAGE	SWP House Paint	Repar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint	Repar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM.....	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS.....	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle.....	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
Metal.....	Metalastic			
Composition.....	Ebonol			
SCREENS.....	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS.....	S-W Family Paint	Repar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER.....	Enameloid	Repar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Interior.....	Flat-Tone			



We Give Notice

(Continued from page 45)

Shorter Mention

Destiny

By Rupert Hughes

A DARING and rushing novel based on the idea that two angels descend from heaven and enter the bodies of two human beings whom they hope to swerve from their obvious destinies. But life and love and the earthly currents are too strong for the angels.

In the main, this is a sweeping and philosophic story, by a very popular author.

The Old Woman of the Movies

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

A COLLECTION of short stories, taking its name from the touching tale of an old woman whose pet grandson is killed in the war, and who sees his picture thrown on the screen in a motion-picture theatre. An emotional and colorful romance ensues as a result of the old woman's passion to follow the film as it is shown in the various theatres in Paris.

We have not always burst forth in unrestrained praise of this author in this Department, but in these sketches there are many beautiful and poignant touches. We want to be fair.

Cruel Fellowship

By Cyril Hume

CYRIL HUME, author of "The Wife of the Centaur," which made such a hit last year, is a much talked of young writer. Great things are expected of him, according to those who know.

His new book, a powerful character study of a young man of very unheroic mold, is food for careful and adult reading. It leaves one numbed and horrified before the tragedy of an unfulfilled and distorted life.

The Harp

By Ethelreda Lewis

A NOVEL of South Africa. Dramatic, touching and sometimes very beautiful.

Books Reviewed This Month

St. Mawr, by D. H. Lawrence. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

The Mother's Recompense, by Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co., New York)

May Fair, by Michael Arlen. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

Serena Blandish, by A Lady of Quality. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

Clothes Make the Pirate, by Holman Day. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

The Thundering Herd, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

The Ancient Highway, by James Oliver Curwood. (The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York)

Last Hope Ranch, by Charles Alden Sletzer. (The Century Company, New York)

Here Comes the Bride, by Irvin S. Cobb. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

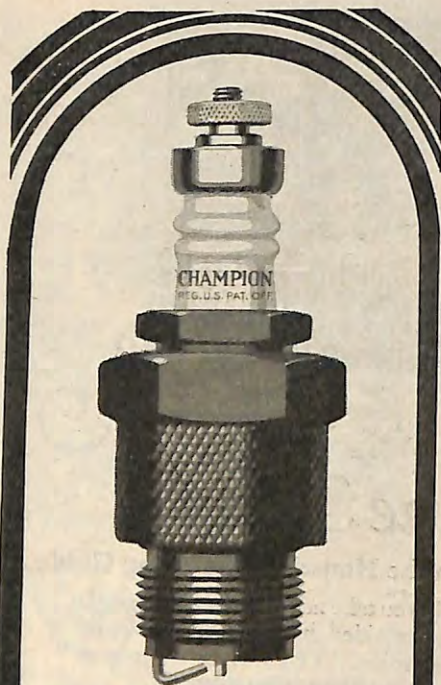
The Crazy Fool, by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Albert & Charles Boni, New York)

The Old Woman of the Movies, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

Cruel Fellowship, by Cyril Hume. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

Destiny, by Rupert Hughes. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

The Harp, by Ethelreda Lewis. (George H. Doran Co., New York)



Champion is the better spark plug and will give better service for a longer period because of its double-ribbed, sillimanite core, unbreakable in use; its semi-petticoat tip, which retards carbon formation; its special alloy electrodes; and its two-piece, gas-tight construction.

This is why Champion is out-selling throughout the world.

Maintain better engine performance and economy of operation by putting in a new set of Champions at least once a year. They pay for themselves in a short time in oil and gas saved.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, Ohio
Windsor, Ont., London, Paris

Champion X, the standard spark plug for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors, costs but 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. Know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.



Tennis, the Common Denominator of Sport

(Continued from page 26)

France, and am looking forward to a chance to visit Sweden some day and see the famous covered courts club in Stockholm which he helped build and in which he is actively interested.

You have probably heard the expression so current in this country several years ago—"the cat's pajamas." However, you doubtless never heard of the "king's pants." But thereby hangs a tale, a tale which I daresay the King knows nothing about. I hope when he reads these lines in THE ELKS MAGAZINE that he won't hold against me what I'm about to confess. It all happened a year or so ago when I was playing against the King in the finals of a doubles match at Cannes. When it was over I went into the dressing-room, took my clothes off and threw them over the back of a chair. While I was in the shower-bath the King came in with his chamberlain and started to change his clothes.

This chamberlain person is a pale gentleman who looks like a retired mortuary architect, and stands around to wait upon His Majesty when occasion demands. Thus, as the King starts to play he removes the royal overcoat and sweater and hands out the royal racquet. The match over, he helps the royal player change his clothes and packs his tennis stuff in the royal bag. On this fateful day the chamberlain must have been nodding; in packing up he managed to grab my trousers by mistake. I discovered this when I got dressed and started looking for them. The King had my pants!

No good American, however, is bothered by a little thing like a royal pair of pants. I looked around, for His Majesty had long since departed, and found the pants of the King in the corner where he had thrown them in a hurry. They were wet from the royal sweat, but they were undoubtedly the King's. The royal crown was embroidered inside as proof thereof. If the King could steal my trousers, I saw no reason why I

should not steal his, so I shoved them into my bag and went away. Quietly. The chamberlain never mentioned his mistake to me later on in the season, and those pants are still part of my wardrobe. In fact, I do quite a rushing business in summer renting them out to my friends for the afternoon.

Charlie Aeschliman, the Swiss champion, is a great favorite with European galleries, for he takes tennis as a game, and laughs equally at victory and defeat. Six feet two inches tall, weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, he is a terrifying figure at the net, and more than once has frightened opponents into submission. Last spring I was playing with Charlie in the finals of the doubles at Monte Carlo against Colonel Mayes, a well-known English player, and Lord Cholmondeley, who won the Riviera championships with Cochet several years ago. We lost the first two sets, at the end of which Charlie allowed he was going to soak the ball straight at them. He did so with such effect that we won the next three sets and the match, and toward the end his smashing was so severe and his poaching so deadly that our opponents actually did not know where to hit the ball. Charlie has beaten some of the best players in Europe in the past few years, and in 1923 almost beat the strong French team in the Davis Cup matches without any help. Last winter he married Miss Leslie Bancroft of Boston, Massachusetts, one of the ranking American women players.

René Gallepe, the champion of Monaco, is another well-known figure in European tennis. René is not a Monegasque by birth, being French; but he lives in Monte Carlo and is easily the best player in the Principality. He is heavy and can run little, for which reason he plays a game peculiarly his own, standing in mid-court and taking everything on the half volley or volley. He pursues a winning game with confidence and decision, as many of the best players

of the Continent know to their sorrow. When losing, however, he is far more picturesque. Galleries storm the courts when René commences to lose, for his language is both loud and voluble, and his racquet is as likely as not to be hurled at the head of the umpire when a close point is given against him. René can be counted on to furnish a good deal of entertainment in the course of a busy afternoon.

Jean Washer, the Belgian champion, who is coming to the United States this fall, is another interesting figure. Washer is a southpaw, very much like Hunter, the American, with whom he has had some hard matches. Like Hunter he packs a terrifically severe forehand drive which serves to wear down his opponent. Washer was in the Belgian army during the war, and wears the scars of battle on his forehead, a deep hole showing where a piece of shrapnel was extracted. To-day Mrs. Washer carries that piece of shrapnel around her wrist as a charm. Washer took Bill Johnston to five hard-fought sets in the championship at Paris in 1923, and is a dangerous and sportsmanlike opponent.

BARON H. L. DE MORPURGO, who will also be seen soon in this country, is another interesting Continental player. Before the war he was an Austrian, living in Trieste, and at the age of fourteen beat some of the best French players in Paris. When the war came he entered the Austrian Air Service, transferred to a German squadron, and became one of their best aces. The war over, he returned to Trieste to find himself automatically Italian by the terms of the treaty which gave that city to Italy. For the past four years he has represented Italy in tennis, and is one of the three or four best players in all Europe, reaching the semi-finals of the Olympic Games in Paris last year, and losing to Vincent Richards after a long struggle.

A lot of Americans know more about Finland than they ever did, due to Paavo Nurmi, the distance runner who toured this country last winter. In Grahn, a youngster from Helsingfors, Finland, also has a tennis champion in the making. A man who played him last fall in his own city ranks him in the very front of the European players, and predicts a future for him. Von Kerhling of Hungary is also another fine player; all the finer because he seldom gets a chance against really good opponents. All these players come from small countries where the opportunity for play is much less than in the United States, but they would make trouble for any but the best of our leading players. Indeed Washer and Morpurgo have pressed Johnston and Richards closely, and Washer beat Hunter in Paris last summer.

I am frequently asked how these nations would stand if ranked as the players of each country are ranked annually. The first ten countries in the tennis world I place as follows:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. United States | 6. Japan |
| 2. Australia | 7. India |
| 3. France | 8. Spain |
| 4. England | 9. Italy |
| 5. South Africa | 10. Holland |

There will, after our successful defense of the Davis Cup during the past years, be no dispute over first place. The next two teams are almost together. I prefer Australia because the French as yet are not masters of the doubles game. In twenty years of Davis Cup matches France has never defeated England, America or Australia. There is a distinct drop after France, and the next three nations are again almost level. England, with her fine young players like Keats Lester, Kingsley and H. W. Austin, comes third, although I have no doubt that if the matches were played in South Africa, that nation would invariably prove victorious. English tennis, however, despite the English summer climate, is on the upgrade. South Africa is an easy fifth. Condon and Richardson defeated the straight-set conquerors of the Japanese at the Olympic Games last summer with ease, and Spence on his day is the best in Europe. India, with a flock of fine young native players, edges out Spain and the Alonsos, and Holland, with Timmer once more playing well, and Diemer Kool at his best, gets the last place over Denmark and Canada.

Of these ten nations, it is worth noting that in at least five of them there was no such thing as tennis when the Davis Cup was founded twenty-

(Continued on page 48)

What of the Facial Whatnot?



Many men have been good or great or both, in spite of whiskers that were as needless as four-wheel brakes on a wheelbarrow.

It is well, therefore, to approach the old plush album in a spirit of reverence. Behind Uncle Zachariah's bewildering begonias there may have been genial impulses that never got the publicity they deserved. Imagine how your own radiance would be dimmed if a tangled mass of whiskers made you look like a partial eclipse.

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Tennis, the Common Denominator of Sport

(Continued from page 47)

five years ago. Just how widespread a scope the game has to-day was brought in on me recently at Monte Carlo during one of the large championships. A Frenchman, an Italian, a Dane and a Spaniard were playing an important match with an Englishman umpiring. Not a single one of these players understood the other's language, they could not have played cricket together, or football together, or baseball together. But they could and did play tennis together, although certainly part of the time they had not the faintest idea what the umpire was saying.

Last spring I stepped off a bus one evening about eight o'clock in a suburb of London called Acton Vale. There are several hundred Acton Vales all around London just as there are around Pittsburgh and Chicago and St. Louis. The interesting thing about this particular suburb was the public tennis ground, several acres in extent, on which hundreds of people were playing the game after a day's work in shops and offices. The vast area of the field was covered with courts, there were courts in every direction as far as you could see. And every court was taken. This was only one suburb, of one large city. In Manchester, which is the fourth largest city in England, there are nearly two hundred and fifty courts for public use scattered over nineteen

different parks. In three months last summer over two hundred thousand people used them. There are over three hundred public courts in Birmingham, over five hundred in greater London. The night I went out to Acton Vale dusk was not very far away. Yet there was a line of over a hundred people waiting at that late hour for a chance to get a game. This gives you a faint idea of how the sport is spreading all over Europe.

In 1900 when the Davis Cup was first put into play, two nations challenged for it. This year, appropriately enough, its twenty-fifth year, twenty-five nations entered the lists. You have to travel a lot before you realize just how great has been the growth of tennis, and how rapidly that growth has taken place. Before you realize that Tilden and Johnston are household names in a good many households that do not know how to pronounce them. You must see for yourself the vast proportions the game is assuming in every nation of the old and the new world, before you can believe such a story as was told me by a schoolmaster in a small provincial French city last year. He asked in an examination the name of the President of the United States. Nearly half the class put down Tilden's name, and what is more they knew that his full name was W. T. Tilden, 2nd!

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 23)

Her hands balled into tiny fists. "I have not forgotten Al Conroy."

"Your brother's ex-partner. I see. . . ."

There was silence in the room. Suddenly North's voice came from the stillness—

"And to save your husband's life you were willing to let your brother commit a murder?"

"Wait!" Alan was on his feet. "I never said it was Johnny Ames who—"

"Shut up, Alan! I told you to keep out of this." Then he resumed his careless drawl.

"Do you suppose I'm an idiot? Didn't you know that I realized it was Johnny? Who else but an ass like that would attempt to kill me? It is all really very romantic and interesting, come to think of it. Young man in the shadow of death; wife's brother risking life to remove shadow; doomed man striving to prevent. I didn't believe that things of the sort ever happened nowadays."

"I didn't ask you to believe," interjected Alan coldly.

"Ah! said North quietly. "That is the peculiar part of it all. I do believe."

"What?" Their exclamation came in chorus.

"You mean—"

"I happen to know that you are telling the truth."

"How do you know?"

"Because," answered the man placidly, "Johnny has already been here."

"Oh. . . ." It was Beverly speaking.

"What happened?"

"Nothing in particular." There was a faint hint of bravado in North's manner. "Do you fancy for a minute that I could be in actual danger from a person like Johnny Ames? It is really amusing. . . ."

"Where is he now, Mr. North? Please tell me. He's my brother, and—"

Rather theatrically North crossed the room and flung open a closet door. And from that closet stepped Johnny Ames. He was disheveled, his coat was gone and his shirt torn. His hands were tied firmly behind his back and a gag fitted snugly into his mouth. He gazed appealingly from one to the other—and then toward North.

"You see," remarked North easily, "I really didn't doubt your story for a moment. I merely desired to probe for motives."

"Beverly's face was a study in conflicting emotions. Johnny here—trapped by North in the very act of attempting to take his life. Her heart sank. . . she knew the penalty. She turned to the impassive man—

"I suppose there is no use to plead—"

"Not a particle, Beverly. My mind is made up."

Indifferent to his safety, he walked to the window. For several minutes he stood in silence, his back turned in fine disdain of anything that might be attempted.

It was Andrew North who ignored them: Andrew North, firm and positive and stalwart—but Beverly fancied that she detected the slightest droop in his broad shoulders; the veriest hint of loneliness. At length he faced them, and his expression was softer and more human than they had ever seen it. He regarded them levelly and when he spoke his tone was gentle.

"You have honored me by being honest," he said slowly. "I shall return the compliment. I shall surprise you by confessing to an emotion. You are amazed, are you not? I can see it in your eyes. . . . You see, I have been touched on a vulnerable spot. It happens that I am intensely sentimental."

He paused, but they did not interrupt. A vague, indefinable change had come over the man. He had momentarily shed his mask and they feared to break the spell.

"Sentiment is an emotion with which I am not generally accredited. But it is there—and I may as well confess that I have been deeply impressed by to-night's happenings."

"There is more than that I will admit. I shall do it as briefly as possible—while the humor is on me. In the first place I have liked you, Alan, from the night when I permitted myself to be mastered by silly sentiment and loaned you, a stranger, fifty dollars. I have admired the unflinching manner in which you have stood the gaff of the past several months. I like your courage and independence; I applaud the way you have handled your relations with me. I despise servility—particularly when I know that it is begotten of fear."

"And if I may be permitted to say so, Beverly—I admire you also; no less at this moment because you, too, have shown supreme courage. It seems to me that you two are ideally mated. . . ."

"As to your very foolish young brother—he causes me to doubt myself. I really believed that he was mixed up in Conroy's attempt to betray me. I have had cause to change my mind—simply because I do not believe that any man would have tried what he has attempted to-night if he was possessed of the streak which participation in the Conroy affair demanded."

"When that thing occurred I had every intention of having Johnny killed. You see, I haven't the slightest compunction about that sort of thing. My reputation for mercilessness is not undeserved. . . . Take Alan, for instance; he had precisely three more weeks to live. I would have allowed him that much time

to carry out his agreement. Had he then not done it, I would have had him relieved of the trouble—"

Beverly was leaning forward in her chair. Her heart was pounding, her lips slightly parted, her eyes wide and staring. Now she rose and crossed the room and rested her hand on North's arm—

"For God's sake, Mr. North—why do you say 'had'?"

He turned expressionless eyes upon her. "Did I?"

"Yes. You said that he *had* three weeks to live—"

"I suppose I meant that."

"But your very words hint of something different. You yourself have changed—here, in the last few moments."

"Have I? That is very interesting. I wonder what you would think if I informed you that in addition to my streak of sentiment I also possess the capacity for mercy?"

A faint flush dyed North's cheeks. He felt Beverly's hand tighten on his arm. . . . The silence within the room was oppressive—and it was Beverly whose dry, choked voice put into words the question which tortured them.

"Do—do you mean that Alan—that Alan and John—Do you mean that they. . . .?"

North bowed. "My dear Mrs. Beckwith, can't you understand that that is what I have been trying to explain to you? Ordinarily I am not at a loss for words—but this is no ordinary occasion. To-night I am soft and sentimental, and I have been trying to make you see that I am not absolutely unhuman."

"Oh. . . . Then they—?"

"I deliver them to you, Beverly. To-night's affair was absurd—but impressive. As a matter of fact your brother's attempt to kill me was not unexpected—as I believe his reception proved. But the surprising thing—the element which my sentimental streak does not permit me to overlook—was Alan's intervention. That he should try to save me was considerably more than I anticipated.

"YOU see, Beverly, I, too, have a code. I try to play square. I pay my debts. The fact that Alan's effort to save me was quite unnecessary does not alter his very excellent intentions. I can do no less than meet his generosity in an equally generous spirit."

Beverly stood before the man: dainty and pretty and—now that reaction had set in—appearing very much of a helpless little girl. Her steely self-control had been obliterated by this golden gift and her eyes were wide and shining.

She tried to speak but the words would not come. She gazed upon North as though doubting the evidence of her own senses—fearful that she had not heard aright and that the curtain of darkness might once again be drawn across the future.

North watched her gravely, and there was a hint of embarrassment in his manner. He was not the North of reputation or of her acquaintance. His voice was soft, his manner infinitely gentle. And then it came to Beverly that the man was human—deeply, mercifully human—and without warning something snapped within her and she seated herself on the nearest chair and buried her face in her hands. North, awkward and ill at ease, was beside her in a moment:

"Please Beverly—it is nothing to cry about. I am only doing what is fair. . . ."

She took his hand and clung to it, pressing it against her tear-stained cheek. "Mr. North. . . . Oh! Mr. North. . . ."

"There—there! Please. . . . I don't like tears—really I don't." He straightened—"Suppose you release your brother, Beverly, so that we can have a comfortable little chat."

He handed her his silver pocket-knife and she cut the bonds which held Johnny Ames. The lad grimaced as he moved his arms and jaw. "Gee! he said slowly—"You sure are a white man, Mr. North."

North nodded and turned back to the others: "To-morrow morning, Alan," he said, "I shall figure out the precise amount you owe me. It is something in the neighborhood of twenty-eight thousand dollars. No. . . . permit me to abandon any thought of profit. And, since I have to-night shown myself to be very weak—

(Continued on page 50)



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The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 49)

may I throw myself further on your mercy by telling you that I am lonely? That surprises you, doesn't it? I may regret my admission . . . but I am a man without friends. I believe that you folks know me better than any other persons in the world. If I may be allowed to see you occasionally—if the bitterness and the hatred of the past few months can be forgotten—"

Alan came to him. "I wonder if you will believe me, Mr. North, when I tell you that this revelation does not entirely surprise me?"

"Yes. . . . I rather think I will believe you. I have always had an uncomfortable feeling that you knew a great deal more about me than any one else. I'm rather glad, too—it would be such a pleasure occasionally to be with people who know me as I am."

"You are welcome in our home at any time, North. I mean that."

"Thank you, Alan."
 They stood in awkward, wordless silence. Then, because there seemed to be nothing left to say, they prepared to leave. North spoke briefly to Johnny Ames and handed that young man the automatic with which he had greeted Alan:

"Your gun, Johnny."
 The boy accepted it sheepishly. Then North took Beverly's hand between both of his.

"Good luck to you, Mrs. Beckwith," he said.
 "And to you. . . ." Their eyes met and held. Then, without warning, she placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed him lightly on the lips. "God bless you, Mr. North!"

As the elevator came for them, they turned to bid him goodbye. He stood in the doorway of his apartment; colorless and motionless. But there was a subtle difference about him—a difference which at first they could not analyze. And then it came to them—

There was the very faintest little ghost of a smile on the lips of the man who never smiled.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE door closed—and Beverly and Alan were alone in the apartment. Johnny Ames and Mae Deshler had gone; gone after a delirious hour of hysteria, incoherence and a pitiful, futile effort to measure the immensity of this miracle which had come to pass.

They had all felt the strain and had shown it in staccato questions and half-spoken answers, in laughter which was shot through with tears and by tears that were born of happiness.

