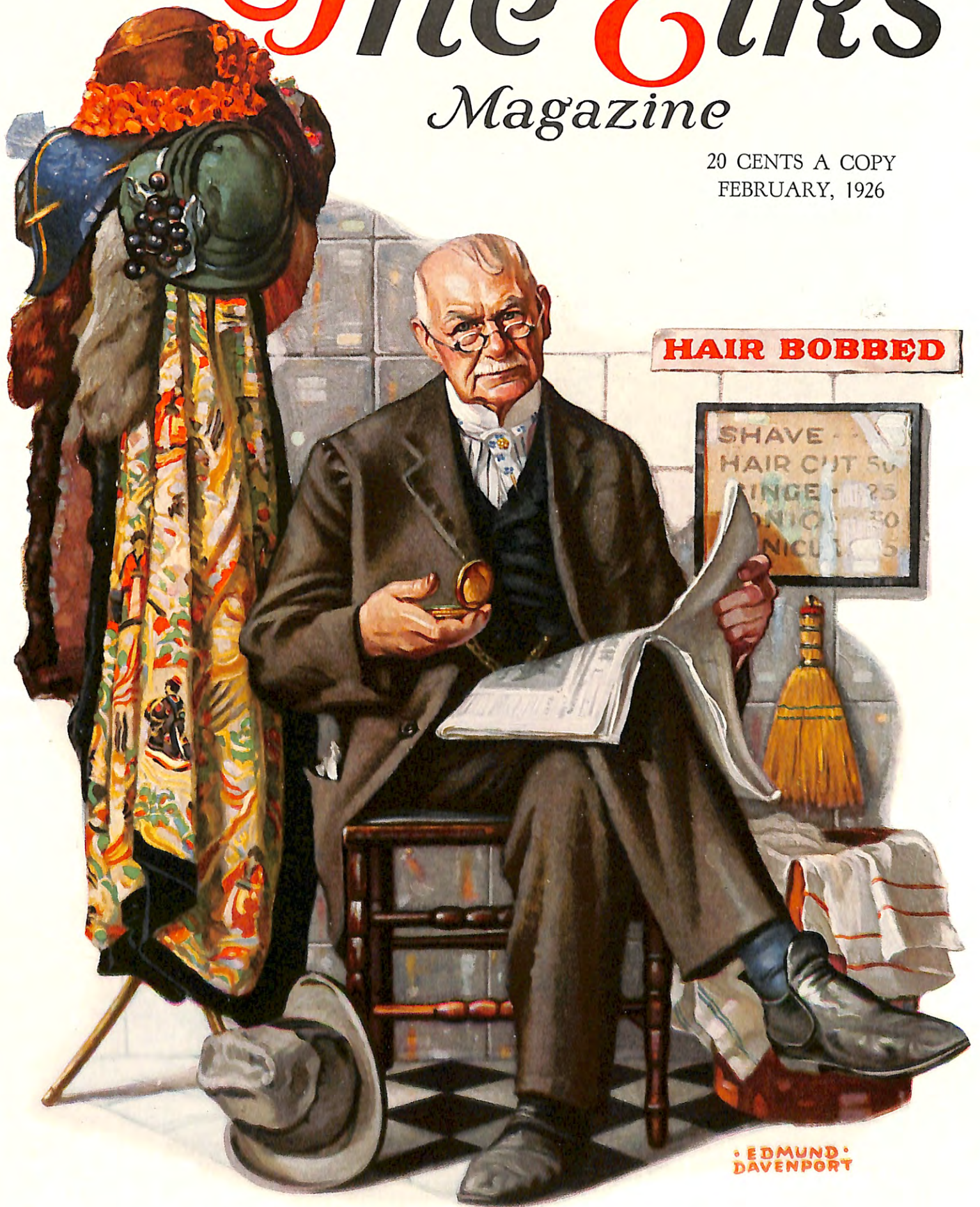


# The Elks

## Magazine

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FEBRUARY, 1926



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*This Month: Beginning a Series of Fascinating Stories by Bertram Atkey*





"I like to see a man smoke a pipe"

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# How the LaSalle Problem Method Doubles Your Salary



— Why in six months' time alone as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!



No matter what you are making now, you are interested in any plan which suggests a practical way to increase your earnings—within a comparatively short time.

There *is* such a plan—it is known as the LaSalle Problem Method—and its practical value is attested by thousands of men who have employed it to plus their native aptitude with systematic training. Read these typical experiences:

**Earns Fifty Times Cost of Training**—"I say it without boasting, and simply as a statement of fact, that I have earned more than fifty times the cost of my LaSalle training, thru special accounting work, since taking it up; and in addition my regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent, so that from a financial point of view it would seem to be a pretty fair investment."  
E. G. WILHELM, Pennsylvania.

**LaSalle Trained Him—Got Him the Job**—"To LaSalle goes the credit for training me so that I was able to turn a refusal into an acceptance, in preference to over one hundred other applicants. I cannot give too much credit to LaSalle and its Placement Department for the success of my application for this very fine position."  
E. W. DeMOTTE, New York.

**Boosts Salary 400 Per Cent**—"From the bench to the position of Superintendent in Charge of Export, with an increase of 400 per cent in salary—that is what has happened to me within a few short years. In all sincerity, I attribute my success in a very large measure to your splendid course in Business Management."  
C. C. MARTIN, Wisconsin.

**The Start of a Successful Salesman**—"I was employed by the Depot Filling Station, Inc., at \$22 per week when I enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. I am now working on Text 17. I wish to thank you for your personal assistance on some of the problems, and especially in obtaining for me my present excellent position. In the eight working days I have been with this organization, I have earned \$107.82, which not only places me in the 100% Club (by a large margin), but also proves clearly that LaSalle principles are sound."  
R. J. SHEA, Massachusetts.



When thousands and thousands of men in the United States and Canada (not to mention many hundreds in England, Australia, China and other foreign countries) choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress—when within only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members report definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507—when the average increase so reported is 89 per cent—surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an unusually sound way of securing quickly the *kind* of experience that can be *cash*ed.

It does. And here is *why*:

### You Learn By Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he

solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to *work those problems out*—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster—*by far*—than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by *solving problems*.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses in America.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering and maybe losing a job now and then, you are *coached* in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the conclusion of your training in a given branch of business, you have at your fingertips the *kind* of experience that men are willing and glad to pay real money for.

### Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

If you are in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead, you will not be content until you put this kind of training to the test—exchange it, just as thousands have done, for a bigger income.

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the *salary-doubling plan*—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's FREE.

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

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

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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 Nine

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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### The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.



“HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD”

## Excerpts From Official Circular No. 3

*Issued by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell*

*NOTE—Inasmuch as the Grand Exalted Ruler's third Official Circular bore the heading "For Elks Only," we are not at liberty to publish it in full. The following excerpts contain the points of general interest, without disclosing certain details which were intended only for Lodges and members of the Order.*

*Dallas, Texas,  
December 18, 1925*

“**L**AST July I took the oath as your Grand Exalted Ruler. I took it with great joy. I anticipated the fullest cooperation. By word of mouth and by official circular I have tried to advise you of the high ground that the Order must occupy with reference to the observation of the nation's laws. There is no middle ground that may be taken. We are either for the laws, or, we are against the laws! We are either for the Constitution, or we are against the Constitution. If we are against the Constitution, then we are living a lie, and we are pretending to love and honor the flag, and instead of being patriotic, we are wholly and entirely unpatriotic!

“Suspension of charters is not always sufficient punishment. Charters will be taken away from the law-breaking lodge when necessary to maintain the good name of the Order.

“I have suspended the charter of New York Lodge, with the consent of the Board of Grand Trustees, for a period beginning January second to January thirty-first, 1926, inclusive.

“Let me ask you—let me beg of you—to join hands in keeping our fraternity clean and law-abiding.

“The Elks must not put smut upon the flag! The Elks must not sully the Constitution! The Elks' Order must not make the dedication of the marble memorial on the shores of Lake Michigan a mockery of the dead brothers who fought for the flag, and for the Constitution, and died that both might be clean and free and emblematic of the finest land on earth!

“I have appointed B. C. Broyles of Atlanta, Georgia, District Deputy for Georgia North. I have appointed Edward J. McCrossin of Birmingham, Alabama, on the Allen Memorial Committee, vice C. E. Meglemery, deceased.”



# “His Tail Between His Legs”

*What most men would see if they could see themselves*

**M**OST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the “little-business” slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, “Now do with me as you will.”

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It is a fact that more than **550,000** people have become Pelmanists—all over the civilized world—and Pelmanism has awakened powers in them they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

Famous people all over the world advocate Pelmanism, men and women such as these:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| T. P. O'Connor, “Father of the House of Commons.” | Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board. |
| The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous novelist.   | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.                                  |



*What most men would see if they could see themselves*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.        | Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.  |
| Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.   | Baroness Orczy, Author.  |
| W. L. George, Author.   | Prince Charles of Sweden.  |

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called “Scientific Mind-Training,” has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. “It’s no use,” they will say. “It will do me no good,” they will tell themselves. “It’s all tommyrot,” others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF.** Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SELF** is strong.

**THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.

19 West 44th Street Dept. 1542 New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,

19 West 44th St., Dept. 1542  
New York City

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, “Scientific Mind Training.” This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....



Office of the

# Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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

## Final Assessment of 45c Per Capita National Memorial Headquarters Building

To All Subordinate Lodges:—

The construction of our National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago is practically completed. The art and decoration and furnishing is being carried on as directed by the Grand Lodge at its meeting held in Portland, Oregon, last July.

The original appropriation for the construction of the Building made by the Grand Lodge at the annual session held in Los Angeles, California, in 1921, was \$2,500,000. Of this amount the following assessments have been levied:

October 1, 1921	\$1.00
April 1, 1923	.65
April 1, 1925	1.00

For the purpose of completing the amount appropriated by the Grand Lodge for the construction of the Building, there is due an assessment of \$.45 per capita. Therefore, at a meeting of the Commission held September 7, 1925, the following resolution was adopted:

*"Pursuant to authority conferred by the Grand Lodge, the National Memorial Headquarters Commission does hereby levy upon each Subordinate Lodge of the Order, a final assessment of forty-five cents for each member upon its rolls on April 1, 1926, for the remainder of the original appropriation of \$2,500,000 made by the Grand Lodge for the construction of the National Memorial Headquarters Building. The said assessment is hereby made payable, through the office of the Grand Secretary, on or before May 1, 1926, at the same time and in the same manner as Grand Lodge dues are payable."*

This Circular, therefore, will be notice to each Subordinate Lodge of the said assessment.

While the Commission was given authority by the Grand Lodge to levy an assessment of not more than \$1.00 per capita in each calendar year for this purpose, no assessments were levied for the calendar years 1922 and 1924. Since the Grand Lodge voted its appropriation for the Building, July 1921, three assessments have been made, aggregating two dollars and sixty-five cents (\$2.65) per capita, which averages for the five-year period but fifty-three cents per capita per year.

For the information of the Subordinate Lodges, and through no anticipation that penalties will be incurred, they are hereby advised that failure to pay an assessment levied by the Commission, will subject them to the same penalties that apply for failure to pay any other debt due the Grand Lodge.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL  
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION.

JOHN K. TENER, Chairman,  
JOSEPH T. FANNING, Secretary.

50 East Forty-second Street  
New York, N. Y., January 2, 1926



# Personalities and Appreciations

## Introducing Prosper Fair

**I**N THIS issue you will find the first of the series of stories by Bertram Atkey, noted English writer, announced on this page last month. The series, as a whole, is entitled "Down the Wander-Ways with Prosper Fair." The first story is called "Prosper Goes to the Circus."

We hope sincerely you will like Prosper Fair and the stories in which he is the principal figure. We think he is an extraordinarily likable character as well as an extraordinary one.

You will come across fights in these stories, but not blood-and-thunder. Prosper Fair is one of those persons who, though normally gentle, carries—to coin a phrase—a knockout wallop in both mitts. In other words, he's a demon when he's roused. But he is not one of those people who go around looking for trouble, or picking fights for the fun of it. It merely happens that in his random wanderings he stumbles into troubles, the troubles of others, and takes it upon himself to eradicate them. If this can be done by the use of tact and moral suasion, those are the weapons he uses. He is essentially kind, but if fists seem to be necessary, Prosper does not hesitate to bring his into action.

Bertram Atkey has a genial way of writing which makes for easy reading. His observation is shrewd, his imagination ingenious and his humor penetrating, though not acidulous. Read the first of his new stories, in this issue, and you will surely want to read those which are to follow.

## Ever See a Railroad Policeman?

**H**AVE you ever traveled on trains? Then look at this:

"—the railroad policeman was near you during the trip. If you spent a night on a sleeping-car, he walked past you more than once while you were resting. He was sitting beside you in the day coach the morning you made that two-hour expedition up country. He was watching you closely when you set down your suitcase to buy your ticket in the big metropolitan terminal. For there was, curiously enough, another individual watching you at the same time. A well-known baggage thief, who liked the looks of your bag, was waiting in line right behind you for an opportunity to grab it. The only reason he didn't was because he knew something you were unaware of; that the crack man of the station force was watching him from across the floor."

That is part of the beginning of an article in this issue telling of a side of railroading to which you have probably given little, if any, thought: The Railroad Police. John R. Tunis wrote it especially for this magazine, and we commend it to your attention.

## Baseball Fans, Ahoy!

**W.** O. MCGEEHAN, famous Sports Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and one of the most widely enjoyed writers on sports in this country to-day, is working on the biography of one of the most popular figures in organized baseball. The story, which will begin in an early number of this publication, is of one of the few men now living who has risen from the play-

ing ranks to the presidency of a major-league club. Everybody knows him, respects him and likes him. His memories go back to the early days of baseball. We can't think of any person in the game whose personality and whose wealth of recollections could hold more of interest than those of this man. Nor can we think of any writer better qualified to write about him than McGeehan. We won't tell you now who the subject of the biography is—but don't fail to watch for further announcements. Coming soon.

## Where Are You Going This Summer?

**T**O CHICAGO, of course, in July, to attend the Grand Lodge reunion and the dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. But after that, on the way home, where are you going? We have a lot of National Parks, you know, in which the scenic beauties rival any that can be found abroad. If you've never been in one of the National Parks, or taken your family through one, you owe it to yourself and to them to do so. It's a liberal education. And, speaking of National Parks, did you know that there is a new one, a surpassingly beautiful new one? Henry Irving Dodge, well-known writer, went there for us last year, when it was first opened by the Government, to see it and describe it for you. It is called Zion National Park. Mr. Dodge says, in this article, that its wonders are utterly beyond description. But he gives you an inspiring picture of them just the same. "All Aboard for Zion" will be published very soon. After you have read it, and looked at the marvelous pictures that will accompany it, we have a hunch that you will have an answer for the question at the head of this paragraph. Bear in mind one fact: the memory of what you see on such a trip will linger long after the cost has been forgotten.

## Other Good Things Coming

**T**HOSE of you who have been with us from the start may remember a football story we published some time ago—one of the best ever written—called "Goliath." It evoked praise even from the sports writers, who, when it comes to football and baseball fiction, are, to put it bluntly, hard-boiled. The author of "Goliath" was Dana Burnet, who has written very few stories that were not unusually good. He wrote one recently entitled, "The Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat." It will appear in THE ELKS MAGAZINE very shortly.

Lawrence Perry has long been a favorite in the field of sport. He has written many exciting stories for us. There's a new one coming soon: "His Father's Son." For all golfers, good or bad.

Arthur Chapman writes of the West with the understanding of one who knows it thoroughly. Look for his article, "Sheep and Sheep Men," in an early issue.

Gerald Beaumont, who needs no introduction to you, says that the private lives of public characters are more interesting than their public achievements. Read "My Chums, the Cops," appearing soon, in which he proves his contention.

And keep your eye on THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the next few months. It is going to be better than ever.



# Down the Wander-Ways *with* Prosper Fair

## CHAPTER I

THE Duke of Devizes, that whimsical young "eccentric" with whom we shall all feel so much more comfortable if we give him at once his favorite pseudonym "Prosper Fair"—a self-made selection from among his many Christian names—turned from the window of his study at Derehurst Castle, smiled to himself, nodded a little nod, lit a cigarette, and spoke to a small, shabby, black-and-white semi-terrier wearing only three good legs, that was lying on a rug close by.

"Plutus!"

The dog arose rapidly and slung himself three-leggedly at his proprietor.

"Are you for the road again? Shall we arise, gird ourselves up, issue forth and see life again?"

The semi-terrier agitated his semi-tail wagsomely.

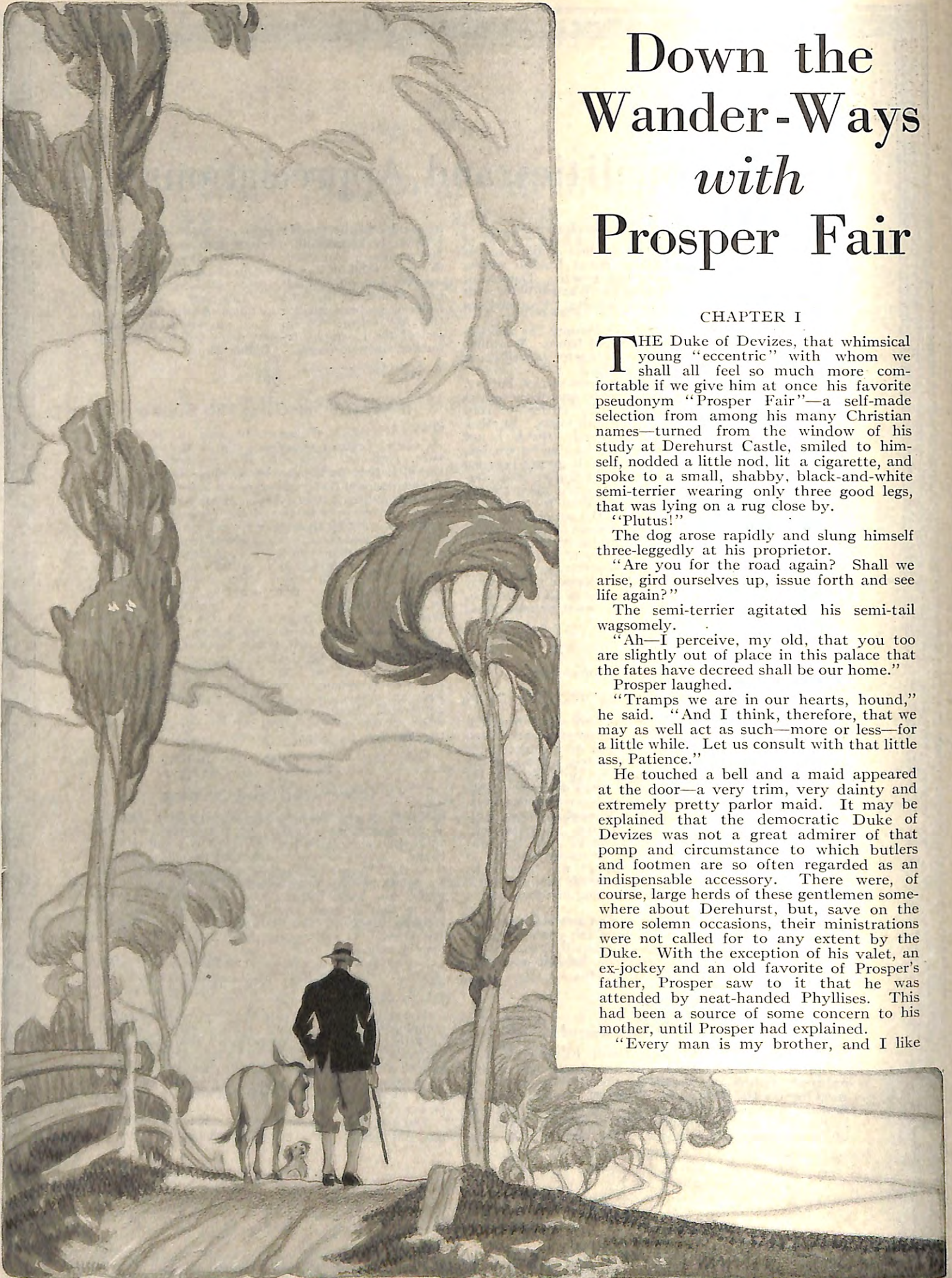
"Ah—I perceive, my old, that you too are slightly out of place in this palace that the fates have decreed shall be our home."

Prosper laughed.

"Tramps we are in our hearts, hound," he said. "And I think, therefore, that we may as well act as such—more or less—for a little while. Let us consult with that little ass, Patience."

He touched a bell and a maid appeared at the door—a very trim, very dainty and extremely pretty parlor maid. It may be explained that the democratic Duke of Devizes was not a great admirer of that pomp and circumstance to which butlers and footmen are so often regarded as an indispensable accessory. There were, of course, large herds of these gentlemen somewhere about Derehurst, but, save on the more solemn occasions, their ministrations were not called for to any extent by the Duke. With the exception of his valet, an ex-jockey and an old favorite of Prosper's father, Prosper saw to it that he was attended by neat-handed Phyllises. This had been a source of some concern to his mother, until Prosper had explained.

"Every man is my brother, and I like





## Prosper Goes to the Circus—First Episode in the Wanderings of a Modern Knight Errant

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige

him, mother. More, I frequently admire him," he had said. "But he is not so soothing as my sisters. Why should I be waited upon by a stout person, probably a little bald, who breathes heavily, has flat feet, large red hands, and, sometimes, has a slightly glazed expression in his eyes? Why, mother, should I suffer such things when, for rather less money, I can be administered to by pretty little ladies—gentle, kind, light-footed, with neat hands and fingers and soft voices. They don't breathe heavily at me, and their voices are not husky. And I like them. It is perfectly natural, isn't it? Think of it—large, winey butlers and big footmen, beer-drinkers in secret, *versus* neat little ladies! Come, mother—to quote the raucous financial experts of the Rings, it is quite obviously a hundred to eight against the butlers and footmen!"

The Duchess let it go at that.

Hence the trim maid that answered the Duke's ring—a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed vision in black and snowy white. Prosper smiled.

"Do you think you could persuade Mr. Binns to employ some one to find Patience and send her to me, Rosalie?" he asked.

Mr. Binns was the "main" butler.

"Oh, yes, Your Grace," smiled Rosalie.

"Mr. Binns won't be cross with me, will he, Rosalie?" continued Prosper, playfully.

"Oh, no, Your Grace."

"Thank you, Rosalie. How is your sweetheart?"

"Quite well, thank you, Your Grace," blushed Rosalie.

"Give him my compliments and good wishes when you write to him. Tell him, from me, that Rosalie is looking quite charming."

"Oh! thank you, Your Grace!"

"Not at all, Rosalie. Do you think they would send me a cup of coffee if you asked them?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, Your Grace."

"Don't let Mr. Binns know—he would be so annoyed. He thinks that if a Duke has the misfortune to be thirsty and a little depressed at eleven o'clock in the morning he should drink a bottle of champagne with half a tumbler of liqueur brandy in it, just to clear his head and brace him up. I don't think much of that, Rosalie, do you?"

"Oh, no, Your Grace!" Rosalie looked perfectly horrified.

"You will do the very best you can for me, won't you?"

"Yes, Your Grace?"

And Rosalie tripped out.

"Pretty little thing," murmured Prosper absently, to Plutus. "You know, Plutus, my son, these little blondes are simply entrancing."

Plutus grinned. *He* admired Rosalie, also—she always had a sharp eye out for a good bone for Plutus, which was more than Mr. Binns had.

Dukes are rarely, if ever, troubled with the servant question, so that almost immediately there entered to Prosper another perfectly bewitching parlormaid, bearing a tray with a cup of coffee. She was tall, slim, graceful, dark—a positively startling brunette, in short.

"Your Grace's coffee," she murmured in rich contralto accents.

*Sometimes there would come into my mind the thoughts of long lonely roads under a blue sky and a bright sun—running endlessly across the wide moors*





"Thank you Marian, thank you. It is very kind of you. I am sure I give a great deal of trouble, don't I?"

"Oh, no, Your Grace." Marian turned a pair of great dark eyes upon him, smiling gravely.

"Ah! You only say that because you have such a kind disposition, Marian!"

"Oh, no, Your Grace." Marian flushed darkly. "If I may say so, we are all very glad to serve Your Grace."

Prosper smiled.

"Then you shall put in the sugar, Marian. How many lumps shall I have—one or two or lots?"

"Your Grace usually takes one!"

"So I do, Marian, so I do. One, then, please."

MARIAN deftly added the sugar and murmuring a well-trained "Thank you, Your Grace!" moved quietly to the door.

"Thank you, Marian," said the Duke. "And—Marian!"

"Yes, Your Grace." The dark-eyed girl turned.

"Don't tell Mr. Binns, will you?"

"Certainly not, Your Grace!"

Prosper sipped his coffee, gazing at Plutus.

"After all, old chap, there is much to be said for brunettes, you know," he observed.

Plutus wagged his tail, rakishly, like one who has been a rare dog in his day.

Then somebody opened the door and a wise, little, silver-gray head appeared. It was Patience, Prosper's donkey—sedate and trim, coming in so gently that her tiny, beautifully polished hoofs made not the slightest sound on the thick, costly carpet. She, too, was looking charming—she had been clipped and cleaned until for general niceness and daintiness no lady's pet Peke could have outrivaled her. She moved like one who is accustomed to her surroundings and perfectly at ease indoors.

She stopped half-way across to Prosper, and looked at him with gentle eyes.

Plutus greeted her with a friendly yelp.

Prosper, however, did not smile. Instead he adopted an expression of some severity.

"Who—" he said to the little ass, "who

has been in the orchard again, hunting for fallen apples?"

Patience blushed—at least her ears drooped slightly lower, which amounts to the same thing. She gulped and surveyed Prosper wistfully, with rather guilty eyes.

"Who, if they are presently afflicted with the stomach-ache, will have to have physic introduced into their systems by the horse leech, and not be able to come with Plutus and me—when we go wandering again," said Prosper solemnly.

The ears drooped still lower—just as the underlip of a little scolded child droops.

Then Prosper laughed.

"Don't look so unhappy, my pretty one—I was only joking," he said.

Instantly there was a tidal wave of relief in that funny room. Plutus dashed himself, with a total disregard for the safety of his legs, at Prosper and Patience moved forward and rubbed her head against his coat.

"Very well, then," said Prosper, and produced a letter. "Now, listen to me, both of you. I do not doubt that you feel this proposal to haunt and infest again the high-ways and byways to be planned in haste. I feel that myself," he confessed.

"But a word in your ears, my olds—it is an escape rather than a setting-out! You see, I dreamed a dream last night—and it sent a rush of restlessness to my feet. How did that happen, do you ask, Patience? Listen. Dining with my mother last evening in town her conversation showed more than a tendency to drift toward the duty of young men toward fair maids. She spoke of marriage, comrades. By me! And she spoke well—even movingly—her arguments were weighty, well-reasoned and clearly inspired by her often proved affection for an unworthy son. Being a fair-minded man I was inclined to agree with her. I promised to consider the matter which in her anxious concern for my welfare she rather pressed. A name was mentioned, my young friends—the name of a great lady, fair indeed to look upon, wealthy beyond any man's wildest need, and the queen of many a social triumph. So beautiful that she is adored by legions. We shall call her Lady Sylvia, little ones."

He sighed a little, sipping his coffee.

"Yet no string vibrated in my deep heart to the name of this gracious lady, and I came home to dream a dream."

He paused, musing.

"This was the way of it, my olds! There was a perilous something behind the veils of that night's dreamland which reached out a strong, slender hand and coaxed me into the midst of a Pink Mist wherein awaited a great wheel, glittering and glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, and yet more. Those soft strong hands drew me unresistingly to the interior of this wonderful wheel, and the most wonderful voice in all dreamland said, 'Spin, little one, spin.' And I fidgeted with my feet and lo! the wheel spun beautifully all in the Pink Mist, and the Something said dreamily, almost like a low, exquisite singing, 'how splendidly he spins.' And I said 'Yes, do I not?' and smiled a little sheepishly and continued to spin! It was nice and warm and soft and sheltered in the Pink Mist—except every now and then when a sort of little lightning flash would 'zizz' out of the dreamy mist—very rarely missing me. . . . And that was how it went forever and forever and I rarely desired to quit the region of Pink Mist—except sometimes when, as I spun my wheel, there would come into my mind the thoughts of long lonely roads under a blue sky and a bright sun—running endlessly across wide, open moors, through dark, magic woodlands, or by the side of a sunlit, tossing sea; or, even more poignant, the smell of canvas and leather and dust and wood smoke and turf would come to me and a wistfulness that was like pain! . . . Even the lovely voice out of the Pink Mist could not quite allay it—and it was upon me when I awoke!"

HE STOPPED short, then smiled at his friends.

"Now—was that a pre-taste of marriage with the Lady Sylvia or was it no more than an after-taste of the lobster mayonnaise. . . . I wonder."

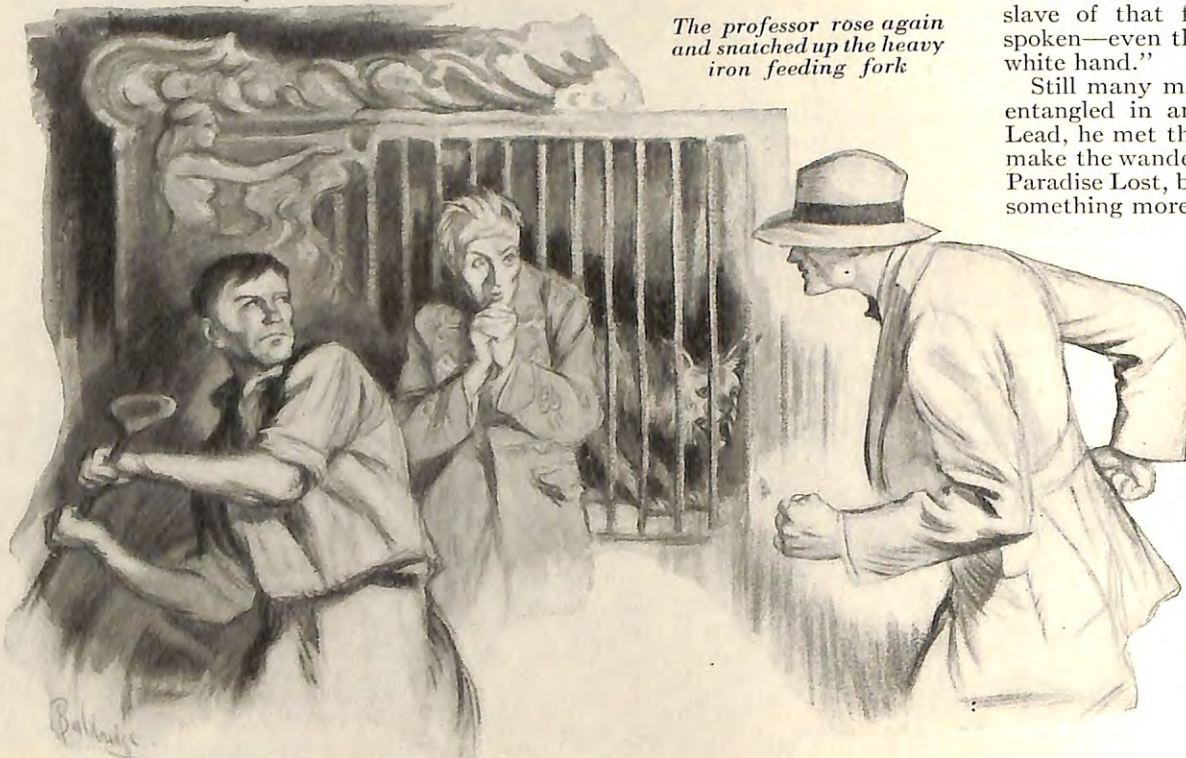
He began to roll a cigarette, laughing a little.

"Phantasies by Prosper, my olds," he said, blowing a blue plume. "No more than that. Forget it—or remember only that I am ever the humble admirer, the devoted slave of that fair lady of whom I have spoken—even though I do not aspire to her white hand."

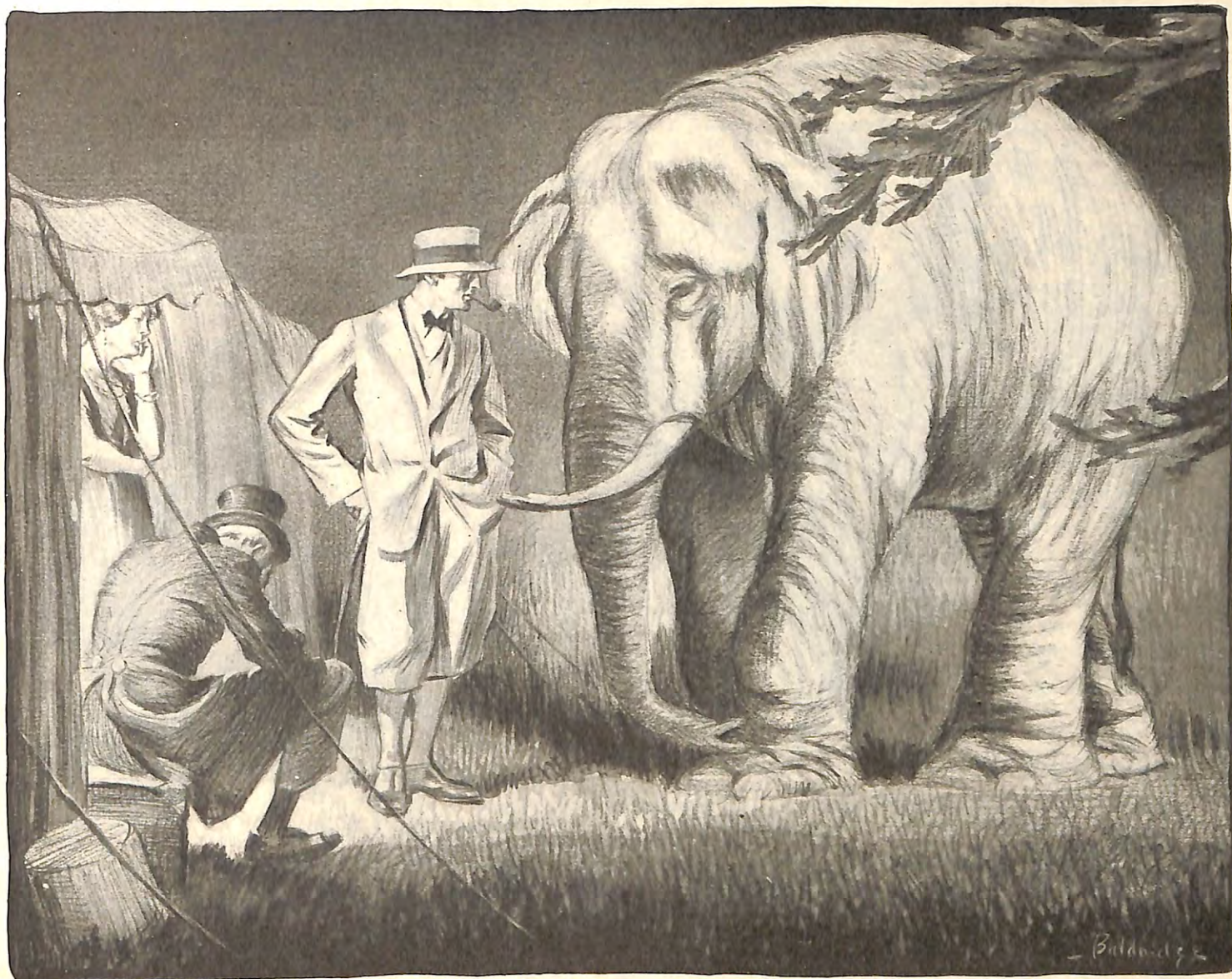
Still many months were to elapse before, entangled in an affair with a Pyramid of Lead, he met that one who was destined to make the wander-ways seem rather less than Paradise Lost, but the Pink Mist of marriage something more than Paradise Regained.

"So you, Patience, and you, Plutus, and I will have a caravan and go and drift down the wander-ways again for a little. Just tramps, you know, as we have been before. Too much wallowing at Derehurst is not good for us, my young friends. We get fat in our bodies and fat in our souls and arrogant and lazy, too, and we think too much of things we like—apples in the orchard and bones from the kitchen and things like that. We must fare forth, little ones, and mix with our fellow dukes, dogs and donkeys and the rest of the world."

The professor rose again and snatched up the heavy iron feeding fork







*"I love that old bull, Mr. Pilgrim . . . He ain't in good condition but he only wants feeding up and light work to get him right. . ."* The old man went mumbling on

He paused a moment, contemplatively.

"I see you agree with me, Patience, and you are a good little ass. Plutus is not so sure—he is a wallower—but it is two to one, and he will jolly well have to do as he's told—" he broke off to invite the person who had just deposited a discreet knock upon the door to enter.

The door opened in a suave, bland, urbane manner. All doors opened like this when Mr. Binns, the butler, operated their mechanisms. A large, smooth-shaven, baldish gentleman, very rubicund, and with surprisingly generous feet, entered—Mr. Binns, lord of the Derehurst Castle cellars. He advanced to the Duke, throwing off, with rare skill, an impression of deferential dignity, of dignified deference. There was in his slightly protuberant and rather dull eyes a faint expression of excitement.

"Your Grace?" he said, in mellow, fruity accents.

"Speak, Binns," said Prosper cheerfully.

"I have the privilege of 'aving to inform Your Grace of a very surprising and, if I may say so, pleasant discovery this morning," announced Mr. Binns. It was interesting to note how deliberately Binns dropped an occasional "h." It was as noticeable as if the aspirate had fallen with a dull thud upon the carpet. In the inmost recesses of his soul Mr. Binns was very proud of his talent in this direction. He was not a badly educated man and he could

have spoken as good English as the Duke if not with quite so irreproachable an accent. But he would not have dreamed of doing so.

"Indeed, my Binns. What is it?"

"The port laid down by His Grace, the Seventh Duke, your Grace's grandfather—if I may remind Your Grace—has matured and is now Ready for Drinking!" said Mr. Binns in that quiet, restrained but tense manner which is so much more effective than mere dramatic noisiness.

**P**ROSPER, checking an inclination to laugh at the extraordinary gravity of Mr. Binns's face upon this momentous occasion, nodded gravely.

"This is indeed a discovery, Binns," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, Your Grace. I had expected it to take at least another four and a half years. My late father, Your Grace, left a note behind him to that effect also. But, in many respects, port is an 'ighly perverse wine—'ighly perverse and subject to contrariness, Your Grace. But, if I may use the expression, we have caught this pipe of wine fairly on the 'op, Your Grace!"

"What luck, Binns!"

"Very fortunate, Your Grace," agreed Binns. "But I—and my late father before me—'ave watched over it very close, Your Grace, subjecting it to Frequent Scrutiny, and caring for it like a child," he added with modest pride.

"I am sure you have, Binns, I am sure you have. And now, what shall we do with it?"

"Your Grace?" Mr. Binns looked puzzled and a little startled.

"What shall we do with it?"

"Do with it? Pardon me, Your Grace, I don't quite understand."

"To what use shall we put it, my dear Binns?"

Mr. Binns opened his mouth, shut it, blinked twice, shook his head, held his breath, opened his mouth again, re-shut it and, finally, looked Prosper squarely in the eyes.

"Why, Your Grace," he said firmly, "It should be Carefully Drunk! It is ready, Your Grace," he continued in an explanatory tone.

Prosper looked thoughtful.

"There is something in what you say, Binns. Decidedly there is. You had better divide two-thirds of it into six parts and send one part to each of six hospitals whose names I will give you presently—"

Mr. Binns went white.

"**B**UT—pardon me, Your Grace—" he said, visibly discomposed, "it is probably the finest port in the United Kingdom!"

"That is very fortunate, Binns, my friend—for the hospital idea is probably one of the finest ideas in our social system," smiled Prosper. Binns gulped.

(Continued on page 72)





*You May See These Men, But You Don't Know It  
Yet They're Watching Over You All the Time*

## Railroad Police

By John R. Tunis

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

**N**EVER saw a railroad policeman? Well, I'm not surprised at that. Probably few of your billion one hundred thousand fellow passengers—that's the number the roads of the country transported last year—ever saw one either. But the betting is somewhere around eight hundred and sixty-eight and a half to one that a great many railroad policemen have seen you!

Presuming, of course, that at some period of your life you have journeyed on trains in this extensive land. If you have, the railroad policeman was near you during the trip. If you spent a night on a sleeping car, he walked past you more than once while you were resting—or trying to rest, as the case may be. He was sitting beside you in the day coach the morning you made that two-hour expedition up country. He was watching you closely when you set down your suitcase to buy your ticket in the big metropolitan terminal. For there was, curiously enough, another individual watching you at the same time. A well-known baggage thief who liked the looks of your bag was waiting in line right behind you for an opportunity to grab it. The only reason he didn't was because he knew something you were unaware of; that the crack man of the station force was watching him from across the floor. You took your bag and walked casually away, unconscious of the fact that you came near playing the leading rôle in a tragedy. There are several million travelers in that

same position every month in this country.

Yes, each American railroad system has a police department. Sometimes it is a small one, sometimes it is larger than the police departments of a good many cities; in efficiency and results as you will see it takes second place to no municipal force in the United States. A quick-thinking, quick-working bunch, these men whose business is the protecting of the railroad tourist and his goods by night and by day, in fair weather and weather not quite so fair. They must be quick thinkers, they must be quick workers, quick with their wits and their guns or they are useless for railroad duty. And here, according to Chief J. D. Roosa, who from his headquarters in the New York Central Building disposes of a force of eight hundred—the second largest railroad force in the country—is the ideal man for the dangerous job on the company's right of way.

"First of all he must be young," said the Chief. "Then he must be strong, courageous, with lots of initiative. Our men work alone, in dark freight yards or on trains at night. They must learn to depend on themselves. The ideal man for us is the State trooper, because our work is like theirs, individual. Beats are lonely often, dangerous always."

"Who make the best material?"

"Farmer boys, usually. They are for the most part fearless. Of course we have to know all about any applicant—we investigate each one for ten years past."

"Do you get many men from city forces?"

"No," answered the Chief. "Because as a rule their work is so different from ours that they would seldom fit into our organization. The city policeman works on lighted streets, near telephones, where a whistle will bring help in a minute. Our men often have to be alone, without any aid. They must depend on themselves and their wits. And their guns."

**T**HEN the Chief showed me something of a modern police department and their methods of training raw material. Organized along the lines of an efficient police force, with regulation headquarters, officers on duty in three shifts, riot guns in the corner ready for action, repeaters in the racks, there was a complete layout for the catching of the criminal on trains or railroad property. There were schools for finger-printing, for memory-training, there was a rogues' gallery with pictures of several hundred crooks whose faces must be known by the company officers. Each year the department from top to bottom goes through a course of shooting under the road's special instructor. They practise hitting both standing and moving targets. They shoot from a stand-



ing, sitting, kneeling and running position. They fire turning around, they fire lying down, they fire after picking the gun from the ground. Each man must qualify. Each man does qualify. In the Chief's office is a ledger system by which every break, every robbery, every confidence game or theft is known about in detail and entered twenty-four hours or less after it takes place. There is also a card catalogue with the name of every one of the four thousand criminals arrested by the road in 1924, and what became of each one after they were turned over to the civil authorities. Do you wonder this company alone cut down claims from theft on its lines from \$153,977 in 1923 to \$73,255 in 1924?

Now I am going to take you inside and show you just why it is you never noticed these men—for few of them wear uniforms of any sort. I am going to show you how a force like this one operates, what makes the railroad policeman feared by crooks and dips and criminals of all sorts, and how they manage to secure such wonderful results. For your modern railroad police force is divided into several divisions as is the large city force. There is the pickpocket squad working mostly on local trains and around the terminals in the big cities. There is the road squad which works day and night on the limited through trains of the line. There is a gang of uniformed men for special duty many of whom you can see in blue uniforms around the city stations and there is the freight protection squad who spend their time on freight trains and in yards watching the goods of shippers entrusted to the care of the company while in transit. Besides there is in most forces a squad of men in the office of the Chief who are only sent out in emergencies; a roving squad handling only special breaks or trouble caused by some large robbery—the corps d'élite of the railroad police, the sharpest brains on the force put only on the most difficult cases.

