

# The Elks

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DECEMBER, 1925

*Maga*



*In this Issue:*  
*A Christmas story by Will Irwin*



RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF  
Red and Black Color Combination



THE SCARLET Tanager  
Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office



# Do You Love Them Enough to Give Them Parker Duofolds

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These Gifts will make Christmas a Glorious Success  
And the Giver Not Forgotten

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

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



Volume Four  
Number Seven

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y.

Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please allow four weeks' time.

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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



“HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD”

*Office of the*

# Grand Exalted Ruler

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

**Memorial Sunday—Christmas**

*Dallas, Texas,  
November 2, 1925*

*To My Dear Brothers:*

The hurry of the years—the flight of time—does not dim the memory of the Elk. Even though brother after brother finishes his journey and adds to the already long line of the absent, still we cherish with brotherly tenderness recollections of each. These memories sweeten every task; enrich each minute and inspire every hour.

These memories build that highest peak in all the range of high peaks that make up the fine altitudes of our wonderful fraternity.

This chorus from the Lodge-room—these voices of the past—make the finest of melodies. Soft in its sweetness is the memory of mother's song; finely romantic is the memory of the sweetheart's lullaby; dear, indeed, is the song of college days; fine is the memory of the martial music of war times—but different, and strangely mellowing is the melody of friendship—Auld Lang Syne—the memory of the brother who has lifted the veil and stands watch with all of his wonted thoughtfulness for our coming!

Sunday, December the sixth, is our Memorial Day! Not that we really need it, for we never forget!

But,

Because we love it we take part in its program.

✽

The last two months of each year hold two wonderful days. November gives us Armistice Day—the coming of peace. Likewise the day for Thanksgiving. December brings Memorial Sunday—recreation's sunlit mountain! And it holds in its wintry arms Christmas Day.

Sleigh-bells—shouts of “Merry Christmas”—greetings of “Happy Christmas,” “Christmas Gift”—feasting, dancing, a universal merriment in all Christendom is only possible when those who have do not forget those who have not.

An Elk never forgets!

Into the forgotten hut; into poverty's dwelling-place; into the sanctuary of improvidence, unfortunateness and misfortune, the Elk enters because he knows all of the roads. He enters stealthily and unannounced because he is always welcome, even though he never reveals himself, and, even though he never tells what he sees, what he leaves, nor where he leaves it.

That the United States, and all who live therein, may join in common rejoicing and happiness, because of the birth of a universal Saviour is the desire of every member of this great Order.

My own day shall be incomplete unless every brother realizes that I wish for him the finest, sweetest Christmas that he has ever had!

Fraternally and earnestly yours,

*Wm. H. Steele*

*Grand Exalted Ruler.*





# A family Gift for Elks to give

HERE'S a Christmas gift just suited for Elks to give! It's a *family* gift—with individual gifts to each and every member. For the Beech-Nut Christmas Box holds a great surprise treat for youngsters and a variety of good things for grown-ups as well.

The Beech-Nut Christmas Box is a novel gift, a gift that's *filled* with gifts. It's packed with dainties for Christmas Day. Sparkling jellies, deep-hued jams, and cranberry sauce to enrich the holiday meal with its flavor.

The youngsters will be thrilled by the fruit drops, chewing gum and other confections that fill the box so generously. There's a Merry Christmas assured to the household that receives one of these gifts—and whole-hearted gratitude will go out to the kind Elk who sends this delightful remembrance.

For the days after Christmas, there are lots of good substantial foods in this Beech-Nut Christmas Box:

Beech-Nut Bacon. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Beech-Nut Prepared Spaghetti. Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. All these! More, too!

The box itself is beautiful—a gift of lasting usefulness in the home. A sturdy metal box. A golden box exquisitely decorated in color with scenes of the beautiful Mohawk Valley. The practical housewife will find it a box of many uses—a fancy sewing case, a container for cake or bread. She'll enjoy it for one purpose or another during many moons to come.

The price of the Beech-Nut Christmas Box complete is only \$5.00. You will probably find it on display at the cigar stand in your own Elks' club-house, where you may place your order. This box will also be on sale at local grocery and cigar stores. Or send your order to us direct, if you prefer. We will take care of all shipping details. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

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- Currant Jelly
- Apricot Jam
- Strawberry Preserve
- Assorted Confections
- Bacon Baking Rack

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.





# The President Of the Scrooge Club

By Will Irwin

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

"Yes, do come in and sit awhile," said Bowles. "Mr. Pemberton has a narration which interests me strangely, will interest you, I am sure. He has me almost converted to his highly original theory. As you were saying, Billy—"

"The Scrooge Club—" began Billy Pemberton, with the intonation of one who is resuming a narrative.

"The Scrooge Club?" interrupted Harry Whipple, drawing up to the table.

"Precisely," replied Billy Pemberton, "The Scrooge Club. Formerly the 'Down-with-the-merry-Yuletide Association.' The name was changed by unanimous votes of all the delegates present at the last annual convention—meaning me. Neater, and has the personal touch."

"Expound to Harry Whipple as you did to me the objects of your beloved order," suggested Sam Bowles.

Billy Pemberton started from the gun:

"The Scrooge Club is founded to perpetuate the principles and honor the memory of Ebenezer Scrooge, a martyr to the higher good whose life-work for the uplift of humanity sustained a temporary set-back at the hands of a muckraker named Dickens—"

"The Christmas Carol," explained Bowles.

"Exactly," cut in Billy Pemberton, "doubtless in childhood you too had your plastic mind perverted by that deliberate piece of misrepresentation. We all did. This man Dickens took the career of our noble founder and twisted it, with a subtle touch here and there, into a jet-black lie. Yellow journalism I calls it.

He even bolstered up his inane sentimentality by introducing a cripple called Tiny Tim. If you ask me, I don't believe any creature as sappy as that mealy-mouthed brat ever existed. I think this Dickens invented him, out-and-out.

"Yet the principles of the immortal Ebenezer, now burning so dim that they illuminate only one bosom—meaning mine—will blaze brighter down the centuries. I'm getting mixed, but know what I mean. With his slogan 'Christmas humbug!' he will emancipate countless generations of men and women. Especially women."

"Expound to Harry Whipple your ingenious hypothesis about women and Christmas," said Sam Bowles.

"Can any man not blinded by sentimentality, contemplate without pity the state of the entire female sex during the month of December?" inquired Billy Pemberton. He came out of his stilted discourse with a snort, and fell into his native New York vocabulary. "I know! I haven't wife or chick or child, but New York is full of my

female relatives. God bless 'em all except between December first and December twenty-sixth! December first! Why, one of 'em begins to develop the first symptoms in September. Gentlemen, the leaves haven't turned before she's making expensive and useless Christmas presents. By October, she's showing signs of a breakdown, by November she's worn to a frazzle, by the first week in December she's visiting the osteopath. She just manages to drag herself to the Christmas tree; and when the dawn of December twenty-sixth ends the glad season of peace, good-will, rampant commercialism and bunk, she collapses. A long rest in the South—and she goes and does it again."

HARRY WHIPPLE, evidently quite unsympathetic, gave a grunt preparatory to speech; but Billy Pemberton silenced him with a wave of his hand, and proceeded:

"The rest of 'em keep some semblance of self-control until after Thanksgiving. Then they become fit for no decent party to associate with. When they aren't so nervous that they jump and weep if you so much as cough in their presence, they're giggling foolishly over things that have no more humor in them than—" he paused for a comparison.

Harry Whipple shot into the break:

"—than these few remarks," he said.

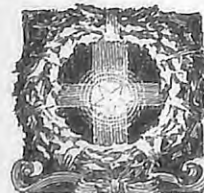
"Humor," replied Pemberton, "is the cheapest attribute of the mind. Oft, too, it blots the bright scroll of resolution. When you should be acting, you stop to laugh. Did John Brown have a sense of humor? Did Joan of Arc? Did Ebenezer Scrooge?" With an energetic attack on his words, he reverted to the subject. "Gentlemen, Christmas happens because the retail trade needs the money. It's a conspiracy against women, and they're falling for it and imagining they like it. I'll let you fellows into the secret places of my life. Do you know why I've never married?"

"I've always wondered at that," said Harry Whipple sarcastically, "considering the temptations to the sex offered by your manly beauty and sympathetic heart."

"Don't forget my money, either," replied Billy Pemberton easily. "Harry, you're hopelessly sunk in conservatism and sentimentality. Sit in and listen, but these gems I am dropping from my lips are directed at Sam. There's intelligence in his eye. There's hope for him. I've never married because always between me and the potentially beloved there has risen a vision—

her face contorted with weariness, tense with hysteria, looking wanly at me through a Christmas tree."

"Hence," proceeded Billy Pemberton with the air of one who is starting his peroration, "The Scrooge Club. Motto, the words of our leader: 'Christ-



"OH, COME in!" said Billy Pemberton, and his voice had an argumentative note. "Come in, if you want to be forced to think!"

Harry Whipple—plump to rotundity, bald-headed, pink skinned—paused at the threshold of the card-room. Above him from the door-frame hung a wreath of greens and holly. Over Billy Pemberton and Sam Bowles, sitting at the nearest table, floated a sprig of mistletoe. Billy Pemberton sat back in his chair, one leg crossed aggressively over the other, his forehead creased with concentration, the blue eyes under his thatch of clay-colored hair blazing with a steady light. Sam Bowles, across the table, contrasted to him as a moonlit night to a cloudy day. With his dark complexion, his pointed features, his slightly oblique black eyes, his straight, glossy hair, he looked like an especially handsome and rather benevolent Satan. He had, as all the Folio Club knew, a little of Satan's subtlety, especially when his humorous streak was to the fore. He glanced up now, facing the newcomer; unseen by Billy Pemberton, he contracted one Satanic eye in the ghost of a wink.



## Billy Pemberton Is Young and Thinks He Hates This Christmas Business—So He Goes to the Mat With Santa Claus

mas, humbug!' Submotto, 'Sense for women.' Object, to vindicate the principles originated by our immortal founder, Ebenezer Scrooge. True, if we take the word of that conscienceless shame-finder, Dickens, Ebenezer Scrooge fell in the end. He was only one man against a world. But the Scrooge Club, which has set its feet in his footsteps, will not turn back. On the religious aspect of this holiday, we have nothing to say. We deal solely with the secular demonstrations. Sam Bowles, from expressions I have heard on your lips, I trace in you a dawn of sanity. As president of the Scrooge Club, Membership Committee and Board of Directors, I invite you to become a charter member."

"YOUR argument," purred Sam Bowles in his silky voice, "moves me. But it is a great step you ask me to take, and I may be pardoned, perhaps, the impertinence of a few preliminary inquiries. What has the Scrooge Club done to advance its principles?"

"Agitation!" replied Billy Pemberton, "the first stage of all great movements."

"But your leader suffered for the cause," said Sam Bowles. "He acted. What have you suffered, and what have you done?"

"Well, and what do you expect me to do?" inquired Billy Pemberton. "Adopt Suffragette tactics? Go out and jerk the whiskers off from a Salvation Army Santa Claus?"

"Now I should be ashamed, myself," said Bowles, temporarily ignoring the suggestion, "to join the Scrooge Club without suffering for my cause. And I'd suffer more than you could possibly, Billy, because I'm a struggling young architect; and eccentricity makes no hit with the leisure class to which I must perforce toady. But here you are, a rich bachelor, a self-confessed loafer. When you show me that you've really done something—"

"What, I repeat, do you want me to do?" inquired Billy Pemberton.

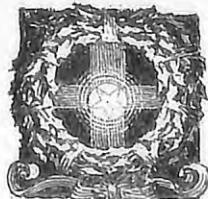
Sam Bowles toyed with the bell on the table. His eyes were downcast; else Billy Pemberton might have noted that they gave one Satanic gleam. "Billy," he said, "speaking frankly, you've been talking this way around this club every Yuletide since I've been a member. But it's been noted that you stick round just the same. In the minds of the suspicious, your action has been misinterpreted. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll plan your deed for you. And if you go through with it, I'll join the Scrooge Club. What I have in mind is nothing impossible, of course."

Billy Pemberton considered for a moment, and then:

"Agreed!" he jerked out.

Sam Bowles tapped the bell. A club bellboy appeared at the door.

"Charlie," said Sam Bowles,



"bring me the railroad guide. 'The big one—all lines.'"

"You've got to prove," continued Sam, "that you really do dislike Christmas."

"Haven't I—" began Billy Pemberton.

"Oh, yes, you've talked. But I repeat, you've stuck round. You may have given Christmas presents. Probably you've even kissed under the mistletoe. Of course, you know and I know how you really feel. But does the world know? It does not. There are those who will say that you are secretly enjoying the atmosphere of the glad Yuletide, while openly knocking it. You are to prove your sincerity by boycotting the institution—"

The bellboy entered at this moment with the railway guide.

"Here we are," said Sam Bowles, possessing himself of the book. "Eastern lines in the front; Western in the back. I won't be so cruel as to send you on a long railway journey. Harry, you're neutral. Shut your eyes, open the front of this book, and put down the point of your pencil."

"What's the idea?" asked Billy, eagerly but a little weakly.

"If it's a big city, Harry is to try again," said Sam Bowles. "If it's a small town that no one ever heard of—you are to go there. Availing yourself of such simple accommodations as the place affords, you are to remain there in mysterious seclusion, ignoring all Yuletide preparations, celebrations and mummeries, until December twenty-six. At which date, you will return to civilization and report. If you give me your word that you've been faithful and true, I will join up. And next year, we'll begin our active campaign. That idea about the Salvation Army Santa Claus is a fine hunch. Properly exploited by our press agent, it's good for a thousand recruits. Shoot, Harry!"

As Harry Whipple thumbed over the first pages of the railway guide the others rose, looked eagerly over his shoulder. Harry opened it with a snap, thrust down the pencil.



"Waynesburg!" exclaimed Billy and Sam together.

"And where might Waynesburg be?" inquired the President of the Scrooge Club, a trifle anxiously. Sam scrutinized the page.

"Boston and Garwood branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford," he said. "Dagger, 'trains stop on signal only.' Let's see—Boston, Braintree, Hanover—oh, I know! It's an inland town, on the fringe of Cape Cod. There's an 8.57 A. M. train from Boston. Get a Boston sleeper at midnight to-night, and you'll have time for breakfast before you change cars."

"To-night?"

"Certainly. The sooner the better. It is now the evening of December twenty-third. The Yuletide spirit is growing more virulent every hour. Just telephone your man to have your bags at the Grand Central at 11:30."

"Well—I'm game," said Billy Pemberton, a trifle sulkily.

"Sure you are," replied Sam. "Harry, let's stay with him and keep him out of





temptation until then. Suppose we go to the Provincetown Players? They have a bitter, bitter show on."

At ten minutes before midnight, Sam Bowles and Harry Whipple waved a last goodbye through the train gate, turned back toward Forty-second Street. Harry Whipple seized this, his first opportunity for free expression.

"Well, what the blazes!" he said. "It looks as though he really means it. You never know whether Billy is joking or no."

"He never knows himself, half the time," replied Sam Bowles. "Now I—always know!"

"Well, a fix you've got yourself into!" remarked the matter-of-fact Harry Whipple. "If he sticks, you've got to join that—that thing. You don't really—"

"Oh, I stalled into it," said Sam Bowles, easily, "and I can stall out of it, can't I?"

## II

The sound of an axe, chopping dully, irregularly, as with an uncertain stroke, roused Billy Pemberton from morose and lonely meditations. He awoke to a sense of mundane things, looked about him. Back over the hill stretched the snowy, furrowed road up which he had tramped

from Waynesburg; to right and left rose low pine woods sprent with the bare trunks and branches of dwarf-oaks. There was the axeman, a blur of brown against the green-and-white of a snow-laden tree. The figure turned, resolved itself into a woman in a smart fur-trimmed coat, heavy boots and gloves. She stood regarding him for a moment; under her turban, he registered dots of sloe black eyes, splashes of carmine cheek. The glance was level, frank; it conveyed neither fear nor welcome; but he did not feel that he read in it a shade of irritation. Then she turned away. Billy, remembering his manners, was about to imitate when she lifted an axe plainly too heavy for her strength, gave it a constrained swing. The blade struck the base of the tree a weak, glancing blow, traveled on; the handle wrapped itself about her skirt. She dropped it.

"HERE!" Billy jerked out involuntarily, "you almost cut your foot off!"

She faced him again. Evidently, this minor accident had strained her left elbow. She nursed it with her right hand as she replied:

"Probably I shall, before I've finished!"

"You're returning to Vassar, I suppose?" said Billy. "And at Vassar they're allowed callers every Friday night, aren't they? Because I'm coming—every Friday night—"

"Let me do it!" exclaimed Billy Pemberton.

She reached down and picked up the axe, as she replied in a tone which suggested that she spoke through clenched teeth:

"No. I must go through with this thing to the bitter end." Now, she changed her tactics. Grasping the axe near the head, she wielded it hatchet-fashion, achieving after six strokes only a delicate mutilation of the bark. The seventh stroke she missed entirely, and the axe-head buried itself in the snow six inches from her left boot.

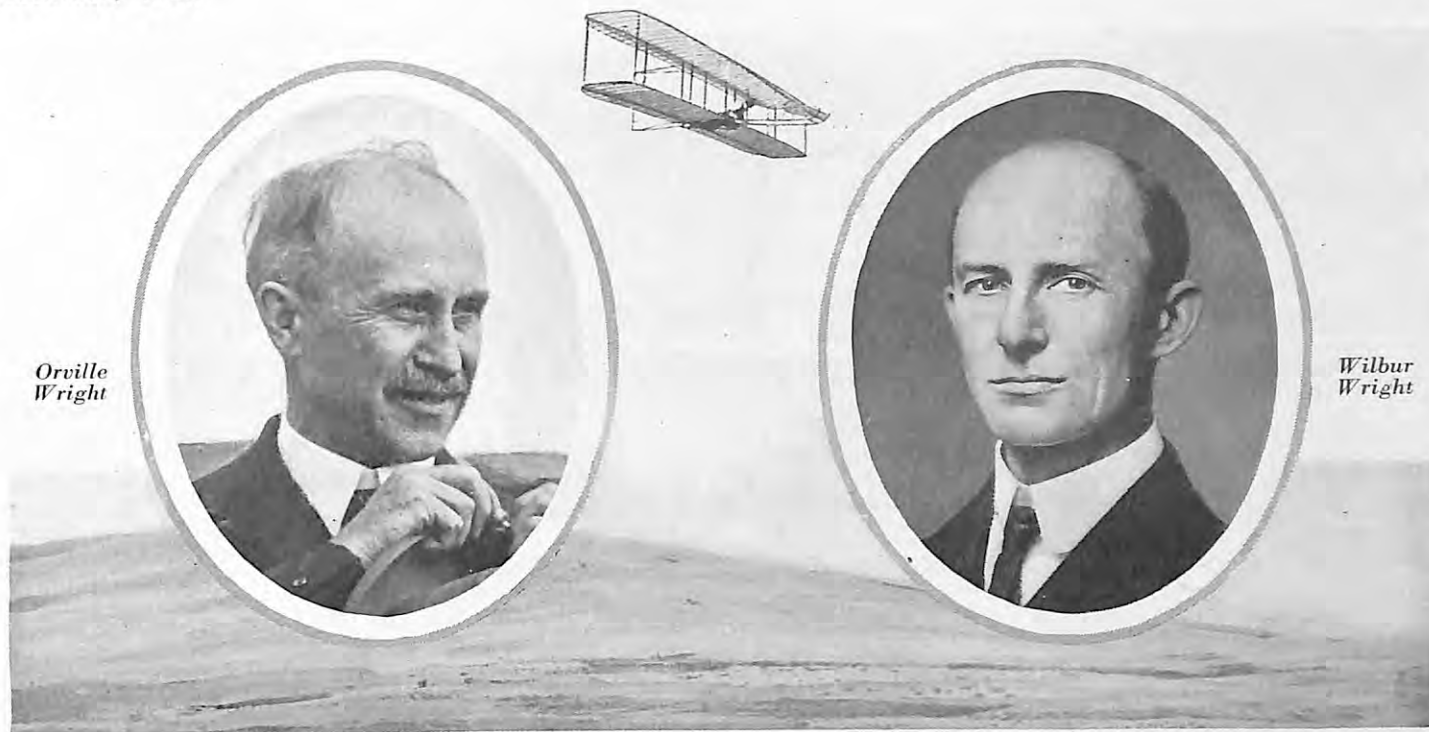
"I trust my motives will not be misunderstood if I stick around," said Billy Pemberton. "I remain here from considerations of humanity. Let us assume that I represent the Red Cross. If you won't let me cut down that tree, at least let me show how it's done."

She faced him with a glance sulky and at the same time humorous, as though she were laughing inwardly not only at him but at herself.

"I perceive your scheme of strategy," she said. "All right. I yield. Cut it down," she handed over the axe. The

(Continued on page 50)



Orville  
WrightWilbur  
Wright

## How Wilbur and Orville Wright Conquered the Air

By William F. Sturm

**T**HE wind whistled shrilly over the shifting sand hills near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the morning of December 17, 1903. All night long the blasts had torn at the boards of a long frame shed, with a smaller shed alongside it. The only sign of human habitation came from the smaller shed—a smudge of smoke issuing from the stovepipe sticking out of the roof. Once free of the stovepipe, the smoke was immediately dissipated by the wind. With the coming of daylight, the near-hurricane of the night had moderated somewhat, but even so it still was strong enough to shake the frame structures. It was a time for stove-hugging.

Inside the shed from whence the smoke issued a black-mustached, pleasant-faced man, of medium height and about thirty-two years old, poked at the stove, which in other days had been only a huge carbide can. A taller man, smooth-faced and perhaps four years older than his companion, stood pensively looking out the window of the room. Once or twice he left his post at the window and with hands in his pockets, walked over toward the stove, then back to the window. His attitude was one of expectant waiting. One might look at his face and read in it calmness and calculation under any conditions. Soberness was there, and with it resolution. His face would hold one's attention, no matter where it might be seen.

A glance would have told the observer that the two were brothers. The one at the stove, one might safely hazard, was quicker in decision than the other, probably quicker-tempered, too; more enthusiastic, more daring, if one cared to put it that way. Personally, I have builded much romance about these two brothers. What would one have done without the other? Would the enthusiastic one have been over-enthusiastic without the balance of his grave-faced brother? Would the phlegmatic one have been too conservative without the spur of the impulsive nature of the other?

It is not necessary to analyze the question. There they were, the two of them. Together they had been for years; together they were to be for many more years. Greatness was not to mar their love for each other; jealousy was to have no place in their thoughts of each other. Pomp nor ceremony could change in any degree their simple habits.

In trying to visualize the setting and the happenings of that memorable morning, I like to believe that as the pensive one stood gazing out the window, as the enthusiastic one stirred the fire, their thoughts traveled back over space to Dayton, Ohio, to their

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***T**WENTY-TWO years ago, this month, the first motor-equipped heavier-than-air flying machine made its epochal flight. Since then the airplane has become commonplace. The trials and difficulties which beset the Wright Brothers, before they learned to fly successfully, are graphically described in this article by a young Indianapolis newspaper man of much experience in the automotive field*

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family circle, their father and their brothers, but perhaps more especially to the younger sister Katharine, who had been their confidante and companion in the years of their young manhood.

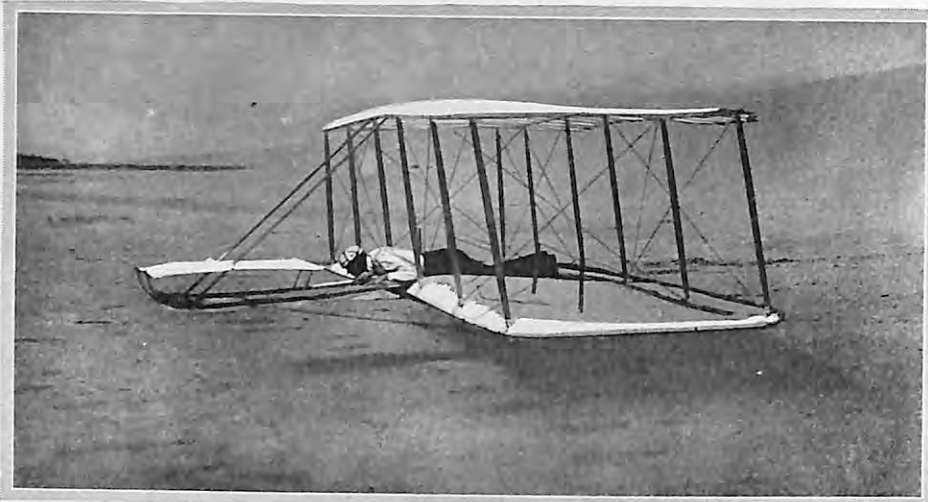
Outside, the puddles of the night before had changed to ice. Presently the brothers left the shelter of their warm room, walked to the larger shed and entered. With the helper they had brought with them they went back out into the cold and proceeded

to lay a single rail on the flat floor of sand. The rail was pointed square into the teeth of the wind. They stopped at intervals to run into the living quarters to warm their hands.

Aloft there fluttered a piece of cloth, a signal to the friendly men at the Kill Devil life-saving station. In response to the signal five men—J. T. Daniels, W. S. Dough and A. D. Etheridge, of the life-saving station, and W. C. Brinkley, of Manteo, and John Ward, of Nagshead—came trooping across the sands.

An anemometer, or wind gauge, in the hands of the grave brother showed that the wind was blowing twenty-seven miles an hour. Then from out the long shed a huge, bird-like contraption, formed of two superposed wings forty feet across, was wheeled out into the biting air. Set near the center and between the wings was a small gasoline motor. After the machine had been trundled to the monorail, a groove in the undercarriage of the machine was fitted over the rail. The motor began to bark, and two large propellers in the rear of the two wings began revolving in opposite directions, throwing a stream of cold air as it never had been thrown before.

**A**FTER letting the motor run for a few minutes to warm it thoroughly, the younger of the two brothers climbed in between the upper and the lower plane, adjusting his position so that he lay prone alongside the motor. He grasped a lever here, and one there, as though to test them. He gave the word to cast off. Instantly the motor roared in response to a heavier throttle; the wire which had been hooked on to the machine in the rear was cast loose and the calm brother put his hand on the lower wing and ran alongside the machine as it gathered headway. Ten feet, twenty, thirty, forty—then the machine lifted itself from contact with the rail and soared off into the teeth of the wind! Two feet it rose, three, four, five finally ten. Onward it sailed, in



*Close-up view of one of the early Kitty Hawk gliders. This one had no tail, but had the double front elevator*

undulating flight. A hundred and twenty feet from the starting point, it settled to the ground. *The flight had lasted twelve seconds!*

The few chilled spectators had witnessed the world's first power flight, an age-long dream come true—man's triumph over the air! It was the first time in the history of the world that a flying machine, carrying a man, had raised itself by its own power, had sailed forward and finally had landed at a point as high as that from which it started.

The important point is: *It had started on level ground, had got under way by its own power, had risen from the ground by its own power, had soared through the air by its own power!*

To Orville Wright, the younger of the two brothers, went the honor of being the first man to steer a "flying machine" up into the air and down to earth again. The only reason the honor did not go to Wilbur was because the brothers had been taking turns in handling their experimental craft and Wilbur had been at the helm three days before.

At 11:20 Wilbur made the second flight of the morning. He was in the air perhaps a second or so longer than Orville and exceeded his flight by about seventy-five feet. Again Orville got aboard and remained in the air for fifteen seconds, covering a trifle over two hundred feet. When Wilbur's turn came again the flying machine rose, undulated along for three hundred feet, then leveled out for a few hundred more and at the eight-hundred-foot mark began pitching and had to be brought to the ground. Wilbur had remained aloft fifty-nine seconds and had covered eight hundred and fifty-two feet.

It is not a bit hard to picture what followed those epochal flights. The Wrights, scientists that they were, probably were the least concerned of any present. I can imagine them as they stood there. Things had only worked out much as they had plotted them.

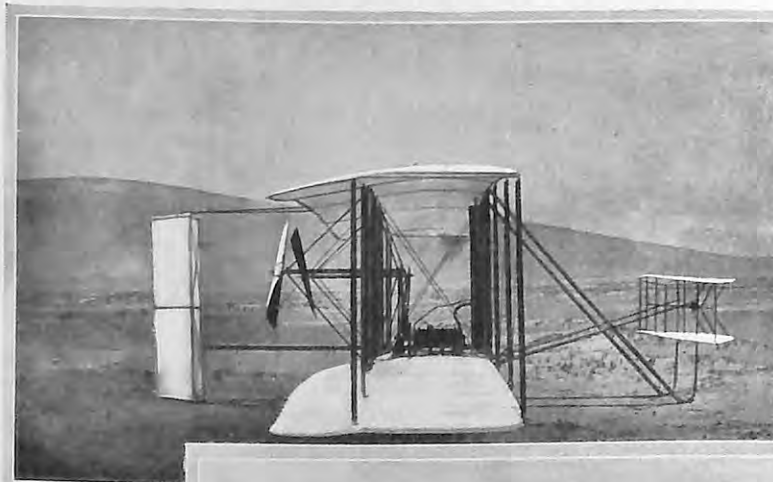
As the watchers stood about the machine, forgetting the cold in their excitement, hardly able to believe what they had seen, a severe gust struck the machine. Orville and Daniels attempted to hold the flyer on the ground, but it was torn from Orville's

grasp and turned over, taking Daniels with it. Daniels was not badly injured, but the flying machine's wings were broken, and other parts severely strained. Daniels was the first man in the world to be injured by the first flying machine—a doubtful honor!

For centuries man had dreamed of flight. Back in the mists of mythology Dædalus, the Athenian architect exiled to Crete with his son Icarus, is reputed to have attempted to escape from the Labyrinth, where they were confined, by means of artificial wings. Dædalus made the passage safely from the Labyrinth to Sicily, but the unfortunate Icarus, mythology says, flew too close to the sun, whose fierce rays melted the wax which held the feathers in place, causing Icarus to fall into the sea and drown. Leonardo da Vinci, in 1480, was another

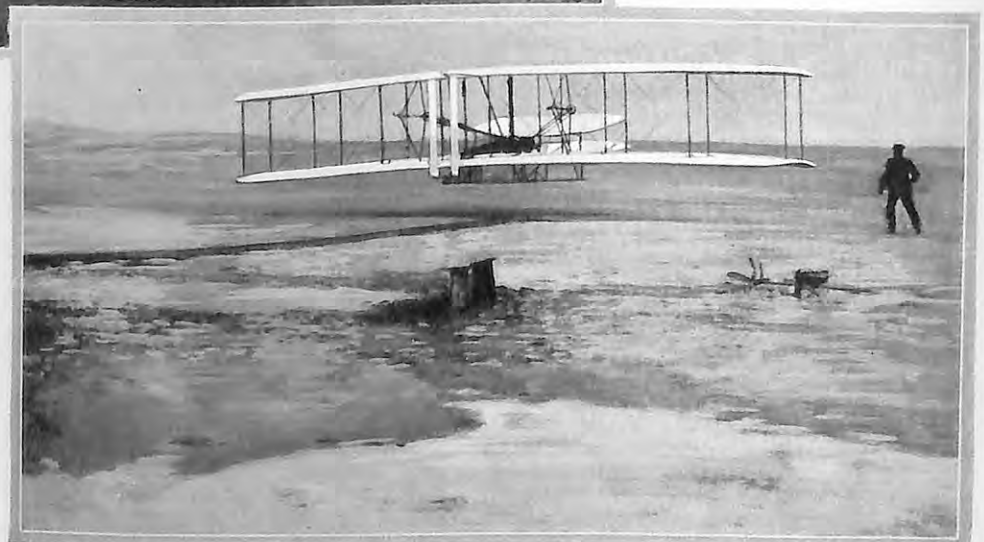
advocate of wing flying, even going so far as to draw plans and make models. The wings of birds were successful means of propulsion for the feathered tribe. Naturally the mind of man first conceived air locomotion as something partaking of bird flight. However, Da Vinci and other advocates of wing flying overlooked the rather important fact that man's muscles are not proportionately as strong as those of the birds.

**T**O CONCEIVE of the progress aviation has made since that wonderful flight of 852 feet twenty-two years ago it is only necessary to recall some of the record flights of heavier-than-air machines: In May of 1919 a navy plane, the NC-4, commanded by Albert C. Read, was piloted from Rockaway Beach, N. Y., to Plymouth, England via the Azores Islands. Captain John Alcock, British, and Arthur Whitten Brown, American, flew their Vickers-Vimy bomber from St. Johns, N. F., to Ireland, on June 14, 1919; the distance was 1,960 miles, the time 16 hours 12 minutes. Lieutenant John Macready and Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly made a non-stop flight with the giant monoplane army transport, T-2, from New York to San Diego on May 2, 1923, distance, 2,700 miles, time 26 hours 50 minutes. Three Douglas air cruisers went around the world from March to September of 1924. Lieutenant Russell A. Maughan, U. S. A. Air Service, aboard a Curtiss pursuit plane, made his famous dawn-to-dusk flight from New York to San Francisco on June 23, 1924; distance, 2,760 miles, time 21 hours 47 minutes 15 seconds—which included five stops—at an average speed of 148 miles an hour. Lieutenant Cyrus K. Bettis, on October 12, 1925, at Mitchel Field, won the Pulitzer high speed plane race at the inter-

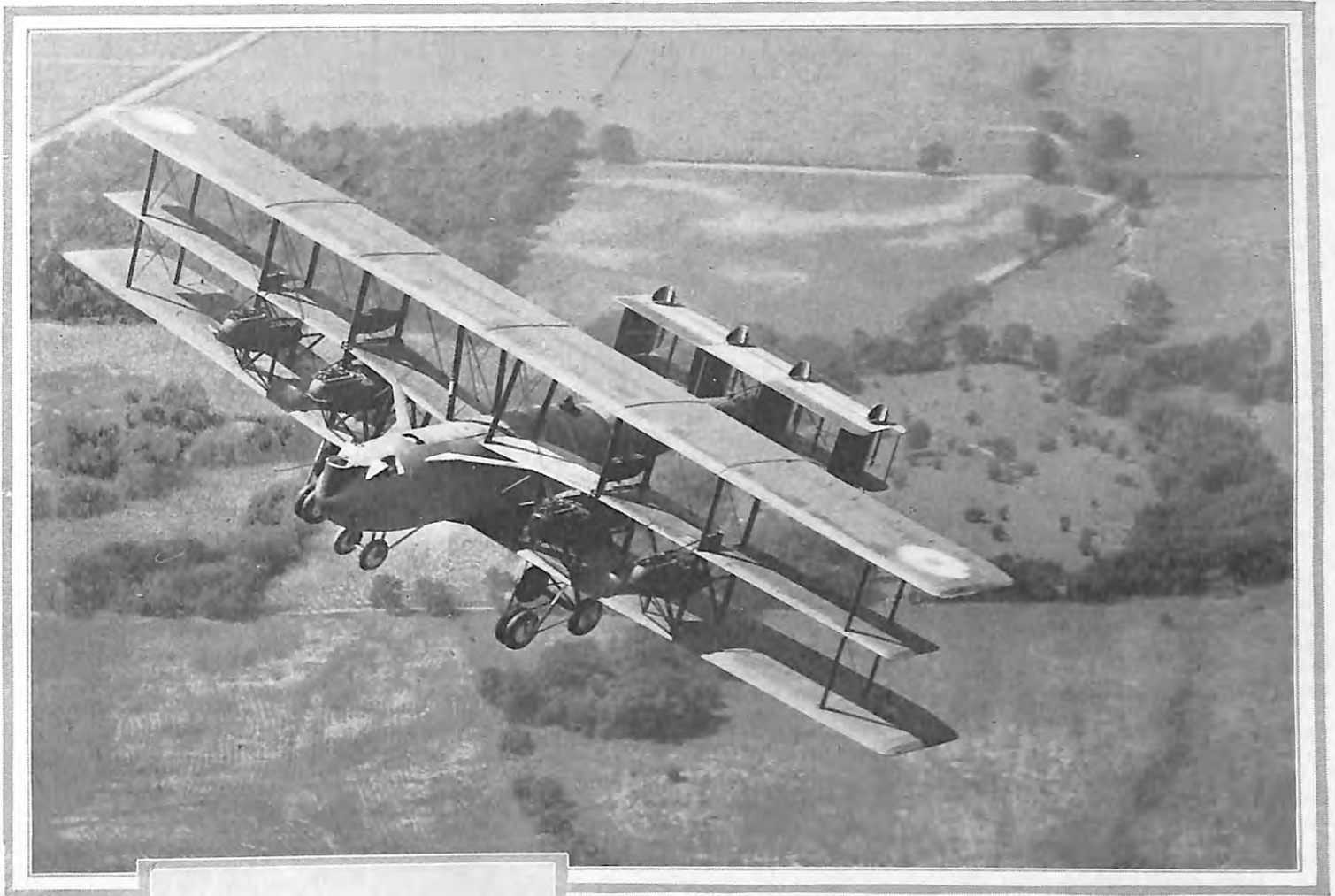


*View of the first flying machine at Kitty Hawk*

*The first motor-driven flying machine in the world "taking off" at Kitty Hawk, December 17, 1903, on its initial flight. Orville Wright, pilot. Note the double front elevator rudder and the double rear rudder*







*The Barling Bomber, largest airplane in the world, stationed at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. It is a triplane, with a wing-spread of 120 feet, a height of 28 feet, and is 65 feet long. It is driven by six 12-cylinder 400-horse-power Liberty motors. It weighs 40,000 pounds and could carry four tons of bombs from Dayton to New York City, drop them and return to its base all in one night*



*View of the 1903 camp at Kitty Hawk. The open shed housing the flying machine was the world's first hangar*

national air races, covering the 124 miles around a four lap course at an average speed of 248.99 miles an hour. Lieutenant A. Williams, of the naval air service, in a plane a duplicate of the Bettis army racer, is said to have reached a speed of 302 miles an hour for a short distance in practice.

The story of the Wright brothers is the story of two young men without college training, who in less than five years solved a problem which had baffled the most scientific investigators of their time—a problem which had been declared time and time again as one impossible of solution. First, they flew small kites for boyish pleasure. Then came with the years, larger and more scientific ones. Finally came still larger ones, capable of supporting a man. The latter type were used as gliders, which were in reality only airplanes minus the mechanical motive power. With the realization of the possibility of power flight, the brothers, now young men, continued their gliding experiments. They knew that with the solving of the principle of control and stability in calm and in variable winds, their next step would be easier. This problem of balance and control in gusts was the problem that had vexed Lilienthal, Pilcher, Chanute and other gliding pioneers. It remained for the Wrights to solve it; it remained for the

Wright, with this great problem solved, to go the one step farther—mechanical flight.

Wilbur Wright was born eight miles east of Newcastle, Ind., on April 16, 1867. Orville was born on August 19, 1871, after the family had moved to Dayton, Ohio. They grew up with their elder brothers Reuchlin and Lorin, and their younger sister Katharine. Their father was a broad-minded United Brethren minister. Far from any friction in their own family over their efforts to solve the flying enigma, Orville told me, the family encouraged them in original thinking and action at all times.

**T**HE two brothers, whom Destiny had decided should be linked in practically everything they did, began to publish a small weekly newspaper, *The West Side News*, on the West Side of Dayton, in 1889. In 1890 they began publishing another newspaper, *The Evening Item*, but it survived only four months. In 1894 they began the publication of a weekly, *Snap-Shots*.

Their next venture was the building of a bicycle, the Van Cleve, named after an ancestor, Catherine Van Cleve, one of the early settlers of Dayton, who landed at the townsite from a boat in the Miami river on April 1, 1798.

Omnivorous readers, the two young men

had ample opportunity to gratify their taste in the large library of their father. As youngsters their father had introduced them to a toy helicopter. This toy interested them so greatly that they made small models of their own. These were driven by two screws, with twisted rubber as the motive power. Later, during their boyish kite-flying days, they became interested and read much on the flight of birds, particularly of the soaring type.

But it was not really until the middle of the 'nineties that their interest began to take a deeper bent. After reading all they could find on the subject of bird flight, they became curious to know how far man had gone in his efforts. It was only then they learned how much in time and money and lives had been expended and how many great scientists had been and still were interested in flight, both gliding and power. There was Sir Hiram Maxim, Englishman, inventor of the automatic gun; Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, American, inventor of the telephone; Octave Chanute, past president of the American Society of Civil Engineers; Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution; Clement Ader, Frenchman; Otto Lilienthal, German; Percy Pilcher, Englishman, to name those contemporary with the Wrights.

The young investigators found that there were two distinct schools of flight—the one which believed power flight possible, the other which confined itself to gliding. Sir Hiram Maxim and Langley were the outstanding exponents of power flight, while

Lilienthal, Pilcher and Chanute were advocates of gliding.

By the time the Wrights had entered into the full spirit of their investigations, Maxim, who had spent a hundred thousand dollars, had practically given up, and Langley, with the financial support of the United States Government, was still at work on a power flyer.

Lilienthal's machine had been patterned somewhat after the wings of a bird. He had a tail on his machine which lay horizontally and was capable of some slight involuntary movement upward, but was limited in its downward movement by a stop. Chanute's gliders were of two-deck construction and one of them had a horizontal tail, which being held in the center position by springs, could move within a narrow range upward and downward in response to the friction of the air currents, though neither it nor the Lilienthal machine's tail had any connection whatever with the operator by which it could be moved mechanically.

**I**N FACT, all the gliders before the advent of the ones made by the Wrights had fixed surfaces and depended for their stability or their ability to move out of the plane of a direct course on the shifting of the operator's body, for they had no rudders, nor other means of directing their course. In a smooth-flowing wind they were reasonably safe; in gusty air they were apt to become unmanageable and turn whither the wind forced them.

Discarding the idea of a tail-piece, the Wrights began in 1900 the construction of a man-carrying glider, in which the operator should lie prone, instead of hanging like a pendulum, as had always theretofore been done. They could do this, for already by experimenting with kites they had determined on a revolutionary idea of lateral stability, of which more later.

"We got by far our greatest inspiration from Lilienthal," Orville Wright said to me, in the course of a very interesting morning I spent with him late in October in his laboratory in Dayton, Ohio. "Unfortunately, Lilienthal's experiments were cut short by his death in 1896 while he was gliding."

I asked him what he regarded his greatest problem to overcome—what point stood out as the high light of all the work done by the brothers. He told me he could pick out no particularly dark spot in their experimentations, that the knowledge of flying was a combination of many problems.

"The balance of a flyer may seem, at first thought, to be a simple matter," Mr. Wright stated, "yet in practice this is not true. Some experimenters placed the center of gravity far below the wings, reasoning that the weight would naturally tend to remain at the lowest point. Like the pendulum, the weight did tend to seek the lowest point, and also like the pendulum, it tended to oscillate in a manner destructive of all stability. A more satisfactory system, especially for lateral balance, was that of arranging the wings in the shape of a greatly flattened V, to form a dihedral angle, with the center low and the wing-tips elevated. After we considered the practical effects of this principle, we reached the conclusion that it was interesting from a scientific standpoint, but it could have no value in a practical way. So we decided on a fundamentally different principle. We would design our machine so that it *would not* tend to automatic stability! We would make it as inert as possible to the effect of change of direction, and thus reduce the effect of wind-gusts to a minimum. We would accomplish fore and aft stability by

giving the wings a peculiar shape, and we would aid lateral balance by *arching* the surfaces from tip to tip, just the reverse of the dihedral principle."

