

# The Elks

Magazine

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JANUARY, 1926



Features this Month: "What Price  
Glamour?" by William Almon  
Wolff, "The Last Garonne" by  
Hermann B. Deutsch, "The Golfer's  
Heart" by Carl Easton Williams



There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.

H. L. Mencken.

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—how I envy them!

Gouverneur Morris.

The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.

John Galsworthy.

### Some Remarkable Facts About Conrad

At an auction before Conrad's death, his original manuscripts sold for \$110,998. Before his death also, a numbered de luxe edition of his books, the Sun Dial Edition, was published. It was limited to 735 sets. That number of people came forward and paid, each, \$175.75 for one of these sets (a total of \$129,176.25), *simply because it was autographed!* Such was the judgment of connoisseurs of the certainty of Conrad being ranked with the Immortals. Now, for the most modest book budget comes the Inclusive Edition of his complete works, *containing everything in the Sun Dial Edition including the same special prefaces written by Conrad for each book.* This 24-volume Edition, however, is offered for only \$35.00, payable in small amounts, instead of \$175.75 cash.

One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

Christopher Morley.

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

H. G. Wells.

To stand in a summer-stifed, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

Mary Austin.

At Last!

# THE INCLUSIVE EDITION OF JOSEPH CONRAD

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"I AM not a literary man," Conrad once modestly said. But what did the world think of him? It was shown strikingly,

before he died, by the facts outlined above. Probably no such tribute was ever paid, in all history, to an author while he was still alive.

The leading writers of the world, spontaneously at one time or another, had united in acclaiming Conrad as "the greatest living master of fiction." Even more striking than their praise was the unexampled enthusiasm—amounting often to adoration—which he inspired in tens of thousands of intelligent people in every corner of the world.

"I feel that Romance is dead now, not Conrad," an American woman in England wrote home to a friend. That was the feeling of unnumbered thousands when this great Master passed away.

#### The Secret of Conrad

What is the secret that lifted this former Polish cabin-boy to the

foremost place in contemporary English literature? Perhaps most of all, it is the exciting narratives he told and the rare glamor of the life he wrote about—the life of outcasts and adventurers in the farthest places of the earth.

What an array of them there is: Rough traders, thieves, murderers, adventurers—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East and there battling out their destiny. And always with what women among them—the bewitching plotter, Dona Rita; the mysterious Flora de Barral; the brave little outcast, Lena; the elusive and pathetic Nina of Almayer, the unfathomable and seductive Malay princess for whom Willems sold his soul—to mention but a few.

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

Conrad had met these men; he had known these rare, strange women he wrote about; and what tales he spins of them! Tales of the devoted love of men and women in remote seclusion, far from civilization, possibly deserted on some lonely isle, surrounded by chattering people of other races; tales of adventure in the mysterious China Sea, where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky; tales of breathless romance covering the

whole wide world of friendships and conflicts of men and women caught in swirling eddies of life. No wonder Hugh Walpole burst out, after reading one of Conrad's books, "Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

#### An Exceptional Opportunity

Gouverneur Morris once said of Conrad: "Those who have not read him are simply not well read." If that was true before Conrad's death, how much truer it is today! You will never be satisfied with yourself until you own and have read all of Conrad's books. When you do, you have a treat in store of which you can have no conception.

And instead of \$175.75—the price of the Sun Dial Edition—the cost of the Inclusive Edition, containing everything in the de luxe set, will be only \$35.00, and this may be paid in small amounts.

#### Free Examination Privilege

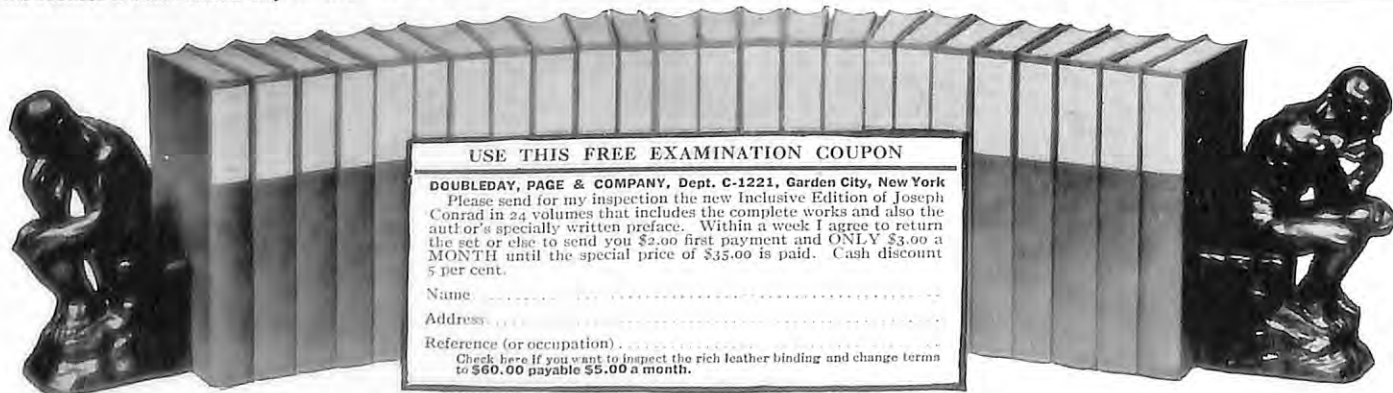
If you wish to obtain a set, either for yourself or for a gift, *your reservation should be sent in immediately.* If, when delivered, it does not in every respect come up to your expectations, it may be returned within ten days, and your subscription cancelled.

The publishers respectfully advise prospective purchasers not to delay, as these sets at this extraordinary price are disappearing fast. Use the coupon below, or write a letter.

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Please send for my inspection the new Inclusive Edition of Joseph Conrad in 24 volumes that includes the complete works and also the author's specially written preface. Within a week I agree to return the set or else to send you \$2.00 first payment and ONLY \$3.00 a MONTH until the special price of \$35.00 is paid. Cash discount 5 per cent.

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# What Will You be Earning One Year from Today?

*A practical plan that is doubling men's salaries*

You have said good-bye to Yesterday, with its failures and disappointments. A new Tomorrow lies ahead of you. What are you going to *do* with it?

To the man who gives little thought to his business progress, one day is much like another—filled with routine work—rewarded by routine pay. He has *no right* to expect great things of the future.

But—how different the outlook of the man who is *training* for promotion, and what a difference a mere twelve months can make in his earning power!

Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of S. N. Williams, a Kentucky man, who has specialized—with the co-operation of LaSalle Extension University—in *Salesmanship*. "My salary was practically doubled a short time ago," writes Williams, "but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the amount of business I have written this year is easily five times greater than before." Williams, you see, has a *real future*—because he is constantly *preparing* for it.

### Increases Salary 150%

Again, consider the experience of Arthur W. Weber, now Assistant Secretary of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and most influential banks in the state. One of his earlier letters reads as follows:

"Since I have been training, my salary has been increased 150 per cent. This increase is an annual return of 1,107 per cent upon my investment. Not so bad when you consider that most conservative investments net only 6 or 8 per cent. Incidentally, LaSalle training has aided me in jumping from the job of timekeeper in an automobile factory to my present position as assistant auditor of the largest and best bank in Toledo in less than eighteen months.

"There is one outstanding point about

LaSalle Extension University—it is not your excellent text-books or your well-built organization, but your willingness to help and encourage the student to succeed. It has been my experience that an enrollment with you is not a cold-blooded business proposition, but a real, cheerful, sympathetic willingness to help the student."

More recently he writes as follows: "Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training in

many, many times is evidenced by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling \$1,399,507. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

The records of these 1,248 members—representing every state in the Union and every province of Canada—are all recounted in a fascinating book entitled "A Geography of Success." The following are a few of the promotions here recorded:

"From \$110 to \$385 a month."

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"Salesman to Sales Manager; salary doubled."

"From \$1,400 to \$5,000 a year."

"Passes C. P. A. examination; now partner in \$20,000 firm."

A copy of this book will be sent you for the asking. And—it's well worth sending for!

### Send for Salary-Doubling Plan—Free

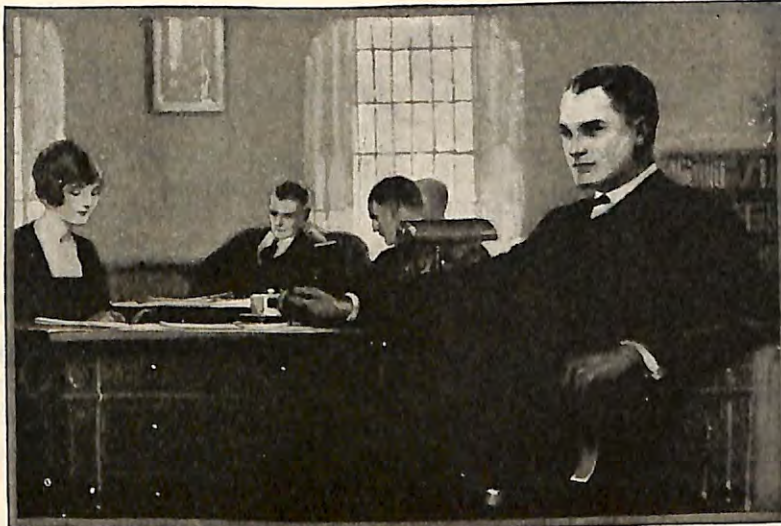
Yesterday is past. Let's not be hampered by it. Tomorrow is ahead of us. *Let's make the most of it!*

Below this text there's a coupon—just such a coupon as Williams and Weber once signed, and hundreds of thousands of others who, thru home-study training, have added greatly to their earning power.

You know your ambitions. They will decide for you the training you should undertake.

You do *not* know your *capabilities*. But—they will unfold for you more wonderfully than you could dare to hope, once you begin with seriousness to fit yourself for bigger things.

Start today toward that better place, that bigger salary, by checking, signing and mailing the coupon NOW.



the form of increased salary *at a rate in excess of 125 per cent per month.*"

### You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Skeptics may suggest that the records of Mr. Williams and Mr. Weber are exceptional. And—if these men had won their advancement *without* the aid of home-study training, we should be bound to agree with the skeptics. For men are rarely promoted to positions they are not qualified to fill. When men have *fitted* themselves for advancement, however, such promotions are not exceptional at all.

That their experience could be paralleled

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

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

- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
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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 Eight

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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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Editor and Executive Director

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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, 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.



**When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby—have a Camel!**



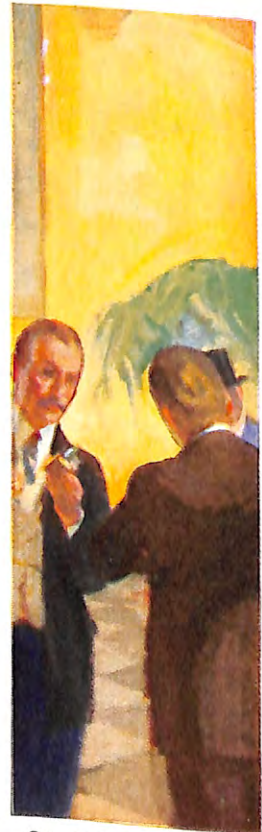
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WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself—*have a Camel!*

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and *kept*—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigarette after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer—lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company





# Personalities and Appreciations

## Here's to Our Writers and Artists

ON THE editorial page of this issue, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its best New Year's wishes to that great body of Elks and their families who make up its audience. There is a second group for whom we of the Magazine hope that the New Year will be fruitful: the writers and artists whose work has made this publication what it is. And we feel sure that every one of our readers joins us in expressing the hope that the writers will sell all their stories, poems and articles, so that the illustrators will have plenty to illustrate.

THE life of the writer is not wholly a bed of roses. He enjoys certain privileges, it is true—such as working when he likes and where he likes—but he really does work, make no mistake about that. The popular conception of a writer as a debonair creature who dashes off stories in an hour or so and has nothing to worry about is like a lot of other popular conceptions. Good stories are seldom dashed off. They grow in the mind of their author, by dint of severe concentration on his part, until they have evolved from the germ-cell stage of a bare idea, into a more or less complete framework. Then on paper they evolve further from the skeleton stage into the complete story, covered with flesh and clothes over the bony structure. And after the clothing process comes the period of remodeling and trimming, cutting here and adding there, putting in color and atmosphere and, to carry on an already sadly mixed metaphor, the infusion of blood and the breath of life into the creation. All this involves work, very hard work, done in solitude. And the harder the writer has worked, as a rule, the less the story seems like the product of intense effort.

Next time you come across a story that is so smooth and easy to read that you feel that it must have been dashed off in no time, reflect that its smoothness is probably the result of tremendous labor, patience and craftsmanship. Stories dashed off by their authors are usually dashed out by magazine editors.

## Two American Favorites Abroad

IT SHOULD not be assumed from the foregoing, however, that writers are a miserable lot who never enjoy themselves. They have to work hard, but they like their work; in fact, the unhappy author is the one who has no work to do. And, too, they have, as we have said, the privilege of being able to work anywhere. Their offices are, very literally, under their hats.

As you read this, two of your favorite contributors to this Magazine are roving somewhere in Europe. One is Octavus Roy Cohen; the other Courtney Ryley Cooper. Traveling together, with Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. Cooper, they are having a sort of working vacation. Both have commissions to execute for magazines at home. And each has a big job to do, while abroad, for THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Cohen, whose novel "The Iron Chalice" was the most successful serial we have published, is writing for us a new novel which, we are confident, will be by all odds the best thing he has ever done.

Mr. Cooper, whose stories and articles of circus life have been among our best-liked features, is writing for us the life-story of one of the most picturesque Americans who ever lived.

## "He Went About Doing Good"

SOMETIMES it happens that a fiction character is more definitely fitted for publication in one magazine than in any other, even though the author when he created the character, did not have that specific magazine in mind. Such an instance has materialized in the case of a series of stories, by Bertram Atkey, having as their hero one Prosper Fair.

You may remember Prosper Fair as the central figure

of a thrilling novel by Mr. Atkey called "The Pyramid of Lead." In reality Mr. Fair is the Duke of Devizes, a young, beneficent and democratic peer, given to mingling with the world at large in unconventional guise, traveling incognito on foot, accompanied by a donkey and a ragged little dog. He is a sympathetic and understanding person; and whenever he finds people in trouble, he bends every effort to getting them out of it. In other words, he goes about doing good. And if ever a character was calculated to appeal to our audience, Prosper Fair is he.

The first of the Prosper Fair series, by Bertram Atkey, will appear in an early number. Don't fail to read it.

## A Debatable Question

IN THE old days, before ethics began to creep into business, that merchant was considered the smartest who mulcted his customers hardest. The reigning idea was that merchandise was worth whatever the individual purchaser could be induced to pay. It was common to exaggerate values, to misrepresent quality and to laugh at the benighted buyer when he came back to complain.

Gradually the notion has grown that fair-dealing and service, fixed prices to all and satisfaction guaranteed are better business policies than the old "public-bedamned" attitude. Some concerns, in an endeavor to swing the pendulum to the limit of its locus, have gone so far as to announce that, so far as they are concerned, "the customer is always right."

That seems so much like expecting a perfection of honesty and reasonableness on the part of both the public and the business man that it makes one wonder whether (a) the customer can possibly always be right and (b) to what extent the merchant can afford to live up to so grandiloquent a gesture. We asked Earl Chapin May, well-known writer, to look into this question and give us an article on the result of his investigation. The article will appear very soon, under the title "Is the Customer Always Right?" When you have read it, write and tell us what your own experience has been.

## "The Golfer's Heart"

CARL EASTON WILLIAMS has written for this issue an article which should be read by men of two classes: those who have passed middle age and those who have not. The title appears above.

Talking the other day with an elderly country doctor, we asked him whether he found the average of general health better to-day than ten years ago. He said that it is, on the whole, better and that preventive measures have made it so. "Education in hygiene has played a great part," he said, "in raising the general average of health. But," he went on, "there is too much printed in newspapers and magazines telling people how to cure themselves of this and that. The truth is, every human being is different from every other. You can treat some people one way and others in other ways. People read how so-and-so was cured by a certain treatment and conclude that that's what will do the trick for them. But maybe it isn't. I'm strong for general medical education but all against the idea of printing methods of treatment. A sick person should go to a doctor, or call one in, and have an individual diagnosis and prescription—and the longer his doctor has known him the more certain he may be of getting the correct diagnosis. Dosing oneself according to printed information is just plumb silly."

The article by Mr. Williams is an educational article, dealing in general truths and based on common sense. If it makes you wish to ask questions about yourself, ask 'em—of your doctor.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been the cause of many good men joining the Order. A useful idea is to give your copies, when you have read them, to friends who are not yet Elks but who ought to be.



“HE · WENT · ABOUT · DOING · GOOD”

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

“A Happy New Year!”

*Dallas, Texas,  
December 31, 1925*

To My Brothers:

Nineteen hundred twenty-five, with its oddness—three odds and one even—passes into 1926—an evenness! Two odds and two evens!

Nineteen hundred twenty-five was odd in many ways. Odd in its prosperity, odd in its war of words, and peace of action. Odd in its outbreaks against the law, and in its steadfastness for the law. Odd in its seasons—odd in its harvest.

The year of oddness furnished many disagreements; many disappointments; many wrecks. Oddly enough, also, it was full of successes, victories and fulfilments. But, with all of its oddity, it passes—it passes to where all of the other years have gone—into the great past!

We stand on the threshold of the NEW!

The NEW! The New with all of its love, and all of its happiness, and all of its success and all of its joy! The NEW, with all of its evenness—with its lack of roughness—with its lack of oddity.

All hail, 1926!

During every one of its more than half a million minutes I wish for each brother who reads this, that abiding, consoling, satisfying peace which comes from righteous thought, proper living and wholesome love.

Your earnest, sincere friend,

*Wm. H. Steen*

*Grand Exalted Ruler*



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

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

## To the man in a little business who sees no chance ahead

A FEW WEEKS ago, J. Don Alexander was in New York, holding a convention of his salesmen. He visited us at the Institute and we went up to the top floor and sat on Hamilton's sofa, and stretched our legs in front of the fireplace that used to be in Hamilton's home, and had an old-fashioned talk. He told us again the story of his enrolment in the Institute.

He was living in Spokane at the time, the owner of a little electrical business—a good enough little business, but with no promise that it would ever provide anything more than just a decent living. Mr. Alexander wanted *more* than a living. He wanted comfort for his family, and education for the children, and a chance to travel, and financial security.

He turned to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with a good deal of hesitation and doubt. He expected to receive some formal textbooks and lectures, which, while valuable in content, would be hard reading and not very applicable to his personal situation. What he discovered, to his great surprise, was that he had not merely enrolled for "a course." He had allied himself with a powerful group of friends who began immediately to work with him for his business success.

The Institute training is a good deal like a wonderful two years' trip at full pay. It carries you into the office of a great sales manager; you watch him work. He tells you the methods by which he gets results, and gives you full permission to use those methods as your own. You visit a great accountant and he tells you, in the most interesting and informal way, the important things that have taken him so long to learn.

You sit beside a banker and learn the principles of corporation finance. Your instruction in factory and office management comes from men who have made an outstanding success in these fields, who talk to you in terms of tested practical results. And every day thruout the whole two years' journey you feel yourself growing, you are aware of opportunities that you had previously overlooked.

It was so with Mr. Alexander. He sold out the electrical business and organized the Alex-



He wanted more than just "a living"

ander Film Company, with the purpose of producing motion picture films for advertising purposes. A short time later he became its president and today, after only a few years, it is a nation-wide organization, one of the largest and most successful of its kind.

"At the time of my enrolment I had only the most rudimentary conception of business," he said, "and the Institute was a life saver to me." But what impressed him most was the *friendliness* of the Institute, the way in which it takes a personal interest in its men, its determination to leave nothing undone that will

make for their success. It was that spirit which drew Mr. Alexander down to Astor Place to visit us again and which brings so many Institute men to Alexander Hamilton Hall when they are visiting New York.

You who read this may be many miles from New York, as many miles away as Mr. Alexander was at the time when he read such an advertisement as this and sent for "Forging Ahead in Business." May we say to you, thru this page, what we should like so much to say in person, "*We want to be genuinely and personally helpful.*" When you read the copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" which the coupon will bring you, forget that we are a big educational institution. Think of us as just a group of friendly men, who would like to be your companions and guides on the wonderful two years' journey which Mr. Alexander and so many others have made, pointing out the principles and the methods by which the most successful men have won their success, opening your eyes to opportunities that lie at your own front door.

You will find us good traveling companions, and your personal problem will be of just as much importance to us as if you were the only man enrolled.

### Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
448 Astor Place New York City



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

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“HE · WENT · ABOUT · DOING · GOOD”

Office of the  
**Grand Secretary**

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

**New Year's Greetings**

*Chicago, Illinois,  
January 1, 1926*

To My Brother Elks:

Ours is an institution of humanity. Its permanence and strength are in proportion to the completeness with which it responds to that thing in the heart which time can not change. The sentiment inculcated in the Golden Rule is but the outcome of love for our fellowman.

Let us each find in our heart a wellspring of that divine attribute and during the year that lies before us seek further opportunities to open the avenues by which we enter the brother's heart for his good, and give him the keys to our own.

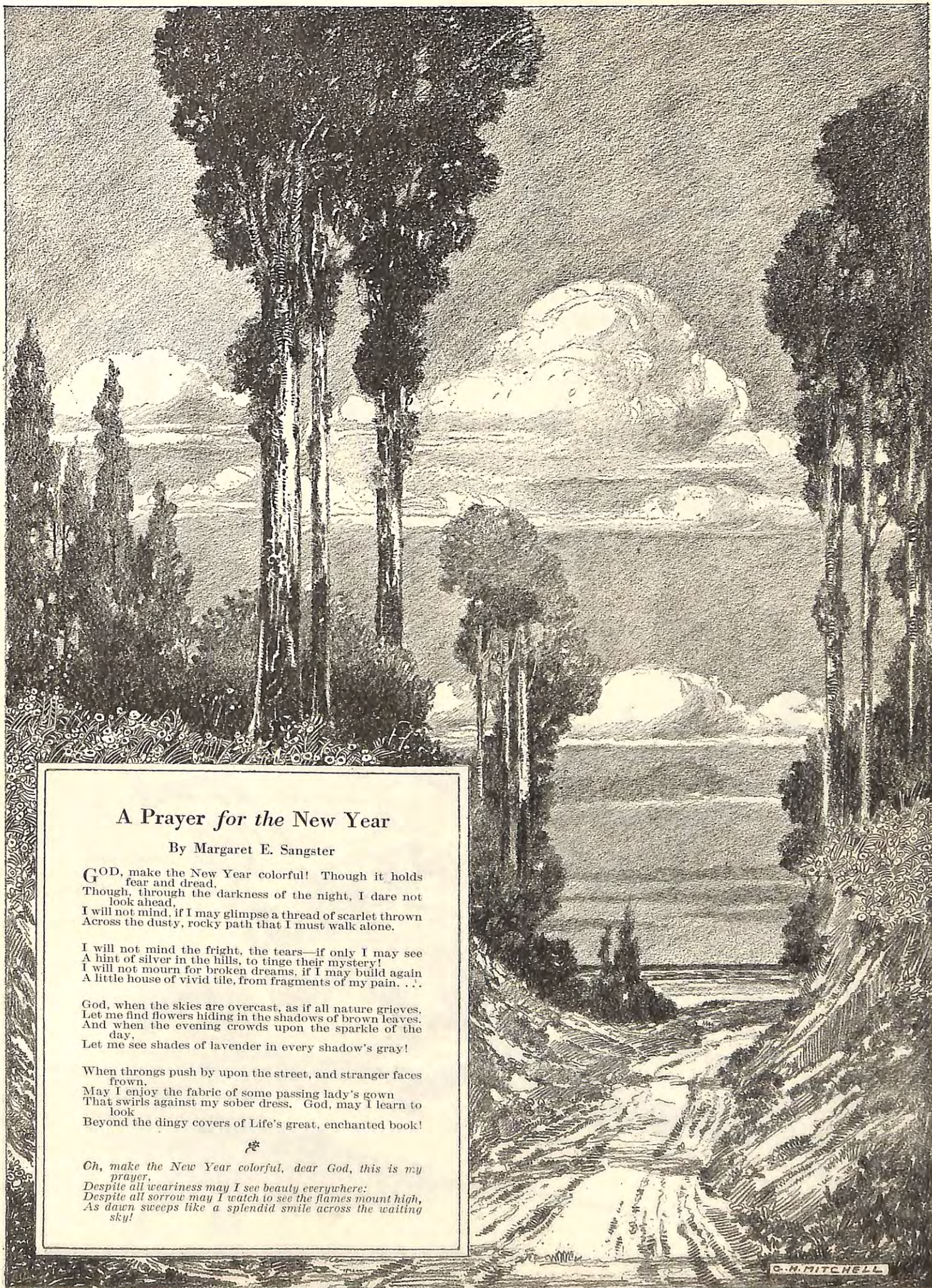
The individual members of Subordinate Lodges constitute the foundation of our Order. Therefore it behooves each brother to look to himself in exemplifying our practical teachings. Thus will the Order of Elks grow in influence and goodness as it grows in strength.

With all good wishes for you and yours, I am,

Sincerely and fraternally

*Fred Robinson*  
Grand Secretary





### A Prayer for the New Year

By Margaret E. Sangster

**G**OD, make the New Year colorful! Though it holds  
 fear and dread,  
 Though, through the darkness of the night, I dare not  
 look ahead,  
 I will not mind, if I may glimpse a thread of scarlet thrown  
 Across the dusty, rocky path that I must walk alone.

I will not mind the fright, the tears—if only I may see  
 A hint of silver in the hills, to tinge their mystery!  
 I will not mourn for broken dreams, if I may build again  
 A little house of vivid tile, from fragments of my pain. . . .

God, when the skies are overcast, as if all nature grieves,  
 Let me find flowers hiding in the shadows of brown leaves.  
 And when the evening crowds upon the sparkle of the  
 day,  
 Let me see shades of lavender in every shadow's gray!

When throngs push by upon the street, and stranger faces  
 frown,  
 May I enjoy the fabric of some passing lady's gown  
 That swirls against my sober dress. God, may I learn to  
 look  
 Beyond the dingy covers of Life's great, enchanted book!

*Oh, make the New Year colorful, dear God, this is my  
 prayer,  
 Despite all weariness may I see beauty everywhere:  
 Despite all sorrow may I watch to see the flames mount high,  
 As dawn sweeps like a splendid smile across the waiting  
 sky!*





*"It is easy to think that because something is picturesque that it is also romantic and glamorous"*





## What Price Glamour?

*It Seems to Have Retreated Before Hostile Forces to Its Last Stronghold—the Legitimate Theatre*

By William Almon Wolff

Sketches by Everett Shinn

I'M IN hot water about my piece in the November number about the theatre.

"How now!" people are saying to me. "Since when has the tail wagged the dog? You say you are going to write about the show business, and every word of your first piece is about the old-fashioned theatre? And that's nonsense. What you call the theatre is just one little part of the show business. How about vaudeville, and the movies? They're both a whole lot bigger and more important than the theatre. Don't you know that twenty million people go to the movies in this country every day?"

Of course I know it. If I wanted to play with statistics I could fill all the space this piece can have with figures. But I won't. I'll leave the figures to Shinn; he does them, as you may have noticed last month, beautifully. (I mustn't forget, by the way, to put in something about Mack Sennett's bathing girls. It would break Shinn's heart if I didn't, and, besides, he'd draw a picture of them, anyway. But naturally, I would do that in any case. It's not legal to write anything about the movies without mentioning at least once that Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels and Mabel Normand started as bathing girls in the old Sennett comedies.)

However, that is by the way. I have to defend myself. The idea was, in the beginning, you see, to write about the show business from a particular point of view. I set out, really, to tilt with the people who said there was no glamour and romance and high adventure about it any longer, that it was all commercialized and standardized—and also, according to some of them, absurdly wasteful and extravagant. That was how the theatre happened to get the whole of the first piece to itself—because it is in the theatre that glamour and romance and adventure still hold sway.

These other phases of the show business are different. They're perfectly all right; they're adventurous enough, in one sense, and they furnish their share of romance, too, in their own way. But glamorous, for me, at any rate, most of them simply are not.

I didn't expect to say anything like this, when I set out. I'm surprised, and a little annoyed, because I have to say it now, being a reasonably truthful reporter. But I can't help it. Facts are facts.

It is very easy, you see, to confuse terms; it is especially easy to think that because something is picturesque it is also romantic and glamorous. Now it is very picturesque

indeed for a company of people to spend a long time in a big houseboat, with a stage and an auditorium built into it, being towed along great rivers from landing to landing, and putting on a show wherever the boat stops at night.

But there isn't, as a matter of fact, anything really romantic or glamorous about it. It isn't a speculative venture at all, that of the people who give the boat shows. It is a business enterprise about as sure of success as the opening of a cigar store at a crowded corner. Picturesque this sort of thing certainly is. It may, if there is a sudden bad storm, become adventurous. But, on the whole, it's a pretty placid matter of a rather dull routine; it's so dull, in fact, that a lot of the performers get tired of it, after a while, and go back, from choice, to the bustle and stir and relative uncertainty of very small-time vaudeville.

And take vaudeville. Vaudeville is enormously exciting, at times. It, too, is picturesque. But, nowadays, vaudeville has become organized and standardized to a degree that the legitimate theatre will never, thank Heaven, be able to equal.

I don't mean, for a moment, that there aren't tremendously exciting and stirring occasions in the life of the individual vaudeville artist. There are. He, too, like the actor of the legitimate theatre, may, after years of effort, strike gold, as it were, and become famous overnight. He may—but he doesn't, very often. And there really isn't, through the whole length and breadth of vaudeville, the tense, emotional thrill of the theatre at its gorgeous best. You don't get, in a variety house, the feeling the theatre still does, upon occasion, give you of assisting at happenings of real moment.

In the theatre, the old-fashioned theatre, you see, the play is still the thing, just as it was in Shakespeare's time. And in vaudeville it isn't. In vaudeville the theatre is the thing.

That's all right, too; it's quite as it should be, for the greatest good of the greatest numbers. Vaudeville is run by as keen and sapient a lot of men as have ever appeared in any business. They know, much more accurately than theatrical producers ever seem to, what the public wants. And they give it just that. In

vaudeville people go to their neighborhood theatre regularly, week after week. They don't have to worry; they know they're going to get good value for their money.

And the men who run vaudeville, on the other hand, know that their weekly receipts are not going, generally speaking, to fall below a certain figure. The cost of a vaudeville bill is very carefully figured out. Headliners, getting enormous salaries, are used with judgment and economy; they aren't just routed around the country haphazardly. Precious little is left to chance and the whims of audiences in vaudeville.

Of course, back of the big booking offices, back of the big agencies, where the planning is done, there is, in vaudeville, a surging life; a keen and endless struggle. New acts are always trying to break in. Half the color of Broadway comes from these vaudeville people.

A team will organize itself, or an act. Maybe there is dance and song; perhaps a group of actors, hankering for the flesh pots of Egypt, anxious, in other words, to eat regularly for a spell, will scrape up the money to hire an established author to fit them with an act, a dramatic or musical sketch.

THEN, if you please, you get a sense of adventure, or risk. The act is rehearsed. It takes shape. For weeks, perhaps, these people give up their time, living as best they can, in the hope that the act will go over. Finally they show it to an agent. Quite probably he suggests changes—and his suggestions are followed. They'd better be! Then, if the act is lucky, it gets a try-out.

It is placed, without salary, that is, on the bill of some outlying theatre. It goes on. The agent is there; perhaps men from one of the booking offices, big or little-time. For most acts, after all, that is the end. That is all that happens. It is all to do over again.

But if the quiet, capable booking men are impressed, the act is made. It has, really, very little more to worry about. It is booked—for a longer or shorter period—so many weeks. Forty, perhaps; perhaps only ten. Maybe, if it is on the borderline, just for one or two weeks, or split weeks—which means, really, another try out.

These booking men, you see, very seldom guess wrong. Very rarely do audiences, the court of last resort, upset their verdict. And, once an act has made good, established itself, it is set. It has no more anxieties.



It can go on for years, coming back, season after season, to audiences that have learned to welcome it as an old friend. New material has to be added, from time to time; in the case of a sketch, a tabloid drama or a miniature revue or musical comedy, a new act must be supplied, after two or three years. But, by that time, the players are established; they are bound to get something that will do; they are sure of their booking.

And that is where, for comfort and peace of mind, the vaudeville actor has so great an advantage over his legitimate confrère. Even a very great star, in the theatre, may go through a whole season in which he doesn't play a full month. How long is it since you have seen Lionel Barrymore in a success?

No. It's picturesque, the business of vaudeville. But it would, I submit, be pretty far fetched to call it glamorous or romantic.

**A**ND that is very generally true of these older offshoots of the theatre. Take the circus. It's the most picturesque thing there is, but in these days of mammoth shows, as carefully organized as the Standard Oil Company, the glamour of old is no more. It never really was very glamorous, anyway, the life of the circus, except at a distance, with its grafters and its cheap, shoddy trickery; the disappearance of that sort of thing is all to the good.

In Europe, especially in Latin Europe, there is still a vast amount of real romance in the field of music. In America that is scarcely so—north of the Rio Grande, at any rate. There was, to be sure, twenty years ago, Oscar Hammerstein's superb and spectacular adventure in grand opera; no chapter in the whole long story of adventure in the show business is more thrilling and exciting than that; Oscar himself, in his queer plug hat, with his cravat strung through a gold ring, remains, for me—I knew him very well—a figure like Cortez or Pizarro.

But nowadays opera in America is pretty humdrum. Out in Chicago the opera company is exciting and spectacular; from time to time some Italians will carry on the old tradition on the East Side of New York, and, more rarely, in other cities. But I defy anyone to work up much enthusiastic excitement about the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. It gives the best opera in the world, year after year, in a competent, solid fashion. But so does the United States Steel Corporation, I suppose, make the best steel rails in the world. And I think that if I were looking for romance I'd be more likely to go to a mill near Pittsburgh than to the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Hammerstein raid on opera, then, as now, an entrenched fortress of the show business, was great. There just isn't any other word for it. The memory of it is still a living thing. It's proof of what, even in the humdrum present, can happen.

Oscar Hammerstein, you see, was a real adventurer. He was an extraordinary person. He didn't even look like anyone else. He wore queer clothes, and he talked an odd jargon of his own, and he smoked abominable cigars, made by a machine he had invented himself—an invention he had tossed off, some time, when he wanted some money. But his queerness wasn't in any sense of the word an affectation. It was all perfectly natural with him. That was the way he liked to be.

Oscar loved the show business. He was a great builder of theatres. He put them up in absurd places, and they were, half the time, white elephants—until years afterward.

He'd build some tremendous barn of a place, like the one that is now Loew's New York, and the Criterion, covering a whole block front on Broadway, and then he'd go broke, and mortgages would be foreclosed, and this and that would happen, and people would think it was the end of him. But it never was.

And finally, about twenty years ago, he started a huge theatre on Thirty-fourth Street, over by Eighth Avenue. He didn't know himself what he was going to do with it. He had some notion of a more or less permanent circus. His one great venture, at that time, was the Victoria, at the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, where the Rialto now stands.

That was the last real variety theatre in New York, and, I suppose, in America. Oscar ran it himself, with a few chosen and trusty subordinates. He lived on the roof, and had a sort of farm there, with a cow, and pigs, and goats, and chickens. The audience could go up and look at the animals between acts, if it liked.

Vaudeville hadn't, at that time, become as completely and solidly organized as it now is. Oscar took what he pleased for his bills. It was a variety theatre, and variety was the right name. You might see anything there. When a couple of girls shot W. E. D. Stokes in the legs, Oscar hired them as soon as they were out of jail and featured them. Polaire, the French woman, whose fame rested on her assertion that she had the smallest waist and the ugliest face in the world, played there. Loney Haskell used to be announcer, telling people about the acts. There never was and there never will be again anything like it.

Well, Oscar had his Victoria, and he was pretty rich—for him. And, out of the blue, he resurrected an old dream of his and decided to go into grand opera. The idea was bound to appeal to him, of course. Grand opera, really grand opera, isn't an individual business. Abroad, nations and cities subsidize opera. Here, rich people, enormously wealthy men and women, have

always stood behind it—just as they have in England.

Having an opera house of his own seemed to Oscar a gesture gorgeous beyond words. So far as I can remember, Ludwig II, the mad king of Bavaria, is the only other man in history who ever carried out such a scheme.

So Oscar hurried his theatre in Thirty-fourth Street to completion and called it the Manhattan Opera House. Heaven knows how, but he got, somehow, with everything against him, a theatre of perfect acoustics. Nothing else about it was perfect—it was, in every other way, pretty terrible. But you certainly could hear music in that house!

All his friends told Oscar he was crazy. The Metropolitan ignored him; regarded him and his opera as beneath contempt. He didn't care. They told him that the Metropolitan, the richest of all opera houses, had a monopoly of all the great singers—all the singers fit to appear in a first-class opera house. Oscar cocked his eye, shifted his cigar, and went to Europe. Another thing they told him was that there were no new operas worth doing; none, that is, that the Metropolitan hadn't produced. He shifted the cigar back when he heard that.

A lot of people thought he'd never open his opera house. I did myself, when, a week before the scheduled opening date, I had to guide M. Saint-Saens, the distinguished French composer, across a lot of scaffolding to get him back to the stage, where Oscar was.

**B**UT Oscar did open his opera house. And he dug up a lot of singers of whom the Metropolitan thought well enough to enter into bidding contests with Oscar to get them away from him. Also, he introduced several operas that the Metropolitan, willy-nilly, had to add to its repertory!

For those of us who really liked opera those certainly were the days! I can remember the night of Tetrassini's debut—with police keeping the crowds outside in order. I can also remember that another singer made a debut that same night—a young Irish tenor called John McCormack, who was crowded out of the excitement by the prima donna, but made up for it, later.

In those days Puccini's operas meant about as much to an opera house as Chaplin does to a Chaplin picture. Oscar wanted to give them, naturally—especially *La Bohème*, for which he had the greatest of all Mimis, Nellie Melba. But the house of Ricordi, in Milan, which publishes Puccini's works, said no, having rather close relations with the Metropolitan.

There was a lot of litigation, the exact outcome of which I don't remember. As I recall it, though, an effort to enjoin Oscar from producing *La Bohème* failed. But that did him no particular good, because Ricordi's, acting within its rights, refused to sell or lease him an orchestral score. Also, according to current gossip, it was suggested that anyone who took part in any performance of *La Bohème* that Oscar did give would hear about it later, in Italy. But that is gossip.

What did Oscar do? Quit? Not he! He grunted a bit, and then rubbed a rabbit's foot, or something. And to him, one day, there came a singer, a soprano, called Alice Zepelli. She wanted a job, and she was a pretty thing. But she just wasn't up to New York standards. None the less, she got the job—because she happened to mention that the way she came to be in New York was that an opera company with which she had been touring in Mexico had gone to pieces down there, and that she had acquired, in







lieu of part of her salary, a partitur of La Bohème! Can you beat that?

It was a pretty poor partitur; it was incomplete; it was for a reduced orchestra. But Oscar and Campanini, the conducting genius he had discovered, made it do. Campanini, out of deference, I suppose, to the house of Ricordi, didn't conduct the opera. But he directed the rehearsals. And the house was packed every time the opera was given.

In the end, of course, Oscar was beaten. He needn't have been, I think. But he got delusions of grandeur. He had dreams of opera houses all over America. He actually built one, a beauty, in Philadelphia! He prepared to invade London. And that, as the English would say, did him in. He had to sell out to the Metropolitan and agree not to give any opera in New York for ten years.

He did give a season in London, but lost a lot of money there. But he didn't give up.

He came home and built the Lexington Opera House, which was just as acoustically perfect and almost as ugly as the Manhattan, and he saw, or thought he saw, a way out of his ten-year agreement. And then he died.

The Chicago Opera Company of to-day is, of course, the heir of the Hammerstein tradition; some of his singers are still with it, or were, within a year or two—Mary

(Continued on page 60)



*"Right up thataway," Helaire continued raptly, "is Tourenne! Tha's the place where my gran'pere's papa invite a prince. She's wait fo' me, the big-big house, 'bout fo'ty miles up"*



## The Last Garonne

By Hermann B. Deutsch

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

**T**WEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee, being exactly alike in everything but the last syllables of their respective names, were always having a battle. In metaphysics as in physics, only opposites attract each other. It is a rule that applies to human relations precisely as it applies to electromagnetic poles.

Consider, for example, Helaire Garonne and Vladimir Gordon. They were not merely friends; they were cronies, intimates. They shared a drab little room in a drab little house far back in Bienville Street, and when two men—two grown men, bachelors, who are traversing the Fading Forties of common-place lives—can do that, they are friends indeed and opposites in all.

Take Helaire, now. A rather small man, who in better fitting garments and under more careful grooming, would have been delicately fashioned. Dark eyes, under fine, arched brows, a small beaked nose, high cheeks, a wisp of moustache over sensitively molded lips, black hair silvered at the temples, hands and feet which, for a man, were almost disproportionately small.

Beside him, Vladimir bulked mountainous, so that back Bienville Street, seeing them much together, invariably referred to them by the names of two characters out of a newspaper comic strip.

