

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1925



J. F.
- KERNAN -

This month: Stories and articles by Octavus Roy Cohen, Gerald Beaumont, William Almon Wolff, Lawrence Perry, and many others



"I love to see a man smoke a pipe"

Billie Burke

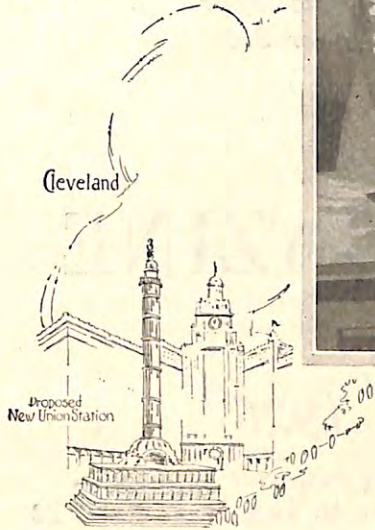


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A SALESMAN when he faced the buyer; a sales manager when he returned to the home office with the biggest order his firm had ever received, this man gives LaSalle credit for both order and promotion, yet he had been enrolled for LaSalle training only a month.



Could You Have Made This Sale?

It won O. M. Abel big advancement, and he credits it to LaSalle training

O. M. Abel was a salesman for the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, Cleveland, Ohio. He was selling an excellent product—a unique device for sharpening the discs of harrows while in operation.

Mr. Abel possessed both ability and ambition; his immediate problem, therefore, as he saw it, was to *plus* his ability with scientific salesmanship.

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(—so writes O. M. Abel, the employee.)

"The practical ideas which I got from the very first assignment of your course in Modern Salesmanship enabled me to land the biggest order our company has ever received. Naturally I am enthusiastic—not merely because of this initial advancement, but because of the future which your training has opened up to me. It's by far the most profitable investment I ever made or ever expect to make."

(Signed) O. M. ABEL, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Your Training is 100% Practical"

(—so writes D. W. Reinohl, the employer.)

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(Signed) D. W. REINOHL, Cleveland, Ohio.

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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



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Number Six

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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They Called Me a "Human Clam" But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words.

And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one

man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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tive booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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What 15 Minutes A Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address Board Meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

"HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD"

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*

Armistice Day—Thanksgiving Day

*Dallas, Texas,
October 10, 1925*

To my Brothers:

The seventh anniversary of November 11, 1918, should challenge us with its big lesson. For seven years we have been demonstrating to ourselves and to the rest of the people of the earth, that we can live in harmonious love and peace with one another when we are fighting and killing and dying, but that when we are neither fighting, nor killing, nor dying, on battlefield, or man-of-war, we are fussing and fuming and hating and jostling one another and hurting ourselves.

If the dead can hear; if the dead can see; if the dead can speak; those who sleep in foreign cemetery, as well as those who are buried in the United States, would chorus to us, with uplifted hands, "Peace, be still, at home."

A quarreling family is a nuisance on any street. A divided—an inharmonious nation—is an astonishment to any civilization.

May Armistice Day of 1925 bring a solidification of the people of the United States of America, even as are the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks solidified, for the glory of the flag and the integrity, restoration, peace and happiness of all the individuals who live beneath its folds.



The day for giving thanks is always less joyful if we have knowledge of any condition, either physical, spiritual or mental, that is not satisfactory. A day of thanks should be melodious with hallelujahs and consecrated with prayers of acknowledgment. It should never be filled with discord, nor marred by the recollection of anyone unrelieved, nor of any distress untouched, nor of any governmental darkness that could be made governmental perfection.

Assuming that our great American Brotherhood—the superlative American Brotherhood—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, has, in the fullest sense, thoughtfully relieved where it could; patriotically obeyed where it should; and successfully "carried on" for both country and individual, I approach Thanksgiving Day with a feeling of satisfaction.

Even as we offer thanks for the opportunities of being of value to our nation and to our neighbor, let us pray that we may be shown yet broader fields of usefulness for each during the months that divide November 26, 1925, from November 25, 1926.

Sincerely and earnestly,

Wm. H. Atwell

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Fate— Deputy Sheriff

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

THE scorching sun of a South Carolina midsummer blistered the little town of Karnak. It beat down mercilessly upon the single street of the hamlet—a dusty, dirty street flanked by ramshackle, ill-painted, frame structures; unscreened, unkempt, hopelessly neglected.

West of the town, the street disappeared in a gentle acclivity which wound through an avenue of stately, austere pines to an expanse of under-developed farms which, in antebellum days, had been proud plantations. East of the village, across the double tracks of the railroad, lay Death Hole swamp—dank and gray and sinister; an enormous sodden area, saturated with malarially stagnant water, countless maddening insects and vicious reptiles, impossibly bad roads And an endless vista of gray moss festooned in great, cloudlike pendants from the spreading oaks.

At the extreme western boundary of the town, just beyond the shack of a post office and the decrepit hotel, stood the Karnak County Courthouse: a thing of grim redness, unimaginatively rectangular—atrociously ugly, weirdly ill-kept. In the very middle of the veranda spanning the front of the gaunt building was a single door letting into a wide, dirty hall which divided the interior: to the right the offices of probate judge, sheriff and clerk of court. On the other side, the waiting room, tax office and the disorderly room where real property records were supposed to be preserved.

With a single exception, the building was deserted. The county officials were at home sweltering in the midday heat; some of them lounged gabbily at the drug store farther down the street. Only the sheriff remained in the building: Sheriff John Stillman who—coat off, vest open, feet perched on a pile of legal papers which littered the surface of his flat top desk—slept uncomfortably.

The sheriff's rather fine and undeniably strong face was bathed in perspiration. An occasional fly or vicious gnat, droning in through an open window, lighted on nose or forehead and caused him to grunt in his sleep as he mechanically brushed away the buzzing pest.

Save for the sound of a tire tool in the public garage near the post office, there was no indication of human activity in the town itself. One or two general stores and Ellery Simpson's drug store were populated by gossiping, lounging men and hopelessly drab women who sat around and talked—talked about anything which did not require thought. And so when Charley Webber, leaving a clerk in charge of his general merchandise store near the railroad station, started swiftly up the street toward the Court House, more than one eye was turned inquiringly in his direction.

CHARLEY WEBBER was an exotic in Karnak. Seven months he had been there, but not yet had he lost the urbanity which comes of a city rearing. The air of Brooklyn was still about him; there was an unmistakable nattiness to his cheap clothes and in his manner of wearing them. He wore no coat, but he did wear a belt instead of the chronic suspenders of Karnak. And on his head was a neat gray cap with a broad, interesting visor.

"Hmph!" It was Ellery Simpson, the attenuated druggist, who roused himself first to the effort of speech. "You'd think the heat'd get him."

Ernie Rudd, town constable, shook his head: "Charley's got worries bigger'n the heat. There's nasty talk goin' aroun' 'bout the way he's been handlin' his business."

"That's the trouble with them Yankees—they come down here an' try to change things all around"

But Charley Webber did not hear their comments. He continued doggedly up the street, kicking little dust-clouds with each

step. His head was slightly bowed and his brow corrugated by horizontal lines of worry.

He was of medium height and sinewy build. His step bespoke the man able to handle himself—gave mute tribute to gymnasium training. And, although his lips were set tight with determination, he yet carried an air akin to bewilderment. And so it was that he arrived at the court house and waked Sheriff Stillman.

The sheriff claimed to be glad to see him. They exchanged profanities regarding the intense heat—and then Stillman waited for the other to state the object of his visit; though Stillman well knew what had brought the other through the fetidness of midday to his musty, dusty office. And Webber came straight to the point.

"They're threatening to get me," he said simply. "Especially Jim Randolph."

Stillman nodded. "Yes—especially Jim Randolph."

Webber gazed squarely into the honest eyes of the guardian of the county's peace. "Do they mean it—or are they just shooting off their mouths?"

The sheriff lowered his feet to the floor and answered with equal directness. "They mean it—if they ever develop energy enough to get started."



*The Star of Bad Jim
Randolph's Destiny Was
a Sheriff's Badge—Worn
by an Invisible Deputy*



The lines of worry on the young storekeeper's forehead deepened. "What am I gonna do about it? They've got me all wrong—"

"Sure they have, Charley; just as you've got them all wrong. You're running your store on a business basis—and that's never been done in Karnak before. They've marked you as a dollar-grabber."

"Jim Randolph sent in word that if I didn't come across he was going to kill me."

"Jim Randolph is a mean one." The sheriff paused—and flushed slightly: "He's my stepson!"

"Yeh—I've heard so. That makes it embarrassin' for you, of course . . ."

"NO—O, not so very. You see," and the sheriff leaned forward confidentially, although the flush still mantled his cheeks. "Me and Jim Randolph ain't never hit it off very well together. Don't hardly speak, in fact. It's . . . well, you understand?"

Charley Webber nodded. He knew the sheriff's romance; the pretty Watson girl, the rivalry of the sterling John Stillman and the devil-may-care, hard-riding, utterly worthless Jim Randolph: of the girl's sudden perverse preference for the lanky

swamp angel and of her marriage to him with its sequel of misery and unhappiness and the son who had grown up to be Jim Randolph . . . as near to a conventional bad man as a slouchy, shiftless South Carolina swamp angel can be. Then there had been the early death of the boy's father before Ellen lost the bloom of her girlish beauty—and her marriage to John Stillman, who was sheriff of Karnak County.

It was not unnatural that Ellen's second husband and the son of her first husband should fail to find each other congenial. The sheriff, a straight-eyed, square-jawed, thoroughly honest man, had nothing in common with the lazy, shiftless, unkempt young denizen of the swamp. Jim Randolph was a slouching, profane creature of evil with nothing of softness in his heart—even for the rather bewildered little mother

who saw his faults and loved him despite them—because she was his mother. And young Jim Randolph—twenty-three years of age now—had inherited from his father an intense hatred of

John Stillman; a hatred rooted in instinctive resentment of obvious class difference.

Yes, Charley Webber knew the story of the Stillman family skeleton . . . but Webber's problem was intensely personal. He threw his hands wide in a helpless, hopeless gesture—

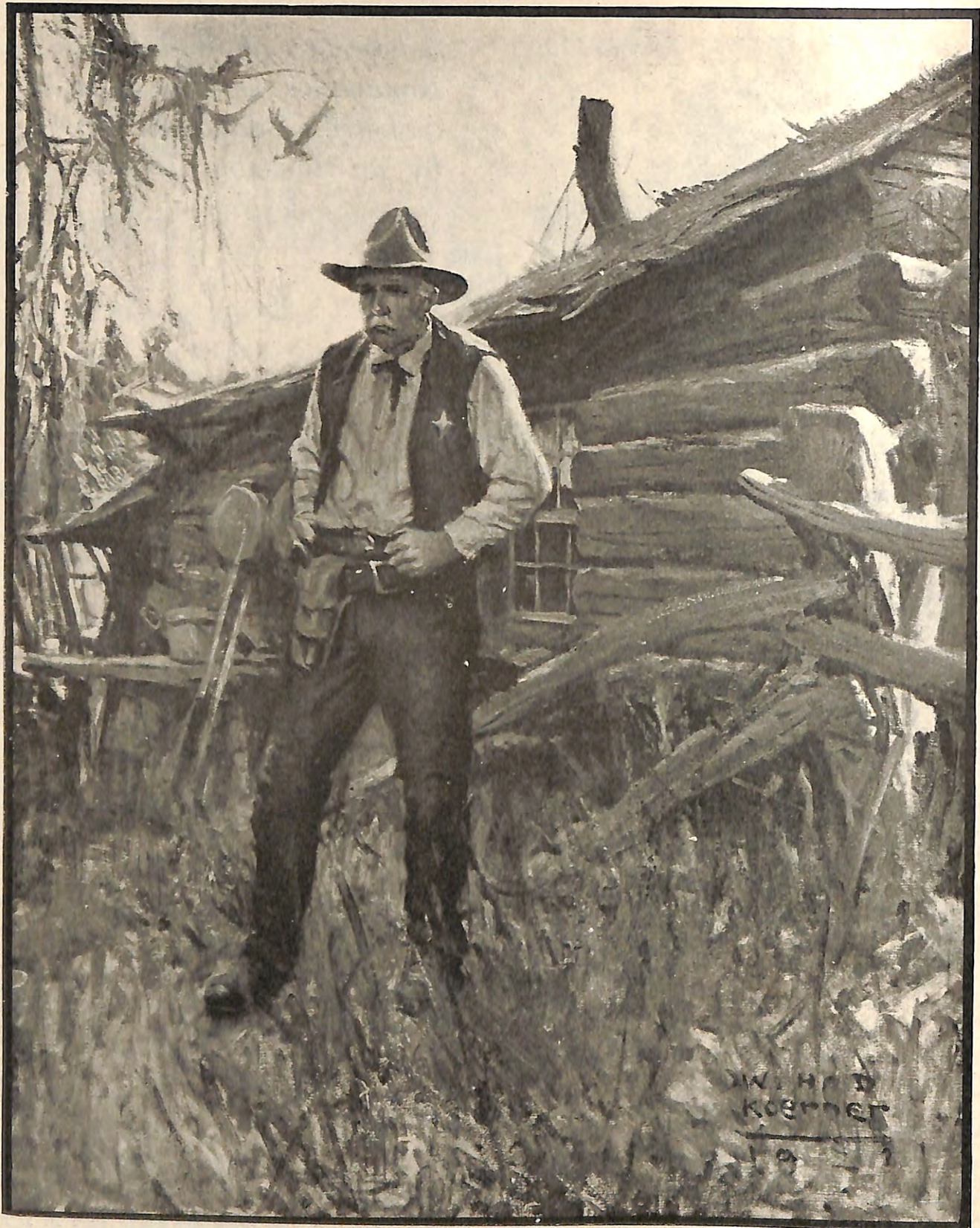
"What've I done, Sheriff? What've I done that the whole county should be sore on me—and Jim Randolph saying he is going to kill me?"

"You reckon you'd understand if I explained?"

"I'd try."

"It's thisaway:" Stillman spoke slowly, choosing his words carefully. "Ever since the beginning—an' mos' likely it'll be so until the end—the little farmers of this here country—the kind you read about as white trash—well, they and the niggers live on advances: always a year ahead of themselves.

"Durin' the couple of years right after



the war when cotton was up—things was different . . . which is why they're feelin' the money tightness now—with thousands of dollars of cotton unpicked in the fields. Anyway, as you know, these advances are funny things; oughtn't to be allowed. Come spring the poor farmer is broke—not a cent in cash. So he goes to a store-keeper and signs away a lien on his crop—crop to be made during the summer. Store-keeper lets him have a bit of cash and farm stuff and food for his family during the summer. Then, when he makes his crop in the fall, he squares off his debt to the store-keeper who has been lettin' him have the advances—takes what's left over and tries to live through the winter on it. By spring he's

Stillman emerged and stood before the ramshackle structure—his mind focused on the man who had murdered Charley Webber

flat broke again and he gets fresh advances so he can plant the crop that's sold to the store-keeper before the seed is in the ground.

"That's the system, son, which has played hell with Southern farming. 'Cause I ask you, what farmer is going to work hard when the crop he's working ain't his—when it already belongs to some chap who's runnin' a store? When all he can hope to get out of it is enough cash to run him until he is allowed to take some more advances—another crop lien?"

Charley Webber hitched his chair closer.

"I know all that, Sheriff Stillman. It was all explained to me before I bought this store. And I've done just like you say they've always done here—only I've done even better than that, because I've been making these folks work their crops."

The shadow of a smile twitched at the corners of Stillman's lips. "Son, you might keep the hands of a clock still, but that ain't stoppin' time, is it?"

"I—I don't see what you're drivin' at."

"I'm drivin' at this: the way you've been handlin' things—if all the farmers—white and colored—that you've made advances to, make good crops, they'll be better off than they've ever been in their lives.

(Continued on page 56)

My Pals, the Pugs

True Stories Revealing the Human Side of the Prize-Ring

By Gerald Beaumont

Drawings by Herb Roth

MOST of the pugilists I have known, and many of them have been my pals, are in their private lives far more human than those of us who suffer from suppressed tendencies and the constraint of conventional life. I have no particular appetite for the spectacle of two men mauling each other while the man-pack stands up on its hind legs and howls the blood cry. But, Oh boy!—what a real kick I do get out of the sons of the Marquis of Queensberry in the joys and sorrows and reactions of their daily lives, and from first-hand observation of their whimsical philosophy.

It is a far cry from the days of John L. Sullivan to those of the modern day exponent of the manly art, but the underlying principle remains the same, and human nature has changed very little. And it is from the human angle that we purpose to treat in the following impressionistic sketches of certain pugilistic stars and of their unknown brothers who are listed among the "lights that failed." The fact that the American public has been willing to pay so handsomely for its entertainment, coupled with the further fact that boxing is now so well conducted and regulated that audiences are no longer limited to the masculine sex, has attracted to the ring a superior class of talent.

* * *

THE recent death in San Francisco of Pancho Villa, pocket-sized Philippino, robbed the game of the most picturesque and appealing little champion developed in many decades. Poor little Pancho! Music and fighting were the twin passions of his young life, and he was equally happy thumbing a stringed instrument or thumping a bewildered opponent. From his native rice-fields, equipped with a ukelele, a smile, and the sunniest disposition I have ever encountered, he crossed half the earth to wrest the fly-weight championship of the world from the famous Jimmy Wilde of England, and to become overnight the most popular idol of his inches the fighting public had ever worshipped. He sacrificed his life in order to keep faith with a public that had paid him almost a quarter of a million dollars in four years. Advised by his physician to cancel, because of an infected tooth, his widely advertised match with Jimmy McLarnin in San Francisco, the tiny champion decided to take a chance rather than injure the promoters financially and disappoint thousands of his admirers. In a weakened condition he fought his best, lost the decision, went to the hospital and died from lockjaw.

His real name was Francisco Guilledo, a tiny, brown-skinned battler, with a soul of a musician, but capable in the ring of revealing the true spirit of the man-killer. Of his total contests, which numbered one hundred, he lost but four and knocked out twenty-one opponents. He died at the age of twenty-four, leaving a gap that will be hard to fill.

* * *

HERE is another tragic incident before we pass on to the lighter and perhaps more appealing reflections. This particular acquaintance of mine was a young Portuguese with a House-of-David

haircut, a pair of green tights, a left hand like the flick of a whip, and a last name that no one could pronounce. We called him "Tony, the Walloping Wop" and let it go at that. All that the public knew or cared about the boy, was that he was a willing mixer, and could always be counted upon to give the fans a run for their money. He was a lion-hearted little chap, who barred no opponents, asked no favors, and was content to do whatever the promoters asked. He had no high-priced manager to pilot him past dangerous shoals and into the port of easy money.

Tony died from pulmonary trouble aggravated by malnutrition and physical exertion. Not until then did the public learn why he had fought so hard and so unsparingly while his strength remained. The club physician discovered that before Tony went to face the Great Referee, the boy placed in the hands of his widowed mother eleven thousand dollars in blood earnings, a sum sufficient to provide for the education of nine brothers and sisters, all younger than himself. This fact was announced from the ring at the next show, and eight thousand people arose bareheaded and stood silently while the house lights were extinguished and in the darkness the gong was sounded ten times as fandom's tribute to his departed spirit. Nor was that the only tribute. For as soon as the lights went up, a ringside gambler, who had made much money off the boy, arose and tossed a fat wallet into the ring. This was followed by twenty dollars from a boy who had often served as Tony's opponent. And then the rain of silver and currency began pouring down from the galleries until Tony's spirit had earned that night more than was ever paid the tired little body asleep in the cemetery.

But for every note of pathos sounded in the pugilistic realm, there are a hundred hearty peals of laughter. The ring has its clowns as well as its tragedians, and its "cautious gentlemen" as well as its reckless dare-devils. Friends of the Attell family delight in repeating what the mother of the famous fighting trio is supposed to have said concerning her pugilistic progeny.

"When Monte is fighting," Mrs. Attell is quoted as having told a friend once, "I can't go to bed because of worrying about him. Monte won't give up so long as he can stand on his feet. When Abe fights I don't worry quite so much, and when Caesar fights, I don't worry at all! Believe me, Caesar is one boy who knows when to quit!"

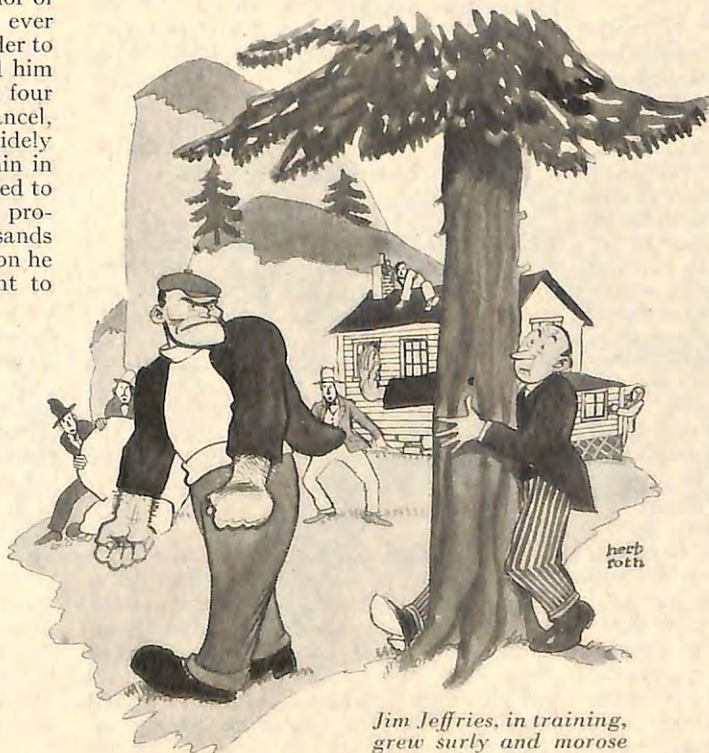
The ring history of the three brothers bore out their mother's expressed opinion. Caesar was the first to tuck his ring togs away and select a less hazardous and more lucrative profession. He is now a pawn broker in San Francisco and is known as "Two and A Half" Caesar from his custom of contributing that much money and "positively no more" to every charitable cause that is brought to his attention.

* * *

WEIGHED in the scale of dramatic values, no character in modern fiction exceeds the true life story of Norman Selby; the one and only Kid McCoy, whose last and greatest battle is now being fought behind the grey walls of San Quentin penitentiary. Here is "human color" fit for stage and screen and pulpit.

The son of an Episcopalian minister, Kid McCoy, in his street clothes, was a Beau Brummel and a heart-breaker; and in the ring the craftiest fighter that ever climbed through the ropes. Slender and delicately fashioned, he had the physical grace of a panther and the mental cunning of a fox. In his day he was the David among heavy-weight Goliaths; the hero of fandom; the idol of the galleries, and one of the world's wonders matrimonially. He used to say, when referring to his father's profession, that he could have saved money if his Dad had officiated at his weddings, which were nine in number. The published stories of his exploits would fill a dozen books, and yet half the truth has not been told.

Those who are inclined to ask with Shakespeare—"What's in a name?" might find interesting food for discussion in the fact that back in 1890 when Norman Selby was seeking a "nom de guerre" he selected Kid McCoy because it was the name of a fascinating crook hero in "The Stowaway," a popular melodrama at that time. Just how far this was responsible, if at all, for the subsequent hectic career of this pugilistic marvel, is open to question; but of one thing there can be no doubt—



Jim Jeffries, in training, grew surly and morose



At the fifth knockout Kid McCoy followed his opponent to the floor and sat on him

herb roth.

McCoy of the flesh far outdid the stage exploits of his dramatic prototype.

To-day he is one of the three thousand nameless inmates of the City of the Silent. He is shorn of his arrogance, his beloved finery and the debonair manner which won him the favor of many beautiful and foolish women. Buried under charges of robbery and intent to kill; penalized with imprisonment of from ten to thirty-eight years, the Kid is a broken, old man, toiling in the prison jute mill and nursing the last spark of his fighting instinct. "It's a hard lesson," says he, "but I'm going to learn it. I'll be a champion even in this game." The first month of his imprisonment saw him set a new record for individual production in the jute mill.

Although Kid McCoy was one of pugilism's greatest drawing cards, his matrimonial record holds nothing but defeats. During the period from 1894 to 1920 he made nine trips from the altar to the divorce courts. He claims that Mrs. Teresa Mors, whom he met in May, 1924, and because of whose death he is now in prison, was the only woman he ever loved, and he sticks to his story that she committed suicide in his presence and despite his efforts to prevent her. During his trial in Los Angeles, which was concluded two days before Christmas, testimony was offered that McCoy's mother, father and one sister were mentally unbalanced and an effort was made by the defense to prove their client insane. The jury, composed of nine women and three men, was out seventy-eight hours and it was a man, rather than one of the women members, who held out for acquittal.

McCoy's tactics in the ring were a source of never failing wonder even to his handlers. He delighted to get the laugh on his opponents. Many amusing stories are told of the way in which McCoy capitalized his own frail and almost sickly appearance. On one occasion it nearly prevented a fight from taking place. His opponent, Jack Wilkes, of St. Louis, took one look at McCoy and figured the Kid ought to be

in the hospital rather than the prize-ring.

McCoy had made his face paler than usual by cosmetics, and his lean body was drawn very fine. Wilkes confided to his manager that it was a shame to fight a man in that condition. "I'm liable to kill him and then I'll be up against it."

"Well," said his manager, "if you feel that way about it, take it easy. Just outbox him."

The St. Louis man held back through the early rounds, contenting himself with boxing McCoy, while the latter remained on the defensive, sparring lightly and giving every appearance of physical exhaustion. Wilkes became more and more careless, and suddenly McCoy came to life. He shot at his opponent like a thunderbolt. A left to the solar plexus; a right flush to the jaw, and Wilkes was knocked out, cold as marble. When he came to his senses finally, he looked up at his manager and whispered: "Who did that? Who hit me?"

The answer was "McCoy."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Wilkes never recovered from that defeat. It seemed to have broken his heart.

* * *

IN another battle, McCoy kept looking up at the ceiling in a puzzled sort of way while grappling with his opponent in the clinches. Finally the other man yielded to the temptation and looked up also. Immediately McCoy's right hand crashed full on the jaw and his opponent went down and out.

McCoy stood over him grinning. "Now," said he, "you can get a good view of the ceiling from where you are. Just keep on looking. I'm going home."

* * *

YOUNG Bud Taylor, one of the most promising of the younger lightweights, was giving a high yellow boy, new to the boxing game, a few lessons in the gentle art of fisticuffs. Bud knocked his opponent down four times. Finally the colored lad put his hands behind his head and declined to arise. The referee, thinking the boy was taking it a little too easy, gave him his

choice of fighting or doing without his share of the purse.

"S'all right with me, Boss," said the recumbent one, "'cause if Ah gets up Ah'll have to spend mah dough on doctor's bills anyway. Count ahead!"

Bud Taylor is one boxer who doesn't put much faith in the stories of big money to be made in the ring game. He received exactly \$3.50 for his first bout and was glad to get it. He paid his handlers after the fight \$7.50 for their services and \$5 more to the local doctor to have a cut over his eye dressed. He has done a little better financially since then, but he still figures himself on the debit side of the ledger.

* * *

SAMMY MANDELL is handsome enough to be classified by a certain element of fandom as the Valentino of the Ring, but not many people dare kid him to his face. Sammy likes to give the impression that he is a "tough guy," able to crack the sidewalk when he spits. But the low down on Sammy is related by Barney Abel. "I went up to Sammy's room one night just before the Ascot Elimination Tourney," said Abel. "Had the old hat on and a big weed stuck in my mouth. I swung the door open and I lamped Sammy on his knees by the side of his bed quietly saying his 'now I lay me.' Believe me, I backed out and I didn't make no unnecessary noise doing it."

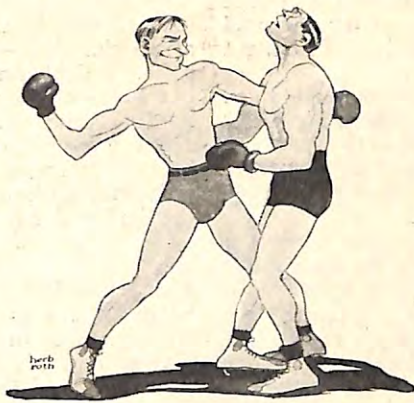
Mandel is an all-round athlete; a good football player, a baseball star, and a golfer of no mean ability. Also, he is a good business man and is at present conducting a big gymnasium in his home town of Rockford, Illinois.

* * *

THE sons of Erin and those of Abraham have been associated with the boxing game ever since the dawn of the sport. Bar those two nationalities from the ring and not much would remain. Irish manager and Hebrew fighter, or vice-versa; the best friendships and the worst enmities have been exemplified by the Gael and the Jew.

It remained for little Jackie Fields,

Christened Jackie Finklestein, and Pat Rooney, better known as "Gig," to develop a combination as successful in its way as "Abie's Irish Rose." Jackie, who captured the Featherweight Championship of the world at the Olympic Games at Paris last year, reached Los Angeles from Chicago's East Side a few years ago. There can be no doubt as to Mr. Rooney's nationality. He loves fighting and has been managing fighters for years. In Jackie, he recognized championship timber. On Gig's advice, Jackie gave up his amateur rating last January and under the guidance of Rooney started his professional career as a boxer. The alliance was successful and the friendship became such that it was cemented recently when Gig took out papers legally adopting Jackie as his son. Jackie is only eighteen years of age, slender and handsome, with soft brown eyes and long eye-lashes that account for many a mash note that is torn up by his Manager.



Finally the other man looked up

ONE of my early day heroes in San Francisco was a little titian-topped human torpedo known as Kid McFadden, "the pride of the newsboys."

The Kid was a product of Philadelphia, but there was nothing Quaker-like about his disposition. He looked like a pug, he acted like a pug, and he *was* a pug! He sold less papers and won more fights than any other newsboy in Philadelphia, and finally the municipal authorities of his native city suggested to him that he take Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man, go West!"

California being the center at that time of pugilistic activities, young McFadden made his way to San Francisco, and got a job with an old Cockney whose tailoring establishment was in the basement of the Palace Hotel. The Kid's principal duty was to deliver packages, and for this purpose he was given carfare. He put the money in his pocket, and weighted

down with bundles ran along the sidewalks at top speed. Thus, he developed his lungs and leg muscles, and benefited his pocket book as well. Between errands he chopped wood or punched a bag that represented his first investment. One night, he got his chance in a preliminary bout, and that was the end of his business career. He rose to pugilistic eminence as the pet idol of San Francisco's newsboys, and whenever he started, every

street Arab in the city backed his chances with the last nickel. The Kid seldom failed his friends, even when he fought in enemy territory across the Bay, where his appearance in the ring was the signal to "turn in three alarms and send for the wagon." Particularly was this the case at the old Reliance Club when the Pride of the Newsboys crawled through the ropes to tackle some local hero. The Kid will tell you himself: "Yea, Boy! dem guys useter put t'ree cops in m' corner, and douse the lights to save their bets!"

Once started, the Kid turned loose like Terry McGovern, never stopping until he dropped his man. The woods were full of fighters in those days, purses were small, and the Kid had little opportunity to lay aside money for the rainy day that has come to him now. The last I saw of him, he was a racetrack attaché, wistfully eager to talk of the "good old days." The conversation touched upon the subject of his twin brother, who was a pug also, but not of the same paprika quality as the "Kid."

"Speakin' o' twins," said my titian haired friend, "when I was in Honolulu once dem

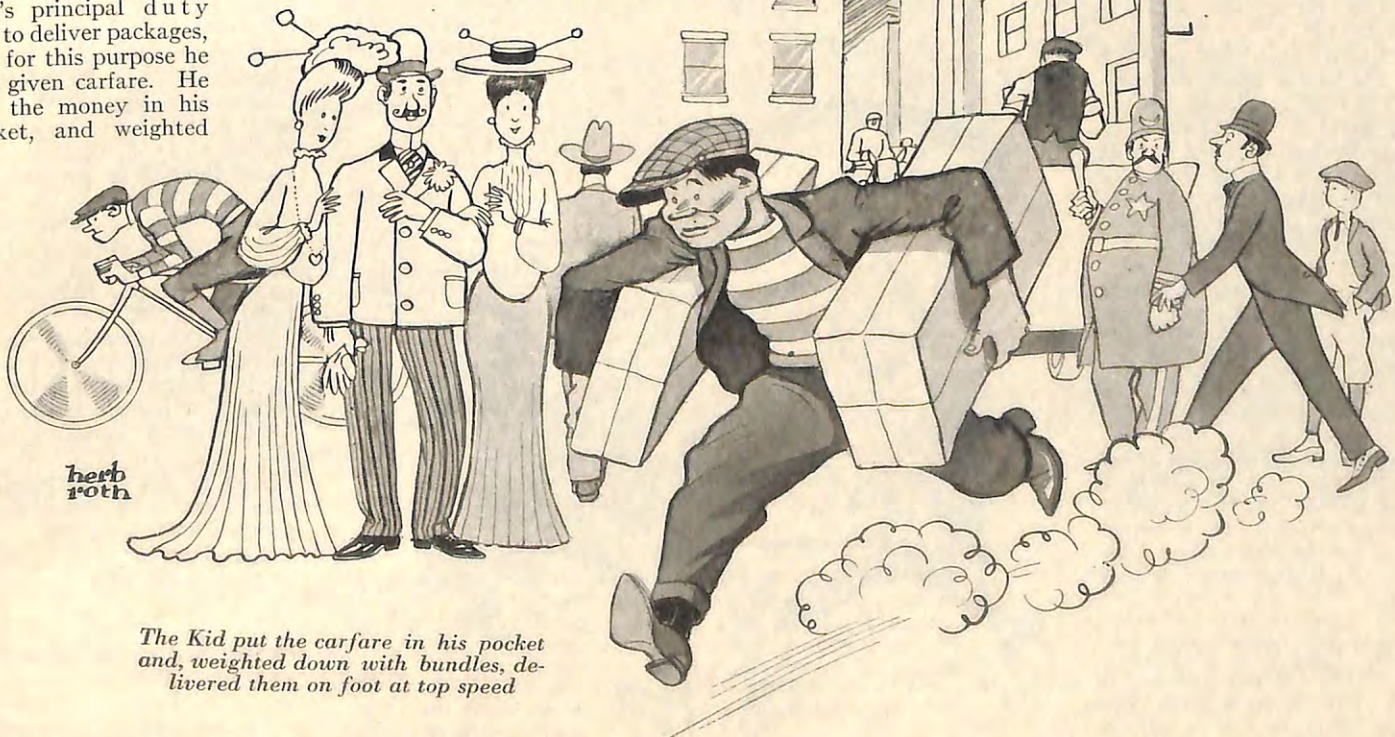
boids tried to pull a fast one on me. Say, lemme tell ya how 'twas!"

There is no use trying to repeat the Kid's language. He has a method of delivery all his own. But it appears that the Kid, weary of the land of ukeleles and dead broke, was trying to win passage money home by fighting a dusky "unknown" on a winner take all basis. The battle was in a small club in the native section of the city and the audience was composed mostly of Kanakas and Orientals. The Kid's opponent proved to be a lightweight edition of Duke Kahanamoku, clad in green tights. The Kid had fortified himself for the effort of his life by imbibing not wisely but too well.

"When de gong rang," he explained, "I just tried to keep me old lamps trimmed on dem green tights, and both mitts swingin' at the place where I figured his map ought to be."

The Kid was in no condition for a prolonged battle, wherefore he sought to end matters quickly, and in the middle of the first round, he connected with a round house swing flush to the "button." The Kanaka fell like a log, and at the same instant out went the house lights. McFadden groped his way to the ropes, and waited patiently for the lights to go on and for the referee to raise his hand. He had administered enough knockout punches to recognize one as soon as it had been delivered. But when the arena was illuminated, after a delay of about twenty seconds, the wearer of the green tights was not reposing supinely on the floor, but sitting in his corner and grinning confidently at the amazed Kid.

The Referee motioned the men to resume



The Kid put the carfare in his pocket and, weighted down with bundles, delivered them on foot at top speed

fighting and they obeyed the order. In the second round, the Kid, putting more steam into his blows, dropped his opponent again. Once more the lights went out, and once more when they went on, the Kid looked across at his opponent's corner, and beheld a pair of green tights worn by an enemy as cool and fresh as ever. Five times the same thing happened, but on the last occasion. Kid McFadden followed his opponent to the floor and sat on him. When the lights went up, he was still sitting on the fifth man he had knocked out, while over in the far corner sat the sixth "twin," who had crawled out from his hiding place under the ring, ready to take his place in the pugilistic relay.

"C'n ya tie it?" the Kid demanded as he concluded his story. "A poor hard-workin' guy tryin' to get along, and dem bozos stackin' the Kanaka army agin me!"

* * *

ONE of my best friends among the mitt-slingers, a youth for whom I had the deepest sympathy, belonged to that pathetic classification—the "near-champ." He had all the qualities necessary for a champion except confidence. Therein lies a story.

"Johnny" was a nice boy in every sense of the word. Good looking, well-educated, well-behaved. He would have been a success in almost any line of endeavor. His widowed mother was poor, and Johnny, who was a good amateur boxer, turned to the professional ring in order to earn money that was badly needed. At seventeen, he was a sensation, the idol of his home city, and it looked as though with proper handling he would become unbeatable.

But Johnny was "killed off" by a high gambler who posed as the boy's benefactor. This man brought about a match between his shy, sensitive, highly-nervous, seventeen-year old protege and the then world's champion, none other than Ad Wolgast, phlegmatic, experienced and viciously confident. It was first-degree murder!

Even Johnny's most ardent admirers had little hope of victory. All the betting was on the basis of how long the challenger would last. Just before they entered the ring, the gambler sought out Johnny in the latter's dressing room. "Kid," he told him, "I've got ten thousand down that you'll last twelve rounds. Protest my dough!"

And that's just what Johnny did! He protected his friend's bet. Suffering badly from stage fright and inexperience, he was beaten as early as the third round, but he stuck it out, bloody and exhausted, taking terrible punishment and holding grimly to his feet until the gambler had won his wager. Then he dropped unconscious.

That tragic defeat nipped a world-beater in the bud. Johnny was a "near-champion" after that, good enough to beat the second-raters, but never able to regain his lost confidence when stacked against a title-holder. And to the best of my knowledge, the gambler never gave Johnny a single penny out of the money that the boy's pitiful sacrifice had won!

* * *

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION Benny Leonard drew many sneers from the critics when he expressed his

intention of quitting the ring in deference to his mother's wishes. They accused "Bennah" of cheap insincerity; of footlight "hokum."

"That mother gag is worn out," said they. "Why doesn't he pull something new? Every pug in the country likes to rant about his 'dear old mother,' and half of them wouldn't recognize their mothers if they saw them."

It seems to me this is one case where the critics are all wrong. For some reason that I have never tried to analyze, mother-love seems to be an almost unfailing characteristic of the sons of the Marquis of Queensberry. The emotions of the average fighter are simple and fundamental. The maternal tie holds them. Almost invariably, the first instinct of a "black sheep" who attains success in the ring is to hunt up his mother, and justify himself in her eyes. The bigger the rough-neck, the more anxious he is that his mother should finally look upon him as a model son. . . .

There are lots of gentlemanly chaps like Benny Leonard, whose devotion to their mothers is not assumed for the benefit of the public. I call to mind the case of Ralph Smith, the California Giant, who tips the scales at 216 pounds and rises six feet seven inches in his stockings. Many well-known sport authorities picked the big fellow two years ago as a likely claimant for Dempsey's title. He was working faithfully toward the goal, denying himself any pleasures that threatened to interfere with pugilistic progress.

Smith worked as a hose man for the Los Angeles Fire Department. One night, en route to a fire, his truck was hit by a train, and Smith was hurled 150 feet down the track. He spent five months in the hospital, flat on his back, with plenty of time to bemoan his fate. But he had the fighting heart, and he never gave up hope. It took him a long while to get back into shape, but he thinks now that he is once more headed for the championship.

Although Smith is the big boy of the ring, he is still a very small boy to his mother, who was born blind and has never seen her fighting son. After every bout she runs her sensitive finger tips over the giant's face to make sure that he is unharmed. She knows the history of every scar and blemish on it.



When Ruby Bob grew reminiscent everybody went away very rapidly

"I have a hunch," says Smith, "that if things break right for me—if I ever become a real champion—Mother will get her eyesight. I don't know why I feel that way, but I do—and I think it makes me fight harder every time."

Smith served in Siberia with the Twenty-Seventh Infantry, and says laughingly that he learned his footwork in the ring by watching the Russian folk dances.

* * *

SAM Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, was one of the natural clowns of the game. He went over to London once to box Ian Hague, and his drollery was a constant source of bewilderment to the stolid Britishers who controlled the London Sporting Club. While details of the match were being solemnly discussed, the question of the referee was brought up.

"Well, Ah Tells y'all 'bout 'at," said Sam. "Ah makes it a practice to take mah own referee right into the ring wif me."

There was a tremendous hubbub at once. "My dear sir," protested the secretary of the club, "you cawn't do that over here, y'know. It really isn't being done."

Sam's grin revealed two sets of ivories like the keyboard of a piano. He roared with glee.

"Y'all don't get me. Dis am ma referee, and it's all Ah needs."

He held up to their gaze the big black right fist with which he was accustomed to batter his way to victory. Subsequent events showed that Sam's referee fully justified the confidence he reposed in it.

* * *

JOHNNY KILBANE was one of the most level-headed fighters the game ever produced, a game, clever battler, an affectionate husband and father, and a worthy citizen. He ruled the featherweight roost for many years, and it was age alone that beat him.

Kilbane always mapped out his plan of battle in advance, and either outguessed or out-fought his opponent, sometimes both. He usually did just what he figured no one would expect him to do, and nursed his strength carefully, never extending himself beyond the point necessary to win. Tilden does the same in tennis.

The story is told that when Kilbane fought Frankie Burns of Jersey City in the latter's home town, he was content to take it easy during the first four rounds, assuming a defensive style of boxing. The crowd thought he was "all in" and booed him as a "has been." Kilbane stood the abuse and ridicule as long as he could, and then, walking to the ropes between rounds, held up his hand for attention.

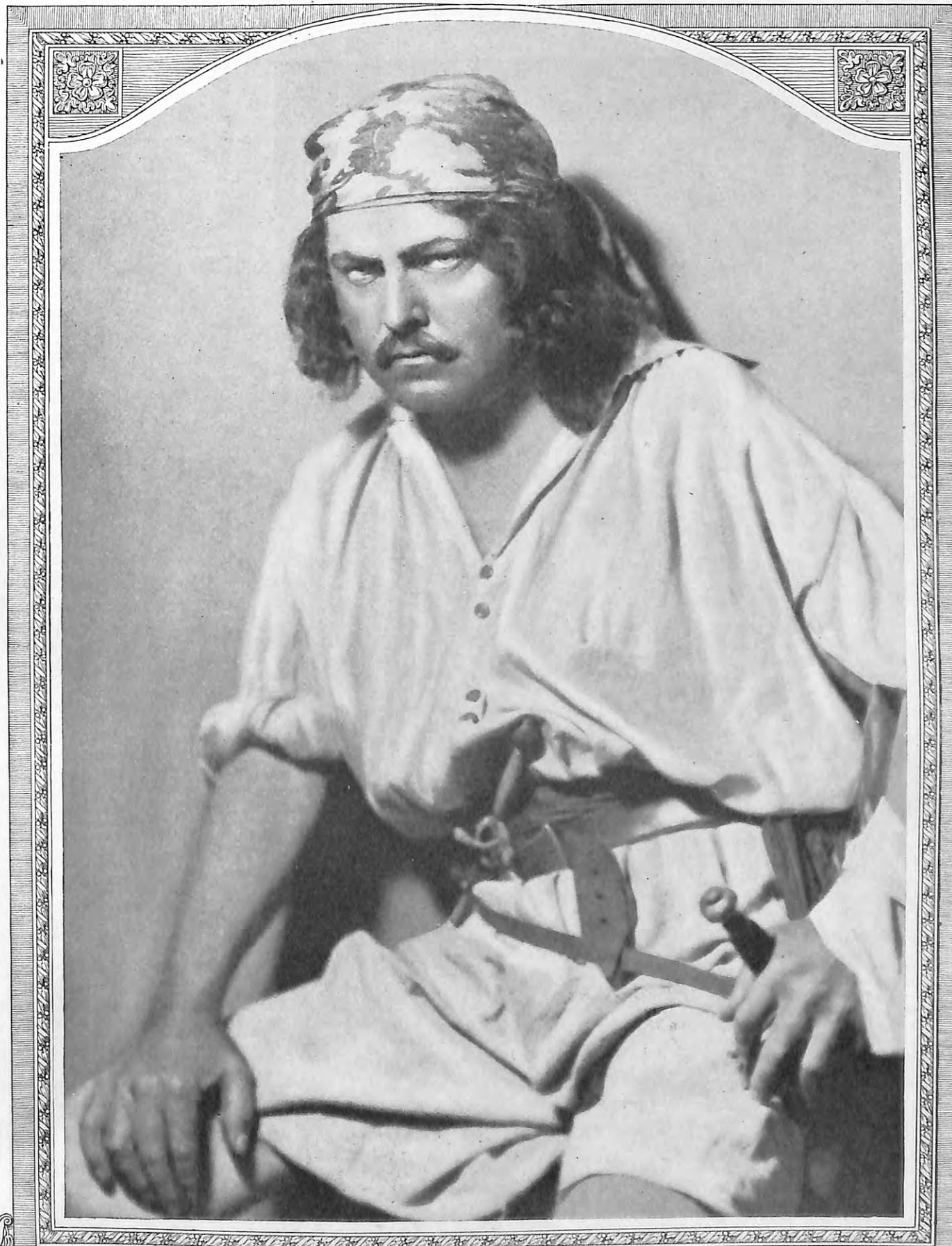
"I didn't come here for the purpose of showing up Frankie in his home town," he announced, "but since you seem bent upon a knockout, here goes!"

And in the next round, he tore loose and knocked the Jersey City lad kicking.

Cleveland can be justly proud of Johnny Kilbane.

* * *

THE hardest hitting little fellow I ever saw in action was Rufe Turner, the Stockton (Continued on page 40)



William Farnum
in
"The Buccaneer"

WHITE
THE most brilliant and fashionable collaborating team of the moment—Anderson and Stallings—wrote this swashbuckling drama for the erstwhile movie star. Mr. Farnum's fans will now discover in their favorite a hitherto concealed talent—a voice which carries across the footlights the glamour of high romance. Less vital and grim than other plays by this team, the story of the sacking of Panama City and the conquest of the fair Lady Elizabeth Neville (played by Estelle Winwood) by Capt. Henry Morgan, picturesque pirate of the Caribbean, has a sparkle and intrigue that make it excellent theatre—E. R. B.