In other words, as I got the drift of Mr. Wright's explanation, instead of each wing slanting upward from its center point (or where it connects with the fuselage in the modern airplane), that point would be the highest point, and the wings would slant slightly downward from that spot.

"Lilienthal had guided and balanced his glider by shifting the weight of his body. This method was incapable of expansion to meet larger conditions, because the weight to be moved and the distance of possible motion were limited, while the disturbing force steadily increased, both with wing area and wind velocity," Mr. Wright continued. "We decided to devise a system whereby the operator could vary at will the inclination of different parts of the wings, and thus obtain, from the wind, forces to restore the balance which the wind itself had disturbed. This could be done by using wings capable of being warped and by supplementary surfaces in the shape of rudders. As the forces obtainable for control would necessarily increase in the same ratio as the disturbing forces, the method was capable of expansion to practically an unlimited extent.

"Attacking the problem from its scientific angle, we determined on a method whereby the apparently rigid superposed surfaces of Stringfellow, an early English experimenter, and Chanute could be warped or twisted, so that the planes or supporting surfaces on the right and left sides could be presented at different angles to the wind. This 'warping,' together with an adjustable front rudder, formed the main features of our first glider and was the basis for all that followed."

This explanation, being interpreted, merely means that the first Wright glider was formed of two superposed planes, in the form of the biplane aircraft of to-day. Setting out in front of the main planes was a horizontal rudder, which may be seen in the pictures. The tips of the main wings were flexible. A control wire ran out to the tips, so that by actuating the wire the rear corner of each wing-tip could be turned up or down. The glider was bobtailed, there being nothing but ozone behind the main planes.

Casting about for a spot where the winds would be strong enough for their purpose, the Wrights ascertained from the government meteorologists that Kitty Hawk, N. C., a little settlement located on the strip of sand that separates Albemarle Sound from the Atlantic Ocean, had the desired breezes. Thither they took their first glider, which they had built in Dayton. This first machine, of 165 square feet lifting surface, was flown as a kite, and when the wind was strong enough a man went up on the kite.

**T**HE next important step was to glide. Selecting a hill about a hundred feet high, the assistants used to grasp the edges of the wings and start down-hill with the machine in the teeth of a wind until the glider was lifted upward from their grasp. One or the other of the brothers would lie flat on the glider between the wings and manipulate the front rudder and the wing-warping controls. It must not be supposed that the brothers were highly successful right from the start, and that long glides were the rule. Oftentimes the operator remained in the air for only a second or two.

The time spent in the air in 1900 was relatively small, but Wilbur and Orville went home convinced of the correctness of their theory. They knew that practice was

highly important; that their wing-warping was a great improvement over the shifting of the body of the operator to attain lateral balance; that the horizontal plane out in front was a great aid in maintaining longitudinal stability and in guiding the machine up and down.

I can imagine that in these early experiments they had discouragements, but I get the idea that they were only temporary discouragements—that the Wrights had the faith in their theories that moves mountains.

The year 1901 found them back at Kitty Hawk with a much larger glider. The wing area had gradually been increased in successive models until it was now 308 square feet. This was the largest glider ever constructed, so large, in fact, that previous to the Wright experiments it would not have been considered controllable. For some time the glider did not prove nearly so successful as the first one. There was only one thing to do, and that was to figure out the trouble. The Wright boys were great at figuring out trouble. They didn't fly to pieces and tear their hair and use a hatchet on their glider. Instead they studied and figured and experimented. Finally the remedy for the machine's poor actions was found in the arch of the upper wing surface of the two main planes. With this arch changed, the machine performed satisfactorily. This machine, with a man aboard, carried a weight of 240 pounds.

**R**ETURNING to Dayton in the winter of 1901, the brothers decided to test thoroughly various theories. They built a wind tunnel six feet long and sixteen inches square. They built hundreds of small, experimental wings. A fan furnished the wind power. After months of experimentation with the wind tunnel, Wilbur and Orville compiled definite tables which they used thereafter in working out their problems, and it was on these tables that the final Wright power flyer was based.

Their 1902 glider was the first one really built absolutely after their own computations, as to travel of center of pressure, ratio of lift to wing surface, etc. Indeed, the Wrights had now gone so far beyond all other experimenters that they had long since passed the marked road of progress and had to hew their way through a virgin wilderness of obstacles that had arisen as they advanced beyond the frontier.

It is interesting to note that the Wrights, scientists that they were, developed one thing at a time. Further, as these improvements came from scientific calculation first and practice afterward, they were practically sure of results before they put their formula into action. That explains more clearly than anything else why Wilbur and Orville Wright did not suffer the martyrdom of most of the earlier gliding experimenters.

In 1902 they added a vertical plane in the rear of the main planes, presumably to aid in lateral balance and also to aid in keeping a straight course. Later they ran a wire to this vertical plane and hinged it so that it would move. Then they found that the operator, lying flat, was having his hands too full in working the wires to the front elevating rudder and the warping connections at the wing-tips and the wire running to the rear vertical plane or rudder. So they interlocked the tail-rudder wires with the warping wires, working them with one lever. The fall of 1902 saw them making flights in the face of a thirty-six-mile wind. At times they hung suspended for as much as a full minute, without backward or forward movement. So that it was no wonder, as

(Continued on page 72)





*Three Characters*  
 from  
*"Stolen Fruit"*

**L** EFT to right they are, Ann Harding, mistress of the dramatic climaxes; Harry Beresford—dear to memory as "The Old Soak"—who happily combines much pathos with his humor; and Virginia Farmer, who provides the comic relief in this drama from the Italian of Dario Niccodemi. Miss Harding plays a young school mistress whose mother love has been thwarted for eight years because her baby was stolen at birth by her betrayer. She gives a most moving performance in a rôle of great emotional intensity—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDERBILT

"The Vagabond King," founded on Justin Huntley McCarthy's famous play "If I Were King," is one of those rare operettas which demands a description in superlatives. The score, by Rudolf Friml, has some of the best tunes offered in years—especially a marching chorus called "The Song of the Vagabonds." The choice of Dennis King (below) for the masquerading François Villon is an ideal one, and Carolyn Thomson brings a beautiful and well-trained voice to the difficult rôle of Katherine de Vaucelles



Harlan Thompson can write sparkling musical comedy with refreshing abundance of plot, as witness "Merry Merry" now exploiting the combined talents of Marie Saxon and Harry Puck (left). And a fact worthy of note, the lovely and animated chorus is a logical part of the show

WIDE WORLD



WHITE

It would not be quite fair to say that Mr. George M. Cohan (above) is the "whole show" in "American Born" which he wrote, produced and acts in, for he has able support, particularly from Bobby Watson, erstwhile of musical comedy. It is an amusing and well acted farce which has its serious moments



Speaking the humorous, salty lingo of the road, twelve assorted hobos tramp through the loosely jointed episodes that make up Maxwell Anderson's play "Outside Looking In." Under cover of a racy surface humor there is bitterness and satire in the depiction of these human derelicts who range from a carefree scallawag to a pathetic old negro convict. James Cagney and Charles A. Bickford, two of the traveling fraternity, are pictured on the right

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



FLORENCE VANDAMM



NICOLAS MURAY

An Hungarian Cinderella, a little slavey whose miserable existence is illumined by her secret love for a middle-aged cabinet-maker, holds the center of the stage in Ferenc Molnar's comedy "The Glass Slipper." June Walker's (above) interpretation of the rôle is a truly masterful piece of acting



MISHKIN

Only an untimely attack of illness deprived Jeanne Gordon (right) of the distinction of opening the season at the Metropolitan Opera House in *la Cioconda*—a signal honor for an American. She will be heard in *Samson and Dalilah*, *Aida* and a number of other rôles

# The Man Who Loved a Hound



By Conrad Richter

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

IT IS easy enough to love a collie or a setter. Almost everybody does. But to feel that affection for a lean, ungainly, bashful-muzzled hound requires a different sort of man or boy.

Lot Powel was that sort. No one knew exactly how old he was. He lived with his dog in a tar-papered shanty in the laurel near the deep timber along the mountain. When Old Benny Kruger was still alive, the Kruger girls had taken pity on Lot and got him to help with the Kruger farm work. He had been a handy man to have around. There were few his equal with a team of horses, ploughing, mowing or hauling out of the mountain. His axe could make the chips fly. He had the reputation of hewing the record pile of ties per day in the valley.

But he wasn't dependable as he should have been. When hunting season opened, the Kruger team stamped in the horse stable while Lot's gun cracked up on Powel's Mountain. Sunday, any time of the year, he slipped up from the breakfast table, and that was the last they saw of him till dark. He enjoyed just to wander over the mountain.

When the Kruger girls had sold the farm and its seven thousand acres of mountain land to a business man from the county seat, the latter let Lot go. He told Harry Laudenslager, whom he retained, that he wanted everything around the place respectable. Also, he said he intended bringing his pedigreed Lewellyn setter out to the farm, and he didn't want an old hound like Lot's hanging around. Lot seemed a trifle stunned by the event. After a week or two, he walked across the mountain and got a job at Cal Seidel's sawmill.

Twice each day, on his way to work and return, he crossed the mountain. One October day the mill ran out of logs. Coming back over the broad summit early that afternoon Lot found a printed patch, freshly white, tacked to the scaly bark of a giant pitch pine. The patch stated that trespassers were forbidden on this land and that hunting with or without dogs would be vigorously prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Lot was mildly surprised. There were in the valley two or three families who tacked up trespass cards written in ink by hand. But this was the first printed notice Lot had ever seen. The notice was signed "R. J. Biddle."

After a little, he shifted his empty dinner bucket and went on. Stay off of Powel's Mountain! Why he had hunted on Powel's Mountain for thirty years. The mountain had been named after his grandfather.

The squirrel and pheasant season opened the following Friday. By daylight Friday morning, Lot was moving silently under the hickories on the north side of the mountain. Now and then he followed Ringer's sharp squirrel bark. By ten o'clock the repeated

echo of his gun in the timber had brought on the mountain a big man in a white collar, tweeds and polished tan puttees. He said nothing to Lot, but grimly jotted down in a leather memorandum book the brand-new license number sewed in the middle of the back of Lot's shredded and stained hunting coat. With mingled defiance and curiosity Lot watched him and when the other had disappeared, sliding down the mountain side, he shot four times at one of the printed notices, riddling it, just for devilment.

He had planned to hunt also the following Tuesday, but Squire Hawley at Shadyside sent him a notice to come in. The notice was written on a plain postal, and Lot had no idea what was up until he took off his hat at Squire Hawley's front door, and found Link Miller, the constable, and Mr. Biddle waiting in the front room "office." With Biddle was his silky, black and white setter. Lot had never hunted birds with a dog, nor seen any one that did. He glanced at the setter with the frank interest of a man who naturally likes dogs.

SQUIRE HAWLEY read something from a paper, then looked over his glasses at Lot and asked him whether he was hunting on Mr. Biddle's land. Lot said defiantly that he had. Hadn't Lot seen Mr. Biddle's notices warning trespassers and especially hunters with or without dogs from the property? Yes, Lot had seen them. Why, then, had he trespassed?

Mr. Biddle interrupted here. He was a tall well-dressed man, with a clipped mustache and a way with him that showed he was used to dealing with men at his factory. As he saw it, the point was not why, but that Lot had wilfully trespassed. If he was guilty, and Lot admitted it, he should be punished. Mr. Biddle did not like to see any one wantonly injured, but Lot had not only wilfully disobeyed the law, but had shot in malicious defiance at one of his



printed notices several times after he had left him. Some sort of an example had to be made of the case, or nobody in the valley after this would treat his notices with respect.

Squire Hawley looked grave, thumbed reluctantly through one or two yellow-backed books of the contents of which Lot had no idea, and then slowly pronounced a fine of ten dollars and costs. Lot heard him with indignation. He owed nothing, and would pay nothing. Squire Hawley looked actually worried. He got off his chair at his desk and came over and sat aside of Lot, where he tried to point out the advantage of paying the fine over going to jail. This Lot stubbornly refused to do. After some minutes' useless persuasion, Lot was committed to the county jail, to serve a day for each dollar of unpaid fine.

AS THE little group came out of Squire Hawley's front door into the October sunshine, Lot's hound rose from the porch, where it had been lying, and wagged its tail. "Go on home, Ringer," said Lot. "I'm going somewhere you can't go 'long."

Biddle and his setter had stopped to observe the scene. The silky-coated bird-dog with its clean fur and noble head stood serenely by its master. In marked contrast, Lot's hound shivered a little at the edge of the sidewalk. Its tail drooped, its muzzle was apologetic, and there was red valley mud caked on its lower legs and nose. The setter, plainly an aristocrat, appeared thoroughly at home here among town houses and men with white collars. The hound was as plainly an awkward, uncomfortable backwoodsman.

Something almost tender and painful stirred in Lot. But he was not the one to show it before Squire Hawley, Link Miller and Biddle. As a threat to the lingering hound he reached down and tried to pry a brick from the sidewalk.

"Go on home, Ringer," he persisted. The dog retreated to the street. Farther than this the black and tan hound refused to go. From Link Miller's Ford, Lot had a glimpse of it galloping as fast as its legs could take it after the automobile, down the macadam pike to the county seat.

Lot was used to being alone, but he was not accustomed to confinement. He had always gone when and where he wanted, and already the first day in jail became an abomination. Also, it was the first time he had been separated from the hound. He didn't realize how much the dog had meant in his lonely life. He wondered uneasily if Ringer had gone back home. Town was no place for him. Once he heard a dog howl from the prison yard but it wasn't Ringer.

After several days he admitted to himself that he was genuinely homesick to see the





*As he came slowly back bearing the water, he suddenly saw a figure on the path that led up from the Biddle place*

hound—to hear his tail tap on the bare floor under the stove, his eager howl on a fresh scent, the disgusted, drawn-out note when he “barked hole.” Finally, they told him at the jail, he could go. He hadn’t thought he could feel so good about anything. There was only one place to go. That was to Ringer.

When he reached his shanty in the timber back along the mountain, it was quite dark. Water was still coming down the hollow, and it smelled rich and good in the hemlocks. As his foot sounded on the single plank bridge, he listened for Ringer’s deep yodle from the shed. To-night there was no greeting. He halted and stamped on the narrow footbridge. The sound echoed. Some fallen birch leaves scratched along the ground.

With vague misgivings, Lot unlocked the shanty door and lit the lantern hanging on a nail inside. The shanty looked as when he had left it. The single room was lined with faded pink building paper discolored by dampness into unrecognizable maps. There was a nailed board table with its yellow oil cloth, a rusty stove, clothes hanging on the row of nails behind it, and a wood box half full of split oak, chestnut and birch.

Taking the lantern, he cut through the woods and across fields to the stony land of Nate Lutz, who made ties with him on the mountain in winter. Nate’s kitchen was disorderly, but it was warm.

“You got Ringer down here?” Lot asked.

Nate Lutz did not answer immediately. He took a lid from the stove, letting flame and smoke belch out while he knocked the bowl of his pipe against a fire brick. Then he filled the pipe from a worn cigar box on the unpainted pine shelf near the stove, lit it

and stood with one foot on the rusted nickel fender.

“Ringer’s dead,” he said. “Didn’t they tell you?”

Lot felt a painful jar, as if some one had struck him with a muffled club from behind. Nate looked away and took several draughts on his pipe.

“I was going to take some scraps up for him. Then Al Myers told me he came up the pike in his machine. Down in the Narrows they saw a dog in the ditch. It was Ringer. He must of been run over by somebody. He was dead as a doornail.”

Lot felt queer. The words, “dead as a doornail” coupled to Ringer seemed incredible.

“He must of tried to follow you down to—” Nate drew on his pipe. He had almost said jail.

Lot said nothing. Nate took a quick look at the other’s face and then glanced away.

“I told Al Myers,” he said lamely, “you was offered twenty-five dollars for Ringer. Had it pulled out right in front of you.”

Lot apparently did not hear this latter. He had picked up his lantern with an unsteady hand and opened the door. He seldom said good night in those exact words as the custom of the valley was to say, “Well, it looks like rain to-morrow,” or some such adieu. To-night he did not venture to say anything. It wasn’t that he felt bitter against Nate. He simply didn’t think of anything to say.

He found Al Myers out in the dim cave of

his barn with a sick horse. Lot stood around in the rear of the lantern-lit stall for a while and helped what he could. They talked of various things. Then he asked about Ringer. Yes, Al had seen him in the Narrows along the Pike, just below the gas station. The dog was dead and lying to one side of the road. He had stopped the machine and got out. It was Ringer and he must have been dead a good while because he was stiff as leather. When he had stopped at the station for gas, he had told Harry Netherby, and Harry had said he would bury it that afternoon.

THAT evening as Lot plodded his way back the dark valley road, he told himself stolidly that most likely the automobile that had run Ringer down was not to blame. Ringer had probably run in front of it. He was a mountain dog and not used to automobiles. The guilty person was not the driver of the automobile but the person who had made Ringer want to go to town. And that person was the one who arrested him for hunting on Powel’s Mountain.

Lot Powel was not a revengeful man. He had never hurt anything in his life except the rabbits and squirrels he loved to hunt, but to-night as he walked up the dusty valley road, the picture of that stiff, silent, black and tan mass Al Myers had described to him was in his eyes, and a cold, hard, murderous resentment grew in his heart.

All the next day he sat in his shanty. His eyes moved among the shapeless designs the rain had painted on the lining of building paper. He was thinking that a few days before that silent object that Al Myers had described as stiff as leather, had been a

*(Continued on page 48)*



# Matty—the Bayard

By W. O. McGeehan

Photographs from Brown Brothers



Here are three pictures showing Christy Mathewson as a young man. On the left is his first photograph in the Giants' uniform

IT WAS fitting that the distinctively American sport should produce the best beloved of all American athletes. This country with its zest for sports is prone to make popular idols out of very common clay. But the national hero that baseball produced was worthy of all the affection and adulation that was felt for him by the youth and the manhood of the land.

Christy Mathewson, who personified all of those virtues the ideal American is supposed to possess, was one national hero whose record was without a blemish and whose career was without reproach. He was a Giant of the Giants, and now that he is gone the athletic heroes before and since seem like pygmies.

He passed in the midst of a World Series and his passing made that seem an inconsequential thing. As they laid him to rest in the little cemetery just outside the campus of Bucknell College, thousands gathered for one of the World Series games at Washington, headed by the President of the United States, stood bare-headed and reverent, as a tribute to the national hero who stood the test.

He played the game to the last and not to the gallery. They said of him that he never played to the gallery. He never wrangled with the umpires. It was in that spirit that he lived and it was in that spirit that he died, calm, clear-eyed and courageous. In the comparatively inconsequential game of baseball he was truly great. There never has been his peer. But in the bigger game of life he was greater.

He left the management of the Cincinnati Club for service in France. He returned broken in health and rejoined the Giants as coach, where he once was the most active member. He learned that he had tuberculosis and that he would have to quit the game to fight a harder battle than baseball ever had produced for him. He took the verdict quite as calmly as he would an adverse ruling by an umpire.

It was a long fight. Mathewson, who

always played and fought fairly, was facing an adversary that knew no rules. He knew it but he fought the fight. He sensed the end of it before anybody else. He saw the shadowy umpire as he signaled the ruling against him.

Then Mathewson ended it with the characteristic courage with which he had lived. I heard this story told in whispers in the little house at Lewisberg, Pa., just outside the Bucknell Campus, where Christy Mathewson in his joyous youth was the college hero.

After a day of pain he called in his wife, who had been his nurse and constant companion. Gathering all of the remaining strength that was in his great frame, he sat up in his bed and demanded pencil and paper.

As calmly as though he were routing his ball team, he gave directions for his own last journey home—home to the little house at Lewisberg and then on to the little cemetery just outside Bucknell College Campus.

"It is no use," he said. "I am going to die and we must face it." He used to look that way when the umpires ruled against him. He spoke without resentment and with no note of complaint in his voice.

He told his wife what train to take when she "went home" with him. He told her that she must be sure to get a drawing-room for herself. "So that you can be comfortable," he added. He wrote down the time of the trains and a few final instructions.

Then he said, "Now I suppose that you will have to have a good cry. But don't make it a long one. It cannot be helped."

When Mrs. Mathewson returned a little later to the sick-room, he was still holding himself up. He smiled that same courageous smile, and said very faintly, "Are you sure you are all right, Janie, dear?" A little later he sank back gently on his bed and died. He had been called out, but he made no protest or complaint. He died as bravely as he had lived.

A few of those who knew him in the zenith of his popularity when as he stood on the

pitching-mound with his right arm poised to throw, he looked like a young Jove preparing to launch a thunderbolt, saw him for the last time in that little house at Lewisberg. He lay almost within hearing of the campus where his career had begun.

Just a little more than a quarter of a century before, Christy Mathewson was the hero of Bucknell, the pitcher of the college team, the fullback of the eleven, the leader of his class. He had spent many a happy hour in that house where he lay for the last time under a bower of flowers sent from all over the country.

It was in that house where he paid court to the sweetheart of his boyhood who was later to become his wife, his companion and the nurse who stood beside him always in the last long fight. It does not seem much in the way of an exaggeration to say that this house hard by the campus of Bucknell was hallowed by the presence of Christy Mathewson.

Mathewson became a professional baseball player when the game was still something of a fugitive sport. I think that when Mathewson announced his intention of becoming a professional baseball player they looked askance at the idea at Bucknell College.

But there are some men strong enough to influence their environment instead of letting the environment influence them. Christy Mathewson was one of these. Bucknell College, once inclined to deplore the fact that the college hero was becoming a professional ball player, finally gloried in the fact that Christy Mathewson of Bucknell was a ball player and a great one. Christy Mathewson became Bucknell's most famous and best-beloved alumnus. The alma mater received him when he came home for the last time with the sorrowful pride of a mother whose son is brought back slain in the good fight.

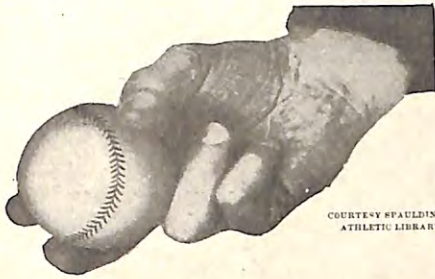
Mathewson's record as a baseball player was great, but his record as a man is so much greater that now everything else seems unimportant. His influence over the game to which he gave himself stands out so much more vividly than any of those achievements in the game itself. He really glorified it.

Mathewson came to the New York Giants



# of Baseball

*A Tribute to One Who  
Was Not Only a Great  
Ball-Player But More  
—A Great Man*



*At the right is Matty as he looked toward the end of his pitching career. In circle, he is shown as photographed when president of the Boston Braves. At left is pictured his grip on the ball for pitching the famous "fadeaway" with which he baffled batters for a great many years*



shortly before John J. McGraw, a forceful character and the link between the old game and the new, took over the team. Mathewson once told the story of his own first tryout with the Giants when he reported to George Davis, the manager who preceded McGraw.

"I want you to get out there and show what you have that makes you think that you are a pitcher," said Davis.

Mathewson used to tell the story in this fashion:

"It was like a vaudeville team, having a chance at the big time. Davis stood at the bat himself. I shot one over, my fast one, and I had a lot of speed in those days.

"That's a pretty good fast one you've got," said Davis. "Now let's have a look at your curve."

"I pushed over that old 'roundhouse' curve of mine which had been standing them on their heads in the minor leagues. You could see the ball beginning to break from the time it left my hand, and Davis just set himself for it, got a toe hold on it and let go. The ball sailed far beyond the outfielders.

"Put that one in cold storage," said Davis. "It's no go in this set." (He had demonstrated that). "Now let's see what else you carry."

"I've got a drop ball I don't like much," I told him.

"Well, let's have a look at it," he returned. "That 'roundhouse' is out of date. A man with paralysis in both arms could set himself to hit that one."

"I threw my drop ball and it broke pretty well for me.

"Now that is what we call a curve in this league," he said. "Practice on that one. Got anything else?"

"Sort of freak ball," I answered, bound to show him all my wares regardless. "It's a slow one that breaks toward a right-handed hitter."

"Pass it up here," he ordered.

"I slipped him the fadeaway, still unnamed. Although I could not control it very well at that time, this one broke very nicely, and Davis made a vicious lunge, misgauging the ball badly and missing by about two feet.

"We tried it again and again he missed, though this time he was looking for it.

"That's a change of pace with a curve ball," he commented. "It's a slow inshoot to a right-handed batter. I never saw that before. It's all right."

"He summoned some left-handed batters to get a line on its effectiveness against them and nearly all of them missed it."

But despite Matty's showing at his first tryout, when McGraw took over the management of the Giants he found Mathewson playing first base. McGraw instantly restored him to the post of pitcher and it was under his management that Mathewson demonstrated that he was the greatest of them all. Long after he had lost that magnificent speed he brought to the game he continued to baffle batters with the fadeaway, his own invention.

Mathewson had more than the physical equipment for that game. He had brains. He was a keen judge of character. He studied the opposing batters and he had a good memory. In that regard there was nobody with a better baseball memory except, perhaps, McGraw himself. Mathewson knew his opposition so well that he started the custom that is followed by other pitchers of arranging the fielders for each batter.

"Of all the ball-players I ever knew," said McGraw, "he was the brainiest, the most resourceful, the most reasonable and the most reliable."

It was in the World Series of 1905 that Mathewson was at the peak of his power as a pitcher. On October 9 of that year he beat the Athletics by 3 to 0, with Eddie Plank pitching for Philadelphia. On October 12 he beat them 9 to 0 with Andy Coakley pitching. Then again on October 14 he beat them 2 to 0 with the great Chief Bender pitching against him. This record stands and will stand perhaps forever, three shut-outs in one World Series.

In those days Mathewson was glorifying the part of the pitcher and writing more thrilling melodrama for the game than even Ruth has made since with his bat. No

player, no athlete in the world ever received the approbation that was given to Mathewson. He was surrounded by adulation.

Yet through it all he kept his head. Success that would have turned the head of many men never ruffled Mathewson, never destroyed that firm self-possession of his. He took it modestly. He remained unspoiled and reserved.

Men of less force of character are carried away by adulation in a considerably lesser degree. Then when they pass from the limelight and begin to hear the cry, "Take him out," they can not understand that popular idols are not of enduring material. Mathewson never was bitter in the days when his arm began to lose its speed. He never heard the cry, "Take him out."

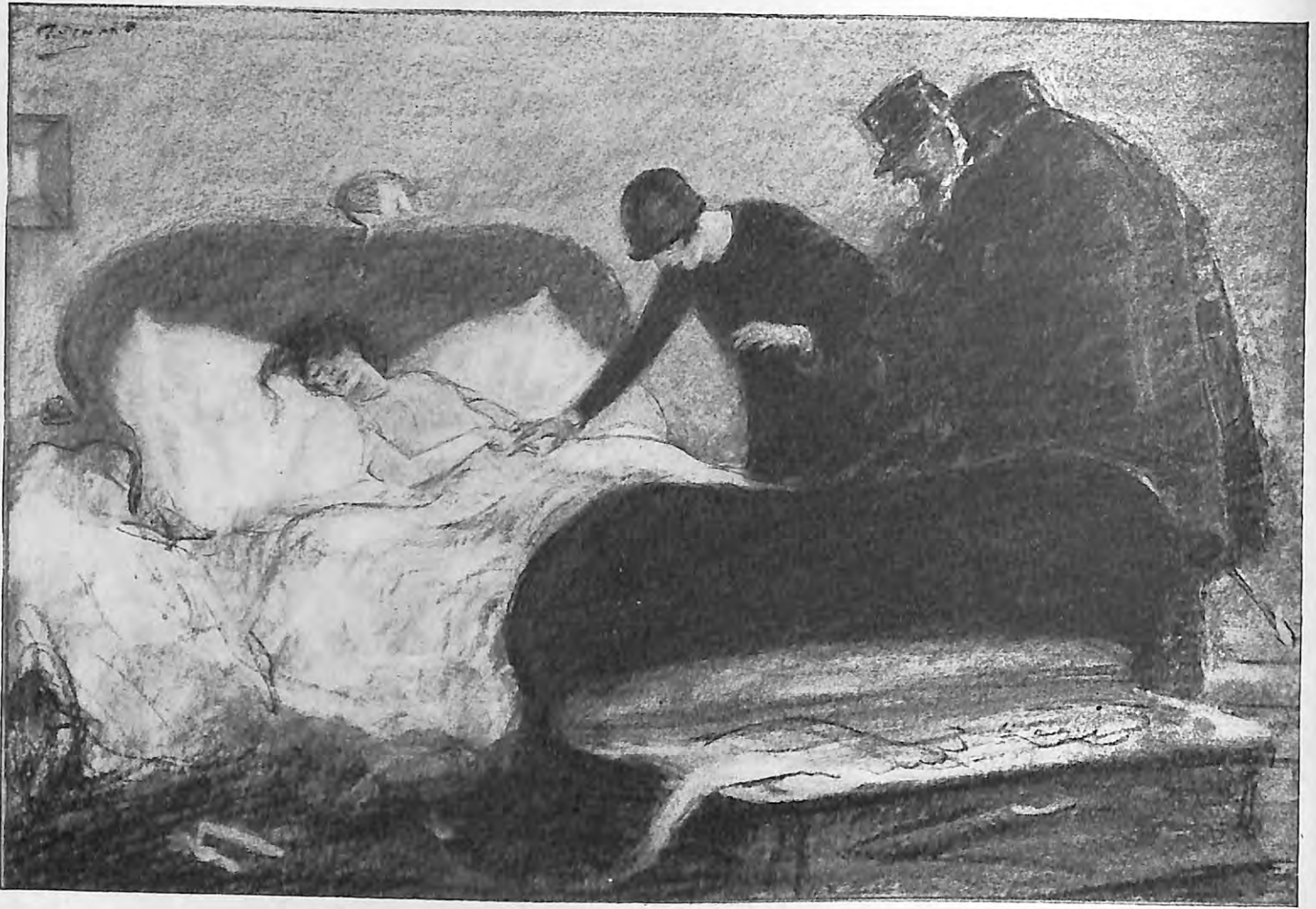
Somehow Matty's followers remained loyal to the last. They seemed to sense the fact that this man was not like the rest; that he was a superior personality. When Matty at the last had to be taken out it was a tragedy. At the Polo Grounds and even in other parks they would have mobbed the man who called out when Mathewson was in the box, "Take him out." They knew that he had given them his best honestly and fairly when he had his best and they sorrowed over the fact that his arm had to lose its power and that even the fadeaway could not last forever. The man who can invoke this feeling in the baseball fans, supposedly fickle, must have possessed a spark that showed them he was of no common make.

Then after all, are the baseball fans so fickle? It may be that they are merely wise, quick to detect the insincere and quite as quick to feel the sincerity and the superiority that Mathewson possessed. I prefer to believe the latter.

As the little group of Mathewson's intimates gathered in the room where he used to study when he was a student at Bucknell, they talked in subdued tones of Matty in the days of his greatness.

*(Continued on page 75)*





## Part III

THE next morning, thinking about the mysterious crime, which, coming out of a clear sky, seemed to have shut down like a calamitous fog upon this faraway island, and naturally too much affected by it all to resume painting, I rambled aimlessly off through the park. I had not escaped the latest news. Prontout had announced at breakfast, simply and tragically, "Jamet is gone, too! They found his body on the beach—yes, actually on the beach under the cliff—at five o'clock this morning. *Mon dieu!*"

It was a cool, clear day. Beyond the east wing of the château through a vista in the overgrown grounds a wall built around what had once been a sunken garden commanded, like a terrace, a stretch of open; and just here against a background of sky I caught a glimpse of a square of canvas set on an easel. A man was painting. I drew near with a feeling of resentment any painter will understand at the discovery that my preserves were being poached upon. I wondered who the stranger was.

I spoke to him. He turned his head and acknowledged my salutation. He was a man with a face that made me think at once of a mask. His complexion was clear, too perfectly clear, and ruddy; and he had a black, hard-lined mustache. I glanced from him to his canvas and right away all feeling of resentment or jealousy left me. The sketch he was making was ridiculous. It was the work of less than an amateur.

He turned back to his work and took up a brush and sighed. I said nothing further. It amused me simply to wait and watch the fellow.

Just then I heard a footstep coming up behind us and Prontout's voice at my elbow.

## The Moving House of Foscaldo

By Charles Chadwick

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

"Good morning, Baron. Painting, I see."

At this banal remark the man turned with a jerk square around on his stool and his mask-line countenance assumed a smile. "Oh, it may be nothing," he answered, affecting an easy manner, and with a modestly veiled opinion of himself, he added, "Possibly I may get something from it for the Salon."

Meanwhile Prontout was gazing down at the canvas with all due solemnity. I thought he was going to offer some learned criticism; but he seemed to have lost his verbosity in regard to art, and only said to the newcomer, keeping his eyes all the time upon the canvas:

"Thank you for coming. I was about to send for you."

The man rose with a blank look. On his feet he was a moderately tall, well-built man. He stood with slightly exaggerated ease, seeming a little nervous. "Ah, pardon me. I have forgotten. I do not understand," he replied.

"I am Inspector Prontout," stated the detective, curtly enough, I thought.

"Still, Monsieur Inspector, pardon me. I do not understand."

"I should like the pleasure of explaining,

then, Baron," returned the other. "Perhaps—if I may presume to interrupt—"

"Oh, certainly." He hastily set down his palette and brushes. "The light has changed."

The light hadn't changed at all. Not, I reflected, that changing light could possibly have any relation to the poisonous-looking blue-soaked thing he had on his easel; but the excuse seemed to do for him.

I walked away, taking a path which led off into the woods. As I wandered on alone deeper and deeper into the forest, the path became hardly more than a trail leading through a dense thicket of young trees with here and there an older giant towering among them. I looked back. The château was no longer visible. With the seemingly inexplicable suddenness of such things I found myself in the depths of a perfect wilderness.

The trail here led up among broken boulders, green and damp with moss and in deep shade. From under one water trickled and oozed across the trail. I knelt down and scooped out a hollow in the sand, and when it cleared I drank. As I was doing this my eye caught a break in the clay where my left hand rested. It was like the rounded toe of a footprint and it had a suggestion of





*A friend of the deceased, on being taken to the scene of the crime, the room where the girl's body lay, remarked that the dead woman's ring was gone*

familiarity, though it was something that did not quite at once penetrate my consciousness.

I rose slowly to my feet, looked up, and instantly sprang backward.

There, above me, impassive, stood Gabas!

We stared at each other for several seconds, and then the Apache's face slowly lightened. The slight movement of his lips conveyed anything but reassurance.

He spoke. "You are surprised to see me, Monsieur Rackstrom, alive and safe," he said. "Ah, there are many who will die before Gabas."

His apparition and words recalled instantly the events of the night before. I shuddered as I looked at this creature who stood confronting me.

"You killed Jamat!" I exclaimed, impulsively.

"Ah, the poor canaille! He struck me. You saw it. Yes—it is always kill, kill, for Gabas."

"THAT is an admission which I shall be obliged to communicate to Inspector Prontout," I blurted out, rather foolishly I am afraid.

"So! Then, perhaps, I should kill you." His great face drew near and looked closely into mine, and his voice sunk to a gentle tone whose softness bristled with the threat. I stood my ground, glaring back; braced, if he should spring upon me, and yet hardly expecting it. There was something both fearsome and calming in the very power of his presence. His eyes took me in from head to foot. He nodded and drew back.

"How would you kill me?" I demanded.

"At the tower—like the others," he answered, simply.

The mystery of his crime flashed anew into

my mind as he spoke—that unsolvable and horrid mystery of the death of two men at the tower, and of the criminal's escape. If there was anything, any explanation for an occurrence which seemed to exist contrary to the rules of reason and logic and to the evidence of the senses, surely the knowledge of it was in the possession of the being before me now.

"How—like the others?" I asked. I kept my eyes on the ground to conceal my interest in what he might say.

His answer came slowly. "But that—at least—you will not tell to Inspector Prontout." He seemed to have read my purpose. Then he spoke again.

"You are not afraid of me," he said gently.

"Very good, then we shall see."

"Nor are you afraid of me, apparently," I retorted, with some spirit.

He sighed. Then he sat upon a boulder and leaned against the sloping bank which overhung one side of the trail. "I am a man that is lonely," he observed, "lonely as a king on a throne."

This absolutely queer remark I did not know just how to take. I was beginning to wonder what kind of warped or demented being I had to deal with. But as he seemed satisfied with his remark, and said no more, I replied to it.

"You are far from being a king," I rejoined. "I should say you belonged to the other end of the scale."

Gabas looked at me a moment without the slightest trace of annoyance in his manner,

accepting the slur, if slur it was, and continued, "Many kings have killed," he observed, "for them it is sometimes a pastime, sometimes, like the animals, a necessity. And what are we all but animals?" He seemed now, I thought, in his equalizing philosophy to forget his previous attitude toward what he called the canaille. But in a moment, as though it recurred to him, he added, "The canaille, they are animals indeed, but lower, lower than animals."

I made no comment.

"But, Monsieur Rackstrom," he went on, "I am not what you think. I am Apache, true, of the lowest in Paris, a criminal, murderer. You see I admit it. Yet I am sprung from kings."

This statement struck me as the weird concoction of a half-crazed rascal, in spite of a certain sincerity in his voice, and the quiet, convincing power of his manner. But there was something in the fact that he spoke of it in this way, that he used the language of an educated man, which at least roused and held my curiosity.

He seemed to sense the latter. At any rate he pursued the subject.

"I shall tell you my story," he went on. "It is strange enough. Too strange that I should keep it always locked up here and tell no one." He put his hand on his chest. "And perhaps the end for me, too, is near. Even here they have tracked me at last. I shall fight with what patience I have. There are the last cards yet for me to play. Meanwhile I shall tell you a strange history. You will not believe it. Who knows? But you will believe the confession I have just made, and will think it your duty to inform on me."

"I surely will," I asserted.

"So—" he replied. "But you—ah, it is a good thing for which I am thankful that I should talk, at last, to a brave man!"

The compliment was unexpected. I said nothing and waited, wondering how all this was going to end.

## CHAPTER XVII

"I GREW up in the streets of Paris, Monsieur Rackstrom. I have been to Nennesse, and many times in the Conciergerie. For the rest, I have fought to live, as we all do.

"My first recollection is a dream. You have heard of repeated dreams—from infancy—inherited memories? Such things exist. What I am going to tell you about recurs to me not often as it once did. It has been gone now for many years. But as a child it used to come very often, and I dreamed it over and over again. It begins, the dream, with a sound like the rolling of drums. And then a silence. The sound and its cessation alternate like slow beats of the pulse. There is always a great space. It is like the desert, empty, a great stretch of sand lying still, endlessly to the horizon. And there comes with it the empty silence of the desert. It is smooth as a curtain hanging on the wall. Then it is rough, and things crawl on it. Then smooth, empty and silent again. There is a vision of people. A crowded street of them. I seem to look over heads and see nothing left of the smooth surface but a platform that is raised above the heads. And there again comes the noise in my ears like drumming, as though the heads of all the people were pounding upon each other, knocking together like marbles on a tray. In the midst of the noise upon the platform are men struggling. One falls forward. I see his head fall away from his body and streams of blood pour out of his neck. Once more there is silence. But I

choke as though the dark blood had poured itself over me. I try to speak, to cry out, and can not break the silence. At last I awake with the dripping of chilled blood in my veins, and the consciousness of a cold rage, a feeling that I must destroy, kill.

"So much you will, perhaps, believe to be true, for one can dream anything. But the rest is stranger than a dream."

His words were so much more vivid than anything I had expected from him that my

afterward when the woman lay ill and dying, she spoke to him of it and asked if he remembered. He leaned down and told her yes, that he did, holding her hand, pressing a ring that was on her finger.

"That was thy father—"

"The man was astounded. 'Mother,' he demanded, 'am I then the son of King Louis?'"

"The dying woman nodded her head in assent and tried to speak. She withdrew her hand from that of her son and tried with the other hand to take the ring off her finger. And so trying, and looking at the ring, she fell back dead.

"After that the son took off the ring and on the inside he saw engraved the crest of the Royal Arms of France.

"And not long after he dreamed again



eyes were drawn to his face with a new fascination. A gray, expressionless face it was, dull as inanimate matter, gray as the trees, the rocks, the moss, like the gray face of a faun in the forest; flesh that perhaps buried a soul instead of expressing it.

"Long ago," he continued, "more than a century ago, a child sat perched upon his mother's shoulder, in the midst of a great crowd in the Place de la Révolution. The crowd swayed with fear and hate and lust of death, and pressed together crushing out of one another's numbed soul all feeling but fear and hate and lust of death. So they stood and saw a king's head fall, while cannon were planted aimed at the scaffold ready to shoot should there be a failure of the drums that drowned out whatever words of forgiveness the king would have said to them.

"The woman took her child home to her milliner's shop in the rue St. Honoré, and the child remembered what he had seen. Often he dreamed it. And one day, years

the dream like the one I have told you. What else he did, and what became of him, I know but little. But that man was grandfather of my father, Monsieur Rackstrom. The ring, too, I have, which with the story of it has been handed down to me. Recently it was thought to be lost. But I recovered it. It has been so always—fated never to be lost. You may laugh at a man of the gutter with his tradition, his veritable family history. But such we have nevertheless. And so the wish to kill—we have had that, all have had it."

He mused awhile. Then, as though speaking to himself, he murmured. "Undecided, weak—so they have written him down in history. But why not, when everything from his birth was done for him? Not such as I who have had to work and fight, to be on the guard every day simply to live."

I HAD a curious feeling as he compared himself thus to the king whom he claimed as ancestor which was neither horror nor pity nor admiration but a feeling of strangeness. It swept over me as I contemplated this man whose life had been moulded by circumstances so far removed from mine, this man who seemed to own at once the crimes and the gentleness of kings.

"Unto the third and fourth generation—so it is with sins," Gabas went on, muttering, it seemed, still to himself. "But if one were of the fifth—perhaps there is then an end of it."

I did not understand at all what he meant by that rather irrelevant Biblical reference. But afterward I had reason as will be seen to remember and apply it.

He raised his eyes to me again. "I have told you," he said. "Now you know, perhaps, why I am Gabas the criminal."

He rose and walked off noiselessly into the forest, leaving me there beside the trickling stream of water, with an almost royal dignity of dismissal. Nor did I offer any word to him as he went.

## CHAPTER XVIII

AS I continued my walk I remained under the spell of the man's personality. At the same time I entertained my intention of reporting what I had heard and seen, particularly as what had been told me was not at all under the seal of confidence, express or implied, but rather had that brief admission of guilt been made with, it seemed, a disdain of petty precaution.

There was a place which I had come upon in my previous rambles over the island. It was the tomb of the Sieur Foscaldo, a moss-covered stone structure flanked with Doric pillars and sunk in a wilderness of undergrowth which suggested an antiquity even greater than it possessed. I now drew near this tomb. All at once a strange sound, uncanny in that silent wilderness, as of some one struggling and gasping for breath, reached my ears.