The pickpocket squad because of the nature of its work has the kind of duty

nearest to that of the average city policeman. Stationed mostly in and around the large terminals they come into touch with the "dip" the "ducket" the "crying widow," the "wire," the "creeper," and the con man of various sorts. Their job it is to protect the traveler from the baggage thief and confidence man who used to infest the large stations of our big railroads. I say, "used to infest," advisedly. The big city terminals are now so well policed that as a rule crooks avoid them. Thanks to the station detectives, the Grand Central Terminal in New York is called "Death's Kitchen" by local crooks. It is considered the best policed acre of territory on this continent, in spite of the fact that at certain hours of the day it is one of the most thickly populated acres in this country's most populated city. If for any reason a pickpocket is obliged to enter the station, he keeps his hands in the safest place—his own pockets and not any one else's. He is under surveillance and knows the safest way of keeping off that railroad policeman who with a coat thrown over one arm and a bag at his feet is negligently lounging in that corner over there by the telephone booths. He looks like a passenger waiting for the Twentieth Century to be made up, and the chances are he will board that train and ride to Buffalo if he sees any suspicious character going on also.

Now part of the job of the terminal man is spotting the thief before he gets through the gate. Obviously if crooks can be prevented from going on trains, the task of the men en route is vastly lighter and the general public just that much better safeguarded. That's the reason train gates are so closely watched. And the railroad man must also, whenever possible, outwit the thief who makes a business of going through trains in stations. A certain class of thieves get away with bags and suit-cases by buying a ticket for the train's first stop and so getting through the gate, or sneaking around to another gate and so working up to the limited train. Then they go through the Pullmans, and when they observe a passenger outside waiting for the departure by taking a smoke on the platform, they pick up his bag

and walk into the next car. Just as the train pulls out they drop off. This man is the species of baggage thief.

His great trick, however, is picking up baggage beside a passenger in the station who is buying a ticket, reading a newspaper, or just waiting for trains. Sometimes he picks it up himself, more often he calls a porter, tells him to take it, and then walks off outside to a taxi followed by the porter with some one else's suit-case. Obviously if caught there is no charge that can be made. A mistake has happened. Probably he has left his own worthless bag at your feet. Profuse apologies. You half believe him. You do not wish to prosecute a gentleman who looks like the president of a steel corporation. The bag is all you want, and if you get it back you're satisfied.

That's one of the trials of the railroad policeman as it is of the municipal force. Sometimes, of course, prosecution doesn't get far. As in the case of "Sixty-Cent" Fleming. The railroad man who told me about Fleming walked down to the street with me from the company offices and in five minutes showed me this famous character on a near-by corner. He is well known to every policeman of every kind; but nothing much can be done to him because of his way of working. For he is always sixty cents short of the price of a ticket. Invariably some kind-hearted traveler in the line hands him the sixty cents, or more likely still, gives him a dollar bill. Fleming has made as much as a hundred a day in these small sums, and because he only gets petty amounts can only be sent up for vagrancy which means a small fine or a few days in jail.

FLEMING is a confidence man in a small way, for despite every effort of the railroad force the confidence man still makes a living off a gullible public. The old games, the piece of jewelry dropped on the floor, the coins matched with the third man who is always a confederate, these old stunts are still worked, though to a less degree at the present time. But the outside limit in confidence games was the deal put over a young Greek who landed in town with a few thousand dollars of savings to invest.



A well known baggage thief who liked the looks of your bag was waiting behind you for an opportunity to grab it

— M. BRINKHOFF —



He had never been in a city before; but he knew what gold bricks were, and he resisted all attempts of several countrymen to separate him from his roll. When, however, they took him into the large terminal and showed him the Information Booth in the center, he agreed with them that it would make a choice spot for a fruit stand. As they had papers proving their option on the space for a year, he gladly passed over his two thousand without a murmur. The next morning when he went in to open up his new site, it took eight railroad policemen, the Station Master and a couple of city cops to dispossess him!

Did you ever observe the number of so-called public porters hanging about the entrances to the big stations with blue uniforms—if any—and metal badges on their caps? If you have, keep well away from them. Unlike the regulation red cap you meet inside the terminal, they have no right to solicit within, but if a traveler wishes to use them it is, of course, impossible to keep them out. One of these gentry recently met an old couple arriving in a taxi cab, and finding they had an hour to wait for the Chicago train, piloted them into the waiting-room, got the old lady a drink of water, and soon discovered that it was their first visit to a large city. Had they yet bought their tickets to Chicago? They had not. So off he went, without, however, asking for any money. They never noticed this.

In twenty minutes he was back, and piloted them into the subway. Standing outside the gate, he handed them two long green slips, assured them he was not allowed to go inside, told them their train was already made up, and then collected twice \$41.28, the price of a Chicago ticket. They tried to get in, were stopped, and showed their tickets to a guard. They were two long strips of subway tickets worth exactly two dollars!

Now the road squad has a vastly different task before them, because their work is not concentrated. It may take them over thousands of miles of the line, instead of confining them to one or two stations. On the large systems like the Pennsylvania, the Santa Fé, the Southern Pacific or the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, it is, of course, obvious that every train can not carry a railroad policeman. But enough trains can carry them to make the crooks wary. And the railroad cop may take a run of a few hundred miles on one train, jump off and board another train in the opposite direction, and then cut back again in an hour or so. Just because the thief finds clear sailing on a San Francisco limited at Omaha doesn't mean that he won't be under surveillance at the next station. And most thieves know this, which is one reason for the astounding decline in robbery on trains in the past few years.

**B**UT it's a poor valise that won't average a hundred dollars, and your Pullman crook is quite ready to make off with one whenever he can. The big men in the game, however, play for higher stakes. There was the famous Stokes case, solved by William J. Daxon, one of the smartest railroad men in the business. He told me himself how he found the thief who stole \$73,000 worth of jewelry from Mrs. Stokes between Chicago and Albany.

The job was done early in the run; but the loss was not discovered until the train reached Harmon, N. Y. The

wires buzzed, and Daxon was called over from his home to get on the case at once. As he reached the terminal the train was coming in, and walking down the platform he noticed a colored man in the van of oncoming travelers, seemingly in a great hurry.

"What train did you come in on?" asked the railroad man.

"Number 56," was the answer, proving that he also was a railroad employee. But he declared he was a passenger. Searched, he was found to have nothing. Yet Daxon, working on a hunch, discovered that he had come in on the diner, substituting for another waiter. With nothing definite, however, he was released, and for three weeks Daxon "tailed" him without results. Then he switched off to the man he had substituted for. At the end of six weeks the two met in Buffalo. The next day Daxon caught the suspect cold, pawing some of the Stokes jewels. Over seventy thousand dollars' worth of the gems were recovered, and the two men sent to Atlanta by the quick-thinking railroad man. It was merely a hunch that made him stop the man on the station platform, but it was a hunch worth seventy thousand dollars to his employers.

The Pullman thief is called a "creep." The best of the "creeps" was gifted with the name of Alphonse Cohen. His method was to take berths on the big trains out of Chicago and Denver and pick out likely victims during the hour

in the diner. Then he would wait until early morning, slip under the curtains, rifle the clothes and if possible the baggage of his victims, and slip off at the next station. A railroad man trailed him for eight months before getting him cold on a job. Then there was Palmer, the college graduate. Quiet, well-dressed, looking the part of big business, he worked Pullman trains in much the same way as Cohen. But his method was far more efficient. He always left a certain sum of money in pocket books that he "dipped," and as a result the victim never realized his loss until he had left the train. But one night the detective of a Western road discovered him emerging from a berth after a successful haul. Palmer climbed into his own berth while the detective quietly awakened the passenger and so discovered the theft. Then he went for Palmer. Cornered, Palmer fought, drew a gun, and succeeded in opening the window of his berth and jumping out. He fell into the snow but broke both ankles, and is now recuperating down in Atlanta where the climate is far more suited to pajamas than the bleak stretches of the Dakotas in mid-winter.

Tact is required of every policeman on trains. Sharps and thieves may be on board, but it often requires tact to get them off and protect passengers. A railroad man on a Southern road observed three famous card sharps in a compartment with two rich Philadelphia bankers on a Florida special lately. Sticking his head in the door of the compartment, the railroad man remarked:



*When they took him into the large terminal and showed him the Information Booth in the center, he agreed with them that it would make a choice spot for a fruit stand*



"Gentlemen, there are three well-known card sharps on board; I trust you all know whom you are playing with."

Three hours later one of the passengers met him in the corridor, and evinced a keen desire to prosecute the three men he had played with. He had in that short space of time lost over a thousand dollars. But nothing could be done because the modern card shark, unlike the old-timer, seldom cheats. He doesn't need to. With his confederates, he holds enough cards so that the bystander has little chance in a game of stud poker. Don't, no matter how clever you are or think you are with the cards, play with strangers on trains. A Pittsburgh millionaire coming to New York recently wishes he had followed that rule. The trip cost him over a hundred thousand dollars, and while he may be better able to stand it than most of us, he won't play cards on trains again for some time to come.

The telegram game is a favorite one: hard also to protect against because here, too, the thief can only be charged with vagrancy. He usually works with a pretty girl, seated in a chair car. Halfway through the journey he enters the smoking compartment and calling for a telegraph blank writes out a wire asking for five hundred dollars to be sent to the nearest station. Then he gets into conversation with his neighbor, confesses that he is on his honeymoon, declares that he has spent too much money and is wiring home for more. All the world loves a lover, and on the strength of the telegram which he has given to the porter after showing it around the compartment, he usually

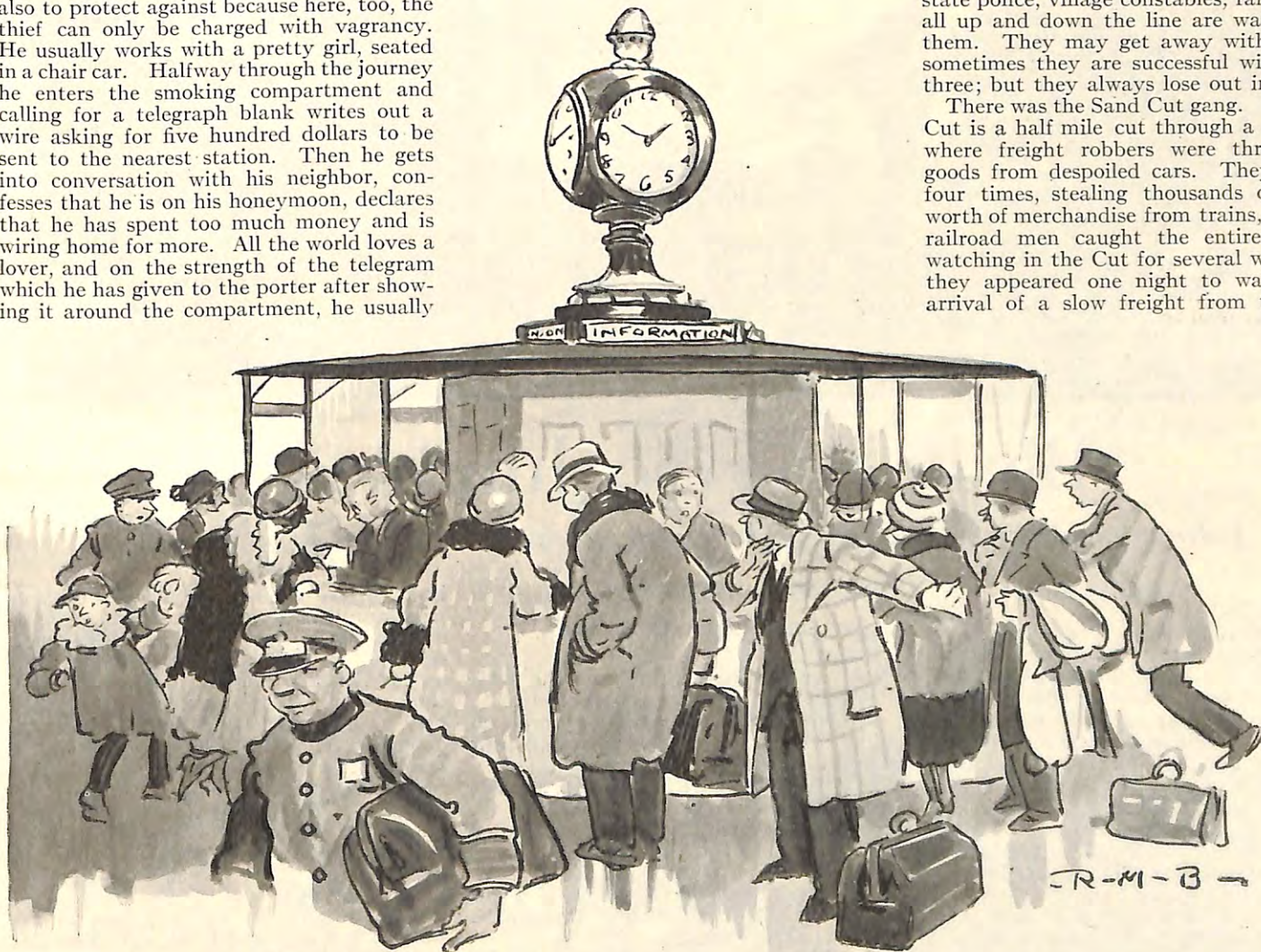
of midnight battles with desperate men who shoot to kill, all these would fill a book. Who wins these battles you can guess when you read the figures of the nation's railroad systems in recovering stolen goods. In 1923 one large Western system recovered \$28,863 worth of stolen property, and in 1924 \$36,529. Each year less goods are taken and more recovered.

Last year the railroads of the country paid out forty-five millions in claims for loss and damage to freight through transit. Some of this was lost through careless shipping, careless packing, careless addressing, some through being spoilt or damaged in transit. A large proportion was lost through theft. The freight-car thief who is responsible for this loss, works usually with confederates, aided by an automobile. This gives him the best opportunity to get the goods away once they are out of the car. Let me give you an idea of what is

for at every stop car seals are inspected—the load has been checked with the way bills to see just what is missing. The train crew is then interviewed. Did they hear anything on the trip? Did they notice anything suspicious? Reports are made to headquarters, and a crew is sent back on a hand car to search for empty boxes and barrels along the right of way. Samples of goods are then obtained from the shippers, state and local police are notified and given samples with details of the robbery. Second hand stores in the vicinity are watched, and special men detailed to get the things. But suppose they don't get them?

Well, sooner or later they always do. Because the gang always comes back. Here is the weak point in the crooks' defense, and why they must inevitably be caught. Once a theft has been committed, railroad men are on their trail until the gang is run down. But the thieves know nothing of this. They do not know that state police, village constables, railroad men all up and down the line are watching for them. They may get away with one job, sometimes they are successful with two or three; but they always lose out in the end.

There was the Sand Cut gang. The Sand Cut is a half mile cut through a sandy hill where freight robbers were throwing off goods from despoiled cars. They did this four times, stealing thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise from trains, when two railroad men caught the entire gang by watching in the Cut for several weeks until they appeared one night to wait for the arrival of a slow freight from the north.



—R-M-B—

has no difficulty in getting fifty dollars temporarily. That is, the donor thinks it's temporary. He never gets it back.

But of all the jobs that fall to the lot of the railroad police, the hardest is the task of the man who protects freight. The baggage thief, the man who works the Pullmans, the crooks of various sorts in trains and stations seldom fight. But the freight-robber carries a gun. And knows how to use it. Usually he works in gangs, meeting single railroad men in darkened freight yards, or alone at night by unguarded water tanks in the desert. The stories of the rough and tumble fights that have taken place on top of fast moving freights, of shooting forays around the corners of cabooses and box cars,

done when a theft of this sort happens on a modern railroad line.

Sitting in his office in the big Chicago Terminal, the Chief picks up the telephone and gets the news of a big robbery out in Iowa. If the men on the division can handle it, the theft is merely entered on the ledgers with the details, and left to the division men to handle. If it is too large for them, or involves some notorious gang whose capture is important, the office sends out its special squad. But we will suppose that the division men can handle the case satisfactorily.

At the point where the theft has been discovered by the breaking of the car seal—

Now the Sand Cut gang is residing in the State Prison with a dozen years to go before they have another chance to pillage freight cars.

Of course, it is impossible to protect every freight train; but each train, like every passenger train, is watched during some part of its journey by a member of the railway police force. They spend their time not in the caboose with the crew, but crawling over the top in zero weather, resting on the brake beams like ordinary 'bos, waiting by lonely and deserted sidings at night. Wherever and whenever trains stop for switching or water, they patrol them from the engine to the caboose. Frequently

(Continued on page 80)





## Be It Ever So Jumbled

*John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, Writes to His Spouse*

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Illustrated by Albert Ceike

*Sintonville, March 1, 19—*

**D**EAR MAMA:

We were all a little surprised to hear that you were not coming home. I don't wish to conceal the fact that it has been pretty lonesome here without you, and your decision to stay in St. Louis was disconcerting. Gerald and Eleanor, of course, are disappointed over not seeing you, after their return from their pilgrimages in search of whatever-they-didn't-have.

Eleanor appreciates her Aunt Doris's invitation to St. Louis, but her newly acquired husband won't let her go. Priestly is exercising his prerogatives, you know. In fact, that's about the only exercise he gets, now that he is working for me in the office. However, I think Eleanor will be running out to see you before long. She has a chronic case of sleeping-car fever, and is one of Mr. Pullman's most consistent patients.

You will want to know, of course, about Gerald and Miss Larrimore. Gerald will never confide anything to you in a letter, I am sure. If you were here, he might lead up to the subject bashfully some time, and say, with some irritation, "No, Mama, I'm not going to marry her, I tell you—what do you keep nagging me about it for?" I think it is only in story-books that boys confide their love affairs to their mamas. They emerge from adolescence, I suppose, with an idea that love is a youthful indiscretion that old folks don't know anything

about, anyway—something to be a little ashamed of and a little secretive about.

Gerald and Celia are a peculiar case. Of course she never *told* me that she was partial to Gerald. She merely blushed a little when I mentioned the young scamp's name, and trickled a few tears over her typewriter when we got the telegram saying he was coming home. I don't know what the National Sob Sisters' Association rules are on this point, but I assume if a girl weeps over a typewriter about a man, she must be in love with him.

But I haven't been able to get a definite word out of either of the two young rascals since Jerry came back. Of course I can't come right out and ask Miss Larrimore when she is going to quit working for me and marry my son. That would be too much like a hint, wouldn't it? Far be it from me to want her to quit, for that matter. A man doesn't find competent secretaries growing on trees. And when you do get one that knows the difference between "respectfully" and "respectively," there is always the terrible hazard of her going off and getting married. Even the ugliest ones, Jane, get married on you. There seems to be a conspiracy on the part of unmarried young men to lure all competent business women out of their jobs. It breaks my

heart to see a first-rate business woman transform herself into a second-rate wife to a third-rate husband. There is something queenly, to me, about an efficient girl serenely earning her own living; and something pitiful about the same little thoroughbred begging her dour husband for five dollars to buy a new hat with. Of course you can't buy a new hat for five dollars—but you get what I mean.

Not that there's any situation like that impending in the new Gerald-Celia case. I'm just talking about business women in general now. Jerry, of course, is a vastly exceptional young man. He will have money enough to give his wife anything in the world she wants, and Celia will never feel dependent upon *him*. I'm sure that problem, if it's a problem, has absolutely nothing to do with their affair just now. I'll keep you posted of developments.

**M**EANWHILE, tell me more about Doris, and all the other enlightened feminists of St. Louis. I don't see why it makes her mad when I call her that. Aren't all women feminists nowadays?

I felt sure you were coming home when you wired me for funds recently, but I suppose you are finding the atmosphere bracing and progressive out there, and are rather reluctant to come back to this slow town.

The children send their love.

Affect.,

JOHN.



P.S.—Oliver is working the garden. Says he's done it every year for ten years, and you didn't leave any orders to the contrary. I'll try to keep an eye on him.

Sintonville, March 15, 19—

DEAR MAMA:

Oliver wants to know if you're not coming home to show him what to do. When spring breezes begin to blow, Oliver thinks he's about the most indispensable personage in Sintonville—he can't conceive of anything being more interesting to you in St. Louis than your flowers here. I tried to explain to him that weightier matters are claiming your attention.

Eleanor and Priestly are absurdly happy. They act like a couple of birds in our budding old peach tree. You'd never know they had started quarreling on their honeymoon last fall. I suppose it's spring that does it. A bit early for peach buds, Oliver says—and your hyacinths are fixing to bloom in the front yard. I'm afraid there'll come a frost after this warm snap, and remind us not to be so cocksure about spring. Nature's a tricky female, isn't she?

Gerald and Priestly are doing fine in the business. They're starting out like regular corporals of industry. Priestly is doing a little finer than Gerald, I'll have to admit. But that's because he is happily married now, and has lived down the preliminary idiocy of his honeymoon. He shows great promise in the advertising department. He had an idea yesterday. He told me so himself.

As for poor Jerry, he has sense enough not to pretend to the men that he knows anything about the business, even if he is superintendent. They like him for that. They like him particularly because he put on overalls and started out to learn *every job* in the factory. I suspect his sudden passion for hard work is traceable through devious psychologic cow-paths to Celia Larrimore's cottage. He's trying to forget something, trying to chase something out of his mind. Now what the devil do you suppose is the matter with those young morons?

And speaking of mo—oh, well, Mr. Weathers always would have his little joke—I was going to ask, are you really enjoying yourself in St. Louis?

Do you know, Jane—you have a quaint sense of humor. That is obvious to anybody who looks searchingly at the man you married. But you are full of surprises. When you telegraphed me. "Wire me five hundred dollars immediately," I said to myself—totally lacking in imagination, of course, as I always am—I said to myself, "Now that means Jane is coming home. She hasn't asked me for a nickel in six months, because she was mad with me for letting Gerald turn bolshevik and run a red and yellow communistic sheet in Greenwich Village; and for letting our impudent little sauce-box, Eleanor, run off and elope with that model for voluminous pants, Priestly Newlan. Oh, yes, Jane's coming home now."

But you didn't want that five hundred dollars for railroad fare at all—you wanted it to give to the League of Women Voters! Jane, the joke was worth a thousand. I'm sending you five hundred more, right now.

You thought it would be a delicious bit of irony to make an old hide-bound enemy of woman suffrage like John Weathers donate five hundred degenerate dollars to the Cause, didn't you? That merely proves, Jane, that I am a misunderstood husband, like eleven-tenths of all the other husbands

I know. I was never an enemy of woman suffrage, Jane. I remember distinctly what I remarked on that subject, in the first place. I said—don't contradict me, now—I said: "Hell, let 'em have it if they want it. They'll get it anyhow." And you said—I remember that distinctly, too: "Why on earth did I ever marry an uncouth person who can not express his thoughts without profanity?"

Out in the untrammelled West, where women are women and men are merely governors' husbands, you are hearing even more virile profanity, I assume.

I am glad, very glad, Jane, that you are enjoying yourself.

I will look after your hyacinths—and, let's see, what blooms next? A few pale violets have opened their eyes—and the white fluffy things on the bush near the

front steps. Oliver doesn't know what they are—the bonehead! I've got him working like seven gardeners with the itch. I told him, "Oliver, if Mrs. Weathers ever comes back here and finds one little flower sick and needing attention, or one little bud neglected, there's going to be a first-class planting, and it's going to be a gardener they plant."

Affect.,

JOHN.

Sintonville, March 27, 19—

DEAR MAMA:

Your letter without date, headed "Saturday," and with postscripts added Monday, Thursday, Friday and Monday, has got your dutiful and experienced husband up a tree.

(Continued on page 65)

*I made Gerald sit out in the swing with me, under the crab-apple tree. I wonder what grouchy cynic gave such a name to the sweetest of all trees?*





# The Four Winds of Heaven

## As They Blow Through a New Group of Travel Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

ALAS for the man who has no place in his scheme of things for the reading of a few travel books! Let his peace and quiet be his own, also his indifference. Let him shut his windows, if he so likes, and keep out all visions of distant and beckoning lands. Let him never catch the thrill—even through mere reading—of rising at four in the morning to board some crazy little train at an Andean station. Let him never scorch joyously beneath the terrific sun that beats down upon the Afghanistan plains. Let him forever miss the soft, old beauty of the California Missions, or the sound of the sleepy, flapping sails on a Chinese river junk. Let him eat in his own mahogany-bound dining-room in Kansas City or Augusta, Maine, deaf to the call of those hundreds of places in New York where dining may be discovered to be a sort of mystic ceremony or a modern riot of gayety.

As for us who say with Robinson Crusoe " . . . my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts," and who have, accordingly, rambled all over the globe with the blessed travel writers, why—we like it the other way round.

Nothing could keep us from going into Asia with Lowell Thomas, hot and dusty though we get as we read his fascinating book "Through Khyber Pass."

Which of us would stay at home when we may so easily wander into China with Elizabeth Crump Enders? Think of camping in spirit, as she did, in fact, atop the Great Wall of China one starry night, to watch as

"a long line of camels wound their torpid way into the now deserted gate below . . . They made a picture long to be remembered, this graceful, winding camel train, blending into the reddish brown of the rugged mountains and of the Wall—just such a picture, no doubt, as one could have seen a thousand years ago."

There's good reading, also, about those rather troubled and troublesome new republics struggling for life along the western front of Soviet Russia and which form a dividing line between it and Western European civilization. The frontiers of some of these little States are closed to the casual traveler, therefore it is doubly alluring to "get in" through the pages of Stephen Graham's latest volume.

Here are travel books to conjure with; magic carpets to mount and ride to the utmost horizons of the earth. When these, we humbly ask, are within our reach, why should any of us stay at home and miss the fun?

The books we have gathered here this month concern themselves not only with important and foreign places and events but with people "even as you and I." And the personal experiences of the writers—gay, tragic and adventurous—bring a very vivid sense of life into each of these volumes.

### *A Tropical Tramp With the Tourists* By Harry L. Foster

WE HAVE journeyed before this into the Caribbean Sea and the lands that border it through the pages of Harry L. Foster's delightful books of "tramping."

We have seen him pack his bag with a few khaki duds, stuff a little money into his pocket and "light out" for Mexico or South America. And we have marveled that his delightful, carefree and planless system of travel never brought him to a bad end.

Now, in his latest book, we see him in a new and certainly amusing rôle—that of a Cruise de Luxe Guide! It is hard to believe, but Mr. Foster actually did sign up with a "Cruise" sailing for South America, and placed his many remarkable services at the disposal of the four hundred avid adventurers who boarded the *Touromania*, sailing from New York down the West Coast of South America, through the Strait of Magellan, up the East Coast and so home—and to bed.

Throughout this genial volume the four hundred hurl questions at the Cruise Guides, those clever and dapper young gentlemen who circulate about the ship wearing little official buttons in their lapels. The questions are, naturally, answered, and we, as well as the four hundred, are the wiser.

"Doc," the Cruise lecturer, gathers the company into the dining salon and gives them a talk (with slides) as they near each port of call. The lecturers must have been good, but not so good, we'll wager, as are Mr. Foster's descriptions of the way the tourists received them.

The people on the boat become, as it were, our own traveling companions. The man who, the moment the misty cloud which is Cuba rises out of the blue which is the Carib Sea, dons his Palm Beach suit and drapes his kodak case over his shoulder is known to all of us. And there is also our old friend the irate client who thinks the company should provide a guide for every tourist—a neat idea, and decidedly not a bad one. And once again appears the girl who bids her fiancé a tearful farewell at the dock and nurses a homesick heart until Sandy Hook is passed, and after that—

Seriously, though, the book records in convincing though blythe manner, a splendid journey into the countries of South America—Columbia, Peru, Chili, the Argentine, Brazil—all of them.

This author-traveler has a simple talent for making us feel the beauty of such things as the high mountains behind Valparaiso, and the charm of those old harbors into which scurried the fleets of the pirates when other pirates, stronger than the first, gave chase.

In a word, here is the most chatty, human, unpedantic thing in travel books.

### *Temple Bells and Silver Sails* By Elizabeth Crump Enders

THERE are certain photographs in this lovely book on China which are a veritable challenge to one's imagination. They are the photographs of temples, half as old as time, piled up against deep green hills, with their clustering buildings, their great flagged terraces, hidden gardens, curled up roofs, and their courts of many colored tile.

Palaces are all very well if you like them, and travelers invariably return from the Orient thrilled with their visits to the tombs

of emperors and exclaiming over certain noble towers piercing the hot blue sky; but temple pictures such as these lure some of us beyond all else. Peace and beauty seem to have entrenched themselves in these old places more than in any other corners of the earth.

Mrs. Enders went to one of these temples—T'an Cheh Ssu—centuries old, hiding in the mountains back of Peking. It was a monstrous affair, housing hundreds of pilgrims, lording it over four hundred villages and holding within its walls the priceless gifts of many emperors. Here she had a rare experience.

A young priest, gaunt, wan, risking the most terrible punishment, begged her to buy a rare little statue of Buddha which he in a sort of frenzy snatched from one of the Temple altars when he found Mrs. Enders standing before it in the dusk.

She hesitated, frightened. The tap, tap of the pilgrims' canes was coming nearer and the priest growing more urgent as she tried to make him put the image back. He seemed mad for money. "Quickly!" he said in Chinese, naming a price so low that the author could not resist. He slipped the little figure into her hand and turned away, "fingering his beads and gazing sphinxlike into space, and reached the door and let the pilgrims in."

Surely this incident reads like the beginning of a mystery story—a story in which the idol is followed over the whole earth until it shall stand again on the little altar in T'an Cheh Ssu.

Mrs. Enders tells us how she saw people worshipping a tiny snake which was lodged in another great temple, believing that it was a sacred dragon, simply traveling incog for a while. She saw a baby girl of four on a river restaurant boat helping the cook build his charcoal fire and wash and wipe his dishes—a little baby in scarlet trousers and flowered coat working, working, working; too solemn to wave back when the author leaned from her own boat and signaled the little creature. There in China she heard a most brutal story of banditry. A few weeks before she and her husband had reached an inland village, the fifteen-year-old son of some moderately wealthy country folk had been stolen. The bandits sent a letter to the father asking a sum of money in exchange for the boy. By selling everything they had the frantic parents were able to gather together just half the amount demanded. This they sent to the brigands begging their son's release. They waited and then at length "wrapped in a gory bag, half their own son's body was brought back."

To anyone who has even glanced through a book of old Chinese tragedies this has a reminiscent look. Here, indeed, is a background and a ruthlessness, similar to those found in some of the week-long dramas played some six or seven hundred years ago in the Chinese theatres. So much for progress! But, then, who are we to talk!

To get back to Mrs. Enders' own experiences. Shanghai is seen by her not only from the outside, but from such interesting

(Continued on page 58)





*The Nash Sisters*  
in  
*"A Lady's Virtue"*

FLORENCE VANDAMIS

*RACHEL CROTHERS* has given Florence and Mary an opportunity to appear together in a thoroughly enjoyable melodrama. The emotional powers and French accent of Mary Nash have full play in the rôle of a seductive artiste who takes love where she finds it. To Florence falls the lot of a bored wife who takes her fling at freedom and the bright lights yet lands safely within the solid shelter of matrimony. This happy dénouement is due to the third act nobility of the diva, who surrenders her ideal lover when she discovers him to be really in love with his wife—E. R. B





FLORENCE VANDAMM

One of the most moving dramas that has come to us this year is John Van Druten's play called "Young Woodley." Helen Cahagan and Glenn Hunter (left) have the principal parts, but the play is a personal triumph for Mr. Hunter, who gives an amazingly true and restrained portrait of a young English lad, a senior at one of the public schools, who in his senior term falls in love with the wife of one of the masters

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



M. J. BORTS



FLORENCE VANDAMM



When a play creates the furor that the "Charlot Revue of 1925" created in New York it is difficult for a second edition ever to attain the same height of enthusiastic acclaim. Certainly the 1926 version seems on a far lower level of originality, wit and humor. It is still, however, excellent entertainment and always will be as long as the cast contains Beatrice Lillie (above), Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan

When this issue reaches its readers, discussion of Franz Werfel's "Goat Song" will be rife. At the present writing it is still on the eve of production and promises to be of great interest both from the fame of the dramatist, who is perhaps even better known abroad as a poet, and from the very distinguished cast the Theatre-Guild has assembled for the occasion. This includes Helen Westley (left), Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Blanche Yurka and other notables



Whenever Irene Bordoni needs a new play some one just refurbishes a naughty French farce, equips it with a few love lyrics, sees to it that Miss Bordoni has at least seven costumes, each more ravishing than the last, and turns her loose to work her blandishments on willing audiences. In this case the name of the piece is "Naughty Cinderella" and Avery Hopwood is responsible for its translation



Mary Lewis (above) is one of the romantic figures of the Metropolitan Opera this season. From Greenwich Village cabarets she graduated to the Follies and from there made her leap to Grand Opera. Her first appearance in opera was as Mimi in "La Bohème"



Such a book as George S. Kaufman has written for "The Cocoanuts" is almost wasted on the four Marx Brothers. They are really at their best when they are perfectly spontaneous and free to ring in all the old tricks in their capacious bag. However, they are not quite the whole show; there are Irving Berlin's tunes, agile and graceful dancing by chorus and principals clad in costumes to delight the eye, good voices and some straight comedy scenes in Mr. Kaufman's best satiric style that set the audience to rocking merrily



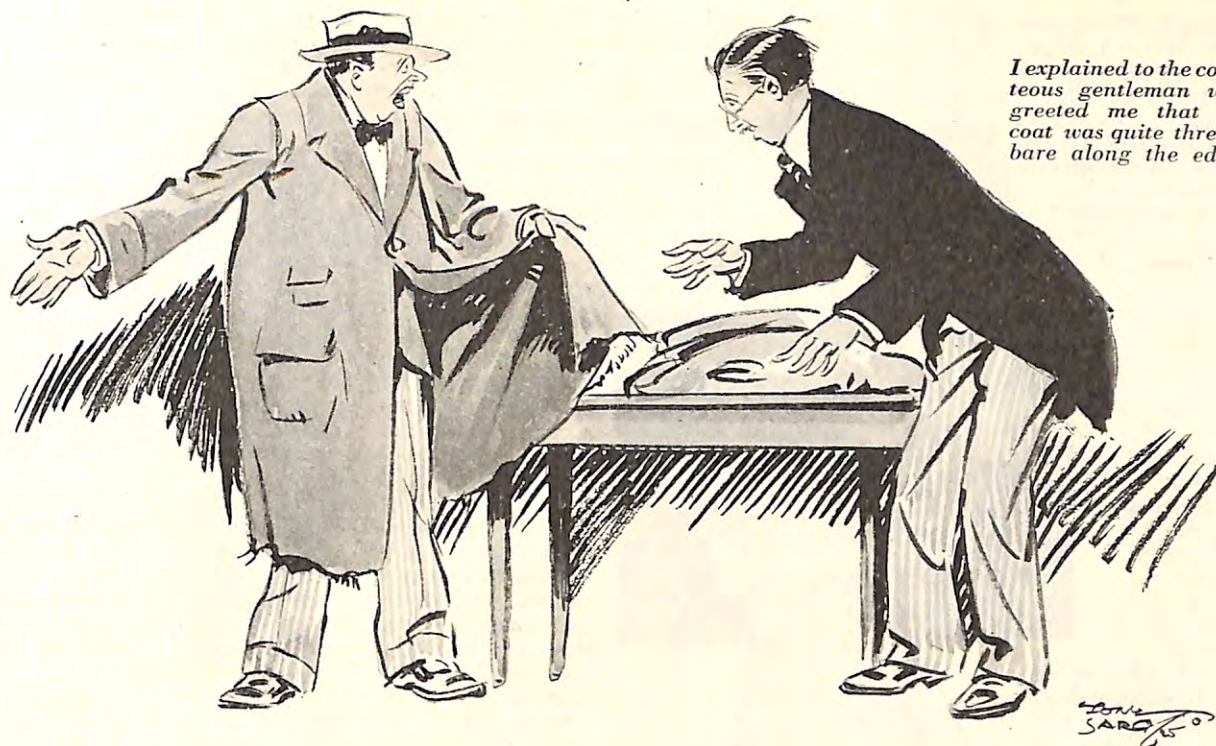


*The Protagonist*  
in  
*"The Monkey Talks"*

FLORENCE VANDAMM

FOR real dramatic novelty and an interesting picture of life in a French circus milieu this play, translated by Gladys Unger from the original of René Fauchois, rates very high. Its chief distinction, of course, is the performance of Jacques Lerner, whose simian impersonation won the applause of London and Paris. The animals do not carry off all the honors, however. Martha-Bryan Allen, Wilton Lackaye and Philip Merivale are also among those present who give an excellent account of themselves.—E. R. B.





*I explained to the courteous gentleman who greeted me that my coat was quite threadbare along the edges*

## Is the Customer Always Right?

By Earl Chapin May

*Drawings by Tony Sarg*

**I**T MUST have been twenty years ago that a certain big man in big business, annoyed to exasperation by the gadflies of the press, uttered the pregnant sentence, "The public be damned."

The certain big man was particularly big in such basic businesses as coal, iron, steel and transportation. There was nothing original about the attitude he expressed. He had heard it, or something very much like it, at many a big board meeting. Big business in America had grown suddenly big, through economic circumstance, without paying much attention to the common people.

When the certain big man damned the great American public he merely voiced the sentiment of his time and kind. And he was quite as surprised as were his fellow industrial rulers to find that his frank epitome of business principles started a revolution in American business methods.

From "the public be damned" of twenty or more years ago, the pendulum has swung to the other end of the arc. Now the guiding rule for most big business is, "The customer is always right."

Is he? Let's see.

Business is the exchange of commodities and service. It is based on manufacturing, selling and buying. The most important of these is selling. No person can succeed in life without selling himself or his product in some market. After selling he must give service.

There is a deal of debate now agitating us on whether Emerson, Bagehot or Bismarck first said a man who built a bang-up mouse-trap would get all the customers he wanted without going after them. But I don't care who said it first, it isn't so. No mouse-trap maker can sell his output unless he has customers. He can not get customers in paying quantities unless he hustles for and satisfies them. He can not satisfy them unless he gives service with his salesmanship. This goes for mouse-traps or any other merchandise.

All of which explains why the doctrine that the customer is always right has ditched the old belief that the consuming public can

be damned and still keep on buying. The question before the house is: "Won't the customer, rejoicing in his new liberty, run wild and hurt somebody?" Big and little business will give you many answers to this

**A**MONG our readers are many thousands of merchants who are, themselves, consumers. The other hundreds of thousands buy from merchants. All of them, merchants and customers alike, have had experiences such as those related in this article. All have a view-point toward the question with which it deals. Probably this question: "Is the Customer Always Right?" can never be answered to the satisfaction of every one. But we'd like to hear what you think about it. Is the customer always right? Is it really good business to consider him—or her—always right? Let us know your opinion on this.

question. I got one after I became dissatisfied with my winter overcoat.

On November 9, 1923, I paid a prominent New York clothing house \$90.00 for that overcoat. The goods was long-napped woolen, made in England, but the garment was made up in this country by the clothing house which sold it to me. The coat was cut correctly in the raglan mode. It fitted well.

I wore it about two days each week during December, 1923, and January, February and December, 1924. Then on January 20, 1925, I stepped out of the elevator on the fourth floor of the New York clothing house

and explained to the courteous gentleman who greeted me that my coat was threadbare along the edges.

He called another courteous gentleman who examined the worn edges, explained that coats of that character always did become threadbare, that customers purchased them knowing they would so wear, and that he had been in the clothing business twenty-two years and continued to buy such coats for his own use because he liked them, but that if I would return with the garment in the spring he felt sure something would be done about it. Whereupon he gracefully bowed me back into the elevator.

**T**EN minutes later I stated my case to the clothing-house adjuster on the sixth floor. At my request he consulted the sales record, which agreed with my verbal statement. When I repeated my conversation with Gentleman Number One and Gentleman Number Two of the fourth floor the adjuster expressed surprise at their attitude and led me back to the fourth floor to still another gentleman. Gentleman Number Three bade me remove the coat, immediately pointed to the worn lining, admitted that it was guaranteed for a year, and called a Gentleman Number Four. Gentleman Number Four solicitously examined the garment, engaged his floor colleague in confidential conversation and departed. Whereupon Gentleman Number Three advised me that the gentleman who made adjustments of that character was not in, but would be back Wednesday. And would I return on Wednesday?

I did not return. It was apparent to me that I should not have purchased that type of coat. As the buyer, I should have been wary, even though I was doing business with one of the swagger clothing houses of New York and West Palm Beach. No one had guaranteed that the coat would not lose its nap. The customer was not right.

The following morning I called upon the adjustment manager of a Fifth Avenue department store.



"I have carried an account with your house for two years," I began. "During that time I have purchased three hats, each of them too large for me, and three pairs of shoes, no one of which gave me satisfaction. I am still trading with you, but I am buying my hats and shoes elsewhere."

"You did not complain?" he politely inquired.

"About two pairs of shoes, yes," I replied.

"And a proper exchange was made?"

"Unfortunately your shoe department did not carry any more of my sizes in the styles purchased," I explained.

Without looking me up or asking any questions as to the amount or character of my account he promptly suggested, "Let us give you a new hat and a new pair of shoes."

Unfortunately I could not accept his offer. It was my fault that I had chosen my hats and shoes too hastily. Like most males I am a split-second purchaser. I explained my position.

"Our salesman should not have sold you something that did not fit," the adjustment manager insisted. Then he expounded some of the gospel of satisfying the customer.

"This store has about 195,000 open accounts," he said. "Ninety-five per cent. of these 195,000 charge-account customers are honest with us. We mean to be honest with all of them."

Then he called my attention to a placard above his desk. It read:

"Our service is *honest* when all that we do and say is based on truth. Our service is *prompt* when it is given at the very time it is needed. Our service is *courteous* when it is given politely and willingly. Our service is *complete* when it satisfies in every way."

"THAT is a most admirable code," I admitted. "But aren't you encouraging your customers to take advantage of it?"

His reply settled the argument almost before it began.

"Our business last year totaled \$22,000,000," he said. "During the year we spent \$600,000 in advertising. Our adjustments cost us less than \$25,000. In the five years I have been on this job we have closed but two accounts because the customers were abusing our insistent invitation to report dissatisfaction with any merchandise purchased from us. The \$25,000, or less, we spent in making adjustments last year was worth \$250,000 to us in word-of-mouth advertising. Seventy-eight per cent. of our business is with women. They are about the best advertisers in the world. We would rather take a monetary loss in satisfying one customer than make ten times the profit on a customer who was not satisfied."

Then he illustrated his point.

"About two years ago a lady moved from Chicago to New York. A New York friend, who had carried an account here for years, brought the lady from Chicago into our store where she purchased a \$5.50 pair of gloves. In a few days she brought them back. They were ripping between the fingers. Our glove department manager had

them repaired. A few days later our new customer again brought the gloves in. They had ripped once more. She suggested an exchange. The department manager politely declined to make an exchange.

"As the lady from Chicago walked out of our door she declared to the old customer who had first brought her to us, 'I shall never enter this store again!' Our vice-president happened to overhear her. He introduced himself, effected the exchange—and added ten accounts to our list. I say, 'ten,' because we could trace each one of them directly to the favorable advertising that new customer from Chicago gave us. If we hadn't shown the proper spirit she would have talked us out of ten accounts."

"And you are quite sure your liberality in satisfying complaints does not tempt your customers to impose upon you?" I again suggested.

"Absolutely," he announced. "There is a popular impression that women sit up nights trying to think of new ways to beat a department store. My experience teaches me just the opposite. Only the other day a lady claimed non-delivery of a \$10 umbrella. Our records were clear, but we gave her another. In a week she returned the original umbrella which had been mislaid in her home. She could just as well have kept both umbrellas—but 95 per cent. of the people in this world are fundamentally honest."

Moving out of the Fifth Avenue atmosphere I consulted the directing head of twenty-five department stores located in various parts of the country. "Of course the customer is right," he declared. "Not once

in a hundred times will a woman impose upon us when we put it up to her own sense of honesty. She is frequently mistaken about some details of a transaction, but she is very rarely dishonest. We have made our money on the proposition that the customer is always right."

But sometimes these adjustment managers back up when put to the test. I tried out my friend with the "honest-prompt-courteous-complete" placard, a few weeks after our interview, by returning a pair of golf socks with this message:

"Dear Mr.—: Please accept these gray golf socks with my compliments. I paid \$6.00 for them. Although I bought them six months ago, I have worn them less than two months in the house and less than six miles out-of-doors."