Captions by
Esther R. Bien

WHITE

"Dearest Enemy" might be described briefly as the glorification of the Colonial Girl; a somewhat hoydenish but captivating Miss as enacted by Helen Ford, pictured above with Charles Purcell, one of her captives in the campaign of 1776. The play is the work of the talented trio who put over "The Garrick Gaieties," and while the piece lacks some of the Gaieties' verve and magic spontaneity, it is pleasant entertainment for a winter's evening



NICKOLAS MURAY

Nightly, to the accompaniment of loud and sustained mirth, a new way to recapture old husbands is demonstrated in the farce comedy, "Cradle Snatchers," the work of Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. With Mary Boland (right) as chief conspirator, three normal, bridge-playing wives stage a seemingly wicked week-end party with three innocent college youths rented for the rôle of Lothario that they may be pleasantly and amusingly revenged for the periodical gay hunting trips indulged in by their husbands

In the vernacular of Broadway "The Butter and Egg Man," title of George S. Kaufman's new play, denotes a rich but innocent stranger who is proud to put up financial backing for theatrical ventures. Gregory Kelly, (right), of mild but effective manner, plays the "angel" in this amusing and colloquial comedy of a young man from Chillicothe, Ohio, who invests his inheritance in a play that has its ups and downs before arriving on Broadway. Sylvia Field with him, becomes the goal of his affections



GOLDBERG



WHITE

Florence, (above) one of the famous Gertrude Hoffmann girls. She leads a very strenuous existence just now, appearing nightly in "Artists and Models" and also in "Gay Paree". As the Queen of Sheba in the latter, she forms the alluring center for a very colorful tableau. This revue is a sort of step child of "Artists and Models", built up around the overflow of good material which had to be pruned away to keep the show within a time limit



VANDAMM

There are few actresses among the younger generation who have a more distinctive personality than Ruth Gordon (right). She started this season in a rather slight comedy called "The Fall of Eve," from the usually reliable team of John Emerson and Anita Loos. It is the sad tale of the unhappily complicated situation a young woman gets herself into through jealousy of her husband's fair clients. The honors of the occasion all go to the players and it is to be hoped that the advancing season will bring a more substantial vehicle for Miss Gordon's talents



A cry of pain tore itself loose in the throat of the Baron . . . at that instant the door was flung open and in the corridor outside appeared the forms of three gendarmes. The leader, Jamat of the black beard, stepped quickly within the room. "Gabas?" he said

The Moving House of Foscaldo

By Charles Chadwick

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

Part II

DRESSED in a rough suit of clothes the body lay there, the force of the waves moving it with little jerky movements. The face was upturned and swollen, and I took note of a great scar that went across both cheeks. It was Dirmoir!

With the fact of the body there at my feet the question forced itself upon me in wearisome persistence. Why had I, forty paces away from the tower, not heard a cry or seen a struggle, and why was there no record of the struggle in the footprints in the soft mud near the brink of the cliff, since this man, as I now believed, had been thrown to his death by the huge arms of that ape-

like figure I had seen striding past me in the darkness? The point where I stood now was, as I have said, somewhere directly under the windmill tower. I looked up. Overhead the cliff sheered dizzily away against the sky, and at its foot lay a stretch of rocky beach with larger scattered stones. I wondered that the body in falling that distance had not been crushed past recognition. Or had Dirmoir, after all, gone over the cliff? It was horridly puzzling. I shut up my painting box. I decided I ought to go and inform some one at the village of the finding of the body.

An ominous crashing sound of waves made me turn round again. Another tongue of water licked the smooth surface of the cliffs visible for half a mile, and coming suddenly near curled around my knees. The corpse at my feet was roped in, so to speak, and snapped away and thrown ahead into deep water. All at once it came to me as I might, indeed, have guessed sooner, how the man's body could have escaped being crushed. The tide had been high the night before, and the beach had been covered so that Dirmoir could have fallen directly from the brink of the cliff into the sea.

As soon as this idea flashed upon me, I forgot all hypothetical solutions of mysteries in the pressing nature of my own immediate necessity. Well, I would have to swim for

it, I decided. I shuddered, nevertheless, as I thought of nearly a mile of water between me and the village, or the slightly nearer point where the trail fell down to the shore, and as I realized that the narrow pocket of sand under the cliff which I clung to was being rapidly covered also. I had no mind to wait, prisoned there indefinitely, until the night and the retreat of the tide should release me. I would rather swim out of it. But I must first find a nook in which to put my canvas and painting things somewhere beyond the reach of the water.

THE wind, earlier from the south and west, had now veered to the west and freshened. A dark cloud hung over the sea. I noticed that the waves began to break regularly, and I felt the sands being sucked from under my shoes as the ocean drew in its myriad wet tongues. With an idea of gauging the speed of the current, I turned and looked for the floating corpse. It had gone from sight, in a few moments, so rapidly was the tide moving.

I examined the cliff for a break or foothold. A sheer mass of rock, smooth and perpendicular like a wall, met my scrutiny. I followed it up again with my eyes. Overhead was that tiny silent jet of water, that rope of spray, with its lower end raveled into shining gauze; a vision of a rope, visionary indeed and like an intended irony of nature in suggesting an impossible means of climbing up and away from that threatened enclosure.

My search to find a place to put my canvas was vain, and while I was searching a wave larger than its fellows whirled it away, easel and all, from where it stood and almost

out of my very grasp as I ran to save it. The paint box went with it.

And then the fog shut down. I had been too preoccupied to notice or expect this. I began to fear for my life. The idea began to knock for admission to my consciousness. The sense of danger had come in succeeding waves of graded clarity. I ran to the cliff and tried to find the mark of high water. I could not see it at first, and then I made it out far above my head.

An hour later, I was clinging under the cliff up to my knees in water. I had stopped shouting. My voice, like the chirp of an insect, had been drowned in the crash of the breakers. A little while longer, I thought, and I, too, might follow the corpse of Dirmoir, floating unheeded up the shore to be found the next day. I could see nothing to do but wait, and at the last moment swim. A numbing fear choked me as I thought continually of the dead man who floated on ahead of me on those waves which reached ever higher for me also. The fog was so thick that I could see, now, only a few yards away.

CHAPTER X

AT AN early hour in Paris, the Baron de Chenouille was walking at a leisurely pace along the Boulevard St.-Germain. It was at the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel, as he made his way through the throng, that he was jostled somewhat rudely by a little man who hurried on ahead of him with an air of vast importance and pre-occupation. The baron drew aside with a start of well-bred surprise, and then continued his promenade. His coat was buttoned up to the chin and gave no evidence of his dress underneath; nor was it possible to guess what his errand might be abroad at that hour, or indeed if he pursued any particular errand or affair.

The little man who had jostled the baron hurried on with a quick pattering stride, a determined swing of the shoulders, and a set expression in the poise of his head, and was soon lost to the baron's sight. He was none other than Inspector Prontout, newly returned from his trip to the Island of Foscaldo.

Inspector Prontout crossed the Pont St.-Michel. Leaving the Quai des Orfèvres and the river on the left as he swung along the Boulevard du Palais the seriousness in the Inspector's bearing deepened into august solemnity. He stepped within the portals of the Prefecture and swept the place with a glance.

His private clerk was already in his office. The clerk was a huge rounded man with a plump face. As his chief entered, he rose to the full extent of his person and bowed. The Inspector nodded curtly, went at once to his desk and sat down.

The Inspector unlocked the desk and picked up a bundle of papers, endorsed as follows:

For the death of Marie Lafitte
—alias Jocelyn Carbue
—alias Marie Deschellet
—alias Fanny du Verage;
Gabas et al.

He unfolded the papers, scattered them about and frowned. Then he pulled out a lower drawer of the desk and took out a package, from which he unrolled a small lace-bordered handkerchief stained with blood and earth. This he laid also upon the desk before him. He picked up an ivory paper-cutter and proceeded to toy lightly with these objects before him, pushing first

the handkerchief and then some of the papers into different positions and contemplating them with a fixed scowl.

"David," he commanded, abruptly, "Send for Agent Dirmoir."

The secretary rose hugely, without a word, and with the manner of one overcome with the solemnity of his task laid upon the littered desk before his chief a copy of a newspaper and pointed with a heavy finger to a paragraph under a provincial date line. Then he drew back like some slow methodical trained elephant, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and said, "Mon Dieu!"

THE Inspector threw upon him a glance of quick inquiry, seized the paper irritably and read the paragraph, muttering a word or two aloud, "—unidentified man—found drowned on coast opposite Island of Foscaldo—scar upon both cheeks—" He glanced at the date of the item and then up at his secretary. "Have you wired to ascertain?"

"—To the nearest office on the mainland, Monsieur, and sent that country deputy whom you and Dirmoir—"

"Yes, yes."

"—as fast as possible to the coast yesterday, to identify."

"Good."

Inspector Prontout waited, his eyes upon his secretary's face.

The latter paused a moment in his utterance, made a dramatic gesture, and said, "Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur. Mon Dieu, it is Dirmoir!"

With the reception of the fact now as a certainty the little detective's brow cleared. His eyes gleamed. "So!" he observed. Then his face flushed. In a moment, he smiled like one who has received good news. Indeed had he taken the time to analyze his emotions at the moment he would have said that Fate in thus mysteriously and unexpectedly baffling him in his trailing of Gabas had paid him a high compliment. Dirmoir, his assistant, was shrewd, brave, trained. Dirmoir had lost his life. Very good. It was to him, Inspector Prontout, that Justice now looked to be avenged! With the smile still on his wrinkled face, and with a faraway look in his eyes he uttered the command in a low voice, "Send for Agent Jamat."

A moment later in response to the secretary's summons a man dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of gendarmes appeared before Inspector Prontout. He was of stocky build and his hair and beard were entirely black.

The Inspector brushed aside the printed sheet which contained the news item about Dirmoir and picked up from the desk a folded paper, and spoke with slow, distinct utterance, his eyes upon Jamat.

"This warrant for the arrest—of one named—has been issued. It has not yet been served—in the interest of Justice."

"Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"It is necessary at once that the warrant be executed. Take with you a force sufficient. You will know where—first—to look."

The man Jamat accepted the paper, bowed, and marching in a wide curve about the secretary who happened at the moment to be standing near the door, withdrew from the Inspector's presence.

Meanwhile, one must return to the Baron de Chenouille who, having pursued his early morning saunter as far as to cross the Boulevard, continued on a little distance and then turned to the left at the corner of the rue Saint Jacques. He turned at last down into an alley, and having gone some little distance from the corner entered,

seemingly at random, a dilapidated doorway, after a hesitating pause accompanied by a wry and slightly amused scrutiny.

The baron climbed two flights of creaking stairs and thrust his head into a small dark hole of a room that might more properly be termed a closet. The room was lighted by a single window so small and so high up that in spite of the bright daylight outside the interior remained in a dim twilight.

On a mattress on the floor in one corner, a sprawled figure lay asleep; but at the turning of the door handle the sleeper woke and sat up. The baron remained in the hall, sniffing at the fetid air of the place, and withdrew his head. The figure on the mattress continued to stare out of the gloom upon the crack of the open door.

"André," said the voice of Gabas, "it is you."

"It is," replied the baron, nonchalantly, "I have dared to come. But I was not followed." He stepped inside now, sat down upon a stool near the door and proceeded to light a cigarette and blow mouthfuls of smoke into rings which were scarcely discernible in the gloomy darkness of the chamber.

"You have been paid your share," observed Gabas after a short silence.

The baron continued to smoke and say nothing for a moment or two longer. At last with a smothered ejaculation which might be interpreted as a well-bred disdain for a mere question of money he demanded sharply:

"Gabas! Where is she?"

The other remained motionless. "Who?" he inquired.

The two men were in the dark, yet an expression of the situation existed strangely in the tones of their voices.

"Who, who do you mean?" Gabas repeated.

"Gabas," pursued the baron, still smoking nonchalantly and balancing himself upon the stool and looking about in an attitude suggestive of the well-dressed man who finds himself in an incongruous place, "You and I have been acquainted for a long time. Is it not so? You know who I mean. The girl you picked out of the Seine four years ago. I haven't seen her for twelve months. I want to adopt her, to make her my ward. Think of what that means to her, friend Gabas, if it is possible for you to think at all of another. It may be that I have the heart of a saint, sometimes."

THE apache Gabas listened to him and gave a loud snort of derision. "Heart of a pig, André," he remarked coolly.

The baron's black eyes burned into the gloom, but he chose to disregard the insult. "I have made my plans," he retorted quietly, and, almost as though he were thinking aloud, he continued to mutter reflectively, "Now, where is she? In the Convent de la—No! Ah, has—but no." He ceased muttering, his voice trailing off into silence.

It could not be told whether Gabas's lips parted in a grin—or something as near a grin as his expressionless face was capable of—and came together again. There was a momentary flash in the dim light of the white of his teeth.

"You think best to oppose me?" ventured the baron with an amused assumption of superiority.

At this Gabas rose noiselessly and swiftly to his feet, looking down at the other but saying nothing.

"But I know too much," his visitor continued insistently, "too much which I could, if necessary, tell to the police."

"The guillotine for us both," remarked Gabas, quietly.

"Very good! Then I shall find her. Soon or late, it is all of the same." He rose, also, and took a step to the door. "I warn you, friend Gabas, for the last time. I am a man of the world. I have some power. You had better not cross me. Hold!"

As he turned around at the threshold, the light from the window fell directly upon his well-groomed, ruddy countenance, across which could be seen now flashing a quick gleam of triumph. "Yes! Is she—is she perhaps in that tower?—in the château?—somewhere on the island?" He spoke rapidly.

The apache's great body rocked to and fro. He acted like a man who has been staggered for just a moment and sways between anger and fear. Whether or not that were really his inward state it was but a few seconds until anger appeared to triumph. Swiftly and furiously he sprang upon the other. The act was so sudden that the baron crumpled in his grasp like a sheet of paper. He had hardly time to utter a choked cry when one great hand of Gabas smothered his mouth. There was a silence like that of a mouse under the leap of a cat, while one arm alone of the apache encircled his victim. The silence lasted a second or two and then a cry of pain tore itself loose in the throat of the baron in spite of the smothering hand, as both men sank with a thud to the floor.

AT THAT instant the door was flung open and in the corridor outside appeared the indistinct forms of three gendarmes.

Gabas like the swing of a shadow was on his feet and found his voice. There was no trace of fury, or even of breathing in it. "Help is here," he said in a quiet, relieved tone. "This gentleman has just tripped and fallen. I think he has injured his arm."

The leader of the gendarmes, Jamat of the black beard, disregarding the huddled figure on the floor, stepped quickly within the room and glared at the apache. "Gabas?" he said.

The apache took a single stride forward, and coming close up to the sergeant of gendarmes sunk his great face to a level with the other's eyes and stared into them with indifference.

"Yes," he remarked, pleasantly, "Gabas. For the death of Marie Lafitte. Is it not so? But on what evidence?"

Then without so much as a glance downward at his late antagonist, the baron, he submitted to be handcuffed.

Meanwhile the baron had begun to rise weakly to his feet, holding one arm in an awkward, pained way. "My good man," he said to Jamat, "I am Baron de Chenouille. No, *merci bien*, I am not hurt greatly. But I hope my presence here is not misinterpreted. I—"

Gabas interrupted. "Monsieur le baron has honored me with an inquiry relative to the address of a certain person—which I could not furnish."

The black-bearded sergeant of gendarmes bowed politely, though his expression remained stolid and businesslike.

"I beg Monsieur le baron to pardon, then, my arrival," he said. "My orders concern only the prisoner."

CHAPTER XI

CAUGHT by the incoming tide against the cliffs of Foscaldo, I waited. I had made up my mind to hold on as long as possible and then swim straight out and

down past the submerged shore, not against but *with the current*. I still had on my clothing because I calculated that I had another half hour at least before the rising tide would render my position no longer tenable. And just then as I stood there, swaying, and saving as well as I could my strength for the effort until the moment came when I should cast off my clothes and plunge ahead, I heard a cry.

It came from close by in the fog. The nearness and unexpectedness of it overcame me with surprise so that I could not at once find my voice to answer. The call was repeated. I shouted. And while yet I could not imagine what it might be a sail loomed above me, a huge shape out of the fog, and so close that its apparition possessed all the effect of magic.

ALL this having happened within the space of a second or two, I realized with a shock that deliverance was at hand. The sail was shaking loosely in the wind as the result of letting out the sheet, and the boat was nosing along on its way slowly in toward the cliff. I reached and caught the stem and pulled myself up out of the water. Weighted as I was with heavy wet clothing the effort took all my strength. I struggled clumsily in over the bow, crawled face down around the mast, rolled over, exhausted, against a thwart, and looked up into the eyes of the young girl I had seen the day before.

I lay there in the cockpit and watched like some stupid dumb animal while my fair rescuer swung her lithe body hard against the tiller and with a deft quickness jammed the sheet under a cleat before the tug of the wind pulled it taut. Off we slid into the fog; and the cliff, to which I had seemed bound for an eternity, dropped straightway out of sight as though it had never existed.

Hardly realizing to the full as yet my deliverance from almost certain death, I stammered my thanks. She said nothing, but smiled.

"You did not know about the tides?" The young girl spoke in a gentle, diffident voice with a quality like a breath of wind.

I shook my head.

"But, Monsieur Rackstrom, you have been here a month."

"I fear I am not the kind of man who takes much notice of his surroundings," I answered.

She said nothing to that. And I felt almost rather than saw a contemptuous stiffening of her body.

We sailed for a little while in silence; a silence marked by the snap and creak of the jammed sheet, the knocking of the tiller in the rudder post, and the even splash of waves on the weather bow.

My eyes strayed constantly to the girl's form, comparing her mentally with the fleeting vision I remembered of the day before. Was it only the day before? It seemed to me weeks during which the events I have described had been taking place. She wore the same short rough skirt, but she had on high boots now; and above them, as the breeze played with the hem of her skirt, I caught glimpses of thick woolen stockings. Her hair, whatever it may have been, was hidden under an oilskin hat. The yellow brim of the hat framed a rather small face which in spite of its regular features was not exactly pretty. But it did have an appealing expression of quickness and daring.

I wondered who this girl was, who knew my name, who dressed like a fishermaid and yet spoke with a cultivated accent.

Withal, perhaps, I reflected, it was the quality of her voice rather than the accent which was noticeable. Evidently and beyond all question she belonged there on the island. Yet, somehow, I could not quite accept this. And as I recalled that I had been there a month without coming across her or knowing that any such person lived there, I began to imagine all sorts of reasons to account for the presence of such a girl on the island.

But I wondered how she had known of my danger, if she had in fact known of it and come for me. As though in answer to my thought she spoke.

"A boat drifted away from its moorings," she said. "It broke loose and I went to get it. It was full of water and so it drifted out to windward with the tide. I found the picture you were painting, floating there too, down below the village. I guessed that you were caught up here."

"D—did you get it?" I asked, trying to control the chattering of my teeth.

"Yes," she replied, simply.

"I'm g-glad of that," I said.

"It was worth eighty francs, that boat."

"I meant the picture."

She looked at me, and her eyebrows went up a trifle. But she only said, "I got that, too. The water didn't seem to have hurt the paint any."

"It wouldn't, with oils," I explained. Then something moved me to add, "The picture, when it is done, will sell for six thousand francs."

At this her eyes opened wide in amazement, but almost at the same moment her expression settled into a look of acceptance which had the effect of restoring at once my self-respect. It was not because I could be credited with the ability to paint a picture of a certain value, but because in making such an extraordinary statement—extraordinary at least to her—I should be immediately worthy of unhesitating belief.

Coming in sight of the shore, we ran in among moored boats. She let out the sail and headed up the beach a trifle, rounded into the wind again and ran ashore directly in front of a cottage door. Out of this door came an old man. His face was wrinkled and weatherbeaten. His hand also shook when he took his pipe out of his mouth. I caught glimpses of other faces looking at me from a near-by dwelling.

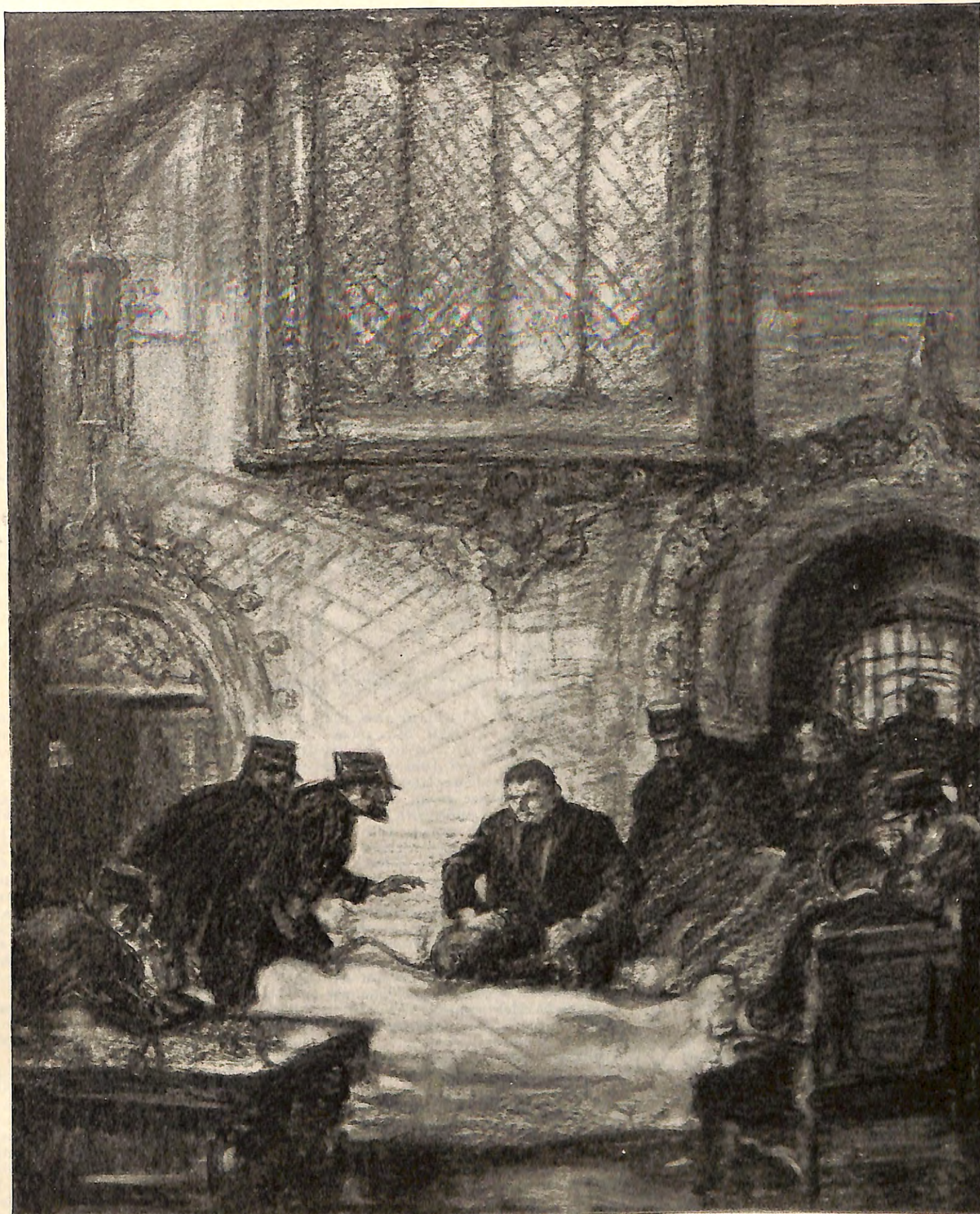
THE wrinkled old man regarded me with much of the same gentle imperviousness with which he might examine an unusual specimen of the finny tribe fished likewise from the deep, regarded me with a certain poise in his silence; and his head continued to shake.

"My father will give you dry things to put on, Monsieur Rackstrom."

All so suddenly fell my imaginative guesses about my rescuer. She was a fishermaid; and I had been mistaking her natural dignity of manner for the acquired training of a different kind of girl!

In an hour my clothes had dried before a stove in the old fisherman's cottage. Warmed and dry myself, I thanked him for a hospitality for which I easily guessed I should not offer payment, left the little cluster of dwellings and in the early evening twilight followed the path for home.

I glanced back once and saw the girl standing looking after me, her hands at her sides, and her face a clear oval in the twilight. And so we looked at one another a moment, and she smiled, and then went around the gray weathered corner of the cottage.



At the man's feet a piece of sail-cloth outlined the form of a body on an improvised bier

CHAPTER XII

I RETURNED late on a certain afternoon not long after from a ramble over the island. As I passed between the high stone gate-posts, buried in a tangle of bushes, I became aware of voices and an unusual stir. Just outside the entrance of the château, I met Yldez. The old woman appeared

mightily perturbed. "Ah, Monsieur!" she cried, running up to me as if to seek protection.

"What is it?" I demanded.
 She wrung her hands in her excitement.
 "The police!" she exclaimed.
 "Oh, that is nothing," I answered.
 "They will not harm us, certainly."
 Within the château I caught a glimpse of

a number of men. One of them, noticing my approach, beckoned me to enter. I recognized him at once as Inspector Pron-tout, although no longer disguised in the fisherman's garb he wore on his previous visit.

In the hall of the château, seated, and surrounded by gendarmes, was a man of commanding presence. He had a large,
(Continued on page 46)

This is the First of Two Articles On the Business of Public Entertainment. Next Month's Article Will Deal With Vaudeville and the Motion Pictures

Sketches by
Everett Shinn



HAVE you heard that the theatre and the whole amusement business generally is or are going to the dogs? I have. To hear some people talk, as I have heard them talk lately, you would think that within a few years about the only way to pass a long winter evening will be by playing solitaire—after first arranging for official observation, to see that you don't cheat. Things are in a pretty bad way, all around. Theatres—movies—baseball—boxing—everything. So Everett Shinn and I have been looking into the matter, and, beginning with the theatre, with some idea of coming, later, to the movies and other forms of amusement, here are some random observations and impressions.

It's alarming, the way so many people talk—and, presumably, really feel—about the theatre nowadays. It's been such fun, going to a show, that it's worrying to be told all the time that the stage is on its last legs, for one reason or another. Also, it's annoying, which is more to the point, really.

You've heard, you must have, time and again, the sort of talk I mean. Since I began really listening to it, I've found that it all falls under one of three headings, so to speak. One group says the theatre is being ruined because it's so completely commercialized. The managers of to-day, it says, think only of the box-office and their profits; the actors are union laborers, and have forfeited the right to be called artists. The result is, they say, that all the old glamor and romance and adventure have vanished; that the theatre now is a business institution, pure and simple. In order to relieve your suspense, if any,

that this isn't so. Evidence later.

Then there is another group, that evidently hasn't compared notes with this first one, that says that the trouble with the theatre is that it is conducted without any regard whatever for the most elementary principles of business common sense and efficiency. These people say that there is the most fantastic and absurd extravagance all through the business of theatrical production, and that that is why you have to pay all the way up to \$5.50 a ticket for a big success at the box office. (Try and get one for the same week, too!) There are two answers to this group. First, what they say is, in part, true. And the rest of the answer is "What of it?"

The third group of critics takes a different line. It worries about the moral decadence of the theatre. It says that nudity and obscenity and that sort of thing are being exploited more than ever before. It is, in large measure, right, too, but it is, I think, more alarmed than it needs to be. Moreover, this particular complaint against the theatre is as old as the theatre itself. After all, it's not very long ago, as historians reckon time, since actors in England were legally classed with vagabonds. (At about the same period it was a felony to play golf.)

Suppose we take up these three complaints in order. The first two, mutually contradictory though they are, fall together, to some extent; they overlap, at least. So there may seem to be a little

I will say that the result of exhaustive researches is to demonstrate

confusion in dealing with them, a general effect not unlike the street scheme of downtown Boston, which, as everyone knows, was laid out by a grazing cow.

Just what is it that those who complain that the theatre has lost glamor and romance and adventure miss? Upon what ideal state of an older day do they look back?

It is a little hard to say. For, you see, in part, it is just this that is wrong—that almost anything that you remember, dimly, vaguely, is lovelier and more mysterious and more wonderful than anything that you see before you, in all its outlines, sharp and clear and vivid. You have a memory, say, of Edwin Booth, and in it he looms like a giant. You remember his voice, and it is the voice of a demi-god. And you remember Mary Anderson, perhaps, and you know she had a beauty like to no beauty that your eyes may see to-day.

Now I never saw Booth on the stage, nor Mary Anderson. But I suppose that perhaps, if I live long enough, I shall be telling youngsters that there was an actor once called Forbes-Robertson, and another called John Barrymore, and a beautiful woman, Jane Cowl, who was the loveliest Juliet that ever cried to Romeo from her balcony. Just as already, I know, I have annoyed people

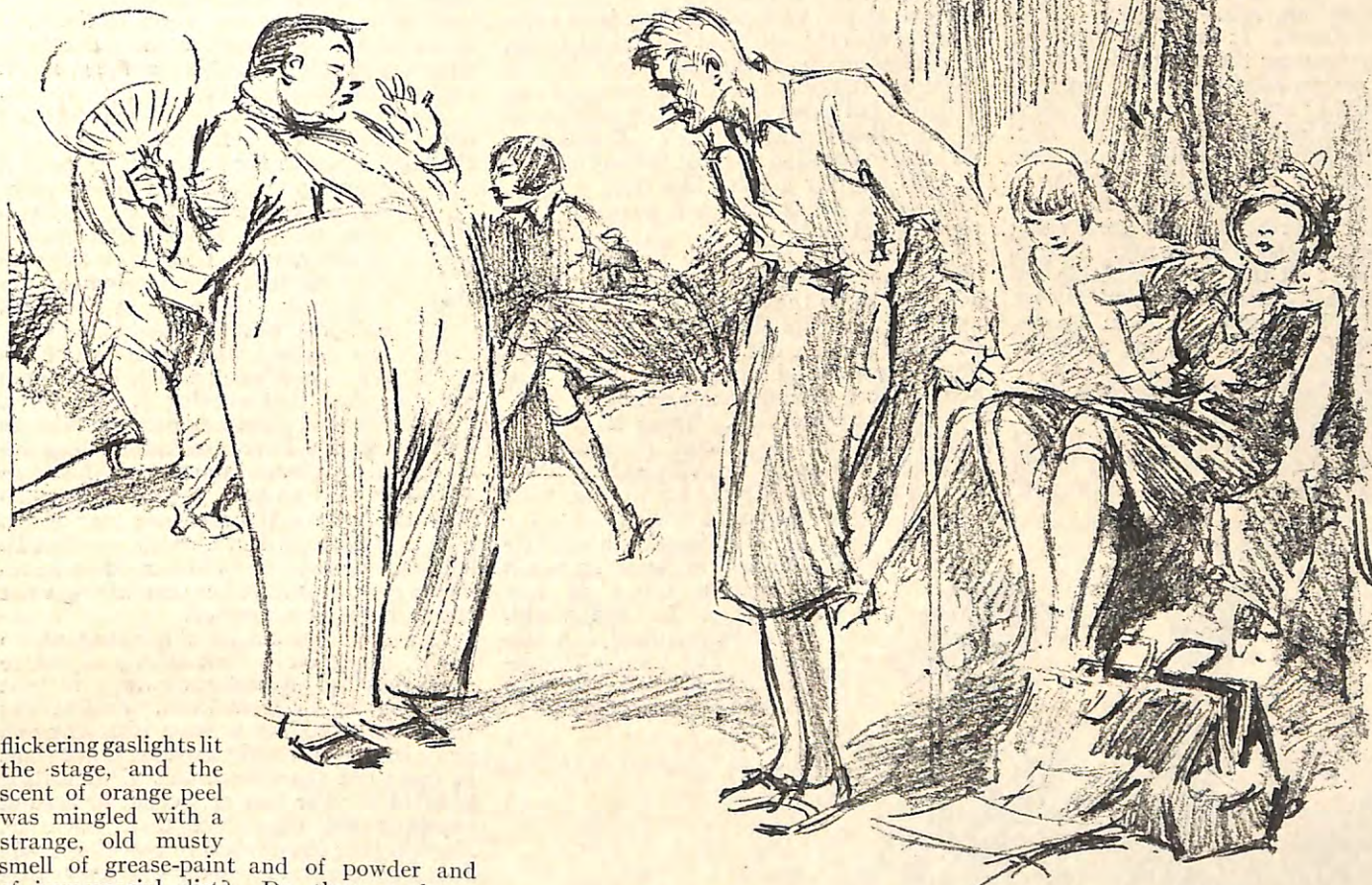
by telling them that, since they have never heard Ternina sing Isolde they might better never have heard "Tristan und Isolde" at all. Which, though I myself have said it, isn't so. Not by a great deal.

Yet that is only a small part of what these people say and feel. What is it, then? Do they miss the older day, when



Is the Theatre Going to the Dogs?

By William Almon Wolff



flickering gaslights lit the stage, and the scent of orange peel was mingled with a strange, old musty smell of grease-paint and of powder and of immemorial dirt? Do they, perhaps, deplore the passing of such theatres as once there were, with a Greek colonnade before them, and towering tiers of boxes, and galleries stretching to the skies? Do they feel, as they pass a neat and compact structure of red brick, with a cemented alley on either side and comfortable staircases of wrought iron for use in case of fire, that in these structures, so modern, so much like, say, a bank, romance can find no home?

Well, all I can say in answer to that is that I have sat in such a house and not known, as I heard the golden voice of Sarah Bernhardt, whether I was in New York or Timbuctoo, nor cared. And so have you, and they, the very ones who cavil so.

And then, again, I heard some one say, just the other day, that there was no longer the old stir and thrill and excitement about a great first night. He talked of the night that Richard Mansfield first played *Cyrano*, in the old Garden Theatre. And it reminded me of a great night in London, when I was pretty small, when French players had come across from Paris—Coquelin, and Bernhardt, and a great company. They were to play in Rostand's "*L'Aiglon*," and I stood in line, before the doors to the pit, from early in the day till evening, when those doors were opened, so that I might hear Coquelin, as the old soldier of the Emperor, Jean Seraphin Flambeau, tell the son of Napoleon of the day that saw him decorated by the Emperor himself.

And he said that nights like that came no more, to-day. But I think they do. Just a little while ago there was a night when a play about a lovely lady who wore a green hat was to open, and we knew that Katharine Cornell, as the wearer of that hat, would live and breathe romance upon that stage, and that Leslie Howard would make great love to her through the span of an evening. And even in the afternoon there began to be a stir in the street before that playhouse, and people stopped, as they went by, and looked at the framed pictures in the lobby, and there was a far-away look in their eyes. No long lines stretched from pit and gallery doors, as in London they still do, when there is stirring work afoot. But that is because, in America, we like better to order such matters in another way, and seats are all reserved, and may be bought in comfort against the evening's pleasure.

And in the evening you could move no more than an inch at a time about that theatre. There were all those, coming afoot and in motors, who knew their places waited for them. And there were others with no sort of hope at all of getting in, but just a craving to be within some sort of ken of what was going on, and others still, hoping

against hope, up to the very last, that there would be a miracle, and that, at the last moment, some ticket would be returned.

SO IT has been, and will be again, many times. So it is when John Barrymore chooses to walk upon the boards. I think there are giants in these days, too.

And for the rest, if we no longer have the picture of a great temple, with flaming torches set atop its columns, like the old Lyceum in London of Henry Irving's day, we need no longer fear the horror of a holocaust. For these unromantic modern theatres have this about them, that, humanly speaking, they can not burn, and that if a fire should come, they can be emptied easily, quickly, safely. It is no mere catchword, that phrase that tells you, at the head of your programme, that the whole theatre may be emptied in less than three minutes. It can and has been done. And there is nothing glamorous or romantic about a fire such as that which swept the Iroquois in Chicago, or the Ring Theatre in Vienna, or the old Brooklyn Theatre.

So! So much for that. Now managers. Was there ever a manager who did not hope, when he produced a play, that it would bring him money? I think not. Was there ever a manager who put on a play, knowing





that the chances were against a great success, because he believed that it was a great and a beautiful play that he was offering his public? Yes—of course. And do you believe that there are no such managers to-day? There are—and plenty of them.

Arthur Hopkins has done it. So has Winthrop Ames.

So has many an actor-manager—Walter Hampden, for one. It isn't fair to single out just a few names; the thing is done again and again, season after season. John Barrymore will play only so long in any play, and Arthur Hopkins stands with him. "Richard the Third," "Hamlet," both were closed with eager crowds still clamoring to see them. Oh, there are many managers who are bold and ready to take great risks; there are few, indeed, who are not. Charles Frohman did it all the time. Notable are men like those I have named, and George Tyler, Brock Pemberton, William Harris, Morris Gest, George Cohan, for a few of many others.

Sometimes these great adventures turn out happily; the play, that is, is a success. Always, I think, the manager hopes that it will be; to some extent believes that it will be. And, in Heaven's name, why not?

Nine times in ten, if people will not come, and pay, to see a play, it is because there is something wrong with the play. It may be in the writing, or the acting, or the staging—but something, almost always, is wrong. Success is the measure of achievement, after all. You hear much talk of the great plays that fail. But count them—count them over any ten year stretch of time. I doubt if you will need the fingers of both hands—of one!

Here, at this very point, there is an overlapping with the outcry of the second group. For this group resents a failure in the theatre. It says, in effect: "How could any manager fail to see that this play was bound to fail—that it was no good? This is why we have to spend so much at the box office—to help pay for a thing like this, that ought never to have been produced at all!"

Well, there is this much to be said at once—that no one living actually knows the full measure of any play until its first audience, at least, has seen it. A play in dress rehearsal and a play actually acted before an audience are not one and the same play. There is that factor, that no amount of managerial skill and knowledge can eliminate. Take two examples of recent occurrence, with opposite results.

Mr. Ziegfeld knows, certainly, at least as much about a revue as any manager in the world. Yet he produced, last season, "The Comic Supplement," which, in two weeks of preliminary play-

ing in Washington and Newark, proved so disappointing, for all that it had cost him something like \$200,000, that he never brought it into New York at all. Some salvage there was; certain numbers of that expensive wreck went into the current "Follies." But the value of what was saved probably bore about the same relation to the total cost as does the spare tire you rescue from a burning motor car just before the gas tank explodes to the original cost of the machine.

Then, on the other hand, there is "Artists and Models"—which is, I suppose, one of the biggest hits in the history of revues. I drove up to New Haven last summer to see the first try-out performance of that show. I remember thinking, when I first saw the programme, that it was going to be a long show. The first act lasted till half-past eleven! The second act just stopped, with about half of the numbers left out, a little before one!

And that evening J. J. Shubert, who had staged it, wasn't a bit sure that he didn't have a colossal failure on his hands! He was as worried and harassed a looking man as you ever saw, and pitifully tired. But the audience that night, even, told him the truth, which was that he had a great show, and the box office statements ever since have been confirming what the first audience decided.

Now it was wasteful and extravagant, no doubt, to put on a tremendously expensive show that had to be thrown away without ever opening in New York. And it was wasteful to produce a show with so much material that it would take most of the night to carry out the programme. But neither Ziegfeld nor the Shuberts could be sure of anything till they had their audience. Ziegfeld lost; the Shuberts won—they made another successful revue out of the acts that had to be cut out of "Artists and Models" to keep it within the limits of a single entertainment! Next time it may be the other way around—as it has been, in the past.

THE point about waste and extravagance, very often, is that it can't be helped. You aren't, in the theatre, manufacturing a standardized product, from blue prints and specifications—though a lot of the first group of critics say that is just what managers do do. You are trying to produce something that a lot of people will like, and about one million factors you can't control affect your results. And this is the thing to remember—that when a manager does succeed waste and extravagance become terms without any meaning whatever.

Have you ever, after a thoroughly enjoyable evening in the theatre, felt disposed to kick about how much your seats cost you? And, on the other hand, has it comforted you much, after a couple of hours of boredom, to remember that the tickets were cheap, or even that they had been given to you?

And adventure! What greater adventure can there be than this quest for success in the theatre? It is a superb and thrilling adventure to achieve a great success. And there is something of the thrill of adventure, for me at least, in being present, in the first audience, when a play that is plainly marked for triumph is produced.

Good Heavens—think of Anne Nichols and "Abie's Irish Rose"! She wrote the play; she believed in it. No one else did. The audiences, for the first month in New



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York, were apathetic. Miss Nichols plastered her house with mortgages. She sold her jewels. But she kept her play going. And look at the darn thing now! All the wisecracks told Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings that they were crazy to write a war play; that no one wanted to see a war play. Arthur Hopkins heard the same thing. So they went ahead anyway, with "What Price Glory." Try and find now one of the men who said it was bound to fail. Just try!

Well, then—how about the actors? Are they union laborers? Have they ceased to be artists?

Practically all actors and actresses now do belong to the Actors Equity Association, and that is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and, so, with the unions of the stage hands, the electricians, the carpenters, and so forth. And some of the old romance and glamor and adventure of being an actor the Equity may have killed off. It depends, I think, on your point of view.

It is a bit glamorous, no doubt, to read or hear of actors stranded far from home, and having to walk back. Certainly that is one of the old stock jokes. Quite possibly Mr. Otis Skinner, say, or Mr. Norman Trevor, if he ever had to walk the ties, in his young days, when a company was stranded, may be able to look back upon the adventure now and be glad it happened to him, and see it in quite a romantic light. But a thing like that isn't especially romantic when it's happening. Adventures of that sort have killed the aspirations of many a young man and woman in the past who might have had a distinguished career on the stage.

Not now, though. Equity sees to that. You can't put on a play without convincing Equity that you are able to pay all salaries that may accrue—if necessary, you'll have to file a bond, and if your play goes on the rocks Equity steps in, pays off your actors, and pays their way home. This may not be art. But I am inclined to think it is, and art of a very high order, too, when you think of how the actors had to fight to put Equity over.

But Equity can't help the people, the countless people, who are struggling to get a foothold in the theatre, men and women, boys and girls. It can't get them jobs, even after they have got a foothold of sorts. In some ways it has made things easier even for the crowds that besiege the managers. You don't hear so many stories now about girls who "have to pay the price of success"; the old type of brutal producer and director has gone out. But that is, I suspect, partly because a man who curses and swears at struggling chorus girls isn't likely to be a really competent person.

There is, beyond all doubt, a lot more politeness and consideration than there used to be in the melancholy outskirts of the theatre where the thronging applicants for jobs gather—knowing that about one in ten, on a good day, will succeed. I went about a good deal, while I was gathering information for this piece, and I saw nothing but courtesy and good humor all around toward people who had no fame or reputation or anything, many of them, to make them take up the time of casting directors except their own desire to go on the stage. But that is hardly ground for saying that glamor and adventure in the theatre are dead.

It isn't all glamorous, by any means, this business of being in the rank and file of the profession—but it never was. Adventurous it certainly is. When you see, as I did, two or three hundred men and women crowd on a stage to see a man like Alexander Leftwitch, who does casting for the Shuberts, you realize that.

Naturally, when he is casting a play, a man like Leftwitch doesn't wait for casual applicants to come along to fill the leading parts. He knows practically every actor and actress of any importance at all; all the people who do that sort of work do. And they send for the people they want for the important parts—as a rule. Once in a great while, of course, there really is a casting problem that leads to a chance for some unknown actor; there will be a part in some play that no known actor who is available can fill. It is casting no reflection on Otto Kruger, who gave a magnificent performance within physical limitations he couldn't help, to say that Winthrop Ames and Johnson Briscoe would have given untold gold, or, at least, several hundred dollars a week, to an actor who could have lived up to what people expected of a character called Will Shakespeare. But no such find turned up, and the best actor avail-

able was chosen. Some one missed a great chance there, perhaps. But, on the other hand, it may be that there just isn't anyone who could satisfy the public imagination in such a part.

But there are a great many small parts to be filled, too, and it is these that the great army of the stage-struck and of the men and women who have done

just enough to justify themselves in calling themselves actors and actresses are always seeking. And the astonishing thing, really, is that they get as much of a chance as they do.

Here was Leftwitch, with his amazing memory, his records, willing to give up an hour and a half to seeing unknown or almost unknown people. Anyone of any real importance could—and did—get at least as far as his secretary. But anyone at all, on certain days, at fixed hours, could go to that theatre and see him, as he sat at a table. Literally anyone; you could walk in from the street and he would speak to you, size you up, form some opinion of you.

Mostly, of course, it came to nothing. But every now and then a new face, a quality of a voice, would strike him. And when that happened it meant something; further investigation of that person's possibilities, at least; sometimes a chance to rehearse in some small part. And, if an absolute novice struck him as hopeless, he said so—plainly, but kindly. And got small thanks for it, and less belief! But it eases his conscience, no doubt.

They are so gallant, these
(Continued on page 84)



The Varsity Letter

A Football Story Whose Hero Makes No Last Minute Touchdown, But is a Hero None the Less

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Robert E. Johnston

THERE are always more angles to a football game than are revealed in the actual contest on the field. There is, for instance—or generally is likely to be—the girl in the stand.

In the present case it was the girl on the sidelines, Jane Ewing. Practise was secret—it was the hard Thursday practise before the final and crucial game of the season against Shelburne—but the daughter of Professor Ewing was a privileged character and the gates to the varsity field, no matter how jealously guarded, were never closed to her.

Jane was verging upon twenty-three. Straight as an arrow, she had keen gray eyes, a few freckles and coppery hair; her demeanor and appearance were suggestive of one who had passed out of flapperdom and come to solid ground.

Prof. Emmons Teed, of the Department of Psychology, standing with Jane on the sideline was another angle. But he might have objected to the term. He was that sort; he was not a man with whom to take liberties in the way of terminology, or any other way. On the other hand he was clean-cut, efficient, a real man, and he was thirty-two years old.

Out upon the field, playing quarterback upon the scrub, was Ted Jarvis.

Jarvis was a senior. In build he was hardly of the varsity sort, being tall, thin, light. But he had all the nerve and grit and fire necessary to convert a two hundred pounder into a Berserk.

Jane had sensibilities and knew all about the drama of the scrub, that exalted band of heroes who, unable to qualify for the first team, yet give their all to the end that the varsity may take the field prepared to fight for the honor of the college.

Even so the girl, what with a retinue of varsity linemen and backs and the captain himself, had not begun to take Ted seriously until he had reported for his third—and last—year upon the scrub. Then, through the sheer force of his personality this boy who had worshiped Jane Ewing from afar, hardly daring to speak to her, had won her friendship, had won even a firmer and deeper footing than that, so that boyishly—or, perhaps not so boyishly—he had come to believe that the winning of a varsity letter would veritably sweep her from her feet.