I hastened my steps, and coming almost immediately in sight of the place I saw standing in front of one of the gray old Doric pillars my erstwhile acquaintance, the baron. His arms were about a woman in a kind of brutal patience while she struggled to free herself. His back was toward me, and the look of his shoulders as they bulged and slanted where his coat was drawn tightly across gave me an actual physical sense of illness. The picture with its horrid suggestiveness registered itself at once vividly on my brain. It was like a picture of some animal in the wilderness waiting calmly to tear its prey, and I stopped dead still, and seemed to have been looking a long time. But it must have been in the catch of a breath that I saw who the girl was—my fishermaid!

I fell upon him, somehow, I can not remember just how, but with all the inaccuracy and force of rage, and flung him backward away from her. Taken wholly by surprise, he was completely at my mercy.

He lay at my feet crumpled up where I had flung him, with a dazed expression in his eyes as he gazed up at me gradually giving away to one of calculation. It must have all happened in a second or two.

He rose to one elbow and groaned. Then he regained his feet and stood with his coat awry, his hat off on the ground somewhere and his clear face flushed.

"You will of course give me satisfaction," he said.

At that I laughed. "Satisfaction?" I retorted. "Most people under the circumstances would be already satisfied. Still, if you want more—"

I took a step toward him.

He backed away and drew himself up with a fairly good attempt at dignity. "I wish to kill you decently," he explained with a gesture of deprecation. He fumbled in his pocket and handed me a card. Without so much as glancing at his name on it I



tore the card in pieces and snapped the pieces and my hand with them against his face. One tiny white scrap clung to the cloth on his shoulder. The rest fluttered in vainly to the ground.

His face reddened under the blow. But he stood perfectly still. Then he made a careful gesture as of brushing his coat. "You will not fight?" His voice quavered and in spite of his effort to stay dignified rose to a snarl of baffled rage. "You are a coward."

"Doubtless," I replied, lightly, "a great coward."

I turned my back on him.

The girl was standing a few paces away, all eyes, and still panting with excitement.

**I** WAS anxious to see if she was hurt in any way. But on the instant as I looked at her she screamed and flung herself past me.

What I saw as I swung around again was a revolver in the baron's hand pointed at both of us. Before I could instinctively seize her and draw her back, before even I had time to think, he had lowered the weapon seemingly as quickly as he must have drawn it. His eyes were blazing and narrowed, his lips puckered and pressed together and the hand that held the revolver down at his side shook spasmodically. I guessed that he had obeyed an inhibitory impulse not to risk injuring the girl and it was that alone which had kept back the bullet. It flashed across me, in that moment of stress, with the speed with which ideas sometimes force themselves into recognition that now for the second time I owed my life to this girl.

The baron slipped his weapon into the side pocket of his coat, and patted it. His fingers still moved convulsively, though his ruddy, mask-like face was stiffened into a sneer. No one moved for a second or two or said anything except that I put my arm in front of the girl ready, to force her behind me. The baron still had the advantage and he appeared to be regaining his composure and thinking the situation over at his leisure. At length he shrugged his shoulders.

"Never mind," he said, coldly, "We will see about this." He made as if to walk off. He backed away a step or two. I kept my eyes fastened on him, distrusting his every movement. He must have felt after all less cool than he appeared for his heel struck an exposed root in the path, his eyes went up with an expression of surprise and he fell a second time sprawling on the ground.

The girl slipped from my side like a shadow. With a scarcely audible, "Quick! This way!" she was at the low stone railing beside the tomb, had vaulted over and landed in the undergrowth behind it. Without a second's delay I followed, plunging head first into a mass of dead branches that snapped off brittly at a touch so that I hardly felt the sensation of contact with them.

I found myself in a kind of path or diminutive avenue the existence of which an observer walking along the trail and passing by the tomb would not have suspected. We were running along it, the girl in advance and both of us crouching over to avoid the bushes and briars which arched over us at about the height of four feet. We had left the clump of dead bushes behind us. This path or tunnel, whatever one might call it, led directly away from the tomb. I heard the baron calling on us with oaths to stop. Then I heard the popping of one or two shots. This was after we had run possibly fifty to a hundred feet. Rage at the unexpected

turn of things must have broken down now entirely the restraint which had caused him a moment ago to avoid chancing a shot at me at close quarters. I guessed that the fellow was shooting actually at random for he could not have seen us; nor do I think he knew except in a general way our direction. Nevertheless a bullet cut a twig clean off above my shoulder.

Running on we came to an opening and at last we entered another tunnel of briars; and here we slowed down and I came to her assistance to push aside heavy impeding branches. We were both out of breath.

*As I looked at her she screamed and flung herself past me. What I saw as I swung around again was a revolver in the baron's hand pointed at both of us*



A moment later, I stood up and saw where we were. Framed in the arch of the trees just ahead lay the sea sparkling in the sunlight, and outlined against it was the wind-mill tower.

We had come out upon the path between the chateau and the tower, and near the point where it debouched into the open space.

We stopped abruptly. The girl turned to face me with a smile that was partly a prayer of thanksgiving at our escape and partly an effort to catch her breath. Her smile as she stood poised and swaying, her chest heaving, was like sunlight on her flushed olive-tinted face. But it vanished in a breath.

"You are hurt!" she cried. I had put my hand to my face. The blood from a scratch on my temple was running down my cheek.

"No," I replied.

Close behind us another shot rang out on the still air.

I caught her swinging hand and, together on one impulse, without stopping to choose

our course, we raced away and across the open, I pulling as we ran to increase her pace to my greater speed. And yet I barely felt a drag from the lightness of that swift body of hers. We made straight for the door of the tower. It seemed an age to get there. I swung her in ahead of me, and took a swift look back as I slammed the door shut behind us.

"He's just at the edge of the open," I said hurriedly, "and he's seen us go in here." It was a surprise to find that the baron had followed us, trailing us successfully, after I had thought our escape made good. I had reason to believe our pursuer had barely missed that last shot, too. And in a moment he would be upon us again.

I looked, too, for a way of hiding, of escape for the girl. There was only the trap door in the floor, and the winding stair. Quick reflection decided me on the least obvious place of the two. I pointed to

the trap door and gave her a quick push toward it.

"Go down there," I commanded. I intended to fight the fellow now, regardless of his revolver.

She read my purpose. She resisted and clung to my hand. "I will stay with you," she threw back at me.

We swayed together and apart in the conflict of our wills. It seemed like the climax of some long rhythmic and tragic dance we had been through together.

My eye caught the iron hooks fastened to rings in the horizontal beam. A wild idea that they might be loosened with age, with rust and decay of the wood, entered my head. I could see nothing else. I broke away from her and seized one of the hooks and tried to pull out its staple. It gave a little, coming out an inch, two inches, or I thought it did. I pulled and wrenched with all my strength but could not disengage it from the beam. Hardly thinking what I did I kept pulling at it. The door might open any instant now. At least I could chance the first shot and fling myself upon the man.

She called. She had lifted the trap-door

and had gone down a few steps. I saw that she would not go farther without me.

I ran to her and sprang down. The trap fell closed above us.

We stood at the foot of the stone steps. It was pitch dark, and we kept still. With this sudden cessation of action, the collapse of all swiftiness, the quiet became a shock, like a blow in the face. I felt her hand again in mine, and thinking that we should better have taken the stairs to the top of the tower, I knew not whether to be glad or afraid.

"Look!" she whispered. I faced about, and knew not whether I could believe my eyes.

We had gone down the old stone steps into the well or cellarette that Inspector Prontout in my company had subjected to such a minute examination. There was no mistaking where we were. And yet here in front of us as we stood with our backs to the steps, in place of the stone wall appeared a corridor leading off directly away from the steps! It was narrow and dimly lit by a glimmer from beyond.

## CHAPTER XIX

IT IS now necessary to relate that Gabas, after his meeting with Rackstrom at the spring, took the path which led deeper into the woods of Foscaldo. He walked warily and with his peculiar lurching gait.

Suddenly a shot rang out and the apache flung himself forward on his face and crawled into the bushes. They were hunting him! His instinct, superior to that of the ordinary criminal, told him to wait. But why were they shooting at him offhand? That surely was under all the circumstances a clumsy method of going about his capture.

These thoughts ran rapidly through his mind. Then on top of the first came a second shot, and several more. He was convinced now that these shots were not meant for him. They sounded too far away. This unexplained fact began to puzzle him. Quite calm when he thought himself pursued—a situation on which he was not unaccustomed—now the unknown disturbed him. Who was shooting on the island, at what, and why? Curiosity and a kind of fascination drew him in the direction the noise of the shots seemed to come from. He must risk finding out what was happening.

He crawled out of the bushes and stole back along the path. Soon he came upon the old tomb. Here the sight of freshly broken twigs caught his eye and registered a meaning upon his attention. He stood still long enough to listen attentively, poised and craning his neck as he moved his head to peer in every direction. No sound came to his ears. Nothing further appeared to his sharp vision.

His eyes came back to the broken bushes and rested there. Straightway, with the undulating motion of a panther or some wild animal of the forest, he slipped bodily over the low stone barrier and disappeared into the sunken trail under the bushes.

A few minutes later, still following the trail, he had come out into the more open part of the woods. When he was a short distance across this open, he stopped dead, pulling himself up with a peculiar backward lurch and standing poised again to listen. This time he evidently heard something, for he flung himself to one side of the path, behind and partly under a great stump of a tree.

In a short time the noise of hurried footsteps became audible; and there came in sight of the watcher the Baron de Chenouille.

He was hatless and had a somewhat dishevelled look as he took the same trail

along which Gabas had come, but in the opposite direction, traveling back toward the old tomb.

Gabas allowed him to pass his place of concealment and go some considerable distance beyond. He waited to see if any one was upon the baron's heels. Satisfied that no one was in pursuit, he gave a low whistle with a peculiar melody. The baron, whose form was now nearly lost to sight in the trees, turned and came walking slowly back, looking expectantly to right and left, and at last confronted the apache as he rose and stood forth.

"You are here at last," said Gabas.

"Yes," assented the baron, "I am here, at your service, on this very interesting island. A pleasant place for a stroll through woods, though in a measure exciting—dangerous. Well what would you?" He broke off with a gesture of deprecation and the laugh of a brave man who disdains to dwell upon a trifling danger he had just experienced. Then noticing that Gabas looked warily and continually around, he added, "No, there is no one—no danger now."

GABAS'S impassive gaze returned and rested on the flushed countenance of the baron, but he said nothing.

"Exciting, yes," the other went on, "but—what would you—we must stay here." As he eyed the apache a look of mingled superiority and triumph crept into his face. "I have a reason for staying," he said slowly, "I see now where you are keeping her."

At this he burst into a laugh; but Gabas's face expressed neither surprise nor alarm. "You will stay, André, as long as I need you," he remarked as casually as though no possible threat of compulsion could lie beneath the surface of his simple remark. Yet the laugh died upon the face of the other.

"You will not consult her wishes?" The baron after a moment's thought delivered this with a touch of the theatric in his tone and manner.

"How?" inquired Gabas.

The baron leaned gracefully against the gnarled roots which had grown around the boulder and drew the fingers of one hand across his tight black mustache. "I mean to say," he remarked, with a smile, "that to a young girl a man—ahem—of the world, a man of title and position, who rescues her from danger at the risk of—well, of his life—rescues her from a brutal assault—often comes to be not altogether unwelcome to her."

Having presented this general outline of a supposed situation with a slow, deliberate drawl, the speaker paused to note the visible effect of his words and the meaning they conveyed upon his hearer. There was none.

"Go on with your lie," said Gabas, softly.

The baron shrugged his shoulders. "I will tell you, friend Gabas," he spoke now in a more direct manner, "just what has happened. You heard the shots from a revolver some minutes ago. Yes? You followed to find out what was happening. Is it not so? Well, attend. I was at that moment taking a walk. I left the château and the very charming company of that Monsieur—ah, how do you call it—Prontout. I need exercise, and I walk. Good. But that I planned to meet this young woman—no, that can not be. I do not even know she is here on this charming island. I but guess it. You yourself agree that I came in obedience to your instructions. But behold, she, this young girl, is struggling, and moreover she is crying for help. It is this scene that

in my walk comes before my eyes. And that *bête*, that Rackstrom, it is he in whose grasp I see her struggling. Mon Dieu! What would you? I seize him. I draw his arms back. I hold him so that she may escape. Then I strike him. I also say what is in my mind then to say. As for him, the coward, he shrinks from me. He is afraid to fight. He himself says so. But afterward, as I take her to a place of safety, he would shoot me in the back. It is that you heard. I turn upon him and he runs, runs from me who am unarmed."

Gabas reached over quickly and felt the baron's hip pocket. Then he grunted. That was his only comment upon the other's carefully circumstantial account of the shooting.

"André," he said, in an indulgent tone with an undercurrent of mockery, "you will not have her. I promise you that. Take care also that you do not get into trouble with your revolver shots, for I shall not be able to help you if you do." Then, with a sigh, in the manner of one resuming business after an interruption, he went on. "Now, what I need you for at the moment, as it happens, is this. Attend, and fail not. Go to the château to-night. Find an iron box on the mantel in the great hall, an *armoire de fer*. Carry it to the tower. Do not go directly from here to get it now. Do not let any one see you get it. Wait until dark. At the tower you will leave it in any case, whether or not you see me—leave it there and go. That for the present is all."

The baron listened intently, and nodded. "I will do so," he replied. Then he asked, "What is in the iron box?"

"I do not know. Nothing," answered Gabas. "Perhaps some old rubbish of papers. Who knows? But it is locked up and the key has been lost. Still it is possible our friend, the Inspector, may have the curiosity—to find—well, I will not say what might—"

Gabas's mind seemed to drift away from the subject of his remarks. "Hm, this Inspector," he mused, "do you think he would offer one of us immunity for a confession involving the other?" Gabas asked this quietly.

The younger man flushed at the directness of the thrust, at the perfectly naive frankness of the suggested suspicion which lay underneath; his eyes fell before Gabas, but he did not answer.

"But as for this Monsieur Rackstrom," Gabas went on, ignoring the other's failure to answer his question, "I have already told him I should kill him."

The baron smiled.

"Yes," pursued Gabas, quietly. "And possibly, also, I shall kill you."

At this unexpectedly injected irrelevance, a pallor swept over the ruddy face of the baron. He stood, puzzled and taken aback, while Gabas watched him with unemotional composure.

"I hope not, friend Gabas, for both our sakes," the baron managed to say at last with an air of bravado.

"Now go!" commanded the apache, in the same quiet voice.

The baron went.

## CHAPTER XX

INSPECTOR PRONTOUT looked carefully upon the terrace in front of the main entrance of the château in company with two of his subordinates, smoking a *perfecto* and occasionally exchanging a remark with them. The painter, and shortly after him, the baron, had gone off. Chairs and a table had now been brought out there. The place was sheltered and the air was mild. The

(Continued on page 76)





*The author of this story, considered one of the most distinguished of our younger American writers, has lived in California for several years. In private life she is the wife of Commander C. S. McDowell, engineer-officer at the Mare Island Navy Yard*

## Wheat and Oranges

By Mildred Cram

Illustrated by J. Henry

THAT morning Mrs. Romik woke first, woke with a start to the consciousness of finality. A sick, faint feeling ran over her and she lay very still, staring at the window. Just so, on her back, she had lain the morning of Maria's birth, and with a sense of release had contemplated escape from the flesh that no longer ached. To die! Just so had familiar things seemed to be sharp, clear, strange, as if they had changed, had withdrawn a little in their strangeness.

They were going to California!

The Romiks had had a dream of California ever since Maria was born, in 'ninety-nine. She was a delicate child, and the winter sunshine in Ely was too thin and pale for her. Even then, Mrs. Romik used to say to Fred: "I wish't we could go out West, for Maria's sake. Some place warm, with orange trees and maybe a palm."

It was the palm that attracted Mrs. Romik. In winter, when the big trees in front of the house were all silvered over with ice, so that the branches screeched and crackled in a wind, Mrs. Romik would close her eyes and imagine a date palm, its rich, green fronds silhouetted against a purple sky, a railroad-folder, smiting blue.

They put Maria in a clothes basket, wrapped her in a gray, knitted shawl with a shell-scalloped border, and placed the basket in the kitchen window just behind the geranium plant and the red begonia. While Mrs. Romik prepared the midday meal for the hands, or washed, or ironed, or scrubbed or made cookies, she kept her eye on the child asleep in the wan, patterned sunlight.

"I don't believe Maria'll ever grow up," she confided to Fred.

But she did grow up, becoming, in the space of a sentence, Maria of this story, twenty-five, and unmarried.

Maria was never called Miss Romik. Even the local wits, pressed for amusement,

called her Fred Romik's girl. The first word she learned after she had mastered the essentials, was California, and she grew up with the light of a dream in her eyes. She always seemed to be looking off, beyond the horizon. . . .

Her father owned his farm, every stick, stone and blade of it. He had never staggered under the weight of mortgages, first, second and deferred, which impeded so many of his neighbors.

On the west slope, under the brow of the hill, he put in ten acres of corn. Rows and rows of cabbages, beans, tomatoes, carrots and potatoes thrust feathery, green fingers through the warm soil down behind the willows, near the stream. On the east slope, there were a hundred acres of wheat, and Fred Romik liked to stand above it on a windy, cloud-blown day and imagine that he was looking at the sea; it gave him a sense of freedom and greatness.

And, now, they were leaving all this, going to California!

Mrs. Romik put out her hand, that last morning, and touched Fred, who slept with his crumpled, dusty, wrinkled cheek pressed hard into the pillow.

They rose solemnly.

"The trunks are going about nine o'clock. Got everything in?"

"Everything except the pin-cushion. I couldn't leave that."

Their new clothes made them look stiff, strange, like everything else. Mrs. Romik had bought a blue-serge traveling suit, a pongee waist and a neat black hat. Her shoes were comfortably broad, but her feet, accustomed to old kid slippers, felt stiff and uncomfortable. She walked on tiptoe about the bedroom, folding this, shaking that. Force of habit caused her to turn the mattress down over the end of the bed.

"Jed Marshall won't thank you for leaving things neat," Fred remarked.

"I wish't we'd sold the place to the Hansens! I'd like to think a nice, clean woman was coming here to live. Jed Marshall's a bachelor, and like all bachelors he's mussy. He'll scratch up everything."

"What do you care?" Fred demanded. "You'll be in California."

"Oh, Fred, I've lived in this house forty years!"

"Time you were getting out of it, then. It's made a slave of you."

Fred Romik paused, a shoe suspended, and his eyes grew blurred with dreams. He shook his head desperately. "Why, out there, you won't have to work! That's a fact."

MRS. ROMIK fixed her hair. She filled her mouth full of pins; combed her gray, thick strands straight back from her forehead; twisted it; pinned it.

"Maria up?"

Just then they heard her opening the blinds. Maria was not afraid of anything, not even the future.

"Ma? Pa? You up?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Well, hurry! There's lots to do."

They heard her singing, and looked at each other with tremulous smiles. Maria was happy, anyhow!

Fred bustled around, stamping his feet into his new shoes. "We mustn't miss the train out of Ely. Maria's right. This isn't the time to laze around."

"I'll get breakfast," Mrs. Romik said.

"Got any pork?"

"I guess there's some. The Hansens carried off most everything. I wanted to ship the blackberry jelly . . . and the currants. . . ."

"Now, Ma, we don't even know where we're going to live! You stop worrying about the jelly. I guess you can get all the blackberries you want in California, and





*"You can't do it alone," she said quickly. "I'm strong," he answered rolling his sleeve up high*

currants, for that matter. That's where all the fruit comes from. A year from now you'll be putting up peaches, most likely."

Mrs. Romik got to the kitchen before Maria was dressed. She hurried so that she might have her moment, alone, in the room where she had spent most of her life. She lighted the stove; a stuffing of Sunday papers, a handful of bark chips and shavings scooped out of a box behind the stove, a good-sized stick of wood, a match. She watched the thick, blue smoke curl up, and sniffed the odour of flame in paper. Then she slammed the lid on and opened the draft, shifting the kettle to its exact place in the center of the stove.

The pantry, that narrow room between

the house and the sheds, was damp and cool. The shelves were empty. And a pang of envy struck through Mrs. Romik at the thought of Astrid Hansen's kitchen, enriched by the addition of a gift of jellies, ruby glass after ruby glass, set upon the Swedish woman's clean shelves that were always gay with cut paper and linoleum. The flour bin was scooped dry. The cookie jar, with its heavy top, was empty, and Mrs. Romik stood for a moment, recalling the children who had come to the pantry door for cookies. Never, never had she sent a child away, disappointed! When the supply was low, she renewed it, working with the swift security of long practice. Children liked Mrs. Romik.

She went through the pantry into the shed, a step down. Here there was a chill twilight, a sweet-freshness of stacked wood, apples and water crocks. Fred's cross-saw stood in a corner. A large hatchet was imbedded in the cutting block. But the woodpile was low, and Mrs. Romik wondered how Jed Marshall would get along. Cut the grove by the pond, most likely, cut the sturdy young trees that had been saplings at the time of her marriage.

She turned back to the kitchen. Jed Marshall was there, leaning in the open doorway, his hat pushed back, his hands in his pockets.

"Morning, Mrs. Romik! Thought I'd see if I could help any."



"No, thank you. I'm just getting breakfast. You sit right down."

"I've had mine," he said. "Afore sun-up. I just eats standing."

Mrs. Romik glanced at him sharply. "It's no way for a man to live. Seems to me you'd ought to marry somebody and let her do for you."

Jed Marshall smiled. He was a big, shaggy man, heavy, with the slow, careful gestures of one accustomed to taking his time. "If you mean Maria," he said, "it's no use. She's set on California. Has been, ever since I come to Ely ten years ago. Oh, I've asked her—"

He broke off. Then he said violently: "Maria don't know what she wants. California! I've been there!"

"It's sunny, isn't it?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you. You've got to find out for yourself."

WHEN Maria came down, she found him setting the table for her mother.

"This is my house, now," he said, not looking at her. "Make yourself at home, Maria."

"It's not your house," Maria said, "until we leave it."

"I paid for it. Ten thousand in cash and ten thousand first mortgage. Two hundred acres, house, barn and sheds! And animals! Hook, bait and line, Maria, I took it all!"

Maria Romik's eyes flashed. "You're welcome to it. I'll be glad to go where there's a little life."

"Life," he repeated softly. He looked at Maria with something like pity, a tenderness touched with humor.

She was a brave dreamer, Maria, but she was a woman all the same. Jed Marshall went up to her, took her arm and led her out-of-doors.

"Look here, Jed Marshall, I can't waste time fooling around with you. You let me go!"

"You're going to walk down to the pond with me. Yes, sirree. You're going to listen to what I have to say to you."

Maria suffered the delicious pain of having to reject one happiness for the sake of another. Here at her side was Jed. And, less than an hour away, an unknown adventure. She saw herself, Mrs. Jed Marshall, cutting a little deeper into the groove her mother had worn between the kitchen sink and the stove. She saw herself lying in the wooden bed at Jed's side, beneath the quilts made by her grandmother in Bohemia. Jed Marshall, sick or well! The house, the sheds, the same trees, the same clock ticking, the same things happening over and over again—a calving, a trapped fox, baking, sewing, winter, the spring rains and the hot, disturbing summer when things grow and are so alive, so alive!

Or else, a new land and a new self. She saw herself in an orange grove, tipping a Japanese sunshade prettily over her shoulder and posing before a background of snow-colored mountains. Oranges and ice! There was something exciting, forbidden, exotic, in the suggestion.

It was Maria who had shaped the Romik's destiny.

"I guess you don't like me, Maria."

"Yes, I do. Only you're like Pa, like all men, I guess. You're too satisfied."

"I know what I like," Jed Marshall said stubbornly.

He drew her down the path along the river toward the pond.

"I've been in California. I've

been in Mexico. And China. And India. And it's the same everywhere. If you can't be happy in one place, you can't in another."

She gave him a quick look. "Then why don't you come to California?"

"Who? Me? Jed Marshall shook his head. "It's good enough for me right here. What do I want of oranges? I'm going to put the whole two hundred acres into wheat. And when that's done, I'm going to buy two hundred acres more."

"You can't do it alone," she said quickly.

"I'm strong," he answered.

And he held out his arm, rolling his sleeve up to his shoulder, baring his thick, supple wrist, his brown forearm, the surprisingly white and delicate skin of his upper arm, the ripple of hard muscle, the tight-whipped veins. Maria felt a sudden, shameful desire to touch the hairs on the back of his hand, to lay her cheek against the smoothness of his skin. She closed her eyes and the feeling ran through her, warm and palpable, leaving her faint. It wasn't fair. He'd ought to let her go away in peace! Because as soon as she was across the plains she'd forget him.

She opened her eyes.

"I'm going, Jed Marshall. I've always wanted to go. You can't stop me."

He said nothing, only stood by her side, musing, smiling, and rolling the coarse blue stuff of his sleeve down his arm. They had come to the pond. Summer was old. It was the moment of fulness before the rebellion of autumn. The pond, so still that it seemed brackish, emerged from an invisible spring beneath the bank and flowed out again into the river, winding away between the fields upon an unknown errand. A row of willows hung on the bank, their tortuous roots fumbling for the shallow water. There was no dew on the ground. There were no birds, save for a quick flight of field sparrows. Wild flowers were heavy with pollen.

"You'll be homesick," Jed Marshall said. "Shouldn't be surprised if you'd miss the place a lot."

He was surprised to find her smiling. "I'm honest, Jed Marshall. If I'm homesick, I'll come back."

They walked slowly along the way they had come.

The trunks were on the front porch: Pa's carryall, Ma's box-trunk and Maria's steamer-trunk, ordered all the way from Chicago by catalogue.



Blackie, the dog, sniffed 'round and 'round them, vaguely uneasy and worried. He had been with the Romiks ever since his puppy days, when, a small, soft bunch of curly black fur, he had been found shivering in one of the stalls. No one knew his origin. He grew up to be a cocker-spaniel with a poodle's roguish eyes, and in hot weather Pa clipped him, leaving ornamental tufts on his tail and forelegs. He slept on a braided mat near the stove—Blackie's mat, worn, dirty and, to Blackie, refuge, sanctuary, luxury.

Now, anxious, whimpering, he examined the trunks, pretending to play, but asking with every muscle of his body for reassurance. It was time to follow his master to the barn, to begin the serious business of the absorbing and satisfying day. But Pa Romik was all dressed up. Something was wrong.

As Maria and Jed approached, Mr. Romik cleared his throat.

"Better get something to eat. I've et. I'm going up to the barn. Just to look around."

He set off, Blackie at his heels. The dog was satisfied. He made excursions into the long grass, sneezed, snapped at flies in the irritable, superior way of old dogs.

Romik felt stiff and ill at ease in his new clothes, but he walked briskly up the short slope to the barn. Jed Marshall had already been there, for the big doors stood open, and as Romik entered, the horses whinnied and stamped, and the cows, standing patiently in quiet rumination, turned their eyes with that wild display of the whites peculiar to their kind. There was a flicking of tails. A hen in the loft dropped with squawks of alarm into the bin and scurried away, flapping. Romik stood there, awkward and silent, conscious of being a stranger in his own kingdom.

"DON'T know what came over me," he said aloud. "Must have been crazy. Plumb crazy!" He lifted his short, strong arms and let them fall again. "Anyway, it's done."

He had forgotten the long winters, when snow drifted over the shed roofs. He had forgotten his struggle with the soil; the obdurate, mysterious, withholding earth into which his plough struck as into stone. He had forgotten the long night vigils with ailing animals, the accidents, the illnesses, the physical toil, his tired back and the treachery of wind and hail, drought and ice.

Now he could only remember the tall wheat, the days of sunshine and fulness. He ached to throw the harness across the horses and drive them out. He went to the stalls and touched one of them, running his hand over her back.

It was then, asking himself whether the creatures would miss him, that he shed the first, difficult tears of his maturity.

## II

When he returned to the house, the women were ready to start. A little group of neighbors had come on foot from near-by farms to bid the Romiks good-bye. Already there was restraint, a sort of shyness and formality, as if the Romiks had become strangers by reason of their new experience. Maria was voluble and excited; there was a flush of color in her cheeks, a triumphant look in her eyes. She kissed the women, promised to write them, to send fruit and postcards and souvenirs. "We'll see honest-to-goodness Indians," she said.

(Continued on page 44)





Drawn by George Shanks

# Early American Diversions—The Christmas Frolic

*There Was Nothing Like It for Working Up an Appetite*



# "There's Nothing Like a Book!"

## Declared Mr. S. Claus in an Interview on the Art Of Christmas Giving

By Claire Wallace Flynn

**M**R. CLAUS, familiarly called Santa, seemed, indeed, to think that the question of holiday offerings was painlessly settled for all time.

He intimated, and we bowed our acquiescence, that of course you have preserved all of the past year's issues of *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*. These, he went on, could not but constitute an excellent guide to Christmas book shopping.

In those issues, you will remember, we attempted under as many special headings as there were months, to keep in touch with the best new books as they came along—hot from the pens of genius. We could not, naturally, cover the whole field. We were just able to break one little corner of it.

To augment those reviews, we have gathered together the following lists which we trust will prove full of fresh suggestions. If, in addition to this, the Book Review Department can be of further assistance to its readers, please do not hesitate to write and ask our help.

### Unusual Biographical Books

*Cities of Many Men*—by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Brilliant portraits of the most shining human lights of the great cities of the world during the past fifty years. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is one of this department's favorite writers, so we urge you to look into this book.

*Uncommon Americans*—by Don C. Seitz. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

Being the delightfully brisk sketches of some twenty-two famous countrymen and countrywomen who were, so to speak, "characters" apart from their work. Whistler, Mrs. Eddy, Stonewall Jackson, Brigham Young—this will give you an idea of how wide a canvas Mr. Seitz has covered.

*Enchanters of Men*—by Ethel Colburn Mayne. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Quite as alluring and amorous a book as one would imagine from its title, since it tells the stories of famous beauties who played the very dickens with equally famous gentlemen, and, in some cases, considerably altered the face of history.

*Aaron Burr*—by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A vital epoch in American history captured in this engrossing narrative of a much misunderstood and now almost mythical figure. Real beauty of style makes this book read like a romance.

*Wives*—by Gamaliel Bradford. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Bradford is known to our readers especially through his distinguished work *Damaged Souls*. In this later book of convincing histories, he tells the inner stories of the wives of some of the most famous and "infamous" Americans, and paints their stirring and often tragic portraits with faultless strokes.

*The Life of Elbert H. Gary*—by Ida Tarbell. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The story of Gary is, of course, the story of the steel industry. This, told by the tried and true pen of Ida M. Tarbell should prove good reading for any man.

*One Man's Life*—by Herbert Quick. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

A very human, kindly and intrepid journal. The autobiography of a well-loved and much missed American.

### For the Chap With the Wanderlust

*The Little World*—by Stella Benson. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Miss Benson sees behind the blinds of native houses, into the hearts of strange peoples, the road beyond the turning, and the thousand and one shades of light where the casual tourist insists only on dusty brown. A trip through the Orient recounted with extraordinary sparkle and charm.

*Sunlight in New Grenada*—by William McFee. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A delight alike for the person who knows the lands to the South and for the rocking-chair traveler. Mr. McFee has a way with his pen and ink. He loves the tropics, understands the people who live in them and knows how to weave a spell out of what he has seen.

*Peacocks' and Pagodas*—by Paul Edmonds. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

The magic record of picturesque and delightful travel in Burma.

*Gone Abroad*—by Douglas Goldring. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A chatty and friendly book. If you have never been to Europe you will be enchanted by it, and if you have been you'll like it doubly. Not a boring sentence.

*New York in Seven Days*—by Helena S. Dayton and Louise B. Burratt. (Robert M. McBride, New York.)

A fine little guide book—even for New Yorkers!

### Some of the New Novels

*Breadgivers*—Anzia Zezierska. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Emigrant life in America by one who, herself, came to these shores a refugee from Russia when she was a little girl. A noteworthy piece of work.

*The Crystal Cup*—by Gertrude Atherton. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

Love and some well-known inhibitions. Mrs. Atherton is very popular and she writes this sort of thing skilfully.

*Power*—by Arthur Stringer. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

Romance of a pioneer railway builder. Grit, power and excitement go to make up a "regular feller's" story.

*The Chicken-Wagon Family*—by Barry Benefield. (The Century Co., New York.)

A quaint romance. Light, well done; laughter and tears. A sort of April affair. Your wife will like this immensely.

*Three Farms*—by Cynthia Stockley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

If you prefer to have your thrills come out of South Africa, here is an excellent novel by the author of *Ponjola*.

*Caravan*—by John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Grade A short stories.

*The Red Chord*—by Thomas Grant Springer. (Brentano's, New York.)

A thoroughly entertaining tale of China, told with much grace.

*Porgy*—by DuBose Heyward. (G. H. Doran Co., New York.)

Astoundingly well-done novel of negro life in Charleston. One of the best attempts to put the "black man" between book-covers that we have ever met.

*Christina Alberta's Father*—by H. G. Wells. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

All very well for the Wells fan, but not quite good enough for the man who has to be won over to like Mr. W.

*One Increasing Purpose*—by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of *If Winter Comes*. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

An after-the-war novel of English life. Satisfying and readable.

*Portrait of a Man With Red Hair*—by Hugh Walpole. (G. H. Doran Co. New York.)

A deep, dark mystery tale. Excellent.

*The Keeper of the Bees*—by Gene Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A most popular love story by a writer who counted her readers by whole townful. This romance has already found its way into the motion-pictures.

*The Great Pandolfo*—by William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A genius and an unmanageable lady, and Locke's old trick of story writing at its best, and—there you are! A perfect tale.

*The Dream Maker Man*—by Fannie Heaslip Lea. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

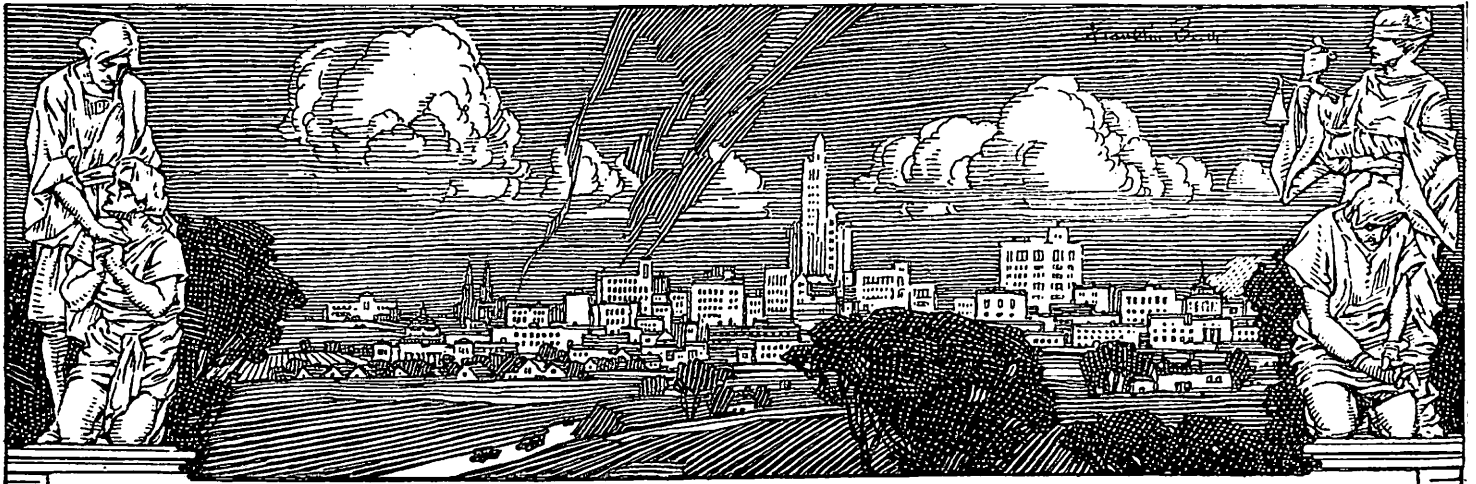
Cinderella in still another gown—a Cinderella who goes bravely forth to find a Prince that will fit her heart. Romantic, young, sparkling.

*The Perennial Bachelor*—by Anne Parrish. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

A prize-winning novel of 1925, but good in spite of that. Showing up some truths to be found in every American home. Interesting writing.

(Continued on page 68)





## EDITORIAL

### MEMORIAL SERVICES

**T**HIS will serve as a reminder to those who read it promptly upon its issue on the first of December, that next Sunday is the day set apart by the Order for Memorial Services to be held by the subordinate lodges. The reminder carries with it the suggestion that the ceremonies are of such a character, and have such a purpose, that every member should share in them, at least by lending his interested presence to the occasion.

The Order of Elks is not given to public exploitation of its good works. But there are a few events upon its calendar in which the public are interested, because of the purposes of the celebrations or because of the beauty and effectiveness of the ceremonies. And these are generally thrown open to the friends of the Order as well as to its members.

Perhaps the most appealing of these is the annual Memorial Service. The dignity and beauty of the ritual, the fine program of music and addresses that is provided, and the sweetly wholesome sentiment that underlies the ceremonial, unite to render the occasion attractive and to uplift the minds and hearts of all who attend.

But the members of the Order should realize that the true purpose of the Memorial Service is not merely to entertain those present, nor to make a display of emotion, nor to advertise our fraternity. It is designed to pay a loving tribute to the memory of those of our brothers who have passed away; and to foster and encourage in the hearts of all Elks the tender sentiment of fraternal recollection that inevitably softens and sweetens their own lives, thus making them better Elks.

Of course, where the service is publicly conducted, it is, in effect, an openly exhibited proof of the manner in which Elks observe their obligation of Fidelity, a cardinal virtue which we claim as a distinctive attribute of Elk membership. It is obvious that the claim is but lamely supported, and the obligation is but indifferently observed, if the members do not unite in this tribute that is specifically enjoined.

If YOU have a good reason for failure to attend the ceremonies, your presence is neither

requested nor expected. If you have not such valid excuse, your place is with your loyal lodge brethren next Sunday.

### CHRISTMAS

**A** GOOD Elk does not wait for any special season, or for any particular occasion, to perform acts of kindness and helpfulness. He is ready and eager for such service at any time that opportunity to render it is presented.

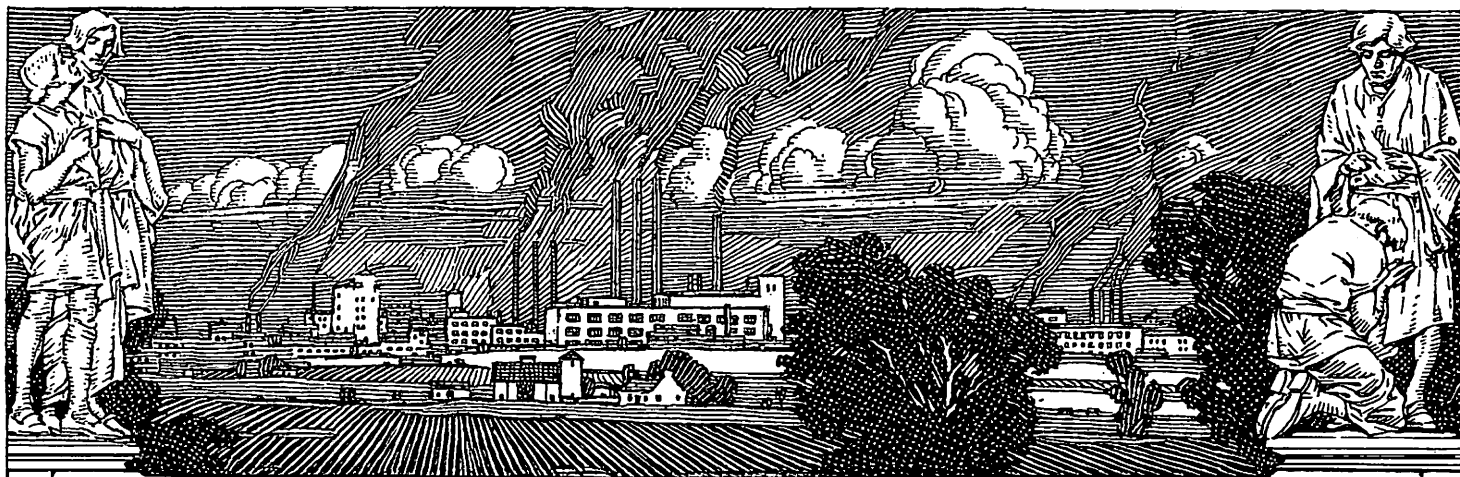
However, it has come to be an established custom, among all classes of our people, to observe the Christmas season as one during which charity is to be practiced and kindly deeds performed with unusual generosity. There is a spirit of happiness and good-will that seems to pervade all hearts at that time and to prompt the sharing of blessings with those less fortunate.

The Order of Elks has observed this custom, year after year, by such special activities in the relief of suffering and distress among the poor and needy, that its members and the recipients of their bounty alike have come to regard those activities as fixed events upon the calendars of the subordinate lodges. In every community, all over our great Country, the generous Christmas donations of the Order are eagerly anticipated as substantial contributions to the comfort, good cheer and well-being of those most in need of such aid.

As the Christmastide again approaches, it is well for us to remember that in every jurisdiction there are those in need of our ministrations. It is well to realize that in every lodge there are those who have been bountifully blest with material prosperity. We should recall that in every true Elk heart there is a lively sympathy with misfortune and distress and a keen desire to relieve them. There is thus again presented the combination of conditions that offer opportunity for the most practical and effective exemplification of true charity and benevolence.

It is hoped that the coming Christmas, now near at hand, will prove no exception to the general rule; and that the subordinate lodges will, by appropriate activities best suited to their respective communities, again demonstrate that the high repute of the Order as a great charitable





organization is soundly based upon its lofty purposes translated into worthy deeds.

#### AN AMERICAN RELIGION

IN AN interesting article in our October number, Mr. William G. Shepherd discussed the growth of what he calls an "American Religion." Without specious suggestions as to the accurate use of terms, the idea embodied in his statements is that there is an awakened consciousness of social kinship in America that is growing in strength and developing a philosophy of kindliness, sympathy and helpfulness. It is this that he refers to as the source from which an American Religion may some day be produced. And he calls attention to the manifestations of this philosophy by American crowds or groups of people.

Even if it be not exclusively a characteristic of Americans, as Mr. Shepherd states, and markedly absent in other peoples, at least it is a definite attribute of the community spirit of our Country. It is a fact that the emotions of Americans, as expressed in crowd or group activities, as distinguished from individual conduct, are quickly and generously responsive to the appeals of need, of suffering, of worthy aspirations.

And the reason is not far to seek. It lies in the influences that have been so potently exerted upon the minds and hearts of the American people by the fraternal organizations which exist and flourish here as they do in no other country. There is an altruistic, benevolent basis that underlies all these fraternities. The constant preaching of their doctrines and the exemplification of their principles in the daily lives of their members, particularly in their associated activities, has had its effect in the creation of a spirit that has come to be really national.