And now, in the semi-darkness of the hallway, Alan and Beverly faced one another in silence. They knew—but as yet there had been insufficient time to grasp the significance of the thing. Their thoughts were chaotic. Hand in hand they had walked down from Calvary and now, hand in hand, they were setting out upon the road of sun-strewn years. Theirs had been a travail, fierce and terrible, the very agony of which had brought them close to one another. They gazed dumbly, impotent to put their happiness into words; impotent to grasp so suddenly its overwhelming beauty.

With the tick of the clock a master painter had tinted drab with gold: it was the hour of wonder and of thanksgiving, of humility and serene gladness. Now they were face to face, their bodies were trembling and their arms hungering.

They moved slowly and softly into the living room, as though fearful of destroying the fabric of a wondrous dream. Once Alan questioned for her hand—then withdrew his own as though afraid that by touching her the spell would be dissipated. She sat straight in her easy chair under the reading lamp. He sat opposite, his long figure bent forward tensely; his fine eyes burning into hers. He wanted to go to her, to fold her in his arms—but he was afraid—afraid of something which he could not understand. It was a moment of wonder and they guarded the spell instinctively and jealously.

One thought hammered in their brains: they were free . . . free Theirs was the future: dazzling—mystic—sacred. Their eyes met through a gossamer veil of happiness. Silence and a golden exaltation!

But their eyes spoke more than their lips could have done. Their gazes were frankly revealing and gloriously unashamed. Hers proclaimed that she was his—and his answered that he understood.

It was not a happiness which either could measure; it was difficult to comprehend. It was bigger than themselves because of its very unexpectedness. She looked upon the man as though she could not see enough—and remembered that only a few hours before their lives had been pain-laden, weighted with the black desolateness of the coming years.

It was she who broke the magic spell of inaction. She came to him and sat on the floor at his feet. She pillowed her head on his lap and her hand pressed his with amazing strength. Her sigh came to him softly—like the breath of a rose.

"Alan!" she whispered— "Oh! Alan—my love!"

He tried to speak but words choked him. Only now, in actual physical contact with Beverly, did he begin to sense how desperately he had clung to life; how much it meant to him. He was pitifully humble and grateful—and he experienced a passionate desire to serve this glorious girl-woman; to smooth for her the road to To-morrow. . . . His arm passed about her quivering shoulders and drew her tight against him as he pressed his lips to the warm, chestnut hair.

Thus they sat in the silence of ineffable contentment. The mantel clock ticked on—but no longer was it an ominous, forbidding sound, for it marked tiny steps into a future which promised a happiness so great and so keen as to be almost unbearable.

From below came street noises, subdued by the lateness of the hour, but speaking of life—of life which they were now to be permitted to live. Their love, which had grown and grown, burst now into blossom and they were awed by the glory of its fragrance.

Death had become Life; by the same wonderful alchemy, dark sorrow had become transmuted to singing happiness. Never in all this thirteen months had Andrew North appeared so all-powerful as at this moment. Before, he was the destroyer—the smotherer. Now he was the creator; the infuser of the breath of a great, undying exaltation.

"I can't yet believe it, Alan. . . ."
 "Nor I, dear. It has come too suddenly—it is too magnificently wonderful. . . ."

"But it is true! That is what I keep telling myself over and over again! We are here—together—"

"And will be together for always."
 "Yes. . . . See how silly I am. I'm crying again—but oh! such happy tears."

His hand caressed her cheek and she looked up at him with shy radiance.

"Take me in your arms, Alan—and hold me close."

She snuggled against him: warm and pliant and yielding. Then her voice came to him in a whisper—a voice tiny and afraid.

"Out of it all, Alan—I can only grasp a single fact. Only one thing."
 "And that is?"

Perhaps he only fancied that she answered: the words, if she spoke them at all, were but the gentlest movement of her lips. . . . He crushed her to him and her arms clung desperately, as though never to let him go.

For what he fancied she said was:
 "The thought that makes me happiest of all, Alan—is that already I belong to you."

(THE END)

Next month The Elks Magazine presents a thrilling new mystery serial: "The Moving House of Foscardo," by Charles Chadwick, illustrated by Grant Reynard

The Sage-Brush Tourist

(Continued from page 12)

I felt so properly rebuked that I drove away in silence—or as much silence as you can command when you are starting a Ford in low. Next time I cross I must mend my ways; either transform myself frankly into a complete dude tourist or sink back to the level of the Ford class. In the United States I find a man is known by the car he drives. Looking at myself and my affairs impartially, I suppose that I belong in the six-cylinder class. A car valued at about \$1600 to \$2000 f.o.b. strikes me as the rating for successful retail druggists, sales managers of small concerns, and authors. Perhaps a best-seller would rank as high as the eight-cylinder class. But somehow I can not bear to think of life on the ocean-to-ocean trails without Lizzie. She wears out my aging arms with repressing her temperamental tendency to jump the road; she frays my nerves by her coughs, groans, wheezes and rattles; every time I come down a mountain pass she burns out her brake-band—or I do. But with all her faults, I love her still. Or rather, it is the fraternity of the sage-brush which keeps me in the Ford class. Kind hearts are more than four-wheel-brakes and simple faith than one-man tops.

And after all, why should I be ashamed of Lizzie? I have seen her shine in circles to which many an eight-cylindered car had never attained. Early in 1920, King Albert of Belgium held at Brussels the first royal garden party since the invasion of 1914. Because court entertaining had been so long suspended, Belgium carried off the affair with all the state and splendor at her command. The directions and instructions accompanying my invitation warned guests not to come in a taxicab; they must have a private car or carriage with liveried chauffeur or coachman. I hired, therefore, an expensive European car. When the party was over and I waited at the entrance for my number to be called, no less than seven Ford touring cars drove up for the aristocracy and nobility of Belgium. They were painted and lined like hussies; their doors bore coats-of-arms; brilliantly liveried drivers and footmen posed on their front seats. "Elizabeth, Tin Elizabeth," said I, "you were a long time getting into society—but you got there!"

AGAIN, she has borne royalty. George Ward-Price, the eminent British war correspondent, has a brother in the Foreign Service. He holds down a district of West Africa, two hundred miles from any other white man. After the war he wrote home to say that there was now a road built to the Coast and he could get petrol; could the family recommend some light and inexpensive motor-car which would stand rough usage? George, having observed our American ambulances at Saloniki, wired back: "Suggest a Ford." "No," replied his brother in due season, "For the prestige of the Empire, a Ford won't do. All the native kings have Fords now."

Instead of rising in the world, therefore, I shall probably sink down to the level of the mass—and camp next time. The cot-and-springs in the poor man's hotel can't be any more uncomfortable than some of the beds I have occupied in "rooms for tourists" on nights when I couldn't make a big town. My wife and passenger, being considerably more of a writer than she is a housewife, will have to take cooking lessons. But I am pretty good at coffee; and now and then we can sneak a real meal at one of the EAT places by the roadside.

We are highly respectable, we flivver people, gypsies of modern days. (I use the word "gypsy" figuratively. The two real Romany outfits which I have seen on this trip traveled respectively in Buicks and Velies.) The celebrated refining influence of family life partly accounts for that, I suppose. The women, the children, and the moral, steady dog insist on going along. I interviewed last week the matron of a large camp—about the largest I have encountered this time. "The best people in the world!" she cried enthusiastically. "They never make any trouble and they clean up after themselves." "Never any trouble of any kind?" I asked, boring in. "Once," she admitted, "and only once. Last year, three young fellows went to town and got some moonshine and came home drunk. My husband has a special policeman's

(Continued on page 52)

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The Sage-Brush Tourist

(Continued from page 51)

badge. But he didn't arrest them. He just waited until they were sober, and then gave them a good talk and sent them out of camp. They came back a few months later. 'Going to behave?' says I. 'Sure,' says they, 'you taught us a lesson.' And they did behave. You have to make allowances for them," she added charitably, "just lone men folks!"

I have, however, my own theory to account for the exemplary conduct of our fraternity. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do; and after you have held Lizzie on the road for ten hours, you are too tired for devilment and sin.

But while we are respectable, we are not bromidic. Far from it. Social philosophers have been wondering of late if Americans are not growing too standardized as a people. To prove the point, they call attention to the disappearance from our cities of those odd fish which used to add so much color to American life. The odd fish still swim, if the sociologists only knew where to angle for them. They have bought Fords and taken to the road.

FOR example, there is the Ford evangelist whom I have never yet seen but whose trail I am always crossing. He and his wife travel with the regular touring equipment plus a set of hymn-books, an accordeon and a can of black paint. Every day he stops somewhere to paint on wayside rocks warnings to the unconverted. Every night in camp he holds a service, his wife accompanying the singing on her accordeon. This season, they tell me, he is specializing on evolution. From Puget Sound to the Gulf, the camps resound with his eloquent descriptions of the Hell awaiting those who believe that man descended from the monkey. He is not an ordained clergyman; and he finances his own pious endeavors. Once he owned a prosperous house and sign-painting business in Nebraska—hence his skill in lettering mottoes. He sold it; and on the income of the fund so established, he is touring and preaching.

At a tree-shaded camp beside a Kansas river I stopped to pass the time of day with three women in khaki knickerbockers who were washing dishes and "redding up." From the family resemblance, I take it that they were mother, daughter and aunt. I asked them where they were bound. "Nowhere," replied the mother, "jest settin'." A judicious exchange of confidences brought out their way of life. They winter in Iowa. But as soon as the snow melts they pack the flivver and start in a general westerly direction. When they come across any large and attractive camp, they pull up, pitch their tent, and "set." For two or three weeks they knit or embroider by day, and by night indulge their love of gossip with new and casual acquaintances. When a camp begins to pall on them, they pack, flit, and in the same haphazard manner choose a new location. Not until the late frosts make the camps utterly uninhabitable do they start back for Iowa. "But we're thinking this year of not going home at all," remarked the aunt. "They say there's camps in Southern California where you can stay all winter. If not, I guess we'll mosey down to Florida." I suppose they must have a small income. Possibly the answer is alimony.

In a Kansas camp I met a tall, blond, well-featured young fellow with educated speech, a reserved manner, and over-soft blue eyes. His car bore a New Jersey license. When, as a fellow Fordist is privileged to do without impertinence, I asked him whence he came and whither he was going, he shied off from the subject. Two nights later I met again a woman tourist who had camped beside him and knew his story. He served at the front in the Great War. Something snapped in him. The surgeons pronounced it shell-shock. We call the mental and spiritual wounds of the war by that hazy title for want of a better. Since 1919 he had simply wandered in his Ford, picking up just enough work at common labor to keep himself and his car going. Twice he has shown up at home; each time his parents have sent him to a government sanitarium for treatment; and each time he has escaped to resume his desultory touring. He has wandered by now through nearly every

State in the Union—aimless, distraught, perhaps a trifle dangerous.

The Ford invalid is not so much an individual as a type. In the Rockies and the Southwest, I have met literally hundreds of tourists in whom I read the signs of tuberculosis. These are arrested or incipient cases to whom the doctors have recommended the stock modern treatment of fresh air and rest. Fresh air—yes. But the long, aimless days in sanitarium beds are too much for some nerves. These invalids buy a flivver and tour for months and years until they recover or pass into the hopeless stage.

I found one such in a camp at Santa Fé. As he stood by his tent door I marked him by the officer's khaki breeches and leather leggings that he wore. Four years of the late war have given me an eye for officers; and I remarked to myself that he must have been a good one. I got his story later. He was second in command of a machine-gun company attached to that fighting First Division which stood the gaff from the initial occupation of the Lorraine trenches to the Argonne. He had been twice wounded, and finally gassed with chlorine. Tuberculosis followed as—apologists for war to the contrary notwithstanding—it often does. While we talked, his pretty, live young wife came out of the tent. Learning my business, she asked eagerly if I wanted secretarial work done? They must live on the scanty income the government grants to such cases; she ekes it out, whenever they stop long in one place, by short jobs of stenography. The doctors tell him that he is going to recover. If the hopes of an ex-lunger can help, he certainly will.

As I came into the plaza of La Junta, Colorado, I saw a crowd gathering and hurried to the center of interest. People were running to stare at the biggest and most glittery body I ever saw on a Ford chassis. The driver stood by its front door. I had no need to interview him. He was interviewing himself—telling the citizenry of La Junta all about it. He used to be an automobile dealer in Dayton, Ohio. Then came a serious illness and an operation by the Mayos. After which, the specialists told him that he needed for complete recovery a long course of outdoor life. He bought a truck chassis, went over to Richmond, Indiana, and had a firm of car-builders fit it with the body of a sixteen-passenger omnibus. This, with the aid of a carpenter, he transformed into a house on wheels. At the rear are two beds separated by a curtain—one for the parents, one for the two growing boys. A trick panel in the walls slides back to disclose a cupboard; press a button on the floor, and up comes a stove. Take down a lot of flat apparatus from the wall, assemble it, and you have a table. There are even two black walnut parlor chairs, chintz curtains, and pictures. Dayton, Ohio, arrived at Santa Fé two days behind even me. Certainly, he is not out for speed records. But what should he care? His Ford de Luxe is this year's sensation in tourist circles. As he entered Orchard Camp, Santa Fé, the guests all stopped cooking, dish-washing, fire-making and tinkering for to see and to admire.

He represents not only the invalid tourist but the extreme of another Ford type—the man who seeks to improve on what Henry and Nature gave us. Most of us, I suppose, are on the edge of that class. I confess that I sport balloon tires and an extra-size steering wheel. Some spend half the winter studying the mail-order-house catalogues of Ford parts, and buying as they get the money. By the time they finish, they have Lizzie so dolled up with aluminum steps, accelerators, fancy carburetors, stop-signal lights, California tops, Wing windshields and oversize tires that they might as well have bought a Hupmobile or a Studebaker or a Franklin or something and been done with it.

To the June bustle of roads and camps, the bridal couple on tour furnishes a touch of sentiment. If you're getting married properly and completely nowadays, you need a new car as much as you need furniture, don't you? What more natural than to christen the car with a bridal trip? Judging by what I have seen, I should say that half of the newlyweds in the Middle West step from the altar into a shiny car and start for the Rockies. Sometimes they show the traditional anxiety to conceal their condition.

On the other hand, just as often they flaunt it by the white curtains at the windows of their sedan. When the turnout comes down the cut of a Missouri road with the wild doves flying before it in pairs, it resembles the Chariot of Love.

Stalled at an Oklahoma roadside, I was passed by such a sedan. The curtains were drawn back. At the wheel sat a ravishingly pretty girl with Mary Pickford curls. The tall and stalwart young fellow in a ten-gallon hat who occupied the rest of the seat had both arms round her. They passed on; and of course I stared after them. Above the rear license plate hung the oldest joke in the world—a crudely but plainly lettered sign reading: "Just Married."

The adolescent Ford tourist is a chapter by himself. Judging by the cars they drive, you would call them the very tag-end of the class. What more fascinating employment for any American boy of a mechanical turn than restoring a junked Tin Lizzie to life and vigo? The sons of Richard Lloyd Jones of Tulsa belong to this type. Last year, the owner of a senile Ford, which was being towed to the scrap-heap in a state of coma, sold his property to the Jones boys on the instalment plan. All last winter they saved their pennies and trafficked with junk dealers for usable worn parts. By spring, they had her running. "I own a new Paige," complains Mr. Jones, "but that wreck is the car that is always standing before my house." However, the Junior Jones car still had several vital faults. For example, it could not climb even an ordinary hill. That didn't bother the young motorists. When the grade got too steep they would simply stop and beg a tow. One day Mrs. Jones was walking down a long descent when the familiar voices of her offspring hailed her. She looked—and shrieked. They were in tow of a nitroglycerine wagon! If you are a parent, you know what happened next. Mrs. Jones came through for new parts. And this summer the Jones boys—the elder has reached the age where he can get a driver's license—are indulging a passion to see how people bore oil-wells.

IN FACT, as soon as the schools close in late June, the camps dance and laugh with gypsying youth. One can scarce believe that a Ford could sink so low as some of the things they drive. The typical boy's car consists merely of a chassis that looks as though it were built of rusty tin cans, a set of twisted mud guards, a torn front seat and at the rear a few boards to carry bedding and luggage. Nor are the young adventurers always boys. As the camps fill up of evenings, battered sedans are perpetually discharging knickerbockered young girls, alive, breezy, and totally independent of any man. Sometimes they wander far. In the Rockies I have hobnobbed with vacationing outfits from Smith and Vassar; and at the other extreme of the country I met last summer four co-eds from Wisconsin who had flivvered all the way to Plymouth County, that they might follow in the steps of the Pilgrims. On the present trip I was hailed by three youths in a decrepit touring car whose life history, judging by appearances, could not be much different from that of the Jones Junior Ford. Noting my New York license, they asked: "How's the grand old State?" Students in the New Mexico School of Mines, they register from Schenectady, New York. And every summer they drive home—some two thousand miles by road—to spend their vacation. We are a traveling people, and we begin young!

So scorn us not, six-cylinder people, as we wheeze, bump, wail and rattle past your front gates. We are America, we sage-brush tourists; as much a symbol of unity as baseball, apple-pie or the flag. We are her restless, forth-putting spirit; her passion for adventure; her acute intellectual curiosity; her bubbling good humor and good-will. We till your fields, we harvest your crops; we lay your roads, and we make your public opinion. Who in America crystallizes a national issue nowadays? The press? We gentlemen of the writing clan flatter ourselves if we think that. The politicians? No, they merely follow. Our major national decisions, I firmly believe and maintain, are threshed out at those long summer evening symposiums about the fires of tourist camps when Maine lays down a proposition, Georgia takes him up, and Texas, Oregon, Minnesota and New Jersey jump with both feet into the controversy. We are killing provincialism; we are making the new, amalgamated nation.



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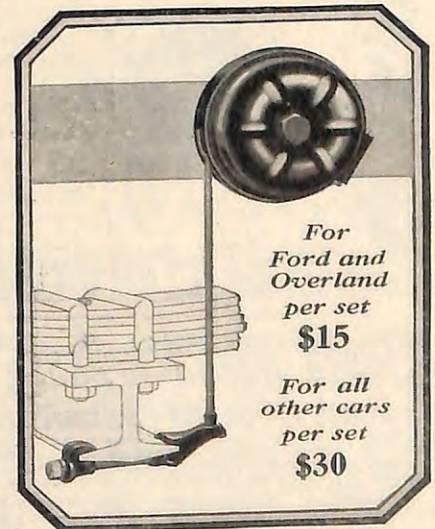
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THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE

Tillie's Radio Jackpot

(Continued from page 29)

into the discards after the draw and no one would be the wiser.

"This play is just getting good," I remarked, shoving eight dollars into the center to meet the two raises.

I was tempted to give the pot another boost but that is a hard thing to do on a lone jack and queen, even in a charity pot. Anyway, another raise might drive some of the other players out.

All hands met Beecher's raise. The pot as it stood then, without any trimmings, looked pretty good. There was no telling where it might soar with the trimmings.

I held the jack and queen of clubs and called for three cards. Al Sadler took one. He was after an inside straight. It was on the strength of this that he had raised me. The others called for three cards each. When it came Beecher's turn to declare himself, he stood pat.

Could you beat that? More Beecher luck! Always coming through with a big hand at the right time! Every player around the table gave a grunt of disgust. The man's luck was uncanny!

Mechanically I gathered up the three cards that Beecher had dealt me. Without opening them up to see what the draw amounted to, I bet off four dollars. It was simply a donation—my contribution to the benefit pot.

None of the others helped on the draw, but they showed their generosity by calling my bet anyway. Of course, in doing this they had to go against Beecher's pat hand. Some of them suspected he might be trying a bold bluff and trailed along on the off chance that one of them would see the pot out and keep him from getting away with anything. Beecher had a way of doing something like this at critical moments.

Beecher gave the pot a raise, as everybody expected. The others would have been disappointed had he done otherwise. Any time this man got hold of a deck of cards, he was just plain money-mad.

The play was now up to me and I gave the hand a farewell look before casting it into the discards.

Well, I came near toppling over! The three strangers which faced me were queens, making a hand of four queens and one jack!

I never put up any claim to possessing one of those inscrutable poker faces that some men pride themselves on but I certainly did make a heroic effort to make my countenance look inoffensive and babylike. It was one of those angelic faces that would have gone nicely with a couple of white wings.

But the countenance didn't mean what it said. Simply a wolf in sheep's mask. Here was just the chance I had been aching for these many moons. I would give this fellow Beecher the trimming that everybody had been wishing on him since long before Tom Bucknell made his final cash-in. I would make this pot cost him plenty.

I STUDIED the play to prolong the agony—sort of a cat playing with a mouse piece of business. After deliberating painfully and feigning uncertainty, I shoved in chips enough to cover Beecher's raise and four extra ones for a back slap. I gave him credit for a straight or flush, or at the best a small full house. In view of standing pat, I figured the best he could have would be a full hand, and my hand would clean him even though he held the highest full in the deck.

All the others dropped out. Beecher gave his cards another pinch in the old, tantalizing way, evidently desiring to make sure they were all there. Then, in his oily, aggravating manner, he raised the pot the limit.

I had feared that he would call and the raise gave me a thrill of pleasure. I was rarin' to go and didn't hesitate a moment in boosting him back.

Beecher couldn't be hurried. His manner indicated that he was not any too sure of the hand. He gave the cards another close inspection. Then he shoved in chips to meet my raise and four more to help it along.