But now the last scrimmage before the Shelburne game was in progress—and Jarvis had achieved, as it seemed, the ultimate, the position of scrub quarter. Let it be recorded of Jarvis that none the less he had been fighting as hard, as undauntedly, as though this were the first scrimmage of the season and opportunity lay all before him.

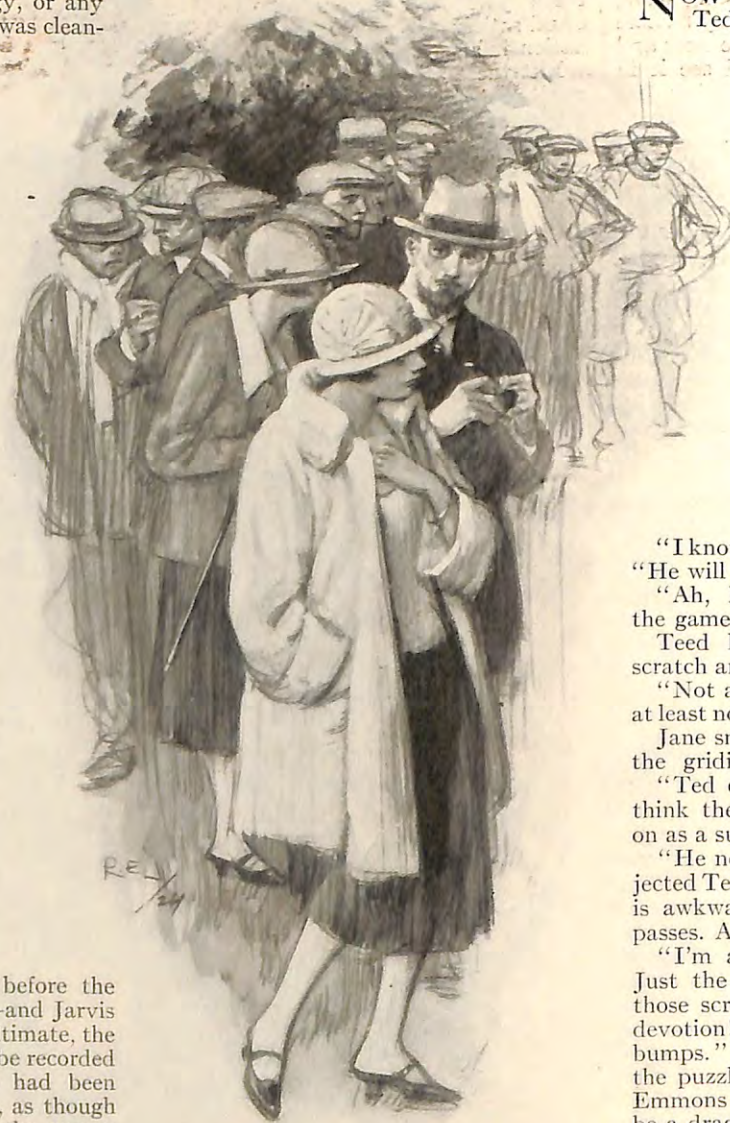
There had come a pause in the contest between the varsity and the scrub. Pratt,

the regular right end, lay upon the ground writhing in pain and the trainer was bending over him, his hands gingerly upon the player's knee, a worried look upon his face.

Jarvis broke out of the group of scrubs, who, with arms about one another's shoulders, had taken advantage of the interruption of the fierce scrimmage to discuss further tactics and glanced toward the sidelines. But Jane Ewing's attention was fixed upon the prostrate end, and it was not until the man rose, brushing aside the trainer with an impatient gesture, that her face relaxed.

She turned to her companion.

"That might have been Ted Jarvis's big chance, Emmons. I mean if Eddie Pratt had been seriously hurt and Ted had gone out for end this year as he was thinking of doing."



"I won't let you be a cradle snatcher if I can help it," said Emmons Teed

Professor Teed, a grimly quizzical man with Van Dyck beard and glittering eye-glasses, raised his eyebrows.

"That is hardly the way to feel, is it? Pratt is a valuable man on the varsity."

"No, I suppose it isn't." She sighed. "But Ted has worked so hard, really. He's a peach of a chap, Emmons. He's everything a Haleson man ought to be."

Professor Teed made some inarticulate remark. Then, as though deciding that this was undignified, he took his pipe from his mouth.

"Jane, my dear girl, let me advise you: if you go on encouraging these boys you'll lose all sense of perspective and develop into one of those college widows who seem to amuse you so."

She glanced at him, smilingly provocative.

"You wouldn't let me be a college widow, would you Emmons?"

He grimaced.

"I won't let you be a cradle snatcher if I can help it."

"NOW you're being stuffy. If you mean Ted, he is just my age."

"Are you serious about Jarvis? If you are, I think you should begin to take account of things, Jane."

"What do you mean, take account of things?"

"Why, simply this: Jarvis evidently is not a young man of means. When he is graduated he will have to begin at the bottom to make his way in the world. Romance is all very well, but you have to look at life eye to eye."

"Ted has a wonderful opening in the Aluminum Corporation when he is graduated. He has worked there all his vacations and they think a whole lot of him." Her voice was just a trifle defiant.

"I know, but even so—" Teed shrugged. "He will have to find himself."

"Ah, Emmons! Emmons! Isn't that the game of life?"

Teed lighted a match with a savage scratch and applied it to his pipe.

"Not always a game that two can play—at least not pleasantly, or even comfortably."

Jane smiled politely, then glanced toward the gridiron.

"Ted counted so on coming through. I think they might at least have taken him on as a sub."

"He never had the slightest chance," objected Teed, scientifically aroused now. "He is awkward in handling the ball on quick passes. And that would keep him where he is."

"I'm afraid you're right. Poor Ted!—Just the same I think they're wonderful, those scrubs. All their self-sacrifice—their devotion! And nothing as a reward, but their bumps." She changed her thought swiftly in the puzzling way girls have. "Look here, Emmons Teed, are you hinting that I should be a drag to Ted if I were to marry him?"

Teed took time to adjust himself to the altered trend of dialogue.

"Frankly, Jane," he said at length, "I



apprehend that parents appreciate their sons' aloofness from the worries and distractions of marital life at least until such time as they get their feet firmly upon the ground."

"It takes a professor to use unfair weapons. But it happens that Ted Jarvis' father and mother are lovely people—and they are fond of me."

Teed grimaced, gesturing with his pipe. "Then keep them so."

"Emmons, blah!"

He laughed tolerantly, touching her upon the shoulder.

"Jane, I wish you wouldn't be so colloquial. It's unbecoming."

Jane wrinkled her nose.

"The great trouble with a professor is that he gets so in the habit of making classroom assertions, which no one dares dispute, that he comes to regard the whole world as his classroom and everybody as his pupil."

"The poor professor merits your pity rather than your contempt dear lady. I—" Jane, excitedly had caught him by the arm.

THE varsity right end who had broken from his limp, essaying a tentative sprint, had suddenly crashed to the ground, the now useless knee bent under him.

"Pshaw!" Teed, who was no less committed to the football destinies of Halleton than was Jane, leaned forward, staring at the fallen end. "He's gone for keeps, that boy."

Jarvis sprang forward and was placing his hands under Pratt's shoulders when the coach, who had exchanged a word or two with the trainer, touched him upon the back.

"Wait a minute, Jarvis," he said. "Oh, Jennings, look here, will you?" His voice was sharp, tense.

"Isn't it right that you should win one victory before—before " Fighting for time, for self-possession, she had hardly known what she was saying

"Yes sir?" The captain, coming up, glanced from the coach to Jarvis.

"Pratt, is out, Jim." The coach glanced at the crippled varsity man, who was hobbling from the field upon one leg, his arms thrown about the shoulders of the trainer and a substitute. "He is out, hang the luck!"

Then his eyes shifted to Jarvis, standing white and tense before him. Finally he nodded toward the captain.

"Do you remember what you were saying the other night, Jim, that Jarvis here was a natural end?"

"Yes." Jennings turned to the scrub man. "Did you ever play end?"

Jarvis flushed.

"I was regular end at prep school for three years."

"I thought so." Jennings smiled at the coach. "He is fast down field and he is the snakiest chap to knife through and block kicks that we have on the squad. Sure tackler, too, good on interference."

"All right." The coach, a man who prided himself upon quick decisions, gestured toward Jarvis. "Ethridge—" a first string substitute end—"goes in in Pratt's place. Jarvis goes on the varsity as scrub for Ethridge."

Great crises in the life of man are received in multifarious ways, in accordance with temperament, disposition, nerve control and many other elements that go to make up personality.

As for Jarvis, he stood rigid, the color slowly leaving his face, his eyes fixed upon the man who had uttered those magic, those amazing, thrilling, totally unexpected words with unseeing blankness. Three years!

Three years of grilling, unhonored, unrewarded servitude. Then this! It was a tribute to the boy's perfectly strung nerves that he didn't fall upon his coach or his captain in blithering emotional abandon. Instead he nodded at length like an automaton.

ALL right. Stay after scrimmage for some downfield work." The coach, business like, turned away. Jarvis was left with his triumph. And on the sideline, radiant as Egeria, a girl watched him.

When Jarvis came out of the dressing-room the November dusk had fallen. Town boys had lighted piles of leaves and they glowed like camp fires, filling the air with pungent incense. Jarvis had never known exaltation so vast. Tingling physically from the cold shower bath he was mentally uplifted also by a sense of vast accomplishment.

It was, as it seemed to him, precisely in the nature of things that Jane Ewing should be waiting for him at the corner of the street leading to the campus. He had not expected her; yet he was not surprised, even granting she was not in the habit of waiting around for him, or for any other man.

"I had to see you as soon as I could, Ted," she said as he paused, smiling.

"It certainly is great of you—" He hesitated, somewhat awkwardly.

She glanced with keen appraisal at him, so tall and slim and resilient. His curly dark hair glistened in the light of the burning leaves. He carried his head high, with the mien of one who was not of the common run.

"I don't know when I've been so thrilled!" Her voice was vibrant. "Congratulations."

"We'll see. I haven't got in the big game yet, you know."

"You will. I'll bet you anything you will."

"Do you know—" He moved up the street and she took his arm, which also was unusual. "I've always had a theory that people who succeed in what they're after don't—"

"Don't sit down and wait," she supplied as he paused in the middle of his thought.

"No, I don't mean that. Of course a chap has got to fight for what he wants and keep fighting. What I was going to say was that you've got to use your bean, too. Think ahead. Leave no bets overlooked."

"Of course, Ted."

"Now then—" he laughed, "you know what a shark I've been on the theory of football. I've studied it for years, just as I have my lessons."

"Yes, I know. Really, Ted, I've always believed you know as much about the science of the game as the coach."

Jarvis smiled.

"I should hope I do. Of course, Bill Collins is about as good an offensive coach as there is. And he is great on putting spirit into a team. But there is a whole lot of inside stuff he doesn't know about defense."

"Really, Ted?" Jane Ewing, thoroughly inspired by the recent drama upon the field, had waited for Jarvis in a mood such as she had never known, a mood that seemed to sound the depths of all that was feminine in her, rousing chiefly a poignant yielding emotion that was tremendous beyond anything she had ever experienced. But nothing Jarvis had said and nothing in his manner had accorded with this mood and now she was conscious of a let-down. And it was a grateful sensation.

"SURE is," said Jarvis. "That's what I am getting at, you see. Our scouts turned in a Shelburne formation that had been bothering Collins a lot. The scrub had been using it and shooting through anything Collins and the rest of the coaches could work up to stop it. I had been thinking over the thing and the other night after practise I doped the whole thing out, a sure defense."

"That was wonderful, Ted. Just what was it?"

"Never mind, you'll see Shelburne spring it and you'll see it smeared. Anyway, instead of keeping the stuff to myself, or telling Jim Jennings about it, I went straight to headquarters, straight to Collins and gave him the up and up."

"And he saw it at once! Bully for him!"

"He certainly did. How could he help it? I had the dope cold. Well, don't you see, that got me under his eye—and he'll put me in the game, too, if all is going well. Because he will want the credit of busting up the offense that has been sweeping everything this year—and he can rely upon me to keep still. See?"

"Ted, you are going to make a hit in business."

"I know darned well I am. Watch my dust." He tossed his head in that characteristic little way he had, in all that confidence of glorious youth with a world to conquer lying ahead.

Then all the girl's thoughts were swept aside as he turned to her, his dark face drawn, tense.

"Jane—" They were entering upon the campus and the trees overhead had sunk into a vague lacery against the darkening sky.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Yes, Ted?"

"I want to tell you, Jane, that you are the one who has helped me in this fight for the varsity, helped me in other ways. You're the finest girl I ever knew. I didn't think there could be a girl like you."

"Oh, Ted, you know a dozen girls like me—or, if you don't, you will meet them when you get out into the world."

"The deuce I will! Bunk! Look here, Jane, I—I—when I get out of college in June I am going to step into a pip of a job. I—will—Jane, will you marry me then? A June wedding, right after Commencement?"

"Ted—"

"I mean it, Jane dear. I'm crazy about you. You're the only

what she was saying and now her voice had broken, words denied her.

He was standing before her, proud, erect, defiant.

"You're right, Jane." His voice was quiet. "I have been a little too headlong. All right. Saturday night I'll come to you waving a varsity sweater in your face. Get that?"

She said not a word and in silence the two went across the campus and beyond to her home, where he left her at the door.

"Good-night, Jane dear—dearest."

"Good-night, Ted."

She stood upon the veranda long after the lithe, swinging figure had disappeared under the gas lamps.



girl in the world and we'll fight through life just the way we've worked together on the varsity stuff. Come on, now."

She eyed him with troubled gaze.

"Ted, I don't know what to say. Don't think I don't think you're wonderful to say what you have. It makes me prouder than I can tell you. But—" "Don't you love me, Jane?"

"YOU'RE so impetuous!" she laughed. "I'm awfully fond of you—and—isn't that enough to say now?"

"No it isn't; not nearly enough!" He was drawing her to him when she held out her hand, her thoughts revolving desperately.

"Don't you think, Ted," she stammered, "that just at this time you should have nothing on your mind but the Shelburne game? You know you haven't won your letter—"

"Ah!" His head went up, laughing. "I see! You think the knight should win his knot of ribbon before claiming the princess. Is that it?"

"That is your thought, old dear." She reached out and touched the furrows of his gleaming dark hair. "But after all, the letter is the thing you've been fighting for. Isn't it right that you should win one victory before—before—" Fighting for time, for self-possession, she had hardly known

When at length Jane entered the house she met her father and Professor Teed, coming out of the study.

"Ah, Jane." Her father's casual manner relieved her of a quick impression that she had been under discussion. As a matter of fact the two were much together, being great friends despite the disparity of their years and having, besides, the common interest of membership of one of the important standing committees of the university.

None the less her first impression had been correct. She had been under discussion. It was Teed who enlightened her.

"Jane," he said, "your father and I have been talking about you and—"

"Oh, you have!" She grimaced slightly.

"Yes. Jane, will you come out and walk a bit of a way with me toward my diggings and then," he smiled, "I'll turn around and walk back with you."

"Won't that be rather an aimless stroll?"

Yet she wanted to go, somehow. Teed had a dignified poise and a lot of solidity, lightened by a quiet philosophical humor. Solidity just now was something she very much wanted. It would be pleasant, she thought, to drift along through the cool

pungent dark with this big man in the rough tweeds he always affected, his pipe and his manner of the world which was so rare in most scholars she knew.

"I don't think you'll find it aimless, Jane. Come ahead now like a good chap."

With a nod and a smile at her father Jane turned, as though involuntarily, toward the door which Teed had opened for her and went out upon the verandah.

They walked together in silence for nearly half a block before Teed turned to her.



R. E. JOHNSTON

As the concrete heights above them burst into a mighty sound, Jarvis reached over the wall and caught Jane's hand. In his eyes the light of exaltation had died

"I'm afraid I was somewhat irritating at the field this afternoon. I'm sorry if I was." His manner suggested a mild condescension rather than sorrow.

"I will say you were at least ungallant." Jane smiled as though to indicate her feelings were not deeply involved. "I turned to look for you and you had vanished as though the grass were a magic carpet."

"I was called away by an ineligible player who was anxious to plead his case in the open spaces where men are men instead of in the fearsome sanctity of my office where professors are ogres. But I'm afraid he found me no less an ogre. . . . I made my excuses to you. Evidently you were too absorbed to hear them. When I looked for you, you had gone."

"FAIR enough, Emmons." She glanced at him. "What's up now?"

Teed frowned. He had never quite condoned the girl's undergraduate vocabulary.

"Jane, on the field this afternoon, you asked me if I wished to save you from being a college widow. Let's dismiss that figure of speech. I was merely trying to be humorous—just as you were."

"Oh, that's all right, Emmons; I'd forgotten about it."

"I know. But it does open a matter that is very important to me. You must know—you, of course, do know—that I care a great deal for you, Jane. I admire everything about you, respect everything about you. Jane, I love you; that's what I'm trying to say."

He had paused abruptly and she had paused with him, her face averted. There came a long silence.

"I think," he went on at length, "that you

know my standing here and what I am doing. My salary is not bad as professorial salaries go. I have, besides, enough of an income to eke it out quite satisfactorily. And my literary work has steadily increasing acceptance." He made a little gesture. "Will you marry me, Jane? I shall do everything in my power that love can suggest to make you happy and contented always."

Jane was standing motionless, her head still turned away. As Teed had said, she had long known that he cared for her, had even contemplated such development of his attitude as would bring them both in the position they now occupied.

She had even faced the very facts which he had now presented concerning his eligibility to seek her in marriage. An ordered existence with him—she could visualize it clearly. There would be few, if any, problems relating to their existence together; certainly none of any material complexity—so long at least as she was willing to accept his masculine superiority. No great moments ever, probably. Yet, peace, serenity, such as happy living within the cloistered precincts of a time-hallowed university yields in measure so bountiful.

And—accomplishment? Yes, for him undoubtedly. He would go on with sure precision. And for her the satisfaction of ministering to him, of furthering his comfort in so many housewifely ways and inspiring him as lovely helpmeets have always inspired their men—when so minded.

She was facing him now, studying him with thoughtful, half-closed eyes and he was

standing tensely, rigid. But she was not seeing him. In his place stood a youth, head erect, poised like an eagle's, dark glowing eyes fixed ahead upon a world to conquer. One of the elect of his generation, one of those destined to soar against a high sky, bearing the fruits of conquest.

HER lips parted. The fight for things that were flamingly actual in a world of actuality—a gamble for rich stakes, position, power, wealth, with the balance weighted all in favor of youth, its keen passions, its compelling ambitions, its undying, indomitable will to win. Her cheeks flamed.

Then came a species of reaction. A gamble, after all. A gamble for him—but more of a gamble for her. For her would lie the task of keeping the pace in a world where events would move swiftly, where character would be placed in the alembic and resolved, who could tell in just what way? And, absorbed in the fight, how would Ted Jarvis develop in relation to her? Would there be greater fusing, or a steady drifting apart? But would not that be up to her, the inexorable test of the texture of her soul, of the true grain of her will? Of the fineness of her womanhood?

She was trembling. She was university bred. She knew the game here. With Teed she could play it. No question at all about that. Success was assured from the outset. And so, which? The low, pleasant flight of the song bird, or the eagle's ascent into the blue?"

"Jane?" Teed's voice was kindly but not untouched with impatience.

She made a hopeless gesture.

(Continued on page 42)



Staging the Sport Classic Of the Year

By John Tunis

HAVE you put in your application yet or your friend's application for the big football games? If not, you'd better hurry up. You may, in your ignorance, imagine that seats this fall will be easy to obtain. Such, as the gentleman said to the bootlegger who furnished him with a dozen bottles of water in place of something very much stronger, is not the case. For the Yale-Harvard game, the great classic of the football year, they started applying early last summer. Witness this letter written last June, which came into the offices of the Yale Athletic Association late in July. It was sent from Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, one of those islands in the mid-Pacific whose dances and costumes have recently become so popular in New York Night Clubs. It said:

"As I shall be en route to the United States in September when applications for the Harvard-Yale football game are sent out, and thus unable to receive mine, kindly consider this letter as an application and reserve tickets in your office for me."

The man who sent this letter from the island in the Southern seas was ahead of time, but not so much ahead of time at that. He had some realization of the difficulty of getting seats for the day of days in the football year, the day when a million dollars is spent in twenty-four hours by a sport-loving public to see twenty-two men battle on a gridiron. Perhaps you think this figure an exaggeration. It isn't! Two hundred and fifty-thousand dollars, a quarter of a million, goes out for seats to the game itself. Another quarter of a million is spent on railway accommodation; tickets, Pullman seats, special trains and private cars that take this vast crowd into New Haven that crisp November day. Just what it costs the thousands of automobile owners who come from all over the country, just how much is spent on lunches and dinners, how much goes for furs, for jewelry, for clothes for this one day alone—that can never be accurately determined. But it isn't excessive to state that the eighty-thousand Americans who sit around the Bowl while Harvard and Yale are fighting their annual battle spend a million dollars for the pleasure they are receiving.

And of this eighty thousand

and very few, almost none, have the slightest idea of the months of work and preparation on the part of all sorts of persons in all kinds of positions in order that they may receive their tickets, arrive at the game, and get back to their homes without any hitch whatsoever. Besides the eighty thousand actually in the Bowl, there are fifty times as many who hear the game by radio, follow it over a ticker, or watch in front of an electric score board before some big newspaper office. What must be done in order that these millions of fans from Maine to Montana, these who cannot actually attend but nevertheless are keenly interested in the result, can get an accurate, up-to-the-minute account of the game is a task of preparation involving many thousand more people. I am going to draw aside the curtains and let you see for yourself just what they are up against; those hosts who are working and have even now been working for months that this football afternoon, in which the nation at large is interested, shall be a success.

"What," I asked Harold F. Woodcock, General Manager of the Yale Athletic Association, "is the first step you make toward preparing for this game, and just exactly when do you make it?"

In eight months Mr. Woodcock alone has charge of collecting and dispensing the slight sum of six hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars.

"We start preparing for the Yale-Harvard game in November each June when we give orders to the printers for tickets. Tickets for a big game cost nearly a thousand dollars, and they have to be ready early in September. Next we appoint our Program Committee. The programs sold at the Bowl are made up by a committee of under-graduates who spent the entire summer getting ads and making up the reading material. I have had graduates come back and tell me this was the finest training of their whole college career."

"What next?"

"What next? Let's see. Oh, yes, then in September we shoot out the application blanks to every one of the fifty-thousand Yale graduates in this country and Europe.

The day after they are sent out the checks start coming back in. So we must hire a clerical force, open letters, sort checks, and acknowledge applications. Twenty extra clerks are put on this task, until along in October when they come in so fast we can't handle them properly and have to train and break in a large night force.

"Next comes the usher problem. There are thirty sections, each seating over two thousand people in the Bowl, and requiring a dozen ushers. The selection and training of ushers is one of the hardest things to do in preparing for the game. We use in all nine-hundred and fifty ushers, most of whom come from the student body, so that every Yale man can, if he wishes, see the game for nothing. But a good many prefer to see it with someone else, and as a result we have to ask for outside help each year. The New Haven High Schools usually make up the deficit of ushers, though all section heads and assistants are Yale men.

THE Head Usher has always gone through the mill three years, for he is always a senior. He is thoroughly familiar with the job, and needs to be. He selects his thirty head section ushers from those who served the previous year, and they in turn select two assistants. Each usher is given a ticket which tells him to report to his section head at eleven on the day of the game. If he fails to report he is replaced by a reserve, of whom we have a number on hand; his name is blacklisted, and he is refused permission to usher the following year. After the game each man returns his badge to his section head, who grades him according to his ability as shown on the field. The next year we can tell exactly how good a man is by referring to our files.

"Beside the ushers, we must have messengers, auto guards and other helpers. There are ten-thousand autos usually parked outside the Bowl, and the number is increasing each year. The auto guards are students, and for messengers we use a couple of hundred Boy Scouts. They do a first-rate job, too. But each one of them must know his particular task on that particular day. How are we going to be sure they know it?"

"First of all, at the start of the season we hold a meeting nearly every night with the head ushers. They are told how to act in emergencies, what to do and what to instruct





A panorama of the Yale Bowl on the gala occasion of the year—the Yale-Harvard game—when every one of its 80,000 seats is occupied

their subordinates. Later in the season they in turn hold classes of section head ushers. The same thing is done with the auto guards and messengers. Ten days before the game we are all working here in the Athletic Association until three in the morning. The finale takes place on the Sunday afternoon before the game, when we have a monster big rehearsal in the Bowl. Each man is inspected in his place. Those who don't show up lose their chances. Then we have done our best and must leave the rest to the men.

"Then come the last-minute arrangements. What do I mean by that? Oh, a thousand things that can't be done until just before game day. We must have a hundred extra policemen on the field. We must have an ambulance at each tunnel exit in case any one faints inside from excitement, as some one always does. Last year Bob Fisher, the Harvard Head Coach, saw one of these ambulances and got highly indignant. He thought it was there for the cripples on the Harvard squad. Then the gridiron must be looked after until the kick-off. Days before the game we put a squad of fifty men on to rolling it, and covering it each night with straw to protect it against the frost. Every morning they roll the straw off so that the sun will strike it. If there is a rain storm, as there was last year, gasoline must be rushed in and burned on the turf to dry things up before the teams take the field.

"Then at the last minute there are always the gate-crashers. One man last year came as a constable with a writ which he wanted to serve on a man in the stands. Had the man's seat number, too! Lots of people think they can buy a ten-cent police badge and get away with it. They pose as revenue officers, as State constabulary, as Federal officials, as army and navy officers. Anything to get by the gate. Often they try to get by posing as ushers. Thus an outsider may look up a man's name in the college directory and use his name. Of course, he always get caught. Sometimes an usher will transfer his badge without authority. Most section heads know their men, so he is usually caught also. But as a final check-up, they must sign their names on the back of the badges and turn them in. We compare this with a signature on file in this office, and frequently catch men in this way. One such case known has a great effect on others.

"It's a hard job, getting things in shape for the game, and this office between the first of November and the third Saturday in the month resembles a madhouse. We are never closed, some one is working here all that time. You see, we are not able to have a permanent organization, the way

the big baseball clubs do. We have the difficulty of having a small organization which must be expanded each year with new personnel. We can't train a force and keep them. Once the game is over we have no work for them, with the result that each fall we start all over again at scratch."

This is just a bird's-eye view of what they have to do at New Haven to prepare for the crowd; but at nine o'clock on the day of the game the crowd is several hundred miles away. And the majority make the journey by train. Occasions such as the Harvard-Yale football game at New Haven produce what the railroad men like to call a "peak load." That's railroadese for a "record crowd." Now the manner in which any peak load is handled is always an exacting test of railroad efficiency. To be sure, a well-equipped, well-organized line ought to be able to handle the crowd coming to New Haven and do it properly, but remember that one single error in judgment on the part of one employee, one defect in the track or equipment, one mistaken signal, and the entire plan may be dislocated. There is no time on the morning of the game to correct errors, repair mistakes or make changes in running plans. The railroad must be right. If one spectator is a second late, it doesn't matter, but if sixty thousand are late, the game is disrupted. And a single missed signal may tie up traffic on the morning of the game, so that more than half the Bowl is empty that afternoon.

GETTING sixty thousand people two hundred miles to a football game between the hours of eight in the morning and 1 P. M.; returning this same crowd between four and eight at night; that's all the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has to do each fall on the day of the big game! Perhaps that's not accurate. It's not all they have to do. They must get them there on time. They must also move several hundred regular passenger trains in and out of New Haven during the day, they must load and unload twenty-five thousand freight cars, and they must do all this without loss of life or injury to any one concerned. How do they do it? Come along behind the scenes with me and get a look at the preparations necessary to put this job of service to the sporting public over without any delay or upset of any sort.

Curiously enough on that hot day in mid-August, when I went to New Haven to discover from the railroad au-

thorities just how they prepared for their share in the work on game day, a conference between operating and traffic officials of the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads was going on in the Grand Central Terminal in New York. This was three months and more ahead of the Saturday in November of the conflict. Meanwhile, in New Haven the sun was beating down on hot, sticky asphalt in the streets, and there was nothing in the air to make one think of football; but here also the work of preparation was under way. In the big yellow offices of the company opposite the station, the Superintendent of Transportation had traffic experts already at work drawing up the train schedule for the day. Meanwhile folders were being prepared for the printers with instructions about trains and equipment, memorandums were being sent out to the various departments about their duties at the time, and orders were being given for the preparation of the placards for the stations, for trains, for the yards on game day. Just to give you an idea of what the railroad is up against: on the Friday before the game, on Saturday, and on Sunday, three thousand five hundred trains will steam in and out of New Haven, with enough equipment to move the entire population of Atlanta, Georgia; Oakland, California; Jacksonville, Florida; Spokane, Washington; or Omaha, Nebraska.

ON THE morning of the game trains pull into the New Haven yards, unload, and then disappear until late in the afternoon, when they fill up, pull out, and arrive hours afterward at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. That's all the army of football fans who descend annually upon New Haven see. But the machinery which makes this possible has been started long before. Weeks before the game a twenty-page booklet is distributed to every employee, from the president down to the stenographers, who during the day will occupy the information booths scattered throughout the station, giving in detail the number, size, and equipment of every train moving in and out of the city at game time. Ten days before the big day service squads move through the yards connecting different points by telephone, erecting signs, and placing hundreds of arc-lights on the plat-

forms where the special trains will leave after the game. As the day approaches, electrical and interlocking plants are gone over thoroughly by trained railroad men; cars are cleaned, lighting fixtures are tested; and, if necessary,

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EDITORIAL

NEW MEMBERS

IN HIS first official circular, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell calls upon the entire membership to join hands with him in carrying forward an effective program of patriotic and fraternal service. One of the activities to which he calls special attention, and one which is essential to the continued strength and usefulness of the Order, is the acquisition of new members during the current year.

The Grand Exalted Ruler suggests a desired goal of one hundred and fifty thousand new members. This number may seem large at first glance, but it only means one new member for approximately every six members now on the rolls. In other words, a lodge having a membership of two hundred, which would secure thirty-three new members, would add its proportion of the total increase sought.

The goal is one that can readily be attained if the members of the Order will personally respond to the appeal and not content themselves with shifting the burden to the subordinate lodge officers.

As has been stated in these columns, there is probably not a member of the Order who does not number among his friends one or more men who would be desirable additions to the roster of any lodge. And if only one out of every six of the present membership would secure a single new application the desired result would be obtained.

The importance of a continual stream of new members into the Order can not be overestimated. It is a definite necessity. The losses each year through death are, naturally, very heavy. Uncontrollable conditions bring about another considerable loss from non-payment of dues. Dimits of those who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, desire to become unaffiliated Elks, constitute another serious drain. And these losses must be made good by additions to the membership in order to maintain the numerical strength of the Order.

But it is even more important, perhaps, from another standpoint. Experience teaches that as men grow older they become less active in the conduct of lodge affairs. Notable exceptions to this rule but prove its truth as a general proposition. And there must be a continual infusion of

new blood, of youthful enthusiasm and eagerness for active service, to preserve and to strengthen the power and prestige of the Order.

The appeal of the Grand Exalted Ruler is directed to those who should respond to it, and who can most assuredly accomplish the end sought—the individual members of the Order. If every loyal Elk who reads this will realize that it is addressed directly to him, and will demonstrate that he actually possesses that desire to serve the Order that it is justly assumed he does possess, the result will be all that could be hoped for.

OFFICIAL CIRCULARS

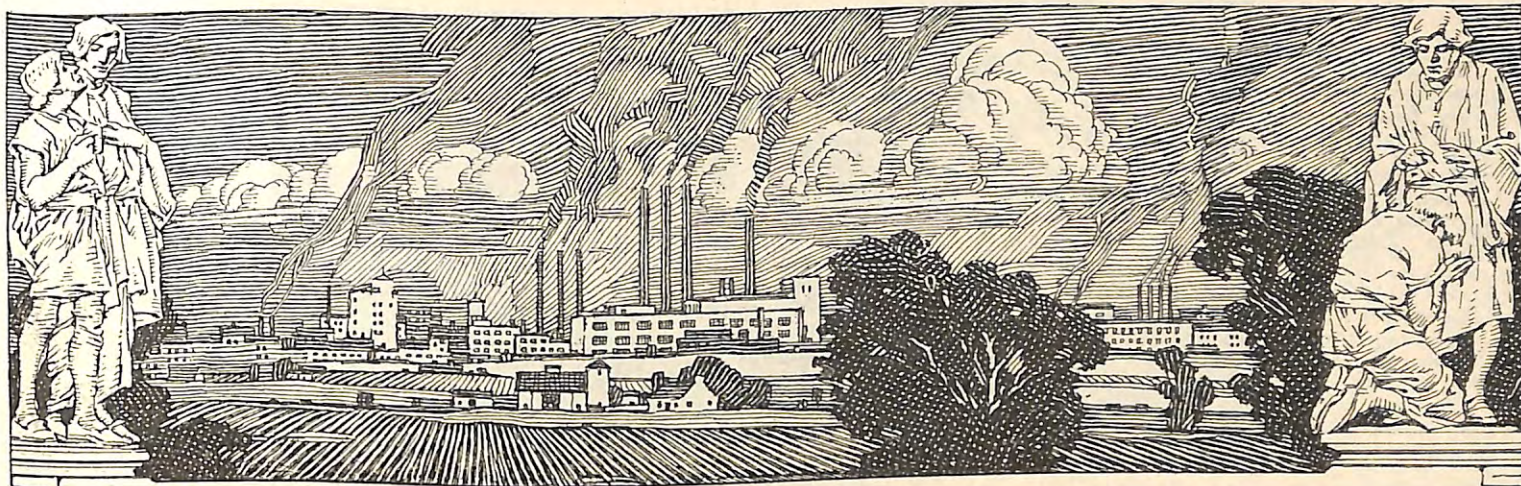
EACH official circular from the Grand Exalted Ruler invariably contains the specific direction that it must be read in full at the next ensuing meeting of each lodge.

It is a well-known, and regrettable, fact that these directions are frequently disregarded; and that the communications are merely posted upon the bulletin board or, with even less consideration, merely filed in the archives. In either event they may as well not be received by the lodge at all. While the publication of these official circulars in THE ELKS MAGAZINE gives an opportunity to each member of the Order to read them for himself, that does not, and is not intended to, take the place of their reading in open session.

The communications from the Chief Executive of the Order are important. If they were not, they would not be written. They are the General Orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief to all his soldiers. They should be so considered and dealt with.

It has been the general custom of Secretaries to read these circulars, where they have been read at all, as mere routine items under "Reading Communications" in the order of business. Quite usually this has been done in a monotonous tone of voice, the message being 'waded through' as a matter of formal duty, without proper effort to mark its importance or to make it interesting. Such a method invites and insures bored inattention; it would even destroy the beauty and effectiveness of any literary classic.

Knowledge of these facts prompted the Grand Exalted Ruler, in his splendid speech at Portland,



to suggest that when an official circular is to be read, a good reader should be specially selected for the task, one possessed of a good voice and the capacity to read the communication intelligently and impressively, as its consequence deserves. The suggestion is commended to the Exalted Rulers of all subordinate lodges the Secretaries of which may not possess these peculiar qualifications.

If it be followed, as in wisdom and duty it should be, and the official circulars be read by those chosen for the purpose because of their special ability to do so with effective dignity and earnestness, the communications would be received with interest and aroused attention. And the members would look forward to them as attractive features of the order of business, rather than as dull and prosaic documents, as they have been unjustly and too generally regarded in the past.

THE TILER

IN THE earlier days of the Order's history, when there was much more of secrecy about it than there is now, when signs, and passwords, and grips, and test oaths, and words of recognition, were regarded as necessary protections against imposition, the Tiler had duties to perform that were regarded as important by every member. In the ceremonies of installation much stress was laid upon this feature, and he was particularly charged as to his duty of guarding the lodge room from unwarranted intrusion.

Since nearly all of this secrecy has been abandoned, the office of Tiler has come to be regarded by the unthinking as one of less moment. But to those who thoughtfully consider the opportunities presented to him for fraternal service of real value, the office of Tiler is still one of importance and trust.

When the lodge has convened and the doors are closed, it is the Tiler who is left to greet those who seek admission. He is the first official the late arrival meets. And the courtesy, consideration, geniality and fraternal regard, or the lack of them, that is displayed by the Tiler inevitably reflects itself upon the humor in which the member makes his entrance.

If the Tiler be thoughtfully gracious in his greeting, if he be pleasantly helpful in arranging for prompt admission, naturally the member,

even in attending his own lodge, is mentally responsive and unconsciously becomes more receptive to the fraternal influence of the meeting. On the contrary, if the Tiler be indifferent and thoughtlessly casual in his greeting, and be guilty of the actual offense of failure in courtesy, the member instinctively becomes resentful and his whole attitude is less responsive to the atmosphere of the lodge room itself.

These suggestions are peculiarly applicable to the reception of visiting brothers. First impressions should be made agreeable; they are likely to be lasting. And while the lodge member may be ready to make allowance for any apparent lack of courtesy because of his knowledge of the true worth and real intent of the Tiler, the stranger is less disposed, and has less reason, to do so.

The Tiler is still an important official of the lodge and has it in his power to contribute materially to the success of a lodge meeting, or to detract from it. And these considerations should be taken into account when selection is made of the person to fill that office.

EDUCATION

UPON a marble tablet set in the face of the arch which crowns the memorial gateway leading into the grounds of one of our great universities, there is carved this inscription:

Enter by this Gateway and Seek
the Way of Honor,
the Light of Truth,
And the Will to Work for men.

Day by day as the students pass beneath this arch, they are thus reminded of the real purpose of their training, the true aim of their scholastic life, whatever particular courses of study they may have severally elected to pursue.

We usually think of education in terms of text books, of scientific facts, of classic literature. But, in the final analysis, these are merely incidental to that true education which is the preparation for a noble and useful life. Such a life must be spent in service to mankind, guided by the light of truth along the pathway of honor.

An institution that thus epitomizes its highest aim and purpose, and thus tenders its richest offering, exerts an influence upon the lives of its alumni, generation after generation, that is beyond calculation. It is an Alma Mater indeed.

The magnificent new Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556, completed at a cost of \$300,000, the dedication of which was the occasion of four days' festivities



Five Lodges Dedicate Handsome Homes

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Formal Opening of Two

THE handsome new Homes of Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge No. 411, and Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge No. 875, were recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell.

Morgantown Lodge made its dedication the occasion of a two-day celebration. Commencing with open house to all visiting Elks, the first day's festivities continued with a reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler, a Lodge session, and the initiation of a large class of candidates which was one of the most elaborate in the history of the Lodge. This was followed by a banquet attended by the largest assemblage of Elks ever gathered in Morgantown, many hundreds sitting down in the spacious new banquet hall. Dr. J. W. Hartigan, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was toastmaster. After the singing of "America" and the invocation, an address of welcome was delivered by F. Roy Yoke of Morgantown Lodge. The speakers of the evening were United States Senator Mansfield M. Neely, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters, Hon. Frank L. Bowman and Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell.

The formal dedication took place in the Lodge room following the banquet and was conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by the officers of the Lodge and a number of the distinguished visitors.

The features of the second day's entertainment were the reception to members and guests, and the grand ball, these having been preceded earlier in the day by open house to the public.

The new Home consists of the fine residence building purchased by the Lodge some years ago, on which a new wing, designed especially for Lodge and club purposes, was recently built. It is located on a lot fronting 106 feet on Walnut Street, with a depth 100 feet. The site overlooks the picturesque Deckers Creek ravine.

The original building was so well constructed and in such good repair that the building com-

mittee decided to make full use of it, with the necessary alterations, erecting the new three-story wing, 40 x 100 feet, in the rear.

The new wing is entirely fireproof, with solid brick walls and steel frame. The architecture is early American, the style adopted to harmonize with the older structure.

The basement of the new section consists of a social, grill and billiard-room. The ground floor has a great hall for banquets, dancing and theatrical entertainments. Above this is the Lodge room which, with the necessary ante-rooms, forms the third floor.

The rooms in the older portion have been rearranged to provide, on the first floor, a secretary's room and visitors' waiting-room at the right of the front entrance. An attractive feature is an enclosed sun-porch, with a separate outside entrance which allows of its use for small dinner parties or dances, without interfering with the use of the Home for other purposes.

On the second floor the rooms of the old house have been thrown together to make an unusually attractive lounge-room, 41 x 17 feet wide, with nine large windows and a handsome fireplace at each end.

The motifs for the decorations and furnishings of the Lodge room were taken from the Danzetti Palace in Florence, Italy, one of the early Medieval Guild Halls. The room is wainscoted and paneled in birch. In the highest part of the vaulted and sloped ceiling are two plaster domes with concealed lights. The walls are stenciled in a pattern ornament with a painted cornice, the colors being cobalt blue and gray.

The building committee that started the Home and carried it through to a successful completion was composed of the following members: E. D. Tumlin, Chairman; B. J. McDermott, B. M. Chaplin, J. M. G. Brown, John L. Hatfield, C. C. Cashman and L. E. Tucker.

Equally impressive were the exercises attend-

ing the dedication of the new Home of Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell. Many distinguished members of the Order were present and Lodges throughout the region were well represented.

The new building consists of a large addition recently built on to the old Home of the Lodge which in turn has been enlarged, remodeled and redecorated. The addition was built at a cost of approximately \$25,000 and embodies many features necessary to the activities of the growing membership of this Lodge. The whole building, including both the new and old portions, is beautifully furnished, making it one of the most homelike and attractive Homes in the region.

THE recent annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association was opened with the dedication of the beautiful new \$300,000 Home of Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500. The presence of visiting members from all the Lodges of the State, and of bands and drill teams, made the occasion unusually colorful and impressive.

The dedicatory ceremony was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who acted as personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell. Among the many other distinguished members who took part in the exercises were: Robert A. Scott, Grand Trustee; Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary; Harry Kramer, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Northern Indiana; Garnet R. Fleming, retiring President of the Indiana Association, since appointed to the Committee on Credentials of the Grand Lodge; Don Allman, Secretary of the Indiana State Association; and Exalted Ruler Paul E. Marks of Valparaiso Lodge.

The spacious new Lodge room was filled to capacity with delegates to the Convention, visitors and members, and the splendid new edifice was dedicated to the work of the Order in a most impressive fashion.

The dedication banquet was held that eve-



New Home of Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500



New Home of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge No. 1478

ning. Many delegates and visitors to the Convention and prominent townspeople, as well as the members of Valparaiso Lodge, sat down to the elaborate dinner. Mr. Scott acted as Toastmaster, and Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robinson addressed the diners. At the conclusion of the program the members and their guests returned to the new Home of the Lodge where several orchestras furnished music.

The new Home of Valparaiso Lodge is one of the most beautiful and perfectly appointed in the Middle West. The building is three stories high, with a basement, and has a frontage of 66 feet on Lincolnway, which carries the traffic of the great Lincoln Highway, and of 132 feet on Lafayette Street. It is of fireproof construction throughout, being built entirely of reinforced concrete, steel, brick and tile. The floors are of reinforced concrete with a seven-eighths-inch wood covering, except in the kitchens, corridors, stairs and game-room, where a terrazzo covering is used. The exterior, of severely plain design, presents a dignified appearance. A large copper marquee, prominently set off by electric lights, extends over the Lafayette Street entrance. Double windows are used almost entirely in the building.

The basement is devoted to bowling alleys, shower and locker-rooms, heating apparatus and machinery rooms.

The main entrance to the Lodge rooms, with spacious hall and stairways, is on the first floor on the side facing Lafayette Street. The remaining space is given over to six stores.

The second floor is devoted to club purposes. Here are the social and lounging rooms, office, café, billiard-rooms and kitchen.

On the third floor, in addition to the Lodge room, anterooms and paraphernalia room, is a large assembly-room used by the Lodge for dances and entertainments. In connection with this room there is a commodious ladies' parlor. In the rear is a men's recreation-room, and a spacious kitchen and serving quarters for banquets in the auditorium.

THE dedication services of the new \$300,000 Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge No. 556 were made the occasion of four days of celebration and entertainment by the members and representatives of many Lodges throughout the State.

The formal dedication was the first event on an elaborate program. This was conducted by

Grand Esquire William J. Sinek, Past Exalted Ruler of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, who was assisted by Exalted Ruler Lloyd E. Kennedy of Moline Lodge and the following members of the Order: Exalted Ruler Richard S. Barnett, Chicago Lodge; George W. Hasselman, Secretary of La Salle, Ill., Lodge No. 584, and Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association; C. N. Isaacson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Illinois, West, a Past Exalted Ruler of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge No. 980; and L. R. Blackman, Past Exalted Ruler of Moline Lodge. The dedicatory oration was delivered by Justice Floyd E. Thompson of the Supreme Court of Illinois, also a Past Exalted Ruler of Moline Lodge.

Several hundred members and candidates sat down to the banquet which followed that evening. Among the speakers were Past Exalted Ruler Axel H. Kohler, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Mr. Sinek, Mr. Barnett and Mr. Hasselman.

The following evening members, visitors and a large class of candidates, headed by the band of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge No. 980, marched to the new Elks' Auditorium, where an impressive initiation was conducted.

The next evening was "Stunt Night," and on the following day the festivities were brought to a close with the Grand Ball at the new Auditorium.

The new Home is a beautiful building, conspicuous not only by its size but by the symmetry and simplicity of its Colonial design. It is built of fireproof materials throughout.

The Colonial design of the exterior was further developed in the interior of the building and the dignified yet homelike appearance of the various rooms gives evidence of the thought spent in bringing together a harmonious design.

The main entrance is located on Sixth Avenue where the approach is made up a wide set of steps to a paved terrace at the entrance to the club lobby. This lobby connects directly with the lounging and social rooms and contains the office of the building.

The stairs for the club features lead from this lobby to the grill-room and the gymnasium in the basement and to the billiard-room, writing-room, library, secretary's office, and Lodge room on the second floor.

The wide theatre entrance, located on the west side of the building on Seventeenth Street, admits the public directly to the large reception hall which connects with a community-room and

the assembly-room, which is arranged for entertainments, banquets and dances.

The folding chairs with which this room is equipped furnish a seating capacity for 950 persons on the main floor, and the balcony has 210 upholstered opera chairs. Thus a total seating of 1,160 is provided. A full-sized stage with proscenium arch 35 feet wide and a stage height of 46 feet to the gridiron beams makes it possible to put on large productions.