THEY had fairly fallen apart, but I have received no answer to my message.

A few weeks after that experiment I made another. I walked into the hat department of the same store and ordered a hat on my charge account. "Please tell your adjustment manager," I directed the salesman, "that I have bought a hat." The hat item appeared on my next monthly bill. Soon afterward a letter reached me from the credit department. It contained this masterly bit of English: "As our bills are payable on a monthly basis we would thank you to favor us with an expression that this meets with your approval."

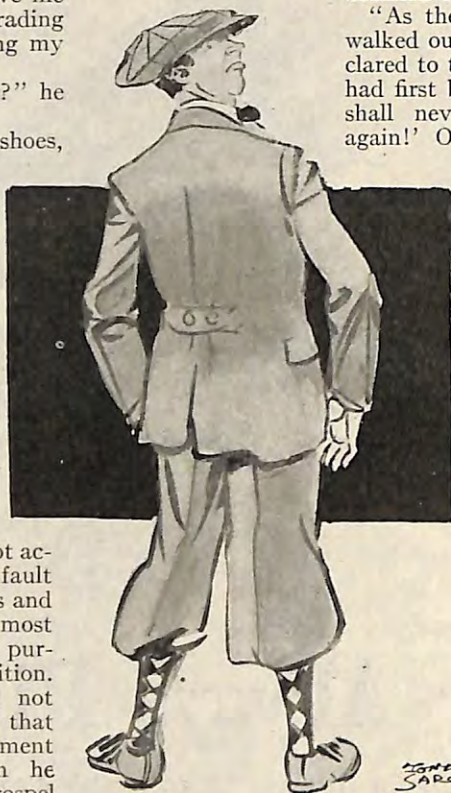
I paid the bill in full. Of course there are two sides to any question. My experiments merely proved that a customer can go only so far with a dealer. There is a limit to his desire for good-will.

Possibly this particular adjuster had just finished with the customer who for four years had gotten a new suit at half price by turning in the old one and getting a 50 per cent. allowance. Or he may have fallen afoul of the customer from Syracuse whose habit it was to exchange his old underwear for new, on a fifty-fifty basis, until the store's patience was exhausted and the customer was requested to go elsewhere with his business.

Probably no business has suffered more from complaining customers and costly adjustments than the shoe business. The fault has been not so much with the quality of the articles sold as with the trade's desire to tickle the vanity of feminine purchasers by undermarking sizes.

Many a woman has innocently boasted of wearing a 4-A, when she was wearing a 5-B, all because the shoes she bought from her regular shoe store was marked 4-A when it was in fact, a 5-B. Hence, when she dropped into another shoe store for her "regular" size, was fitted with difficulty and found later that the shoe pinched beyond endurance and must be returned, there arose a

When she dropped into another shoe store for her "regular" size, she was fitted with difficulty







The salesman accompanied her, profuse in his apologies. At the elevator door she turned to the salesman and said, "I do not want to seem small. I will take the coat"

coolness between dealer and customer. So low did the temperature fall in the shoe business that the factory and retail practice of undermarking shoe sizes has been generally abandoned. But to make assurance doubly sure, modern shoe stores are equipped with accurate size-determining devices, which are brought into use whenever a new feminine foot is offered for shoe-fitting. It is easier now for the customer to be right.

Last February I bought a pair of \$16 tan shoes in a Chicago factory-to-consumer store. After a March storm soaked them they wrinkled across the tops. I showed them to the store manager. He promptly made an \$8 allowance. I just as promptly bought two pairs of new shoes in the same store at \$8 per pair. I still do not know why that store manager was so easy with me. I was not an old customer, was not even on his books.

THE practice of playing safe with the customer, even to letting him "put over something" now and then, is followed faithfully in the majority of shops devoted to dressing men and decorating women. The made-to-measurement shops have been "making it right" with the customer for generations.

Whoever heard of a tailor who didn't make the suit to fit the man and his ideas before—usually long before—the man parted with his money? Even my own humble tailor knocked \$10 off my last suit because, six months before, he had turned out a pair of golf trousers in which my noble legs became the laughing stock of Pomander Walk. And he was too much of a diplomat to blame it on the legs.

Ask any milliner—man or woman—who is right when Milady buys a hat and the milliner will answer, "The Lady." I know, because I have tried to participate in a millinery store debate on this subject. I kicked on the style and price. After expressing some of my own ideas on feminine headgear I was rudely "given the gate."

I got much more satisfaction out of the hotel at which I was stopping.

The hotel business has been transformed by the modern attitude toward customers. The old slippery elm towels were used almost as often as some of the hotel rooms in which weary pilgrims repose. Time was when we took these rooms and gave thanks that we were not reclining on the cold, cold snow outdoors; when we did not protest against

the mildewed sheets, the cracked window-panes, the unswept floors and the grimy water-bowl and pitcher. Time was when we wrestled with the food shoved at us by a slatternly waitress and never had the nerve to kick. But, except in most remote hamlets, all that is changed now.

About twelve years ago a chain-hotel magnate laid down a rule of conduct which eventually boomed the hotel business in spite of the big hole prohibition made in hotel profits. This genius went the department stores one better. His slogan was, "The customer must be right." That slogan cost him and his fellow hotel-keepers a pretty penny at first. Food went back to the kitchens, linen was changed with alacrity, supercilious clerks became expensively and expansively polite, bellboys refrained from sandbagging guests, waiters unprotestingly accepted small tips. The whole atmosphere of hotel life changed.

At this writing there are in these United States 23,000 hotels with a total of 1,000,000 rooms. As the average construction cost is \$3,000 per room, the replacement value of our hotels is around \$3,000,000,000. And we are building about \$200,000,000 worth of hotels each year. Courtesy in the hotels has fought

the good fight with prohibition and won.

Ninety-five per cent. of our hotel managers subscribe to the doctrine that the customer must be right. They make their hired help subscribe to it, too, as far as daily conduct and contact with the hotel trade goes. But I happen to know one hotel magnate who has about \$18,000,000 invested in hotels.

"How about it?" I asked. "Do you believe the customer must be right?"

"I SHOULD say not," he fervently responded. "About 20 per cent. of the kickers are on the square. The rest are just showing off or trying to get something for nothing."

"Then why do you stand for the shake-down?" I demanded.

"Advertising, my boy, advertising," the magnate whispered. "It's good business to shout, 'The customer must be right.' But mark you, the hotel worm will turn, some day. Hotel guests are getting too gay."

The bank directors may be in the same state of mind, but they seldom say so.

It may surprise many possessors of what is known in the writing trade as "a put in and take out account" that, with the dire exception of an overdraft, the customer of a bank is always right, in theory if not in fact. Banks spend vast sums each year in getting business. Drummers for the banks work city and country territory closely. Banks make their profits by getting moneyed persons to deposit their monies in said banks and by charging said persons interest when said persons wish to borrow monies from said banks. This is putting it rather crudely, for next to his mother, a boy's best friend is his banker. My banker gives me a world of good advice and now and then saves my life.

Whether you can see it or not the word "SERVICE" is carved in capital letters on every bank executive's desk. He devotes his talents to furthering the interests of his customers. This is not

(Continued on page 60)



The books showed that his check over-drew his account \$2. He was hot under the collar





*"I is all set to git ma'ied to-night,  
And there ain't nothin' gwine stop me"*

## Wise Brides Have More Than One Bow to Their Strings Grooms to Let

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

"**D**AWG-GONE the luck!" Joseph Hanker, a sparse and meager man, lifted inquiring eyes to the herculean bulk of his exclamatory companion.

"Says which, Odessy?"

Odessy Brown turned a distraught expression toward the little fellow.

"Says dawg-gone, an' means it."

"How come?"

"Ise gwine git ma'ied to-night."

"To Sepia Wilson?"

"Uh-huh."

Joseph's solemn shake of the head indicated profound sympathy.

"You sho is out of luck."

"Ain't it the truth? But that ain't what's worryin' me. I made up my mind long ago there wasn't no way fo' me to avoid makin' ma'iage with that fightin' lady. She's kind of got an acquirin' habit. It's somethin' else I was dawg-gonin' about."

"What?"

"My ma'iage license. I ain't got it, an' can't git it."

"Splain yo'se'f, Big Boy."

"It's thisaway: I got to drive a truck-load of groceries out to Mulga an' befo' I gits back the license office is gwine to be all closed up. An' if I shows up at that house to-night 'thout no license I is gwine happen to a bad accident mighty sudden."

"Truth which you utters. Sepia would mos' likely disaster you all over the place."

Odessy Brown regarded his shrimplike friend speculatively. "You ain't busy this afternoon, is you?"

"Not special."

"How 'bout gittin' my license fo' me?" Joseph's face beamed. "Helpin' you out is the fondest thing I is of."

"Good! Heah's the cash money. Just you go down to the Co't House an' git me that paper. An' meet me at Sepia's house at seven-thutty sharp to-night. The obsequious take place at eight, an' Sepia's hell on bein' punkchul."

"Right you is, Odessy. Just you go drive yo' groceries an' leave ev'thin' to Joseph. He's the man which does what you wish. Always glad to 'blige a friend."

Odessy mounted his truck. His countenance was wreathed in sadness. From his lofty perch he looked down upon the slender and somewhat lop-sided frame of his diminutive friend. "Ain't never been ma'ied, has you, Joseph?"

"Nossuh. Nor neither I don't aim to be."

Odessy sighed. "Tain't yo' aim what counts. It's the lady's aim."

"Well," chuckled Joseph—"I had an idea once that Sepia Wilson was plannin' to git me. An' any feller which comes clear of that gal is safe fum any woman."

"Sho'ly is." Odessy was frankly envious. "I suttinly wish a miracle would happen to me. Bein' Sepia's husban' looks like no fun a tall, an' lots of it."

He pressed the starter and the staccato roar of the motor punctured the stillness of the warehouse. He let in his gears, released the clutch pedal and the truck rolled toward

Twentieth Street on the first leg of its journey to the distant mining camp.

Joseph Hanker watched the departure of his massive friend. Joseph was feeling considerably elated. Theretofore, the mighty and powerful Odessy had professed no friendship for the little fellow. He had stared haughtily out over Joseph's head as though Mr. Hanker was of slightly less than no importance at all.

It was therefore decidedly exciting that Joseph should have been entrusted with so vital and personal a mission for the redoubtable Odessy. Unquestionably, this simple little service was destined to win the lifelong gratitude and undying friendship of the truck driver who openly boasted that he could whip any colored gentleman in Birmingham—fair fist and no favor.

**I**T AMAZED Joseph that all of Odessy's physical might had been of no avail in his frantic efforts to elude the amazonian Sepia Wilson. He—Joseph—had once been pursued by the same lady, and had escaped by the simple expedient of withdrawing into a sheltering background, and not detaching himself therefrom until such time as her eager affections had become firmly fixed on another masculine person. Marriage to anybody made absolutely no appeal to Joseph, but the mere thought of life as the mate of Sepia was positively terrifying.

He secured a half-hour leave of absence and moved toward the Jefferson County court-house. His mind still quested for an answer to the problem. There was no doubt that Odessy was about to commit matri-



mony with a woman who was decidedly unpopular with him. The fact that he could whip any other colored man in Birmingham had helped him not at all. So far as Sepia was concerned, his spirit was broken, crushed, and completely ruined. Joseph sighed. After all, there were rewards for the physically unattractive.

Downtown Birmingham hummed. The traffic lights winked red and yellow and green, taxicabs skidded around corners, and automobiles crawled in long, snaky lines from intersection to intersection.

Eventually Joseph Hanker reached the corner of Twenty-first Street and Third Avenue. Across the way was the antique structure where the County transacts its business. Joseph's step slowed as he came within sight of the building. He was afraid of it. The knowledge that inside those four walls were courts and judges and the bewildering wheels of legal machinery frightened him. He felt as timid as a small worm which has just been impaled on a large fishhook.

He dragged leaden feet down the malodorous corridor. A whispered query—and he was directed to the license office. There he cowered against the wall, staring hopelessly at the window behind which the license clerk juggled papers and books and heavy humor.

But finally that dignitary looked up and saw the little negro. His hearty voice boomed across the room.

"You boy! You want a license?"

Joseph staggered forward. "Y-y-y-yasuh! I—I sho'ly does."

"What's your name?"

"J-j-joseph Hanker, Cap'n."

"Joseph Hanker, eh? What's the girl's name?"

"The—the which, suh?"

"The girl's name? The girl that's going to get married."

"Her name is Sepia, suh. Sepia Wilson."

An old and feeble pen scratched across the

face of a formal document. Then this document was folded by the clerk and shoved into Joseph's face.

"Ten dollars!" barked the clerk. "Next!"

With fingers that trembled violently, Mr. Hanker paid the fee, placed the marriage license in his pocket and bolted out of the door.

The ordeal had been fearful. He was afraid of court houses anyway—and this had seemed more than ordinarily forbidding. He was scarcely conscious of anything that had happened since he mounted the steps—and now, as he found himself once more in the sunlit stretches of Third Avenue, he heaved a vast sigh of relief.

**H**E HAD fulfilled his trust. The license was safe in his pocket. Everything was happy.

And it never occurred to Mr. Joseph Hanker that he had secured a license for his own marriage to the pugnacious Sepia!

Blissfully ignorant of this angle of the affair, he whistled about his work during the afternoon. When closing time came, the burly bridegroom had not yet returned from the journey to Mulga, and so Joseph went home and busied himself with modest sartorial arrangements.

He garbed himself in manner befitting so important a member of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Across the bosom of a decidedly shiny evening garment, he draped a sash of azure satin, and on his bullet head he perched a plumed hat. Beneath the sash was a sword belt, and from the belt was suspended a gleaming scabbard.

Sis Callie Flukers' boarding-house—where Sepia was a star but critical boarder—was a hive of expectant merriment when the elegant Mr. Hanker arrived. Friends of the bride were gathering to celebrate, and friends of the groom were arriving to mourn. The dynamic little minister—the Rev'end Plato Tubb—was there, scurrying in and out of

the downstairs rooms like a hen searching for a lost chick. His shrill tones could be heard above the chatter—as he voiced the query which most keenly interested the guests.

"Where Odessy Brown is at?"

The bridegroom was yet conspicuous by his absence, and word of his possible defection reached the ears of the eager and positive bride.

"Odessy ain't heah!" explained the Rev'end Tubb.

"What's that?" Sepia rose largely from her chair, dislodging one of her bridesmaids. "Where at is that wuthless cullud man?"

"I dunno, Miss Wilson. Florian Slappey was bettin' even money that he had walked out on you."

The bride's countenance purpled. "He'd better not—else a murder is gwine sneak up on him an' happen."

"But sho'ly—"

"Listen at me!" Sepia wrapped muscular fingers around the formidable biceps of the Rev'end Plato Tubb. "I is all set to git ma'ied to-night. I got the gues's heah, an' I got the eatments fixed. There ain't nothin' gwine stop me. An' if that no-'count big-footed, none-thinkin' imitation of a turkey buzzard don't show up pretty quick, Ise gwine fetch him."

The Rev'end Tubb ducked.

"Golly Sepia—you sho'ly does take ma'iage serious."

"Serious is right. An' if he ain't heah pretty quick—"

She ceased. From the front porch came the roar of a hoarse and uncultivated basso. The voice was undoubtedly the property of Odessy Brown, the tune was that of the wedding march, the words were appropriately extemporaneous:

Heah comes the groom;  
Heah comes the groom;  
Sweet suff'rin' mackeral!  
Look out fo' the groom!



"What's the matter with the license?" demanded the bride



Sepia's face broadened into a smile of relief.

"Tha's him," she announced positively. "An' he suttinly stahted celebratin' befo' he come."

The Rev'end Tubb passed through the door and into the be-flowered parlor. Standing just inside was the gargantuan figure of the bridegroom. His eyes were unnaturally large and somewhat glassy. His feet were planted firmly, but the huge body swayed a trifle. Odessy eyed the preacher hostilely.

"Well," said he—"Heah's me!"

"Uh-huh. So you is. Us thought you wasn't comin'."

"Swell chance I'd of had gittin' away. When I says I'll do a thing—I'll do it. Even ma'yin' Sepia."

"Good. Is you ready?"

ODESSY'S teeth clicked bravely. "Ring the gong!" Then he searched through the assemblage. "Anybody heah seen Joseph Hanker?"

An important, plume-topped figure wriggled through the mass of guests.

"Ise right heah, Odessy."

"You better had be, Li'l Shrimp. Got my license?"

"Tha's the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Give it to Rev'end Tubb."

The license was duly delivered to the minister. Then Sepia's garlanded head appeared.

"Hello, folks! Hello, Odessy."

"Howde, Sepia. Ready to git ma'ied?"

"I been ready, cullud man. Let's commence."

The door of Sepia's room was thrown open and the maid of honor grabbed the arm of the unblushing bride. In the parlor Odessy clutched the wrist of his friend, Joseph.

"Brother Hanker," he murmured. "You got to stan' up with me. Does you leave me loose, Ise libel to topple over."

This was glory unexpected and delightful. It was Joseph's first taste of the social calcium and he revelled in the prospect of bestmanship. Odessy stared heroically about the room.

"Le's go, boys. Toot them weddin' strains."

In a corner sat the orchestra. Prof. Aleck Champagne raised his wand and tapped. The trap drummer sounded off—and the somewhat jazzed wedding march spurted through the room.

The Rev'end Tubb perched himself beneath a floral decoration which marked the fatal spot. From opposite directions the two couples advanced: Sepia dragging her bridesmaid and Joseph Hanker staggering under the dead weight of the unsteady bridegroom. The guests stood back respectfully; struggling heroically to conceal grins of amusement. Several of them sidled toward the dining-room door where Sis Callie Flukers had prepared a noble supper.

The expression worn by Odessy was one of grim and fixed determination. The Rev'end Plato Tubb regarded him gravely.

"Is you ready, Brother Brown?"

"Go ahead, Parson. Reckon I can stan' it."

The Rev'end cleared his throat. He produced from an inside pocket the marriage license. He read sonorously—

"—Miss Sepia Wilson an' Mistuh—Mistuh—" A frown appeared on his forehead. He ceased speaking, removed his glasses, polished and replaced them, and continued to cease. Sepia bent forward.

"What's the matter, Rev'end? Somethin' wrong?"

"Oh-huh. Plenty."

The bride frowned. "What you mean: plenty?"

"I mean," announced the minister, "that they ain't gwine be no weddin' heah to-night!"

A deathly silence succeeded his pronouncement. The guests fidgeted, a pleased look appeared on the face of the bridegroom and Sepia braced herself for action.

"Foolishment what you utters! Splain yo'se'f."

"All right." The Rev'end Tubb stared accusingly at the beatific Odessy. "When did you git this license, Brother Brown?"

"I didn't git it. Brother Hanker gotten it fo' me."

"A-a-ah!" breathed Tubb. "That explains it."

"Splains what?" Sepia was becoming uncontrollably riled.

"The mistake. This heah license ain't made out fo' Odessy a tall!"

Sepia turned slowly upon the man she was about to have married.

"Big boy!" she breathed—"You sho'ly don't care nothin' fo' yo' safety, does you?"

"Now listen, honey—"

"Don't you honey me—or I gives you a roamin' nose. Comin' to yo' own weddin' 'thout no license, an' the Co't House done closed up. Ise gwine teach you to—"

"But listen, Sepia; I didn't go fo' to do nothin'. They sent me out to Mulga with a load of groceries, an' Joseph Hanker said he would git the license fo' me, an'—"

"You ast me to," quavered the frightened Mr. Hanker.

"What's the diff'ence? You went an' gotten it, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh. An' the man cha'ged me ten dollars cash an' said—"

"What's the matter with the license, anyway?" demanded the irate bride.

"Just this," explained Rev'end Plato Tubb—"The way it's made out, you has got to marry Joseph Hanker!"

The silence became audible. Little Joseph, in his plumed costume, felt the floor swaying beneath his splay feet. As through a haze he saw the grinning countenance of Odessy Brown and the uncompromising visage of the lady in the case. He heard the voice of the Rev'end.

"So if they is gwine be any weddin' to-night, Miss Wilson—you has got to commit matrimony with Joseph."

Some one laughed. Sepia deliberated.

"I got supper all fixed," she summarized. "An' ev'body is heah. An' I done boughten the railroad tickets fo' my honeymoon. . . ."

"Say, listen," wailed Joseph—"I ain't cravin' to git ma'ied."

Odessy grabbed his arm. "You keep out of this, Li'l Man."

"But I come heah just to be a guest."

"Well, you is—ain't you?"

"But if she makes me marry her—"

"Shut up! Ain't I done explained you ain't got nothin' to do with this? An' wasn't it yo' fault, in the fust place? Had you got the license right, this thing never would of happened."

"Oh Lawsy. . . ."

Sepia was quizzing the Rev'end.

"Ain't no chance of gittin' that license altered to-night?"

"Nary chance, Miss Wilson."

"Dawg bite! I suttinly does hate to git hitched up with a li'l, no-count drop of water like Joseph Hanker."

"He's a nice feller, Sepia," suggested the happy Odessy. "I has knowed him fo' a long time, an' I b'lieves he'd made you a good husban'—"

"No I wouldn't," shrilled Joseph. "I'd be an awful bad husban'."

"Huh!" spake the bride. "I reckon you'd only be bad one time." She surveyed the gathering. "People all heah. Supper all fixed. Honeymoon tickets all bought. License ready. C'mon, Joseph—reckon I an' you gits ma'ied."

"No!"

"I says yes."

"But Sepia—"

"Don't you staht off our ma'ied life arguin', Joseph. 'Taint gwine be healthy."

"Nossah, Joseph," interjected Odessy. "You got to do what that gal says or she'll bust you one."

Sepia flung around wrathfully on the triumphant Mr. Brown.

"Keep yo' big mouf away fum this, Odessy. I ain't ma'yin' Joseph 'cause I want to. It was you I aimed to git wed with—an' I'd wait 'till to-morrow 'ceptin' it ain't polite not to give my comp'ny no weddin' when they was all sot. As fo' Joseph—I guess him an' I can handle what we does."

"Hot dam! Sepia—I reckon you can. An' Ise shuah you is gwine be terrible happy."

"No we ain't."

"Nossuh—" chimed in Joseph. "We sho' ain't!"

The guests were shifting uneasily. Hungry eyes were directed toward the dining-room. From somewhere in the crowd came a voice which sounded very much like Florian Slappety's: "Well—go ahead an' staht somethin'!"

SEPIA dropped a firm and commanding hand on Joseph's arm. Mr. Hanker cringed. His eyes closed and his lips moved prayerfully.

Mr. Hanker was in the act of plumbng the nadir of despair. In all his scheme of life there had been no thought of matrimony—even with a woman of his own choice. To be plunged abruptly into marriage with Sepia Wilson was disaster unutterable.

He gazed wildly about the room, seeking an avenue of escape—hoping to find one person whose face reflected a single ray of sympathy.

With the solitary exception of Joseph himself, each person in that motley throng appeared to find the situation excruciatingly funny. Sepia was grimly determined to become a married woman.

"Ise a lamb," moaned Joseph, "an' they drags me to the slaughter."

Joseph was keenly alive to the fact that something was happening to him: something drastic, permanent and unpleasant. He heard the arguments of others—that his dilemma had been brought about by his own neglect and that no true hostess would disappoint guests who had assembled to witness a wedding ceremony and eat a wedding feast.

But Joseph sank deeper and deeper into the slough of despond. He was helpless. The Rev'end Plato Tubb was waiting; Sepia was becoming loudly insistent; Odessy Brown was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Joseph gazed at the brawny frame of his erstwhile friend with profound distaste.

Mr. Hanker sparred for time.

"Leave me think," he begged.

"Whaffo' you got to think? 'Tain't gwine git you nowhere."

"Well—" The glimmering of an idea struck Joseph, "I craves to talk to Odessy private."

Sepia was doubtful, but Odessy smiled reassuringly. "I ain't gwine let him git away, Sepia. Trust me."

They moved into the pantry: the swaggering, happy Odessy Brown and a little, desperate, harassed figure in sash, sword and





plumed hat. There, behind closed doors they faced each other. Joseph's tiny eyes gleamed hostilely.

"Odessy—you shuah is doin' me dirt."

"Ain't it the truth?" agreed Mr. Brown genially.

"Tain't decent—tha's what: makin' me marry yo' fiansey."

"Co'se it ain't. But it's nice."

"Not fo' me."

"Tis fo' me—an' that's all what counts."

There flashed through Joseph's mind a vision of the drab and dreary years ahead—as the husband of the energetic Sepia.

"How come you craves not to git ma'ied, Odessy?"

"To Sepia?"

"Uh-huh."

"You has done ruint my bridegroom," howled Sepia. "Somebody had better call an ambulance," advised Florian. "Joseph has positively resigned frum this weddin'"

"I tell you," answered Odessy frankly. "That gal is pizen. When she gits sot on somethin' they ain't neither man nor beast can stop her. No matter who she ma'ies she's gwine make life mis'able fo' him. He's libel to have to work constant an' give her all his wages. Any time she gits mad, she's gwine spread him all over the place. So, Joseph, you can't hahdly blame me fo' escapin' away fum such a weddin' when a miracle walks right up to me an' happens."

"Golly! Odessy—I hates to be the miracle."

"You don't know how much miracle you is. Sepia is bad medicine, an lots of it. What she ain't, is no good."

Mr. Hanker was surrounded by four confining walls and guarded by a strong man whose interest in the affair was keenly personal. Marriage to Sepia appealed to Joseph as being distinctly less desirable than total extinction and he determined upon drastic measures.

"You hadn't ought to speak about my intended wife like that, Odessy."

"Like which?"

"Straducements. Ev'ything you says about her ain't compliments."

"You is sho'ly gwine find out I speaks truth."

(Continued on page 88)



## There Are 57 Varieties And All More or Less Incurable—

# Fans.

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Herb Roth



*Nero catered to the lion and martyr fans*

**T**HE word fan came into the language with the game of baseball, but there were fans long before Abner Doubleday and his friends invented the sport which has come to be known as the national pastime. There were fans when the fathers of football kicked the first pig's bladder on an English green. Long before that Nero was catering to the lion and martyr fans in the amphitheatre in Rome.

Passing up the derivation of the word, concerning which there is some dispute, a fan has come to mean one who watches with interest a sport, particularly, but not necessarily, baseball. There are more than fifty-seven varieties of fan. In fact, there are as many different kinds of fans as there are sports.

There are even checker fans. You can find them in the winter in open-air checker arenas at St. Petersburg, Florida, where they watch, cheering each successful move of their favorite checker players. Even at the long-drawn chess tournaments there are patient fans who will watch and wait until the last move is made, so a fan is not necessarily of the great open spaces.

The fan gets his sport thrills vicariously. I apologize immediately for limiting the gender, for there is the female of the species who frequently is more ardent than the male. At any of the ringsides of any of the big Eastern arenas you will find members of the so-called gentler sex clamoring for the knockout.

For the professional sports the fan is a necessity. Here he becomes a customer. Without fans interested enough to contribute toward the gate receipts, obviously there would be no professional sports. Fight fans contributed something over \$1,600,000 for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, which is the record for one day's take at the box office for a single sporting event. There are more fans in proportion to the population in the United States than there are in all of the other countries of the world and, while there are no available statistics, it is easy to guess that their total annual contribution would go a long way to funding the war debt.

Perhaps the most distinctive organization of fans was the group known as the Royal

Rooters. Their habitat was Boston and their particular club was the Boston Red Sox, which club has fallen into evil days, having finished in the cellar of the American League. Their leader used to be Honey Fitz, a former mayor of Boston. Their anthem was "Sweet Adeline." In world series time they accompanied the Red Sox in a special train.

The Woodland Bards are still in session in the summer time. They are the followers of the Chicago White Sox. They have a club room of their own in the White Sox Park. In pre-Volstead days they used to hold revel at certain seasons of the year. They still meet but their enthusiasm is not what it used to be.

There are the boys from "The Kerry Patch" in St. Louis. They follow the fortunes of the Cardinals and the Browns. When enraged at the umpires they sometimes register disapproval with the petulant pop bottle. They are the most impulsive of all of the baseball fans.

In Brooklyn all of the inmates are organized unofficially into one great society of Brooklyn fans. When Charles H. Ebbets was alive they used to argue with him as to the make-up of the team. Now they give the new club president, Wilbert Robinson, plenty of advice. They take a proprietary interest in the Dodgers.

When Heinie Groh was a member of the

Cincinnati Reds there was a Heinie Groh society in Cincinnati. They had a song with German words in honor of their hero. When the un sentimental owners sold Heinie to New York this society disbanded but would meet informally when the Giants came to Cincinnati, to boo Mr. Groh. The members never forgave Groh for abandoning Cincinnati for more money.

Then there was the Heinie Zimmerman Cheering Association at the Polo Grounds. The members of this fraternity used to sit behind third base and cheer for Heinie Zimmerman. With the passing of Zimmerman from baseball this society also disappeared.

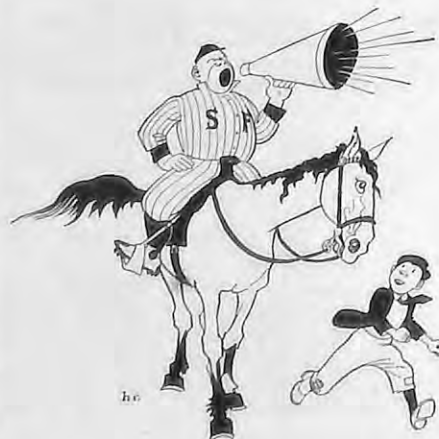
In Boston Judge Emil Fuchs, who succeeded Christy Mathewson as president of the Boston Braves, is responsible for the organization known as the "Knothole Gang." These are youngsters who are admitted to the park free on certain days. They will grow up to be constant Brave fans. This is a very practical and pleasant philanthropy. Judge Fuchs is convinced that shrill voiced enthusiasts who pay nothing for the present help more than empty benches in the bleachers.

In some of the cities where there are two big-league baseball clubs there are American League fans as distinct from the National League fans. For instance, in New York there are Yankee fans and Giant fans and they quarrel bitterly as to the merits of the respective leagues. In Chicago there are White Sox fans who would consider it treason if they went to the Cubs park and Cubs fans who "would not be seen dead" in the White Sox Park. The real fan is vehement and prejudiced. That is why he is a fan.

**I** HAVE known even newspapermen to become fans through their association with one particular club. One old follower of the Giants used to rail at the umpires whenever that team went into a slump. One newspaperman attached to the Cincinnati Reds found it difficult to send in a coherent account of the game when the Reds lost. Many newspapermen have to fight this tendency to fandom.

There have been some noted individual fans. At the Polo Grounds there used to be a man with a steptorian voice known as the "Well, Well Man." In moments of comparative silence he would rise in his seat and shout, "Well, Well." His voice could be heard for blocks.

In San Francisco the Seals used to have for their chief fan a young man who was known as "The Boy with the Foghorn Voice." Anybody who heard him would testify to the fact that he was aptly named. But he subsequently was led into commercializing his fanning. They gave him a megaphone and a horse and he was paid to ride up and down Market Street announcing





that "There would be a baseball game at Recreation Park to-day." All of San Francisco was made aware of the fact that there was to be a baseball game at Recreation Park that day.

To Recreation Park came a harmless old man who would watch the early practice. Then he would hop into the field and help to retrieve baseballs. Finally they garbed him in a gaudy baseball uniform and kept him as a mascot and a sort of aid to the backstop. He took great pride in catching foul balls from the screen and was deeply distressed when the wags would criticize his technique. They called him simply "The Doc." His antecedents were shrouded in complete mystery.

**T**HERE have been mysterious women baseball fans. There was "Baseball Sadie" who followed the Giants, even bobbing up in cities on the Western tour when the Giants were passing through a crucial trip. The real identity of "Baseball Sadie" never was known. She was just one of the fans.

In San Francisco years ago two little girls were noticed at the baseball park every afternoon. Because one of them was blonde and the other red-headed Charles Dryden christened them Sappho and Zaza, calling them "Saph" and "Zaz" for short. Nobody ever tried to find out who they were. They grew up watching the San Francisco baseball teams. The last time I heard of them both had married and they were taking their children to the ball park. By this time they may be making fans out of their grandchildren. They have been written about but they never have been annoyed by curious reporters wanting to know who they were. It sufficed that they were Saph and Zaz, baseball fans, and to this day they probably are unconscious of the fact that they ever have been written about. Since the advent of Saph and Zaz the tribe of the feminine baseball fans has increased a thousandfold.

The football fans of the most vehement brand, of course, are the old grads. There are so many of them at the older colleges that even a stadium with the capacity of the Yale Bowl is almost inadequate for them on the occasion of a Yale-Harvard game. Old gradding is fanning at its most ingenuous and vociferous.

The football games are opportunities for the old grad to renew his youth and he makes the most of them. When that Bacchanalian rite, the snake dance, is to be performed the old grads are the first to rush into the field. When hands are needed to

uproot the goal posts to celebrate a victory the old grads are the first to stretch out their hands and to grip the timbers.

Always there are the pennant and feather sellers chanting as the crowds flock to the stadiums, "Get your winning colors." This is wasted breath. The old grad's colors are the old grad's colors, win, lose or draw. There may be neutral watchers of a baseball game but of a football game never.

Nothing daunts the football fan. The weather has no terrors for him. At one Yale-Harvard game it rained incessantly into the Bowl during the progress of the game and when I say that it rained I do not mean that it drizzled. There were over seventy thousand there, yet not more than a hundred left before the game was finished.

When the referee's whistle blew the Yale contingent poured into the field and did a snake dance through the little lakes and rivulets that had formed on the field. They skidded joyously under the goal posts too much in a glow of joy to fear or even think of the excellent chances of catching pneumonia. The baseball fan is willing enough to have the game called at the first few drops of rain. The baseball fan is strictly a fair weather fan. He would not sit out a ball game in the wet even if baseball could be played in the rain.

Sometime when the snake dance is on, it would appear that the baseball fan is a peaceful and self-contained person as compared to the football fan cavorting around the goal posts with his raccoon-skin draperies flapping in utter abandon. Also the cries of the football fan when he is roused are weirder than those of the baseball fan.

Of course they have their organized cheering at football games where the cheering at baseball games is entirely unorganized. In the so-called national pastime the individual fan howls with joy or rage as the spirit and the progress of the game happen to move him. But after the football game the victorious fans forget all organization in the snake dance which is entirely impromptu and spontaneous. You can not rehearse a



When hands are needed to uproot the goal posts the old grads are the first to stretch out their hands

snake dance. It is an expression of joy that is purely inspirational.

Not all of the baseball fans have played baseball, few of the football fans have played in a football game. Hardly any of the prize-fight fans ever have fought.

**T**HESE fight fans form a curious mixture. One of the strangest sights of old Madison Square Garden in New York was to watch David Belasco, throwing his usual dignity to the winds, battling his way through the entrance to the Garden with the crowd, his face flushed with the effort and the clerical collar that he affects askew. He will be rubbing elbows with gangsters and pick-pockets as he works his way down to the ringside seat, where he watches this brutal and crude drama intently.

There are some noted women fight fans. Dropping into Shelby, Montana, for the Dempsey-Gibbons bout one of the first persons of consequence I saw was Mrs. Ray Baker (formerly Mrs. Vanderbilt). Her private car had been parked in the great open spaces and she was waiting there for the day of the battle.

One of the most rabid of the fight fans was the late Nat Goodwin. He happened to be in San Francisco when Nelson was to fight Jimmy Britt for the near-championship of the lightweight division. He was billed in a matinee that afternoon. But it suddenly developed that Mrs. Goodwin was taken dangerously ill—so it was announced from the stage—and Mr. Nat Goodwin was present at that bout, so close to the ring that he was choking on the resin dust.

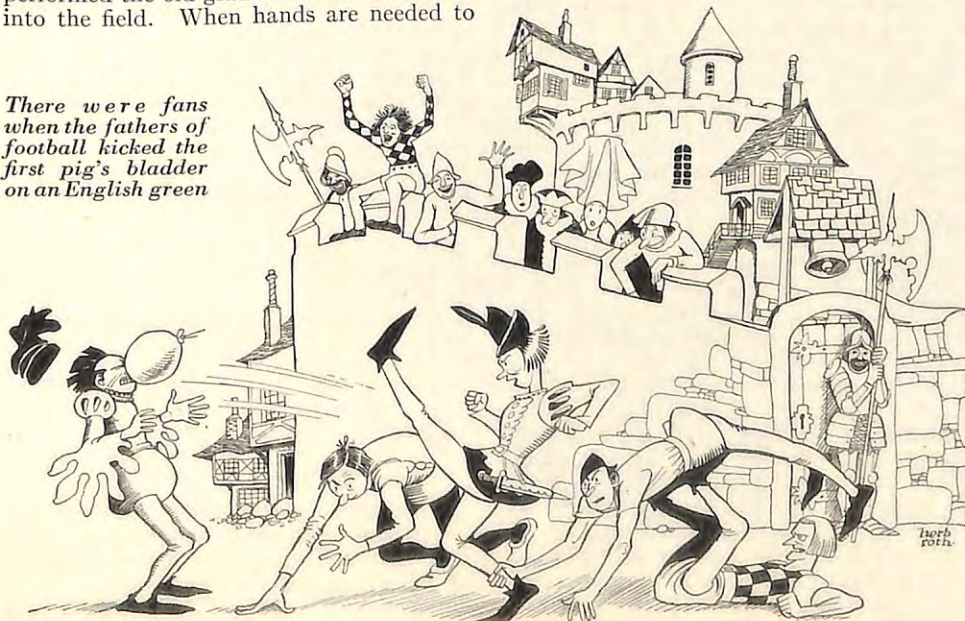
Nat Goodwin was among the first to make the dash to the mining camp of Goldfield, Nevada, when Nelson and Gans arrived in that isolated spot to train for their championship fight. Mr. Goodwin had abandoned a lucrative theatrical tour to be there. He never missed a championship fight when he was within striking distance of the spot.

Always the heavyweight championship fight draws more than a thousand who have been seeing them all, some of them from the time of the Sullivan-Corbett fight at New Orleans. They would get to the heavyweight championship fight somehow even if it were held in Patagonia or Alaska. Some of them have traveled more than ten thousand miles to be at the ringside.

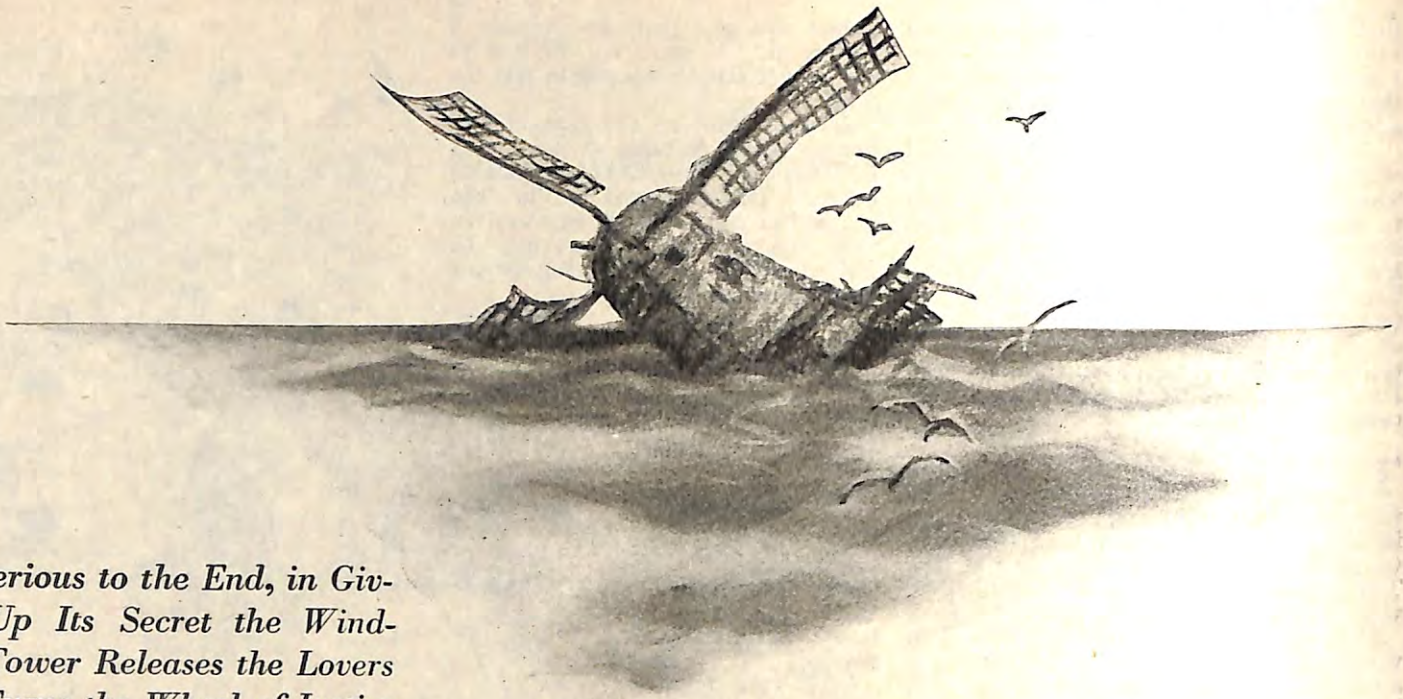
Contrary to what might be expected, the fight fan is well behaved and considerate of

(Continued on page 50)

There were fans when the fathers of football kicked the first pig's bladder on an English green







*Mysterious to the End, in Giving Up Its Secret the Windmill Tower Releases the Lovers and Turns the Wheel of Justice*

## The Moving House of Foscaldo

Part V

By Charles Chadwick

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

THE manuscript ended abruptly. And on one score we were doomed to disappointment. It had failed to explain or even mention the underground corridors, of which the Captain seems to have lived and died in ignorance. Still holding the pages in my hand I looked up and encountered Fantaisie's glance. Her eyes were bright as the full meaning had gradually come over her, during the long reading, of our imprisonment in the queer stone cavern under the moving tower.

"He came down here," she murmured, at length, "a hundred years ago!"

"Gamain. Yes," I answered, as I carefully put together the old manuscript and laid it back in the iron box.

"And he must have met death—somewhere—somehow—" She shuddered and her eyes wandered down the dim length of the corridor before us where the candle cast long indistinct shadows. "To think," she went on, "of Captain Marat living so many years above here, as Yldez says he did, in the tower, and never finding out—"

"That his enemy lay dead beneath his feet—rotting away in this cavern.—But then," I cried swiftly as the idea came to me, "his skeleton—we would have found that!"

I looked blankly at her.

"Yes—but I didn't mean that," she said, "I meant his living here so long and never finding out how to start the windmill, and you accidentally hit on it in a moment. That is the curious thing."

"How? What do you mean?" I asked vaguely. I came back with a shock to a realization of our precarious situation which in the interest of reading the Captain's long narrative I had practically forgotten.

"When you pulled on that iron hook you were trying to get loose to fight the baron with."

"I—what?"

"See here," she reached down into the box and taking up the manuscript she

turned over its pages, while I watched her. "Here it is," she said; and holding it so that the light fell on the page she read:

"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—"

SHE laid down again the old yellowed page of the manuscript and gave me a triumphant glance. "There it is!" she explained. "One of those hooks! The rest are maybe for a blind. You accidentally took the right one and pulled on it."

"Fantaisie!" I cried, astonished at her keenness, "I never thought—and that of course is the way Gabas managed to disappear! You have guessed it! The tower turns to-day just as it did so long ago. And that hook. It must pull a chain or a rod hidden in the beam which connects with machinery below the floor."

I thought a moment.

"The tower turns," I repeated, "so that the door above faces over the cliff, as Captain Marat discovered, and also at the same time under the trap door the masonry end of the cellar is slid along to one side like a folding door and the cellar opens into the cavern. See!" I took out my notebook and drew a rough sketch, making a circle to represent the plan of the tower. I studied it and thought a while longer.

"Yes," I observed, as the idea dawned on me further. "Then, I suppose, the machinery reverses itself, after a certain

time, having gone slowly a certain small distance through the arc; some extra cog is thrown in—and the tower turns back, and stops with the automatic setting of the brake, and of course the underground passage is blocked up again. Do you see how that could be?"