All this was music to me. I was afraid he was going to call. I saw his raise and tilted him back. It now looked as though he might be holding a full hand. He wouldn't go so far unless he had a



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full. He took plenty of time to deliberate and then came back with another raise.

"You must have a big straight or small flush," I said, with a touch of sarcasm. "I'll raise you four more, anyway."

And so it kept going. Ten times each of us raised the pot. I noted with satisfaction all the while that the chips were piling high in the center of the table. One thing sure, Tillie was going to receive a handsome benefit. There was ample in the pot to buy her a real radio outfit. Much of it was my money to be sure, but just as much was Beecher's, and there was heap of satisfaction about that. Still, this playing hero and good fellow was proving rather expensive and, although I had Beecher beaten, I began to see where it was time to finish up things. Contemplating this, I took another squint at my hand, more to think it over than to inspect the cards.

Gads! I got a terrible smack in the face! It knocked the wind out of my sails completely. I discovered to my consternation that I had only four cards. I had discarded the jack by mistake. Although I still held the four queens, the hand was foul. It wouldn't take the money away from two deuces.

HERE was a pretty kettle of fish. As they say on the ships, it was every man for himself. Men think quickly when tragedies of this kind loom suddenly. Something heroic had to be done and I decided to make a bold attempt to wriggle out.

"Beecher," I said, assuming a confident manner, "I've got you beat to a frazzle. I've got fours and your hand isn't worth a candle. Now I'm going to make a suggestion. I'm going to propose that both of us throw our hands into the discard and say no more about it. That's how game I am with the winning hand. What do you say?"

"But the trip to Denver. This pot was to—" Al Sadler had been leaning over gazing into my hand when I took the final peep and he saw the same thing that I saw—the four queens with the important and very necessary fifth card missing. He saw the drift of what I was getting at in making the proposal to call the play off.

"I think it would be a fine idea to call the pot a draw," he kindly interceded. "I would call that real sportsmanship. The pot's big enough anyway, and if there's no more betting and no showdown there won't be any hard feelings afterwards."

The other players chimed in on general principles, although they had very little idea of what it was all about. Beecher saw that sentiment was against him. I must say for him, though, that he behaved like a true poker gentleman.

"Very well," he said, "if you feel that way about it we will call the pot off and say no more about it."

With that he shoved his hand into the discards, cashed in his remaining chips and arose from the table. He didn't seem to have the slightest interest in what disposition was made of the pot. Without any further remarks he put on his hat and coat and left the room.

"Beecher evidently is a trifle peeved," I remarked after he had gone. "Guess he thought he had a pretty sweet hand until I mentioned my fours. If he had held a better hand than mine he would have put up an awful holler. Wouldn't be surprised if he held a king or ace full. He certainly had a lot of confidence in the hand, whatever it was."

The big pot being over, it was now time to take an account of stock and see just how much it contained. There certainly was a beautiful pile of blue chips—and blue chips, as every devotee of the pastime knows, certainly do count up fast.

Buss Briggs' face brightened up as the chips were being counted. Buss is a dealer in radios and I guess he scented a sale. Anyway, he remarked there was enough money to buy Tillie one of the best standard sets on the market, with a little left over to be used in a pinch. No doubt Buss broke into the conversation with an eye to business, hoping to make an easy sale.

Be that as it may, it worked. Buss was handed the pot as it stood and told to put one of his best sets in the Bucknell home without waste of time. Now that the thing was moving

(Continued on page 56)



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Tillie's Radio Jackpot

(Continued from page 55)

we wanted to see the job finished up quickly and artistically. The welfare of the two girls seemed to be the first consideration, now that ways and means had been provided.

"When can you put this outfit up?" one of the others inquired. "We want to go down and see how the girls take it after it is in good working order."

"Let's see," replied Buss. "This is Tuesday night. I think I can have it up and working by Friday night. What do you say if I meet you here Friday night and we'll all go down and surprise Tom's girls and spend the evening with them?"

That seemed to be generally satisfactory. We pushed the chairs back and got ready to leave the room. Al Sadler seemed to have one further detail that he wanted to get out of his system.

"I don't think we want to mix up with Beecher Snover any further in this transaction," he said. "He dumped a nice pile of change into the pot but he went out of the room as snarly as a whipped dog. He's a poor loser and I suggest we go down to the girls' home without saying anything to him about it. He's a bundle of gloom, anyway, and will only gum up the party."

Al's remarks took. The crowd certainly had no use for Beecher and there was a heap of satisfaction that a big slice of his money would go to such a deserving cause. It was therefore settled that we were to assemble at the camp early Friday evening, meet Buss there and go to the Bucknell home to spend the evening. We were all curious to know how the girls would act when they got a real radio set in their home.

The proceeds of the big jackpot were turned over to Buss, who very likely left for home feeling that the evening, so far as he personally was concerned, had not been altogether wasted. There is nothing like combining business with jackpots.

Undoubtedly all hands were impatient for Friday night to arrive. I certainly felt that way. We were about to pull off a good act for the benefit of two deserving daughters of an old friend and every man felt a bit chesty about getting good so suddenly and unexpectedly. Good acts are not so common. They do not drop down from the skies into a mortal's life every day.

THIS impatience showed itself Friday night because all the regulars assembled somewhat earlier than usual. They were all there except Beecher Snover. No one reported having seen him since he walked out of the room Tuesday night without as much as saying good-by to any one. Buss Briggs was the last to arrive. Buss naturally was the central figure that evening. He was the one who had charge of the preliminaries leading up to the main affair and whose duty it was to report that the radio set had been installed and that the stage was all set for our visit to the Bucknell home.

Buss was no more than inside the room before it was observed that something ailed his countenance. His face did not radiate any confidence or register overjoy. Something evidently had gone wrong. Possibly he hadn't been able to get the radio outfit working satisfactorily. That was the first and most natural guess. At any rate, his face was not lit up like you would expect from a radio dealer who had just put across a nice fat sale. His countenance seemed to spell disaster.

That something tragic had occurred was so evident that no one ventured to make inquiry. They preferred to let Buss speak first and choose his own language. He finally blurted it out.

"Nothing doing with that trip to Bucknell's," he said. "The trip is off. Nothing doing with the radio set, either. That's off, too."

Buss' manner indicated that something very much out of the ordinary had been taking place. It wasn't simply that the radio wouldn't work. It was more serious than that. There had been a tragedy of some kind. It was in his face. His countenance did not stop after it had registered disappointment. There was a look of disgust ahead of that.

"You're a sweet lot of birds; a fine bunch of

pikers—and that takes me in, too," said Buss. "This grand affair of ours has turned into a terrible bust."

Some fearful revelation was impending. A catastrophe had occurred and we waited with the keenest interest for Buss to amplify his remarks.

"I am going to tell you this story," he said, "so you birds can get a correct line on yourselves as to how small you are—how small we all are—so that we can estimate what a small hole it would take for all of us to creep through. After I get finished you can go out and destroy yourselves by whatever means you like best, each man to his own taste."

Buss tossed his hat into a chair and sat down. He lighted a half-used cigar and then proceeded to relate the tale we were all so screwed up to hear.

"I'll give it to you just as it happened," Buss began. "I got out the best radio outfit I had in the place and went over to the house last night to rig it up. Both girls were home and alone. They were listening to a radio program from somewhere. The receiving set was on a big cabinet in front of them. But it was not the 'bum little set' described here the other night by our friend at my left. This one was a regular set—the very latest thing in radios and one of the highest-priced on the market. And the program sure was coming in fine."

THIS was a surprising and mystifying development. We looked at each other in a dumfounded way and then turned to Buss for the further unfolding of the tale.

"I am going to tell you something now," Buss continued, "that will just about knock the chairs out from under you. I am going to let you meet our old friend, Beecher Snover, once again, but in an entirely different rôle than you have known him heretofore."

"These Bucknell sisters—Martha, the mill girl, and Tillie, the cripple—don't know yet what brought me to their home, and they never will know if it's left for me to tell them. When I saw that swell radio set in the front room and heard it going, I just hedged right there and then and started making inquiries how it got there, whence it came and some other whys and wherefores. And just so you birds don't get any wrong early impressions and false starts, or get the principals mixed up in your heads, I'll say right here at the outset that the individual responsible for that radio set in the Bucknell home was Beecher Snover—him and no one else."

"That's him—that's Beecher," I chipped in. "Another grand stand play! He bought that outfit and gave it to the girls just to beat us to it. The man can't help it; he was born with that affliction."

"Back up—not so fast," said Buss. "That new radio set has been in the Bucknell home for over a week. Beecher had it installed Wednesday a week ago. It was in the house and in active service on the very night that we pulled off the big jackpot."

This was indeed surprising news. It rather placed Beecher Snover in a new light. In playing the rôle of a good sport by contributing so generously to the big jackpot, understanding the inside of the affair as he did, it sort of stamped him as a hero of a new and unusual type.

"I guess we must all admit that we don't know this fellow Beecher very well," Buss continued. "My opinion is that he is one of those things they sometimes call God's noblemen. I gathered from what the girls told me that he has been playing the rôle of godfather to these orphans for some time, and doing it without any blare of trumpets or any attempt to inject himself where the spotlight was playing upon the picture. Presumably he does not think that such matters are desirable poker-room topics—and I guess maybe we can all gather a lesson from that and apply it to our conduct in the future."

Buss gave each man a sharp glance, evidently in a desire to make sure that the point was not lost.

"I guess, fellows," he went on, "we had better fess up that our old comrade is one of those prince fellows. It appears that Beecher has been looking after the welfare and comfort of these two unfortunate girls for several

(Continued on page 58)

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Tillie's Radio Jackpot

(Continued from page 57)



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months. For more than a year now he has assumed the obligation of paying their house rent, besides bestowing other favors that have brought additional sunshine into the home. It will surprise you further to learn that he has spent considerable of his own money in an effort to relieve Tillie's long-standing spinal affliction. Three times he has called high-priced specialists to see her and there is hope that some permanent good will result. No band music with it. Beecher just did it all by himself and with his own cash. He didn't bring it before any poker club and he didn't suggest any jackpot to help him out."

Buss sort of looked each man inside out to see what effect his words were having. He seemed to be satisfied.

"You now have," Buss continued, "the inside and complete story of Beecher Snover, the two sisters and the radio outfit that didn't get into the Bucknell home, as well as the one that did. You can now draw your own deductions, form your own conclusions and use your own judgment."

There didn't seem to be any call for animated discussion. Silence was making a din that fitted into the proceedings perfectly. Guilt was registered in the face of every man in the room. We now saw Beecher Snover, not in the rôle of a tight-fisted, hard-boiled, successful gambler, but as a fatherly, sympathetic, kind-hearted man.

Red Murray was the first to break the silence. "I don't think you birds yet fully appreciate the fine, noble qualities of Beecher Snover," he said. "My private opinion is that they never turned out truer or gamer sports than this fellow. Now let me tell you something more about this man that you don't know."

The introduction of a new character at this stage focused attention upon Red Murray.

"The other night," said Red, "after that big pot was finished, you recall that Beecher got up and waked out of the room. We kidded ourselves into believing that our friend here had him beaten with four queens. I watched Beecher as he tossed his hand into the discards and, while you were gloating over his humiliation, I fished the hand out from the bottom of the deck. Those four queens our friend held was not the winning hand. Beecher's hand was the seven, eight, nine, ten and jack of diamonds—a straight flush. No one but a genuine sport could have called your bluff, laid 'em down and left the room without making a squawk."

No twelve men on any jury were ever won over more completely than the six of us assembled in that room. And I want to say, in all candor and meekness, that when it came time to send a delegate to the conference, it was Beecher Snover who went and nobody else—Beecher Snover, the boy with the blond whiskers, the pink eyes, the blue chips and the great big white heart.

The Flaming Forests

(Continued from page 9)

still stood guard at the tunnel entrance. When the worst of the fire was over and the smoke had somewhat cleared out of the tunnel, six of the men were dead and several unconscious. Once more Pulaski formed his men in line, and, singed and smoke-blackened, they reached Wallace. For awhile it was feared that Pulaski would lose his sight, but eventually he recovered.

In this fire another ranger, C. H. Watson, rode eighty miles through blazing pine-trees to rescue six men who were trapped in the Cabinet forest. His heroic ride, which nearly cost him his life, was in vain, for the men were dead.

A fire-fighting crew under Ranger Bell sought shelter on a homestead, where a burning tree fell and killed three. Most of the others found safety in a small stream near by. Seven refused to go and crawled in a ditch where they were burned to death. Ranger Debit sent out warnings which saved hundreds, and also got trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to carry out inhabitants along the St. Joe River. A rescue train, filled with refugees, crossed a blazing bridge between Avery, Ida., and Haugen, Mont., and then, seeing that further progress was impossible, the engineer ran the train into a tunnel and stayed there until the danger was over.

Thrilling escapes from these terrific forest fires were too numerous to be recorded. It was as if a Johnstown flood of flame had swept over a vast area, destroying everything in its path. Mountain sides, which a few days before had been cool and inviting, glowed like furnaces. Elk, deer and other animals fled terror-stricken, but there was no escape for many of them. Homesteads were reduced to ashes, grazing cattle were incinerated and half the business section of Wallace was ruined. In Billings, miles from the nearest fire, blazing cinders as large as robins' eggs fell in the streets. A pall of smoke hung over the Rocky Mountain range and was noticeable as far south as Denver. Smoke from the great fires was even noticed in Kansas City.

Along the course which the flames had marked for their own, blazing pieces of bark were carried for miles. These dropped into the trees and started the dreaded "spot" fires, sometimes hemming in the fighting crews. The exertions of the fire-fighters were superhuman. There was a woful absence of roads and trails through the forests. In many instances the crews had to cut their way through underbrush and down timber to reach threatening fires. Sometimes, with thirty or forty miles to go, not more than

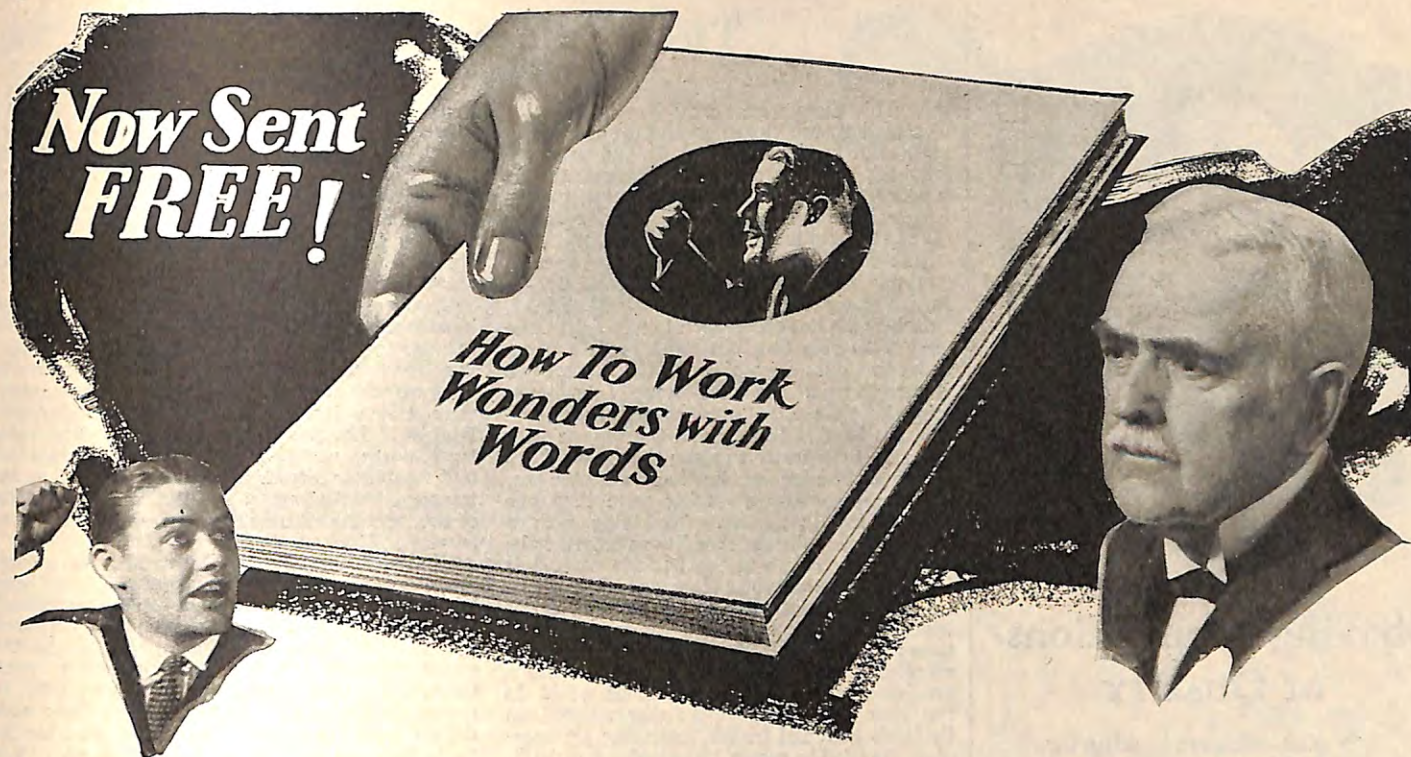
five miles a day could be made by this painful process.

Like the city fireman, the forest fire-fighter realizes the importance of being on the job as soon as trouble breaks out. This is illustrated by the experience of a woman in the Black Hills in Wyoming—the wife of a forest ranger. Her husband was away fighting fires, when there came news of three more outbreaks in different parts of the forest. The woman sent her three sons, one after another, as each call came to the station. Then a "spot" fire broke out near her cabin, and she went out alone and fought it twelve hours and finally subdued it single-handed.

Deputy Supervisor F. L. Kirby of the Tonto National Forest, in Arizona, is known as the luckiest man in the Forest Service, because of an experience which he underwent when he was fighting a fire on the Angeles National Forest last year. This San Gabriel fire, as it is known, burned for twenty days and covered some fifty thousand acres of brush and forested land. Forestry men from San Francisco and as far north as Washington were called upon to help put out this fire, and the Los Angeles County Foresters' Fire Association and many members of Southern California fire protective associations fought side by side with Federal officials on the fire line.

Kirby had gone on a dangerous trip of inspection into Roberts Canyon. Fire broke into the canyon below and behind him. He could have escaped but went on up the canyon to warn a messenger whom he had sent in that direction. Fanned by a high wind, the fire sped up the canyon, on Kirby's trail. Choking clouds of smoke enveloped the ranger, as he fought his way desperately but unavailingly. Blazing pieces of wood dropped on his hat and clothing and burned his face and hands. Thinking that he might find some shelter at the bottom of the canyon, Kirby stumbled and rolled downward. By merest chance, he happened upon the only water hole in that part of the country. It was a shallow pool of water, only a few inches deep. Flung himself at full length in the water, the forester heard the fire go raging over his head. He held his face close to the water and fanned the surface with his hands thus getting a little fresh air. The water in the pool grew uncomfortably warm, but it sufficed to save Kirby's life. When he was convinced that the danger was over, he staggered out of the hot, smoking debris in the wake of the flames. When he reached

(Continued on page 60)



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16 W. 49th Street
New York

The Flaming Forests

(Continued from page 58)

safety his shoes were nearly burned from his feet, his hair was singed off and his clothing in rags. But he was able to sit up and write the following account of his experiences to his superior officer as follows: "Got back in Los Angeles last night after having assisted in placing the San Gabriel fire under control."

Just what a fire-fighter may be called upon to go through is found in the experience of Ranger Ray Painter of the Gila National Forest, Arizona, who was called upon to help fight these same California fires last fall. From a camp about two miles north of Monrovia, Painter was ordered to report at a camp on top of the mountain, about six miles "straight up," at the end of a fire break. Painter and the rangers with him were to be scattered along the fire break, to back fire. The fire was climbing toward the line, the flames sometimes leaping more than one hundred feet in the air. Backfiring with a Hauck torch under such conditions proved to be a hot job. As soon as the backfire started it jumped to a twenty-foot blaze, or higher. Painter was sent up the line to scatter the men at wider intervals and to watch for sparks falling across the line. He started with several men, running through the hot places and stationing a fire-fighter here and there where he would do the most good. One of the men stepped on Painter's heel, and he fell, fracturing his kneecap. He tried to get up, but could not make it. He crawled back up the hill, where there was a wider place in the fire break.

JUST then the big fire coming up the hill hit the backfire. There was a roar when the two walls of fire met in a whirlpool of flame. The suction from this whirlpool pulled the bushes half-way to the ground. Then the flames would sweep across the fire break and, with nothing to feed on, would shoot upward toward the sky.

The brush across the fire break was smoking. Blazing sticks a foot long were falling across the fire break. Painter's clothes caught fire in several places. In crawling around and throwing some of the blazing pieces of wood back into the fire break, Painter's hands were badly burned from the long tongues of fire that leaped across the safety lane. Finally, at the point where Painter lay, the fire crossed the break and swept on like a victorious enemy that has found a weak spot in an enemy's defense line. There was nothing for the ranger to do but get out, so he hopped on one leg until he met some other fighters and told them that the fire had leaped the break. They went up, but the heat drove them back, and it looked as if all were trapped, as a big head of flame was sucking out of a canyon below the men, across which they had to go to get out. But their job as fire-fighters was still paramount. They noticed that the fire across the line had died down, after the big flare, so all jumped in and covered up and beat out the blazing dry stuff. The backfire lead died down, and it was not much of a job for these resourceful fighters to get the fire under control. Painter lay in the fire break, directing the men in working a line around the breakover, until one of his assistants got a horse and took him to a camp where he could get Red Cross aid.