For dancing there is ample room for 600 couples without crowding, and for serving banquets a capacity of 1,000 can be arranged by seating the speakers' table on the stage. Direct access from the kitchen through a serving-room provides the service for the banquets.

The cost of the lot on which the new Home stands was \$50,000, the building \$200,000 and the furnishings \$50,000, giving the Lodge a total investment of \$300,000 in a building of which Moline can well feel proud.

THE splendid new three-story Home of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge No. 1478 was recently dedicated in the presence of visiting Elks from Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lockport and many other near-by cities.

The first day of the celebration was given over to a public inspection of the new building, a regular meeting and the initiation of a dedication class, and a grand ball.

The dedication ceremonies on the next day took place in the handsome new Lodge room following a street parade which was witnessed by a crowd of more than 5,000. The band and drill team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23 and visiting Elks from many other Lodges joined the Lancastrians in the parade. The marchers were escorted by a special squad of motorcycle police.

The new Home was dedicated by Charles C. Ryan, Past Exalted Ruler of Buffalo Lodge. Among the distinguished members who took part in the dedication exercises were William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association, who delivered the dedication address; James A. Farley, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; Philip Clancy, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; William E. Drislane, Past Grand Trustee, and D. Curtis Gano, Past Exalted Ruler of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24.

Situated on East Main Street, in the finest
(Continued on page 87)

Giving Thanks and Thanksgiving

By Col. John P. Sullivan

Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare

OF THE various holidays which are celebrated annually throughout the United States, two are of outstanding and definite national significance. These are, of course, Independence Day and Thanksgiving. Of the two, Thanksgiving is much the older, for the intrepid little band of Pilgrims which carved themselves a foothold on what was then a hostile continent, celebrated their first devout Thanksgiving a century and a half before the great Declaration that made of us a free and independent people was written.

Three hundred years ago! And what a glorious development those years have witnessed! Picture it: The little Pilgrim settlement where the colonists suffered almost unbelievable hardships and privations for the bare privileges which are ours in such lavish measure and without effort to-day. Their days were spent in bitter toil, from sun-up unto dark. The simplest comforts that we know to-day were denied them. Their lives were constantly menaced by lack of provisions, by privation, and by the hordes of hostile savages by whom they were surrounded. And yet, when it pleased the Almighty, that glowing autumn three hundred years ago, to send them a bounteous harvest, they rejoiced and gave thanks for their manifold blessings.

We who enjoy the advantages of the splendid structure for which they laid the foundation, are so accustomed to accept what they would have regarded as the most wildly incredible luxuries, that we are apt to overlook the plain and homely duty that devolves upon us, of showing our appreciation to the Great Author of all our blessings.

Thanksgiving is more than telling yourself or your neighbor that you are thankful; and we

Elks—a fraternity founded solely upon American citizenship—should be the first to realize it. The celebration of Thanksgiving implies, for every true American, the spreading abroad of that good cheer and welfare that it lies within our power to share with those who have not been specially favored by fortune. There is not one of us who does not know of some family, some person, who has met reverses or misfortune that might make Thanksgiving Day for them little more than a bleak mockery.

Shall it not, therefore, be our privilege, this year, to show our gratitude for the abundance of our blessings by sharing them with those to whom we can make the very name of Thanksgiving a real and vital symbol of what it means to be an American and an Elk? Other organizations make other holidays, such as Christmas, the occasions for their outpourings of generosity, just as we do. But let us, as Elks and Americans, make it our high prerogative to see to it that no one, within reach of us, shall be overlooked in the good cheer with which every loyal citizen desires Thanksgiving Day to be invested.

We can work to this great end better through our Lodges than we can as individuals. A circular urging your participation in Thanksgiving Welfare Work has already been sent out to all the Lodges, and embodied in it is a splendid plan reprinted herewith for organized effort in this direction. Let us be able to say, in our next annual report, that wherever one of the great

Lodges of the Elks stood, throughout the length and breadth of all this mighty land, there was Thanksgiving truly a day for giving thanks; there kindly men, imbued with Charity, Brother Love, Justice and Fidelity, "went about doing good."

The Thanksgiving basket plan, which has been successfully used in the past, follows:

Name a committee with chairman and vice-chairman, as early as possible. To every member of the Lodge send blank cards on which each member can fill out the name and address of some family or families of worthy poor in his own neighborhood. For two such names the member encloses his check for \$5 (if that is the amount your committee fixes) or as many more as he wishes, paying in proportion. Should he merely enclose his check and no names, the committee distributes the baskets his money buys, at their own discretion. None but Elks are permitted to subscribe to the Thanksgiving Basket Fund.

The names are recorded as the cards and checks come back from the members, and are listed in city districts by routes for distribution. These lists are made by professional routers from the largest department stores. Then the committee, its lists complete, its fund in hand, on a certain date, buys the supplies. It gets wholesale rates. Many times, from charitable firms, it buys food at cost or less than cost. While the food in each family basket could not be bought for less than \$10 at retail, the Elks buy it for from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a basket.

The committee obtains the use of some warehouse, or other suitable place, for storing and packing the food. On the evening before Thanksgiving the Elks, their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, all meet at the ware-

(Continued on page 40)



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

A SPECIAL meeting of the Exalted Rulers and members of the Social and Community Welfare Committees of New York Lodges, has been called by Frank L. Armstrong, Chairman of the New York State Elks Association Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The meeting will be held at the Home of New York Lodge on Sunday, November 8, at 1 P. M. The purpose of the meeting will be to decide on some definite plan of welfare activity by the Lodges of the State. Various ideas and suggestions will be presented and there will be open discussion of the proposals. The meeting will be an extremely important one, and those who have received invitations are urged to be present. Several Grand Lodge officers and a representative of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare are expected to address the meeting. Past Presidents of the State Association and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State have also been invited.

The welfare work of the Lodges in New York State has shown great development in the last few years, and the meeting is expected to consolidate the activities of the individual Lodges into some definite and far-reaching plan.

Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge Stages Brilliant Charity Show

With costumes and scenery surpassing any ever seen in the city, the "Frolics of 1926," produced by Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge No. 106, played to packed houses the three nights of its presentation at the Grand Theatre. Preceding the opening performance there was a great parade in which the business houses of the city took part, each being represented by a float beautifully decorated in Elk colors. The entire cast of the show, and three bands which donated their services to the cause of charity, were in the procession. The show was a huge success and was the means of adding several thousand dollars to the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Keokuk Lodge has shown great development in the last few years. It has increased its membership substantially, made extensive alterations and repairs on its Home, and organized a Glee Club which is well known throughout the district and which was one of the features of this year's Frolic. The Lodge is held in high esteem in the city and neighboring territory, due to a great extent to its many laudable charitable activities.

Montana State Elks Association Meets at Kalispell

The annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association was held recently at Kalispell, under the auspices of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge

No. 725. Delegates from practically every Lodge in the Association were present and much important business was transacted, notably the drafting of a new constitution. A resolution was unanimously adopted pledging the Lodges of the State to give moral and financial support to the orthopedic hospital for children at Billings.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, J. M. Montgomery of Kalispell Lodge; First Vice-President, Tom McTague; Second Vice-President, George L. Steinbrenner of Missoula Lodge No. 383; Third Vice-President, Charles T. Trott of Billings Lodge No. 394; Treasurer, Fred J. McQueeney of Butte Lodge No. 240; Secretary, R. A. Gibbons of Helena Lodge No. 103; Doorkeeper, Charles T. Wegner of Great Falls Lodge No. 214; Marshall, John P. Duggan of Butte Lodge; Trustees: A. D. Williams of Havre Lodge No. 1201, and Arthur J. Baker of Lewistown Lodge No. 456.

Renovo, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Its Beautiful New Home

With its Past Exalted Rulers in charge of the ceremony, Renovo, Pa., Lodge No. 334 recently dedicated its handsome new Home on the corner of Fourth Street and St. Clair Avenue. Representatives from many Lodges in Pennsylvania were present, including members of the Glee Club and Drill Squad of Williamsport Lodge No. 173.

The new Home of Renovo Lodge is complete and modern in every respect. It is constructed of red face brick, trimmed with Indiana limestone, and has three stories and basement. The whole is of strictly fireproof material. There is not a comfort which could be thought of, both for members and their wives, that has not been embodied within its walls. Not only is the building superbly furnished throughout with great taste, but its architectural qualities make it one of the most distinctive structures in the city.

Massachusetts Lodges Take Part in Ceremonies at Braves Field

Members of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge No. 1078 and representatives of Boston and other Massachusetts Lodges recently conducted an impressive memorial service on Braves Field, Boston, for Norman D. "Tony" Boeckel, third baseman of the Boston Braves who died two years ago. A wreath was placed in front of the Memorial Tablet which Winthrop Lodge dedicated in his memory last year, and James V. O'Donnell, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, explained to the

audience the reason for the gathering, paying tribute to his fellow member.

The day also marked the opening of the drive by the Elks of Massachusetts in the national campaign to save "Old Ironsides." With the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who is Chairman of the Campaign Committee, and a score of other distinguished members of the Order, the drive was inaugurated by a procession of marines, sailors, ball players and officials to the flagpole in the center field, where a pennant bearing the inscription, "An Elk in Every Schoolroom Will Save Old Ironsides," was hoisted.

Stillwater, Minn., Lodge Takes Interest in Boys of Its Community

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Stillwater, Minn., Lodge No. 179 has been doing excellent work among the boys within its jurisdiction during the past summer. One of the most successful of its activities was the organization of an Elks Junior Baseball Association made up of boys of fifteen and under. Six teams with an elected captain were formed, each team being sponsored directly by one of the members of the Lodge. Games between the various teams were played on Saturday afternoons with an experienced umpire officiating. Great enthusiasm was awakened among the boys of the community in the standing of the teams, and large attendance was had at all games.

Rapid Progress Being Made on New Home of Los Angeles Lodge

The beautiful new Home which is being built by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99 at Sixth and Parkview Avenues is rapidly nearing completion and it is the hope of the membership that the structure will be ready for occupancy early in the new year.

Iowa State Elks Association Active in Many Fields

The Elks Scholarship Foundation which was established at the recent meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association is designed to extend needed help in the way of fees and by providing part-time work where possible to the children of Elks or of deceased Elks, in State colleges, in order that they may complete their education. This Foundation is administered under the direction of a Board of Trustees consisting of three members.

The Association, in addition to the publication of a tri-yearly bulletin which is sent free to all chair officers, trustees, Past Exalted Rulers and others of the Subordinate Lodges in the State, is working out further plans for publicity. These

include the establishment of an Iowa State Elks Association news bureau for the purpose of sending Elk news to all papers in the town where a Lodge is located. The Association also urges the appointment of a committee in each Lodge to act in cooperation with a similar State committee, whose specific duty it will be to look after the welfare of the dependent orphan children of deceased members. The furthering of ritualistic contests among Lodges of the State for the purpose of improving the exemplification of the Ritual is another activity of the Association.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge Will Put On Lavish Minstrel Show

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714, is planning to present a minstrel show in the new auditorium during the first week in December. The show is expected to be the best ever staged by the Lodge and will have many novel features.

Wichita, Kans., Lodge Sponsors Unusual Musical Unit

Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427, has fostered a unique musical organization known as the Elks Ladies Saxophone Band. There are 41 players in the unit, and the members are wives, daughters, sisters or friends of Elks. The band made its first public appearance in the fall of 1924 and since then it has given a number of concerts in Wichita and Newton. When the new Home of Wichita Lodge was dedicated last May it took a prominent part in the exercises. Recently, at the convention of the Kansas State Elks Association, held in Wichita, it again gave an excellent account of itself.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Visits Alaska Lodges

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92, recently visited the Lodges of Alaska as the special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. He first conferred with the officers of Ketchikan Lodge No. 1429, and Juneau Lodge No. 420. His next stop was at Anchorage Lodge No. 1351, where a special meeting, which was largely attended, was called in his honor. The fact that Mr. Meier was the first Grand Lodge officer to visit this Lodge added interest to the meeting. Cordova Lodge No. 1483, was next visited. Mr. Meier here delivered one of his characteristic addresses, urging that all members of the Order forget self-aggrandizement and work for the betterment of mankind. As in the case of Anchorage Lodge, Mr. Meier was the first Grand Lodge officer to visit this Lodge, so that his reception was in the nature of a special event to its members.

The special message borne by the Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight to Lodges in Alaska from the Grand Exalted Ruler was embodied in a telegram sent him on the eve of his departure for the territory. It read as follows: "Deeply grateful for the opportunity to send by you to the Brothers of Alaska a word of affection and cheer. Please assure them that neither distance nor climate lessen in the slightest degree the regard in which they are held. This year each horse in the team is expected to do his very best for country, and individually. Alaska Elks will be delighted to pull their part of the load."

Everywhere throughout the territory Mr. Meier was impressed by the excellent condition existing in the Lodges and by their fine spirit of cooperation.

Silver City, N. M., Lodge Forms "Burn the Mortgage Club"

Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413, is trying out a novel scheme by which it hopes to reduce materially the indebtedness existing on its present Home. Under the leadership of its Exalted Ruler, an organization known as the "Burn the Mortgage Club" has been formed. All members of the Lodge are eligible to join, the membership fee being \$5.00, life membership \$25.00. The annual dues in the "Club" are left to the generosity of the members. With the funds raised in this manner the Lodge hopes to discharge a large portion of its indebtedness. After a sufficient number have joined, a more

formal organization will be perfected which will provide various social entertainments throughout the year in furtherance of its purpose.

Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia Association Meets

The fifth annual convention of the State Association, comprising all Lodges within the jurisdiction of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, held recently in Frederick, Md., was one of the most successful in the history of the Association. All plans were carried out with perfection, the affair culminating in a large parade on the last day in which several thousand Elks took part. On the first day Memorial Services were conducted for Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Salabes of Baltimore, Md., Lodge No. 7, one of the founders of the Association who had passed away during the year. The Association presented the retiring President, P. J. Callan of Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15, with a beautiful chest of silver as a token of its appreciation of his two years' service.

Interesting and profitable business sessions were conducted during the three-day convention and the election of officers resulted as follows: President, Samuel H. De Hoff of Towson, Md., Lodge No. 469; First Vice-President, William U. McCready of Annapolis, Md., Lodge No. 622; Second Vice-President, William H. Bovey of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge No. 378; Third Vice-President, John J. Powell of Wilmington, Del., Lodge No. 307; Secretary-Treasurer, John E. Lynch of Washington Lodge; Trustees: Francis V. Staub of Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684; Howard F. McCall of Wilmington Lodge; Charles J. Montgomery of Washington Lodge, and George R. Daisy of Cumberland, Md., Lodge No. 63. Wilmington, Del., was chosen as the 1926 convention city.

One of the features of the convention was the formal dedication of the handsome Home of Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684.

One of the Oldest Boy Scout Troops Sponsored by Shamokin, Pa., Lodge

At a recent meeting Shamokin, Pa., Lodge No. 355, unanimously decided to take over the responsibility of fostering "City Troop No. 1," Boy Scouts of America, one of the oldest troops in the country. This troop was founded in 1910 when the boy scout movement was brought from England, and its organization antedates by several months the formation of the National Council of Boy Scouts of America. The troop is at present composed of about 60 boys whose parents belong to various creeds and sectarian-

ism has no part in its activities, so that it will be truly representative of the Order. Shamokin Lodge plans to assist the troop financially and to help the boys in many other ways.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge Looks Out for Crippled Children

The recent outing for crippled children held by Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge No. 81, was one of the most successful ever conducted by the membership. A sight-seeing ride to Lake George and Bolton, a bountiful picnic lunch at Fort George Park, where there was much to entertain the youngsters—these were the high lights of the eventful day.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Holds Its Seventh Annual Auto Show

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289, recently conducted its seventh annual Auto Show in the Elizabeth Armory. The exhibition was put on in conjunction with the Elizabeth Auto Trade Association and was one of the first shows to display the new 1926 models in this section of the country. Many entertainment features were introduced during the week of the exhibition, and the entire net proceeds were turned into the Lodge's charity fund.

Ely, Nev., Lodge Stages Three-Day Jubilee

Ely, Nevada, Lodge No. 1469, recently conducted a three-day celebration which was in every way successful. The first day a large class of candidates from the mines was initiated, and the loving cup won by its Ritualistic Team at the State Association was presented to the Lodge. The second day the degree team went to the smelter town, McGill, and initiated a large class from there. This was followed by an entertainment consisting of wrestling matches, vaudeville acts, etc., after which the Elks of McGill served an elaborate banquet to the visitors. Present as guests of honor were the officers and members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719. The third day witnessed the dedication of the new Home of the Stray Elks of McGill. The dedication services were conducted in an impressive manner by Exalted Ruler Henry A. Anderson and the officers of Ogden Lodge. After the dedication Hon. William Edwards of Tonopah, Nev., Lodge No. 1062, delivered the address of the evening. He spoke feelingly of the remarkable achievement of the McGill Elks and prophesied that the Order throughout Nevada would be influenced and benefited by their example. The



The membership of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge No. 788, enjoys this attractive new Home, which embodies everything in the way of comfort

exercises, which were public, were followed by dancing in the ballroom of the new building and a midnight lunch in the dining-room.

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Has Able Boy Scout Troop

Boy Scout Troop No. 18, organized and sponsored a short time ago by Charleston, W. Va., Lodge No. 202, gives promise of being the best troop in the city. Among other activities, the boys have organized a fife and drum corps of 24 pieces which will be ready on November 1 to give the Lodge and the citizens of Charleston a demonstration. Recently the Lodge celebrated the installation of the troop by a large banquet in the Home.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Visits New Home of Clearfield, Pa., Lodge

The Degree Team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge No. 519, accompanied by many members of the Lodge, recently visited Clearfield, Pa., Lodge No. 540, where they initiated a class of candidates for their host. The occasion was the opening of the new Home of Clearfield Lodge, and, in addition to the initiation, there was a fine program of entertainment provided the visitors, among whom were representatives of a number of Lodges in the region.

Crippled Children's School of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge

The interesting school for crippled children maintained by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155 opened again this fall with 17 children on its rolls. These youngsters are making remarkable progress in their studies and offer convincing proof of the success of the project. Now that the school seems to be firmly established as a practical and highly commendable feature in the welfare activities of the Lodge, it is expected that more children will be enrolled during the coming year. The Lodge owns the building in which the school is conducted and its operation is in charge of a special committee cooperating with the local school authorities.

Shreveport, La., Lodge Has Vacancies In Its Famous Band

Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122 is the proud sponsor of a 35-piece band composed of Elks, and during the past year it has made wonderful progress. The band has taken part in many civic events, has rendered radio concerts from Station KWKH, and has played before large audiences in the various city parks. The band is now anxious to add several new members to its organization. Applicants desiring to make connections should address their inquiries to B. Axel Johansson, Director Elks Band, care of Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122.

Antlers of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Installs New Members

Entering its third term under auspicious circumstances, Long Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 3, Order of Antlers, the junior organization



The new Home of Hampton, Va., Lodge No. 366, recently dedicated

sponsored by Long Beach Lodge No. 888, recently installed its new officers. A special invitation was sent to all members of No. 888 and many were present to witness the ceremony. On the following evening the Antlers conducted a dance at La Venta Inn, Palos Verdes Estates, in celebration of its anniversary and the installation. The evening was a great success and was attended by many of the Big Brothers. The Antlers of Long Beach Lodge has a wide-awake membership made up of the best young men of the community, and is proving itself a valuable adjunct of the life of the Lodge.

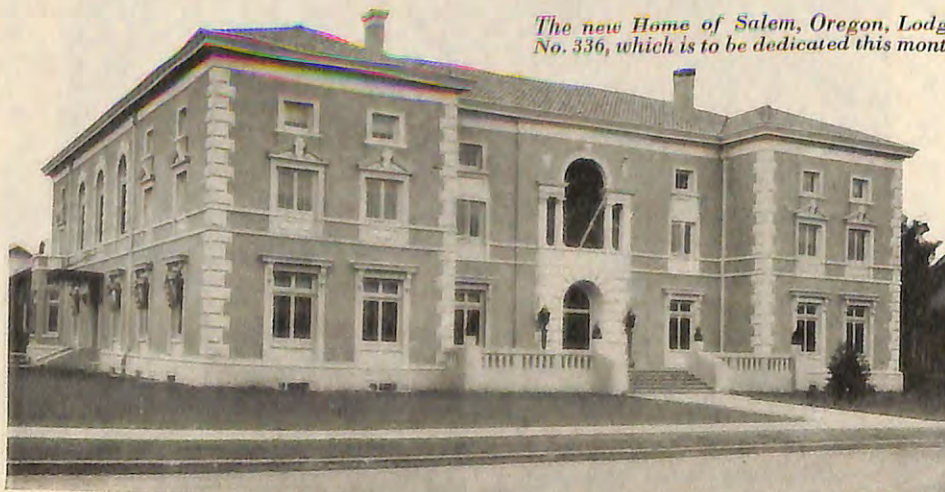
Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge Plans Many Entertainments

The Entertainment Committee of Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge No. 577 has promised the membership a large round of pleasure during the coming months, and plans have already been made for a number of special dances and stag affairs. An Italian night, dances on Armistice Day, Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve, a Southern Cabaret, and many other features of a similar nature are scheduled. There are also several stag shows and boxing bouts in store for the membership.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Conducts Big Annual Event

The annual "Kiddies Day" conducted recently by St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge No. 1224 touched the high-water mark of this Lodge's achievement in the field of welfare work, and was even more successful than a similar event held last year when 3,000 youngsters enjoyed a rare outing. St. Petersburg Lodge invited all the children within its jurisdiction to take part in the festivities that were held at Pass-a-Grille, an

The new Home of Salem, Oregon, Lodge No. 336, which is to be dedicated this month



island outside the city. More than 5,000 youngsters responded to the call and were treated to one of the best times of their lives. When one considers that such a large number of children were taken care of, to say nothing of the grown-ups, and that St. Petersburg Lodge has a membership under 1,000, and that Pass-a-Grille is over 11 miles distant from the city—what the members accomplished can be appreciated.

Delicacies of all descriptions were provided the youngsters, and there were bathing, water sports, and many other athletic events throughout the day. Though it is difficult to see how improvement could be made on the day, St. Petersburg Lodge is, nevertheless, already looking forward to next year's event and laying plans for an even "bigger and better Kiddies Day."

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Considering Building New Home

At a recent meeting of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge No. 1150 a committee was appointed to go into the question of building a new Home. Owning one of the finest parcels of real estate along the Post Road between New York and Boston, Greenwich Lodge feels it must have a new building, one that will take its place with the other fraternal and public buildings in its community.

Cornerstone Laid for New Home Of Red Oak, Iowa, Lodge

Impressive ceremonies and exercises marked the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home which Red Oak, Iowa, Lodge No. 1304 is building on West Reed Street at a cost of approximately \$40,000. Work on the building is progressing so rapidly that the membership look forward to occupying the new Home by Thanksgiving. Plans are being perfected for its dedication on this date, when it is expected that a large class of candidates will be initiated.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Host To City's Children

Several hundred children were guests recently of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842, at its annual outing. The little ones were taken in a number of busses from the Home and after a sight-seeing tour throughout Westchester County were driven to Rye Beach, where a substantial lunch awaited all members of the party. During the afternoon tickets were issued to the children for the various amusements of the Beach. An abundant supply of sandwiches, cakes, ice cream, fruit, candies and milk was furnished the little guests. The occasion was a most enjoyable one for the children, and the whole event was admirably conducted by the committee in charge of the outing.

Clinton, Mass., Lodge Gives Young Man College Education

At a meeting held last spring, Clinton, Mass., Lodge No. 1306 voted to pay the expenses of some worthy pupil of the local High School through an institution of higher learning. Cooperating with the principal of the High School, the Lodge recently selected a young man for the scholarship and he is now entered upon a four-year course at the Worcester Technological Institute with his expenses assured by the Lodge.

Four New Elk Lodges Recently Instituted

Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge No. 1506 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gillhaus. The first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge is John A. Baldwin, and the Secretary is James E. Williams.

Bradentown, Fla., Lodge No. 1511 was instituted with H. T. Edwards as its first Exalted Ruler and Moreland H. Gaines as its first Secretary.

Marianna, Fla., Lodge No. 1516 was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene P. Roch. James H. Finch is the Exalted Ruler and W. V. Mayfield the Secretary.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge No. 1517 was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Frank Blanton. W. A. Hicks is the Exalted Ruler and G. A. Dagwell, Secretary.

Band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Gives Unique Concert

With the majestic snow-clad slopes of Mount Tacoma (Mount Rainier) for a background and an audience of more than 300 Tacomans and many visitors from other parts of the country, the band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, recently presented an impressive program in Paradise Valley. The affair was the second annual celebration of Tacoma Day at the mountain, and this event proved so successful that it will be a permanent institution annually hereafter.

The trip to Mount Tacoma is the first of a series of visits the band will make to various centers in the Northwest this winter. The band has attained a high rank among the musical organizations of the West and is looked upon as a great asset to Tacoma as well as to Tacoma Lodge.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Provides Fun For Crippled Children

The crippled children within its jurisdiction were recently given an outing by Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24. The youngsters, who were taken to and from the scene of the outing in autos furnished by the members, experienced a thoroughly delightful day. There were boat trips on Irondequoit Bay in steam launches, a fish and chicken dinner and plenty of music, ice cream, sandwiches and soda pop.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge to Have 18-Hole Golf Course

The Golf Committee of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, recently announced the successful completion of plans for a Golf and Country Club which promises to be one of the finest on Long Island. A tract of 108 acres of property ideally suited to the purpose has been purchased at Kew Gardens and will be developed immediately into a complete modern Country Club, with an 18-hole golf course, tennis courts and other sporting features.

Members of Brooklyn Lodge are enthusiastic golfers. During the summer several very successful one-day tournaments were held on the Lenox Hills, Hillcrest, and Queens Valley courses. The new Country Club will give a fine stimulus to the game and should prove a valuable asset to the Lodge in general.

Junior Past Exalted Rulers Association Working Well

The recently formed association of Junior Past Exalted Rulers of California South Central is proving itself a real asset to the District. Meetings have been held at various Lodges this fall, each occasion being marked by enthusiasm and fresh interest in a wide range of activities. The Association was formed with the idea of visiting in a body the Lodges of the District from time to time, thereby stimulating interest in meetings and promoting a spirit of fellowship and cooperation.

Hannibal, Mo., Lodge Will Move Into New Home November 1

Hannibal, Mo., Lodge No. 1198 expects to occupy its newly remodeled Home on November 1. The changes, additions and improvements that have been made represent an investment of approximately \$50,000, and the whole is practically a new structure.

The front of the building is of white stone and pressed brick, and one of the features is the porch, 37 x 14 feet, which extends across the entire front of the building and has a red quarry tile floor. The first floor will be occupied by stores. On the second floor will be the main lounging-room, 38 x 54 feet, and a billiard-room 18 x 25 feet, which will be equipped with two standard tournament-size billiard tables and two pocket billiard tables. On the third floor will be the Lodge room, 39 x 70 feet. The woodwork will be magnolia and oak and the walls will be canvased and hand-decorated. This room will also serve as the ballroom and will be the scene of many dances and parties throughout the coming season. The dining-room, 15 x 54 feet, kitchen, ante-room, regalia room and ladies' rest-room are also on this floor.



The handsome residence which was purchased by Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200, and which has been completely remodeled as its new home

The members have worked out an excellent program of exercises in connection with the dedication, and a large class of candidates will be initiated at the occasion.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Awards a Yearly Scholarship

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, in furthering its charitable and community welfare work, is awarding a yearly scholarship valued at \$200 for a full four-year academic course in any college selected by the winner. The following rules determine the award of the scholarship: (1) It will be open to the sons of present members or the sons of deceased members of No. 878, without regard to financial need; (2) the applicant must be a graduate of a High School or its equivalent. He may select any college, but he must be eligible for admission to the one selected. Holding of another scholarship bars the applicant. All applications must be approved by the committee; (3) The scholarship fund will be paid direct to the college by the Lodge. The continuance of the scholarship each year will depend upon evidence of the holder's promotion to the next higher class in college.

The winner of the first award was selected, after meeting other requirements, by a competitive examination which was held recently in the Home of the Lodge.



The Home of Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Crippled Children

A large number of crippled children and their guardians were recently guests of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275, at the Health Farm maintained by the Lodge at Freedom Plains. The youngsters were served with luncheon in the spacious dining-hall of the farm and were entertained later by games and by the presentation of a play put on by the children of the farm.

Oklahoma State Elks Association Meets in Woodward

A most successful convention was held recently by the Oklahoma State Elks Association at Woodward. Woodward Lodge No. 1355, though comparatively small, arranged and conducted a program of entertainment that was the best the Association has enjoyed in a number of years. A big parade, dancing, and a large banquet were some of the social features of the convention.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, Harold L. Street of Woodward Lodge; First Vice-President, Julius H. Kahn of Ardmore Lodge No. 648; Second Vice-President, O. L. Hayden of Alva Lodge No. 1184; Third Vice-President, C. D. Wallace of Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417; Treasurer, L. A. Browder of Duncan Lodge No. 1447; Trustee and Secretary, Murett W. Brown of Shawnee Lodge No. 657.

Members of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Buy Trees in Elks Woods

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge No. 274 recently tried out a novel scheme to retire the indebtedness on its summer property on Lake Michigan. The Lodge purchased a heavily timbered tract of land known as Elks Woods in a most desirable location and sold the standing timber to its members, one tree to each member. No fixed price was placed on the trees, each purchaser being asked to pay only what he thought the investment was worth to him. A proper deed was furnished to each buyer and a marker showing his name and attesting his ownership was attached to the tree he selected. The novelty of the scheme won the hearty cooperation of the members and was the means of raising a very considerable sum of money.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Caring for Cripples of Its Community

Since Reading, Pa., Lodge No. 115, became actively interested this summer in helping the crippled children of its community it has examined close to 100 cases, provided a number of operations and supplied many braces and special shoes. It is the plan of the Social and Community Welfare Committee which has this work in charge to continue and to enlarge its activities

Accommodations For Traveling Elks

Living accommodations are obtainable in any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed below.

Agana, Guam, No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1391
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Mena, Ark., Lodge No. 781
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

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

in this field and to provide the best medical and surgical care for the unfortunate youngsters.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Goes Ahead with New Home

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge No. 613, whose Home was damaged beyond the degree of safety by the earthquake, is planning to erect a new steel structure on the ruins of the old Home that has housed the Lodge for the past twenty-three years. A building committee was appointed sometime ago and plans for the erection of the building are well under way. It is estimated that the new Home will cost from \$250,000 to \$300,000 when completed.

Reorganization Meeting of Texas State Elks Association

Dallas was unanimously selected for the first convention next Spring of the Texas State Elks Association at the reorganization meeting held recently in San Antonio over which Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell presided. Mr. Atwell was elected Honorary President of the Association and Jack R. Burke of San Antonio, Lodge No. 216, who has been President of the temporary organization, was elected to head the permanent association. Other officers of the new body were elected as follows: Vice-Presidents, W. A. Fields of Hillsboro Lodge No. 903; Reagan Huffman of Marshall Lodge No. 683; E. B. Prince of Waxahachie Lodge No. 280; W. G. Merritt of Burkburnett Lodge No. 1480; Thomas C. Ford of Orange Lodge No. 284; L. T. Hoyt of Mercedes Lodge No. 1467; and N. J. Nanney of Breckenridge Lodge No. 1480; Secretary, Grover C. Collins of San Antonio Lodge; Treasurer, C. J. Schneider of Austin Lodge No. 201. The Board of Trustees will consist of Col. P. L. Downs of Temple Lodge No. 138; Charles A. Mangold of Dallas Lodge No. 71; A. G. Ilesing of Fort Worth Lodge No. 124; C. K. Johnson of Wichita Falls Lodge No. 1105; H. S. Paulus of Yoakum Lodge No. 1033; Max H. Miller of El Paso Lodge No. 187; and A. L. David of Beaumont Lodge No. 311. V. G. Sharver of San Antonio Lodge was appointed by the President as Sergeant-at-Arms, and W. H. Mulvoy of Dallas Lodge was named Tiler of the Association.

The business sessions of the meeting were highly satisfactory. A new constitution and by-laws were discussed, revised and adopted, and a committee was appointed to formulate a general social and community welfare program that should have far-reaching results. An outstanding part of this program will probably be the activity of all Lodges of the Association in helping crippled and diseased children of the State. Another feature will be the presentation of an American flag to every public school in Texas. It is also planned to enlarge the "Big Brother" movement throughout the State, and to give special attention to annual picnic and Christmas cheer to the poor and the orphans.

The Texas State Elks Association originally

was organized in 1914 and continued until soon after the World War, when the last convention was held in Galveston in 1919. Houston had the meeting in 1918, San Antonio in 1917, and Dallas in 1916.

The reorganization convention ended with an informal dance and vaudeville entertainment given by San Antonio Lodge on the roof of its Home. San Antonio Lodge kept open house throughout the convention and showed its hospitality to the delegates and visitors in many ways.

Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Western Lodges

During the month of October the following Lodges were on the itinerary of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell for visitations: Douglas, Ariz., Lodge No. 955 (Oct. 3); Roswell, N. Mex., Lodge No. 969 (Oct. 5); Amarillo, Tex., Lodge No. 923 (Oct. 6); Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427 (Oct. 15—State Elks Association Meeting); Shawnee, Okla., Lodge No. 657 (Oct. 16); Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4 (Oct. 25); Evanston, Ill., Lodge No. 1316 (Oct. 26); La Crosse, Wis., Lodge No. 300 (Oct. 27); Manitowac, Wis., Lodge No. 687 (Oct. 28); Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750 (Oct. 29).

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

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

Rochelle, Ill., Lodge No. 1501. Purchase for \$8,000 for a new Home, of a two story, eight room frame building on a corner lot, 122 x 75 feet, one block from the center of the business section of the city.

Delta, Colo., Lodge No. 1235. Plans to erect a two story and basement brick building, at a cost of \$60,000, including furniture and equipment, on a site already owned by the Lodge. The basement will contain kitchen, dining room, lavatories, and bath rooms. The first floor will contain club room, reception room, ladies' reception and rest room, and reading rooms; the second floor will contain the Lodge room, committee room, etc. The Lodge room will be 50 x 60 feet, and the building 50 x 80 feet.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439. Erection of a new Home on a site 75 x 125 feet owned by the Lodge. It is proposed to erect a four story concrete building, the three upper floors to be used for Lodge purposes and the ground floor to be rented for stores, the estimated cost of the building to be \$225,000 with furnishings at \$59,000.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge No. 307. Purchase of property and erection of a new Home on a building site 80 x 100 feet. The building will be 54 x 90 feet, three stories, brick front with terra cotta trimmings, the basement to contain dining room, kitchen and bowling alleys; the first floor

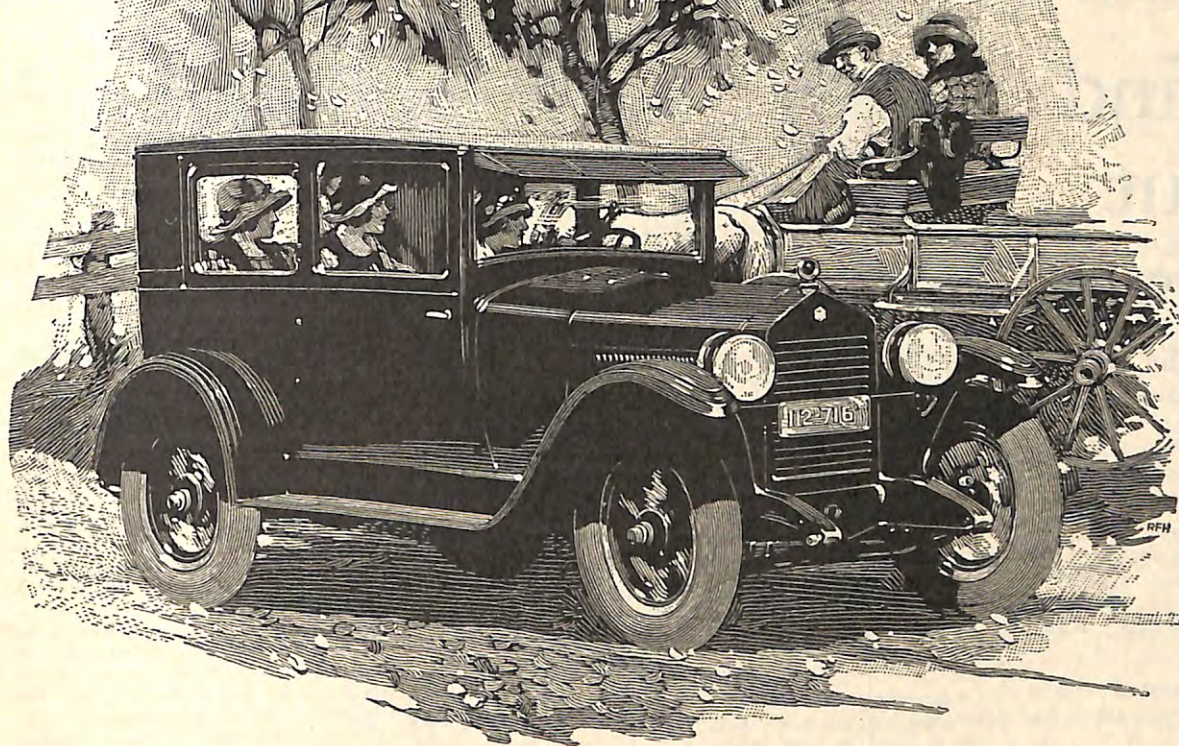
(Continued on page 79)



The famous band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, which recently gave a concert in the clouds, with Mount Rainier for a background

ESSEX COACH

\$795



World's Greatest Values

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

This is the greatest Essex value in history. It is the finest Essex ever built. The price is the lowest at which Essex ever sold. The largest production of 6-cylinder cars in the world, giving economies in purchase of materials, manufacture and distribution exclusive to that position, make this value possible alone to Hudson-Essex.

The new low price places within reach of all the brilliant performance, reliability, riding ease and fine appearance for which Essex is famous. No wonder this Essex value is everywhere regarded for outstanding quality and distinction.

HUDSON
COACH
\$1195

Hudson Brougham
\$1495

Hudson (7 Pass.) Sedan
\$1695

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars



You'll find
this out
in 3 shaves

The free trial tube of
Williams will prove it

THERE are 4 reasons why men who know prefer Williams Shaving Cream. Read those 4 reasons below.

Then make this test. Write for a free trial tube of Williams. Before the third shave is over, you'll know these 4 things:

1. Williams piles up firm, bulky lather. This lather stays piled up.
2. It stays wet to the end of the shave. Williams stays wet longer than any other lather we know.
3. It drives the invisible oil-film from each hair quickly. This allows the moisture in the lather to soak into all of every hair so that shaving is easier, quicker.
4. It leaves your skin feeling toned up and invigorated. You get not only a better shave but a face treatment as well.

Test Williams for yourself. A postcard will bring you the free trial tube. Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 1211, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada), Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

The large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains twice as much and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.



AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free 150-drop trial bottle write Department 1211.

My Pals, the Pugs

(Continued from page 12)

Cannonball. When that ebony-hued man-killer connected with the right hand, the referee seldom took the trouble to count. It was anywhere from five minutes to five days before his victim woke up. He only needed one punch to win, and he waited patiently for the opening to come. Willie Lewis knocked Rufe down three times, but the negro got up always at the count of nine, and finally he tricked Willie into leading with a right hand. Wow! The customers reached for their hats and the show was over. I saw the same thing happen to many others.

If Rufe could only have been held to the straight and narrow path, no one within twenty pounds of his weight, could have stood against him. At the age of forty-two he came back after an absence of twenty years, and with his grown up children sitting at the ringside, won several one-punch battles in California's four-round game. In fact, he was still so good that the police authorities refused to sanction further matches, fearing that the gray-headed veteran would some night put his fist clear through the body of an opponent. California's anti-prize-fight law had driven all the seasoned battlers from the state, and those who remained were operating under the classification of "amateurs." Turner is now somewhere in the Philippines, and still bowling them over.

LITTLE new can be said about the men who have held the heavyweight title in bygone years. Their lives are an open book to fandom, but I like to think of their temperaments as revealed unconsciously in the trying hours before important battles.

Jim Corbett, highly-sensitized and intelligent, was nervous as a cat. The hardest job confronting his trainers was to keep him composed in the final hours preceding a contest. On the other hand, "Young" Corbett seemed to have no nerves at all. He was perfectly cool and confident before a fight.

James J. Jeffries became surly and morose, refusing to talk to anyone. Peter Jackson demanded brandy and plenty of it. Joe Choynski liked to have people put questions to him and keep up a steady patter of conversation. Silence got on his nerves. Dixon liked to read a book right up to the minute when his trainer notified him he was due in the ring. A great many liked to play cards.

Bob Fitzsimmons on the eve of an important ring battle in California retired early, but discovered that his hotel room faced on a street where the noise of passing trains bothered him. Along toward morning, he got up and went prospecting alone down the corridors. Finally, he discovered an unoccupied room in a distant wing, crawled into bed and went contentedly to sleep. Morning came and his handlers searched for him in vain. Noon arrived and still Lanky Bob was missing. The rumor spread that he had been kidnapped. Word was sent to the police, and detectives hurried to the Fitzsimmons camp. Trainer and seconds were rushing around madly, following vainly one clue after another. The fight was scheduled for three o'clock in the afternoon, and the crowd assembled early. Not until an hour before ring time, was "Ruby Robert" discovered, still snoring contentedly in the comfortable bed he had appropriated.

Fitzsimmons loved to tell what he thought

were funny stories and to emphasize the point with a Cornish "haw! haw!" and a clap on the shoulder that would knock his unfortunate listener forty feet. Whenever Bob grever reminiscent in the training camp, it was a signal for every newspaperman to quietly arise and find business elsewhere. Bob, you know, could twist a horseshoe with his naked hands, and a hearty pat on the shoulder from him meant a visit to the hospital.

* * *

Taking them, by and large, the brothers of the roped arena are more sinned against than sinning, and I like 'em. Nor are they always as dumb as they are depicted, though there are one or two classic examples of pugilistic ivory. Tim McGrath likes to tell one on Tom Sharkey, the pride of the Navy. Tom's dome was supposed to be as solid as his jaw and the latter was bomb-proof.

The sailor champion received a letter from his sweetheart in the old country, and he took the missive to Tim to have it read to him, for Tom's education in that respect had been neglected.

But after the first fervent line had been read aloud, Sharkey interrupted with a demand that Tim read no further until he had put cotton in his ears.

"What'll I do that for?" said Tim.

The sailor's ponderous head wagged knowingly. "I'm not going to have you listen to what she says," he pronounced. "You got to stuff up your ears before you read another word!"

Tim did it, and Tom was satisfied, which makes it fair enough!

* * *

"Mind; I'm not apologizing for my profession. Fighting has been a means to an end with me. The game has given me everything that I have in the world, and much more than I could have obtained in any other way. I am duly grateful; but having been through the mill, when all is said and done, the prize ring is a hard field, and the public has made it that way. There's no happy middle ground; you're either a champion or a bum. You have to fight your own way to the top; fight to stay on top, and fight even for the privilege of retiring to private life. I think if I had a son, I would rather that he did not follow in his father's footsteps."

The speaker was William Harrison Dempsey, and we were gliding along the Silver Strand at Coronado Beach in Jack's luxurious limousine.

My mind went back to a certain night in the old West Oakland Pavilion, across the Bay from San Francisco. In those days I was a humble sporting scribe, grateful of the chance to earn an extra twenty dollars a night by serving as a referee for a club that managed to evade California's anti-boxing law by staging four round "amateur" contests. The winner of the main event that night was an awkward, hard hitting, unknown, imported from Salt Lake City for the price of a railroad ticket, and introduced to the assemblage as "Jack Dempsey."

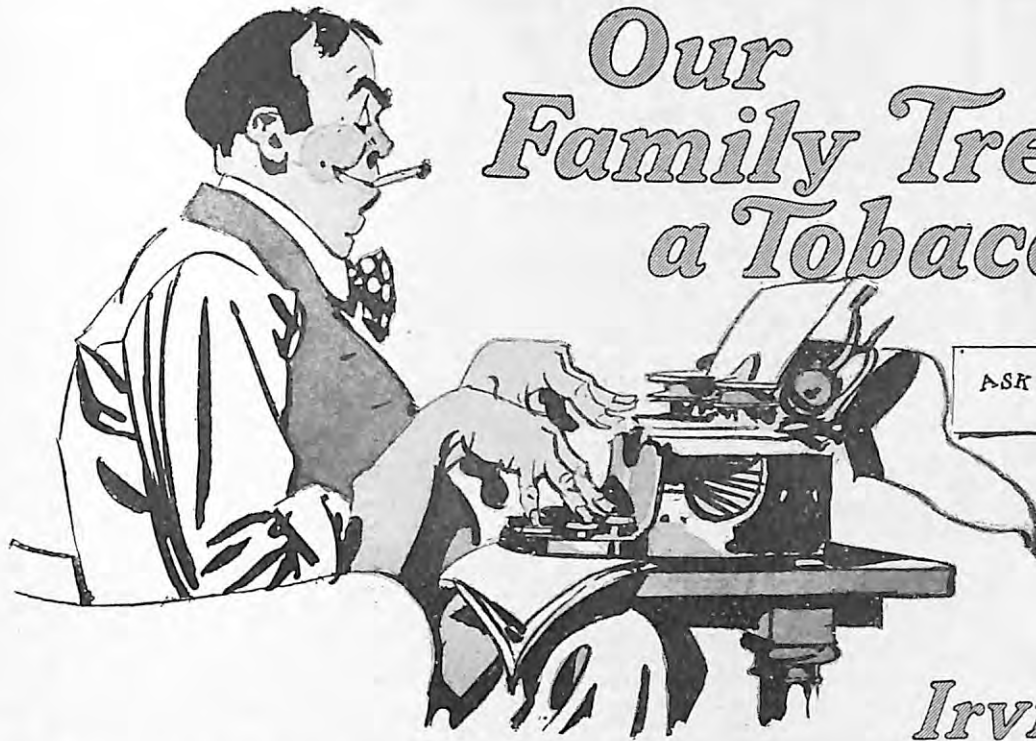
That had not been so many years ago, and now Jack was the untamed monarch of the Queensberry realm; and I, having graduated into the ranks of the story tellers, had been selected by a picture corporation, purely as a matter of coincidence, to write a series of film stories for which the champion was to receive the trifling sum of a million dollars.