It may not be strictly accurate to call it a religion. But it is a mental attitude, a fixed purpose in life to serve others unselfishly, that is making for the betterment and happiness of mankind. And it is gratifying to realize that the Elks have played no small part in bringing this about.

The Order of Elks is not a religious organization. It permits neither discussion nor consideration of creeds, denominations or sects. It is not concerned in diversities of faith nor in forms of worship. But in the broad sense in which Mr. Shepherd uses the word, as embodying an ideal

of social brotherhood and the universal obligation of kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness, the Order of Elks is distinctly religious. And it glories in the influence it has exerted, and is exerting, in aid of the growth of such a religion, or philosophy of life, as all men may embrace, whatever their sectarian associations, their denominational affiliations, or their technical creeds. The ultimate aim and purpose of our Order is the universal adoption of the simple rule of conduct which recognizes the brotherhood of man and requires the observance of the real obligations of that relationship. That is true religion by whatever name it be called.

#### PESSIMISM IS COWARDICE

PESSIMISM is not, of course, a disease. If it were it would evoke pity. It may not, perhaps, be accurately called a symptom of physical disorder; although it is a well-known fact that one's physical condition does affect the temporary mental outlook. But a persistent pessimistic attitude is indicative of a trait of character that neither wins nor deserves sympathetic consideration, for it inherently involves cowardice.

The recognition of any undesirable condition is merely a sane and intelligent understanding of existing facts. And the natural impulse of normality is toward an equally sane and intelligent effort to improve that condition, which exhibits a faith in the feasibility of its betterment and a courageous purpose to accomplish it.

But pessimism is an attitude of inactivity. It lacks constructiveness of suggestion or conduct. It "views with alarm" without any attempt to find the course that will lead to a "pointing with pride." It not only recognizes an unsatisfactory situation, or imagines it, but supinely assumes its continuance and presupposes a helplessness to improve it. It exhausts itself in the gloomy expression of the complaint.

That is not the attitude of vigorous-minded, stout-hearted, red-blooded, patriotic manhood. All of life is a battle. All appropriate effort is toward betterment. And, if it be worthy the name, it is made with an abiding faith in ultimate results and in the real contribution of that particular effort to their final attainment.

No true Elk can ever be a pessimist; for a true Elk is never a coward.



## The New Home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Lodge No. 276 is now located in its sumptuous new Home on South Virginia Avenue, and extends a cordial invitation to all members of the Order to make it their headquarters during their visits to the shore city.

The new Home, designed as a club-house rather than as the usual hotel enterprise, was recently formally dedicated, the occasion being marked by elaborate ceremonies and a program lasting a week.

The dedicatory ceremony was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who was assisted by Exalted Ruler Clarence E. Knauer, and other officers of the Lodge. Over a thousand members and visitors witnessed the dedication, which was impressive in its simplicity from start to finish, and heard the words of praise and encouragement bestowed upon them by a number of distinguished speakers for erecting a building considered among the best in the State. Among those who took part in the dedication program were the Hon. Harry Bacharach, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Chairman of the Building Committee, Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Forum, Secretary of the Lodge, George B. Stoddard, and Hon. Harry A. Mackey of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, who delivered the dedicatory oration. Beautiful musical selections played on the handsome organ which is a feature of the new Home added to the dignity of the occasion.

ON THE following day at noon members of the Atlantic City Rotary Club were guests of the Lodge at luncheon, and in the evening the banquet celebrating the dedication of the Home was held in the spacious new banquet rooms. It was a brilliant affair, made doubly so by the presence of the large number of members and their ladies. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and U. S. Senator Walter E. Edge were among the principal speakers. The Senator spoke of the achievements of the Lodge and reviewed the history of the Order in general, citing its cooperation in great national movements. Mr. Fanning praised highly the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children, owned and operated by the Lodge. Among the other speakers of the evening were Exalted Ruler Clarence E. Knauer; President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, William K. Devereux and Joseph Buch, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. Special tribute was paid by the speakers to Harry Bacharach, Elias Rosenbaum, David C. Reed, State Senator Emerson L. Richards, and Louis A. Steinbricker, members of the Building Committee which carried the building program through to a highly successful conclusion.

One of the touching scenes of the festivities was the toast and the feeling response



ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

paid by the members to Captain James K. Carmack, who has been well named the "Daddy of the Lodge." Records of the Lodge reveal that its formation resulted from ceaseless endeavor on his part. In fact, newspapers of the time give full credit for its successful organization to Captain Carmack, declaring that his "unselfish work in this, the ambition of his life, would be gratefully remembered forever by the city."

On the day following the banquet the program of festivities was continued in the new Home by a luncheon to the Atlantic City Lions Club. A special entertainment was provided the guests, after which there was an inspection of the building. In the evening of the same day the first Lodge session in the new Home was held, and a large class of candidates were initiated. Members of the Kiwanis Club were the luncheon guests of the Lodge on the following day, and that same evening an excellent entertainment and dance were given in the Lodge room. The next day the beautiful building was open for public inspection and many hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to see the handsome rooms and equipment.

The new Home is a distinctive five story Gothic structure, with a 75 foot frontage on Virginia Avenue, and 150 feet deep, including a handsome arched driveway entrance for automobiles. The entire lot purchased by the members for the Home measures 150 x 130 feet.

Features of the construction include a large banquet room seating 600 guests, a Lodge room with seating capacity of 1,200, a large roof garden, specially equipped gymnasium, luxurious furnishings and rarely beautiful decorations in each room done in such fashion as to typify various historical periods.

On the second floor is the Lodge room. This room is finished in light gold with tints of green and blue. Looking down across the amber-colored floor is the raised dais, in the center of which is a supporting screen in the shape of a regal diadem, the throne seat of the Exalted Ruler.

On each side of the great hall are rows of seats upholstered in maroon velvet. Conforming with the delicately shaded panels are the rich drapes, also of heavy maroon cloth.

Overlooking the scene below is a large balcony on two sides of the room. The

contour of its balustrade is carried into the general lines of the room. Several hundred persons can be seated both in the balcony and on the main floor with comfort.

In the center of the ceiling is a large dome inset with red, white and blue lights that can be illuminated or shaded with effect.

Nearby is a large foyer and a smoking room and on the third floor is a beautifully decorated room which will be the meeting room for the Ladies' Auxiliary.

There is no mistaking the period of this room. There are the rich lavender panels, the flowered upholstery, the cabriole side and arm chairs, copies of that daintiness which graced the Petit Trianon Palace.

THE upper floor of the building is reserved for social rooms, and a luxuriously equipped suite for the comfort of distinguished visitors.

Down in the basement is the gymnasium with handball courts, rowing machines, volley ball court, punching bags and many other facilities. Adjoining are the shower baths and locker rooms. Farther down the hall is a cozy-looking room with billiard and pool tables. And a few steps farther still is the grill room.

The grill room is Flemish. It has a rich polychrome border, gray-tinted sidewalls, green and orange drapes, and is very homey and comfortable with its Dutch tables and chairs.

An outstanding feature of the new Home, also, is the \$40,000 pipe organ, located in the Lodge room—one of the largest organs in the world. It was installed under the supervision of State Senator Emerson L. Richards, a member of the Lodge. It will be used at public and private functions of the Lodge, at the regular meetings, and it will provide special concerts throughout the year.

The building project, begun on November 23, 1921 (although actual work on the building was not started until September 4, 1924), because of pressing need for larger and more suitable quarters, was financed by the members of the Lodge, through the purchase of bonds.

The new Home is a handsome addition to the many beautiful buildings of Atlantic City. Representing an investment of over \$700,000 by the membership, it is in every respect an achievement of which the Lodge can be proud.



# Proceedings of the Annual Conference

## Of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen, and Presidents of State Associations

THE annual conference of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Presidents and Secretaries of State Elks Associations, called by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell for October 25, at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, was a well-attended and profitable meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler, meeting his newly appointed representatives in a body for the first time, outlined to them the policies of his administration and issued instructions which, when carried out, will be of great importance to the Order. It is the purpose of these annual conferences, which were established in 1921, to acquaint the District Deputies with the conditions and problems of the fraternity so that they may work intelligently in their respective jurisdictions. To that end they are addressed not only by the Grand Exalted Ruler and other officers but also by the heads of the various Grand Lodge Committees, charged with furthering the activities of the Order under the direction of the Grand Lodge.

The program of this year's conference, which followed a simple luncheon, was presided over by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, who addressed the gathering prior to his formal installation of the District Deputies. Judge Atwell spoke, in part, as follows:

"This is not, as we all recognize, a strictly social occasion. While we acknowledge social contact and an opportunity to shake hands and sit opposite one another, this meeting is one of intense importance to our great fraternity, and therefore is tinged and shot through and through with a solid determination to make the most of these few moments of what might be called the beginning, though to me it now seems pretty near the end, of a new administration.

"Necessarily, in order to be successful, one must have in view at least some policies that shall have been accepted as the right roads to travel. I hasten to speak briefly of some of these policies that I feel will be of benefit not only to us individually, which is the secondary purpose, of course, but of benefit to the Order at large.

"If you have thought to accept the district deputyship for a year of pleasure, please allow me now to ask you not to take the oath that I shall administer at the conclusion of what I have to say. That there will be pleasure in the labor, of course, goes without saying. It may not be apparent at the time, but when the reminiscing season comes, then there will come to you that larger heaven of personal pleasure out of the thought that you did something for the Order; that you lived without malaise its nine months of work; nine months of concentrated love and mentality for this thing that we call the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. That is what I want of this official family! That concentration which will answer the question of the Subordinate Lodge, 'What shall we do to get the membership to attend the meetings?' Any Elk—above all one who has been chosen District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler—any Elk who puts his mind upon the solution of that problem will love it beyond any question of a doubt. So, to this intense work I call you. I call you with every capacity that your friends said you had when they recommended you for appointment; those capacities that were italicized and capitalized and spoken of as your superlative qualities were: A capacity to judge men; a capacity to settle questions that arise between men that are temporarily thoughtless, sometimes temporarily headless; a capacity to love men; a capacity to offer men a solution of

personal and alleged difficulties; a capacity to suggest to the initiate that which will interest men; a capacity to fire men with an added love of that old—so old that we say that without any additional heartbeat—so old that we do not even have an additional pulsation before mentioning it—that very old thing that we call Charity; that we call Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, and Justice. Is it possible for a man to be just who is sitting beside or across from a brother in the Lodge room against whom he has something? Is it possible to have little differences of manhood exist between brothers and then have them feel toward one another Brotherly Love? And so on through the four cardinal virtues.

"We accept this official family as a family with sufficient ability to draw the men away from the luncheon clubs; to draw the men away even from a comfortable hearthstone; to draw men away from the attractions of the theatre, and moving-picture, and motion of the street; to draw men away from the golf clubs, and card clubs, and automobiles, and into the Lodge room once a month, or every two weeks, or perhaps once a week. There is such ability, and men may be easily trained to the Lodge room if the Lodge room is as attractive to them as the other places. Can we make it so? Can we tell those in charge of the Lodge room how to make it so?

"Allow me to suggest some very simple remedies, and I make the suggestion with great temerity. In the first place, let the Lodge room, of all the places about an Elks' Home, be the most attractive part of the Elks' Home. Let no part of the club feature, no gymnasium, no banquet hall, no dancing place, no part of the Home—not even the entrance hall—be as attractive (physically, I mean now) as the interior of the Lodge room.

"Nobody is going to sit around an old, uncomfortable room; it doesn't make any difference if it is a Lodge room. Take those old, hard benches away from the sides of the wall, and place them out in the room, and put the Flag on a standard so that it will ripple all the time, and when the lights go out have a spotlight on the Flag, and have a Star there. Instead of hanging one from an old incandescent light cord, take that out and put in a decent Star in your Lodge room. Have a clock; not that old broken gong that marks the hour by striking it with a piece of iron. Give them a clock that marks the hour in proper, rhythmic order. In one Lodge that I have visited they have a playing fountain; in another they have flowers; in others they have bubblers with drinkable water. Have everything comfortable. If possible, I think there should be a covering on the floor of the Lodge room. I don't know; you can figure that out, but you can see how the proper coloring does a lot of things for the physical part of it. They say we should have music; well, we should. There should be a quartet there singing the harmonies that furnish inspiration for the setting of the altar. If they can not have a quartet they should have an organ, but if not an organ, they should have a piano, but the piano should come last. Other methods of physical attractiveness will occur to you.

"Now, what shall we do after they get in there? Well, there must be some sort of a program. Just what that shall be will have to be worked out by the good judgment of the Exalted Ruler who puts in some time at least on the job of Exalted Ruler. He should not take the job if he doesn't expect to put in some of his time on it. Of course, we should have the great big things that fraternity stands for, so that they will begin to blossom and flower, and finally harvest by proper things brought out of a mental program. It may be recitations, speaking, music, and what not. I know of one Lodge where the Exalted Ruler says, 'Some of you may be going away for a week; be prepared when you come back to tell the boys what you have seen and heard.' In another Lodge—I don't know

whether it is legal or not, but this arises under 'Good of the Order'—they endeavor to bring in outside attractions; it may be the Mayor of the city; it may be some quartet or singers that do not belong to the Order; it may be some outstanding preacher or speaker; it may be some celebrated athlete—they bring them right into the Lodge room.

"I know of some Lodges that have certain nights when there is going to be something doing, say Tuesday night, or, any other night. Some like to go to dances, and some that don't dance like to go to meetings, but the slogan is, for instance, 'Every Tuesday night there is something doing at the Elks Club.' We fellows know, who belong to churches, that on certain nights there are prayer meetings, or on certain mornings there is this or that, but there should be a slogan in every Elks Club that on this or that night there is going to be something going on in the Elks Lodge room, whether it be once a week, or once every two weeks, or whatever night it may be, to get the fellows in the habit of looking forward to that event. Have some system about it.

"Now, I am going to say something to you that really I have no right to say except as Grand Exalted Ruler of this Order.

"This is America. This is what we call a free country. It is a free country; it is a civilized country, because we individuals have given to the Government certain things that belong to us, and since we give to the Government, when we give to the Government we take away from ourselves for the good of all. Now listen, brothers! *No Lodge in the United States can have a charter while I am Grand Exalted Ruler that violates the laws of the country!*

"Now, I want to be perfectly square and honest with you. There may be some that do it that I don't know anything about. I hope there are none, but I want you to make my word good. Don't make a hypocrite out of your Grand Exalted Ruler. Now, I don't mean by that that you are to go out and slash right and left and cut the throat of every Lodge that you find doing that, if you do find they are doing it, but tell them they can't do it, and then if they don't stop take up that charter. Not that they must stop next week or next month, but they must stop right now, and that's all there is to it.

"Brothers, I am willing to administer the oath to all of you who are willing to follow these instructions. Those who do not wish to take this oath may keep their seats. The others will arise." Following the administering of the oath of office to the District Deputies, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell introduced as the next speaker Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, who spoke on

### Rituals, Community Welfare and Membership

"I want to preface anything I have to say here to-day simply by telling you something about the New Rituals. The open Rituals of the Order will be ready for delivery on or about January 1, 1926, and will be in the hands of the Subordinate Lodges at that time, and we hope that the work commanded by the Grand Lodge at Portland will meet with your approval, which alone will be sufficient compensation for the time and effort that the members of your Committee have given to the work.

"The subject of Social and Community Welfare, included by virtue of a resolution of the Grand Lodge in ritualistic work and work on membership, I am sure is very near to the heart of each one of you here to-day because of your positions as District Deputies going into every nook and corner of this land wherein exists a Lodge of Elks. You will carry there with you and preach the doctrine of Social and Commu-



nity Welfare to these communities where these Lodges exist.

"Past Grand Exalted Ruler Pickett, who is here to-day, has very wisely, in my judgment, stated that "The Order of Elks to-day is not excluding in any way its splendid fraternal spirit and its splendid fraternal chains that are binding us together, but is to-day a great civic institution with a fraternal background," and that is absolutely so. If you show me a Lodge existing in any community that does not engage in work of a civic nature, that does not participate in everything for the good and welfare of that community, excluding at all time politics as we understand it; if you show me a Lodge that takes no interest in and does no social and community welfare work, I will show you a Lodge that is either standing still or on the down grade, and I can point out to you a Lodge that if it has not, will very shortly, give up its charter, or have its charter taken away by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

"That work is the life plan of the Order of Elks in America to-day because it is that work which brings the Subordinate Lodges into closer communion with the people of the localities where these Lodges exist. It is this work that these Lodges do that establishes the profound respect and admiration that the people of America have for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. And when a Lodge by such splendid endeavor so establishes itself in those communities by reason of these good deeds, and by reason of these activities, you don't need any membership drives; your best citizens will come knocking at your doors asking you to permit them to become members of this great American fraternity.

"My brothers, that is the work that counts in our Order—the work of Americanization, the Thanksgiving basket, Christmas cheer and the Big Brother Movement; the Crippled Kiddies Movement, and all those splendid works that are being engaged in by the several hundreds of Lodges of this land. There is no more glorious record printed upon the pages of time than the splendid work done by the Subordinate Lodges of this Order as chronicled in the Report of our Committee submitted at the Portland meeting of the Grand Lodge. I have recently mailed out from the office of your Committee in New Orleans, and sent to each one of you, a copy of the Report of our Committee, and I do not ask you to read it all, because you couldn't—there is too much of it—but glance through it here and there, reading this page and skipping another, and just note the character and variety of activities that the Lodges of our Order are engaged in to-day, and then you will understand just how wonderful this great Order of ours is, and just what wonderful work it is doing, and you will have no misgivings as to why this Order has attained the proud position it is keeping in the country to-day.

"I have noted what our splendid Grand Exalted Ruler has said about Lodge rooms. I agree with him that the Lodge room should be the best room in an Elks' building. The Lodge officers should be competent to perform their parts. Any officer who has not memorized his part, and is not able to deliver it word for word, should not retain his office, but should let some one else take his place. There are many good men in these Lodges of ours who are anxious and willing to take up this responsibility, and memorize their parts, and do the work as it should be done. No matter how beautiful your Rituals may be, these Rituals placed in the hands of incompetent men no longer seem beautiful. We all know that the Ritual is nothing more or less than a play, and no play is ever a success unless it is in the hands of competent actors, and you have got to have the scenery; you have got to have equipment; you have got to have covering on the floor; you have got to produce the play properly in order to make a lasting impression upon the initiate. I therefore urge the District Deputies, and urge them very strongly, to insist upon a proper rendition of the Rituals.

"On membership, devote yourselves to your communities and to social and community up-building work, and you will find you will need no membership drives. The people are going to come to you and ask to be admitted to membership."

Judge Atwell next introduced Past Grand

Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, who spoke on

### The Elks Magazine

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE to-day is such a substantial success that whereas, only three years ago, we of your Commission came before you to express hope, now we can come before you expressing nothing but confidence. Our October and November issues have been the biggest, in point of view of revenue, that we have ever published—bigger than last April, which had set the record. And we look forward to next spring as a season for setting still higher records. If general business conditions remain good, as all indications seem to warrant the belief that they will, you will see them reflected in an ELKS MAGAZINE bigger and better than any we have yet achieved. If you will look over the November issue, an advance copy of which is before you now, I believe you will agree that from the appealing front cover picture to the beautiful advertisement on the back, this number touches the high water mark of our productions and is as attractive and interesting a magazine as money can buy.

"During the past year we have accomplished one task of great importance—the revision of our mailing list. As you know, we maintain a mailing list of more than eight hundred and fifty thousand names and addresses of members to whom the magazine is sent every month. To keep a list of that size up-to-date is no small job. It requires a large force constantly at work to take care of the normal changes of address that occur among the membership from year to year. We have never had any trouble in correcting our list so far as these normal changes were concerned. Our system is simple and is easily checked up in any case where we have the correct information against which to check it. Our trouble lay in the fact that the lists of Subordinate Lodge members, from which our own mailing list was originally compiled, were not accurate to start with. When our first number came out, in June, 1922, forty thousand copies of it never reached the members for whom they were intended, because the names and addresses furnished us were wrong. As the months went by we gradually cut down this number of errors, but at the beginning of this year we were still not satisfied with the percent-

"We determined to have our mailing list as nearly 100 per cent. accurate as was humanly possible. And so we called on the Subordinate Lodge Secretaries, whose duty it is, as you are aware, to furnish us with all changes of address, to help us in a big effort to eliminate mistakes.

"To this end we sent to every Subordinate Lodge Secretary a complete list of the names and addresses of the members of his Lodge as they appeared on our records and on the stencils from which the magazine wrappers are printed; and we asked each Secretary to compare this list with his own, striking out names of men no longer in good standing on his membership roll, changing addresses which required change, and adding names and addresses of new members, if any, who were not represented on our stencil list. The Secretaries responded, for the most part, nobly. And the result has been that in every case where we have had the Secretary's earnest cooperation we now have a mailing list, for that Lodge, which corresponds exactly to the Secretary's own roll of membership. Not only that, but every Secretary who has done as we asked, and done it conscientiously, himself now has an up-to-date list from which the dead wood has been eliminated.

"We have cut our percentage of wrong addresses to a fraction of what it was. In the case of Lodges that cooperated with us, faintly addressed magazines now are only those unavoidable mistakes resulting from changes too recent to have been reported to us.

"I want to take this opportunity of thanking the Secretaries who gave us their efficient aid. And I want also to ask you District Deputies to help us, too, by urging in all your visitations that every Secretary assist in keeping the Magazine's great mailing list up-to-date and useful by reporting to us all changes of address among his members promptly. It is particularly important that they send in the names and ad-

resses of new members immediately upon their initiation, so that these names can be put on our mailing list without additional charge to the Lodge or the individual member for the current year.

"When a new Lodge is instituted, I would ask that the District Deputy under whose jurisdiction it falls, see to it that the membership list be sent at once to THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"The place for every copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is in the home of an Elk. A misaddressed magazine is a wasted magazine. We're ready with the machinery to send every copy where it belongs. Let us find homes for every last one of them!

"Another thing I want to talk with you about is the matter of Lodge news. There ought to be some one in every Subordinate Lodge charged with the duty of supplying us with the news of its activities.

"We are printing more news and more interesting news all the time. And yet, though you may not believe it, there are no fewer than 500 Subordinate Lodges which have never been represented by news items in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We keep records of every news item sent in to us. Looking through these records a few days ago we found dozens of Lodges that had been mentioned nearly every month because they send in news items; their Exalted Ruler or Secretary, or some one designated by the Lodge for that purpose, looked after it. And hundreds more that had been mentioned with varying frequency. These Lodges are on the job. They send us their information and—provided it is real news—we print it. And in the matter of whether it is news or not we give the Lodge the benefit of the doubt nine times out of ten. But when the Lodges do not send us anything they get no publicity in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The loss is not only theirs but it is ours as well. We want our news pages to be truly representative of the entire Order of Elks. With 500 Lodges sending us no information in the three years of our existence, we can not yet call ourselves that, so far as our news pages are concerned. Yet we feel that the individual Lodges and not the Magazine are to blame. I would go further and say that the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries are to blame. Because, even though they may be too busy to send us the news themselves, they could see to it that some member, or committee of members, be assigned for that purpose.

"That is the second thing I am going to ask of you District Deputies—to urge that some Lodge officer or committee in each Lodge in your jurisdictions is made responsible for sending us the news every month. We'll add as many pages as may be necessary to print it.

"The third topic of my talk to-day has to do with advertising. It is the advertising revenue that makes it possible for us to publish the high-grade magazine we do. The one dollar a year subscription alone would not cover the cost of publication and distribution. And it is the advertising revenue that also produces the surplus. The more advertising we carry, the bigger the surplus we can turn over to the Grand Lodge every year, and the better, from a material standpoint, shall we fulfil the Magazine's mission.

"The quality of our publication has enabled us to secure advertisements from the very best class of merchants and manufacturers. It is not so much the initial sale of space to an advertiser that is important. True, we must first get him into the Magazine—but the really important thing, once we get him in, is to keep him there. Repeat orders are the foundation of success in every business. Advertisers will give repeat orders to magazines if those magazines prove profitable. And not otherwise. We are not selling space in THE ELKS MAGAZINE on a basis of friendship or fraternal affiliations. We are selling it on a basis of merit; merit as a profitable medium for the advertiser. Every Elks Lodge and every Elk can, therefore, help us maintain and increase the value of the Magazine by patronizing our advertisers and by letting them know they saw the advertisements in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"And if you District Deputies will bring out that point in your fraternal visitations and talks, you will be rendering a service not alone to the Magazine but to the Order as an organization.



"If ever there arises any question, with regard to the Magazine or its policies, which you feel you can not answer due to lack of information, please do not hesitate to call on us for the answer. I thank you, in the name of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, for your interest in behalf of our National Publication and assure you that we will do our utmost to keep on making it better and better with every issue."

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, was the next speaker introduced, his topic being:

### *Matters Relating to the Commission*

"You will understand that the Commission referred to is the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, that body to whom was given the duty and the task of erecting and furnishing this building which now nears completion here in Chicago, and also for the publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"Brother Fanning has spoken to you about the Magazine and of those things which you ought to know to help carry that Magazine on to a greater success, and if you do not already sense it and know that the Magazine has arrived, and is a success, perhaps I may inform you that it has been so stamped by another very, very great organization, who have with the sincerest form of flattery sought to imitate us. At the last meeting of the Shrine, held in Los Angeles, action was taken there for the founding of a magazine, I think organized along the lines of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. They appropriated \$600,000.00, or \$1.00 per capita; added that to the membership dues, appointed a Committee to publish a magazine for their Order which will be edited along the same lines and in the same manner as THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"This Commission of yours has not only under its charge and control the publication of the Magazine, but the erection and furnishing of this memorial building of ours here, in Chicago, and I take it that you District Deputies, as representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler, want to get as much information as you can, so that you may be prepared to answer all pertinent questions on this point.

"You have been sufficiently informed concerning the Magazine. Let me say with reference to the Memorial Building that when the matter was undertaken it was decided, and this Commission was directed by the Grand Lodge, to erect such a building; the sum of \$2,500,000.00 was appropriated, and the Order was committed to raise that amount. This was nearly six years ago; since then the Commission has levied at different times—in the year 1921, \$1.00 per capita; nothing in 1922; in the year 1923, 65 cents per capita; nothing in 1924; and in 1925, \$1.00 per capita. And next year we will levy 45 cents per capita, collectible on or about the 1st of May.

"So that in the six years there has been levied on the membership \$3.10 per capita, or thereabouts, or an average of about 50 cents a year in making up this \$2,500,000.00. Of course, our building has cost and will cost much more than the amount so appropriated. The required amount will come from the funds remaining over from our War Relief Commission, and aggregating about \$350,000.00, and the additional amount necessary to complete the building in all its embellishments and its art work will be taken from the present surplus and the surplus to come from THE ELKS MAGAZINE. So that, after this levy of 45 cents per capita next May, there will be no further levy on the membership for this building.

"The building on its exterior and in its construction under the general contract is almost completed. There remains yet to be done the furnishing, and the painting and decorations, sculpture and all that, and it is our hope to have it absolutely completed, except in some features of our sculpture, which will require extra time, when we dedicate the building next July.

"What I want to say and leave with you particularly at this time is, that when you are asked what is the purpose of this building, and why is it built, and how long will it last, and how long will we suffer these assessments, you may answer:

"The building is located in Chicago, but in

no sense is it a Chicago idea, so far as the Elks Lodge in Chicago having anything to do with it is concerned. It is a national building. It is at once a monument and a memorial erected as a tribute to those who served in the late World War. In it we will house, as directed by the Grand Lodge, the Grand Secretary's office and other administrative offices, so that it is an Elks national building in every respect.

"It is located on the driveway on Diversey Avenue and Lincoln Parkway, at the intersection of the southern terminal of the Sheridan Road. It is easy of access—ten minutes' drive from here by either busses or taxi. I hope that you will take occasion, every one of you, now that you are here in the city, to visit this very, very beautiful building, in order that you may be able to tell others about it. You have never seen in all the world a building so beautiful and so unique. I know your hearts will swell with pride when you enter that magnificent Memorial Hall, because nothing about it has been copied from any other building in the world. We haven't copied from any other artist or architect. Everything all absolutely original, and I know it will not only appeal to each and every one of you from an architectural standpoint, but that it will be a source of glorification to the Order of Elks. It is the finest memorial to the dead that has ever been erected since the close of the World War; a fitting tribute to those 70,000 American Elks who served and the more than 1,000 who gave up their lives for Freedom."

At the conclusion of Mr. Tener's address, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell introduced Past Grand Exalted Rulers John G. Price and William E. English, the latter being the oldest living Past Grand Exalted Ruler, in point of date of service. Mr. English said a few words of greeting to the assemblage. Mr. Price added the weight of his indorsement to what had already been said regarding the importance of civic work and of making Lodge rooms and Lodge meetings attractive to the membership.

The next speaker was the newly appointed Grand Esquire, William J. Sinek, of Chicago Lodge No. 4, who talked of

### *The 1926 Grand Lodge Convention*

"When Chicago Lodge, joined by the Elks of our great State of Illinois, and backed by our citizenship, journeyed to Portland, Oregon, and secured the Convention for 1926 for our great City of Chicago, we promised there that we would have a successful Convention on the occasion of the dedication of our wonderful Memorial Building. We promised that we would have a Convention that would be greater than any held up to this time, and it was due to the fact that on this occasion would be dedicated this Memorial Building. But we had something else in mind. We had something in mind that could assist us in fulfilling our promises. You may wonder what that thought was, and I am going to tell it to you.

"We had in mind the value of the outposts of Elkdom, as you were called a moment ago by our esteemed friend, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan. We had in mind the value of those outposts as carrying the message for this coming Convention to every Lodge within our Order. It may be true, my brothers, that this will be a Chicago Convention, that is, that the Convention will be held in Chicago, but it is my desire to call your attention to the fact that it is not our Convention; it is your Convention, and upon your efforts will rest the success of this great Convention to be held here next year.

"Therefore, I hope that every District Deputy here to-day in his visitations to the various Lodges in his district will take advantage of this special opportunity afforded him, as suggested by Brother Tener, of the Commission, to visit this Memorial Building to-day, and see the building we are going to dedicate. I know that you will be so inspired that you will be better able to paint that wonderful picture to the various Lodges than you otherwise would. So I hope you will call attention to this dedication, and thus assist your Illinois brothers in making the next Annual Reunion in Chicago the greatest ever held by any Order.

"You can see for yourselves the great big hotels that are under construction at this time, and you can tell your Lodges of the wonderful summer resort City of Chicago; you can tell

them of our splendid park system and boulevard system; our bathing beaches, etc., and I am sure that by next summer we will be able to house every Elk and his family and make them comfortable.

"There is another thing I want to mention, and I would like to have your cooperation in it: The exact time of the parade has not been fixed as yet; we don't know exactly the line of march, but somewhere in that parade we are going to make use of our magnificent new stadium out here on the lake front, holding some 70,000 people. There we will assemble our bands, and there also the marching clubs may be seen to the best advantage. We want representations from every Lodge in the country, if possible, and if we can't get delegations from every Lodge we want at least a man from every Lodge carrying the Service Flag and Banner of that Lodge, so that they can be assigned to their proper places in the parade and also at the stadium. We would like to have this part of it 100%, so I want you to see to it that every Lodge has at least its Lodge Banner in this parade, and if you can't do this kindly let me know so that we can get some further communication to these missing Lodges in an endeavor to have this done."

Substituting for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, who was prevented by illness from attending the conference, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell spoke on the topic which had been assigned to Mr. Holland.

### *The Elk's Duty Toward the Laws Of His Country*

"As the Grand Exalted Ruler has so aptly said, it is a subject upon which, as I view it, there can be but very little difference of opinion among the individual members of our Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler has outlined to you in his address this afternoon his policy—his official policy—in relation to certain features of the laws of our country.

"It is not my purpose to cover the ground that he has so ably and so well covered, but in the few moments that I shall speak to you it is my purpose only to discuss the question of an Elk's duty toward the laws of his country so far as is concerned the building which constitutes the home of the Subordinate Lodge.

"This government of ours is a government of law. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is a government of law so far as its internal affairs are concerned. Both the Order and the nation derive their method of government from the principles laid down by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Neither in our nation, nor in our States, nor in our Order do we recognize autocratic control of any individual or set of individuals, but in our method of government, both in the nation and in the Elks, we agree among ourselves in forming a particular government; that the form of that government, the laws of that government, and the methods of enforcing that law, shall be subject to the consent and will of a majority of those who constitute it. When we do that, as your Grand Exalted Ruler has stated, we sacrifice—if it may be called a sacrifice—which I doubt—some individual rights, some individual privileges, or things that may be considered an individual right or an individual privilege. The government of the Elks, as well as the government of our nation, while it is a government of liberty, and founded upon the principles of liberty and freedom and individual action, is not a government of the kind of liberty that constitutes license to the detriment of our fellow men and all other individuals, and so long as any law is upon the statute books of our Order, upon the statute books of our nation, or upon the statute books of our respective States, the duty of every Elks Lodge, composed as it is only of American citizens, sworn to defend the Constitution of our country, sworn to fight for and, if necessary, to die for the Flag of our country, and sworn to defend the institutions under which we have grown great, and which give promise of greatness to our children and our children's children, the only duty that any Elks Lodge can have is to respect and obey the laws properly established by properly constituted authority.



"Now, there is no use hiding behind the bush. I have in mind one particular law, and every one of you has in mind the same law, and that is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and laws passed in pursuance of it. I may have had my opinion, or, I did have my opinion and say about it, as to the advisability of the adoption of that Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That was my right, and that was your right—a right that you have and I have as an American citizen. I may think to-day that that Amendment ought to be repealed; you may think that it ought to be repealed. I may think that it ought to stay as part of our Constitution, and you may think that. We have a perfect right to that thought, whichever position we take upon it. We have a perfect right in every legitimate way, if we are opposed to that Amendment, to seek to cause its repeal and abandonment as part of the Constitution of the United States. We have a right, if we favor that Amendment, to use every legitimate means to keep it as part of the Constitution of the United States, but, I say to you, my brothers, and I am talking about Elks Lodges—I can't talk about anything else—I say to you that the Elks Lodge that flagrantly violates that Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, after warning of the policy of your Grand Exalted Ruler, and after warning of the law of the Order, is no longer worthy to continue as a Subordinate Lodge of the great fraternity of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

"And I want to say another thing to you! We Past Grand Exalted Rulers haven't got much influence; there are twenty-two of us. Some of you may think that we have, but this warning is now going out to the Lodges of the Order, and where violations are found they are to be given a warning, as I understand it, from the Grand Exalted Ruler. And I can say for the twenty-two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order that if any of the Lodges in our neighborhood are guilty of any flagrant violations of this law, after a warning by properly constituted authority of the Order, don't come to us to get you out of the difficulties that you have gotten into, after due warning, and your knowledge of the consequences that are to come to you.

"Now that's about all, my brothers, that I can say upon this question, and I say it without expressing an opinion as to the advantages of prohibition. I say it without in any way attempting to reflect my own personal opinion as to whether that policy ought to continue as a governmental policy of our country, but I do say this, that an Order that places the American Flag upon its altars; an Order that requires of every applicant for membership, when he appears for initiation, that he stand before the altar of the Order, with his hand upon his heart, and pledge himself to support the Constitution of his country; that that Order can not and will not permit violations of the law in the homes of the Subordinate Lodges of a great American fraternity that is founded on American principles, and in order for this country to continue great and free, and continue to give opportunities to you and yours, we must maintain respect for the law and love for those institutions under which we have grown great. In order to

maintain the establishment of those principles that Order must place itself upon record, and our Subordinate Lodges must be given to understand that it is our pledge to decency, and honor, and respect for law, and for the continuation of our country—the greatest nation upon the face of the earth—that its Flag shall not be marred by American Elks Lodges violating the fundamental laws of our country."

Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson came next upon the program. Much of what he said, being in the nature of instructions of interest only to the District Deputies, has no place here; but certain information bearing on financial matters is herewith quoted from his address:

#### Grand Lodge Dues and Assessment

"On basis of membership reported as of April 1, 1926, the remittance from each Subordinate Lodge, to accompany the annual report, will be as follows:

Grand Lodge Dues—For ELKS MAGAZINE subscription from April 1, 1926, to April 1, 1927—\$1.00. For general Grand Lodge purposes, 35c. Total Grand Lodge dues.....	\$1.35
Elks National Memorial Headquarters Assessment—(The final levy to complete the appropriation of \$2,500,000.....)	.45
Total to be remitted with annual report on basis of membership April 1, 1926.	\$1.80

"In discussing the Grand Lodge Dues of \$1.35, it will be well for you to advise the Lodges, as did Chairman Malley of the Judiciary Committee last year, that the Grand Lodge in its 1924 Session provided that Grand Lodge dues are to be collected by each Subordinate Lodge as part of the Subordinate Lodge dues; that is, from each member there shall be collected only the Subordinate Lodge dues, and out of that amount so collected the \$1.35 of Grand Lodge dues must be taken and remitted to the Grand Secretary. If the Subordinate Lodge realizes that the revenue which is to be obtained from Subordinate Lodge dues can not take care of Subordinate Lodge matters intended to be covered by these dues, and also pay the Grand Lodge dues, then there should be an increase in the Subordinate Lodge dues by an amendment to the By-Laws, which should be properly adopted by the Lodge and submitted to J. F. Malley, Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass., that it may go into force and effect as of April 1, 1926. The exception to the above, of course, is with reference to life members. The Grand Lodge dues of \$1.35 may be collected from them as an assessment.

"The Headquarters assessment of 45c, while levied against the Lodge, may be passed on as an assessment against the individual member, but payment to the Grand Lodge must accompany the annual report, regardless of possible delay in collection of local assessments."

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper was called on by Judge Atwell to explain the status of the "Save Old Ironsides" campaign, which has been slowed up by obstacles unforeseen at the time of its institution.

#### The "Save Old Ironsides" Campaign

"This is not an activity of the Elks, as such, but is one on the part of the United States Government, seeking to avail itself of one of the most powerful instrumentalities of the Government, namely, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

"We have found many difficulties, due principally to the rules and regulations of municipal authorities, which prohibit a general campaign for funds among school children. It wasn't anticipated that we would run up against a snag in a campaign of that kind, and I think our troubles have grown very largely out of the fact that the time limit was too short to get that objection out of the way. It is quite likely, therefore, that in the first reports that come from the 'Old Ironsides' committee it will be an apparent failure, and that we will not be able to get the funds that we expected, but you can say this, that there will be no failure on the part of the Elks to do anything that they undertake to do, particularly on behalf of our Government.

"Just what method may be undertaken by the committee in charge, the National Committee, gradually to bring success to this campaign, I am not able to tell you or advise you about just now. It may be very likely that there will be some little extension of time for this campaign to be conducted in view of the attitude of municipal authorities against making this campaign.

"The only suggestion that I am asked to present to you now is that the Order of Elks has committed itself to this undertaking, and that you in your contact with the various Lodges will keep yourselves advised of any new plans or suggestions, whatever they may be, that will come from the National Committee, and that you will avail yourselves of every opportunity of urging active and earnest service in the progress of this campaign.

"As I say, I don't know just what these suggestions will be, but they will come to you in due course from authoritative sources, and it is hoped that you will recognize the importance of the undertaking and give it your best services for this entire time."

With the business of the conference at an end, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell introduced Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., and Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Grand Trustees Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., and Clyde Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., John F. Malley, of Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, and the following Presidents of State Elks Associations: William E. Fitzsimmons, New York; August Schneider, Nebraska; Dr. F. G. Cluett, Iowa; W. E. Hendrich, Indiana; Sam Stern, North Dakota.

Following the conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler issued instructions to all District Deputies to call, at the earliest possible date, meetings of all Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in their respective States, to be held at some central point in each State, for the purpose of discussing the work of the coming year.

## Digest of Opinions and Decisions

### Supplement Brings Valuable Book to Date

"OPINIONS and Decisions," edited and compiled by Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, which was published last year, contained in brief compass a concise and highly valuable digest of practically all questions that had arisen up to 1924 relating to the interpretation of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order. The preparation of this volume, the first of its kind to be published since 1915, involved a vast amount of work; and by his clear, common-sense arrangement and sifting of a

great mass of material, Mr. Malley performed a very definite service to the Order.

The present volume, just published, is a supplement to this main work. It contains a digest of the decisions of the Grand Forum rendered during the year ended September 30, 1925, and of the opinions of the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary during the same period, which are considered of sufficient importance to be included. Mr. Malley has preserved in this supplement the same careful arrangement of the main volume. It also

contains helpful cross references and a number of notes calling attention to the statutory changes which modify or nullify opinions and decisions heretofore published.

The edition of the supplement is limited, but copies have been sent to every Subordinate Lodge Secretary, so that any member who wishes to consult it can now do so.

Members who want copies should apply to their Subordinate Lodge Secretary, as the Grand Secretary's office has no copies for general distribution.



# Southwest Visited By Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell

*This colorful and interesting story of Judge Atwell's trip through the Southwest, was written by W. W. Bridgers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Texas West.*

GRAND Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, as a result of his official visit to El Paso, Texas, Lodge No. 187, on October 2, will wear a vermilion-colored felt Mexican hat at the Chicago Grand Lodge meeting in 1926, in compliment to the El Paso Lodge.

And Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell will make a trip to Trenton, Missouri, to pay a personal visit to an aged Elk he has never seen. This as a result of having met the aged Elk's health-seeking son on a desert highway in New Mexico, and of having become impressed with the young man's pride that both he and his father in Trenton are Elks.

September 28 Judge Atwell spent a busy day in San Antonio, where he went to meet with about 160 delegates from Texas Lodges who had assembled there for the purpose of reorganizing the Texas State Elks Association. Returning to his home at Dallas to dispatch important business, he arrived in El Paso Friday afternoon, October 2, met with El Paso Lodge that night, went to Douglas, Arizona, on Saturday, met with Douglas Lodge Saturday night, and returned to El Paso on Sunday. Monday morning he started overland for Roswell, New Mexico, met with Roswell Lodge Monday night and from Roswell he went to Amarillo, Texas, met with Amarillo Lodge Tuesday night, and from Amarillo he went to Pueblo, Colorado.

Judge Atwell considered the El Paso and Douglas meetings as memorable events, and his receptions in these two cities as exceptionally hospitable and enthusiastic. The El Paso meeting was also unique in several particulars.

A large delegation of Elks met Judge Atwell upon his arrival in El Paso and escorted him to the Paso Del Norte Hotel. The cars of the escort party were decorated with flags and the colors of the Order, the procession being headed by a platoon of traffic police. The route to the hotel was lined with American Legion flags.

At 6 o'clock Exalted Ruler Barry Hagedon entertained Judge Atwell with a dinner that was purposely designed to afford him a surprise. The courses included fresh crab and wild teal duck. The fresh crabs were shipped 800 miles from the coast, but the teal ducks were a home product, hand-raised by Mr. Hagedon on his ranch up in New Mexico, forty miles north of El Paso.