Shifts among the fire-fighters have averaged from seventeen to thirty-two hours at a stretch. In many cases the men were ordered from the line to save their lives. One fire-fighter in California died of exhaustion after a protracted spell of this work. Others have been sent back to camp, disfigured for life with unsightly burns.

The freaks of forest fires are past all explanation. Canyons will be jumped, leaving a strip of trees untouched, with blackened stumps on either side. In one sector of the San Gabriel fire, the flames leaped across a break and went on three or four miles beyond it. Then it jumped a camp with fifty men in it. The men hastily cut a fire break and back-fired, thus saving the camp. The men who were out on the fire line could not get back to camp until the surrounding burn had cooled off. In the great fires in Minnesota, in 1918, some farms were wiped out while others escaped injury. Many farmers had their places consumed to a cinder while adjoining farms were unscathed. At Woodland, a suburban town in the path of the flames, the middle bungalow in

a row of three was burned, but the flanking bungalows were unharmed. Many persons attempted to escape in automobiles. Owing to the dense smoke the machines were often run off the road and had to be abandoned. Most of the automobiles in the fiery pathway were destroyed. Others were practically unharmed, though the whole countryside around them was black and smoking.

The destruction of Cloquet, a town of 9,000 inhabitants, was the worst feature of these Minnesota fires. When it was seen that Cloquet was threatened with destruction, railroad trains were made ready, and most of the inhabitants were taken by this means to Superior and Duluth. The people in the surrounding countryside were not so fortunate. The great fire laid waste a vast, heavily wooded section, interspersed with farms. There was heavy loss of life, and many narrow escapes by those who survived.

Charles A. Marshall of Duluth had a summer home on Pike Lake. He and his wife and little boy had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walsh and two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and their twelve-year-old son. When the fire swept through the surrounding woods upon them, the Marshalls and their guests tried to escape to Duluth by automobile. They were driven back by smoke and flame, and sought to escape across the lake. There were two rowboats but only one pair of oars. The women and children and Mr. Marshall got in one boat, taking the oars. The others used boards for paddles, and all set out across the lake in darkness which was intensified by a heavy pall of smoke hanging close to the water. Back in the woods which lined the lake could be heard the crashing of giant trees, and occasionally the smoke clouds would be lighted with a red glare as the flames in the forest leaped heavenward.

The boat containing Mr. Marshall and the women and the children began to fill with water, and soon capsized. Mrs. Ferguson clung to the boat and kept Marshall's head above water by holding him by the collar until they drifted all the way across the lake. The others in the boat were drowned.

Railroads have been, and still are, the cause of many forest fires. By legislation in many States, and by the cooperation of the railroads, these losses have been materially cut down. In 1916, according to government statistics at Washington, railroads caused 4,509 fires—considerably more than the fires started by campers and smokers. In the adjusted seven-year period, the average number of fires caused by railroads was 5,287, or 214 less than the fires started by campers and smokers. In a five-year average for the twenty-six States in which fire-prevention has made the greatest headway—these including the public-land States of the West, where a regular system of fire-prevention prevails—the railroads are charged with only 397 fires, as against 2,427 caused by campers and smokers.

Most of the fires along railroad rights-of-way are caused by locomotive sparks, but even sparks from brakes on heavy grades have been known to start fires. In the Adirondack region, where forest fires are numerous and severe, the railroads have been required to install oil-burning locomotives. The railroads themselves in many States have established adequate patrols. Motor-propelled cars, equipped with fire-fighting tools, are sometimes sent after trains, to catch any possible fires in their incipiency. Where the fire danger is greatest, even more expensive methods have been adopted. The Southern Pacific has operated specially designed fire-fighting equipment, consisting of a tank car equipped with hose, thus enabling a crew to fight fire with water under high pressure.

Train crews are instructed to fight fire at every opportunity. An example of this occurred near Pitkin, Colo., where a fire was sighted as a train was pulling into that place. The fire had been started by a Denver & Rio Grande Western engine. The train crew immediately took the engine off the train and went back to the fire and stayed with it until it was dead. In the Leadville district a prospector noticed a fire which had been started by an engine. He began work on the fire alone, but a high wind made it

impossible for him to control it. He fought the fire alone until the return of the train, which he flagged. The train was held until the crew got out and assisted the prospector in putting out the fire.

Lumbering has come in for its share of the burden which has been put upon the nation through the appalling losses in forest fires. It is only fair to the industry to point out that these losses have shown a decrease, through better lumbering methods. In 1916 the fires charged against lumbering were 2,764, whereas the average for the ensuing seven years was cut to 2,074 annually. In the twenty-six States where advanced lumbering methods have been applied, and where there is better protection than in the States where there are no costly but efficient preventive systems of observation and fire-fighting, the fires charged against the lumber industry were only 210. One can understand these figures better after observing the "clean-up" methods in the National Forests. Here timber-cutters are not allowed to leave slashings scattered about indiscriminately. All branches and debris must be piled carefully, and, usually after an early snowfall, when there is no danger of fire spreading, the torch is applied to these piles. Thus one comes upon open glades in the forest, free from the slashing tangle which not only impedes progress but constitutes a grave fire menace. Here and there are burnt-over circles which show where the waste has been destroyed according to advanced methods. In the Pacific Northwest, where lumber companies have vast holdings of timber, many thousands of dollars are expended annually on patrols and fire-fighting crews.

BRUSH-BURNING is one of the primary causes of forest fires. The brush-burner is the outgrowth of a national habit which seems to be hard to shake off. The theory that burning the ground cover is a protection to mature cover and that it enriches the soil, has had its advocates—and still has. Such advocates believe in "light burning" of underbrush, leaf litter and other debris of the forest. This question was gone into very thoroughly in California, in a series of experiments lasting over three years, under the direction of a committee representing the United States Forest Service, the State Forester, the California White and Sugar Pine Manufacturers' Association, and the University of California. This committee found "light burning" to be impractical. It can not be done, the committee found, without inflicting heavy damage. It kills the young trees needed for future timber. It scars the bark of the mature growth and permits destructive insects and tree-rots to enter. It gnaws and wears down the forest until there is not half or a third of the timber that could be grown under proper care. In the twenty-six States mentioned, the five-year average computation shows that fires due to brush-burning are only 309 annually. Yet the adjusted average of the seven-year period to which references have been made in this article shows 4,865 forest fires annually, throughout the entire United States, chargeable to brush-burning. Miscellaneous fires—that is, fires under different known heads from those mentioned—total 2,373 for the seven-year period, while fires of unknown origin total 7,684, out of a grand total of 36,112.

The brush fire enthusiast does not mean to start forest fires. It is his aim to keep such fires under control, but a sudden upspringing of wind is sufficient to set all such good resolutions at naught. The forest is set ablaze, sometimes in many places, by an individual whose incendiarism is unintentional but none the less destructive.

The destruction of wild life in forest fires is something beyond all possible computation. Undoubtedly it is extensive enough to be appalling to those who are working for the protection of the "kindred of the wild." Any one who has ever fought a forest fire can testify to the panic that seizes wild animals in their desire to escape from the common enemy. Observers who went over the burnt area in the Minnesota fires which have been mentioned were amazed at the number of wild animals that had been overcome. In one county in Montana a single fire burned over 80,000 acres of timber. This region abounded in deer. On Bull River fifty

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4 out of 5 now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

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If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

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Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



The Flaming Forests

(Continued from page 61)



R. C. Iddings, Pres.

We are ready for 100 Men who can earn \$300 to \$600 a month

WE HAVE, right now, open territory in which we want to appoint 100 additional Fyr-Fyter Salesmen. We have positions open that will pay from \$300 to \$600 a month—\$3,600 to \$7,200 a year. Previous selling experience will be valuable, but is not essential as we conduct our own course of expert training. This offer will appeal to the man who really wants to enter the selling field with the assurance of building up a steady and permanent business that will pay him an excellent income.

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We want 100 more Fyr-Fyter Salesmen now to take open territory. It is a real opportunity that will appeal immediately to the man who wants to earn a steady income that will amount to from \$3,600 to \$7,200 or more a year. It is a distinctly high grade proposition that will appeal to men who want to succeed in a big way. If you are interested in an opportunity that can easily pay you \$5,000 during the first year, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us immediately for the details of our offer.

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mule deer were found dead in one bunch. On Trout and Beaver Creeks burned carcasses of deer and elk were found. Bull River, Trout Creek and Beaver Creek ran hot during the fire, thus killing all the fish. This district abounded in blue grouse, willow grouse and spruce grouse, as well as other birds, and the loss of winged life was enormous. Small animals such as squirrels, chipmunks, marmots, weasels, mink, lynx, bobcat and skunks were overcome in countless numbers. A region which had contributed a large amount of fur since early trapping days was rendered destitute in that regard. Thus we have the spectacle of animal preserves and bird reservations set aside by the Government and by the States, only to have their good effects nullified by forest fires which are mostly preventable.

HOW do wild animals act during forest fires and what means of escape do they find? The question is answered by a ranger who, with a half-breed Chippewa for a guide, was doing scout work on "spot fires" on Bowl Creek, or the middle fork of the Flathead. The ranger says his guide directed his attention to some mountain goats on a slide on the East slope of the Continental Divide.

"We counted fourteen of them," said the ranger, "and judged by their actions that they were undecided what to do, as they kept milling around like a bunch of domestic sheep. Some of them appeared to be on the fight. Two would back up and come together head-on; others would hit the combatants amidships. They all appeared to be in a frenzy of excitement, except an old nanny who kept nosing her kid ahead of her down the mountainside in true mother fashion. After she had in this way gained the foot of the slide, she hopped up on a rock and surveyed the situation from every angle. Evidently she concluded she would make a dash through the smoke at the extreme head of the Teton River, to a point farther south. She hopped off the rock and made a bee-line for the creek. The others noting her action, lined out in Indian file after her and the kid. They were soon swallowed up in smoke. The breed and I circled the Divide, which was our mission. After four hours of hot-footing it in all the term implies, the Indian saw the string of goats emerge from the denser smoke of the basin, on the opposite side from their starting point. All, including the kid, seemed to be somewhat darker in color than when we had first seen them. On approaching closer, we found that they had been badly singed and that there were only nine of them. How the kid got safely through while five of the larger goats succumbed is a mystery."

When one journeys through the States in which the most has been done along the line of fire protection, he comes upon lookout stations, strategically located for the purpose of discovering fires in their early stages. These stations are veritable crows' nests on the summits of mountains or high hills that command views of threatened areas. It has been found best not to put such stations on the tops of the highest mountain peaks, for the reason that such peaks are often surrounded by clouds. The Pike's Peak area, for instance, is not watched by observers on that peak itself. Instead, a station is located on the top of Devil's Head mountain, at an altitude considerably lower than that of the great peak. This mountain culminates in a pile of great boulders, the station being built on the very topmost rock and being reached by a succession of ladders.

Telephone connections are established between the lookout stations and district headquarters. Observations are made through an alidade, by means of which the exact location of a smoke column can be determined. The lookout telephones that a smoke column has been observed in a certain part of the forest. Rangers are dispatched to the scene, and if the fire is serious, a general alarm calls out all the available fire-fighting forces.

Forest-fire lookouts live at their lonely stations during the entire summer season. Not only are they required to keep a sharp watch for fires during the day, but of late this work has been supplemented by night observations, which

have been found to be of practical value. The lookout stations have been found to be the most practical means of locating fires in their incipiency. Several women have done effective lookout work for the Forest Service, living alone at high and lonely stations and apparently enjoying the life.

The airplane and radio are playing an important part in the nation's war against the forest fire. There are now five airplane bases for forest fire work, two in California, and one each in Washington, Oregon and Northern Idaho. Timber owners in the Northwest are sharing the expense of airplane operation in their districts. At first it was thought that the airplane would be ideal for patrol work, but it has not justified itself for that purpose. Flights can be made only at intervals, and observation therefore is more or less sporadic. A serious fire may break out immediately after an airplane observer has reported everything in that locality to be clear. For that reason, observation is left to the fire lookouts at the permanent stations, where the watch is constant.

The great value of the airplane is for purposes of reconnaissance after a fire has started; also, in searching for fires which have been reported, but where the fire-fighters are unable to locate the trouble. Planes are valuable also for patrol if the region is so covered with a smoke blanket that satisfactory observation can not be made from the lookout stations. Effective use is being made of airplanes immediately following electrical storms, to search for fires that may have been started by lightning but which throw out so little smoke that days or weeks may elapse before discovery through the regular channels. Experimental work is being done to test the feasibility of making maps of forest regions from airplane photographs. Airplane routes vary from two hundred to five hundred miles. The planes are equipped with radio sending sets. The antenna, a specially constructed wire 250 feet long, is dragged behind the ship while in flight. The receiving stations are so located that when a plane passes from the radius of one base, it is within the radius of another, thus keeping the communication constant. Each ship carries two men, a pilot and an observer.

The airplane has proved invaluable in locating the dangerous "spot" fires while fire-fighting is going on; also in obtaining an adequate idea of the fire situation concerning large districts. From a plane a quick reconnaissance of a large fire can be made. Also, it is highly effective for observation purposes during a period when clouds hang unusually low. In the Klamath region, where a series of incendiary fires created a critical situation, airplanes were used for purposes of detection. Also in some instances emergency supplies were carried to fire-fighters by airplane. The planes used in fire-fighting are furnished and equipped and operated by the Air Service, the Forest Service furnishing the observer.

Radio is coming into increasing use in fire-fighting, broadcasting stations cooperating wherever possible. The powerful new station, KOA, at Denver, recently announced that forest-fire calls in the adjoining district would be given precedence over anything else.

The old-fashioned fire-fighting tools, such as the shovel, the axe, the saw and the rake are still in general use. Emergency tool boxes are scattered through forests where the work of protection is carried on as it should be. Anyone who discovers an incipient fire is supposed to make use of these tools in putting out the blaze. The common procedure, in stopping the spread of a brush fire, is to dig a shallow trench or miniature fire break, down to the soil, to stop the progress of the flames.

Specialized equipment is being experimented with, and in some instances is proving its real worth. Motor-trucks, equipped with pumps and hose, have been used successfully in some localities. It has been found possible to wet down the lines by this means with water which has been pumped from creeks or lakes a mile distant from the scene of the blaze. In back firing, a portable gasoline torch, weighing about seventy pounds, was found to be effective. This can be carried on the back of the fire-

fighter, and is most effective in starting back fires at threatened points along fire breaks which the oncoming flames are threatening to leap.

What about reforestation? Can it be depended upon to make up the losses that are sustained through forest fires? The writer some years ago stood on a slope of Pike's Peak while extensive reforestation work was being carried on. It was an area that had been swept by a destructive forest fire many years before. The side of the mountain bristled with denuded trees. Their once blackened and charred sides had been worn gray and ghastly by repeated storms. Intertwined at the bases of the standing remnants of once-proud trees were the even more melancholy remains of fallen monarchs of the forest. It required no effort of the imagination to picture what the scene must have been in an earlier day, when this great mountainside was green, in refreshing contrast to the white snow-peaks which gleamed to the West.

The planting crew toiled laboriously up the mountainside. Each man had a sack slung from his shoulder, containing seeds, which were planted in long furrows. Slowly and patiently the line of men crawled up the barren slope of the mountain. The fire which had destroyed the great trees had destroyed much of the fertility of the soil. It had left the thin covering of earth exposed to torrential rains, and in many places the rocky ribs of the great peak showed through and made planting impossible.

It was a gallant little line of battle toiling there, but it seemed futile in view of the thing that had happened. It would be the greater part of a generation before those seeds would become full-sized trees. And in that generation, what guaranty was there that the same would not happen again—that some careless camper would not start a fire which would once more make that mountain slope desolate? It is this feeling of uncertainty as to the future which retards reforestation. Prevention of forest fires is the one practical consideration now, and in that work everyone who makes even occasional use of our forests, East and West, can play a part.

Little Old Blam

(Continued from page 15)

point of view, Morton is improving the course. So, what it boils down to is this—some of us don't want the course improved because we can't get as good scores, and some of us like to see it improved, because we like a go at more difficult shots. It's an old debate, gentlemen. But it seems to me we want to think twice before we hog-tie an official because he's trying to give our course more golfing class."

"Well, that's all right, if you want to make this a club for experts," said Thompson. "But our income depends on a limited membership who are not experts, and a few transients who come here over the week-end. Are we to have no say about our course? We have to support it. We'll even drive away our few transients at this rate."

"But you elected Jim Morton. I certainly shall not call any governors' meeting for the purpose of dictating to him, unless a majority of governors request it," Crosby retorted. "We'd never again get a self-respecting man to serve on the Greens Committee."

"You might tell him to go a little easy till I can lengthen my drive, anyhow!" somebody wailed.

We all drifted out of the club in rather sharply divided groups, still arguing and discussing. All that week in New York I wondered what new trouble Jim was creating. And I wondered about Jim, too. I had known him for years, and never before had he been a storm center, never had he obtruded, never had he shown either obstinacy or pugnacity. Yet here he was, the Tzar of our course, a tyrant to some, a hero to others—and as set on his own way as any monarch. It was queer.

The following Saturday disclosed nothing new to my eye except several enlarged or additional tees freshly sodded, and the rough cut close enough to eliminate the midsummer madness of lost balls, which for years had afflicted us. Young Sawyer was disappointed, but nobody else

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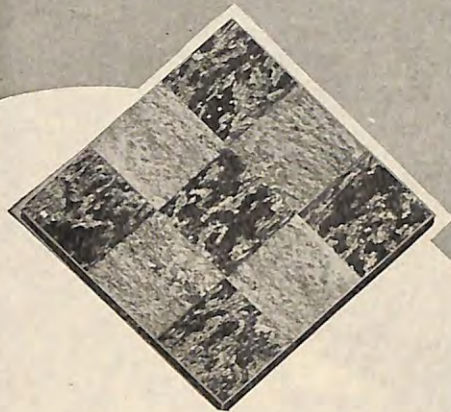


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LOOK Inches Thinner at Once

Look pounds lighter the moment you put it on. Become inches thinner as you wear it. Scientific Self-Massaging Belt makes bulky fat around waistline disappear in amazingly short time.

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WHY weaken yourself with starvation diets—why strain your heart with violent exercises—when a wonderful new invention gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial?

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Doctors will tell you that massage is the quickest, easiest, least harmful method for reducing fat at the waistline. You eat what you want—you exercise only as much as is good for you, but you lose weight—it literally rolls away. And in its place you have firm, solid muscle.

But masseurs are expensive. It takes a lot of time and inconvenience. This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt does the masseur's work in half the time at a trifling cost. Made of specially fitted rubber, it clings to the waistline, massaging every inch of fat with each move you make.

Fat Melts Away

With every movement of your body the blood is sent coursing through the tissues, in a few weeks carrying away the fat and building up firm, healthy muscle. You will be astonished at the rapidity with which your waistline goes down. You will marvel that anything so comfortable can be so instantly effective. A loss of from 4 to 6 inches—25 pounds in actual weight—in a few weeks is not at all unusual with this remarkable reducing girdle. Not only do you look thinner, younger—but backaches, stomach disorders, constipation quickly disappear. A new vigor and energy are yours—you feel like a different being.

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Little Old Blam

(Continued from page 63)

was. Everybody else was too pleased with the shaven rough. Jim Morton himself was serenely playing golf, and grinned amiably at the taunts which we hurled at him when he got into one of his new traps. All was serene in the locker room, too, and there were several strange faces there—transient guests whose greens fees were welcome revenue.

"Two motor parties stopped over because somebody told 'em we had a good two-shot hole here—No. 2," Jim whispered to me, his face glowing with an odd pride.)

The following week, also, nothing new appeared to have been done. We were having a best all foursome handicap for a rather nifty prize, and I was sailing along nicely with Sawyer as a partner, playing just behind Peters and Thompson and their foursome. We had reached the 7th tee, to find a bit of congestion, and had to wait.

"I can't imagine why that bunch ahead is so slow," Thompson was complaining. "Old man Root has been behind the bunker for three minutes. Oh, there he goes."

WHAT had hidden old man Root was a cop bunker to the right, only 125 yards from the tee. There was another to the left. But as beyond them lay a fairway at least 75 yards wide, they were of no use whatever except as a memorial to the gutty ball. Far beyond them, 225 yards from the tee, the wide fairway dipped into a hollow, which made a sort of bowl, almost in the centre. The bottom was difficult to mow, and not always quite easy to play out of. A really fine driver, knowing the course, would go to the right or left. But the advantage was not great enough to tempt most players into the danger of side shooting too far, and reaching the rough, nor was the hollow hazard enough ever to have led us to fill it up.

Thompson drove first. He sliced, over the cop bunker.

"Didn't get to the rough," he said cheerfully. "I'll be right there with the rest of you."

Peters, to be contrary, hooked over the cop to the left, and made a similar remark. The other two poked down the alley, 175 yards, and all four left the tee.

Suddenly, and almost simultaneously, from behind the cops to right and left, we heard shouts and imprecations.