Vladimir was bulky in every dimension. His face was moonshaped, the contour of the cheek bones lost in rolls of heavy flesh on the jowls. His eyes were not only large, but a trifle too large, so that they seemed to protrude. A great blob of a nose, thick red lips, hands that seemed to betoken the stone-mason, enormous feet. Red hair, once fiery; now bleaching into a sort of muddy neutral tint, with the advancing years.

The rule concerning the mutual attraction of opposites went beyond the physical

appearance of the two men, and found renewed proof of its applicability in each of them individually. Helaire, cast in the very mold and form of the patrician, was an iceman. Vladimir, gross and misshapen, wrested a livelihood from the fact that he was one of the most skilled makers of candy flowers on the North American continent; certainly the best of his guild in New Orleans.

There were other antitheses in the make-up of these two. Helaire's family name had been Garonne when the first American settler of the line came to Biloxi, and was sailed across the Sound and the marshes to New Orleans, where he invested his patrimony some forty miles above the Old Town in a plantation. A Paris architect there designed the magnificent Garonne home, and supervised its construction by slave labor. But the blood of the Garonnes had run thin since those years; thin as the Garonne fortunes. Helaire, driver of an ice wagon, was the last of the line to wear the name.

Vladimir, on the other hand, was the first of his line to wear the name of Gordon. Vladimir's father had been a Sgoronocz when he stepped upon the pier at Hoboken, having journeyed rashly to the land of gold-paved streets out of some bleak corner of what was then Poland. The elder Sgoronocz fared forth at once to carve his fortune out of the wilderness—the wilderness of Lower Manhattan, where Vladimir was born. There were many demanding Sgoronocz mouths, and they all demanded the same thing—food. Food was proportionately un plentiful. Far down on Henry Street Vladimir grew to youth and manhood. Ultimately, as a sop to the Cerberus of American orthography, Vladimir Sgoronocz became Vladimir Gordon, the first of the line.

**E**VEN before that momentous change had been effected, Vladimir had sought and found work in various kitchens about New York. It was the belly-pinch of his babyhood that subconsciously guided him to places where rich foods were plentiful. The accidental discovery of his remarkable

skill in fashioning dainty forms in ice-cream and sugar might have turned him toward sculpture, had he not clung too stubbornly to the literal fleshspots of the hotel and restaurant kitchens.

An accidental tip on a good thing at Saratoga opened to him a sudden vista of new and easy wealth. Luck dogged his heels for a brief space, as those who may remember the betting career of one Flash Gordon can attest. He followed the races South to New Orleans for the winter meet; penniless, he felt once more the belly-pinch of his baby years. Under the gnawing stimulus of this hunger, he quit the races, meaning every word of it. No more hazardous ventures into finance for the first Gordon.

**T**HE friendship of these two ill—and therefore properly—assorted cronies was a sort of hebdomadal affair, for it had but one opportunity in every seven days to express itself. During the week they saw little of each other. Helaire Garonne rose before dawn to begin the distribution of his quota of New Orleans' daily ice supply. The work was not too arduous, for along the route which Helaire supplied there was only one ice-box with a maximum capacity of more than twenty-five pounds. Then, his task completed by mid-afternoon, he ate an early dinner and was abed and sleeping soundly by the time Vladimir came home.

It was on Saturday evening that they really established contact. Invariably they met at the same Canal Street corner by appointment, proceeding at once to a restaurant where a corrosive and magenta colored liquid was served them surreptitiously with the heavy and highly spiced dishes that constituted their meal. It was here that they had first run across each other.

Helaire had been drinking a bit. Expansively lonely, there was something in him that responded to the utter woe in the mien of the big man at the next table.

"W'at's the matter, eh? Things ain't goin' so well with you, no?" Helaire had paused to ask.

Vladimir, product of the East Side where, since early youth, it had been dinned into him that y'got no friends when you're broke,



pointed in vast disgust to the dish of crackers and milk he was consuming.

"D'ye think I'd be treatin' me stummick like this if I had the price of a steak?" he asked pointedly.

"Oh, we can fix that, us," Helaire replied. He snapped his fingers for a waiter and moved to the adjoining table himself. "Tell him w'at you want."

"You're a boid of an egg," Vladimir assured his host later; and while the phrase might have sounded a trifle mixed to an ornithologist, its meaning was perfectly clear to Helaire.

**S**MALL, delicately fashioned, approaching the stage where his physique could be described quite correctly as wizened, he was enormously pleased to take this huge man under his protecting wing.

Consequently, when Vladimir had eaten his prodigious fill, Helaire invited him to accompany him for the evening. They wandered here and there, wherever lights were bright and laughter was loud. Frequently they paused for drink. For the moment, Vladimir's gratitude was boundless.

"It's in the hick towns where you find the regular guys," he commented sententiously.

"But oh, my frien'," Helaire made haste to assure him, "I am from no town. Not always have we Garonnes been like you see, no."

They were seated in a quiet wine-room in Chartres Street by this time, sharing a bottle of what had been sold them as claret.

"Seen better days yourself?" asked Vladimir with ready sympathy.

"Not I—oh no. Me—I have always been w'at you behol'. Eh but the papa of my *gran'pere*—how he would open his eyes if he could see Helaire Garonne now!"

"Ho! The papa of your which?"

"The papa of my gran'father. He was mos' wealthy, him. He live in a big—big house, up the river. Everybody knows the Garonne plantation w'en my gran'father's papa, he's alive. Fine peoples, fine carriages come and go the whole day long and half the night, yes. The papa of my *gran'pere*, he was rich, rich."

"Get out!"

"Sho'! Mos' sho', him. Why, w'en even the slaves come to make marriage on the Garonne plantation, it is mo' bigger and mo' finer than the big wedding w'at they make in the city here. And w'en the feas' of the wedding is over, the other slaves, them, they h'always sing 'Wil' Ducks Like Pond Water,' yes. Tha's a mos' wonderful song, an' I been hear about it often, me. Ah yes, and the fines' people used to come to those slave marriages on Tourenne plantation. Tha's the name fo' the place of my *gran'pere's* papa—Tourenne."

"What's happened to it? How come you're peddling ice now, like you say?"

"Oh, la.' She come an' she go. The papa of my *gran'pere* he's got plenty money an' he spend plenty money. He don't care w'at he spend, him. So she's sol' long befo' I'm born, yes. And then we got to move to a li'l house on the bayou, and tha's sol' too, and we come to the city w'en I'm so young, me. Now I'm the h'onlies' one w'ats lef' of the Garonnes, my frien', the h'onlies' one."

"A tough break, all right," agreed Vladimir.

"But my *gran'pere's* papa was rich," Helaire insisted. "He was the mos' riches' of all the planters on the river, him. One time a Prince, from Spain—a Prince, my

frien'—comes to visit him at Tourenne, long-long befo' I was born, yes. My *gran'pere's* papa, every night after the prince an' him they eat dinner, he makes the slaves to carry all the dishes out the house, them, and break every las' dish. Sho'."

"Gwan! You're tryin' to kid somebody!"

"No, my frien', it is mos' true. The papa of my *gran'pere*, he's used to say that dishes w'at a prince use mus' be too good fo' anybody else, and so he make break all those fine dishes, him, so nobody couldn't use 'em no mo'."

Now, privily, Vladimir was convinced that if any dishes were broken by anybody during or after a meal of state, it was because the breaker could not hold his liquor properly. But he made no such comment aloud. In the first place, his gratitude toward the little man, who had fed him and who had made his evening rosy with wine, was keen enough, for the moment. In the second place, he very ardently desired to do nothing that might put a strain on the bond between himself and this meal-ticket, at least until such time as he should secure work somewhere where food was plentiful and good.

"That boid must'a had his dough in bundles all right," he said, therefore, "if he could go to smashin' china like that."

"But it was not because he's got plenty money," Helaire explained patiently. "It was because a prince had used those dishes. W'en a dish has serv' a prince, it would not

be right, no, that such a dish should serve some common peoples. Ah, no."

A sudden thought had come to Vladimir.

"You're kind of stuck on this prince business, ain't you?"

"No, not w'at you call stuck on. But it is something mos' gran' to belong to a family w'ich has entertain' princes, an' tha's the kind of family I come from, me."

"Well, if you think you can keep a secret, I'll tell you something'll make you feel good."

"The secret of my frien' shall die with me, yes. Mos' sho' I will tell no one."

Vladimir was thinking swiftly.

"Lissen," he commanded, sparring for time. "If this was to get out on me, there'd be hell to pay."

"You may trus' me, my frien'."

"Good. I'll do it. Lissen. I'm a prince myself."

"Eh? W'at you say?"

**H**ONEST to God. Years back my folks came to this country from Poland. That was a country where they all the time got revolutions, like down in Mexico. My grandfather was the King's nephew, see? He had it in bundles, too, diamonds and jewl'ry till you couldn't rest. Well, along comes a revolution, and my grampaw's uncle, the old King, gets killed. But the Reds that starts this here revolution ain't satisfied. They want to kill the whole family, like they did in Russia. Well, my grampaw lit out while he's still got his health. A course, I wasn't no king's son, but I was in the king's family, still and all, which makes me by rights a prince. Yes sir, your great-grandfather wasn't the only one of your folks to feed a prince."

Helaire's eyes were shining. He could understand, now, what it was that had drawn him to this big man from the first. He knew. It was the heritage of the Garonnes to associate with princes. If only he might make some magnificent gesture, like having the waiter break the dishes from which this big stranger had eaten. But no, these



*Helaire's teeth were chattering, "I want the money, then, yes. I ain't goin' play no mo', me, no"*





little restaurants and wineries would probably raise a row.

"It has been mos' good of you to tell me, yes," he murmured. "We mus' h'always be frien's, you an' me—h'always."

Vladimir succeeded in repressing a grin. "You bet you," he said heartily. "And as long as I told you this much, I don't mind saying that some day I and the family's going back to take our place. Certain parties is fixing things up right now." He paused, and then added darkly: "Course, they'll try to keep us out. They been doing everything to get me in their power. Hounding me, all the time. That's how come I'm so down on my luck right now. Ain't it funny? Here I am, by rights the prince of Poland—down; not even a place to sleep to-night."

Helaire raised his hand in protest. "Stop!" he commanded. "As long as a Garonne has a roof over his head, so have you, my frien'. You mus' come stay with me, till the fortune is repair', yes. It is not moch. I am but a h'ice man, me. But I myself shall go without so that my frien', my good, good frien' shall never want, no." "Thanks. You're one white guy, I'll tell the woild. Say, if I could sleep in your place couple nights, see? I'll find me a job. I'm a nartist—y'oughta see me make a rose out of candy. Course, I ain't never done no real hard work, day-laborin'. My old man wouldn't stand for it, bein' a prince and all. But I'll get me a job with some caterer, and believe me, I ain't never forgettin' what you done for me."

**I**N THIS fashion was begun the friendship of the last Garonne for the first Gordon. Vladimir made no effort to live in sloth upon the slender earnings of Helaire. He had, as already indicated, decided prejudices in the matter of regular and lavish food. He found work with a firm of French caterers, whose reputation was thenceforth enhanced by the remarkable beauty of the candy flowers with which, upon command, they could bedeck a dinner table.

Helaire and Vladimir were opposites in everything; therefore their friendship endured. Both of them looked forward to the week-ends, which always began with a Saturday night dinner in the restaurant of their first meeting. After the meal they might engage in a moderate drinking bout,

or they might stroll about the streets with the jostling, laughing Saturday night throng. They might go to a theatre or they might invade one of the gambling houses just beyond the city limits.

Usually it was Helaire who paid most of the shot during these excursions. Although Vladimir's wage was much higher than that of his crony, Vladimir had the evenings to himself during the week, and was paid on Mondays. So it was mostly the little ice man who carried the heavy end of the financial burden of their holidayings.

On Sunday afternoons, as a rule, they went to one of the parks. Vladimir took a childish delight in the zoological cages at Audubon Park, and while the animals bored Helaire, the latter was rather pleased to accompany the big man, with something of the indulgent attitude of a parent toward a spoiled child.

One Sunday they had completed the rounds of the cages and of the aquarium, and were strolling aimlessly across a meadow where, a short time before, a number of baseball games had been in progress. Dusk was falling when they came to the head of an avenue lined on each side with giant,

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**HERMANN B. DEUTSCH, a New Orleans newspaper man, is a comparative newcomer in the field of fiction. His unusual flare for conveying the unique and colorful atmosphere of the bayou country he knows so well has already brought his southern stories great popularity.**

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moss-hung live oaks, their great trunks curiously gnarled and twisted.

"Where's that road go?" asked Vladimir. "I don' know. I ain't never been down that far, me."

"Let's see where it goes." Helaire acquiesced. Together they strolled down the shadowy, deserted drive, beneath the mighty arch of the great oak branches. A green wall shut off the view from the far end of the avenue.

"Ain't that the levee?" exclaimed Vladi-

mir. "I didn't know the river was this close."

A moody silence had enveloped Helaire, but Vladimir failed to notice it. Together they crossed a little glen, planted with palms, and mounted the gentle slope of the green wall that had seemed to seal one end of the avenue of oaks. They were on the levee's crest in the deepening twilight. Below them, far below, the rolling tide of the river murmured against the steep lip of the batture.

The farther shore was invisible in the dusk. Only the hunched shoulders of a grain elevator were silhouetted against the vague strip of brightness along the sky-line.

**B**EHIND them, the rising evening wind stirred the leaves of the palms to stiff, papery rustlings. Clusters of incandescence, like will-o-the-wisps, moved here and there about the invisible river, where ferries breasted the current. Far back, the distant hum of city traffic was like the droning of weary bees, returning to the hive at night-fall. Lights began to prick through the violet mists that shrouded the far shore.

It was Helaire who broke the silence. "Tourenne!" he whispered. "It is like Tourenne, yes. Jus' like. The h'oak trees come in two lines from the big house to the levee. Ah, the big house, she's still stand. Everything sol'—h'all the fiel's gone and planted by somebody w'at buys them, only the house nobody buys, no. It stan' alone, my frien', like me. And it will stan' like that after I'm dead an' gone, me. Me, the las' Garonne."

Vladimir looked at him uneasily. The little man was in a sort of ecstasy of sorrow. He had never been like this before. Sometimes, in his cups, he mentioned Tourenne plantation, and the wealthy papa of his gran'pere, who had mocked destiny with magnificent gestures, while slaves chanted of the fondness of wild ducks for pond water.

Vladimir usually made all haste to change the subject on every such occasion, because he did not wish to be reminded of the tale he had poured into Helaire on the night of their first meeting, when he had been casting about so desperately for anything that might lead him to shelter for the night. As a matter of fact, deep down, Vladimir was a bit ashamed of himself on that score.

Helaire was pointing up-stream.





*In the shifting firelight the negroes who had carried out the baskets of dishes and linens were tossing everything into the flames*

"Right up thataway," he continued raptly, "she's wait fo' somebody to come an' make lights an' music in the big house, yes. She's wait fo' me, the big—big house, 'bout fo'ty miles up thataway. Tha's the place where my *gran'pere's* papa invite a prince, an' every night, after dinner, he's have the slaves to smash all them fine dishes, him. Hui! Hui! The dishes smash! But the papa of my *gran'pere*, he's the mos' riches' planter on the river. He don' care how much those dishes cost, him, no."

"Say, ain't it about time we was getting back, hey?" asked Vladimir uncomfortably. But of course he need have given himself no uneasiness. Helaire had passed his word never to breathe a syllable of the secret Vladimir had entrusted to him, and the word of a Garonne was still the word of a Garonne, no matter how lowly the estate of the last of the line might be.

The weeks went by sedately through the summer, when Helaire worked doubly hard, for the summer consumption of ice in New Orleans is no mean matter, even in the poorer sections of the city. He grew to look forward with redoubled zest to the weekends and the modest revels he shared with Vladimir. The latter was growing restive under the prod of prolonged hot weather.

"If we only had a stake, now, we could both move up North," he grumbled. "Say,

y'oughta see the big town! 'Stead of bummin' round a dinky dump like Audubon Park, they're hittin' it up at Coney. Or else, if you gotta stay down here—say!—we could maybe buy a little bakery and start a candy store in it. Do a little catering. Me with what I know, on the inside. You with the front on the outside. We clean up. Be our own bosses, too, and get off when we feel like it."

**H**ELAIRE agreed obligingly. This was at Saturday night dinner, and the genial fellowship that was always his at the outset of their excursions, was asserting itself. He would have agreed just as obligingly if Vladimir had voiced the desirability of a trip to the Caspian Sea, or had laid down the dogma that blackstrap molasses made a good shampoo.

So, when Vladimir suggested that they try their luck at the Barn, he acquiesced at once. Later they gained cautious admittance to the rambling barn-like structure that looked so dead and deserted from without. Vladimir headed at once for the

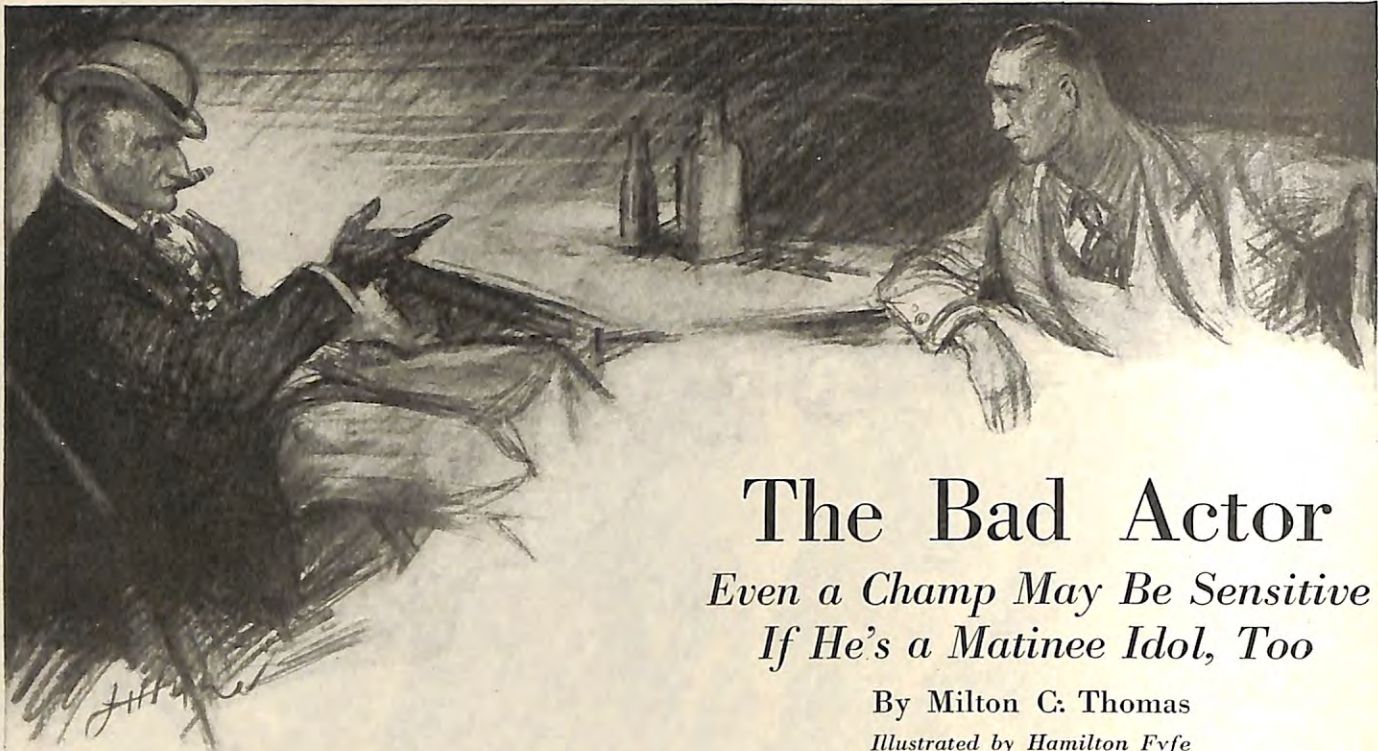
smaller of the two big dice tables, happily known as the "poor boy game," because bets as low as twenty-five cents were accepted there. Helaire looked on for a while, and then strolled idly about the spacious room.

He passed the big dice table, ringed about with faces that were eager or impassive, as the case might be, marking the recruit or the veteran. The monte and poker tables, and the chuck-a-luck cages he passed, too, coming to halt, finally, before the roulette wheel.

He had never made a wager on the drop of the little ivory pellet, and had only the haziest notion of what the game really was. Like Vladimir, he sought out the poor-boy dice game when he wanted to gamble. But he felt himself curiously attracted by the roulette-layout.

There was an elaborately inlaid wheel,  
(Continued on page 48)





## The Bad Actor

### Even a Champ May Be Sensitive If He's a Matinee Idol, Too

By Milton C. Thomas

Illustrated by Hamilton Fyfe

WHEN Larry Carson walloped Rough House Davis a trifle to the left of his button with a sizzling left and then followed this blow with a right chop which traveled about eighteen inches and directly to the same point, Mr. Davis fell forward on his unhandsome face. The welter crown, which for years had adorned the beetling Davis brow, landed in the rosin and wobbled uncertainly about while the referee finished his fatal count over the sprawled form of the passing champion. Then, as the official raised the trusty right glove of Mr. Carson, this invisible crown leaped up and perched itself on this young man's curly black hair.

Mr. Larry Carson was now at the top of the pugilistic heap. His journey thither had been rather rapid and certainly theatrical. This young man commenced throwing gloves at his playmates at a very early age, and even now the newly-crowned champion busied himself, at least a part of the time, debating with himself or those interested, whether he would become a lawyer or a doctor. He had taken time out of the ring on several occasions to attend school, much to the dismay of his manager. This gentleman believed that Larry could already do all the writing necessary—namely, viz., and to wit—signing checks; and that he, Izzy Bernstein, personally, could read over a fight contract and determine whether it was to the advantage of Carson and Bernstein to accept the guarantee or gamble on the gross—

"Which is learnin' enough for any bimbo," quoted Izzy. "Believe me, or believe me not, Multitude."

Nor was the Honorable Izzy Bernstein joking. He was such a manager as every fighter hopes some day to hook up with. He had been a fighter himself; was yet, to be strictly accurate; but he had discovered long since that the pen is more mighty than a right hook and a trained typewriter more powerful than a long, accurate left. And so, as they say in the movies, came a day when he doffed the leathern mittens and assumed the silken hat of pugilistic aristocracy in the form of a pearl gray derby which he wore so far forward on his knotty head that it completely obscured his much scarred right eyebrow.

Izzy was a regular fifty-fifty guy. He would carry the stool any time if some other palooka would tote the piano. And until he signed up with Larry Carson he always made it a point to grab the stool. With Larry, however, he was different. It was to his advantage to play nice with Larry Carson, because he saw, long before others discerned even the faintest tinge of greatness in the youngster, that here was a boy who might go a long, long way in an exceedingly short time. So he had been known to allow Larry to carry the stool.

On the evening when Larry caressed Rough House Davis on his whisker infested chin, the Honorable Izzy, in Larry's corner, was ready at a moment's notice to leap into the ring and claim the title in case some earnest supporter of the fallen champion should pull the light switch and throw the house into utter darkness. Izzy felt this was liable to happen because they were fighting in the champion's own little backyard, but when the count was finished and a roar of acclaim greeted the new champion, Izzy Bernstein threw out his chest, took a deep breath, and congratulated himself.

"They were too wise to try to pull anything like that on me."

AFTER the crowd surrendered the new champion into the hands of his manager and together they retired to their dressing-room, Izzy was rather preoccupied. Being manager of a topnotcher was one thing—having a champion under one's wing quite something else. Mr. Bernstein paid no particular attention to the newspaper men who crowded into the too small dressing-room for a word with the new title-holder, but he listened to and retained all that was said to these gentlemen by Larry Carson.

It was evident that Larry was making quite an impression on these hard-boiled representatives of the Fourth Estate. Most of them had seen reams of publicity about the "Alabama School Boy." Some of it they had used when space wasn't tight, but most of it had been consigned to the spacious waste-baskets in their offices with muttered curses. But now all was different. What had been publicity before was now legitimate

news. So the newspapermen clung tenaciously to Larry's every word.

"And you can say one thing for me," the champion stated. "I am going to be a fighting title-holder. There has been much criticism of the ring game of late caused by certain men obtaining titles and then virtually retiring. They refuse to meet any one with a chance to deprive them of their laurels. But I'm ringing in a new deal.

"I fight. I can fight. I know it and like it. Whenever they tell you that Larry Carson has gone into the movies, that's baloney! I don't know a thing about acting and don't want to learn. Fighting is my game and I intend to stick to it. I hope you have understood me. I have tried to be explicit. That is all, I believe."

The newspapermen eventually left the champion and his manager together. The Honorable Izzy had been doing much thinking. There had been something about Larry's pronouncement, particularly in the way it had been delivered, which worried him. The welterweight crown was worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars per year—and fifty per cent. of this amounted to slightly more than an even hundred thousand, which amount represented the net return to Mr. Izzy Bernstein.

"Larry," said Izzy, once they were alone, "that was swell publicity you put out. You said you was going to be a fighting champion just like you meant it. It's great when a guy can talk thataway."

A look of puzzlement crossed the handsome, unmarked features of the champion. "I did mean what I said," Larry stated.

"You wicheed?"

"I meant every word."

The Bernstein face clouded. "I'm your friend, Larry: you can be perfectly honest with me."

"I am being honest," the young man insisted passionately. "I can fight and I can't do much else. I know I can't act, so what else is there for me to do? Fight—that's all."

Mr. Bernstein considered for a moment. "Do you know what you're saying, Larry? You can make ten times as much treading the boards in vaudeville as you can shuffling



over the canvas. Whether you can act don't count."

"I'm not worth a dime a year as an actor and I can make a lot of money fighting—"

"Sure," interrupted his manager. "Sure you can! And you can make three times as much and never risk your title."

Larry Carson pondered for perhaps a minute before attempting to combat this argument. "Listen," he said finally, "didn't you raise sand because Rough House Davis wouldn't give us a fight? Didn't you rave and call him a ham actor? Didn't you?"

"Of course. Anybody would. Have you ever noticed that a dog inside a warm room and warm inside seldom howls?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're inside. Let the others howl."

"I can beat them all."

"That's what Jess Willard thought—and Corbett—and Old Fitz—and John L. . . . I know you're good, Larry—better than any of the others. But somewhere there's someone, maybe just learnin' to skip a rope, who is some day goin' to knock you silly. You'll get old, and when you do . . . Blooie!"

"I'm only twenty-three."

"Yep. You've got five-six years—maybe ten—ahead of you, but every fight takes something out, don't forget."

They argued on. Larry Carson finished dressing and Mr. Bernstein called a taxi. Still they argued. The Honorable Izzy was a real manager—he had a copper-riveted contract—but at the same time he wished to convince Larry Carson that he really wished to go on the stage or into the movies if opportunity offered. A week passed, and still the newly-crowned king of the welterweights insisted he would be a fighting champion.

"I guess maybe you'd give Rough House Davis a return fight?" Mr. Bernstein questioned sarcastically one evening. The manager could not forget the terrible chase Davis had led them.

"I MIGHT," said Larry, "if he's the logical contender."

Mr. Bernstein swore softly but fervently. "Larry, I'm plumb ashamed of you. Rough House had his chance and now he's looking forward to a long and useful life as manager of a hot-dog stand or clerk in a second-rate cigar store. He ain't got a dime."

"Hasn't he? That's tough." Larry Carson was really sympathetic. There was a broad streak of humanness in the champion's makeup. A down-and-outer could always make a touch from him. Now, the more he considered the sorry plight of Rough House Davis the worse he felt. Larry made certain investigations and discovered that the ex-champion was truly on his uppers. Then he decided upon a course of action. He sought his manager.

"Izzy," said Larry, "I have decided we ought to give Davis a return fight."

Mr. Bernstein went straight through the roof. He declared that only over his dead and bleeding body would Rough House get a return engagement.

"We fight him," insisted Larry.

"We don't!"

The jury was deadlocked, but in this very state of affairs, Izzy detected one light-shot spot. He did some hurrying about and three days later he cornered Larry.

"I got an offer of twenty weeks in vaudeville at fifteen hundred a week," he said casually.

"Nothing doing!" Larry Carson was definite.

"Why not?"

"Well, you won't do what I want to do."

"Mr. Bernstein grinned. "You mean about Davis!"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll compromise. You sign the vaudeville contract and the fight with Davis is on."

There was no hesitancy in Larry Carson's answer. "Done with you!"

Larry had been far from happy since his recent disagreement with his manager. The young man realized the debt he owed the other and

recognized its enormity. The compromise had offered a neat way of burying the hatchet, and Larry was highly pleased when the contracts were duly signed. Immediately thereafter he started rehearsing the act furnished him.

The sketch was different from those usually prepared for the pugilistically famous. It was the work of an accomplished author and called for real acting, and within a few days it became apparent that Larry Carson possessed no little histrionic talent.

The act was tried out in an obscure theater in Brooklyn and made a pronounced hit. The scouts who attended its opening were enthusiastic and before three days in the hinterlands were completed, booking had been changed and the Larry Carson sketch was given five weeks of Subway Time, something decidedly unusual for a new act.

And it was a riot.

People came once to see the welterweight champion and again to see the act in which he was featured. "He doesn't look like a fighter," was the usual comment by patrons. "And he certainly doesn't act like a fighter."

"See," Izzy Bernstein exulted when at last they reached San Francisco, "you are the viper's weskit on this acting stuff. I knew you had it in you."

Whereupon Larry Carson had the grace to blush. He had long since become aware of a rapidly rising regard for his ability as an actor. In fact, there were certain ways in which he outclassed the headliners he traveled with, nor did this superiority have the faintest connection with his personal prowess within the twenty-four foot limits of the squared circle. He had purchased a copy of "Hamlet" and deep within his bosom there lingered the feeling that the Melancholy Dane was one character he would like to play. And he grew slightly uneasy as the week in Frisco drew to a close. He mentioned to the Honorable Izzy that it might be an excellent idea for negotiations to be opened with the vaudeville powers anent another engagement.

"What about the Davis scrap?" inquired Mr. Bernstein.

"All right—I'll bite. What about it?"

"You've got ten weeks to get down to weight," the manager stated cold-bloodedly. "You better get busy, too, because I don't want to have to use a cleaver on you."

Larry Carson grinned. "Old Calamity, howling in the wilderness."

At this, Izzy winced. This expression was one of Larry's big lines in the sketch. "All right about Calamity," retorted Bernstein acidly. "You got about eight pounds around your midsection that's got to come off. If it don't, you'll get seasick the first time Rough House squirts a good, stiff punch into your breadbasket—and don't you think he won't."

The following day Larry Carson stepped upon the scales and discovered that his manager's estimate of his gross tonnage was too conservative by two full pounds. Whereupon Mr. Carson worked a hectic two hours. Three grueling days brought about the disappearance of four of this surplusage, and then the training grind became irksome. On the long jump back across the continent, Larry mysteriously gained two pounds. These were eventually sweated off. Two more followed—then another, but those remaining stuck to him like poverty-stricken relations.

Larry sweated and fumed and worked and swore—swore by the Nine Muses and various other animate and inanimate things that he would be eternally tinker-damned if he'd ever quit training again. These fervent outbursts brought smiles of beatitude to the thin lips of the watchholding Izzy Bernstein. Acting was the berries as a sideline, according to the manager, but . . .

NOT until three days before the date set for the Carson-Davis embroglio did the champion work himself down to one net pound under the welterweight limit. And, much to his surprise, he was strong—just as strong as he ever had been.

When Larry stepped upon the scales at three o'clock on the afternoon of the fight, Rough House Davis watched the bar with glittering eye. The champion smiled as this indicator failed to quiver, but his good-natured grin fled as he noted the sneer on the puffy lips of the ex-champion.

"You get your lesson to-night, Kid," said Mr. Davis with a leer. "You was lucky enough to catch me coming in last time. In another round I'd have knocked you bye-bye."

For a moment Larry Carson looked straight into the eyes of the other. His smile reappeared as he spoke—

"You believe in yourself, don't you, Davis?"

"Sure I do. You're the rottenest fighter I ever tangled with, bar none."

Respective managers stepped between the men at this juncture. Light and airy persiflage was all right in the ring when cash customers were present in force, but in private—nothing doing.

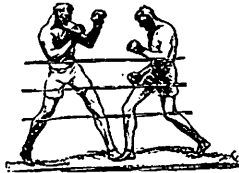
But they reckoned without Larry Carson. This young gentleman threw back his head and gave vent to a burst of hearty laughter. "That's all right, Davis," he said. "They tell me you are one nifty scrapper with your tongue. I even hear you saved your crown a couple of times by kidding the other man, but you can't kid me. . . . I've been kidded by experts."

"Is that so? Is that so?"

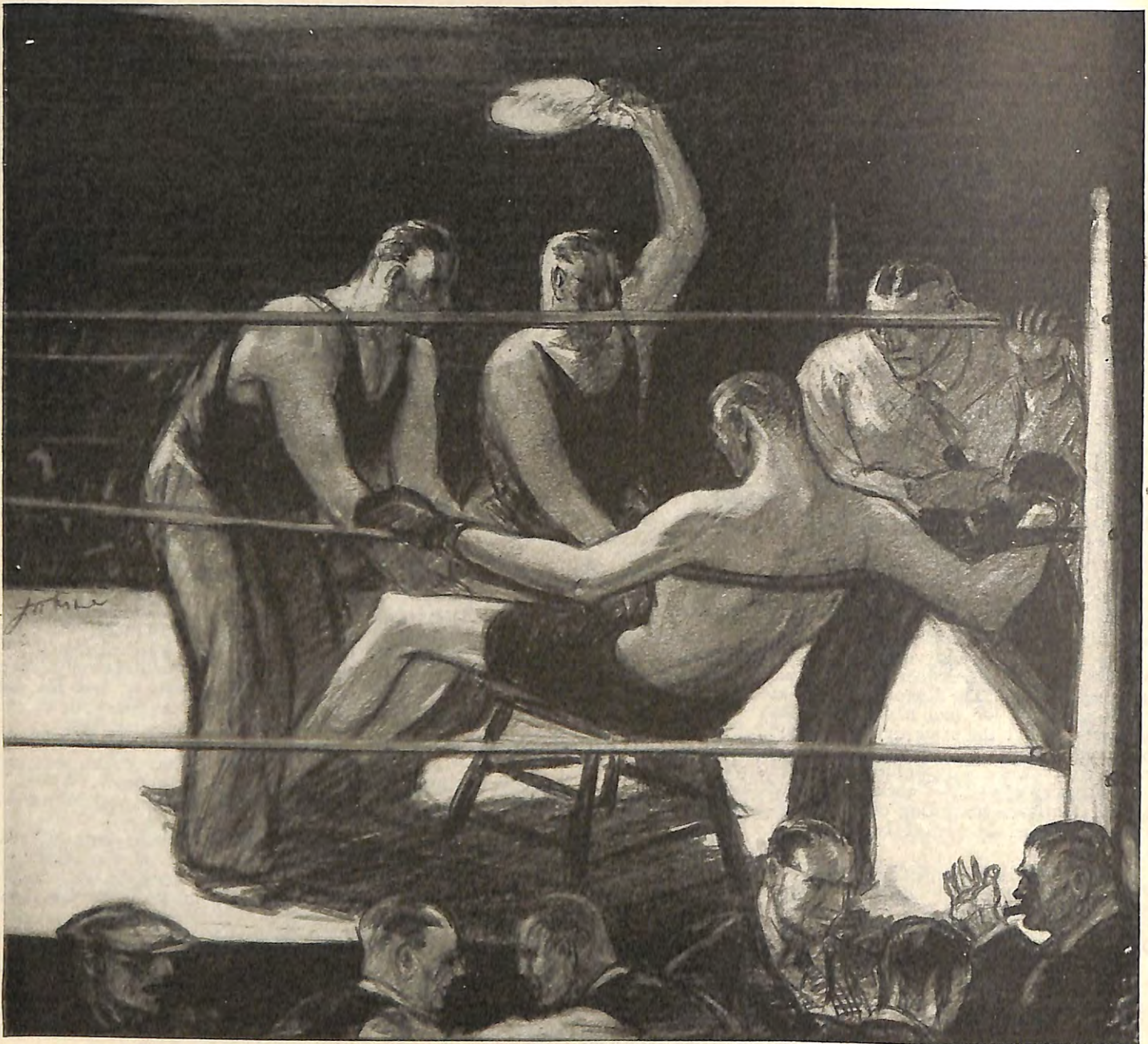
"It is. To-night I'm going to knock you out in the fourth round. If you go out before that, you've taken a dive."

With this Larry Carson turned and walked into the adjoining room, where he donned his clothes. He left Rough House sputtering and choking in an attempt to think up an appropriate comeback.

Larry Carson was as good as his word: he ended the fight in the fourth, but in the ten minutes of actual fighting which took place, had he believed one half the things Rough House Davis told him regarding his fighting ability, the crown would again have rested upon the graying thatch of the ex-champion. Throughout the bout the smile never fled Larry Carson's face. Even when Davis descended







to personal insult he got no rise out of the younger man.

When Rough House regained consciousness in his dressing-room, ten minutes after the fight was over, he came to fighting. "I want another crack at him," wailed the ex-champion. "Just one more chance."

His manager, head in hands, looked up slowly and swore fervently. "You're as through as a fighter, Rough House, as if you were buried under eighty feet of solid concrete. You couldn't draw a dime with the Prince of Wales. You're a has-been."

Three days after his sensational victory over Davis had been flashed around the world, Larry Carson and the Honorable Izzy Bernstein were called upon by the personal representative of one of the largest producers of motion pictures in the country.

This gentleman informed them that his principal had been watching with interest the sensational success of Mr. Carson in vaudeville and would the champion consent to having a series of screen tests made. "You see, we'd like to feature you in a series of pictures."

Mr. Carson knew the significance of the term featured. "Why featured?" demanded the champion.

The other gentleman was apologetic. It

*During the minute of rest, Izzy Bernstein was enthusiastic. "He's easy," the manager declared. "You can get him sure"*

seemed that his principal had been rather unfortunate in one or two attempts to star certain men of pugilistic prominence and was somewhat reticent about again tempting the wrath of the movie-going populace—not to mention his personal purse.

"Well, I don't object to the screen tests," said Larry, in a manner which but poorly concealed his pleasure at the opportunity. "I'll go through with that part without further argument. But if you wish to obtain my name to a contract it will be as a star . . . or not at all."

The tests were completed and proved beyond shadow of doubt that Larry Carson did screen excellently. Everything went so well that he was not at all surprised when the contract offered provided that he was to star in one picture and that he was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars.

"What about subsequent pictures?" inquired the Honorable Izzy Bernstein, his eye ever on the main chance.

"That will be discussed later," said the movie man. "If this picture is a success, we will be willing to pay more for later releases. If the picture is a flop—"

"It will not be a flop," stated Larry Carson matter-of-factly.

Nor was it. If Larry Carson had been a riot on the vaudeville stage, he was a panic in the movies. Good direction, excellent stories and superlative support enabled him to make picture history. As a box-office attraction, his first picture laid out house managers in a long, impressive row. More than fifty per cent. of the first-run houses which booked the first release—"The Square Guy"—were wiring for hold-over privileges before half the week was completed.

**O**THER pictures followed, each better than the last. Larry Carson's few fights were sandwiched between pictures. He could ill afford to have an eye cut or an ear cauliflowered or the natural bridge of his nose dented until this important facial decoration resembled the profile of the back of a camel by moonlight. Such things simply were not to be risked.

About the time Larry's second picture was packing them into the movie palaces of the nation, a new and very promising welterweight fighter flamed across the Eastern horizon. This embattled personage bore the *nom de guerre* of Soldier Kelly and, from newspaper

(Continued on page 52)



# In the Snow and Ice Zone

By Elon Jessup

Drawings by Eugene Mc Nerney



**S**NOW has never been very well thought of where I live. Very few of my friends speak favorably of it.

Naturally, any intelligent person wouldn't see much sense in the stuff. You might call it a sort of penance to be lived through as best one can. Nobody but a half-wit would voluntarily leave a soft seat beside a hot radiator to take a deep-sea dive into a cold snowdrift. In addition to the discomfort of the thing, you might freeze your hands, ears and toes, catch cold and maybe run into pneumonia.

Any one traveling through a foreign country where severe winters are the rule has doubtless noticed a strange propensity on the part of its people to spend an unusually large part of their time out-of-doors.

Foreigners do have such queer customs, now, don't they?

There, you see them gliding across white fields on skis or shuffling through the woods on snowshoes, whizzing down steep inclines on toboggans or sleds, whirling across stretches of ice on skates, and heaven knows what other form of tomfoolery. They seem actually to like snow, ice and cold weather.

Observation of this weird attitude first came to my attention a good many years ago when I happened to be living for a time in Canada. Upon returning to New York I found people living a more sedate, normal existence.

I might submit in passing, a theory of living to which some scientists give more or less credence. They hold that to varying degrees the instinct of animals may be accepted as a criterion for the proper regulation of human lives. For example, the instinct of the ground-hog inspires him to dig himself into the ground and hibernate all winter. Therefore, we humans should remain indoors as much as possible, and take no exercise throughout the winter months.

But to return to these foreigners. My next experience with a country of severe winter was a trip to Norway. I'd left New York during the tail-end of a blizzard amid a general fault-finding campaign against the street-cleaning department for not getting rid of snow. Upon reaching Christiania (now known as Oslo) I found the streets hadn't been cleared all winter, a situation that didn't seem to bother anybody a bit. In fact, I'm inclined to believe they wouldn't have allowed them to be cleared. It appears the citizens of Christiania had better use for that snow.