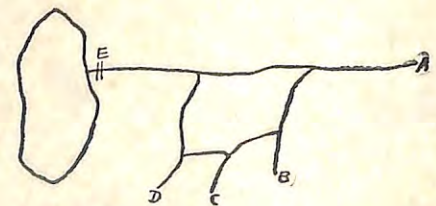
"Yes—but—isn't it rather complicated?" she commented.

"Not at all," I replied. "It sounds intricate. But it is a perfectly simple thing to gear an axle across under the floor with a few cog-wheels. They must be hidden away under the floor of the tower. I haven't the slightest doubt of it; and so well constructed as to be in working order still. There's one more thing. How did Gabas get out after hiding here? There must be also some way of starting the windmill from below. We ought to find it!"

This last after all was the practical question we had to come back to, now that we had found out so much.—How to start the windmill and get out. And, as I said, we ought to find it.

The problem set me thinking all over again about the cavern. It occurred to me that in the absence of anything else to do I might at least begin by making as accurate a survey of it as I could.

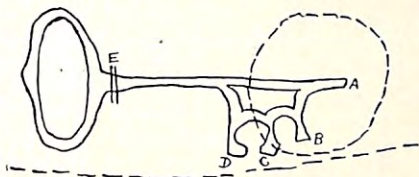
My first sketch, with the addition of the loop, as will be remembered, had been as follows:



My second drawing, with a dotted line to represent my guess at the position of the tower and the cliff, after carefully estimating directions as well as distances, and taking note of whatever slight variations



there were in the contours of the walls, now looked like this:



Fantaisie, looking over my shoulder, gave a gasp of surprise. "Why!" she cried. "It is a key. I said the first one looked like a picture of a key. But this is a key—our key! The cavern is shaped like a key—like the key of the iron box, exactly!"

Truly it was as she said. I took the brass key out of the lock in the *armoire de fer* and, holding my drawing in the other hand, stared from one to the other. It was indeed a whimsical idea of the old master locksmith to take advantage of the windings of a natural subterranean cave and enlarge and adapt it to this curious plan!

We were sitting side by side in the little recess by the pool. I looked up at her.

"Yes," I added, with a smile, "and the tower is a big lock. And we are locked up inside the key!"

"But look," she mused, after

a moment's study. "Haven't you made a mistake? It ought to be even from here to here to make it look, see, like this key. The plan you drew is too short at B."

"That was according to the measurement, Fantaisie," I replied.

We rose and stepped once more across the little pool. I would verify my map of the cavern. I glanced up, as she stood beside me, holding the candle she had picked up from the table.

She carried the candle for me as I paced the length of the corridor marked B. We found it shorter by three paces than the other two. To make sure I repaced the corridors terminating at C and D also,

and verified the accuracy of my previous work.

"It needs something added at B to make a complete picture of this key," she said.

We were standing at the junction with the main passage of the short corridor leading to B.

"I have it!" she cried all at once, seizing my arm and pulling me around in her excitement.

"What?" I cried.

She ran down to the end of the corridor, and I after her.

"This — the locked cupboard!" She pounded on the iron door.

"You're right," I shouted, grasping her



The sight of this window and the object before it so startled us that we fell back, gazing in horror



meaning. "That may not be a cupboard at all. It may lead to a further part of the cavern behind that door. Perhaps—maybe I can wrench it off!"

I noted now a crowbar standing in the corner; I was about to seize it but she clutched my arm again in the excitement of her imagined discovery. "No—try the key!" she commanded, "the same key!"

## CHAPTER XXIX

**C**URIOUS to relate, the brass key of the *armoire de fer* fitted also the lock in the little iron door at the end of the passage! After a little working back and forth it turned.

Climbing through that small aperture and taking the candle with us, we came upon a scene which I shall endeavor to describe.

In the first place it was a room we had climbed into, small, almost a closet, about eight or ten feet square, just the size we had estimated as necessary to supply the missing part in the diagram of the key-shaped cavern. It was illuminated by, in addition to the candle we carried, a horizontal crack in what appeared to be a window in the opposite wall. Through this gap of about half an inch in width streamed a shining bar of unmistakable golden daylight!

To our unaccustomed eyes it seemed a dazzling illumination. Mingling with the odor of the cavern to which we had been so long inured we could detect, even through that narrow rift, the warm fragrance of outdoors. We gave a shout of delight.

The next moment we had recoiled, startled, against the narrow doorway through which we had climbed. Jarring the little door itself—which, opening inwards, had for a moment concealed all of the window from our sight—jarring this shut behind us.

The room was small, as I have said, with a low masonry ceiling, and was cut entire into the stone of the cliff, but here and there patched up with mortar and broken stone. Altogether, however, it resembled pretty nearly the remainder of our cavern except for its one window—a tiny square about three feet from the floor, and closed tight by what appeared to be a solid iron shutter or blind, except for that opening of half an inch between the bottom of the shutter and the sill where the daylight streamed through.

It was the sight of this window and the object before it, not seen at all at first glance, which now so startled us that we fell back, gazing in a kind of horror that came upon us, and shaking in every limb.

A human skeleton actually stood as though

looking out of the window! The skull was invisible, being beyond the shutter; but the figure was otherwise grotesquely and completely suggestive of what it had, beyond all peradventure, once been—a human being leaning forward upon the sill to look out of the window.

Around the old bones hung a strap or two of leather, but not a shred remained of any clothing; and from one wrist—where the long bony fingers lay clutching the window sill—hung a chain; and on the chain a brass key!

I reached out my hand and took up the key and looked at it closely. It appeared to be an exact duplicate of the one so long in the possession of Captain Marat and which had finally come into my hands, the key which had unlocked first the iron box and then this rock chamber. There was an inscription on it also. I read it, separating mentally into words the evenly spaced letters:

L U D O V I C U S - R E X - E T  
G A M A I N - F E C E R U N T

This, then, was the complete legend, part of which was worn off the other key. "King Louis and Gamain made this." I saw now what the X stood for, with some wonder, too, at my not having had antiquarian sense enough to guess it with the facts practically all supplied to me in Yldez's narrative.

And the skeleton was Gamain!

Of this, it seemed to me in that moment of discovery, there could be no doubt. His disappearance on that day of a past generation so long gone by, which we had just read of in the old memoirs strangely preserved to us in the iron box, was here explained. He had left Captain Marat at the door, and had run quickly down and entered this little secret room; for what purpose I could not divine unless it was to be in time to look out of this window—which evidently from its position must be cut through the face of the cliff just below the tower—and in this way to see his enemy fall to death from the platform above into the sea beneath! And the voice Marat had heard coming from below was thus explained also. And as Gamain so leaned out, by a strange and accidental poetic justice the sharp iron shutter had slipped its catch, or he had jarred it off, and it had crashed down upon his neck and killed him instantly, or caught and held him till he died!

So there he stayed and rotted until nothing remained but his skeleton and the key swinging from his wrist; while above

him in the tower his enemy had lived for twenty years ignorant of his fate, as he in the moment of death had not known of Marat's. I recalled Marat's story where he records the locksmith as saying, "No guillotine for Gamain!"

Guillotine? Yes! Escaping the death of a traitor in Paris, here in his own retreat the iron shutter with its sharp edge had in very fact guillotined him! For as I put my hand under and raised it slightly away from the neck bone the skeleton beside me, with a strange noise of long unused articulations, almost a sigh, released from its position, fell back and sank into a huddle of bones on the stone floor—headless!

## CHAPTER XXX

**W**HEN the skeleton collapsed Fantaisie gave a convulsive answering shudder and seemed to shrink back, if possible, further against the little iron door. We stood in silence and gazed into each other's eyes. Not a word had either of us spoken so far since we had entered the strange, rock-hewn chamber of the skeleton.

"It is Gamain," I said.

She nodded. I think she comprehended it all as I had.

I bent down pressing my forehead against the cold iron, for I had been able to raise it very little, and gazed out through the crack. A tendril of a vine waved in the breeze outside—the same vine perhaps that had grown up over the cliff bearing the brass key—and through that waving tracery I looked out upon the sea! It was daylight, indeed; though what day it was and whether afternoon or morning I had no means of knowing. The sun's lightly veiled tipping of the waters was broken by the blue chasms of the waves. I fancied I heard their noise faintly as they rolled below and that I smelt the salt spray, invisible beneath.

"Fantaisie!" I cried, excitedly. "Daylight! The sea! Come!"

But she did not come to my side. She was still terrified, I suppose, at that gruesome object lying between us. I turned around to urge her. The shutter slipped from my detaining fingers and dropped. The streak of daylight vanished, taking with it that momentary but none the less actual vision I had had of the world beyond our living tomb.

I tried to raise it up again. There was no handle or fixture on it. There was nothing but the smooth surface of the rusted sheet of iron set into its tight grooves. I had no

(Continued on page 83)



A group of men emerged from the shadows dragging something over the ground with ropes





*In his path Sorley found a girl with braids of gold and wide gray eyes fixed on him*

## Story of The Haunted Robber

By Calvin Johnston

*Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers*

**T**HROUGH the star dusk of the summer night the locomotive bell rapped three times like a temple gong, and the gliding Eastbound left Denny, the old switchman, musing aloud:

"Do they learn minstrelsy in the round-house, that every fireman strikes a different tone," he wondered, "or are the bells haunted by spirits of memory and prophecy?"

"They are haunted," replied the yard foreman decisively, and spoke of wrecks foretold and slain engineers lamented, by the solemn tolling.

"Whether true or merely guesswork on your part," said Denny, "'tis a matter of record that Mike Sorley, the great train robber of old P.D. days, once took up a different branch of his profession because of the warning of a bell on a dead engine. Perhaps it was only the wind that swung it"—but the yard crew, benched along the wall of the shanty, protested. "Well, say it was haunted," conceded Denny, the events which followed being strange enough to warrant it.

'Twas on a darker, windier night than this Mike Sorley sat comfortably in the cab of the dead engine on the Barlow rip track, waiting for the Mail which he would board at the railroad crossing just beyond. In the express car that night was a package of twenty thousand currency; Sorley was informed of the sender and knew also who it was consigned to, though that was not the party who would get it. After boarding the blind baggage here he would go over the tender and into the cab and make the cut-out as usual at the point where a confederate waited with horses. 'Twas all a cut-and-dried business with Mike, who sat comfortably in his place of retirement taking a dry smoke. And then, whether he leaned against the dragging rope, or 'twas the wind, or a haunt, anyway the bell tolled, a terrific and solemn note down on that deserted, weed-grown track among old

wrecks at midnight. He moved and it struck again, angry and jangling this time and more than disturbing to an outlaw who values his privacy at even less dangerous times.

Before it ceased, Sorley was on the ground and sizing up the engine which seemed such a battered and monstrous shape in the murk that he stepped away and a headlight far down the yard picked him up.

"**T**IS certain," he thought, "that the worst possible influences for train robbery are abroad tonight," and while escaping the light he remembered with a shudder the tone of the old bell, though indignant at his own nerves. He looked about now to find wrecks of all shapes surround him like mangled giants; some of them were rusty with blood-stains he knew, and such neighbors after the start the bell had given him were not without significance.

"If there is not a warning out for me," he thought, "I am no judge of superstition," and walked around by a lighted street toward



the station. Whatever dangerous events this presentiment saved Mike Sorley from may never be known, as by that token they did not happen at all. But the fact that the presentiment was saving the twenty thousand dollars from himself was discouraging, until an idea arrived at the same moment the mail train did.

"Tis not for me to be flying in the face of Providence by robbing a railroad train tonight," he reflected, but easily made up his mind that even a presentiment may try to cover too much territory. With which he seated himself in a coach and quietly followed the trail of the currency as far as Climax Station, forty miles down the line, and there dropped off in the dark beyond the station as the train pulled out. And at the same moment up the platform the agent and his helper were examining the package of treasure as if the messenger on the Mail had handed them a snake.

"TWENTY thousand in this office overnight!" said the agent. "And that big, black-masked robber holding a regular run on this division! Not a chance," and he abused the officials who had shipped it to banker Marvin on the night run.

Sorley behind the corner of the depot had to smile at this opinion, but did not like the actions of the two men who dived into the office and out again with revolvers in their hands and struck out with one trailing the other by thirty or forty yards. Of course the agent in the lead carried the money package, and could be up on the main street of the town or in a building while Sorley was fighting the guard, who kept close watch before and behind.

"They are fast workers," said Sorley with approval; "and will make a play to get into the bank vault by rousing banker Marvin." In a moment he would have been circling with the intention of heading off the agent, when Colonel Marvin himself did so, just past the end of the platform.

As did everybody in that country, Mike knew Colonel Marvin by sight; in cattle and mines and banking, he was respected for his fair dealing though a stiff manner and stern face made little for popularity. In the still air of the night Mike heard him say that he had come for the money and was taking it to his house. As if he had a quick use for it.

He answered the word of the agent by saying 'twas unnecessary to guard him, but being reminded that the receipt was still to sign turned back with the others along of him.

"Never again will I listen to superstition if I hang for it," thought the outlaw. "At first there was only one man, the train messenger, to guard the money; then there were two, and now three. At the house there may be the military." But however disgusted, he still had the feeling that the presentiment was trying to cover too much territory, and trailed unseen at a distance. And arriving at the banker's house, he waited among some trees in the big yard till the two guards had gone, and then masking, began a scout which ended inside an unlocked hall window.

Now Mike Sorley, for a number of years



Almost before he realized it Cain was riding down the

experienced and successful in the reckless adventure of express-car banditry, passed boldly down the wide, dim-lighted hall without reflecting that an ignorance of house-breaking was a flaw in his education, till he realized that the low laugh in a room beyond was a woman's; her words followed, a good-night, and another laugh for one who would sit up all night counting money. The sounds were silvery as a fairy's horn, but the angry jangle of the engine bell in the dead yard had hardly startled Sorley more; and at the light drift of footfalls he half folded himself in the heavy draping at the end of the hall as a girl carrying a lamp passed by. Slim and graceful with a glow of golden hair crowning, she passed with a sort of eagerness as if already far on the quest of pleasant dreams beyond the ken of violent and greedy men. As she vanished behind the staircase, Mike was still gaping after, when roused by the clear voice of a man in the depth of the house; that would be Colonel Marvin; the man answering spoke heavily but not so clearly.

In an instant Sorley, as a hunter who has started game, had crossed the room between and stood at the door of one whose appearance halted him as if on the verge of an ambush. "By the Gun of Athlone, as well

pull off a hold-up in a show window," he thought.

Now y'mind that an express car is completely enclosed and hidden from any curiosity seeker outside, and was generally filled with dynamite or powder smoke when Mike visited it. But two sides of this room were entirely of glass, being in fact a sun parlor; and though the light came from a single lamp over a flat desk, a masked man would be at once perceived and picked off by any watcher outside.

'Twas very late, there was likely no one abroad! Then unperceived for a minute Mike gazed from the doorway with a sort of fascination at the man who faced him as he spoke to Colonel Marvin at the desk. A swarthy man bigger than Mike himself whose eyes bulged and hands grasped and ungrasped the arms of his chair as he followed Marvin in the counting of the currency.

"Twenty," he completed with a gasp, and licked his lips; "and I am saved—"

"You mean, Mr. Cain," answered Colonel Marvin, "that I am saved. If I had failed in this payment to you who have risked ruin to finance operations, I would have not only brought a crash on myself but had not a shred of honor."







canyon before his captor, who after a while halted him

"Honor! You are the soul of it," said Cain with enthusiasm. He rose. Marvin pushed the money across the desk.

'Twas not the smooth, thick voice of Cain, nor the grasping and ungrasping of the hands as a vulture stretches its talons which held the attention of Sorley; but the eyes which bulged and rolled with a glare of white; sure sign of a bad man to tangle with.

Those two men were there defenseless under Sorley's ready gun; he could take the money from one as easily as another! Cain's hairy claws closed on it; he had it. Then as if the swarthy one could disappear with it in a puff of smoke like the fiend himself, Sorley moved—only to prove to his later loss that presentiment does not limit her territory at all. Cain at sight of gun and mask shoved the money back to Marvin and stood away.

"PASS it to me, Colonel," said Sorley. The banker did so. "You know me," he said.

"By sight," answered Sorley.

"By reputation?"

"Yes; squareshooter," said Sorley, and ordering Cain to turn, took his revolver. "You next, Colonel," but the banker had no weapon.

"A word with you, Mr. Masker," said Marvin; his lean face was thoughtful, steel-blue eyes level; "how you learned that money was here or who you are does not interest me," he went on; "are you thinking of a shot through the glass—?" he walked about pulling down enough shades for cover and back to his chair. Cain sat down, too, and glared with the whites of his eyes. He had carried a weapon and been so quick in tossing back the money and was so indifferent, that Sorley thought: "This is not the first gun play he's been in."

But 'twas only the courage of Marvin that he admired. "That money you have taken," said the Colonel, "covers a debt which must be paid tonight to Mr. Cain here. He financed a venture of mine and must himself turn it over to a creditor at Barlow tomorrow, or go to the wall."

"You're a rich man," said Sorley, but not lightly with disrespect, y'understand, for the older man, calm as a statue of bronze, talked as one used to being obeyed and all that country was used to doing it.

"I am supposed to be. But I am land poor, and on this market, cattle poor; and besides stand to lose my share of the winning venture with Mr. Cain. So I must either have that twenty thousand, or tomorrow

night—tonight even, begin closing out my property, much of it mortgaged, for ready money—"

"Let Cain's debt slide," advised Sorley.

"A debt of honor?"

A hardy cheek had Mike Sorley, but felt himself blush under his mask.

"If you know me," said Marvin, "you know others here; have I been a good man for your friends and their friends." The outlaw nodded, puzzled.

"Well, I will be wiped out. Everything will go—bank stock, ranch, home."

Sorley queerly enough thought of the girl, and the last word of the Colonel shocked him a bit, for remember 'twas a flaw of his education that he had never learned house-breaking. Bad as they make 'em, Sorley felt sorry for the girl and Marvin; of course, 'twas not in the nature of business that he could do anything for them, still 'twas to his credit he regretted not being able to do so. And in this vein an idea that would have done credit to the greatest robber of history, cropped up.

"Sure, ye owe this crop-eared buzzard of a Cain—and I believe well named—nothing at all, Colonel," he said, "because 'twas not yourself but him had the money when I held you up. You had paid him—he had it in possession—'tis his loss."

"Who handed it over to you?" asked Cain, his voice heavy and cold and eyes bulging at Sorley.

"You threw it back to the Colonel when you saw me; the law will say you lose—"

"The law," repeated Cain, rising slowly; "is a highway robber to talk law to me?"

"BACK; back!" said Sorley with impatience, and the swarthy man in indignation turned away for his slow step or two.

Then over his shoulder to the Colonel who, honorable as he was, had his brows gathered over this fair problem; "of course that is nonsense—" Nonsense of all words is the one calculated by the dictionary to turn on attack or threat, and to deceive a guard. Even while casting the word at them Cain whirled, doubled and cast himself at the glass wall taking shade along. The last glimpse the others had was of bulky body and white-rimmed glaring eyeballs in a jagged frame of black.

"Stop! Don't shoot," commanded Marvin as Sorley started after. "It would rouse the neighborhood and we have yet to finish our business."

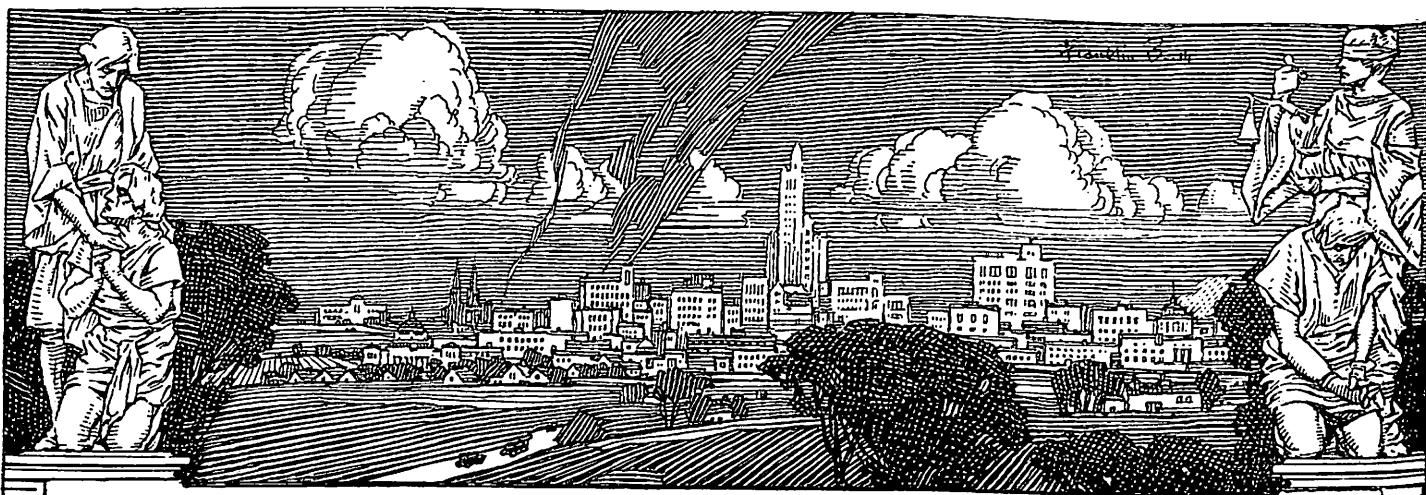
"Mine's finished, Colonel." Sorley had turned and now in his path to the doorway found a girl in a blue wrapper with braids of gold hanging over her shoulders, and wide gray eyes fixed on a figure so formidable. The suddenly raised voices and then the crash had given her the alarm.

Marvin had not shifted in his chair. "Listen to me, sir," he commanded with impatience. "Cain is gone without the money, and no hopes of making him stand the loss. I thought better of him; he might have shared it. As it is the debt stands.

(Continued on page 50)







## EDITORIAL

### DISCIPLINE APPLIED

**T**HE recent temporary suspension of the Charter of one of the largest and most important Lodges of the Order is a regrettable incident; and every loyal Elk will deplore the conditions that prompted the exercise of this disciplinary measure by the Grand Lodge authorities.

It is unfortunate that many innocent members of this Lodge will suffer the chagrin of this punishment of them for an offense for which they were not responsible except by failure to give proper consideration to conditions existing in their clubhouse. But this is, unhappily, always incident to the application of discipline, however well merited.

The example thus afforded should convince the Order generally that obedience to law by the subordinate Lodges is a fraternal obligation, the honest observance of which will be enforced by the executive officers of the Grand Lodge; and it should deter other Lodges from such conduct as will invite the exercise of such drastic discipline.

It is sincerely hoped that with this result accomplished, the incident may be regarded as closed; and that it will soon be forgotten in the happy contemplation of bettered conditions throughout the Order.

### A MAN LIKE YOU

**H**OW would you feel if you knew that some boy were hoping and trying to make himself a man like you? Would you be entirely comfortable? Or would you wish that you were setting a different example for him to follow? The chances are that you face just that situation, and it does not depend upon whether or not you have a boy of your own.

A boy is the most imitative animal in the world. He is a natural hero worshiper. And he creates his own heroes, not always wisely, and quite frequently out of those who are wholly unconscious of the emulative admiration they have inspired.

Quite early in life the boy begins to dream of the man he is to become. It is inevitable that he will select some adult as a pattern and, for a time at least, will seek to mould himself accordingly.

That selection may not depend upon family relationship or intimate association. It may result from the most casual contacts so far as the adult may regard them. But the influence of the example, however unconsciously exerted, will be reflected upon the impressionable young mind.

The man who is not thus regarded by some boy, as in some way a model for him to copy, is perhaps an exception. It is, therefore, a rather serious responsibility that every man faces. And however bromidic the statement, it is an important truth that cannot be too frequently brought to mind, that every man should so conduct himself at all times that he could feel only pride in the knowledge that some boy is striving to make himself just such a man as he is.

### THE PHYSICAL LODGE-ROOM

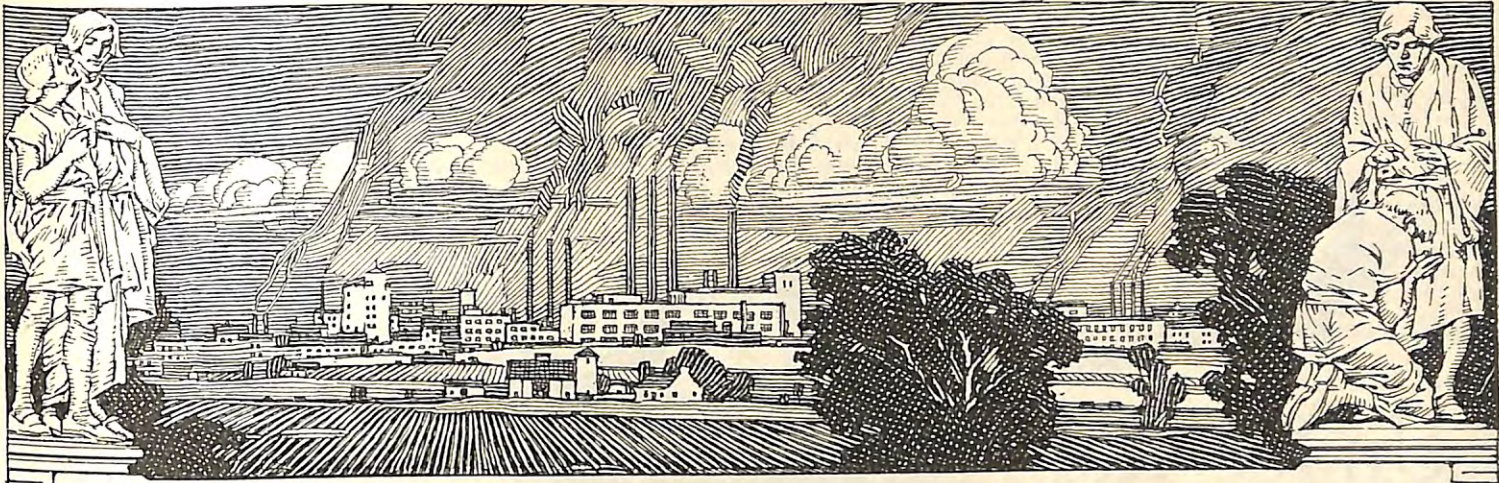
**H**OWEVER handsome and expensive an Elks Home may be, however complete may be the facilities provided for the recreation and social enjoyment of its members, it should be remembered that the real purpose of the building is to provide the most effective instrumentality for use in the conduct of its fraternal activities, the performance of those benevolent services, which are the Order's chief aim. And it should be realized that these, of necessity, center around and depend upon the *lodge*, not the *club*.

It follows that the lodge-room should be the most beautiful and pleasing of all the rooms in any Elks Home. It is the one room in which every member has a peculiar interest. It is the one in which they are called upon to meet in fraternal association for the conduct of the serious business of the lodge with respect to which they have a common responsibility. Their readiness to do so will depend somewhat upon its physical comfort and attractiveness.

A beautiful lodge-room will not, of course, of itself alone attract members to attend meetings. But, equally of course, it is very much more likely that they will be led to desired attendance in such a lodge-room than in one which lacks the essential features referred to.

This suggestion is, naturally, more directly applicable to those lodges which are not able to occupy an entire building for their exclusive uses





but are restricted to the maintenance of a few rooms, or even of a lodge meeting place only. The larger lodges for the most part do provide meeting rooms altogether adequate and satisfactory. In many instances the lodge-room, as it should be, is the outstanding feature of the Home. But every lodge may well be mindful of the importance of making their members physically comfortable and aesthetically pleased during meetings. Lodge attendance will inevitably reflect the attention given to this suggestion, which has been the subject of comment by the Grand Exalted Ruler on more than one occasion.

#### INTOLERANCE IS INJUSTICE

**HON. CHARLES E. HUGHES**, in a carefully prepared address before the last annual session of the American Bar Association, which he aptly entitled "Liberty and Law," said: "The most ominous sign of our time, as it seems to me, is the indication of the growth of an intolerant spirit." President Coolidge and other thoughtful Americans have publicly commented upon this same tendency.

It is to be regretted that there seems just basis for such declarations from these intelligent and trained observers of public opinion, for the mental attitude that invites the criticism is not only unfortunate, it is dangerous. That attitude of intolerance toward the opinions and conduct of others, when born of honest conviction, as it quite frequently is, is prone to breed zealots. And they are a peculiar menace to that liberty and freedom of which we proudly boast as essentially American.

It is, therefore, a real patriotic service that our Order is rendering, in cultivating in the minds of its members, and endeavoring to inspire in the minds of others, that spirit of tolerance, that disposition to consider the other fellow's viewpoint, which truly exemplifies, in its broadest significance, our cardinal virtue—Justice.

In a recent conversation on this subject, one of the participants earnestly deprecated the use of the word "tolerance," as implying an assumed superiority and an attitude of mental condescension. But it is in no such spirit that the word is here used. On the contrary, its true meaning would seem to imply an attitude of fair equality and consideration for others as a matter of right.

Every encroachment upon personal liberty, in its broad meaning, encourages an overzealous majority to exercise its power for further invasion. And while obedience to law, which is the expressed will of the majority, is a patriotic duty, an earnest and sincere effort to protect the individual from intolerant restraints is no less a patriotic duty, for it seeks to sustain the very fundamentals of our social and political organization.

This does not suggest the championship of unrestrained license, nor the right, under the name of liberty, to disregard law, or to injure others, as individuals, or society as a whole. Nor does this comment have reference to any particular legislation. It is simply a plea for the just consideration, under the law and in the enactment of law, and in all like associations of life, by individuals and groups, of the rights and opinions of other individuals and groups, as inherent in the loftiest conception of American citizenship.

#### WORLD PEACE

**THE** question of the means that should be employed, in the endeavor to insure the permanent peace of the world, is one about which men differ. Their opinions are based upon varying view-points of national and international policy, which in turn are affected, more or less, by considerations that may be termed political. For that reason it would, perhaps, be inappropriate for the Order of Elks, as such, to attempt to create or mould sentiment in favor of any particular instrumentality that may be under consideration.

But the desirability of the end sought is of such universal appeal and so much in the interest of all humanity, that the Order cannot be indifferent to the efforts that are being honestly made to attain that end. And any step that is taken along that road must be welcomed as an advance upon the highway toward universal brotherhood which the Order encourages all men to travel.

Whatever has been done by our Country, whatever else it may do, with that object in view, and whatever may be the individual opinions as to its policy as thus expressed, as compared with some different policy, all Elks share the hope that it may hasten the day when:

"No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes."





## Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

### *New Home of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge Is Dedicated*

WITH Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson representing the Grand Lodge, and in the presence of many hundred Elks from all over the State, the magnificent new \$200,000 Home of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, was impressively dedicated recently.

The ceremonies were opened in the afternoon with the initiation of a large class in the new Lodge room. Preceding the formal dedication a banquet was held for members of Waterloo Lodge, Grand Lodge officials, officers of the Iowa State Elks Association, and the designated representatives of other Iowa Lodges. Exalted Ruler B. B. Hunter, acting as toastmaster at the conclusion of the dinner, called upon Mr. Robinson and several Past Exalted Rulers to respond to the program of toasts.

At the conclusion of the actual dedication service, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett, a charter member of Waterloo Lodge, introduced Mr. McFarland, who delivered the address of the evening. In addition to those already mentioned the prominent Elks present included Dr. F. G. Cluett of Sioux City Lodge, No. 112, President of the Iowa State Elks Association, and Charles E. Witt of Waterloo Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary.

The new Home has a frontage of 92 feet on Park Avenue and 140 feet on Mulberry. It is surrounded on the Park and Mulberry sides by a beautiful 40-foot lawn dotted with stately elm trees.

The exterior of the structure is of dark red face brick with Bedford stone trimmings and is practically fireproof. All floors are reinforced concrete and structural steel and the roof is tile and gravel.

On the Park Avenue side, broad stone steps lead to the majestic doorway. Behind this main portal is a luxurious lobby, 90 x 28 feet, with lounging-rooms on either side. A magnificent stairway leads from this lobby to an open landing which forms the entryway to the Lodge and auxiliary rooms. To the right of the landing is a game-room, 52 x 23 feet, and a billiard-room of the same dimensions. To the left is a large porch, which may be enclosed, and which will be used for dining and social gatherings.

The entrance to the building on the Mulberry side is through a porte-cochère at the grade level. The foyer at this entrance is 12 x 64 feet and overlooks the banquet hall and ballroom. The banquet hall has the same dimensions as the Lodge room, 60 x 40 feet. Adjoining the ballroom is another dining-room, 61 x 33 feet, so arranged that it can be opened the entire length and made a part of the ballroom.

In the basement are four bowling alleys,

gymnasium, grill, kitchen and serving pantry, showers, lockers and the boiler rooms.

### *Texarkana, Ark., Lodge Is Host to Grand Exalted Ruler*

The recent visit of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell to Texarkana, Ark., Lodge, No. 399, was a memorable event for the members. The occasion was made doubly auspicious for the Lodge and city in that Judge Atwell's visit coincided with the monthly joint meeting of the membership of the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions Clubs—all of which took part in welcoming the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Judge Atwell was greeted at the depot on his arrival by a large group of members, comprising Past Exalted Rulers and other prominent members of Texarkana Lodge, as well as by the splendid band from Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, and the drum and bugle corps of the Texarkana fire department.

That evening a banquet was given in honor of Judge Atwell at which many distinguished members of the Order, including Grand Inner Guard John McW. Ford; Hon. R. P. Dorough, former State Senator; and Past Exalted Ruler Will Steel of No. 399, President of the Kiwanis Club, toasted the Grand Exalted Ruler. Judge Atwell responded, praising the progressiveness of Texarkana Lodge, and the oneness of spirit exemplified in the various fraternal and civic organizations represented at the dinner.

### *Special Meeting of Massachusetts State Elks Association*

Many matters of interest to the Order at large were discussed at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held at the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and attended by the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, and chairmen of Social and Community Welfare Committees. After a luncheon to those attending, Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane welcomed visitors in the name of Boston Lodge and President Marshall P. Newman of the State Association introduced Hon. John F. Malley, chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, as permanent chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Malley emphasized Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell's attitude toward violation of the law by Subordinate Lodges, and discussed with the delegates such questions as the powers of Trustees; the powers of Committees when Homes are, or are not, incorporated; the election of officers under the new ruling that

a candidate is elected when he receives the highest number of votes instead of a majority as heretofore, and many other interesting and important points.

It was also announced that the annual banquet of the Association to the Grand Exalted Ruler would be held on February 16, and that the annual contest for the trophy offered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson for ritualistic excellence would take place on the 14th, the Sunday preceding the banquet.

### *Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Host to National Bowling Association*

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, will be host to the ninth annual tournament of the Elks National Bowling Association during March. The meet as announced by John J. Gray, President of the Association, will start on March 20, with entries to be accepted until March 6. The Hoosier capital boosters of this event are preparing for a record visiting club list. Owing to the territorial location of Indianapolis, the meet is drawing requests for reservations in a most satisfactory manner at this time.

Indianapolis Lodge, with its magnificent new Home, has ample accommodations to care for the visitors and will do so at special rates. Entertainment features are being worked out by numerous committees that will assure all entrants of a most enjoyable visit.

Many of the country's best bowlers are expected to compete, such as Jimmy Smith, Jimmy Blouin, Phil Spinella, Mort Lindsay, the Allen brothers, Billy Elwert, L. J. Gazzolo, Larry Sutton, Billy Barron, Frank McCarty, Phil Sutton, and Harry Alten of far away San Francisco. Early reservations will be appreciated by Henry C. Peachey, Elks Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

### *Everett, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-Fifth Birthday*

Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday last month with a large banquet at the Somerset Hotel in Boston which was attended by a distinguished gathering. Among the well-known members of the Order who were invited were Governor of Massachusetts, Alvin T. Fuller of Malden Lodge, No. 965; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Dr. Lawrence K. Kelley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Marshall P. Newman, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Since its own institution Everett Lodge has assisted in the formation of many others in the neighborhood, among them being Cambridge, Revere, Malden, Melrose, Wakefield and Chelsea Lodges.



### *Will Rogers Gives Exemplification Of True Brotherly Love*

Will Rogers, the celebrated humorist, recently made a trip of over fifty miles from Lynchburg, Va., to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., for the sole purpose of entertaining the residents there with one of his famous talks.

When Mr. Rogers, who is a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, reached Lynchburg where he was billed to give a performance that evening, he secured a machine at his own expense and drove to the National Home. At the end of his performance, one of the residents of the Home expressed himself as regretting that Mr. Rogers had been put to such an inconvenience and expense. Mr. Rogers replied in his characteristic style, "No inconvenience, but a pleasure, and I'd drive 150 miles to see as fine a representative body of fellow Elks, at any time!"

### *Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge Holds Brilliant Charity Ball*

Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1439, recently held its annual Charity Ball at the Mohawk Armory. Contrary to the usual custom, the Ball was an informal affair and not only the members of the Lodge and their families, but many others from among the townspeople attended the function. The proceeds of the Ball have gone into the Lodge's charity fund, an institution which has many times demonstrated its usefulness in the community.

### *Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge Distributes Thanksgiving Cheer*

Far-away Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, made the homes of many needy families radiate with good cheer on Thanksgiving Day. Five hundred and seventy-five food baskets were distributed to 380 families, feeding 630 adults and 1,390 children. The affair was admirably conducted by the committee in charge of the distribution.

### *Oklahoma State Elks Association In Special Meeting*

A called meeting of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges, was held a short time ago in the Home of Oklahoma Lodge, No. 417. The meeting was in the nature of a get-together gathering for the discussion of all matters of interest to the Order at large and to formulate the policies of the Association during the coming year. Trustee B. B. Barefoot suggested that Oklahoma send a special train of Elks to the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago next summer, and the District Deputies present, E. F. Rand of Oklahoma Lodge, L. J. Roach of Muskogee Lodge, No. 517, and O. L. Hayden of Alva Lodge, No. 1184, were appointed a committee to discuss the project on the occasion of their visits to Subordinate Lodges.

Oklahoma Lodge entertained the meeting and a resolution was adopted extending the thanks of the Association and its appreciation of the splendid hospitality.

### *Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Burning Last Mortgage*

An example of the big things that can be accomplished by a small Lodge was demonstrated recently when Francis P. Boland, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, on the occasion of his official visit to Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, consigned to the flames of a pyre erected on the platform beside Exalted Ruler Lewis Mowry, the last evidence of indebtedness of the Lodge.

In an impressive and inspiring speech Mr. Boland reviewed the wonderful progress of the Lodge which, though it had less than 100 Elks, at its inception, was able to muster into its roster 402 candidates for initiation on June 29, 1922, when William L. Dill, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, instituted the Lodge.

The property of the Lodge consists of fourteen acres with about 1,000 feet frontage on the main highway, and is within four minutes walk of the business center. It has been appraised by realtors as worth approximately \$100,000

exclusive of the building, which is probably worth \$18,000. It has four bowling alleys, meeting hall, billiard and grill rooms, ladies' reception room and dining room. The restaurant is manned by a real steward who knows how to serve excellent food at reasonable prices to visiting Elks. The Lodge has a membership now of 827 and is still growing.

### *Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Holds Earl Sande Night*

Fourteen hundred members and visitors assembled at the Home of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, recently, to do honor to Earl Sande, America's premier Jockey. A banquet, moving pictures of Sande's famous races, an entertainment by some of the country's leading vaudeville actors, and speeches of welcome to the distinguished guest made up the biggest evening of its kind in the history of Cambridge Lodge. At the meeting which preceded the evening's program Mr. Sande was voted a life membership in the Lodge, the formal presentation of which was made by the Hon. Edward W. Quinn, Mayor of Cambridge. Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, also delivered a splendid speech, eulogizing Mr. Sande.

### *Bicknell, Ind., Lodge Aids Public Library*

The most successful home-talent show ever put on in the city was the result of information coming to Bicknell, Ind., Lodge, No. 1421, that the Bicknell Public Library was in need of funds.

The Lodge voted to contribute \$500 to the Library, and a "Library Fund Committee" was appointed which, with the enthusiastic backing of the membership, proceeded to realize more than \$650 on an amateur production of "Cheer Up." The promised sum was turned over to the Library, and the balance put into the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Bicknell Lodge is planning to supply prompt assistance out of its Charity Fund whenever needed, and has authorized its Relief Committee to act on its own discretion in alleviating distress throughout the jurisdiction.

### *Work on New Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge Progressing*

Work on the beautiful new \$250,000 Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped to have everything in readiness for its dedication by next June.

Three stories in height, of modified Italian architecture, the new Home is built of special Auburn brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and is fireproof throughout.

In front will be a terrace, laid with tile, finished with a terra-cotta coping and a balustrade stair. The first floor will include the main

library, the ladies' room, lobby, manager's room, main social room and check room. On the second floor are three large committee rooms that may be used for private banquets, the Exalted Ruler's room and the main Lodge room, 47 x 54 feet, with accommodations for upwards of 150. The third floor, which is a mezzanine for the second, contains five committee rooms and the showers.

An auditorium, capable of seating 225 persons, is the principal feature of the basement floor. This meeting room, which will be used for banquets, motion pictures, dances and entertainments, will be equipped with a stage. Its dimensions are 47 x 75 feet. The basement also includes a dining-room and bowling-alleys.

### *C. E. Meglemery, Allen Memorial Committee Member, Dies*

Clarence E. Meglemery, charter member and Past Exalted Ruler of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and a member of the Grand Lodge Allen Memorial Committee, died a short time ago at his home in Birmingham. Mr. Meglemery was always an active participant in Grand Lodge affairs, serving, 1900-1901, as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Returns and Credentials. For two terms, 1896-1897 and 1897-1898, he was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Alabama.

For thirty-eight years, ever since its construction, Mr. Meglemery was station master at the Birmingham depot of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. It was due largely to his enthusiasm and hard work that Birmingham Lodge was instituted, and during the whole of his life in the city he was an active and tireless worker for the good of the Order. The Grand Lodge Committee of which Mr. Meglemery was a member is charged with the duty of devising a permanent memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen, who was also a charter member of Birmingham Lodge and its first Exalted Ruler. Mr. Meglemery's death is a deep loss to his many friends and to the Order which he served so faithfully and so long.

E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham, has been appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler to fill Mr. Meglemery's place on the Allen Memorial Committee.

### *Report of North Dakota State Elks Association*

A number of recommendations of interest to the Order at large are contained in the recent report of the Committee on Good of the Order of the North Dakota State Elks Association. Commending the work of the Subordinate Lodges of the State in civic, charitable and patriotic movements, the report goes on to urge, in the way of further welfare work, the appointment by each Lodge of a committee to cooperate with the Juvenile Court, when so requested, and the appointment of a committee to report



*Home of Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714, whose new auditorium was recently dedicated*



at the convention on the advisability of there being established and maintained, at the expense of the State, a home for delinquent children too young to be properly cared for in the existing institutions. Other suggestions include the award of a prize to be provided by the Association, to the Lodge best exemplifying the ritual at the time of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, and provision for at least one visit a year by the President or a member of the Board of Trustees, to each Lodge having membership in the Association.

### Special Night at Anacortes Lodge for Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight

"Walter F. Meier Night" was celebrated recently at Anacortes, Wash., Lodge, No. 1204. This was the first time in the history of the Lodge that it had had an opportunity to entertain a Grand Lodge officer, and the attendance recorded was the largest of the year.

The Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight was accompanied on this visit by D. J. Duggan of Everett Lodge, No. 479, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington Northwest, and the officers of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, who exemplified the initiatory ceremony. The occasion was a gala one and was thoroughly enjoyed by visitors and hosts alike.

### Washington State Holds Meeting for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries

A very successful meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in the State of Washington was held recently at the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. This meeting was called by the newly appointed District Deputies, G. Burwell Mann, Hollis B. Fultz and D. J. Duggan, all of whom were in attendance. The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of every Lodge in the State save one were also at the meeting. Walter F. Meier, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, of Seattle Lodge, presented the policies of the Grand Lodge to the gathering and impressed upon the delegates the meaning of the motto, "He Went About Doing Good." The problems of securing new members, the holding and reinstatement of old members and the conduct of financial programs were then discussed, and plans laid for the coming year.

### Peoria, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

The recent dedication of the fine new Home of Peoria, Ill., Lodge, No. 20, was a memorable event in the Lodge's history and one marked by the finest fraternal feeling. Many distinguished Elks were present and congratulated the members on the comforts and beauties of their building. District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Roy S. Preston of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, and F. H. Pritchard of La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louie Foreman of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge,

No. 281, who is President of the Illinois State Elks Association; and George W. Hasselman, Secretary of La Salle Lodge and also of the Illinois State Elks Association, were among those who addressed the diners after the banquet.