"Hello!" cried Sawyer. "Old Morton's at it again!"

We waited impatiently till the other four were out of range, and then we drove. It so happened that three of the shots, one of them mine, were straight as arrows, and vanished into the little hollow. I was rather cocky at going right along with the youngsters, and began to pat myself on the back.

"Old Ignatius J. Wallop, that's me!" I chortled.

As we passed beyond the ancient cops, we saw at once why Thompson and Peters raised such a row, and why old man Root had been delayed. Hidden from the tee by the cops, and cut far into the fairway were yawning pits on either side, to catch a hook or a slice by the short drivers.

"Oh, no, old Thompson didn't reach the rough," cried Sawyer in ecstasy. "I'll tell the cock-eyed world he didn't! Oh, you Jim Morton!"

"Rather neat, I'll say myself," I chuckled. "Here's another hole where a good, straight, long drive gets its reward."

On we marched to the hollow.

And then we stopped!

The bottom of the hollow had been removed. In its place was a nice pit of fresh sand, and in that sand lay three perfectly good drives!

Johnny Osborn, who had hooked to the left, roared with mirth.

"Oh, sure, a good straight long drive gets its reward! Sawyer'll tell the cock-eyed world it does! Oh, my gosh, if you could see your own faces!"

"Say, this is too much," Sawyer boiled. "A trap right in the middle of the fairway. What's the big idea? I thought old Morton had some sense."

I was pretty sore myself for a moment, but I take a good deal of pride in the fact that I kept

hold of myself, and suddenly realized what Jim had done.

"Look here," I said, "before we join the reactionaries, let's consider this. Jim's been trapping for the short player, and letting the long ones wallop. Now he's got us. If old man Root plays straight on this hole, he's all right. But we"—(I fear there was some accent on the *we*)—"have got to place our drives here. We've got to land on this level, to left or right. Darned if old Jim hasn't used imagination."

"Is that what you call it?" Sawyer grunted. He pitched out of the trap, and took a six for the hole, because his mind was not on the putt. He was mulling over that new trap.

"You're right," he finally said. "It's a darned good trap. And it's different."

Then he looked back. Tom Crosby was playing out of it. "Wonder what old Crosby'll think about it, though," he added. "Wonder if he'll call that meeting now?"

We didn't wonder long. Crosby overtook us on the next tee. He was sputtering with indignation.

"Of course, *that* trap is just silly. It isn't golf at all!" he exclaimed.

Sawyer and I tried to show him that it was, but to no avail.

"I had a *perfect* drive there," he said, "and it cost me a six."

"But if you'd known, as you will next time, that the trap was there, it wouldn't be a perfect drive," said I. "It's unusual, I'll admit. But it's all the better on that account . . ."

"And why should it be golf always to slam your drive just blam down the course?" Sawyer cut in. "I got a six, too, but I'm not belly-aching. Why should we turn on old Morton now, just because he's doing his best to give us golfing class?"

But Tom Crosby only glared. A man forgets all reasonableness, I reflected, when he's just taken a six on a hole he expected to do in four.

"That trap will be filled up," he said, in the voice of a bank president.

"Maybe," I heard Sawyer mutter.

The club, which had become so peaceful again the week before, was now split wide open anew, and the division lines were hopelessly criss-crossed. Some of the low handicap men who had suffered from the new trap were suddenly anti-Morton, like Crosby. Old man Root was so delighted at their discomfiture that he went about telling everybody what a skilful trap it was. I will say for him that he grasped the idea of it, too, which he explained at great length. Meanwhile Jim Morton had fled, leaving his friends to defend him.

"Planning new abominations, I suppose," said Thompson.

THE next Monday one of the New York sporting pages had a story about our new trap—"cuddled," as the writer put it, "in the arms of the fairway," and about the discomfiture of the long drivers. It was headed, "The Doctrine of the Blam." I remembered that Sawyer's Princeton room-mate was now a newspaper man, but I didn't broadcast the information. The following week-end the club took in \$104 in transient fees, breaking all records for our modest course. But Tom Crosby, true to his threat, had called a governors' meeting, and it was voted by an undisclosed majority to fill in the notorious pit, which had already been christened "Little Old Blam." When the news of the governors' action became known, there was a curious swing of sentiment to Morton. The burst of transients, the irony of "Little Old Blam" in catching the cracks, the realization, too, that in some way we didn't quite grasp Jim was putting a lot of himself into our course, combined to make more than half the club bitterly resentful at the governors. But the trap was filled up just the same on the following Monday.

I saw Jim, Tuesday, for I was loafing at home that week. "What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said sadly. "It was really a very ingenious trap. But one has to proceed slowly in this imperfect world."

"It's a damn shame!" cried I. "Little Old Blam would have put our course on the map."

I said as much to young Sawyer, when he came up on Friday afternoon, but he, to my surprise, said nothing at all.

(Continued on page 66)

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Little Old Blam

(Continued from page 65)

That night we had dinner guests, and to save a certain rather charming lady the trouble of phoning around town for her car (which, of course, was being used by her children), I took her home in mine. Some impulse led me to drive back past the golf club. There was a moon, and as I glanced out over the silvered, mysterious fairway—a stretch of grass is always mysterious under the moon—I dimly saw dark figures or objects moving about far away. Driving my car well off the road and snapping off the lamps, I ignored the dew on my thin pumps and stalked hastily toward the figures. They were, I realized, on No. 7. A light began to dawn. I sneaked more quickly, crouched to get the protection of the old cop bunkers, and came thus within a hundred yards of where Little Old Blam had been. I could hear low voices in the night, and laughter, and the sound of shovels, and I could see at least two teams backed down into the hollow. Soon one of them strained and creaked and drove away.

"Dump it way in the rough, where it won't show from the tee!"

The voice was Sawyer's! Little Old Blam was being resurrected!

Now a third team came back out of the shadow of the bounding woods. From the voices I gathered that no less than a dozen conspirators were at work. There were young voices, but there were older voices, too. Jim Morton's, however, was not among them, so far as I could detect.

"Glad of that," I told myself, and crept away again, grinning.

The next day I observed that Sawyer carefully manipulated our foursome behind that in which Tom Crosby was playing. I also noticed that he looked as if he hadn't been to bed. Neither did the other two. When somebody lost a ball on No. 6, he cried, "Oh, never mind it—come on, come on!"—and the other two came on. So did I. Well, Tom Crosby drove straight and true on No. 7. We hadn't stopped to hole out on six, but almost ran to be near the tee to see him. His ball vanished into the hollow, and he strode cheerfully after it. We didn't wait for our drives, but started on behind.

Crosby was staring at Little Old Blam when we came up, and at the fresh wheel tracks on the turf leading away from it, and his face was red with rage.

"This is too much!" he said. "I'll see whether the Board of Governors of this club have any authority or not! We'll have Morton's resignation this afternoon!"

"Mr. Morton didn't dig out that pit," said Sawyer.

Crosby wheeled around. He hadn't even been aware before that we were there.

"How do you know?" he snapped.

"Because I was one of eighteen men who worked all last night to do it," Sawyer replied. "You needn't ask me who the rest were, because I won't tell. But Mr. Morton wasn't one of them. He didn't know anything about it. Now what are you going to do?"

"Fill the pit up again, and get your resignation," said Crosby.

"Then there'll be seventeen other resignations," Sawyer grinned. "And we might dig it out again before we quit."

"Steady, boy," I whispered to him.

"Come on, Crosby, use your niblick," one of the players urged. "We're holding up the whole course."

Crosby went down into Little Old Blam without another word, and crashed his niblick twice behind the ball in a blind rage before it popped out, and he could poke it toward the green and stride after it. We observed in silence, and then, our own game quite forgotten, stood by the fairway and watched the other players come up. Every pair and foursome stopped at Little Old Blam, some in surprise, some (or so I fancied I could detect) with sly grins on their faces. It caught several shots. It inspired curses. It brought forth jibes and laughter, and cries of "Good Old Blam, welcome home again!" But best of all was the face of Jim Morton when he beheld it. Astonishment, incredulity, speculation, crossed his countenance, and then, at length, a look of strange affection settled there, as he walked to the rim, examined the sand, trod down a hoof print with his foot, and only moved on with reluctance at the call of his partners.

"I'll say it was worth it," Sawyer half-whispered to himself. "Darned if he don't love that silly pit!"

"Even if you have to resign, was it worth it?" I asked.

"Resign—hell! If I do, I'll get old Morton to lay out a new course that'll put this one on the blink. He's an artist, that man!"

Of course, Sawyer didn't resign. Neither did the other seventeen members, whose names gradually leaked out, and were found to include two of the governors. Neither did Jim Morton. He wanted to, because he said he had caused so much disturbance, but the club let it be known that they wouldn't permit it, certainly not till after he'd secured the gasoline scoop again in the autumn, and trapped several more holes. Incidentally, our annual tournament attracted the largest and best field in our history, and our club revenues increased every week. Tom Crosby slowly simmered down, and at last reluctantly admitted that Little Old Blam made the 7th hole more interesting—after he had placed a long drive successfully to the right of it.

I got Jim alone one day. "You didn't really want to resign, did you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I did. Not that I cared, really, about the commotion. You can't have progress without commotion, because nothing so disturbs people as change, especially somewhat elderly and well-to-do people. But really because"—and here he smiled, with that odd look of affection on his face—"because I never can do anything better than Little Old Blam. Anything I lay out now will be an anti-climax. That's really a pretty neat trap, you know."

"I believe Sawyer was right," I said.

"Sawyer?"

"He says you're an artist."

Jim gave me a quick, startled look. His smallish figure seemed to cringe the least bit, and his mild, gentle face had an expression almost of shame.

"I—I wanted to be an architect once," he replied, as if the words were forced from him. "But it seemed wisest to—to father—and me—that I should go on with the factory. I guess that's as near to being an artist as I'll ever come!"

He laughed, a shade nervously. "Pardon me, but I must see if Cowan has ordered the Rhode Island bent seed yet," he added, and hurried away.

When I get into Little Old Blam now I don't swear at all. I almost enjoy it.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

Reddick, Past Exalted Ruler of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge No. 500. Mr. Reddick was stricken suddenly on board a train while returning to his home from the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland. He was the first secretary of Iowa City Lodge, had gone through the chairs and was a Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association and a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Reddick was widely known throughout the Order, and his many friends will extend sincere sympathy to his bereaved family in their hour of sorrow.

News of the Order From Far and Near

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge is having an active season. A mid-summer class of over 100 candidates was recently initiated.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge is making plans for its annual clambake to be held some time in September.

Alameda, Cal., Lodge is holding its annual three day outing beginning September 5.

A baseball game between teams representing Albany, N. Y., Lodge and Troy, N. Y., Lodge was recently played for the benefit of the Crippled Kiddies fund of Albany Lodge.

Members of Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge have just recently moved into their new Home. A three-day program of festivities celebrated the dedication. The Lodge will hold an indoor Carnival and Bazaar on September 29-30 and October 1-3, which will be conducted by the entertainment committee.

Fraternal visits were recently exchanged between Glendale, Calif., Lodge and Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge. In each instance an excellent program of entertainment was provided the visitors.

Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge has an excellent baseball team which has set up an enviable record this season. Up until recently it had lost only two games out of 20 played. Its present performance indicates there will be no falling off from this high average at the end of the season.

The annual picnic of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, always a stellar event on its calendar, was held this year at Fortuna Park.

Practically the entire membership of San Diego, Calif., Lodge turned out recently to take part in the celebration attending the burning of the mortgage on their Home.

V. G. Gill, a member of Ogden, Utah, Lodge has suggested a design for a standard Elk floral piece to be used at funerals of all deceased members. The Masons, Knights of Pythias, and a number of other fraternal Orders, all have standard floral designs and it is the suggestion of Mr. Gill that the Elks also adopt one for this purpose.

The spacious grounds of Norwood, Mass., Lodge are always at the disposal of the children as a playground, and the weekly municipal band concerts are also held there.

In sending a three years' subscription to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Stephen H. Barlow, a life member of Manila, P. I., Lodge writes: "I think this is the nicest magazine I have ever seen. The stories are so good and clean and the articles so instructive. The advertisements are also useful." Though a member of Manila Lodge, Mr. Barlow makes his home in Colombo, Ceylon, and his magazine is sent to him at that address.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge recently participated in the mortgage-burning celebration conducted by Corry, Pa., Lodge and initiated a large class of candidates for that Lodge.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge recently gave the crippled children of its jurisdiction an outing at Clark's Landing.

Excellent work is being done by Lockport, N. Y., Lodge for the cripples of its community. In the past year the Lodge has taken care of three children, all of whom were greatly benefited by treatment provided by the Lodge.

Boonton, N. J., Lodge is considering plans for remodeling and improving its Home.

The band of Morristown, N. J., Lodge recently entertained the children of the Fresh Air Camp maintained by Life at Pottersville, N. Y. The youngsters were delighted by the concert and by the kindness and generosity of the "big brothers" who came with the members of the band.

Rolling Green Park was a scene of the annual children's outing conducted by Sunbury, Pa., Lodge.

Members of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge and their families recently enjoyed a large clambake. A program of sports rounded out the day.

Music by the band of Easton, Pa., Lodge and a baseball game were some of the features enjoyed by the crippled children who were guests of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge at the annual outing held for their benefit.

Beverly, Mass., Lodge was presented with a beautiful silver cup, awarded by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, for the best appearing float entered in the parade at the recent convention of the veterans.

Brookline, Mass., Lodge will hold a Bazaar in the Town Hall October 27-29.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge will hold its Bazaar on the club grounds September 8-12.

(Continued on page 68)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

Reading, Pa., Lodge has started a clinic for the crippled children within its jurisdiction. Over 200 cases have been examined and treated.

Waltham, Mass., Lodge played host to the children of the city recently, giving the youngsters a fine outing with all sorts of entertainment and refreshments, at Norumbega Park.

A successful carnival was recently conducted by Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge.

The annual outing of Newton, Mass., Lodge was held this year at Owder Park. Games and sports of all kinds enlivened the day.

Monongahela, Pa., Lodge staged its second annual circus recently. The performances were given daily for a week and were well supported by the public.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge recently voted to donate \$500.00 to Camp Acushla Machree.

Social Events of the 1925 Grand Lodge Reunion

(Continued from page 36)

celebrated Philadelphia units gave a special exhibition. These units consisted of the cavalry troop, the stringed orchestra, the band, the drill team, the guard of honor and the motorcycle squad, all of which showed their wares. The motorcycles, painted purple and white, took the place of the squadron of purple roadsters which Philadelphia has used on other occasions to add to the general entertainment.

After the drill teams came a contest of drum corps. This was won by St. Paul, Minn., Lodge No. 59, Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71 taking second and third prizes. The latter was awarded to Dallas for being the corps furthest away from home.

Thursday, July 16, marked the final business session of the Grand Lodge. Following the adjournment a luncheon was served for Grand Lodge officers and committeemen at the Sovereign Hotel, near the gathering point for the units that were to march that afternoon in the big parade, the climax of the reunion.

Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow and Clay S. Morse, head of the parade committee of the Convention Commission, had done their work well. The parade started on the minute of its scheduled time.

That Portland had expected something extraordinary in the nature of a parade was clearly evident from the size of the crowds which came early to the line of march to secure places in front. Practically all the offices and stores in town closed at noon, to enable their employees to witness the procession. Surrounding cities and towns were abandoned for the afternoon. All along the parade route, which was a riot of purple and white and tricolor bunting and American flags, the balconies and windows of buildings were stuffed with spectators. At Multnomah Field the big stands were filled to overflowing, for here it was that the parade would be reviewed. It was estimated that a quarter of a million people had assembled to see the parade and that upwards of twenty thousand men took part in it. The crowds were not disappointed. It was a marvelous pageant.

Three hours or more passed between the time of the arrival of the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, Governor Pierce and Mayor Baker and other dignitaries in cars at the head of the parade and the arrival of the last marchers. Three hours during which delegation after delegation poured down the incline into Multnomah Field. Gorgeous floats, humorous floats, bands and drill teams, motor cars, marching men in uniform, in costume, in civilian dress, more bands, more drill teams, a company of mummies, a guard of honor carrying the colors, more marching men, automobiles decked in flowers, floats again—cowboys, on horseback and afoot, Indians, marchers wearing razor-clam shells on their backs, other marchers wearing the bills of pelicans, a fife and drum corps in kilts, a clown band—these were but a fraction of the living panorama that passed before one's eyes.

A Grand Lodge parade is meant to be seen rather than described. Words can not make vivid enough the color and motion of the spectacle, the bewildering variety of it, nor the music which animates it. One would need a hundred eyes in order to project the whole picture in detail on the tablets of his mind. And the parade at Portland lived up to Grand Lodge traditions.

Perhaps the most thrilling feature of the afternoon was the concert of massed bands which immediately followed the end of the parade. Fifty Elk bands, formed of some 1,500 musi-

cians, played in unison, under the baton of Eugene La Barre, director of the prize-winning Detroit organization. Their first number, The Star Spangled Banner, rising in vast volume from the concentration of instruments, was so impressive as to grip the heart of every listener. The effect was terrific.

After the concert an exhibition drill was given by the Withington Zouaves of Jackson, Mich.

Winners in the parade and their prizes were as follows:

Parade floats: First, \$300, Philadelphia, picturing Betsy Ross making the American flag; second, Pasadena, Cal., \$200; third, Bend, Ore., \$100; fourth, Omaha, \$50 trophy; fifth, Ashland, Ore., \$30 trophy, and sixth, Tacoma, \$20 trophy.

Parade bands: First, bronze clock, Detroit; second, chimes, Miami, Fla.; third, chimes, Chicago.

Drill teams: First, loving cup, Bakersfield; second, silver pitcher, Jackson, Mich.; third, silver pitcher, Philadelphia.

Drum corps in parade: First, silver cup, St. Paul; second, silver cup, Spokane; third, silver cup, Eugene.

Unique individual entry: First, barometer, Anchorage, Alaska; second, barometer, Helena, Mont.; third, barometer, Pendleton, Ore., honorable mention, Vancouver, Spokane and Salem, Ore.

Largest representation in parade: First, \$300, Tacoma; second, \$200, Philadelphia.

Largest mileage (distance multiplied by number of delegates): First, \$200, Philadelphia; second, \$100, Miami, Fla.

These prizes and those won in the Drill and Band contests were awarded at the auditorium on Thursday evening.

After the parade, the Grand Lodge Reunion was officially ended. But there was still entertainment for those who were not immediately leaving Portland. That night a committee, headed by Mrs. Milton R. Klepper, wife of the Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge, gave a banquet for Mrs. John G. Price, wife of the outgoing Grand Exalted Ruler. At the same time a banquet was tendered to the Grand Exalted Ruler by the Portland 1925 Convention Commission. This banquet was attended by many Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and by the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen.

It is strange to wake up in a convention city after the ceremonies are all ended. A sort of pall of silence hangs over everything. You listen vainly for sounds of a band, but there is none. The hotel lobbies, which a day before were the meeting places of voluble, excited throngs, have become chill, prosaic halls, with here and there a quiet group saying good-bye. Outdoors, the streets seem cheerless and deserted, save for taxis headed stationwards. If you are not catching a train at once, you feel rather helpless and lost, like a man who takes his first vacation after thirty years of work and doesn't know what to do with himself.

To counteract this let-down, which is the natural reaction following a week of strenuous business and merry-making, the Portland Convention Commission had wisely arranged, for Friday and Saturday, events which rounded out the week for those remaining in the city. On Friday there were motor trips to Mount Hood and to Multnomah Falls, on the Columbia River Highway, a mountain climb, a golf tournament and a grand ball in honor of Grand Lodge Officers and delegates.

In extending the thanks of the Order to those responsible for so lavishly entertaining the thousands of Elk visitors, official and unofficial,
(Continued on page 70)



I didn't mind when they laughed at me -but when they laughed at my wife —

POOR Leona—it nearly broke her heart! It was the first real holiday we had together! Married five years. Lived like a hermit in a small town. Only ambition to make a lot of money. Made it. And now for the first time in five years we were celebrating—in one of New York's finest hotels!

A Terrible Experience

The music started. The dance was on. It looked so easy—and the music just dragged us out of our chairs. Before we knew it Leona and I were in the midst of it all. A whale of a lot of fun—but it lasted only thirty seconds.

My heel collided with some one's shin—my elbow jabbed into some one's throat—my back crashed into pretty pink silk—I bumped Leona into a pillar—I tripped—I fell—the music stopped—*The Music Stopped*—and there I was on the floor!

Will I ever forget the sting of humiliation—the leering eyes—the mocking eyes—the sneering eyes of that cruel, heartless mob? They flew from me to Leona—some one laughed loudly—and the bottom dropped out of the world! Poor Leona!

It was a sad couple that left New York that night, and it was a long trip home. For an hour we didn't say a word to each other—we felt so ashamed. And what hurt most was not what other people thought of us—but what we thought of ourselves! What good was our money—our fine clothes—if we couldn't conduct ourselves like people of culture—if we really lacked the grace, the charm, the finesse which every good dancer possesses?

Absently I turned the pages of the magazine on my lap. When I was nearly half through something caught my eye—an article by Arthur Murray. I read it and laughed out loud. Leona thought I was crazy.