The foregoing comparison may not be exactly fair, for the population of Christiania, as you may realize, is slightly less than that of New York. The fact remains that there was snow in both places; and similarly,

parcs and plenty of other places available for its use. Let's see what they were doing with their snow in the Norwegian city.

A friend said to me, "I believe we Norwegians are born with skis on our feet." It looked that way. You couldn't poke your head around a corner without seeing somebody gliding toward you on skis. This, in the busiest streets of the city. I recall a mite of a youngster that couldn't have been more than four years old at the most. She was traveling along as big as life. Other skiers ranged in age from seven to seventy. There was no age limit either way.

In one part of the city was a large park having a high hill known as Holmenkollen. Its white and green slopes were spotted with people on skis. When walking out to this park, you'd pass a house every now and then having five or six pairs of skis leaning against its front wall; all different lengths, a pair for each member of the family. Skis were almost as numerous as shoes. And that sort of thing has been going on in Norway for generation upon generation.

I think a good deal of nonsense has been written and talked upon the subject of race superiority. None the less, a distinctive raw-boned, lean, sinewy physical hardness of the Scandinavians as a people is too well known a fact to be disputed. Minnesota will show you that.

Consider the man-killing work a Scandi-

navian will go through in a North Woods logging camp. Good gracious, I knew one once who was caught in a log jam under circumstances that would have meant the death of an ordinary human being in about two minutes. Half an hour later, this man bobbed up serene and smiling. You just couldn't kill him.

Another people in which you find much of that same lean, sinewy hardness is the Canadian. When Canadian college teams come to our side of the line to play hockey, you sometimes hear in the stands an involuntary gasp of surprise and admiration. There's a certain indefinable glow of health about those boys that was never acquired from hugging a steam radiator.

I believe that it may be submitted as more than possible that there exists some connection between the sinewy physical hardness to which I have referred and the year-around out-of-doors life which both Scandinavians and Canadians make a point of living. The Canadian college youth has always spent a great deal of time outdoors in winter—skating, skiing, snowshoeing and playing hockey. The chances are that five or ten years after he has graduated you will find him on any Saturday or Sunday with a pair of skis or snowshoes on his feet. And that earlier glow of health hasn't vanished.

Some years ago a certain Canadian railway suddenly decided that this interest in winter had gone about far enough. Something must be done. Pictures were being circulated all over the world showing Canada buried in snowdrifts.

You can quite get the railway company's point of view when you stop to consider the possible point of view of say, Antonio Sponzani, stretched under a palm-tree in Sunny It, fingering a Colonist railway folder, the only part of which he can make head or tail of are the pictures. Some of these, no doubt, depict jolly snow scenes. Antonio has no special hankering for polar expeditions. Maybe he decided he'd better stay in Sunny It.

Therefore, the advertising manager of said railway was under strict orders to ignore, repel, deny or use any other means available to wish winter out of existence. Maybe he couldn't prove that Canada was subtropical, but he'd do his best. Pictures showing people dropping dead from sunstroke? Sure, that was all right. And no great harm in allowing Antonio to gather the impression that he could fight Indians and shoot buffalo in the suburbs of Toronto. But for the love of Pete, don't show 'em any pictures with snow in them.

The foregoing drive of wishing winter out of existence doesn't seem to have



PHOTO BY R. J. OLSEN



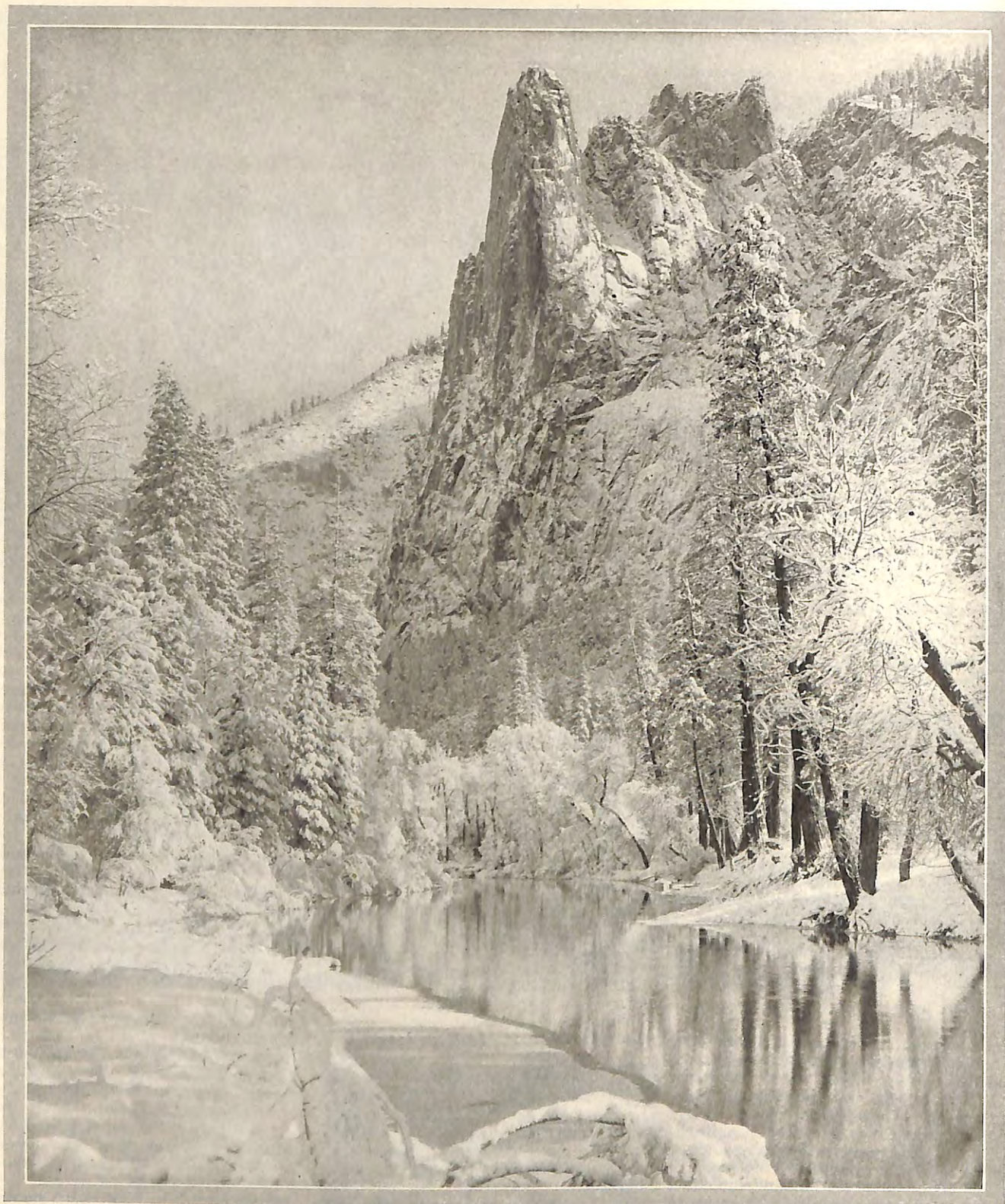


PHOTO BY L. J. BURRUD FROM L. JEFFERS

*One of the beauty spots in the Yosemite Valley as it looks during the months when winter sports are in full swing*

worked. This happened quite a few years ago. Having known of the attempt, I was amused a few months since to read the advertisements of this same railway in the newspapers. Day after day I followed large displays which promised snow banks with the same optimistic assurance that Miami promises tropical sunshine. Come to Montreal and Quebec for winter sports. Well, a fellow could do a lot worse than accept that invitation.

So far as Canada is concerned, a traditional love of outdoor winter sports has never ceased to exist. With us Americans (aside from kid days), you might say that such a tradition is just now being born. I am speaking from the standpoint of sport and enjoyment. We have always disliked cold weather. But there are a good many

of us who suddenly seem to have become more philosophical upon the subject.

It is quite certain that you can neither wish winter out of existence nor change it. Ever since the Weather Bureau was established people have grumbled about the mean deal being handed them, but that hasn't made any difference. Admit, if you choose, that for concentrated unpleasantness, winter takes the blue ribbon. The fact remains that here is a perennial situation that can not be sidestepped.

Very nearly one-half of the United States and most of Canada is in the snow and ice zone. You have to make the most

of this, whether you like it or not; that is, unless you run off to Florida or Southern California.

What actually has happened is a growing inclination on the part of a good many people to do considerably better than make the most of it. Throughout New England, New York and various parts of the West, that which was considered a liability by all but a few is now being looked upon by numerous up-and-going citizens as a distinct asset.

Not so very long ago, if you visited an average-sized town in Minnesota or Vermont during the month of June, and suggested to a leading citizen that you'd heard the weather of January in his fair city was a bit frosty, he might have expressed chagrin and surprise. Oh, no indeed. Just an



occasional cold snap. But it's a *dry* cold. You don't mind it a bit.

To-day, he's more likely to admit that it really is cold, and he may even boast about it. He will tell you of the winter carnival with its visitors and the whole community cutting up in the snow like a lot of ten-year-old kids; he will talk about the exceptional opportunities which the low temperature in these parts—a *dry* cold, mind you—offers for skiing, skating and coasting; he will grab you by the coat and drag you out to the site of the new ski jump. And after you leave you find in your pocket a Chamber of Commerce illustrated folder entitled "Glorious Winter Days."

**T**HE foregoing experience happened to me in a Western town of about five thousand people on a hot August day when I was very nearly being eaten alive by mosquitoes.

The time-honored indoor sport of cussing snow, ice and cold weather is not as freely indulged in as it was. In small towns all through New England and the West there has been going on during the past five years very much the same sort of thing that has been prevalent in Norway for as many centuries.

For example, fifteen years ago a pair of skis had never been heard of in the snow-covered streets of Hanover, New Hampshire, where Dartmouth College is situated. One day, Fred Harris, a student, startled townsfolk and mildly interested students by appearing in public on a pair of these long rangy snowboats; a home-made pair, at that.

The last time I was in Hanover, almost every student in college owned a pair. And, if you please, most of the farmers in the general vicinity have got into the habit of traveling around on skis.

A physician once told me that in his opinion, a winter sports vacation in a place such as Lake Placid was of very much greater value to a person than a vacation during the summer months. He was a winter sports enthusiast himself and may have been slightly prejudiced. I don't know. But it is clearly evident that winter vacationists heading North are noticeably upon the increase.

Throughout New England there are fifty or sixty summer hotels, formerly closed in the winter which now open their doors during the months of January and February. Last year, I suppose there were as many as fifty towns in New England that held winter carnivals. Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, which used to be as forsaken during the cold months as Goldsmith's Deserted Village, is now brimful of vacationists on snowshoes, skis and skates. At the Lake Placid Club you'll sometimes find as many



as a thousand winter visitors from all parts of the country east of the Mississippi.

You hear of this new winter spirit spreading the length and breadth of the snow and ice zone. Country clubs flood their tennis courts, erect toboggan chutes, find in a hilly golf course an excellent skiing ground. Result: the club now remains open the year around.

Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Campfire Girls have recently discovered that there are twelve outdoor months on the calendar. Until within a year or two since, Boy Scout camping activities on the snow and ice map ended before the first snow fell. Now, they keep going the entire year. And here, certainly, Boy Scout officials are getting in licks where they will do the most good.

On rare occasions, and knowing what he's doing, a Scoutmaster will take a group of boys outdoors and introduce them to real pioneer stuff—sleep on the ground without overhead shelter, show them how to be prepared for any emergency and live comfortably in the open during all kinds of weather. Which is mighty valuable information for any boy or grown-up to possess.

I notice that even the movie lads have caught the spirit of winter; perhaps conclusive proof that snow and ice are really in the "news." Yes, a number of the lads have temporarily laid aside their hair pants and donned mackinaw coats, stag pants and snowshoes. It is possible that Jean Baptiste, the trapper and Donald McDonald, the Hudson's Bay factor shuffling across the silver screen on snowshoes may have the effect of inspiring emulation. Which is all very splendid.

But this new idea of getting some good health and real fun out of winter didn't come from the movies or any other form of

press-agenting. It is a movement that has gone ahead of its own momentum, which means it is the sort of thing that sticks. For the most part its growth has been from individuals to groups and then in turn to communities. Every here and there small groups have answered the lure of ski, skate and snowshoe, and others have followed. Canadian influence has been largely responsible for this in the East; Scandinavian settlers in the West.

Let us see how a single phase of this has worked out in the East. Take as your net result of this phase, the present activity of various New England colleges in winter sports; an activity which has become quite general in scope. Dartmouth started it all. And one man started it at Dartmouth.

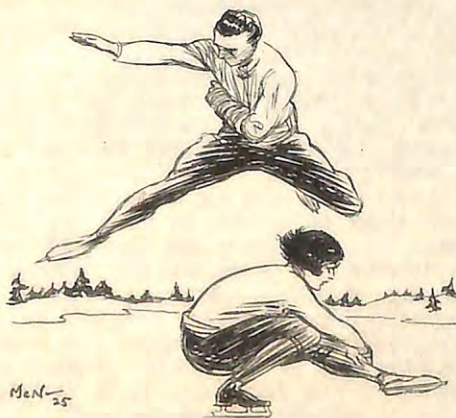
**I** HAVE previously referred to this man, Fred Harris, on the only pair of skis that had ever been seen in Hanover. That was in the year 1910. Harris's new idea took hold among two or three of his friends and they got in the way of making Saturday and Sunday skiing excursions through the New Hampshire hills. This seemed to be more fun than staying in a stuffy dormitory, when classes were over. Besides, if the truth were known, you could keep warmer out-of-doors on a pair of skis.

In the course of one of these periodic trips, the friends stumbled upon a deserted shanty at the base of Moose Mountain. This, it occurred to them, offered possibilities as a week-end bungalow. They found they could make use of it. Their first step thereafter was to lug out from Hanover, amid a good deal of puffing and pulling, an old iron stove. Presto, the house was furnished.

Their second step was even more essentially American. They formed a club.

Such were the simple beginnings of the Dartmouth Outing Club, an organization of which you may have heard, for it has

(Continued on page 59)





# The Golfer's Heart

*Is There Really Such An Animal, After All? Here's the Answer*

By Carl Easton Williams

**I**T DOES seem a bit rough, when you have finally embraced what appears to be at once a fascinating diversion and the ideal means of keeping fit, to have some crêpe-hanging acquaintance step up and say: "Be careful, there, you. Let golf alone. Play safe."

To which you naturally retort, "why, it's a wonderful game."

"Oh, yes, that's the insidious part of it. But it's also a deadly game. Didn't you hear about Sam Hill dropping dead on the golf links the other day?"

And what then is your proper answer to old Gloomy Gus? What should you say to him? Simply this:

"Yes, it was too bad about Sam Hill. And yet I can think of no happier way to go. But I have also noticed how Tom, Dick and Harry, who never played anything more strenuous than checkers in their lives, also caved in with the very same kind of heart failure."

Of course that's a pretty and easy thing to say, but is it strictly true? Well, almost. Is there, then, a lot of bunk being circulated about the athletic heart and the golfer's heart? Let's see.

The question brings us directly to the relationship between athletic effort and heart strain. There is no doubt that every once in a while some worthy member of our more or less human society drops dead on the golf links, just as once in a while some one's heart goes "poop" or "glub," and blows up while he is sitting in his easy library chair, following a full and delightful dinner. Certainly, a heart that is ready to break is likely to break almost anywhere. The truth is that there is a vast amount of heart failure throughout the whole population. If you are a man of forty your very best bet is that you will die of heart trouble, as against any other possible cause of death. If you were a woman, your best bet would be cancer, with heart disease next. In the general population, for all ages, heart disease is now the most frequent of all causes of death, even exceeding tuberculosis, which used to be the most formidable. And since heart trouble more often goes with middle and later life, you can see how it looms up in these age-periods. Up to the age of fifty your greatest risk is in respiratory breakdown, after that in circulatory breakdown, including breaking hearts and bursting brain arteries. Whether you play golf or don't play golf, whether you are an ex-athlete or have been only a great fork-and-knife athlete.

**B**UT how about this question of strain? Quite so. But what particular form of strain are we going to single out? The continuous heart strain of chronic high blood pressure? The permanent strain of excess bodily weight? The inevitable and enduring strain of keeping the blood circulating under any easy conditions of life when the heart is damaged by infection or poison? Or the immediate, temporary strain of a physical effort which is truly slight as compared with any really strenuous athletic activity, such for instance as rowing a four-mile race, or running a quarter-mile under fifty seconds? In the occasional fatality

upon the golf links, is the physical effort involved the entire cause of death? Or what part does it play, among other causes? Very much, or very little?

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***HERE'S a bit of hopeful and helpful news for all lovers of the game who give away their sticks when the papers tell how Smith's heart failed at the second hole. It's an article for checker players and knife-and-fork athletes, too—in fact, for any one who has a heart. It's sound common sense by a man who is widely known for his provocative articles on health and physical culture. Read it and play!***

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It holds much the same place as psychic strain, which also is often mentioned more or less directly in the newspapers as the cause of death from heart failure, as when some excited bond holder cracks to pieces following losses in Wall Street, or some sadly shocked mother drops dead upon hearing of the death of her husband or child. But such immediate stress, either emotional or physical, is probably never purely the cause of death, though it may serve as a precipitating cause. The real cause invariably lies deeper, in some antecedent disability, usually due to infection or poison.

To strain a perfectly healthy heart, according to all the evidence, is a practical physical impossibility. It just isn't done. Nature has provided us with a scheme of safety margins. Any man knows what a safety margin is in a matter of business. But we have it organically, internally, in a state of health. Nature has given us two kidneys, though we could live with two-thirds of one. So with the heart. A healthy heart has such an enormous margin of reserve power that one cannot use it up. Even when the normal young athlete drops exhausted on the running track after having covered a half mile in several seconds under two minutes, he has nowhere even approached the limit of that reserve power represented in his heart margin. He drops largely through muscular fatigue, the sheer inability to hold himself up by his aching muscles, perhaps partly through breathlessness. And then he shortly recovers with no harm done, if he is organically sound. Any real strain upon the heart naturally involves some defect or organic insufficiency, which may sometimes be congenital in nature, but is usually due to damage through infection or poison.

Even of the golfer in his sixties this is true. There is no quality of effort in any game of golf that will strain a perfectly healthy heart. Such a healthy heart as William Muldoon, for instance, has enjoyed up to his present age of eighty. But on the other hand, what man at sixty knows that he has an absolutely healthy heart? It is rare, at that age. That is why it is necessary

not merely for the man who plays golf, but for any man, in or approaching middle age, to know his own heart. As nearly as possible. For while your physician may find no evidence of anything wrong, he cannot positively guarantee that it is free from some incipient defect.

Now, this possibility of trouble holds irrespective of past athletic experience. I mention this because the old athlete is likely to assume that his heart is unusually strong—which it is, if it is healthy. And also because the man of non-athletic habits is likely to assume that his more strenuous brother has a bad heart just because of his experience in competitive sports. Of course there is really no such thing as the "athletic heart," in any pathological sense, meaning a heart that has been damaged purely by running, rowing or football.

On the other hand, there is no magic in athletics that will prevent a man from acquiring rheumatic conditions, focal infections, contagious diseases or other poisons which may leave their mark upon the heart. When an athlete or ex-athlete dies of heart trouble the case is at once conspicuous, and people gather the impression that athletes are particularly susceptible—which isn't true. When it does happen it is due not to athletics but to the same causes that produce heart impairment in non-athletic men.

Past generations of college athletes have been investigated, in this connection, both in England and the United States, covering the relative longevity of oarsmen of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, and at Yale, of those prominent in rowing, track, football and baseball. Whence it is found that athletes do not generally die young, as often supposed, but that they live longer than the average, which of course is to be expected since in the nature of things they represent a self-selected group of unusual vitality. It is also found that they have no unusual tendency toward heart trouble. Indeed, the very fact of their greater average longevity would suggest that they are less susceptible, when one considers the extent to which circulatory breakdown carries off men and women generally above the age of forty-five.

**T**HE trouble is that common impressions on this point are likely to lead us astray, as when too much is made of the risk of heart strain through physical effort, when the emphasis should be placed upon the far greater danger of heart impairment through rheumatism, focal infection or poison. In other words, if we are less afraid of exercise, and more afraid of dead teeth, bad tonsils and diseased sinews, we will have less trouble with our hearts and we will live longer.

Meanwhile I have not heard very much said about the continuous strain of high blood pressure. Every one knows that if he tries to drive his car with the emergency brake applied he is putting an undue load upon his motor, and that it is then more likely to "stall." The situation of a heart working against high blood pressure is almost exactly like that. It is working

(Continued on page 66)





Noel Coward  
and  
Lilian Braithwaite

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**A** THRILLINGLY dramatic scene, in which a weak and neglected son accusingly confronts the mother whose self-indulgence he has discovered, forms a climax so stirring that "The Vortex" could stand on the strength of its last act alone. There is, however, a generous quota of smart dialogue in spite of the slowness of the first two acts in this drama by Noel Coward, the young Englishman who is spreading his talents as author and actor so generously over our boards this winter. The acting throughout is excellent.—E. R. B.





ABBE

The picture above belongs in the gallery of happy moments in the lives of harassed monarchs. From left to right the characters are Randle Ayrton as Charles II, a tiring woman, and Dorothy Gish, as the famous Nell Guynn from whom the screen play takes its title. The picture, which was made in England amidst all the proper historical settings, will have its première here this month

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



VANDAMME

That Chrystal Herne has achieved her present triumph in "Craig's Wife" is the highest possible tribute to her talent, for seldom is a more unsympathetic character depicted on the stage than the heroine of George Kelly's new play. Instead of the delicious humor of "The Torch Bearers" and "The Show Off" we have the bitter drama of a woman who loses everything through slavery to her selfish passion for material possessions



VANDAMME

When Owen Davis, most prolific dramatist of the century, tosses off a good comedy it is very, very amusing. "Easy Come, Easy Go" belongs well up on the list of Mr. Davis's best efforts. Otto Kruger (right) is a promising young bank robber who plays some delightful pranks before the happy ending formula forces him to reform



Russia has sent us another dramatic novelty—The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—a troupe of singing actors who have remade old operatic standbys into strange new shapes to conform with their theory of logically synchronized acting and singing. Here are Peter Saratovsky and Olga Baklanova in "Carmencita and the Soldier," a startlingly new and up-setting version of our cherished "Carmen"

It is a long time since war and pacifism have made a bid for popularity on our stage. Yet such is Mr. Channing Pollock's cunning as a dramatist that, using this dual theme in his play, "The Enemy," he has made a popular success of a grim but interesting tale of the late war of which Miss Fay Bainter (below) is the heroine



ABBE



NIKOLAS MURAY



VANDAM

Music by Sigmund Romberg added to the acting version of such a rousing good romantic tale as "The Prisoner of Zenda" are pretty sure guarantees of entertainment. And when "Princess Flavia" gathers together a cast that includes Evelyn Herbert and such imported talent as Harry Welchman (kissing Miss Herbert's hand on the right), John Clarke, and a well-trained chorus, you have something unusually good in the way of operettas



# The Moving House of Foscaldo

*In Spite of Their Discovery of Its Secret Mechanism the Windmill Holds Its Prisoners*

## Part IV

By Charles Chadwick

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

**U**NDER the windmill tower, hand in hand, like two adventurers in a fairy-tale we wandered down the dim underground corridor. It was hollowed out irregularly in the solid rock—its dimensions about five or six feet across and six to seven high, the floor undulating though fairly level. I came later to the conclusion that it was a natural underground cave enlarged and amplified by the hand of man.

I took the lead slowly along a dimly lighted passage which now veered off slightly to the right. A score of paces further on we came to and passed another opening which led off sharp to the left. It was also dark down there. As we proceeded further and further it struck me that the light we were approaching was growing dimmer instead of brighter.

And then—all at once—it vanished and darkness like a cloak enveloped us.

"What was that?" she breathed.

"I can't imagine. It seems strange," I answered. "Let us go on as far as we can feel our way. There must be something ahead. I have some matches. But I don't want to waste them."

"Yes," she agreed, "let us go on."

I moved forward over the uneven floor of the cavern, feeling my way slowly and gingerly. I felt her close behind me. My foot slipped. There was a splash; I was wet up to the knee and suddenly chilled. By the time I had realized I had stepped into water I had regained my feet stumbling backwards against the girl.

Having recovered my balance I took out a match and struck it against the wall. It flared up in that narrow cavern like a lantern.

"Look!" she cried. "Over there!"

Behind me and sheltered from the direct rays of the lighted match she had been able to see first what there was to see.

Shading my eyes I looked ahead for the few seconds that the match lasted.

We were standing on the brink of a very small pool of water, which occupied a depression in the floor of the tunnel and was only about four or five feet across; beyond this pool of water there was a small space of dry floor. And there the tunnel came to an end. At one side, to the right, cut into the solid rock was a recess about the height of a table; while directly in front the end of the passage was hollowed out for a space of six or seven feet in width to leave a sort of bunk or sleeping place. At least that was what it appeared to be from the pile of blankets which covered it. On the table, left by cutting the recess into the side wall at the right, I noticed a blackened iron candlestick with a little melted wax in the hole made to receive the end of the candle. It emitted a

faint perfume of hot wax. A tiny end of charred wick had fallen over to one side out of the wax. The light which had just illumined the place was beyond all question this candle in the last throes of sputtering and going out.

So much my hurried glance was able to take in before the match I held burned down to my fingers and I dropped it.

I struck another. We stepped across the pool of water. I found a fresh candle on the stone table, lit it and put it in the candlestick. Then we looked around but saw little more than the first glance had revealed.

"This is where the light came from," I whispered. "Some one has been here—perhaps is here now."

"Gabas!" she breathed.

I felt as a queer shudder went over me that she was right, and that in some unexplained way we had actually chanced upon a hiding place of Gabas under the tower. "But if it is Gabas he isn't here now—wherever he may be," I said on second thought. I proceeded to tell her briefly how I had just met him in the forest.

"He must have left the light here meaning to return," she said.

"We must not stay here," I said. "We must get out, somehow. It will not do to be caught here." I began now to fear a definite daylight encounter with the baron less than this adventure with the unknown in the darkness. Also, now that I had reached the end of the passage and found there was no outlet to the cavern in that direction I wanted to go back and see if I could find out why and how the cavern had opened in this way to let us in.

We sat upon the blankets which lay spread over the edge of the bunk while I still lingered to consider a plan of action. Just then my eye fell upon an automatic revolver. It was strange, I thought, I had not seen it before—lying there

over beyond the candlestick. Beside it on the table was an opened box of cartridges. I examined the weapon and found it loaded. I thrust it with the cartridges into my pocket. I was armed. I could meet the baron now on even terms. That fact decided me on what to do.

"Come!" I said. "Keep behind me; and if there is any shooting fall straight down on your face! Keep down!"

She smiled bravely at me, and drew a little breath. She nodded her acceptance of my command. "I am not afraid, not with you," she answered softly.

I found there was quite a stock of candles in the little recess. I put several in my pocket. Then I blew out the one I had just lit. I judged that it was best for us to seek our way back in darkness.

Without any great difficulty we negotiated the small leap across the pool. Following the curve of the walls slowly in the dark we retraced our steps. I carried the automatic in my hand and paused every other step or so to listen for the slightest sound. It was a long trip—longer, it seemed, in the pitch dark than it had been coming the other way in the dim flickering light of the dying candle.

**WE** PASSED the two openings or corridors or whatever they were which on our entrance had led off to our left and now in going back were on our right. I felt the break in the wall where each one opened. Soon I judged we were near the stairs again.

I was astounded, however, to discover that in place of the stone steps which my imagination had pictured as being directly in front, there appeared a barrier of solid masonry blocking our way.

I lit the end of a candle, held it up and gazed around in amazement. We had walked evidently into a blind pocket. Somehow in the dark we must have veered out of the straight course into some other corridor.

We came to a corridor leading off to the left. It looked just like the one we had first passed on our entrance into the cavern, and I turned down it and started to explore, thinking there would not be much trouble in locating the cellar steps.

My hand was covered with wax. The candle had burned down low. I threw it away and lit another.

For a long time, growing more confused and apprehensive every moment, we wandered through that underground place. It was a series of corridors in which we branched

off now right, now left. Occasionally we got into another blind pocket and had to retrace the distance back to the last junction of the corridors. But to our dismay, after quite some time, we had failed as yet to find our way back to the stone steps of the little cellar.

All at once my eye fell upon a small object a few paces in advance. I picked it



*Arranging the blankets on the bunk, I sat on the edge with the revolver ready*





up and found that it was the candle-end I had dropped when I lit a fresh candle.

"This won't do," I ejaculated. "We have gone in a circle." I stood dumfounded. We looked blankly at one another.

Then an idea came to me. I rubbed the small piece of wax against the side wall of the cavern. It left a light-grayish, broken but fairly discernible streak on the surface of the stone. I proceeded to draw an arrow on the wall. I made it point in the direction we were then going.

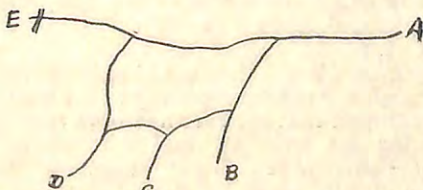
"Oh!" she cried. "That is a wonderful idea. Now we will surely find the way."

"We can try, anyhow," I said.

Keeping together we began again to explore the passages in a more careful fashion, marking as we went. Strangest of all was this fact which I made absolutely sure of before I gave up the search—that there was no sign of the stone steps by which we had entered. The little cellar had vanished!

At length we came back, stepped across the pool again and sat down on the bunk, tired and perplexed. Then I took out my pocket notebook and a pencil, and sketched from memory the series of passages we had traversed, and studied it:

This is the way it appeared:



It appeared when done a rather simple diagram, especially with the lettering simpli-

*Inside the box we found a yellowed but well-preserved manuscript, written in a small hand, the ink brown with age*

fied. But it had been a fairly complicated task to work it out blindly, and verify it, starting in absolute ignorance of either its shape or extent.

The letter E marked the point where we sat now—the bunk with the pool in front of it. Of one thing I now became fairly sure. We had after all entered in the first place at or near A, and passing the two corridors which led off to the left we had walked to E. Incomprehensible as the whole thing appears there were several reasons for supposing A to be the point of our entrance to the cavern. One of them I have not mentioned.

AT THE ends of each one of the three blind alleys B, C, and D, we had found in our exploration a sort of cupboard cut into the rock, similar to the one we found first over the table at E. The other cupboards had heavy iron doors, however, while the cupboard by the bunk at E had an oak door. The interior of these cupboards or closets, a space of about three feet square, disclosed empty shelves, nothing but dust, a mass of cobwebs, and dampness, and a musty warm odor. For what purpose they had been made I could not conjecture any more than I could guess at the original use of the cavern itself. It should be added that the doors at C and D, like the oak door at E, swung open on creaking rusty hinges; but the cupboard at B we found to be locked, and consequently did not open it. The terminus A remained then as the only one of the five ends of passages which presented simply blank wall.

This left us with the strange hypothesis that the cellar wall at the foot of the steps—at the point A—had opened to admit us and had closed behind us. A strange and even unverifiable hypothesis, for though I went back more than once and examined the place carefully, I found nothing but a solid stone barrier. Yet I could not help feeling that we had after all retraced our steps correctly the first time in going from E to A.

There was really no other conjecture left to make.

Fully realizing that, even so, my guess might be wrong; and right or wrong was for the time being as far as I could see wholly useless anyway; I gave myself up to bewilderment at the vanishing of the stone stairs. Nor was the girl with her quick intelligence able to suggest any hint of a solution.

The thing was truly mysterious!

"Gabas will rescue us," the girl said finally. "He left the candle burning and will come back."

"Yes, I am almost sure that he will do that," I agreed.

But I concealed from her the feeling which came to me at the mention of the word rescue. I recalled again Gabas' threat. And it also seemed to me that the burned-out candle indicated rather frustrated intention to return. I feared in fact that the apache might have already fallen into the clutches of the police; and that after what had taken place they would never let him go again. If Gabas were taken back to Paris, to the guillotine, who else would ever find the way into our prison, or would even suspect we were there?



## CHAPTER XXII

WE WAITED long hours for a deliverance that did not come while one candle and then another burned down and away. The cavern was warm with a kind of dead dampness in the air. Yet we grew chilly from inaction and wrapped blankets around us. I had taken off my shoe and stocking and had managed to dry my foot. I also bathed the scratch on my temple. We discussed making a fire by wrenching off the wooden door of the cupboard and breaking it up, but postponed doing anything of the kind through a sort of inanition that had settled down upon our spirits. No sound interrupted the silence of our prison, coming to either frighten or reassure us; and I doubt whether knowing all I did I wished for it . . . as much as I dreaded an interruption.

We realized that we were ravenously hungry.

I looked at my watch. It had stopped at a quarter-past three. How long ago that was I had no way of guessing. I set it ahead to six o'clock and wound it.

While I was doing this the girl began looking through the cupboard. She found an old canvas sack. Loaves of bread were rolled up in paper inside it. I wondered if this was the same sack I had seen Gabas carrying to the tower. We made a meal of one loaf. We also discovered that the water of the little underground stream which trickled over the floor was cold and drinkable.

After we had eaten most of the loaf I broke the end that was left and gave her half. I stood up and stretched myself. I stepped across the pool and, munching the few remaining crumbs, I turned around and saw her sitting there, hands in her lap, and the glimmer of a smile upon her face as she looked up at me.

"What is it?" I asked.

For answer her lips parted in a real smile and she swallowed with a pretty bird-like undulation of her throat. "Thank you," she said.

"What for?"

She seemed more beautiful than ever in the flickering light of the candle.

"For what you have just given me."

"Oh," I said. I could not make out why she smiled at me in that way and it passed from my mind. I went and sat down beside her again. Neither of us said very much for quite a long time; but we must have been thinking of the same thing, for at last she said:

"Monsieur Rackstrom, I fear we must spend the night here."

"Yes," I agreed. "I think we can be comfortable."

Soon after we arranged the blankets on the bunk; and I covered her as she lay on the inner side. I sat on the edge with the revolver in my hand.

"But you must lie down, too," she protested.

To please her I did; and blew out the light. The momentary touch of her light body, like that of a child, gave me a sense of elation. I did not feel sleepy. I thought I must stay awake and watch;



A particularly vivid memory of her childhood was of a man who sometimes haunted her foot-

and that it was fortunate I was wakeful.

I lay there realizing how well arranged for defense this little retreat of Gabas' was, with its small moat in front. A light sleeper could be easily waked by the noise of any one splashing into the water, that is supposing any one should come upon, as I had, by some accident, the entrance to the cavern. All at once it occurred to me, what would not Inspector Prontout give to be where I was—to know even the partial discovery I had made! I began to wonder if the detective had suspected anything of the kind. It seemed incredible that he should. The whole affair of the murders was to me more mysterious now than ever since my discovery of the cavern. It simply added another series of unexplainable facts to a mystery already unexplainable. . . . My cogitations were interrupted by the girl's low voice in my ear:

"Monsieur Rackstrom?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Your name is Peer?"

"Yes."

"Mine is Fantaisie."

"Good night, Fantaisie," I said.

"Good night, Peer," she whispered very softly.

Soon after I heard her soft breathing and knew she was asleep. . . .

## CHAPTER XXIII

I AWOKE with a nervous jerk, chilled and cramped. I had gone to sleep in spite of my resolve. I had no way of telling how much time had elapsed, what hour it was, or even whether it were day or night. For I found that my watch had stopped.

The candle flame was reflected in the dark pool of water at my feet. It burned stiff and straight, a tiny spire of flame, its yellow tip unwavering; for there was no movement in the air.

I let fall the burned match with which I had lit the candle, idly, upon the surface of the pool. It made a tiny sound as it struck the water, and it also made tiny ripples.

I became absorbed in the triviality of watching the reflection in the water of the candle flame, composing in my mind some slender and fanciful allegory. . . . One of the fantastic forms the reflection took suggested a key. All at once the fact slipped through into my consciousness with a thud of recognition that my eyes had been actually resting not upon an illusive resemblance but upon a real key lying at the bottom of the pool directly under the flame picture.

I bent down and sinking my arm to the elbow in the water I picked up from the





steps on the street and watched her, a large man whom she feared for his terrible looks

slippery stone bottom an object which proved, indeed, to be a brass key!

It was the very key I had found on the vine and had lost again—the key to the *armoire de fer* of King Louis!

Again I read the fragment of an inscription:

#### XETGAMAINFECI

A rush of memory recalled Yldez's story. But what engaged my attention, what my mind really dwelt on, was no antiquarian fancy but the more practical question, how had the key come there? That was the real X—the real unknown quantity in the suddenly presented problem of the key's reappearance.

I wrapped the key in my handkerchief and put it carefully in an inside breast pocket. I sat still a little while then and listened to the sound of Fantaisie's light breathing. I took up the candle and held the light to look at her. She turned slightly and flung out one arm and hand and then relapsed into peaceful slumber. As she did that I noticed with a dull lack of interest a ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, a ring which I did not remember having happened to see before.

Fatigue and a strange release from anxiety came to me. I blew out the light,

lay down and slept, dreaming of a key that opened stone doors into the sunshine of a lost world.

#### CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN I awoke again Fantaisie was gone.

I sat up in the dark, conscious again of that stifling deadness in the air, my hand resting on the warm blanket beside me where she had lain, and called to her softly but got no answer.

I felt for a match and made a light.

I got to my feet and thinking to set out and find her, with the unexplained feeling that I must make no noise, I quietly lifted water to my face to waken me more thoroughly and then dried my face on my sleeve. I took off my shoes and left them under the blanket at the foot of the bunk and blew out the candle. If she were near by I would hear her as I approached. If not, if something had happened, I could explore in silence without betraying my presence—to what?

I made the entire course of the cavern in the dark, examining each of the small corridors in turn, occasionally striking a match silently on my sleeve, and after a quick glance, peering ahead and behind, blowing it out. After about twenty minutes I reached

the farther end of the main corridor, having traversed the entire labyrinth and found it empty and desolate.

But here a surprise awaited me. Worried already beyond measure by the vanishing of Fantaisie, wishing I had gone at first straight for this end of the passage, and feeling my way along, not knowing what to think, my foot struck a hard object in my path. I stopped dead and immediately made a light.

I had already, before getting this far, glanced ahead with the aid of a momentary light and had failed to notice anything.

But here, beyond question, lying on the floor ten feet from the end of the passage, was the *armoire de fer*!

I stood over it shading the match, gazing down at it in pure amazement. My emotion had nothing whatever to do with any possible further interest in its contents. I even forgot that I had the key to it in my pocket. But I regarded the iron box simply as palpable proof that while I slept or at least since my last tour of the cavern some one had mysteriously entered and left it there.

As to the how or why of this my mind was driven over a sea of futility. I thought of Gabas and the baron. A wave of fear at this reminder of the world outside surged over me. I dropped the match and sat down weakly upon the box. Had Fantaisie left me—been stolen away? Was she now in danger, and was I shut up in this blind trap alone?

I got to my feet again, pulling myself together. To puzzle over this thing was useless. Mechanically I lit a candle and made my way back toward the pool of water, my starting point in the search for her.

As I approached the curve of the corridor, my hope of finding her having completely died out, I became conscious all at once of a light ahead like the light we had first followed in entering. Hope returned and I hastened my steps.

I hurried, and came in sight of the little pool.

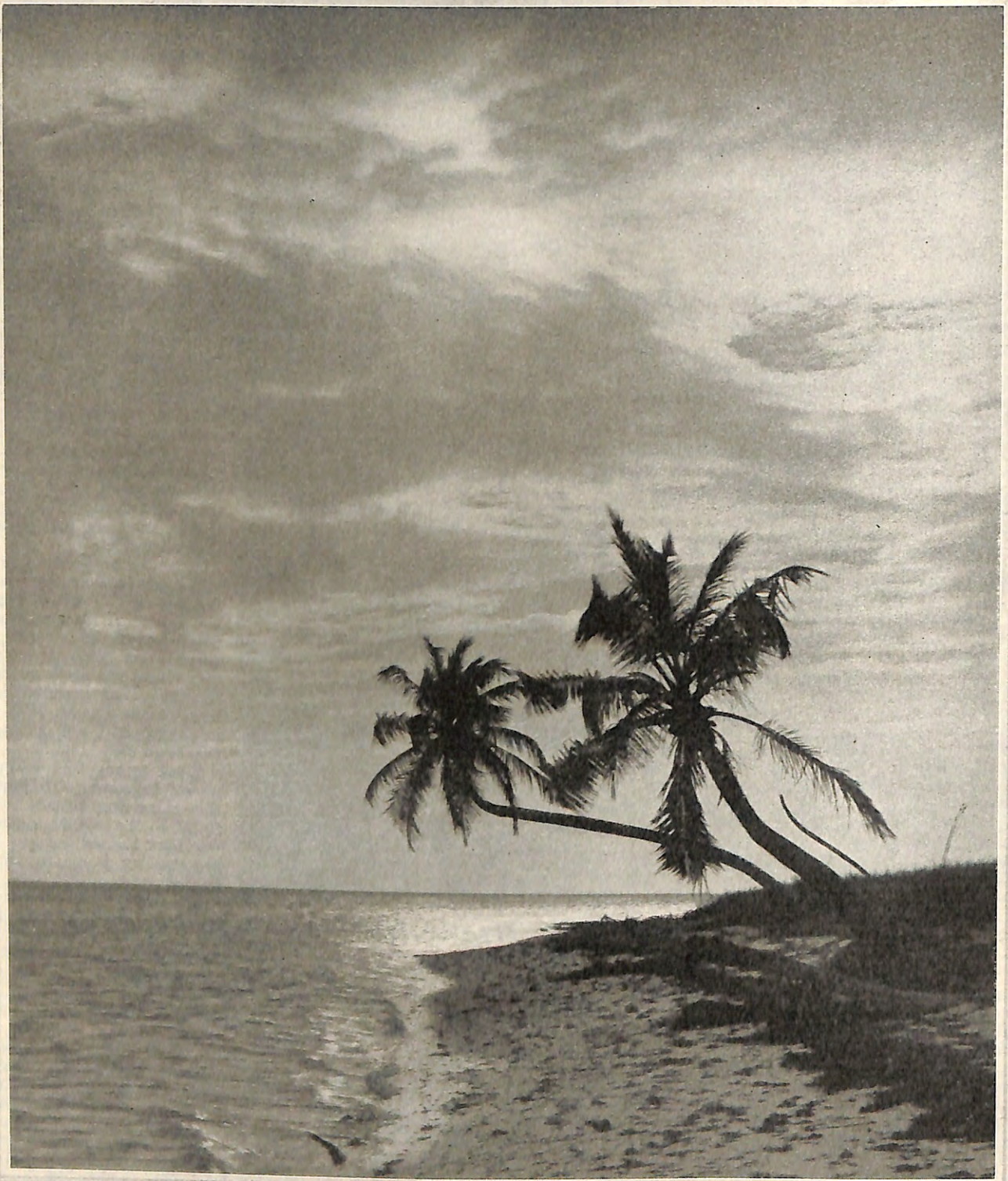
The scene which met my gaze caused me to pull up short in silence and relief, the blessed relief of seeing her, but silence also.