Following dinner Judge Atwell was given a serenade at his hotel by the Lodge, the music being furnished by Rayo Reyes' Mexican Boys' Band. This is one of the most artistic juvenile musical organizations in the United States. Thirty-five boys in this band, in blue and red-striped uniforms, range in age from six to sixteen years. They perform the most difficult music with classical finish. Capable critics have pronounced it the best juvenile band in America.

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell has made a special request of the Lodge that this band be taken to the Chicago Grand Lodge meeting, and the Lodge has agreed to see that it is there, along with its famous Quien Sabe Club.

Following the serenade the band headed an automobile parade from the hotel to the Elks Home, where hundreds of the membership of No. 187, in fanlike formation outside the entrance, awaited the arrival of the Lodge's distinguished guest. Beneath the folds of dozens of large flags that flew in the sheen of many lights along the extended balconies of the Home, the scene of the Grand Exalted Ruler's arrival was inspirational.

Everything that was possible had been done to make the event patriotic, enthusiastic,

unique, and dignified. No one had been permitted to enter the Lodge room in advance of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and when he was ushered in he found the lights subdued amid a maze of flags and Elk colors. One of the largest sets of antlers in the United States, with miniature lights on the tips of the prongs, adorned the altar. The silk flag of the Lodge floated to the right of the Exalted Ruler's station, and to the left was the Lodge banner—the flag and the banner that had led the Quien Sabe Club of the El Paso Lodge in Salt Lake, Boston, Buffalo, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Denver, Portland and Los Angeles Grand Lodge parades in years ago. A small silk flag also fluttered under a spotlight above the station of the Exalted Ruler.

THE lights were turned on, and then followed a masterly address by Judge Atwell.

This was an open meeting and the introductory and closing ceremonies were extremely simple. George H. Higgins, Chaplain of No. 187 for the past thirty-two years, said a brief prayer; Mrs. J. C. Roberts sang a solo; Walter Scott, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 187, delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the city; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Bridgers, Texas West, delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the Lodge, and George E. Wallace, former member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. The entire preliminary ceremony did not consume more than fifteen minutes.

At the conclusion of his address the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with the huge Mexican hat which brought from him a promise to wear it at the Chicago Grand Lodge meeting.

The El Paso meeting was characterized by a splendor of simpleness. Nothing ostentatious was attempted. The meeting was closed by three simple songs sung by Mrs. Walter Christie and Mrs. Herman Rosche; simple songs but beautifully sung. Judge Atwell then went down into the parlors and briefly addressed a large assemblage of the wives and daughters of Elks. A buffet luncheon in the dining room closed the event. Simple but splendid all. Not in the unusual band music, nor in the sweetness of the singing, nor in the speeches of welcome, however, was to be found the real tribute which was paid by El Paso Lodge to our Grand Exalted Ruler. The real tribute to him was the outpouring of the membership of the Lodge and the personal warmth of the reception given him. For in each individual heart there was a sense of personal contact, one with the other, and with Judge Atwell, a sense of contact appreciated to the full by him.

September 28 Judge Atwell delivered two addresses in San Antonio, both of them memorable, one at a noon luncheon at the St. Anthony Hotel, and one in the afternoon in the Lodge room of the San Antonio Elks Home.

About 400 men and women heard Judge Atwell at the St. Anthony luncheon. This was an unusual gathering of San Antonio's outstanding citizenship, an incident to the meeting of delegates from Texas Lodges for the purpose of reorganizing the Texas State Elks Association. General Paul B. Malone, commandant of Fort Sam Houston, was the first speaker on the program. Being an orator of the first rank, his address was an impassioned tribute to the flag and to the Order's patriotic devotion to the flag. It was a masterly speech. Prefacing his address with the statement that he had been induced to become an Elk because of the Order's patriotic principles, and that he was a member of no other order, he roused his audience to great fervor as he described the march of the flag from war to war, and then drew a vivid picture of the meaning of the Order and its creed of patriotism.

Then, in eloquence, Judge Atwell portrayed the Order of Elks as the greatest fraternal organi-

zation in the world, doing the most good among men, performing the most unselfish deeds, doing more to create a spirit of tolerance and brotherly love among men, and creating more love of country than any single influence in the nation.

The San Antonio meeting abounded with thrills, and too much can not be said for the wonderful spirit of entertainment and fraternal interest manifested by San Antonio Lodge.

Douglas, the next town to be visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants. It was built by the Phelps-Dodge concern as a smelting town for its copper ore mined at Bisbee, about eighteen miles up in the mountainous country, there not being sufficient room in the mountains for a smelting plant. Douglas is down on the plain. It is separated from Augua Prieta, Mexico, by a barbed wire fence, inset with a gate, the barbed wire marking the boundary line between the two countries.

At Douglas Judge Atwell was greeted by the greatest gathering of Elks ever assembled in Arizona. He was met by visiting Elks from Bisbee, the great copper camp, from Nogales, the gateway to the fabulously rich state of Sonora, from Tucson, the University and railroad center, from Phoenix, the state capital, from Miami and Globe, the big copper camps in the central portion of the state, and by Elks from Nacazari, another great mining camp south of the border. Judge Atwell expressed himself as highly gratified with the spirit of the Order as he found it in Arizona.

Returning to El Paso from Douglas the following day, Judge Atwell, Monday morning started for Roswell, in the eastern portion of New Mexico, 212 miles northeast of El Paso. This was an overland trip, through a wondrous country of desert, mountain and plain. Accompanying Judge Atwell were H. M. Beutell, of El Paso Lodge, who provided the automobile, N. S. Bache, Secretary of the El Paso Lodge, and who, being an expert driver, acted as chauffeur. R. W. Dudley, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, who is Judge Atwell's private secretary was also in the party. Mr. Dudley accompanied Judge Atwell on the entire trip described here.

The party left El Paso early in the morning, their car appropriately decorated with white and purple. The first lap of the trip was due north, through a typical western desert of sagebrush and sand hills. The highway was splendid, but the immediate country was wholly desolate as far as Oro Grande. To the left were the Organ mountains, huge, grim and foreboding. To the right, in the far distance, were the White mountains, hazy in a veil of blue, and covered with invisible pine. In between was a great floor of sand, mesquite and Spanish daggers.

ORO GRANDE is not a town. Several stores and restaurants, four in all, provide meals, groceries, canned goods, smokes and gasoline to tourists out to see the country. The tourists furnish quite a trade, while ranchers come down from the mountains, sometimes making trips of fifty or sixty miles, to use the long distance telephone, or to buy a sack of flour or a side of bacon, or perhaps a sack of tobacco. Tourists pause for meals, or perhaps a soda pop, and hurry on their way. Ranchers smoke a few brown-paper cigarettes and return to their mountains. Life is not hilarious or even interesting in Oro Grande. But the altitude is high, the air is pure and dry, and a friendly-faced young man from Missouri is here seeking the restoration of his health. He conducts one of the stores.

Arriving in front of the young man's store, Mr. Beutell and Mr. Dudley alighted in quest of cold soda with which to quench their thirst.

(Continued on page 71)





## Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

### California State Elks Association Meets in San Francisco

**M**ANY thousand visitors, delegates, members and their families gathered in San Francisco for the highly successful annual convention of the California State Elks Association, held recently under the auspices of San Francisco Lodge No. 3. The program included sight-seeing tours, golf, baseball, bowling, band and ritual and drill team contests for the entertainment for the visitors, and the hospitality of the magnificent new Home of San Francisco Lodge was open to all.

More than sixty Lodges were represented at the two business sessions presided over by Edgar F. Davis of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 888, retiring President of the Association. At the first session Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who represented Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell at the Convention, addressed the meeting on "When Is a Man an Elk?" and the delegates were formally welcomed to San Francisco in speeches by Mayor Rolph and C. Fenton Nichols, Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge.

Much constructive work was accomplished, the two most important matters of general interest to the Order being a resolution introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin calling for an investigation by a committee of five of the possibility of constructing somewhere in California a sanitarium for the care of indigent persons afflicted with tuberculosis, and the adoption of a resolution suggested by the new State President, John J. Lermen, Past Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, pledging the Elks of California to earnest cooperation with the State and Federal Forest Service Departments in their efforts to prevent forest fires.

Exalted Ruler Nichols spoke of the Big Brother movement at the second business session, after which the following officers were elected: President, John J. Lermen of San Francisco Lodge; First Vice-President, A. G. Breitwieser, Sr., of Susanville Lodge No. 1487; Second Vice-President, James A. Brosnahan of Vallejo Lodge No. 559; Third Vice-President, Ray W. Frisbee of Monterey Lodge No. 1285; Fourth Vice-President, Harley Walker, Sr., of Ventura Lodge No. 1430; Fifth Vice-President, A. R. Schultz of Redlands Lodge No. 583; Trustees: George Whipple of Stockton Lodge No. 218; Joseph B. Blackshaw of Pittsburg Lodge No. 1474; Fred J. Heid, Jr., of Tulare Lodge No. 1424; D. L. Ault of Calexico Lodge No. 1382; C. Taylor Renaker of Monrovia Lodge No. 1427; Secretary, James T. Foyer of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99; Treasurer, C. W. Haub of Sacramento Lodge No. 6. Santa Monica was named the convention city for 1926.

Distinguished members of the Order from many parts of the country were present, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers James G. McFarland, Raymond Benjamin and William M. Abbott; Past State President Ralph Hagan of Los Angeles, and a host of other well-known Elks.

Of the various competitive features of the social program the band contests held at Golden Gate Park were among the most interesting. Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, won first place in Class A, San Pedro Lodge No. 966, first place in Class B, and Glendale Lodge No. 1289, first in the Special. San Jose Lodge No. 522, carried off the bowling honors. The team from Ventura Lodge No. 1430, won the baseball championship. In the ritualistic contests the first four places went, in the order named, to Alhambra Lodge No. 1328, Oakland Lodge No. 171, Modesto Lodge No. 1282, and Anaheim Lodge No. 1345.

The State Elks Golf Championship Tournament was played over the beautiful Harding Memorial Links during the three days of the Convention. First and second prizes were awarded for the low net score, the low gross score, and best team scores. Sacramento Lodge No. 6 won first place in the team play.

The drill contests held at the Presidio Drill Grounds attracted wide attention and were witnessed by a large audience. First place in this event was won by the White Oaks, the Drill Team of Oakland Lodge.

The Trap Shooting Tournament at the Presidio Range was hotly contested by teams entered by many Lodges. First honors in this event went to Merced Lodge No. 1240.

The Convention, which was one of the most enthusiastic in the history of the Association, was brought to a close by the annual jinks, held at the Capitol Theatre. During the performance the trophies and prizes were awarded the various contest winners to the accompaniment of applause from the audience.

The officers of the California State Elks Association and the officers and members of San Francisco Lodge are to be congratulated on the great success of the meeting and the efficient and enjoyable manner in which both its business and social features were conducted.

### Longview, Wash., Lodge Instituted With 53 Charter Members

The city of Longview, Wash., made a gala occasion of the recent institution of Longview, Wash., Lodge No. 1514, by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dana T. Robinson.

Streets and buildings were decorated in honor of the event which, it is believed, sets an unusual record, for this new city is less than three years old. The first Exalted Ruler of Longview Lodge is Harry A. Kirkpatrick and the Secretary is J. V. Carithers. Among the distinguished members of the Order who were present at the ceremonies were Mr. Robinson, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, Hale R. Nosler and Victor Zednick President and Secretary of the Washington State Elks Association, respectively.

### Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Organizes Basketball Team and Antlers Club

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, is active in gaining the interest of its younger members, and juniors still too young to join. The formation of a basketball team and an Antlers Club are two of its recent undertakings. The basketball team, at present composed mainly of ex-college men and former professional players, is attracting the interest of many young men in Philadelphia who are sending in applications for membership. It is planned to have the team compete with similar organizations in other Lodges and Mr. M. C. Wemet is anxious to hear from other managers with a view to arranging games.

In the Antlers Club for sons, grandsons and nephews of its members, dues will be \$10.00 a year, and the boys will have a separate constitution, by-laws and rules of order, and a form of initiation of their own. It is planned to have the Antlers, as far as may be possible, a self-governing organization, accountable only to the Exalted Ruler and the Secretary of the Lodge. On specified dates the members of the Antlers will have the use of the gymnasium and swimming pool, and there will be entertainments for them throughout the year.

### First Exalted Ruler Leaves Bequest to Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge

Harry Taylor, first Exalted Ruler of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186, who died recently, bequeathed \$2,500 to his Lodge. It was due in large part to Mr. Taylor's interest and activity that Wenatchee Lodge was founded, and the affection and esteem in which his fellow members held him was evidenced in making him the first Exalted Ruler. Later, as head of the Sick Committee, an assignment after his own heart, Mr. Taylor was tireless in searching out and alleviating cases of distress in the community, and Wenatchee Lodge is planning to use the fund made available by his generosity in the manner in which he himself would have disbursed it.



### San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Elks Hold Large Gathering

Sponsored and planned by the San Joaquin Valley, California, Elks General Committee, a big get-together meeting of the Valley Lodges was held recently in the Civic Auditorium at Hanford. A large class of candidates from the Lodges of this active organization was initiated, with the various Exalted Rulers occupying the chairs, and there were many entertainment features provided by the Lodges participating. The Purple Guards of Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266, National champions, gave an exhibition of the drill which won them their honors at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Portland. Fresno Lodge, No. 439, presented their Glee Club, and Hanford Lodge, No. 1259, participated with their Elks Orchestra. Hanford Lodge was host to the meeting.

### Salt Lake City Greets Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85, had the honor recently of entertaining Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838. Mr. McFarland, accompanied on his return from the California State Elks Association Convention in San Francisco by Exalted Ruler Russell G. Lucas, stopped off in Salt Lake City to greet the members of the Lodge whose Home he had dedicated while Grand Exalted Ruler. A delegation of Past Exalted Rulers of Salt Lake City Lodge met their distinguished guest at the train and escorted him to the Home, where a special meeting was held at which Mr. McFarland delivered one of his famous addresses wherein he touched upon all matters of importance now before the Order. The occasion was one of inspiration and enjoyment for the members who were present and one which will be long remembered.

### Members of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge Enjoy Facilities of New Home

The building occupied by Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485, a picture of which is published in this issue, is one of the most luxurious Homes in the Order. A former residence of the late August Belmont, set in the midst of a 5½ acre park, it has accommodations for traveling Elks, and a first-class restaurant and grill. It is conveniently situated near several prominent golf courses, the Belmont race-track and the Curtiss and Mitchel flying-fields. A riding academy and saddle horses are among the unusual features on the grounds. Instituted May 2, 1924, with 81 members, Hempstead Lodge now has a membership of nearly 600, and is most active in the work of the Order.

### Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge Adopts Membership Campaign Slogan

"Five thousand members by April 1, 1927, and the Grand Lodge Convention of Elks for Cincinnati in 1927" is the ambitious slogan adopted for the Selective Membership Campaign of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge No. 5.

In 1904, when it last had the honor of entertaining the Convention, Cincinnati Lodge, then composed of less than a thousand members, set an enviable record for hospitality and its officers feel that, with the contemplated membership of five thousand and its magnificent new Home, the Lodge is peculiarly well equipped to act again as host to the Order.

### Practical Welfare Work Done by Rahway, N. J., Lodge

Shoes for school children, and assistance to the Rahway Boy Scout Troop are on the community welfare program of Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075. At a recent session it was voted to allow the use of a part of the Home for the drills and meetings of the Scouts, under the supervision of the Scout Master, who is also a member of the Lodge. "The Shoe Fund," inaugurated by the Ladies Auxiliary, is for the purpose of supplying children of school age, who might otherwise lack them, with shoes and rubbers for the winter months.

### Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Is Host To Theatrical Company

Members of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44, were hosts recently to the performers of the "Topsy and Eva" company, which played in their city. The members of the cast put on a performance which was enthusiastically applauded by a large gathering. The Entertainment Committee, which sponsored the show, is preparing for an unusually active winter, and has already scheduled many other events.

### New Orleans, La., Lodge Gives Children's Outing

It is estimated that two thousand youngsters enjoyed the annual children's picnic and outing held recently by New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30. A visit to the zoo, rides on elephant and pony-back and the usual picnic features made the day a red-letter one for the little guests.

### Charter Members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Form Association

One of the first Charter Members Associations of the Order was recently organized in Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, with George R. Lawrence as President, and Lester G. Brimmer, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, as Secretary-Treasurer. Some thirty charter members attended the organization banquet at which the officers were elected and plans drawn up. It was voted to hold a dinner and meeting every three months, and to foster in every way the active interest of the original members in the present-day affairs of the Lodge.

### Yankton, S. D., Lodge Holds Twentieth Birthday Party

Members from South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska, participated in the two-day celebration which marked the twentieth anniversary of the institution of Yankton, S. D., Lodge No. 994.

The festivities took on the quality of a reunion, many "old-timers" in the Northwest taking advantage of the opportunity to foregather and exchange greetings and reminiscences. The public program was launched with a concert, given at the Home of the local Lodge by the band of Madison, S. D., No. 1442, and a monster parade in which members, visitors and candidates took part. A large class was then initiated by Exalted Ruler Jesse D. McCoun and the officers of the Lodge. These exercises were followed by a banquet at which charter members and candidates were guests of honor. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul M. Young

addressed the diners on the subject of "Old Ironsides."

Throughout the celebration the fine Elks Bands of Yankton and Madison Lodges were the subject of much favorable comment by visitors and townspeople alike.

### Superior, Wis., Lodge Presents Life Membership to State Chaplain

Archdeacon W. F. Hood, Chaplain of Superior, Wis., Lodge No. 403, and State Chaplain of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was recently presented with a Life Membership in Superior Lodge in appreciation of his months of untiring work as General Chairman of the recent convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. The presentation was made a special order of business of a regular meeting and was attended by a capacity representation of Superior Lodge as well as by many visiting Elks from Ashland, Wis., Lodge No. 137, and Duluth, Minn., Lodge No. 133. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, one of the only other two Life Members of Superior Lodge, was present and took an active part in the ceremonies.

### Mangum, Okla., Lodge Plans Active Season

Plans outlined recently by Mangum, Okla., Lodge No. 1169, promise many activities which should strengthen greatly its influence and standing. As an incentive to participation by its entire membership in these efforts, the Lodge is offering a prize to the member who secures the largest number of applications before April 1, and at each regular session conducts a drawing for an attendance prize. It is also planned to have initiations at all of the winter meetings.

The Lodge recently gave a very successful "Home Talent" play, the proceeds from which were used for Thanksgiving charity, and its fine efforts in the Old Ironsides campaign met with gratifying response in the communities under its jurisdiction.

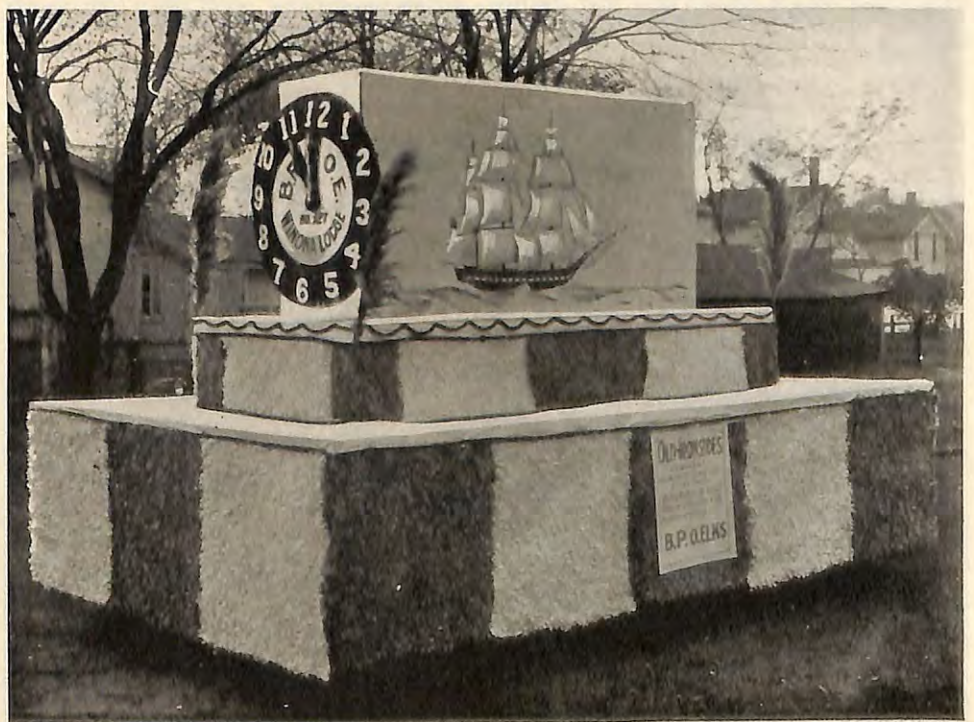
### Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell has granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

Huntington Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 1518.  
Sarasota, Fla., Lodge No. 1519.

### Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge to Hold Great Charity Bazar

The week of December 1 will be given over by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, to the



"Old Ironsides" float entered by Winona, Minn., Lodge No. 327 in city's parade



conduct of its huge Charity Bazar on the preparations for which committees have been working for months. It is planned to make the Bazar, which will be held in the First Regiment Armory, one of the greatest charitable fêtes ever known in Philadelphia. Every resource of the Lodge will be utilized and it is confidently expected that, when all is over, the coffers of the Welfare Committee will be filled to overflowing.

### *Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of New Addition.*

Impressive ceremonies marked the laying of the cornerstone of the new three-story addition to the Home of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842. About 100 members participated in the exercises which were conducted by Exalted Ruler Frank J. Galbina. During the services appropriate vocal selections were rendered by the Lodge quartette.

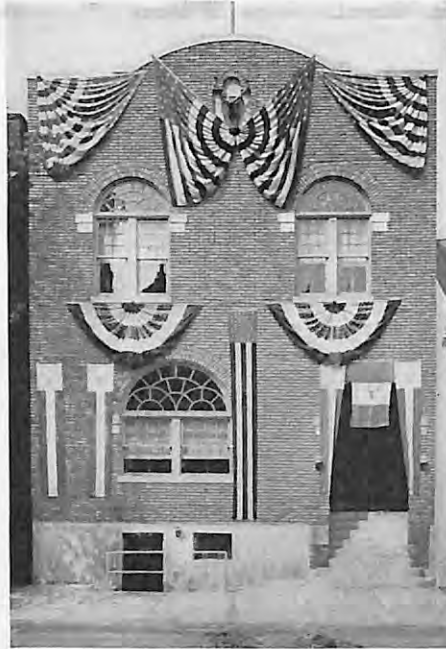
Mount Vernon Lodge recently held a benefit performance of "The Whole Town's Talking" which was highly successful, raising a considerable sum for their work among crippled children and for the Christmas fund. The large Westchester Theatre, which was decorated for the occasion with flags and Elk pennants, was filled with members and their friends.

### *Golfers of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Have Victorious Season*

Both as teams and individuals the golfers of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, have enjoyed an unprecedented season of victories. Both winner and runner-up in the first National Elks Golf Championship held in connection with the Grand Lodge Convention last July were members of Tacoma Lodge, and their four-man team won the national team-play title. Teams of four, ten, and fourteen men representing the Lodge also played several inter-club matches with other cities during the summer and fall, winning a number of their engagements. Plans are already being made for an even more ambitious schedule next year.

### *Beautiful New Elks Rest Dedicated By New York, N. Y., Lodge*

Situated on the highest point of Kensico Cemetery, among the Westchester hills and in the midst of the most beautiful country surrounding New York City, the new Elks Rest of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1, was recently dedicated with impressive ceremonies. The prescribed ritual was performed by Exalted Ruler Charles M. Ertz, assisted by the officers of the Lodge, and was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, New York Southeast. An address



*New Home of Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684*

was delivered by William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, and the sounding of Taps brought the services to a fitting close.

The new Elks Rest contains 10,000 square feet in the center of which a bronze elk, of majestic proportions, proclaims it the last resting place for members of the Order. It is the second burial plot acquired by New York Lodge. The first, in the Cemetery of the Evergreens in Brooklyn, was dedicated in 1879.

### *Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Active in Behalf of Crippled Children*

The report of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128, shows an average expenditure for six months of more than \$400 a month in caring for 115 crippled children, exclusive of disbursements for equipment and various operating expenses. 375 visits were made to the homes of crippled children, 282 treatments were given in the clinic and 154 examinations were made by physicians. The Committee also employs a nurse charged with the duty of after-treatment care and general follow-up work which the doctors cooperating with the Lodge in its welfare activities declare to have been invaluable in assuring the cures.

*Handsome new Home of Renovo, Pa., Lodge No. 334*



### *Missouri State Elks Association Convenes in St. Louis*

While business sessions occupied most of the time of both days of the Missouri State Elks Association Convention in St. Louis, delightful entertainment during the leisure hours was provided the visitors and delegates by St. Louis Lodge No. 9.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis Lodge No. 664 was present and addressed the meeting. Mr. Campbell also offered the Association a cup, to be awarded to the Lodge showing the greatest proficiency in the rendition of the initiatory ritual, and which is to become the property of the Lodge winning it three times. The Association voted unanimously to accept Mr. Campbell's generous offer, and will award the cup in the name of the donor, as "The Campbell Cup for Ritualistic Proficiency."

The new officers are: President, R. M. Duncan of St. Joseph Lodge No. 40; Secretary, Sam D. Byrns of Mexico Lodge No. 919; Treasurer, Earl A. Major of Clinton Lodge No. 1034; Trustees, F. H. Williams of Poplar Bluff Lodge No. 589 and W. E. Brown of Carrollton Lodge No. 415.

St. Joseph was selected for the place of meeting in 1926, the dates of the meeting to be decided later by the officers.

### *Pittsburgh Orphans See Charlie Chaplin Film*

Children from various homes in the city were recently taken to see a new Charlie Chaplin film by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11. The youngsters were conveyed to the theatre by trolley and automobile and were admitted without charge through the generosity of the manager, who is a member of Pittsburgh Lodge. Refreshments were served after the performance and the whole afternoon was one of great enjoyment for the little guests.

### *Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Spends Half Million on Home*

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24, has recently completed a magnificent addition, costing half a million dollars, to its Home. The exterior of the new addition is unusually impressive. The street floor, on which will be several stores, is built of black and gold marble, while the four upper stories are ornamented with buff face brickwork and overhanging roof of red Spanish tile.

The interior is also richly finished, no expense having been spared in constructing this modern fireproof building. The three top floors consist of 59 living rooms. These rooms are finished in soft, neutral colors and furnished in a comfortable, home-like way. On the first floor are the new offices for the Secretary, Committee rooms and the main lobby, which is entered from the stairs of the old building. This lobby and the corridor leading from it to the gymnasium have a beautiful ceiling, painted in colored patterns and stencil designs. The gymnasium is fully equipped and has hand-ball courts, a running track and a spectators' gallery.

In the basement are six tournament bowling alleys, locker rooms for 500 lockers and a beautiful brick and tile plunge room, 90 x 35 feet, containing a pool 25 x 75.

The whole building makes one of the most beautiful and luxurious Lodge Homes in the country and one of which Rochester Elks may well be proud.

### *South Haven, Mich., Lodge Is Instituted*

South Haven, Mich., Lodge No. 1509, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Theo. T. Jacobs, with a charter membership of 85. The installation services, which were preceded by a parade headed by Benton Harbor's thirty-five piece band, were performed by Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge No. 544. Mr. Jacobs's report of the proceedings was most enthusiastic and there is every reason to believe that the new Lodge will take a most active part in the work of the Order. The Exalted Ruler is Kenneth Mason, and the Secretary, M. E. Pearman.



New Home of Belleville, N. J., Lodge No. 1123



### Charity Fund Committee of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge Reports

A recent report of the Charity Fund Committee of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge No. 412, shows widespread activity among needy school children in the towns under its jurisdiction. This fund was established primarily for the purpose of supplying shoes and stockings to youngsters who might otherwise lack them. A member of the Committee keeps in touch with school officials and this contact makes it possible to spend the money to the best advantage. In addition to this work, loans were made, one of which was to put a young girl through business college and another to send a child to the State school for the blind. Each member of the Lodge who contributes to this fund has his name placed on an Honor Roll, which is hung in the club room.

### Massillon, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

Many hundred members crowded the auditorium of the new Home of Massillon, Ohio, Lodge No. 441, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price presided at the ceremonies dedicating the handsome new building. Blake C. Cook, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, opened the proceedings with an address in which he urged upon his audience the duty of entering into the community life of their city. Following this Mr. Price conducted the formal dedication, and the ceremonies were concluded with a solo by Eugene Rigdon, Chaplain of Massillon Lodge.

In the evening the visiting officers were entertained at dinner by the officers and glee club of Massillon Lodge, at the Elmwood Country Club. Following the dinner a large dance was held, at which several hundred members and their ladies spent a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The new Home, work on which was started a year ago, and which was completed at a cost of \$125,000, consists of the frame building acquired some time ago and now entirely remodelled, and a new brick auditorium annex.

The new auditorium, 75 x 46 feet, with a well-equipped stage and a seating capacity of 800, is connected with the Lodge room, which is on the second floor, by a short corridor flanked by committee and cloak rooms. The dining-room, only slightly smaller than the auditorium, is in the basement, and is capable of accommodating the entire membership at banquets.

To the right of the main entrance on the first floor is the men's lounge room, and to the left a ladies' reception room and the secretary's office. The front of the second floor is occupied by a large billiard room. Back of this are the council room, a committee room, and a storeroom.

The new Home is beautifully decorated and furnished throughout, and is one of the outstanding buildings of Massillon.

### Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge Gives Mortgage-Burning Party

To celebrate the clearing of a mortgage from its Home, Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge No. 1025,

recently gave a Mortgage-Burning Party. An elaborate banquet, held at one of the local hotels, was followed by an enjoyable after-dinner program of entertainment and festivity. Many members of the Lodge came from distant cities for the occasion and the pleasures of a reunion were added to those of financial stability.

The efforts of the Lodge to rid itself of debt have not been allowed to interfere with its participation in community welfare, and its members have taken part in all public-spirited projects in its jurisdiction, as well as dispensing quiet charity and furnishing outings to children from the various institutions of the district.

### Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge Established Now in Its New Home

The members of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 290, are now enjoying the luxury and comforts of their splendid new Home, one of the finest Lodge buildings in Iowa. Plans have been made for elaborate dedication ceremonies which it is expected will be held early this month. Many officials of the Grand Lodge have been invited to be present and nothing will be left undone to make the occasion a gala one.

The new Home is of two stories and basement and constructed of fireproof material throughout. On the ground floor the ballroom, 40 x 72 feet, is approached by way of a foyer which is elevated some three feet above the surface of the floor and forms a balcony for the spectators. The main dining-room, which is also on this floor, connects with the ballroom by means of accordion doors which permit of the two rooms being thrown together as occasion demands. Here, too, is the magnificent lounge, 28 x 80 feet, with carved stone fireplaces at either end.

On the second floor is the beautiful Lodge room, 40 x 60 feet, finished in walnut, with furniture of the same wood upholstered in blue leather. The beam ceiling of this room is 22 feet high. A large billiard room, a game room and a sun parlor with complete kitchen equipment for daily luncheons, occupy the remaining space.

The grill room, with accommodations for 40 or 50 diners, is in the basement, which also contains four bowling alleys, a completely equipped gymnasium, a locker room, shower

rooms and dry and steam rooms. The perfection of plan and detail of this beautiful building is eloquent of months of hard and careful work and Waterloo Lodge is to be congratulated on the eminently successful result of its efforts.

### San Diego, Calif., Lodge Purchases Site for New Home

To provide for the needs of its rapidly growing membership San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168, has recently purchased a large plot on which it is planned to erect a splendid new Home. The property acquired consists of four lots having a frontage of 100 feet on Fourth Street, 200 feet on the north side of Cedar Street, and 100 feet on Third Street. The Building Committee is hard at work on plans and specifications for the new Home, which promises to be one of the most beautiful structures in San Diego.

### Elks Inter-County Bowling League Starts Season

With contending teams from Mount Vernon, Brooklyn, Bronx, New York, Yonkers, New Rochelle, Queens Borough and White Plains, N. Y., Lodges as entrants, the annual Inter-County Elks Bowling Tournament is now in progress. It is expected that fifty-six matches in all will have been rolled by February 27, 1926, when the second half of the tourney will be completed. The first half ends December 5. The winning team will be awarded a beautiful Championship Cup Trophy, while prizes will be awarded for the highest team score and to individual players for the highest score and the maximum number of spares made during the tourney.

### Building Plans for Various Lodges Approved

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

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge No. 829. Acquisition of property, and erection of a five-story, fireproof building, the lower floor to be rented for stores, the second floor to be used for club purposes, the third and fourth floors for living-rooms, and the top floor for the Lodge rooms. The approximate cost of the building is to be \$125,000 with furnishings of \$12,500, and the site \$12,500. The lot is 70 x 110 feet.

Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge No. 1506. Purchase and remodeling of property. The building is 48 x 92 feet and when altered will have a stucco exterior. On the first floor will be a large reception room, hall, Secretary's office, dining-room, kitchen, etc. The Lodge room, 32 x 60 feet, will be on the second floor which will also contain ante-rooms, steward's quarters, etc. The purchase price of the property is \$14,000 with alterations at \$25,000 and furnishings at \$6,000.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge No. 1190. Purchase of a two-story frame and stone building of twenty rooms, located on the principal residential street of the city, for \$15,000.

Long Branch, N. J., Lodge No. 742. Building of a hollow tile and stucco addition, 30 x 80 feet, of one story, to the present Home. The



The charming Home of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485



## 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. 803  
 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. 1301  
 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. 780  
 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.

estimated cost of the building is \$23,359, with furnishings to cost \$5,000.

Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476. Purchase of a residence property for \$20,000 to be used for a Home. It is expected that \$5,000 will be expended for furnishings.

### Site for Pennsylvania Home for Crippled Children Selected

Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123, has been notified that the site of the State home for crippled children, for which an appropriation of more than \$300,000 was passed by the recent legislature at the earnest solicitation of the Lodge, has been selected. The home will be erected in the eastern part of the State and the work of grading and preparing the site is to commence at once. Credit for this fine piece of humanitarian legislation belongs largely to the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Scranton Lodge, of which William I. Barriscale is Chairman. Mr. Barriscale and former Senator Edward F. Blewitt originated the bill which provided the necessary funds and worked tirelessly until it was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor Pinchot.

### Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Greets New Citizens

In keeping with the Order's interest in citizenship and Americanism, Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194, recently gave a luncheon in their Home to a group of new citizens to whom papers had been granted a few hours earlier. The guests were greeted by Esteemed Leading Knight Edwin Gruber and later addressed by Judge Jeremiah Neterer who had issued the citizenship papers and who, with other court officials, had attended the luncheon.

The dining-room and tables were appropriately decorated and each newly made citizen was presented with a small silk American flag. The affair proved so successful that the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bellingham Lodge is planning to hold a similar function every three months, when the Federal Court meets and grants citizenship.

### North Dakota State Elks Association Holds Two-day Meeting

The fifth annual convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association, held recently in Grand Forks, N. D., was the occasion of a two-day meeting and reunion of the ten Lodges comprising its membership. The first day was devoted to registration, the appointment of committees and a preliminary session presided over by Philip R. Bangs, retiring President of the Association. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William G. Owens addressed the delegates on the aims and work of the Order, after which a business meeting was held.

At the banquet that evening Tracy R. Bangs, Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Forks Lodge No. 255, delivered the address of welcome, and Philip R. Bangs acted as toastmaster. After the dinner the delegates and visitors listened to speeches by prominent Elks of the State.

The following morning was given over to the election of officers. It was voted to hold next year's meeting in Fargo, after which the convention was officially adjourned at noon.

The officers for 1925-26 are: President, Sam Stern of Fargo Lodge No. 260; Treasurer, A. J. Rulon of Jamestown Lodge No. 995; Secretary, C. P. Brown of Fargo Lodge; William Brodick of Williston Lodge No. 1214, was named trustee for three years.

The convention was highly successful in every respect. Grand Forks Lodge showed its usual generous hospitality in welcoming the hundreds of visitors to the city, and provided excellent entertainment throughout the meeting.

### Cornerstone of New Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Laid

Elaborate and impressive services marked the laying of the cornerstone for the beautiful new Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23. The formal ceremony, at which Exalted Ruler Fred J. Kessel laid the stone, was preceded by a parade of nearly 1,000 members of Buffalo Lodge and followed, in the evening, by a splendid banquet. Among the distinguished visitors who were present were Hon. Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge No. 1, member of the Grand Forum, and the orator of the day; William E. Drislane of Albany Lodge No. 49, Past Grand Trustee; and William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association.

The new Home of Buffalo Lodge, to be completed at a cost of \$1,300,000, will be one of the finest in the East. It will be six stories in height, with provision for four more when necessary. The exterior will be of brick and stone, of Italian design, while the interior arrangements, spacious and luxurious, will include everything that goes to make a perfectly equipped Elk Home. The Lodge room, in addition to the usual features, will contain a magnificent pipe-organ. Traveling members of the Order will have every opportunity to enjoy this beautiful building, as the three upper floors will be given over to living-rooms.

### Highly Successful Trap Shoot Held By Roanoke, Va., Lodge

A large number of Elks participated in the first annual trapshooting tournament held on the grounds of the Roanoke Gun Club by Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197, as part of the convention program of the Virginia State Elks Association. The shoot was voted a most successful one by all present. Roanoke Lodge will stage another tournament during 1926, all members being very enthusiastic, and the shoot next year will be even better than the one just concluded.

The day was ideal for target shooting and some good scores were made. Three members of Roanoke Lodge tied for high gun, P. M. Shelton, Dr. E. C. Watson and Dr. L. G. Richards, with a score of 95 out of 100. In the shoot-off of the tie for first prize at 25 targets, Shelton ran the 25 straight, Watson breaking 24 and

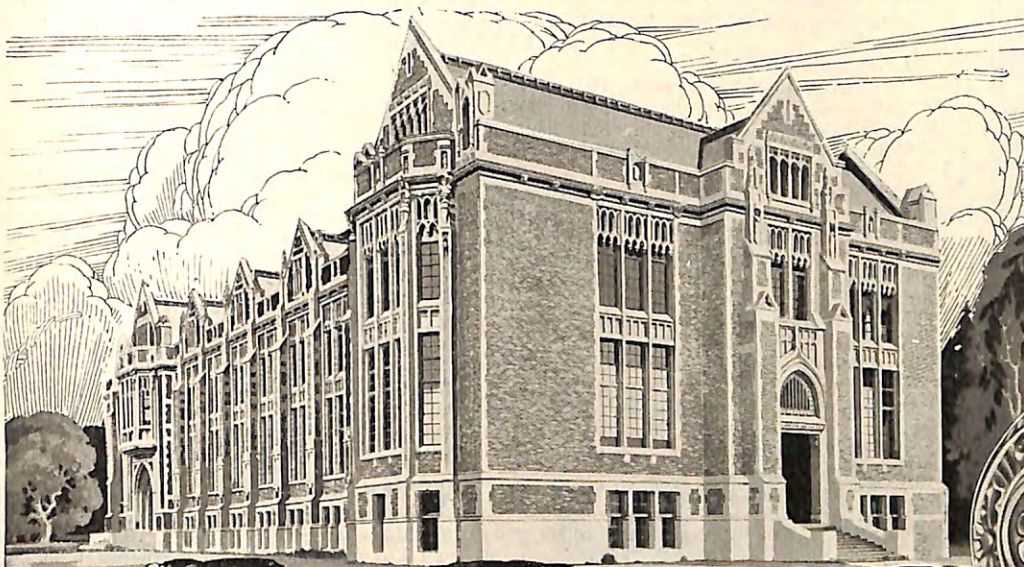
(Continued on page 58)



The Ladies' Saxophone Band, sponsored by Wichita, Kan., Lodge No. 427 and composed of the wives, daughters and friends of the members

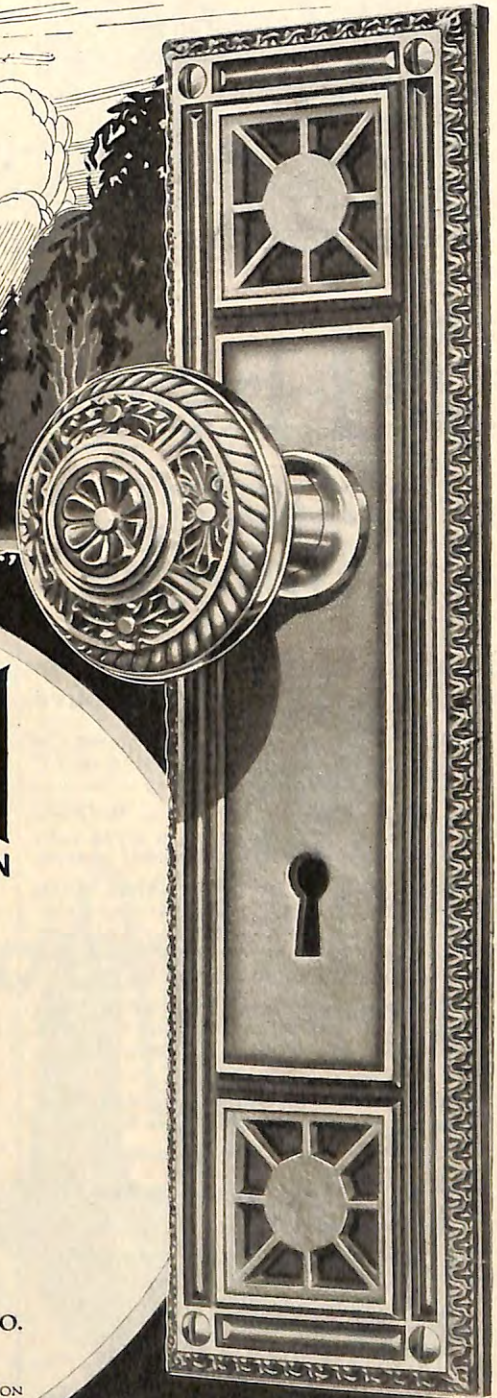
E. L. WERTZ





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Wouldn't you like to keep that "just-shaved-with-Williams" feeling all day long? Read the offer below. This offer will allow you to enjoy an after-shaving comfort that you may have thought impossible.

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The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada).

# Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

We will send you a handsome one-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps. This size costs us much more than 4 cents.

FOR SPECIAL 1-OZ. BOTTLE  
SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 1212, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Enclosed is 4c in stamps for the 1-oz. bottle of Aqua Velva.

Elks 12-25

## Wheat and Oranges

(Continued from page 27)

"You really going, Mrs. Romik?" Mrs. Romik nodded. "Going to California," she said solemnly.

"Now, Jed, I want you to watch out for Blackie."

"I sure will, Mr. Romik." "Don't give him chicken bones. He's old and his teeth ain't much good; he's liable to choke. He's awful set on a raw egg, now and then."

"Whipped," Mrs. Romik said, with a white look around her lips.

Jed stopped and caught Blackie's muzzle in the palm of his hand. "I'll be mighty good to him, Mrs. Romik! Nice Blackie. Good old dog! My dog, now, ain't you, you gol-darned little cuss?"

Mr. Romik closed his eyes. "Here's Will Shultz and the wagon, Pa."