Giving Thanks and Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 33)

house. The food has been arranged in piles on tables 10 or 15 feet apart. The basket carriers form in line at the end of the food line and pass the tables, where Elk workers fill the baskets swiftly. Other workers tie on the address labels. The filled baskets are placed on the opposite side of the warehouse. Auto trucks and automobiles donated by business firms and individuals drive alongside the filled baskets, where other workers give them their load. To each machine is assigned an Elk and a helper.

Usually the packing is ended by 10 P. M. From then to midnight the Elks and their ladies have supper and dance. At midnight, shrouded by the darkness, the motor caravan of charity sets out. Stealthily going about their tasks of doing good, the Elks go from house to house. A flash of an electric torch to confirm the house number, a knock at the door—and then, as the door opens, a silent form slips away in the dark. No others know of that charity save those who give and those who receive.



Our Family Tree was a Tobacco Plant

No. 1
of a series of talks on
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes
By

Irvin S. Cobb

I THINK there must be a whiff of tobacco in my blood. Fact is, I'm sure of it. My great-grandfather, a Vermont Irishman, went South in a wagon after the Revolution and he raised the first tobacco that was raised for export in what is now called The Black Patch of West Kentucky and West Tennessee. Wise old Yank, he cured and



treated the heavy dark weed after crude processes of his own devising, loaded it on keelboats, floated it down the Cumberland to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, where he trans-shipped to sailing vessels and sent his cargoes out to the Gold Coast of Africa to be bartered off for ivory and gold dust. I understand that, dealing with black tribesmen, he rarely got the worst of a deal. For if he was an Irishman, he also was a New Englander. He laid the sills for a substantial fortune.

His son, my grandfather, was a planter, a factor, a re-handler of tobacco; and on the side a merchant and a banker and a steam-boatman. His small fleet of stern-wheelers, manned by crews of his slaves and mostly captained by his own kinsmen, carried tobacco of his growing and his neighbors' growing to the city markets of the Southwest.

For his day he was a rich man until the Civil War came along and smashed him up. For he had bought Confederate bonds and had financed a battery of Confederate artillery.

His son, my father, followed in the footsteps of his people. He was a warehouseman. Later he was a buyer for foreign governments and for domestic contractors too. He was accounted one of the best judges of types and grades in the district. He smoked incessantly and he chewed frequently.

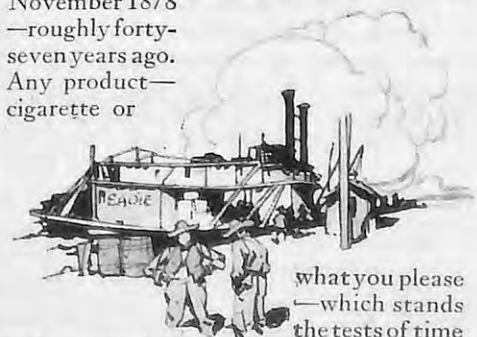
His son, meaning me, grew up with the smell of tobacco leaf in his young nose, with the jargon of its business in his ears. We lived on a tobacco street in a tobacco town. There was a stemmery on the corner above us, a snuff factory and a cigar-maker's shop down the road and a whole row of warehouses farther along. In the season, the fat hogsheads blocked the narrow sidewalks. I absorbed the romance of the industry—for it is one of the most romantic of industries—along with my hot biscuits and New Orleans molasses. In four generations, I was the first of the

first-born males of my breed to stray from the ancestral pathway.

And now, in a way of speaking, I'm back again in the family line. I have taken on the job of doing a series of signed advertisements of which this is the introductory one. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.

From time to time in this space, I'm going to write about Sweet Caporal Cigarettes. The first cigarette I ever smoked was a Sweet Caporal. That must be all of thirty-five years ago. Even that far back Sweet Caporals had been on the market a good long while. Commercially speaking, the Sweet Caporal Cigarette was born in November 1878

—roughly forty-seven years ago. Any product—cigarette or



what you please—which stands the tests of time and competition and shifting popular taste for nearly half a century and holds its own and steadily grows in favor is bound to have 'em. It shall be my task to try to explain a few facts about these merits.

Thank you.

Irvin S. Cobb

P. S. I write one of these articles every once in a while. Watch for the next.

ask Grandad
he knows
too!

The best smokes he ever had were
"Sweet Caps"
Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.



Keep floors clean and bright

—this new easy way—

It is no longer necessary to get down on the knees to wax floors and linoleum. Try the Johnson Liquid Wax treatment on them. It takes only a few minutes—there is no mess—no soiled hands—and it is as easy as running a carpet sweeper.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

All you do is pour a little Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat. This cleans the floor and at the same time deposits a protecting film of wax which a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring to a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent polish.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.00

This Outfit consists of:

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	\$1.40
1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	.25
A Saving of \$1.65!	\$6.65

This offer is good at dept., drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores.

This Floor Polishing Outfit sells at the same price (\$5.00) in Canada.

The Varsity Letter

(Continued from page 27)

"You make me awfully proud, Emmons." He caught her hand.

"Is that all you can say, Jane?" His voice betokened surprise rather than pain.

"It is all I can say now. You will have—to wait—" Her voice broke in a sob. Turning, she left him abruptly, hurrying down the street to her home.

The HALETON team and substitutes were leaving next morning for a country club there to remain amid peace and seclusion until it was time to repair to the field.

Jane Ewing, who had spent a restless, wakeful night, made it a point to cross the campus as Jarvis came out of his dormitory room bound for the gymnasium where the motor-cars were waiting.

"Hello, Jane." His eyes were blazing. "I had a talk with Jennings and Collins last night and they say it's a cinch I'll get into the game in Ethridge's place some time or another. Great stuff, what!"

"Great, Ted." But the girl's voice was quiet. She was regarding him with soft eyes which were not, she feared, to be misread. He was so keen, so young, so clean, so dynamic.

"I'll say it is. And Jane, wait until you see how Shelburne's pet off-tackle play gets smeared. But, of course, don't spill a word about its being my defense. Collins needs it, being a coach, and I don't, because football will be the last thing I'll be thinking about in a few months' time."

"Yes, Ted, but now? It's all football now, isn't it?"

"I mean to tell you! One big thing at a time is the only way to work, Jane."

"Have you thought about me?"

"Why—why—" He hesitated. "Look here, Jane dear, you said I'd have to win a varsity letter before—"

"I didn't say that, Ted. I asked if you shouldn't win one victory before trying to win another."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it? I mean if I win that letter you'll—"

She raised her hand.

"Ted, that sounds so childish. I didn't mean it in just that way. I—"

"No, what you meant was that if I came through with that letter after my long fight it would mean I would come through in other fights out in the world. Sort of a test. Wasn't that what you meant?"

She closed her eyes.

"I don't know what I meant. I—" She opened her eyes, smiling now. "You—you—had me on the run yesterday. I think I spoke of the letter to—well only to gain time."

"BUNK! I had you on the run, you say.

You're not the girl to be got on the run about nothing. Don't talk to me; I know you like a book. Jane, what's the sense in wasting time? Tell me right now you'll marry me. Then watch what I do out there to-morrow afternoon. Jane, tell me it's a go with us."

She smiled.

"Do your stirring deeds first, Ted; then come to me with your trophies."

"Yes, but when I do come, what?"

"Oh, I don't know." She shook her head impatiently. "Only do as I say."

"Jane—" He was stepping close to her, his mouth sternly set, and in sudden panic she was putting out her hand to keep him away when abruptly he checked himself.

"For the love of Mike!" His eyes darted to his wrist watch. "I'm due at the gym in two minutes and being late's something the coach won't stand for at all. . . . Until to-morrow afternoon, Jane."

His teeth gleamed in a smile over his shoulder as he loped toward the back campus with a long, space-killing stride.

Jane turned toward an arched exit, her face strangely drawn, her fingers absently twining and untwining.

No spectator at a big game ever notices the blanket-clad substitutes who line the bench, ever crouched forward, eyes ever strained upon the field, hoping, praying, waiting for the big chance that in all probability will never come to most of them.

None the less, with some of the substitutes, men whose qualifications have fallen but slightly below the highest demands of the positions in which they have specialized, there is the moral certainty that sooner or later they will be called into play if only because of the theory which has been accepted by coaches in ever-increasing number that a fresh substitute is better than a worn-out, or partially incapacitated, star.

Jarvis was one of these, yet curiously his eyes were not fixed upon the regular, whom he hoped to replace, with the steady, hypnotic stare which characterized the first-string substitutes on either side of him. For one thing he fully believed that he would get into the game sooner or later. But over and above all this his mind was completely engrossed in the technical aspects of the struggle. Which, by the way, were worthy of the attention of anyone who knew football as he knew it. Of anyone who knew football as Jane Ewing knew it.

But she was not deeply absorbed in the game. She was seated between her father and Professor Teed in one of the lower tiers directly behind the HALETON bench, which ran along the boundary wall of the stadium. She could see Jarvis's shock of curly, dark hair, the blanket having fallen from his head which was alert, poised. He sat erect, tense, while all the rest were huddled in their blankets.

WHAT this game meant to Ted Jarvis she was well aware, not only insofar as she was concerned, but in the sheer pride and gratification that would crown the success of his long fight and, moreover, in the moral sanction it would give him when he entered upon the real battle of life out in the world. Jane knew, as many others know, that the winning of varsity letters has very often a connotation that extends beyond the realm of college sport, that reaches far out into life.

As for her, she had come to no conviction whatever. Professor Teed was by her side and all that she had thought concerning him and her life with him was brought prominently to her mind by his cool, philosophical, comforting presence.

And on the bench before her, young Jarvis, poised like a hawk, radiating, as it seemed to her, the boundless store of energy and determination enclosed with his lithe body.

It was the two personalities, not the two contending elevens, that held the girl in thrall, as the game began and rose to its climax. It was working out just as Jarvis told her it would—a superb rushing team, which was Shelburne, pitted against an eleven which had to rely upon a strong and discerning defense plus superior punting and drop-kicking.

But the elusive and hard-hitting off-tackle play upon which Shelburne had relied to eat up the yards and carry her within striking distance of the HALETON goal—a play which all season had swept opponents to defeat—was being checkmated at every turn and Jane knew that Jarvis, who had left his seat and was kneeling upon the turf, head thrust forward, was living to the full the satisfaction of his triumph.

The half ended in a scoreless tie and Jane sank back breathing a sigh of relief.

"I wonder, Emmons," she said, "if Ted Jarvis will get into the game." The eyes which she turned upon her companion were unnaturally bright. And Teed's voice seemed blurred as she heard his placid reply to the question.

"I greatly doubt it, Jane. The punting has been magnificent. Shelburne has been forced to start her fine running attack deep in her own territory and so while gaining ground she is not gaining dangerously."

"But how does that affect Ted Jarvis?"

"Because HALETON is holding her kicking gains through the fine downfield work of the ends. They are anchoring the punt catchers in their tracks every time. It would be suicide to take either out."

"You think so?" Jane's voice was colorless.

Then out of all the turmoil of her mind came a sudden desperately formed decision. She would let fate decide this issue. No other course seemed open to her. Her mind had reacted almost violently from any other solution she had

(Continued on page 44)

Introducing INDRIO Florida



Indrio's proposed waterfront, showing the Indian River and beyond it the Atlantic Ocean

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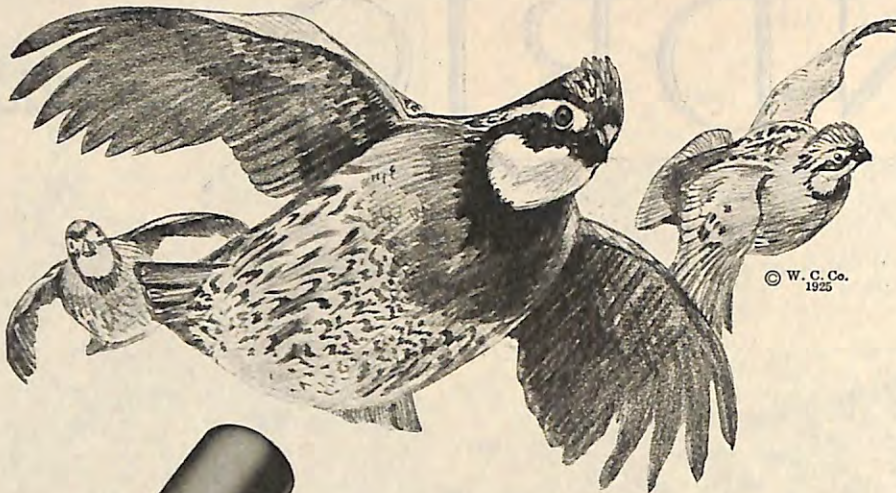
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The Varsity Letter

(Continued from page 42)

been able to devise and there was the sheer physical, as well as mental, necessity of coming to a definite decision. Now she had come to it. If Ted Jarvis should win his varsity letter she would marry him. If not—covertly her eyes turned to the man at her side—if not, what then?

But she could go no farther. Her mood was turning colorless; as though sapped of dominance by the one decision she had made, she was supine, content to leave fate to its own working with no power to direct it through act of will or strong desire.

The singing, the cheering, the music of the rival bands, all the sights and sounds that are so strikingly combined to make a big game thrilling, came to the girl almost as a picture upon a screen, so occupied was she with her thoughts. And when the teams again took the field for the beginning of the second half she had none of the concrete impressions of conflict that usually came to her at such times.

On the field before her was an important football game. But within her was a vital problem of life.

EVEN when the two seemed to conjoin as in the last quarter when the Shelburne quarterback fumbled a punt deep in his own territory, the ball being recovered by Ethridge, she could not rouse herself out of a curious lethargy.

Haleton found herself unable to rush the ball. On the fourth down, after a forward pass had failed, Jennings dropped back and drop-kicked a goal for the first score of the game.

Teed turned to the girl as the tumult died away.

"Only about seven minutes more to play. The scheme will be for us to sit tight on the defensive. No chance for Jarvis now."

"I wonder." Jane's voice was low, unemotional.

And then, immediately after the kick-off, began an advance by Shelburne that was amazing in its desperate abandon, thrilling in its lancing power and energy. It was as though the eleven had been saving everything for this final terrific assault upon the Haleton goal.

The entire arena seemed to be infused with some electric element that held the partisans of either side in thrall. It held Jane Ewing spell-bound. Sitting bolt upright now, her eyes hard, keen, she was visualising every phase of the struggle before her; it claimed her utterly and she was filled with a joyous sense of release from herself.

How they went at it, those men of Shelburne! They sent their backs wide behind perfectly coordinated interference. They shot forward passes with unerring precision and accuracy. They crashed through the line with inexorable power.

Now the ball was on Haleton's ten-yard line, an advance that had been conducted in its later stages with increasing hardship as the Haleton secondary defence drew in ever closer to bulwark the line.

"Will they make it, Emmons?"

Jane's hand was upon her companion's shoulder, gripping it.

"Don't know. First down will be on the goal line. Wait."

A wide sweep was spilled for no gain. Ethridge, who made the tackle, lay on the ground after the pile had untangled itself. But as Jane rose with an exclamation the man got up, waving aside the trainer who had run out upon the field with his bucket of water, and took up his position.

A line buck was checked for a two-yard gain. An off-tackle reverse play was ruined in its inception by a fumble which the Shelburne quarter recovered.

Fourth down! Eight yards to go for first down. Eight yards and a fraction of an inch to go for a touchdown.

Shelburne's backfield was lining up in kick formation, evidently deciding to tie the game with a field goal. But Jane Ewing was not looking at Shelburne. Since Ethridge's injury on a previous play she had been conscious of the fact that beginning with the Shelburne advance Ted Jarvis had not been once in her mind.

Then with Ethridge, the right end, lying upon the ground, had come suddenly the realization

that the minutes of this game were slipping away into nothingness and, far from wishing them drawn out, that she had been praying for the time-keeper's whistle to blow and thus bring Shelburne's magnificent march down the field to a futile end.

"How much time, Emmons?"

Teed glanced at his stop-watch.

"Less than a minute. Shelburne's given up hope of a touchdown. She's going to try for a field goal."

Jane's breath came in a quick gasp.

"Then that means Ted! No one can get through and block, or hurry kicks, like Ted. Look—oh, look! He is going in!"

Jarvis had thrown aside his blanket and the coach was standing at his side, an arm over his shoulder, whispering earnestly. The Shelburne team was aligned in kick formation but the captain was back talking to the kicker, evidently giving him a final word of encouragement.

Then as Jane, now upon her feet, stood like a statue, she saw the coach slap Jarvis upon the back, saw him bound upon the gridiron like an antelope.

Ten strides. Suddenly he stopped, glancing at the Shelburne team. He hesitated. Then while the Halleton stands were cheering Ethridge who was now limping toward the sidelines, Jarvis turned, running back to the bench at full speed, beckoning to the coach.

"What is it? What does it mean?" Her straining eyes saw Jarvis speaking rapidly to the coach, saw the coach gesture as though in impatience and then suddenly nod. She saw Jarvis turn toward the bench, picking up his blanket, saw a tall, rangy blond substitute running out upon the field.

"What does it mean?" With a little cry, absolutely without conscious volition, Jane left her seat, stepped into the aisle and ran down to the boundary wall. Leaning over she touched Jarvis upon the shoulder.

"Ted! Why!"

Jarvis started from a rigid posture as though her hands, her voice, were dynamic agents. His face, as he twisted around, was set, expressionless. But his voice was vibrant.

"It isn't going to be a dropkick. I've been doping that team all through the game. It'll be a forward pass. I'm no good on pass defence. Bill Raymond's a shark. I told the coach that Bill was the man to go in."

"After you had been sent in! Ted—did you forget your varsity letter?"

"No, I didn't forget. There's a game to win. What's the difference whether you win it with your head—and someone else's body?"

"Why the difference is that the body gets the letter. I—"

THERE came a sudden shout. The ball had come back to the supposed kicker. Now he was running laterally, the ball poised in his hands for the throw. Next instant the tall blond end who had just gone in, leaped into the air and batted the ball from the expectant hands of a Shelburne back.

Before the thunderous outcry of the Halleton throng had died away Jennings punted the ball out of danger.

The referee's whistle blew. The game was over.

"Jane!"

As the substitutes surged from the bench and ran out upon the field, as the concrete heights above them burst into a mighty sound, Jarvis reached over the wall and caught Jane's hand. In his eyes the light of exaltation had died. They were filled now with a haunted look, were wide with fear.

"Jane—I don't get my varsity letter."

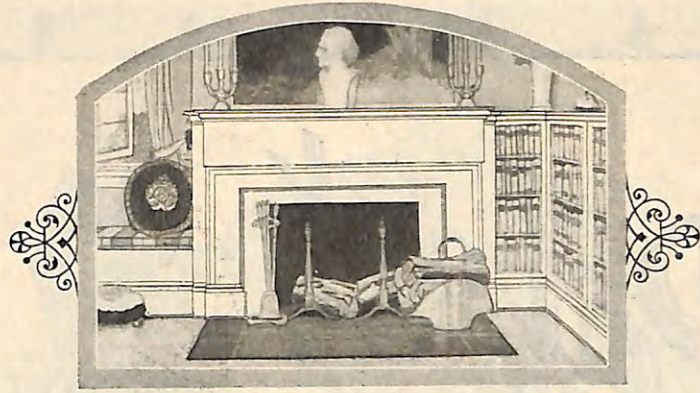
Her eyes were fixed upon his. They were wondering. And her face was lighted with a transfiguring glow.

"You won with your head, Ted."

"Yes, I did. But they don't give varsity letters for that." His fingers tightened about her hand. "I—I—it seemed to me to be the big, the only right thing to do, Jane." He gazed up at her, fearlessly now. "I knew you would understand."

"Ted, I do understand. It is all so clear now. It is all so clear that I can tell you this: if you had merely gone in and won that old letter I don't think I should have come to you feeling as I do now."

(Continued on page 46)



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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	Rexpar 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	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES.....	SWP House Paint Metallic 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 Porch.....	Enameloid Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior.....	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle 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.... Metal..... Composition.....	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS.....	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS.....	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER.....	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior.....	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid



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Crawford Kent in Richard Walton Tully's "Flowing Gold."

The Varsity Letter

(Concluded from page 45)

He moved his head impatiently.

"I don't get you at all."

"No, you don't." She was laughing now, her cheeks vividly flushed. "I'll have to talk quickly because Professor Teed is trying to work his way toward me down that crowded aisle."

"I know now that varsity letter would have done you no good with me. Why? Because the gift of vision tells me that back of all that letter nonsense, Ted, back of all the uncertainty that kept me awake two nights and made this game a blur, was that fact that I was looking for something—something that would show the real soul of you."

"Just a minute, Ted. When you put Hallett above yourself—above me—when you did the great big vital thing, then I saw, I knew. I can't explain it in words. I simply know that inside of me all is serene. Ted—" She looked about her, hesitating, then beckoned him to come close to the wall. "I'll take a chance with you."

Leaning down swiftly she kissed him upon the lips.

Viewing this incident from his place on the crowded aisle, two tiers above, Professor Teed turned to Professor Ewing with his quiet smile of superiority.

"Ewing, is there anything more interesting than the ultra phases of the big game hysteria?"

"Um—" Professor Ewing, who also had witnessed the incident, smiled. "Nothing, unless it be the ultra phases of a reputedly sensible young woman in love."

The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 19)

square head. I caught the profile first. A beak of a nose and a chin, slightly converging, suggested two claws. The face which was partly in shadow had an impassive look, or rather a look without any expression at all. It came over me at a glance that this might be the man who had passed me in the dark on that rainy night and whom I had guessed to be Gabas. In that ancient hall, where the dim afternoon light struggled through mullioned windows of an antique pattern and fell upon the semi-obscurity of a feudal interior, the man's appearance really suggested some old seigneur of a past century, surrounded by his vassals and sitting in the seat of judgment.

That was what the spectacle suggested to me as I stumbled in upon it. What gave the picture a verity beyond the mere suggestion was an added detail of a rather gruesome nature. At the man's feet was some kind of an improvised bier, and upon it a piece of sail-cloth outlined the form of a body.

The seated man's hands were in his lap. It was only after a little while that I noticed they were fastened together at the wrists. Around and behind him stood the men, some of them in uniform. These men as I afterwards learned were picked gendarmes from Paris, and agents of the Sûreté.

Inspector Prontout, with a dramatic air of authority which did not in the least affect the poise of the prisoner, stepped forward, motioning at the same time to one of the men.

"Attend, Gabas!" he commanded.

With the certainty now of the prisoner's identity I recalled what Prontout had said to me—"the most dangerous criminal in Paris"—without any desire to smile at the phrase; and I watched the scene with a kind of fascination.

As the gendarme, obedient to the Inspector's gesture, raised the covering of the bier disclosing the swollen countenance of Agent Dirmoir, cold and still with the whitened line of a scar making it even a more inhuman thing, Gabas looked down with a face equally dead to emotion. Then he raised his glance to Prontout.

"Yes," he said, coolly, "it is he. I recognize him—the man who followed me from Paris, to the windmill tower."

Prontout returned his gaze critically. I began to sense the situation as no ordinary confrontation of the murderer with his victim, no commonplace contest between the snared criminal and the iron agency of justice. I saw Prontout smile at the answer of Gabas. It seemed to me



the kind of smile of appreciation with which one greets in a game of chess a clever move on the part of one's antagonist.

In the silence which succeeded to the prisoner's answer I thought I could detect unusual interest on the part of the men who stood about, accustomed as they must have been to such scenes.

Inspector Prontout spoke again. There was an affected carelessness in his voice.

"You killed him," he said.

Gabas waited an appreciable instant, as a trained lawyer or a clever witness might do, and then replied simply:

"He was my enemy."

"He was an officer armed with a warrant for the arrest of the murderer of Marie Lafitte—and you killed him," insisted Prontout in the same gentle, insinuating tone.

"Say, rather, he met with an unfortunate accident—which I witnessed. He fell over the cliff—at night—and was drowned. He was armed. I was not." Gabas gave his answer in a low, quiet voice.

At this I stretched forward, not to miss a word. Dirmoir then *had* gone over the cliff. But how? The extraordinary candor of the last statement of Gabas had been cloaked in the manner of one mildly interested in furthering the ends of justice, one who was not personally involved in the results of the inquiry.

"Did any one else witness it?" Prontout asked.

"No. I think not."

"How—an accident? Describe it," commanded Prontout, sharply.

"Monsieur l'Inspecteur," replied Gabas, "it is difficult to describe. Willingly I would, if taken to the tower, show Monsieur l'Inspecteur what happened."

Prontout waved his hand, impatiently. "Enough! I desire that you explain it now," he shouted. His face worked slightly. The other's coolness, I fancy, was getting on his nerves.

"Monsieur has the armed force of Paris, of France, at his back," Gabas's manner was still the acme of patience as he raised his manacled hands in a gesture of depreciation. "Nevertheless," he said, "I can not explain save in that way."

At this, the direct challenge, flung in the Inspector's face, a start of surprise manifested itself among the gendarmes who stood looking on. Yet I could not but admire the little detective's quick recovery of self-control. I read into the man, in that moment, something I had hitherto not suspected. Small, pompous and opinionated as Prontout was, personal dignity was after all little to him in a crisis.

It was then that Gabas spoke again, as though to clinch his victory; but still with the same quiet accent of patience.

"The accident happened at night," he stated. "I could only explain it—after nightfall."

Inspector Prontout paused a second, his eyes gleaming like fires, his face otherwise under control. "Enough," he said, with sufficient dignity. Looking around, his eyes met mine. He indicated by a gesture that I follow him, and left the hall.

CHAPTER XIII

I FOLLOWED the Inspector up stairs. At the door of an apartment we found a gendarme on guard. He stood aside and saluted as we entered. Prontout closed the door.

At a table upon which were papers sat a large, very stout man, busily writing. Prontout seated himself and motioned me to a chair also.

"David," he said, addressing the large man, "take this down."

"Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

He turned to me. "Monsieur Rackstrom, I have a few questions to put."

"Certainly," I replied.

"You are a painter by profession?"

"Yes."

"Full name, Peer Rackstrom. Is it not? Address?"

"14 rue de Vaugirard, Paris."

"You have been living upon this island——"

"About a month."

"*Bien*," he said. He offered me a cigar which I accepted, and handed me also a match, watching me while I made a light. Then he began to smoke himself. I felt that he was studying

(Continued on page 48)



She hated to tell him

OF late her brother seemed much discouraged. He was being left out of things—dances, dinners; and somehow "the girl" never had an open date. His sister knew the cause.

She hated to tell him, because it was such a personal thing.

* * * * *

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The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 47)

me carefully, and I wondered, without interrupting his scrutiny, what he was waiting for.

"It is better than the pipe," he observed at last. He laughed.

"Yes," I rejoined, "I admire your taste in tobacco."

"I am a judge," he reminded me pleasantly, and continued his silent scrutiny for a few moments longer.

"You know nothing about the murder of Agent Dirmoir?" he inquired at length. I noticed that his question ignored the idea of accident.

"I fear very little, Monsieur l'Inspecteur," I replied.

"Ha!" His expression altered at once. "You witnessed the murder!"

I marveled at his quick guess. "I witnessed it, perhaps," I said, "but I saw nothing."

He waited. I then, without reserve, explained in detail my part in the affair, as I have already told the reader.

Through the greater part of my narration he glanced aimlessly around the room, or studied the cracks in the floor, and once he took some small change in francs and copper centimes out of his pocket and counted it over slowly. Still I felt sure that no detail escaped him, and that all was recorded in his brain as well if not better than upon the shorthand pad of his clerk, who wrote away heavily and doggedly beside us.

At the conclusion of my story he leaned back with a sigh. "You have had a very narrow escape," he remarked. "It was the merest chance—well, I congratulate you."

"I am, indeed, thankful beyond words," I declared.

"But, ah!" he murmured, "this Gabas! Delightful!"

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"I said delightful," he repeated. "The problem is how could he have killed Dirmoir, or overpowered him and thrown him from the cliff without leaving some trace there in the soft mud, and what evidence can we get to connect him with it."

"But then you have a clue? You see how it happened?" I inquired. His little wrinkled face expressed a cheerfulness so pronounced that I thought he must have hit upon something.

"On the contrary," he replied with a smile, as though he were gloating over the situation, "It is a riddle. I am wholly in the dark!"

CHAPTER XIV

"COME," said Prontout, "let us look at the tower."

We went down-stairs and out and took the path to the cliff.

"The footprints," he observed, "of course are gone by this time." They were. I could see that he was disappointed in a way in being obliged to depend on my recollection of them.

But before going to the windmill itself Prontout spent considerable time examining every part of this open space of ground around the windmill.

This was, roughly, a semicircular sheep pasture, I should say; a kind of natural shelf on the brow of the cliff, with a barrier of forest at its back.

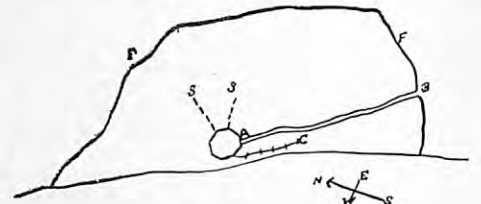
One fact was apparent, as I have already told the reader. The place so far as could be seen was shut off from the rest of the island except for the single path through the woods.

Stunted trees and bushes, the latter completely swamped in a veil of briers, thorny and forbidding, formed the hedgelike circumference of the semicircle. We followed this barrier around from the sloping brink to the south of the tower to a point at the brink equally distant on the north. We could find on closer inspection no means of escape. There was not only the brier-packed underbrush, but the contour of the ground itself where, behind the briers, rose steep jagged rocks high enough to be inaccessible and split into dangerous vertical cracks and openings; but in spite of these breaks nowhere penetrable, even if one might get through the briers.

Why this shelf or clearing had resisted the encroaching forest with its advance army of undergrowth, that forest which elsewhere on

this side of the Island of Foscaldo came sheer to the edge of the cliffs, one could not know unless that it were due to the shallowness of the soil, a bare, worn covering of the rock.

The particular nature of the locality may be seen at a glance from a copy of a rough sketch which the detective made in his note-book. I remembered afterward thinking at the time that Inspector Prontout's pains in this regard were unnecessarily elaborate and tedious. I was at a loss to see just why he should make a map of the desolate and forbidding environment of the tower on the cliff.



The octagonal tower is shown with its chain stays S S. A is the door, and A B the path; B of course being the point at the edge of the woods where I stood on that dark night and watched the men go into the tower. C is the fence along the cliff; and F F the forest barrier.

Having completed this survey, which seemed absolutely useless to me because nothing had been found to cast any light on the manner of Dirmoir's strange taking off, Prontout at last entered the tower.

This interior, octagonal in shape, a room about twenty feet in diameter and about sixteen feet in height, I must now describe with an added degree of minuteness.

The walls fell together at a slight angle. There was no window near the ground and the place was lighted solely by the narrow slit high up on the landward side. The stairs began at the right of the door as we entered, and circled around, clinging to the wall until they disappeared into the small room above. The tower was, as I have said, constructed with extraordinary strength with huge oak timbers braced at various angles. The floor was of wide oak boards, nailed down with nails whose heads rose slightly above the worn wood. Prontout went over everything, tapping the floor and walls with a hammer which he found there. He even took a ladder and examined the walls in detail as far up as the beamed ceiling.

The furniture of the room consisted mainly of an oak table cluttered up with my paints and brushes, several chairs, and three kegs under the stairs, with three or four stone mugs on the ledge beside them. I sat in one of the chairs and watched the detective's ludicrously painful efforts in going over a perfectly visible interior. A number of quite large iron hooks, about a dozen, hanging from rings or staples driven into the wood, for what purpose did not appear, were fixed in a beam of the wall about four feet above the floor, the same beam that formed the ledge upon which the mugs stood. There were also a couple of my easels and a number of canvases stacked around the sides of the room. Prontout took a hasty, preoccupied glance at each one of my paintings in turn.

"Come, let us go up and look at the windmill," he said, finally.

There was a heavy timber which came down through the center of the ceiling and was cut to fit into a hard-wood collar in a hole in the floor. A series of iron cogs ran around it about shoulder height.

"This connects with the sail axle overhead," Prontout explained in passing, as we climbed the stairs. "The machinery of the mill was here on the ground floor connected with this cogged wheel. It is gone now." I followed him on up the staircase, pausing a moment to glance out of the slit of a stair window.

The afternoon light lay peacefully over the woods of Foscaldo, and the stone towers and partly ruined gables of the chateau rose at a little distance above them like an illuminated page from some old chronicle. In the small octagonal room which formed the section at the top of the tower, the central post appeared again,

its top connected by bevel cogs to the axle of the sails. This axle, a timber two feet in diameter, ran overhead in a nearly horizontal direction and pierced both sides of the roof. The great arms which carried the four sails were joined outside to the end of this timber axle.

There was also, suspended from a beam overhead, an iron hook similar to the hooks we had seen below, but hanging down from a rusty chain to within four feet of the floor and just in front of the seaward window. This was doubtless where the lantern was suspended in the days when the tower had been used as a beacon.

I mentioned this to Prontout. He listened and made no comment except to say, "It is built like a ship," running his hand over the huge cross-braces which came together overhead.

PRONTOUT proceeded to point out and explain to me an arrangement consisting principally of a series of rollers running around under the eaves of the small conical roof which carried the windmill sails, the object of which was to bring the sails to face the wind. "Yes," he said, "the Dutch type. They used to hitch up a mule and pull the sails around, or else rig a tackle and haul it by hand. I wonder—look here—curious!" He pointed as he spoke out of the seaward window. There was a fan wheel about five feet in diameter fixed on a frame at the opposite side to the sail axle. I had seen it before but had not taken sufficient notice to divine its purpose. "Curious!" he repeated. "Why?" I asked. "What is it?"

"That," he explained, "is a sort of roughly built auxiliary. You are familiar with the literature of windmills—the experiments made by a French engineer, M. Coulomb, in 1821, the earlier inventions of Sir William Cubitt, in 1807, the work of M. Berton?"

"Yes, of course," I replied, with a smile. I had never heard of Cubitt or Coulomb or Berton.

"This," he went on, solemnly, "is as you see in essence Cubitt's method for automatically bringing the sails into the wind. It turns a shaft and pinion which you see here, and acts upon cogs outside under the eaves, working in either direction whenever the wind shifts—a sort of simple weather-vane. The curious part is that the tower was built in 1793, before this method was known."

"It was added later," I suggested. "There are no signs of that," he said. "No, I incline to the opinion we have here one of those curious examples of a rude precursor to a well-known invention. The man who built this windmill had knowledge of his subject."

"He was from Paris," I offered. "You know Yldez's story?" "Oh yes, oh yes," he rejoined, "I have talked with her."

He showed me the brake, an iron strap jammed against the axle. "Hopelessly jammed, I should say," was his comment. "This is what has prevented the sails from turning. The whole thing is long out of date. It is an old curiosity."

The little detective went on to discourse learnedly about windmills. I listened to the flow of his voluminous erudition concerning Coulomb, Berton, Perry, the velocity of the wind at different angles—one would easily forget what else. Meanwhile I gazed in turn out of the two upper windows. One looked east over the land, the other west over the sea. There was no glass in these windows but vertical iron bars fastened across. A breeze was blowing through, as indeed a wind generally blew there upon the cliff.

My thoughts reverted from the learned digression of my companion to the actual purpose of his visit. He seemed to me to have the characteristic of wandering tirelessly off into side-paths.

"This is where Gabas hurled your officer Dirmoir," I ventured to say in a pause.

"Indeed, no," he replied with assurance, after a moment's careful look at the window. "It doesn't open. Impossible to open this—to get through here. The bars are fastened in like a prison grating. And no man, Dirmoir or anyone else, ever got through the spaces between these bars."

He was right. The bars were not over four to five inches apart.

"How then?" I asked.

(Continued on page 50)



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The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 49)

"That is for Gabas to show us," he replied. "You are going to accept his explanation in his own way?"

"Why not," he answered, "I see nothing else. It is a detail."

He seemed, as ever, not at all disconcerted by his inability to discover anything at the start; and I felt that he possessed underneath a fund of self-dependence, a rather complete assurance of final success.

"To me it seems a mystery," I remarked.

"I do not believe in mysteries. There are none," he declared.

We descended the stairs.

There remained a kind of small cellar, accessible by raising a trap in the floor. "There is nothing there," I volunteered, "I have looked at it."

Prontout lifted up the trap. There was disclosed a flight of stone steps leading down to the tiny cellar not over eight feet square, steps and all cut out of the solid rock of the cliff upon which the whole structure of the tower was built. He lit the lantern which we found there in the tower and went over the damp discolored walls of the cellar with the same serious care he had used throughout.

"Yes," he remarked, "older than the tower I should say, by many years, centuries perhaps. You say the tower was built upon the site of an older building, a sheep fold or hut or something of that kind?"

"So Yldez tells me," I answered.

"This, then, was the cellar of the old hut. It accounts for its being smaller than the floor area of the tower. It accounts for its being here at all."

We came out and closed the trap. There had been nothing to reward our search. In spite of Prontout's minute thoroughness, nothing more was revealed than I had previously found when I searched the place immediately after the disappearance of Dirmoir, not a hint as to what mysterious method Gabas might have employed in overpowering an armed man and, unseen by me, throwing him bodily over the cliff with the door of the tower shut.

We came away after, as a final task, looking at the fence whose posts inserted in the shallow earth were secured in much the same manner as the ends of the chain stays by iron pegs or braces soldered into the rock. As a final observation, Prontout measured the doorstep, eleven feet and a fraction from the fence, and seventeen from the actual brink of the cliff.

The sun was by this time beginning to go down, a ball of fire in the darkened sea, as with the wind at our backs we retraced our steps to the chateau. Prontout frowned, was silent, and stared ahead of him at the path. We had not gone far on our way home to the chateau, when he stopped abruptly, looked up and smiled.

"You have at last a clue?" I inquired with some eagerness.

"Who knows," he replied. "See here." He stooped and picked up something from the ground.

"What?" I asked, "Oh, a bird's nest—a ground swallow."

"I am an expert ornithologist," said Prontout, regarding intently the little circle of straw and twigs in his hand. "No ground swallow put this nest here." He smiled again and tossed it aside. "Still," he said, "it is the first clue."

I thought he was joking when he said that. I was to be undeceived later.

"But," the little detective added, "even so I can not see one obvious detail. It is still the riddle. Delightful!"

CHAPTER XV

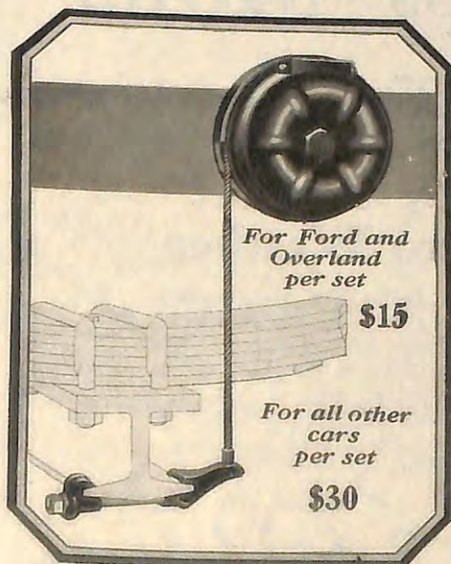
LATER that evening the wind rose with the suddenness to which any one living on the island would be accustomed, and souged through the woods which surrounded the chateau. Yldez had overcome her fear of the police and had been induced to return indoors and cook a supper for them. Prontout and I ate in the great hall, the rest of the men in an apartment beyond. Outside a few of the villagers, attracted by the unusual stir, wandered aimlessly about for a while and then went away. Among them I saw the old man, the father of



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my fisherwoman, trembling and shaking his head; but I did not see her.

Prontout did not speak at all during the meal. Occasionally his eyes gleamed with a light of excitement. Now and then he sighed.

He finished, pushed back his chair, and strode to the inner door. At his command the men clattered into the hall, their shadows swaying over the floor. Gabas walked between two who kept drawn revolvers.

"Look here," said the Inspector in an abrupt bored tone, "I am giving you your own way. You will show me how the accident, as you call it, happened."

Gabas said nothing.

"Take off his handcuffs."

It was done. The man's hands swung to his sides.

"I shall go with you, alone," announced Prontout.

At that I looked from the huge prisoner, with his animal-like eyes set in an inhuman expanse of face and his arms and hands of a gorilla, to the dapper little Inspector of Police. Truly, I thought, the man is saturated with courage to the point of idiocy.

Gabas shrugged his shoulders. The motion, slight as it was, bristled with a kind of fearful muscular power.

"You may take two men," he said.

Prontout bit his lip with annoyance.

"Jammat," he called.

A thick-set fellow with a black beard, and black eyes, which appeared to be alight with curiosity and eagerness, stepped forward.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

GABAS looked also at the black-bearded man. There was a flash of light from his eyes and teeth. It was not a grin. It had nothing human about it, and was simply a flicker of physical motion.

"Monsieur Rackstrom," Prontout turned to me, "you are familiar with the ground. Perhaps?" he hesitated.

"Certainly I will go with you," I replied.

"David," said Prontout, to his secretary, "I leave you in charge here." And without more ado we set forth into the night.

It was starlight and I was soon able to see with a fair degree of clearness. The prisoner led the way in company with the gendarme Jammat. Inspector Prontout and I brought up the rear. Nothing was said as we took the path through the woods.

A minute later as I buttoned up my coat, I heard the hoot of an owl in the woods behind us, and off to the right another. Then all was silent again save for the soft pat of our footfalls and the rushing of the wind which, blowing in from the ocean, sounded like the steady pouring of a stream of water.

Prontout whispered in my ear, "You hear that?—It is the signal—they have already surrounded the place—in a semicircle.—If there is any violence I have but to call."

Just as we drew toward the tower, the new moon broke clear from the clouds, a tiny rim of a crescent, and the blurred shadow of the tree-tops lay upon the ground. We were slightly more than half-way across the open space. Gabas turned around in his tracks and the rest of us stopped. His great face in the moonlight looked like a moon itself; his eyes were hidden in the dark blot of shadows under his eyebrows; a moment later the moon sailed behind a cloud, and the circle of his face vanished. He spoke.

"If you will wait here, Monsieur Prontout, I will go in ahead. Then when I call, you may all come."

"See here," interposed the Inspector, "enough of this mummery! You are to show me how the thing occurred."

Gabas shrugged his shoulders, making a gesture toward the man, Jammat, beside him. "I am under arrest," he rejoined, "I am taking all the risk. Call off your dog."

The gendarme, at this, uttered a snarl of rage and like a flash gave Gabas a stinging blow in the face.

"Jammat!" cried Prontout in reproof.

But for all the effect it produced upon the prisoner, Jammat might as well have struck the side of the cliff. Gabas shifted his weight to his other foot and remained an impassive towering figure in the grayness. A dim streak of

(Continued on page 52)

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The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 51)

light lay upon the barrel of Jamat's drawn revolver.

"Good," said Gabas, with no trace of anger or even irritation in his voice, "send your dog with me if you choose."

He wheeled and walked away from us, and the angry gendarme at a nod from Prontout followed him.

"Let us wait here a second," said Prontout.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have my reasons," the detective rejoined.

WE saw two men, Jamat and Gabas, enter the deeper shadow surrounding the gray shape that huddled upon the edge of the cliff not twenty-five paces before us. I fancied I could detect above the sound of the wind the faint grating noise of the door scraping over the threshold. I had heard that noise before under similar circumstances. Then a light—the flash of an electric torch in Jamat's hand—revealed the two figures outlined in the open doorway as they crossed the threshold and stepped within. With the closing of the door, the light went away from the end of the path which had been for a moment visible under the doorstep, and shadow fell again about the tower.

A beam of light streamed out from the slit of a stair window.

"They have lit the lantern," observed Prontout.

As we stood there in the silence, I began to feel as though what had just happened was a dream. Before us that gray shape, like some ghostly eagle poised for flight, clung to the brink of the cliff; chained there in its century-old stillness, motionless, tugging at its bonds, a prisoner. A mist that seemed to be beyond and yet part of it confused its outline. I had the queer sensation that nothing more would happen—that nothing had happened beyond the idle repetition of some monotonous dream fancy, a repetition over and over of the same meaningless vision.

I was aroused from this reverie by the voice of Prontout. I noticed that he was keeping his gaze straight ahead as though trying to pierce the dark mystery of that shape which loomed before and over us.

"We must watch," he said, going forward slowly a pace or two, "watch the door. If it opens, we will see a light there. Watch for that lighted oblong."

There followed a further wait which may have been actually but a minute, though it seemed longer. I heard the faraway beat of the waves on the beach below under the cliff, with a shiver at the memory of the danger I had recently escaped. We stood, Prontout and I, like two sentinels, listening to the cold rush of the wind and that noise of the waves. The mist began now driving in fragments which resembled torn rags across the black blue of the sky. The shape of the tower was mingled with them, and though the dark shadow of the place where we could see the door if it opened remained the same, the upper part of the building vanished at intervals and then came back again.

All the time a steady beam of light from the lantern inside shone out of the landward window.

This vigil with the vivid memory of that other night when I had watched the tower was getting on my nerves in spite of the fact that now a band of armed men surrounded us. "Why wait longer?" I questioned my companion.

"I have my reasons," Prontout repeated. "He'll either jump over the cliff himself, if the game is up, or he'll give the whole thing away, and we'll catch him red-handed."

"But how about foul play?"

Prontout gave a grunt of denial. "Jamat is armed," he said. "He is experienced. He is the officer who captured Frisé du Boulé Vendé single-handed." I had not heard of Frisé du Boulé Vendé, but there was comfort in the fact. "There is not a weapon in the place for the other to use," Prontout went on. "I know because I looked. Still I don't know what nonsense all this delay means. It ought not to last long. We'll go forward in a moment. But," he added, musingly, "if I didn't try this plan, Gabas would say nothing and we would learn nothing."

He took a whistle out of his pocket, tossed it lightly in the air and caught it.

"But," I insisted in a whisper, "you don't fear—"

"No," he said.

A cry broke upon the air, above the moaning of the wind. It was followed by a pistol shot!

The cry was short and hoarse, and it was to haunt me for a long time; for it said so much, and at the same time so little—that voice coming suddenly from the dark tower.

"Inspecteur! Inspecteur! I see it!—"

Just that, and the pistol shot. Nothing more. It was shut off, stopped in the middle, as though some sound box had been opened and quickly closed again, as though, I thought, a hand were slapped over the man's mouth. My knees were trembling. I had a queer sense of having expected this all along.

"Jamat!" called the Inspector. Then he muttered, "I didn't think the fellow would try—Jamat is a dead shot. He is a dead shot." He shook his head, repeating the remark with nervous cheerfulness. He called a second time: "Jamat!"