The new Home was purchased at a cost of \$95,000 and refitted, redecorated and refurnished at an additional outlay of approximately \$15,000. With the added attraction of a beautiful and well-equipped building and the wider activities which the new Home makes possible, No. 20 expects to double its membership during the coming year.

### Virginia Elks to Support Tuberculosis Hospital

As the result of a conference held a short time ago between a committee of the Virginia State Elks Association, and the Virginia Tuberculosis Association, it is announced that the Lodges of the State will erect and maintain a forty-bed hospital for members of the Order afflicted with tuberculosis. At the same time it was decided that beds not occupied by Elks or members of their families, shall be open to the public. The site selected is near the Blue Ridge Sanatorium of Charlottesville, and it is hoped to have the building ready for use by early summer.

### Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge Selects Site for Home

At a recent meeting members of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, authorized their building committee to purchase a site for their proposed new \$150,000 Home. The property selected consists of three lots in Lauderdale Isles, and the authorized purchase price was approximately \$218,000. The three lots have a frontage of 150 feet and depth of 135 feet. Located in one of the choicest districts of this rapidly growing town, the property is touched on one side by a large canal, and thus has both land and water frontage.

Fort Lauderdale Lodge is one of the youngest in the Order and is exceedingly active, taking a prominent part in all community affairs. At the same meeting at which the property purchase was authorized a class of more than sixty candidates was initiated.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Enid, Okla., Lodge

Enid, Okla., Lodge, No. 870, had the honor of entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell during his recent tour through Western States. Judge Atwell, accompanied by B. B. Barefoot, Past Exalted Ruler of Chicasha, Lodge, No. 755, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. L. Hayden, of Alva Lodge, No. 1184, and O. S. Callison, Secretary of Alva Lodge, was tendered a banquet at the Home of Enid Lodge, after which he was escorted to the Central Christian Church, where he delivered the sermon, taking Patriotism as his

subject. Many visiting Elks as well as members of Enid Lodge attended the services and later accompanied the distinguished visitor to his train.

### Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge Gives Banquet To Victorious Football Squad

The entire High School football squad with Coach Alvin Chase, and a large number of members and guests, recently enjoyed the annual banquet given the team by Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, at its Home. Never in the history of this popular annual affair has there been more enthusiasm, due largely to the fact that this year's High School team made one of the greatest records ever achieved by a team representing the city. Exalted Ruler Howard Swartwout welcomed the guests and praised the team, and there were short addresses by the Principal of the High School, the Superintendent of Schools and other individuals prominent in the life of the community. Following the banquet the guests enjoyed bowling and other games in the Home.

### 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:

Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784. Erection of an addition to the present Home of the Lodge of one story and basement, of masonry construction, to correspond with the present building, at a cost of \$40,000, \$10,000 to be spent on furnishings.

Fremont, Neb., Lodge, No. 514. Erection of two-story and basement building of brick construction to cost \$40,000, on site owned by the Lodge and valued at \$9,500. \$10,000 will be spent on furnishings.

### Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge Loses Beloved Member

In the death a short time ago of Hervey McDowell McClellan, Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge, No. 438, lost one of its most beloved members, and the city its best-known resident. Although only in his thirty-first year Mr. McClellan's membership in the Chicago White Sox baseball team, for which he had played short-stop since his discharge from the Army in 1919, had made his name known all over the country. To his fellow citizens and, indeed, to every one with whom he came in contact, he had endeared himself by his loyalty and modesty, and his death was the occasion of dozens of tributes from men prominent in baseball and in civic affairs.

### Medford, Ore., Lodge Appoints Committee to Run Club Features

Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, at a recent meeting voted a separation of the management of Lodge and Club affairs. Feeling that the responsibility of social and club features, in addition to their other duties, imposed too great a load upon the Trustees, the by-laws were amended to provide for a House Committee of three, appointed by and including the Exalted Ruler, to care for these matters. The amendment has been approved by the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and the committee is now functioning.

### York, Neb., Lodge Celebrates Clearing of Debt

York, Neb., Lodge, No. 1024, celebrated its freedom from debt with a large banquet. Following a short meeting at the Home, members and their guests marched to one of the city's hotels, where more than 350 Elks sat down to the elaborate dinner. C. A. McCloud, first Exalted Ruler of York Lodge, acted as toastmaster and among the distinguished speakers of the evening were Judge H. H. Wilson, first Exalted Ruler of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, who delivered the principal address and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. P. Fall of Beatrice Lodge, No. 610, and Lucius R. Hammond, Past Exalted Ruler of Fremont Lodge, No. 514.



The picturesque new Home of Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055





An active musical unit of which Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, is justly proud

### Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Visited By District Deputy Duggan

A large attendance marked the recent official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. J. Duggan to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194. In addition to Mr. Duggan there were many other prominent members of the Order present including Hale R. Nosler, President of the Washington State Elks Association. A feature of the meeting was the exemplification of the Initiatory Ritual by the officers of Bellingham Lodge who were being judged by a committee of the State Association in the elimination competitions of the State wide ritualistic contest

### Butte, Mont., Lodge Dedicates Magnificent New Home

Representatives from every Lodge in Montana took part recently in the dedication ceremonies of the beautiful new \$175,000 Home of Butte Lodge, No. 240.

A business meeting of the Montana State Elks Association, presided over by President J. M. Montgomery of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, was held in the afternoon, after which the Lodge session was called. Following the dedication services conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Johnson of Missoula, Mont., Lodge, No. 383, a class of candidates was initiated, and J. Bruce Kremer, Past Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge delivered the dedication address.

At eleven o'clock members and guests gathered in the new banquet hall where a bountiful meal was in readiness. Ex-Mayor C. P. Nevin was toastmaster and called on a number of the visiting officers for speeches. Among the other well-known members of the Order who were present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank T. Merrill of Great Falls Mont., Lodge, No. 214. A day of open house to the public and the dedication ball concluded the festivities.

Ground for the new Home was broken in September, 1924, following ten years of planning and careful preparation by the Lodge. In the three floors and basement of the new building every inch of space is utilized to the best advantage. The basement is equipped with a large gymnasium and two excellent handball courts, with a spectators' gallery, and shower baths and locker rooms. A modern kitchen, with electric range and every detail necessary for the preparation of large banquets is one of the features. On the street floor are two large store rooms, with a garage or workroom, for rental purposes. The second floor, reserved for Lodge purposes, consists of a lounge room, cloak room,

game rooms, ladies' room, secretary's office, motion-picture booth, locker room for the drum corps, and the magnificent Lodge room, which can easily accommodate the entire resident membership of more than 200. The third floor is the dormitory section, with twelve strictly modern rooms with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.

The woodwork is birch, finished in brown mahogany. The entire floor is finished in oak and birch and the walls are decorated with a special design. The plumbing is strictly modern, and the lighting fixtures and all appointments are such as the members can be well proud of.

### Chicago, Ill., Lodge Conducts Series of Forum Luncheons

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, recently instituted a series of Saturday noon Public Forum luncheons at which prominent speakers discuss various questions.

The speaker at the initial luncheon was Judge Joseph Sabath, who spoke on "Marriage and Divorce." A recent speaker was Commissioner of Health, Dr. Herman Bundesen, who discussed the "Milk Question" before a large gathering.

The public is invited to these luncheons and the Home is always packed. These luncheons have also been a means of many men becoming better acquainted with the facilities of the Home, and have resulted in quite a number of applications for membership.

### Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Is Visited By District Deputy Mulholland

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland, of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, recently made his official visit to Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500. This was the first official visit of Mr. Mulholland and also the first time this Lodge received an official visit from a Grand Lodge officer. There was a large attendance of members from the other Lodges in the District, including Troy, Albany, Cohoes, and Schenectady. Among the distinguished visitors who were present at this meeting were Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, Theodore Kalbfleisch of Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81; Trustee of the New York State Elks Association, J. A. Murray of Troy Lodge; Exalted Ruler Peter H. Buchheim of Albany Lodge; Exalted Ruler Charles V. Fischer of Schenectady Lodge, No. 480, and Exalted Ruler James A. Murray of Troy Lodge. The Degree was conferred upon a class of candidates, and there was an entertainment. Supper for the visitors was served in the Home after the meeting.

### San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Sees Scout Exhibition

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, is one of many Lodges now sponsoring Boy Scout Troops. In the case of the San Antonio troop the activities of the boys are directed by a Scoutmaster and two assistants, all of whom are Elks. To acquaint the members with the progress of the youngsters, the troop recently gave a fine exhibition of first aid, signaling, and so on, which showed in a most gratifying way that the interest of the Lodge is being well repaid.

### "Elks of the Printing Craft" Hold Meeting in Newark, N. J., Lodge

The Elks of the Printing Craft, a body of men composed of members of the various printing trades unions of New York City and surrounding towns who also are members of Elk Lodges in various parts of the country, recently staged their fifth semiannual meeting with a dinner in the magnificent new Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. Leon H. Rouse, President of "Big Six" Typographical Union, acted as toastmaster.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland for New Jersey Northeast and Past Exalted Ruler of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, made an eloquent address on "Elkdom." Exalted Ruler John C. McEnroe of Newark Lodge made the welcoming address and extended the courtesies of the club-house. Secretary Richard P. Rooney of Newark Lodge was present and also addressed the diners.

Following the banquet the business session was held and the following were elected to conduct the next banquet: Andrew Ohmberger, Chairman; Thomas Hughes, Vice Chairman; William F. Campbell, Secretary.

Secretary Campbell desires members of Elk Lodges who reside in the Metropolitan district, who did not receive notices of past meetings, to forward their names and addresses to him, in care of "Big 6" headquarters. The next affair will take place in March and it is expected that a large delegation will be present from each of the unions represented in the Allied Trades.

### State of Florida is Divided Into Three Districts

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, at the request of the Florida State Elks Association and with the consent of the Board of Grand Trustees, has divided the State of Florida into three districts, namely, North, East and West. The Lodges in each district are as follows:

North Florida—Pensacola, Marianna, Quincy, Tallahassee, Ocala, Gainesville, Jacksonville and Fernandina. For this district Irvin Gates of Tallahassee is the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.

East Florida—Palatka, St. Augustine, Daytona, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Miami, Key West and De Land. The District Deputy for this district, not yet announced.

West Florida—Sanford, Lake City, Orlando, Lakeland, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Fort Myers, Bradentown and Sarasota. For this district the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler is W. S. Irvin of Lakeland.

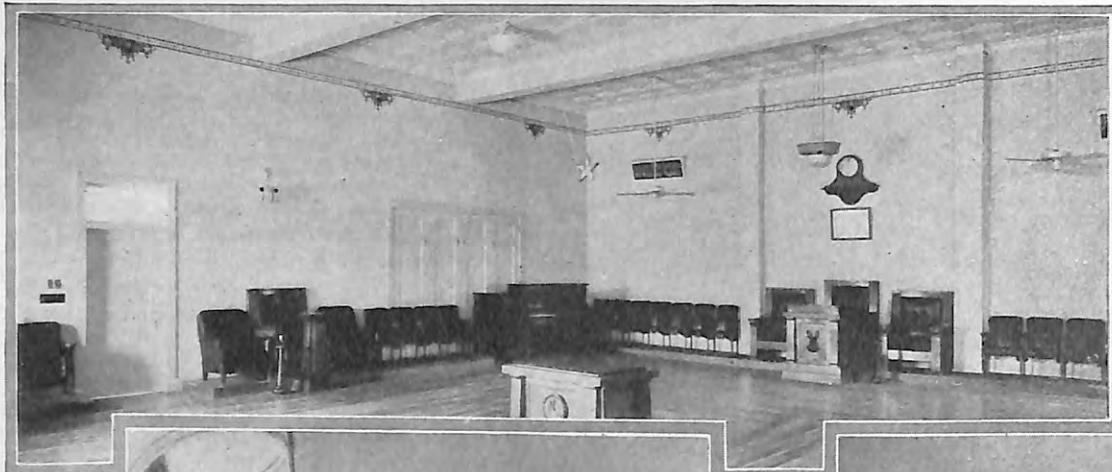
### Large Joint Initiation Held By Manistee, Mich., Lodge

A gala event was recently witnessed in Manistee, Mich., when members of the Order from Traverse City, Ludington, Muskegon and Grand Rapids gathered for the joint initiation of a large class of candidates from the various Lodges in the district. Manistee Lodge, No. 250, was host to the visitors and had arranged an elaborate program which included a large parade, a banquet and a musical entertainment. The initiation, ably conducted by the officers of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, was preceded by short addresses by Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles J. Dovel and Tom Morris, Exalted Ruler of Manistee Lodge.

The whole affair was brilliantly conducted and was in the nature of a civic event, the city being colorfully decorated with flags and bunting for the occasion.



# New Lodge Rooms of the East and West



Left. El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, took over and remodeled for its Home, the former courthouse of Imperial County and installed this impressive new Lodge room

Left, below. Striking in its simplicity is the Lodge room of the magnificent new Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556



RETZEL'S



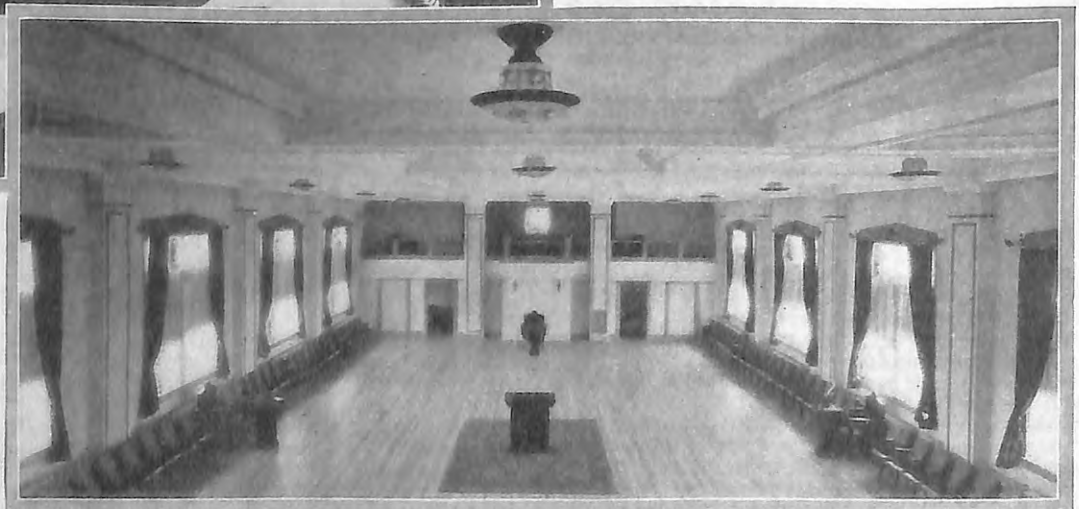
ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

Above. One of the largest pipe organs in the world, installed at a cost of more than \$40,000, is contained in this sumptuous Lodge room in the new home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276

Left. This dignified Lodge room is in the new Home of Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336, which was recently dedicated



Right. The new Home of Huntington, Ind., Lodge, No. 805, completed last autumn at a cost of \$100,000, contains this Lodge and ball-room





### *News Sought of Chester Childs of Anaconda, Mont., Lodge*

Mrs. Kate B. Childs of 1212 East Pine Street, Seattle, Wash., is seeking news of her son, Chester Childs, a member of Anaconda, Mont., Lodge, No. 239. Mr. Childs was last heard from at Honolulu, about Christmas time, 1922, when he was about to sail on a merchant vessel bound for Japan. The earthquake in Japan occurred shortly after that time, and it is possible he was lost in that disaster. However, during his service in France Chester Childs was badly gassed, and it is also thought possible that he may have become mentally incompetent as a result.

Mrs. Childs will be glad to extend any financial assistance that may be necessary or helpful to her son, and will be appreciative of any help in locating him.

### *East Orange, N. J., Lodge Host To District Deputy McCoy*

Representatives from New Jersey Lodges in Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark and neighboring Lodges were present recently on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy to East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630. A large class of candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work of the officers calling forth high praise from the District Deputy. Following the initiation, refreshments were served and motion pictures were shown of the dedication of the War Memorial recently presented to the city by East Orange Lodge. Another pleasing feature of the evening was the special musical program rendered during the meeting and the social session which followed.

### *Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Building New Home*

The Building Committee of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, have broken ground for the beautiful new Home which will replace the one destroyed by last year's disastrous earthquake.

The plans call for a splendid modern, four-story and basement building to be erected on the site of the old Home at the corner of State and Figuerora Streets. The exterior will present the harmonious and dignified architecture of the early California missions, while the construction includes a complete, first-class steel frame. A unique feature will be a set of chimes which, every night at eleven o'clock, will ring out over the city the notes of Auld Lang Syne. The rent from the first floor of the new building, which, together with the basement, will be given over to stores, will yield the Lodge a fine income. The second floor, 100 x 107 feet, will be devoted to club purposes; the third floor will be occupied by the Lodge room, and a large dining-room and dance floor. A portion of the fourth floor will be given over to a gymnasium, with lockers and showers.

### *Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge Has Enthusiastic Membership*

Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468, in spite of the fact that it is situated far from any thickly populated region, is active in many fields of endeavor and has a most enthusiastic membership. This year its entertainment committee has been providing many pleasurable events in which the members have shown keen interest. Recently it staged an excellent cabaret and dance, which was well attended by the members and their ladies. Many distinguished members of the Order in the State were present, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harley A. Harmon, who addressed the gathering at the supper, which was one of the evening's features.

### *Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Visits Veterans at Brookville Home*

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently entertained the residents of the Memorial Home at Brookville, Pa. The Lodge's crack orchestra and a large number of members made the trip and provided a fine musical program for the Civil War veterans, their wives and widows who live in the Brookville institution. In addition

there was a liberal distribution of candy, tobacco, and other articles. The visit was highly appreciated by the old folks and by the management of the Home and Reynoldsville Lodge plans to repeat it in the near future.

### *Santa Monica, Calif., Antlers Club Active*

The Antlers Club of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, is one of the most active of these junior organizations. Basketball, baseball and swimming teams are supported by the Santa Monica youngsters, and in addition they frequently put on entertainments and hold dances and outings. A short time ago they produced, very successfully, an elaborate musical comedy. The Big Brothers of No. 906 are proud of their protégés, and are constantly active in their behalf.

### *Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Holds Regular Public Forums*

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, continues its interesting practice of holding a public forum in its Home from time to time, each occasion being marked by the presence of some distinguished guest. Recently the members had the honor of hearing Rev. William J. Duane, President of Fordham University, who delivered a most interesting address before a large gathering. Among the many who crowded the Lodge room were Governor-Elect A. Harry Moore, prominent members of the Bench and Bar, heads of the city government, bankers, and leading merchants and local clergymen from all denominations.

### *Rahway, N. J., Lodge Has Active Children's Clinic*

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, continues its laudable activities among the crippled children of its jurisdiction. Its clinic is now well established and is conducted by some of the most famous specialists in the country. Operations, after-treatment care, and the furnishing of braces and special shoes are among the activities of the clinic. The Lodge has taken care of over 100 cases since the inauguration of the clinic a short while ago.

### *Float of Wichita, Kans., Lodge Wins First Prize*

Wichita, Kans., Lodge, No. 427, won first prize with its float in a fraternal parade put on recently during the National Live Stock Show held in Wichita. The parade was a huge one in which every fraternal order of the city was represented. The winning float was a reproduction of "Old Ironsides," and carried the Elks Ladies' Saxophone Band sponsored by the Lodge. This band, well known throughout the region, is composed of the wives, sisters and friends of members of No. 427.

The prize money awarded the float was turned over to the band.

### *Penns Grove, N. J., Lodge Extends Invitation*

Members of the Order traveling in New Jersey are cordially invited by Penns Grove Lodge, No. 1358, to visit its Home. Although only seven years old the Lodge is in a flourishing condition, and during this short time has built itself a handsome Home, taken an active part in community affairs and carried on its share of the charity work of the Order. When its Home was dedicated recently large delegations from Philadelphia, Pa., Camden, N. J., and Wilmington, Del., Lodges participated in the street parade and ceremonies.

### *Norwich, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates District Deputy's Visit*

A banquet attended by many members and visitors, and the initiation of a large class of candidates marked the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. McGovern to Norwich, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1222. Because its Home and Lodge room were not large enough to accommodate the record attendance, Norwich Lodge leased the City Hall for the dinner and

meeting. It was one of the most successful evenings in the history of the Lodge and Mr. McGovern warmly complimented the officers and members.

### *Elk Herds in Wyoming To Be Protected*

Congressman Charles E. Winter of Wyoming has introduced for the consideration of the present legislative session a bill to provide for the enlargement of the winter elk reserve in his State. The bill calls for an appropriation of \$272,976 for the purchase and maintenance as a game reserve, of more than nine thousand acres in addition to the territory now serving such purposes.

### *Welfare Committee of New York State Elks Association Meets*

At the recent meeting of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the New York State Elks Association a plan to make a complete survey of all crippled children in the State was outlined. The plan includes the securing of the services of some eminent orthopedic surgeon, the holding of special clinics, and the inviting of all afflicted children, by letter and public advertisement, to come for examination. This, it is believed, will give the Lodges a very nearly complete list and will aid a great deal in the extensive work planned for the coming year.

### *Alameda, Calif., Lodge Members Visit Veterans Hospital*

A party of more than 100 members of Alameda Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, paid a visit to the veterans of the World War confined to the Livermore Veterans Hospital. Before setting out, a voluntary subscription was taken up and a considerable sum realized, which was spent on presents for the patients. The party remained at the hospital most of the day talking with the staff and inmates and distributing tobacco and cigarets. On leaving they were assured of the deep gratitude of every one at the hospital for their thoughtful interest in the veterans' welfare.

### *Unique Honor Comes to Exalted Ruler Of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge*

An honor in the fraternal world that comes to few has been attained by Herman J. Schoenfeld of Patchogue, N. Y. Besides being the Exalted Ruler of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, he is also the Master of the Masonic Lodge in that city. The unusual nature of this is increased by the fact that Mr. Schoenfeld is the youngest Exalted Ruler that No. 1323 has ever had, and one of the youngest members who has ever been chosen head of the local Masonic Lodge. Mr. Schoenfeld is only thirty years of age.

### *Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Alexandria, La., Lodge*

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, accompanied by Hon. John McW. Ford, of Shreveport, Grand Inner Guard, visited Alexandria, La., Lodge, No. 546, a short time ago. A record attendance greeted Judge Atwell, who was introduced by Exalted Ruler E. Leo Ball. Earlier in the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Ford and W. R. Dudley Jr., Judge Atwell's secretary, had been the guests of honor at a dinner given by the officers of the Lodge.

### *New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Reports On Work with Crippled Children*

A recent report of the Crippled Children's Committee of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, shows an expenditure of approximately \$5,000 for this fine work during the past year. This is in addition to gifts to two hospitals totaling \$22,000, which were reported in earlier issues of the magazine.

The statistical report of the committee showed that, at the time of its publication, 170 children were being looked after. Fifty-eight medical examinations were made during the year and twenty-eight new cases reported. One hundred and fifty-one visits to the homes of





Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, recently dedicated this fine new Home

crippled children were made, and seven operations and four X-rays were performed. New Brunswick Lodge has set a high and enviable record for welfare work and is to be congratulated on the success of its humanitarian efforts.

#### **Famous Painting Hangs in Home Of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge**

Among the many beautiful appointments in the new Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, is the famous painting "Venetia" by A. Wolf. This striking canvas, 9 x 11 feet, was presented to the Home by August Uihlein, President of the Schlitz Company. It is said to have a value of \$25,000, and has been the subject of great admiration by artists and critics.

#### **Helena, Mont., Lodge Presents Handsome Testimonial**

Mrs. Marie G. Barth, the mother of one of the old-time members of Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193, was recently presented with a beautiful engrossed testimonial by the Lodge as an appreciation of her charitable activities in the community. For many years Mrs. Barth has contributed liberally in cash and in hand-made garments to the poor of Helena, always making her donations through the Lodge. The testimonial was sent her by the members on Christmas Day as an appreciation of her unselfish work.

#### **Albion, N. Y. Lodge Is Active In Social Welfare Work**

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, has a well organized committee on Social and Community Welfare Work that performs excellent service throughout the jurisdiction of the Lodge. In addition to a general distribution of necessities at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge has financially assisted many needy individuals in its community. At a recent meeting the members voted to appropriate a substantial sum for the local hospital, an act greatly appreciated by the city and by the authorities of the institution.

#### **Burbank, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Its First Birthday**

Burbank, Calif., Lodge, No. 1497, one of the youngest in the State, recently celebrated its first birthday with an elaborate party in its new Home. Practically all the members were present for the occasion and they and their wives enjoyed an excellent dinner which was followed by a dance.

Burbank Lodge has shown remarkable development in its first year of existence and the indications for the present year point to even greater growth and prosperity.

#### **United States Marine Band Plays For Greensburg, Pa., Lodge**

The United States Marine Band which confines its valuable activities mostly to the White House, Washington, D. C., recently gave an excellent concert under the auspices of Greensburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 511. There being a football game between Greensburg and Youngwood, the Lodge turned over the band in the afternoon to the High School officials where close to 10,000 persons were delighted with the music of this organization. The proceeds of the concert in the evening which was given in the High School auditorium, were used entirely for charity. After the concert, the musicians were fêted at the Home.

A few weeks later the members of the Lodge entertained the High School football team, providing a dinner. Over 100 places were occupied by the players and their friends.

#### **Grand Exalted Ruler Appoints District Deputy for Georgia, North**

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell has appointed B. C. Broyles of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Georgia, North, to succeed Howard P. Park of La Grange, Ga., Lodge, No. 1084.

#### **Helpful Suggestions Made by Grand Lodge Committee on State Association**

Many interesting and valuable suggestions are embodied in the recent official circular of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations of which William H. Reinhart of Sandusky, Ohio, is Chairman. The committee urges the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge to appoint a contact officer whose duty it shall be to champion the cause of the State Association within his Lodge and to direct activities relating to it. The formation of a speakers' bureau, the planting of memorial trees, ritualistic contests and welfare work are among the other suggestions made by this Grand Lodge Committee.

#### **Scholarship Committee of Detroit, Mich., Lodge Quietly Active**

Much quiet but far-reaching good is being done by the Scholarship Committee of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. This Committee, composed of Exalted Ruler James Bonar, Secretary John J. Collins, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter and Dean John A. Russel of the School of Commerce and Finance of the University of Detroit, not only dispenses financial aid to needy students, but advises in their work and helps to find employment which enables them to be largely self-supporting.

A recent issue of the Varsity News of the University of Detroit contains an article in which is the story of one young lawyer who owes his education and place in his profession to the timely help of Detroit Lodge. This young man, who had entered the University on a small sum of money which he had been able to save, and had made excellent progress in his classes, was on the point of resigning to help in the support of his family, a step made necessary by an accident to his father. But the Elks heard of his difficulty, of the splendid fight he had made for an education and of his high standing. The Committee met, voted him a scholarship and found a job which enabled him to remain and finish his course.

Such incidents are typical of the work of this splendidly organized Committee, made possible by the generosity and interest of Detroit Elks.

#### **New York Lodge to Celebrate 58th Anniversary of Birth of the Order**

The banquet celebrating the 58th anniversary of the birth of the Order will be given by New York Lodge, No. 1, on February 15, at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. In addition to many Grand Lodge officers, many prominent members of the community are expected to be present for the occasion. The Committee in charge of the arrangements promises one of the most interesting banquets ever given in celebration of this important birthday.

#### **Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler McCann Given Reception**

Many hundred members of the Order, judges of the Superior Court, court officials, Grand Lodge officers and other friends gathered at the testimonial reception and dinner which they held to honor Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter McCann, Trustee and Life Member of Chelsea, Mass., Lodge, 938. The event, held at the Boston City Club, was one of the finest tributes ever paid a member of the Order who did not hold high political office. Many distinguished speakers bore testimony to the splendid character of the guest of honor, and to the affection and esteem in which his associates hold him.

#### **Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge To Have Order of Antlers**

At a recent meeting of the officers of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, gave approval to the request of the Big Brothers Committee for the organization of an Antlers Club, to be sponsored by No. 99. An organized boys' band of thirty pieces, which will automatically be inducted into the Club, gives a splendid nucleus for development. The initiation fee has been set at \$3.00, with dues 25 cents per month, payable semi-annually in advance.

#### **New Lodge at Lake Charles, La., Is Instituted**

Lake Charles, La., Lodge, No. 435, was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sol B. Pressburg, who was assisted in the ceremony by the officers of Alexandria, La., Lodge, No. 546. This Lodge, which surrendered its charter several months ago, has been given its former number, 435. The Exalted Ruler is Lucius L. Moss and the Secretary is J. T. Landry.

#### **Blind Children Made Offering To "Old Ironsides" Fund**

A touching incident of the "Save Old Ironsides" campaign conducted by Austin, Texas, Lodge, No. 201, occurred when a little girl at the State Institute for the Blind telephoned the Secretary to say that although she and her companions might never hope to see the famous old ship, they wanted to do their share in preserving her as an inspiration to the boys and girls of America. When, in response to their request, a member of the Lodge went to the institute to tell the blind children the story of Old Ironsides and the plan to save her, he found that the courageous and patriotic youngsters had already collected a fund of more than \$20, which they had ready to turn over to the Lodge.



### New Jersey State Elks Association To Meet in Long Branch

At a meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in Newark, N. J., a short while ago, it was decided to hold the annual convention of the Association this year at Long Branch. No definite plans for the meeting have been made yet, but the work of formulating a full and interesting program is under way.

### Famous "Bower Quartette" Now Under Auspices of Berwick, Pa., Lodge

All the members of the famous "Bower Quartette" are now members of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, No. 1138. This well-known organization of professional entertainers will in the future sing under the name of the "Elks Quartette," and many Lodges in the vicinity have already engaged their services for various functions.

### Roanoke, Va., Lodge Gives Christmas Party at Elks National Home

Residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., enjoyed two Christmas celebrations this season, one on Christmas Day and another on December 26th, when about 200 members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, their wives, daughters and friends visited them.

An elaborate program was arranged by the committee of Roanoke Lodge in charge of the celebration. A large Christmas tree was erected in the main lobby of the Home and there were music and singing. Surrounding the tree were the presents, each resident being presented with a handsome card case stamped with his name, and gifts of candy, tobacco, calendars, etc., were made besides. The whole affair was highly enjoyed by the residents and visitors.

This annual Christmas celebration arranged by Roanoke Lodge and the annual family picnic at the Home in the summer, also provided by this Lodge, are two events in the lives of the residents that are looked forward to with keen interest.

### Death Takes Away Two Prominent Members of the Order

In the past few months death has claimed two loyal and well-loved members of the Order: John D. Jones of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, and Leonard M. Quill of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13.

Mr. Jones was Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge and Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. He served in the Grand Lodge as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, 1909-1910. For some years past he made his home in New York City and was a frequent visitor to New York Lodge, No. 1, where he was well known to many of the members.

Mr. Quill, Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge, was an active and familiar figure at many Grand Lodge sessions. His interest in the development of the Order was also manifested by his excellent work in the Indiana State Elks Association.

In the deaths of these two men the Order and the community sustain a genuine loss, and their many friends are deprived of much faithful and genial fellowship.

### Banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler To be Held in Pittsburgh

Arrangements have been completed for the Annual Banquet of the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, which will be held in the William Penn Hotel, in Pittsburgh, on February 23. A new departure this year will be the dancing which is to follow the dinner. An unusually large attendance is expected.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

The Entertainment Committee of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge has planned an active social season for members and their families, many dances and entertainments being already scheduled.

A reception and dinner were given by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge in honor of its chaplain, the Rev. Frank Appleton.

The officers of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge recently initiated a class of candidates for Montclair, N. J., Lodge.

Four performances of its annual minstrel show were given last month by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, at the Academy of Music.

Putnam, Conn., Lodge held a combined New Year's and Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration, which was the biggest social event the Lodge has ever conducted.

The mortgage-burning party of Reading, Pa., Lodge was the occasion of a splendid entertainment, which was enjoyed by a large number of members.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge recently elected to membership the Civil War veterans of its city, with the intention of voting them life-memberships at a subsequent meeting.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge has appointed a committee to form a Lodge band and Glee Club.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge is conducting a membership campaign to enroll 350 new members.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge has remodeled its club and grill rooms.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge hopes to send its fine band to the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago.

A moose dinner preceded a recent meeting of Arlington, Mass., Lodge.

Officers of the Oregon State Elks Association, holding a mid-winter meeting in Portland, were entertained at luncheon by Portland Lodge.

A delegation of nearly 200 members from Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, where they participated in the initiation of a large class of candidates.

The basket-ball team formed last autumn by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge is enjoying an unusually successful season.

Members and their families enjoyed a barbecue given a short time ago by Oakland, Calif., Lodge.

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge entertained the faculty and football squad of the University of Idaho with a banquet in its Lodge rooms. Following the dinner the members of the team were presented with sweaters.

A moose dinner preceded the recent initiation held by Ionia, Mich., Lodge. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter was the guest of honor, and a large number of members were present.

An eleven o'clock clock was presented as a Christmas gift to Bend, Ore., Lodge by Elks who are employees of the Shevlin-Hixon Company in memory of their former chief and fellow member, Thomas A. McCann.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge recently held a golf tournament over the links of La Cumbre Golf Club.

The two performances of the Elks Minstrels given by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge were a great success, the theatre being sold out on both occasions.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge is engaged in an ambitious membership campaign, 2,000 new members being the goal.

A "Washington Club" has been formed by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge in anticipation of the 1926 Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, to be held at Washington, Pa.

The Athletic Committee of Bristol, Pa., Lodge conducted a subscription dance to raise funds to purchase equipment for the Lodge basket-ball team.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge gave a very successful minstrel show.

Nearly 200 children from the South Pasadena Training School were taken to a circus performance by the members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge.

Cleveland, O., Lodge closed its recent selective membership campaign with a gala initiation, held, by special dispensation, in the large Hollenden Hotel.

(Continued on page 80)

## Accommodations For Traveling Elks

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

Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281  
Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49  
Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461  
Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101  
Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345  
Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201  
Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266  
Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194  
Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436  
Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10  
Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181  
Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36  
Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733  
Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626  
Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083  
Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4  
Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228  
Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1171  
Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210  
Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349  
East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258  
Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402  
Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67  
Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499  
Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611  
Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341  
Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439  
Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892  
Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308  
Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538  
Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165  
Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200  
Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485  
Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616  
Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13  
Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825  
Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175  
Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501  
Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750  
Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550  
La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433  
Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893  
Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291  
Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319  
Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134  
Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631  
Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654  
Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770  
Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301  
Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8  
Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99  
Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761  
Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35  
Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274  
Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913  
Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46  
Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44  
Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383  
Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773  
Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245  
Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21  
New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756  
New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1  
North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487  
Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186  
Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39  
Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387  
Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60  
Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497  
Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2  
Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11  
Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476  
Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674  
Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 780  
Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188  
Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275  
Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14  
Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878  
Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100  
Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943  
Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359  
Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547  
Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85  
San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 210  
San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3  
Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123  
Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92  
Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413  
Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158  
Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61  
St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516  
Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487  
Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392  
Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592  
Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708  
Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105  
Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141  
Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357  
Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287  
Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186  
Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427  
Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850  
York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

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



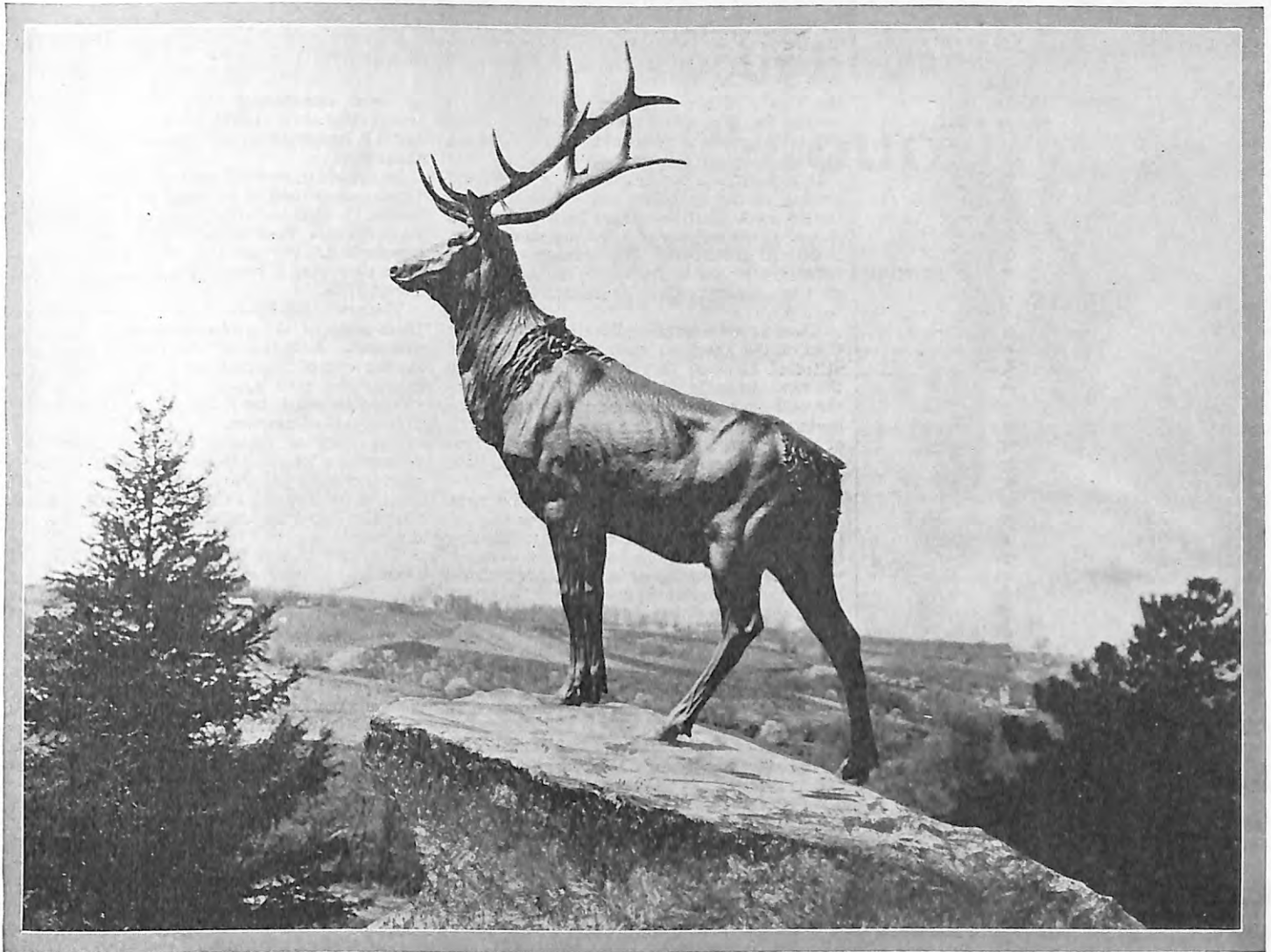
# Directory of State Associations

## 1925—Presidents and Secretaries—1926

- Alabama**—President, Dr. John W. Perkins, Birmingham Lodge, No. 79. Secretary, H. M. Bagley, Birmingham Lodge. Annual meeting at Opelika, May 18-19.
- Alaska**—No State Association.
- Arizona**—President, Frank B. Baptist, Phoenix Lodge, No. 335. Secretary, Edwin M. Berg, Phoenix Lodge. Annual meeting at Yuma, April 15, 16, 17.
- Arkansas**—President, C. A. Roth, Little Rock Lodge, No. 29. Secretary, R. L. Lund, Little Rock Lodge. Annual meeting at Russellville—date not decided.
- California**—President, John J. Lermen, San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. Secretary, James T. Foyer, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Annual meeting at Santa Monica in September or October.
- Colorado**—President, Milton L. Anfenger, Denver Lodge, No. 17. Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo Lodge, No. 90. Annual meeting at Pueblo in September.
- Connecticut**—No State Association.
- Delaware**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- District of Columbia**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- Florida**—President, Paul M. Henderson, Lakeland Lodge, No. 1291. Secretary, L. F. McCready, Miami Lodge, No. 948. Annual meeting at Fort Myers—date not decided.
- Georgia**—President, G. Phillip Maggioni, Savannah Lodge, No. 183. Secretary, Thomas B. Lamar, Columbus Lodge, No. 111. Annual meeting at Albany in June.
- Idaho**—President, Frank B. Parke, Burley Lodge, No. 1384. Secretary, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello Lodge, No. 674. Annual meeting at St. Maries, June 21, 22.
- Illinois**—President, Louie Forman, Bloomington Lodge, No. 281. Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584. Annual meeting at La Salle—date not decided.
- Indiana**—President, Will E. Hendrich, Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86. Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge, No. 576. Annual meeting at Elkhart in August.
- Iowa**—President, Dr. F. G. Cluett, Sioux City Lodge, No. 112. Secretary, J. L. Coon, Newton Lodge, No. 1270. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Kansas**—President, W. H. McKone, Lawrence Lodge, No. 595. Secretary, Frank E. McMullan, Wichita Lodge, No. 427. Annual meeting at Iola—probably November 10, 11.
- Kentucky**—President, D. D. Crabbe, Winchester Lodge, No. 539. Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville Lodge, No. 8. Annual meeting at Hazard, August 10, 11.
- Louisiana**—No State Association.
- Maine**—No State Association.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia**—President, Samuel H. DeHoff, Towson Lodge, No. 469. Secretary, John E. Lynch, Washington Lodge, No. 15. Annual meeting at Wilmington, Del.—date not decided.
- Massachusetts**—President, Marshall P. Newman, Medford Lodge, No. 915. Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264. Annual meeting at Lawrence—about the 17th of June.
- Michigan**—President, Joseph Schnitzler, Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 1164. Secretary, George D. Bostock, Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48. Annual meeting at Saginaw, Oct. 20, 21.
- Minnesota**—President, John E. Regan, Mankato Lodge, No. 225. Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44. Annual meeting at St. Cloud in August.
- Mississippi**—No State Association.
- Missouri**—President, R. M. Duncan, St. Joseph Lodge, No. 40. Secretary, Sam D. Byrns, Mexico Lodge, No. 919. Annual meeting at St. Joseph—date not decided.
- Montana**—President, J. M. Montgomery, Kalispell Lodge, No. 725. Secretary, R. A. Gibbons, Helena Lodge, No. 193. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Nebraska**—President, August Schneider, York Lodge, No. 1024. Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195. Annual meeting at Falls City, June 2, 3, 4.
- Nevada**—President, George C. Steinmiller, Reno Lodge, No. 597. Secretary, R. O. Longnecker, Reno Lodge. Annual meeting at Reno in June.
- New Hampshire**—No State Association.
- New Jersey**—President, William K. Devereux, Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128. Secretary, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784. Annual meeting, Long Branch, date not decided.
- New Mexico**—President, D. Rollie, Gallup Lodge, No. 1440. Secretary, E. E. Huyck, Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468. Annual meeting at Las Vegas, July 2, 3.
- New York**—President, William E. Fitzsimmons, Albany Lodge, No. 49. Secretary, Amon W. Foote, Utica Lodge, No. 33. Annual meeting at Syracuse, first week in June.
- North Carolina**—President, James J. Hatch, Charlotte Lodge, No. 392. Secretary, T. B. Kehoe, New Berne Lodge, No. 764. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- North Dakota**—President, Sam Stern, Fargo Lodge, No. 260. Secretary, C. P. Brown, Fargo Lodge. Annual meeting at Fargo—date not decided.
- Ohio**—President, Blake C. Cook, Kent Lodge, No. 1377. Secretary, Fred G. Parker, Lorain Lodge, No. 1301. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Oklahoma**—President, Harold L. Street, Woodward Lodge, No. 1355. Secretary, C. W. Adams, Woodward Lodge. Annual meeting Sept. 5, 6, 7—place not decided.
- Oregon**—President, E. M. Page, Salem Lodge, No. 336. Secretary, Frank D. Cohan Marshfield Lodge, No. 1160, 602 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Ore. Annual meeting at Eugene—date not decided.
- Pennsylvania**—President, George J. Kambach, Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11. Secretary, William S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123. Annual meeting at Washington, August 23-27.
- Rhode Island**—No State Association.
- South Carolina**—President, William H. Grimball, Charleston Lodge, No. 242. Secretary, R. E. Cochran, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206. Annual meeting at Charleston, in May.
- South Dakota**—President, John H. Russell, Deadwood Lodge, No. 508. Secretary, William J. Mulvey, Madison Lodge, No. 1442. Annual meeting at Madison, June 19th.
- Tennessee**—President, Julian M. Cohen, Memphis Lodge, No. 27. Secretary, George Haszinger, Memphis Lodge. Annual meeting at Chattanooga, June 14.
- Texas**—President, Jack R. Burke, San Antonio Lodge, No. 216. Secretary, Grover G. Collins, San Antonio Lodge. Annual meeting at Dallas—probably April or May.
- Utah**—President, John F. Rowe, Eureka Lodge, No. 711. Secretary, John A. Barclay, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85. Annual meeting at Ogden, July 5-10.
- Vermont**—No State Association.
- Virginia**—President, Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389. Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge, No. 758. Annual meeting at Winchester, date not decided.
- Washington**—President, Hale R. Nosler, Yakima Lodge, No. 318. Secretary, Victor Zednick, Seattle Lodge, No. 92. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- West Virginia**—President, Clarence C. Cashman, Morgantown Lodge, No. 411. Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. Annual meeting at Martinsburg in September.
- Wisconsin**—President, Carl Riggins, Oconto Lodge, No. 887. Secretary, Theo. Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299. Annual meeting at Milwaukee in July.
- Wyoming**—No State Association.