There before my eyes, in the light of a single candle on the table beyond, appeared a vision of a medieval saint, alone, on her knees, and motionless as the stone of the rude walls that encompassed her like the walls of a cell. Her face, half-turned from me, was upraised to the light with a troubled expression, and yet her whole attitude suggested calm. The curves of her body, masked in the folds of her dress, came out of and vanished back into the darkness of shadows which hung round her like a cloudy garment. Glistening high lights lay like fallen golden leaves upon the dark mass of falling hair. Her arms and hands were outstretched, one small hand with the soft grasp of a child folded protectingly over the other.

I gave an involuntary exclamation. At that her face which had been raised toward some imagined beyond, or perhaps toward the real beyond of the sunlight above and

(Continued on page 44)





*From a Camera Study, by John Kabel*

**F**LORIDA, discovered and named many years ago by Juan Ponce de Leon, that picturesque adventurer who searched it for the mythical "Fountain of Youth," continues to lure men by its natural beauty and its promise of wealth and happiness. L. F. Chapman, whose interesting article on the opposite page gives us a picture of the new Florida, its marvelous development, the phenomenal rise of its land values, has lived in the State for many years. Besides being president of one of the large fruit growers' associations, he is a newspaper man and the author of a number of books.



# What's the Matter with Florida?

## *Why Are Property Values Soaring There Like Balloons, and Millionaires Made Over Night?*

By L. F. Chapman

"WHAT'S the matter with Florida?" The Pullman smoking-room congress was in session. The north-bound train was winding through the mountains of North Carolina. It was summertime and mid-afternoon. The big, brawny man from Pennsylvania, whose red face and kindly eye proclaimed him a jolly good fellow, was the unelected presiding officer. Strangers all. From five different states. But they were members of a great brotherhood—owners of Florida real estate. They were returning from the southern state where they had been making investments. One had bought a lot in Miami; another ten acres near DeLand; another had leased a corner in Lakeland; the other two had bought acreage.

The mild man of fifty, in gray suit and spats, had asked the question. He went on: "I have been going to Florida for fifteen years. I like it very much. But what has put the rise in real estate? I can't see the slightest reason for it. Still, I bought two corners in Miami that cost me a pretty penny. Still going up, and no end in sight. What's the matter, anyway?"

The question and comment of the mild man represents the state of mind of a fairly large part of the people of many states. So far as they can see, Florida has not changed greatly in the last few years. The physical aspect is very much the same. The towns have grown somewhat and the cities more; the State as a whole has immense tracts of unoccupied territory. Just as it has had for years.

Yet a tremendous boom is in progress. One of spectacular proportions. It has been compared to the gold rush of '49, to the Oklahoma land frenzy of much later vintage, and the California tidal wave of '80 and '90.

What's the matter with Florida?

If formerly ten thousand people turned longing eyes to the "sun porch of the United States," because of its equitable climate and balmy winters, now two million are watching with greedy eyes the opportunity to snatch off some real estate prize, and retire in affluence within six months.

That something has happened, the veriest babe can see. Day laborers, who have been living on twenty acres near some town for years, just making ends meet, and longing for the time to come to go into business for themselves, are selling out for one hundred thousand dollars and buying three thousand dollar automobiles. Corner lots, which formerly brought 6 per cent. on the investment in rent, have jumped over night until the rent will not pay one half of one per cent.

And still the price goes up.

Transformations on the face of Florida are rapid, the urban movement being especially marked. Towns are growing up everywhere. In some cases it is amazing, and in every case surprising. Deals run to large figures, these days. Within nine miles of my home a tract of large size was sold eighteen months ago for about \$10 an acre; the purchaser sold it within four months for \$750,000; it has been resold twice since then, and just recently it was sold for \$3,500,000. While this was being

written, an acquaintance who is a government official in Florida told me of a young man of our acquaintance who had a job by the week twelve months ago, but by a lucky deal he is now driving a high-powered car and could buy the College Arms Hotel in DeLand, if he wished. All in twelve months. And these are not isolated cases. They could be multiplied, almost without end.

The most amazing thing is that the bank deposits keep climbing. This is not a boom on paper, as is so often the case. Most deals are made "one third down, balance in one, two and three years." This is generally true, whether the consideration is one thousand dollars or half a million. Two banks in a small Florida town, with a normal total resource of about a million and a half, have climbed within a year to a combined resource value of eight millions.

One of the Tampa banks has grown in ten years from a two hundred thousand dollar resource list to more than forty million. The combined bank resources of Jacksonville run into a figure that is almost past belief, considering that fifteen years ago the banks there were only nominally resourceful, and ten years ago a bank failure there affected the whole State adversely. There hasn't been a bank failure in Florida in years and the present indications are, based on cash and good paper, that there will be no bank failures for years to come, except for dishonesty in some bank official.

Florida's boom upheaval has created no more surprise than in the minds of the Florida people themselves. Unbelievable things happen, which must be believed. In many cases, the people of Florida are coming into their own. A man, well known to me, bought his home some years ago for \$1,600. Last week he sold it for \$132,000. Values grew faster than he could count. A veritable Aladdin's lamp—

Past belief! Yet the Florida citizen must believe.

It is asking too much to require the average man to explain it. There is no explanation which he can see. I have asked not less than a hundred men in Florida within three months what the meaning is. I have received at least ninety different answers.

The usual replies do not suffice. "There's a fever of buying." "Real estate men are booming for selfish purposes." "There's too much money in the United States and it's finding its way to Florida." "There's only so much Florida land and when it's gone, no more can be had." "Europe and California are too far from the center of population." "The Florida orange has caught the popular fancy."

Children might make these replies. On the surface they appear plausible. But they do not satisfy. People still go to California by the tens of thousands. It is reported that never has there been a greater exodus to European resorts. Money is not plentiful throughout the United States; in fact in many quarters it is decidedly scarce. The Florida orange for years has had a large following and there are no more oranges now than formerly.

The average visitor seems to be more certain of the facts with reference to Florida than the native Floridian. The guest in the State does not quibble, nor argue, nor philosophize. He plunks down his money and takes his profit. If the profit is large, he brings his family down and goes into the business of buying and selling. That's all there is to it. He has found his mine; discovered his America; dug up his diamond; unearthed his fortune.

The boom in Florida is not new. This fact will go a long way in explaining the present boom. For three years a boom has been under way in this State. Heretofore it was a quiet boom, more of a substantial and rapid growth than a real estate storm. The whole State felt it, and some sections profited to an amazing degree. A sort of family boom. We bought and sold to each other, and finally sold to a stranger who settled on the property. For several years, Florida real estate has been more or less active. It was not commented on outside the State. No one in the State dreamed that it was the precursor of a land-slide upward.

Then almost without warning the Florida Legislature submitted to the people of Florida the proposed amendment to the State constitution, prohibiting for all time taxes on incomes and inheritances. The people by an overwhelming vote passed the amendment, and the protection of incomes and inheritances became permanent in the State constitution.

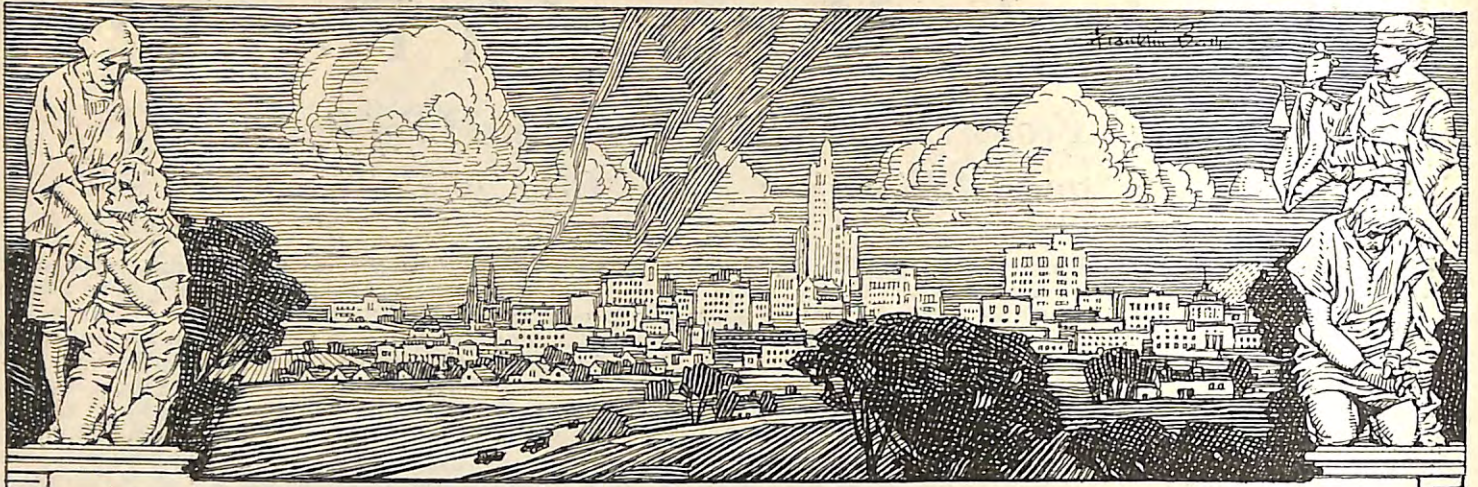
This brought the attention of the wealthy class to Florida as a haven for investment and a comfortable location for a home. Literally thousands of them. A few at first, then more, then many. Florida took its place on the front pages of the papers, for the people who were coming were, in many instances, people of note. Their names were front page names. Anything that concerned them was news. Florida concerned them, and Florida became news.

With the first arrivals of this caravan of wealthy and famous individuals, Florida real estate became more valuable. Prices went up, in many cases, merely because the men who proposed to buy the property were known to be men of means. The fortunate individuals who sold to men of wealth often reaped enormous profits. A tract which had been purchased for \$40 an acre was sold for \$500 an acre. The news spread. The golden crop was coming. The newspapers took up the tale. In every State and in many cities, the news was spread. Front page news. Sunday supplement stuff. Feature articles.

A little inside history will show the interesting fact that the people of Florida had no idea of the far-reaching effect of their new constitutional amendment. They hoped it would help to attract capital. They knew that it would be of some benefit. But that it would prove the blow that would knock out the wedge from the sluice gate and unloose a golden flood was as much a surprise to them as to the remainder of the country.

(Continued on page 68)





## EDITORIAL

### RING IN THE NEW!

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells, across the snow,  
The year is going, let him go,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of Good.

*Tennyson.*

**T**HE New Year has come again, the date when men are accustomed to take stock not only of their possessions but of themselves; to count the gain, to face the loss, material and spiritual. It is a significant day and it is a wholesome and valuable experience, to measure with honest and candid mind the progress or retrogression of the year.

But it is of true value only when one does so in the spirit of the poem quoted from above. It is of little moment to determine just where one stands unless the knowledge be coupled with a purpose to profit by its acquisition. And when such purpose fires the heart the New Year is a happy one whatever be the result of the inventory taken.

It is hoped that as the bells rang out all over the land, marking the death of the old year and the birth of the new, they were recognized as a solemn requiem over all that was empty and false and vain in our lives, and as a joyous greeting of a future earnestly dedicated to better things. With that hope and in that spirit, THE ELKS MAGAZINE again wishes to every member of the Order A Happy New Year.

### UNDER THE SPREADING ANTLERS

**P**AST Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, in speaking to the District Deputies meeting upon the subject of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, made the startling statement that there are over five hundred lodges in the Order concerning whose fraternal activities no paragraph has yet appeared in the Magazine in the department "Under the Spreading Antlers."

There are but two explanations possible. One is that the lodges in question have been engaged in no such activities worthy of mention. The other is that no officer or member of those lodges has been sufficiently interested to report their achievements to the magazine. The first explanation is unthinkable. The other is regrettable.

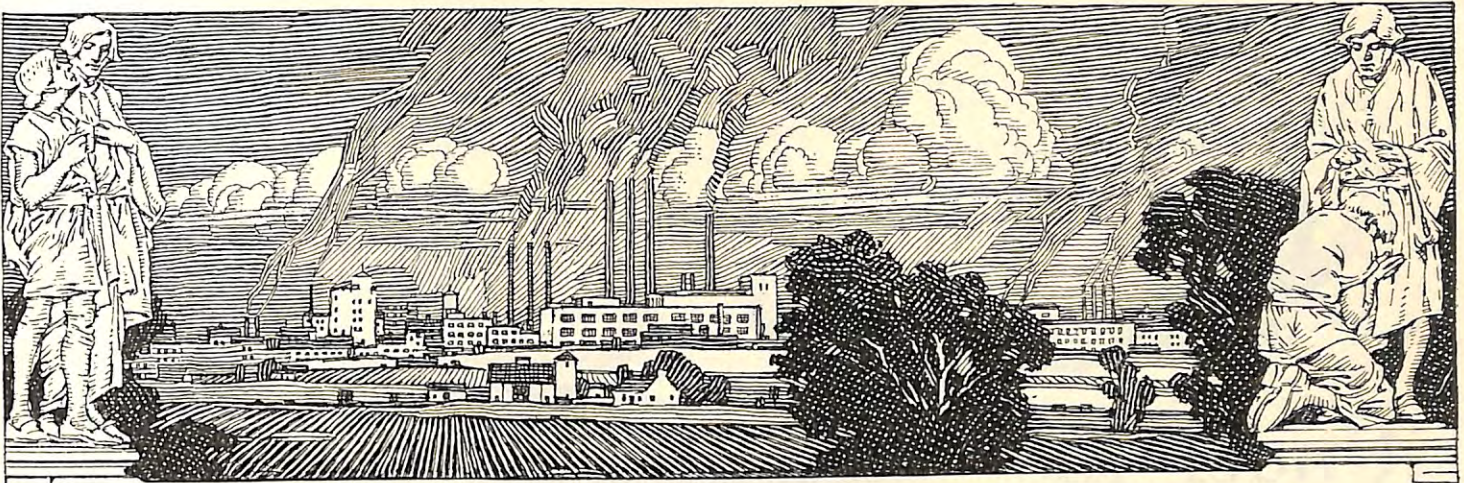
Every item of information of the worth-while accomplishments of a subordinate lodge is not only of interest to the Order but is an inspiration to all other lodges. The department is not conducted for the purpose of making public exploitation of the good works of the lodges and their members, but to give information to other Elks which will prompt them to emulation of good examples. And the appeal of the Executive Director for better cooperation on the part of the subordinate lodges in keeping the magazine advised of their fraternal services is worthy of a whole-hearted response. The value of the department, as well as its interest to the members, depends upon such response.

### LAW OBSERVANCE

**T**HESE columns have, several times in the past, carried editorial comments upon the subject above captioned. It is one of such importance, from both a civic and fraternal viewpoint, that no apology is offered for again bringing it to the attention of the Order. The purpose to do so at this time is based primarily upon the splendid address of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the recent conference of District Deputies at Chicago.

In that address of instruction and inspiration he not only made an earnest appeal for obedience to law, on the part of the subordinate lodges and their members, but in language which could not be misapprehended he made it plain that his policy, in administering the affairs of the Order, would be to enforce such obedience by all the power of his office. THE ELKS MAGAZINE again expresses its hearty approval of this official attitude and calls upon every Elk to give it loyal support.





The Order of Elks is a great organization committed to high and noble service and proudly boasting of its essential, patriotic Americanism. It is made up of individual members grouped into distinct lodge units, it is true; but the Order is itself an entity to which the individuals and administrative units are subordinate and to which, and to whose high purposes, they owe obedience and loyal devotion. It is not a mere tenuous association of separate organizations, each one left to follow its own course, irrespective of the parent authority.

The constitution and statutes of the Order are for the government and control of its members and subordinate lodges. They are laws, not suggestions. They are mandatory, not merely permissive. They embody the wisdom and judgment of the founders and their successors in legislative authority. Beyond question they have the approval of its present membership as a whole. It is neither wise nor just to permit those laws to be flouted or disregarded.

And since our fraternal laws and obligations embody the specifically expressed duty of obedience to the laws of our country, the same rule applies to them. It is not only a duty of true patriotism, applicable to all good citizens, it is a specific fraternal duty of all Elks, by virtue of their very membership in the Order.

Any member who deliberately and persistently disregards that obligation is unworthy of the badge he wears. Any lodge which by direct act or by permissive indirection gives its support or lends its sanction to such disregard of law is unworthy to hold its charter.

Individual opinion as to the justice or propriety of written laws has no bearing upon the duty to observe them. If a member be not willing to subordinate his opinion to that of the great majority of his brethren who do approve and support them his remedy is open to him. The doors of the Order are as wide to permit the exit of a dissatisfied member as they are to admit him who seeks to join it and sustain its high purposes.

A subordinate lodge which assumes the attitude that it is a law unto itself and is not amenable to the superior authority of the Order of which it is but a single unit, except in so far as it may choose to obey it, should surrender its charter.

There can be no two views on this subject.

It is simply a question of right and wrong. And the Grand Exalted Ruler will find himself supported and sustained by the overwhelming sentiment of the Order in his declared purpose to enforce, by every available disciplinary measure, proper obedience to the laws of the Order and of our country.

#### KICKERS

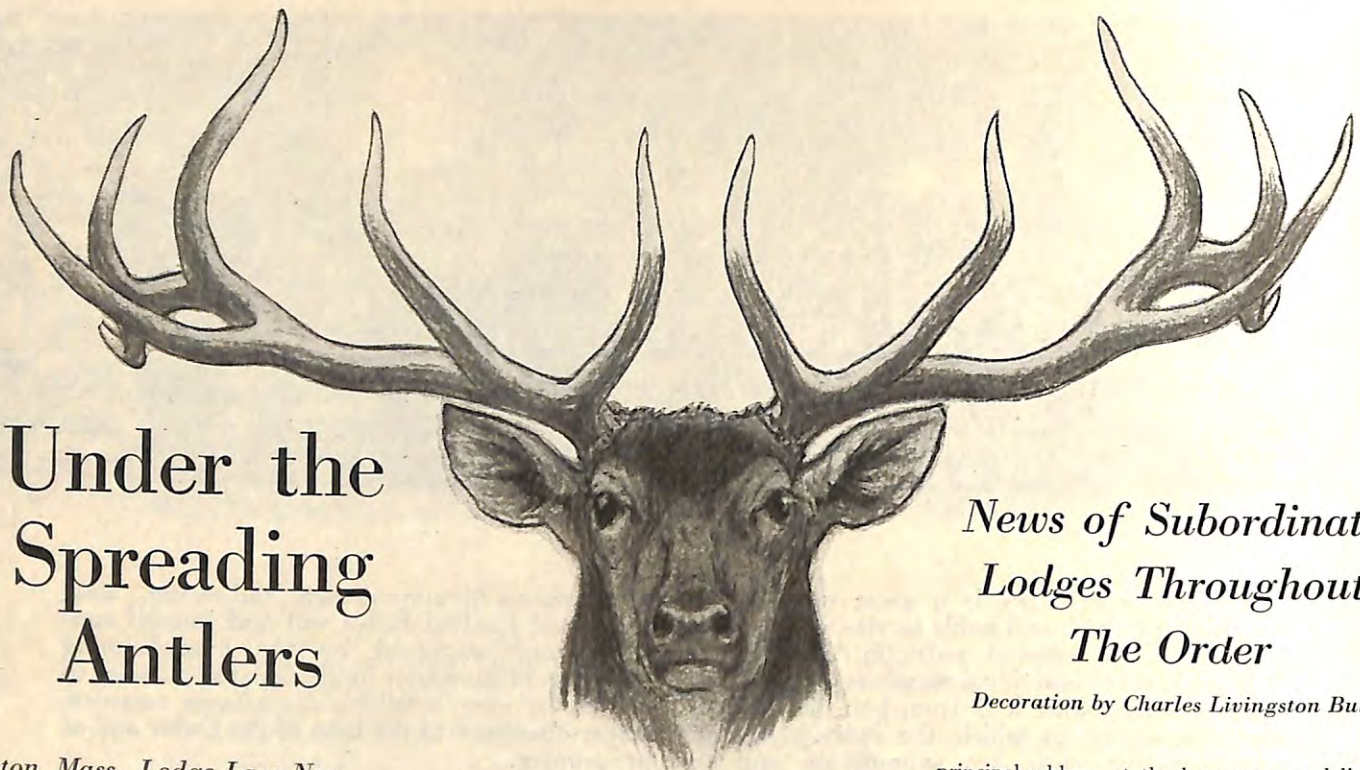
IT HAS been facetiously said that the only proper place for a kicker is on the football field. A popular slogan is: "Boost, Don't Kick." The idea embodied in these expressions is born of the fact that kickers and knockers, in the general acceptance of the term, are generally mere fault finders and destructive critics. Their kicks are all too frequently ill-tempered and injudiciously expressed.

But the fact remains that, if the kick be administered in the right direction, forward and upward, and if it be inspired by a well-considered judgment and a real desire to help, the kicker is serving a useful purpose. Our colonial forefathers were kickers of this sort and kicked the United States of America into existence. Indeed every group of constructive leaders against wrong and injustice is composed of the same type of men and women.

It is probable that every lodge has among its membership a few who have earned for themselves the unfortunate distinction of being regarded as kickers, with all its unpopular significance. And to the extent that they merely complain of conditions which do not please them, without suggestion or effort to improve them, they deserve the appellation. But if their protests are based on thoughtful consideration of real facts, and if they be made in the proper quarter, in good temper, and in a willing and loyal spirit of helpfulness, they are a most valuable asset to the lodge. They are not kickers, they are real boosters.

The man who merely has a grievance to air invites inattention if not opposition. But the man with a thoughtful suggestion, designed to be helpful, is entitled to a considerate hearing and usually gets it. Therefore, kick, if conditions warrant it. But kick in the right spirit, and in the right direction, and at the right time, and to the right person. Such kicking is helpful and might well be given a less unpopular name.





## Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

### Boston, Mass., Lodge Lays New Home Cornerstone

ANOTHER important day in the progressive history of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, was marked recently when the cornerstone of its new Home on Tremont Street at Warrenton was laid with impressive exercises. Hundreds of members of the Order participated and thousands thronged the vicinity to witness the event. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Timothy E. McCarthy was the presiding officer at the exercises which opened with the singing of "America" by the Glee Club of Boston Lodge. The male chorus of forty-five from "The Student Prince" sang two selections, following which Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane, assisted by the other officers of Boston Lodge, conducted the ritualistic service. Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of the city, delivered an address of welcome to the distinguished visitors. The orator of the day, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, then addressed the gathering, speaking of the great part the Order has played in the life of the nation both in war and in peace and congratulating Boston Lodge on its achievement. The exercises closed with the singing of "Adeste Fideles" by Miss Elva Boyden and Joseph Ecker, and the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Glee Club and "Student Prince" chorus, accompanied by the Band of Boston Lodge.

A reception at the Somerset Street Home of the Lodge to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning was followed by a banquet at the Boston City Club which was largely attended. Congressman James A. Gallivan, responding to the toast "Our Country", spoke of the patriotic purposes of the Order, to which, he said, the country owes a debt of gratitude. Executive Councillor George Curran, speaking for Governor Alvan T. Fuller, who had been unable to attend the cornerstone laying exercises or the dinner, welcomed the Past Grand Exalted Ruler to Massachusetts. There were also responses by officers of Lodges from other States and a musical program by members of Boston Lodge.

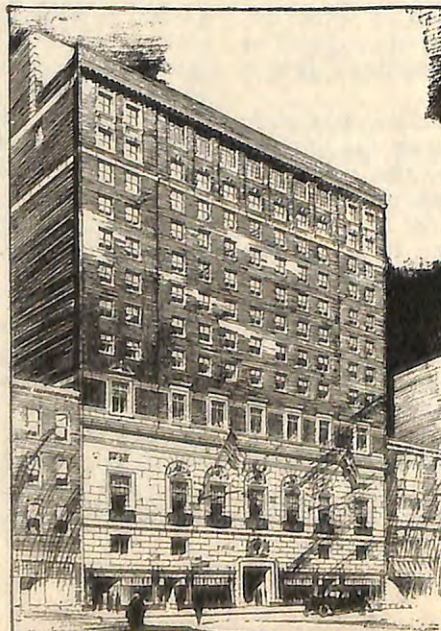
The new Home of Boston Lodge will be thirteen stories high and will be of fireproof construction throughout. When completed, it will represent an investment of over three million dollars. It will have 350 rooms offering excellent accommodations for traveling members, spacious lounges and reading rooms, cafeteria, dining room with roof garden features, showers, electric baths, ball room and library. The ball room will have a large stage and a seating capacity for 3,000 people. The Building Committee in charge of the erection of this handsome new Home is headed by Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Other members of the Committee are: Samuel Kalesky, George A. Stuart, Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, Thomas F. Lockney,

Timothy E. McCarthy, John H. Dunn, E. Mark Sullivan, Michael W. O'Brien, Dr. F. X. Mahoney and Joseph M. Sullivan.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, celebrated an extremely successful Homecoming a short time ago and played host to Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. Judge Atwell was entertained at an informal luncheon at noon, members of the Bench of the District and Municipal Courts being present. Over 300 Elks, including many of the Exalted Rulers of the various Subordinate Lodges throughout the State, were present at the Homecoming Banquet in the evening in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills.

Exalted Ruler A. L. Dretchko welcomed the guests to Minneapolis Lodge, while Lieutenant-Governor W. I. Nolan welcomed them in behalf of the State of Minnesota, and Judge Mathias Baldwin, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Minnesota North, spoke on behalf of the Subordinate Lodges in his jurisdiction. The



New Home being built by Boston, Mass., Lodge

principal address at the banquet was delivered by Mr. Mills and was a recital of the many worthwhile achievements of the Order. Owing to the overflow in the dining-room, Judge Atwell addressed the throng in the main Lodge room.

Through the courtesy of the local theatres a two-hour vaudeville entertainment concluded one of the most successful and memorable events ever held by Minneapolis Lodge.

### Norristown, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Large New Auditorium

A full week of celebration marked the dedication of the splendid new auditorium of Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714. The dedication proper which took place the first evening, was preceded by a street parade when a delegation of Norristown Elks, with a band, met a delegation of several hundred from Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, with two bands. Hosts and guests then marched to the Lodge Home, where the services took place.

Norristown, only six miles from Valley Forge, lies in a country full of reminders of General George Washington, and an unusual and striking feature of the ceremony, which was in charge of Charles H. Grakelow, Past Grand Esquire and Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge, was the summoning of the shade of the Father of his Country to consecrate the building to the principles of the early Americans upon which the Lodge is founded. General Washington, impersonated by a member of Philadelphia Lodge, appeared, wraith-like, upon the dimly lit stage and, amid impressive silence, called upon the assembled Elks ever to keep the new building a temple to the observance of those principles for which he and his followers fought and suffered. Mr. Grakelow then addressed the gathering, as did District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred J. Wahl.

Following the dedication a buffet luncheon was served, after which the new bowling alleys were officially opened by Exalted Ruler Lloyd F. Kershner and the building inspected by members and guests.

The next evening the members showed their friends over the new auditorium, and a bowling match was played by teams from the Elks and the Masonic Temple. At the banquet the following night the members and their friends sat down to a delicious dinner. Exalted Ruler Kershner, as toastmaster, introduced Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Daniel Miller, Joseph F. Lawless and L. A. Gipp, who responded with inspiring talks.

The first meeting in the new Lodge room came the next day, after which a first-class vaudeville show was staged in the Home. An evening of open house to the public and the dedication ball closed the week's festivities.



Norristown Lodge, instituted June 24, 1901, with a charter membership of thirty, now has almost 1,300 members and is one of the most active and progressive Lodges in Pennsylvania.

**New Jersey Lodges Considering Suggestion of Public Forums**

New Jersey Lodges are considering the suggestion of William K. Devereux, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, that they hold weekly forums, open to the public. In a recent communication Mr. Devereux wrote: "It is my ambition and desire to induce every Lodge in the State, owning its own Home, to make that Home a real Community Center. What could be better or more commendable than to have these fortunate Lodges organize, say, a Sunday afternoon or Mid-week Forum, open to the public, and provide for varied clean entertainments—Organ Recitals, Instructive Movies, Community Singing, Radio Broadcasting, short addresses or debates by well-known publicists on interesting themes, and other timely sorts of diversion and entertainment? Especially would I have these entertainments consist of a program that would appeal to the boys and girls of the Community."

**Danbury, Conn., Lodge to Build New Home**

Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, has grown to such proportions in the last few years that its present Home has become inadequate for its large and increasing membership. Plans are already under way for the erection of a new Home that will be modern in every sense and which will take care of the Lodge's many activities. Early in the Spring Danbury Lodge will hold a large indoor fair in the State Armory for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of the new building.

During the past year Danbury Lodge, in addition to its regular relief work, has contributed substantial sums to a number of organized charitable and social agencies. The George Junior Republic, the Danbury Visiting Nurses' Association and the Danbury School Band were among the organizations which benefited by the generosity of the Lodge.

**New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Visited By Grand Exalted Ruler**

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, was honored some time ago with a visit from Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. It was the first time in its history that a Grand Exalted Ruler had visited the Lodge and the event was the occasion for the presence of a large number of members and representatives from neighboring Lodges. Following a most impressive meeting at which Judge Atwell delivered one of his characteristic addresses, there was a reception for him at the Home where he met visiting members from Lodges in Perth Amboy, Elizabeth, Plainfield and other New Jersey town.

Previous to the meeting, Judge Atwell was taken to the new Home of New Brunswick Lodge now in the course of construction on Livingston Avenue, where he complimented the Lodge on its enterprise and achievement.

**San Diego, Calif., Lodge Stages Successful Musical Comedy**

"Toodles in Holland," a colorful two-act musical comedy, written and staged by Tommy Getz, and produced by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, netted approximately \$4,000 for the Charity Fund of the Lodge during the three days of its recent run. Well-trained choruses, tuneful songs and fine acting and directing, backed up by expert publicity, packed the large Spreckels Theatre at every performance. On the second night the gallery was filled with some six hundred young proteges of the Lodge, whose enjoyment and good behavior fully repaid their Big Brothers. It was one of the most ambitious efforts that San Diego Lodge has ever undertaken and its splendid success is cause for congratulation to the large company whose enthusiasm made it possible.

In addition to the three performances at the theatre, two others were given, one at Camp Kearny and the other at the Naval Hospital.

The entire cast turned out for each of these and were amply rewarded for their trouble by the expressions of appreciation from personnel and patients.

**Meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Held at Columbus**

A meeting of all the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges in Ohio, together with the officers of the Ohio State Elks Association, was held at Columbus, O.

After a luncheon, which was served at the Home of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, the meeting was called to order in the Lodge room by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, and a general discussion under the Good of the Order was held. Expressions of opinion were freely asked and given, and a strong plea made for a better and stronger State Association, after which the various District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers met with the officers of the Lodges in their jurisdiction and arrangements were made for the official visits.

**Crippled Children Entertained By White Plains, N. Y., Lodge**

Children from the country branch of the New York Orthopaedic Hospital and St. Agnes' Hospital were recently entertained at two outings by the Crippled Children's Committee of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535. The youngsters, being offered the choice of a theatre party or a visit to the Bronx Park Zoo, voted unanimously for the Zoo, and the members in charge of the outings feel that much of the good time that was had was due to the children's being given an opportunity to choose their own form of entertainment.

**Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge To Build New Home**

At a recent meeting of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, it was voted to purchase as a site for a new Home, at a price approximating \$100,000, the property at the southwest corner of South Gay and West Hill Avenue. The plot measures 202x132 feet and slopes sharply from West Hill Avenue. It is planned to take full advantage of this fact in the construction of the gymnasium, which will be in the basement and sub-basement.

The proposed new Home will cost between \$200,000 and \$250,000 and will be second to none in the South. Preliminary plans include provision for approximately 40 living-rooms, with complete hotel appointments, including private baths, for resident Elks who wish to live in the building and for visiting members. A large banquet hall, comfortable lobbies, a convention hall to seat several hundred people, a properly arranged Lodge room, offices for the Lodge officers, parlors for women visitors and other rooms are included in the plans.

One unique idea advanced, and which it was

stated would be adopted, is the arrangement for several enclosed verandas, on the south side of the new building. The verandas will really be two or more sun-parlors overlooking the Tennessee river and the Chilhowee mountains. These rooms will be fitted up as Japanese gardens or as replicas of Italian courts and will be the places where women guests may be entertained, or as the meeting place for social activities among women relatives of Elks.

The basement and sub-basement will contain shower baths, bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, and rooms for other indoor games.

**Omaha, Neb., Lodge Conducts Many Social and Charity Events**

Various entertainment features and welfare activities are being conducted by Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Recently the members had the pleasure of listening to a splendid lecture by Hon. R. B. Howell, United States Senator from Nebraska and a life member of No. 39. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk on his recent trip through South Africa. Another equally pleasant evening was enjoyed when H. G. Creel, Director of Publicity for the Eppley Hotels System, told of his travels in the South Sea Islands. In addition to many other events of a more or less social nature, the members are taking great interest in the Second Annual Fashion Show which is being conducted for the benefit of the Lodge's Summer Kiddie Camp for undernourished children.

**Woburn, Mass., Lodge Welcomes Mayor of Chicago**

Hon. William E. Dever, Mayor of Chicago, recently visited Woburn, Mass., his home city. Woburn Lodge, No. 908, entertained the distinguished visitor and held a public reception in his honor at its Home which was attended by over 2,000 townspeople. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair and one that was deeply appreciated by the Mayor who is a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4.

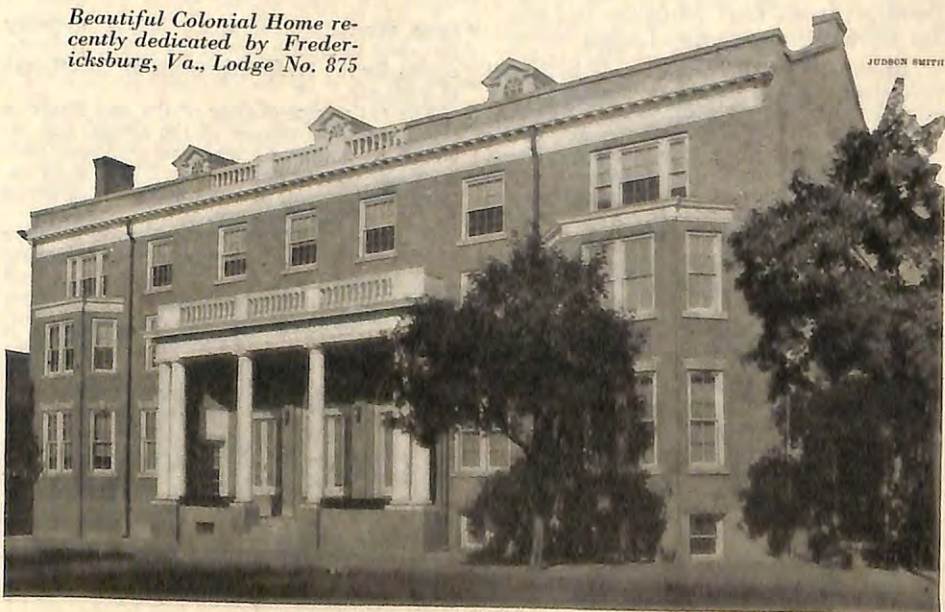
Woburn Lodge has already taken steps to assure a large representation at the 1926 Grand Lodge Convention which meets in Chicago next July. A "Chicago Club" has been started and a number of other plans are under way.

**Handsome Colonial Structure Houses Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge**

The beautiful new Home of Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, which was dedicated a short while ago by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, is one of the best buildings of its kind in the South. The architecture is colonial both inside and out, the main entrance consisting of a recessed arched doorway and porch, the roof of which is supported by a row of large white columns.

The main doorway leads into the auditorium, a handsomely appointed room 37x69 feet with

*Beautiful Colonial Home recently dedicated by Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge No. 875*





a mezzanine floor and large arched windows. Almost opposite the main entrance, in the rear of the auditorium, is a broad stairway leading to the mezzanine floor and also to the Lodge room proper which occupies the entire dimensions of the building on the third floor. This room is lighted by long arched windows, the tops of which are recessed into the ceiling. At the north end of the room is a stage, which takes up all the space formerly occupied by the old Lodge room. The furnishings are handsome and in keeping with the general plan of architecture. Beneath the auditorium on the first floor is a basement, with billiard and pool room of the same dimensions as the auditorium. To the rear of the mezzanine floor are kitchens and wash rooms. In order to complete the building it was necessary to tear out the front of the old Home of the Lodge but most of the original building has been used in connection with the present Home. The handsome new building is an added asset to the city, a credit to the architect and builder and an evidence of the progressive spirit which governs Fredericksburg Lodge.

### **Seattle, Wash., Lodge Helps To Save Elk Herds**

In response to the appeals of Washington sportsmen, Exalted Ruler Gilbert S. Costello of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, has appointed a special committee to cooperate with the other agencies of the State that are working to save the herds of elk in the mountainous regions. Ticks and predatory animals are threatening the existence of the herds and the active help of interested groups is essential if they are to be preserved.

### **Hudson, Wis., Lodge Adopts Boy Scout Troop**

Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, has gone on record as endorsing the Boy Scout movement and has adopted one of the two local troops. Following out its "big brother" policy, the Lodge recently played host to both troops and their respective Scout Masters at its Home. Lunch and an excellent program of entertainment were provided the youngsters who enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

### **Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Gives Flag and Flag Pole to Community Field**

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, recently donated a flagstaff and flag to the new Community Athletic Field of the city. Impressive exercises marked the formal presentation, the flag being raised in the midst of thousands of school children, all of whom sang the Star Spangled Banner to the accompaniment of band music. The presentation address was made by Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Hartnett of Holyoke Lodge, and a number of other distinguished men and women of the community took part in the exercises.

### **Charity Circus Is Held by San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge**

A circus lasting a full week and including all the features of a first-class show as well as many specialties, was recently held by San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, to raise funds for its charitable work. There was a regular circus performance each evening, complete even to pink lemonade and peanuts; an automobile exhibit, and booths of all kinds.

### **Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Engaged In Membership Campaign**

With an objective of not less than 500 new members, the membership Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, is actively engaged in promoting a selective membership campaign. With twenty teams, each with a captain and four lieutenants, at work, the success of the campaign would seem to be assured. The appeal will be made largely to young men. With the new gymnasium, swimming pool and other features it is felt that many men of athletic tendencies will be found who would be glad to join.

According to present plans the magnificent new addition to the Home of Rochester Lodge

will be ready for dedication when Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell visits the city next month.

### **Handsome New Home Is Dedicated By El Centro, Calif., Lodge**

In the presence of a large gathering, including many prominent members of the Order from all parts of Southern California, L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, recently dedicated the new Home of El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325.

Previous to the dedication services, the members enjoyed a splendid dinner, during which many compliments were paid El Centro Lodge on its handsome new Home. Following the dedication, the regular Lodge meeting was held, speeches appropriate to the occasion being made by the prominent members present.

El Centro Lodge, not quite ten years old, is justly proud of its first permanent Home, which was formerly the old courthouse for Imperial County. Following the completion of a handsome new courthouse, the Lodge purchased the old courthouse property for \$25,000. The entire building was completely remodeled under the direction of the Trustees of the Lodge. In addition to the present property, the Lodge

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**BY THE time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reaches the members, the countless charitable and cheer-bringing Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order will have become matters of history. We wish that it were possible to report, immediately and adequately, these beautiful observances of the day—observances that carried the spirit of brotherly love into dark corners and bare homes, and brought hope and strength and cheer to lonely children and hard-pressed families. But to do this would require a magazine larger than any we have ever published, devoted entirely to these splendid and typical examples of a spirit which animates the whole Order. We take this opportunity of congratulating the officers, the Christ-mas and Welfare Committees, and the various memberships on their excellent and unselfish work.**

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owns several lots on which it was originally proposed to erect a new Home. The property owned by the Lodge represents an investment of \$100,000.