Then he blew. The shrill whistle, like the cry from the tower, tore the silence. And at that instant, as though in answer to it, the light in the window went out.

In ten seconds we were inside the tower.

What happened in that ten seconds was this: Immediately upon Prontout's signal the ground became alive with lights like a swarm of fireflies. Forms of men closed in. Prontout called out several names. "The rest of you stay back. Keep your line," he barked at them as he ran. "Let no one by!" Carried along by the others and with the sound of Jamat's weird, suddenly shut-off cry ringing in my ears, I found myself stumbling over the threshold of the tower, pushing back the door.

There was a pause as the inrush of men stopped like a wave that has broken, a pause and a minute of dead silence in which, not knowing what I should see, I looked upon the interior of my studio with its familiar disorder flickering under the rays of the flashlights, like remembered objects in a dream. In that pause, Prontout called again:

"Jamat!"

Some one relit the lantern and held it up. The light gleamed on the barrels of drawn revolvers and threw the interior into bold relief. Then, as with the impetus of a second wave, the men sprang forward again, two up the stairs, like old-time besiegers of a castle, and another man flinging back the trap-door over the cellar and running half-way down the stone steps.

Gradually, I came out of my bewilderment to realize that with the eagerness of hounds trying to pick up a scent they were searching the tower inside and out, and one after another returning, and all finally coming back with baffled and perplexed expressions upon their faces, saying very little.

I went to the door. The cordon of men stood about ten paces away surrounding the tower, keeping it under a battery of light.

And those two men, Gabas and Jamat, had, at a clap, apparently vanished inside the tower into thin air!

"They have both gone over the cliff—together," I heard Prontout say as he stared out into the darkness over the sea. But it sounded as if he said it without conviction. A moment later he spoke again, as if thinking aloud, "The only way they could have gotten out is the door. And that didn't open. We saw them go in—they didn't come out! Where are they? Gabas has shown us how, yes—and he hasn't."

A gendarme said:

"I think we have found the bullet, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"Where?"

"In the door frame."

"In the door frame?"

"Yes; just inside, overhead. Look here."

In the horizontal timber which formed the top casing of the door, and about an inch from the outer edge, was a freshly splintered hole. The man who had spoken proceeded to reach up and dig at it with a pocket-knife. A bullet rolled out. Another man caught it and looked at it thoughtfully as he held it up between thumb and finger. "This is from Jamat's revolver," he ventured, "at least that is the size."



"That's where you are wrong, old man," said Porter.

"Razor blades are as good as they ever were."

"Then why can't I get a decent shave?" asked Stewart.

"Your own fault, my dear fellow. If you would strop your blades on a Twinplex they would shave like a dream."

"You wouldn't strop a new blade, would you?"

"Sure thing! That's where you fellows slip up. You think a new blade is ready to shave with. As a matter of fact, it needs the finishing touch of a good strop immediately before shaving."

"Why don't they strop them at the factory?"

"They do, but the edges of a good blade are as sensitive to temperature changes as is the mercury in a thermometer."

"I get you," said Stewart. "The stropping must be done just before shaving."

"Right-O. That's the only way you can get a keen edge for a comfortable shave."

"Think I'll try it," said Stewart. "Where can I get a Twinplex?"

"At any good store. You can't lose—Twinplex is guaranteed for ten years. If it doesn't make your blades shave better you can get your money back."

"That's fair enough."
"And what's more—Twinplex will make a blade last so long you'll soon save enough to pay for it."



Send for this unique Home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send roc, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade. For fifteen years Twinplex Stoppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.

1631 Locust St., St. Louis

New York Montreal London Chicago



Twinplex
Strop
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Prontout studied the splintered place and the direction of the hole.

"It was fired," he said, "upwards, at this angle."

He drew his own revolver to illustrate, standing for a moment just outside on the threshold with the weapon raised. He lowered his arm and turned around. A look of perplexity swam into his face. He took the little ball of lead away from the man and regarded it blankly. He burst out:

"Jamal must have fired from outside the door!"

As though there were not mystery enough, it seemed that the bullet made the matter more mysterious than ever. The half-dozen of men stood about the doorway in silence, with the fear and awe of something unknown and unexplainable depicted on their faces. Back of them, the cordon of others, obedient to orders, kept their places. Prontout sank upon the doorstep and sat there, his face in his hands in an attitude of utter exhaustion, like one shocked out of his self-assurance.

"Jamal was a dead shot!"

That was all he said.

(To be continued)

De Forest, the Trained Trainer

(Continued from the October issue)

IN the rôle of the girl on the trapeze he began to receive notes from admirers. One day after receiving what he termed a particularly "mushy note," James fled the circus and dashed to a barber-shop where he was shorn of the curls. That meant quitting the tanbark and becoming permanently James De Forest instead of La Petite De Forest. James made the sacrifice with no regret. He made his way to Liverpool and stowed away on a steamer which brought him to New York, where he had been born.

In a spirit of revulsion against the part he had been playing Jimmy De Forest sought out the most masculine company he could find. He gravitated to the old Bowery and became a frequenter of Harry Hill's and Owney Geoghegan's where the gladiators foregathered. The late John L. Sullivan was a frequenter of Hill's in the old days of his spectacular eccentricities. Paddy Ryan and others of the brave old days of prize-fighting used to foregather there.

On Saturday nights they used to hold bouts at Hill's for the entertainment of guests. These were more or less impromptu and the purses were conditional. If the spectators were amused, they would throw money into the ring at the conclusion of the bout. The winner took all, as the loser usually was quite horizontal. Sometimes as much as fifteen dollars would be tossed into the ring for a single bout.

The ring was small. There was little room for footwork and ducking. The fighters had to slug at close quarters. The bouts were not scientific from a modern point of view, but they were nearly always very satisfactory to all concerned but the loser.

Young James was a featherweight when he frequented Hill's, but his gymnastic training had given him a splendid physique, also the Davenport Brothers, who were clowns with the circus, had taught him something about the manly art. So James entered some of the bouts at Hill's. It was an easy and pleasant way of earning a living after posing as the daring young girl on the flying trapeze.

The particular patron and friend of young James was a heavyweight named Pete McCoy, a contemporary of the late John L. Sullivan. When he was fighting McCoy liked to have young James in his corner. Even at an early age young James had notions of ring generalship and of training—particularly of training.

Had not nature made of him a mere featherweight Jimmy De Forest might have gone a long distance as a gladiator himself. But it was in those days, as it is now, the interest in the little fellows was negligible and prize-fighting offered no very bright future. Young De Forest decided that his future was in the business of training.

He began to study theories of training and physical development. At the time the theory was that the best systems of training were those in vogue in the British and French armies. Jimmy De Forest worked his way back to Europe

(Continued on page 54)

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Kremenz
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De Forest, the Trained Trainer

(Continued from page 53)



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and hung around British barracks and training-camps fraternizing with English drill sergeants.

There were good points about British military training, but the system was to handle men in bulk. The Germans did it better, he learned. They divided their recruits into classes according to their development, building up the weaker ones by a more gradual process. From Germany De Forest made his way to France where he studied the business of massage and got some knowledge of anatomy. By this time he had evolved for himself a general training system of his own.

In the days when professional footracing was still a sport, De Forest trained and handled Tom Longboat, the Indian runner. Longboat was addicted to the use of firewater and consequently was not a fair subject for a trainer. But while De Forest was handling him the Indian was kept in good physical condition.

It was while he was handling Longboat that temptation came to De Forest. On the night before one of the big races that Longboat was to run De Forest had a visit from a gambler who offered him \$15,000 to guarantee that Longboat would lose the race. This is one of the reasons that there is no more professional footracing. De Forest turned the offer down.

"It was a lot of money in those days," he said. "I admit that it sounded like all the money in the world. But while I would do anything to make my man win a professional race or professional fight, I would not take the whole world to help him lose. It is not that I am one of those fellows who is always shouting about how honest he is, but I am out to win all the time. I haven't lost anything by turning down that offer, either."

Naturally the estimate of Jimmy De Forest as to which fighters were the greatest carries some weight. Despite the fact that Jimmy De Forest knew the great John L when he was great in the ring, he declares that the current heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, is the greatest fighter of all time. This indicates that while De Forest is from the elder generation he has no sign of the bias that sometimes marks the elder set.

NEXT to Dempsey, De Forest classes Jack Johnson, the negro. He rates the late Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons after the "Big Smoke." After Fitzsimmons comes James J. Jeffries, according to the De Forest system of rating them.

There will always be the notion that Señor Luis Angel Firpo might have become champion of the world if he had placed himself in the hands of De Forest and had been able to submit to the De Forest training. I doubt that. Firpo is strictly a one-handed fighter while Dempsey is decidedly ambidexterous. Also Firpo's best was his right. If a fighter is to have a best hand, it should be his left, or at any rate his left hand should be at least a little more effective, comparatively speaking, than the flipper of a penguin.

Firpo chafed under the régime of the De Forest establishment, though that régime has not the Spartan rigors of Muldoon's or Bill Brown's. Firpo first rebelled against the table, and the table at De Forest's is of the best. I sampled it while Firpo was training there.

Firpo did not care for fruits and vegetables. "But you must eat them," said De Forest. "They are good for you."

"But I do not like them," said Firpo with his heavy scowl. "What I do not like I will not eat." Afterward when Firpo had left De Forest and was training according to his own ideas for the Dempsey fight at Atlantic City, I saw what Firpo considered the proper diet for a light lunch. I sat down with him while he disposed of a steak about a foot in diameter and two inches thick. The steak was covered with a dozen or more fried eggs.

"This is the kind of food I like," said Firpo. "It will make me strong. I do not care for fruit or vegetables."

Day after day De Forest worked with Firpo in an attempt to develop his left hand for him so that it would not be hanging practically useless during a fight. But Firpo is one of the most self-assured and wrong-headed young men

in professional athletics. He would not learn. He would not listen.

Late during the afternoon on which I was visiting De Forest's establishment he invited me out to where the fighters were quartered. "The boys are asleep now," he said. "Let's slip up and you can see how peacefully they sleep in this air."

In one room Jack McAuliffe 2d was lying on his cot snoring loudly. We peeped into Firpo's room. He was sitting up very much awake before a paper covered with figures. He was trying to figure how much he would have left out of his percentage of the bout with Dempsey after he had paid the income tax. The amount that he would have to pay the United States Government had reduced him to a very gloomy mood.

Like all of those who know the prize-fight business from the inside, Jimmy De Forest always is in quest of the super-heavyweight, the man with the heart and the punch who is to succeed Jack Dempsey. De Forest calls this the "Golden Age of Boxing." He means that more or less literally. The golden part refers to the profits.

Because of his lack of bulk De Forest could not carry out personally his technique and his theories of the game. He was doomed from the start to be the man in the corner. He would like to be the man in the corner for the champion of all champions he thinks that the game will develop. He would like to be more than that. He would like to manage such an athlete in everything. With the material that he feels sure will crop up one of these days very unexpectedly, De Forest thinks that he can make the new champion a millionaire. Incidentally, he would be doing the same thing for himself.

HE IS a great student of human nature, this gray little man, who meditatively chews a half-burnt cigar. He has mixed with and trained all classes of men. At one time he was a trainer at Princeton University. There Jimmy undertook with much enthusiasm the instruction of boxing.

He discovered a heavyweight sophomore who had the bulk of a Jeffries and some of the punch of a Fitzsimmons. De Forest's heart warmed to this one, who was the son of a millionaire. There was no chance of his ever becoming a professional boxer. The notion would have scandalized his parents, but De Forest worked with him for the pride of working on what seemed to be a potential heavyweight champion.

The student's wind was bad and he was loggy. De Forest prescribed road work and laid out a course. The student would return from the jaunt as loggy as ever. Jimmy became suspicious and one day followed him. The student after running a bit disappeared into a corn-patch. After a while De Forest found him and the student was enjoying a whole case of beer. He had arranged with a tavern keeper to have a case left in this spot every day. After that De Forest lost his enthusiasm for the student heavyweight.

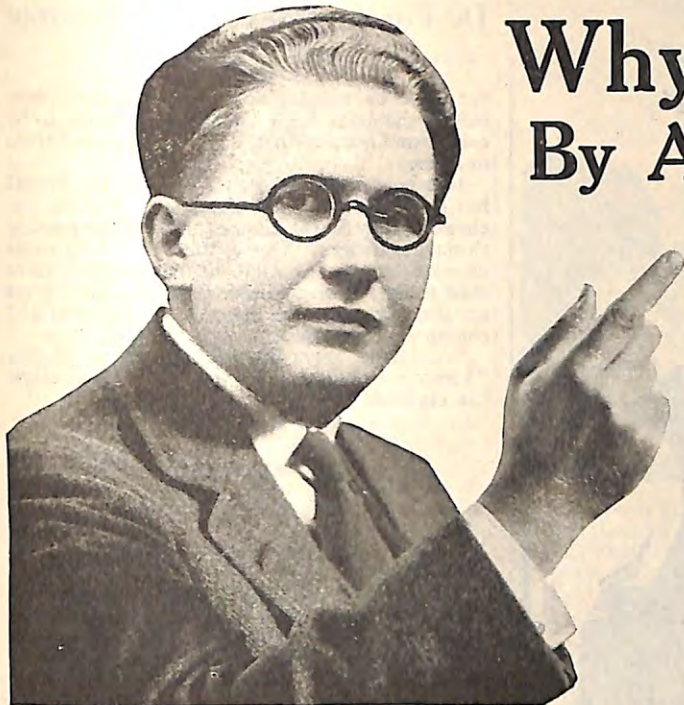
Altogether Jimmy De Forest has trained over a thousand prize-fighters. As a matter of fact, according to the records he has kept, Señor Luis Angel Firpo was the 1,000th fighter that De Forest had under his charge.

"And every single one of them was a different personality," he said. "That is why you can not lay down any arbitrary rules for training. As they say, 'One man's drink is another man's poison.' You have to figure that there are no two men in the whole world that are exactly alike."

Questioned as to his favorite fighter, Jimmy De Forest nodded in the direction of a photograph of George Dixon. Under it was a belt that once had been worn by that diminutive gladiator. "There was a great one and a great little character," he said. "I liked him because he was a little man, too."

One of the reasons for De Forest's success is that he is entirely unobtrusive. He always is close to the man in training without the gladiator being aware of it. He has a soothing hand and a soothing way. Dempsey in training is the most irritable and nervous of all the gladiators,

(Continued on page 56)



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money to try and get down to these under-nourished roots with the average tonic or with massages, crude oil, etc., for such measures only treat the *surface* of the skin.

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De Forest, the Trained Trainer

(Continued from page 54)

yet when he was under the care of De Forest before the bout with Willard he seemed to be calmer and quieter than he has ever been before or since.

Just how many fist fights Jimmy De Forest has seen, he does not remember. But he has chewed many burnt cigar-stumps while peering through the ropes. One of these days he dreams of watching a man that he has trained from start to finish leaning in his corner looking down at the prostrate form of the heavyweight champion that was.

"And then," says Jimmy De Forest pensively, "I may get excited and I probably will swallow the cigar-stump."

Fate—Deputy Sheriff

(Continued from page 8)

You know that and I know that—but, son they don't know it!"

"But it's common sense."

"An' that's something they haven't got an' don't want. I know what your trouble is—know why all them fellers are sore at you. They expected you to be easy like all the other storekeepers are, to keep on comin' across with money whenever they asked for it. 'Cause remember, Charley, the secret of this whole advance system is keeping 'em in your debt; deep in. And while you'd think mebbe the storekeeper would lose money thataway—you, bein' honest, don't realize that nine out of ten make their money by chargin' double an' triple . . . and the feller that's gettin' it under the advance system don't give a hoot because he thinks he ain't payin' for it—just because there's no cash changin' hands."

"But, Sheriff—you don't expect a storekeeper to make a fool of himself, do you?"

"What way?"

"By making further advances on a crop that ain't even goin' to cover the original advance?"

"Ye-e-eh—sometimes."

"Yes?"

"Uh-huh! Because it's all part of the financial scheme they've worked out here to carry a couple of bad accounts. Sort of builds up confidence that you're easy—see. And they all like to think they're doin' you, even though ninety-nine per cent. of 'em know that they're bein' done. They're lazy an' slipshod an' they don't give a hang."

Webber shook his head in puzzlement. "There's something wrong with the system—"

"Sure. Everything's wrong with it."

"Jim Randolph got a five hundred dollar advance on his crop. And he ain't makin' any crop that's worth shucks."

"He never does."

"Then why did he come to me—a stranger—"

"He couldn't get advances anywheres else in town."

"Come to me six weeks ago and got another hundred—his five hundred was already used up. I showed him on the books. He was nasty then. Now he wants two hundred and fifty more. This time in cash. His crop is a losing proposition already."

"An' you refused him?"

"Yes."

"He got sore?"

"You know."

"Yeh—I know. An' he's a mighty bad egg when he's sore. What you don't understand, Charley, is this: When Jim asked you for that extra two hundred and fifty, he didn't consider he was askin' you for anything. It's his idea—an' he's been educated to it by livin' around Karnak all his life—that the two hundred and fifty is his—an' that you're holdin' it subject to his order just as though he'd deposited money in the bank, see? It don't seem right to him for you to refuse."

"I've refused a heap of others who've been layin' down on the job."

"An' they're all bitter against you. But Jim Randolph most of all. His crop is tied up in a lien to you an' he can't raise a nickel csewhere. An' right now he wants that money to get married on."

Webber's lips set in a straight, white line.

"I heard so. It didn't seem hardly possible."
 "So, whether it's a bad business or not, son—it's Karnak way of doin' business. An' when you're in Rome, you know—"
 "But, Sheriff—I haven't got the money. I'm up to the hilt. I can't raise another cent. I'll have hard sledding until the crops come in myself. I've used up every bit of the little capital I had . . . I just haven't any more money, and they won't believe it when I tell 'em."
 "No-o; they won't believe it. That's tough, too."
 "That's why I came to you. I don't know that I'd do what you advise, even if I could. But as I can't, the decision ain't left up to me at all. I'm up against it right. And Jim Randolph says if he don't get that money he's gonna get me."
 "He's awful vicious, Charley. Of course, I'll do what I can. You see, you're perfectly right in this; an' Jim Randolph an' the others like him are right, too—because they think they're right. But I'd be pow'ful careful of what I said when Jim was around. He's mean . . ."

Webber rose. The expression of utter bewilderment had deepened. "I don't want you to think that I'm yeller, Sheriff . . . But when a man threatens to get me . . . an' he's in a county where every one's his friend—"
 "Wrong, son! That'd go for 'most anybody else. But here in Karnak Jim Randolph is hated like pizen."
 "And you think I ain't really got anything to be scared of—excepting a little unpleasantness maybe? I'm mighty handy with my fists."
 Stillman rose and placed his hand gently on the other's shoulder. "They don't fight much with fists down here, son. It's shotguns—an' not always when the other feller is lookin'. Men like Jim Randolph, anyway."
 "Good God! You mean—?"

"I MEAN, be careful, Charley. Be almighty careful. I'll do what I can. . . I promise that. But even though he's my stepson, I'm tellin' you now—Jim Randolph is a yeller hound. But even a yeller hound is dangerous when he's got rabies!"

And so Charley Webber of Brooklyn, New York, left the office of Sheriff John Stillman of Karnak County, South Carolina. He felt very much alone and very, very helpless. Nervy—yes, very nervy; but Stillman had frightened him—genuinely. Here was not the face-to-face menace of the old West, but a sneaking, slinking, knife-in-the-back danger. . . Alone in his office, Webber inspected his books. Then he shrugged hopelessly. He was faced by a dilemma to which there was no answer. Even had he desired to assuage the anger of those who clamored for further advances, he could not. He found himself stripped clean of cash, relying for his meager livelihood on the occasional cash sales in the little general store.

And meanwhile evil rumors—dire threats—floated through Karnak. Sheriff Stillman heard them, and was worried.

Jim Randolph's threats against Webber were growing more venomous; more immediate. That afternoon he sent in a messenger to Webber with a horribly scrawled note demanding two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. And Charley Webber gamely sent back an answer—"Awful sorry, but I ain't got it!"

At ten o'clock that night, Jim Randolph saddled his horse and started through Death Hole swamp toward the town of Karnak—and Charley Webber. Slung to his McClellan saddle was a double-barreled shotgun!

The night was gray and gloomy, a saturated sky overcast by low-hanging, swiftly scudding clouds. The wind came whistling up from the Atlantic, twenty miles eastward, and shrieked through the trees in a forbidding wail.

The first heavy drops of rain splashed upon the face of the sullen rider. He shook his head, shrugged and tucked the gun under his left arm so that the breech would be protected from the ravages of the coming storm. He gave no heed to the terrific velocity of the wind, merely bowing his head against it and ploughing doggedly onward. The pony which he bestrode slipped occasionally and instinctively regained its footing. Jim Randolph had given rein to the animal . . . knowing that he would ride eventually into Karnak.

(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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A summer storm in Death Hole swamp was no new thing to Jim Randolph. For three years now he had lived on his little clearing which covered a slightly elevated spot above the gray grimness of the pesthole. Lanky, long and lean; wracked by malaria; his face set in an evil-visaged scowl of menace—he became a fitting component part of the vicious night. And the storm itself suited him—affording a natural cover for his mission.

He made slow progress. The storm was increasing in violence. Once, when the wind ripped loose a bunch of the omnipresent Spanish moss and sent it hurtling through the air to slosh damply against his face, he gave a start of terror . . . then shook himself together and drank deeply from a bottle containing a white, searing fluid. After that he experienced no further trepidation and whatever there might have been in him of conscience became anesthetized.

It was past midnight when his weary, mud-spattered pony plodded out of the swamp and came within sight of Karnak. The little town lay helpless in the grip of the storm. Save for the signal lights at the railroad station and the two street lamps, no glow penetrated the night's howling fury. The little frame houses stood in squat silhouette with the rain running in torrents from their shingled roofs. The single street was a morass. No human being was in sight. A Florida flier, northbound, shot through the town like a meteor across a storm-driven sky, its rumble indistinguishable through the roar of the tempest.

Jim Randolph dismounted, led his pony to a broken-down shed in the rear of what had once been a residence for human beings and was not now a fit habitat for animals. He flung the reins over the pony's head, making him fast to a stall-board, rescued an old nose-bag and half filled it with oats brought in from his little farm. Then he slouched out into the storm-ridden blackness.

The shotgun still nestled under his arm, breech and hammers dry.

But despite the fact that Karnak was barren of all signs of human life, Jim Randolph took no chances. He cut across behind Sim Winders' place, struck swiftly toward the railroad, crossed it and detoured through a neglected cottonfield, to the window of the room in the rear of Charley Webber's store.

A tremor of apprehension smote the marauder and he flattened himself against the side of the house, listening intently. But no sound came from within. He reached up a tentative hand and tried the window sash. It gave readily. Nor did Randolph hasten. Inch by inch he raised the sash—thanking the Fates that the room was on the lee side of the building so that there was no sudden rush of chilly air to wake the placid sleeper.

And then, lithely as a cat, Randolph raised himself until he perched on his knees on the window ledge. The task of letting himself into the room took but an instant. And it was accomplished with almost superhuman quiet. From an inner pocket, Randolph produced an electric torch.

Then things happened swiftly. Holding two shells ready in his hand, the electric torch beside him, he breeched the gun, and, with the speed of a snake, shot the shells home—one in each barrel. Simultaneously with the locking of the gun he turned his torch in the direction of the frightened, querulous, half-awake voice which came through the velvet blackness—

"Who is that?"

Charley Webber was sitting erect, heart pounding with the intensified fear begotten of a sudden yanking to consciousness. His eyes were blinded by the glare of the flashlight, but not so blinded that he failed to see the ugly twin gun barrels which protruded toward him and into the glare. Out of the void behind the gun came a voice—a voice which he recognized, although never before had he heard the weirdly sinister nuance—

"I reckon you know, eh?"

"Yes . . ."

"I'm after that money. I want it—now!"

Webber was not lacking in nerve; but this was a situation before which the soul of a

stronger man must have cringed. He was talking with Death—and he knew it. In his breast there was born an almost hysterical desire to hasten the end. His voice quavered as he gave answer—and he was too frankly stripped to the stark realities of the situation to be ashamed of that quaver.

"Jim Randolph," he said to the darkness, "I haven't any money."

"You lie."

"I'm not lying . . . I haven't it."

"Get out of that bed and give me the money or I'm going to shoot."

"I can't . . . I haven't the money . . ."

"When I count three—I shoot."

"But you don't understand . . ."

"One!"

"Listen, Randolph—if I had the money—"

"Two!"

"Please let me explain. It was—"

"Three!"

"Oh! My God!"

Flame split the blackness of the room. The double roar of the gun could be heard above the storm.

Then all was still.

Outside—the fury of the night . . . and a figure slinking through the tempest . . .

With the instinct of a buzzard for carrion, Karnak discovered its tragedy early the following morning. For a while there was a startled, wide-eyed, breathless "It can't be!" Then a shaking loose of community lethargy and a tidal wave of gossip—all too wealthy of lurid detail, too saturated with callous conjecture.

NEWS spread swiftly about the county and before the sitting of the coroner's jury the enclosure behind Ellery Simpson's drug store was packed and jammed with vehicles—buggies, ancient phaetons, battered little automobiles and aggressively new large ones. Ninety per cent. of the sudden arrivals were men who had grasped avidly at this excuse to do nothing for another day. Too, there were many who were hopelessly entangled in debt to the dead man and they wanted to know whether—by some miracle—this tragedy wiped clean the debit side of the ledger. But most of them were there because this was a morsel which they could not miss. How well would roll the words about their tongues when later the subject was discussed—"Yep, when I come into Karnak from over Tanner-way, fust thing I seen was a crowd of fellers hangin' 'roun' Charley Webber's store, an' . . ." ad infinitum. They strove with desperate earnestness to make themselves a part of the excitement, an indispensable cog in the wheel of local history now being made. And the men chosen for duty on the coroner's jury strutted pompously about and held brief and disdainful converse with their less fortunate fellows.

The sitting of the coroner's jury developed into a ceremonial. It was finally decided to hold it in Webber's store, because the store itself was large and roomy and afforded space for many more spectators than any other possible site. About the store eddied the excited crowd—men, women, unutterably dirty children . . . and on the fringe of the human sea many blacks . . . as filled with morbid curiosity as the whites, and wondering whether this crime might have its backlash of suspicion against one of their race; suspicion followed by a wild spontaneous combustion of race hatred—then of mob murder.

The weather was not so hot as on the previous day; the storm of the night had settled the heavy dust, leaving large puddles of water glistening in the street. And business seemed at a standstill. One thing Charley Webber had done for Karnak in the manner of his passing . . . he had provided a festal day.

Sheriff John Stillman was early in town, his demeanor placid—unless one happened to be a close observer and so did not miss the constant twitching of his straight-set lips—level eyes missing nothing, keen ears drinking in the gossip . . . the ugly gossip, the gossip which was already veering toward a unanimity of opinion as to the identity of the murderer. Stillman heard the high, shrill voice of Ellery Simpson, fairly bursting with opinion:

"An' if it wasn't Jim Randolph—where's he at now? Don't you all know that Jim would of been the first man here if there wasn't some

(Continued on page 60)

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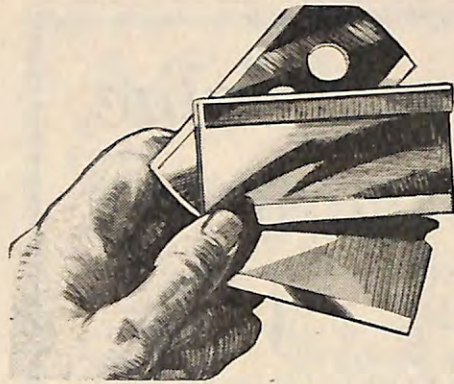
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Fate—Deputy Sheriff

(Continued from page 59)

reason why this ain't the place he'd most particular not want to be . . ."

The coroner and his jury went at the inquest with the relish of gourmets at a long-deferred feast. They dwelt over each detail—loath to let it go until quite sure that the final ounce of enjoyment, of sordid drama, had been extracted. They inspected the body, the scene of the crime; they called in witness after witness who could not possibly have known any more than did the men who interrogated. They were like vultures circling over a carcass. And the scavengers packed the squalid store which had been the home of the dead man, and smiled and nodded and pretended to be shocked . . . and only stilled their own tongues for fear of missing something which might be officially said.

It was a lengthy and thoroughly nauseating proceeding climaxed by the sonorously voiced verdict that "deceased came to his death as the result of a wound inflicted by a gun in the hands of a person or persons unknown . . ." The crowd dissolved slowly and reluctantly, and as the sheriff cranked his little car he heard the ever growing menace of the gossips all about him—

"Jim Randolph . . . sure"

"He's a hound, Jim is. No other man would of done it thataway—"

"Liar!" flared Stillman to himself, as he leaped into the driver's seat and started toward home. "But Jim did it, all right."

Queer they should have known that Jim Randolph was the murderer. Of course John Stillman knew. He remembered the feeling of disquietude he experienced following his interview with Webber the day before. There had been a prophecy of death in the young man's eyes then; a prophecy of which even the victim was unaware.

The sheriff drove at high speed along the bumpy, muddy road toward his home, two miles out from town. The men he passed glanced curiously toward him and the sheriff knew what they were saying—

"His stepson done it. What you reckon *he's* gonna do?"

"Let him git away, I reckon . . ."

Yes, they were saying that; John Stillman knew they were saying that. And he knew that it was a just doubt. For all of Karnak knew his story and that of Ellen, his wife, who was Jim Randolph's mother.

THEY knew the history of the pretty, unpretentious, two-story frame house before which the sheriff now parked his car; the home which Stillman had built twenty-four years before as the demesne of Ellen, to whom he was then engaged. A pleasant little place, not entirely unimaginative, and gleaming like a jewel through a setting of tremendous live oaks with their curtains of gray, cloudlike moss; of flower beds . . . and of thousands of blossoms—a yard urgent with color.

Yes, they knew the trite, sad history of Ellen who quarreled with John Stillman and, in pique, became the bride of Jim Randolph; a man cruel to men, to horses—and to women. Of her misery as his wife and as the mother of his son who was now a murderer—of Randolph's death, her brief widowhood—and then of the simple little ceremony as the aftermath of which John Stillman brought to this home Ellen his bride. Not the girlish, bright-eyed Ellen whom he had courted years ago . . . but a woman still rich in a beauty a most exotic . . . a woman whose eyes were twin wells of terror bred of years with Jim Randolph; a woman whose soul had not entirely escaped the crusher.

All of that Karnak County knew; and it knew more—of the inbred hatred of the boy for his stepfather and of the stepfather's valiant—and futile—battle with himself to outgrow the bitterness against a person bearing the name of Jim Randolph. It knew of the hate between stepfather and stepson . . . and of the open rupture; and, too, of the unswerving love of Ellen for her husband—and of her love for the child of her body.

It was this very double loyalty of love which had drawn John Stillman and his wife closer together. Beneath his stolid, practical exterior, he was considerable of a dreamer, romanticist,



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idealist. And the happiness—once lost to him—he cherished now with a fierce intensity. He was not a man of soft and gentle phrases, nor was the woman given to great demonstration of her affection. But between them there was a wonderful understanding . . . and so as he entered the large living-room with its comfortable but horribly ugly red-plush-and-imitation-mahogany furniture, its cheap chromos, its mail-order bric-a-brac—as he entered she put her sewing on the marble-topped table and crossed to him and nestled within his arms and sobbed.

It was he who broke the silence. "Jim done it, Ellen."

She nodded. "I'm scared . . ."
"Folks are talkin' pretty bitter against him. Jim wasn't very popular—and the way this thing was done—"

SHE clung tightly to her husband's arm. "They ain't talkin'—ain't talkin' lynchin' talk—are they?"

He patted her head reassuringly. "No. They wouldn't lynch him . . . but it ain't goin' easy if he gets before a Karnak jury. There's a heap of men hereabouts been aimin' to get even with Jim . . ."

He knew what she was thinking—and she knew that he knew. But he was too much of a man to evade an issue.

"I came out to tell you, Ellen, that I'll have to git Jim if I can."

And she nodded bravely. She didn't argue—because she knew her husband. But she did step back and meet his eyes squarely—

"I hope he gits way, John. I know he's done terrible—but, John, I can't help lovin' my son. An' so I hope he gits away." Her voice broke pathetically: "Maybe this here would be a lesson to him . . . once he got safe."

And so John Stillman, sheriff of Karnak County, kissed his wife, and went once more toward town. He knew that the group about Ellery Simpson's store had been discussing him as he rode up, because when he stopped by the gasoline filling station, their conversation ceased abruptly and they gazed guiltily at him. He cursed them under his breath and leaped into his car again—heading for Death Hole swamp.

His jaw squared as he drove along the wicked corduroy road which wracked the little car and bounced him about behind the diminutive wheel. He knew that he faced a difficult assignment. Convinced of his stepson's guilt, knowing that Jim Randolph was fully aware that he was detested in Karnak and that things would go hard with him before a jury where another white man would receive an absurdly light sentence, realizing keenly the murderous hatred held toward him by the man he sought—Stillman knew that a showdown was not at all unlikely.

Certainly Jim Randolph would have small compunction about shooting down his stepfather, armed as he was by the excuse that he was already a fugitive from justice. And John Stillman knew that should Randolph prove inclined to resist, the resistance would be effected as had been the crime for which he was sought—from behind a tree, the corner of a cabin—an assassination, not a fight. Yet the sheriff went grimly forward. There was something heroic in the indomitable figure of the heavy-set man who pressed his jouncing little car to the last mile of speed on the impossible trail which was called a road. Not once had there been a thought of turning back, never an idea to do other than stop before the cabin, walk straight to Jim Randolph and command his surrender.

His knock was unanswered. Stillman knew that the silence bespoke flight—or ambush. Quietly and calmly he pushed open the door and entered. Jim Randolph had fled—fled hastily. The squalid interior of the log cabin was doubly filthy in view of the haste with which the owner had departed. Strewn about the floor was the flotsam of hasty preparation. The crude floorboarding was streaked with the mud of the swamps. Jim Randolph was gone.

Stillman emerged and stood before the ramshackle structure gazing off into the wastes of Death Hole swamp. All around was the oppressive dull gray of the country; above the tomblike trees a miasma almost visible, a veritable physical menace.

A swarm of gnats buzzed viciously before the cabin; hummed about the sheriff's head,

(Continued on page 62)



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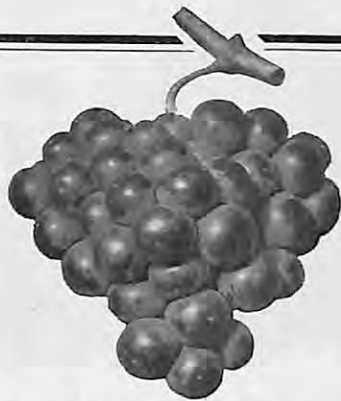
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PHILADELPHIA



Fate — Deputy Sheriff

(Continued from page 61)

slapped against his face and stung him. Far off a dog barked and a man shouted. There was the sound of crickets and of frogs. It was a panorama of decaying vegetation, of crepe-like moss, of horrible stagnation.

But John Stillman paid no particular heed. His mind was on the man who had murdered Charley Webber. Randolph had fled—but whither? It was a certainty that he had no money—or such a small amount that it did not matter. Webber's safe had not been tampered with, and his trousers pockets still contained their pitifully small store of money.

It was obvious then that Jim Randolph could not have made a pretentious getaway; it was certain that he was within horseback distance. And that meant that he was somewhere within the unhealthy confines of Death Hole swamp, planning no doubt to remain under cover until the first flare of popular disapproval had died down—then to come forth and brazen it out and secure a light sentence—or no sentence at all—by reason of the very lethargic indifference from which Karnak is unable long to arouse itself.

Suddenly Stillman slapped a large hand against his thigh. "Got it!" he exclaimed as he started for his battered, muddy little car. "He's down at the O'Neill cabin!"

There was a grim smile on the lips of the sheriff as he headed deeper into the swamp; bumping, rattling, rocking along the sapling roadbed. It was evident now that Jim Randolph must be hiding at the O'Neill cabin. It was an obvious retreat—not particularly habitable for a man inclined to fastidiousness, yet ideal for Jim Randolph under the present circumstances. And Ellen owned the O'Neill cabin and the few acres of miserable cleared land surrounding it.

THERE was a tale, much credited by the Karnak Negroes, that the O'Neill cabin was haunted. Certainly the demise of the last O'Neill to inhabit the place had never been satisfactorily explained. And so black men avoided the squalid little shack and white men remained away because there was no reason on earth why they should go there.

The cabin lay in the heart of Death Hole swamp. It was a vile, dilapidated place fashioned of oak and cypress logs and plastered with clay. The O'Neills had cleared a bit of land about it and farmed it on shares; giving the original owner one-half the annual profits in return for the rental. This fifty per cent. of profits enabled the owner to pay his taxes on that particular piece of property. Now Ellen owned it; the one legacy from her first husband.

Yes—that was where Jim Randolph had gone. The O'Neill cabin—back from the road, shunned by black man and white; yet owned by his own mother. Should he happen to be trapped there he could discount the strangeness of his sojourn at the deserted place. His mother's property—of course it was natural that he should be staying in the O'Neill cabin!

The journey to the cabin took the greater part of the early afternoon; the last three miles were negotiated on foot. Even the valiant little car refused the issue.

And Jim Randolph was not there!

Also, it was quite evident that he had not been there!

Tired, worried and not a little bewildered, John Stillman made the journey back to Karnak. It was nearing four o'clock when he bumped across the railroad tracks and alighted in front of Ellery Simpson's store. True, he felt a slight sense of relief at having failed to find his stepson. . . . But he could not rid himself of the conviction that the man was yet within the confines of the county.

The faces of the unthinned group about the drug store informed him that something worthwhile had occurred in his absence; something in which he was vitally concerned. And Ellery Simpson saw to it that he was not long in ignorance; the elongated, self-important, bombastic druggist was revelling in the spotlight.

Into Stillman's palm he pressed a cheap, gaudy watch-charm. There was triumph in his voice as he challenged the guardian of the county's peace.

"Ever see that before, John?"

Stillman recognized the bauble instantly. It belonged to Jim Randolph. The muscles of his jaw stood out, and he fought to retain control of his expression. He saw the crowd increasing—they were forming a ring about him and Simpson . . .

"Sure; it's Jim Randolph's!"

Ellery was a bit taken back by Stillman's prompt, satisfactory admission. But he was not to be deterred from cross-examination.

"Well, it bein' Jim Randolph's—where do you reckon we found it?"

Stillman's eyes met those of the other levelly. "Where?"

"Under the bed in the room where Charley Webber was killed!"

"So-o?" The sheriff had himself in perfect control now. "And it just about convinces you that Jim killed Webber, eh?"

AN ANGRY chorus of assent arose from the crowd, and from somewhere came a querulous, nasal voice: "Yeh—Jim Randolph done it . . . an' what we want to know, Sheriff, is—what are you gonna do about gittin' him?"

Stillman's eyes narrowed; a steely blue light flashed in them. He shouldered his way into the crowd and wrapped strong fingers around the arm of the speaker. He yanked the man roughly into the center of the ever-growing circle.

"When you use that tone of voice to me, Bill Curry, you do it where I can see you. Understand?"

The big flabby fellow cringed—whining. "I wa'n't doin' nothin' only askin' you a civil question."

"I didn't like the way you asked it——"

"But, John——" and a new speaker pushed his way forward and faced the sheriff squarely—"it strikes me that you haven't answered the question."

Stillman looked about him; saw that the crowd was distinctly unfriendly. Not that they didn't like him personally, but chiefly because they fancied that he intended robbing them of their due—of a melodramatic arrest and more melodramatic trial. The sheriff came straight to the point.

"You boys thinking of a lynching?"

"No!" It was the last spokesman who was talking now. "You know we wouldn't lynch no white man for what was done. But we know Jim Randolph killed Webber and we want to see Randolph arrested."

"And you think maybe I wouldn't arrest him? Is that it?"

"Yes, John—that's it."

"You've never known me to do anything like that before, have you?"

"No—that's true enough. But it ain't never hit you so close to home as this."

John Stillman stood quietly; head bowed—thinking. He knew that he must arrest his stepson; and he knew that he could do so—realizing that sooner or later Jim Randolph would seek refuge in the O'Neill cabin. Yet he could not help thinking of Ellen—and her feelings toward him if he should personally arrest her son—and that son should be subsequently convicted by a jury and then given the maximum sentence. . . . Of course, she would be too just to blame him. But it could not fail to beget a specter which would never dawn.

Right now he knew that he was on trial; he, the custodian of the public peace. And an idea came to him—he faced the crowd squarely.

"It's no easy job to catch a man in the swamp yonder."

"We'll help!" A half dozen voices raised that answer.

"Good!" John Stillman stepped swiftly about the circle. His hand touched first one man and then another—he propelled each to the center of the stage. "Here—you! And you! You, too, Jerry. And you, Mac. Come on . . . lemme see; there's sixteen of you now. You all claim you want to see Jim Randolph legally arrested and legally tried?"

They nodded, puzzled.

"And you think I'm not sincerely tryin' to git him, eh?"

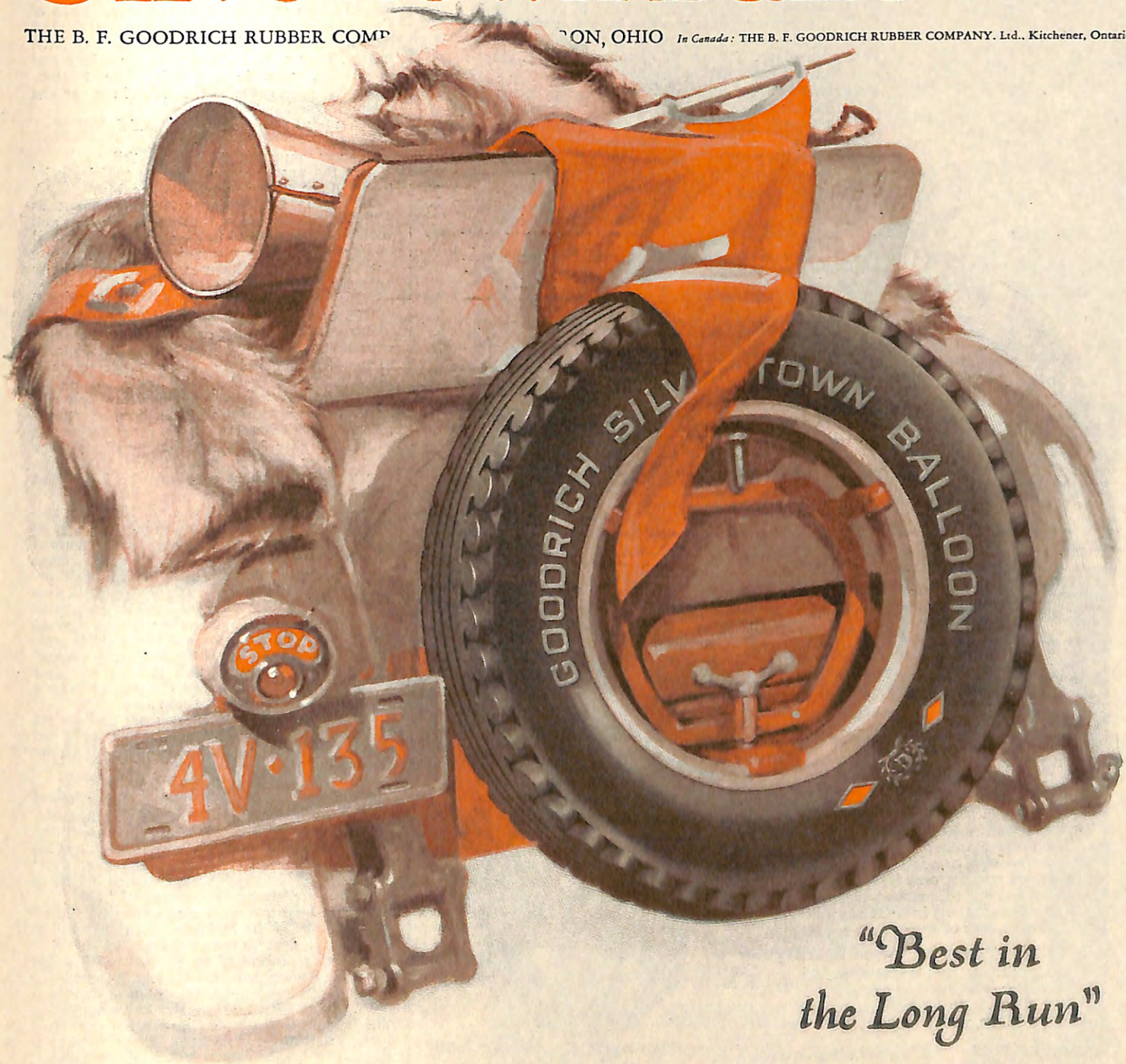
"We didn't exactly say that——"

(Continued on page 64)

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*"Best in
the Long Run"*

Fate—Deputy Sheriff

(Continued from page 62)

"But you thought it! Now raise your right hands. . . . You boys," turning to the crowd, "are witnesses!"

And then Sheriff John Stillman swore in sixteen of the best men in Karnak as deputy-sheriffs.

"You men," he finished, "are deputized for one service only. It's up to you to catch Jim Randolph, see that he is not molested once you've got him, and bring him to me. Understand?"

They nodded solemnly. They were with the big, efficient man now. "And," went on Stillman, "you're under orders. The first order is this: If Jim Randolph is still in Karnak County he will, sooner or later, hide out in the O'Neill cabin. You boys all know where that is, don't you?" They nodded. "Good! You, Mack, take Dave and Ed and James and stick down at the O'Neill cabin for a day or so. Go there now—stay there to-night. And if Jim Randolph shows up there—remember, you're deputies and that your job is to arrest him!"

Then the sheriff shouldered his way through a no longer critical crowd, entered his car and made his way homeward.

An hour later four men finished loading supplies into an ancient touring car. Each of them carried a double-barreled shotgun; the last one held a box of shells in his hand. Quietly, grimly, they settled themselves for a long and unpleasant ride into Death Hole Swamp. Ellery Simpson came to the side of the car and spoke to the deputies.

"You boys goin' after Jim Randolph?"
"Yes."
"Where you aimin' to hunt first?"
And the answer came sternly: "We're goin' to spend the night at the O'Neill cabin!"

Dusk was settling over the settlement as Stillman put his car in the little tin garage and walked slowly toward the house. He was tired—very tired. He was a man of slow, deliberate thought and the problem of the day sat heavily upon his broad shoulders.