Eli Harvey, Sc.

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## Fans

(Continued from page 31)



**WILLIAMS stays moist longer . . . soaks the beard soft quicker**

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First, the mild, pure soap lifts the water-resisting oil film from the tough bristles of your beard—

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Elks 2-25

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the rights of his neighbor. Perhaps this is because he is in a truculent atmosphere where any invasion of the rights of a neighbor is quite likely to start the fists flying.

It is a strange commentary that the softest looking of the fight fans are the most blood-thirsty in a vicarious way. Men who would shrink at the menace of a fist are shouting for blood and knockouts. The members of the so-called gentler sex in attendance do not shudder at the prospect of a knockout. Quite the contrary.

There is nothing quite like the scene at the time of the knockout with the glare on those distorted faces as they try to press closer to the ropes, unless it is the flashing of the fangs of the wolf pack circling around the battle for the leadership. The roar that comes up when one of the fighters is down, suggests what the fans at the lion and martyr contests must have bellowed in the old amphitheatres.

The golf fan, of course, is a player of the game. It is difficult to dramatize match play and the fans must be on the move constantly, following the players from hole to hole. They have not yet devised any means or inducements that will keep a golf gallery under control.

Your golf fan naturally must be hardy. He has to travel miles to follow his favorites. He is fickle, too. During one of the big matches the gallery will dart from match to match, trampling all over the links. Though golfers themselves they will crowd in just when they should not press close to the players.

In one of the recent tournaments Bobby Jones was three times disturbed at a critical point by the crowd veering in the direction his drive was to take. Finally Jones said in a resigned tones, "Well, if it hits somebody it won't be my fault. I have to play the shot."

There is some serious talk every year of cutting the galleries because they can not control them

or even eliminating them altogether. This would raise some violent protests from the fans but if it happens they will have brought it upon themselves.

In the old days the fans at the championship tennis games used to be small and select. But tennis, through the efforts of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, rapidly has become popularized. For the last women's championships they were filling the big tennis stadium at Forest Hills.

The new tennis fans seem to have brought with them some of the atmosphere of the baseball diamond. Miss Helen Wills was late in appearing for one of the matches and when she did appear she was booed and hissed with the vehemence used by baseball fans to signify disapproval of umpires.

The state of being a fan is incurable. I remember after the exposé of the White Sox in 1919 thousands of fans swore that they were off baseball for life. But the gate receipts indicate that the fans have increased instead of having decreased.

The man picked to head the institution of Organized Baseball was picked because he was a fan. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis was first noticed by baseball men while he was peering intently at the White Sox from the same strategic point day after day.

Every American is a fan for some sport to a greater or lesser degree. The fans keep the sports alive more than the players. They furnish the inspiration. There are very few who would go into the contest for the game's sake if there were no gallery. That is human, to want a gallery.

There are a hundred million fans of various classes in the United States and they are having a better time than any other hundred million people on the globe. It must be great to be just a little crazy.

## Story of the Haunted Robber

(Continued from page 37)

Go to your bed, Sally. Where's your horse, sir?"

"I came by train," answered Mike, watching Sally out of sight.

"You take a long chance; the two horses I have here are known everywhere; you'd not get far on them. Cain will be out with some sort of posse—come, I have held you here with honest intention, not to betray you."

So he led the way, monstrous grim, and strangely enough Sorley, angry with his foolhardiness, crept behind to a small den or office on the far side of the house. "This is the proposition," said Marvin; "I will give you my notes, four of them for five thousand with interest, due at the end of each year. You give me the money, stay here as a guest tonight and tomorrow take a train like anybody else. Sally is driving me out to the ranch early in the morning so you can leave the house without anybody getting a look at you."

This rough robber who had never broken into a home and hardly knew the meaning of the word had met with no such experiences as this. The house he had thought a place of ambushes, now made him welcome; there had been strange talk of honor and he had seen that of Marvin put to the proof in his determination to pay Cain at every sacrifice. And that sacrifice would beggar the girl of the lamp. Otherwise Mike Sorley would be coming back at the end of the year to this place that made him—at home.

Suddenly he laughed. "Make out the papers to Mike Sorley." There was the clatter of hoofs in the street as Marvin signed the last of the notes and picked up the money.

"Up the back stairs, first room to the right," he said. "I'll send 'em along and join you later for a minute."

Sorley went up and sat in the dark wondering at what he had done, till he remembered the haunted bell of the dead engine. "A warning which I took and it cost me the money in the express car," he said; "no doubt after all 'tis the

presentiment carries off the honors." Still when Marvin came up he found the unmasked face of the man on the bed grinning as he slept.

## II

ONLY the saints themselves can explain the cause of a man's state of mind and 'tis certain that Mike Sorley was puzzled over his own after this experience. He felt a strange distaste for his profession and yet a dreamy content which defied all the arguments of horse sense that he was acting the fool.

Horse sense furnished the arguments but 'twas his partner, hard old Casey, who gave them tongue. The two had a good claim back in the hills which was not only a rendezvous but a home between raids; they worked it enough to account for their presence in the country as honest prospectors and sometimes packed in high-grade stuff to Barlow for shipment.

Casey as the Junior partner knew better than to quarrel with Mike's decisions and in spite of his disgust had only this to say about the notes given by Marvin: "You can buy my share in them for half the first payment," and though it nearly broke him, Mike as one in a dream paid him the twenty-five hundred.

But Mike's distaste for his profession was another matter entirely, and Casey as a man of action reasoned so long and loudly against it that finally they parted rather than shoot each other. "As you know I have old business connections up in Idaho," said Casey, halting half way in a draw; "and as my last dealings there have had time to blow over, I'll look at that country again and return when you have come to your senses." With that he packed and rode, Mike accompanying him away with such an air of last farewell that Casey again considered starting a fight.

But at last Mike pulled up and after breathing a sigh over parting from a partner he would

(Continued on page 52)





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SAVES COAL



## Story of the Haunted Robber

(Continued from page 50)



### Keep floors clean and bright

—this new easy way—

It's easy to have beautiful waxed floors now. And convenient. It isn't necessary to have your house torn up for days at a time. Ask your painter to wax your floors electrically with a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher—then he can do them all in just a few hours.

## JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

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\$6.65 FLOOR POLISHING OUTFIT  
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never ride or raid with again, took the back trail. But as if a phantom with golden hair beckoned on ahead, he suddenly laughed in answer and the old partner behind was forgotten.

Now there is no happier spot for romance than the dusky chamber of a mine; the hope and lure of love and gold thus found together make not only every thought but every swing of the body build for enchantment. And yet Mike Sorley dreamily building at this enchantment, would sometimes feel it crumble and in its place a presence which at once chilled and threatened and smiled sternly. At such moments he would remember the soldierly, bronzed man of the sun parlor, and scowl, not liking to be haunted in this way. And yet he would take firmer hold on his pick and work with a sort of fury without thought of gold or love.

All through the four months till the end of the year he worked at the riddle of his state of mind, but could not solve it. "Tis the lonesomeness preys on me," he thought and rejoiced in the soul of him when leaving his cabin one frosty dawn; "December 31st, the end of the year—glory be," he said and there was such laughing and singing in camp that the horse in the shed caught the spirit of it and neighed while eating his breakfast.

The weather being fine, Mike had chosen to ride to Climax instead of to Barlow and the railroad. In an hour he was on the trail, the gold-haired phantom beckoning; and if his dream failed a moment when remembering the stern, bronzed man of the sun parlor, it did not matter much. He was on the way to solve the riddle and set his thoughts at rest.

### III

COLONEL MARVIN was dead.

On arriving at the house Mike Sorley had been received by Sally—no longer the maid of the lamp, laughing and light hearted, but a woman of hardened expression and veiled, suspicious gray eyes. 'Twas natural that the man who counted much on the meeting should will a little under the frosty glance from the inhospitable half-opened door; but 'tis one thing to approach the sentinel of a fortress as ranger and suspect and quite another to be known for a friend after giving the countersign. In Mike's case his name was the countersign and the welcoming handclasp across the threshold made ample amends, so that smiling, he asked for the Colonel.

"My father—" answered the girl; "but come in," and she led the way through to the office, where once a summer madness had caused an outlaw with twenty thousand loot to trade it in for his victim's notes.

A madness—for proud men who sacrifice to honor cannot live forever no matter how Life clings to them and begs for them. The calm high bravery which can awe an armed desperado, cannot awe Death into doing the right thing. Or does Death do wrong in wiping out men whose very honor makes them unfit to guard against treacherous greed which threatens to rule the world? 'Tis little we know.

Mike heard the tale of Colonel Marvin's trustfulness and ruin. "Everything went to save what had already gone," said Sally. "He was before he knew it swept clean of land, cattle, bank stock; all sunk in the gold mine. Gold!" she added with a bitter laugh.

"And the mine?" asked Sorley.  
"It is there, back in the mountains; worthless, though Mr. Cain still potters around it." Sorley, staring at the floor did not know of her veiled glance.

"Cain!" snarled Mike and then with strategy, "Who is he?"

"The promotor. Sometimes I have suspected him of cheating us, though without reasons. Mr. Sorley, I know you have come to collect on one of your notes," said Sally. "My father spoke of you in his dying hour. I remember his words: 'Sorley was a friend in need; he would be so again.'"

"True for him," nodded Mike.  
"A friend in need," said father, and told me that you had lent him the money after being fully informed on his circumstances."

"I would have loaned it if he had been in no circumstances whatever," said Mike.

Colonel Marvin had commanded her that the notes must be paid. "He did that," said Sally, "and was still a while with his eyes closed; then he raised up with a dreadful cry to God: 'There is nothing to pay them with; I am bankrupt,' he said, 'dishonored!' But at the last he whispered: 'The house! Sorley must have the house!' Mr. Anson of the bank had saved it from the wreck somehow.

"So you are at home, Mr. Sorley," added Sally, and asked his pardon for receiving him so coldly on his own doorstep; "as if you were a constable or sheriff or a collector with duns."

"Home," muttered the outlaw, struck with the word and looking around queerly at the house he had broken into on his last visit; "Home!" Then he was scandalized at his thoughtlessness. "'Tis your own home, Miss, and nobody else's," he said, and when she shook her head, went on, "it has too many windows for—for an outdoor man."

"'Tis dear to me," said Sally, "but I could not, of course, accept it from you as a gift. My only hope—"

"But you have already been given it once by the gentleman of the bank, Mr. —?" Mike had felt a twinge of jealousy and was determined to have a look at this man.

"Mr. Anson—an old friend of the family," said Sally, and he took comfort in the word "old"; "but he did not give it to me, Mr. Sorley; only saved it to me from the creditors. I have no means of keeping it unless—" her voice trailed into nothingness and yet she seemed to be putting up the unspoken possibility not only to herself, but to Sorley.

And readily enough he understood. "Unless the mine comes across, y' mean. I have been thinking it might—do—that—same, Miss Marvin." Under his genteel, sympathetic manner appeared a quick-passing shadow; for an instant it frowned from his features and filled his eye with the blaze and blackness of a storm. Now the girl seemed to understand this and for an instant the two conversed in some silent, savage language. Then she laughed, queerly enough like the girl with the lamp and touched his hand on the desk as if not knowing what she did. The laugh was a welcome not to the house but to her friendship, the touch of her fingers put a seal on it; at that moment a bargain had been struck of love and gold. But her gray eyes unchanging were clear and cool and watchful.

"Of course, Mr. Cain took your money as well as mine," said Sally, rising; "anything you wish to learn about the business can be told by Mr. Anson."

When Mike left, she walked out with him to the street and stood admiring the horse. He ventured that riding would cause her to forget her troubles and after considering she promised to go with him next morning.

"Goodbye till then," he said in the tone of those parting forever; but it was not to be so.

Business hours were over and Mr. Anson of the bank was coming up the street on his way home; being introduced he gave Mike considerable of a shock. "Old friend of the family," thought the latter bitterly, surveying the handsome, fashionable man of twenty-six or seven who shook hands heartily.

"I know of you, Mr. Sorley," he said, "as a friend of Colonel Marvin's." Sally said she had given the house over to this last unpaid creditor who had tried to give it back to her, and Anson turned up the palms of his hands helplessly.

"But we were discussing the possibility of Mr. Cain's—finding something in the mine," went on Sally, slowly; "and I am willing to go on living here for a while—"

"I am a gold miner," said Sorley briefly.

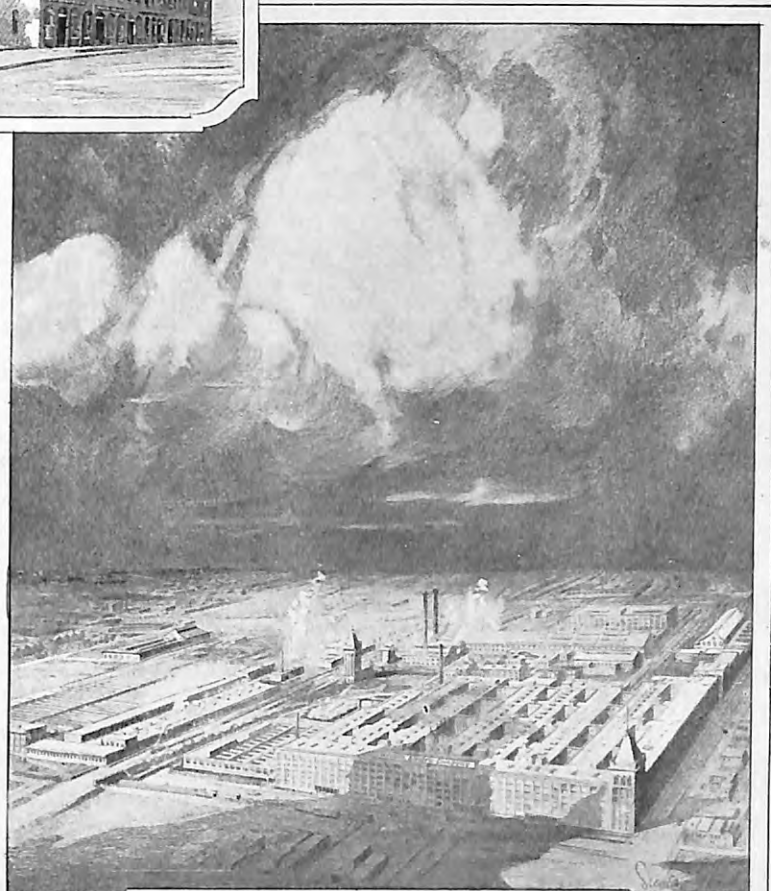
"Why—you did not tell me that," said Sally; "when talking of investigating." Queerly enough he hadn't, as though the value of the mine had nothing to do with getting money from Cain. But he remembered to do so with Anson. "You know that my house will take up only one of Mr. Sorley's notes," she reminded the bank man, "so that Mr. Sorley has a fifteen thousand interest in the mine—or in Mr. Cain."

(Continued on page 54)





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SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



## Story of the Haunted Robber

(Continued from page 52)



### Foil the Fire Fiend

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"To be sure," nodded Anson.  
"And you can inform him of Mr. Cain's transactions with father."

"Any time—willingly."  
"Then this evening in my office."

The appointment agreed upon, they separated and Sally stood watching Sorley down the street; when he looked back she raised her hand to him, and hurried into the house in some confusion.

At the conference that evening, Mr. Anson explained with detail the transactions of Cain with Marvin, to all of which Sorley paid no attention whatever, but watched for any lover-like signs between his companions. But a jealousy which could not be deceived was at last forced to admit that these two, who had grown up together, had only the interest of neighbors and friends in each other.

So having heard nothing at all of what Anson explained, Mike said when the banker had finished: "So that is the way of it," and gave judgment that Cain should be shaken down for all he had, at once.

"But in every case as far as we can prove," said Anson, "he stayed within the law."

"I am not one to quarrel with the law," explained Sorley, "but am doubtful what it is. I have noticed that men learned in the law are on both sides of every case in court. Now if Cain when I have shaken him down, suspects I have done so illegally, let him take the matter to court for decision."

Anson looked at him with a sort of awe, and admitted: "It is not for me to advise you in this matter. But I warn you that this Cain has killed one man in a street gunfight at Sundown, Idaho. I heard of it only recently. And he has all the earmarks of a bad man."

"Then Mr. Sorley must not risk an encounter with him," said Sally, "not for any amount of money—" and though her lips trembled, the veiled watchful eyes noted the expression pass over Sorley's face like the flame and smoke of burned powder.

"Bad, is he," thought Mike, "the money-clawing, white-eyed buzzard," but he answered her mildly.

"Even a man of peace must sometimes arm and go out on a good cause."

"No!" pleaded Sally Marvin, "you have already proven your friendship to us."

"Of course, if Mr. Sorley believes Cain cheated," reminded Anson, "he wants his own money back. But again let me warn you, twenty thousand is not worth the risk."

"Only five thousand of my money is due," replied Sorley, with heat, "I have the house for that, and Miss Marvin can buy it back out of the money I bring her."

**T**HE moment's silence was broken by Sally's laugh, a bitter little laugh. "We have let ourselves be drawn into a story of make-believe, like children," she said. "We have seen Mr. Sorley ride out against the rich robber-baron and are already dividing up his gold. I believe Cain swindled us, but—well, thank you, Mr. Sorley, for your brave intentions and generosity; and now let's have tea and cakes—"

Sorley winced as if she had turned a dagger in his breast, and glanced under his eyebrows to see if Anson was smiling; but the bank man drummed gravely on the arm of his chair.

The rest of the short evening passed in general talk, with Sally in ever-rising spirits. "Never," reflected Mike, returning home in a daze, "have I seen cheeks bloom so like a flower; and a mouth so smiling. All at once after dropping the subject of Cain, bad cess to him, she became gay as a fairy—" he laughed aloud at the memory of the flushed, happy, chatting girl. And through it all her eyes had been clear and cool and watchful, but Mike did not think of that.

Next morning they rode, far out on the frosty prairie; in the evening, Anson came in with Mike who had been at the bank to learn the location of the Marvin mine.

Sally, learning of this, teased and refused to listen to their pretending. "It is earnest; he is going," said Anson gravely; "I do not see how anything is to be gained, but nothing will stop him." Sorley grinned and said nothing on the subject, till he was leaving.

"You can ride out a way with me in the morning," he said, "and wish me good-bye."

Her hand was on his arm, her bright eyes on his face; "Do you mean it," she asked in a low voice; "and for my sake? Father was right; what a friend!"

So being convinced at last she dropped her teasing tone, and next morning showed a child's wonder of one so adventurous. A fair prairie morning that was, with a flicker and sheen of frost in the air and the hoofs ringing bell notes over the hard trail as she rode out a way to wish him goodbye. Mike thought her fair as the morning, and blamed himself for never before noticing the dazzling light in her wide gray eyes; little was said yet she seemed gentler with him and the hardness that had been in her face only three days before had passed away entirely.

**T**HOUGH they kept setting the parting place ahead, at last it came, and she took his hand, then both of them. "Promise," she said, "to turn back rather than go into danger. Do not fight. Promise!" and was startled by the ringing, reckless laugh of the man of peace, and the fierce, happy expression.

"Oh, I know you would fight dragons for me," she said, "but don't!" So they parted with Mike promising in mockery and yet she had ridden droopingly only a few paces when back she was again with a pounding of hoofs; knee to knee they lingered and Mike kissed the lifted face. Then she was gone for good, seeming afraid to look back. And her dragon fighter rode on and on across the plateau and into the mountains that day and the next with never a thought of anything but that kiss which he would conquer by.

But Sorley, love bewitched or not, always had the plan of an action mapped out. "This Cain," he had reasoned, "is no more a promoter than I am, but a crook and whatever he has held out from the Marvin money will not be in a bank but in a cache not far from the mine." The swindler was making the bluff of a distracted bankrupt hanging around the place where he had sunk his money, and then some day he would fade away without being followed by suspicion.

"I only hope I am in time," thought Mike, and the second day urging his mount and pack horse to their limit, came on the Marvin camp late in the afternoon. Not a minute had he stopped to spy on the motions of Cain, and a single sweep of the eye showed what he had already been told;—that the only possible trail in was through the narrow canyon he had been traveling the last hour. The stamp mill, gray monument of an honorable man's despair and a swindler's success, stood beyond a row of huts. The air of desertion hung heavy over the place; the tunnel in the mountainside gaped blackly like the hungry monster it had proved to be.

Mike rode up before the huts, hailing to find out was there anybody at home, and after a minute a big man moved lightly from the rear of one and stared at him with bulging eyes that seemed all whites.

"Ye are not hospitable," said Mike, "and do not need to be, for I am making myself a home here." He had on the instant covered the man with his revolver, having no mind for a battle then.

Cain slowly clasped his hands on the top of his head; "Help yourself," he said.

"You talk too much," said Mike, "and as I like no voice but my own, you will have to move on." He slid from the saddle, took Cain's revolver and ordered him to pack up.

"Tis my property," said Cain, showing signs of alarm or temper.

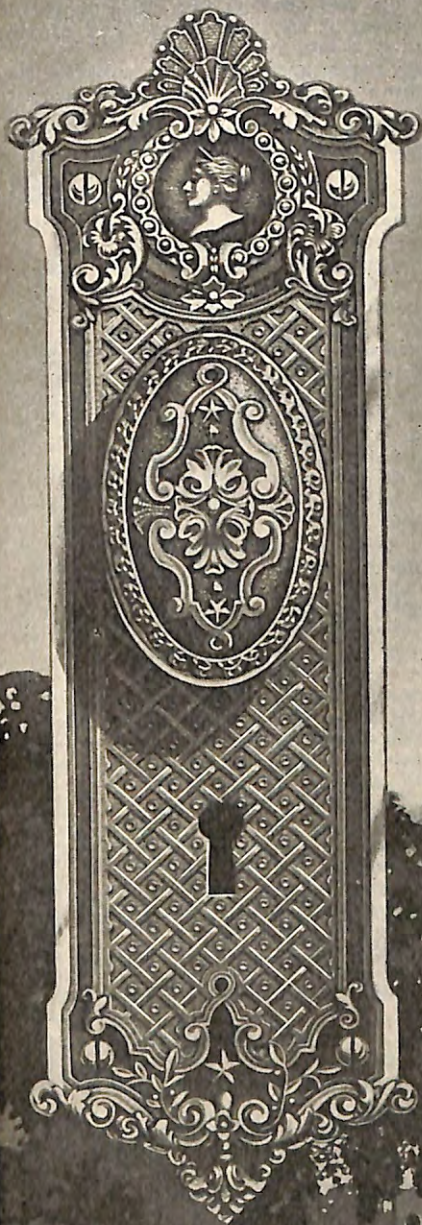
"Don't talk; git," ordered Mike, and kept close guard on his man while his horse was led out of a shed and packed with some provisions and a roll of baggage.

"You can't jump this claim and hold it," said Cain.

"Talking again! and you are gritting your teeth. You are a bad man," said Mike.

Almost before he realized it Cain was riding  
(Continued on page 56)





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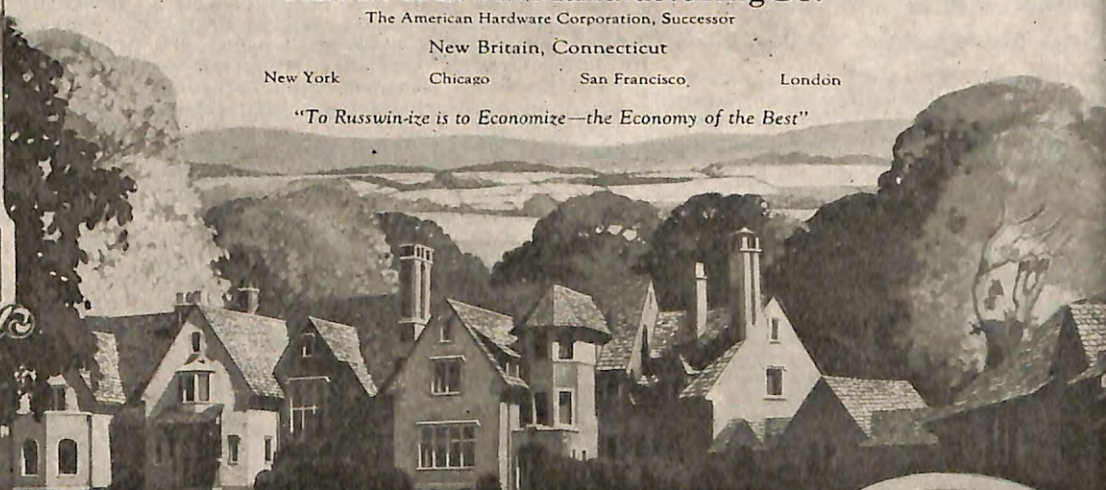
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## Story of the Haunted Robber

(Continued from page 54)



**“Strop a New Blade and it will Change Your Whole Idea of Shaving,” said Gordon.**

“I never strop my blades and I get pretty good shaves,” said Ellis.

“I’m talking about something better than a pretty good shave,” replied Gordon. “Try a shave with a new blade stropped on a Twinplex Stropper and you’ll never again shave with an unstropped blade.”

“What’s the explanation?” asked Ellis.

“Very simple. The delicate edge of a blade is sensitive to temperature changes. The tiny invisible teeth, which form the edge, get out of line. Unless you strop them back you shave with a saw.”

“Isn’t stropping a bother?” asked Neville.

“Not a bit,” exclaimed Gordon. “You buy a Twinplex and I’ll pay for it if it doesn’t save you time. I wouldn’t sell my Twinplex for a hundred dollars if I couldn’t get another.”

Get your Twinplex at any good store. Guaranteed for 10 years—sold on a make good basis.



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down the canyon before his captor who, after about a mile, halted him.

“As soon as I’m out of sight,” said Mike carelessly, “you can come back a hundred yards or so and pick up your revolver in the trail. Don’t come any farther.”

He had reasoned this way: “Cain is not one to start a gun fight for revenge; he will be thinking only of his cache somewhere about the camp. But if I leave him unarmed he may keep me here a week while he goes to town for another gun. As it is he will be prowling back to-night.”

Mike cooked an early supper, keeping his eye down the canyon, and at dark hid himself behind a boulder at the mouth of it. As he expected he had a long wait and not till the middle of the night did he hear Cain coming up, softly as a lynx.

The big mountain stars made light enough to reveal the moving bulk, and as Sorley was about to creep after, it paused, sank to the ground not ten feet away; then Sorley heard the faint scraping sound as Cain began digging with knife and hands.

“Don’t move, I’ve got you,” he said, and shot as the black shape seemed turned into a rolling ball. And though straining his eyes he could not locate it again. Twice the lynx-like quickness of the big man had enabled him to escape the drop of Sorley, and the latter swore softly without effort.

THOUGH Sorley could hardly be said to see the boulder which Cain had rolled behind, he knew it was there. And so the two, not twenty feet apart with the treasure pit between, lay fortified, passing the buck on the first move. Sorley tossed a pebble to the right hoping to draw a shot to the sound of its fall; he drew the shot but it struck the top of his own boulder not a foot from his head. He fired at the flash wondering if his enemy could see in the dark; but Cain in his mad scramble away from the cache had not failed to locate the spot that the bullets were coming from. He guessed close in that one return shot, but he had no cartridges to waste and had a purpose in mind other than that of winging his enemy by accident.

Sorley waited again, straining his eyes toward the other’s fort; nothing was doing over there that ears or eyes could detect. Sorley had an iron-like patience in such situations and ordinarily would have put this one up to Cain, merely guarding the cache till daybreak. But the actions of the man in escaping him on two occasions so annoyed him that he became reckless upon a stalk. Taking off his shoes he moved to the right slowly and soundlessly, and foot by foot drew behind and then toward his enemy’s position. Far above the pines droned faintly, and the stars seemed dimmer. “Tis getting darker,” thought Mike impatiently; but now he was upon his enemy’s position, gun only a little forward of his outthrust head; jaws locked, features twisted, hair tingling. What had been the fort of his enemy was deserted.

Sorley turned his head with caution as if fearing his rigid neck would creak and betray him; on all sides, everywhere was empty darkness. The drone of the pines grew higher; one, two great stars vanished; all the light in the vast hollow, gathered in your hand, would not have made the flame of a single candle. But for one exception he stood in a place of invisibilities, y’understand; and that exception was the white flints which here and there caught the last star rays in a reflection dim and uncertain as a ghost’s eyes. In fact two of these grayish points close together lay far beyond the circle in which he could detect the boulders. His glance passed them by, darted back; for an instant those two grayish points had gone out. Now they glistened again close together, like eyes. Eyes! Sorley dropped and a bullet sang through the air where he had been as he fired himself, twice.

There was no further sound in the vast hollow; the two specks of white had gone out for good. Cain leaving his boulder in the hope Sorley would try stalking him, had withdrawn too far to detect him in the increasing darkness; but he felt that Sorley had come, and crawling close to the ground thought for a moment he could

see him and blinked his strained eyes. Then he was sure and shot at him too late. The glaring whites of his bulging eyes had caught the beam of a last star.

So Mike Sorley figured out when with twenty-odd thousand currency in his saddle bag, he rode away next morning. Sorley, the dragon hunter, leaving the dragon buried behind him; and riding full of glory and spoil back to his lady fair. Fair she was as a frosty morning of pink and gold and with eyes that dazzled and lips that could kiss the spirit of knighthood into a clod of earth, for that matter.

So reveled Sorley along the trail, and as though the powers could not permit a man in the flesh to be so happy lest he forget them and his hereafter, they put the black dog on him.

The presence that had come in the mine to threaten, and chill and smile sternly upon him was somewhere about again. The enchantment he had builded, crumbled away, and instead of the lass of the lamp, he remembered only the thin, bronzed man of the sun parlor.

’Twas no ghost he saw, y’understand; the Presence being only suspected; and Colonel Marvin only a memory. But they had all the effects of ghosts in driving every thought of human happiness away. “Tis the Fiend himself envies me,” he reflected bitterly, after trying to rebuild his enchantment and failing. Had he not done this and that for Sally? he asked himself; was he not in love with her and she with him? and was the Foul Fiend more powerful than love that he could put down the dear thoughts that go along of it? The Presence, somewhere about, smiled sternly, he remembered only Colonel Marvin, and cursed them both, filled with gall.

But Climax, y’understand, being the place of his lady fair, was enchanted ground which even the Fiend himself was bound to respect. From the moment it came in sight, his golden dream had sway; when, riding in, Mr. Anson hailed him near of the bank, ’twas the conqueror of dragons who smiled down.

“Did—did you find the camp?” the voice of the steadfast man of business faltered a little.

“I found it and left it there,” answered Mike with humor.

“Divil a bit of information will I give this old friend of the family,” he thought, “and maybe have him spoiling the surprise I have for Sally.”

“What of Cain?” asked Anson.

“He has left this country,” answered Mike, and rapt as he was with the anticipation of meeting Sally, could not but notice the quick gathering frown on the other’s face.

“Then it follows that you discovered nothing. Return empty handed.”

“’Twould naturally follow,” agreed Mike.

Anson’s frown darkened into a scowl. “You are on your way, I take it, out of town?”

“Wrong,” said Mike beginning to take notice; “I am on my way to Miss Marvin’s to tell of my journey.”

“She will not be interested.” Anson stood up close on the curb and lowered his tone. “Look you, Sorley, in Colonel Marvin’s last minutes he babbled who you are—what you are.”

The dreamer of dreams began to harden into the man of arms, but he still smiled. “Yes?”

“Then you know enough to bless fortune that we did not lay the information against you. And to pass on before we do.”

“But you took me in—” protested Mike.

“We needed a man of violence—desperate, ruthless to try at compelling the scoundrel Cain to disgorge some of his loot.”

“And you were not the man to try; I’ll say you were not.”

“Take care!” warned Anson.

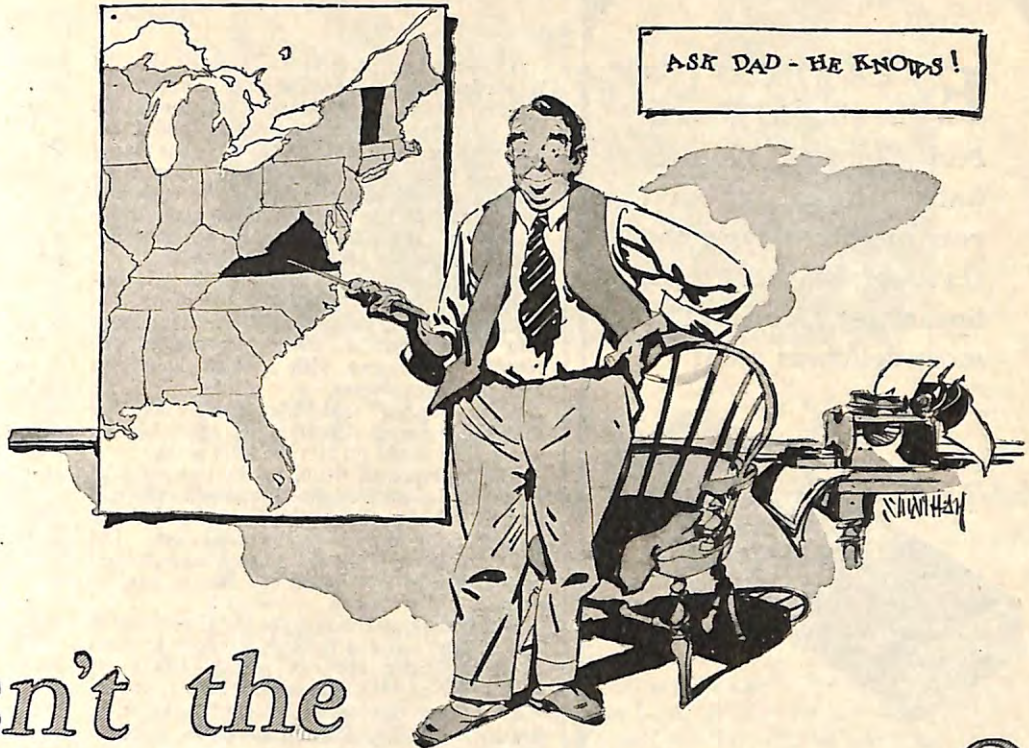
“And now, look you, Anson,” said Sorley; “you lie when you hint that Miss Marvin would lay information against me”—his heavy hand on the bank man’s shoulder held him as fixed as a pillory.

Anson, white with fury, hissed his words. “Keep away from that house; from Sally. You great robber, I will not permit my promised wife—”

(Continued on page 58)



ASK DAD - HE KNOWS!



# If This isn't the National Blend, - What is?

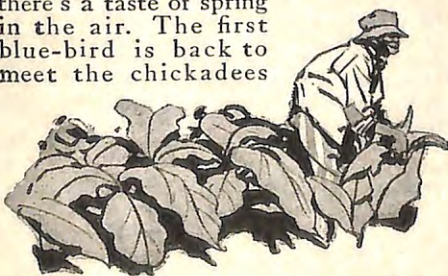
By Irvin S. Cobb

**I**T'S ripening time down South. On gentle hillsides where soil conditions and climatic conditions, are in proper tune with each other, the tobacco—the perfect native cigarette tobacco—is ready for harvesting. Under the blazing sun the matured plants have been taking on shape and tint. The blades have been broadening, growing rich with the strength of the earth. So now workers harvest the crop from the fields, and bear it to the barns for curing.

It is cured slowly by a heat that is regulated to match the weather. The result is such tobacco as no other part of the world yields—strong in perfume, gentle in flavor, alluring in color, and in texture like taffeta silk.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's thawing time up North. The drifts in the valleys of the Green Mountains are shrinking. On warm melty days there's a taste of spring in the air. The first blue-bird is back to meet the chickadees



that have been away and the melody in his red breast makes him forget the frost-bite in his toes. They have tapped the maple trees. The clear sap

drips into the pails. In the boiling pots this sweet juice, which is the very essence of the New England groves, is being turned into firm, brown cakes. It hasn't been dosed with chemicals, nor doctored with flavoring matter or coloring matter. It hasn't been cheapened with admixtures of any coarser sweetening. It's the honest maple syrup, unadulterated and perfect.

\* \* \* \* \*

This year's maple sugar, with nothing

added to it and nothing taken away, is brought to where the pick of the tobacco of three years ago or four or five even, has all this time been ageing naturally. It's vintage tobacco by now.



By a process which has had the endorsement of smokers all over the world for forty-seven years the prepared leaf is

treated delicately with the pure sugar. That practically is all—just a mellowed, harmonious, aromatic, crusty mingling of the two F. F. V's—the Finest Flavor of Vermont, the Finished Fragrance of Virginia.

And you have the Sweet Caporal Cigarette. If Sweet Caporal isn't the true North-and-South blend, the real National Brand, what is?

ask Grandad - he knows too!

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

Thank you. *Irvin S. Cobb*

P.S.—I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.



## Story of the Haunted Robber

(Continued from page 56)

**EVERYBODY'S** chewing it! Beech-Nut Chewing Gum is only 5¢ a package—and you ought to taste the flavors: Wintergreen, Spearmint, Licorice. The most delicious gum!



# Beech-Nut Gum

**BEECH-NUT MINTS** have everybody's favorite flavor—Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint. Snowy wafers of purest sugar. Cooling. Refreshing. Mouth-sweetening. The quality you expect in expensive candies—at 5¢ a package.



# Beech-Nut Mints

A tremendous pang racked Sorley; then he laughed; he must; he knew what he knew.

"You are in a queer state of enmity toward me this afternoon, Anson," he said; "and I am not one who would leave an enemy in the rear—alive. Come; we will call now upon Miss Marvin; I will ride close along the curb and you abreast on the walk." Anson glanced up; this was not the mild fellow of his acquaintance but the desperate outlaw of public note.

"I suppose you have me foul," he said sullenly.

And so they came to the Marvin house, and into the presence of Sally who greeted the returned adventurer with a warm handclasp and dazzling glances.

"Now, say on," said Sorley secretly laughing that the cornered Anson must repeat his lies where they would do him the least good.

And he repeated them, to the last word he repeated the conversation between Sorley and himself. And as though they wrought a hideous miracle, Sally Marvin stood a changeling. The girl of the lamp, of the kiss on the prairie, looked at Sorley with eyes veiled and face as hard as granite.

Before she spoke, before she had time to speak Mike Sorley, moved through the door at hand as if inspecting the sun parlor. His knees trembled and blood turned to water; yet he walked the few paces without staggering, hearing but faintly the murmur of the voices in the next room.

His eyes were wide, empty, blind. In fact with that enchantment he had so long builded, crumbled into dust, there was nothing to look for, nothing he wished to see. Blinded, and conscious only of his loss, and of the heavy hurt in his broad breast, where he had laid his hand, Mike could yet hear the murmuring voices. The instincts of the hunted man, which never sleep, warned of treacherous friends, of enemies in his rear; the instincts whispered, then louder and louder sounded upon his brain the voice which denounced him, the fast pursuit and shouting; the pounding hoofs, the shots. They were bound to arouse him, and did—but to indifference; and after one black thought, the man who had never failed to poultice up an injury with vengeance, shook his head impatiently. What mattered denouncement? She

knew what he was and hated him; what mattered pursuit since there was nothing to escape to? "Nothing, nothing," he said.

And on the crumbles of his enchantment stood the Presence that had come haunting the mine; invisible, but it stood there; and followed the memory of the lean, bronzed man who had sat in that very chair making every sacrifice to pay a debt. Robbed, he had given his word to the robber for the money and on his deathbed wept because he could not keep it. And commanded that even the home of his much loved daughter be sacrificed—

Sally came into the room reviving the thought of treachery, of vengeance. Vengeance? Well he had it in the form of twenty thousand in his saddle bag which the conspirators had failed to get. They had shown their hands too soon. And it was owed to him—now—spot cash—the Colonel being beyond the power of paying up.

The lean bronzed man sat in his chair; something watched Sorley, the Thing which had often wiped out his enchantment. Now the enchantment was gone for good, but This—stood in its place, neither smiling nor threatening.

Sally had spoken but he raised his hand forbiddingly and she stared, angrily curious.

Yes, Colonel Marvin sat in his chair and Sorley coming in through that door had robbed him. But the Colonel could have given him up when the posse came. Why didn't he do it? Why was he willing to beggar himself to pay Cain; why on his death bed lament over the notes of the robber.

As though prompted from afar he heard the answer. Minutes later he was riding away; his saddle pockets were empty, the Marvin notes ashes on the sun parlor rug. He was not thinking of that. Nor of the wound which still ached in his breast.

For on the ruins of the old enchantment, another had builded at the instant the prompter spoke from afar and he had turned to Sally Marvin. Not so filled with the joy of life was it maybe, but grander, and amidst it he sat with Colonel Marvin himself; companions they were. And the Presence smiled on them sternly, and Mike new the name of that which had haunted him.

"Glory be," he said, lost in the strange new vision of him; "a man must sacrifice to Honor."

## The Four Winds of Heaven

(Continued from page 18)

interiors as that of a Mixed Court during the trial of one Ah Ting, servant in a Chinese house. He was charged by Sung Yang of luring away his little Canton slave girl. The lawful wife of Ting stands in the witness box and absolutely refuses to allow her husband to keep the girl as his "second wife." So the judge agrees there is nothing to do but send her to "The Door of Hope," at which the little slave, raving, declares that she won't go to a Christian refuge, quickly puts something in her mouth, and is saved from death by two wise policemen.

There is also the story of a most wonderful voyage up the Yangtze River—a gorgeous adventure with a final shipwreck and a rescue by a little steamer called the *Shu Hun* with a Chinese crew and a courteous French captain who, in a strange and wild spot if ever there was one, was yet able to produce a new toothbrush and comb for the rescued author.

Well, it's a good book. The personal record of a woman who traveled in a dangerous country fearlessly, and who opened her heart and mind to all that she met on the road.

*Seven Wonderlands of the American West*

By Thomas D. Murphy

**A**SPLENDID book, well written and brilliantly illustrated with colored plates. A rallying cry to "See America First," as it leads on from chapter to chapter telling of the glories of the Grand Canyon National Park, the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier National Park, the Petrified

Forests of Arizona and other wonders that are our very own.

Mr. Murphy has an eye for beauty and a nose for news. When, in his book, he takes you into some wonderland, he has beforehand learned all the interesting facts concerning it—its discovery, its legends, its heart of hearts. These he recounts as we go along over the great rocks or the cushioney forest beds.

He makes us feel the cool air of the hills, and see the deer that come so gently and confidently to within a few feet of visitors. Deep lakes lie silent but very real before us, and we are almost dazzled with the color-splashed temples of Bright Angel Trail—Bramah, Buddha and Isis. A world of loveliness lies in the wild flowers at our feet and we can count the rings in an aged tree, making sure that it must have been in its prime "swaying in the Sierra winds, when Christ walked the earth."

Although not intentionally designed for them, we can't imagine any boy not being as thrilled by this book as by a tale of adventure.

*Beyond Khyber Pass*

By Lowell Thomas

**A**T THE entrance to Khyber Pass the occasional traveler may read the words "It is absolutely forbidden."

The wild mountaineers at one end and along its narrow roads mean it—very distinctly. England, on guard at the Eastern gateway, knows that and tries by this warning to protect the adventurous.