"Look," I said, breaking the silence and pointing to the page, "doesn't it seem ridiculous to even think that anybody could learn to dance by mail—without music or a teacher?"

"Well, I learned to play music by mail, didn't I?"

That changed my mind. Anyway the book Mr. Murray offered to send was entirely free. So right then and there I clipped the coupon and mailed it the moment we got off the train.

Our New Popularity

From two old-fashioned wallflowers who didn't know one step from another we were transformed into real up-to-date graceful dancers! And it all happened almost overnight. The very first evening we were able to do some of the fundamental steps. The next thing we had almost completely mastered one of the steps. And before the week had sped by we were able to dance so well that our friends were really amazed!

And now we're no longer stay-at-homes, we no longer have to pass up the good times. The club dances, the lodge dances, the church dances—we attend them all—and we never had such happy times before. We've made hosts of new and influential friends that have helped us in social and business life and, best of all, our dancing has kept us in wonderful physical condition.

You may laugh as I did—at the idea of learning to dance by mail, but I and over 250,000 other people can tell you that learning to dance by mail is not only possible—it's amazingly easy through Arthur Murray's home-study lessons. You need no teacher—no music—no partner. And after taking the course, if you are not absolutely delighted, Mr. Murray will be glad to refund your money.

FREE! New 32-Page Booklet and First 3 Lessons

But don't think of enrolling yet—not until you've read Mr. Murray's remarkable new 32-page booklet that is packed full of illustrations—not until you've been thrilled by the first 3 lessons (on *The Secret of Leading—How to Gain Confidence—and The Fox Trot*) which also come free. You'll enjoy Mr. Murray's book immensely, because it tells all about Mr. Murray himself, how he became private instructor to the "400", how he devised his easy home-study dances, how he taught over 250,000 people to dance by mail, and particularly how he can teach you to become a graceful, versatile, popular dancer in a few enjoyable evenings. And you'll enjoy reading his 3 remarkable lessons because they prove to you beyond a shadow of a doubt that you too can easily learn to dance this new way.

Get this free book and lessons and read them carefully. They can mean the difference between a life of happiness, of friends, of good times—or a life of misery, loneliness and monotony. Mail the coupon at once and enclose only 25c to cover postage, printing and mailing. Arthur Murray, Studio 485, 801 Madison Avenue New York City.

Arthur Murray, Studio 485
801 Madison Avenue, New York City

Without obligating me in any way, please send me a copy of your 3 free lessons and your beautifully illustrated 32-page book which tells all about Arthur Murray's remarkable course in dancing and explains how it can make me a graceful, versatile dancer, right in my own home, without music, partner or private teacher. I enclose 25c to cover postage, printing and mailing.

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Social Events of the 1925 Grand Lodge Reunion

(Continued from page 68)

the city's newspapers deserve a meed of appreciation. Each one of them devoted large space to the Convention and helped very materially to make it a success. The local police, also, should be gratefully remembered. The huge crowds put a heavy burden on them and they were efficient, tolerant and courteous.

"Old Ironsides" Will Be Saved

(Continued from page 33)

The "Old Ironsides" Committee in each Lodge will determine the winner of the elementary school medal within the Lodge jurisdiction. The principal of each elementary school will be asked to select the best essay in the school and forward it to the Lodge in his district, and the "Old Ironsides" Committee, with some school authority, will make the selection of the winner. The presentation of the medal will be made at the patriotic exercises during "Old Ironsides Week," and the winner will read the essay. In every school the best essay of that school will be read during the exercises.

The Lodge Committee will, also, in the same manner prescribed for the selection of essays in the elementary schools, select the best essay in each high school in their District and forward these papers to their District Deputy. The District Deputies of each State, sitting with a Committee of school authorities, will determine the winner of the best 500-word essay written by a high-school student in the State.

The Lodge Committees have been asked to forward a copy of the winning bronze medal essay as soon as possible to National Headquarters in order that the award may be made of the gold and silver medals for the best essays written in the elementary schools of the Nation. The District Deputy Committee of each State will forward the essay winning the silver medal for the high schools to National Headquarters, where a Committee will determine the winner of the best essay in the high schools of the Nation, for which a gold medal will be awarded.

James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who is directing the campaign for the Elks, states to the various Lodges that this essay contest is one of the most vital features of the campaign. "It is an opportunity to have twenty or more million children delving into the history of "Old Ironsides" and the early traditions of our Navy. It is a powerful method of bringing home to them this patriotic story," states Mr. Nicholson.

In no other campaign for funds in this country has there been any similar effort to carry with it a lesson of education and patriotism as in this campaign. "It is a worthy cause," says Mr. Nicholson, "and it is hard to say which would be of more value—the preservation of this grand old ship or the patriotic effect of such a campaign on the Nation's children."

Rush L. Holland, former Assistant United States Attorney-General, and a member of the Elks' National Memorial Headquarters Commission, has been selected to arrange the model set of patriotic exercises which the "Old Ironsides" Committee in every Lodge will present to the schools to be staged during "Old Ironsides Week." Mr. Holland is also preparing a model talk on the subject for the Elk orators who will go forth from each Lodge. At the suggestion of Mr. Nicholson he is being assisted by Capt. Yates Stirling, U. S. N., Superintendent of Naval Gunnery at Washington, and a noted author of boys' books written around the Midshipmen of the Navy. Commander Sypher, U. S. N., retired, the Naval Librarian in Washington, who has at his finger-tips all the history, romance and sidelights of "Old Ironsides" and the early story of our Navy, will also assist Mr. Holland in this work.

Charles R. Patterson, one of the Nation's most noted marine artists, has painted a striking picture of "Old Ironsides" at the request of Rear-Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, Chairman of the National Committee of the "Save Old Ironsides" Fund. The work of lithographing

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this picture is now well under way at the Navy Recruiting Station in New York City under the direction of Capt. Robert L. Berry, U. S. N., who is one of the most enthusiastic workers in the campaign.

Millions of buttons, bearing a striking picture of "Old Ironsides," are now in the process of manufacture.

Director James R. Nicholson has worked out in detail all the plans of the campaign. When the school year opens there will be hundreds of thousands of Elks who are members of the "Old Ironsides" Committee who will immediately make contact with the schools, place in the school authorities' hands the model exercises, the buttons and the pictures, and arrange for the day of the exercises during "Old Ironsides Week." This, on the surface, seems easy, but when it is realized that some Lodges have jurisdiction over several counties, and go into several States, the task is a big one. The "Old Ironsides" Committees are not content to take this patriotic lesson to the schools within easy reach, but are carrying it to the isolated sections that seldom have the opportunity of contact outside of their own small world.

Report of Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations

(Continued from page 32)

The formation of another State Organization in the State of Texas has been taken up with the District Deputies of that State by your Committee, and a conference was held here in Portland with forty representatives from that State present, consisting of the District Deputies together with many of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. At this meeting the preliminary steps were taken to form an Association in Texas and temporary officers were elected.

It has been the constant desire of your Committee to keep in close touch with all of our State Associations and I want, at this time, to pay tribute to Brother Joseph Buch of Trenton, New Jersey, and Brother William Reinhart of Sandusky, Ohio, my associates on this Committee, for the splendid assistance they have rendered in their territories.

Out of the experience of this past year, it is the opinion of this Committee that not only should there be an added appropriation for the work of this Committee, but that in the very near future, serious consideration should be given to the working out of a plan to include the Presidents of all State Associations in the conference called each year by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Beyond a doubt, this would add greatly to the effectiveness of all Grand Lodge and State Officers and Committees, and is, in the opinion of your Committee, one of the next important steps in organization work.

As Elldom continues to grow in usefulness and increase in numbers, so will the need for State organization become increasingly apparent as a means of close contact with the subordinate lodges and the individual members thereof, for to many it affords the only large gathering of Elks outside of their own lodge and the activities promoted and the inspiration to be gained by the member who is deprived of attendance at the Grand Lodge sessions cannot be estimated.

Appreciating this increasing need and recognizing the great value, to the Grand Lodge and the future of Elldom, of a properly organized State Association plan, your Committee on State Associations suggests that the few recommendations herein contained be given serious consideration.

HOWARD B. KIRTLAND,
San Luis Obispo, Cal., Lodge No. 322,
Chairman.



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New scientific discoveries

New day science has solved many health problems, not the least of these is how to correct foot troubles. For years arch weakness was treated by using stiff arch props, metal plates, pads, and other devices. Then science made a great discovery. It found that a band of muscles which binds and operates the forward part of the foot, when weakened by strain or illness, causes the collapse of the forward arch. This is an arch between the big toe and the little toes. It is so slight you can hardly notice it, but in the channel formed by this arch, are carried the sensitive nerves and blood vessels that operate the toes. When this arch collapses these delicate nerves are crushed between the toe joints and the sole of the shoe, causing great pain. The collapse of this arch destroys the balance of the foot and the whole structure sags. Then come fallen arches, or broken arches, causing serious troubles.

Now corrected this new way

With this new knowledge a new method of correcting this trouble was discovered. Instead of propping up the arch with unyielding metal plates or pads a light, cool, but strong and durable band of super-elastic



When forward arch sags, the bones spread as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results.



This shows conditions corrected and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace. Note narrowing of the foot.

webbing is provided. This is worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. They contract and the arch instantly is restored to place. The foot which had spread and flattened out regains its normal form and size, the channel is restored and the pressure taken off the sensitive nerves. So ending the cause, the pain disappears, almost instantly. And the foot is restored to normal. Results seem miraculous.

The development of this elastic band was the result of years of experiments and multiplied tests. The secret of its success is in the correct stretch and tension of the elastic webbing, in the contour and design of the band which is anatomically correct.

Now walk, run, dance painlessly

This band is the Jung Arch Brace. It is worn under or over the hosiery, and is unnoticed save that it gives a sense of delightful comfort. You can walk all day, run, dance all night, stand for hours, with never a twinge of pain or an instant's discomfort. It restores the foot to normal size so you can wear smaller, narrower shoes of the most fashionable styles. For arch weakness broadens and lengthens the foot by causing the bones to spread. This band restores the arches, gives new vigor and grace to the foot and new sprightliness to the step.

Because the method is so simple that its results seem almost unbelievable we make you our offer to test the Jung Arch Braces at our risk no matter what other devices you may have been using. To relieve doubts and avoid delays we say to you, "If our method fails the test costs you nothing." So act at once.

Test them at our risk

Go to your Elk shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper 1/2 an inch wide measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay the postman \$1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, \$1.50. Specify which you want when ordering. Make this test at our risk. Your money back if not delighted on return of braces.

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Distinctions Without Differences

TWO men start out in life on the same footing; each works hard, each strives to provide against the future, but old age finds one a success; the other, a failure.

Wherein lies the difference between these two men? Why does one succeed and the other fail, when each has the same impulse to save and invest?

One distinction is in the way they choose their investments, for while one buys blindly, his haphazard choices reflecting neither judgment nor experience, the other soberly weighs every factor of safe investment.

Your own investment success is such a simple matter to assure that you cannot wisely delay decision. Today, send for a book which has safely counselled many; a book responsible for investments mounting into the hundreds of millions, every dollar of which has been faithfully paid when due. To get this book, costs nothing — simply ask for

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Buying an Income

By Stephen Jessup

THERE are approximately 112,000,000 people in this country, and they can be divided in many ways, such as good or bad; broad or narrow; interesting or dull, and so on. But so far as their financial standing and stability is concerned—which is the interest on the part of this department—they are either those who merely work for money, or those (whether they work or not) who *make money work for them*.

In every city and town are found men who work for a regular wage or salary; let us say from \$50 to \$100 per week. The majority of them spend practically all of it, or all of it—if indeed they have not spent some of it in advance. The others consistently spend less, 10%, 20%, 30% less, but *always less than their incomes*.

The majority, when they stop to think about it seriously, and to reflect on their advancing age, know that if they maintain this habit through their productive years they are bound to reach late middle life without a solid income, in fact with no income at all, and, worse, with restricted opportunities and a steadily declining earning power. Excuses are eloquent; the cost of living is so high! one is only young once! to-day is the to-morrow you worried over and it never happened! and so on. A "good time" comes along, the serious thought is abandoned, and the same old wheel of extravagance resumes its motion.

What do the others do? Not necessarily go without enjoyment, but, on the contrary, keep their good times within the bounds of income, never permitting pleasure to encroach on the margin of saving.

To one who realizes that he ought to save and somehow finds he can not ("just going to, you know, but So-and-So came along and it just had to be paid for"), a simple way to start is to regard his salary as exactly 20% smaller than it is; to shape his life as if he had been reduced from 100 to 80; resolve under no circumstances to spend the 20, but to put it away *immediately*.

Where? In the bank.

A bank deposit has so many advantages and they are so well known that it is needless to recite them here. For one thing, one can gain possession of one's money quicker than in any other way. A bank deposit is repayable on demand; the bank must pay back the entire amount that is deposited, or any part of it. Failure or refusal to do either would render a bank liable for a suit for damages. (Time deposits and legal injunctions such as third-party orders and attachments are, of course, disregarded here). The privilege of writing checks, and their value in saving time and as receipts, constitute another great advantage. Interest is allowed upon sums on deposit above a certain minimum, even on accounts subject to check. The fact that the rate of interest is low, much lower than other forms of investment, is perhaps the only disadvantage of a bank deposit.

A bank hardly invites an initial deposit of less than \$200 to \$300, for the cost of maintaining too small an account is more than the interest the bank can make on it. Moreover, if one's newly made resolution to save money is not strong enough, the temptation to write out checks to "Cash" may conquer. For a small beginning, therefore, the best place for one's money is in the savings bank. One can start a savings bank account with a few dollars—\$10 or \$20.

The purpose of savings banks is to promote thrift, to mobilize many small savings into a fund which can be invested safely and profitably. They are mutual benefit institutions, and all of their resources belong to their depositors. For the protection of the depositors the laws of the various States rigidly prescribe the kind of investments a savings bank may accept; those which experience has shown to be the safest. When deposits in the savings bank are made regularly and systematically, they grow rapidly with interest compounded at about 4%.

Opinions differ as to when one should graduate, so to speak, from the status of a savings bank depositor to that of investor. Some people wait until they have \$500 or \$1,000 in the savings bank. Others are capable of becoming investors with \$100. It depends on the in-

dividual. Although the difference between 4% and 5% on \$100 is only \$1 a year, there is naturally a satisfaction in the change and in the feeling of ownership of a security.

If your determination and ability to set aside a certain sum at regular intervals are 100%, you can proceed almost at once to invest on the plan outlined in this department in the May issue: the partial-payment plan. The great problem is: what to start buying, and where?

The first problem of the man who wants to be a success financially is to adopt some means of accumulating capital. The key to this problem was stated in the form of a challenge by the late James J. Hill, who started with nothing and became a multi-millionaire:

"If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you."

This at once raises the question: what is a good investment? There are two paramount factors and one desirable one in a good investment:

Security. Income. Convertibility.

Make up your mind in the very beginning that you can not obtain both the best security and a high rate of interest. You can have one or the other, but not both.

The safest investments may be ascertained most easily by their interest returns. Low rates indicate safety. High rates indicate risk.

The law of compensation is always working, in the investment field as well as elsewhere. Convertibility into cash, or marketability, costs something, just as do safety or a high rate of interest. Ready marketability may be had at the expense of either safety or income. This is shown in the case of the bank deposit. You can get your money out of your bank account more quickly than from any other kind of investment. You pay for this, however, by receiving a much smaller income from it—hardly more than 2% at best.

Some investors do not desire ready marketability. They regard it as a useless and unnecessary expense. No doubt for them it is, if they are sure they will not need to sell their securities or to borrow upon them.

In the opinion of the writer, however, an investment would have to be the rare combination of the best security and an unusually high yield in order to compensate for the absence of the quality of being easily convertible into cash. Life teems with surprises. "Nothing happens but the unexpected." When you want to remember a number, you can't; it leaps into your mind when you don't need it. When you want to find something in a hurry, it seems invisible; when it is the last thing for which you are looking, you stumble over it.

Few things are so maddening as to have money tied up securely, so securely that you can not get a dollar at a time such as an emergency or some crisis in life, when you must have cash.

Many people, after unhappy experiences of this kind, will own no securities that are not listed on one of the recognized exchanges of the country. This seems perhaps like swinging the pendulum somewhat in the opposite direction.

The solution is a happy medium and is to be found in the answer to the second part of our question regarding the investment of savings: Where To Buy?

Assuming a desirable investment containing security and satisfactory income, deal only with reputable companies having large financial strength, who stand squarely behind the securities they offer. If you do this you are reasonably sure to come as near as humanly possible to the three-part desirable combination of security, income and marketability.

These are Government and Municipal bonds, certain types of Railroad and Industrial bonds, and selected Real Estate Mortgages or bonds issued with such mortgages as security.

The general characteristics of these investments are that they are loans, at fixed rates of interest, either with indirect security, such as loans to the United States Government, States

and Cities, or with direct security, as with bonds secured by a mortgage on a railroad, an industrial plant, or on real estate.

The question may be asked: Since safety does not go beyond the point of the sure return of capital and prompt payment of interest, and since many investment loans are as safe as any investment can be, why do some yield lower interest rates than others?

The answer lies mainly in the factor of convertibility, which is present in such a degree that it compensates for the lower interest returns. A practically instantaneous market for Government bonds and other of the highest grade securities renders them suitable investments for banks, which may need to turn them into cash quickly, and the demand from such purchasers is on a large scale.

The ordinary investor and the custodian of trust funds, however, does not need to realize on his investments as quickly as a banker. He requires only safety of principal and regular income. Trust funds, in particular, are not subject to demand on short notice, and therefore their custodians can surrender a degree of convertibility in favor of complete safety of principal and a higher interest return.

The strong and weak features of the types of investment above mentioned may be compared in brief as follows:

Government Bonds. These are the direct obligation of the United States, having behind them the entire wealth of the country. They have a ready market almost always at a good price. They are certain to be paid promptly at maturity. Their only possible weakness—outside of the obvious fact that their interest return will not be high—is that those bonds of long-term maturity may fluctuate somewhat in market price as the rate for money fluctuates; and the investor who had to sell in a depressed market at a price below that at which he bought might obviously lose part of his principal.

Municipal Bonds. These are the direct obligation of organized communities, having behind them indirectly the resources of those communities. Where the communities are prosperous and their finances well managed, the public debt being kept within safe limits, the bonds will be paid promptly when due. On the other hand, they have no tangible security, being only promises to pay. If the communities should be overbonded or should decline in prosperity and population, the bonds might be repudiated or scaled down. Good municipal bonds do not yield a high income.

RAILROAD Bonds. The railroad lines connecting the chief cities of the country and tapping the rich producing sections will probably enjoy a steady volume of traffic as long as the nation endures; despite competition from waterborne commerce, from trolley lines, from motor trucks, and perhaps in future from aeroplanes. Under competent management the railroads produce substantial earnings, from which to pay the interest and sinking funds for their bonds. On the other hand, it is difficult to distinguish the good from the bad; many of the old first-mortgage bonds are hidden away in strong-boxes, the market being flooded with second, third and fourth mortgage bonds, consolidated bonds, branch-line bonds, collateral bonds, bonds with no collateral, "income" bonds, and many other classes of bonds more attractive in name than in substance. On account of the evolution of railroads from small lines, frequently bonded at cost for construction, into great systems whose extensions and improvements frequently require new capital, the supply of railroad bonds runs from very good bonds to very poor ones. The general tendency has been toward over-capitalization, evidence of which has been the spectacle of more than half of the railroad mileage in the country being in the hands of receivers. Many influences, both political and economic, have affected railroad securities during and since the war.

Real Estate Mortgages. These are direct and first liens on man's first and fundamental necessities: land and buildings. The security is tangible, visible and easily understood. It can not disappear or be manipulated out of existence.

Real-estate mortgages are the oldest forms of investment, and are among the safest. They have been undergoing a process of improvement for over four thousand years, having been

(Continued on page 74)

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Statement at Close of Business June 30, 1925

RESOURCES	
Loans on Collateral	\$18,862,773.35
Bonds and Mortgages	13,744,389.71
U. S. Govt., County & Municipal Bonds	3,847,788.88
Other Bonds	6,695,918.87
Bills Purchased	9,826,681.53
Real Estate and Banking Houses	786,049.29
Main Office Building	966,231.69
Other Real Estate	627,157.38
Furniture and Fixtures	134,395.00
Safe Deposit Vaults	153,729.86
Cash on Hand and in Bank	5,354,088.22
Other Assets	503,006.46
	<hr/>
	\$61,502,210.24
LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$2,500,000.00
Surplus	1,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	842,621.22
Deposits	56,347,000.55
Other Liabilities	62,588.47
	<hr/>
	\$61,502,210.24

Transacts a General Banking Business



And Your Building

An investment in Fidelity First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds means more to you than safety, security and a guaranteed income. It means, in your city or elsewhere your apartment building or hotel is serving the people and sharing in the nation's progress and prosperity. It's not only wise to invest in Fidelity Bonds, it's American. And the Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Co. guarantees the payment of principal and interest when due. You'll enjoy reading our booklet, "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." Shall we send it?

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Incorporated 1913
656 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
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457 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver
Fidelity Guarantees Every Bond

6 1/2% BONDS

Insurable against loss at the option of the investor

Created and safeguarded by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, and backed by a record of 60 years without loss.