THE temper of the citizenry was ugly, abnormally so for a case in which a white man was the criminal. And John Stillman was placed in an unenviable position. His domestic tranquility meant much to him—and if he became the instrument through which Jim Randolph was brought to justice—and that justice should prove more justly stern than is usual with white men in Karnak—there was the virtual certainty of a barrier between himself and Ellen. . . . She would not blame him—but he knew that she could not forget.

He entered the big hallway of his home and hung coat and hat on the halltree. Upstairs he heard a door slam, and then the slender figure of his wife appeared on the stairs. A single glance at her told him that all was not as it should be. Her skin was paler than usual, her big black eyes more lustrous. She descended the stairway with quick, jerky steps, eyes never for an instant leaving his. He went to meet her, put his arms about her—and felt her frame shaken by convulsive, tearless sobs. . . . and it was not that which affected him—rather it was her intense physical effort to restrain those sobs.

He drew her into the living-room and she sat beside him on the big, comfortable, ugly red plush sofa, held tight in the bend of his strong arm.

"What's the matter, Ellen?"
"Nothing. . . . well, it's this thing about Jim. I'm frightened, John, terribly frightened."

His arm contracted. He spoke hopefully. "Looks like he's gotten away. He wasn't at his place—and he wasn't at the O'Neill cabin. . . ."

She flashed him a quick, eager glance. "You've already looked at the O'Neill cabin?"

"Yes. I figured that was where he'd most likely hide out if he had done it an' was still in the county. But he wasn't there."

He was conscious of an intense relief in her manner. She brightened instantly, although the lines of worry remained imprinted on her forehead. She bustled about the house preparing their simple, cold supper; biscuits left over from breakfast, iced tea, cold ham, lettuce from their tiny garden, cantaloupe. John Stillman watched her closely, considerably puzzled. And finally,



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when she had moved into the kitchen he made his way slowly upstairs.

Here was something he couldn't quite understand—and something that he could understand. The thing which was plain to him was that he must avoid personally arresting the wretched criminal for whom the county was now searching. He knew that Ellen was more deeply affected than she would admit. . . . And he could not forget that Jim Randolph was her son, her only child.

He walked slowly down the hall toward the bathroom. The mantle of night had fallen over the little settlement; Stillman walked with the confidence of the man who knows every inch of his home and is not afraid of stumbling. He entered the bathroom, found the oil lamp and then searched in his pocket for a match. There was none there. He crossed to the wall by the window where the match-safe hung. His fingers went out, found a match . . . then the sheriff of Karnak County drew back with an exclamation.

The bathroom window afforded an angle view of the spare room. And, while Stillman looked, he saw the blackness of that room punctured by a flash of light; saw the revealing match held in cupped hands to light a pipe. John Stillman braced himself against the wall. He could not fail to see every sinister feature limned in the instant's glow . . . the face of Jim Randolph.

He stifled his impulse to walk into the spare room and apprehend his man. That was the natural thing to do, of course, yet a moment's thought made it an utterly impossible procedure. It would have been bad enough to have made the capture somewhere in the wastes of Death Hole Swamp. But here in Ellen's home—her husband arresting her son for a vile, cowardly murder . . . perhaps a fight—almost certainly a fight—the inevitable possibility of a new fatality . . . Ellen was human—and a mother. And, above everything in the world, John Stillman did not wish his wife to remember such a thing as this must be.

He did not take long to decide upon his course of action. He marshaled the facts on both sides, eyed them critically—and made his decision firmly.

And that decision was against arresting Jim Randolph. His wife stood at the foot of the steps as he came down, her eyes gleaming terror. His placid expression reassured her . . . and at the evidence of infinite relief in her face, he was very glad indeed that he had decided that way.

He ate his supper with evident relish—although that cost him an effort. He chatted inconsequentially—making an effort to avoid the subject of Jim Randolph and the killing of Charley Webber. But she could not keep silent on the subject—it held for her the fascination which the rattler has for the bird it is about to devour. And he held her eyes and lied to her—lied deliberately, expertly.

"I heard 'em talkin' down by Ellery Simpson's store. They 'low Jim is hidin' out here—in this house."

He saw her quick, spasmodic intake of breath, the sudden curling of her long, slender fingers; the grimace of pain. . . . Her hysterical little laugh cut him to the quick. But he continued grimly—

"I knew they were crazy, so I invited 'em to come ahead an' search the house for themselves—"

"You told them *that*?"

"Sure! I knew this house would be the last place in the world Jim would hide out in. . . ."

The conversation trailed off into nothingness. And, after a while, John Stillman told his wife that he was going on the veranda to smoke his evening cigar. . . . She followed him to the porch, saw him comfortably settled in the big wicker chair—his cigar lighted, feet balanced on the veranda rail. . . . Then she went within, making nervous excuses about wanting to wash the supper dishes.

John Stillman gazed off across the sharply angled skyline of pinetops silhouetted vividly against the full moon, which hung in silver largess over Death Hole Swamp. A pleasant, piney breeze was blowing from the turpentine woods west of the house; and the night air was filled with the cacophony of croaking frogs, of crickets . . . and of vicious little mosquitoes.

(Continued on page 66)

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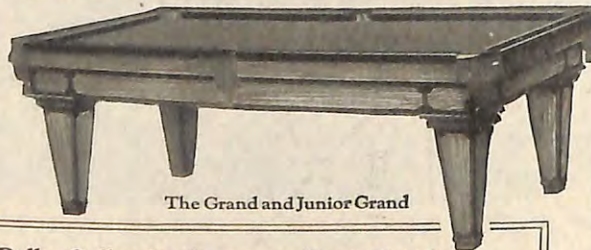
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Fate—Deputy Sheriff

(Continued from page 65)

John Stillman was trying not to think, yet he could not forget the deputies waiting in the heart of the swamp—waiting at the O'Neill cabin—for Jim Randolph. Nor could he forget that the man for whom the county searched was at that moment under the very roof. . . . And he knew that in the house Ellen was not washing the supper dishes; that he knew from the pregnant quiet within, from the sound of her feet crossing the yard to the little gray cabin in the rear . . . and then her return followed by Uncle Zack, the ancient Negro who was general handyman about the Stillman place.

He heard Zack go into the barn which adjoined the tiny garage and a moment later he heard the subdued clank of saddle harness. He knew what that meant. It meant that he was sitting by quietly while a murderer escaped. Yet he was untroubled; at peace with himself. Come what might, there would be nothing to disturb Ellen's happiness—certainly not anything of his doing. And that, after all, was the important thing. The little woman had had enough of pain and terror and anguish in her life. He intended to spare her the agony of himself arresting her son—of perhaps starting him for the gallows; certainly to a life sentence in the Columbia penitentiary. Right or wrong, he didn't worry. He knew he was wrong—and gloried in it. It could not be entirely wrong to save her the ultimate wrench of agony.

In the rear of the house he heard soft, sibilant whispers. He recognized the voice of Ellen and of Uncle Zack . . . and there was the voice of a man which he knew was that of Jim Randolph. And then a sudden clatter of horse's hoofs through the underbrush, a thunder of iron-shod feet as the murderer dashed for liberty. The sheriff half rose. It was not yet too late to catch his man.

Then he sank back in his seat again and puffed placidly upon his cigar.

A few moments later Ellen joined him. And this time he knew that her relief was not simulated. She was almost buoyant. She took his gnarled hand in hers and pressed it against her cheek. And they sat there wordlessly—gazing off into the perfect night; thinking . . . thinking . . .

And eventually it came to be bedtime and the sheriff walked around the house, alone, ostensibly to see that his garage was properly locked. But he didn't go to the garage. Instead he went to Uncle Zack's cabin, and aroused the old Negro from a sound sleep. Uncle Zack came to the door and touched his forelock while he scraped his right leg—an old slavery-time gesture.

"Uncle Zack," said the sheriff, "I want you to tell me something. And I want you to tell the truth."

"Yas suh, Cap'n—Yas suh. I always aims to tell the truth, Cap'n."

John Stillman held the eyes of the old Negro man levelly. "About two hours ago you saddled a horse back here—and a man rode away on it. The man was Jim Randolph, wasn't he?"

The eyes of the ancient Negro widened, but he nodded. "Yas suh. 't was Marse Jim."

"You know where he was going?"

"Y-y-yas suh."

"Where?" Sheriff Stillman's voice was hard as steel. "I promise you I won't follow. But I want to know where Jim Randolph was going."

And the old Negro answered with simple directness; answered as the sheriff of Karnak County had confidently expected him to answer:

"Marse Jim is aimin' to get away on the big train t'-morrow, Cap'n. But t'night he's gwine sleep at the O'Neill cabin!"

Staging the Sport Classic Of the Year

(Continued from page 29)

repaired; posters giving time of departure and stops, if any, are pasted on the car windows; and the tenders and furnaces of all the engines cleaned out, as a specially selected grade of coal is supplied all steam-engines in order that there may be no delay because of boiler-trouble en

route. When you realize that while the Crimson and Blue are battling on the Yale Field there are about twelve miles of coaches, pullmans and private cars in the New Haven yards, you get some idea of what a task this job of preparation becomes.

The day before the game several hundred extra coaches are moved down to the Grand Central Station in New York, and a large number sent to the South Station in Boston, while points like Springfield, Hartford, and Providence must also have surplus equipment. Pullman trains must be made up, dining-cars supplied with food and attached, and meanwhile emergency engines are steaming to a half dozen places along the line to be ready in case of a breakdown. Nothing, you observe, is left to chance. Scattered along the road are various high mechanical and operating officials, with authority to act and to act quickly in any emergency. This obviates the necessity of telephoning the General Manager in New Haven for orders. Most of the private cars which come into New Haven from all over the country are moved up on the day before the game. How much do they cost? That depends on the distance they travel. From New York to New Haven you can have a private car for a mere trifle of six hundred dollars. Of course you will have to pay the two dollars and sixty-two cents railroad fare from New York as well.

NOW it is the morning of the game. Within four hours, ninety-two special trains from New York, from Boston and from the West will disgorge their passengers in the old New England town. The sun is shining brightly, the chill air of fall tingles with excitement and enthusiasm. "Get your winning colors," "Harvard and Yale colors," shout the hawkers, while the pretty girls in furs, stout graduates, college boys in raccoon coats swarm up and down the platforms, the station, and the yards as the specials pull in from the East and the West. Over there is a long train of coaches from northern New England—they left a town in New Hampshire before it was daylight. On another track a pullman train comes to a stop amid a burst of cheering, YALE CLUB OF NEW YORK in big letters written across the sides of the cars. The railroad official beside you—he is the only sane and calm person in New Haven to-day—will inform you that from ten until one a train is being unloaded every two minutes. In other words, every two minutes eight hundred people are being added temporarily to the population of the city.

Wander about the yards with me, picking your way through the mass of eager, laughing football fans as they pour from the trains, and observe some of the private cars drawn up on the sidings. Here are private cars from nearly every railroad in the country. That one marked Oregon Shore Line has come almost three thousand miles; the one beside it with Southern Pacific across its sides has come just as far. From the South, from the West, from Canada, and from the Mexican border they are converging on New Haven for this one afternoon. And now it is getting toward noon, the heavy rush of the crowd subsides, until at one fifteen the last special of all is in from New York, the station empties, the crowd disappears, and the only thing to tell you of a football game is a dull, sullen roar which comes to you indistinctly from the Bowl, out in Orange township, where the two elevens are fighting before eighty thousand people.

In a few hours the game will be over, and the season will be finished for the two teams. Their work is through until another year. But the railroad has only half finished its job. The crowd is here, but the crowd must get back. Between one-fifteen P. M., when the last special pulls in, and three-fifty, when the first one pulls out, all cars must be thoroughly cleaned inside, for father, mother and the children brought their lunch to eat on the train. All articles of value—and in every crowd there are six hundred and forty women who leave pocket-books, vanity-cases and handbags in the train, and any number of men who place field-glasses, overcoats and umbrellas in the racks and then depart without them—must be turned over to the Lost and Found Bureau in the station. The engines are getting coal and water for the return trip, while cleaners attack the cars, and others swarm through tearing down the paper signs in the window that read "NEW HAVEN SPECIAL",

(Continued on page 68)



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Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhoea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

Let Forhan's help you

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhoea. 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.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhoea

4 out of 5 are victims

The fight against Pyorrhoea is a fight against overwhelming odds. Statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—pay Pyorrhoea's dreaded toll. Will you?

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums



Staging the Sport Classic of the Year

(Continued from page 67)



for
 everyone
 but mother
 . . . a Locktite

That's the answer to the eternal Christmas problem of what to get. The Locktite Cigarette Case, new this year, for the cigarette smoker. It holds a full package of twenty and keeps them firm and straight. Your choice of several different leathers.

And for the pipe smoker, the Locktite Tobacco Pouch, packed in a handsome gift box. Rubber or oil-silk lined, in a full range of leathers. You can't go wrong on either one. Do your Christmas shopping today by getting as many as you need—sold wherever smokers' accessories are sold.

F. S. MILLS CO., INC.
 GLOVERSVILLE . . . NEW YORK



\$1.00
 and
 up

"Locktite"
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
 TOBACCO POUCH

Locktite Tobacco Pouches in a full range of leathers \$1.00 and up.



replacing them by ones announcing that the train is a "NEW YORK EXPRESS, 125TH STREET ONLY."

At three-fifty-two the game is not yet over, but the first special train leaves New Haven. Have you ever wondered how newspapers managed to get papers with the account of the game on the street with the full story in pictures so soon after the game? Here is the way it's done for the Yale-Harvard clash. This early special train carries photographers with plates taken of the crowd and the game up to the end of the first half. Being the first train out, they reach New York in good time, rush the plates to the office, set them up, and meet the later specials with the crowd from the game at eight o'clock with a complete story and a dozen pictures of scenes on the field.

While this first train is speeding into New York, others are leaving New Haven. The crowd may come to the game slowly and irregularly, but they all want to leave at the same moment, and from four o'clock to five trains leave just as fast as they are full, running without stops to New York on a ten-minute headway. At eight-thirty the last special has pulled out of the New Haven yards, and except for the regular trains the day's work is over at that end. The General Manager sits in his office with two telephones on his desk. He has not eaten since two o'clock, and he munches a sandwich as he talks first over one phone which connects him with the Grand Central at New York, and then the other which links him to the South Station in Boston. As each train, regular and special, pulls into either terminal, he is advised, with the number of the passengers, number of cars, and exact running time to destination. Last year at eleven-thirty-three P. M. he hung up both phones with a satisfied air. The final train was in, the final passenger had been transported in safety, and the year's biggest job was over and done for another twelve months.

BETWEEN Friday morning and Sunday evening eighty-eight thousand passengers were handled. Sixty-six thousand were hauled on the day of the game by special trains, 60 per cent. of whom reached their destination ahead of actual running time. To accommodate this crowd in addition to the equipment necessary for regular trains, eighty-three engines, twelve baggage cars, four hundred and thirty-seven coaches, one hundred and seventy-five pullmans, and fifty-six private cars besides considerable miscellaneous equipment were necessary. During the time these specials were running, over a thousand passenger-trains were run over the regular schedule along the same roadway, and the interchange of freight-cars with connecting lines, the loading and unloading of cars was carried on without the slightest hitch. Last November twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight freight-cars were unloaded on the day before the game, and twenty-four thousand three hundred and thirty-two on the day of the game itself.

To handle trains with the celerity and dispatch of a suburban railroad terminal in a large city, and at the same time not disrupt all long-distance regular traffic over the same lines, requires the most careful planning and detailed inspection by many officers, the greatest care by thousands of employees, the most accurate and painstaking work by hundreds of men on engines, on trains, in stations, in towers, in yards and round-houses, as well as perfect condition of track, signals and equipment. There are no figures at hand, but I believe it safe to say that the way the New Haven Railroad handles the crowds going to the Yale-Harvard game establishes a record for the mass movement of crowds by any railroad in the world. Certainly, it is a triumph of American railroad engineering.

The crowd that sees the game in the Bowl numbers just under eighty thousand. Yet this is only a fraction of the people that attend, though they do not actually see it. There are, for instance, hundreds of thousands who hear each play as it takes place over the radio, and there are many thousands more who watch an electric scoreboard in a club, a theatre, or in front of a newspaper office. Almost all the big dailies in the large cities run electric scoreboards

giving the detailed story of the game, and if you have ever followed the Harvard-Yale or any other football contest by this means, you have been listening to a New Haven representative of one of the big telegraph companies.

This man has reported nearly every big Yale football match the last twenty years. He has seen the game grow from a college sport to a great national pastime, he has watched the stands on Yale Field spread out, increase, until twenty, thirty and then forty thousand people could be accommodated, and at last perceived the Yale Bowl with its vast seating capacity emerge from the ground. He has seen all the great football stars of the last quarter century; Shevlin and Hefelfinger, Brickley and Campbell, Thorpe and Mahan and Poe. He knows the game and more about it than any of the newspaper men in the Press Box, knows it as one who has grown up with it, has seen it develop and expand. Each year through his instrument he has talked football to millions, to men in restaurants in Paris and cities in Europe, to outposts of America like Yale in China in the Far East. When his fingers move on the afternoon of the game a world of waiting fans listens.

During the past five years, this man, as manager of the telegraph arrangements at the Bowl has not done much actual reporting, most of his work being confined to seeing that there is no hitch in sending the story of the clash over the wires. To this end he starts his preparations early in September when the schedule is first announced, and it is known on what date the big game at the Bowl takes place. Wires are sent to all large city dailies calling attention to the schedule and requesting that reservations for telegraph space be made to him at once. Frequent check-ups are made, and a week before the game if any large paper has neglected to file an application he gets in touch with them at once by wire or telephone. Because space at the field is limited and must be arranged for in advance.

The orders for space are sent to the Yale Athletic Association and then turned over to the telegraph official. He allots space to each newspaper, and gets ready for the big game when forty or fifty wires will be necessary, by cutting in the cable from Yale Field onto the main Boston-New York wire. In this way it is possible for a newspaper man to talk directly to his office in New York, and if arrangements are made he can be switched on to any other city in the country. Last year no less than forty-eight papers were running scoreboards and carrying a direct wire service to Yale Field. Besides this the wires from the Press Box are connected direct with large news agencies in New York. These agencies have distribution points in various parts of the country, in all state capitals and in all large cities. If, therefore, a newspaper in a city like Elkhart, Indiana, wished a play-by-play account of the game for its scoreboard, it could subscribe to the service of one of these news agencies, and hook up to its service at the nearest point—in this case probably Chicago.

A week before the game a floor of the telegraph company's offices are fitted up for newspaper men who will be in New Haven during the game. More than a million words are being flashed out between the Friday noon before the game and Sunday evening afterward, so the newspaper men must have every facility for their work. Typewriters are installed in these rooms, stenographers hired, and an extra force of twenty men placed in the offices below to send and receive messages. Meanwhile the office end of it is only half the work. There is the end at the field, which entails the manager's presence on the job from eight in the morning until well after the final whistle has blown. At the field he is in absolute charge of all the wires. There is also a telegraph office just inside the inclosure with facilities for handling sixty messages a minute, messenger boys and attendants at hand. All this must be set up and installed the day before the game by an outside crew from the New Haven office.

"How long do you figure," I asked, "it takes for the man in front of a score board in Kansas City to get the news of a play at Yale Field?"

"Almost instantaneous," was the reply. "The

No wonder, Elks
are saying to
their dealers—
“I want
11 o'clock
playing cards”!

THEY'VE used the
cards in the Elks
Clubs and they *know!*

They've played with them
game after game and have
seen how they stand up!

They've found them so
perfect in shuffling and
dealing—so easy on the
eyes—that they've got-
ten new pleasure out of
their favorite games.

Is it surprising that dealers
who cater to Elks and
other critical buyers are
reporting a continual de-
mand for this exceptional
card?

Any dealer who has not
yet stocked 11 O'clock
Playing Cards can get a
supply immediately from
his jobber.

Prices furnished on request

STANDARD PLAYING
CARD COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.



man at the wire may be ten or twenty words behind in his account of the game. But if something big happens like a field goal or a touchdown being made, he flashes at once and sends over the word—Yale- or Harvard-touch-down. This means that the man in Kansas City gets his account just as soon as it happens on the field. It is only a question of fractions of a second. And he gets it more accurately.”

“More accurately?”

“Sure. His account is a more accurate one than the newspaper reader gets the next day. The reason is this. Your telegraph operator is a trained man. He has seen the teams play all through the season, he has usually followed football for thirty years, he knows the game accurately. The newspaper man may never have seen them play, may be a baseball man who is sent out in a hurry to cover the football game. He must take his names from the official announcer, and in the noise and excitement of the moment it is easy to make a mistake. The telegraph man never makes mistakes. He can't afford to, because he cannot correct them after the game as the newspaper man can. That's why the man in front of a scoreboard gets a more accurate account of the game.”

“How far do you send this story of the game?”

“All over the country. As far away as the Pacific Coast and even to Mexico City. The Harvard Club of France gets telegrams every few minutes about the progress of the game which are read as they come in to the members. There are college clubs getting our play-by-play service as far away as Seattle, Washington; Jacksonville, Florida; and Lewiston, Maine. Yale in China gets flashes from the Pacific wire of the Universal News service. Our story of the game goes pretty much all over the world to-day.”

It is from the Press Box on the top of the Bowl during the game time that this mass of information is sent out to a waiting world of football fans. The Press Box is a wonderful sight on the afternoon of a big game, stretching as it does along one side of the field and filled up with over three hundred of the best-known writers in the country. In front you will observe the active writers, each one dictating a running story of the game to a seasoned telegrapher sitting beside him. The active writers are men from the big city newspapers, and the dispatchers from the news associations who operate the electric scoreboards in various parts of the nation. At one end of this row is a man with a megaphone. Look down on the field with me a minute and then listen to his words.

The big Bowl is packed with humanity. Far below the cheerleaders dance about like tiny dolls, as the two elevens line up for a scrimmage. You can see both teams; Yale with the ball close up to the line, Harvard defending, scattered out to await an attack through the air. It is very quiet. The signals of the Yale quarter come up plainly.

“Thirty-five, forty-six, eighteen, ninety-two—”

THE ball is passed. See, that halfback has it. He takes the ball on a direct pass, cuts in toward center, swerves, dodges a tackler, side steps, and look—he is past the secondary defence with almost an open field. Then like an arrow from nowhere a Harvard back cuts across, dives, and brings the blue runner to earth while a half a dozen men pile on top of them.

It's second down, three to go. Seven yards that rush gained. Very good. But who made it? Who tackled the runner? In their headgear, it is impossible even with powerful field glass to tell who the runner was. That is the job of the man with the megaphone, at the end of the Press Box. He knows every one on the team and their way of running, of tackling. He consults a man beside him who knows the Harvard team, and then, almost before the pack has unraveled below, he is speaking through his megaphone.

“Pond carrying the ball for Yale gains eight yards through right tackle, stopped on thirty-six-yard line. Tackle made by Daley of Harvard.”

And a hundred scoreboards the country over at once flash the information to the upturned faces in the street only a few seconds after the play has been made.

Behind the active writers sit a hundred or more other writers. They are the sporting

(Continued on page 70)



Sentiment does not recognize substitutes

NO other person in all the world was ever like that loved one of yours who has passed. The portrait will never grow dim. No other affection in the world was just like your affection. Sentiment does not recognize substitutes.

And when you come to consider the problem of how best to protect the precious remains of that dead person you should keep in mind this thought of substitutes.

If you substitute inadequate protection for positive and permanent protection then you are false to your sentiment. You are not playing fair with your heart.

The one way to do is to be sure. And this is possible when you demand the Clark Grave Vault, the vault that has proved it can, and does, keep out all moisture. Never in a quarter of a century has this vault failed. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper-steel is used for greatest rust resistance.

Leading funeral directors supply the Clark Grave Vault and give with it a fifty-year guaranty.

*Less than Clark Protection is no
protection at all!*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT
COMPANY

Columbus, Ohio.

*Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.*



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Staging the Sport Classic Of the Year

(Continued from page 69)

editors of various city dailies, and they will either return to their home papers and write the story that night, or else they will go to press headquarters and telegraph it in after the game is over. Here are some of the veteran sporting writers of the nation; John B. Foster, Bill McGeehan, Grantland Rice, and newspaper men from nearly every big city in the country. Behind them are a hundred or more writers called the Ambassadors. They are the men sent up to New Haven from their papers on special assignments. They are not there to describe the game from the sporting angle, but as a big color story. Among their number are some of the highest-priced writers in the United States. If you look closely you will observe the features of Irvin Cobb. Should Harvard be winning you will see Heywood Brown with a grin on his face kidding his next-door neighbor, who is, perhaps, Lawrence Perry, or Ring Lardner. O. O. MacIntyre is there, so is Will Rogers, and others just as famous. These men, remember, are acting for the man who can't get on for the game but wants a complete account of it, no matter whether he happens to live in Helena, Montana or Tokyo, Japan.

THERE is another interesting man up there in the cold November wind at one end of the Press Box. He has a little instrument with a string attached to it in his hands, and if you have a radio and have ever listened to a World's Series game, to a big fight, or a large college football match, you have certainly heard Maj. Andrew White talking. The number of people he is talking to increases each year, for there are football fans not only in this country, but also in Europe and in the islands of the Pacific, who pick up Major White's story of what is happening during those tense moments on Yale Field. To get things ready so that the broadcasting shall get over without any difficulty, it is at first necessary for wiremen from the central station in New York to instal an ordinary land wire connected up from the Press Box at the field to the broadcasting station in Manhattan where the actual sending takes place. Several days before the game, the next move occurs, when a trained operator instals the microphone in the Press Box in the Bowl, tests it, and everything is in readiness for Major White when the game begins.

He does not, however, wait until the whistle blows to tell what is going on. At noon he takes his place with the microphone in his hand, describing the colorful scene on the field and the incidents happening before the contest starts. Now the Harvard cheering sections march on the field headed by their band in white trousers and red sweaters. Next comes the Yale supporters, and as they pile into their seats in mid-field the band marches and counter marches below, and amid great bursts of cheering ends up in the shape of a huge Y. At last the red sweaters of the Harvard players appear at the entrance. The Bowl is almost full now. And so it goes. The man beside his radio in Pittsburgh is missing not a single bit of the life and color of the happenings in the Bowl itself.

It has been reported that places like Maidstone, Kent, on the east coast of England, and Santa Cataline Islands off California have heard this account plainly. Just how many actually get their news of the game this way is difficult to estimate, probably something over a million. Last year the number jumped enormously, due to the fact that it poured rain all day, and few people were anxious to stand out in the rain before newspaper offices, or sit in a blinding storm on Yale Field. With the improvements in radio it is probable that this year will also show a startling increase in the number of persons who obtain their account of this colorful sporting event through the help of a radio set in their own homes.

You have now seen how the railroad got ready for the crowds pouring into New Haven, how the Yale authorities sent out tickets, trained ushers, and prepared for the scene on the field itself, you have had a glimpse of the mechanism of sending the story of the game the world over, and how the telegraph and radio companies

Take away rheumatic pain



"My trouble is muscular rheumatism. The very first application of Absorbine, Jr. brought relief."

Use the magic bottle

When the first warning twinges come, apply Absorbine, Jr. It rouses the blood to renewed action and brings quick relief to the congested area. Following relaxed tension, the pain and ache quickly disappear.

Don't fear to rub — it cannot burn. It is an agreeable liniment to use; of a pungent, agreeable odor, which quickly disappears.

Besides keeping muscles and joints limber and free from stiffness, the magic bottle has many other emergency and everyday uses. It should have a prominent place in your medicine cabinet.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.



New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—Easily!

Produces same results as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline—without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt uses this same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you can also get in on a Special 10-Day offer. Mail coupon today to THE WEIL COMPANY, 1311 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



THE WEIL COMPANY,
1311 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name

Address

City

State

installed their equipment to meet this great demand. It is now Thursday afternoon before the game. Everything and everybody is working at top notch. The railroad people are in the midst of their activities, the athletic authorities at Yale have been up until three or four in the morning, and are back on the job at seven or eight. Everyone, in short, connected with the game is hitting on all six but a few men. And they are the most important of all. They are the players.

What about the players. Well, first of all the Crimson squad left Harvard Square, Cambridge with the cheers of several thousand undergraduates ringing in their ears early this morning. They boarded a New Haven Express at the Back Bay Station, Boston, fifty-two of them not counting coaches, assistant coaches, managers, assistant managers, rubbers, doctors, trainers, and all the rest of the camp followers so necessary to the well being of a modern varsity football team. They came on to New Haven and went out to a Country Club ten miles from the city. I can't tell you the name of it because no one is supposed to see them before the game. They are not to talk or think about the game any more than is necessary.

Friday morning they will come into the Yale Bowl for a little practise. Not much, just a little kick and throwing the ball around the gridiron to test out the wind currents. Except for the kickers this isn't very important. Back to the golf links in the afternoon, where they play golf, sit around, do anything almost but think about football. There is no blackboard talk, no last minute instructions, nothing in fact, but a good dinner and an entertainment. There are movies and probably some vaudeville comedians to give the boys a good laugh. At ten-thirty they are shoved off to bed.

Meanwhile what about the Yale team? Well, like their rivals they have been off football for several days. They are resting up, getting ready mentally for the struggle, but practice is over for the year. They have learned as much as they can, and their success or failure is in the lap of the gods. As they are in New Haven, they attend classes, and the night before the game are sent off in a body to the Yale infirmary, far from the noise of autos, the shouts and cheers, the singing throngs that tramp up and down the streets, the excitement of an evening before the game.

Saturday morning. The Harvard team is up early. You will find somehow they don't feel like sleeping late. A light breakfast, an early lunch, and at eleven-thirty they are packed into autos to cover the ten miles for Yale Field. Probably not one of the hundreds of machines that pass them on the way into the city realize they are the Harvard squad, tanned, husky, courageous looking, but withal just a bit nervous. It's a big strain this test, on a nineteen-year-old boy.

The Yale squad arose at the infirmary, had breakfast, attended classes, and at noon they are out at the locker-room at Yale Field. Slowly they get into their clothes.

TENDER wrists and ankles are bound up. Pads are being tied in place over bruised hips, and ankle supporters and knee-braces fixed in position. Meanwhile the telegrams that have been coming in increasingly for twenty-eight hours now become an avalanche. Supporters of the eleven all over the universe are wishing them luck. The interest in this game is not only nation-wide; it's world-wide. An unending file of messenger boys swarm into the room. At last the team is ready.

"All right, now men. Come on."

And a minute later someone in the top row of the Bowl sees them.

"Wow," and he jumps to his feet yelling. "There's the Yale team." The whole side of the Bowl follows him up, yelling and cheering, "Yale, Yale, Yale."

And then a few seconds later it's Harvard's turn, and the opposite side of the field is a mass of red. The two teams spread out over the field, practising. Soon the umpires in sweaters and golf trousers appear and call the captains together. See, they are shaking hands. The coin is tossed. And a yell from the Harvard section as the man in the red sweater points down toward the shady side of the field.

Now the two teams are in little knots just in

(Continued on page 72)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



The
STADIUM
Style M-177

A
Style
of the
Times

It isn't easy to tell the age of a pair of FLORSHEIMS. FLORSHEIMS manage to keep their youthful appearance after months of trying service. Their good looks is more than a surface finish—it endures.

Most Styles \$10



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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Shawknit
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FINE HOSIERY

The new Shawknit mixtures of silk and wool include designs harmonizing with this fall's predominating brown. Along with style correctness you are again assured of enduring wear and perfect fit. Practice true hosiery economy—in the store where Shawknit is sold.

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Practicoat



AMERICA'S GREATEST
KNIT JACKET VALUE!

Practicoat

IN good form? You'll hold it in a Practicoat. It's an aid to every shot in the bag. Good looking, yes, and snug-fitting — yet elastic enough for plenty of muscle play.

It's the club-man's garment — for lounging, for sports. Guaranteed, too!

If your dealer hasn't it, order from us.

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KNITTING MILLS
8-14 West 30th Street
New York City

Mens
Sizes
\$5

Boys
Sizes
\$4

Staging the Sport Classic Of the Year

(Continued from page 71)

front of their benches. The cheer leaders on both sides are jumping up and down. A shout again as they run out and take their positions on the field, Harvard kicking off to Yale. And a half a thousand telegraph instruments are ticking off the news that at two-four, Cheek, the Harvard Captain is kicking off for the Crimson. You may not be lucky enough to be here, you may not be one of the eighty thousand on the field. But if you are listening in by radio, or sitting before a scoreboard, or standing in front of a newspaper office, you are here just the same. There is the umpire with his hand up in the air.

"Ready Harvard?"
"Yes."
"Ready Yale?"
"Yes."

And you Mr. Football Fan, in front of your new whateverodyne set, or before your newspaper scoreboard. Are you ready?

All right.
"Play Ball."

The Red Cross in Peacetime

WITH the ushering in of the annual membership campaign of the American Red Cross, during the week of Armistice Day, comes an opportunity for everyone to join a worthy organization. Some idea of what the Red Cross does in times of peace may explain, to those who do not know, why this annual campaign is conducted and what use is made of the membership fees collected.

Chief among the Red Cross activities is that of disaster relief offered on the occasions of great calamity. In the forty-four years of its existence the Red Cross has spent \$48,000,000 in 700 disasters in the United States. It has offered a helping hand, also, when great tragedies came to foreign lands, as, for instance, in the case of the Japanese earthquake.

For the first time this year the Red Cross became a backer of small business enterprises which suffered as the result of the great tornado in the Middle West. At the same time it was rehabilitating the members of 6,000 families who suffered as a result of the catastrophe, it was putting business men on their feet by an effective and efficient system.

To the disabled veterans of the World War the Red Cross extends its service in the expression of a devoted duty to those who suffered in the conflict. Since the Armistice it has spent \$53,000,000 for them and for the men of the Regular Army and Navy and their families.

For duty in time of disaster the Red Cross has a reserve corps of 41,000 trained nurses. In its public health service are 1,000 nurses scattered over various parts of the country who preach the gospel of health extension and disease prevention to everyone.

This year the Red Cross gave instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to 67,281, women, girls and boys, thus teaching them to protect their homes from disease.

To reduce unnecessary deaths from drowning and accidents among the rash and uninstructed the Red Cross during the year trained 21,000 men, women, and youths in water rescue and resuscitation. They form the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps. Eighteen thousand persons were taught first aid to the injured.

Realizing that ignorance of the proper food values and the relation of food to health is a menace to the nation, the Red Cross has its classes in nutrition. Through class instruction it imparted this knowledge during the year to 130,000 children. Home visits trained 31,000 adults.

Volunteer work of members of the 3,000 chapters of the Red Cross is a potent factor in its peace-time mission. Volunteers have produced 1,317,718 surgical dressings, 173,822 garments and 97,450 pages of Braille for the blind, in addition to many other services rendered.

The Red Cross recognizes neither race nor creed, country nor policy in its altruistic crusade. The ranks of the society are open to YOU.



Delicious!
Delightfully
flavored
and good
for health-
its daily
use is

"a sensible
habit"



BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

OFFICIAL ELKS DIPLOMA



EVERY MEMBER should have one to adorn his home. Beautiful steel engraved Certificate of your membership embossed with American flag in colors on finest parchment paper and mailed prepaid. Artistically engrossed with member's name, name and number of lodge with date of initiation for \$2.00; or blank to have your secretary fill it in for \$1.00. Orders may be placed through the secretary of your lodge, or sent direct to the

MCKENZIE ENGRAVING COMPANY
174-178 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
"Makers of The Official Elks Diploma"

FAMOUS "COAST TO COAST" MIRACO GUARANTEED

RADIO'S-Factory Prices

SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2

Powerful, New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY \$27.35 Retail

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Who Murdered This Man?

By Claire Wallace Flynn

HAVE you ever been murdered? Have you ever been a murderer? Be careful how you answer, please! Here are a few easier ones—

Don't you really enjoy a story of dark crime? Of sudden and mysterious death? The faint clue left behind, and the hair-raising episodes crowded into the search for the culprit?

Don't you think, in your heart, that you'd make a pretty good detective yourself? Unostentatious, not to say almost unimpressive, perhaps, but, ye gods! what hidden powers of intuition! What sudden mental flashlights!

Have you never heard your own voice, calm and deadly, saying: "Officer, take the handcuffs off that beautiful young woman. The real murderer is standing behind you!" (Curtain)

Now don't be too shy or modest about it. It is because this sort of thing still lingers in us from the days when we read juvenile penny-dreadfuls that the interest in mystery stories is almost universal and holds hard and fast through the seasons.

It's the same with the stage.

What really fascinates us most in *Hamlet* is not the question of whether the young Prince should go on living or not, or if, perhaps, *Ophelia* hasn't inherited her distressing mental weakness from her old bore of a father, but just how and when the wicked King is going to "get his."

Well, whether you agree with all this or not, we're simply trying to lead up to the confession that all of our books this month have blood stains in them.

There are seven. And we give it, merely as our personal opinion, that we got most entertainment out of "The House Without a Key" by Earl Derr Biggers, the man who wrote "Seven Keys to Baldpate" a few years ago. We enjoyed it even more than we did "The Red Lamp" by Mary Roberts Rinehart, although the books can not be compared at all as pieces of mystery work. And as to writing, the Rinehart book stretches way above the other. But for all that—

"The Loring Mystery" by Jeffery Farnol brings one a flavor of old days, and, as in all Farnol's books, the sense of being deep in luscious English country, cool, green and sweet smelling. Mr. Farnol couldn't keep this out of even a murder story.

"The Jade God" recalls in some unaccountable way, for it is not like it at all, Dunsany's "A Night at the Inn."

"The Goose Woman," a short and rushing crime story by Rex Beach, forms the leading attraction of a volume made up of short yarns.

We go down to Cape Cod to wade through the perils of "Portuguese Silver"—a sort of Black Hand adventure, though from its name this should belong to the "Treasure Island" school.

"The Iron Chalice" is no new event for the readers of this magazine. Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen's splendid serial is now out in book form. Although the murder contained in it is only incidental (if one may grow so callous as to speak that way) it did seem that such a volume of excitement belonged in this month's family of tense and misbehaving stories—so here it is.

The House Without a Key

By Earl Derr Biggers

RARELY have I met a detective whom I more heartily liked than Charlie Chan, the bland young Chinaman who moves with such plump and silent steps through the pages of "The House Without a Key." Just for a moment, slightly mistrusting his Oriental manner, I wondered if it could be the Chinese detective himself who had killed Dan Winterslip as he lay asleep one night on the lanai of his big house in Honolulu. That was the very night before the return of his beloved daughter from school in the States. It was Dan's redoubtable cousin, Miss Minerva Winterslip, who discovered him lying on his cot, and as she stared down at him

(Continued on page 74)



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Who Murdered This Man?

(Continued from page 73)

"one of the harmless little island lizards ran up his chest and over his shoulder—and left a crimson trail on his white pajamas."

Enter Charlie Chan.

He comes with the Captain of the Hawaiian detectives when they are called on the case by Amos Winterslip, brother and neighbor of Dan, with whom he has maintained an uninterrupted feud for some thirty-one years.

You might as well realize at the outset that Dan's early life embraced some particularly questionable and dark South Sea records. If pasts could be kept in cedar chests for all eternity there would be few murder stories written. But, curse them, they escape! Mothless, rustless and devastating!

Dan's peace of mind had been distinctly jeopardized almost every time a steamer or an old windjammer had put into Honolulu. After the murder, the arrival of various captains, missionaries and so on, and the presence of widows and down-at-the-heels innkeepers raises the number of "suspects" to an amazing figure. You find yourself hurrying from page to page, rattling a pair of handcuffs and longing to clamp them on someone. But Chan never loses his imperturbability. "Patience," he remarks, "are a very lovely virtue."

All clues narrow down to "the luminous dial of a wrist watch—a watch with the numeral 2 almost effaced." Such a dial shone for a moment in the dark living-room shortly before Winterslip's body was discovered. Then it disappeared—presumably on the arm of the murderer.

I'll wager that after you read this novel you'll find yourself immensely interested in watches. You'll peer at them whenever they come within eye-shot, and you will realize, as I did, to what a fascinating piece of sleuth work Charlie Chan and John Quincy Winterslip found themselves dedicated.

And as to John Quincy! He was Dan's nephew. A rockbound Boston boy, the pride of a banking house, and full of nothing much. Under the magic rays of the Pacific, and likewise under the galvanizing shock of his uncle's death, John Quincy becomes what Mr. Mencken once referred to as a "uman bean," which is much better than being a Boston one, if we may be permitted a harmless little joke.

Mr. Biggers was clever to lay the scene of his novel in Hawaii. Stretches of gleaming sand—sunlight—bright flowers! Though we see poor Dan lying dead we don't go into very deep mourning for him. Horror is skillfully minimized in this well-told tale.

Do read it. It intrigues and baffles. The culprit is brought to justice, young love triumphs (as always), and altogether this story of riding the crime waves at Waikiki, so to speak, is extremely fascinating.

The Red Lamp

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

IT IS a very ticklish job, let me tell you, to put down in cold type (which may be used against you at any moment) your timid opinion of a Mary Roberts Rinehart book.

Mrs. Rinehart counts her public by millions. Magazine readers, book lovers, theatre goers, movie fans. Who's left! And this department is as loyal as anything to Mrs. Rinehart, but, in this case, the truth is that "The Red Lamp" didn't give us the amount of goose-flesh that we were prepared to suffer in this cause. I think the trouble lies in that the novel is too long for its subject. It bulges with padding, and there seemed a victim too many. But what's one extra dead man, after all. The tale is absorbing.

But, mark you, it is no book to read on a dark, windy night, nor in a room with a creaking door and a loose floor-board, unless you happen to have the nerves of a traffic policeman.

We can accept "The Red Lamp" as merely another thriller, a splendid follow-up for "The Bat," which, a couple of years ago, moved our entire population out to the edge of its chair; or, we can look deeper and murmur, "Such things may be! Why, I myself have had strange things happen to me, which, if I tried to explain to my neighbor, would cause him to turn away and touch his forehead meaningly." For, Mrs. Rinehart has written much more than just a

mystery tale. She has approached that dim borderland of inexplicable phenomena which has piqued the interest and baffled the intelligence of so many people.

Can houses be haunted? Or, are not all houses more or less haunted or impressed by the thoughts of the people who have lived in them? Is there conscious survival after death? Out of some pit of blackness can a soul come back, try to speak, help, guide?

Uncle Horace dies at Twin Hollows. The doctor says heart trouble, but that's just so much gammon. Little by little, shiver by shiver, the author suggests a portentous mystery. Suggests that Uncle Horace himself longs to clear it up. A cold wind blows through the story.

A most interesting group of people set about unravelling the obscure threads: A college professor, nephew of Uncle Horace, upon whom suspicion at one time rests. There is his wife who has strange psychic moments. Their niece, Edith, who sheds upon the blood-freezing narrative a happy aura of bath-salts and sunshine. And there is her adoring Warren Halliday, who has a healthy disregard for spooks. But this bold young man is not left unshaken, however.

The love "motif" has a brisk, happy quality that counter-balances all the murder and ghost pages in the tale. We leave these young people flying off on their honeymoon. Over the vexatious and unanswerable questions of life and death, and all the rest of it, dawns the conclusion that "Love at least is real; the one reality perhaps."

The Loring Mystery

By Jeffery Farnol

WELL launched on our orgy of crime, we take up Mr. Farnol's tale of nineteenth century England without undue heart palpitation. Nothing can really scare us now, so bring on your murder, Mr. Farnol! And he brings it on, right in Chapter One.

A fine young man is due in England from Virginia to claim a baronetcy inherited from his father but wrongfully held by his uncle. A body is washed up on the bank of the Thames and identified by Sir Nevil Loring as that of his nephew David.

Meanwhile, good old Jasper Shrig, a scream of a detective (1819 model) has added Sir Nevil's name to his quaint list of possible or prospective "capital coves." Jasper can smell murder, he assures us, in some men, hear it in their voices, taste it in the very air they breathe. And though when he crosses their paths they may be living blameless lives down go their names and addresses in his little book—and heaven help them later on!

Sir Nevil doesn't escape Shrig's hounding. Nor does the mangled body washed ashore in London prevent a certain determined young gentleman from claiming to be Sir David Loring, late of Virginia. Kicked out of Loring Chase, this bold pretender swears vengeance.

Immediately after that, the wicked uncle is found dead—a silver dagger in his throat.

There's a perfectly good start for you. Why not work it out for yourself, and then see what Farnol has done with his theme!


The Goose Woman

By Rex Beach

THE paper jacket that comes around this volume of short and dashing stories is a delusion and a snare. It suggests, silently, that here may be a refreshing sort of fairy tale, another Hansel and Gretel. And at that moment the jacket laughs at you.

"The Goose Woman" is creepy murder fiction. If ever a lad had a close shave with the gallows, the Goose Woman's son has it. And all because his disreputable mother has sunk so low in the world that she has lost her love for him, along with everything else. In the end, Mr. Beach waves a magic wand over them all, which cheers us up tremendously.

Scarcely had I completed reading this thriller (you can do it in half an hour), wiped my damp brow, called for some strong coffee, and otherwise revived, when there was brought to my



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desk the weekly announcement issued by our "neighborhood motion-picture theatre." In it the management was more than enchanted to herald the early showing of "The Goose Woman" on the screen, with Jack Pickford cast for the rôle of the son.

But in spite of all that, it is inconceivable that this piece of sensationalism should be taken seriously, even if R. B. does allow himself the luxury of an occasional piece of elegance, such as, "Mary Holmes fathomed the cause of the girl's peculiar agitation." The whole thing, despite the hand of the skilled workman, is cheap. And that's putting it mildly!

Portuguese Silver

By Charles Neville Buck

MR. BUCK has been moved to sully the sacred sands of Cape Cod with his little contribution to our crime collection. Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers! Here are goings-on, indeed! The tortuous workings of the Mafia—the vaudevillian activities of a "master of disguise"—fashionable guests at a smart seaside hotel who, behind their own doors, turn into agents from police headquarters. There is a bewitching Cape Cod girl of dangerous Latin origin, and a white yacht standing off-shore whose master holds the peace of two nations in his hands. Keep your eye on him.

An Italian is at work on this side of the Atlantic spreading the infection of radical anarchy. Italy wants him, dead or alive. Mr. —, I cannot say his name again, is commissioned to use his yacht and his brain in the matter. Nothing is said about his heart, but naturally he employs that also, and none too happily for him. The lady who quite justifiably tampers with his emotions is—can you believe it!—the wife of the very man he is after.

If you can see a possible loophole through which happiness might steal into such a complication, you are an optimist indeed. Yet in it comes.