However, Mr. Thomas was not to be forbidden. Once through the Pass, this writer, whose "With Lawrence in Arabia" so delighted us a couple of years ago, knew he would be in a country almost unknown to many of us and correspondingly fascinating to tell us about.

Since the collapse of the old Turkish Empire, Afghanistan is the most solid and the most formidable of the Mohammedan states. It has a government, a religion, a culture, a civilization or, if you will, a barbarity, consumingly interesting.

The Afghans dislike visitors. Still, after two years of effort, Mr. Thomas finally got into this "hell-hot" country. (We rather like the expression. And reading that sometimes it was 130 degrees in the shade, we do not think it an extravagant one.)

Thomas' demon photographer, Harry Chase, went along too, armed to the teeth with his cameras. The result is a glorious book of travel adventures, richly illustrated with unusual and thrilling pictures.

Lowell Thomas has a style that is colloquial, clear and dramatic. His sense of the picturesque is unflinching, and his amazing knowledge of Eastern affairs makes this book of much more value than any mere recounting of personal experiences. Highly recommended.

**The Dividing Line of Europe**  
By Stephen Graham

THIS is a most unusual book, written to give us a truthful picture of life and opinions in those new States of Europe that have come into being since the Great War.

Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Rumania, Bessarabia and Poland. These frontier states divide Western European civilization from the tumult of Russia, from the threat and the advances of Sovietism.

Says Mr. Graham:

"As the rehabilitation of Russia progresses so must the danger in which these new states stand. It is a curious paradox in modern civilization that the continued barbarism of one great country should be directly contributable to social and economic progress in another . . . The worse the politics of Russia, the more help the Balkan States may reckon upon; but the more Russia improves, the less help and sympathy for the recognized obstructions between Russia and the West."

Here we are in the realm of curious but fascinating European politics in which the League of Nations plays no small part.

Aside from the political aspect of the book the human one is vastly entertaining also. Stories of refugees, of flight by night, of courage and patience beyond all believing abound. The cities described are interesting, the whole story of these struggling peoples an absorbing and momentous one. A good book.

**Restaurants of New York**  
By George S. Chappell

HERE is a little volume which, beyond all the other travel books of one kind and another written about the Metropolis, will bring you rushing to New York—with your mouth watering.

We suggest that the publishers of this gastronomic tome get some well-known doctors to recommend it for failing appetites. Also we hope, in view of all the delightful things he has said about the "eating places" of the great city and the growth of trade that must inevitably result, that Mr. Chappell will be able to live high on very little for a year at least.

This is the kind of "travel book" in which one travels from table to table, from menu to menu, seeing the whole world as one progresses. For France, England, Syria, China, Germany, Hungary, Rumania—all are reflected in the restaurants of New York.

A city, remarks some one, is only as famous as its dishes. Behold, then, the crab flakes to be found at Faunces Tavern—the very tavern where Washington bade farewell to his officers after the war. The hors d'œuvre at Voisin's, scallopina marsala at the Lido-Venice, the coffee and waffles as they are served at Alice Foote MacDougall's! Indeed, the fascination of food is exploited to almost an illegal degree.

But more than that, this delightful little book has managed very casually and artfully to  
(Continued on page 60)



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## SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COVER THE EARTH PAINTS AND VARNISHES

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HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE				
STOPS MISTAKES IN PAINTING				
SURFACE	TO PAINT USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES . . . . .	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS . . . . .	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK . . . . .	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILING, Interior . . . . .	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior . . . . .	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE . . . . .	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior . . . . .	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior . . . . .	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES . . . . .	SWP House Paint Metallic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood) . . . . .	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete . . . . .	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch . . . . .	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors Porch . . . . .	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior . . . . .	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM . . . . .	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS . . . . .	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle . . . . . Metal Composition . . . . .	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metallic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS . . . . .	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS . . . . .	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard) . . . . .	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER . . . . .	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior . . . . .	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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## The Four Winds of Heaven

(Continued from page 59)

recreate the mood that hovers over many of the dining rooms mentioned in it. For instance, Mr. Chappell's description of a breakfast at the old Brevoort. Just a few words, yet there is all the charm of the hour and the place in a nutshell.

Well, we don't care who knows it, the thing has made this Department ravenously hungry, but not hungry enough to prevent us from wondering why he did not mention the little cafeteria in the basement of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By a very short flight of stairs, one leaves Rodin, the marble heroes of Greece, the armed gentlemen of the Middle Ages, the glamorous Italian rooms where Florence and Venice come awake after a four-hundred year doze. One leaves all these and descends to hash, mince pies, sandwiches, apple-sauce and coffee. A huge black chef in a breathtaking cap presides at the counter. At the little tables sit the brave "copyists," and weary art seekers and the burning enthusiasts. The faint hum of the city drifts over the enclosure at the east, where, in gentle weather, one may eat out doors quite as though one were in some courtyard in Italy.

Of course Mr. Chappell couldn't put everything in his smart little volume. We've just added this bit—on our own.

### New York in Seven Days

By Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt

KNOWING intimately what the New York traffic is on the "hold up" question, and having a good idea of the legal length of an hour, we wish to warn our prospective visitors that if they try to do all that this fine little guide-book suggests, they will be returned to their homes with shattered nervous systems, if any.

At the end of the fourth day of this fictitious visit to New York the little heroine of "New York in Seven Days" says to her host,

"You are far too good to me."

And the young escort replies,

"God blessed you with strength."

So, after all, the authors knew that they were piling it on a bit thick. The thing to do will be not to become frightened after reading of all you must do to get just a mere idea of the Empire City. Pick out those things you most care to

see from the wealth laid at your feet, divide those by two, start gaily forth and then, if you get into difficulties, call up this Department.

### Going to Florida?

By Frank M. Dunbaugh, Jr.

THIS is a true guide-book and not in any sense a travel book. Mr. Dunbaugh has managed with interest and conciseness to get into his piece of work a condensed outline of the points of greatest appeal in the State that is now calling so loudly to the opportunity-seekers all over the country.

He takes a flying leap off the main-land for those travelers who are headed for Cuba or Nassau, and there is much information for fishermen, golfers and others interested only in sport.

A comprehensive and very timely guide.

### Books Reviewed This Month

*The Dividing Line of Europe*, by Stephen Graham. (Appleton & Co., New York)

*Beyond Khyber Pass*, by Lowell Thomas (The Century Co., New York)

*Temple Bells and Silver Sails*, by Elizabeth Crump Enders. (Appleton & Co., New York)

*Seven Wonderlands of the American West*, by Thomas D. Murphy. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston)

*A Tropical Tramp With The Tourists*, Harry L. Foster. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

*The Restaurants of New York*, by George S. Chappell. (Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., New York)

*New York in Seven Days*, by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt. (R. M. McBride & Co., New York)

*Going to Florida?* by Frank M. Dunbaugh, Jr. (Brentano's, New York)

## Is the Customer Always Right?

(Continued from page 25)

intended as a pun. He is brought up in the belief that the customer is right. We used to look with awe upon the banker. He was a being apart. We used to think that if we got inside the partition or cage in which he sat, he would bite us. But we know better now.

The banker who is bothered by my checking account explained this to me the other day.

"Banking is a highly competitive business," he said. "We have to have two kinds of customers, those who deposit their money, either in checking or saving accounts, and those who borrow from us. Sometimes the same customers play both rôles. In any event we have to have them. They can easily go to some other bank if they don't like us."

"If a customer reports a shortage at the paying teller's window we make good that shortage if, after the evening check-up, the teller shows any money over. I have never yet caught a bonafide customer in an attempt to defraud us in that manner. Errors are apt to occur. Some of the paying tellers make up \$50,000 in payrolls of large and small bills, dollars, nickels and dimes each day, especially on Fridays and Saturdays. We always urge the clerks or paymasters who get these payrolls at our windows to count their money before they move out of the bank."

"Only once in late years have we had trouble in handling payrolls. One customer sent a young girl here to draw the weekly payroll. After she had been coming several weeks she reported a small shortage. We paid it. A few weeks later she reported another. We paid that. A few weeks later she reported a third shortage.

This time we called in her boss, the customer. It was the first time he had heard about the shortages. Thereafter he sent another clerk for the payroll. We had no more shortages with that customer. In that case the customer was right, although his clerk may have been wrong.

"Not long ago one of our old checking accounts sent through a check for \$142. The books showed that his check would overdraw his account \$2. We refused the check. He was hot under the collar. I don't blame him. For six months he had carried \$7,000 in a savings account with us. We do not encourage overdrafts. They are considered illegal in this state. But we could and should have strained a point in that customer's case, honored his overdrawn check, notified him and permitted him to make good from his savings account. We have to be more careful with women than with men."

"I cashed a check for \$100 last week for a lady who does not carry an account here. I made her count her money before she left me. She seemed surprised. 'You might lose \$10 between here and the first shop at which you trade,' I explained. 'Then you would think we had made a mistake.' That was two-way insurance, for her and for the bank. Women customers are still the most difficult to handle because the old joke about having a lot of unused checks in the check-book still persists, in fact. I had such a case this morning. Our best insurance in such cases is constant education."

Although they occasionally catch their beneficiaries in fraudulent death claims, the insurance



men insist that most of their customers are always right, or think they are.

The company in which I carry my life insurance has a branch in New York and a home office in the Middle West. It is one of the old line insurance companies. The solicitor who keeps me paying some kind of premium once a month is perpetually asserting that his customers are always right. But just the other day he wrote up two partners, one for \$6,000 and the other for \$10,000. The \$6,000 customer got through without any trouble. But life-insurance companies subscribe to a national bureau which keeps close tab on all rejections. This bureau reported that the \$6,000 man had been rejected twice. The \$6,000 man had not mentioned the rejections on his application blank. When this omission was called to his attention he entered a general denial. But he did not get the \$6,000 insurance he applied for.

**I**N MANY cases life-insurance people investigate the moral status of an applicant although he may pass the physical examination nicely. An applicant had this experience in St. Louis not long ago. When he signed on the dotted line he gave his business address as a wholesale furniture house. When the solicitor sought to deliver the policy it was learned that the applicant had left that house. An inspector was sent to the applicant's home address. There it was learned that the applicant was having trouble with his wife and was drinking heavily. He was notified that the insurance company did not want him on its books.

About once a year, somewhere in the United States, the fraudulent death claim bobs up. The beneficiary appears with the proper papers, proving death of the insured, and collects the insurance, although it is later learned that the insured still moves and breathes and has his being. This is an ancient trick in crookdom but it is not easily put over for in most States the insuring company requires a certificate from the attending physician, the undertaker and one or more persons who knew the insured but who are not beneficiaries, before it will pay the insurance money to the one benefited. Each person signing such a certificate must be an innocent or conniving party to the conspiracy.

The dentist, brave soul, is often suspected of conducting a conspiracy of his own, no matter what he does for or to his patients. I went to a dentist, once, who told me I had an ulcerated tooth which should be pulled. That sounded simple enough. The extracting specialist in the next office would, I was told, pull it for about \$10 and in ten minutes. The puller broke it off near the root, kept me in the chair four hours and charged me \$25. It cost me \$150 to get a removable bridge to replace the lost tooth. I have never since been able to eat on that side of my face. And I hate that dentist every time I remove that bridge.

But he was well within his rights. He was accustomed to charging \$15 an hour for his time, and throwing in all materials. I kicked. I could have gotten a good bridge for \$25 outside the high-priced belt. But I should have found that out before I gave him the order. There were dentists in that same suite who were charging \$1,500 for a removable bridge and getting away with it. The customer is only right in kicking on a dentist's bill when he calls for an estimate before starting into the deal.

When you consult a specialist you will probably pay his fee whether you are satisfied or not. One of my friends took his little boy to such a specialist. The learned practitioner made his diagnosis in about three minutes of rough handling. Then he rendered a bill for \$20. Two months after this experience the father learned that the specialist had erred grievously. He refused to pay the \$20. In time a suave collector called on the father. "Better dig up the cash and save trouble," the collector advised. "You haven't a chance in the world to avoid payment. A diagnosis is not like a piece of merchandise. You cannot prove that my client was not correct in his diagnosis at the time he made it." The father kicked in with the \$20.

Eye doctors are remarkably efficient in this scientific day and age. There are oculists' suites where they run patients through the mill in one-two-three order, and give them service.

I went to one such and for \$15 obtained an examination and a prescription. I took the

(Continued on page 62)



## 4 out of 5 See him too late

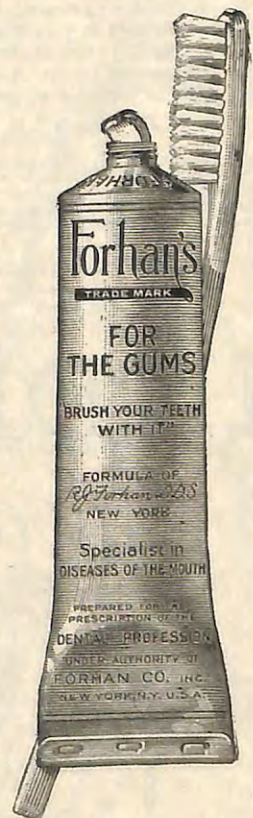
Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

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Even though you do not intend to visit Florida this winter, write at once for illustrated color brochure describing INDRIO. Now, while desirable homesites may still be secured for as little as a few hundred dollars, is the time to investigate INDRIO as a place to spend your winters or the sunset years of life.

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# INDRIO Florida



## Is the Customer Always Right?

(Continued from page 61)

prescription elsewhere and for \$25 I got a pair of "specs" with tortoise shell rims. A month later I got a headache. Two months later I got several more. Thereupon I hunted up the oculist. He tested my eyes and my glasses.

"The lenses are a little strong for your eyes just now," he cheerfully admitted, "but you keep on wearing them and they will be all O. K." Then he sent me a bill for \$5. But I didn't kick. He may have been right after all. And it takes years of work and much expense to become any kind of doctor, dentist or oculist.

As for a surgeon, what if he does hastily sew one up with a piece of gauze inside? He may have his reasons. He may also have his reasons for having a patient sign off before going under the knife. There are many lawyers in the world looking for damage suits and other legal business. Some lawyers fix their fees before consenting to take a case. Others fix the fees after the judge or jury has reached a decision. If the latter practice is followed a Bar Association sometimes steps in and acts as arbitrator between client and counsel. Such an arbitration yielded a \$100,000 fee to a famous criminal lawyer last year.

**I**F YOU have ever had a dispute with your electric light or gas company, or gotten into a row over the amount of your telephone bill you will realize that the public utilities companies are keen about giving the customer the benefit of the doubt. The keenness dates from the creation of the first State Public Service Commission in Massachusetts in 1905. There are thirty-seven of these State Service Commissions now. Whenever they function it is almost impossible for a public utilities corporation to show favoritism in service or rates. Rates are uniform according to fixed classifications, and each complaint is handled in the same way and under the same rules.

One electric light company with which I do business has approximately 500,000 meters in operation. Last year 47,920 of its customers complained of poor service or overcharges. Nearly 14,000 meters were tested, some in the regular course of business and others in response to complaints. Only 2,000 adjustments were made. In other words, the customers were right in only 2,000 of the 47,920 cases. But, the electric light service department is quick to point out, practically all of those who complained thought they were right. Only a few of the smaller consumers put in a complaint in the hope of getting a refund or of stalling off the collector. The Public Service Commission settles the most stubborn cases. But it is a rare customer who expresses a desire to pay more than the meter calls for.

Much delicacy is demanded of the clerks who settle disputes over supplies sold to electric light company customers. One big Irishman came raging into such a company's adjustment department one day denying that he had purchased six bulbs for which he had been billed. When the records proved that his son, Danny, had signed for the bulbs in question the complainant backed out, with apologies. When another complainant waxed wroth over a thirty-cent bulb for which he refused to pay and a clerk rather testily said, "Rather than talk to you any more about it, I'll pay for the bulb out of my own pocket," that clerk, a veteran in the service, nearly lost his job.

The gas companies have many similar experiences with their customers. But since the State Public Service Commissions began to function the customers are easier to handle because the old feeling that the corporations were "doing" the individuals is disappearing. There is less opportunity for the corporation to "do" the customer, and less opportunity for the customer to "do" the corporation. During 1924, one electric light company interviewed 32,125 customers and all but 3.7 per cent. said they were satisfied with the service given. The 3.7 per cent. were later satisfied with adjustments.

One big telephone company with more than 2,250,000 telephones in operation lost but four-tenths of 1 per cent. of its income through adjustments in 1924. This company follows the rule that when the customer at a slot machine complains that he did not get his number, or his nickel back, he is given another call without charge.

The adjusting department of this company admits that it seldom gets a nickel back if that nickel is returned, mechanically, through the operator's error. It insists, however, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the regular customer who complains that he did not get a toll call for which he is charged does so in error and readily pays his bill when the company records show that he got the service. In ten years this company has been compelled to discontinue service only twice because a customer has used vile language in addressing the operators. The latter are trained to accept abuse with a smile. The best of them can project their smiles over the wire.

Telegraph and cable companies handle their customers in the same courteous manner. They will take a lot of back talk from an old customer before they will collect a disputed bill or deny further service, because experience teaches them that in nearly every case the customer is right in his own mind although he may be wrong as to facts.

Transportation companies are heavily sold on the customer-is-always-right idea. Train, street car and bus conductors are becoming absolutely Chesterfieldian. The old rough stuff is passé. Competition accounts for a lot of that. The trolley lines first enforced good manners among the railroad train crews, then motor busses made it still softer for customers of trolley and railroad lines.

The Fifth Avenue bus conductors of New York City who wear honor medals for good deportment are about the niftiest of transportation autocrats. During the two years I have patronized the Fifth Avenue common-carriers I have seen but one case where the conductor did not yield the floor to the customer. In that case the customer was at fault. I was the customer.

The bus stopped a moment at Broadway and 168th Street. I was on top. The conductor extended his metal fare box for my dime. I handed him a dollar bill. He handed me my change. I had my gloves on. My dime slipped out of my fingers and landed on the pavement. The conductor started down the stairs for it. The crossing cop gave the "go" signal. So did the conductor. The bus rolled on. My dime stayed on the pavement. I was out my dime, but the company didn't lose. I stuck a second dime in the collection box on the conductor's next round. I had been at fault because the conductor had actually handed me the first dime.

Sometimes the bus conductors are nicer with their women passengers. On a north-bound Fifth Avenue bus one summer's day a girl, evidently returning to her home from a long day's work, arose hastily as if to leave the bus. The conductor stepped up. "Haven't you got a dime, madam?" he inquired. The passenger replied in some confusion that she must have lost her purse. "That's all right, madam," he assured her, and rang up one of his own dimes. This happens about once a day to each bus conductor. He stands the loss, if any, but such dimes are nearly always returned by grateful recipients of eleventh-hour assistance.

The Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which has been operating these busses for forty years, trains its conductors to keep the passengers in the right. Each conductor and driver wears a plate bearing his name and the legend, "Service, Civility and Loyalty." A bronze plate indicates from one to five years of service with the company, a silver plate from five to ten years' service, a gold plate from ten to twenty years' service and a gold plate with a diamond more than twenty years' service. There are fourteen of these latter worn by Fifth Avenue Coach conductors or drivers. A customer is pretty apt to be right with them.

The bus conductor who collected my second dime, was not quite so courteous as a candy butcher with a circus I visited last summer. He was selling peanuts on the blue seats, at ten cents per bag. I yearned for peanuts. I tendered him a quarter. He made change. As I handed him a dime we managed between us to drop it. It lay on the grass beneath us. He was in a hurry. "Never mind," he said, "I'll take the loss." And he did, for he had to check in for all supplies at his boss's stand.

The customer-is-always-right doctrine has



been adopted by most of the circus world. Except for one or two "gypping" shows, circus employes are stationed in the crowd around the ticket wagon to see that the customers do not leave change—do not "walk away without it," to use the circus expression—and candy butchers at the stands or on the seats wear price signs where all who run may read. Verily the customer is coming into his own.

He is even coming into his own in the automobile garage. The "gyp" repair man is being edged out of business. There is a national organization of factory service men in the automotive game. They are educating the local associations of garage and repair men to handle their customers on the good-will basis. Parts and cost sheets are being introduced. Prices for parts and repairs are becoming standardized and stabilized. The old order passeth.

It is no longer customary for a garage manager to tell his customer, "You leave it and I'll tell you about costs when I have finished the job." It is permissible now for the car-owner to tell what he wants done and to get a price for the work before any work is started. Some garage managers even employ "greeters" to give the owner that "good" feeling before business begins.

Automobile dealers have some rather sad experiences with some of their customers. In certain circles it is regarded good form to "do" an auto dealer. One of the favorite tricks of these unprincipled motorists is to buy an old machine from a junk heap at a song and trade it in at a good stiff price. Another is to buy an old unguaranteed derelict from a second-hand dealer and come back in a day or so demanding full restitution because something has gone wrong. But in spite of their troubles with crooked customers, "Customer Satisfaction Makes Success" is one of the automobile repair men's slogans. "Service With a Smile" is another. There are several auto-car service schools. It will soon be possible for a car-owner to walk into any of the 47,000 repair stations in the United States without hanging onto his watch.

COOPERATION between buyer and seller—the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between customer and dealer—is the order of the day. The more faith shown by the two parties to a contract the less the dissatisfaction experienced by either. When time payments were introduced into the automotive game there were many credit losses, but with the creation of companies to finance such transactions the losses decreased. During 1923, fifty of the largest of these finance companies purchased \$281,790,250 worth of retail automobile paper. The losses on that class of paper in 1923 were less than one-fifth of 1 per cent.

Most musical merchandise is sold on the instalment basis. One can buy almost anything from a \$60,000 violin to a \$16 banjo on time. The payments are usually spread over thirty months. The seller is protected by a chattel mortgage. One firm has 17,000 such accounts on the books of one of its branches. Persons with artistic temperaments are traditionally difficult to do business with. But the adjustment manager of this particular branch tells me that while many small boys seek excessive exchanges and returns, the adjustment losses on this class of business are much less than 1 per cent. Credit losses are even smaller. And this includes sales of phonographs and radio sets in vast quantities. The customer is nearly always right, or is made to think he is but, at that, it doesn't cost the company much.

Even in the parcel-checking business there are relatively few disputes with customers, although a \$1,000 item may be checked for ten cents. Thousands of such transactions are handled daily in one union railroad depot with which I am familiar, and it is not always easy sailing for the manager.

I know of one case where a New England visitor to the big city checked his suit-case, returned to his rural home, sent his parcel check to a metropolitan friend and told the friend to hold the suit-case until the owner got back to the city's bright lights. Through a mix-up in numbers the metropolitan friend became possessed of a valuable trunk instead of an ordinary suit-case. But company detectives finally straightened the matter out, and no one was guilty of intent to defraud.

(Continued on page 64)

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# Is the Customer Always Right?

(Continued from page 63)

This particular parcel checker was not so fortunate, at first, with a typewriter. It was checked one morning. That same afternoon some one called, described the typewriter minutely, said he had forgotten his check, and was given the typewriter. Later developments and investigation showed that a college student who had once borrowed the typewriter from a fellow student had happened to see it checked and had fraudulently claimed it. Things like that do happen even with parcel-checking stations.

Catalogue houses in this country sell more than \$1,000,000,000 of merchandise annually. The catalogue customer sends his money in advance. He buys from pictures and printed text. The manager of one catalogue house whose gross annual sales approximate \$250,000,000 told me that less than 5 per cent. of the goods are returned and most of those are for credit or exchange. There is very little attempted fraud among the millions of catalogue house customers, partly because the business is done by mail and the post-office records are used in checking up claims for lost merchandise, and partly because each customer's record is card indexed.

Now and then a customer is caught in the act of seeking restitution when restitution is not due him. But, to quote one catalogue-house executive, "Business is growing more honest each year. So are the customers of business houses. But we would much rather have returns and kicks than have our dissatisfied customers remain silent and nurse their grudges. It isn't the dissatisfied customer who kicks that we fear. It is the fellow who thinks he has gotten the worst of it from us—and doesn't tell us about it."

This statement is merely the echo of many such made by adjustment managers in many lines of business.

If you ask any of these gentlemen, "Is the customer always right?" he almost shouts, "I'll say he is."

And they do say it, and keep on saying it. But I wonder if this putting it up to the customers to be on the square with the fellows they are doing business with isn't straining the customer's moral nature.

The customer may always be right. In many cases, as I have shown, he is. But how long is he going to keep it up?

It is an angelic small boy who can resist an unguarded melon patch.

Here and there, even in our most moral communities, customers show a tendency to crack under the strain. The street-car patron who gets past the conductor during rush hours without kicking in with a nickel, six cents or whatever the fare happens to be, seldom sends conscience money to the company. That rarest of all birds, the countryman who receives from the circus treasurer more change than is rightfully coming to him, does not fight his way back to the ticket wagon, there to make restitution. He gambols gleefully into the big top. The customer of a law court who gets a decision to which he is not entitled rarely denounces the miscarriage of justice. He figures that luck is with him.

But it is in the big department store where thousands of sales are made daily and the customer-is-always-right doctrine is preached on every hand that so many customers are tempted beyond their strength.

New York is one of the most difficult cities in which to cash checks because there are so many check passers in action.

Not long ago a plausible young man presented himself to the assistant credit manager of a big New York store. He wished to purchase goods and pay for them with a check endorsed to him—James Z. Smith. Mr. Smith exhibited the check, and explained that he wished to take the goods with him. He gave his address as 1334 Blank Street. The assistant credit manager, finding that name and address in the telephone book, made a penciled memorandum of them on the back of the endorsed check—but told Mr. Smith to see the credit manager.

Mr. Smith departed to do his shopping. In an hour he returned to the credit department. The manager was on the job, the assistant was absent. "I have just purchased \$239 worth of goods," Mr. Smith explained. "Your assistant, who made this memo, said you would accept

this \$350 check, which, as you see, is endorsed to me." The credit manager hesitated, whereupon Mr. Smith produced a passbook and a cashier's check for \$500 in favor of Mrs. James Z. Smith. "These," he remarked, "should serve to identify me."

The credit manager telephoned to Mrs. James Z. Smith who said she carried an account at the bank which issued the cashier's check and that her husband was downtown, she did not know where. Mr. Smith with his endorsed check for \$350 looked like a good moral risk, but, acting on intuition, the credit manager finally refused to cash the \$350 check and Mr. Smith departed without goods or money.

Two days later the credit manager learned that "Mr. Smith"—the Mr. Smith who called on him—had stolen passbook, cashier's check and endorsed check from a mail box. The bank had mailed the first two to Mrs. James Z. Smith, at her request. The check endorsed to Mr. James Z. Smith had been sent him, in another enclosure by a man who owed him money. Passbook, cashier's check and endorsed check all happened to be in the same mail box when the thief rifled it.

"Listening in" is another trick by which crooks attempt to get the best of a store. A young girl bought some charge-account goods in one of these stores and signed a name to a "take with" sales slip. Among the items was a \$62 watch. The matter was referred to the credit manager. His files showed that that customer was an elderly widow. The girl who had actually made the purchases was confronted with this discrepancy. "I frequently sign my aunt's name to sales slips and settle with her once a month," the girl glibly explained. "Telephone my aunt," the girl suggested. The credit manager telephoned but got no response. Finally the girl, without her purchases, was escorted to the door by the house detective, who learned within the hour that during the entire transaction "the aunt" an old and reliable "charge account" customer, had been shopping, for herself, in the store. The girl had overheard her "aunt" give a charge order with delivery directions—and had acted on the information.

The bogus bill is another device used by customers bent on defrauding a store. A well-dressed woman selected a \$1,000 fur coat in a high-class Fifth Avenue retail establishment recently and tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The salesman explained that he must submit the bill to the cashier's office before accepting it. The customer was indignant. When the salesman returned with the announcement that the \$1,000 bill was "good" she returned it to her purse and marched toward the elevator "insulted."

The salesman accompanied her, profuse in his apologies. At the elevator door she turned to the salesman and said, "I do not want to seem small about this. You merely obeyed your instructions. I will take the coat. Here is the money." The salesman took the \$1,000 bill. The woman took the coat and her departure. The \$1,000 bill was bogus. The woman had switched bills.

The "walk out" used to be a favorite method of "doing" the big department stores. A customer would fancy a piece of silk, for example, walk to the door where she could examine it in daylight, and keep on walking. Most big stores now have daylight lights, "blue lights" they are sometimes called, and if the customer still insists on carrying goods to the door a sales person goes with said customer, so neither goods nor customer is lost.

The records of retail salesmanship are filled with similar examples. Take it all in all, it does seem that in insisting that the customer is always right, our merchants may have, now and then, too much of a good thing.

Most of us expect to be done by the taxi drivers but a New York lad put one over on me the other day in a new way. While waiting at a dock for an incoming ship I chartered him and his car at \$3.00 an hour. We became quite pally. He explained that most drivers ran their own cars but that he was one of the few working for a corporation. He got no salary but depended on his earnings which were one-third of his fares plus his tips. He also explained



that he could not doctor his meter although the drivers on their own could. He was a most likable chap.

Two hours after we had settled up and I had tipped him liberally, I had come to and dispatched this note to the office of the company for which he worked:

"Gentlemen:

"Permit me to compliment you on the finesse of your driver who helped me count myself out of \$1.50 yesterday afternoon.

"I refer to the driver who, after carrying a \$2.10 fare to the west end of Brooklyn yesterday afternoon drove his empty car to Pier 37, North River, to meet the Clyde Line steamship, *Arapahoe*, and who after renting his car to me at \$3.00 per hour, from 3:15 to 5:15, accepted \$7.50 from me in payment therefor. This was after he had delivered me and two companions and a small trunk to Hotel Irving, 26 Gramercy Park, Manhattan.

"I am not asking for a return of the \$1.50 overpayment he collected, but I am wondering if you got it or he kept it. In other words, did he doctor the meter?"

I am still waiting for the answer which probably is that I'm not entitled to anything. Undoubtedly the various corporations who have been telling me that the customer is always right, have been giving me too much of a good thing.

### Be It Ever So Jumbled

(Continued from page 17)

I'll never spread any more scandal about the "unrest" of the younger generation. When it comes to being unrested, the older generation seems to have it over the kids like a seven-day bicycle race compared to a walk around the block.

I think the trouble is, Jane, that we have been too comfortable. I, for one, had certainly been too comfortable up to the time, last summer, when everything began to pop. I was traveling along in the rut of contentment, I suppose. Business had been going along very nicely, nobody had been sick in the house for so long that the family doctor had quit speaking to me—home and office affairs were so methodically in order that the daily routine of living moved like clockwork.

It is the clockwork, Jane, that you have rebelled against. You are wrong about my single-track type of business mind that teaches itself to sneer automatically at art, good literature, music, drama leagues, civic uplift and everything else that is not common-sensibly material. You are wrong, Jane. Didn't I sit with you in a boiled shirt through five operas and a Shakespearian Festival of seven deadly performances, all of which were so noisy in spots that I couldn't sleep consecutively?

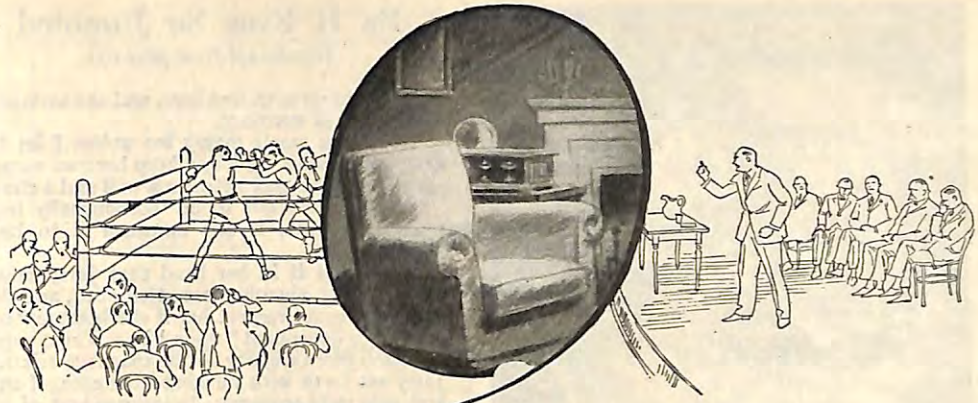
Give us our due, Jane. We may be unfeeling clods who are quite blind to sublimities. But we were put here for a purpose, and I think we fulfil it.

Poor Gerald, now, doesn't know what purpose he was put here for, at all. Ever since I wrote you last, he has been glum as a debutante with halitosis, which I understand from the ads is some glum. He has been too depressed to superintend himself, much less the factory. All over Miss Larrimore, of course.

Three times I asked him what was the matter, and each time he replied, "Nothing, Dad, just feeling a bit off color." And finally, the other evening, I caught him off his guard, when I found some good excuse to lead up to the subject of Miss Larrimore. I told him Miss Larrimore had been on the verge of quitting her job, some months ago, and that she had murmured something to me about perhaps getting married. "Now whom do you suppose she was thinking of marrying, Jerry?" I asked him, just as innocently and tactfully as I could. Well, sir, it broke down Jerry's wall of reserve and he told me everything. He was all but in tears, Jane. I never felt so sorry for a boy in love since the time you told me there could never be anything between us but a fine friendship.

It seems Jerry wrote a lot of stuff that I didn't read when he was running that "Unchained" magazine in New York. I didn't read it all, but Celia Larrimore read every line of it. And a lot

(Continued on page 66)



## This is Your Ringside Seat or Platform Chair

IT'S already reserved, where you can hear every word, follow every action. You needn't step out of doors; your Synchronphase will bring world events right to your easy chair. This is the advantage of radio, but full enjoyment depends on the character of reception.

The excellent reception given by the Synchronphase is due to several exclusive Grebe features, particularly:

The "Colortone", which enables you to ignore the loud speaker's characteristics and vary the timbre of voice or instrument to your individual taste.

The Binocular Coils which give extreme selectivity, getting the station you want and shutting out all the others.

The Low-Wave Extension Circuits whereby you may tune in over 100 low-wave stations not reached by other sets.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate these and other Grebe advantages; then compare the reception with that of other receivers.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York

Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Grebe Binocular Coils Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. with Low-Wave Extension Circuits



Grebe "Colortone"

This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ.

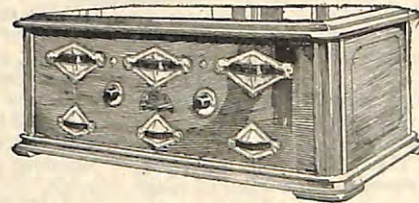
# The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



TRADE MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.



The Synchronphase is also supplied with battery base.

## Learn Salesmanship FREE and Earn \$5,000 a Year

Get into the biggest paying profession in America—Salesmanship! Learn FREE, and make \$50.00 to \$150.00 a week while doing it. With Davis famous \$29.50 clothing values, offered at factory prices direct-to-wearers, you can build up big business in short time. Finest virgin wool fabrics. Best tailoring. Money-refund guarantee of satisfaction. Liberal commissions daily.

### You Can Succeed Too

Dozens of men making good. John Babcock, former brakeman, now earns \$50.00 weekly. Elmer Johnson quit office job to make \$5,000 first year. Same opportunity yours if you act quick. Learn more about this pleasant, dignified business. Write to-day for free 40-page book.

The P. H. Davis Tailoring Co. Desk 6-D, Cincinnati, Ohio

**HUGE TAILORING PLANT COMPLETED**

Davis's fastest growing tailoring house in America. Write for Success Stories of other men. They're free!

## New Methods in Child Training

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

**Highest Endorsements** This new system, which has been put prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

**FREE BOOK** "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

The Parents Association Dept. 1232 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

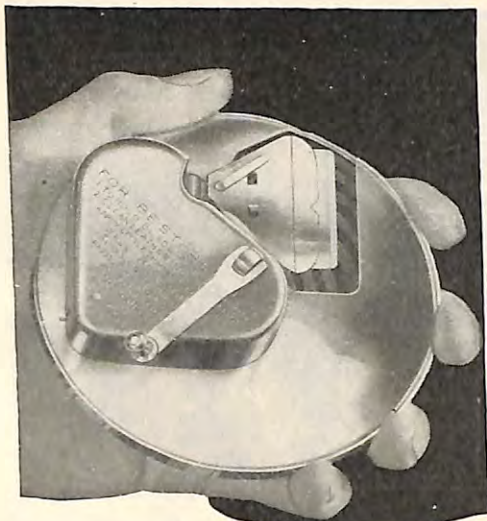
**Old Money Wanted** Do you know that lectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Coins? We buy all kinds. Send high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 462, Ft. Worth, Tex.



## INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book Patent-Sense gives those facts; sent free. Write LACEY & LACEY, 650 F St., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.





Use This  
Amazing  
Invention  
and



# All Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life

Sensational New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves a Year—No More Blades to Buy!

**K**RISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

Kriss-Kross strops your blade on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

And now for my smashing offer! For 30 days only, to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you an amazing new kind of razor free. Really 3 razors in one. Can be made straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Five special blades free, too.

Use these blades and keep re-newing them with Kriss-Kross super-stropper. If any one goes back on you I'll re-condition or replace them free! This sweeping written guarantee solves your blade problem for all time. I mean every word when I say, "I'll keep you in Razor Blades for Life."



Write for Details at Once!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send for information on amazing Kriss-Kross inventions today. They are never sold in stores—and they're even more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon today. No obligation.

**AGENTS**

Make big money as a Kriss-Kross representative. \$75-\$200 a week. Free gift razor is marvelous business booster. We have a unique sales plan that brings you extra profits while you sleep. K. D. Ralph made \$612 in 30 days. H. King took in \$66 in one day!

Spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$5-\$10 extra a day just showing Kriss-Kross to friends. Send coupon for details. Check bottom line and mail at once!

**RHODES MFG. CO.**

Dept. B-360 St. Louis, Mo.

**RHODES MFG. CO.**  
Dept. B-360, Pendleton & Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Please send me without obligation details of your offer to keep me in Razor Blades for Life. Also full description of free razor and stropper.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## Be It Ever So Jumbled

(Continued from page 65)

of it had to do with free love, and the socialistic conception of marriage.

"Now she won't marry me unless I let her keep on working, Dad, and keep her own name," says Jerry, half-way between a wail and a choke. "She says she's got to be 'economically independent' of me, if our marriage is to be a success."

Celia's got it in her head that Jerry meant what he said when he wrote that stuff, and that he would never respect her if she became "economically dependent" upon him. There would be much more dignity to the marriage relation, Jerry set forth with burning eloquence, if man and wife were economically independent of one another, and were held together only by spiritual attraction—each always free to go or stay at will.

And now Celia's not going to have any other kind of a marriage.

So that's that. Jerry says she's unreasonable and cruel. He won't have any wife of his working for a living. He won't have people saying he can't support his wife. And finally—mark well the passage, Jane—he says: "Woman's place, dammit, is in the home!"

Affect.

JOHN.

Sintonville, April 15, 19—

### DEAR MAMA:

Thank you for saying I ought to have been a lawyer—I distort the truth so beautifully.

Everything looks so absurdly happy around our house, Jane. (That is, everything but Gerald.) There are some new adventurous buds popping up along the front walk. Oliver refuses to tell me what they are until they open up. "Men folks don't 'preciates flowers until dey's bloomin'," he says. And then he goes on to preach to me about how he's told you, every year for ten years, that you can't have pretty grass on the lawn as long as you have shade trees, but that you wouldn't let nobody cut down them shade trees, nohow.

Celia looks up to me while I'm dictating, every now and then, with suspiciously swimmy eyes, as though she wanted to pour something out to me.

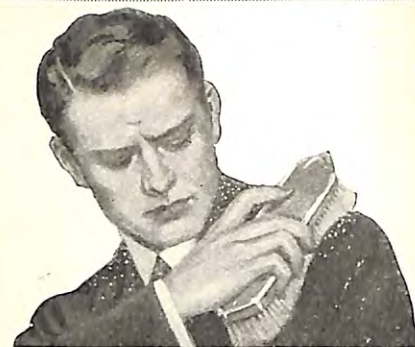
Why can't they quit their foolishness and stop torturing each other? I know Jerry is hard-headed, and he comes by it honestly, because I'm a mule myself with distinctly Irish traits, and you are—well, I should say, firm, with a sort of imperious grace. I mean to say you're not exactly vacillating, and you grasp your opinions gently and firmly by the scruff of the neck.

I didn't know Doris was quite so active in politics as you indicate. As you say, she has the right idea. If the women would stick together and vote *en bloc* they could wield the balance of power in any election.

I won't go so far as to observe that women lack capacity for organization, because it is so difficult for them to submerge personality and individuality and do what a political boss says. But I will say that I haven't noticed any difference in politics since women got the ballot. My observation, of course, is largely limited to Sintonville.

**I**N ST. LOUIS, I suppose, the women are much more militant. That is why it attracts you as a good field for a public career, I assume. Then, too, you don't know so many people there, and doubtless you feel freer. We are all proud of you here, Jane, and I know we are going to hear of you through the Associated Press soon. I quite admire your spirit. I think it is an act of bravery to mix into politics.

If I were a woman I think I should take some such position as this: I am a patrician, and politics is the science of applied inferiority. In a perfect democracy the majority of the people rule, and the majority of the people are necessarily mediocre. Therefore, mediocrity rules. Only a mediocre candidate can be the favorite of the mediocre majority, unless he's a candidate who just makes the voters *think* he's mediocre and shocks them speechless with a display of intelligence and initiative after he's elected. Then he becomes a traitor to the illustrious



## A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



**LIQUID ARVON**

## Plenty of Money!



**GET** out of the rut and make real money! You can do it easily by selling

**NOGAR Utility Clothing**

Enormous demand for this original GUARANTEED utility clothing, and extensive national advertising, make it a sure-fire seller. Imitations only emphasize its superiority. We want agents everywhere.

Good men are making \$100 to \$200 a week. Every man you meet is a prospect. No experience necessary, but if you have selling experience you should be a knockout! Men who have sold other things say they never handled anything that sold as easily as NOGAR Clothes. Even spare time work pays well.

Imagine suits that sell for only \$12.50 to \$13.50, but outwear two or three ordinary suits! For work, business or sports. Topcoats, too. You don't know a man who doesn't need one.

Get busy, before all the best districts are taken. Write at once to

**NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 19 Reading, Pa.

**Nogar  
CLOTHES**

**LAW STUDY AT HOME**  
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually!  
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 168-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.  
**LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2328-L Chicago**  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution



Common People, and goes down in history as a vain, wilful, head-strong, self-centered tyrant. Nay, nay. No politics for me. I'm a patrician.

I say if I were a woman I would take some such position. Fortunately for your Cause, I am not. Affect.

JOHN.

Sintonville, April 18, 19—.

DEAR MAMA:

Guess what the latest news is? Eleanor's going to a cooking school! I mean our Eleanor—she of the glad flapper rags, the delicately upholstered bones that have never known the exercise of toil, and the shingled hank of hair.

Priestly has been having indigestion—the doctor called it “incipient gastritis” so his bill would seem more reasonable—and Eleanor confided to me that the poor boy just hasn't had the right things to eat. They're living in the new fourteen-story apartment house—the Casey Arms, you know—and it has been a little too much trouble to keep house, of course, so Eleanor and Priestly have been taking most of their meals “out.”

I don't know whether this has anything to do with it, or not, but some weeks ago I slipped the advertising manager of *The Intelligencer* a valuable tip, along with a new 20,000-line contract. I suggested to him that he start a cooking contest for society girls and young matrons, and told him he could count on the Paramount Mattress Corporation for a thousand-dollar prize, if he would put on the right kind of contest. Of course the flour people and the baking-powder people and the gas range people all chipped in, too. So *The Intelligencer* has been running a series of articles, in connection with the contest, about what an exacting combination of art and science cooking really is.

I say it was my suggestion, but to be perfectly honest with you I will tell you, confidentially, that it was Priestly's idea. Priestly has become a very original sort of advertising man. He convinced me that it is the women who buy all the mattresses in the world. He insisted that our old method of just printing a lifeless picture of a mattress, mutely displaying the Genuine Original Paramount Label, wouldn't sell a woman a mattress in a month of Mondays. We must humanize our advertising, he contended, and inject into it an attractive appeal to women. So the advertising manager and I told him to go to it and humanize the stuffing out of our mattresses.