The entire second floor of the new Home is given over to purposes of the Lodge, and includes a handsome club-room equipped with pool and billiard and reading tables, smoking-room, Lodgeroom, and a completely equipped kitchen and dining-room.

The night after the dedication, the Lodge observed "Ladies' night," and received many compliments from the wives, daughters and friends of the members, on the good taste shown in the Lodge decorations and equipment. The next night the Lodge held "open house" for the general public, and several hundred people took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the new Home.

### **East Orange, N. J., Lodge Dedicates World War Memorial**

The handsome World War Memorial, the gift of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, to the city, was dedicated with impressive exercises on Armistice Day. The ceremony took place on the lawn in front of the Home, and many distin-

guished members of the Order, townspeople and representatives of the Army were present. Members of the American Legion, Post 73, of East Orange, were the honor guests of the day. Addresses were made by Brig.-Gen. Mortimer D. Bryant, and Rev. Robert Beattie of the Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church, each speaker praising the Lodge for its generosity and its patriotic spirit. The salute was fired by a battery commanded by Lieut. James Vanderhoff of the 112th Field Artillery, National Guard of New Jersey. Following taps, the Memorial was unveiled by Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly, and benediction was offered by Rabbi Dr. D. G. Gross of Sharey Fefilo Temple.

The Memorial, the only one of a similar nature in East Orange, consists of a beautifully designed bronze tablet bearing the inscription "To the Memory of Those from the City of East Orange Who Served in the World War and Those Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice in that War—Erected by East Orange Lodge, No. 630, B. P. O. E." The tablet is mounted in a heavy stone boulder which is flanked by two Hotchkiss machine-guns, presented to the Lodge by the Government for this purpose.

### **Washington, Pa., Lodge Joins Local Chamber of Commerce**

Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, has set a precedent among the fraternal organizations of its city by joining the local Chamber of Commerce. This was done without solicitation from any source, as a recognition on the part of the Lodge of the excellent civic service being performed by the Chamber of Commerce.

Members of this active Lodge are already considering plans for the entertainment of the visitors to the 1926 convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association which will be held in their city next August.

### **Active Entertainment Committee In Zanesville, O., Lodge**

Members of Zanesville, O., Lodge, No. 114, have been given many treats this season by their active Entertainment Committee. Recently Donald MacMillan, the famous Arctic explorer, lectured before the members. During the same month a big initiation followed by boxing bouts was conducted. The Committee is now working on the large minstrel show which will be presented some time in February, this being the first show of its kind staged by the Lodge since 1919.

### **Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Largest Class**

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, recently celebrated the initiation of 54 candidates, the largest class in its history, with a big street parade, followed by a banquet in the Home of the Lodge. Several hundred members and visiting Elks took part in the festivities, among them being Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, Northeast District, and Colonel Loyal L. Davis, a Past Exalted Ruler of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 81, who addressed the gathering. The evening was a great success from every point of view, and the officers and members of Ticonderoga Lodge were warmly congratulated by their guests.

### **Greenwich, Conn., Members Enjoy Two Visits**

The officers of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, accompanied by a group of members, recently paid fraternal visits to two near-by Lodges. On the first visit, to Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265, the Greenwich officers, after enjoying a dinner in their honor, performed the initiation ritual on a class of Waterbury candidates.

A party of 50 or more journeyed a few days later to Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge, No. 22, where they witnessed the initiation of a large class, after which they were entertained by their hosts at an elaborate supper. Greenwich Lodge is very active in the affairs of the Order and was recently complimented by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Woodlock for the excellence of its ritualistic work.





MOFFETT  
Grand Esquire—William J. Sinek, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4



MOFFETT  
Pardon Commissioner—Judge Jefferson B. Browne, Key West, Fla., Lodge, No. 551

Appointive  
Grand Lodge Officers  
1925-1926



MOFFETT  
Grand Chaplain—Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263



MOFFETT  
Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—W. R. Dudley, Jr., Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71

**Distinguished Guests at Cornerstone Laying of Wilmington, Del., Lodge**

Many distinguished members of the Order and representatives from Lodges in Baltimore, Washington, Crisfield, Philadelphia, Camden, Penns Grove and Norristown were present at the cornerstone laying of the new Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Callan, who was assisted by Exalted Ruler Howard F. McCall and other officers of the Lodge. One of the distinguished visitors who addressed the gathering was Hon. Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York and a member of the Mother Lodge. Other speakers who participated in the exercises, each delivering an impressive address, were the President of the Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia State Elks Association, Samuel H. De Hoff, and William F. Broenig, Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7.

Following the laying of the cornerstone a large reception was held for the visitors and members at the temporary quarters of the Lodge on Market Street.

**Lodges Throughout the Order Engaged in Ritualistic Contests**

Lodges having membership in the various State Associations throughout the Order are engaged in their annual ritualistic contests. Each Association has its own rules governing the conduct of these contests, but in general they are much like those of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, which provides for elimination rounds to be held before the championship event. The regulations of this Association are as follows:

1. Each of the four Massachusetts Districts of Northeast, Southeast, Central and West will hold one Preliminary Contest.
2. Every Lodge entering such Preliminary Contest will compete only with Lodges from its own District.

3. The Preliminary Contest in each District will be judged by members from some other District, to be appointed by the President of this Association.

4. The four winners in the four Preliminary Contests—one from each District—will be the only entrants for the Final Contest.

**Stillwater, Minn., Lodge Presents Trophy Cup to Boys**

Members of the Boys' Baseball League, seventy strong, were recently guests of Stillwater, Minn., Lodge, No. 179, at a special reception given in their honor. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome trophy cup to the winning club. The meeting was opened by W. C. Krog, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, sponsors of the League and donors of the cup. By a unanimous vote of the boys, Stillwater Lodge was asked to sponsor the 1926 League.

Preceding the reception the league members, team sponsors, and umpires attended the Majestic Theatre as guests of the manager.

**Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved**

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

Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1495. Purchase for \$17,000 of a three-story brick residence with lot 160 x 150 feet. The first floor and large basement will be used for buffet and club-rooms, the second floor for housing resident members, and the third floor for the Lodge-room. Two thousand dollars will be spent for furniture.

Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066. Erection of a new Home, to be a two-story brick building 50 x 90 feet, with foundations and walls as required for a three-story building, with basement under part of the building. The cost of

the Home will be \$35,000, with furnishings at \$7,000.

Brockton, Mass., Lodge, No. 164. Purchase of a building, for a new Home, of thirty rooms in the heart of the business district on the main street, for \$117,000, furnishings to cost \$10,000.

Salem, O., Lodge, No. 305. Erection of a new Home on a site valued at \$13,500, already owned by the Lodge. The present furniture will be used. The building will be two stories and basement with large porches on each floor. The Lodge-room will be a combination banquet hall and ballroom. Both interior and exterior will be of colonial architecture, and the building will be 55 x 110 feet. The basement will contain a large public dining-room in front with grill and social quarters in the rear. First and second floors will contain lounge-rooms, offices, Lodge-room, etc.

**"Family Night" a Monthly Feature At Martinsville, Ind., Lodge**

"Family Night," with a special entertainment for the children, and bridge, bowling, dancing and billiards for members and their wives, is a monthly feature on the social program of Martinsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1349. It is one of the most popular functions conducted by the Lodge and is always well attended.

**Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Has Steady Growth in Membership**

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, one of the younger Lodges of the State, is showing a fine healthy growth in membership and in prosperity. Recently the Lodge initiated a large class of candidates and had as their guest of honor Exalted Ruler James A. Murray of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, who delivered an interesting address. Following the ceremony a special entertainment was given in the Home and a luncheon was given to the visitors and new members.





Recently dedicated Home of Huntington, Ind., Lodge, No. 805

### **Plymouth, Mass., Lodge Acquires New Home**

One of the finest private estates in historic old Plymouth has recently been purchased as a Home by Plymouth, Mass., Lodge, No. 1476. Built in 1885 as a residence for one of the leading citizens of the town, the house, consisting of sixteen rooms, is a splendid example of thorough workmanship and cultivated taste. The living-rooms are finely frescoed in elaborate designs; art tiles set off the fine fireplaces which lend coziness to many of the apartments, and the interior finish is all of oak in natural color. Standing amid wide lawns and facing Court Street, one of the main ways of Plymouth, the new Home commands a fine sea view, and is convenient to trolley and railroad services.

Instituted only a few years ago, Plymouth Lodge now has a membership of more than 400, representing every town within its jurisdiction.

### **Clearfield, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Commodious New Home**

The new Home of Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James B. Sleeman, who was assisted in the ceremony by the officers of the Lodge. The principal speaker at the exercises was George L. Geisler, Past Exalted Ruler of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, who complimented the Lodge on its enterprise in acquiring such a handsome and commodious Home.

Clearfield Lodge has shown a substantial growth in all of its departments, and its activities now cover many fields of social and community welfare work.

### **Large Sum Raised at Bazaar Of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge**

Despite several evenings of rain, the recent fair and bazaar held in the new Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, was highly successful, a very substantial sum being raised. The result was a tribute to the hard work of the various committees and the thoroughness with which all plans had been laid. Previous to the opening of the affair the country surrounding

Haverstraw had been divided into eight districts, each district being assigned a quota to be obtained by its committee. A separate night during the progress of the bazaar was then set aside for each of the districts. By means of such careful advance work, the efficiency and enthusiasm of the members in charge of the actual operations were amply rewarded.

### **Columbia, S. C., Lodge Acquires Handsome New Home**

Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1100, recently realized its ambition for a new Home by the purchase of a beautiful building situated on Hampton Street, one of the principal residential streets of the city. The new building contains 20 rooms, and when a few minor alterations have been made the Lodge will have one of the finest Homes in the Carolinas. It will have two ladies' parlors, reading-rooms, Secretary's office, billiard-room, and Lodge room on the first floor. The second floor will contain dining-rooms, and a few living-rooms for use of the members. The Home will be in charge of a competent manager, and the Lodge extends a hearty invitation to all members visiting the city to drop in.

### **Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge Celebrates Clearing of All Mortgages**

Celebrating the event with a barbecue at which were nearly 400 guests, Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, recently burned the last of the outstanding mortgages on its Home.

In the spacious open court at the rear of the Lodge Home are barbecue pits and oyster-roasting furnaces. Here, under brilliant electric lights, the guests were served with delicious food, cooked on the spot. Just before nine o'clock a halt was called for a few moments in the social activities, while the charter members of the Lodge, headed by Past Exalted Ruler A. A. Joseph, assembled around the Lodge altar, and in the presence of the other members and the great assemblage of guests, burned the last outstanding mortgage notes against the Home.

Mr. Joseph briefly explained the ceremony and at its conclusion presented District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Capt. James D. McNeill of Fayetteville, honor guest of the occasion, who

spoke in appreciation of Goldsboro Lodge and of his pleasure at being present at this important event.

### **Board of Governors of the Betty Bacharach Children's Home Report**

The report of the Board of Governors and the Medical Director of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children for the first fourteen months of the operation of the Home, shows that eighty-one children have received treatments since its opening. As an indication of the broad principles upon which the Home is founded it is pointed out that of this number eight were colored, while there were twenty-nine Protestants, thirty-six Catholics and sixteen of the Jewish faith.

The Home is owned and maintained by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, on land and in buildings donated by Congressman Isaac Bacharach and his brother, former Mayor Harry Bacharach, of Atlantic City. Equipped with the most modern appliances for the care of its wards and situated among healthful seashore surroundings, the Home is used not only by Atlantic City Lodge but by other New Jersey Lodges as well, who send to it afflicted children from their jurisdictions. The most recent addition to its equipment is an eighteen-desk school-room where the little patients are taught the "three R's," as well as drawing, sketching, basket-weaving, modeling and other interesting studies which keep minds and fingers occupied.

### **Meadville, Pa., Elks Hosts To Corry, Pa., Lodge**

A party consisting of officers and members of Corry, Pa., Lodge, No. 769, recently visited Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, where they initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. Following a luncheon at which more than 100 members of both Lodges were present, the regular session began at 8:30 and lasted until almost midnight. During the meeting a recess was called and some original stunts—songs, music and games—were performed by members of the Home Lodge. A buffet lunch concluded the affair and arrangements were made for a return visit by Meadville members in the near future.

### **New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Shares In Hospital Opening**

The new wing of the Middlesex General Hospital, at New Brunswick, N. J., toward the construction of which New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, last year contributed the sum of \$11,000, has just been opened. One thousand dollars of the Lodge's gift went to the general building fund, while the other \$10,000 was for the construction of an orthopedic clinic with a fully equipped operating-room, and electro and hydro-therapy apparatus, where crippled children may now receive the best possible care and treatment.

At the time that New Brunswick Lodge made its splendid gift to the Middlesex Hospital, it voted an equal amount to St. Peter's General Hospital for similar use. This action on the part of the Lodge was probably the greatest demonstration of practical charity ever made by any fraternal organization in New Brunswick.

### **Salem, Ore., Lodge Dedicates Splendid New Home**

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben S. Fisher presiding, and in the presence of a thousand or more visiting Elks, the splendid new \$175,000 Home of Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336, was recently dedicated. The drum corps of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142; the band of McMinnville, Ore., Lodge, No. 1283, and the Salem Elks Orchestra furnished music for the occasion. Among the honor guests were Governor Walter M. Pierce of Oregon; John Knight, now of Portland, first Exalted Ruler of Salem Lodge, and the Exalted Rulers of various Lodges of the State.

### **Milford, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Silver Anniversary**

Milford, Mass., Lodge, No. 628, recently celebrated its silver anniversary in a fitting



manner with a banquet and reception, at which many prominent New England members were present. A feature of the evening was the burning of the mortgage on its Home, built only five years ago at a cost of \$85,000. The Lodge was honored by the presence of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, No. 924; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis of Massachusetts Central, and Andrew Casey, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. The evening was a thoroughly delightful one in every respect, addresses by the distinguished guests being especially enjoyed by the gathering.

For a Lodge of less than 750 members to wipe out its indebtedness in such a short time speaks well for the energy and loyalty of its members. Milford Lodge has won a place for itself in its own vicinity and numbers among its membership a large proportion of the successful business and professional men of its jurisdiction.

### Ogden, Utah, Lodge to Move Into New Home

Members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, are now hoping to move into their new Home about January 15. Ogden Lodge has been looking forward to this event for some time, and plans for a six-day carnival, open to the public, to be held in the new building, have long been ready, and are now receiving the finishing touches. The Lodge will celebrate its Silver Jubilee next July, at which time it expects to have at least 2,000 members on its rolls.

### Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Holds A Colorful Initiation

The recent initiation of one of the largest classes in the history of the Lodge was made the occasion of a special celebration by the members of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950. A number of distinguished members of the Order were present at the meeting and at the dinner which preceded it. A street parade, with the candidates in line, was one of the features of a colorful and enjoyable evening. Among the well-known Elks who took part in the festivities were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Bordwell; Clayton C. Blood, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, Western District, and William E. Drislane, Past Grand Trustee and Past President of the New York State Elks Association.

### San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge Gives Silk Flag to School

Patriotism was the keynote of an impressive ceremony held recently in the auditorium of the California Polytechnic School when Exalted Ruler C. M. Carpenter presented the student body with a beautiful silk flag on behalf of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322. In presenting the flag, Mr. Carpenter gave a splendid short address on patriotism, stressing the need of having a flag before the young people and what the flag stands for. Alfred Young, a post-graduate of the school, accepted the emblem on behalf of the student body and then called on the young men to show their appreciation of the gift by giving cheers for the Lodge. The ceremony ended impressively with singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the gathering.

### Marion, O., Lodge Holds Annual Past Exalted Rulers Night

Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, recently celebrated its annual Past Exalted Rulers night with an initiation at which the guests of honor occupied the chairs. Judge Charles L. Justice, Vice-President of the Ohio State Elks Association, presided at the meeting, which was followed by a social evening. Among the distinguished members of the Order who accepted Marion Lodge's invitation to be present were Blake C. Cook, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, and William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations.

Marion Lodge is experiencing a period of considerable activity and its plans for the winter

include participation in the civic and community life of the city.

### Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Lodges Meet

Close to 150 Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in Indiana met recently at the Home of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, for an annual conference to discuss various business matters and problems. The meeting was called by A. B. Hanson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and his associate District Deputies of Indiana, Hascall Rosenthal of La Porte, Fred E. Brown of Anderson, and Lee F. Bays of Sullivan. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, were the principal speakers of the meeting. Other visitors who gave talks were Robert A. Scott, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Garnett R. Fleming, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; and William E. Hendrich, President of the Indiana State Elks Association. Various activities of the Lodges in the State were discussed, and participation and cooperation with all civic movements were urged as keynotes for the year. The meeting presented an opportunity for the visitors to inspect the imposing new Home of Indianapolis Lodge.

### East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Lays Cornerstone on Armistice Day

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, combining the laying of the cornerstone of its new Home and a joint celebration, with several veterans' associations, of Armistice Day, enjoyed an occasion of much color and impressiveness.

Following the presentation of a beautiful American flag to the Park Board of the city, members of the American Legion and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, together with many townspeople, joined the Elks in a parade to the site of the new Home. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall Rosenthal performed the ceremony of laying the stone and Tim Galvin, of Hammond Lodge, No. 485, addressed the audience. Following the exercises the members went to St. Mary's Church for a banquet at which Mr. Rosenthal, Mayor-elect R. P. Hale, acting as toastmaster, and the Exalted Rulers of Valparaiso, Whiting, Gary, Hammond, Harney, Chicago Heights and Michigan City Lodges, addressed the gathering. After the banquet the members and guests assembled at one of the local theatres where an initiation was conducted and a vaudeville program closed the day.

### John J. Lermen, President of California State Elks Association

John J. Lermen, the recently elected President of the California State Elks Association, besides

having been always an active member in San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and in the affairs of the Order generally has been identified with many laudable civic movements throughout the State. He was one of the founders of the Landmarks League of California which in 1900 raised funds to purchase the old Colton Hall at Monterey, the landing-place of Viscaño; the Sonoma Mission and the old Russian Church at Fort Ross—all of which are now the property of the State of California. For ten years Mr. Lermen was Secretary of the Yosemite Valley Commission while the Valley was under State control. He was the first native-born Californian, and first of the descendants of the pioneers of 1849, to be named President of the California Pioneers, serving in that capacity in 1914-15. He is also a member of the Grove Committee of the Bohemian Club, which has direction of the affairs at the world-famous Bohemian Grove near Monte Rio.

### Father and Son Week Celebrated By Des Moines, Ia., Lodge

Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, played an interesting part in the celebration of Father and Son Week. More than 150 young men were the guests of the Lodge at a regular meeting, which was opened in the usual fashion, then adjourned, and the gavel and officers' chairs turned over to the youngsters. A special ritual, devised by Chaplain M. B. Kimball, was used for the occasion. After the session the members and their guests enjoyed a luncheon in the main dining-room.

Des Moines Lodge recently had the honor of entertaining in its Home the annual meeting of the Exalted Rulers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Iowa Lodges.

### First Exalted Ruler of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge Dies

Col. Archie E. Baxter, charter member and first Exalted Ruler of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, died recently in New York City at the age of 81. Colonel Baxter had been a tireless worker in the interests of his Lodge ever since his installation as Exalted Ruler and was frequently called upon by his fellow members to deliver the Memorial Day and other addresses, his last appearance before his own Lodge being in 1910, at the dedication of its Home. Colonel Baxter was, for a number of years, Clerk of the New York Assembly, and has also served as County Clerk of Chemung County. His passing is the cause of deep sorrow among his many friends in and out of the Order.

### Tiffin, O., Lodge Proud of Its Championship Band

Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, has a remarkable band. For six successive years it has won the State Championship contest conducted during



World War memorial tablet given to its city by East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630



the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association. To do this it had to compete with excellent bands entered by Lodges in Toledo, Cleveland, New Philadelphia and several other cities.

A winter concert tour has been arranged for this active musical unit and a number of Lodges in Ohio will be visited during the course of the season.

Charles J. Schmidt, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was the president of the band since its organization eight years ago, was recently succeeded by William Debusman. Mr. Rodegerdts has been the conductor and director of the band for some 25 years, holding his position under the sponsorship of the National Guard and the city, previous to the time the band was taken over by Tiffin Lodge.

### **Des Moines, Ia., Lodge Cooperates With Parents-Teachers Association**

The Public Welfare Committee of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, is cooperating with the Parents-Teachers Association of the city in their work with poor children of school age. The Lodge has arranged to take over from the Association the distribution of shoes, stockings and underwear among the youngsters who need this help—a division of responsibility which assures the Lodge of the enthusiastic cooperation in the welfare work of the 11,000 members of the Association, and at the same time releases for other charitable purposes a considerable portion of the Association's funds.

### **Elkhart, Ind., Lodge Preparing For State Association Meeting**

The members of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, are already making preparations for the entertainment of visitors and delegates to the convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, which is to be held next summer in Elkhart. The recently organized Ladies' Auxiliary, with an expected membership of 200 by Spring, is being looked to for much help during the busy days of the meeting which Elkhart Lodge is hoping to make memorable. Another plan is to initiate a class a month throughout the winter as a means of both increasing the interest in Lodge affairs and enlarging the membership to proportions that will insure a large number of enthusiastic workers.

### **Eau Claire, Wis., Member Leaves Bequest to His Lodge**

Daniel M. Dulany, a life member since 1921 of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402, who recently died, bequeathed \$10,000 to the Lodge. Mr. Dulany had been deeply interested in all Elk activities and at the time of his death was an earnest worker for the good of the Order. It was in recognition of his generous and loyal activity as a member of his Lodge's Building Committee that he was made a life member, and his last donation was intended to be applied against the present debt on the Lodge Home.

### **Detroit, Mich., Lodge Active On Behalf of Aviators**

Members of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, are becoming actively interested in the appeal of Secretary John J. Collins in behalf of the Army fliers stationed at Selfridge Field outside Detroit. Mr. Collins urged action not only by individual members but by Lodges all over the State in calling on Representatives and Senators to see that the next appropriation carries sufficient funds to construct adequate living quarters for the officers and men. An evidence of this interest was the recent benefit performance given by the Lodge's minstrel troupe to raise funds to replace the officers' club which had been destroyed by fire.

Detroit Lodge, in addition to its routine activities and such interests as the one described above, conducted last month an elaborate, ten-day Charity Show which included the famous "Legend of the Nile" pageant, with its disappearing water ballet number, probably never before shown outside of the New York Hippodrome; gave a performance of an excellent minstrel show, and held a dinner in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter, a member of the Lodge.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge**

For the second time in its history Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, has had the honor of entertaining a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. At a recent dinner in its Home at which more than 400 members and guests of the Lodge sat down, Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell delivered a forceful address on Elk standards and ideals.

Judge Atwell was introduced by Toastmaster Lloyd R. Maxwell, Past Exalted Ruler of Marshalltown Lodge and now a member of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Maxwell himself reminisced on the early days of the Lodge, and told of the excellent charitable work being done throughout the Order. Judge B. F. Cummings and Exalted Ruler Verne M. Kuhns were among the other well-known figures who addressed the diners.

### **Camden, N. J., Lodge Lays New Home Cornerstone**

The cornerstone was laid recently for the new Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, which is in the course of construction at Seventh and Cooper Streets. A large street parade preceded the exercises. The marchers included many representatives of neighboring Lodges, the Elks Patrol and Camden's famous band. The ceremony was conducted by Exalted Ruler Frank S. Van Hart who was assisted by the other officers of the Lodge. James H. Long, Past Exalted Ruler of Camden Lodge and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, delivered the oration of the day, and at the close of the exercises the Elks quartette led the gathering in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Ground for the new Home, which will be one of the finest in New Jersey, was broken April 8, 1925. Rapid progress is being made in the construction of the building, which will be ready for occupancy, it is expected, about March 1.

### **Panama Canal Zone Lodge Has Successful Charity Ball**

Close to 1,000 people attended the Third Annual Costume and Charity Ball given recently by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, at the Hotel Washington. It was "Elks Night" in every sense of the word and every community in the Zone was well represented by large delegations of merry-makers. The costumes were unusually attractive and the judges had a difficult time deciding to whom the various prizes should be awarded. From a financial point of view, the Ball was equally successful, netting a substantial sum for the Lodge's Charity Fund.

### **Akron, Ohio, Lodge Makes Fine Gift to Sanatorium**

Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363, has presented \$9,000 to the Springfield Lake Sanatorium of Akron, for the construction of a complete new laboratory. This new laboratory will replace the one installed five years ago when the sanatorium had but half its present capacity and, thanks to the generosity of Akron Lodge, will be equipped with all the most modern apparatus for diagnosis and research. It will be housed in a two-story brick building, 20 x 30 feet, set between the administration offices and the dining hall. Springfield Lake Sanatorium is widely known for its work with tuberculosis patients and the new equipment made available by the gift of Akron Lodge will enable it to contribute even more toward the eventual elimination of the disease.

This characteristic action of the Lodge was the subject of much editorial comment by Akron newspapers. The Beacon-Journal said: "Akron Lodge of Elks has deserved the thanks of the community. . . . It may be doubted if the nation appreciates the splendid work that is being done by its fraternal and civic organizations in devoting their collective good will to the support of causes such as this. Wherever these societies exist there is less of suffering and misery. So far as science and loving care can prevail the infirm are nursed back to health; the life of the hopeless cripple is made more tolerable; the friendless and destitute are made

to know that the world is not altogether heartless. . . .

"It was a happy sequence to a year of good work that the Elks' gift to Springfield sanatorium comes at Thanksgiving time. To every sufferer the new service will bring a larger hope of being restored to health and happiness. Their lives of usefulness will abide in never-to-be-forgotten gratitude to those who have helped them."

### **Death Takes George N. Henry, Past Exalted Ruler, Steubenville, O., Lodge**

The recent death of George N. Henry, charter member and Past Exalted Ruler of Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231, is the cause of great sorrow among his fellow members and his many friends throughout the Order. For years he was an outstanding figure at Grand Lodge conventions, always playing a prominent part in the various social features of these reunions. His collection of unique Elk souvenirs and other mementos relating to the Order was full of many rare and interesting items. In the city of Steubenville where he was born and lived all his life, he was known and loved for his many charitable acts, and for his interest and the part he played in civic affairs and municipal progress. His death is a real loss to his community and to Steubenville Lodge and his many associates throughout the Order.

### **Dispensation Granted for New Lodge at Lake Charles, La.**

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell recently granted a dispensation for the institution of a new Lodge at Lake Charles, La. There was a Lodge formerly in this city, but its charter was surrendered some months ago. The new Lodge takes the number of the former one, viz.: No. 435.

### **Longmont, Colo., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New Home**

The magnificent new \$100,000 Home of Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, was dedicated recently in the presence of many hundred members and guests. The services were in charge of John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, assisted by Exalted Ruler F. W. Sager, the officers of Longmont Lodge, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Colorado North.

Of Italian architecture and thoroughly fire-proof throughout, the new Home of Longmont Lodge is one of the finest and most modern in Colorado. Luxuriously furnished and complete in its appointments, ample space is provided for various club and Lodge requirements. A room for the convenience of lady guests at the club adjoins the lounge and is directly accessible from the main foyer. The buffet, situated on the main floor, is equipped with a soda fountain and every provision has been made for the comfort and convenience of the membership and its guests. A spacious dining hall and a well equipped kitchen, quarters for the troop of Boy Scouts sponsored by the Lodge, and an apartment for the steward occupy space on the ground floor, while the third floor is devoted to Lodge and committee room purposes.

### **A Little Story Exemplifying the Spirit of the Order**

A member of a Lodge in the East sends us this little story of the Thanksgiving spirit:

"A week before Thanksgiving a Past Exalted Ruler of one of the forty or more Lodges within forty miles of New York received a letter and an Elk's charm from a member of his Lodge who was in distress in a distant city, with a request that the charm be disposed of for as much as possible and the money sent him. A check was mailed to relieve his immediate necessities and it was contemplated to raffle the charm at the Thanksgiving Eve meeting. The members responded by giving \$125.00 and instructed that the charm be returned to its original owner with the advice that all had won the charm. The money was telegraphed him on Thanksgiving

(Continued on page 56)



# The "Save Old Ironsides Fund" Is Going Over the Top

**G**OLD is flowing into the coffers of *Old Ironsides*. The youth of the nation with their nickels and dimes will save the historic ship. In the first big push in the *Old Ironsides* campaign, the B. P. O. E. has already entered 125,000 schools, and told of the deeds and adventures of this fighting frigate and collected about half of the money needed for her restoration. Everywhere, whether it was up in the ice-fields of Alaska, or in the tropics of the Canal Zone, Hawaii, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, the mountains of Kentucky, the Panhandle of Texas, or in the tenement-house districts, the boys and girls enthusiastically contributed their mite toward the restoration of the old ship. Millions of essays were written on topics selected by President Calvin Coolidge.

Wherever the Elks have been permitted by the school authorities to enter the schools, the campaign has been a tremendous success. The school-teachers and the children were eager for it, and the thousands of our brothers who had the privilege of participating in the patriotic exercises staged in the schools now feel that they have accomplished one of the most constructive pieces of publicity that has ever been offered to the Order.

Even in this campaign for her restoration *Old Ironsides* came upon another foe—the rigid school boards of the big cities who had framed a drastic rule forbidding the carrying of any campaign for the collection of funds to the school children. Thus in most of the big cities of the country the B. P. O. E. was unable to comply with the request of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and carry his patriotic and educational message to the children. With the exception of Detroit, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, St. Paul and Omaha, all of the most financially productive places in the country have refused the B. P. O. E. permission to enter the schools.

Eight hundred and sixty-one Lodges of Elks have already functioned in the Drive. Of this number 755 made contact with the schools, staged patriotic exercises, arranged for the competition in the Marion Eppley essay contest, and the collection of funds. Over the radio and in thousands of newspapers, the B. P. O. E. broadcasted the story of how, at the urgent request of Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, they were carrying on this patriotic service of organizing the children to save *Old Ironsides*.

Many Lodges have oversubscribed the quota assigned to them by National Headquarters. Brothers whose jurisdiction in some cases covered fifty square miles, penetrated the mountain tops, drove through blizzards, and in one instance a brother traveled 500 miles by motor in order to stage the exercises and collect the funds in twenty-one schools. In some small communities where they could not get permission to enter the schools, the Lodges staged the patriotic exercises in the local movie house, and then organized the children to go out, and canvass the adult population for donations.

**D**ETROIT is the only really big city that had the chance to carry on in the campaign according to the plan outlined. In addition to the city, Lodge No. 34 covered the four counties contiguous to Detroit. They reached into 500 public, private, and parochial schools. In every one of these schools the children wrote essays, and in every school building there was some patriotic exercise staged with an orator from the Detroit Lodge present to tell the children the story of *Old Ironsides*. John A. Russell was Chairman of the *Old Ironsides* Committee of Detroit Lodge, and with John J. Collins, secretary of the Lodge, as his secretary, they carried on in a very businesslike and efficient way. The huge committee appointed by Exalted Ruler James Bonar included twelve judges,

the mayor of Detroit, and scores of merchants, business and professional men.

In all, Detroit got about seventy thousand individual donations from the children and told the story of the old ship and the Order's part in the campaign for her restoration, to a quarter of a million tots in the lower grades and the students in the High and Junior High schools.

The early returns indicate that the average donation is seven cents, although in many communities, especially in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the average has been over twenty cents. New Jersey, in the early reports that have been received at National Headquarters, is by far the leading State in the matter of financial returns. At the time of going to press eight New Jersey Lodges had submitted their audit reports to National Headquarters. Of this number five had gone over their quota, two had equalled it, and one raised 60 per cent. of its quota. Rahway Lodge, No. 1075, with a quota of \$450, received \$540.47. Bloomfield Lodge, No. 788, returned \$62.00 over its quota; Lyndhurst Lodge, No. 1505, went \$50.00 over its quota; Ridgefield Park Lodge, No. 1506, exceeded its quota by \$19.53, and Belleville Lodge, No. 1123, was \$126.65 over its quota.

**O**F THE reports already received Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, is the only Lodge thus far to report double its quota. The original quota was \$400 and it made a return of \$800. Medford, which is a suburb of Boston, is fortunate in having among its membership members of the School Board and many of the school teachers. All of these were made members of the *Old Ironsides* Committee and the school board made the writing of the essays a part of the curriculum. Medford Lodge reports that over 5,000 essays were written on the topics selected by the President. In addition to the Marion Eppley bronze medal the Lodge offered several gold medals which were donated by the membership. Somerville Lodge, No. 917, another suburb of Boston, almost doubled its quota and reached every child attending school in the city. On Wednesday of *Old Ironsides* week the Lodge invited 5,000 of the school children to the Charlestown Navy Yard where they were met at the entrance by a company of Marines and a naval band. They were then escorted to *Old Ironsides* for inspection of the frigate.

In the sparsely settled sections of the country some of the members have had many thrilling experiences in reaching the schools. In Cheyenne, Wyoming, the jurisdiction of the Lodge extends fifty miles. Charles E. Lane, who was Chairman of the *Old Ironsides* Committee, was caught in one of the most severe blizzards of the early winter in making a trip to the Brunell, Egbert and Pine Bluffs schools in Cheyenne County. It took him nearly five hours to drive fourteen miles and for two days he was isolated at a farmhouse, waiting for the roads to open up so that he could proceed to the schools and carry on the exercises.

In Orange, Texas, Thomas C. Ford found most of the members of the Lodge engaged in harvesting their crops so he undertook the job of staging the exercises and speaking in twenty-one different schools. In all he rode 500 miles by motor. Despite the fact that his car was totally demolished in a wreck and he was seriously injured, he insisted, after two days of rest on finishing up his itinerary.

Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge, No. 356, was the first Lodge to send in its audit report and check for the quota. In fact the Lodge voted to contribute the amount of its quota from the treasury as they felt that, because of the anthracite strike, the children could ill afford to make the donations. They distributed the buttons to the children, staged the patriotic exercises and conducted the essay contest.

In a great majority of the communities where the Elks met with the cooperation of the school boards the essay contest was greeted with great enthusiasm by the authorities. In most cases it was made a part of the school curriculum. In one city of the South even the students of the night schools were asked to write essays. Quite a number of the Lodges donated prizes in addition to the one furnished by National Headquarters. Some gave flags and others medals.

When Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, found that it would be barred by the ruling of the Board of Education from entering the schools, Dr. A. W. Haines, Chairman of the *Old Ironsides* Committee, evolved the idea of organizing the daughters, wives and sweethearts of the brothers and placed booths all over the city with the ladies in charge. The reproductions of *Old Ironsides* were made a part of the decorations in each booth. Over the radio and through the newspapers they appealed for sixteen thousand 50-cent donations. In addition to the ladies in the booths, the members of the Lodge were divided up into teams and they canvassed the city for donations of fifty cents each. They did not use buttons, but presented to each school in the city a picture of *Old Ironsides*.

In Springfield, Mass., the Lodge having been denied permission to enter the schools, the *Old Ironsides* Committee organized the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Boys Clubs and sent them forth with buttons to solicit donations from the adult population. Through the *Springfield Union* they conducted the Eppley Prize Essay contest. The winning essay in each school was published in that newspaper, as was the bronze medal winner. The same sort of a campaign was conducted by Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243.

Eleven out of sixteen Lodges in Pennsylvania filed their audit reports showing that they had oversubscribed their quotas. In Hazelton, Pa., the *Old Ironsides* Committee of Lodge No. 200 did not use buttons. They conducted a campaign in accordance with the suggestion of the local school board and reached their quota. Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348, Lehighton Lodge, No. 1284, Coatesville Lodge, No. 1228, Tyrone Lodge, No. 212, Mount Carmel Lodge, No. 356, Renovo Lodge, No. 334, and Lebanon Lodge, No. 631 are the Lodges that oversubscribed.

**A**WAY up in the ice-fields of Alaska, Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429, raised \$144.35. Because of the poor mail facilities the Lodge Committee went forth into the schools while the going was good and conducted the campaign with great success without having any campaign supplies. Anchorage Lodge, No. 1351, without any supplies, and with only 680 pupils, made a return of \$72.85, and Skagway Lodge, No. 431, with only fifty children attending the schools, received subscriptions amounting to \$6.60.

Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476, with a territorial jurisdiction as large as the State of Massachusetts, oversubscribed its quota. Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, reached its quota as did Durango Lodge, No. 507, Creede Lodge, No. 506, and Longmont Lodge, No. 1055. Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, No. 1269, with a quota of \$250, raised \$325.85. Elwood Lodge, No. 368, Bicknell Lodge, No. 1421, Whiting Lodge, No. 1273, and Evansville Lodge, No. 116, all of Indiana, went over the top.

Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge, No. 106 returned \$100 over their quota. In Maine, Sanford Lodge, No. 1470, and Augusta Lodge, No. 964 both went over their quotas. In Massachusetts, Clinton Lodge, No. 1306, Malden Lodge, No. 965, Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239, and Medford Lodge, No. 915, all went over their quotas. In Nevada, both Reno Lodge, No. 597, and

(Continued on page 63)





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Elks 1-25

## The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 31)

outside the stone that enclosed us, looked toward me and her lips parted with a startled expression.

I rushed to her side overcome by her matchless beauty and the emotion of finding her again. She wept a little bit and scanned my face through her own tears. "Oh," she wailed, "must we not ever get out? Must we die in here?" she cried bitterly for just a moment, and stopped abruptly.

My glance wandered to the loaves of bread on the table. I broke one and we ate in silence, ravenously hungry again, both of us—ate in a kind of criminal-like silence and a stupor in which we had no regard to waste. Then she lay back upon the bunk seemingly without thought or emotion and fell at once into another heated sleep.

She stirred restlessly. Her hand fumbled with the blanket. I saw again the ring on her finger. It seemed a remarkable cluster of stones for a fisherman's daughter to wear.

THEN she opened her eyes slowly, looked at me with a blank stare and closed them again as though she were weary beyond measure. A kind of trance seemed to be coming over me also. . . . I seized her by the shoulders, suddenly, almost savagely, and shook her completely awake. At any cost I must fight this trance which was settling down upon us. She gave a little cry of alarm and her eyes opened wildly. "What is it?" she called out. Then she relaxed and looked steadily at me. "I was dreaming," she said in her ordinary quiet voice, but with a toneless quality that I could not miss. . . . "What were you dreaming?" I asked; not knowing that I asked it and not thinking of what she said, but simply trying by talking to keep off the sense of terror which lurked in the silence.

"I dreamt about you. It was queer," she replied. "You were far away. I couldn't see you at all at first. . . . It was all smooth like a desert, and I was kneeling. . . . You came running. You came very fast. I was afraid you wouldn't get to me in time. . . . Then the desert got cold. The sand began to blow, like a storm, and water, rough waves came roaring all over it. You were a skeleton carrying a candle and a key. Your head fell off into the waves. . . . But it was smooth again and quiet and hot in the sunshine, smooth like the wall of the cavern. And you were there, very near now, on the smooth sand. It was very hot. You came close to me and gave me a ring. You put it on my finger. . . . The water was icy cold. It roared and rumbled. . . . We fell into it together. . . . You called me and I woke up feeling chilled. It was very queer—the smooth, quiet, hot desert, and then the rough, noisy, cold water, alternating."

Under ordinary circumstances the recognition of the general form and outline of her dream and its resemblance to the dream of Gabas would have surprised and interested me beyond measure. But in the anxious condition of mind from which I then suffered it seemed at the moment unimportant. A sequence of ideas knocked at my brain and were admitted without enthusiasm. I only asked her, "Is this the ring?" taking her hand in mine. "Where did you get such a ring?"

"It was in the piece of bread you gave me," she replied. "Maybe the ring made me dream—"

"In the bread? What do you mean?"

"The end of the loaf. And I thanked you. Don't you remember? There was a slit in the crust. Some one had put it in, to hide it. But I didn't tell you. I just kept it and put it on. It's a pretty one."

"Gabas!" I thought instantly. I took the ring off her finger to look at. The stones were in a curious old-fashioned setting. On the smooth surface of the inside I could see a single fleur-de-lis—the crest of the Royal Arms of France.

While I was looking at it she dropped back and fell asleep again without a word.

The whole of Gabas's strange story imparted to me in the woods on that morning preceding our flight to the tower—which now seemed so far away in time, and which story had been knocking at the door of my dulled consciousness—came back to me now in vivid detail. I

recalled the facts of that strange and seemingly unbelievable story—the ring fated never to be lost (which must have been hidden by Gabas in the loaf of bread and left there in the cavern), its weird history, and all that this strange creature of the underworld had related to me. And with it all, as I watched the face of the sleeping girl, came the shock of knowing who this fisherman's daughter might be—practically I was certain that she was the daughter of Gabas—the tragic magnificence—the horror—of the possibility of that inheritance of which I believed—I hoped—she herself was ignorant. For if she were indeed of that fifth generation I had heard Gabas speak of as though he were musing to himself, it might be—as he had said in referring to his own inheritance of violence and crime—"There is then an end of it."

I woke her—gently this time.

"Fantaisie," I whispered.

Her eyes opened.

"Fantaisie!"

"What is it?"

"Did you dream it again?"

Her eyes opened wider at the question.

Sitting there beside her as she lay I took her hand in mine and put the ring back on her finger. "Tell me, Fantaisie," I asked, "did you ever have that dream before, or anything like it, that alternation of the quiet smoothness and the rough beating waves?"