Each issue secured by a first mortgage upon income producing property in a leading Southern city where values are continually enhancing and where attractive rates may be had without sacrifice of safety.

So fundamentally safe and so thoroughly protected that one of the largest Surety Companies in the United States will unconditionally guarantee payment of principal and interest, at the investor's option.

Write today for full information. Address Dept. H-17.

Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House
Founded 1865 ATLANTA
PHILADELPHIA, Packard Building
NEW YORK

Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Inc.
Exclusive Distributors
270 Madison Avenue Ownership Identical

\$25,000 in Ten Years Earns



By getting 8% instead of 6% the extra 2%, reinvested for ten years, will produce a gain of 28.8% in principal and 71.8% in income.

2% to 4% Extra

means years in time saved or thousands in cash gained in your plans to create a permanent independent income. Our free booklet of charts and tables fully explains.

If your investments pay only 6% or 4% mail the coupon and learn how to get 2% to 4% extra with safety by investing in safe 8% Florida First Mortgage Bonds.

Florida First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
\$100, \$500 and \$1,000 Bonds
Partial Payments Accepted

Write to
TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus \$500,000

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Street.....

City..... State..... 809

6% Save and Have

Arnold First Mortgage Guaranteed Certificates are especially desirable for the investment of savings. They may be purchased direct from Arnold and Company at face value either outright or on monthly payments. They pay 6% interest from issuance through to maturity. They are secured by first mortgages on improved real estate and their safety is further guaranteed by Arnold and Company with capital and surplus of \$1,250,000. They are always worth face value. The price is not subject to market changes. Checks for interest are mailed twice a year. In purchasing Arnold Certificates there is no broker's commission nor other expense of any kind to pay.

Write for our Booklet No. 22
ARNOLD AND COMPANY
1416 Eye St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

7% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
Write for Booklet No. 42
THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY
Smith Building - Washington, D. C.
NO LOSS to ANY INVESTOR in 52 YEARS

Buying an Income

(Continued from page 73)

familiarly mentioned in the most ancient writings on clay and stone. So permanent an institution were they, even in the early times, that the amount of the mortgage was frequently carved in the corner-stones of the buildings which constituted the security.

Their safety is recognized in the fact that savings banks in New York State are permitted by law to invest 65% of their deposits in real-estate first mortgages. The laws of every civilized country give preference to real-estate first mortgages as an investment for the most carefully guarded trust funds.

When selected to meet the requirements of the laws of New York, they do not exceed two-thirds of the value of the real estate securing them, the other third being intended to protect the holder against possible shrinkage in values.

If on improved real estate in a growing community, with the value of the land and building properly proportioned, the security may reasonably be expected to improve through increase of the value of the land as the population grows larger.

On the other hand, as in the case of railroad bonds, real-estate mortgages range from good to bad, and the investor needs to have either expert knowledge and ability to judge them or the aid of an established investment house specializing in real-estate mortgage bonds. As a rule, they are not as readily marketable as the other types of bonds above mentioned. To many investors, however, this feature brings compensation in the form of a higher yield. To those who want nothing more than sound security and a substantial rate of interest, and to whom a ready market means little, good real-estate mortgage bonds are preferable to the others.

A good mortgage, or a good bond based on such a mortgage, is salable, yet not as quickly as listed bonds or other securities dealt in on the various exchanges, where buyers and sellers meet through the agency of brokers. No speculative quick market has been developed for real-estate mortgages. No doubt if the holders were willing to take the same loss of principal as the holders of stocks and bonds frequently take to obtain cash, mortgages would be found also quickly convertible. This feature, while it repels the speculator, attracts the solid, genuine investing classes.

There are investors who think they are getting ahead faster when they disregard real-estate mortgage bonds in favor of stocks and bonds, expecting the price to go up. They seek expert advice and carefully apportion their holdings between various issues to average a certain yield, say 5% or 5½%. This is called "diversification," and is a form of balancing which calls for much thought and trouble and does not always turn out as planned. The advocates of real-estate mortgage bonds point out that it is simpler to buy the latter securities because they do not fluctuate; they pay a better return over a period of years than other forms of investment because there are no losses to be reckoned.

This point was emphasized by testimony before the Lockwood Committee in New York relative to the investments of a number of life-insurance companies. Accountants testified that those companies' returns for a period of years from real-estate mortgages were better than from stocks and bonds—in fact, averaging about 20% higher.

A SIMPLE way to regard investments is to divide them into these two classes: first, investments which fluctuate in value; second, investments which do not fluctuate in value.

The opinion of most authorities regarding the first of these classes is practically unanimous. Andrew Carnegie, who owned investments of solid character, wrote in his autobiography:

"I further resolved not even to own any stock that was bought and sold on any stock exchange. . . . Nothing tells in the long run like good judgment, and no sound judgment can remain with the man whose mind is disturbed by the mercurial changes of the stock exchange."

Another statement on fluctuating securities was made in the will of the late Col. Samuel P. Colt, merchant and multi-millionaire:

"I desire specially to impress upon my children

MIAMI 8%

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A Safe Investment Field for First Mortgage BONDS

Investigate now this seasoned investment field while 8% is prevailing, legal interest rate. Our \$100 to \$1000 First Mortgage Bonds are secured by income-paying business property authoritatively appraised at double the amount of the mortgage loan.

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and other relatives remembered under this my will that they shall not speculate in any manner with the funds given hereunder. Speculation, besides unfitting one for regular occupations, does not pay and is almost certain to end in disaster. Money well invested with an average yield of say 5% will accumulate fast enough, and the possessor of solid, unencumbered securities, who neither speculates nor borrows money, feels strong and independent, and is in far better condition to cope with the trials of life which come to all."

And almost everyone remembers Mark Twain's authoritative statement on the subject: "There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can afford it, and when he can't."

Nevertheless people go on buying fluctuating securities in the belief that they can make money easily. Here, as in other phases of life, experience is the only teacher. Not one man in a hundred who has speculated over a period of years, if he tells the truth, is ahead or even has retained his original capital. It is well known that the clientele of most brokerage houses changes almost entirely every four or five years. Conscientious stock brokers, if asked, will admit this fact.

H. H. BURBANK, associate professor of the Harvard Department of Economics, not long ago consulted four well-known brokerage houses regarding the percentage of speculators who were successful in market operations. Definite statistics covering a long period of years showed that of all the people who speculated with these four firms 97% had lost, 2% had stood still, and 1% had come out ahead.

Year after year hundreds, yes, thousands of people are compelled to take losses, which they can not afford, as the result of unfortunate and even disastrous investment in fluctuating stocks and bonds.

The second class of securities—investments which do not fluctuate—deserves the attention of the small investor who intends and plans to buy himself an income out of his savings.

From the start he must recognize the fundamental fact that he can not have his cake and eat it too; in other words, he will not find a form of investment combining complete safety of principal, a high yield, and instant marketability. To descend to the vernacular, there ain't no such animal. Of the three properties, the first two are of more importance than the third. They, however, counteract each other.

If an investment be very safe as to principal, the demand for it will be so great from banks, trust companies, life insurance companies and well-informed individuals that this competition will keep the interest yield down. In proportion as the security is regarded as shaded from one hundred per cent., the yield will be higher as the demand is lighter.

This is illustrated in the case of a comparison of two stocks or bonds each paying 5%. One may sell at 80 and the other at 100. The former returns 6½% and the latter returns 5%. Why must you pay more for one than the other? Because you are receiving a greater measure of safety.

In the same way, ready marketability costs something also; it may be had at the expense of either safety or income. To the small investor who seeks chiefly an income from his savings, a quick market is neither essential nor important; it is, in fact, something of an extravagance.

He, therefore, will find illuminating the practise of savings banks and similar institutions who are concerned far more with safety of principal and regular interest than with market quotations. The safest and most stable investment which these investors buy is the real-estate first mortgage.

Since safety is thus established, the subject of yield comes up for consideration. Perhaps the oldest and largest investors in this country are the great life insurance companies. The most recent and authoritative opinion of their investments was contained in the report of the Lockwood Committee. This report was based upon the exhaustive research of expert accountants employed for that purpose. A part of it follows:

"We have overwhelmingly established by the mass of statistics gathered from all sections of

(Continued on page 77)



There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is necessary for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Send for the book that gives the secret of earning more by learning more.

At what rate do you run your brain?

DO you realize how much more you could do and earn if you gave yourself a real chance—if, for instance, you knew the secret of fifteen minutes a day?

Which of these men is most like you? The laborer, shoveling coal all his days? Or the skilled man, working hard for eight hours but making no real progress? Or the factory superintendent, who has a little more leisure and hope? Or the really big man, whose earning capacity has no limit, and who gets more interesting play and recreation into his life than all the others put together?

Said Emerson: "Any man with an ordinary common brain can make good if he has the willingness to run that brain up to 80 per cent of its highest efficiency."

The secret of running your brain up to 80 per cent or more of its full capacity is no longer a secret, in the true sense of the word. For over 300,000 ambitious people have learned it, and put it to work for themselves.

You can learn the secret as they did, from a wonderful little book which is offered on this page. This book is free; it gives the plan, scope,

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—and the wonderful part it can play in your mental life.

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this wonderful library. The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has so chosen and arranged its 418 great masterpieces that, in even fifteen minutes a day, you can get from the "Harvard Classics" the culture, the knowledge of men and of life, and the broad viewpoint that can alone win for you an outstanding and solid success.

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I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family . . . they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all.



Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were

playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

* * * *

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home", together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test". You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach, will come AT ONCE.

Address the U. S. School of Music, 3629 Brunswick Building, New York.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3629 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home", with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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 Have you above instrument?.....
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| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Piano | Accordion |

Buying an Income

(Continued from page 75)

the country that, year by year, mortgage loans on real estate have proved the most stable, conservative and the best income-paying investments of these institutions.

"It is established by the figures furnished by these corporations, tabulated in such detail and with such accuracy that they are not open to question, that, besides their security, this class of investment has been yielding year in and year out about 20% higher income returns than the investments on bonds and other securities."

The mortgages referred to were, of course, carefully selected by experts and had over and above them a large margin of value in the real estate. While there is nothing perhaps safer than a well-secured first mortgage, there is possibility of loss in mortgages that are secured by real estate located unsuitably, or where the buildings are of a type that will not always command steady rentals, or if the mortgage bears too large a proportion to the value of the real estate so that the margin of safety might be wiped out in the event of a decline in values.

The average investor is not in a position to judge the qualities of mortgages, and therefore his best course is to consult those investment houses who specialize in this class of security, and whose reputation and standing insure his protection.

For his own information, however, we may briefly point out a few fundamental facts regarding mortgages.

It is a common error to suppose that the important thing to be considered is the value of the real estate. While this is obviously important, it is also important that the income should be ample to pay all operating expenses and taxes, the interest on the mortgage, and in addition to leave a good margin. Most of the investment houses offering real-estate mortgage bonds stress the feature of serial maturities, i. e., a plan by which a certain proportion of the bonds are paid off each year, thus automatically increasing the security behind those remaining.

City property may be divided into two classes: essential and non-essential. In the former are residences and business property, for men must have buildings in which to live and to work. In the latter are properties which could be dispensed with on urgent occasion, such as theatres, club-houses, museums, churches and all buildings designed for special uses, as well as outlying vacant land the utility of which has not yet arrived.

Residences comprise single dwellings, flats and tenements, and high-class apartment houses.

The latter are increasing in demand owing to the attractiveness of the buildings, the diminution of housekeeping cares, and the fashionable locations in which they are now built.

Business property may be divided into three classes: retail, wholesale and office buildings. The demand for space in the last-named and the facilities they offer are so well known as to need no comment.

The basis of value in real estate is Utility. This is evidenced by rent. The capitalization of net rent forms Value.

Increase in value arises from two sources: higher rents and lower capitalization rates. For instance, a net income of \$5,000 capitalized at 10% would indicate a value of \$50,000; capitalized at 5% it would be \$100,000.

It is a common error of mortgage investors to be too strongly influenced by externals, such as handsome buildings, and too little influenced by the plan of the interior and by the gross and net income and the capitalization rates. It is a mistake to regard the value of land and building separately, assuming that the sum of the two represents the value of the property as a whole. The structural cost of a building may not have much bearing on its real value, which depends mainly on its suitability to location.

Reverting to the suggestion made at the beginning of this article, the man of small resources or salaried worker who has the backbone to set aside one-fifth of his earnings and to invest it prudently, either by waiting until he has \$100 saved up or by purchasing on the partial payment plan from a responsible institution, will be surprised to find how rapidly his money accumulates. He will find a certain pleasure in cutting the coupons on his bonds every six months; or, in actual practice, more frequently, since his investment purchases need not be limited to dates six months apart. He will derive a mental satisfaction at the contemplation of the income thus received—money that comes to him because he had the foresight and will-power to make his original money *work for him*. And if he will steadfastly refuse to spend this income, but instead use it as capital with which to purchase more securities, he will be amazed to see what his self-appointed program has caused in a few short years. Many a man approaching middle life finds that the income he has thus *bought for himself* is far greater than any he can obtain from his own efforts. He has met Mr. Hill's test, he has proved himself a success, and has reached the goal of being economically independent.

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.

"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."

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., have recently published a very helpful booklet entitled "Life Insurance Trusts." Copy gladly sent on request.

"Fifty-Two Years of Proven Safety"—A handsomely illustrated booklet sent free on request by writing to the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

Noyes & Jackson, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York City, and 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., have recently issued an interesting circular dealing with electrical refrigeration and the unusual opportunities for profit in this field. Send for Circular "E."

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"MR WILLIAMS called me into his office to-day and told me he was going to raise my salary \$50 a month.

"I am glad to give you this opportunity," he said, "for the best reason in the world. You deserve it.

"You may not know it, but I've been watching your work ever since the International Correspondence Schools wrote me that you had enrolled for a course of home study. Keep it up, young man, and you'll go far. I wish we had more men like you."

"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!"

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time. More than 180,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you.

Mail the Coupon To-day

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....
Street..... 3-6-24
Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

ALWAYS HAVE DRY MATCHES

Marble's Water-Proof Match Box keeps matches dry, holds enough for several days, absolutely waterproof. Made of seamless brass, size of 10 gauge shell.

60c at your dealers or sent by mail, postpaid. Write for catalog of Marble's Sixty Specialties for Sportsmen. 324

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
522 Delta Avenue Gladstone, Michigan

A STEADY JOB

Men are glad to buy Style-Center tailored-to-measure suits and overcoats at \$23.50. Our salesmen make \$75-\$150 every week. Write for agency. The Style-Center Tailoring Co., 901 Anderson Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

How It Feels to Make \$100.00 a Week

(By a Man who used to Earn but Twenty-five)

THE BIGGEST change about me has been my income. I guess I don't seem much different from the man who used to clerk it for \$25 a week, in fact I know I'm not. Of course I do appear more confident and more contented with my lot. Who wouldn't hold his head a little higher when his time is worth five dollars an hour than when it brought less than that a day?

My success dates from the hour I lined up with successful people. All my life I'd been working for men who made hardly more than a living even though they owned the business. What chance did I have with a job like that? What did I stand to lose in quitting such a job?

I had always hankered to do selling. But what to sell? Luckily, this was answered for me, and in this way:

The One Secret of Selling

Two men that I knew were salesmen. One was always as hard up as I. The other was prosperous good years and bad. Of course it was he I asked for advice. "Vale," he said, "anyone can sell what every body wants. A star salesman can't sell much of anything they don't want. I handle something every man I meet must have—clothes. I have a line of clothes he would rather have than any he has ever seen. And my selling plan lops fifteen or twenty dollars off the usual price. Do I gather in the orders? I'd be a dub if I couldn't!"

A few days after I had decided to step out with the Simpson line my case of woollens and selling outfit came. It was two in the afternoon, Saturday at that, but I started out. I called on several friends; no luck; perhaps they didn't believe I was a salesman. I wasn't so sure that I was! But I tackled some men that I didn't know and who didn't know me. Three of them gave me a chance to talk clothes. I got the case open, some samples in their hands, and I sold two suits that afternoon.

I never went back to my old job. I never will. While I haven't made a thousand dollars every month my average is at least four times my previous earnings, and while I do work hard, I really like to; perhaps because I don't have to. And last October I took a real vacation of three solid weeks. When I got back, I picked up so many orders from old customers who had been waiting with their orders for Fall suits and overcoats that the old bank account didn't suffer much from my long absence!

Robert J. Vale
(in a Simpson Suit)



Thirty-One Fifty!

Mr. Vale is wearing a Simpson suit in the picture. Tailored to order, the material virgin wool. Would you buy clothes like this? Could you sell them for \$31.50?

My selling method? Simpson didn't even ask that I learn any special system of selling. They gave me valuable pointers, but the woolen fabrics they give, the beautiful styling and tailoring they seem to know no other house in my humble opinion does know, just naturally sell themselves. When they hear "thirty-one fifty" they just ask when I can promise the finished garments.

Simpson's Standing Offer

The Simpson plan is such an ideal way to be fitted and suited in tailored-to-measure clothes that sales come easier each season.

New Fall line ready now has more than 150 fine suitings in variety of colors, patterns, and weaves—every wanted new shade—also 30 overcoatings in 22 distinct shades and weaves.

If you believe you might like to help this business grow, and to grow with it, facts and figures about this fascinating line of work. Past experience does not matter if you are earnest. Nor your present circumstances if you are anxious to better them.

Your request will bring full information if you address J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 1111, Chicago.

FREE

Every representative of Simpson is provided with a beautiful case of gorgeous woollens and complete outfit. A Whole Tailoring Store in 10 x 13 x 6 in. space.



WANTED: 75 New Men

The fast-increasing popularity of the Simpson Plan makes an opening for seventy-five to a hundred new representatives this season. Our new book, just published, tells all about this interesting business, how anybody can start, what you can earn, the experience of others, etc. The territory you would like may be open. Why not ask about it? Perhaps this is the chance you have wanted all your life! Clip coupon now!

J. B. SIMPSON INC. Dept. 1111
Chicago, Ill.

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, please send me new illustrated book, "The Simpson Plan," with complete information about the opportunity your line offers any man who is willing to work.

Name.....
Address.....

Five Planks in Mr. Vale's Success Platform

1. "You stand a better chance of grasping a new opportunity than of always holding your old job."
2. "Get over the idea that a man must be trained or talented in order to sell goods."
3. "When your quality and price both beat the other fellow's you have no competition."
4. "The backing of a house that's on the square beats owning a business all hollow."
5. "Working hard for yourself is easy."

You Can't Beat Our Low Prices

Diamonds a Fraction of Market Prices

Free Bulletin lists diamonds as low as \$50 per carat, also Gems of Finest Quality at higher per carat charges but proportionately Low Bargain Prices. This \$2,100 carat correctly cut diamond a snappy blazing solitaire at \$88. This 76 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Many from big cash deals direct with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing to See Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you. Latest Listings—Unpaid Loans. Sent Free. Describes Diamond Bargains in Detail, gives cash loan values guaranteed. Explains unlimited exchange privilege. Write today for your copy of Diamond Bargain List. Postal card will do. Joe. De Roy & Sons, 7336 De Roy Building Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburg, Pa.

This Ring \$88
82/100 Carat correctly cut

How to Be a STAR SALESMAN

Hundreds who never thought they could sell, now STAR Salesmen making \$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year!

Amazing new system of teaching right at home makes salesmanship easy as A B C. Simple rules and laws anyone can learn. Equivalent of actual experience. Be ready in 20 weeks. Free Employment Service. Hundreds needed.

FREE THIS REMARKABLE SALARY RAISING BOOK

Send postcard today for free copy of remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." No obligation. See for yourself how easy it is to jump to big earnings as hundreds of others have done! Address National Salesmen's Training Ass'n. Dept. M-84, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago.

RADIO YOU SAVE 1/2 BUY DIRECT FROM MFR.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET
1—"SUPERIOR" 5-Tube Radio Set, low loss parts, in handsome one mahogany finished cabinet.
2—Genuine Guaranteed Tubes.
3—Specialtone Loud Speaker and Plug.
4—1.00 Amp. "A" Battery.
5—2-45 V. Standard "41" Batteries.
1—Complete Antenna Kit including Battery Cable Connection.
"SUPERIOR" \$69.50
5-TUBE RADIO SET
COMPLETE—Nothing Else To Buy Absolutely Guaranteed Set without Accessories \$32.50
Sent on receipt of check or money order.
References: East River National Bank, N.Y.C. DEEM RADIO PRODUCTS CORP. 177 Greenwich St., New York

WORLD'S OF HEAT RADIANT KEROSENE OIL HEATER

Burns 8 to 10 hours on gallon of Coal Oil. Turns on like gas—cheaper—cleaner—more comfortable than coal or wood fire. No wick—no smoke—no odor. Will heat the whole house in coldest weather. Portable—may be moved from room to room. Simply turns up and down—off and on like city gas. Thousands in Happy Homes everywhere. Handsome, durable—gives intense heat. If interested, simply send name today for FREE circular and full details how it works and amazing offer.
\$15,000 a year earned by State Agent Resing, of Texas; \$5,000 a year by District Agent Hubbell, of Iowa. If interested, in Agency write today. Good territory open. Big Money.
EVERBRITE STOVE CO. 310 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Become a Bank Robber in 19 Easy Lessons

By Maxwell Droke

Mr. Sylvester Seashell, Three-Mile-Post, Wilderness.