The moment had come. Pa Romik opened his eyes and tried wildly to see everything for the last time. But strangely enough he could see nothing. He thrust Blackie's wet nose aside.

"Them all the trunks?" "Ma, you get in first."

Mrs. Hansen, the pretty Swede, kissed Mrs. Romik on both cheeks. "I'll send you some of the currants, if you'll let me know where you are."

"Now, Pa." And then Maria, leaning down from her place beside Will Shultz to offer her hand to Jed.

"Good-bye Jed. Good luck." "No, Blackie, you can't come!"

"Hold Blackie, somebody!" "I've got him, Mr. Romik."

As they were swinging out of the farm into the highroad, Will Shultz remarked to Mr. Romik: "Dogs sometimes get sick and die when their folks leaves 'em."

Mr. Romik never forgot this. Somehow, Will had taken all the excitement out of the trip to California, and had reduced it to a cruelty, a betrayal. "Maybe we won't stay," he remarked.

"Why, you've sold the place to Jed, ain't you?"

"Yes. Got twenty thousand for it." "Didn't know Jed had that much! Whew! Twenty thousand! Say, they'll be glad to see you in California! Going to buy oranges?"

"I thought of it." "They say there's money in oranges. I had a cousin, fellow named Blaisdell, who went out there ten years ago, and to-day he's a rich man."

"Oranges?" Pa Romik queried.

"Well, no. He's got a garage."

They passed through the village, out again on the eight-mile stretch to the station. Every tree and house, every fence, field, stream and pasture was familiar to the Romiks. And yet, on this day of departure, the landscape itself seemed unfamiliar. It was they themselves who had changed. They were like trees torn up by a hurricane. When they passed the Hansen farm and saw John standing in the yard, shading his eyes with his hand and watching them, they waved to him stiffly. They were travelers, people of some importance. They were uprooted trees, already dying a little for want of the soil that had given them life.

### III

AND from that moment the Romiks fell into the habit of lying to each other.

Three days later: "Oh, Ma, look! Oranges!"

"Seems kind of dry to me." And the friendly Californian in the dining-car:

"Always dry in August. This is our winter. But just you wait until December, when the rains begin. Then you'll see something! Poppies! Grass on the hills. Fruit in bloom. And sunshine. Sunshine three hundred and fifty-six days out of the year! I was just going to say, day and night, but I caught myself! No need to exaggerate. We've got a superlative country out here, Mr. Romik."

They had come across a desert that was like paper withering, curling, toasting beneath a magnifying glass held against the sun. Mrs. Romik was limp as a wilted leaf. She crumpled in her chair, white, with dry lips, and made

little, ineffectual gestures with a palm-leaf fan. She wore one of her printed dresses, with a bit of lace at the throat. She thought with wistful longing of the sheds behind the pantry. Even on the hottest day it was cool in there, so cool that drops of moisture stood thick as frost on the water crocks.

"It isn't going to be like this all the way?" "No, Ma. Don't be silly. This is the desert."

And now, on the third day, the train slipped down into a valley, followed the dry bed of a stream, turned and ran into grooves of great fat trees planted in rows. The endless rows converged dizzily, as far as the eye could reach. And Maria saw the landscape of her dreams, minus the frosty glitter of snow, but recognizable, actual. She saw, too, dusty roads stirred up by darting motors, flat, one-storied houses built of stucco, palms, and tall, ragged, blistered trees that sprang from a soil cracked and baked, like dry mud. Looming behind all this, bare mountains scarred by roads, and a sky as white, as transparent as crystal.

A WEEK later, bewildered, anxious, they found themselves in Long Beach, humorously dubbed the largest city in Iowa. They had fled from Los Angeles as from a plague of houses. The little orange ranch Pa Romik had dreamed of was obscured by tilting sky-scrapers, street canyons and a tidal wash of people, a flood, a holocaust. Maria breast the crowd with a secret panic, while behind her, the little, soil-toughened Romiks fought to keep the sidewalk. Everyone was young. It was like the chaotic beginnings of the world, a crowded Eden swarming with Eves and Adams.

"I've got just the thing for you."

A map. A pencil. Statistics. A glib, well-dressed, prosperous agent. And the Romiks, loaded into a 'bus and taken north, south, west, into an immense plateau, a featureless plain between sea and hills a no-man's-land of squared-off lots. Pa Romik, who had stood breast-deep in a hundred acres of wheat, wandered disconsolately across a ploughed upheaval of dobe, his broad-toed boots dusty on the tips. Ma Romik and Maria stayed behind, listening with reverence to the agent's evocation of Paradise: Something like this:

"Light. Water. Gas. School 'bus, free. Pavements. Sewer. Avenue of royal palms. (We will plant those next year.) A city in the making. Be on the ground and help build America. We plan to give a cemetery to the community. Think of it. A free plot for every family."

"But there are no trees!"

"Wait! In California, trees grow overnight. You've got to give things water, but they'll grow, all right! Water's going to be cheap, some day; out here. We expect a reservoir back in these mountains within ten years."

Three weeks of this, and Mr. Romik was a little older, a trifle smaller, a shade more anxious.

Long Beach took them. They settled for a moment, like migrating birds, in a great, noisy hotel facing the sea.

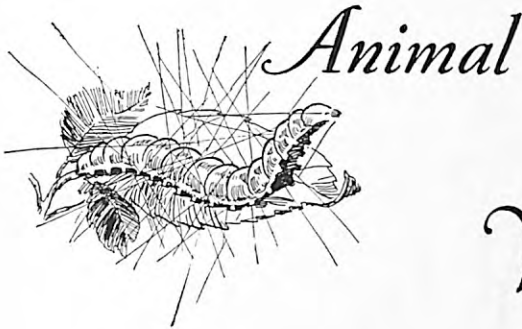
Long Beach: built upon a squared-off expanse of land lying between the sweetish, warm waters of the Pacific and the round-bellied, brown hills from which lucky gamblers pump unbelievable gallons of oil.

Mr. Romik was not tempted by the promoters. "No, no, Ma: You and Maria go. I want to have a look around by myself."

And you would see him walking along the business streets, taking in the sights, staring with a sort of childlike wistfulness into shop windows, as if he were looking for something to take the place of his wheat, or the long rows of ploughed earth, black, sweet and warm. Or else he would go to the water-front and spend hours watching the sea. The beach was flecked with patches of oil, starred with brilliant parasols, and every wave broke over a crowd of shrieking bathers. Men and women ducked beneath the combers, and well off-shore a guard hovered in a sturdy boat garlanded with life-preservers. The sun was white and hot. At home, Mr. Romik reflected, fall was coming on, with touches of frost on clear nights, but here,

(Continued on page 46)





It took three kingdoms  
...and one republic  
— to make your telephone

The silkworm of the animal kingdom, the cotton plant of the vegetable kingdom, and the lead bar of the mineral kingdom—these are typical of the nineteen different raw materials which America's technical genius has compounded into the telephone.

TO THE making of your telephone, Nature's three great kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—have contributed generously. And, to these, the American republic has given of its best inventive vision and work-a-day skill.

This has been an enterprise reaching to the far places of the earth but coming back always to the Western Electric telephone factory at Chicago.

Here precious gold and shining silver are matched in brilliance by the ingenuity that directs their use. Here too age-old traditions in the culture of silk are met by modern methods in the production of the telephone.

In less than half a century Western Electric men have made these methods the standard of the world for telephone making.

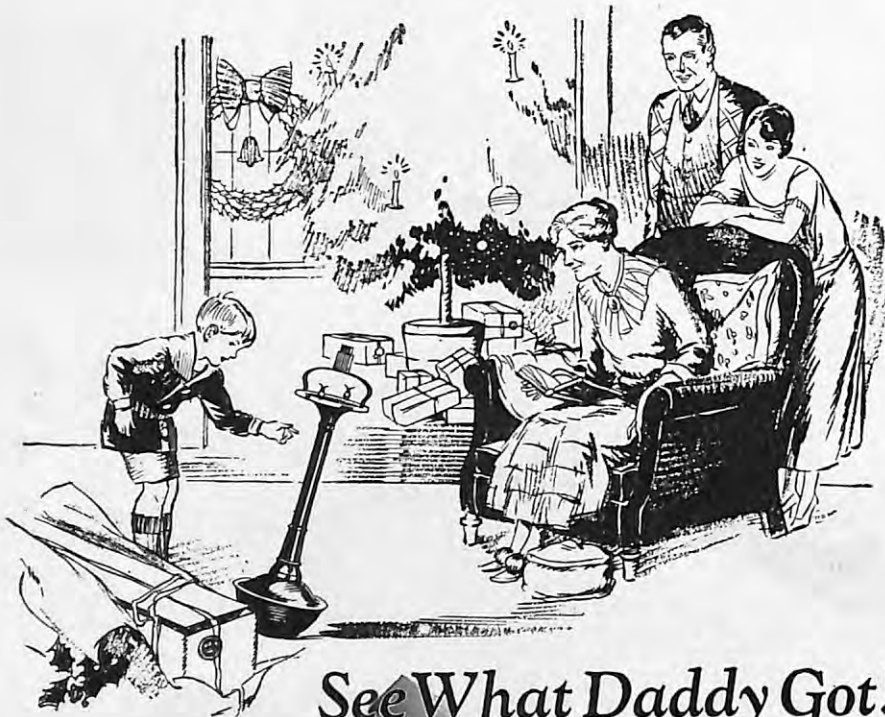


**Western Electric**

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT



# C. H. R. J. S. T. M. A. S.



## See What Daddy Got!

Sonny is nearly as tickled as Dad, and Mother is smilingly satisfied with her wise choice in giving Dad a Smokador. And Grandma, too, gives her approval.

It's a case of Mother giving Dad a gift that will please him all over—and for years to come, and at the same time have something she feels she cannot afford to be without. Mother is glad to have this efficient servant in the house to help keep things clean and tidy.

Men are particularly difficult to please with gifts. Down in their hearts they hate most of the stuff they are given, but of course they must act "dee-lighted", and they do—act! But most gifts go into the discard as soon as the men can discreetly get rid of them.

Now it is no longer necessary to worry about what to give Dad. There isn't a man who has seen Smokador who hasn't wanted one for his own. Smokador—the ashstand that won't fall over and spill its ashes and butts—the ashstand with the tube through which cigars and cigarettes go down to the hollow base to be extinguished—this is the gift with which to please Dad. The snuffer clips grip cigars and cigarettes, and keep them from falling on rugs and floors. And the hollow base confines stubs and butts, and eliminates their odors.

Go to your favorite store and see the Smokador Ashstand. If your dealer can't supply the genuine Smokador, show him this advertisement—or order direct from us. Only \$10.50 delivered east of the Mississippi River, and \$11.00 west.

Done in four colors:  
Mahogany  
Dark Bronze  
Olive Green  
Willow Green

Give a Smokador

Patented Oct. 27 1925



SMOKADOR MFG. CO. INC., 130 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

# SMOKADOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

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The Ashless Ashstand

## Wheat and Oranges

(Continued from page 44)

geraniums climbed porch-high, and every cheap bungalow boasted a fuchsia bush, a begonia, a flaming hibiscus.

"Isn't it wonderful?" they chorused. "Warm like summer!"

"And palms," Mrs. Romik added.

She would have given all the palms in California for a glimpse of the maple by the sidedoor, the old, old tree with the strong, knotted arm from which Maria's swing had hung, was still hanging unless Jed Marshall, impatient of the scuffed ground, had cut it down.

"A palm ain't a tree," Mr. Romik said, taking his courage by the nose. "It's stage scenery. I recall the time I went to Cincinnati, back in 'eighty-six, and they had a music-show, with girls, and fellows all blackened up. . . ."

They lied to each other.

"I guess we'd better not look for an orange grove," Maria said. "We'd better buy a house right here in the city and settle down."

"With a kitchen—" Mrs. Romik said, brightening.

They settled down, finally, in a California bungalow "all on one floor, kitchenette, bath, garage, every convenience."

The agent wouldn't hear of Mr. Romik's paying for all this luxury. "So much down, and the balance in monthly instalments."

Mr. Romik was vaguely troubled. He could never feel that a house belonged to him unless he had paid for it.

Mrs. Romik unpacked her aprons and with Maria, a flushed, determined, brave Maria, set up housekeeping.

While Mr. Romik lounged on the porch, reading the *Los Angeles Times*, sounds of feminine controversy floated out from the kitchenette.

"Not big enough to turn around. My land, is this the ice-box? This thing?"

"Now, Ma, you can't expect an old-fashioned ice-box like you had at the farm."

"I've never cooked on a gas stove."

"It's easier. No smoke. No ashes."

"I like a whiff of smoke once in a while. Smells homey and natural."

"Look at the nice, white shelves."

"We'll need some paper, like Mrs. Hansen's cut on the edges."

"Oh, Ma, I wonder how Blackie is!"

"Seems a pity somebody couldn't write us. After all the post-cards we've sent."

MR. ROMIK put the *Los Angeles Times* aside, suddenly, and went down the front steps into the garden, thirty feet by sixty deep. He could not bear to think about Blackie. Poor old Blackie! Waited every morning, he'd bet, to lick the bacon dish. Unless he'd taken a shine to Jed Marshall. . . . And Romik felt a pang of jealousy slip through his heart like the cold edge of a knife.

"Out in the garden, Pa?"

"Yep."

"Nice, isn't it?"

He wavered away from Maria's range of vision and tried to interest himself in the growing things of his new domain. There was something both funny and pathetic about this old farmer, seasoned by the elements, stooping over a patch of green and ripping up yards of tenacious Bermuda grass.

"It ain't a mite of use. You could keep on pulling till Doomsday and not get it all out. Better let it be."

Mr. Romik straightened to confront his neighbor.

"My name's Blaisdell. Number thirteen sixty-eight, right next door. I like gardening, myself. Back in Maine, where I come from, I used to have a truck farm, supplying the summer hotels. 'Bout six miles from York village. Now, this Bermuda grass. . . ."

Mr. Romik got up, rather stiffly, and held out his hand.

"Romik. Iowa. Glad to know you."

And twenty minutes later:

"Ma! Pa's walking down the street with the man next door!"

"Shouldn't be surprised if it would do him good to have a man to talk to. A man gets lonely for men."



Maria, who was washing the kitchen shelves, paused and stared out of the window.

"Ma, do you think Pa likes it out here?"

"Of course I do! Don't you?"

"Oh, of course I do! Don't you?"

"It's nice. Sunny and all."

That night, in her new bed, feverish and aching between the stiff percale sheets, Maria lay awake. There were many unfamiliar sounds—a lumbering trolley over the boulevard, a whirring and clinking of motors, a phonograph somewhere playing: "What'll I Do?" She could hear her mother and father turning restlessly from side to side; when they whispered, Maria caught herself listening with strained, painful eagerness. They had each other, but she was alone. Perhaps they were saying that this new life was for her sake, for her happiness. But life was the same, here and there. The same. The same! Deceit. The need to be stronger than the weak, will to love and to be loved.

She turned on her side and lay watching the stiff fronds of a date palm twisting and glistening in the moonlight.

## IV

TWO blocks down and over, Mr. Romik had discovered a bit of home. "Whole empty lot, with benches around and nice shade trees." There, for an entire afternoon, stripped of his coat and vest, he had pitched horseshoes. "Had a fine sweat, and licked 'em all! Even Blaisdell. I'll give you two guesses. His score and mine."

In the morning, Pa Romik, swallowing his coffee, pushed back his chair and reached for his hat. "Guess I'll be moving along. Leave you girls to the housework. I'll be back about noon."

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Romik said.

"Guess Pa's happy, now he's found some friends."

"Well, we're able-bodied women! We can find something to do besides looking for a house no bigger'n a hat-box."

Pa Romik had found his paradise. Day after day, in the dusty shadow of the great, drooping pepper-trees, he pitched horseshoes and gossiped with his cronies. There were men from Holmes County, Ohio, from Maine, from Arkansas, from Nebraska, from Ottawa. A roster of Iowans showed men from every county but one, and he, as Pa Romik explained, had just died. Most of them were old. They were limbering up their rheumatism in the hot sun, spending their life-savings and boasting of their adopted state.

"California's a great place. Ain't a thing here to struggle against. Put in a geranium slip, water it, and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' it's a tree. Now, ain't that a damn sight better'n settin' in front of a stove eight months out of the year, waitin' for things to thaw out?"

But Maria was not sure that happiness always consists of having your own way.

A letter came from Jed Marshall, and she opened it with tingling fingers, as if in touching the untidy sheets of lined paper, she touched the man himself.

She could almost hear Jed's voice, gentle, with a slur of laughter and mockery and tenderness:

"Dear Maria:"

"Not dearest," she thought.

"It has snowed since Monday night. The pump is froze. How are you. I bet California was glad to see you. Blackie don't ail but he don't wag his tail like he used to. He lies on the mat and keeps his eye on the door. Expects you, I guess. Which is more than I do. Yours, Jed."

"Not yours with love," Maria thought.

"What's in Jed's letter, Maria?"

"Nothing."

Maria turned away. There was something magnificent about the flush that spread over her neck and face. It was the dawn of a great emotion, the birth of a great joy, the moment of fulfilment. No one saw the miracle. She crushed Jed's letter between both hands and threw it down. She was ashamed of feeling what, in that moment of passionate recognition, she had felt. She ought to be ashamed, she told herself. To want to go back, to do for a man who wasn't even clean! There must be something wrong with her. Disgusting. Wanting to go back to a man who'd laugh at her,

(Continued on page 48)

SUCCESS TO BE LASTING MUST BE DESERVED



Exactly as it holds  
its old smokers  
Chesterfield wins  
its new ones—  
on taste alone





## MY HOME!

Pride fairly sings through those two words. Keep it. Build the walls of your new home with Natco Hollow Tile—the material which cannot burn, rust nor decay—and so preserve for all the passing years the love and inspiration you are putting into your plans now.

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This book of Natco Homes is free. It will interest and help you. Write for it.

# NATCO

HOLLOW BUILDING TILE

## Wheat and Oranges

(Continued from page 47)

maybe tell her she was a fool. Hadn't she wanted California? And hadn't she got it? Wasn't it wonderful?

She'd have to stay, now. Stay, and grow old, like the rest of them, and die, like the rest of them, under a ragged eucalyptus tree on a brown hill, beneath a blue sky. Never any clouds! Never any rain! Never any blessed, soft, silent snow hiding the tired earth, the earth that sleeps after the fulness of summer. . . .

That night at supper, Mrs. Romik said: "Maria got a letter from Jed Marshall."

"That so?" Mr. Romik glanced at his daughter as if he did not see her. "Any news?"

"Blackie's still looking for us to come home."

"Ain't sick, is he?"

"Jed didn't say."

"Pity we didn't bring him to California. Could of, well as not."

V

FOR the first time in her life, Ma Romik could be lazy. There were no chores. The fire turned on and off. Water poured from a tap, hot or cold. There were no sheds, pantries, cellars or attics, no stairs, no bins, closets and storerooms to keep clean. There were no chickens to feed. No hands to cook for. No neighbor's children running in for cookies. She hosed off the concrete porch, used a carpet-sweeper in the combination parlor and dining-room, spread up the beds, whisked a duster over the walnut furniture and the day's work was done. No trips to the vegetable patch. No jelly to put up. No bread to bake. The grocer, the telephone and the delivery wagon left Mrs. Romik free to amuse herself. She began to look around.

"I think I'll get a plaited skirt. Same as Mrs. Blaisdell's next door."

From a plaited skirt it was only a step to a silk sweater, thence to a Jersey "one piece" and a jaunty straw hat trimmed with pansies.

"Seems as if I'd found my youth again," Mrs. Romik said. "Pity you don't take more interest in things, Maria. Spruce up a little. You'd look real pretty in that red dress, now. . . ."

"Guess I don't care much, Ma." Mrs. Romik liked to sit on the porch and watch the traffic.

"We'd ought to have a car," she said, "and go places."

Every one in the neighborhood owned a car, save only the Romiks. Conversation pivoted upon tires, gears, mileage, gas and oil. Sundays, and the street was a whirring of pleasure on wheels, a noisy pursuit of nature.

Only the Romiks sat and rocked, in a mounting tide of discarded Sunday newspapers.

"We'd ought to have a car," Mrs. Romik sighed.

"Can't afford it, Ma," Mr. Romik said briskly. "There's three of us, you know. Tight enough squeeze, as it is!"

Maria caught her breath: a flush mounted in her cheeks: she tried to keep her voice steady:

"Let's go back home," she said.

"Go back?"

Her father lowered the newspaper and gathered himself out of his absorption in the local news with an effort.

"What do you mean, Maria? Ain't this your home?"

"No."

"You ain't gone back on California, after all these years?"

Ma and Pa Romik exchanged glances in which there was consternation and surprise:

"It isn't that," Maria said, and paused.

"What is it, then?"

"I want to go home."

Ma Romik's voice rose, became shrill and tense with fear. "Not back to the farm?"

"I don't belong here."

"Keep still, Ma. Let me talk to her."

"You don't have to talk to me, Pa. I'm going."

"We're settled here, Maria. Your mother's happy."

"I'm not."

Maria turned and faced them, with an unconscious gesture of defiance. "I haven't got a thing to do!"

"You've got to think of us, Maria. We're getting old. It ain't easy, back on the farm."

"Oh, no, no!" Maria cried. "It's hard! But I guess you can't see—it's mine! And this isn't."

"We're getting too old to work, Maria."

"But I'm not," she said.

She lifted her head and seemed to stare beyond the living dream to a remembered and cherished reality. It was as if Jed's dirty, thumb letter had been written upon her heart. She was not conscious of her purpose nor aware of the forces within her. She said: "I'm young. I belong there. I'm needed back there. Ma, you remember in the beginning—"

But Mrs. Romik was staring at the new softness and whiteness of her hands.

"It's so sunny here," she said. "And warm and nice."

"Pa—"

Mr. Romik cleared his throat.

"I don't see what it is you want. Mebbe we can manage a car. . . ."

"It isn't that! I want to be me again. I think about the farm all the time. Oh—things. Blackie, and the barn, and the pond and—and Jed."

After a pause, Pa Romik rattled the paper. There was something almost furtive in his quick glance out of the window toward old man Blaisdell's hovering, expectant figure. He rose hurriedly.

"Guess Maria's right mother! But we'll stay here. I kind of like it, at that. The wheat's gathered, Maria. Now, I guess, we can pick oranges."

"I hate to leave you! I don't want to leave you!"

Pa Romik put his hand on her shoulder.

"You go on home to Jed and Blackie," he said, "and stop crying. It's a good thing to know your own heart, Maria."

Ma Romik smoothed down her plaited silk skirt, softly, tenderly. "It's so nice and easy here," she said. And then, with a passionate desire for justification, she cried. "And the palms and all!"

## The Man Who Loved a Hound

(Continued from page 17)

living thing with a warm coat, jumping legs, a lively tail and inimitable bark. His lips grew thin and his teeth locked. Toward evening, he took down his shotgun and methodically cleaned it. Later he picked out what pump-ball shells stood in the box on the shelf.

It was dark when he slipped out of the shanty. He carried no lantern, only his shotgun, which he fingered feverishly. Cutting through the strip of woods on an old drag road, he crossed several stony fields with wide hedgerows thickly overgrown with sassafras, poison ivy and dogwood. Presently he came to a new strongly woven wire fence. This was the edge of the old Kruger place, now the Biddle farm. He climbed the fence. A few minutes' walk brought him out on

an elevation overlooking the farmhouse and buildings.

There was no mistaking the place by night, even to a stranger. It was the only farm in the valley with electric lights. Lot made his way stealthily toward the luxurious soft glow of the yellow shades. When he reached the orchard he momentarily expected to hear the bark of the setter. His right thumb pulled back a hammer and cocked it.

"I don't like to kill anybody's dog," he muttered between his teeth, "but—he killed mine."

He gained the garden fence. No dog barked. A thin crescent of hunter's moon crept up over Powel's Mountain. One by one the lights in the house went out. After waiting a time in the



dim moonlight, Lot let down the hammer of his gun, and started back through the orchard for his shanty in the hemlock hollow.

For three days Lot with his gun haunted the fringe of timber above the Biddle place, his eyes continually on the watch for sight of the black and white setter. He knew the animal sometimes ranged up to the mountain alone. Several times before hunting season he had seen it in the young scrub pines on the mountain flats where there were several coveys of quail. Once he had surprised the dog in the hemlock hollow above his shanty, a spot much frequented by pheasants. But now he saw the dog nowhere.

ONE night, Nate Lutz came up to the shanty. He talked among other things about corn husking, frost, the signs of winter, the coons Joe Minsker had trapped, and the horse that had died for Al Myers. Lot answered in kind, all the while knowing there was some other purpose behind Nate's call. Late in the evening Nate coughed, rose, spat out of the door and said, "I don't want you to get mad, Lot, but I heard Biddle was going to have you arrested again. I thought I'd come up and tell you."

Lot's dark eyes glowed. "What for now?" "Well," said Nate, turning in his chair, "that black and white setter dog of his is missing, and I guess he thinks you killed it."

"I didn't kill it," said Lot slowly. "You didn't!" repeated Nate, as if he were surprised. "Well, he'll arrest you anyway if he wants to. He says his dog went up in the pines near here and never came back—the day after you got home. It makes it look a little bad on you, even if you didn't."

Lot said nothing. So that was why his persistent search the past few days had brought him no sight of the aristocratic black and white setter. Long after Nate had gone he sat smoking, speculating what had happened to the dog. He grew indignant and defiant at the idea of being arrested.

The following Saturday was Indian summer. Lot could no more have stayed from the forbidden land than from breathing. Frost had given the mountain a red and yellow carpet and a roof of the same tints through which the lazy sun filtered colorfully. Under the birches and poplars the mountain seemed like one great yellow room. Under the hickories it was a sienna room, and under the maples and dogwoods it was a vast scarlet room. Lot took his gun and slipped up the bewitched side of the mountain. He missed Ringer keenly to-day, and it made him a little sad. For several hours he wandered up and down the painted paths. Later he sat on sunny logs, and he drank from springs that few except himself knew.

Along in the afternoon in the old cuttings above the Oliver farm he kicked out two huge brown mountain rabbits and stopped them with two shots. Later he raised several pheasants, one after another. The mountain fairly resounded with his shots.

"I guess," he ruminated. "I better slip down through the brush to the shanty."

As he cut across a sapling-grown drag road that led up from the Biddle place, he detected nearby a curious metallic sound. It was an odd thing to hear in the timber, and his practised woodsman's ear halted him at once. He listened silently, then made his way to a patch of gray rocks north of the path. At first he saw nothing, then something among the rocks moved. A few steps brought him nearer. It was or had been a dog. One foot was caught in a rusty, stubborn-jawed trap. The trap had been torn loose, and dragged the Lord only knew how far, until it had been securely anchored in the rocks. The color of the animal was drab black and gray. Whole bunches of hair lay scattered about, mute evidence of the long fight against the rocks. Where the hair was gone, it could be seen that the trapped dog was little more than skin and bone.

For nearly ten minutes, Lot stood gazing at the dog whose eyes burned brightly back at him. The longer he looked, the less satisfaction he felt in the sight.

"Well," he said defensively to himself. "Joe Minsker'll be glad to get one of his traps back anyway."

He advanced closer. The dog showed its teeth and growled a rasping rattle.

(Continued on page 50)



**Patrick**  
**DULUTH**



Conrad Nagel  
"Goldwyn" Star.

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Character is built right into every one of them.

It shows in their aristocratic lines, their faultless fit and skilled hand-tailoring.

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# MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

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## The Man Who Loved a Hound

(Continued from page 49)

"You want to get loose, don't you!" demanded Lot.

The dog, weak as it was, kept baring its teeth in savage fashion. Lot saw that the wound about the viselike jaws of the trap was terribly lacerated and festered. Any attempt to open the trap would be extremely painful to the dog, which would doubtless try to attack him. He reflected on the nature of dogs. Some were patient when you loosed them from a trap, some were savage. Some barked and howled their heads off when they got caught, some never opened their mouths. Evidently this dog had neither howled nor barked. At least Lot had not heard him, and his shanty was only a mile down the mountainside.

He hunted for a stick long enough to bear leverage on the trap, but what fallen wood he could find was brash and broke in his hands. He wished he had an axe. Then, picking out a sturdy mountain maple sapling, he almost severed it with two charges at close range with his shotgun. He finished the job with his knife. Expertly he trimmed the butt of the sapling to catch the spring of the trap as he stood on a high rock some little distance away.

"That ought to give," he muttered as he tried pressure on the rusty steel. Then he laid down the sapling and made his way down into a little hollow where a spring mothered a tiny up-mountain run, green with moss and ground pine. An aged coconut shell, almost black with age, the souvenir of a logging crew years before, hung on a jagged rock and Lot filled it with the cold liquid and carried it carefully back to the rocks.

As he came slowly back bearing the water, he suddenly saw a figure on the path that led up from the Biddle place. The man was tall, in brown tweed knickers and cap, and carried a rifle under his arm. His eyes narrowed as Lot halted.

"So that was you again, Powel," he remarked grimly. Lot made no answer but went on, set down the gourd carefully on a rock just out of reach of the dog. Biddle, who had followed him curiously, gave a sudden start.

"My God, Powel," he exclaimed. "What's that?"

Lot gave him a look, but said nothing. Picking up his sapling, he inserted it in the rusty jaw of the trap, and put his weight on it. There was a little screech and a painful yelp from the dog. But the trap did not give sufficiently to free the leg.

AT THE sound of the yelp, the man in knickers had stumbled pathetically over the rocks and knelt at the siege-worn dog. He stammered something in a faltering, incoherent way, but Lot did not remember afterwards what it was. The once silky coated aristocratic setter strained toward its master, feebly wagging a shabby, discolored tail.

"You better hold him," said Lot briefly. Throwing aside the sapling, he came close and put his heavy heel on the spring of the trap. There was a rusty screech, a painful yelp and struggle from the dog. The latter, aware that

its leg had been freed, withdrew it. Lot let the trap spring back with a savage click.

"I'd let him have some water now," said Lot. Obediently Biddle rose, and stood back, and the dog went on three legs to the coconut gourd, weakly lapping at the cold liquid with a bloodless tongue.

Reaching in the swollen rear pocket of his stained hunting coat, Lot drew out one of the big brown mountain cottontails shot on Biddle's land. With the other man watching, the hunter skilfully cut off the two rear legs with his knife, then sliced the thick red meat into juicy strips. As each piece of dripping nourishment touched the ground, the dog bolted it instantly. Lot finally threw the stripped bones into the brush.

"I guess he ought to walk home now," said Lot, picking up his gun.

Together the two men, owner and trespasser, started down the color-splashed drag road. The emaciated setter limped feebly at the heels of his master, who paused now and then with Lot to pat and examine him.

"He ain't a bad dog," said Lot briefly. "Got lots of backbone. Mine had, too." He said nothing more but walked a little ahead until they reached the old dead chestnut in the laurels where their paths parted. In the blunt custom of the back woods, Lot would have turned off silently, but Biddle halted him.

"Powel," he said in a slightly lowered voice, "I want to ask you something. How long could my dog have stood it up there if you hadn't come along?"

Lot looked pained.

"Well, if he'd hollered or barked—"

"But he didn't," said Biddle decisively. "You don't need to answer my question. I don't believe he'd have lasted very long." He held out his hand to the astonished Lot, a hand large, firm and white. "I'm much obliged to you, Powel, for trespassing on my land. From now on I want you to trespass all you like. I leave it to you not to do any damage."

Lot, astonished and quite at a loss for something to say, only shook hands woodenly. He was thunderstruck to see Biddle's eyes clouding.

"I only wish," said the latter, "I could give you back your dog, Powel. I heard about it getting killed while you were—in town."

"Oh, I'm getting used to being without him now," lied Lot hastily, but he looked in another direction.

The two men stood silent for a little, then each turned and went his respective flame-bordered path. Abruptly Lot grew aware that some one was shouting at him. He halted. Biddle had turned and was coming back to the juncture of the two paths.

"I forgot to tell you," he called. "I expect to start breeding setters on my farm one of these days and I ought to have another man to help around—somebody especially that knows dogs. Come down to-night and we'll talk it over and see if two men like us who like dogs can get together."

## The President of the Scrooge Club

(Continued from page 8)

undertone of her skin was a creamy olive brown, brought by the winter cold to those carmine high lights which had at first glance caught his attention. From under the edge of the fur turban peered like a trimming a leaf-like curl of bobbed black hair. She had a straight nose, delicate yet determined, a mouth—but to look longer would be to strain manners.

"Stand back, please," he said, picking up the axe. "I have a long, free style!" Three blows and the little tree was notched through its heart. He shifted to the other side for the final stroke. Then the head of the axe dropped. He stood facing her, his hands folded over the handle.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "what are you cutting this tree down for?"

"What does any one cut an evergreen down

for on December twenty-four?" inquired the girl. She had a firm chin, too . . . and her shoulders were set in a slim boyish squareness. . . . He mustn't look any longer. . . .

"What I have done thus far, I have done in ignorance," Billy remarked. "But if I go on, I know perfectly what I'm doing. I'm afraid I shouldn't."

"Well," replied the girl, "you weren't asked, were you? Give me the axe, please."

But Billy showed no signs of surrendering that tool. "Now let me see," he meditated aloud, "which is the higher duty, one's principles or the call of humanity. No, I can not doubt, I can not hesitate. Twice you have all but committed mayhem on yourself. Stand back, please; the forest monarch is about to totter." The axe swung again; the tree, with

(Continued on page 52)



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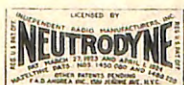
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## The President of the Scrooge Club

(Continued from page 50)

the rubber-stamp preliminary shiver, dropped softly, wetly into the snow.

"Thank you!" said the girl, prettily enough and yet rather icily. Billy had put down the axe-head, resumed his pose. "Thank you," she repeated, "I think I sha'n't have to trouble you any further." Glancing her way, Billy for the first time noticed a small flivver runabout, its top down, its tire-chains clogged with snow. She laid hands on the butt of the tree, managed to get it under her arm, and dug in her feet like an especially smart pony. It shivered, but moved not more than three inches.

"THIS boy scout has done his one good deed for the day," said Billy, "but humanity still surges in my bosom. If you keep on that way you'll hurt yourself. Permit me." He gathered the butt under his own arm. Even he had trouble in moving the tree, so heavy was the packed snow in its branches, so clinging the wet snow on the ground. Half-way, he felt his burden lighten; and availing himself of that excuse to look back, he saw that the girl was carrying the tip.

"In the seat?" he inquired.

"It seems to be the only place," replied the girl.

"I doubt if it will stick," commented Billy, "but anyway—" They lifted it and rolled it into the tonneau, set its butt beside the controls, braced the trunk against the seat. But it was too long; the instant they released their hold, the tip began to sink.

"Have you a piece of rope about the car?" asked Billy.

"It was just like me," remarked the girl, "to go at this thing headlong. No, I have no rope." Her voice sounded constrained somehow; and when Billy ventured another look, her expression seemed sulky. It became her, though.

"Well," said Billy, "I might as well be hanged for a goat as for a sheep and one false step leads to another. You're taking this—object—back to Waynesburg, I suppose? Having finished my aimless morning constitutional, I was considering ways and means of returning to town without further personal effort. If you'll drive, I'll be glad to ride on the running board and hold the—specimen of native vegetation."

"Thank you," replied the girl with a tone which just escaped the ungracious. She said no more, but attended to her driving. So Billy, as they humped into the road, made a lead toward conversation.

"It's very large," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the girl; and then, as though repenting of her ungraciousness, she went on easily:

"It's a sort of community Christmas tree. For all the children of Waynesburg."

"Oh!" said Billy. There was a pause.

"Oh!" echoed the girl faintly. It wasn't exactly a mocking "oh" nor yet exactly a sarcastic "oh" nor yet exactly a coquettish "oh." Perhaps it conveyed all these significations. Above all, it was a curious "oh," as though she were suffering to know what it was all about, and would die before she would ask.

"Yes, I said 'oh!'" replied Billy. "An expression of invidious emotion dragged from me by remorse. Do not fear me, however. I am not a fugitive from justice. Where, may I ask, do you intend to set up this German invention?"

"In the parlor of the Myles Standish Inn," replied the girl.

"I'm staying at the Myles Standish Inn," said Billy. In spite of himself, his voice took on an indignant tone, as though he were standing up for his rights.

"Yes, I know," she replied. "You came this morning. Mr. Curtis, the proprietor," she hastened to explain, "is my uncle John. I've been here since last night."

"Does the Myles Standish Inn stage this performance every year?"

"No, not as a general thing. There's usually a Christmas tree at the Union Meeting House; but it burned down last fall, and Mr. Daggett, the pastor, had to go South for his health and Mrs. Martin, president of the Ladies' Aid, is

in the hospital. So we—or Uncle John, rather—volunteered. And as Uncle John has a touch of sciatica—I came to get 'the tree.'"

"Fair enough!" said Billy, steadying himself and the tree, as the flivver took a bump. "But Miss Curtis—" he stopped there—"I beg your pardon for assuming that. My name is Pemberton. Bench name, William Hemingway Pemberton. Kennel name, Billy." He paused again, slightly embarrassed with the feeling that he was doing this thing awkwardly. But she answered naturally:

"I am Nancy Curtis." She herself paused a moment before she added: "I'm Mr. Curtis's niece, a poor orphan girl, a senior at Vassar. Usually I spend my vacations with my Aunt Caroline in Boston. But this year—I'm visiting Uncle John over Christmas. Orphan niece, widower uncle—striking and inevitable combination."

This sudden sally out of her reserve momentarily puzzled Billy Pemberton. It struck him at first, indeed, as forward, bold, unmaidenly. Then in a flash came illumination. Confidence begets confidence; she had given him an opening to satisfy her curiosity. She wanted, of course, to know what he was doing in Waynesburg. Well, why not? He glanced up from the tree preparatory to speaking and caught a glimpse of her profile. Delicate it was, but strong. Especially the chin. He had never seen a chin so archly pointed and yet so firm. . . . No, a girl caught red-handed in the act of cutting down a Christmas tree would not approve of the Scrooge Club. And contemplating her chin, he realized that he wanted her approval. An impulse new to his experience caught him in its grip. Hitherto, Billy Pemberton had floated through a world of women almost unaware that garlands were hung for him on every bush. The other party to a dozen embryo affairs had done the pursuing, openly or covertly. I find no name in English for this new impulse. Perhaps I had best call it masculine coquetry. And coquetry is mostly mystery. He would go on with the game which he had begun half seriously and half whimsically, from the moment when he first addressed her.

HOWEVER they were turning into Waynesburg now; running down the single street. On one side a row of small shops shot through their window's glints of tinsel, of red, of gold. From this spectacle the President of the Scrooge Club turned his head involuntarily and viewed the other side where a row of Colonial houses smiled through their fanlights across snow-blanketed lawns and stripped elm-branches. Pedestrians, picking their way along the uncleaned sidewalks, a knot of young men at the door of the pool parlor, were looking up, smiling shyly. Now and again, a reserved voice with an undertone of frank cordiality would ring through the frosty air. "Hello, Nancy!" or "Good morning, Miss Curtis!" or "Merry Christmas, Nancy!" To which greetings Miss Curtis replied with a quick lift of her hand from the wheel. Billy found himself wishing that she would take off those heavy gloves and that he might see her in evening slippers. "Probably she has thick ankles," he said to himself, "if not on her feet, then on her soul. She wouldn't be believable otherwise."

So Billy had no opportunity to go on with his game until they drew up where the Myles Standish House thrust a yellow-and-white entry from a facade of many-paned Colonial windows. Then, being a tyro, he somewhat overplayed his hand.

"My dark and naughty deed is done," he said as he dismounted and laid hands on the tree. "And I appear to have leaped from the stocking into the Christmas tree!"

The girl was pulling off one of her gloves. Billy noted a wrist as delicate as the fetlock of an antelope, remembered that the ankle always has the diameter of the wrist, before he took in fully the significance of her reply.

"I sha'n't have to trouble you again, you will be very, very glad to know." She was enunciating with sinister distinctness; even to rolling the "r's" in "very."

"Oh, no trouble at all," began Billy.

(Continued on page 54)





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## The President of the Scrooge Club

(Continued from page 52)

"Apparently it is a great deal of trouble," interposed the girl, "Uncle John is capable of handling the tree." Without further word, she disappeared into the entry.

"You don't shake me so easily, young lady!" said Billy Pemberton to himself. He jerked the tree testily from the flivver; dragged it through the gate. In the entry, he collided with Mr. Curtis and Nancy.

"It's going to take all three of us, I think," said Billy, a trifle apologetically, "to warp this thing into dock." For the Myles Standish Inn was built in the days of cubbyhole halls and narrow doors. When at last they laid out the tree on the hooked rug of the living-room, Mr. Curtis looked down on it puffing, and remarked:

"Guess your eyes were bigger than your appetite this time, Nancy! It won't stand up here—not by four feet."

"Well you can saw it off, can't you?" inquired Nancy, a little testily. "Besides, the lower branches of a Christmas tree ought to sweep the floor."

"Knew you would!" said Mr. Curtis, producing from the sofa, with a faintly sarcastic motion, a small handsaw. His full blue eye laughed on Nancy, but tenderly. He had a fine, lean face, and his drooping moustache scarcely concealed the corners of a humorous mouth. But when he reached down to lift the butt of the tree, he gave a smothered "oh!" and his hand went to his back.

"I'll do that!" volunteered Billy. "My sawing has been much admired."

"STILL active in the cause of humanity!" remarked Nancy, arranging the branches. Mr. Curtis glanced up and, seeming to perceive that this was but one of the mysterious ways of a maid with a man, glanced down again. There was more carpentry to be done after that; for the butt must be set into a box. At this point Mr. Curtis clapped his hand to his back again; and Nancy, waving Billy Pemberton aside, helped him upstairs. Returning, she glanced at the door; she was wearing her coat. Billy, wielding an auger in his shirt-sleeves, looked up.

"Thank you!" she said, just a trifle sarcastically, he thought.

"What am I to do next?" he inquired in the same tone.

Nancy laughed lightly.

"I don't know exactly, until I get back," she replied.

As Billy finished the operation, set tree and box against the panelled mantelpiece, she breezed in again, stood at the doorway calling to an invisible Mr. Curtis at the head of the stairs:

"Uncle John, I will positively not get the toys at Watson's. He has nothing left but junk—nothing. I've bought the candy and the ornaments there, anyway. I'm going to Plymouth—if it is taking trade out of town!"

"Pretty bad stretch between here and Kingston," came the voice of Mr. Curtis from above. "Likely to get stuck. I ought to go along, but you see how 'tis. If that young man of yours—"

"Present!" interposed Billy, sardonically.

"He's no young man of mine!" replied Nancy decisively. Sound of retreating feet from above.

"All right, let's go!" said Billy.

"No, I can manage it alone," replied Nancy. "You've doubtless something else to do—uplifting stricken humanity, for example."

"The business on which I came to Waynesburg," replied Billy Pemberton, "seems to require less and less of my time. Why stand we here idle?"

Nancy's back, as she made toward the runabout, seemed to be doing its best to express resignation.