"No," she answered, directly.

"Thank God," I murmured. "Pray not to have it again!"

She looked at me in wonder, and yet forbore to question me.

"Yes, Peer," she said.

I gazed back at her thoughtfully.

"Fantaisie," I asked at length. "Who are you? What is your name?"

"My name is Fantaisie," she replied, smiling, "I told you."

"No more than just Fantaisie?"

She shook her head.

"Where do you come from, Fantaisie?" I asked her. "Tell me about yourself."

IT WAS a strange little story she imparted to me, of a childhood spent in the slums of Paris, of a few confused incidents and memories of the childhood; particularly of a man who sometimes haunted her footsteps on the street and watched her, a large man whom she feared for his looks more than the mistress who beat her—feared him for his terrible looks; of a flight, at last, from this wicked mistress, on a winter's day, through narrow streets bordering the Seine, a flight which ended in her going down to hide under the embankment, slipping and falling into the icy water; of coming to and looking into the face of the terrible man who saved her, and of her no longer fearing him, and of what he said to her, "Never again Paris streets for thee, petite Oiseau." He was Gabas. And her little story finished with her coming to the Island, where she grew up. "But my mother Yldez and my father are very good to me," she said. "Yldez has taught me much of books and of life—that one does not steal to live, and of the priest and the good God and his blessed Mother." She knew nothing of her real parentage. "I have heard that my real mother's name was Marie, and that she was beautiful. I know no more," she said.

"And so are you," I answered, "beautiful."

It will occur to any one as strange that since my search for and finding of Fantaisie I had not asked her how she had managed to lose herself. I did ask her now.

She told me.

She had awakened, she said, as I slept beside her and feeling the stone wall under the blankets had accidentally put her hand in a crevice at about the level of the bunk. Moved by curiosity at this unexpected discovery of an opening into something beyond she reached over me to the stone table, without waking me, and in the dark felt for a candle and matches, and then proceeded to investigate.

The concealed opening was narrow. There was just room, she found, for the body of a person in a horizontal position to roll through it. Putting her arm through first she had felt the stone floor of some cavern beyond. As she



explained this she pulled away the blankets and showed me the crevice.

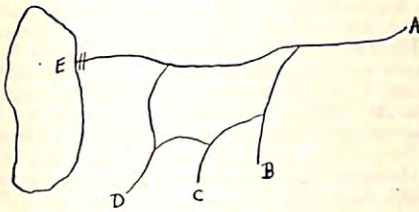
She had slipped through, taking the candle with her, and lighting it had found herself in a new corridor similar to those we were already acquainted with. She explored it in the hope of finding some outlet. She had planned to do this unknown to me and then wake me and surprise me with the good news.

But it had turned out to be like the rest, a blind pocket, or rather a circular corridor or loop with no outlet whatever.

After, to her great disappointment, ascertaining this fact, she crawled through again to the bunk; and found me gone.

I pulled aside the blankets and taking matches and a candle lay down and managed to squeeze through the new opening Fantaisie had discovered. She followed me. Together we made the circle of the new corridor. There was not the slightest sign of an outlet in its smoothly arched walls.

We came back. I took out my notebook and as she sat beside me and watched, added to the rough plan I had already drawn the new loop.



"It looks like the picture of a key," she remarked.

I did not see a very close resemblance, but at the word key I gave a start of recollection.

"Fantaisie!" I cried, "the key, the key!"

"What key?" she asked. I told her hurriedly of my strange discovery of the key and later of the *armoire de fer*. In my unreasoning reaction from despair I laughed out loud. It came to me as a possibility, almost a certainty, that the contents of the iron box would tell us something of the mystery of the cavern.

With this utterly irrational hope I ran down the corridor to the far end, picked up the box where it was lying and carried it all the way back. I set it down beside the little cut in the recess that did duty as a table, on the floor beside the bunk. By the light of several candles I knelt down and examined the lock, and inserted the key.

I worked at it for some little time. The key fitted the opening but would not turn. At last with a kind of jar it snapped around, and on crackling rusted hinges I raised the lid and we both looked in.

Of all my queer actions in the cavern this was perhaps the queerest, that I should first forget and then remember with unreasonable joy the *armoire de fer*. And under the circumstances I have described and in that frame of mind should come upon the interesting old memoir it contained.

CHAPTER XXV

INSIDE the box we found a yellowed but well-preserved manuscript of large quarto pages, written in a small hand, evenly lined, the ink brown with age. Eagerly we drew it forth.

The pages were not carefully put in order or arranged but were thrown together evidently in some haste, and there was a quantity of blank paper as though the writer had not finished. The written pages were numbered, however, and a little work sufficed to arrange them. Sitting side by side on the edge of the bunk, and with only one candle, having blown out the other for economy's sake, we began to read it together. Its even handwriting grew more legible once we became used to its antique forms. The story was in some parts set down in a rather condensed, abrupt style, something of the direct manner of a soldier. Yet in many places it rambled at a good length and made use of long periods in the fashion of the age in which it was written. Nor was it on the whole lacking in imagination. It proved to be, for all intents and purposes, a sequel to Yldez's ancient tale of the Sieur Foscaldo.

In reading it we were taken back to that  
(Continued on page 46)



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## The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 45)

### CHAPTER XXVI



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earlier time the events of which did not after all seem so far removed from us, as though there in the old cavern Time had paused and been forgotten—as though, indeed, the rapt sequence of adventure had swept us into the tower and, once there, into a complete dark inertness wherein the intervals of day or night passed us unnoted in a rhythm of timelessness like unseen ghosts of imaginary minutes and hours—and we could in this timeless impasse fall back without effort into the contemplation of that story of the old Terror. And in this new interest weariness left us both. We found ourselves again in the world, albeit the world of a hundred years gone. The story told of Gamain the locksmith, and of the windmill tower. But though it did this it was, as will be seen, a final disappointment in that when all was done it failed in its revelations to hint at any practical means of our escape. Concerning which it will occur to any one that our most obvious plan—our only sane course—was to have kept watch at the supposed entrance to the passage at A, especially after finding the box there. And as I review these incidents in the cavern my neglect to think at once of this strikes me as unaccountable; even though adopting it would have been vain.

For the sake of the unique explanation which the manuscript gives of the tower and the mystery of our imprisonment I must beg the reader's patience and indulgence here for a little time, while I take advantage of this seemingly dead pause in our adventures to go back a hundred years—and read, as it were, by candle light, a part of these old memoirs.

The first page began with a flourish of penmanship:

"He de Foscaldo, le dix août, 1812." . . . I translate:

Island of Foscaldo, August 10th, 1812. It is exactly twenty years ago to-day, the day I begin to write these memoirs, since that memorable tenth of August in the year 1792; on which, terrible day, I, Baptiste Marat, captain in the Swiss Guard, starting out in company with several hundred of my comrades, nearly all of whom sank to death in the streets of Paris beneath that raging human flood of our enemies, cut my way through almost alone to freedom, and in time escaped beyond seas from France.

As I sit here now in this windmill tower on the cliff (the manuscript continued) overlooking the peaceful sea, I wonder at the strange chance which has brought me at length to this wooded cliff-bound island, and has left me stranded upon the wild and lonely borders of this shaken country of France within which I was for many years so tossed upon the billows of Fate. Here, alone, remaining at my post, in obedience to the last orders which I as a soldier shall, it seems now, probably ever receive, I await what may befall; and as the days glide by and the echoes of great events come drifting here to me the past seems to me more and more like a dream.

I WAS born in Neuchâtel in Switzerland in the year 1763. I obtained a commission in the regiment known as the Swiss Guard of King Louis, stationed at first at Versailles, and later, when the King took up his residence in the city of Paris, quartered in the Palace of the Tuileries.

It is here that I must speak of that perfidious Gamain. It was at Versailles that I first saw him, a tall, strongly built man commonplace enough to look at with a large pleasant face and an ugly temper. There were stories that on occasion he even dared to scold the King. However that may be, one would scarcely, either at first sight or upon better acquaintance, pick him out for the companion of the Great Monarch, or for a traitor either. And yet he was both.

It was he who had been sent for to amuse the idle hours of the King by teaching him the mysteries of lock-making. And so he came, that mastersmith of Versailles, and helped the King to spend such of his leisure as was not passed in the chase or in card playing or in the refined amusements (cultivées distractions) of the Court. This was in the peaceful times before the Revolution, those days of the Old Régime.

THE Captain's memoirs then record various clashes that he had with Gamain and his deep hatred of the man. The manuscript goes on finally to describe the fatal days of the Revolution and how the captain escaped from France. It tells how his love of military life eventually drew him back to Paris and into the service again, this time of the National Convention, successors to the very men who had condemned and executed the King, and who now assayed with all the complacency and earnestness of those to whom the future was an unseen abyss, the task of governing France, disputing with endless seriousness over paper constitutions. This curious change of sides on the part of Captain Marat is not wholly explained by his devotion to a military career. Perhaps the rapid whirl of events obscured somewhat the ethical vision of a humble follower of Mars. At any rate the Captain himself appears innocent of any feeling of the necessity for explaining.

His last orders as a soldier appear to have been a noteworthy commission—to "arrest a certain citizen Foscaldo, suspect, and a certain citizen Gamain, likewise suspect." These men had met the usual fate of those who were at first in power. They had fallen under the displeasure of their successors in authority, the Committee of Public Safety, a tribunal destined to be as short lived as it was implacable. Captain Marat's orders were to search for and bring these two men, alive or dead, and "not to return without at least one of them."

The Captain describes his arrival at the Island of Foscaldo, where he learns of the death of one of the men whom he had come to arrest—citizen Foscaldo, who was none other than the Sieur of the island. The same day he comes across an old man sitting under the arched entrance of the great château.

The manuscript continues:

As I spoke and the old man raised his face, all at once I recognized in him the locksmith Gamain! In but a few months, hunted by the Terror, he had aged; and had suffered I doubt not, more for his escape than had he been of those who perished.

He gave no sign of knowing who I was, and I, overjoyed at coming thus easily upon one of my prisoners, forbore to betray my elation either in the expression of my face or by the slightest gesture.

The Sieur Foscaldo is dead and buried, he said to me. His enemies came for him—but too late.

I arranged, without seeming to ask it, that I be taken to the Sieur's burial place. Gamain rose stiffly and led the way.

We arrived at a newly erected tomb. It was on a slight eminence and commanded a view across a burned area and over the sea beyond the cliff. It was a low stone vault flanked with rudely carved stone pillars in the Doric order, the work doubtless of masons of the country.

Quite a distance away, and on a lower slope of ground that was evidently a clearing, I noticed a windmill which appeared to stand upon the extreme verge of the cliff. Expressing my curiosity to Gamain, he offered to show me the strange building.

As we made our way back to the château, and then drew near the windmill along what had been a spacious garden walk, I noticed that though the wind was blowing upon the sails of the windmill they did not revolve. Evidently it was not in use that day.

The building appeared to have been newly constructed. Refuse of wooden chips left by workmen and remains of building materials lay about. The wooden sides of the tower had not yet yielded to the weather their fresh color. An iron forge of vast dimensions stood near by, and a pile of broken stone testified to the recent presence of masons.

We entered the building; and then, shutting the door after him, Gamain regarded me with a smile.

And who are you indeed, he demanded, all at once drawing himself erect and becoming more like the insolent Gamain I had known of old. Who are you who have sought me out? An agent of the Convention? Nay, I am prepared. The secret of the House of Foscaldo protects me



from my enemies as it would have protected the Sieur himself had he lived.

I marveled at what he said and wondered whether he might not have become demented by the Terror, speaking as he did of the secret of the House of Foscaldo. But he talked on. Back to Paris, he cried, and the guillotine! No! said he, in a hoarse voice, no guillotine for Gamain! Then, with a quick change to a calmer manner of speaking, But later we will, said he, discuss this. And if you will meanwhile let bygones be bygones, Captain Marat, and will accept my hospitality on behalf of the late citizen Foscaldo, for a short time I hope at least, I will be honored by so distinguished a guest. And so he had known me all the time!

Famished and tired as I was, having neglected eating somewhat to make speed upon my journey and curious at the same time about my prisoner's behavior, I was in no mind, nor did my orders require, that I should drag him off that day to Paris. Particularly I yet wanted time to reflect upon and investigate the alleged death of the Sieur Foscaldo, my other charge.

We sat down at an oak table. We will eat here, cried Gamain. He called loudly. A serving man appeared, to whom he gave orders, and soon, to my intense gratification, wine and food were laid before us. As I ate, my hatred of the man waned, though I forgot not my duty as a soldier which must ever be present in my mind even when I played the part of a guest.

AFTERWARD he proposed a game of chess. I do not know how long a time I spent over that game, which by some trifling miscalculation I lost, though I was the better player. Nor the next. But before we were through lights had long been burning, and flaring, too, with the wind which blowing upon the cliff outside came leaking into this single room of the tower. I remember an incident occurred which shows the resourcefulness of one trained to a military life, even in a mere game of skill. It was near the end of our last game that my adversary penned me in a position of great disadvantage. With a smile of triumph he said to me, Study that, Captain Marat, I will give you all the time you wish. Then, as I puzzled over the position of the pieces trying to find some plan of escape, he got up and walked about, no doubt as a relief from the constrained position of sitting so long at the table. He paced in a circle about the room, stopping here and there to seize in a careless fashion those iron hooks which hung from the wall beams and were used to hang millers' tools upon, and to swing himself from side to side as though he were indulging in some kind of gymnastic exercise. As he passed back and forth waiting for me to move he yawned and muttered to himself, waving his arms. I felt as though he were a great rat that scurried about watching me as I sat there while the candles flared, and the wind outside wailed upon the lonely cliff. The house shakes, I remarked. Ay, said he, with a queer catch in his throat. The wind moves it. And as to moves it is now yours, he said slyly, returning to look again upon the board. Ha! the castle? Good. Other castles can move. Ha, ha, ha! I had devised a remarkably ingenious plan. By giving away my castle and then my queen I so drew him forth upon the board to his apparent advantage in exchanging pieces, as to have him checkmated by knight and bishop in four moves! It was diverting to note his chagrin at his failure to beat me in our final game. He laughs best, says I to Gamain, who laughs last. Yes, that is so, he replied.

But it was in consequence of the late hour that, had I not already planned to do so, I should have been constrained to accept his offer of the hospitality of the chateau for the night. Part of it, said he, is still habitable.

"Can you find your way back alone?" he asked, I must stay here, says he, a few moments. Assuredly, I answered, the moon is up, and the path is doubtless clear. But I did not, however, intend to let him get beyond my ken, for all I appeared to acquiesce in his request. I would step outside, I decided, and return to the chateau in his company.

He raised the trap door and looked down, evidently about to descend into the cellar upon some small business. He looked back at me shrewdly. Farewell, Captain Marat, says he, with a queer smile, and made a courtly gesture.

(Continued on page 48)



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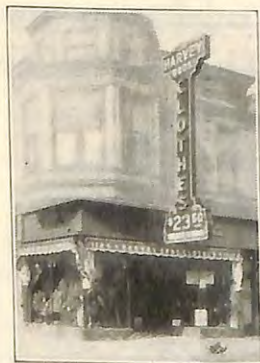
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If my territory is open, please send application blank, free sample of your fabrics and full details of your Suits and Overcoats which retail at \$23.50.

My age is..... Experienced—Yes or No.....  
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Street Address.....

Town.....State.....

Territory Wanted.....



A typical Harvey salesman with sample case.

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Each fabric sample measures 9 x 13 inches, shows pattern clearly, enables customers to get a good "feel" of the goods. Harvey Bros. fabrics are full weight materials with a rich silky "feel" and include such fabrics as Metcalf's worsteds, Hockanum cassimeres, Wanskuck serge, Waucautucks and Empires.

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I am making more money than I ever dreamed possible, and find the work real pleasant as well as being so profitable—J. E. Vesley. Your line is positively the easiest selling of any I have ever seen. I sold seven suits this evening with very little effort and have several more lined up—F. Miller.

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Lionel E. Donnelly, now in charge of a Harvey store, made \$72 the very first week in a new territory and without making use of a single friend or acquaintance. Fred E. Reed, new in the business, made \$50 the first six days, \$238 the first month. Arthur Brasser, an experienced man, made a record of \$43 the first day and \$636 the second month.

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If you have pep and ambition, if you're not afraid to go out and make calls you, too, can be successful selling Harvey Clothes, and if you haven't been averaging better than \$3,000 a year you can make more money with us than you ever made before in your life. And you don't have to give up your regular job, either. Start with us by working in your spare time. This is your opportunity that may lead you to the bigger and better things of life.

## WRITE FOR DETAILS

J. G. Harvey, Mgr., Box 00, Chicago

## The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 47)

Paying no more attention to my prisoner's wild behavior I stepped out upon the tiny porch. Of a sudden the wind drew the door shut behind me; and at the same time I heard a rumbling noise. To my surprise I discovered the sails of the windmill were revolving in the wind that blew cold from the sea.

I stood still a moment. I prepared and made a light for my pipe, which had gone out. And then, about to take a step forward, I halted in great and sudden consternation.

The small flash from the tinder illuminated not a path in front of me, but the step I was to have taken lay in darkness beneath my feet. Straight ahead in the sky hung the moon, shining upon the waters. I continued to look down. That step I stood upon extended over the cliff! That golden path of the moon on the water beneath me meant death. I drew back in astonishment, truly thankful my trained watchfulness, as often before in an adventurous career, had saved my life. I looked from side to side, trying to find the explanation. Was not this the same door by which I had entered? My eyes, now accustomed to the lesser lights of outdoors, made out to my left the line of the fence upon the edge of the cliff, and still further beyond on the other side of that I saw the path which led to the chateau.

Puzzled and fearful, then in a flash I came at the explanation. The tower had turned!

I knew not what to make of it save that it had turned, perhaps on its central post, and through a small arch sufficient so that the door instead of facing the path now faced out over the sea. And with that realization there flashed over me, also, the meaning of Gamain's strange words about the secret of the House of Foscaldo. This wooden tower, then, and not the chateau, was that house of Foscaldo which should protect him from his enemies. By some cunning contrivance it must have turned on a secret pivot or on hidden wheels, devised no doubt by the skill of this famous locksmith; so that the windmill concealed a huge lock of some kind; and had so turned, doubtless, as I played chess too engrossed to be aware of it.

Hardly a moment elapsed in these reflections. I faced about, drew a pistol from my belt, and was upon the act of opening the door that had slammed behind me. Then I had a second thought. The house, thinks I, must turn back somehow, its dire purpose having been seemingly accomplished. I replaced my weapon in my belt, got down upon hands and knees, and proceeded then to hang over the edge, holding on only by my hands, my body dangling in space. Suspended thus over the black depths below I was completely invisible should Gamain open the door. I would let him believe I had perished.

(To be concluded)

## The Last Garonne

(Continued from page 17)

shaped like a shallow saucer, countersunk in the center of a long, narrow table. Two smoothly stretched pieces of dark oilcloth flanked the wheel right and left, checkered in squares of red and black, each square marked with a golden number. Other cabalistic and strange designs were marked about the table, too.

Behind the wheel stood the shirtsleeved croupier, hat tilted forward upon his brows, an open drawer at his left, a rack of chips at the right. His voice was a croaking sort of whisper as he chanted the invitation to the gamblers.

"Any time while the little ball's a-rolling, boys. Any time. Make your bets before she stops."

On the impulse of the moment, Helaire fumbled in his pockets, encountered a silver dollar, and drew it forth. He did not know how he wanted to play, so he tossed the coin to the table and let it fall where it would. It came to rest on a black seventeen.

The croupier flicked the wheel into motion with his left hand, and spun a little ball of polished ivory into the revolving wooden disc. The white sphere seemed to stand still for an instant, moving in one direction almost exactly



as fast as the wheel was moving in the other. Then it lost momentum, began to weave this way and that in dizzy eccentrics, and finally settled with a click into one of the niches.

"Seventeen, odd—and black," hoarsely announced the croupier.

With his left hand he flicked the wheel into new motion, even as, with his right, he automatically measured out a stack of thirty-six light blue chips which he pushed over to Helaire. The latter was delighted. He placed the entire rouleau vertically above the silver dollar, still on the seventeen square.

"He's a lucky li'l place, yes," he chuckled. "I'll play him again, me."

The croupier smiled in cynical amusement, and dropped the ivory sphere into the spinning wooden cup.

"Seventeen, odd—and black," he said, shocked.

Helaire grinned joyously.

"Tha' fine, eh? Le's see, where I play 'em now?"

The croupier had handed out a small stack of golden yellow chips, with a couple of mauve and blue ones—a smaller stack than the first. He paused.

"You going to shoot the whole works?" he asked Helaire.

The latter nodded.

"Sho' I am, me."

The croupier glanced calculatingly into the cash drawer at his left.

"Wait a minute till I send for some fresh money," he said. "I want to make sure I got cash enough to cover in case the lightning strikes again."

Helaire was dazed.

"W'at you say?" he quavered. "How much money I'm play with, me—*hein?*"

The croupier considered for a moment.

"Counting your first bet and all," he said slowly, "you got thirteen hundred and sixty-nine dollars there."

"Chips w'at I can get money fo'?"

"Sure."

Helaire's teeth were chattering.

"I want the money then, yes. I ain't goin' play no mo', me, no."

His hands trembled as he took the large bills and went to call Vladimir. The big man's protruding eyes protruded farther still when they beheld the bankroll.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Lemme call a taxi."

On the way toward Helaire was silent, but Vladimir babbled incessantly.

"We got our stake! We got our stake!" he rejoiced. "We can get us that bakery and candy business I was talkin' about. Or we can hit for the big boig right now. That's the old ticket, huh? Wait'll you see Broadway! Whooie! No more small time for us."

At this Helaire brightened.

"Tha's right," he approved. "No mo' small time, no."

Vladimir was all eagerness to be gone at once, but on Sunday Helaire rose early and left the house before Vladimir woke. He was absent all day, and Vladimir was agonizingly certain that the little man, financially independent, had deserted him. But Helaire returned at nightfall to set his doubt at rest.

"Where you been?" scolded Vladimir, reining in his temper, for he could not offend this potential deliverer.

"Oh I been take a bus ride up the country, me, where I'm goin' see some people," Helaire replied evasively, and to all Vladimir's further badgering he remained stolidly uncommunicative.

Monday morning, to Vladimir's intense chagrin, found Helaire driving his ice wagon about its appointed route. Perforce, Vladimir also went to work, and so knew nothing of how Helaire passed the afternoon.

For instance, he could not know that Helaire was in deep conference with no less a personage than the great Julien himself. New Orleans has many famous chefs, but the most famous of all is Julien, who had invented dishes in honor of visiting generals, foreign ambassadors, and presidents. The great Julien was charmed with Helaire's proposal. Of course, such matters would run into money, as who should know better than *Monsieur?* . . . Helaire made a rather bored, negligent gesture. Considering  
(Continued on page 50)



## And then he knew!

**T**HIS was the second dance in a month, and both times the girls seemed to avoid him. And as he sat alone, hidden by the draperies, he had heard them talk about him. He decided right then what he would do about it!

\* \* \*

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## The Last Garonne

(Continued from page 49)



### Comfort - Built In!

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The same room, cool and crisp in the middle of a blistering August afternoon—

This is the comfort assured the owner of a Natco Hollow Tile home. Within his walls there is an insulating blanket of dead air through which neither Heat, Cold nor Dampness can ever penetrate. His house is always comfortable. Consequently it is economical to maintain and it is also surprisingly inexpensive to build.



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the fact that it was the first time in his whole life that he had employed such a gesture in reference to money, it came off astonishingly well. Even Julien was impressed.

Nor could Vladimir know that on the following afternoon, as soon as he was released from the thrall of his ice wagon, Helaire was in one of the most stately of New Orleans department stores, sending obsequious clerks hither and thither, on a quest for porcelains and table linens that would be fine enough to meet the demands of this exacting customer.

Nor could he divine that on the next afternoon Helaire went from his work straight to the Canal Street docks, there to hold pointed converse with the captain of one of the grimed little river packets which still ply between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Of course, they could make a stop at Tourenne plantation landing, if the profanely modified old tub didn't sink out of sheer surprise, or words to that general deleted effect.

NO. All that Vladimir knew was that Helaire did not share his impatience to leave the sticks and make prompt tracks for the Main Drag. He lacked even the opportunity to reproach Helaire, for the latter, following his usual custom, dined early and was abed and sound asleep by the time Vladimir returned to Beinville Street.

Besides, on Wednesday evening, Helaire once more took his departure on another mysterious mission up the country.

"You be ready fo' dinner Sat'day night, yes, by the ol' corner where we always been meet," he advised Vladimir, just before he left. "I'll tell you all 'bout it w'en I see you, me."

With that Vladimir had to content himself for three endless days, during which his chagrin against a fate that condemned him to toil when wealth and ease lay within the grasp of one who had been a bosom friend, mounted with each dragging hour.

He pictured Helaire lolling about at leisure, from dawn to dark, impressing some country cousin with his wealth. But Helaire was not doing any considerable amount of lolling. Astride a scrubby plantation pony, he was working harder than ever he had toiled along his little ice route. He had borrowed the horse from the chief sugar chemist at Belle Elise plantation, just below Tourenne. The chemist, a scholarly, bearded little Acadian, had been very gracious.

"So the mansion at Tourenne is to be inhabited?" he beamed interrogatively.

Helaire felt oddly at ease in the presence of this cheerful little man. The French phrases came back to him, and in the coming brought with them a queer touch of the grand manner, a faint sort of austerity.

"Hardly inhabited, Doctor. But renovated for an occasion of state. By the way, this is the dull season for the field hands?"

"But certainly! How else, at this time of year? All the cultivating has been finished, and there is nothing for any of us to do until mid-October, when the grinding shall begin. *Monsieur* desires some negroes to work at the place for a few days?"

"Exactly. I will pay well."

"But where will one live while this progresses? The house at Tourenne is barren of all."

"That will arrange itself in some fashion."

"Eh, well—but if *Monsieur* cared to—the house is not so large, true enough. But there are only my wife and myself. It would be a pleasure profound if *Monsieur* should accept our hospitality while he has need."

Helaire accepted the invitation, and without embarrassment. Then he plunged whole-heartedly into his task. A dozen negroes and negresses he picked up at the field hands' quarters. The women were set to work sweeping and scrubbing in the bare old house; the men to cleaning and trimming the grounds. Helaire returned at nightfall to the bungalow home of Dr. Dumaine, after directing operations from the saddle all day.

He retired early to this cool room, to be aroused at dawn by a black servant with early coffee. And then another day of work. Finally, on Friday, a night of work, when he and his

negroes met a grimed little river packet at the levee, and by the light of great driftwood bonfires, carried boxes and crates into the newly cleaned mansion. The negroes chanted barbarically as they shuffled over the levee with incredible loads, while the women in the house unpacked linens, furniture, silver, porcelain, and tall, branching candlesticks.

Late that night Helaire made preparation to return to New Orleans.

"*Monsieur* the doctor and his winsome wife have been so kind," he told the Dumaines. "Will they not charm me by coming to the old house for dinner—Saturday night?"

The Dumaines would be honored, and Helaire rejoiced that the occasion at the Garonne mansion, Saturday night, would be truly one of state. He was literally seething with poorly repressed excitement when Vladimir approached the accustomed corner at the accustomed hour late Saturday afternoon.

Helaire was waiting there, and so was something else—an imposing for-hire automobile with a liveried chauffeur who hastened to open one of the tonneau doors as Vladimir paused uncertainly.

"Come, my good frien'," Helaire invited. "You are to be my honor' guest fo' this evening, yes."

Vladimir, thoroughly surprised, none the less grunted an ungracious assent. He hated to see Helaire throw all this good money away when they two should rightfully be on their way to the borough of Manhattan. But he had no choice in the matter as long as only Helaire held the purse-string. He decided, however, that if this sort of thing promised to keep on, he would borrow enough money to take the first Gordon back North by himself.

He wondered, of course, whether they were bound. Without instructions from Helaire, the driver headed his machine uptown and, arrived at the city limits, crossed the protection levee and sent the car droning swiftly along the winding river road, up-stream. Vladimir waited impatiently for Helaire to make some sort of explanation. Fortunately, the wait was not long.

"My frien', you remember w'at you tol' me on the night we fir's see each other, us?" he asked shyly. It was the first time any reference to that sacred confidence had risen to Helaire's lips. Vladimir gasped in response to a sudden surge of something very like fear. But he nodded an assent, and Helaire smiled, greatly pleased.

"Always I have appreciate that secret you tol' me, yes," he continued, "and always I have been so sorry, me, so awful sorry that me, a Garonne, I could not treat a prince like—like we Garonnes are accustom' to do. And now the h'opportunity arrives."

Vladimir goggled at the little man stupidly. "Las' Sunday I been take the bus out to the country, me. Out to Tourenne," Helaire went on. "Nobody lives there, no, but I make h'arrange that the house shall be open fo' one night to—to M'sieur Garonne an' his honor', gues', the Prince."

Vladimir winced. To himself he cursed the imagination that had betrayed him into the colorful tale with which he had sought to intrigue the little man's charitable interest that first night. Why couldn't he have handed him a plain hard-luck story? Now, like as not, the way money was being thrown away on auto hire and dinners out in the country and all, they'd be lucky if there was enough left to take them to New York at all, to say nothing of a period of glorious idleness. Damn! Several heartily modified damns!

But Vladimir none the less smiled sourly, and for two reasons. First and foremost it was highly essential that he retain the little man's favor. Secondly, after all was said and done, he certainly must admit that Helaire was no piker; Vladimir had to admire that.

So they came at length to a broken gateway, swept through it and up a shadowed drive, between rows of enormous, bearded live-oaks, to a tumble-down gallery. Everything about the house's exterior spoke of decay and ruin. Dry rot and moisture had wreaked their will savagely through the years with the woodwork. But the gesture with which the last Garonne invited the



first Gordon into the mansion was one no Garonne in history could have given in more courtly fashion.

Nor could even the papa of Helaire's *gran'père* have invested with more grace an introduction than did his last descendant in presenting Doctor and Madame Dumaine to his Highness. Prince Vladimir of Poland. An occasion of state in very sooth! Fortunately, the courtly phrases were in the crisp French of Louisiana Bayouland, and Vladimir understood no single word; so that embarrassment kept him from mumbling the customary "pleeztameetcha." All he could do was deliver a jerky little bow. Hence the proprieties, quite miraculously were preserved.

Then they were in the dining-hall. Yellow wax tapers stood, tall and slim, in elaborate branching candelabra. Their light was caught and held, rather than reflected, in dull mahogany. Fine damask added luster to the gleaming silver, to the frail, delicate porcelains.

It was such a meal as only the great Julien could have planned and served. Indeed, it was he who was out in the kitchen even then, for had not Monsieur Garonne assured him that the cost—*pouf!*—it was no object at all. One merely required that everything be perfect.

And everything was, beginning with the crisp bits of toast, cut in the fashion of coronets, and spread with bland paste of anchovies. There were the firm pink meats of river shrimp, caught and held with thick golden sauce in a bright ruby aspic of wine. There were pompano flakes with *sauce de ciel*, to be taken with sips of white Chablis.

Then there were roast fowls, a phrase which is in no sense intended to be amply descriptive. For Julien had debated long with himself the relative merits of *poulet bonne femme* and *poulet cocotte*, and had finally evolved an original masterpiece, a little gustatory poem, *poulet Garonne*, served with a heavy claret. A heart-of-artichoke salad. A bit of mocha cake and a dab of frozen cream cheese. *Café brûlot au diable* to top it off, ritualistically prepared at the table in a silver chalice with golden cognac for fuel.

There had been little conversation, and what little there was had been in French. But exotic dishes were no novelty to Vladimir. The rich foods laid the foundation for the restoration of his good humor, and a bewilderment that quenched his irritability kept him silent; so that all in all, His Highness acquitted himself quite creditably throughout the so great occasion of state.

WITH the lighting of the cigars, as at a signal, mellow negro voices came softly from the garden, borne in on the night breeze that stirred the new curtains of the dining-hall at Tourenne. It was a formless sort of chant, full of "Ah saids" and "Ah means." But the burden of the refrain was that wild ducks like pond water. One of the more gifted of the plantation minstrels, learning that the spendthrift new cunnel at de big house wanted a song like that had improvised one to fit the refrain; had improvised a slurring melody to go with it.

While the singing was still at its height, the Dumaines took their ceremonious departure. Vladimir, assuming that the "party" was over, made ready to go, too, but a touch on his arm detained him. Silently he and Helaire watched the Dumaines drive away, while obsequious servants opened and shut rickety old gates.

They were in high fettle, the negroes. Excitement among them was growing visibly. And why not? Noble doin's at de big house, fo' true enough. There was a chuckling, infectious spirit of mischief abroad among them, whose contagion communicated itself to Vladimir, so that he, too, began to smile and chuckle, not knowing why. The song about the wild ducks lost itself, somehow, merging into a rollicking blue refrain about a Monday woman, a Tuesday woman, a Wednesday woman—a whole calendar of women who devoted themselves to the entertainment of a black man who wanted to be an anchorite. And the mellowing influence of the various poems of the table of which he had partaken, to say nothing of the Chablis, the claret, and the Burgundy, made it easy enough for Vladimir to smile.

Helaire was turning back to the dining-hall where stalwart negroes were stacking porcelains, silverware, and linens into great baskets.

(Continued on page 52)

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# The Last Garonne

(Continued from page 51)

"C'mon. Let's get going," urged Vladimir, seeing the servants about their packing.

"Not yet," replied Helaire gravely. "For the po' things that have serv' a prince, mus' never be disgrace', no, by serving some common peoples. So come, my h'esteem gues'. Let us see the servants at their play."

Vladimir did not catch the import of this invitation, but he was in the mood for play, so he followed his host out through the dim hall, across the rotting gallery, and down the shadowy oak-bordered drive to the levee, from whose farther slope a ruddy glow stained the evening haze that rose in ghostly wraiths from the river. They mounted the levee's gentle landward embankment. A great bonfire had been built on the batture, hard by a stranded drift log. In the shifting firelight the negroes who had carried out the baskets of dishes and linens were tossing napery and silver into the flames and crashing the beautiful porcelains into unrecognizable shards against the drift log.

High overhead the bull-bats had been winging their sweeping flight curves. But the uproar drove them away, chirring their shrill vexation to all the night. The leaping flames cast patches of glowing scarlet into the swirling brown current of the river, rolling endlessly toward the Gulf. Caught by their own abandon, the negroes danced about the fire in fantastic shufflings, grotesque figures that were stricken into invisibility or thrust into sharp relief as the fire-tongues flung themselves this way or that. The blacks chanted a slurring negroid melody as they danced, punctuating the pulse of the music with the ringing crash of china; it was a chant in which the preference of wild ducks for pond water was blended with the wiles of a Friday woman. . . .

"For the love of God!" Vladimir cried in a voice that was almost a screech. "What's the man those things belong to going to say?"

Helaire smiled indulgently. "W'at should he say, him?" he asked. "They belong to me, my frien'." He drew his spare

frame proudly erect. "We Garonnes do not do things by halves, no. The po' things w'at have serv' you mus' be protect' from the deep shame of serving some others, yes."

"You mean—you mean—to say—you bought all that stuff—for this one dinner—and then—you—you—"

Helaire made a negligent, a careless gesture of assent.

"But sho'," he said. "I been buy those things myself, me. Who else?"

Vladimir, who knew something of the cost of table ware, wanted to spring at the little man, beat him, curse him. He gathered himself for just that. But something quite indefinable held him back. For the little figure standing by him in the firelight, there on the levee's crest, was no dub ice-man. He was indeed the last Garonne. And of the last Garonne the first Gordon found himself suddenly very much in awe; so that he subsided and said nothing at all as they made their way back to the waiting car and began the long run cityward.

Midway of the drive Helaire suddenly spoke. "It has been mos' good of you, yes, my frien', to wish me to go to the North with you," he said. "But we Garonnes remain in Louisiana, us. It is our home. Only—since you mus' go—let me—a little gif' to my good frien', the Prince—"

Without finishing the sentence he wadded two crumpled banknotes into the puffy hand of Vladimir Gordon. Vladimir examined them timidly; saw that each called for one hundred dollars.

Enough to take him back North! Enough and to spare. Gee! When that little guy next to him got started, he sure went through with a thing! He might be just a loose nut, or he might not; but he was one good boid. Going to send him back home and—

The first Gordon furiously returned the two crumpled banknotes to the last Garonne.

"Nix," he said gruffly. "Us—us Gordons, we stick by our friends."

# The Bad Actor

(Continued from page 20)

accounts of early engagements, knew about as much about boxing as a fat porker knows about predestination before starting the slide down the killing chute. But fight. . . .

While Mr. Kelly was lambasting welterweights right and left, Larry Carson was engaging in a couple of polite, no-decision affairs. Then, almost overnight, the Eastern fight-going populace began to insist that the champion cavort a polka with Mr. Kelly.

Whereupon, Mr. Izzy Bernstein took his trusty typewriter upon his lap and laboriously manufactured a long screed in which he suggested that this Kelly "get himself a reputation" and "then Larry Carson will be glad to sign articles."

This statement, in the form of an interview, caught Larry Carson's eye. Immediately he invaded the rather dingy, little office of the Honorable Izzy and demanded to know exactly what it all meant.

"Just what it says," the manager answered.

Mr. Carson plucked a linen handkerchief of purest white from the pocket of his exquisite morning coat, removed his silk topper and laid this and a light, bamboo stick upon the littered desk of his business manager. Then he dabbed daintily at his forehead.

"I do not think I shall fight again," he said. "B—but you're the champion," Mr. Bernstein argued.

"I think I shall retire."

"Snake Oil!" exploded the Honorable Izzy. "Don't talk like that, Larry. A hundred and fifty grand—"

"All well enough," interrupted Larry Carson. "But suppose I should be disfigured."

The mouth of Mr. Bernstein dropped open like that of a carp suddenly extracted from its native element and deposited in the bottom of a boat. "He—this Kelly couldn't hit you with a handful of shot—two handfuls. He's a chump for a right hand—and if you ain't got a right—what have you?"

This was the initial argument. Others more torrid followed. Despite Carson's reticence about signing articles, Izzy continued to ply the papers with publicity.

Then there came the time when Soldier Kelly had removed all welterweights of anything like class from the running. Then the Honorable Izzy went to Larry Carson—

"I got an offer of two hundred thou—"

"Another producer?" questioned the immaculate Mr. Carson, who lolled, clad in colorful pajamas and purple dressing gown, in a huge wing chair in the den of his fashionable apartment.

"No . . . Promoter!"  
 "I have decided not to fight again. Really, I can't afford to take such risks."

At this point Mr. Izzy Bernstein went through the top of his pearl-gray derby. He waxed eloquent and reminded Larry Carson in no uncertain terms of his long-forgotten boast that he was going to be a fighting champion. "And you're an actor now," he concluded.

"I'm a good actor, am I not?" demanded Mr. Carson belligerently.

"Sure. But you're welterweight champion of the world, too. Everybody thinks you're afraid of this Kelly because he's a puncher. Show them you're better than he is, then you can retire, Larry. If you take him, you'll be having another crack at Rough House Davis."

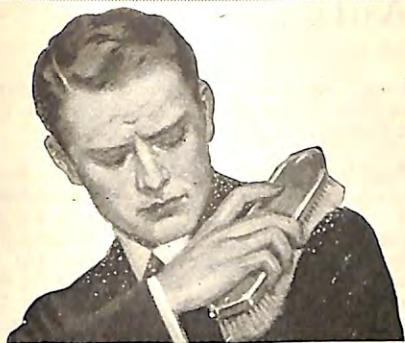
"What had Davis to do with this?" inquired Carson.

"He is Kelly's manager."

The champion spoke slowly. "Let me think this over, Izzy. I'll let you know to-morrow—a definite answer."

The Honorable Izzy took his departure and Larry Carson settled himself for a session of intensive thought. He was perfectly satisfied to let well-enough alone, but the proposition of retiring undefeated. . . . The more he considered this, the less it appealed. There would always be a question in the minds of fight fans





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and more or less continual demands upon him to return to the squared circle.

Larry Carson knew if he retired he would not again enter the ring. Strangely, his thoughts turned to Rough House Davis: Here was a man who had followed the profession to the bitter end and what did he have to show? He was the man to whom Larry owed his present enviable estate. He caught Davis on the downgrade and now this former great ringman was eking out a rather precarious existence as manager of a stable of fighters—among them Soldier Kelly. Of course, Davis was getting by nicely, but . . .

LARRY leaned backward and closed his eyes. His mental processes were even more active than before. He recalled his return fight with Rough House Davis. This had been somewhat in the nature of a Benefit to the Old Timer, without being cursed by this designation. And what had happened? The purse, which should have gone to the Down-and-Outer had been legally attached—taken to satisfy in part the claims of the man's numerous creditors. A plan came to Larry Carson . . . a plan startlingly complete as to detail.

Would it work? The champion checked it carefully and could discover no flaw. Subsequent thought only served to convince him that the proposition was air tight. After a little, Larry dressed and repaired to the palatial offices of the general manager of the producing organization behind his pictures.

He was not admitted at once into the general manager's sanctum. The telephone girl, four clerks, and an imposing array of other hired help did all in their power to discourage the welter-weight champion. However, the expression upon this young man's face informed them that he intended fighting it out along this line if it took all summer, so he was announced. Edward Garrity laid his perfumed cigarette in the bronze tray on his luxurious desk, raised his finely penciled eyebrows and issued rapid-fire instructions that Mr. Carson be admitted.