A good story of its class.

The Jade God

By Alan Sullivan

HAVE you a little jade god in your home? Is it supremely ugly? Was it stolen from an old temple in Burma? If "Yes," we beg of you to throw the thing away, instant. It trails clouds of evil. Ultimately you will be found murdered in your country house, and that wouldn't be a very nice thing to have happen to you, I'm sure.

If only poor, gentle Mr. Millicent, serene on his Sussex estate, had been given such good advice! He was found very dead one day, and somewhat later his jade god was discovered in a small secret recess over the fireplace, looking more malevolent than ever.

Then Jack Derrick, an admirable hero, goes into action, and, in time, wins the love of the murdered man's daughter.

Blended with a tidy bit of amateur detective work and a tender romance, is the ominous and stifling odor of the Orient which seeps in one way or another.

Try this one.

The Iron Chalice

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THIRTEEN months to live! Then he must kill himself. Such are the terms of the contract under which Alan Beckwith, down-and-out, obtained twenty thousand dollars in cash, a life insurance policy payable to the man (a cold-blooded citizen of the underworld) who gave him the money, and a wife that he didn't know before he met her when they went to the City Hall to procure the marriage license. And there you are!

Melodrama? Oh, yes. But very clever. Alan and his mysterious wife have a hold on life so precarious, so hurrying toward inevitable tragedy, that you are emotionally exhausted when the iron chalice of fate is finally dashed away from their lips.

If you have lost your old numbers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in which this startling novel first appeared, or, if remembering your own pleasure in the tale you wish to hand on that delight to some one else, here's the thing in a neat green volume.



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Further Financial Definitions

By Stephen Jessup

(Continued from the October issue)

MARGIN.—When a purchaser of stocks through a broker does not wish to make complete payment, he deposits a sum of money with the broker which is known as margin. The broker pays the complete purchase price and the deposit represents the difference, or margin, between the cost of the stock and the price to which it must decline before the deposit would be exhausted by the shrinkage in value.

Margin is really a payment on account of a purchase. It not only serves to protect the broker from loss in event of a decline, but it provides part of the funds which the broker requires for the purchase. The broker can, and usually does, use the stock certificates as collateral and borrows against them perhaps 75% of their market value. In other words, the purchase price of a marginal stock transaction is supplied partly by the customer, to the extent of from 10 to 30%, depending on the nature of the stock, and partly by the broker's hypothecation of the stock along with other stocks in the ordinary course of his business. In cases where the customer's margin and the bank's loan together are not sufficient to equal the purchase price, the broker's own capital is employed.

Stocks purchased on margin are held by the broker for the account of the customer, and are delivered only when fully paid for by the customer. The latter receives credit for any dividends that may become due, and, of course, is entitled to whatever gains may result if stock is sold at an advance over the purchase price. The customer pays the broker interest on the unpaid balance. Such stocks usually are in the name of a broker and are called "street certificates," since there is no necessity to transfer them into customers' names unless and until they are paid for outright.

STOCK OF RECORD.—Stock the certificates of which are properly registered and recorded on the books of a corporation. Stock that is carried on margin with a broker is, naturally, not stock of record so far as the customer is concerned until it is transferred to his own name.

ON ACCOUNT.—Buying stocks on account is the same as on margin; it is the depositing a certain amount of cash or collateral to control on account a greater number of shares of stock than the same money or collateral would buy outright, the purchaser being subject to a call for more money—or margin—to maintain the same proportionate equity should the price of the stock thus being carried suffer a decline.

EQUITY.—The difference between the current market value of the stock and the amount that the customer still owes thereon. For example, if you buy 100 shares of ABC at \$100 per share and put up the 15% margin of \$1,500, and a month later ABC is selling at 101, your equity is the \$10,100 value of your stock less your original debit balance of \$8,500 plus your buying and selling commissions of \$50 plus the month's interest on the \$8,500 (approximately \$40), or, in round figures, \$1,510.

DEBIT BALANCE.—The total balance owed by a customer on his account with a broker; it consists of (a) the difference between the purchase price and the margin put up; (b) the buying and selling commissions, assuming the account to be settled at a given time; and (c) the interest charged by the broker on the unpaid balance for the life of the account.

CARRYING CHARGES.—The interest charged by a broker on the amount of money advanced by him in carrying stock on account for a customer.

LONG PULL.—Buying a security with the expectation that it must be held for a long time for a profit.

QUICK TURN.—The opposite of "long pull."

PAPER PROFITS.—Profits that would exist at a given moment were the customer to close the transaction; in other words, profits that may be figured on paper but are not yet realized and may increase or decrease in variance with the action of the stock market.

POINT.—The valuation of one dollar per share. If a stock is quoted at \$100 and advances to \$102, it is said to have gone up two points. The same applies to the change in price of a bond, as bonds are quoted in percentages and are therefore similar to the prices for stocks.

Puts and Calls

WHILE the average man's interest in speculation in the stock market centers on buying or selling stocks on margin, there is another and less-known method of trading which is loosely termed "Privileges." These privileges are of three kinds—puts, calls and spreads.

PUT is a privilege to sell stock to a broker at a fixed price at any time within a specified period. It is the privilege to use in order to take advantage of a decline in the market. For example: a thirty-day Put on 100 shares of ABC when the stock was selling at 80 would give you the privilege of selling 100 shares of stock 3 points away, or at 77, at any time within thirty days, no matter how far the market price declined. For this privilege you would pay about \$150, or 1½ points per share. Thus you would be taking a "short" position with the risk limited to the cash purchase price of the privilege. Every point that ABC stock declined below 77 would be a point profit. After a 1½-point decline you would have the cash payment made up, so that below 75½ you could purchase the stock at a net profit.

CALL is a privilege to buy stock from a broker at a fixed price at any time within a specified period. It is the privilege to use in order to take advantage of an advance in the market. Example: A thirty-day Call on 100 shares of ABC when the stock was selling at 80 would give you the privilege of buying 100 shares of stock 3 points away, or at 83, at any time within thirty days, no matter how far the market price advanced. For this privilege you would pay the same price, \$150, or 1½ points per share. Thus



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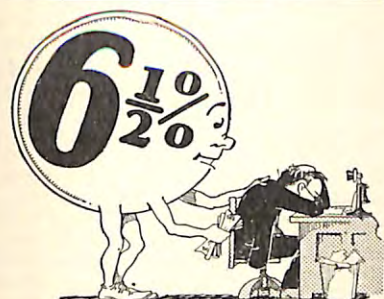
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you would be practically "long" of the stock, having the privilege of buying it at 83, and yet with no risk beyond the cash payment if the market declined. Every point it advanced above 83 would be a point profit. At 84 1/2 you would have made up the cash payment, and above that level you could sell the stock at a net profit.

SPREAD is both a Put and Call on the same stock, and places its owner in a position to take advantage of a movement either way. Thus, by using a Spread you are destined to be on the right side no matter which way the market goes. While profits are accruing on one privilege you can lose nothing on the other, beyond the cash purchase price. There is always the possibility of rapid fluctuations affording opportunities for profit on both options. The Spread is exceptionally advantageous when the market is in a critical position. Example: A seven-day spread on ABC when selling at 80 would give the privilege of selling the stock at 78 1/2 or of buying the stock at 81 1/2 at any time within seven days.

The principal advantage attaching to these privileges is, of course, the fact that one's possible loss is definitely restricted. A Put or a Call places one in a "short" or "long" position, as the case may be, but no matter how far the market price goes against one, one's loss is absolutely limited to the cash price paid for the privilege, thus doing away with the worries of "margin calls." Moreover, there is always a chance that the trend will turn and the price advance or decline to a point where one will have a profit before the expiration of the privilege.

When first entering upon transactions in the stock market, many men have a theory that they can "beat the game" by being both long and short of a stock at the same time. They figure that if the market rises they will take profits on the long side; if it declines they will take profits on the short side. This theory, however, is dispelled when they find that they cannot both buy and sell at the same price on the same quotation; that no matter which way the market goes they are losing on one transaction what they are gaining on the other, and that they always have interest and commissions against them.

The Spread obviates these difficulties and, for a stated price, gives the owner the same speculative opportunity without any further cash outlay.

In the event of a break in the market, profits may be taken on the Put, and, no matter how far down the market goes, there is no loss on the Call beyond the cash purchase price. If the market advances, profits may be taken on the Call, and no matter how far the market rises there is no loss on the Put beyond the cash purchase price.

In either case, also, the market might turn after one transaction was closed out, and the succeeding movement might carry prices to a point where the other privilege also would show a profit.

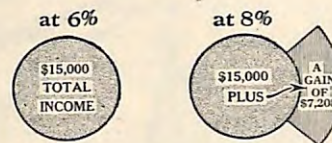
Like most things in life, privileges have their disadvantages as well as their advantages. Chief of these is the fact that they are limited to short periods, and since the owner is handicapped by having his privilege several "points away" from the prevailing market, it frequently happens that the difference is not made up in the prescribed period of time, so that, even if the owner's judgment were correct as to the probable trend of the market, the stock in which he were interested would not move more than enough to reimburse him the price of the privilege. In the case where the stock does not move at all during the life of the privilege—and these cases are common—the owner of the privilege is naturally the loser to the extent of what he paid for the privilege.

There is, of course, a difference between the number of "points away" governing privileges on different stocks. There is also a difference between the Put and Call prices on the same stock. In practise, a put-and-call broker quotes privileges about as follows:

Either a Put or a Call is available on 100 shares of stock for a fixed term and fixed price, such as \$100 or \$150, applicable to a list of active stocks ranging from 1 to 6 "points away." "Points away" means, of course, the difference between the market price at the time the privilege is purchased and the figure at which the stock may be put or called, as the case may be. In the case of a Call the option price is

(Continued on page 78)

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Further Financial Definitions

(Continued from page 77)

determined by adding the "points away" to the then prevailing market price of the stock, and in the case of a Put by subtracting the "points away" from that prevailing market price. "Points away" vary for different stocks according to the character of the market for those stocks. They are naturally greater for stocks subject to wide fluctuations than for those which move more slowly.

As a specific illustration, a call on Steel Common would probably be one point away, while a call on Canadian Pacific might be five points away. In each case the time limit and price of the call would be the same.

Similarly, the call price might be nearer to the market than the put price, both applying to the same stock. In many cases the call on a stock is only one or one and a half or two points above the market, while the put is two points or more below the market.

These Privileges are negotiable contracts and are usually endorsed by a Stock Exchange firm which guarantees them by endorsing them in the same way that checks are endorsed.

The "Maker" is the broker who writes or sells Puts, Calls and Spreads.

The "Premium" is the money paid for one of these privileges.

If the stock upon which you secure a privilege does not go beyond the option figure, you lose the money that you paid for the privilege; but your loss is limited to this amount. In other words, if you bought a Call and the stock went down 25 points you would merely refrain from exercising your option to buy the stock. The extent of the decline would not injure you, for you could lose nothing beyond the money paid for the call.

These Privileges are often used by traders who are operating in the stock market and wish to "hedge" to guard against unforeseen sudden reversals. A man carrying 1,000 shares of stock on margin, for instance, and not wishing to rely too emphatically on his own judgment, will protect himself by buying a thirty-day Put on the same stock, so that in the event of a sudden decline his Put will show him a profit offsetting his loss on his long stock, while if the market advances he makes a profit on his long stock and merely deducts the price he paid for the Put—which in effect has been a form of insurance.

Some brokers specialize in Privileges and will quote them with regard to any of the well-known and fairly active stocks on the Stock Exchange. The Privileges are "closed out," when profitable, by merely giving such a broker the necessary order to buy or sell, just as in the case of margin or outright trading.

When a stock is quoted "ex-dividend" or "ex-rights" during the period for which a privilege is granted, such dividend or rights are payable to the holder of a Call, provided the privilege is exercised. In the same way, the holder of a Put is debited with the amount of such dividend or rights if the privilege is exercised, as the man who sells stocks short is always responsible for dividends, etc., to the man to whom he owes the stock.

Investment Literature

Readers interested can obtain booklets on financial topics from the following firms on request:

"Forty-Three Years Without Loss to Any Investor," S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

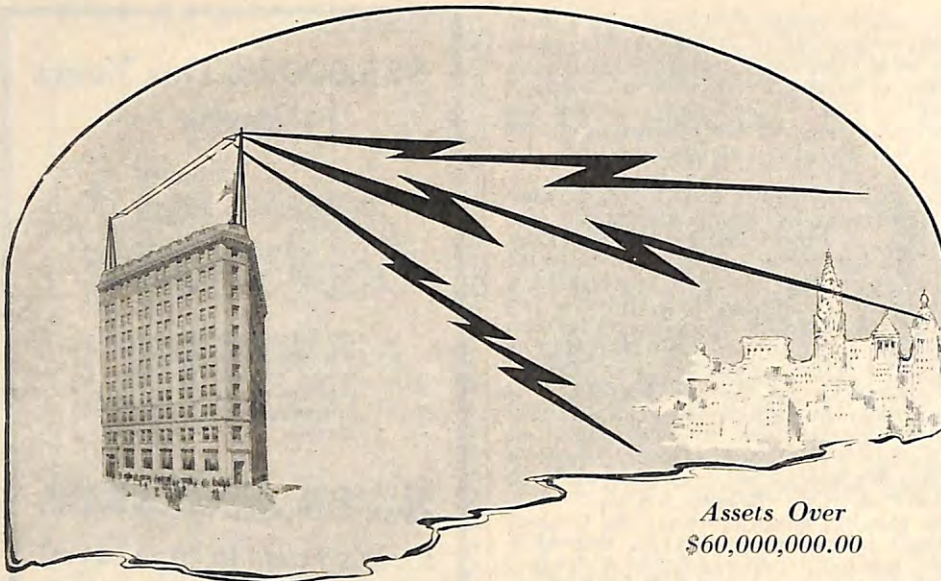
"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Two To Four Per Cent. Extra," The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

Bulletin No. A-4510, "Forman Guaranteed Bonds," George M. Forman & Co., 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

"Safety Supreme," Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C.



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

will contain a ladies' room, library, manager's office and social room; the second floor will contain the Lodge room, secretary's office and committee rooms; the third floor, five rooms and showers. The purchase price of the property is \$47,500, the estimated cost of the building \$160,000 and of the furnishings \$25,000.

Impressive Musical Arrangement For Armistice Day Services

Many Lodges throughout the Order are planning to use as a part of their Armistice Day services a special bugle call known as "The Roll Call," written by S. Walter Krebs, the American pianist and composer.

While arranged primarily for the bugle, "The Roll Call" may be played on an organ or its basic rhythm sounded on a gong.

"The Roll Call," which is an original musical arrangement, has received the endorsement of Army and Navy officials, and of the American Legion and many prominent individuals. It was widely used last year in various memorial services. Lodges interested may obtain copies of the music and information concerning its use free of charge from S. Walter Krebs, the composer and originator, at 547 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

Stephen Payne Pettit, Past Exalted Ruler of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

A host of friends in and outside the Order mourn the passing of Stephen Payne Pettit, Past Exalted Ruler of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253. He was one of the Lodge's most active and loyal members and was loved throughout the community for his upright and generous character and the unselfish interest he took in all civic and social work. The funeral services conducted by his Lodge were most impressive. From fraternal, financial and social circles alike came floral offerings, bearing eloquent witness to the high esteem in which he was held.

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge Gives Outing to Little Folks

Children from the Children's Home and the Home for the Friendless were recently guests of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge No. 247, whose members took the youngsters for a day's outing on Bear Mountain. Dinner was provided the children, and there were also all sorts of games and many other special events for their amusement.

Lincoln Highway Association Has Successful Outing

The Illinois Lincoln Highway Elk Association picnic held recently in Hunt's Grove was very well attended. Over 1,000 Elks were present and enjoyed the feast and the special program that had been arranged for the day. Lodges which are members of this recently formed association are Sterling Lodge No. 1218, Dixon Lodge No. 779, Rochelle Lodge No. 1501, De Kalb Lodge No. 765, Sycamore Lodge No. 1392 and Mendota Lodge No. 1212.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Expects New Home Ready in February

The new Home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, is now well under way. Practically all the steel work has been completed and construction is proceeding rapidly in all branches of the structure so that the membership have a right to look forward to a finished Home in

(Continued on page 80)

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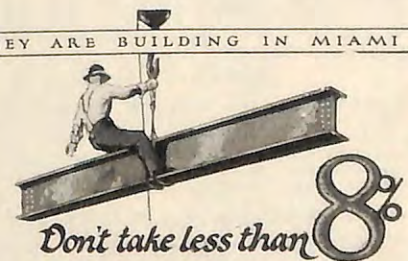
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

the very near future. The building which will rise fourteen stories above the street will be one of the tallest structures in the city. Nothing is being spared to make it one of the outstanding Homes in the Order.

Famous Marine Band Plays For Chicago, Ill., Lodge

The United States Marine Band, which is rarely heard outside the National Capitol, recently gave two concerts under the auspices of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, at the Medinah Temple. This was the first time in ten years that the band has played in that city and the occasion was marked by great interest on the part of the public. This great military band has been in existence 124 years.

Chimes and Organ Features In New Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge

Two interesting features of the new Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171, will be the chimes and the organ. The first will be a twelve-tube set of Deagan's finest drawn chimes weighing 5,500 pounds, so adjusted that they can be played from the console of the organ. They will have a range of two hundred numbers, which will permit the playing of any program for any occasion. They will be equipped with dampers, which will prevent the tones running together and it will be possible to play them as fast as an organ. They will be erected upon the rear of the new Home in an artistically designed belfry.

The organ itself will be a specially built instrument with two consoles, which will permit its being played in either the Lodge room or auditorium.

Newport, R. I., Lodge Dedicates Its New Lodge Room

In the presence of many visiting members from Lodges throughout New England and before a large gathering of its own members, Newport, R. I., Lodge No. 104, recently dedicated its new Lodge room. The dedicatory exercises were conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Daniel T. McGowan. Following the exercises, supper was served and an entertainment consisting of vocal and instrumental selections and specialty numbers.

Tennessee Elks Considering Site For Crippled Children's Home

Chattanooga, Tenn., may have the honor and distinction of being the site of the first crippled children's home and hospital of the State if a movement started at the recent meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Association materializes. A resolution was adopted on that occasion providing for the appointment of a committee to take up this question and to report on the idea. Chattanooga Lodge, No. 91, owns a suitable and desirable piece of property on the banks of the Tennessee River and at the base of Signal Mountain, easily accessible by street car and automobile. This property, being considered by the committee as the most likely site, can be put in shape for the purpose desired in a short time with little expenditure.

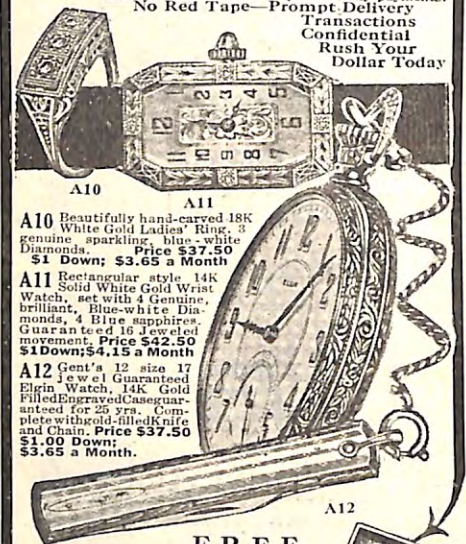
Washington Elks to Build Hospital For State's Crippled Children

The building of a convalescent Home for crippled children on a twenty acre tract overlooking beautiful Lake Ballinger, a few miles north of Ballard, Wash., will start in March according to an announcement made recently by Hale R. Nosler, President of the Washington State Elks Association. The proposition is being sponsored by the Elks of the State through the recently formed Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddie Service, known as the "Bucks." Membership in the "Bucks" is had by the payment of one dollar and dues in the organization are the same, payable on the member's birthday. The tract of land has been purchased and a campaign is now on to raise additional funds to build and operate the Home. The big achieve-

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Simply pin a dollar bill to this ad, put it in an envelope with your name and address and Mail it Today. Your choice of these exceptional values will come Prepaid for a 15 Day Trial. If you can duplicate your purchase for less money anywhere, send it back and your dollar will be returned. If satisfied pay balance in ten equal monthly payments. No Red Tape—Prompt Delivery



A10 Beautifully hand-carved 18K White Gold Ladies' Ring, 3 genuine, sparkling, blue-white Diamonds. Price \$37.50 \$1 Down; \$3.65 a Month

A11 Rectangular style 14K Solid White Gold Wrist Watch, set with 4 Genuine brilliant, blue-white Diamonds, 4 Blue sapphires. Guaranteed 16 Jeweled movement. Price \$42.50 \$1 Down; \$4.15 a Month

A12 Gent's 12 size 17 Jewel Guaranteed Elgin Watch, 14K Gold Filled Engraved case guaranteed for 25 yrs. Complete with gold-filled Knife and Chain. Price \$37.50 \$1.00 Down; \$3.65 a Month.

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Important Notice to Members
Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

ment of this Home will be to take care of convalescent cases from the Orthopedic Hospital located in Seattle. By so doing it will make it possible for the Hospital to give treatment to many more children.

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge Pays Tribute To Successful Team

At the close of a most victorious season in which they won the championship of the intermountain section, the baseball team of Caldwell, Ida., was paid a fine tribute by the members of Caldwell Lodge No. 1448. A special dinner was given in honor of the members of the team and its manager, and there were addresses and an excellent entertainment. The Caldwell baseball team is made up of students from the local High School and the College of Idaho which is situated at Caldwell.

Death Takes George F. Forrest, Past Exalted Ruler of Juneau Lodge

Many friends throughout the Order and his fellow members of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge No. 420, were deeply grieved to learn recently of the death of George F. Forrest, three times Exalted Ruler of his Lodge. Mr. Forrest, who held an honorary life membership in Juneau Lodge, also served four years as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. The Home of Juneau Lodge stands largely as a monument to his memory, as it was mainly through his untiring efforts that it was conceived and erected. Mr. Forrest passed away at his home in Seattle, Wash., and impressive services were conducted there by members of Seattle Lodge No. 92.

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge Holds Its Annual "Kids' Day"

A great number of boys and girls recently had the time of their lives at the third annual "Kids' Day" which was held by North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge No. 860 under the supervision of the local Y. M. C. A. Secretary, William L. Ramsay, who is also Chaplain of No. 860. Free popcorn, peanuts, soft drinks, ice-cream and candies were served during the afternoon. Races for both boys and girls, with valuable prizes, were features of the program. Cups, donated by the Lodge for the best all-around boys on the city's playgrounds, were presented to the winners. The outing and field day marked the close of another successful season for the public playgrounds which are made possible largely through the generosity of North Tonawanda Lodge.

Washington, D. C., Lodge To Hold Charity Ball

Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15, will hold its annual Charity Ball at the Mayflower Hotel on Wednesday evening, November 25, Thanksgiving Eve. Plans are going forward that will make this important event on the social calendar of Washington Lodge a most delightful occasion in every way.

Pennsylvania Southwest Association Plans Big Joint Initiation

The 21 Lodges comprising the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest District have appointed a committee to arrange for a joint initiation, which will take place in some large auditorium in Pittsburgh, in December or January. It is expected that the various Lodges will furnish 500 or more candidates for this initiation and it is proposed to engage either Soldiers' Memorial Hall or Syria Mosque for the event. It is proposed to put on this joint initiation in an elaborate and impressive manner and on a scale never heretofore attempted. Only men of the highest type of citizenship and of irreproachable character will be considered as candidates.

Rhineland, Wis., Lodge Makes Many Improvements on Its Home

Rhineland, Wis., Lodge No. 598, has gone to considerable expense in improving its Home. A new business front has been put on the building, a new heating plant installed, and the Home redecorated throughout. In addition to new

(Continued on page 82)

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young



HOBART BRADSTREET, The Man Who Declines to Grow Old

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century.

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows why. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me how.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph is reproduced) is sixty-five years old.

And here is the secret; he keeps his spine a half inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin and hard. One's spine is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation" or cartilage wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men and women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in ten minutes. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements.

Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable Spine-Motion series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration.

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of Spine-Motion. But Bradstreet has been prevailed upon to put his method in form that makes it now generally available. It costs nothing to try it.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Without any payment whatever, would you like to try this way of "coming back"? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week, you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracleman's method can be tested without any advance payment. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep by mailing only \$3.00! The \$3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance, nor do you make any payment or deposit on delivery. The trial is absolutely free. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

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I will try your SPINE-MOTION without risk if you will provide necessary instruction. Send everything postpaid, without any charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find SPINE-MOTION highly beneficial I can remit just \$3 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 81)

lighting fixtures and a new fireplace, the appearance of the interior will be further enhanced by new furniture. The members expect to occupy the finished building on November 1 when a fitting celebration of the event will be held.

News of the Order
From Far and Near

A carnival was recently conducted by Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge.

The Entertainment Committee of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge has worked out a social calendar which provides weekly parties of a special nature for the balance of the Lodge year.

Work proceeds rapidly on the new Home which Camden, N. J., Lodge is building.

A new memorial tablet has been unveiled in the Home of Lansford, Pa., Lodge.

Medford, Mass., Lodge recently conducted a three-day carnival in its auditorium.

The Kiddies' Outing given by Rutherford, N. J., Lodge to the city's children was a huge success, close to 400 youngsters enjoying the day.

Westerly, R. I., Lodge is considering the purchase of a permanent Home of its own.

A successful circus was conducted by Knoxville, Pa., Lodge.

Salem, Ore., Lodge will dedicate its new \$225,000 Home on November 7.

John E. Nolan has the honor of having served as Inner Guard of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge since its institution in 1911, and he has never missed a meeting.

Over 500 youngsters, children of members and their playmates, were recently guests of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge at a party for them at the Home.

Many members and their friends attended the first clam-bake conducted by Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge.

The annual Charity Bazar of Brookline, Mass., Lodge was held this year at the Brookline Town Hall.

Yankton, S. Dak., Lodge recently celebrated its 20th anniversary.

The attendance at the meetings of Ballard, Wash., Lodge has been increased over 50 per cent. since the Lodge inaugurated its weekly "Potlatch Parties" on January 1, 1924.

The 1926 Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will be held in Lawrence, Mass., under the auspices of Lawrence Lodge.

One of the finest organs in the country has just been installed in the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge.

All of the 19 Past Exalted Rulers of Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., Lodge are still residents of the city. Only one has allowed his membership to lapse, the remaining 18 being still active in the work of the Lodge.

A special committee is working on plans which will celebrate the 10th anniversary of Newton, Mass., Lodge on November 4.

Many distinguished members of the Order attended the testimonial dinner given recently by Waltham, Mass., Lodge to Fred T. Cobb, one of its most popular Past Exalted Rulers.



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The Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York Southeast recently held its annual outing.

* * *

Boonton, N. J., Lodge is considering plans for the building of a new Home

* * *

Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge recently gave a dance and reception in honor of the teachers of the Hoquiam Public Schools.

* * *

"Two thousand by 1926" is the slogan Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge has for its membership campaign. As the Lodge is now well past the 1700 mark, there seems little doubt of its reaching the goal.

* * *

Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge will conduct a big Follies show early in November.

* * *

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge has recently made many improvements on its Home.

* * *

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge gave an entertainment for the patients at the Lakeville Sanitorium.

* * *

Butte, Mont., Lodge recently held a five-day jubilee in celebration of the completion of its new Home.

* * *

Over a thousand children were the guests of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge at an outing given a short time ago for their benefit

* * *

The orchestra of San Diego, Calif., Lodge recently gave two very much appreciated concerts and entertainments for the patients of the Naval Hospital and Camp Kearny.

* * *

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge recently conducted a successful outing at Coney Island. Many hundreds of crippled children were guests of the Lodge for the day.

* * *

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge is considering the idea of erecting a modern fireproof building, 10 or 12 stories high, for club and hotel purposes, on the present site of its Home.

* * *

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge has completed arrangements for staging an elaborate musical comedy at the Grand Theatre on November 3 and 4 for the benefit of its Christmas charity fund.

* * *

Mendota, Ill., Lodge celebrated its 15th birthday—its Crystal Anniversary—with an elaborate program of festivities.

* * *

A watch-fob with the following inscription has been found: "Billiard Tournament, Elks Championship-Winner, 1916, T. W. Stegemeyer." The fob can be had by communicating with Jules Bertero, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9, 3619 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

The members of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge recently tendered a reception to James H. Wheeler, Secretary Emeritus of the Lodge, and to his daughter, Mrs. Marguerite Pierce of New Rochelle, N. Y. The reception included a pleasing musical program and motion picture.

* * *

Members of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge are considering the idea of acquiring a Country Club.

* * *

Any information concerning John W. Hampshire, a member of Chico, Calif., Lodge will be gratefully received by his sister, Ted Hampshire. He was last known to be in Susanville, Calif. Communications can be addressed to Miss Hampshire, care of General Delivery, Chico, Calif.

* * *

The baseball team of Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge won 50 games out of 53 played last season.

* * *

E. J. Amar, Exalted Ruler of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge is President of the San Pedro Country Club. He invites all members of the Order who

(Continued on page 84)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

are planning to spend the winter in that district to try out their game on this famous ocean-front links of the Club which is entirely officered by Elks.

* * *

Herbert W. Johnson, Past Exalted Ruler of Omaha, Neb., Lodge has been elected President of the Midwest Association of the A. A. U., his district comprising the States of Nebraska, Iowa, South and North Dakota.

Is the Theatre Going to the Dogs?

(Continued from page 23)

people who play or hope to play the lesser parts, who speak a line or two, or dance and sing in the chorus—or, often, just hang on, living from hand to mouth, in the hope that they will get a chance to do so. There isn't another calling in the world that inspires people to such sacrifices, such anxious waiting, as the theatre.

And why? Because its rewards, when they do come, are so great? In a measure, yes, no doubt. Because the life is easy? It isn't! They may think so, just at first, but they soon learn better. Partly, perhaps, if you want a touch of modern psychology, they want to be on the stage for the same reason that you like to go to the theatre—because there is escape, in the theatre, from reality and convention and all the things that bind most of us and hold us down. But mostly, I think, it is the sheer, fascinating adventure of the stage that draws them and holds them. Amazing things do happen. Obscure people do find themselves famous overnight. Not very often, to be sure; it's almost as true in the theatre as it is in business that the great rewards come to those who work the hardest. But James Gleason and Richard Taber were almost unknown one day, and famous the next as the authors of "Is Zat So?" Did you ever hear of Bartels before "The Show Off" opened? Frank Bacon was in the submerged tenth of the stage until he was an old man—and then came "Lightnin'!" And, say what you like, a thing like that couldn't have happened in any other calling.

Think of Frank Bacon's case for a moment. He worked hard all his life. He never let adversity—and he knew plenty of it—discourage him. And, at the end, his life was crowned by all he had ever dreamed of, and much more. He became world famous. He died with his name on every tongue, a national character. Could that have happened, just as it did, outside of the theatre? Have you ever heard of a man who starts work in a bank as a boy, and remains a teller for years, always dreaming of final recognition, who, as an old man, is finally made president of the greatest bank in Wall Street? Yet that, translated into the terms of another trade, is what came to Frank Bacon.

There it is—the great adventure, the great achievement, is always, potentially at least, around the corner. And that is as true as it ever was. Equity hasn't changed that; can't change that.

I have been in a lot of managers' offices lately. And I've seen the people in the waiting rooms; seen them often enough, some of them, to recognize them. I've seen the way they look when they aren't under observation; the way they sag a little, and let discouragement and despair creep a little way upon them. And then I've seen the way they come back when they hear some one coming who may be of importance; the way the men square their shoulders, and the women pinch their cheeks.

It isn't glamorous at all to see those same faces day after day, in office after office. It breaks your heart to see the little tricks they play, the wiles and lures the girls especially, of course, depend upon. You see a skirt slyly raised—to catch the eye of a producer to whom, Heaven knows, legs can be no more of a treat than when they were to the London 'bus conductor of the old story!

But, on the other hand, it's wonderful to drop in, a day or two later, at a rehearsal, and see



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some of those faces again, and know that, for the time, at least, the round of offices is over

And it means something now, to get into rehearsal—thanks to Equity. It didn't, always, in the past. If you rehearse a week, now, you're sure of getting some money—though a certain rehearsal period is still without pay. But in the bad old days a manager could, and often did, engage more people than he needed, firing the superfluous ones at the last minute before the show opened, and never paying them a cent.

If you think Equity has knocked off some of the glamor of the stage you might talk to one young woman I know who was an actress once, and would be still, probably, if she had had her way. She came to New York from the country, in the best tradition of the stage-struck girl—this was before the days of Equity, but only a few years ago at that. And she was everlastingly determined to get on the stage.

She did, too. She giggled her way to the Pacific Coast and back with David Warfield in "The Auctioneer"; she played another road season with him, too. She was an actress. She played, briefly, in vaudeville; between times she and another girl used to try for work as extras in the movies, and got some. She had a part in a Drury Lane melodrama that rehearsed for six weeks and played a week and a half—and while that was rehearsing forty dollars was stolen from her dressing-room, which made her net return from the engagement about five dollars.

Then she got a job—she would try anything, this girl—in the chorus of a musical comedy that finally opened in Boston. It closed there, too, and never did pay any salaries at all, and she had to wire home for carfare.

That was, as it turned out, the last straw. She still loved the theatre, but she couldn't afford to go on. Equity would probably have kept her going—because, under Equity, she would have recovered that stolen forty dollars and been paid when the show closed in Boston. So she got a job, and that led to another, and so on, until she had climbed pretty far—and further, all the time, it seemed, from her first love, the theatre.

BUT the theatre has more doors for stage-struck people than the stage entrance. And last season this girl and another finished a play together, and the first manager who read it accepted it, and when the girl went up to meet the cast, who should be there, cast for a leading part, but the friend with whom, a few years before, she had gone about seeking work as an extra in the movies! And, just to cap the climax of a true story that ought to mean something to the people who say the old days of glamor and adventure are gone, the play was one of last season's successes. And in it the other member of the old studio haunting team scored the biggest hit of her career!

Don't you think, with me, that the theatre's still a pretty romantic sort of place? Of course there are actors and managers whose first thought is for the box office, but there always were, probably. And it is certainly true that the theatre is a more businesslike institution than it used to be. Probably Mr. Ziegfeld had vouchers and receipted bills for every penny of what it cost him to produce "The Comic Supplement." And a lot of good that did him!

It isn't unromantic, necessarily, though, to keep books. A ledger may make the most thrilling reading in the world. Probably some old time manager, with a motheaten fur coat on his back, and a corner of his mouth always filled with a black cigar, who never knew whether he was bankrupt or a millionaire, was a more picturesque figure than his successor of to-day. But not always, at that. You ought to hear Al Woods, booming a greeting across a lobby: "Hel-lo, sweetheart!" You ought to see Morris Gest, with that trick velour hat of his. You've probably seen David Belasco dragged out on a first night, with his white hair and his clerical collar!

And there isn't anything unromantic about the careful way contracts are made—and kept—to-day. The old-timers like to talk about C. F., whose word was as good as his bond—Charles Frohman, the last, perhaps, of the great old line of tradition. Frohman never made contracts, they say; he dealt with authors, actors, all his people, as friends, by word of mouth. But in those days, for one C. F., who would have

(Continued on page 86)

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Is the Theatre Going to the Dogs?

(Continued from page 85)

sold the last coat from his back and gone hungry to fulfill an obligation, there were a score of cynical lads whose word was worth nothing and whose bond, unless it was backed by a bank, was worth no more. And, while it hasn't anything to do with the case, necessarily, Charles Frohman, when he died with the others on the *Lusitania*, was, comparatively speaking, a poor man. Not that he would have cared! He found happiness in life; he did great things, to his own satisfaction and the delight of millions.

So much, then, for what the cryers for glamor and romance decry. For the second group, the denouncers of waste—what is the theatre to do? An actor's salary bulks large; it is large. But you have to remember that often and often an actor is paid for only a few weeks of the season. He studies a part; waits for rehearsals to begin; refuses other offers—because he likes his part, believes in the play. He rehearses. And the play runs a week or two, or a month! People who take such risks have to be well paid.

THE theatre wants to be efficient; it is, on the whole, probably, about as efficient as conditions will let it be. Costs could be cut down enormously if it were possible to tell in advance what the public was going to like. Actors could be engaged by the year, at smaller total cost. Waste and loss of all sorts could be eliminated. But it can't be done.

Again—you can't hold people who are working with a thing like a play down to the rigorous rules of efficiency. Here is a nervous, febrile job. From start to finish the production of a play is a work of art. Great art, middling art, poor art—but still art. Writers aren't condemned for tearing up a hundred pages of a novel and starting again. Painters aren't sneered at because, often, they throw away a half-finished canvas, realizing that they have not done what they set out to do. The method of art is one of trial and error; it always has been; it always will be. Some of the plays that have succeeded most greatly have been rewritten almost from start to finish after the first trial performance. That is true of "No, No, Nanette," which has come to New York at last after playing all over America for a year.

And the point is, as I said before, that when success is achieved the cost can be, and is, forgotten! A play that people really want to see can hardly cost too much. A great spectacle like "The Miracle"—yes, perhaps that is an exception. It costs so much to keep "The Miracle" on the stage that the receipts can hardly meet the expenses, even when every seat is sold. But that is a rare and special case, and special ways have been found, through public guarantees and subscriptions, to cover it.

Now for the third group of critics. I think they are, in a great measure, justified, these people who think the theatre, or a part of it, is pandering to some pretty low tastes and instincts. There is more nudity in certain musical shows, there is more suggestiveness in dialogue and action.

Variety, the great weekly newspaper of the theatre, watches this. It makes no comments; it reports facts. I have before me a recent issue, and one item says that the producer of a certain revue is "undressing the chorus" still more because business is unsatisfactory. But, in spite of that, business continues poor with that revue—which is, as it happens, a poor and stupid show, with only the nudity, almost complete, of a few girls, to attract attention.

In *Variety*, too, there was recorded the decision of the most important of the burlesque organizations to allow a certain amount of nudity; *Variety* explained carefully just how far it was to go. In certain "living pictures" girls were to be unclad above the waist. It was explained that, otherwise, burlesque couldn't compete with the regular shows along Broadway. That is significant, because, in spite of a contrary impression, the really big burlesque organizations—they call them wheels—have stood out against this sort of thing. Times have been changed since the days when the tights of the girls in "The Black Crook" shocked America!

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But, as a matter of fact, there are a dozen clean shows for one that depends on suggestiveness or nudity for its appeal. That sort of thing is sensational; it is talked about; it does, beyond doubt, draw a certain number of people to the box office. But, by itself, it won't make a show a great success. Take "Artists and Models," which is a very big success indeed. There are, as I recall it, three numbers in that show in which girls appear nude above the waist. But the audience remains perfectly calm, even a little apathetic. It is neither when the Gertrude Hoffman girls are dancing—and those girls wear clothes. Not many clothes, to be sure, but as many as they would on a beach. Night after night the number that gets the most encores is one in which the chorus does intricate and amusing evolutions in red bathing suits such as you see all summer long on any beach. And the outstanding hit of the show seems to be the soft-shoe dancing of Joe and Lewis Cairts, who wear plain, dark, business suits!

There was a tremendous lot of nudity in one revue last season—but the show lost money. Even the arrest of its producer and the attempted suicide of one young woman of the ensemble, as a protest against a police attempt to make her cover some of her charms, didn't serve to save that show.

So with the plays in which the attraction is what their producers prefer to call "frankness." There was a wave of that last season. You could, if you pleased, spend an evening watching and listening to prostitutes, realistically presented. You could see and hear almost anything like that. And one or two of those plays started brilliantly, so far as the prospects of success went. But all they got was a good start. Before warm weather came they had all closed while "Abie's Irish Rose," which is as clean as a newly washed baby, was starting cheerfully out on its fourth year!

The plain truth is that nudity and dirt, by and for themselves, don't pay. The line between what is and what is not legitimate, along that line, is pretty hard to draw, sometimes, but the public seems to do it. A very great play may be extremely frank—and won't, as a rule, be offensive. And, long before the current wave of nudity was imported from Paris, Ben Ali Haggin staged some tableaux in the Follies, in some of which there were girls with bare breasts and little to cover them in general. But the nudity was incidental to an effort to make a lovely picture, then, and it was received accordingly. And—there weren't specially posed photographs in the lobbies, that went further than any producer would dare to do on the stage. So—it comes to this. Shinn and I think the theatre is all right. And that will be about all for now, because we're going to a show to-night—just for fun, and not to get more facts for this piece!

Five Lodges Dedicate Handsome Homes

(Continued from page 33)

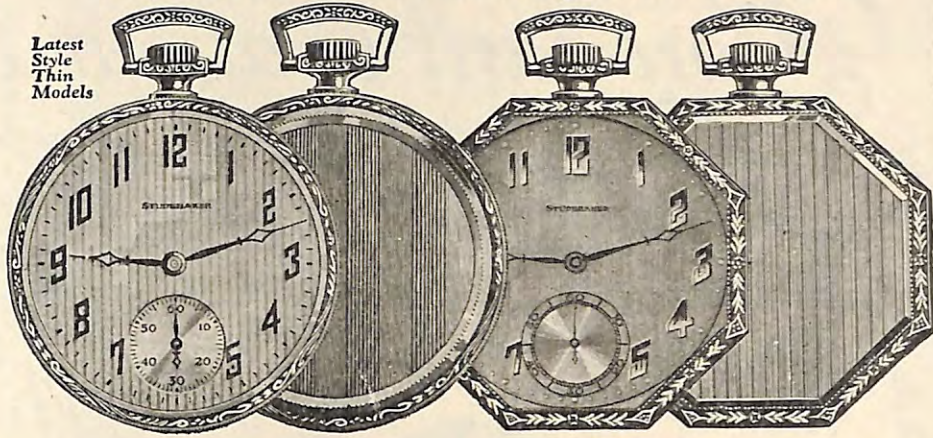
residential section, the new Home is one of the most imposing in Lancaster. It is three stories in height and built of brick and Buckeye Gray sandstone. A large bronze elk, the gift of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, is mounted near the main entrance.

The basement has been given over to the bowling alleys, shower baths, kitchen and men's lounging-room. Opening out of the beautiful reception-room on the first floor are the executive offices, a ladies' parlor, library and music-room, social room and banquet hall.

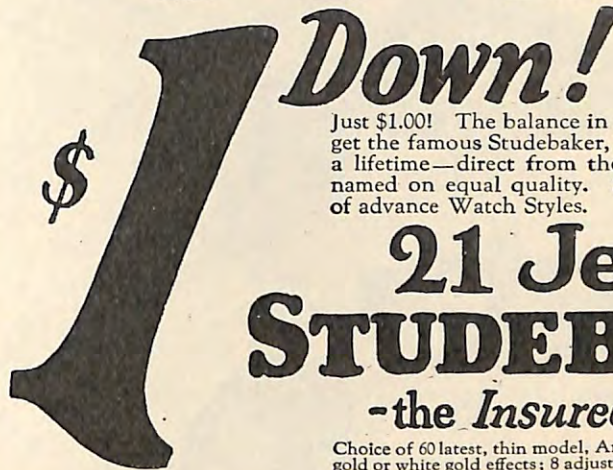
The quiet dignity of the rooms is accentuated by an attractive decorative and lighting scheme. The Lodge room which, with its stage and mezzanine balcony occupies the entire top floor, has a seating capacity of 500 and is practical for entertainment purposes and dancing parties.

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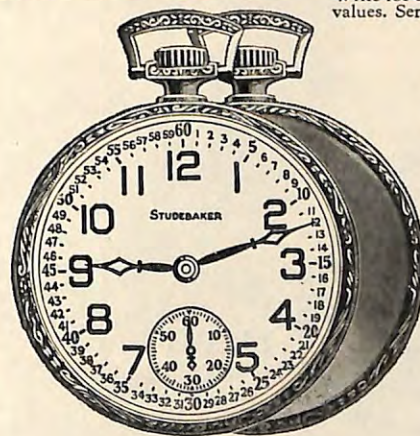
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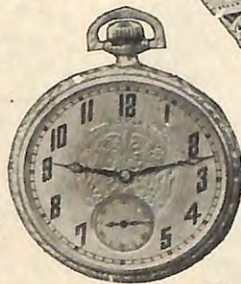


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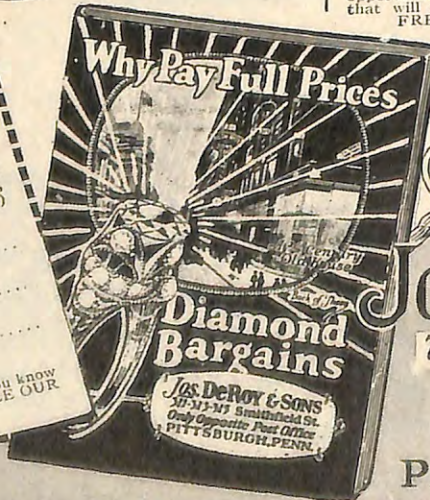
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— TODAY —

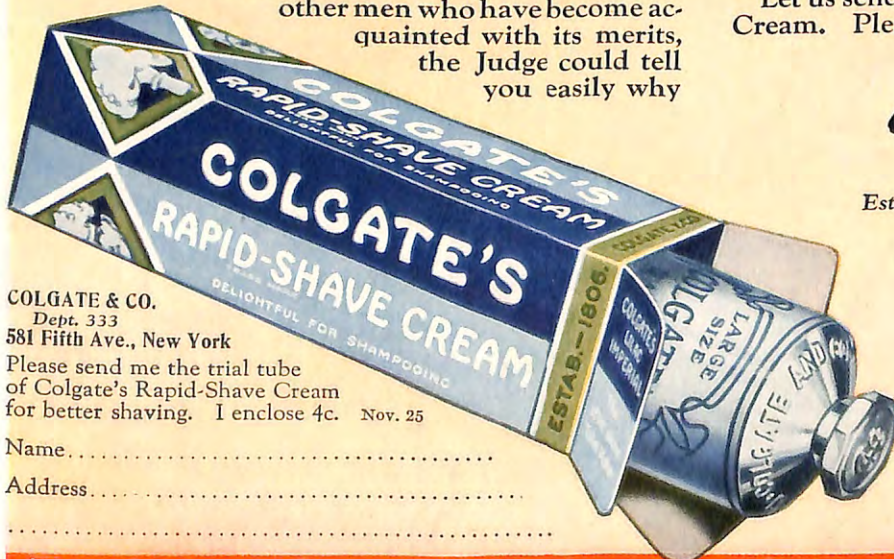
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