"They taught me in Sunday School that it's the first downward step which counts," remarked Billy apropos of nothing, as they turned out of Main Street.

Nancy slowed down the automobile and looked him full in the eye.

"Evidently you want me to ask questions," she said. "Well, I won't, and that's that."



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III

IT WAS late afternoon now; promise of more snow in the leaden sky and in the sudden chill wind blown westward from the sea. The flivver turned into Main Street spilling over with boxes and bundles. They hung suspended by strings from the overflowing dunnage-box at the rear. They embowered the President of the Scrooge Club. He was even holding on the running-board two greater packages. From the first of these—where the paper had torn—protruded the staring eyes and tousled mane of a rocking horse. The other was long and narrow; and whenever Billy Pemberton shifted its position, it wailed "ma-ma!" These two objects had been an afterthought. Nancy had thirty dollars left to spend—twenty from the remainder of the Church Christmas Fund and ten contributed by her uncle. Of course, she overspent; when Billy found her trying to cut down her budget, he contributed ten dollars. Then, from motives obscure to himself, he suggested a first prize for boys and girls at the Christmas games; hence the hobby-horse and the big doll. This girl was full of surprises; somehow she took his generosity as a matter of course, and expressed only formal gratitude. He wanted her to gush.

All the way down, all through their ranging of the Plymouth shops, all through the luncheon at a little Portuguese restaurant above the Rock, he had avoided so far as possible all reference to Christmas. In fact before they reached Plymouth at all, his treason to the Scrooge Club, his forecast of embarrassment at meeting Sam Bowles, had faded to a minor issue. Mostly, they had talked of each other—and themselves. He was finding out about her; was letting her know about himself. As he helped her into the overflowing car on their departure from Plymouth, their hands met for the first time, and the commonplace sentence which he was uttering broke oddly in the middle. As she busied herself with the controls, his half-serious remark to Sam Bowles last night flashed into his mind: "Always between me and the potentially beloved has risen a vision—her face contorted with weariness, tense with hysteria, looking at me wanly through a Christmas tree." Well, he had seen her face through a Christmas tree. . . .

Yet now, the current of confidence which had been flowing so freely between them for the past three hours seemed to have broken. All the way back, he talked jerkily and with a baffling sense that he was not penetrating her reserves. While he unloaded the bundles, Nancy skipped lightly upstairs.

"Poor Uncle John has gone to bed," she announced on her return. "It isn't serious—but he'll have to rest up if he's going to be among those present to-night. What's next? Oh, yes, the popcorn!"

"The popcorn?"

"Uncle John," said Nancy, "is on the subject of Christmas a reactionary, stand-pat conservative. Christmas isn't Christmas for him without strings of pop-corn all over the tree. You pop, and I'll string—unless you have something else to do."

"The business on which I came to Waynesburg," announced Billy, "is rapidly becoming a washout, a flivver, a blah!" So they invaded the kitchen, where Billy roasted his face to a turn over an open stove-lid. Because they were doing something together, the current of confidence flowed again. She spoke mostly of Vassar, he of New York. Here was sapience, he thought as he listened and laughed; but also innocence.

Then the Christmas tree was to be decked and hung, the presents arranged about its base. There was even more intimacy about this; now and then, their hands met accidentally or they brushed fortuitously against each other. The last time this happened, it was the girl's speech which broke mid-sentence.

Long before they finished, night had fallen and the lights of Main Street shone through the Christmas wreaths. They were parted then for three-quarters of an hour while she dressed. She floated downstairs in white, with little gold slippers like daffodils.

Mr. Curtis kept to his room; and they, the sole guests at the Myles Standish Inn, dined alone. They sat long; so long that Nancy,

(Continued on page 56)

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## The President of the Scrooge Club

(Continued from page 55)

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glancing at the Grandfather's clock, gave a start and a little scream.

"Half-past seven!" she exclaimed. "They'll be here at eight. You'll have to be getting into your costume!"

"What's this new one?" inquired Billy.

Nancy's eyes looked mischievous.

"Uncle John can't act as Santa Claus of course," she said, "so you're elected. I borrowed it from the Parsonage this morning—the suit Mr. Wake wears when he's here."

Billy struggled for the last time.

"Can't you get any one else?"

"Of course!" said Nancy. "I could make my voice gruff and be Santa Claus myself, for instance. But I'd been saying it as a surprise. I thought you'd be pleased."

"All right," said Billy with a resigned sigh. "Final compromise. More. Final surrender."

At a quarter to eight he clumped down the stairs. Mr. Wake, evidently, was a large man. Billy was a welterweight. Every time he lifted his feet, they came halfway out of the felt boots. The cap, with white hair and whiskers affixed, hid his ears. The whiskers smothered his face up to the eyes. Nancy looked; and laughed.

"Yes, woman, you laugh!" said Billy Pemberton from behind the whiskers. "If you knew what this performance means to me, you'd weep. It is all over now. The business on which I came to Waynesburg. I'll tell you what you've been too much of a lady to ask and I too chicken-hearted to confess. I came to Waynesburg to escape Christmas."

"To escape Christmas?" her expression was startled.

"TO ESCAPE Christmas. I shock you. I propose to shock you still further. Even to the center of your being. Permit me to introduce myself. No, I have not deceived you. I am Billy Pemberton. But I am also President of the Scrooge Club, formed to give the no to Noel, to take the care out of the Carol."

"The Scrooge Club!" she laughed. "That explains itself."

"And I came here by the hazard of chance, pledged to my candidates and neophytes to rusticate over Christmas, taking no part in its diversions and mummeries. And I've cut down a Christmas tree. I've set it up. I've trimmed it. I've bought Christmas presents. And now—behold me. And, asking your pardon for using mild profanity in the presence of one so young and beautiful—the Charles Dickens of it is, I've liked it!"

Nancy was looking at him with curiously bright eyes. She sat down abruptly on a hair-cloth couch.

"You haven't asked me," she said, "what I'm doing in Waynesburg."

"No—except—"

"I came here to avoid Christmas."

Billy crossed the room; sat down beside her.

"Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I'm at heart a Scroogian or Scroogite myself."

"Then why—"

She broke in; but she evaded direct answer.

"I usually spend the holidays with my Aunt Caroline. Aunt Caroline's a dear, you understand—but she's crazy over Christmas. All the fall term she writes of nothing except what she's buying and what she's making. By the time I get home, she's in such a state—"

"I know," said Billy, "Christmas hysterics."

Nancy nodded.

"That's it. Last week—I couldn't endure it any longer. Yesterday, I accepted Uncle John's standing invitation, and quit. That's what it amounts to, I suppose, I quit."

"I understand," said Billy. "And you couldn't escape it nevertheless. You couldn't bury yourself in a hole so deep but that Christmas caught you. You found your Uncle John committed to this Christmas tree and ill with sciatica and—"

"Not exactly," interposed Nancy.

"Then what is it—exactly?"

"Well, the children of Waynesburg had to have a Christmas tree, didn't they?" replied Nancy, a little weakly. "You see—there's a very poor district down by Sanders' Hollow. Most of the children there don't have any Christmas at all—unless the town gives it to them. The rich and well-to-do children come too—so as to make it all tactful, you understand."

"True to the principles of my beloved order, I refuse to admit the necessity," replied Billy.

"ONCE when I was a very little girl—seven years old—" went on Nancy as though Billy had not interrupted, "I hung up my stocking as usual—until that time we'd never had a Christmas tree in our house. I ran to my stocking in the morning. My stocking was empty. I tried not to cry. I think I didn't cry. But I pretended to search under a table-spread so that my father wouldn't see my face. Then father said, 'Let's search the house!' and threw open the folding doors, and there was a gorgeous Christmas tree. But the moment before—it was simply tragic. I haven't thought of that morning for years—until to-day."

"So you've really enjoyed it?"

Nancy nodded.

"After I got over my first grouch—But you've been horribly bored, I suppose?"

"No," said Billy, "I've told you that I liked it. But there was a special reason in my case." He said this with meaning; a flicker of expression in Nancy's eyes showed that she understood. But with that superb candor of hers, she rode straight at the situation.

"Putting aside any special reason, haven't you enjoyed it for itself, honestly now?"

"Yes, damn it, I suppose I have!" exploded Billy.

"I thought so, from your expression!" said Nancy.

"Oh Ebenezer, Ebenezer, your disciple has fallen too!" groaned Billy.

Nancy laughed, then averted her eyes, for Billy's tone had changed. To his own complete surprise he found himself saying:

"Let's—come back—to the main reason. You're returning to Vassar, I suppose? And at Vassar they're allowed callers every Friday night, aren't they? Because I'm coming—every Friday night—" How awkwardly he was talking!

Perhaps he would have gone no further—then—if Nancy had answered anything at all. But she still sat immobile, her dark lashes veiling her eyes; and Billy splashed across the Rubicon.

"Because—when you know me well enough—the very worst about me—I'm going to ask you—to marry me—"

Now at last she spoke. Her voice was a little choked; but her eyes as she raised them had a glint of tender merriment.

"Before you go on with this kind of talk, Mr. President of the Scrooge Club, hadn't you better take off those whiskers?"

We have added another distinguished author to our list of contributors. In an early issue will appear the first of a series of stories by Bertram Atkey, dealing with the adventures of one Prosper Fair, a sort of wandering prince and philosopher in disguise who is one of Mr. Atkey's most whimsical and lovable creations. He goes about doing good.





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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

Richards 23. A. H. Cannaday and H. S. Winn, also of Roanoke Lodge, each broke 94 for second high gun and in the shoot-off of the tie Cannaday ran 25 straight to Winn's 23. H. R. Cox, another member of the Lodge, broke 93 for third high gun.

The following long runs were made: P. M. Shelton, 54; Dr. C. C. Richards, 46; Dr. E. C. Watson, 44; C. H. Ferguson, 43.

Dr. R. L. Mason, chairman of the committee on trapshooting, was in charge of the tournament which was admirably conducted; and H. R. Cox cashiered the tournament and handled the figuring of the prizes.

Quite a few visiting Elks were present and in addition to other prizes the special gold prizes for visiting Elks only, were won by the following in order named: R. O. Artz, Clifton Forge; W. C. Saunders, Richmond; L. M. Lamp; H. H. Shelton, Washington, D. C.

## Belleville, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The beautiful new \$100,000 Home of Belleville, N. J., Lodge No. 1123 was dedicated recently in the presence of many distinguished members of the Order. At the banquet which followed the ceremonies the speakers were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas J. Dunnion and Frederick A. Pope; George L. Hirtzel, Jr., Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, and Exalted Ruler Milton L. Shifman of Belleville Lodge. Musical selections by several members of the Lodge were enjoyed after the dinner.

The new Home is a handsome, two story and basement building of red brick and limestone, with structural provision for two more floors. It is situated on a high terrace and is visible at a great distance from all points. An imposing veranda running across the front of the building takes advantage of the splendid view and affords an admirable setting for outdoor sessions and entertainments. On the first floor is a roomy vestibule, fitted up with chairs and benches. Directly in front of this is the main auditorium and Lodge room, containing a large stage and with a seating capacity of 650.

At the left of the vestibule is a lounging room, beautifully equipped with mahogany and tapestry furniture, a cheerful fireplace and a built-in trophy cabinet. A combination cloak-room, committee-room and lounge adjoins the secretary's office. The grill, with a thoroughly modern kitchen equipment, has a seating capacity of forty-eight.

A subsidiary Lodge room, with a capacity of 150, which will be used for small meetings and dinners, is the feature of the second floor. In the basement are four bowling alleys, a pool and billiard room and shower baths.

The whole equipment of this fine new Home is of the very latest and most modern design and nothing has been left undone for the comfort and convenience of the members.

## Past Exalted Rulers Association Of New York Southeast Meets

A delightful informal dinner was recently tendered District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22 by the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, Southeast. The dinner was served in the Solarium of New York Lodge No. 1, and was attended by almost 75 Past Exalted Rulers, which included ten Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, President of the Association, introduced Mr. McGrath, who spoke on various matters concerning the Good of the Order. He impressed upon all of the members present that the laws of the country must be observed in all Elk Homes and property in his jurisdiction in accord with the strict instructions of the Grand Exalted Ruler. After the dinner a business session was held, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842 was chosen as President; and Henry Kohl,



Past Exalted Ruler of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge No. 247, as Secretary. The evening was altogether a very cordial and pleasant one.

**Hon. A. Harry Moore Elected Governor of New Jersey**

Hon. A. Harry Moore, member of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211, was elected Governor of New Jersey at the election held in that State last month. Mr. Moore, long an active member in the Order, served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, New Jersey, North East, in 1923-24, and last year as President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Mr. Moore's election is exceedingly gratifying to his fellow members and to his host of friends throughout the Order.

**Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price Dedicates Home of Kent, Ohio, Lodge**

Kent, O., Lodge No. 1377, conducted a three-day celebration in connection with the recent dedication of their fine new Home, one of the features of which was the initiation of a large class of candidates by the Degree Team of Canton, O., Lodge No. 68. The formal dedication of the beautiful building was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, assisted by officers of the Lodge, and was attended by many hundred members and visiting Elks. Following the ceremony a large banquet was held at which Mr. Price, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Bruning, Blake C. Cook, president of the Ohio State Elks Association, and Past Exalted Ruler J. B. Gillespie, Jr., addressed the diners.

Members of Kent Lodge are enthusiastically planning many activities in their new Home, and are confidently looking forward to a most successful year.

**Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Instituted With 247 Charter Members**

The recent institution of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge No. 1515, by Acting District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, was the occasion of elaborate ceremonies in which prominent townspeople as well as many visiting officers and members took part. Among these was Hon. Jeremiah Wood, who delivered the address of welcome to the large gathering present. Beginning with a large banquet to the invited guests, the festivities continued with a street parade in which more than 1,000 marchers took part. Following the ceremony of institution came the balloting on candidates and the initiation of the charter class of 247 by the Exalted Ruler and officers of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485; the nomination, election and installation of officers; a business session, and addresses by members of the Grand Lodge and other distinguished guests. The Exalted Ruler of this new Lodge is Horace Sullivan and the Secretary is John P. Simpson.

**Virginia State Elks Association Holds Productive Convention**

Acting upon the suggestion of its retiring President, Herbert S. Larrick, the Virginia State Elks Association went on record at its recent convention in Roanoke as favoring a definite program for social and community welfare work. Resolutions were adopted advocating the establishment and permanent maintenance of eight beds at each of the State Tuberculosis Sanitariums, for the treatment of Elks and their dependents, these beds to be used, when circumstances permit, also by needy persons recommended by any contributing Lodge of the State and approved by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society of Virginia.

At the closing business session of the Convention the following officers were elected for 1925-26; President, Randolph H. Perry, of Charlottesville Lodge No. 389; First Vice-President, David Johnson of Hampton Lodge No. 366; Second Vice-President, John G. Sizer of Richmond Lodge No. 45; Third Vice-President, Marion E. Bolinger of Roanoke Lodge No. 197; Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy of Alexandria Lodge No. 758; Treasurer, R. D. Peoples of Manchester Lodge No. 843; Board of Trustees, (elected for a term of five, four, three, (Continued on page 61)



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But when I arrived home and looked at the song it was just like any other sheet of music was to me—a confused mass of black—a jumble of notes which meant nothing more to me than the Greek Alphabet. Yet wouldn't it be wonderful if I could play, I mused. What pleasure and self-satisfaction it would bring me—how happy it would make the folks—what fun and good times I could have entertaining others.

Yet what was the good of brooding and day-dreaming. My visions of becoming a musician were nothing but mere bubbles when I thought of the only way I knew of learning. A private teacher—long years of study—expensive fees—worn scales—difficult exercises. Nothing doing. I decided that the limit of my musical ability was humming and whistling—that the best I could do was listen to others play and let it go at that.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 59)

two and one years): Herbert S. Larrick of Winchester Lodge No. 867; Arthur M. Clay of Roanoke Lodge; Arthur Jennings of Lynchburg Lodge No. 321; John B. Bliley of Richmond Lodge, and Dr. Loeb of Newport News Lodge No. 315. Winchester was selected as the meeting-place for the 1926 convention.

Roanoke Lodge was a most generous host of the Convention, all the many entertainments being carried on under its auspices.

Among the many distinguished members of the Order present at the Convention were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Robert S. Barrett and Rev. L. I. Brown, both of whom delivered addresses at the meetings.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Evanston, Ill., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell recently paid a visit to Evanston, Ill., Lodge No. 1316. He was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Trustee George D. Locke; Lloyd R. Maxwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan. A feature of the meeting was the initiation of two sons of Past Grand Trustee Locke to Evanston Lodge—Morris R. and Lucian P. Locke. This makes three sons of Mr. Locke who are now members of the Order. David A. Locke, the third son, is a member of Fayetteville, Ark., Lodge No. 1104, having been initiated into that Lodge by Norfolk, Va., Lodge No. 38, in October, 1917, while he was stationed at Fort Monroe, Va., in the U. S. Coast Artillery Service. Addresses were made at the meeting by Judge Atwell and the other distinguished visitors, and the whole evening was a most delightful one.

Exalted Ruler Chauncey S. Patrick presided at the welcoming banquet given to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party preceding the meeting in the Home.

### Blue Island, Ill., Lodge Adds Many New Members

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge No. 1331, with a present membership of more than 700, is gradually climbing to the top of the list in the northern district of the State. At a recent meeting a class of fifty-two candidates, one of the largest in the history of the Lodge, was initiated. Financially Blue Island Lodge is in excellent condition and the building fund is growing rapidly. It is the intention of its officers and members to have, in the near future, a Home second to none in its vicinity. The Lodge takes an active part in the community life and is held in high esteem in its city.

### Minnesota State Elks Association In Active Fall Meeting

Among the important business transacted at the recent fall meeting of the Minnesota State Elks Association was the adoption of a resolution calling on all Minnesota Lodges to assist in a Selective Membership Campaign, and that the entire month of February, 1926, be set aside as the period in which the candidates shall be initiated. This will be known as State Association month, and officers of the Association will be present whenever possible at these initiations. To the Lodge showing the largest percentage of increase will be given the honor of leading the parade at the next annual convention of the Association. It was also proposed to award the Lodge showing the greatest growth in each year.

The Minnesota Association is among the most active of the State bodies and it is confidently expected that the campaign will prove fully successful.

### Michigan City, Ind., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of New Home

The impressive ceremonies which marked the cornerstone laying of the new Home of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge No. 432, were attended by many members of the Grand Lodge and other notables of the Order, including Grand Trustee

(Continued on page 62)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

Robert A. Scott, and Grand Esquire William J. Sinek. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry K. Kramer presided at the ceremony, which was held on the second floor of the beautiful new building.

Members and visitors met at the present Lodge rooms and, headed by a band, marched to the scene of the services. A banquet, followed by a social evening, closed the exercises.

It is expected that the new Home will be completed about the first of the year. Situated on Franklin Street and built of Bedford stone, three stories in height, with a roof garden overlooking Lake Michigan, it will be one of the city's most beautiful buildings, and one of the most modern and completely equipped Lodge Homes in Indiana.

### Testimonial Dinner to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler McCann

The many friends of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter McCann, Past Exalted Ruler, Trustee and Life Member of Chelsea, Mass., Lodge No. 938, desirous of recognizing his sterling principles and his untiring efforts in behalf of his Lodge and community, organized a committee some time ago which has now completed arrangements for a reception and dinner to be given in his honor on the evening of December 2 at the Boston City Club. Many prominent New Englanders are expected to be present, and an excellent entertainment will be one of the features of the evening.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Convention of Kansas State Elks Association

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell attended the twentieth annual meeting of the Kansas State Elks Association held recently in Wichita. Judge Atwell addressed a class of more than 60 candidates, and later delivered a public speech to a large audience.

Much important business was transacted at the Convention, and delegates and visitors enjoyed the splendid hospitality of Wichita Lodge No. 427, host for the occasion. The Degree Team of Newton Lodge No. 706 won the M. L. Truby Cup in the ritualistic contest and the Lodge was also awarded the Wichita Chamber of Commerce Cup offered for the largest visiting delegation.

The new officers are: President, W. H. McKone, Lawrence Lodge No. 595; First Vice-President, Earl L. Kreuter, McPherson Lodge No. 502; Second Vice-President, L. D. Lewis, Great Bend Lodge No. 1127; Third Vice-President, Leo G. Furness, Ottawa Lodge No. 803; Secretary Frank E. McMullan, Wichita Lodge (re-elected); Treasurer, H. Glenn Boyd, Wichita Lodge; Board of Trustees, Henry Schnitzler, Wichita Lodge, John O'K. Taussig, Topeka Lodge No. 204, and Harry O. Mangold, Augusta Lodge No. 1462.

The 1926 meeting will be held in Iola.

### Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Sets High Charity Record

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, achieved a remarkable record last year in the field of social and community welfare work. Among its many charitable activities, the Lodge raised over \$78,000 by popular subscription for its Christmas basket fund; contributed \$1,000 to the Roxy radio fund for radios for disabled soldiers; \$5,000 to the Boy Scouts of Brooklyn; \$1,000 to the Brooklyn Infants' Hospital; \$2,000 to the American Legion; \$1,000 to the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital; and \$500 to the Jewish Convalescent Home of the city. In addition to these generous contributions, the Lodge raised over \$16,000 for its Crippled Children's Fund, and gave four collegiate scholarships to young men who otherwise could not have received a college education.

Surely this is a record deserving the highest praise.

Charles Burr Elect'd Secretary  
Of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Francis Edgar White as Secretary of Los



"Dear me! What can I give John for Christmas?" exclaimed Sally.

"Does he shave himself?" asked Phil. "Yes, and how he hates it."

"That's fine," said Phil, "for I know something you can give him which will make his shaving a joy."

"Really! I'm consumed with curiosity." "Give him a Twinplex Stropper," suggested Phil.

"I don't believe he would use it. I've heard John say he wouldn't bother to strop his blades, new blades are so cheap."

"He won't say that after he has had one shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex," insisted Phil.

"Does Twinplex really improve a new blade?" asked Sally.

"I should say it does. I never knew what a good shave was until I shaved with a new blade which had been stropped on Twinplex," said Phil emphatically.

"Will a Twinplex make a blade last longer?" asked Sally.

"You bet it will," Phil ejaculated. "Why, I use one blade for weeks at a time."

"How jolly," exclaimed Sally. "I'll give John a Twinplex and it won't cost anything for he won't have to buy so many blades."

You can get a Twinplex for him at any good store. Models for seven popular razors.



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 10c, 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.

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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, Charles Burr was recently unanimously elected Secretary, and installed in office. Mr. Burr was elected under an amendment to the By-Laws of the local Lodge specifying "That neither the Secretary nor any other elective officer of this Lodge shall receive any compensation whatsoever for his services." Having already distinguished himself for the members he has brought to No. 99, Mr. Burr is devoting his time generously to the important duties of his office in the Lodge, assisted in the efficient administration of affairs of the Order by Mr. Carl Ferguson.

**Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge's Antlers Club Active**

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906, is sponsor for one of the most active clubs in the newly organized Order of Antlers. Accompanied by several members of Santa Monica Lodge the boys recently visited Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378, where they put on their regular ritual and initiation work in the presence of a large number of Elks. They have also recently held a very successful masquerade ball in the Home of the Lodge, their more than 150 members all working to make it an outstanding event.

The members of Santa Monica Lodge are proud of their protégés, and miss no opportunity to encourage initiative and activity on the part of the boys.

**Swimming Pool Donated by Leominster, Mass., Lodge Appreciated**

The report of the first season of the swimming pool provided by Leominster, Mass., Lodge No. 1237, shows a deep public appreciation of the generosity of the Lodge. The pool was open, under competent supervision fifty-six days during the summer and the total attendance, taken by daily record, was approximately 13,000. This included both children and adults. A regular instructor was employed with the result that many boys and girls, unable to swim at the beginning of the season, were entirely at home in the water when the pool closed. In addition, there were classes in life saving, and a water Carnival, which marked the official closing of the pool when prizes were awarded for seventeen events.

**Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Planning Intensive Welfare Work**

The Committee on Crippled Children of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317, is planning a program of activities which will not only greatly widen its work, but will also place it on a permanent and systematic basis. Among the recommendations read by the Chairman at a recent session were: the establishment of a permanent Committee on Crippled Children, to be named by the Exalted Ruler at the beginning of each Lodge year; the establishment of a monthly or quarterly clinic where crippled children can secure medical service and aid; an appropriation at the beginning of each fiscal year of \$500. for use among the crippled children in the communities under the jurisdiction of the Lodge, and a re-survey of all the crippled children in Cohoes and the surrounding country.

**Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge Loses Secretary by Death**

By the death of John J. Hay, Secretary of Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge No. 1170, Ohio Elks lost one of their most faithful and active members. For the last six years as Secretary of Wapakoneta Lodge, Mr. Hay filled his office with great energy, and by his enthusiasm and efficiency endeared himself to his fellow members. Don C. Lusk has been elected and installed to fill Mr. Hay's unexpired term.

**Elk Herds in the Sun River And Spotted Bear Preserves**

Out in Montana, since the Sun River and Spotted Bear game preserves were created, the elk herd has grown so rapidly that there is not enough winter feed to care for the 3,000 head now grazing. Many of these animals enter the preserves from the surrounding districts which  
(Continued on page 64)



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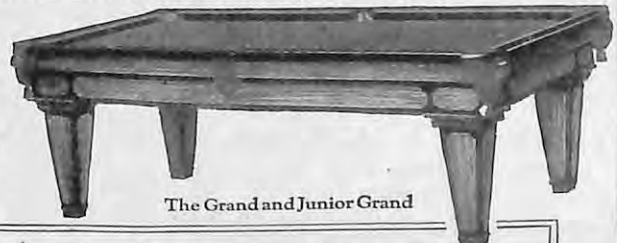
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

accounts for the large increase. Recently during the open season hunters were urged to come to the region surrounding the preserves so that the chances of starvation among the protected herd might be reduced. No doubt there are a number of Lodges in the East that would be glad to own a pair of these fine living animals which now are being killed by the necessity of circumstances.

### North Adams, Mass., Lodge Entertains Disabled Veterans

Members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487, accompanied by a group of entertainers, made their second annual visit, last month, to the disabled war veterans in the hospital at Leeds. In addition to the excellent entertainment, cigars and cigarets were distributed to the ex-service men. Each week sees a similar visit from some Massachusetts Lodge, and the veterans are deeply grateful to the Order for its work on their behalf.

### Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Elects New Secretary

Frank V. Kent, Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge No. 255, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, has been elected Secretary of Grand Forks Lodge, succeeding Frank A. Brown, resigned. Mr. Brown, who has been Secretary of the Lodge for many years, was compelled by pressure of other business to give up this work. Mr. Kent has been in California for some time, but returned to Grand Forks in response to the unanimous request that he assume the Secretaryship of his Lodge, of which he is a life member.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Kansas Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell splendidly exemplified his motto, "He went about doing good," and perhaps established a record for himself in the number of visits accomplished in one day, when recently he made visits to Cherryvale, Kans., Lodge No. 989, Independence, Kans., Lodge No. 780, Caney, Kans., Lodge No. 1215, Coffeetown, Kans., Lodge No. 775, and Parsons, Kans., Lodge No. 527. J. J. Griffin, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Kansas Southeast, participated in the meeting at Independence Lodge. Short inspiring talks on matters pertaining to the Order were made by Judge Atwell to the members assembled in each of the Lodges visited. Four of these Lodges are located in Montgomery County, Kansas.

### A Feature of Membership Campaign Of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 conducts its membership campaigns very effectively, adopting many interesting features that have proved themselves highly successful. In connection with the campaign launched recently, a large space appeared in the local newspapers, giving the public a detailed description of the handsome new million dollar Home which is being erected by the Lodge. The space was attractively illustrated and was contributed by the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of which George W. Peltier, Chairman of the Lodge's Membership Committee, is President.

### Winona, Minn., Lodge Takes Part In Mardi Gras Celebration

In the big Mardi Gras celebration held recently in its city, Winona, Minn., Lodge No. 327 entered in the parade an unusual float which won the approval of the community. The central figure of the float was a handsome reproduction of "Old Ironsides," 4 x 8 feet. In the night parade the float was beautifully illuminated with a string of soft lights which brought out the details of the painting. The float was very appropriate in that the Mardi Gras celebration was held during the week of the "Save Old Ironsides" campaign, exactly 128 years from the day the ship was launched.

### Tampa, Fla., Lodge to Purchase Text Books for School Children

A recent meeting of Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708 the Committee appointed to arrange for a "Kiddies' Day" entertainment reported that, in their opinion, the money available for such a program could be put to better use in their community by providing schoolbooks and equipment for the poor children of the city. The sentiment of the Committee was approved by the Lodge, and the Chairman was instructed to consult with school officials with a view to discovering cases where such aid was needed.

### Carlinville, Ill., Lodge Sponsors Boy Scout Troop

Carlinville, Ill., Lodge No. 1412, feeling that the principles of the Order are reflected in a large degree in the Boy Scout movement, sponsors the Carlinville Boy Scout Troop in a practical as well as in an advisory fashion. When the charter was granted the Troop the Lodge advanced the money to purchase uniforms, allowing each Scout to repay the cost of his uniform in small weekly instalments. This money was then kept in a separate Scout fund and as quickly as the instalments accumulated they were either returned to the Lodge or used to purchase additional uniforms for new Scouts. Approximately 65 Scouts secured uniforms through this fund, and recently the Lodge voted to allow the Troop the permanent use of the balance remaining. Due largely to this support on the part of the Elks, Scouting in Carlinville became so popular that it is expected shortly to form a new Troop, the original one being recruited to the maximum number allowed by the National Scout Headquarters.

### Radio Broadcasting Station in Home Of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge

Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287 is furnishing in their Home a broadcasting station and artists' reception-room to radio Station KFCF. The members of the Lodge are enthusiastic radio fans and are standing behind the formation of a radio association that will take in a wide section of the surrounding territory. Such an association would insure stabilized programs and a permanent station for the future. If it goes through it is expected that KFCF will be made a 500-watt station.

### Glendale, Calif., Lodge Purchases Additional Property

Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 has acquired a plot 160 feet deep directly in the rear of its present Home. A committee is now at work, drawing up tentative plans for a new building which, it is planned, will contain a gymnasium and locker rooms, a banquet hall, swimming pool and one of the finest Lodge rooms in Southern California.

The three-day circus recently held by Glendale Lodge was attended by capacity crowds and resulted in raising a considerable sum of money for the excellent band maintained by the Lodge.

### Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge Gives Children Treat

Several hundred children from the various institutions of the city were the guests of Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge No. 112 at the recent annual "Kiddies' Picnic" held at Riverside Park. The youngsters were taken to the picnic grounds in street-cars loaned by the local trolley company, while about forty old people from the County Home, who were also guests of the Elks on the happy day, were carried in automobiles supplied by members of the Mt. Sinai sisterhood.

On arrival at the Park each little guest was presented with a sack containing fruit, candy, toys, books and a small American flag. Ice-cream, cookies and other refreshments were served at the grounds and a program of athletic stunts for the youngsters and a beauty contest for the old folks of the County Home were

(Continued on page 66)



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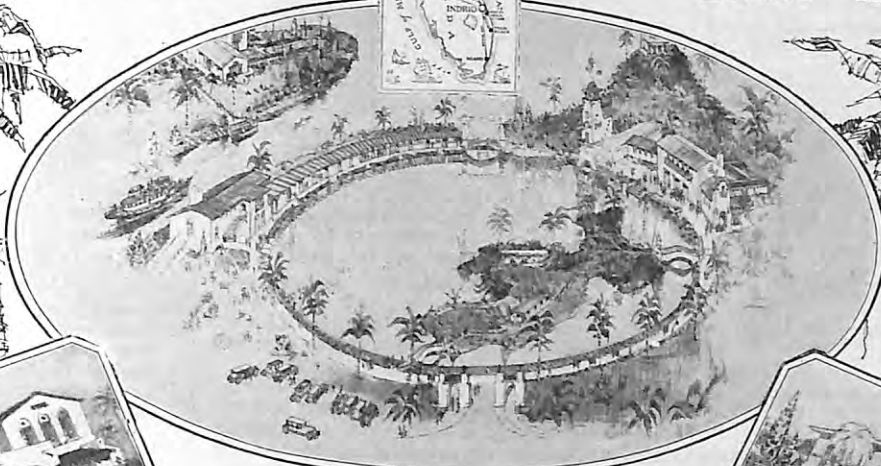
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Above: The Oval Basin, Indrio's proposed salt water bathing casino

Right: Suggested duplex apartment building for Indrio



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 64)

features of one of the most successful affairs of its kind ever held by Sioux City Elks.

### Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Presents Bronze Elk to the National Home

The Elks Rest of the National Home, in the cemetery at Bedford, Va., where lie buried a number of members of the Order, has remained for years unmarked by any monument or emblem to indicate its fraternal character. Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31, which has always displayed a deep interest in the National Home, recognized an opportunity to render a generous service in supplying this need. And on Saturday, November 7, that Lodge made formal presentation to the Order of a handsome, life-sized, bronze elk, to mark the last resting-place of the deceased members there interred.

The statue, which was manufactured by the Gorham Company, and is of the finest artistry and workmanship, is erected upon a granite base, and occupies a commanding position in the plot owned by the National Home in the local cemetery.

The formal ceremonies incident to the occasion were held in the administration building of the Home, on account of the inclemency of the weather and the desire to have all the brothers resident in attendance. Clyde Jennings, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, presided. After a brief explanation of the purpose of the ceremonies, he presented Rev. George T. Gruman, Chaplain of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge No. 885, who offered a moving prayer most appropriate to the occasion. Miles S. Henckle, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of Syracuse Lodge, then presented the statue to the Order in an eloquent address, in which he spoke feelingly of its meaning and the fraternal interest of the members of his lodge in all that pertains to the welfare of the National Home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, as the special representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, accepted the monument on behalf of the Order in a brief speech, in which he commended the loyalty and devotion of the members of Syracuse Lodge as worthy of emulation throughout the Order.

Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson was also present, and the following members of Syracuse Lodge were there as a special committee in charge of the presentation ceremonies: Exalted Ruler Joseph M. Ward, Charles P. Gruman, William Sembac, John Hoff, Fred Henckle, John Cominski, Winfield McIntyre, John M. Winter, and Past Exalted Rulers Miles S. Henckle and Charles M. Bedell.

The Board of Grand Trustees, which was in session at the Home, adopted appropriate resolutions in expression of their appreciation on behalf of the National Home, and provided for their suitable engrossment and presentation to Syracuse Lodge.

### Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Entertains Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194, was recently host to Walter F. Meier, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. At six o'clock a dinner in his honor was given in the Home by the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Following this, a conference was held with the officers of the Lodge touching their problems, and during the Lodge session that followed the principal address of the evening was delivered by the Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

### Sturgis, Mich., Lodge Loses Oldest Member by Death

Thomas H. Jacobs, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight at the home of his son, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Theo. T. Jacobs, was not only the oldest man in Sturgis, Mich., but in point of years was the oldest member of Sturgis Lodge No. 138r, and probably the oldest Elk in the jurisdiction of Michigan, West. Mr. Jacobs was born in Sturgis April 18, 1837, and had lived there all his life.



## No More Garbage Grief!

Those messy, after-dinner trips to dispose of the meal's garbage are ended forever, once you've moved into your Kernerator-equipped home. For the Kernerator makes complete garbage and waste disposal the work of an instant—just a "chuck-it-in-and-forget-it" operation!

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**News of the Order  
From Far and Near**

At recent meetings Sioux City and Muscatine, Ia., Lodges voted to re-enter the Iowa State Elks Association.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge gave a combined, two-day frolic and minstrel show to raise funds for its local charities.

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge recently gave two performances of a musical comedy to raise funds for furnishing its new Home.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge is organizing an Elks Orchestra. Albany Elks have distinguished themselves for many years in musical circles and the formation of an orchestra should place them near the top among Lodges noted for their musical attainments.

Members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge enjoyed a monster stag party in the gymnasium of their Home recently. Several boxing and wrestling bouts and a special entertainment were the features of the evening.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge is spending a considerable sum in renovating and remodelling its Home. New furniture and rearrangement of unused portions of the building are part of the program.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge reports that the boxing bouts which have proved so popular in the past, have been resumed and will be continued through the winter.

The Speakers' Bureau of the Iowa State Elks Association has proven a great help to Iowa Lodges. During the past year it has supplied many speakers especially equipped to talk at various Lodge functions and public events sponsored by Elks.

Andrew J. Woznack of 13231 Mackay Ave., Hamtramck, Detroit, Mich., is very anxious to hear from his son Michael J. Woznack who is a member of the Order.

Easton, Pa., Lodge recently approved the report and plans of its Building Committee for a 50 x 35 feet, three-story addition to its present Home. It is planned to expend about \$50,000 on this project.

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge recently presented a flag to the California Polytechnic School. Many townspeople as well as members of the Lodge attended the ceremony.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge has entered an Elks team in the recently organized City Indoor Baseball League, and is hopeful of carrying off the championship pennant.

The children's dancing class of Braddock, Pa., Lodge is one of the most popular activities of the Lodge and now numbers more than 250 youngsters.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge recently held a stag party which was known as "College Night," the graduates of various universities being grouped together at tables, one of which was for the alumni of "The College of Hard Knocks."

Irvington, N. J., Lodge recently held its annual three-day Home-Town Mardi Gras.

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge has installed four new bowling alleys in its Home and has formed a Bowling League, winners in which will receive handsome prizes at the end of the season.

The Pennsylvania Southwest District Association, at its recent meeting in the Home of Pittsburgh Lodge, discussed plans for the banquet to be given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell next February.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge put on two very successful performances of a minstrel show, which raised a substantial sum for the Lodge's Christmas Committee.

The convention of the American Legion in Omaha, Neb., was the occasion of much delightful hospitality by Omaha Lodge, many hundred Elk Legionnaires being welcomed at its commodious Home.

Marshfield, Ore., Lodge has started a series of monthly athletic smokers at which amateur boxing and wrestling bouts are held.

A dancing class for the children of members has been organized by McKeesport, Pa., Lodge.

Harry W. English, charter member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge has a unique collection of Elk mementoes. More than 100 frames are

(Continued on page 68)



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**N**OT only at Christmas, but every day the Synchronophase brings new pleasures—the joy of reaching out to far distant stations, of hearing every inflection of the voice, every overtone of some delicate musical instrument.

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# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

German Army Officers' Field Glasses  
**FREE TRIAL**



**8 power \$9.85** If you wish to keep them  
**A Practical Christmas Gift**

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.  
Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission. Conservative \$20.00 value.  
Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 80,000 pairs of this model to date.  
Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for \$9.85. Order your field glasses today.

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The "Little Corporal" gets busy at once and your body responds like a rookie to the command of a drill sergeant. Quite unconsciously you assume the correct posture, straighten your shoulders and walk with the ease and grace of an athlete. *No laces or drawstrings! No clasps! No buckles! No straps! No stiff supports!* It's built for comfort!

**Guarantee Offer!**

Simply sign and mail the coupon, giving your waist measure (snug) over underwear, height and weight. Enclose \$6.50 with coupon or pay postman on delivery plus fee of a few cents. If not satisfied, return the belt within ten days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

With "Little Corporal"

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Please send the "Little Corporal" belt under your guarantee offer.

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Waist..... Height..... Weight.....  
(Snug-Over Underwear.)

filled with badges, pictures, clippings, etc., relative to the Order.

Trinidad, Colo., Lodge recently laid the cornerstone of its new Home, which it expects to dedicate shortly after the first of the year.

The Frolic held by Bradentown, Fla., Lodge was one of the largest affairs of its kind attempted by this young Lodge, and turned out to be a huge success.

A team from Trenton, N. J., Lodge initiated a large class of candidates for Lambertville Lodge, following which a social program was enjoyed.

Galena, Ill., Lodge recently opened its winter social season with a card and dancing party.

The tenth anniversary of the institution of Newton, Mass., Lodge has just been celebrated by the members.

Portland, Ore., Lodge has organized boxing and wrestling teams and is planning several meets with other amateur organizations on the Coast.

In connection with their Roll Call meeting, Hackensack, N. J., Lodge held an "Old Members' Night," designed to further acquaintance between the old and new members.

A "Chicago Club" has been appointed in Providence, R. I., Lodge to go into the question of sending a delegation to the Grand Lodge Reunion.

Moline, Ill., Lodge, whose magnificent new Home was recently dedicated, has just completed a "selective membership drive," planned to add 1,000 new members to its rolls.

Malden, Mass., Lodge is lending financial assistance to the local Sea Scout troop.

Plans for the proposed new Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge have been completed and bids are being received.

A battle royal, four preliminaries and an eight-

round final marked the opening event on the winter's athletic program arranged by Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge.

Members of Norwalk, Conn., Lodge are now occupying their recently remodeled Home.

Medford, Mass., Lodge has conducted a very successful carnival, and the Ladies Committee put on an excellent production of "Good Evening, Clarice."

The Annual Fair of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, showed a net profit this year of approximately \$4,500.

Brookline, Mass., Lodge recently held a large Charity Bazaar.

Newport, R. I., Lodge has organized a Drill Team.

The officers of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge recently visited Lewistown, Pa., Lodge and initiated a class of candidates.

The thirtieth anniversary of the institution of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge was celebrated last month with a gala banquet.

The Tri-State Mercantile Association was recently entertained in the Home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge has a monster Minstrel Show planned for this month.

The Committee which had charge of the Carnival of Middleboro, Mass., Lodge reports a net profit of more than \$2,000.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge gave a "Welcome Home" party for the officers and men of the Pacific Fleet on the occasion of its return from Australia.

Panama Canal Zone Lodge recently held its annual costume Charity Ball, arranging for a special train to carry the guests from the Pacific side of the Isthmus.

St. Charles, Mo., Lodge was among the largest contributors in the local campaign on behalf of the Salvation Army Home Service.

## "There's Nothing Like a Book!"

(Continued from page 29)

### Of More Adventurous Mould

*The Power and The Glory*—by Sir Gilbert Parker. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

A rushing, gallant tale of the days when La Salle and his brave companions were opening up the American wilderness. Great stuff.

*The Red Badge of Courage*—by Stephen Crane. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A magnificent American novel, re-issued for this generation of readers. The book that cut a path for many of to-day's best writers. The biographical sketch or preface will be found most valuable by any student of American literature.

*Spanish Acres*—by Hal G. Evarts. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A real live Western tale. Not a dull moment.

*We Must March*—by Honoré Willie Morrow. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

Historical romance anent the winning of Oregon. If you enjoyed *The Covered Wagon* don't fail to read this. Very good.

*Suspense*—by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

The last work—an unfinished romance of Napoleonic days—by this magnificent storyteller.

### Just a Dash of Poetry

*The Home Book of Modern Verse*. Compiled and enlarged by Burton E. Stevenson. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

An incredibly fascinating anthology—a treasure chest of some of the very best things in all literature. A great reference book. You go on, once it is in hand, from page to page meeting old friends and discovering new loves. Give it to yourself for Christmas—if no one else will get it for you.

*What's O'clock?*—by Amy Lowell. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Some of the last and best work that this great poet produced. Real, rare, gorgeous. It doesn't come much better.