A moment later the champion entered. Mr. Garrity was cordial, and for good reason. Carson's pictures were grossing fabulous sums. The general manager barked a characteristic "Good morning" in the general direction of his visitor, invited him to take a chair, rifled through a sheaf of letters—then tossed them nervously to one side. Edward Garrity was small—physically insignificant—and gave the impression of being always in a terrific hurry. His pompousness made one forget his lack of pounds and inches. He talked like a machine-gun. "All right, Carson," he rattled. "What is it? I'm a very busy man."

"Mr. Garrity," questioned Larry, coming straight to the point. "Have my pictures been successes—or not?"

The general manager beat a tattoo on the glass top of his desk before answering. "Yes—fairly successful."

"They pull at the box offices—?"

"Yes." A judicial note crept into the voice of the little man.

"Does my being welter-weight champion make them draw?"

"Hmmm!"

"—Or is it my acting?"

"Combination of both, perhaps. You've developed rapidly. Have nice following. But, of course, you're under contract. Can't discuss money with you now."

"I'm not bothered about that. Suppose—well, just suppose I ceased to be the title holder—could I continue as an actor?"

"No reason why you should not. There might—probably would be a slight revision downward in the figure of your—"

"If I happened to be beaten, would you cancel my contract?"

"No."

"Would you expect me to fight again?"

"Not necessarily. Of course not."

A look of relief crossed the face of Larry Carson. "Thanks, Mr. Garrity. Fighting is a rather uncertain business and I wished to ascertain just where I stood."

The champion hurried from Edward Garrity's office. The world was, after all, a very appealing place, and so, with a beatific smile decorating his countenance, he invaded the office of his manager.



## What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

*They may offend others as much as these offend you*

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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(Continued on page 54)



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be better at any price.



## Beech-Nut Mints

## The Bad Actor

(Continued from page 53)

Larry Carson slapped Mr. Bernstein enthusiastically upon the back. "It's all right," said the champion, "for you to close with some promoter for the Soldier Kelly fight."

Mr. Bernstein was moved by an impulse to embrace his fighter. "Just leave it to me, Larry!" he said.

A New York promoter came to the fore with a huge bid for the bout and articles were signed. Larry Carson finished the picture upon which he was working and then went immediately into training. In training regalia, the champion resembled a gladiator of olden times. He wore a leathern helmet, which protected his ears, and a huge rubber contraption guarded his Grecian nose and his eyebrows. A set of rubbers fitted over his teeth and protected the insides of his cheeks from cutting in case he failed to properly block a punch or two launched in this direction by his carefully coached trainers.

Just four evenings before the date set for the bout, Izzy Bernstein met Edward Garrity in the Grill Room of the Metropole Hotel. Izzy did not care particularly for the moving-picture man. In fact, Garrity reminded him of an English sparrow, but when the general manager nodded a greeting, Mr. Bernstein paused for a moment at his table.

"How's the champion?" inquired Garrity.

"Swell," quoth Izzy. "I never saw him lookin' better in his life. He'll lay this Kelly like a carpet."

Garrity's eyes narrowed. "Will he?"

"As sure as I'm an inch long!" Mr. Bernstein was pepped up to a million.

"You speak positively."

"That's me!"

Edward Garrity lowered his voice confidentially. "Like to make a little bet?" he asked.

"I should smile!" Suddenly Izzy Bernstein frowned. "Say, I thought you was strong for Larry?"

"I am," replied the general manager. "If he was sure of winning, there would be nothing to it. But he isn't."

"Larry isn't?" unbelievably.

"No. He came into my office a few weeks ago and asked a lot of questions. In fact, he asked if I would cancel his contract if he happened to be defeated. He's a pretty good movie attraction—"

"Did you tell him you wouldn't?" demanded Izzy.

"Sure."

"I'll be . . . Say, why haven't you said something before this?"

Izzy made some rather blundering excuses and hurried away. He had some important thinking to do and he thought more clearly when in motion. That night he walked many miles.

The next morning early the Honorable Izzy Bernstein sought and found Rough House Davis.

"Hello, Old Timer," he greeted.

"Hello, yourself," Mr. Davis was a little suspicious of the other's cordiality. "What's on your mind?"

"Business. Say, are you goin' to be in Kelly's corner when he meets Carson?"

"I don't know: why?"

"I got plenty reasons. Listen: I'm through with that false alarm—off him for life, but I can't let him know it yet. I want to see him get knocked silly. He sure was lucky to catch you when he did."

"I'll say! But Kelly is going to do for him."

"That's what I want to talk to you about."

Mr. Davis frowned. "I'm not fixin' any fights."

"No. But I am—for Carson to lose. . . ."

"Better come on up to my room," invited Mr. Davis.

Arm in arm the conspirators disappeared. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Bernstein came downstairs, purchased a good cigar for himself and strode off through the morning sunlight. There was a grim little smile on his thin lips.

The papers were filled with stories regarding the coming battle. Fight fans in and around the metropolis were willing to admit that this bout resembled their idea of a real battle and on the evening of the scrap they caused the turnstiles to click merrily.

The preliminaries were better than usual and

the bouts were run off with the calm preciseness of clockwork. The semi-windup finished in a blaze of glory.

**T**HEN Soldier Kelly, looking every inch the gorilla, entered the ring and was accorded a small ovation. In his wake came another scowling personage and when the cheering for Soldier Kelly died, some enthusiastic old fan started a ballyhoo for Rough House Davis, chief second and manager of the challenger. This worthy straightened and clasped both hands above his head in the accepted gesture.

Then, far back and escorted by four burly policemen, appeared Larry Carson, welterweight champion of the world. The cheering started with first sight of him and was bedlam when he crawled gracefully through the ropes. Then came the inevitable and unnecessary announcements and the futile challenges to the winner. Pictures were taken of the fighters and their managers—then of the fighters themselves in classic pose. Gloves were selected and Messrs. Bernstein and Davis crossed the ring and each wrestled the mittens onto the hands of the other's man.

And while Mr. Davis was lacing gloves on the taped fists of Larry Carson, it seemed that the ex-champion was most anxious to impart certain information to the present champion.

"Trying to get Carson's goat," one ringsider put it tersely.

But through it all Larry Carson smiled and said nothing.

The fighters were called to the center of the ring and instructed. The referee waved the men to their corners and signaled the time-keepers. . . . The gong clanged. . . .

Soldier Kelly came from his corner with his peculiar shuffling gait. Slowly—relentlessly he moved toward the dancing form of his opponent. Contrasted with the champion, Soldier Kelly was appalling. Larry Carson looked very like a Greek god, but good looks meant nothing to Soldier Kelly.

The challenger started fighting before he was in range of his shifty opponent and, brawny arms working like pistons, he closed in. He met a stinging right just above his left eye. Larry Carson had drawn first blood. Much to the surprise of the crowd, Soldier Kelly was concentrating his attack on Carson's mid-section.

"Funny," quoth one man, wise in ring lore. "Kelly ought to be able to see that Carson's in perfect shape. He ought to try and bung up them movie features and let that stomach alone."

Larry Carson pressed his initial advantage and continued to bombard Kelly's already damaged eye. This punching was not dangerous, but certainly it was annoying. Soldier Kelly started fighting a little wildly, but did no damage. The first round was Carson's. He had experimented and discovered he could reach his opponent with his right almost at will, but more important than this was the fact that Kelly's body punching hurt him not at all.

During the minute of rest, Izzy Bernstein was enthusiastic. "He's easy," the manager declared. "You can get him when you want him. You're a mile in front—keep it up."

The second and third rounds were repetitions of the opener. Early in the fourth, however, Kelly suddenly shifted his attack from body to head. He did it with a viciousness which, for a moment, caused Larry Carson to break ground. Soldier Kelly also changed his style of fighting and was no longer a mark for the champion's long right.

Carson was not hurt, but he took the defensive and attempted to figure the other man out—and a fighter on the defensive with a mauler of Kelly's type looks bad. The champion was not moved by the razzing of the crowd. He knew exactly what he was doing. Late in the round, Kelly left an opening—not much wider than a crack in a door—and through this Carson lashed a right to the point of Kelly's jaw.

The challenger slowed up momentarily, blinked his eyes, and then bored in. When Carson went to his corner he was puzzled. Kelly could take it. . . .





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The champion came out carefully in the fifth. He had been thinking rapidly and realized it was high time to put his personal plan into execution. He considered the risk and knew he must be supercareful. But it was only a short time before he discovered that being careful was not enough. He might stay on the defensive, but sooner or later Soldier Kelly was bound to slip over a punch.

Carson took the offensive and Kelly covered, but the moment the champion hesitated, Kelly started a counter attack and drove the title holder across the ring. Carson was blocking beautifully—picking off punches that looked as if they were going home with a vengeance. When the gong rang, they were sparring in the center of the ring.

In the sixth, the men met in the middle of the enclosure, reversed positions and then, with a series of straight lefts and rights, Soldier Kelly drove Carson back. What happened, happened with the speed of light. Kelly's right lashed out—landed squarely on the Carsonian nose and the champion, off balance anyway, went down, his head near the ring post behind which hovered Soldier Kelly's manager and chief second.

Larry Carson was not unconscious, but for the first time since he won the title, he found himself on the floor of a ring. His nose. . . . The brain of the champion was functioning at lightning speed. This chance punch: what had it done? For one thing, it had given him a golden opportunity. No one could ever question the legitimacy or power of the blow. . . . Now, all he had to do was lie quietly and all his troubles would be over. He could breathe through his nose—so it was not seriously damaged. His ears heard the voice of the referee tolling off the fatal seconds—  
"Three. . . . Four. . . ."

**L**OSING his title would have no effect upon his career in the moving pictures. Even Izzy Bernstein would never know he had taken a dive. He was glad Kelly had amassed a reputation as a powerful puncher. But, after all, he was diving in a good cause. He would repay, at least in part, his debt to Rough House Davis. Winning the title had merely given him opportunity of slipping into his proper niche. . . .  
"Five. . . ."

Then came another interruption. The back of the referee, who was tolling off the fatal seconds, was toward the Kelly corner; where Mr. Rough House Davis was crouched behind the ring post. Not many of the cash customers paid the slightest heed to Mr. Davis, but this personage was far from idle. He was squirming with pure and unalloyed happiness.

Then an idea struck Mr. Davis. He recalled his conversation of a few days before with Izzy Bernstein. So he insinuated his leering countenance between the taut ropes of the ring and his voice assailed the eardrums of Larry Carson high above the bedlam which crescendoed in great waves from the throats of the fight-mad crowd. A world's champion was passing . . . they were conscious of this fact alone.

It was all quite clear to Mr. Davis that Larry Carson was injured, and, to his mind, the time was propitious for the adding of insult. He did so. . . .

As Davis's words seared the brain of Larry Carson, a wild surge of berserk anger engulfed the champion.

"Six. . . ." came the monotonous voice of the referee.

Larry Carson forgot everything—even his fancied debt to Rough House Davis. He'd show him. . . . He gathered himself and with muscles quivering like those of a sprinter awaiting the crack of the starter's pistol, he listened for the count of nine.

Then Larry Carson leaped to his feet—a veritable whirlwind—and inside ten seconds Soldier Kelly was pedaling for dear life and finding it impossible to escape the powerful, lashing fists of the champion.

The round ended with Soldier Kelly hanging on desperately.

The crowd was wild. They had had their taste of blood—had seen a world's champion on the floor—seen him come up fighting and batter his challenger all over the ring.

During the intermission, Izzy Bernstein worked smilingly over his man, while in the

(Continued on page 56)



## Come on—help!

I've been writing this Mennen Column for twelve years—with an average of thirty thousand miles a year in Pullmans on the side. I'm not quitting, but I'm not too big to call for help. Pretty nearly every man whose mind hadn't hardened before I could work on him has tried Mennen Shaving Cream. It's no use to argue with a man who is convinced.

It will take a smarter writer than I am to add to the appreciation of a shaver who, after years of suffering, has known the deep, soothing joy of Mennen dermuration. You know dermuration is the laboratory name for what we regular guys refer to as a licked beard.

I can't, and I doubt if you can, express in words that thrill of victory when, for the first time, your mean, tough piano-wire bristles quit like a dog—just naturally collapsed so that about all a razor had to do was to wipe off the wilted stubble.

But here is my proposition: I want the shavers of America to help write my stuff.

At the bottom of this column, I ask a question. The best answer to that question wins a splendid traveling bag that you couldn't buy for \$50.

I want quick action—this contest closes February 15. I'm the judge. Contest open to all. No strings or conditions except that answers are limited to 100 words. Winning answer will be published as soon as I can pick it. If you don't win this contest, watch for another. I may run several of them. The bag's a beaut. I've never toted one as good. Hand made—big, classy; will last like the Mennen habit.

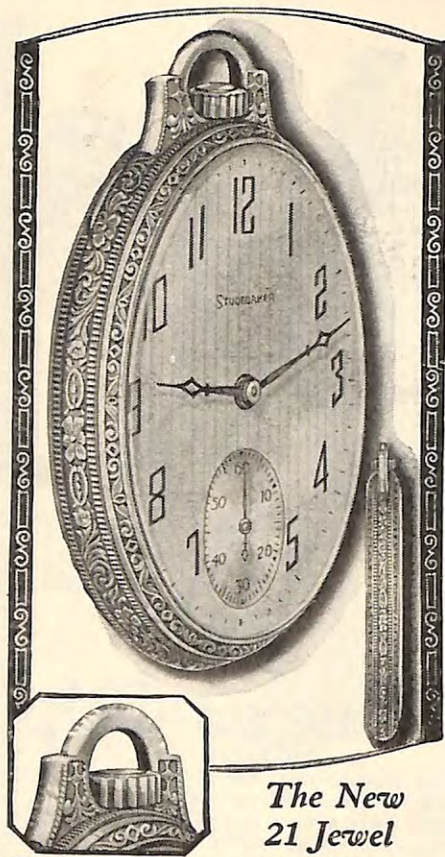
*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)



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# The Bad Actor

(Continued from page 55)

opposite corner, Rough House Davis labored desperately. Davis was beginning to believe that someone had put something over on him, and, furthermore, he had a hunch he knew who someone was. He turned a pair of glittering eyes in the direction of the Honorable Izzy Bernstein and scowled.

But Mr. Bernstein had no time for exchanging nasty looks with Mr. Davis. "You all right, Larry?" he questioned.

"Sure! I'll end it this round. Nobody can—"

The brassy clang of the gong cut short his statement. Larry Carson leaped in the direction of his faltering opponent. Soldier Kelly tried desperately to cover—met a right and a left—then another right and he crumpled to the floor. He quivered at the count of three and struggled to his knees at five.

The crowd was insane. Men were standing on their chairs, screeching at the top of their voices.

At nine Soldier Kelly wobbled to his feet and attempted to go into a clinch. Larry Carson maneuvered swiftly and then his right thudded home. Kelly saw a flash of blinding, white light, felt something pop inside his head, and then came oblivion. . . .

The champion turned and strode determinedly toward his own corner. He knew the fight was over—the referee's count a mere formality. This completed, the official rushed over and raised Larry Carson's right glove.

Now the crowd cheered the victor just as wildly as they had cheered Soldier Kelly a few

moments since. Larry Carson bowed and shook hands with himself time and again. Then he started from the ring and he was followed closely by the wide-smiling Izzy Bernstein.

As they passed the corner in which Rough House Davis labored over the sagging form of his vanquished gladiator, Mr. Rough House Davis glared. His eyes actually flashed as they came to rest upon the person of the Honorable Izzy.

"Y-you double-crosser—" Davis commenced. "Tell it to the fish down at the Aquarium," retorted Izzy, as he hurried in the wake of his fighter.

"Well," remarked Larry Carson, as he closed the dressing-room door and faced his manager, "I fancy I have taught Rough House Davis that there is one insult for which I will not stand."

"Huh? Did he insult you?"  
"He certainly did. Grossly. When I was down on the floor. And his words gave me new life—"

"And some more years as champion. Well—" Mr. Bernstein was smiling, "—I kind of figured he might say something to you if he got a good square chance. Just what was it he said which got you so peeved up?"

The lips of Larry Carson curled with the ugly remembrance. "For one thing, he said I was a bum fighter. That was all right. But—" and Larry slammed one fist viciously into the palm of the other hand: "But when he called me a rotten actor, he went too far."

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

morning. The members thanked their Past Exalted Ruler for the opportunity of showing what the Order means to them—"never forgotten—never forsaken."

## Everett, Wash., Lodge Swells Its Charity Fund

One of the biggest and most enthusiastic nights held recently at the Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, was its annual "Old Clothes Social" when a roomful of old garments and a considerable sum of cash were contributed by the members for the poor and needy of the city. A few weeks later, Everett Lodge staged its famous Purple Bubble Ball which was highly successful in every way, netting a goodly sum for the Lodge's Christmas charities.

## Berlin, N. H., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with a combined birthday party and charity show, Berlin, N. H., Lodge, No. 618, not only enjoyed a day full of social activity but raised approximately \$2,000 for its charity fund as well. In the evening a roll-call meeting was held at which more than seventy per cent. of the entire membership answered "present" when their names were called. After enjoying a luncheon, the members and their friends then went to the performance of the Elks Midnight Revue at one of the local theatres. When the Revue was finished at one o'clock those who had attended adjourned to the City Hall where there was dancing.

## Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Breaks Ground for Its New Home

Interesting and impressive exercises marked the ground-breaking for the new Home which Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, is erecting at Livingston Street, Boerum Place and Schermerhorn Street. Albert T. Brophy, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and the Chairman of the Building Committee; Harry A. Hanbury, Chairman of the Committee on Ground-Breaking; Exalted Ruler Fred G. Schafer, and the other officers of the Lodge took part in the ceremony. The address of the day was delivered by Hon. Stephen J. Callahan.

The new Home will be one of the largest and most luxurious buildings in the Order. The structure will be erected on a plottage 188 x 160 feet, and its thirteen stories above the ground will rise to a height of 168 feet. The Home will cover the entire block on Boerum Place, 200 feet, bounded by Schermerhorn Street, 160 feet, and Livingston Street, 160 feet, with its main entrance on Livingston Street. The site is opposite the Hall of Records, County Court House, and the handsome new Municipal Building.

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

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

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

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

## West Virginia State Elks Association Meets in Morgantown

Clarence C. Cashman of Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge, No. 411, was elected President of the West Virginia State Elks Association at its annual convention held recently in Morgantown. Other officers elected for the ensuing year were: First Vice-President, R. E. Parker, Hinton Lodge, No. 821; Second Vice-President, Harry Friedman, Grafton Lodge, No. 308; Third Vice-President, J. Melvin Ripple, Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778; Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482; Treasurer, Jesse L. Cramer, Parkersburg Lodge, No. 108; Trustee for five-year term, Lyle L. Jones, Parkersburg Lodge.

The meeting was a highly successful one in every way and was attended by a large throng of visitors and delegates from all parts of the



State. Among the various actions taken by the meeting was the establishment of a speakers' bureau consisting of three members with the State Secretary as Chairman. The convention was also the occasion of the annual conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the State called by the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. Affairs of vital interest to the Order in West Virginia were discussed and a program of activities for the ensuing year was considered.

It was decided to hold the 1926 meeting of the Association in Martinsburg some time during September, the exact date to be determined.

**Ionia, Mich., Lodge Dedicates Elaborate New Addition**

In the presence of Grand Lodge officers, many other distinguished guests and several hundred members, Ionia, Mich., Lodge, No. 548, recently dedicated the magnificent new \$90,000 addition to its original Home.

A banquet and entertainment presided over by Exalted Ruler Fred S. Howard, followed by a brief Lodge session, preceded the formal ceremony of dedication. The services, opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, of Flint, Mich., a member of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, were conducted by Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, assisted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter of Detroit Lodge, No. 34; James J. Noon, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113; Byron O. Smith, Vice President of the Michigan State Elks Association, and visiting officers from other Michigan Lodges.

The oration of the evening was delivered by Dr. Dysart, who gave a résumé of the accomplishments of the Order in the past, and its plans for the future. Dr. Dysart was followed by Mr. Baxter, Past Exalted Ruler Fred T. Wortman of Ionia Lodge, and others.

Throughout the entire evening the Building Committee, comprised of Frederick A. Chapman, Thane Benedict, and Henry F. Voelker, received brilliant compliments upon the magnificence of the new addition, which will stand as a monument to their efforts and to the progress that is being made by Ionia Lodge.

The new building, with a frontage of 66 feet on Third Street and a depth of 90 feet, is three stories high and connects directly with the original building which faces on West Main Street. The construction is of brick, concrete and steel, with timber floors. The exterior design is carried out in simple and sturdy lines of mingled shades of brown and gray facing-brick with cut stone trim. One of the features of the new structure is the auditorium 40 x 73 feet with a ceiling height of 19½ feet. This room is equipped with a deep modern stage with drapes, curtains, footlights and facilities for musical and other entertainments.

Ionia Lodge is to be congratulated on now having one of the finest Homes in the region, a commodious building which will allow its active membership to broaden the field of its work in the community.

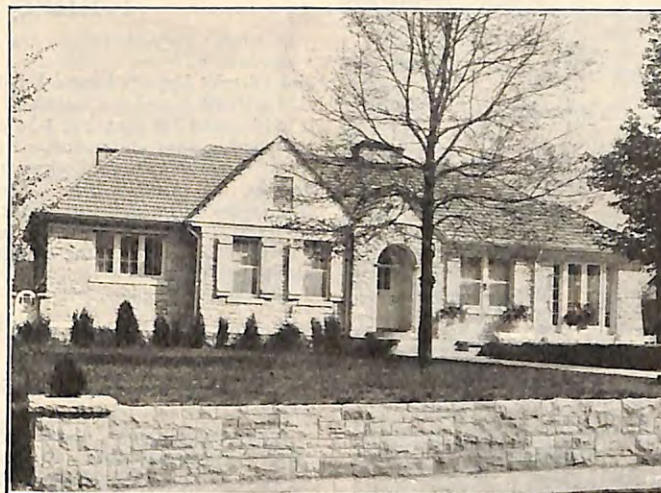
**Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Wichita Falls, Texas, Lodge**

The recent official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, to Wichita Falls, Texas, Lodge, No. 1105, was the occasion for a large and enthusiastic gathering of members and their families. Judge Atwell delivered one of his characteristic addresses, and later presented prizes to three winners in the "Old Ironsides" essay contest, held in the schools of Wichita County. The members and their friends enjoyed a delightful social evening following the ceremonies. As one result of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, Wichita Falls Lodge, with a membership of more than 700, is considering the erection of a large modern Home.

**Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Past Exalted Rulers' Meeting**

The meeting of the Association of Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of New York, West, was held recently at Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen, President of the Association, opened the meeting.

(Continued on page 58)



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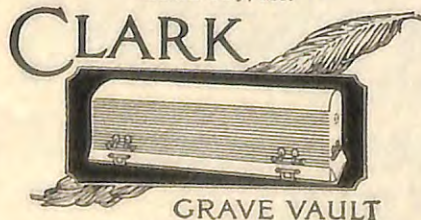
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 57)

and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Bordwell, acted as chairman. Mr. Bordwell, in addressing the meeting, told of his plans for the coming year and requested the representatives from the various Lodges to assist him in making his official visits. The meeting was thoroughly successful, and resulted in the establishment of a close cooperation, between District Deputy Bordwell and the officers of Lodges in his jurisdiction.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Globe, Ariz., Lodge held a highly successful minstrel show last month.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge has reorganized its Drill Team, the members of which are looking forward to equalling the enviable record established in past years.

Accompanied by the Drill Team, the officers of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge recently visited Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, where they initiated a class for their hosts.

With specially selected acts from the Orpheum Circuit, Ontario, Calif., Lodge held a charity show in the Auditorium of the Junior High School.

Bristol, Pa., Lodge has organized a basketball team which will play in competition with teams representing other organizations.

The entire membership of Northampton, Mass., Lodge was invited by Wakefield, Mass., Lodge to attend a week-end of social activity at which many dignitaries of the State and Order were present.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, which recently held one of the largest initiations in its history, at which many prominent members of the Order were present, gave two performances of a Charity Minstrel Show a few weeks ago.

The officers of Everett, Wash., Lodge, accompanied by a large delegation of members, attended a recent meeting of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, where they exemplified the initiation ritual.

Hudson, Wis., Lodge acted as host to the Hudson Boy Scouts a short time ago, with a special entertainment and supper.

The recent annual Charity Ball of Washington, D. C., Lodge was the means of raising a large sum of money for the charity fund of the Lodge.

As a means of raising money for its Community Welfare Christmas Fund, Madison, N. J., Lodge sponsored a concert by the Morristown, N. J., Orchestral Society, one of the best amateur musical organizations in the country.

Highland Park, Ill., Lodge recently held a three-day carnival.

Three performances of an elaborate all-Elk minstrel show were given last month by Portland, Ore., Lodge.

Expecting to be well represented at both the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago and at the Pennsylvania State Elks Association meeting in Washington, Pa., Braddock Lodge has formed a "Chicago-Washington Club" to prepare for these events.

Boonton, N. J., Lodge gave two performances last month of its annual Elks Follies.

The Elks Glee Club of Keokuk, Ia., Lodge recently broadcast a concert consisting of eight numbers, from Radio Broadcasting Station WOC, at Davenport. This Glee Club has 30 well-trained voices, and although only two years old, is one of the best in the Middle West.

Continuing its active social season, Galena, Ill., Lodge, a few weeks ago, held a large banquet followed by a dance, one of many similar events planned for the winter.

Iola, Kans., Lodge took an active part in the town's celebration of Armistice Day, and gave a large dance in its auditorium in the evening.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge last month gave three performances of a musical comedy, distributing the funds realized in various Christmas charities.

The Old Timers' Annual Reunion of Cam-

bridge, Mass., Lodge, held on Thanksgiving Eve, was a great success. Dancing and all manner of jollification and entertainment filled the evening, and a fine turnout of members was present to enjoy the fun.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge is preparing a minstrel show to be presented this month.

Hanford, Calif., Lodge has undertaken the responsibility for the Milk Fund at Hanford, and as a first step recently gave a subscription dance at which a considerable sum of money was realized.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge celebrated its forty-ninth anniversary in its magnificent new Home.

The Athletic Committee of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge recently staged an evening of boxing bouts which drew a large and enthusiastic audience of members.

Twelve acts of vaudeville featured the first annual smoker of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge.

A "Greater No. 3 Club" has been formed by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge. Its purpose is to increase the membership of the Lodge, and its only entrance requirement the securing of one new member. At the end of a ninety-day drive the names of all who have qualified for membership will be inscribed on an Honor Roll to be hung in the club rooms.

Cloverland Post No. 82, American Legion, Escanaba, Mich., has presented a silk altar flag to Escanaba Lodge in appreciation of the many things the Lodge has done for the Legion in that locality.

Mena, Ark., Lodge has about completed the extensive repairs on its Home which were necessitated by a bad fire which seriously damaged the building a few months ago.

A permanent Crippled Children's Fund has been established by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge as a result of the Entertainment Committee's success with a recent entertainment.

A combination carnival and ball, together with several vaudeville numbers, was recently enjoyed by members and friends of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge.

Members of Moline, Ill., Lodge have been enjoying many activities of late, among them competitive bowling in the Lodge League, a rabbit hunt followed by a game dinner, and an Elks Frolic that provided entertainment for a full week. The magnificent new Home of the Lodge, and its dedication, were described in a recent issue of the Magazine.

The mid-winter session of the Washington State Elks Association is to be held in Tacoma on January 10.

Many members and their wives and friends enjoyed an evening of dancing and entertainment at a recent "get-together" meeting of La Junta, Colo., Lodge.

The Southwest District Association of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association will award a beautiful mounted elk's head to the Lodge in its jurisdiction which shows the best average attendance at Lodge sessions during January, February and March.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge has voted a gift of a sum of money to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Boston.

A large delegation from Scranton, Pa., Lodge took part in the huge Armistice Day parade in the city.

The officers of Washington, D. C., Lodge were the guests of Baltimore, Md., Lodge not long ago, when they officiated at a regular meeting.

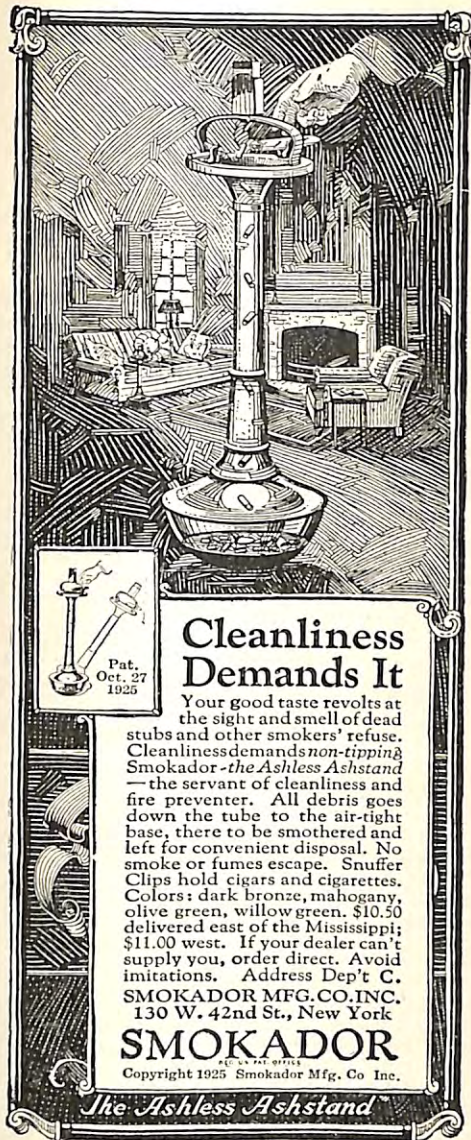
Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, at the invitation of the Glenn S. Loomis Post of the American Legion, assisted the Legionnaires at the dedication, on Armistice Day, of a war trophy.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge held a three-day carnival to raise funds for its Christmas charities.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge held the first social function in its magnificent new Home on Thanksgiving Day, when a dance was given.

The team from Long Beach, Calif., Lodge won its second leg on the Gene Murphy Trophy at the recent Southern California Invitational Elks





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Pat. Oct. 27 1925


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Golf Tournament, played over the links of the Long Beach Country Club.

A four-day bazaar was the method chosen by Rutherford, N. J., Lodge for raising its Christmas Charity Fund.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge dedicated its magnificent new organ with a concert a few weeks ago. The Lodge band and the Glee Club of forty voices assisted at the musicale.

Huntington, W. Va., Lodge has started a monthly bulletin of Lodge news.

A delegation of members of Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge, accompanied by their forty-piece band, paid a fraternal visit not long ago to Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge.

Des Moines, Iowa, Lodge is out to double its enrollment this year and the entire membership has been appointed a committee to accomplish this.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge is planning to organize, under a competent instructor, a boys' band composed of sons of members.

Eufaula, Ala., Lodge produced an excellent minstrel show as a means of raising funds for its Christmas charities.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge has placed a large road sign on the highway entrance to Stockton, inviting touring Elks to visit its Home.

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge's production of the musical comedy "Sunshine" was one of the best amateur performances ever seen in the city, and was a real financial success.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge gave a monster minstrel show in the Plainfield Theatre a few weeks ago.

Dinner, a special entertainment at the Home of the Lodge and a theatre party constituted the Armistice Day program of New Orleans, La., Lodge when veterans of the World War were its guests.

Berwick, Pa., Lodge staged a very successful vaudeville performance not long ago.

The Ladies' Committee of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, recently bought out the entire Schubert Theatre for a special performance of "The Student Prince," as one of their efforts in raising funds for Lodge charities.

At a recent meeting the officers of Rahway, N. J., Lodge not only initiated a class of candidates of their own but also a class for Lakewood, N. J., Lodge. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas H. Flynn, paying his official visit, was the guest of honor at the session.

Twelve Past Exalted Rulers were present at Toledo, Ohio, Lodge's celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' night.

The victorious Adams Elks Baseball Team were the guests of honor at a dinner tendered them by North Adams, Mass., Lodge.

New York, N. Y., Lodge's Annual Charity Ball, held at the Hotel Commodore, was a great success and resulted in a large sum of money for the Lodge's charities.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge has purchased 100 graves and reserved 450 more in the beautiful Roseland Cemetery, where an Elks Rest will be established.

Boston, Mass., Lodge entertained the Massachusetts District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Chairmen of Social and Community Welfare Committees on the occasion of their recent annual "get-together" meeting.

The Police Department of Sandusky, O., has in its possession a Savage single-barrel pump gun, 12 gauge. The gun has an elk's head in gold on the stock and a monogram inscribed with the initials J. V. P. Will the owner communicate with Geo. J. Doerzbach, Secretary of Sandusky Lodge, Room 2, Cable Building, or C. A. Wein-gates, Chief of Police, Sandusky, O.?

## In the Snow and Ice Zone

(Continued from page 23)

become quite well known since then. To-day, this club owns in its own right several pieces of property and ten well furnished cabins scattered at various points throughout the hills between Hanover and the White Mountains. To these,

(Continued on page 60)



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## In the Snow and Ice Zone

(Continued from page 59)

various groups of students ply on snowshoe and ski for winter week-ends. During February the annual Dartmouth winter carnival is held. More than half a dozen colleges compete in snow and ice sports.

Almost every student in Dartmouth is a member of this outing club and because of its influence, outdoor winter sports which were formerly unknown to the college life are now classified as major sports. And as a further development of the idea, winter sports within the past two years have become a part of the regular college curriculum. You receive your A, B, and C grades in skiing or snowshoeing as you do in Philosophy 4.

Williams College, inspired by Dartmouth's example, has formed an outing club of the same general nature. Various other New England and New York colleges have followed suit. Thus, American colleges that used to consider themselves snow-bound are now getting into the way of going in for all-year outdoor recreation in the same manner that Canadian universities such as Toronto and McGill have been doing since their founding.

In order to receive much fun from winter sports, a person must take a certain amount of pains in preparation for bodily comfort. There's a favorite argument of Stefansson's that has always impressed me as being good sense; and which has some bearing upon the case. Speaking of his preference for frigid climates, he holds that there is always some way of keeping warm in the cold; you can put on more clothes or jump around. But on the other hand, you're helpless against the heat of a hot climate; there is not much of anything you can do to get cool.

Bodily comfort in the case of winter sports is largely a matter of wearing the right kind and right amount of clothing. And this doesn't mean necessarily a whole lot of clothing. That's where a good many people get on the wrong track. A sport such as skiing is a vigorous form of exercise. Even in zero weather a person may perspire almost as freely as he would playing a set of tennis in summer. On the other hand, the sport of ice-boating is one of the coldest propositions in all creation.

A solid foundation of wool (no cotton) is by all odds the best body covering for any winter sport; wool underclothing, and the same for socks, pants and shirts. Add as much more as the occasion demands. Take off a sweater or two when you exercise freely. Put them on again during a rest period with its sudden change. That's the secret of sidestepping a cold. And don't overlook the feet. Two or three pairs of warm wool socks with room to spare in the shoes. If you give your feet a chance to get really cold you are distinctly out of luck. They're not where you can get at them as in the case of hands and ears.

In addition to the right sort of clothing, all one needs for the enjoyment of winter sports is snow or ice, an inexpensive piece of equipment and the inclination. You don't have to join an expensive country club in order to ski or skate. That is one of the notable advantages of these winter games. They're as free as air and in a good many cases just as convenient.

The popularity of skating in the sphere of ice sports is too general to require any comment. Among snow sports, skiing has become the leader. Snowshoeing is easier to learn but it's not as much of a sporting proposition. Skiing,

like golf, is a game of skill; there's always something ahead that you can't quite get.

When you see your best friend strap on skis for the first time and try to get under way, you may give vent to the heartiest laugh since you saw Will Rogers throw a rope. Contain your mirth if possible. It's never safe to laugh at the other fellow in winter sports. His own chance will come.

A great many different things can be done on skis. Among the easiest of these is falling down. When you plan to fall down I suggest that you pick a soft spot in the snow. Books have been written upon the technique of picking out soft spots. In fact, I've written one myself.

There are some things you cannot do on skis. You can't climb a tree with them. I was about to say also that you can't swim with them. But I don't know that this is strictly true. For, I suddenly recall that I once went on a ski run with a gang of Dartmouth students in the White Mountains, during the course of which one of them fell into a river with skis on. And he actually did swim. Heaven knows how; but he did.

The most spectacular phase of skiing and the real test of a skier's nerve, confidence and skill is jumping. He sweeps down a steep glassy incline, sails through midair and meets snow again far down the slope.

THE distance of a jump from take-off to landing may range from one hundred to two hundred feet, depending upon the skill of the jumper and to varying degrees upon the condition of the snow and steepness of the slope. Jumps of considerably more than two hundred feet have been made. Henry Hall once covered two hundred and twenty-nine feet, although I believe this mark has never been accepted as an official record.

Speaking of ski-jumping puts me in mind of the time that a certain lady (who shall remain nameless), of prominence on stage and screen, was induced after a considerable amount of persuasion to tackle one of these jumps. She possessed a fund of nerve; no doubt about that. But she'd never been on skis before.

Those who had been doing the urging whispered to their friends to stick around, for this was going to be good.

W-i-s-s-h! Z-i-n-g! B-l-u-m-p!  
The lady was being dug out of a snow bank. Similarly, she was expressing her opinion: "Show me the guy that said I wouldn't fall. Let me lay hands on that . . ."

Well, never mind. A few lumberjacks were standing thereabouts. They learned a few expressive phrases, new even to them.

The properly constructed ski-jump, for all its steepness, is not as dangerous a proposition as it may seem to the average onlooker. That very steepness is, in fact, its saving grace. Thus, when a jumper lands, he meets the snow instead of hitting it. Any blow at all is a glancing blow. There is none of the shock which one may receive in falling from a height to level ground.

Jumping, however, is not the sort of thing that can be recommended to a skier until he feels thoroughly at home on level stretches, coasting downhill and climbing up again.

It's a good game, this skiing. Try it. Maybe you'll now and then feel toward it as you do about an off day at golf. Similarly, you'll come back. If you don't, take a train to Southern California or Florida.

## What Price Glamour?

(Continued from page 13)

Garden, of course, above all. They never really beat Oscar. He did what he set out to do. He, one man, all by himself, gave grand opera in New York—and opera that gave people a wholly new idea of what an exciting, living, stirring thing grand opera could be.

Some time, perhaps, another Oscar may come along in the show business. There must be room for such a one—in the theatre, of course; in opera, perhaps; in the movies—well, maybe. There is one field that hasn't become fully

organized yet. Jazz. Amazing things happen to the syncopated rhythm of the blues. Things like Paul Whiteman. Only a few years ago Whiteman was a waiter in Los Angeles. Then, all at once, there was a new orchestra at a New York cabaret—the Palais Royal. Whiteman's. You saw a fat man, with a white face and a little, clipped mustache, playing a violin, and leading a group of maniacs who played mad music that, in the subtlest fashion, made you frantic, too. Whiteman became the rage. Whiteman



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orchestras, trained by him, but not led by him in person, because he couldn't be in two places at once, were everywhere—one on the *Leviathan*. Whiteman made a sensation in London. Whiteman laughed in his sleeve.

The man knows music, and he loves it. He knows why people go mad to the tune he fiddles. He knows all about the queer instruments his players evolve with stops and this and that. He knows that a man called Ferdie Grofe, who "arranges"—curse the word!—the music that he plays is an orchestral genius. (Which is why Whiteman music sounds different from any other, of course.)

Whiteman decided to give a concert—a real concert. With his jazz orchestra. A crazy idea, they told him. He smiled his sad, weary smile. And he went ahead. At his bidding George Gershwin wrote his Rhapsody in Blue, for piano and modern orchestra—not, you will observe, for piano and jazz orchestra. And Ferdie Grofe scored it. You know it, probably. You have the record, if you haven't heard Whiteman play it. Everyone has that record. Great symphony orchestras play it now. And they say that Whiteman's income from phonograph record royalties alone, a couple of years ago, was more than half a million dollars.

There was another waiter, once, who worked in a Bowery place. Irving Berlin was his name. No one ever heard of him till he wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Who doesn't know him—or his tunes—now? He isn't a musician. Not in the old sense of the word. He can play a piano, badly, in one key. But what difference does it make? He makes even more money than Whiteman, probably.

**BUT** the money isn't all, with and for men like these. Not that they're above it; not that they're not delighted to be making it. But there's more. There's the proof of what can happen! Yes. There's glamour here—just as there was about Oscar Hammerstein. Oscar, you know, wouldn't just have talked about a jazz opera—he'd have produced one. George Gershwin would have written the music and Grofe would have scored it and Paul Whiteman would have been the conductor. A pity it can't be.

Oscar always did see possibilities like that. Once, when the Metropolitan had taken some tenor away from him, Oscar was fighting mad. He made a gesture.

"I'll get a better tenor out of vaudeville!" he declared, pugnaciously.

All the other reporters who heard him laughed. I didn't. I was beginning to know the man. I stayed behind.

"You've found him already," I said. "Come on—tell me. I'll keep quiet about it."

So he told me. He'd heard the tenor of a male quartet that the audiences at the Victoria particularly liked—it was called just "That Quartet." And he spotted the boy's quality—the man's, rather. So he supplied the quartet with another tenor, and sent the old one to a coach, and in six weeks Orville Harrold made his first appearance in grand opera. I have, since then, seen Harrold take a dozen calls at the Metropolitan. Oh, you couldn't beat Oscar! The way fate arranged it was to have him beat himself. Napoleon did that, too—he went to Moscow.