DEAR Mr. Seashell: We have your valued favor of the 17th inst., in response to our Confidential Communication, asking us to tell you some more about the Amalgamated Correspondence Course in Plain and Fancy Bank Robbing. We accordingly hasten to enclose herewith our elegant brochure entitled "The Business of Being a Bank Buster," together with Enrollment Blank and application for domestic money order, already imprinted with the name and address of our school.

It isn't everyone who can succeed in this great business of bank-robbing. A man must have Magnetism, Personality and Power to mingle in a social way with bank presidents and assistant tellers, and make them eager to gratify his slightest desire.

And your letter, Mr. Seashell, indicates that YOU have these qualities to a remarkable degree. We are firmly convinced that you were born for the bank-robbing business. We confidently predict a great future for you. Prof. Gunn has spared no expense or effort in the perfection of this marvelous course. From his office in Cell 62, northeast corner of the Federal Prison, at Leavenworth, he is keeping in close touch with every pupil.

Bank-robbing, as you well know, is rapidly becoming one of the country's foremost professions. The great Bank Robbers' and Gunmen's Guild is now second only to the United Brotherhood of Hat-Checking Pirates. And you—yes, YOU—may become a part of this great, throbbing industry through the Amalgamated Correspondence Course.

Stop! Think! Pause and ponder well while Opportunity is in the offing. There are 31,759 banks in the United States alone. Some of them still contain money. And you, Mr. Seashell, may step into these great institutions not as a harassed executive, a slaving clerk, or a plebeian patron, but as the Master Hand, the Master Mind, that corrals the cash!

Are you going to let the chance of a lifetime slip past, or will you say to yourself right now—to-day—this very minute—"I WILL do it! I WILL learn Plain and Fancy Bank-Robbing at home, in my spare time, on easy monthly instalments!"

Think, Mr. Seashell, THINK what it means to you to become a BIG man in this BIG profession! Remember our slogan, "Bank Busting—The Business That Makes Billionaires!" Truer words were never spoken! And there will be a place ready for you in this business, just as soon as you are ready for the place. How much longer will you be content to plod along in the same old rut, putting money into the bank year after year, when it is so much easier, so much more pleasant and profitable, to be one of the Select Few who take money out of the bank!

Take the first simple step now. Sign and mail the handy Application Blank, and money order for \$17.20 covering the first instalment of the course. Don't wait until to-morrow. Do it to-day and save 1440 minutes! Immediately upon receipt of remittance, we will send by collect express, the first six lessons in the A. C. C. in P. and F. B. R. (Amalgamated Correspondence Course in Plain and Fancy Bank-Robbing), and the Complete Kit of Professional Burglar's Tools with Directions, so that you can start right to work, and earn while you learn. The outfit is packed in a strong wooden box, weighing only 42 pounds. Send your application at once—immediately—before the supply is exhausted.

Yours for Better Bank-Busting,

THE AMALGAMATED CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

P. S. If your application is mailed before 10 P. M. to-day we will include absolutely free of charge, and without cost to you, a 140-Page richly illustrated text book, "From Fountain Pen to Federal Pen, or How to Forge Your Way to Fame and Fortune" written by a recognized expert. The chapter on "Checks—Their Culture, and How to Raise Them" is worth the full price of the course.

The Amalgamated Correspondence College, New York City.

DEAR GENTS:

I have your letter of the 28th ult., asking how am I getting along in Prof. Gunn's Preferred Class for Extra Bright Pupils, in the Amalgamated Correspondence Course in Plain and Fancy Bank-Robbing, and in reply to same beg to state as follows that I am getting along very well indeed.

Day before yesterday, I tried out Lesson No. 17, "The Science of the Stick-Up, or How to Get it With a Gat," at the 32nd National Bank in our town. I entered the bank at exactly high noon, with a grave countenance, remarking to the cashier, who was eating a bologna sandwich with a bottle of near-bear, saying "Stick 'em up, brother, or I'll blow your daylight out!" just like it says on page 12, paragraph 8, using Gesture "H," illustrated on the opposite page.

Well, that fellow figured it was daylight-saving time right then and there. It sure would have done your heart good to see how he put 'em up! I could have helped myself to some money just as well as not, but thought I maybe hadn't better, not being one of your Graduate Students yet with Permit to Practice the Profession. So I politely thanked the cashier for his trouble and walked out. But you can depend upon it, as soon as I get my diploma and the Permit, I am going back there and show that fellow I mean business!

Yours very respectfully,
SYLVESTER SEASHELL.

Mr. Sylvester Seashell,
Three-Mile-Post,
Wilderness.

DEAR MR. SEASHELL:

We are in receipt of your favor of the 13th inst., describing the Great Awakening which you experienced on your second visit to the bank, and of your determination to lead a better, nobler life, devoting your time and talents to Professional Detecting, and the relentless pursuit of criminals (particularly bank robbers). We also note your postscript asking how much we will rebate you for one (1) Complete Kit of Professional Burglar's Tools with Directions, same being just as good as new.

In reply, let us say, first of all, Mr. Seashell, that we believe you are doing exactly the right thing, and we applaud the manly stand you have taken for justice and law-enforcement. While it is not our usual custom to make any rebates whatever on paraphernalia sold in connection with the Amalgamated Correspondence Course in Plain and Fancy Bank-Robbing, we have decided to make an exception in your case, and allow you \$8.25, provided the Kit is returned to us at once in good condition, the said allowance to be credited to your account on the Amalgamated Correspondence Course in Dare-Devil Detecting, complete in 21 lessons, including an Official Badge and 42 Distinct Disguises, for which we feel sure you will wish to enroll, as it will give you just the training you will need for your new work. Enclosed you will find an elaborate prospectus, which describes the course in detail.

Trusting to receive your enrollment by return mail, and with all good wishes, we are,

Yours for the Abatement of Crime,
THE AMALGAMATED CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.



YOUR HOME in PHILADELPHIA

The New \$4,000,000
Philadelphia Elks Club

Convenience and beauty to the point of luxury—hospitality and comfort surpassing that of any public hotel.

In the heart of Philadelphia's business, amusement and shopping centers and close by Pennsylvania and Reading Terminals.

210 perfectly appointed living rooms, each with tiled bath and shower, all outside rooms. Aeration system assures complete change of air throughout building every 3 minutes.

Roof Garden	Finest Cuisine	Largest Indoor Swimming Pool in the East.
Rest Rooms	Bowling	Complete gymnasium, Turkish Baths, Hydro-Therapeutic treatments,
Grill	Billiards	Barber, Manicurist on premises.
Restaurant	Sun Parlor	

Make This Your Philadelphia Headquarters

Elks and their Families welcomed. Living accommodations at extremely reasonable rates.

Broad at Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
"In the Heart of Philadelphia"

\$15 a Day Easy SELLING SHIRTS



FREE SAMPLES

Yes, hundreds make more than that! But no wonder Fashion Wear Shirts in the latest styles and fabrics take prospects "off their feet" when you tell them the amazingly low prices for these fashionable, smart shirts.

**EVERYBODY BUYS \$4.95
THREE FINE SHIRTS FOR**

Every man is a prospect. And they usually take advantage of our big special offer on 3 shirts—with a good profit margin for you. Don't waste time in correspondence. Just send postal for Free Samples—complete line. Make \$10 to \$20 the day it arrives visiting offices, factories, garages, etc. Write quick. Address
FASHION WEAR SHIRT CO.
1200-20 Jackson Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dept. L-221

READ
"I walked into a little factory in Chesterfield and a half hour later walked out with orders that gave me a profit of \$40 and I had the cash in my pocket."
J. E. Burns.



SENSATIONAL SALE

10 Days Free Trial World's finest typewriter on small monthly payments. Send for FREE Valuable Typewriter Information and special 10 day offer.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORPORATION
421-360 East Grand Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; free on request.

It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. K2.

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.
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GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

As Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

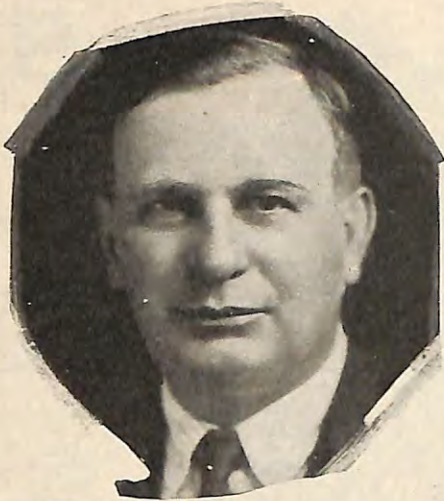


BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not in medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address
Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Being a Proxy Elk

By Mrs. Charles H. Broomfield



Pat Schaefer Heats Homes with Amazing NEW GAS

Automatic gas heat now available to every one. Pat Schaefer has at last perfected this wonderful invention that saves drudgery—eliminates ashes, soot, grime, grease, smoke and drudgery of dirty coal and wood. So successful has been this wonderful invention that Pat Schaefer will send it to you for use in your heating stove, range, or furnace for 30 days' trial. It costs you nothing if you do not get perfect heating satisfaction. Home owners mail coupon immediately for full details.

AGENTS Already paid \$25,000

NEVER has such a vast selling proposition been offered to agents, spare time workers, full time workers and salesmen. Here is a device that every home owner wants the minute he sees it. A 15-minute demonstration shows him its utility, its proof to eliminate drudgery, save money and modernize all heating equipment. Just stop and think.



Fits any range, heater or furnace. Any heat instantly regulated by simply turning a valve.

Fits All Stoves Without Change

Here is a simple device that slips right into any stove or furnace. Installed in a few minutes. A simple turn of a valve and you get any degree of heat—plenty of warmth for zero weather or just enough for mild fall days. Small quantity of kerosene (coal oil) will heat large home for hours and will do this without a single change to any heating equipment.



This new furnace burner does away with noisy motors, expensive installations and all troublesome machinery. Installed at one-fifth the cost of other burners.

Free Territory—Cash Bonus Offer

Find out now how you can become an authorized representative of a large free territory and start making big cash profits immediately. One man made over \$200 in a day. One made \$1000 in a month. We tell you what to say, how to demonstrate, how to turn your spare hours into \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day, or your full time into \$75 to \$200 a week. Special cash bonus offer is now being made. You can clean up big this fall and winter if you will mail coupon immediately, or write a letter asking for sales plan, being sure to specify if you are interested in the agency proposition.

OLIVER OIL BURNER CORPORATION
Dept. L-200, 7th & Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Oliver Oil Burner Corporation,
Dept. L-200, 7th & Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me at once full details about Pat Schaefer's invention and his 30 days' trial offer. I am not obligated. I am interested in a burner for
() Heating Stove () Range () Furnace

Name.....
Address..... County.....
City..... State.....
() Check here if you want agent plan.

MANY times I've been asked what benefit is derived from being related to an Elk. Or, as an acquaintance bluntly put it: "What earthly good is it to have an Elk in the family?"

Let's see.
In the first place, having an Elk in the family is a sort of hall-mark. Classed as the "best people on earth"—B. P. O. E.—the superlative degree of excellence has been reached; and, being listed with the best, one can't be any better. It is true, an Elk's relatives shine by reflected light, but still they shine, and that's something to be proud of.

It is selfish to join an organization solely for personal benefit, but as a member those benefits are inherent rights, and like a mantle fall upon the member's family in various ways.

To my mind, the greatest asset derived from being an Elk's wife is the feeling of absolute security at all times and under all circumstances.

Another asset is helpfulness. No matter what kind of trouble falls upon an Elk's wife, she can always depend upon being helped out of it.

If one travels much, either in advance or in the rear of the head of the house, often going hundreds of miles to a totally unknown section of the country, it is a great comfort to feel that no matter what contingency arises assistance is perpetually camped on the doorstep of an Elk Lodge or Home.

Some years ago I took a long trip to collect a considerable sum of money. Knowing there was plenty in prospect, I started out with very little. Payment was made by cheque, which I expected to cash at the small town I was to entrain from after driving in from the wilderness. Reaching that town, I found both banks closed for the Saturday half-holiday. Didn't know a soul there, but hunted up the largest livery stable to find where the Elk Lodge was. Stableman was an Elk, and finding he hadn't enough cash on hand to help me out, he started out on a hunt for a bank cashier, also an Elk, and he went to his bank and produced money enough to cover my cheques.

One time I landed in Boston with a badly infected finger. At the Elks Home I was directed to an Elk doctor, who not only cured the finger but insisted on cutting his fee when I insisted on paying for his services.

During the holiday season, last year, a little girl stopped me on the street and asked if I could tell her where the Elks lived.

She was poorly dressed, but neat and clean, was dragging a small wagon along, and looked as if she hadn't had a square meal for a month.

"Why do you want to see the Elks?" I asked.
"Why, my father's sick and can't work, and there's a new baby, and six more of us, and—we're hungry. And a lady told my mother to send me to the Elks Home and tell them about it."

We trotted back to where a number of Elks were sending out well-filled baskets, and I showed my card and then left the little maid to tell the story herself. Two weeks later I met that same little girl. She ran up to me, eager to let me know how she had fared, and said she would like to know my name, for she was glad I went to the Elks with her that day.

"Do you know," she said, confidentially, as we walked along, "I was afraid to go alone because in pictures Elks have horns!"

In a hotel in Maine, once upon a time, I met a woman who couldn't say enough mean things about the entire organization of Elks. She was so indignant that she fairly sputtered. From her tirade I learned her husband was an Elk and a drunkard. She had thought Elks always helped one another and made men better. For her part, etc., etc.

"Let me tell you something," I said, when there was a lull in the storm of words. "I would be very much ashamed to let any one know I hadn't influence enough over my husband to lead him—not drive him, mind you—in the straight and narrow path of sobriety; but if I hadn't, I'd go to the secretary of his Lodge and tell him a few things and put the task of reform up to the Lodge."

"A lot of good that would do," was her scornful reply, and as she flounced away, a mean little thought crept into my mind—perhaps the poor man was not entirely to blame.

Once upon a time I wanted to get a reservation on a train stopping at an obscure way station.

"I can't fix you up, lady," said the ticket agent, "but—" with a side glance at my Elk pin—"if the conductor chances to be an Elk he can help you." The conductor was, and did.

All these little instances, of course, are selfishly personal. There are thousands of reasons for enjoying a proxy membership in that loyal organization of patriotic Americans.

Boundless charity, without ostentation; helpfulness in great as well as in small things; a readiness to help the weak; a willing aid and sympathizer in time of trouble—all these added to the cardinal principles of the Order mean an enormous amount of benefit to all who are indirectly or directly connected with the B. P. O. E.

By no means the least of the benefits derived from proxy Elkship is having first chance at THE ELKS MAGAZINE. From cover to cover every word is worth while and no one should skip a page. It will be time well spent. Not only does it give the best in fact, fiction and verse, but there is great pleasure in keeping in touch with Lodges all over the country, keeping tabs on their progress and good deeds, and getting a bird's-eye view of new Homes.

The absolute reliability of the advertisers is another wonderful asset. "Complete satisfaction or money back," but never an occasion for acting on that slogan.

The call of "Hey, Rube!" in a crowd, nowadays, is far less effectual than that of "Hello, Brother Elk!" and has largely superseded it.

Speaking of crowds reminds me that carrying a card, as wife, mother or sister of an Elk also gives one various unconventional privileges.

Quite recently I stood in a throng of persons in a large city, watching a parade. Beside me stood an Elk. When the first flag went by, I noticed he did not salute it. In fact, so intent was he in watching two pretty girls trying to cross the street that he had no eyes for anything else.

As the second flag neared us, I touched him on the arm, and whispered: "Say, Brother, there are thousands of pretty ankles but only one Old Glory."

He turned quickly, and gave me an indignant glare. That changed to a sheepish grin, however, as he noticed my Elk pin, and he said heartily:

"You're right, Sister! My mistake. Thank you for speaking."

The New Home of San Francisco Lodge No. 3

(Continued from page 37)

the balcony, the office of the manager of the building and three dining-rooms. The main dining-room is in the rear of the building and seats 225; there is a large private dining-room and committee room adjoining the lounge and a second private dining-room with store facilities. All the rooms on this floor are arranged so that they can be thrown into a single suite for a large dinner dance or banquet. Above are the rooms devoted strictly to the men: the games room, commit-

tee rooms, billiard and card rooms and the buffet. The upper stories contain 100 living rooms. All have outside exposure, and each is connected with bath or shower. The furniture and draperies have been chosen specially to convey an atmosphere of comfort and cheerfulness. On the roof are located two hand-ball courts of standard tournament size which are accessible to the elevators either from the living rooms or from the locker rooms below.



They recommend that you read Joseph Conrad!

WITH such testimony before you think what you must be missing if you are not familiar with this great novelist, whose works, says Sir Hugh Clifford, "have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."



WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness*, "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

He had an unaccountable longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. So, still in his teens, he made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin-boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not even speak English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty.

Then, settling down in a quiet corner of Kent, in England—recalling the rare experiences he had been through and the motley array of men and women he had met up and down the seven seas—there came from him, one after the other, those unforgettable novels.

Before his death, he found himself acclaimed by fellow-craftsmen as the greatest of them all. His original manuscripts, sold at auction, brought the incredible sum of \$110,998. A limited autographed edition of his work, 735 sets, sold to collectors for a total sum of over \$129,000. No such tributes as these had ever been paid to an author while he was still alive.

What is the secret of this unexampled enthusiasm, this adoration, in which Conrad is held? Above all, his secret lies in the wondrous narratives he had to tell. No one could ever tell a story like Conrad, and no one has ever had such tales to tell.

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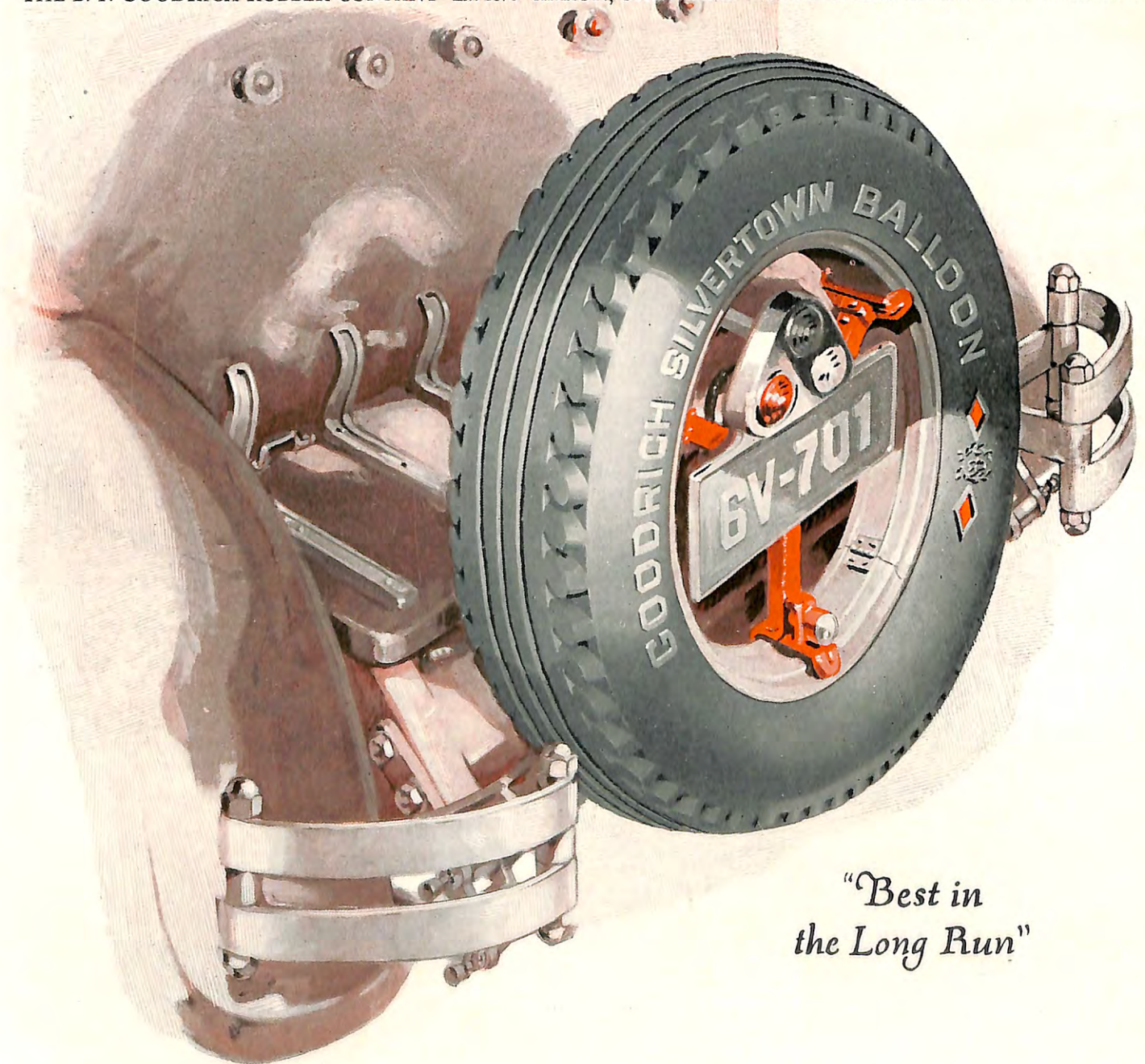
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