*Tiger Joy*—by Stephen Vincent Benet. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

Ballads and lyrics, grave and gay, about everything under the sun. A graceful collection of verse.

### He-Man Stuff

*Leaves From a War Diary*—by Maj.-Gen. James A. Harbord, U. S. A., Ret. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

For rampantly entertaining reading, we recommend General Harbord's journal. Human—chuckling—incisive—here are the delightfully informal impressions of places, events and famous people by the man who fed and clothed the A. E. F. and who commanded the Marine Brigade in June, 1918. If you were in the War, or ever heard of the War and the Army you must have this book. Don't let the other fellow beat you to it.

*The Book of American Negro Spirituals*—by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Jackson, and additional numbers by Lawrence Brown. (The Viking Press.)

A sensation for all music lovers and true Americans.

### Merry Christmas Volumes

*Bigger and Better*—by Don Herold. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

A comic artist and a foolish philosopher at his dastardly work.

*Barber Shop Ballads*—by Sigmund Spaeth, Ring Lardner and Ellison Hoover. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)





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**FIRE** is the grim destroyer that wipes out an average of 17,000 precious lives—and untold millions of property values—each year. The whole nation is mobilizing its forces—the leaders in every community are joining hands to combat this consuming national evil.

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*W. E. Saal, Ohio, made \$100 for six hours' work; Hickey of Ontario, made \$148 in one day; Gill of Louisiana, without previous experience, is earning \$600 a month right along; Baker of Oregon, 68 years old, who can work only occasionally, makes as high as \$25 and \$30 a day. Are you doing as well for yourself?*

Fyr-Fyter is approved by (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories and is used by thousands by the U. S. Government, Standard Oil Company, General Motors, Ford Motor Company, etc. There is an unlimited market among homes, farms, schools, hospitals, garages, auto owners, retail stores, factory buildings, etc.

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**Speaking Generally**

*The Phantom Public*—by Walter Lippmann. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

What indeed is the public? Or are there many publics in one? And can the majority rule? An important book about "you"—wise, convincing and brimful of hard-boiled common sense.

*Stay Young*—by Raymond Leslie Goldman. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Here is indeed a sensible book. Helpful chapters on mastering your nerves, exercising for health and what to eat, etc.

*Dawgs!* Compiled by Charles Wright Gray. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The very cream of dog stories taken from the work of O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Albert Paysant Terhune, Donn Byrne and others. Recommended.

*Advertising*—by George H. Sheldon. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

What it's for—and how to make it succeed. A first-rate book.

*Practical Public Speaking*—by Bertrand Lyon. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.)

One of those "be successful" books, that really hits the mark. Invaluable for heads of societies, lodges, or leaders of any communities.

**A Few Books for the Playgoer**

*The Best Plays of 1924-1925*—by Burns Mantle. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.)

This volume will make you pretty conversant with the current dramatic successes. Well chosen. Excellent both for the enthusiastic theatregoer and for the folks who have to "keep up" with things simply through reading.

*The Vortex*—by Noel Coward. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A ruthless picture, now being presented on the stage both in London and New York, of London's ultra-smart set. Sophisticated but interesting adult reading.

*The Man With a Load of Mischief*—by Ashley Dukes. (George H. Doran & Co., New York.)

A great success in England and now being played in New York. This romantic, "costume" drama of the colorful days of the Regency, was, however, written primarily to be read in book form. Beauty in distress—satin villainy—home-spun true love.

*The Ladies' Home Journal One-Act Plays.* (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Charming one-act plays by well-known writers and admirably suited for presentation by clubs, schools or social groups.

*The Enemy*—by Channing Pollock. (Brentano's, New York.)

An after-the-war play by a well-known writer.

A couple of fascinating books of plays for young folks will be found mentioned elsewhere in these columns.

**For the Literary Friend**

*Anatole France Himself*—by Jean Jacques Brousson, his Secretary. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

Enchanting and human record of a great author. A glamorous biography.

*Along the Road*—by Aldous Huxley. (G. H. Doran Co., New York.)

Ambling, wise, distinguished—a group of essays on a multitude of subjects. Glancing and truthful as a shining mirror.

**Now for the Boys and Girls**

*The American Boy's Handy Book*—by Dan Beard. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Here is a new and better-than-ever edition of an old favorite. A great book on almost every (Continued on page 70)



The most annoying features of a union suit—*buttons*, which come off and have to be sewed on again, and *buttonholes*, which rip and have to be sewed—are both omitted from the

**HATCHWAY  
NO-BUTTON  
UNION SUIT**

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All the good features of a HATCHWAY Union Suit—perfect fit, therefore perfect comfort—are knit into the garment. No more pulling and buttoning into shape! A HATCHWAY is quicker to get into and easier to get out of. Buy a HATCHWAY, the union suit that knows no button, and give your body the comfort it deserves.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell HATCHWAY UNION SUITS. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, delivery free, anywhere in the United States.

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West of the Rockies 25 cents per garment should be added to the above prices.

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## Old Money Wanted

Will pay \$100.00 for 1894 Dime. S. Mint, \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo). Big premiums paid for all rare coins. Send 4¢ for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.

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## "There's Nothing Like a Book"

(Continued from page 69)

thing a fellow wants to know, and besides that, it's by a famous "Scout."

*The Flying Carpet*—Edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A book that will bring fairyland to any child. A golden gift indeed, for between the covers of this brightly illustrated volume are to be found original and exquisite contributions by such authors as Barrie, Chesterton, A. A. Milne, Hugh Lofting, Hilaire Belloc, Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare, Madge Kennedy, and many, many others, equally gifted with the art of bewitching little minds. Highly recommended.

*Roman Britain*—by M. and C. H. B. Quennell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

For the boy or girl who delights in exciting history.

*Boys' Book of Ships*—by Charles E. Cartwright. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

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*Emily Climbs*—by L. M. Montgomery. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.)

High-school days woven into a delicious tale for girls. This is the sequel to *Emily of New Moon*, which the younger sisters "ate up" last year.

*David Goes Voyaging*—by David Binney Putnam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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*Two Jungle Books*—by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

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*Scouting on the Mohawk*—by Everett T. Tomlinson. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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*Mark Tidd in Italy*—by Clarence Buddington Kelland. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

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*The Children of Dickens*. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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## Southwest Visited by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell

(Continued from page 37)

Judge Atwell and Mr. Bache remained in the car. They hardly hoped for such refreshment as cold soda in Oro Grande.

Inside the store the young man, looking out through the little window, inquired: "Where are you Elks going?"

"How do you know we are Elks?" responded Mr. Dudley.

"Well, don't you suppose I know my own colors?" the young man retorted.

"So, you are an Elk?"

"Yes, sir; and my father too."

"Then come out and meet the Grand Exalted Ruler," said Mr. Dudley.

"What?" The young man was dumb-founded. He stared at Mr. Dudley with incredulity. "You don't mean—?" he stammered.

"Yes, the Grand Exalted Ruler is out here in the car; come out and meet him.

"I—I—can't," the young man said hesitatingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I—I can't meet the Grand Exalted Ruler—I—my card—my card is only paid up to Oct. 1."

"But that makes you only a few days delinquent," urged Mr. Dudley.

Finally the young man went out and met the Grand Exalted Ruler, and after clasping hands with him his shyness was suddenly dispelled. Then followed an intimate visit. The young man explained how he happened to be in such an isolated place, what his hopes were of regaining his health, and of how highly he valued his membership in the Order of Elks. His father also, now over seventy years of age, was still an active Elk, and had been for more than thirty years, back in Trenton, Missouri.

Judge Atwell, with note-book and pencil, made a memorandum of the father's address. "Some time this fall or winter," he said, "I am going to make a trip to Trenton and will pay a personal visit to your father."

The young man stood speechless. Tears gathered in his eyes. The kindly personal interest of the Grand Exalted Ruler, his solicitude, his appreciation of the young man's pride in the fact that both he and his father were Elks, and his promised visit to Trenton to see his father, seemed unbelievable.

Not being able to express his appreciation in words, the young man rushed back into the store. A moment later he came out with a box of his best cigars. It was the only offering he could make—a box of cigars. The cigars were declined.

"Please do," he urged; "I can offer nothing else."

(Continued on page 72)

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## Southwest Visited by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell

(Continued from page 71)

A compromise was made. Each Elk took a cigar.

"Young man," said Mr. Bache humorously, "you ought to feel highly honored. You are the only Elk in the United States to receive an official visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler."

"I do feel highly honored," he exclaimed. "I never felt more honored in my life."

That night, it was learned later, the young man wrote his father a glowing account of the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and of the promised visit to Trenton, Missouri, a promise which Judge Atwell will keep.

The party arrived at Roswell about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was Roswell's first visit by a Grand Exalted Ruler. Once a cow-town, many members of the Lodge are cowboys and ranchmen. Roswell, fair city of the eastern New Mexico plains, is to-day an agricultural and oil center. Irrigation has made the one-time cow ranches to bloom with alfalfa fields and vast fruit orchards. Oil has recently been

discovered here and a great oil field is being developed.

Judge Atwell gave Roswell Lodge No. 969 a spirited talk that evening, and the following morning he and Mr. Dudley continued their journey on to Amarillo, while Mr. Beutell and Mr. Bache returned in their car to El Paso.

Amarillo is situated high out on the northwestern Texas plains. The town now has a population of about 18,000 people, a fine Elks Home, an enthusiastic Elks Lodge, paved streets and city airs. The visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler was made an event extraordinary.

From Amarillo Judge Atwell and Mr. Dudley went to Pueblo, Colorado, and from there returned to Dallas.

It will be observed that the Grand Exalted Ruler covered an immense territory from Sept. 28 to Oct. 6. Needless to say he was received joyously everywhere he went and left unbounded enthusiasm in his wake.

## How Wilbur and Orville Wright Conquered the Air

(Continued from page 12)

Orville said: "One of our assistants said we only needed feathers to make us light enough to stay up in the air as long as the birds."

\* \* \*

And now had come the time when they believed they were sufficiently versed in the science of aerodynamics to build a power flyer. They had solved lateral stability, longitudinal stability and could send their glider upward or downward by means of the elevating rudder in front.

That sounds like a rather flat statement of fact, but think of its tremendous import in 1902.

Various automobile makers were asked to build them an engine in the spring of 1903. But the auto builders were all "too busy." So, nothing daunted, the brothers designed and built their own motor. They gave a great deal of credit to their shop foreman, Mr. C. E. Taylor, who finished the motor in six weeks. The motor was expected to develop eight horsepower, but its four cylinders of four-inch bore and four-inch stroke delivered twelve. They did not know then, that a motor of that size should have developed double the latter horsepower. They set this motor to one side of the center line of the flying machine, so that should the plane fall the motor would not crush the operator.

**PROPELLER** construction is highly important to-day. It was particularly so then, when the motor was of low efficiency and propeller efficiency might be the margin between success and failure. Months were spent in calculating the design of a propeller, and when one finally was built to specifications it delivered a third more efficiency than any previously designed. Two propellers were decided on, because they would furnish more thrust than one. They were to be operated in opposite directions to avoid any gyroscopic action.

Dayton was not a great deal interested in the creating of the flying machine, I can imagine. Dayton must have long since ceased to pay much attention to the Wright boys. Another machine and another trip to Kitty Hawk was just—well, another machine and another trip to Kitty Hawk, in the eyes of the citizens. But that hardly could be the state of mind of the brothers. They left Dayton on September 23 and arrived at their camp at Kill Devil Hill on September 25. They found their old shed in a dilapidated condition. While getting their machine assembled gradually, they did further gliding with the 1902 machine, which had been left there the year before. Chanute came down to visit them, but left after a week's visit. In a discussion he had made the statement that 20 per cent. was the usual allowance for loss in power transmission. Had this been correct the Wrights

would have been ruined. They had figured it 5 per cent., and they were correct.

In trying out their motor they had several small breaks and Orville had to go back to Dayton for repairs. He returned on December 11. During their spare time the two made an instrument to measure automatically the duration of flight, the distance traveled and the number of motor and propeller revolutions.

They got ready for the first trial on December 14, but as there was little wind blowing at that time, they could not start their machine on the level, so they laid the track on the slope of the hill, to aid the propellers. It was Wilbur's turn to try the machine. It ran the length of the sixty-foot rail and managed to get off the ground, but did not have sufficient speed to stay up in the light wind. It "stalled," that is, lost headway, and dropped to the ground, far below the level of the point from where it had started.

That night the wind came up as though determined to wipe the camp from the sands. What happened the next morning has already been told. The successful flyer was of the same design as the 1902 glider, the only difference being the engine and the propellers. The rear rudder was formed of two vertical planes instead of one as in the glider.

In the spring of 1904 the base of operations was moved to a wooden shed on the farm of Torrence Huffman, about eight miles east of Dayton, near Simms Station. Here the second machine was assembled, stronger and heavier than the first. Newspaper men were invited to the first flight, but the engine balked and there was no flight. The next day another invitation was sent out, but the newspaper men had been fooled once. But they found out later what they missed.

A pertinent point here in the controversy which afterward arose is that late in 1903 Chanute went to France, after he had seen the Wright machine at Kitty Hawk. He gave lectures on the other side of the ocean on the wonderful Wright machine. The crafty French took the lectures very much in earnest, especially so, since Chanute, a practical glider himself, had made drawings and measurements of the Wright machine. This lecture tour of Chanute was the real start of flying-machine building in France—but this start came, of course, a year after the Wrights had made their first flight, and after they had made numerous flights at Huffman's farm.

During 1905 experiments were continued at the Huffman ninety-acre field, and something like fifty flights were made. It seems strange now to read how they gradually learned to fly in a circle and while learning this art, they were beset by problems of further balance in making the turn. In October of this year they made a wonderful continuous flight of 24½ miles. But at no time did they rise as much as a hundred



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feet off the ground, nor did they go beyond the confines of their ninety-acre field. For a landing gear on this early plane they used long skids. To take off, the propellers were started and the machine given further impetus by the dropping of a huge weight suspended on a cable from a tower. The cable was attached to the machine and when the weight was dropped the machine was aided in going forward.

In 1906 and 1907, with the plane perfected so that it was considered ready for the market, all experiments were dropped and business negotiations had the call.

As early as 1904 the English Government had sent a special investigator to Dayton to determine how practical the Wright machine was, but it was years later before any planes were built by the Wrights in England. In 1905 the French Government asked for an option on the patents for that country. This option was paid for, but never exercised. The French Government agitated the matter again in 1907, but it was left to a private French syndicate in 1908 to acquire the rights and build planes.

In 1909 a German syndicate was formed to make machines in that country under the Wright patents.

In May of 1908 experiments were resumed at Kill Devil Hill, in order to prepare for the United States Government test of an hour in the air, a cross-country flight at forty miles an hour average, with a passenger, and sufficient gasoline capacity for a flight of 125 miles. The attempt was made in September, 1908, at Ft. Myer, Va. A propeller broke and the machine crashed to the ground, killing the passenger, and severely injuring Orville Wright, the pilot.

Wilbur went to France and on December 31, 1908, he startled the world by remaining aloft for two hours and twenty minutes. With Wilbur taking Europe by storm and selling the rights to manufacture flying machines under the Wright patents, Orville again attempted to fulfill the United States requirements. On July 27, 1909, with Lieutenant Lahm as his passenger he covered fifty miles in one hour, twelve minutes and thirty-six seconds. On July 30, with Lieut. Benjamin D. Foulous as his passenger, Orville flew over forest and hills to Alexandria, Va., and return at an average speed of 42.58 miles.

For this demonstration the Wrights were given a contract to supply a machine to the government at \$25,000 and were awarded a bonus of \$2,500 a mile for exceeding by two miles an hour the average of forty miles an hour which the government had set as its requirement in the cross-country flight.

Incidentally the 1908 Ft. Myer flight was the first public exhibition in America. This plane had a twenty-five horsepower motor, two propellers, a double vertical rudder in the rear, a two-plane horizontal or elevating rudder in front and used the wing warping device.

In 1909 the American Wright Company was formed. In 1915 Orville Wright severed all connection, active and financial, with the Wright Company. As he explained it to me, his great interest had been in the science of aerodynamics. He was not a business man. So he retired to a little brick building on North Broadway, in Dayton, which housed his private laboratory and there took up further laboratory experiments in aerodynamics. During the world war he placed his own services and his laboratory at the disposal of the government.

To-day he still has the little laboratory. When I talked of the business angle of the airplane industry from 1909 on, he was courteous, though rather listless, perhaps a trifle bored. When we talked "angle of incidence," "travel of the center of pressure," "wing camber," "aspect ratio," "lifting power of square and oblong surfaces," "head resistance," his face lighted up and he spoke with great interest.

Orville Wright, I gathered from my visit with him in Dayton, is a supremely happy man. He has enough money so that he may do exactly as he pleases, which happens to be conducting laboratory experiments in the field of unexplored aerodynamics.

He still has the sister, Katharine, who has been through all the years very close to him, and who is now the mistress of his big house in Oakwood, a suburb of Dayton, high up on the hill. Neither Orville nor Wilbur married.

Wilbur, the student, died of typhoid fever in Dayton, May 30, 1912. That is the one severe loss suffered by Orville—and the world.

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# Questions to Ask the Salesman

*If He Can't Answer Them,  
You Had Better Leave His Securities Alone*

By Paul Tomlinson

(Reprinted, by request, from the August, 1923, issue)

**T**HE New Jersey Bankers' Association, not long ago, prepared an "Investor's Questionnaire" for the use of people who are solicited to buy stocks. The idea is that the questionnaire be handed to the stock salesman and he be asked to fill in the answers to the nineteen questions it asks. If the salesman refuses to answer all of the questions, the prospective investor is urged to have nothing more to do with his proposition, and quite rightly, for the questionnaire asks nothing that a reputable stock salesman should hesitate to answer. In fact, the right kind of a salesman should expect every prospective buyer to ask him these very things.

Questionnaires similar to the one put out by the New Jersey Bankers' Association have been compiled by bankers' associations in other States, and are also used by such organizations as the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and the Better Business Bureaus, Commissions, and Committees throughout the country. They are designed for the protection of the small investor, and he is asked to have one filled out by every person who tries to sell him stock, then take it to some banking institution in his community and have it passed upon. "Before you invest—investigate," is the slogan employed, and certainly much money would be saved if this sound advice were followed. Common sense, as well as experience, tell us there are no short-cuts to financial independence, and the idea of these questionnaires is to protect the small and inexperienced investor from the many speculative, not to say questionable, stocks which are continually being offered him.

If the readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE have not seen any of these questionnaires, they may be interested in the kind of questions asked, and a brief discussion of what they mean.

First of all, the salesman is asked to insert the date, that is, the date when he fills out the questionnaire. Next comes the name of the company whose stock he is trying to sell, and then his own name. Question 4 asks what kind of stock is offered—that is, preferred or common; if it is preferred, whether cumulative or not, and if common, whether full paid and non-assessable. Then comes a request for information about the total issue of stock, both preferred and common, and in the answer to this question the amount of each issue authorized should be given, as well as the amount to be issued at the present time.

Question 6 asks whether any stock is being given for property. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a new company to give stock in exchange for land, sometimes also for buildings and equipment, and if this is done the prospective purchaser is entitled to know about it and the amount. The salesman is also asked to state whether any stock is being given for "good-will." An already existing company is possibly being purchased, and if this company has been in business for some time its name is known and it may have a good reputation. These items would come under the head of "good-will" and possibly be worth something. Possibly no cash has been turned over in exchange for such an item, however, and the prospective purchaser should inform himself how much stock, if any, is being given for this rather intangible asset.

Question 8 asks if any stock is being given for patents. Frequently the success of a new company is entirely dependent upon the value of its patent rights. New companies, further, are not usually embarrassed by an excess of cash and very often the owner of a patent or the inventor is prevailed upon to take stock in the company in lieu of cash payment. The size of the stock interest exchanged for patent rights may have an important bearing on the future of the company.

The next two questions have to do with Liberty Bonds. No. 9 asks whether the sales-

man will take Liberty Bonds in exchange for the stock, and question 10 asks, if so, at what price? Many small investors, as every one knows, bought Liberty Bonds during the war. These bonds are as good as cash, and of course any stock salesman would be willing to take them in place of a check. The price he will allow for them is extremely important, and should be compared with the market price prevailing at the time.

The amount of cash needed is the question asked as No. 11. How much ready money does the salesman estimate is necessary to start operations? Or in case the company is already in existence and doing business, how much cash is required for its present needs? The par value of the stock comes next. This is an extremely important thing to know, for if stock is issued at, say, \$50 a share, it is rather essential to know whether the par is \$1, \$10 or \$100.

**T**HE market price of the stock is question 13. This means how much per share can be realized on the stock in case the owner wishes to dispose of it. The price at which he can sell has an important bearing on the price he should pay, and stocks in this respect do not differ from other commodities, in that they are worth only what they can be sold for. And market price does not mean the price at which the stock is offered you by the salesman, but what you yourself could sell it for. If the salesman tries to avoid this question, it is an almost sure sign that there is something wrong. He may say that "application will be made" to have it listed, but do not take that as sufficient. Such promises are often given, but not always carried out, and the fact that "application will be made" by no means assures acceptance on the part of the stock exchange authorities. And, further, if the stock really is listed the chances are that it can be bought then as cheaply, or more cheaply, as at the time it is offered by the salesman.

The salesman in number 14 is asked to state whether or not the stock has a ready market, and in answer to question 15 to state where it is listed.

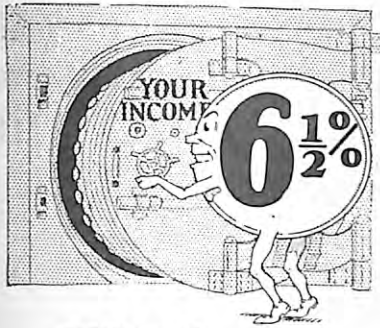
Question 16 inquires if the stock is accepted by banks as collateral for loans. As most people know, a bank requires security when a loan is made to one of its customers, and the security must be of such a nature as in the bank's opinion will be a sure guarantee that in case the loan is not paid the security will bring more than enough to cover the amount due. If stock, therefore, is accepted by banks as collateral, this is a good indication of its value. If it is not accepted this fact indicates just as surely that the stock is of questionable worth.

In question 17 the salesman is asked in case the stock is regarded good bank collateral to state what banks have to his knowledge accepted it for this purpose. If he lists a number of them, it is very easy to check his statement with the banks mentioned.

Question 18 is extremely important. It asks the salesman to state what the present net earnings of the company are. This presupposes, of course, that the company is in operation and unless a person is in a position to take chances it is a pretty safe rule never to buy stock in any corporation which has not yet commenced business. It is said that out of every hundred new business enterprises, thirteen succeed and eighty-seven fail. In other words, the chances are nearly seven to one against stock in a new company proving a profitable investment.

The last question, number 19, asks for bank references, and it is no more than prudent to have this information before purchasing stock from any one. Lastly, the questionnaire provides space for the names of the officers of the corporation whose stock is being offered, and the former occupation of each. The management of any company has a definite bearing on





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its success, and the character of the men in charge, their experience and personal reputations are things which may mean the failure or success of the enterprise.

With this information to present to your banker or to submit to one of the bureaus or committees mentioned in the second paragraph of this article, it should be comparatively simple for any investor, no matter how inexperienced, to protect himself from doubtful investments.

### 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.

"Safety Supreme," Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2106 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

"Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds," Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety," F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

## Matty—the Bayard of Baseball

(Continued from page 10)

Judge Emil Fuchs, associated with Mathewson in the ownership of the Boston Braves, said, "I asked him once what he thought was the greatest game he ever pitched. He told me that it was the one where Snodgrass dropped the fly. It was poor Matty's fate to lose the greatest game he ever pitched, just as he had to lose this hardest fight he ever fought."

I want to tell one story that will show why Mathewson, the man, was greater than Mathewson, the baseball player. I will give it in the words of a man who was pledged to secrecy until this time. He told it in these words:

"You may or may not remember in the dim past of 1908 that the Chicago Cubs beat out the New York Giants in a post-season game for the National League pennant. The extra game was made necessary by a ruling of the Board of Directors of the National League, sustaining the decision of President Harry C. Pulliam that a game between these clubs played at the Polo Grounds on September 23 of that year had been a tie.

"The game in question was the historic one in which Fred Merkle was alleged to have neglected touching second base. He was on first with two out and McCormick on third, when Al Bridwell hit a long single to left center field.

"McCormick crossed the plate with what everybody considered the winning run. The howling mob rushed on to the field. Evers called to Artie Hoffman for the ball which was thrown into the infield. A battle-royal ensued. It was later alleged that Evers received the ball and stood on second base forcing Merkle for the third out and canceling McCormick's run.

"However that may be—and the truth may never be known—this I do know. In that whole tumult of invective and backbiting, dear Matty stood out as staunch and clear as a lighthouse in a storm. Publicly at least he was silent as a lighthouse, too.

"I was in Harry Pulliam's St. James Building office the following winter when George Doherty and Barney Dreyfuss dropped in. These two were members of the Board of Directors that

(Continued on page 76)

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\$25,000 at 6%  
annual income \$1,500

25,000 at 8%  
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Gain at 8% each year \$500

\$500 reinvested each year  
at 8% in 10 years grows to  
\$7,000.

\$32,000 at 8%  
annual income \$2,560

25,000 at 6%  
annual income 1,500

After 10 years  
gain in annual income \$1,060

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### RESERVATIONS ACCEPTED NOW

Current offerings of Smith Bonds, which may be reserved now for January investment, give you the opportunity to get 7% on your January funds, with the protection of safeguards that have resulted in our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

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Name.....  
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## Matty—the Bayard of Baseball

(Continued from page 75)

substantiated Pulliam's ruling. The talk naturally drifted to baseball and to that crisis in baseball history. The Dover said:

"What I tell you is in confidence for the time but it will be borne out by the other members present.

"We were up a tree on the whole proposition. There were affidavits galore from both sides and each gave the other the lie direct. We didn't know what to do. Aimlessly while talking, Barney there (indicating Dreyfuss) happened to look at the paper his fingers were fumbling. Like a Moses who saw for the first time the promised land, his face lighted. He said nothing, simply handing the paper around.

"That paper decided our vote. Can you guess what that was? No? Well, it was Matty's affidavit. He swore that Merkle had not touched second base, that he (Mathewson) who had been coaching at first at the time had embraced Fred when Bridwell's hit had been delivered and ran shouting to the clubhouse after the Giant first baseman had run about halfway to the midway.

"You may not realize what that affidavit offered to us voluntarily meant to Mathewson. First of all it meant a share and probably a winning share in a world series. Had the disputed game stood as it was believed to have ended, Mathewson would have led all National League pitchers for the season. Minor Brown beat him out of that honor in the post-season game. We took all the other affidavits and threw them into the waste basket. Matty's word was good enough for us?"

I wonder just how many of the business men who were wont to look down on the mere professional baseball player would have stood this burning test? Understand that this man might have made what to him was a very large amount of money, not by making a false statement but by merely remaining silent.

How many of those business men, seeing profit and prestige accruing to them by merely keeping silent would have spoken as Mathewson spoke? Not one in many thousands. It is no wonder, then, that the fans never called out, of Mathewson, "Take him out." His honest, fearless soul shone through those clear gray-blue eyes so that all could know its greatness.

They have said that no man can be greater than the game. When I think of Mathewson I question this. I am inclined to believe that this man made the game great.

In Mathewson I see the real spirit of the game of baseball. Were I to be asked to give my conception of a real monument to the game of baseball I would suggest the figure of a pitcher, a "big six-footer" with his arm back, ready for the throw. I would have this figure with the clear-cut features of Christy Mathewson.

I would not have it the figure of a batter but the figure of the pitcher, facing fearlessly all "the bludgeonings of fate," thwarting them with his brain and the power of his arm. For that is the true spirit of baseball as typified by Christy Mathewson, the best beloved of all the American athletes, a sportsman and a gentleman, a Bayard of the diamond and a great American.

Let the game hold to his ideals, let the younger players follow in his footsteps and it will remain a great game always. The campus at Bucknell College has become a shrine of American sportsmanship.

## The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 24)

Inspector's attention was devoted for the greater part to the smoke from his cigar. He watched the single wreath, thoughtfully, as it rose like the sands of an hour-glass attracted upward.

The Inspector's attention left the cigar and its column of gray smoke and fixed itself upon the form of the Baron de Chenouille approaching from the direction of the forest.

"Ah, Monsieur le Baron," called out the Inspector. "Good-morning to you again. I see you return to us. Will you have a cigar?"

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Financial Department  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE



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The baron joined the group, sat down and accepted the offer.

After a moment's silence Prontout spoke. "Ah, Baron," he remarked, "there seems to have been some shooting about here. We haven't yet found out what it is. Nobody seems to know. Did you hear it?"

"No," replied the other, accompanying his answer with his smile of amused superiority.

"You seem, however—if I may be pardoned the liberty of the observation—to have lost your hat," remarked the detective with a look of polite concern.

"Oh, my hat," the other explained. "Down by the village—on the beach—this fiendish wind caught it and blew it into the water. I must get another."

Inspector Prontout reached around behind his chair. "Here is one, just found, and unclaimed—perhaps it may fit you," he said, apologetically.

The baron gave a slight start as he took the proffered hat. He turned it over in his hands, and shot a glance, warily, from the hat to the imperturbably innocent face of Prontout. Reassured, he laughed.

"No, thanks," he said, returning the hat, with just a trace of disdain added to an expression of boredom. "I prefer my own."

Prontout said nothing but gave a scarcely perceptible sigh. He made a slight sign to his two subordinates, who rose and walked away, leaving him alone with the baron. He smoked on, falling apparently into a reverie and taking no notice of an uneasy glance which the baron cast once or twice at the hat. "Monsieur de Chenouille," he said, finally, "there is a small matter upon which I would consider it a favor to have your opinion."

**I**NSPECTOR PRONTOUT cleared his throat.

"I hardly dare suppose that you are interested in crime," he began. "Still there are phases which furnish a certain amount of—of interest to the—well, the outsider. I have one such in mind; and I should like—should appreciate the views of a man of education and culture. I confess the solution seems to lie beyond the narrow grasp of my professional powers. You were not, of course you were not, acquainted with this fellow Gabas?"

Prontout's eyes wandered slowly from the tip of his cigar, as he put this question, and rested upon the baron.

"Gabas? No. Oh! that man? Yes," the other replied. "That is to say I happened to be present when he was arrested. I had gone there to—"

The Inspector courteously waved aside the explanation. "Gabas," he continued, "he was one of the most—I should say the most dangerous criminal in Paris."

"Indeed?" rejoined the baron.

Prontout said nothing further for a few moments and only watched the curling smoke of the cigars. At length with a little sigh the Inspector roused himself. "The matter on which I wished to ask your opinion," he said, "is the Marie Lafitte case. You know the facts, of course."

"Marie Lafitte? I—oh, yes—merely in the papers—the headlines—"

"Ah, yes. Briefly then let me refresh your recollection as to how the case originally arose. On March 16th last Marie Deschellet, or Marie Lafitte, as she was also known, as well as by other names, a woman of the Paris underworld, young and good looking, famous, too, I may say, is found dead in her room on the rue Denfert-Rochereau, with marks on her throat of having been choked. There are blood stains on her clothing and hands, but no weapon found and no wound or marks upon her throat. The blood is probably that of the assassin against whom she must have fought. So far indeed the case presents the common aspects, you will say, of all such cases. And so it would have been except for some well-known facts that closely involve the matter with prior cases under the surveillance of our department. It is this which tends somewhat clearly to place the motive. I will not weary you with a maze of complex detail, the whole elaborate web of circumstance. Sufficient to say that three days prior this woman's lover had been (as you must know from reading the accounts) apprehended on a comparatively unimportant charge of robbery.

(Continued on page 79)

# Why Throw Away Your Razor Blades?

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is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

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Dept. 2812, 476 Broadway, New York City

I enclose \$1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop.

It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

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By Albert Mead

"I USED to think a fellow was crazy to try a stunt like this. It seemed positively ridiculous to think that anyone could become popular by learning to dance. And what's more, I couldn't believe that learning to dance by mail was possible—especially in a case like mine where I didn't know one step from another!

"So every time I saw an advertisement like this, I just laughed. And I took great delight in poking fun at some of my friends who were taking this new course.

"But it wasn't long before I saw that the joke was on me. Slowly my friends seemed to be drifting away from me. They were always 'going to a party'—always having 'barrels of fun.' I was left out of the fun. Even the girls with whom I used to be so chummy began to pass me by.

"Well, I'm only human after all. So, the next time I saw an ad of Mr. Murray's, the famous dancing authority, in a magazine I gave it a chance. I read it through and when I saw that I didn't have to buy anything—that I could learn all about the short-cut to popularity from a Free 32-page book, I mailed the coupon.

"And that started it. The illustrated free book that came by return mail was so convincing and the free test lesson was so simple that I felt sorry to have hesitated all these

months. I eagerly sent for Mr. Murray's complete course.

## A Great Surprise

"And I received the greatest surprise of my life the day the lessons arrived. I opened the first page—and right there—before I was really aware of what I was doing—I was actually doing one of the steps. In a few minutes I had mastered that step. It was so easy—so fascinating that I could hardly believe it. It was real fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

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"My big chance came the following Saturday night. It was the annual class re-union dance. All my former classmates and their 'best' girls were present. Jeanne was my partner.

"The music started. I rose with a thrill. Jeanne was wonderfully light and easy to lead. We glided across the floor like professional dancers.

"The band played. I led Jeanne gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like an expert, keeping perfect harmony with the music.

"The 'old gang' stared at us in amazement. They couldn't

believe their eyes! The transformation was too sudden for them. I laughed to myself and Jeanne's smile of understanding thrilled me.

"When the music stopped we found ourselves in the midst of a group of smiling, friendly, admiring faces. It was a complete triumph. And to think that just a few weeks before I couldn't dance a step!"

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"I have been more than pleased with the knowledge of dancing that I have gained from your course. From the fellow that could hardly take a step to the fellow that takes almost all the dance prizes that are ever offered here for the best dancer, that's what it has done for me, thanks to your wonderful and pleasant way of instructing by mail which made it possible for me to learn."—G. J. N., Houston, Texas.



# The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 77)

On a Wednesday evening, then, this woman Marie meets me at a café. I omit the details of my having procured the interview. She offers me in exchange for the man's release to give information against a certain group or band organized for the purpose of systematic burglary and murder, and particularly against their chief. So far so good; though I had my doubts as to the value of anything she might tell. But I arrange with her that she shall appear at the Prefecture.

"She does not appear the next morning as agreed. A man is sent to get her. He finds her, as I have said, dead in her room. Hence the immediate importance of the case. Some one—you follow me—has dared to flaunt this at the administration of Justice—to murder a witness! Truly some one of a courage. Mon dieu!"

The Inspector paused as he uttered this exclamation and blew out a cloud of smoke. He frowned and stared hard at his listener.

"No one near the place that night?" the latter asked; nonchalantly and rather vaguely, as though under the necessity of saying something appropriate.

"That of course we do not know. The streets naturally would have been crowded as usual on that night and the next morning. The concierge states that she happened to notice a well-dressed man loitering across the street—it is a narrow one, you recollect—between midnight and one o'clock—not, I confess, an uncommon or significant event."

"You have—followed him up?"

"No. We did not even attempt to locate him from so meager a description as she could give—simply a well-dressed man, seen across the street, at night," replied the Inspector. "I wonder," he asked, glancing at the baron with innocent seriousness "do you think we could have done anything along that line? It was a rather valueless description."

"I AM sure you could not," replied the baron, still smiling. But when the Inspector's eyes shifted away from him he took a long breath and carefully moistened his lips.

"As I have said," continued Prontout, "the motive is furnished plainly. The woman was to have betrayed some one to us—therefore she was killed. So it seems to me. A daring crime, daring beyond measure when one considers the efficiency of our organization. And this narrows the field of search for the assassin, or assassins, to the band whose members are mostly known to us, or some one connected with them or employed by them. The problem now is this—I will explain it to you." The little Inspector paused for emphasis, wearing always that serious expression of frankness as he gazed at his hearer. "Whether, to arrest them all at once, all, that is, with whom we have acquaintance, or shadow them individually, or, thirdly," here he held up a third finger, "to arrest one, or two; to pretend we have complete evidence when we have none; and then wait for some of the others to come forward, frightened, in an effort to gain immunity by giving evidence against their fellows. Of course, Monsieur, this is strictly confidential."

The baron suppressed a grin. His expression of conscious superiority reappeared and deepened. He was reading this garrulous conceited little official like a book. Having masked his grin he turned a seriously polite countenance upon his companion. "Confidential," he repeated, "Assuredly so."

"What I have done so far," continued the other, "is to examine, separately, several of the members of the band. But of course I got practically nothing out of that. One of them, a woman, a friend of the deceased, on being taken to the scene of the crime, the room where the girl's body lay, remarked that the dead woman's ring was gone. A clue—but unfortunately leading to nothing at present."

"Is that all?" asked the baron. "You have no trace of the man who organized these—ah, robberies you spoke of, the, ah—leader of the band?"

"Oh, that? Yes. That was—the last one I should say—a case of jewelry valued at seventeen thousand francs, stolen from a room in the

(Continued on page 80)



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## The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 79)

Hotel Trianon-Palace. Oh, yes, we had a suspect under espionage. I was coming to that. We arrested him. Name of Gabas.”

“Ah!”

“This Gabas we have every reason to believe after leading us on a long chase to this island and in the course of it killing in a mysterious way two of my cleverest subordinates, men who had enviable records—Dirmoir and Jamat, has at last met his end. He has cheated la Justice, doubly, of her due. *But he had an accomplice!*”

The baron for the first time during the interview had avoided the Inspector's gaze. He looked thoughtfully straight ahead, and made the motion of swallowing.

“How—what makes you think so?” he asked.

“**WHY**, the information Marie Lafitte would have given would have involved, in particular, one other besides Gabas,” replied Prontout.

His hearer said nothing. His countenance wore a guarded air. He kept his eyes straight in front of him.

“I have some reason, my dear Baron, also to believe that this accomplice, now at large, is included in the murder of the Lafitte woman.”

The very fact, to begin with, that he was not located in the city, with the rest of the band points that way.”

“Ah—and you—”

“Guesses are useless, my dear Baron, in my profession,” hastily interposed the inspector, “I have no description of him. He is simply the unknown absent one. See, the dead woman's ring was much like this.”

He took a ring from his pocket and handed it to the other. The baron gave a slight start and choked. Then immediately he recovered himself. He looked fixedly and perhaps with a slightly overprolonged show of curiosity at the ring, turning it around in his fingers.

“That is not the original,” explained the Inspector, “I had it made of paste as nearly like as I could from the description furnished me.”

The baron handed the ring back.

“It seems to me,” he jovially observed, laughing, “since you have asked my opinion, that he has already escaped you. You have, so far as I can see, no clue to go on to get him!”

Inspector Prontout joined good-naturedly in the other's merriment. “Good!” he cried, with an expression of deep satisfaction in his tone, “You agree with me that the case is, so far, apparently insoluble. You have no suggestions to make. I was afraid I had overlooked some perfectly obvious trifle. And I thank you, Monsieur, for your interest in what must be to an artist and a man of culture but a dull affair. But remember this is confidential. You will not repeat? Any talk might defeat my ends.” He gave the baron a look of perfectly innocent entreaty, wearing the slightly worried expression of one who fears that after all he may have talked too much.

The baron still avoided the Inspector's eye. He sat motionless, staring ahead of him, and his cigar went out.

“You have then,” he finally asked, “exhausted all possibilities; and you arrive nowhere in the case?”

“All, my dear Baron, all—save the fanciful one, a possibility one must admit, a bare possibility, that Gabas is still living. Thoroughness would not overlook that. Indeed the whole matter would not be a shade more mysterious if he were. Ah, that is the real mystery in the case, this recent event—a perfectly illogical impossibility! And yet I, Inspector Prontout, must solve it, must make it possible!”

The little man fairly smacked his lips with

gratification over the difficulty of the task he was about to achieve. He faced around and laid his finger upon the other's sleeve. “And as for that accomplice of Gabas,” he remarked, with a swift look out of his keen eyes, “you say he has escaped me. Mon dieu; just as surely as I am sitting here I shall lay my finger upon him! My dear Baron, do not doubt. Perhaps—it may be—I have my finger on him now! Who knows?”

The baron shrunk away imperceptibly from the touch of the detective and gave an involuntary shudder. He had lost every trace of his original bearing of amused superiority, the last vestige of that sneering smile. The Inspector sank back again in his chair with half-closed eyes and smoked. In this manner both men sat awhile in silence.

The baron at last broke the silence. “And suppose,” he said, “for instance—it—ahem—occurs to me—I am not of course familiar with crime—but, in the line with what you said a little while ago, if—say—an accomplice were to deliver up this Gabas alive, together with competent evidence against him for both the burglary—and the murder—what would he receive?”

The Inspector was blowing clouds of smoke and studying them out of his half-closed eyes with concentrated satisfaction. He seemed not to have heard the question. The other after a short wait repeated what he had said.

The little detective finally looked upon his questioner with a smile, as of some trivial and agreeable matter concluded to his perfect satisfaction. “Immunity—surely, immunity,” he replied, and still smiling pleasantly bowed himself off again.

**NIGHT** found the baron in his room in the chateau. He was sitting limply upon the bed. The expression of bravado had long ago left his face and had been succeeded by one of groping fear mingled with a gleam of dark cunning.

Hours passed. He remained alone, thinking.

Mindful at last in his thoughts of the orders he had received that morning from Gabas he rose with a sigh and opened the door. The hallway beyond and the interior of the chateau were in darkness. Feeling his way along by the wall he stole swiftly down the stairs and arrived finally at the mantel. He took the iron box, carried it to a low window and placed it noiselessly and with severe attention to the detail of his slow movements through the window and on a broad ledge outside. He closed the shade. Then having made not a sound in all his movements he found his way to the main entrance.

It was not barred. He pushed against one of the great doors, and slipped through.

A man on guard, Agent Denton, blocked his path and challenged him.

“It is I, Denton,—I, Baron de Chenouille. I am going for a walk.”

“Ah, very good. Monsieur le Baron will, I hope, pardon me. Our orders are strict.”

The baron strode forth in a carefree manner humming an air. It was possible to see outside. The night was clear and the starlight illuminated faintly the grounds about the chateau. But as he turned past one of the towers he became all at once silent, and gliding swiftly in under the shadow of the wall to the window ledge he took up the iron box and carrying it under his arm pursued his silent way along the path which led to the windmill tower.

But behind him at a sufficient distance to avoid the chance of discovery, but close enough to note his every move, followed Denton, agent of police.

(To be Continued)

**THE** second article by William Almon Wolff, illustrated by Everett Shinn, dealing with the business of public entertainment was forced out of this issue for lack of space. It will appear in our January Number. Other good things to come in early issues are stories and articles by Dana Burnet, Hermann B. Deutsch, Calvin Johnston, Lawrence Perry, Elon H. Jessup, Henry Irving Dodge, Gerald Beaumont, John Peter Toohey, Robert McBlair, Lucian Cary, and other famous writers.





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