So much for that. Then—the movies? Well, twenty years ago, practically speaking, there weren't any movies—not as we know them now. They were just beginning. John Bunny was making comedies. The Broncho Billy westerns were being made—in Chicago. Los Angeles was still just a city in Southern California that had a suburb called Hollywood. Adolph Zukor and Marcus Loew, partners in the fur business, had started a penny arcade, and were developing a picture theatre—in a shop. The great producing names were few—Selig, with its zoo of wild animals, Kalem, Lubin, Essana, Vitagraph, Biograph—outside the close circle of those licensed to use the early patents, Universal and Thanhouser.

Mary Pickford was a child actress of whom David Belasco predicted great things. Douglas Fairbanks was just becoming known as a leading man with a fresh and attractive personality. A comedian called Chaplin was making a start. Jackie Coogan wasn't born. Mack Sennett hadn't started teaching people how to throw pies.

And now? Well, you know as well as I do how

(Continued on page 62)

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## What Price Glamour?

(Continued from page 61)

it is now. You know that when you go to the movies in the evening you are one of about twenty million people who have done the same thing during the day. You may have read, just as I have, that there are a few more than twenty thousand moving-picture theatres in America. You know, in other words, that in about twenty years the movies have come to be what they are, that they have made more millionaires than the Klondike ever did, that they are, as an industry, well up near the top, financially, in this country.

Now, naturally, the history of anything that has grown as this business of moving-pictures has, in so short a time, must be a pretty stirring one. Stirring, exciting, full of adventure—of achievement and defeat, of triumph and disaster. It must have called into play about all the emotions—courage and fear, greed and unselfishness, lust and the creative spirit of the artist, all must have had their part in the story. That goes pretty much without saying.

Extraordinary stories, of course, have been told, and remain to be told, of the movies. There is a man who controls one of the underlying patented things that make the movies possible—to whom, in consequence, enormous sums are paid, every day, by way of royalty. Moreover, this man is, in every sense of the word, an insider of insiders. He has a wife; an actress; young, not without beauty, not without talent. He has tried, Lord, how he has tried, to make a great star of her. He can't do it.

NOR is he the only man with, seemingly, everything to help him, who has been defeated in some such quest. The thing has been done; stars have been made in an artificial way, and with a good deal of success. Publicity, advertising, clever, consistent pushing, have accomplished amazing results. But—not always. There is the factor of uncertainty.

That is, after all, the redeeming thing about the movies. It may save them, in the end, from complete engulfment in business.

The whole thing is queer. You get a feeling, I do, somehow, of stacked cards, of fate and chance, in some great measure, tied hand and foot in the beginning. There seems to be, to have been, something predestined and inevitable about the way the movies have come to be what they are.

I don't get an impression of Napoleonic minds at work. Rather of men, alert enough, clever enough, shrewd enough, taking what comes. They talk so themselves, the biggest of them. Adolph Zukor does, when they ask him whether he heads a trust, a growing monopoly.

"No," he says. (In effect he says this: I'm not quoting him; this is just a condensation of things he had said and that have been said for him.) "We're just business men, trying to protect ourselves and our investment. We were making pictures; we had to protect our market. That is why we own theatres."

There is much talk of a great combination, or trust, in the movies. You will read about affiliations suspected between Zukor, which means, in effect, Famous-Players-Lasky, and Marcus Loew, which means, in effect, again, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (Only the Duponts are in that, too, and the Duponts are bigger, even, than Marcus Loew, with his 150 theatres.) You will read that there is a growing connection between Zukor, at any rate, and probably Loew, too, and First National.

You will read a great deal of all this sort of thing, and there will be attempts to make it seem that a few very big men in the movies want to control the whole business! You will hear about block bookings—meaning that exhibitors have to agree to take a whole program of pictures, twenty, or forty, or fifty, or whatever it may be, if they want to get any of that particular producer's output. You will be told that the result is that poor pictures are forced upon the exhibitors.

Well, I don't know, and, as yet, no one knows, except a very few men, who aren't going to tell, how much truth there is in all these charges. But my guess, based upon what knowledge I do have, is that no man with brains enough to make as much money as Zukor and Lasky and Fox and Schenck and Loew and Mayer and scores of

other big men in the movies have made, is going to be fool enough deliberately and knowingly to make bad pictures and take all the trouble and risk involved in forcing exhibitors to show them in their theatres, whether he could or not.

Bad pictures are made. You know that. You've seen them—plenty of them. But what you don't know, perhaps, is how hard the producers try to make good ones.

Think of the demand—the demand that you, and the twenty million people who go to the movies every day create. The very big, first run theatres, have to have a new picture every week—fifty-two a year. Just in New York there are five of these theatres now, every one of which has to have a new picture every week, or almost every week—some pictures are held over. Two more such theatres, at least, are building. But, even now, those five theatres have to have about two hundred and fifty feature films a year. Then there are the specials—the pictures that go on first for a run. There is a demand for a certain number of these.

And the result is that the business of making pictures is a constant race against time. Inevitably, as the business is organized—and it isn't easily possible to see how it can be organized in any other fashion—a producer has to map out, well in advance, a program of pictures. He has to plan, that is, to make in six months, or in a year, so many pictures. His selling organization has to work with that definite program before it. Exhibitors have to know that they can depend on getting the pictures they need, when they need them.

You can't, accordingly, in a studio, sit around and wait for inspiration. The public, and the exhibitors, representing the public, won't let you. You have to make pictures. You may know that your sales force has already sold this particular lot of pictures. But that won't lead you to say, "Oh, well, in that case, what difference does it make? Let's give them anything!" You won't say that because you will remember that, when you get through making this particular program you'll have to start in at once on another—and that the selling of that will be affected by the quality of the one you are working on now.

AND, anyway, theory aside, I know. I know how hard they work, in at least one studio, to make the best possible pictures. I spent four months in that studio, and I'm much less ready than I was to damn the movies and say that no one in the business has any brains. I saw as good and workmanlike a lot of brains as I've ever seen at work.

The people in the studios, and, beyond the studios, in the home offices, have very few illusions. They know as well as anyone how bad some of the pictures they turn out are. And they know why. They know that sometimes actors become impossibly temperamental, and directors indulge in human failings. They know that they don't always succeed, no matter how hard they try, in getting absolutely first-class stories. You can't, after all, buy stories the way you buy cheesecloth—or raw film.

And you ought to see the way pictures are criticized before they are released, and the amount of work that is done to improve them after the director has done his part—in the final cutting and titling. Within the ironclad limits of the schedule everything possible is done.

The trouble is, of course, that, in the last analysis, you can't apply the methods of efficient, quantity production to a product into which, if it is to be as good as it can be, creative and artistic talents have to go. And quantity production is exactly what, under present conditions, the movies have to have. There are exceptions—"Ben Hur" has been made without any particular time limit, and, to a certain extent, the big specials, like the Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks pictures, are made that way, too.

What's to be done about it? I don't know. No one does. But that's why you can't make me say there's anything glamorous about the movies. Picturesque, very often, they are; stirring, and exciting, and adventurous. But they're about as glamorous as the business of making the horns with which a New York crowd celebrates New Year's Eve.



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# The "Save Old Ironsides Fund" Is Going Over the Top

(Continued from page 43)

Goldfield, Lodge, No. 1072, exceeded the quotas assigned them.

Mamaroneck, Lodge, No. 1457, and Norwich, Lodge, No. 1222, are two of the Lodges that have exceeded their quotas in New York State. In no other State in the Union is the rule forbidding the collection of funds in the schools and carrying on a campaign with the children more drastic than in New York, yet despite this fact more than 75 per cent. of the Lodges in that State functioned in the campaign and did exceedingly well.

The Ohio Lodges which have already made reports have, on the whole, done very well. Hood River, Ore., Lodge, No. 1507, is another Lodge that has exceeded the quota assigned by National Headquarters, as has Mexia, Texas, Lodge, No. 1449.

Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104, of which Mr. Marion Eppley, who donated the medals for the 1,400 Lodges in the essay contest, is a member, reports having exceeded its quota.

A great many of the Lodges were functioning in December, and a score or more will not get going until this month. In California most of the Lodges have found a way out of the rule prohibiting the campaign in the schools, and Los Angeles, Oakland, and several of the Lodges in the contiguous territory will function after the beginning of the new year.

"It is clear from the early reports and a careful survey of the whole situation that every Lodge of Elks must function and reach a quota in order that the B. P. O. E. can be successful in raising the \$500,000 to restore *Old Ironsides*," says James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Campaign Director. "While we have been shut out of the fields which would yield the greatest amount of money from the school children, yet in every one of these cities the Lodges should devise means either by conducting a tag day or by any other plan that fits into the local conditions, to raise the amount of its quota based on the school population. Cleveland, Springfield, Worcester, and a score of smaller places in New York State and Pennsylvania have demonstrated that this kind of campaign can be successfully carried on. In the second big push which must follow in the new year if every Lodge will function I haven't any doubt about the ultimate success of the campaign."

"While the Secretary of the Navy has asked the Elks to act only as his field agents in the collection of this fund I feel that the people of the nation, through the publicity given the campaign in the thousands of newspapers and magazines, have assumed that the Elks have undertaken the responsibility of carrying it on to a successful end."

"The Campaign has been a great source of enjoyment to the *Old Ironsides* Committees that have functioned in the schools. It has been an inspiring work and every member of the hundreds of Committees feels that they have done a very constructive piece of publicity and one that will reflect great credit upon their Lodge and the Order in the future."

The Campaign Director also wishes to call the attention of various Lodges to the *Old Ironsides* bronze plaques which have been delivered in the past few weeks to those Lodges and institutions that ordered them. The plaque is certainly a work of art and besides its highly ornamental aspect is a permanent reminder of the participation of the B. P. O. E. in this call for patriotic service. Mr. Nicholson suggests that a great many of the Lodges could still dispose of these to some patriotic institution in their communities. The plaque can be secured for a donation of \$50.00, and a check made payable to the "B. P. O. E. Save the Constitution Fund," forwarded to National Headquarters, Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., will bring about the immediate delivery.



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## The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

By Stephen Jessup

(Reprinted by request)

**N**EARLY every business and profession has developed more or less of a vocabulary of its own. This vocabulary consists both in special meanings of ordinary words or groups of words, and unusual words peculiar to the business or profession itself. For instance, “hearing motion” might sound strange to some of us if we did not know that it is a legal phrase and that almost every day in courts all over the country judges are listening to statements by attorneys appearing before them on behalf of clients.

The investment business has its own language. While many of the expressions used in Wall Street tell their own story there are a number that are technical, almost as much so as scientific terms. These appear frequently in financial literature and in the daily press. In this article a few of the most common will be explained.

### BONDS

**General.** A bond is an evidence of debt. It is issued by the borrower, which is a government, municipality or corporation, to the lender, who is an investor. Through the instrumentality of banks, banking houses, brokerage houses, investment houses, bond dealers and similar financial institutions, a loan of almost any size can be shared by many investors all over the country. This is accomplished by the loan being divided into units, which are called bonds. Each bondholder is a creditor. He owns, as his share in the loan, a piece of paper that is a negotiable security and that yields him interest on his money.

Bonds can be purchased or sold with perhaps more ease than any other form of security for loans. They are backed by the wealth and credit of the states, municipalities and corporations of the country. The property of these issuers of bonds is a large proportion of the real wealth of the country. The bonds based upon that property are bought by thousands of investors, including individuals, banks, savings banks, estates, and insurance companies.

There are several important elements in a bond. Chief, no doubt, is the safety of principal, which is the assurance that the bond will be repaid at maturity, or the agreed time. Bonds differ in this respect, just as do the dependability of the borrowers and the nature of the security that they furnish.

The stability of income from a bond means much to the safety of its principal. The value of the pledged security is usually dependent upon its ability to produce income. In other words, not only the property behind the bond, but the earning power of the maker must be considered.

The amount of income return which the investor should expect depends upon the type and grade of bond he purchases as well as upon general market and monetary conditions prevailing at the time he makes his investment.

To many people an important element is marketability, or the ease with which a bond can be sold. Although, generally speaking, bonds have this quality in a greater degree than most other forms of high-grade investment, they vary in this respect also. Some bonds are constantly changing hands, or “being actively traded in,” both on the Stock Exchange and off. A very active market is not necessarily a sign of a sound bond. Active dealings are often found in speculative bonds more or less to the exclusion of more conservative ones.

Hardly any bond can present all the desirable elements—safety of principal, good interest return, ready marketability—in their highest form. Where the element of safety is strongest, the yield is likely to be smallest. Where the yield seems generous, the principal may verge on jeopardy. Sacrifice in one element should bring compensating gain in another.

In choosing a bond, therefore, the investor should consider these various qualities and weigh them in the light of his own individual requirements.



It is wise to distribute one's investments among several kinds of security. This is called diversification. Among the various kinds may be mentioned:

- United States Government;
- Foreign Government, or Municipal;
- State and Municipal (domestic);
- Public Utility;
- Railroad;
- Industrial;
- Real Estate Mortgage.

The first three kinds of bonds are usually secured by the good faith, wealth and credit of the issuing community, plus such safeguards as the laws may provide.

The other kinds of bonds are based on promise of payment backed by security in the form of mortgages or liens that cover a wide range of priority.

Physically speaking, a bond is an engraved document which sets forth the promise of the issuing company and indicates the deed of trust under which is held the security that is pledged. It usually carries with it a series of small coupons, which call for interest on the dates when interest payments are due. If the bond is of the “registered” variety, it can be registered in the name of the owner, and a form for the insertion of a succession of such names is provided.

A bond may be only a promise to pay, but usually in addition to such promise it represents a pledge or mortgage of property or assets of some kind, which are intended to assure payment. The nature of the bond is frequently indicated in its title. Some examples follow:

**FIRST MORTGAGE BOND.** This represents a first lien or claim on the property mortgaged. While it is a first mortgage on property or properties owned at the time it was created, the company making the bond issue may acquire other properties subsequently, which would not necessarily be covered by the first mortgage. In other words, when originally issued a first mortgage bond issue may be a first mortgage on all the property of a company, while later it may prove to be a first mortgage on a portion of the property of the company.

**SECOND AND SUBSEQUENT MORTGAGE BONDS.** These represent mortgages or liens in the order indicated on property already pledged under a previous and superior encumbrance.

**CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE BOND.** This combines liens of different ranks—first, second, and so on—on various properties of a company under a consolidated pledge.

**GENERAL MORTGAGE BOND.** This is similar to a Consolidated Mortgage bond, although the mortgage in this case may be wider in scope. For instance, it may pledge property which the company may acquire in the future as well as property already owned.

**REFUNDING MORTGAGE BOND.** This may be used to replace other mortgages as they become due, or as the company may wish to retire them, and also to obtain new capital. Such a bond is similar to consolidated and general mortgage bonds, representing mortgages of several ranks or grades. The title “First Refunding Mortgage” is frequently employed. It indicates that the bond is a first mortgage on certain property or will become a first mortgage in time through the refunding of existing first liens.



**PRIOR LIEN BOND.** This indicates a mortgage which, while not necessarily superior to all other liens, is prior to some mortgages of the company. It is an elastic term.

**GUARANTEED BOND.** This is a security guaranteed by some corporation other than the one issuing it, much as a man's personal note may be endorsed by another. The guarantee may cover either the principal or the interest, or both. The individual bonds usually carry the endorsement of the guarantor company, or the guarantee may be specifically stated in the text of each bond. If the guarantee has been created after the bonds are originally issued no statement of it will appear in the text of the bond.

**COLLATERAL BOND.** A bond secured by the deposit of other securities with a trustee, sometimes called a "collateral trust" or "collateral mortgage" bond.

**DEBENTURE BOND.** "Debenture" means obligation to pay, so that a debenture bond is the promise of the company, usually without the security of a mortgage or lien on property or assets. In other words, a debenture is similar to an individual's promissory note. A debenture can carry a lien, but this is not commonly the case. Sometimes debenture bonds contain a provision that no mortgage or lien shall be placed ahead of them without securing the debenture issue equally. It has happened that as a result of such a provision debenture bonds have obtained the security of a mortgage created subsequent to their issue.

**CONVERTIBLE BOND.** This type of bond contains the privilege of being converted or exchanged into another security, usually stock of the corporation issuing the convertible bond. The terms of such conversion or exchange vary considerably. The advantage consists in the investor's ability to exchange the bond for a security of more speculative character, should market quotations make the exchange profitable to him. If they do not, he need not make the exchange. The conversion is a privilege, not an obligation.

**ADJUSTMENT BOND.** This title has no relation to the nature of whatever security there may be behind the bond. It indicates a bond that has been issued in the adjustment of equities due security holders in a case where a company has been reorganized.

**INCOME BOND.** A bond upon which the payment of interest is not an obligation resting upon the company, but is subject to the interest being earned and declared payable by the directors. Such a bond is hardly more than a preferred stock. The interest may be cumulative or not.


**SERIAL BOND.** One of an issue which are payable in a series of instalments instead of at a single fixed maturity date. Many State and municipal bonds are retireable serially, over a period of years. A portion of the loan is due for payment one year, another portion the next year, and so on.

**SINKING FUND BOND.** A sinking fund means that specified sums are set aside at fixed times in order to retire, or pay off, part or all of a bond issue before or at maturity. The term "sinking fund" is usually found as a part rather than the sole title of a bond. Many bonds have a sinking fund feature without its being indicated in their title. The terms and conditions of sinking funds vary greatly. The moneys of a sinking fund may be used in different ways. Sometimes they may be invested in the property of the company issuing the bonds, thus tending to strengthen the security behind the bonds.

**BLANKET MORTGAGE BOND.** A bond issue that covers all the properties of the company, but is subject to previous mortgages.

**EQUIPMENT BONDS.** These are secured by liens on specific equipment, usually of railroads such as locomotives, cars, etc. In some cases title to the equipment is transferred to a trustee and the payments of interest or principal are made by the company to the trustee. In other cases title to the equipment remains vested with the company. Equipment bonds, or notes, are generally issued for from 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the cash value of the equipment. They are payable serially, or are provided for by a sinking fund. Either method is calculated to cancel the debt within the reasonable life of the equipment pledged.

**DIVISIONAL BONDS.** These are secured  
(Continued on page 66)



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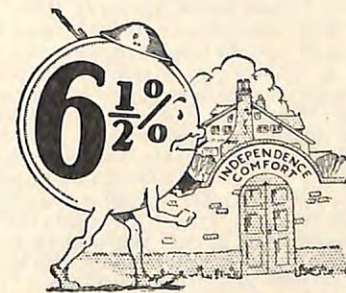
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## The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

(Continued from page 65)

by a mortgage on a division of a railroad. Such a bond is usually a direct obligation of the company, but the value of the property mortgaged is the most important factor in judging its investment merits.

**ASSUMED BOND.** A bond for which the responsibility of payment has been assumed by a company other than the one issuing it. It is similar to a guaranteed bond. It usually means that the assuming company has acquired ownership of the company which issued the bonds.

**GOLD BOND.** The word "gold" frequently appears as a part of the title of a bond. It indicates that the bond is to be paid in United States gold coin "of the present standard of weight and fineness," as the phraseology goes. Some bonds, instead, specify that payment is to be made in "currency" or in "lawful money."

**CALLABLE BOND—OPTIONAL BOND.** The term "callable" means that the issuing company has the right to "call" or retire the bond issue at an earlier date than maturity. "Optional" means the same thing. "Callable" is perhaps the expression more frequently employed.

**EXTENDED BOND.** This term indicates that the date of the original maturity has been passed and the life of the bond has been extended by agreement to a later date. For such bonds new coupons are usually provided for the interest over the extended period.

**COUPON BONDS.** Bonds to which are attached a series of coupons calling for the payment of interest at specified periods. Each coupon is a small certificate in itself. Upon it is printed the amount of money it represents and the date when the payment is due. The coupons are to be cut from the bonds at the time they are payable. The majority of bonds are coupon bonds, for the coupons provide a simple method of interest payment. Coupon bonds belong to the holder.

**REGISTERED BOND.** The ownership of this bond is registered on the books of the issuing company, or a registrar, and the name of the owner is written on the bond. The owner's endorsement is necessary to make the bond negotiable, just as in the case of a check or a stock certificate. Some bonds, known as "fully registered," may be registered as to both the principal and interest, and the interest payments are made by check. Others may be registered as to principal alone, and the interest paid by the coupon method. Registered bonds are not quite as readily salable as coupon bonds. The reasons for registering bonds have been considerably lessened by modern methods of safe keeping of securities, such as easily accessible and inexpensive safe deposit facilities. Most banks maintain safe deposit boxes in their vaults which may be rented by the year at prices varying with the size.

**INTERCHANGEABLE BONDS.** These may be exchanged from coupon to registered form, and vice versa. Some issues, after having been registered, are not interchangeable for coupon bonds.

**INTERIM CERTIFICATE.** This is a form of security that is issued pending the engraving of the bond in its final form. The latter is called a "definitive" bond.

**EXTERNAL BOND.** This term, which is used generally in connection with a government obligation, indicates that the bonds are payable in another country and in money different from that of the issuing government. Such bonds

represent a debt contracted with people of a foreign country. They are considered to have a moral claim superior to bonds sold within the country issuing them.

**INTERNAL BOND.** This term refers to issues that are payable within their country of issue, and is in distinction from external.

**DOLLAR BOND.** This indicates that the bond is payable in dollars. The expression is used in connection with the bonds of foreign governments that are payable in American money. It is also used abroad in connection with any bonds payable in dollars.

**LEGAL BOND.** A bond is so described when it conforms to the trustee or savings bank law of any State to which reference is made. The statutes of different States vary as to the conditions which bonds must meet in order that a savings bank may invest in them. Usually the law applies the same restrictions to investments by trustees, unless the terms of the trust allow greater latitude. A common requirement for a bond to be "legal" is that the company issuing it shall have paid dividends of a certain rate on its stock for a certain period of time. If and when this requirement fails to be met, the bond ceases to be legal.

**UNDERLYING BOND.** This is a relative term indicating that the bond underlies, or is of a mortgage superior to, some other bond with which it is compared, although it is not necessarily a first mortgage itself.

**JUNIOR BOND.** An expression that indicates a bond underlain by others and hence not as well protected as those carrying the best ranks of mortgage.

### 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-three Years of Proven Safety;" "How to Build an Independent Income." The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

"Life Insurance Trusts," The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J.

## The Golfer's Heart

(Continued from page 24)

against an undue load, and is more likely to "stall," and especially so if one comes to a hill, meaning, a little extra exertion. The difference is that when the heart stalls one cannot start it again.

And, still speaking of strain, I have not noticed that the newspapers say very much about the matter of excess bodily weight in some of these heart-failure cases. We know that those who live to extreme old age are the "skinny" men and women. We know that premature and extra high mortality goes with excess weight; that if we gain weight after thirty

we will die proportionately sooner. Yet it never occurs to us that if a man is twice as big as he ought to be his heart has twice as big a job. Mountain climbing is done, not with the legs, but with the heart. But carrying superfluous flesh around even on a level means an added burden, a load, a permanent strain. In many cases excess weight and high blood pressure go together, and it is not unusual when reducing weight through rational diet for the blood pressure to come down with the weight, millimeter for pound.

Now, you might expect that the normal heart



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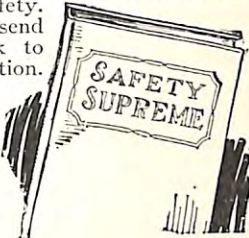
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**Financial Department**  
**THE ELKS MAGAZINE**

margin would take care of such loads. But suppose that you have some heart impairment? Of course, lots of men live to a ripe old age with leaky hearts and with other bodily defects. But you can see that the motor is going to stall more easily on climbing a hill, or upon eating a big dinner, if in addition to this organic defect it has been compelled to struggle on under a permanent strain of too much weight and blood pressure. The newspaper may tell you that Sam Hill died on the golf links, implying that the physical strain of the game, or perhaps of that last little hill, was too much for him. Actually, this physical effort was only the last straw. The real cause lay in the organic insufficiency, plus possibly various conditions of permanent strain. Some of these might have been psychic in character, as when one constantly encounters nervous and emotional stress in business or domestic life.

On the other hand, avoiding that last straw, that is, freedom from the extra precipitating strain, might be enough to maintain the balance between life and death. If the clock can be kept wound up—just enough, it will keep going. In any case, the picture is not complete without showing clearly that last straw. And the wise man will not add it to the load he already carries. But the still wiser man will not carry any unnecessary load.

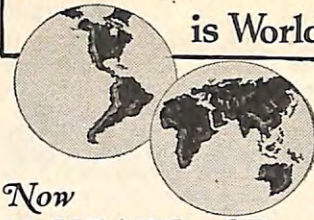
Take two groups of men, both having the same average number of defects or heart impairments. The one group plays golf and goes hunting. (Of course, deer hunting might be classed as psychic strain, rather than physical.) But the other group contents itself with a little walking and a quiet life. Then, naturally, you will find a higher percentage of fatalities from heart failure in the first group, which lives more or less vigorously, than in the other conservative, easy-going group. In other words, such physical effort tends to pick out the bad hearts, but the real cause of such fatalities lies in the fact of their being bad hearts.

It seems to me important that we understand this relationship, whether we are golf players or chess players. In any case, we must remember that our organs are more important than our muscles, although when the organs are free from impairment or disease we will keep them in far better shape by having enough exercise, and by keeping the system free from poison. If we are wise we will learn the art of abstemiousness in eating, and after the age of fifty we will cut down our rations by probably one-third or more, depending upon previous habits. Particularly we will control our bodily weight, now that we know that it easily is controlled, not so much by a pugilistic system of training as by intelligent eating. And we will take stock of the matter of blood pressure. If it is high we will consider the practice of our smoking, for instance. I have found some difference of opinion upon the general influence of smoking on blood pressure, but there is no dispute upon the point that in some cases smoking increases blood pressure. That should mean something to us. Also, we will consider the possible influence of a high protein diet, and we will limit our eating of meat to once a day, or perhaps three times a week.

Most of all, we will have the best kind of a medical examination, particularly with reference to the condition of our hearts, before we adopt any course of physical training or so-called "keeping fit," even one so apparently mild as golf. And finally, irrespective of our presumed fitness, and realizing that one cannot entirely know his own heart, we will impose upon ourselves certain limits in the direction of moderation, so that we can enjoy the benefits and the fascination of the game with a minimum of strain. Probably no man over fifty irrespective of his proud athletic history, should ever play more than eighteen holes of golf. In some cases nine would probably be better. The purpose is not fatigue, for that in itself does no one any good. The purpose is physical refreshment, mental relaxation, oxygen in the blood, improved circulation and the tonic effect upon the organs. These qualities one loses with an overdose of the exercise.

Altogether, one may almost say that, subject of course to such physical limitations of the individual as we have referred to, golf is an unmixed blessing. If there is one ideal recreation, as the basis of personal efficiency through keeping fit, this is it.

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## What's the Matter with Florida?

(Continued from page 33)

The accident of a political emergency brought forth the proposed amendment. In an obscure county on the east coast an aspirant for the office of State senator found himself opposed by a man with a popular appeal. He, for his part, had no taste for kissing the babies and slapping the men on the back and complimenting the ladies. He was a rather quiet, more or less timid individual with a tidy political bee in his bonnet.

Scenting the difficulties and facing certain defeat, he sought for something to stem the tide against him. Anything would do. A number of his friends held a brief conference one afternoon in a newspaper office, and one of them suggested a law prohibiting taxes on incomes. The political aspirant took up the matter, stumped his district on this issue and caught the fancy of the tax-burdened voters. He was elected.

When the legislature convened, he had acumen enough to consult the old heads and the up-shot was that the bill was framed as a law prohibiting taxes on incomes and inheritances. Then some one pointed out the fact that the next Legislature might repeal the law. So a constitutional amendment was agreed on. It passed. The State press took it up and urged the voters to ratify the amendment. The smaller papers took up the cry. The thing had caught the popular ear. No one predicted the golden flood. The people generally believed that it would help somewhat in making taxes easier to pay. The citizenship voted for it, altogether unaware that the act was opportunity's call to untold wealth. So once more a State reaped the benefit of a political conflict. The first plotters acted wiser than they knew. I know, for I was present at that conference.

The fact that the rich men who have come to Florida have been paying high prices for their homes is a matter of little moment to them. They want what they want. They expect to buy only once. Their investments are more or less permanent. But the high prices they have been paying have been feeding the flames. In the hope of selling to some other new-comer, smaller investors have been buying right and left. Everyone has been making a profit. The base of the movement for high prices, however, lies in the coming of rich men as permanent citizens, though in many cases they spend very little time in Florida.

FROM a playground for the idle rich, Florida is becoming a home for many very wealthy people. Most of the famous people of this generation visit Florida occasionally, and many of them plan sooner or later to live here.

The feature just mentioned was brought out forcibly by one of our newspaper men on the east coast some time ago. He visited a well-known lawyer and urged the lawyer to enter the race for a certain high office in the gift of the people of the State. When the lawyer shook his head, the newspaper man became earnest: "Now, look here, Judge. Think a moment. We have the most famous district in the world. There is no other place that sees so many great and famous men in a year. The President comes here to play golf. Well-known actors and actresses are seen here. At one time last winter, one hundred and sixty-eight millionaires were living in the east coast hotels; not the new-rich, either; the seasoned, settled, famous wealthy folks. Members of the Senate, diplomats, baseball figures, outstanding lawyers—why, there is no end to the people who know and visit this section. And we need to show the people of the country that we produce great men as well as entertain them. You have made a success; you have plenty of money; why not end your career by making your State and section distinguished? You can give twenty years of service to the public and the public needs you."

It is immaterial whether the Judge accepted or not. It will be admitted that the newspaper man put the thing rather strongly. While he was not explaining the rise in the price of real estate, he did explain it. No one would think that Henry Ford would make purchases in land where no value existed. If Rockefeller, Ringling and scores of other well-known figures buy largely, there must be a reason. In the case of most of the wealthy men who buy land, the

reason is a home. In a few cases the purchases have been investments for the far future.

The camp-followers have capitalized the coming of the rich. I can not say that I blame them. Certainly I do not approve. In this article I am explaining, not defending nor turning iconoclast. The masses follow the leaders, and the masses are coming to Florida. They have in many cases no particular reason for coming. But they are coming. By automobile, train and yacht. They are coming.

They are not seeking homes for winter residence. They are not in search of health or adventure. They want real estate. They believe that anything they buy will be in demand soon. They are convinced before they buy that some millionaire will walk up within a few months and offer a fabulous price.

For this reason they are willing to pay fabulous prices. If property looks good to them, they will stretch a point and buy it. In numerous cases, the prices paid are so high that there is no hope of adequate income for a generation. In fact, at the present time many properties are selling for prices so high that the highest rent available will not pay one-half of one per cent. on the investment. These people are not buying for investment. They are buying for a millionaire. They are looking for a purchaser as soon as their own purchase is made. While all do not sell to the rich, there is not a realty holder in Florida who does not hope that the lightning of wealthy favor will strike his property and make him rich overnight.

That this is not a healthy condition is as plain as a wart on the lady's cheek. Nothing that depends on chance is safe. The land of Florida is in a shifting period. What the outcome will be has thousands guessing. It has not made me guess very much, for the reason is too near to seek.

The apparent condition is not as unhealthy as it might appear. For there are stabilizing factors as well as disturbing factors. In Florida real estate, as in physics, there is a centripetal energy as well as a centrifugal energy. The center-seeking force in Florida is the small land holder. He is a power here and is becoming more and more powerful every month.

He deals with small properties. A few lots, a few acres, a home or a small business. He is, after all, the very bed-rock of society. The ledge of sanity is his foundation. He can not be shaken readily, and when he settles on the land, he is a fixture usually.

Thanks to him there has been enormous development going along with this boom. Think of some of the achievements of the people of Florida! The longest automobile bridge in the world is located in this State. The only over-sea railroad in the world is located here. A Florida newspaper is competing with Chicago and Los Angeles newspapers for the greatest amount of advertising in a given year; up to June the first of last year, the Florida newspaper was in the lead.

There is one town in Florida at least which has erected a home every hour from the first of January of last year up to the time this article is written. Another town, Bartow, leads the world in bank deposits; that town has \$937 for every man, woman and child in the city safely stored away in the banks of the city.

Slightly over 90 per cent. of the world's output of phosphate is mined in Florida. Only two States in the Union have a smaller State debt; Florida has a debt of 70 cents per capita, while Indiana has 11 cents and Nebraska none.

In roads, waterways, resorts, school houses, churches—who is not familiar with the amazing record of every hamlet and town in Florida along these lines? Every month brings to light new public enterprises. There seems no place to stop. The people—the families with small holdings—demand these things. Unusual and startling innovations for the benefit and enjoyment of the people at large are already completed or under way in every section of the State.

This has but one meaning. There is a solid basis for Florida prosperity. With a citrus crop which never totals less than fifteen million boxes, and last year sold for over forty-five million dollars; with thousands of acres of tomatoes,

watermelons, lettuce, celery, peppers, potatoes, beets, cabbage and what not; with railroads hauling sixty cars a day of fruits and vegetables in the winter season when the remainder of the United States is shivering under ice and a blanket of snow—these things can have but one meaning.

There is a reason for prosperity in Florida. The plain people with small holdings are doing the everyday work and making it pay.

I have been asked repeatedly two questions: when will the boom stop? And, what rule should govern buyers?

This reminds me of the saying of the aged negro, who was watching with increasing trepidation the financial pyramiding of his dusky son, who had started out with a farm which had cost \$520 and had ended up with \$5,200 in money in the bank. "Dat boy Rufe of mine, he's plum crazy. He's got so much money it scares me, jes' scares me awful. But Rufe—Rufe is sholy hard to scare with money." This upward climb of values in Florida, with its attendant prosperity will not stop until people become fearful of the money they have invested or come to their senses as to the real value of the returns expected. I've noticed that people are "hard to scare with money."

IT SEEMS appropriate to answer the question: when will the Florida boom stop? by reversing the figure. "Tell me: when a hungry hound is after a nice fat rabbit, when will he quit chasing him? He'll chase him till the rabbit darts into his hole, and then the dog probably will dig uselessly for some time."

This boom will last until the lands of this State reach the man who takes his title and crawls into his hole. That is, takes title and goes to work on the land, making his purchase an investment within which he can make his brains and work bring him returns. Or in the case of the wealthy, until someone takes title and builds a mansion, or an apartment house or a large hotel or a department store. Even after the land reaches the ultimate user, the profit-hungry real-estate speculators will stand about for some time and wonder what can be done to cause the property to make at least one more turnover.

There are numerous signs that much of the land already has reached the ultimate buyer. When any considerable amount of this land is withdrawn from the market by sane and hard-working people, the upheaval in values will begin to abate. Needless to say, in a number of quarters the upheaval has abated already. Or perhaps I should say, the upheaval has solidified like a volcano high up in the air, for while trading has ceased, the trading ceased at a very high price. The price will remain for all time, in all probability.

In my opinion, the boom will not stop suddenly. When a landslide starts down a mountain side, it gathers speed steadily. Then it stops in a heap when the canyon is reached. On the other hand, when a ball is thrown up a slope, the speed is greatest at the start; gradually momentum is lost. Finally the ball rolls to a stop. Slowly. Gradually.

The boom in Florida may be said to be still in hand. That is, the greatest momentum has not been reached. When it leaves the projecting machine, it will be carried by its own momentum for some time. It will move more slowly, it is true. But it will move. Gradually, with more and more infrequent fits and starts, it will lose power. Slowly it will come to a more or less nervous standstill.

In this sense, the boom never will stop. There always has been trading in real estate; there will continue to be dealings in realty holdings. Even when the present fever abates, there will be men who have their vision and who have the money to make it into a reality.

For twelve years I have lived in Florida. I have seen thousands of realty deals. It is a fact that just now I can not remember ever to have heard of a man who has lost money in real estate in Florida, if he has had the money to hold his purchases. I am certain that I never have known of such a case. Where losses have occurred, it has been in the purchase of a high-priced piece of property by a small payment, when the purchaser failed to have resources sufficient to make the next few payments.

I see no reason to discard this rule, even with  
(Continued on page 71)



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## What's the Matter With Florida?

(Continued from page 68)

prices reaching high figures, as at present. More money is required to make a deal now, but the rule still holds good.

There is only one feature that can hurt this state. A money stringency throughout the United States would hurt Florida. If the people generally should find it impossible to pay good figures for Florida products, such as citrus fruit, lumber, naval store products, phosphate, fuller's earth, and the like, then Florida real estate would feel the jolt. Even then, the elastic system of the federal government of handling bank paper would minimize the effect of the jolt.

This explains the answer to the second question: what rule should govern buyers? Which answer, in fine, is none so difficult to answer. Successful dealers in Florida real estate for years have followed the following rule: buy water front or golf course property, near growing towns and on a highway, or buy land which is naturally rich, high or successfully drained.

This rule in many instances is modified by local conditions, but speaking broadly it is a safe rule to follow. Where a purchaser is an individual of great financial strength, or a realty corporation with immense resources, it has been possible to create favorable features where none existed at the time of the purchase. Down on the east coast, a certain company put in its own drainage system and returns from the sale of land have been fabulously large. Golf courses of great beauty and sporting attractiveness have been built in very unlikely places. Highways have been built to connect with the trunk lines. Even railroads have been built.

Small buyers or holders of small properties cannot undertake such expense. The rule then must be applied. Buy water front or golf course property, near some growing town or on a through highway.

Location is everything in Florida, as elsewhere. If land be naturally rich, but far removed from the towns or highways, it will bring the price of good farming land. If it be barren as a desert but located near some large lake or the ocean, its price will make the unsophisticated gasp.

There are many kinds of real estate in Florida, but only one good kind—locality. Farming property is higher priced when favorably located. It draws a better class of farmers; it is better tilled and brings better results. People who never have been in Florida should beware of buying a pig in a poke. The same sound common-sense that makes decisions in Iowa and Washington should govern investments in Florida. With cool judgment and a broad outlook it is possible to make money in great amounts in Florida. The last bargain has not been bought. There are corner lots to be had to-day, as formerly. And the increase in value is far more rapid.

Investors will find a tendency in Florida that is entirely new. The drift of realty affairs is toward the larger towns and cities. There will be several large cities in Florida within the next two generations. The cities will spread out. The residence districts will reach for many miles. Along these residence districts business streets will converge. It must be remembered that the first decision of the investor is whether he wishes city property or farming property. If city property is wanted, due allowance must be made for the rapid spread of the larger towns and cities.

If farming property is wanted, the same consideration must govern.

There are farmers in this state who have retired with millions within the last year. They are the men who located on farms near the cities and held on. They farmed their lands and lived within their incomes. In many cases they made money as the years went on. The towns grew around their farms. Still they held on. Finally the land became so valuable that it was turned into gold and interest bearing securities. The farmers became millionaires.

This is quite possible to repeat. In fact it is  
(Continued on Page 72)



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## What's the Matter With Florida?

(Continued from page 71)

being repeated. For Florida towns are growing with amazing rapidity. There isn't a good town in Florida that does not have a building program of at least a million a year. One of the cities had a building program of sixty million in the month of July of last year. Sixty million for one month! These figures mean more territory. More and more territory. The wise investor will buy in the line of development and wait a few years.

There is plenty of room, I observe, for the small land holder in Florida. The state has approximately thirty-seven million acres, while less than three million acres are in cultivation. There are twelve acres lying idle, waiting for the plow and tractor, for every acre that is being tilled. Yet the net return per acre in Florida last year was higher than any other agricultural state. Celery land yields a thousand dollars an acre in good years and a fair return generally. Potatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, water-melons all bring good prices.

Farming in Florida is a highly specialized variety. While a certain amount of cotton, corn and tobacco is grown, the greatest returns by far are those secured from the cultivation of tomatoes, celery and the like. Not less than \$435,000,000 worth of cultivated products were sold from the less than three million acres last year.

The small land holder has a good chance in Florida. It will sooner or later be a state of small land holders. It is physically impossible for a man to farm more than a few acres. One half an acre of ferns will keep any man busy all the time.

Summing up the matter, the boom in Florida is really more of an intensive development of the state's resources with a spectacular real estate campaign accompanying the growth. The sound buyer will make money in Florida this year as in every year that has passed. The foolish, slender-resourced plunger stands his chance of loss. But there is a sound reason for the demand for Florida real estate.

And last, but most important, the successful realty operator seeks proper location for his purchase and always knows that if necessary he can hold his purchase indefinitely. This combination has never been known to fail in Florida.



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The hand-cuff king opens a window in a railroad day coach



# Laugh If You Like—!



## — But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

### Pick Your INSTRUMENT

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Piano                    | 'Cello                  |
| Organ                    | Harmony and Composition |
| Violin                   | Sight Singing           |
| Drums and Traps          | Ukulele                 |
| Banjo                    | Guitar                  |
| Tenor Banjo              | Hawaiian Steel Guitar   |
| Mandolin                 | Harp                    |
| Clarinet                 | Cornet                  |
| Flute                    | Piccolo                 |
| Saxophone                | Trombone                |
| Voice and Speech Culture |                         |
| Automatic Finger Control |                         |
| Piano Accordion          |                         |

IT WAS at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"It's true, a comparatively few short months ago I didn't know one note from another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"You all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but *real notes, catchy tunes*—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

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