He has done very well indeed. He secures a daily list of marriage licenses issued, and, allowing the newlyweds a reasonable time for a honeymoon, he writes them a personal letter, earnestly setting forth the fact that the happiness of any home is dependent upon its comfort, and no home can be happy with a bumpy, lumpy, inferior mattress sticking around.

Priestly also follows up the birth list every week by advising the amateur mother that “much of the fretting usually ascribed to colic is really due to an uncomfortable mattress,” and pleading with her to buy a Baby Paramount if she really wants her child to grow up to be a President or a Governess. Of course, I know better about that colic business. But then you really can't tell what's going on in a baby's mind, can you? Maybe he is yelling his head off because his hard-hearted mother won't buy him a Baby Paramount.

So that line of reasoning, I was going to say—do you know, this is the first time I have ever really been able to talk to you, Jane, because you can't interrupt me now—I was going to say this line of reasoning led up to the idea of the cooking contest. Priestly wants to link up Paramount Mattresses with everything that is of vital interest to home comfort. So what is more natural than that we should foster such healthful movements as a campaign to develop encouragement of the cooking art?

Gerald and I are going over to have dinner at Eleanor's Friday night. Gerald hasn't any appetite nowadays, poor fellow.

Your two lilac bushes have gloriously come to life. “When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed”—you were here then, weren't you, Jane?

Tell me more about the political situation in St. Louis. This is really two letters you owe me now. Affect.

JOHN.

(Continued on page 68)

“Something better”

“LET ME SEE something better,” says the customer—very frequently indeed. That something better in an automobile may cost several hundred or perhaps even several thousand dollars more; but in a cigarette it costs just three cents more

F A T I M A



“What a whale of a difference just a few cents make”

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**Do You Really Want Money?**



Do you really want to make from \$75 to \$100 a week? Would you like to do as well as S. W. Allen of California who made \$40.80 in one day's joyful work? Then you will never find a better opportunity than this wonderful Hand Tailored RAIN-PROOF Cap!

**Just Wear this FREE Cap**

We give you this Cap Free. Every man you know will want one like it. It's guaranteed RAINPROOF—moisture can't soak in! Choice of finest wools and latest styles. Far superior to store caps. \$10 a day extra in spare time is easy. No experience is needed. Write at once for our FREE Selling Outfit. TAYLOR CAP MANUFACTURERS, Dept. B-46 Cincinnati, Ohio.



**\$40.00 Suit for Only \$23.50**

Think of being able to offer a \$40.00 suit made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of \$23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 768

William C. Bartlett, Inc., 850 Adams St., Chicago



**YOUR DOG—**

Keep its coat glossy and prevent infection. Keep its skin clean and healthful. Drive out worms. Every Drug Store and Pet Shop sells

**GLOVER'S**  
IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

There is one for every dog affection. Our FREE book will tell you many things you should know about your dog. Write for it. Address Dept. K8  
H. CLAY GLOVER Co., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

**LATEST “COAST TO COAST” FULLY GUARANTEED RADIO'S—10 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2  
FACTORY PRICES  
Users everywhere report Miraco Radios get programs coast to coast on loud speaker! outperform sets three times as costly. Many hear foreign countries. Radio's most amazing values in unconditionally guaranteed, factory-built long distance sets—let testimony of users convince you.

**MIRACO RADIO GETS 'EM COAST TO COAST**

Powerful New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY \$27.35 retail

FREE! Literature on latest improved 1 to 6 tube models, new low prices, testimony of users and SPECIAL OFFER. Write:

**MIDWEST RADIO CORP'N**  
Pioneer Builders of Sets  
453 W. E. 8th St. Cincinnati, O.

AGENT USERS WANTED Write for discounts.



**4-Room ALADDIN**  
**\$375** NOT PORTABLE  
 W. PAY THE FREIGHT  
 You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.



**5-Room ALADDIN**  
**\$478**  
 Nine different floor plan arrangements of this house are shown in Catalog. 2 and 3 bedroom designs—grade and inside cellar entrances.



**6-Room ALADDIN**  
**\$618**  
 Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 3 other plans in catalog. Very high grade lumber throughout.



**Story and Half ALADDIN**  
**\$789**  
 Story and a half semi-bungalow, with second floor available for 2 bedrooms. Two floor plan arrangements. Any handy man can erect these houses.



**7-Room ALADDIN**  
**\$956**  
 Large living room with circle-tread open stairway, dining room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, each with closet. Bath on second floor.



Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 598.

**The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN**  
 Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

**Your Old Gillette Made into Modern Razor, only 25c**  
**MINETTE**  
 does it instantly



Goes under blade to raise it and form protected hollow underneath. No more clogging or scraping. A closer, cleaner, quicker shave. No irritation. More shaves per blade. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today. As an introductory offer, a full-size 50-cent tube of the new LENS SHAVING CREAM will be sent with MINETTE for 25 cents extra. LENS needs no rubbing, will not dry on face, and makes shaving a real pleasure. MINETTE alone 25c cash or stamps; or MINETTE and LENS SHAVING CREAM both for 50c. Sent postpaid. Agents wanted, sure & big sales. Write today.

**HENLO SALES COMPANY, 294 East 166th St., New York, N. Y.**

**MINSTRELS** Musical Comedies and Revues, with full instructions for staging. You can stage your own show with our books. Full line of plays, stage songs, crossfire, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE.

**T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 108, Chicago**

**Be It Ever So Jumbled**

(Continued from page 67)

Sintonville, April 24, 19—.

DEAR MAMA:

Miss Larrimore is gone! God knows I am broken-hearted about it. I feel like hanging crepe on my office door. Gerald is huddled at his desk, his head on his arm. He has been looking like an underfed ghost for the past week—all eyes—eyes full of dog-like, imploring pain. What men never will understand, is why they will permit women to make them suffer so.

On the desk beside him is a pitiful little parting gift from Celia. A volume of "Anna Karenina," and a bunch of violets. He let me read the fly-leaf of his book—a message from Celia. Something Anna herself said, I think. As well as I can remember it, it says:

"We are all dedicated to unhappiness. We know it, and only seek to find means to deceive ourselves. Yet in that very deception lies the joy of living."

Youth's appetite for tragedy is a refreshing thing, isn't it? I never realized Celia was the kind of girl who just has to have a great sorrow in her life. Lord knows Jerry's got one, now.

Miss Larrimore and I—I can not help but call the girl Celia, somehow—had a long talk about it day before yesterday in the office. The girl is perfectly honest—she is trying to play square. I think she loves Jerry very sincerely. But she says it would be an injustice to Jerry to marry him—for any number of reasons which she faltered out to me. First and foremost is that crazy new-fangled idea about "more equality" in marriage. Gerald's communistic essays, which he is bitterly atoning for now, certainly made a convert of Celia. Listen to this—mix in a lot of gulps and many dabs with a damp handkerchief—and you have what Celia told me:

The common, or Garden of Eden, variety of marriage is a species of slavery, and economically it's all wrong. It makes a woman a voluntary (and often an involuntary) slave. It makes her a consumer and a parasite, when she ought to be out producing, creating her maximum of wealth by mental endeavor. "Woman in the home" is merely performing menial service, which far less competent and less intelligent servants could perform, while the wife could be out using her brain and earning many times as much money as the hire of servants would cost. But the dollars-and-cents aspect of it is of far less importance than the abstract spiritual question involved. For no woman can be free, no woman can have liberty and self-respect and true self-expression, if she is economically dependent upon her husband. It is the material slavery to which love is subjected that kills love.

I made Gerald sit out in the swing with me yesterday, under the crab-apple tree. I wonder what grouchy cynic gave such a name to the sweetest of all God's trees?

But the crab-apple tree was no solace for Jerry. "Dad," says he, "isn't life a hell of a mixed-up thing?"

I had to concur in that sage remark. "This is the kind of home I want," says Gerald. "A retreat and a haven from all the damned ugliness of life outside. And she—she—I want to protect her from it, Dad—I want her to forget that life is a dirty, unfair struggle. But she doesn't want a home. God! All she wants is four bare walls—and a lot of liberty!"

I don't know where Celia has gone, and neither does Gerald, evidently. She told me it was quite impossible for her to stay on at the office. I suppose it has been hard on both of them, seeing each other every day like that. And every time they tried to patch things up, and discuss things amicably, it ended in a quarrel.

Jerry told me something that will amuse you. It seems you and I have been held up as a horrible example of what marriage will do to people under the "old system."

"Look at your father and mother!" Celia told Jerry. "Married for twenty-five years—and look at them now. Money, position—everything that any one could desire—and look at them now!"

Look at us now, Jane.

Affect.

JOHN.

**FREE Big Complete Tailoring Line**



If you are prepared to devote yourself wholeheartedly to a real opportunity, I can put you in a business that will pay you more money than you are now earning—right from the very start. A business that requires no previous experience, no cash investment.

We have been manufacturing fine quality men's clothing for over forty years. Lately we discarded old-fashioned selling methods, and are now offering our enormous output DIRECT TO WEARERS, through high-class salesmen. Suits are now offered the public at amazing low price of \$23.50. Made of finest virgin wool fabrics. Designed along latest fashion lines. Carefully tailored throughout to conform to highest standards of workmanship. MACGREGOR suits are easily equal to \$42.50 values offered in retail stores.

Men everywhere are quick to appreciate values, and order almost on sight, when they see beautiful fabrics and learn of low price. And every order brings salesman \$4.00 clear profit—\$5.00 if extra pants are ordered.

We need more sincere men to represent us. We teach inexperienced men how to take measures accurately, and assure their success by placing money-back guarantee on every garment we make.

Learn how to obtain complete selling equipment absolutely free. Learn about wonderful successes achieved by other men. Information costs you nothing. Write today.

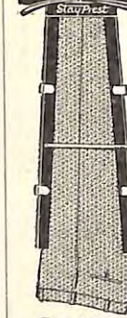
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 Dept. B-84 N. S. T. A. Bldg. CHICAGO



Sintonville, April 30, 19—.

DEAR MAMA:

I delivered your message to Eleanor, worse luck. I wish I hadn't done it. She wants to come out to see you now, as you suggest, and I don't want her to leave. She keeps saying, "I ought to go out, Dad—think how lonely poor Mama must be out in St. Louis, with nothing but a political situation to cheer her up." Now isn't that refreshing assurance? Think of anybody offering such a pale excuse as that, just to get a trip! The very idea of you being lonely!

But I don't want Eleanor to go because I am afraid I may need her. I am afraid Jerry is going to be sick.

Plucky kid—ah, that boy is a Weathers from the word go. He knows how to fight. He hasn't whimpered, Jane—not a word have I got out of him about Celia. He even manages to appear cheery, when he's around me. Not the sort of chap to burden other people with his woes. But he can't sleep. Not even a Grade-A Downysoft can help a fellow in his fix. Circles under his eyes, and a feverish pain in them, even when he tries to laugh.

I say I'm afraid he'll be sick—not that he will pine away for love of Celia, directly; but he doesn't care enough about things now to take care of himself. He drove the car out in the rain the other night, took it out in a nasty storm that howled and bellowed and teemed down rain until midnight. He must have ridden for hours, for he came back drenched to the skin. And I never saw a human being look so haggard and forlorn.

It always did go hard with us Weatherses. We're not a susceptible, sentimental kind, but when we do fall we fall for the count.

Oliver is promising me a mackerel this summer, by which he means, I think, a miracle. It has to do with a bronze iris, it seems, which disappointed you last year. "Dat's a flower, Mist' John," says Oliver, "dat wouldn't bloom for Mis' Jane last summer, but hit sho do look like hit gonna bloom for you an' me dis year." He isn't promising, definitely, but he says indications favor the miracle.

You know the old wisteria vine, that has been climbing over the porch for a couple of coon's ages? It has fallen down, too heavy with age and blossoms, and Oliver and I have decided to train it up a tree. Oliver says the vine was beginning to rot the wood-work with too much shade and moisture. But if you don't want it trained up the tree, you can just wire me.

Eleanor has been doing her best to cheer Gerald up. I think she is really a comfort to him. Those youngsters used to run you nearly distracted, chasing one another around the house, wrestling, throwing water on one another and acting generally disgracefully, but there's a fine camouflaged friendship between them now. Camouflaged, because they are ashamed to show emotion. It would hack them to death if they thought I noticed it. I think it is a perfect proof of brotherly affection for Gerald to take dinner so frequently over at Eleanor's. Perhaps her artistic looking cooking-school salads, her obscure casserole concoctions and her various other masterpieces of the culinary kind will make him forget his troubles.

I wonder where Celia Larrimore has gone? I wonder if she, too, is launching out upon a career? You two have much in common, haven't you? The principal difference is in your ages. You bided your time, and waited until your family was reared and out of the way. And Celia, foreseeing the difficulties which you have recited to me—the many irksome restrictions that robbed you of your self-expression—Celia has decided not to have any family. That is, any family in the old, narrow sense of the word.

I have had my career—am still having it, I might say—the fine, exhilarating, bustling game of business. But I am no longer troubled by the old conflict within—the sting of some kind of a lash that drives us on and on, to what shadowy destination our somnambulating spirits do not know. It seems I have outgrown the much discussed "storm and stress" period. I am about ready to quote Browning. "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made." Pretty soon, perhaps, I'll be writing memoirs or pitching horseshoes.

I thought you would be reaching that stage,  
(Continued on page 70)

# Enjoy Billiards at Home

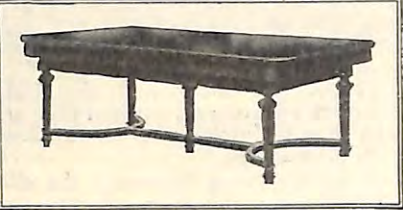
No other game affords in so great a measure daily health-giving exercise, entertainment, relaxation and mental rest to each member of the family.



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Its accurate playing qualities—its double usefulness and moderate cost are delighting thousands. A special room for billiards is no longer necessary. All equipment when not in use is kept out of sight in invisible, built-in compartments. With the removable walnut top in place, the table is a living or dining room table



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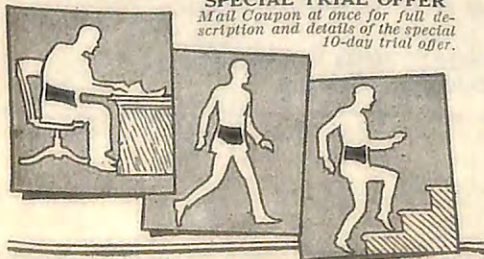
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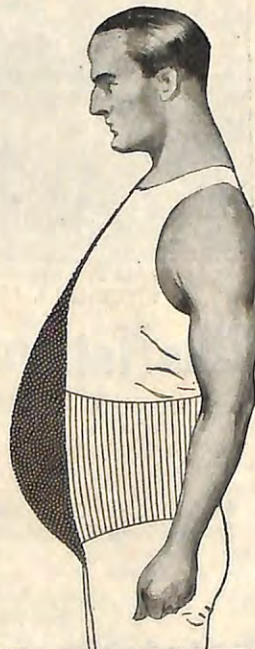
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## Be It Ever So Jumbled

(Continued from page 69)

too, Jane; that period of relatively calm contemplation, when the fires of hope, or ambition, or whatever you want to call it, have been quenched, or burn, rather, with a steadier, bluer flame. But I suppose you married too young. I suppose you were so busy with the storm and stress of the children that you neglected your personal storm and stress.

So I won't have anybody to grow old along with me, and enjoy the best, except Eleanor's pups, Pearl and Mother of Pearl.

Affectionately,  
JOHN.

Sintonville, May 12, 19—.

DEAR MAMMA:

Eleanor won't be coming out. Jerry is sick, and she won't leave him. I don't want to alarm you. It's really no occasion to get excited. I really should have preferred that Eleanor go on out to see you, because I am afraid that her staying here will upset you unnecessarily and have a harmful effect upon your work. There's really no need for you to come home, so don't you worry.

Jerry thought the doctor was a fool to order him to bed. He says there's nothing the matter with him, and he's no baby to be staying away from work like this. But after we got him tucked in he seemed to realize that he was a little tired, and he lies there with a sort of "What's the use?" expression that I don't like. If he wanted to, he could fight it off, but he doesn't want to. He's had a heavy cold for weeks, and he has insisted on tramping out in all kinds of weather—and there you are.

Eleanor is with him, practically all day. There's a sport for you. I heard her asking the postman, yesterday morning, not to blow his whistle any more, in our block. The postman seemed to think it was awfully peculiar, but he said if his thin little whistle disturbed any sick folks, he guessed he could make allowances. I asked Eleanor why she did that, and she said, "Oh, Dad, you'd think it was silly kid nonsense if I told you." But I made her tell me. She said Jerry had been listening for that sound, every morning and every afternoon, so intently, so hopefully, that it made her heart sick to watch him.

I guess I don't think it's kid nonsense, either, Jane. I felt pretty proud when Jerry asked me, last night, to look in the top drawer of his chiferebe and hand him "that picture in the silver frame." You know whose. It's on the table where he can look at it. I felt closer to Jerry than I have ever felt in my life. I don't think the average kid would trust his Dad like that.

Well, I guess you think we've all gone batty with sentimentalism. I suppose I'm in my dotage.

Write me about the political situation in St. Louis, so I can have something else to think about.

Jerry will be all right—don't worry about him. Just a touch of spring fever—and "young man's fancy" chills.

Affectionately,  
JOHN.

P. S.—The Dorothy Perkins roses, outside Jerry's windows, are trying to bloom. Oliver says this is the earliest spring he ever saw.

Sintonville, May 28, 19—.

GREAT SCOTT, Mama!

So that's where she is! Why on earth didn't she come to see you sooner? What else did she say about Jerry? Why in the name of Jupiter do you write a sketchy letter like that? You can write them long enough when you haven't anything to say.

For heaven's sake write us some information. I've read your letter ten times, and all I can get out of it is that Celia Larrimore came to see you, and told you she had a job in St. Louis, and didn't seem very happy. I didn't expect her to turn handsprings. But what did she say about Jerry? You say she asked you for advice, but you don't say what kind of advice.

And what do I care whether Doris is discouraged over the political situation or not? What I'm discouraged over is the situation here.

Jerry's running a pretty steep temperature.



The doctor says he's got to be quiet, and here you go and get him all excited with a letter like that. More later—but write me some *facts*.

Affect.

JOHN.

Sintonville, June 1, 19—.

DEAR MAMA:

That was a rotten connection we had last night. I never knew you to be so extravagant before—burning up eighteen dollars in telephone tolls—and then having the nerve to tell me that I don't give sufficient *facts* in my letters. I've given you all the facts there are—there aren't any more.

But there's one fact I want to impress on you—I'm afraid you may have heard me too distinctly last night. The hall door was open and Jerry could hear everything I said. I told you you were absolutely not to tell Celia Larimore that Jerry was sick. That's his orders, and it's his girl, and he's got a right to have his wishes respected—that is, to all appearances. But you tell her anything you want to. I guess maybe I ought not to have told him that Celia was there, but the poor kid looked so *starved*. It ran his fever up, and Doc Witherspoon says if I do anything more like that to upset his patient, he's through—I can get another doctor. I don't care. The whiskery old fraud gave me a prescription for "Sod. bicarb. Grains 8" last October, and had me taking it for six weeks before I realized it was nothing but ordinary cooking soda.

Jerry says: "Cut the heroics, Dad. I'm not pulling any Camille stuff. I don't want any sympathy from her—or anybody. I'm not sick, anyway. If old Sawbones would quit starving me to death, I'd be all right."

So you're not to tell Celia he is sick—unless you just have to. If she comes back of her own accord, all well and good. I'm glad you told her that woman's place is not in the home, or in the office, or the pulpit or the market place. Woman's place, as you said, is wherever her heart dictates. I hope Celia is able to transcribe her notes.

And I gather from your remarks that you think it might be well if you came back with her—as a sort of chaperone, to see that she is not too unhappy *en route*. There's really no use for you to wait for a letter from me, giving my advice on that subject. I don't like to advise you—in the first place because you've already made up your mind; and in the second place because I think you are a little hasty in giving up a good strong political career for such trivial reasons. You needn't worry about Jerry. He'll be strong enough to butt a bull off the bridge, by this time next week.

There are some details, though, that are hard to adjust by correspondence—like that wisteria vine. If we don't train it up a tree, where on earth are we going to train it?

Among other mackerels: The bronze iris is blooming!

Oliver executed a war dance around it. "Lord, Mist' John," he says, "Mis' Jane gonna be downright jeal-yous when she see how dat irish bloomed for me an' you, an' wouldn't bloom for her!"

Wire me what your plans are.

Affectionately,

JOHN.

A telegram

BX SINTONVILLE 4 508P

ANB348 No. 15

MRS JOHN WEATHERS  
CARE MRS DORIS LIGHTNER  
ST LOUIS MO

WIRING FUNDS AS REQUESTED STOP  
WILL MEET THE SIX FIFTY SIX STOP  
TELL CELIA JERRY GOT HER TELE-  
GRAM AND WILL MEET THE SIX FIFTY  
SIX ALSO STOP TOLD DOCTOR TO STEP  
TO HADES STOP I DONT THINK HE IS  
EXACTLY DYING STOP THE YELLOW  
FLAGS ARE BLOOMING LOVE

JOHN



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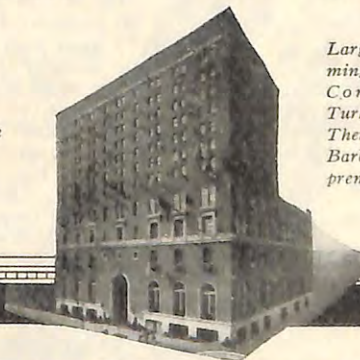
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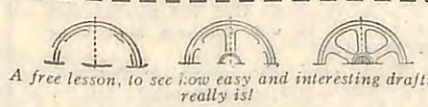
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I want the free drafting lesson, to see how I like it. Send it in time to get all my tools without charge if I decide to learn.

Name..... Age.....  
 Address.....

Down the Wander-Ways with Prosper Fair

(Continued from page 11)

"And the remainder, Your Grace?" he asked, gloomily.  
 "Keep that for the use of the estate tenants when they are ill—and, after that, for the Castle guests."

"Very good, Your Grace," said Mr. Binns in broken accents and turned to totter away.

But it was not Prosper's way to hurt anyone's feelings. He knew that Binns was a good butler, who prided himself on his butting. So he stepped after Binns.

"Do not think, dear Binns, that I fail to appreciate your work and attention because I do not instantly decide to become a three-bottle man and enter upon a series of staggering carousals. I am sure you have done well with the port, and you are entitled to be proud of your success and jealous of its fruits. But the hospital people need it more than I do—that's all. If you ponder a moment you must see that it is so. Ponder, Binns. And, of course, Binns, you may reserve a little drop for yourself—I am the last man to deprive an artist of the just reward of his labors." He patted the butler approvingly on the shoulder. "Go now, Binns, with my blessing."  
 Binns went.

Prosper turned to his comrades.

"THIS time, my littles, we shall require a caravan, lest the icy winds nip us in the bud." He reached for the old felt shooting-hat he usually wore at home, lit another cigaret, and strode towards the door.

"Allons, comrades. Let us gird ourselves up and find a horse!" he said gaily. "Everything else is ready. All we need now is a horse. I am sure there must be a horse or two somewhere about the estate—I seem to have seen them at odd moments."

And so the three musketeers (as it were) went off arm-in-arm (so to speak) in search of a horse.

Prosper was right. There were a few horses—some scores of them—about the Derehurst estate. They came upon one just outside the great main door of the castle—a beautiful, bright bay, spoilt-darling of a horse, an Arab, delicate, dainty and haughty as a Princess in a novel. She was dancing fretfully about on the gravel in charge of an elderly groom of miraculously neat appearance.

Prosper gave an exclamation at sight of her. "Oh, it is Melek! I quite forgot!"

He beckoned the groom.  
 "I have kept you waiting, Gregory. I beg your pardon. I shall not ride to-day. You must exercise Melek. I haven't time—the fact is, Gregory, we are in search of a horse. A staunch horse—honest and of a plain, homely disposition, philosophical but persevering and powerful. Not a butterfly like Melek but a great heavy horse named 'William Blunt' or 'Dogged as Does It' or something of that sort. Can you direct me to a thorough plodder?"

Gregory the groom respectfully advocated a visit to the Home Farm.

Prosper took a red apple from his pocket. "For Melek," he said. The Arab beauty ate it with an air of disdain which really belied her feelings.

Gregory turned to go, but Prosper checked him, took a cigar from his case and handed it to the elderly groom.

"For Gregory," he said lightly.  
 "It's like Y'r Grace," said Gregory flatly, accepted the cigar with avidity, mounted, and Melek danced away.

Down at the Home Farm they found many plodders and, finally, they chose a mighty iron-gray Shire horse who wore muffs of hair round his ankles, possessed a back as broad as a feather-bed, and a tail like a water-fall. "The best cart-horse in the world, Y'r Grace," said the bailiff—a massive, red man whose calves were overflowing from his gaiters. "As staunch a hoss as ever I see and as sober-mannered as the side of a house, Y'r Grace."

"As sober-mannered as that! Really!" said the delighted Prosper.

"Soberer, Y'r Grace!" affirmed the bailiff.  
 Prosper looked at Patience—she seemed about as large as a kitten against the great horse—and addressed them both.

"I wonder if you would be willing to help him out, Patience, if he happened to get stuck in the mud? But of course you would—you are staunch—too. Well, Josiah, my friend, I think we will take him—what is his name?"

"King of the Shires, Y'r Grace!" said Mr. Turmatts, richly.

"Oh, dear, that is very—er—reverberant. Couldn't we call him Stolid Joe! It's a stolid horse I want."

Mr. Turmatts laughed jovially.

WELL, Y'r Grace, he's your hoss, and it's your rights to call him by what you like. Only I wouldn't go for to say, myself, that the name of Stolid Joe suits a high-class cart-horse like this one."

Mr. Turmatt's laugh deepened to a cavernous gurgle.

"It's a funny thing Y'r Grace should ha' mentioned the name of Stolid Joe, for 'twas only yesterday I was sort of offered a creature named Stolid Joe for the King. On the road, it was, Y'r Grace."

"A creature, Josiah—what sort of a creature?" asked Prosper.

"A elephant, Y'r Grace," said Mr. Turmatts. "By a old circus man we passed on the road. He passed me a compliment about the King and we got to talking. He asked, joking like, if I would exchange the King for his elephant. He said his elephant—Stolid Joe, he called him—et too much and didn't attract people now like elephants used to. He said elephants was played out, anyhow—and his, he said, was wore out, too. The King'd be worth four such animals—"

Mr. Turmatts broke off as he noted a quick change on Prosper's face. It was suddenly eager, excited. Prosper quickly asked a string of questions concerning the circus man and Stolid Joe, which the rather startled bailiff answered to the best of his ability. Then they were gone, leaving behind a sudden decision that the agricultural labors of the King of the Shires need not be interrupted yet, after all, and an enthusiastic whirlwind of words which, as he gazed after the departing trio, Mr. Turmatts slowly assorted in his mind and repeated over to himself.

"We are going upon a little tour, my excellent Josiah—a little, quiet tour with a caravan. Just in a quiet, unostentatious sort of way, you know, taking no notice of anybody, and expecting nobody to take any notice of us. And if Stolid Joe isn't the very steed I'm looking for, Josiah, I shall be gravely disappointed in him—yes, gravely," muttered Mr. Turmatts to himself. He removed his hat and diligently scratched his head as he stared after his employer.

"He ain't a fool—as well I knows," said Mr. Turmatts, who, like many others, frequently failed to follow Prosper in his airiest flights. "As well I knows. But if it ain't foolish to take a elephant on a tour what you wants to be a quiet little tour, I'm darned—that's what 'tis, look!"

He replaced his hat and scratched his chin. "This—" he said solemnly, "is a rum set-out to me! Better tell the missus about this, I reckon. . . . Wug round, King!"

King "wugged" round. . . .

CHAPTER II

IT WAS somewhere about six o'clock that afternoon when Mr. Prosper Fair and his comrades first found themselves more or less in touch with the circus company of which the bailiff had spoken. It is probably unnecessary to explain that Prosper could have caught the circus up within an hour or so of his interview with the bucolic Mr. Turmatts, had he been disposed to go alone, for he was the possessor of more than a sufficiency of motors. (After all, a man with an income in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year must spend it on something.) But since he purposed acquiring a third companion for his tour, he conceived it to be the correct thing to allow Patience and Plutus to make the acquaintance of Stolid Joe before acquiring him. So he had brought them with him.



He had come upon the circus camped between two towns—unexpectedly, as he was under the impression that the proprietors of these fascinating entertainments never, in any circumstances, allowed the sun to set without at least one desperate attempt to extract money from the general public in return for a performance. He had yet to learn that "Mullet's Grand Universal Traveling Hippodrome, Jungle and Wild West Show" was situated in somewhat different circumstances from most circuses.

Prosper and his friends had been crossing a rise of the feet—for which, out of consideration for their feet, they had temporarily deserted the road—when, reaching the summit of the rise, they perceived through the first faint haze of the approaching dusk the encampment in a little valley, just off the road, between two rises.

Even in that light and at that distance Mr. Fair could see that it did not bear the appearance of a highly prosperous concern. The trio surveyed the camp in silence for a moment. Then Prosper spoke softly.

"Well, little ones, and what are your first impressions of Mr. Mullet's Hippodrome? For myself, I confess, that if I were requested to put a title to an oil painting of it I should suggest 'Encampment of Bankrupt Gypsies.' The tents, you will perceive, are black, probably rotten and are infested with large holes. The caravans and cages are apparently paintless and tied together with string—poor string, I should say."

A husky, coughing roar rolled dully up to them as they stared down at the camp.

"And the lion has a cold on the chest!" continued Prosper. He slipped an arm round the neck of the little donkey who had started slightly at the sound.

"Why, my dear, that was only a lion—an elderly lion—coughing! Whyever did you jump like that? You aren't afraid of lions, are you, my pretty one? No, no, of course not. Never be afraid of lions when you have Prosper with you!" he said.

**PATIENCE** snuggled closer to him and Plutus, sniffing, growled as ferociously and menacingly as a teddy bear. *He* wasn't afraid—not he. He did not possess an atom of fear in his body.

Prosper found an apple and a biscuit for them. "I think that we will now wend our way down to the canvas city of Mr. Mullet and discourse with him upon such things as elephants!" he said presently.

Then, as they moved forward down the slope, a long, hungry, painfully discordant howl rose shudderingly upon the air. There lives not the man, dog or donkey who can fail to recognize the howl of a wolf—even when it breaks off in a sharp, abrupt yelp, as though someone had thrown half a brick at the owner of it. Patience really jumped, this time, and Plutus clamped his tail down between his legs in a most determined manner, both crowding closer to Prosper, who laughed most reassuringly.

"Only a wolf," he said. "An old one, suffering from asthma. I suspect that the moths are worrying him. Where are your nerves, comrades?"

He rallied them into composure again, but he decided to let them wait for him out of earshot of the camp. Also out of nose-shot—for the smells were far, far more terrifying than the sounds. So he led them back over the rise, to the shelter of a circular thicket of dense gorse.

"Tarry a while in this place, apples of my eyes!" he said. "Anon, I will return again—I trust with Stolid Joe."

They looked at him gravely. "I think I should lie down," continued Prosper. "After all, why not? Still, as you wish. Good-bye—I shan't be long—take care of each other."

He returned over the little hill and went on down toward the tents and caravans.

It occurred to him that the camp was oddly deserted—he had not yet seen a single person moving down there. It was silent, too. The caged beasts had relapsed into dumbness. The dusk was deepening rapidly now.

Just why it should have flashed into Prosper's mind that all was not well in that resting-place of Mr. Mullet's Grand Hippodrome, etc., he never knew. It may have been the lack of that bustle and hurry which one usually expects to

(Continued on page 74)

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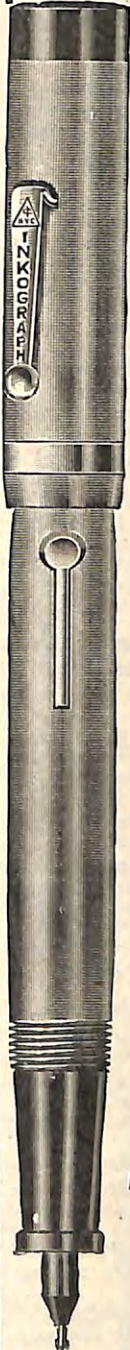
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# Down the Wander-Ways with Prosper Fair

(Continued from page 73)

see about a circus. But whatever the cause, it is certain that Prosper, while a hundred yards or so still separated him from the encampment, was suddenly conscious not so much of danger as a quick instinct to go cautiously—to reconnoiter a little before seeking the proprietor.

"How quaint—" he mused, "that while my instinct warns me to adopt the methods of the hosts of Midian and prowl around, my inclination is all for the tactics of the Assyrians—to come down like a wolf on the fold—charging the good Mr. Mullet at the point of the cheque book."

He thought for a moment and decided.

"Result—Instinct first, Inclination also ran!" he murmured. "Proceed, Prosper—à la Midian Hosts!" and went cautiously forward.

So cautiously, indeed, that he entered the camp absolutely without sound, gliding round the cage of an ancient, senile lion so quietly that the big beast started perceptibly at sight of him.

HE GLANCED about him and perceived that not only was the camp deserted—or seemed so—but that it was formed as though Mr. Mullet had no more than about half a rood of space available, instead of thousands of acres—all Salisbury Plain, in fact. The beast-wagons, caravans, baggage and tent wagons were bunched so closely together that a big tarpaulin might almost have covered the whole outfit of the circus. There were no cooking fires, though Prosper detected a faint glow from behind a tent on the far side and caught the acrid smell of wood smoke.

"Clearly we have here a practical illustration of the theory that fuel can be saved by huddling close together," he said jestingly under his breath. "But where is the population? Mr. Mullet is evidently an extremely careless gentleman. What, for instance, is to prevent me from helping myself to his lion or his wolf or any other of the extremely pungent denizens of this Grand Hippodrome? Nothing at all—except my innate honesty!"

He glanced at the aged lion.

"I could steal you, old fellow, as easily as eating apples—if I wanted to," he said softly.

The lion looked as if he wished Prosper would.

Then Mr. Fair continued to emulate the conduct of the Hosts of Midian and extended his prowling. By devious ways he came eventually to a small conical tent pitched somewhere near the center of the deserted conglomeration.

And there he paused, for he heard voices inside that tent.

He stood close up to the thin canvas and listened.

Something sniffed at his knee and he glanced down. It was an elaborately spotted dog—not a Dalmatian but a bull terrier which smelt of paint—a big dog but, as far as he could see, half starved. Evidently Prosper smelt respectable for it did not bark—and gained a biscuit thereby. Prosper listened.

"Well, boss, that's the end of the bottle—we'd better get on with the job," said a voice—a hard, harsh, flattish voice which had a grinding sound in it.

"I don't like it, Professor—I don't like it," replied another voice. "Suppose we make a mistake?"

"Mistake nothing, Boss. What mistake can we make? Look at it! It's 'bust' anyway. What you've got to choose is whether you want to land on the rocks or in Easy Street after the bust. That's the knob of the thing. And the answer's 'Easy Street.' Don't you worry. Pass me that meat and the strychnine, Bella, my girl, and look alive. You leave it to me, Boss," came the voice of the man designated as Professor.

"I don't like it," said the voice of the Boss, again in a weakly stubborn way. He sounded much older than the other—an old man indeed. "Them animals have been good friends to me in their time. Lord, I've put my hand in old Wallace's mouth thousands of times and never so much as a scratch. Thousands of times. . . . It's as good as murder to poison him—all he wants is a mat to lay down on in the sunshine and be let alone. He's as old as I am, pretty

near, and he's been a good, honest old lion. Kids could play with him. Had a kid once that used to . . . but God knows where she is now. . . . And the old wolf, too. I've often been out catching rabbits with him. He never done nobody no harm. Always ready and willing to touch off a howl for me—I reckon he's howled hundreds of pounds into the show in his time. . . . No, I don't like it, Professor. It's dirty . . . dirty. Gimme a drop more whiskey out of the flask. I'm sort of run down to-night. . . . We didn't ought to pizen them animals. They been good friends to me. And the old bull—you can't pizen a bull anyhow. You'd want a tub of strychnine—and he'd only ask for more. Besides, he's done too much for me, too. And look at him—look what he's like. Professor, I ain't treated that bull right. He's a good old bull—and he always was willing and he got a good heart. He's done a lot for me in his time, too. My wife always said, 'Don't you never part with that bull, Harry, while you've got the price of his feed. You'll never get another such, in all your days. He's been a friend to you and me, too—and a real friend, Harry. Mind that!' She used to say so—my missus. . . . I'd ha' no more thought o' pizenning the bull in them days than I would of pizenning her. . . ."

The slightly maundering voice stopped for a moment.

"Well, go on, Boss," came the flat, evil voice again. "Get it off your chest—say what you want to and we'll get to business."

"All right, all right, Professor," said Mr. Mullet, hastily. "I was only sort of looking back. . . . I dunno. I don't like it. I never thought I should ever come to pizenning them animals. I ain't got the head on me I used to have. . . . Anyhow you can't pizen the old bull. . . . It ain't a right thing to do—and it ain't anyways possible. So I reckon the job's off."

The Professor laughed—a mirthless, sinister sound.

"No. But a bullet in the right place will do him, I guess. Put him out of his misery. And if you've said all you want to say, Boss—and it does you credit, mind, it shows your good disposition, I don't deny that, although a good disposition ain't much without a bank account—"

"A fallacy, most noble Professor, which too many are prone to accept as a great and shining truth!" whispered Prosper to himself—

"—ain't worth nothing, in fact without money to back it—" jarred the voice of the Professor. "And what you want is money for your old age, not a few worn-out animals. And you can't help yourself, Boss, anyways you look at it. Now, you listen to me and I'll put you wise to the real hard facts of how you really stand—"

"The Boss is right, Jim, and you know it!" cut in a third voice abruptly—a woman's voice, with a faint American accent, evidently that of "Bella." "I can't see how he can have the heart to let those poor old crocks be poisoned, money or—"

"You shut your jaw!" rasped "Professor Jim." "You've got too much sentiment about you." There was a snarl in his voice now, and Prosper, his hand on the shoulder of the friendly bull terrier, felt the stiff hackles of the dog rise.

A woman flounced out of the tent, muttering sullenly—and walked right into Prosper's arms.

She gasped in astonishment, but Prosper stepped back lightly, beckoning her to follow him.

For a moment she hesitated—then came on.

Prosper won clear of the wagons before he stopped.

"Who are you?" demanded the woman, peering at him through the dusk.

"A pilgrim—only a pilgrim upon Life's Highway—one of the least of them!" replied Prosper lightly.

"Well, Mr. Man, get on with your pilgrimage. There's no vacancies for any pilgrims in this show at present. We want martyrs!" said the woman, sardonically humorous.

(Continued on page 76)



# It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

*We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!*

WE ALWAYS thought of her as an on-looker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through that room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed. . .

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I *can* play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

## She Told Me About It Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began play-



*She played Anitra's Dance—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire.*

ing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful" she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game!"

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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# Down the Wander-Ways with Prosper Fair

(Continued from page 74)



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"Oh, I am an experienced martyr, also, I assure you, madam!" explained Prosper. "Rich martyrs, I meant," vouchsafed the lady.

"Ah, you have me there—perhaps," said Prosper. He was aware that she was studying him curiously in the dusk.

"You don't talk like a tramp," she said presently. "And if you aren't a tramp you must be pretty much of a crazy fool to be hanging round a concern like this up on these Downs at this time of day. What do you want?"

Prosper produced a cigaret case. "Do you care to smoke a cigaret?" She took the case.

"Do I care to eat? Gee! That's gold, that box! Is your name Rockefeller?" she said, returning the case. The flame of a match revealed her as a dark, thin, hawk-faced *passé* woman of forty.

"Who are you, anyway, and why?" "I am an elephant buyer," said Prosper, in the easy tones of one accustomed to having large herds of these captivating pachyderms consigned to him daily. "And I understand that the proprietor of this circus has one for sale. Am I misinformed?"

"Is he misinformed?" echoed the woman, incredulously. "No, Mr. Pilgrim, you are not misinformed. There is a bull for sale here."

"Good. I will buy him." "Consider him yours."

"But—er—as to price, my dear lady?" "Well—fifty bones won't hurt you, will it?" "Bones? Pardon my denseness, but—bones?"

"Sovereigns, then," translated the lady, eagerly. "Fifty pounds? It sounds little enough for an elephant. May I see him?"

"Are you a judge of elephants?" "Indeed, yes."

"Ah, well, you can't see him." "May I ask why?"

"Sure. He's only worth fifty pounds to a man who hasn't seen him." "I understand. . . ." Prosper pondered. Then, abruptly, he said:

"Tell me, dear lady, why does the Professor want to poison the animals? Why is the camp deserted? Why has Mr. Mullet encamped in this lonely place? Why are the wagons jammed so close together? Why is the elephant for sale? Why, if he must 'bust' in any case, has Mr. Mullet the choice between landing on the rocks or in Easy Street?"

"Why?" said the woman with a bitter laugh. "Why? Call it fate!" "Fate?" repeated Prosper, inviting further confidences.

"Little old Mr. Fate his very self!" she replied. But Prosper caught the undertone of misery in her hard flippancy.

"You are bitter," he said, gently. "Try not to be bitter. . . . You know it is never worth while. Never . . . believe me. Why not tell me the whole trouble?"

For a moment the woman was silent. Prosper saw her glance sideways as though she looked toward the tent of Mr. Mullet and the Professor. Then, eagerly, impulsively, she paid Prosper Fair the finest compliment he had ever known.

"Why? Pilgrim," she said softly, "I can't see you—I don't know you—but I like your voice. I'll tell you. . . ." Her breath came like a sob.

"Give me a minute, Pilgrim." Prosper waited for her to recover herself. It was not long.

"Who you are and what you want gets past me," she said almost at once. "But I'll tell you in one and a half words. That circus down there is bust. It's been more or less bust for the last six months but to-day it's bust for fair. And it's here for its finish. There's no food left for the animals and no money to buy it. The show tent's in rags and there's no money to mend it. And the Company have grabbed what horses are worth grabbing, for back wages, and cleared out. It's bust—that's the word and you can't embroider it, can you? If you could see the animals that are left you'd

understand why the Boss can't sell them. You'd know it's because they aren't worth buying. So the Professor wants to poison them and—," she hesitated.

"Is there any insurance?" asked Prosper. "Yes," she muttered, like a woman talking against her will. "But it runs out next week."

"So that if an accident should happen—such as a fire that burnt all traces, for instance—it would indeed be Easy Street for Mr. Mullet instead of the Rocks?"

"If you put it that way, yes." "I see," said Prosper slowly. "I prophesy that the accident will happen."

"If the Professor has his own way," said the woman.

Prosper thought swiftly. "I am conscious of an overwhelming impulse to hold a little conference with Mr. Mullet and the Professor—especially the Professor," said Prosper.

A sudden bestial snarl came from one of the cages—the sound that a hungry beast makes at the first sight of his food—and the woman gripped Prosper's arm.

"That's the wolf—he's getting his! Run!" she said. "Watch out for the Professor—he's the real rough stuff!"

And Prosper ran for the life of that worn-out wolf as desperately as he would have run for the life of a human being.

### CHAPTER III

**EVIDENTLY** the man who wished first to poison the animals and then burn the circus to ashes for sake of what fire insurance there was had succeeded in overcoming the scruples of the broken Mr. Mullet, for even as Prosper reached the wolf's cage that was now lighted up by a blazing naphtha flare he saw a tall individual on the point of thrusting under the bars of the cage a chunk of red meat. The old wolf, half-starved, was leaping to and fro, slaving and snarling with hunger. Close by, watching, stood an old man, white-haired, white-faced, still, feebly muttering that he didn't like it—that it wasn't "a right thing to pizen them animals."

Prosper lost no time whatever—none whatever. The strychnine-loaded chunk of meat was touching the bars even as he reached the Professor.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fair, and lashed out for the grim, hard face of the poisoner. He hooked him to the jaw and added a straight punch.

The Professor went down like a top-heavy ninepin—but he rose again like a stone out of a catapult, roaring. He snatched up the heavy iron feeding fork and swung a double-handed claymore shot at Prosper which if it had landed would have left the Devezes' dukedom completely vacant. But Prosper ducked like lightning and ran in under the flailing iron.

Not for nothing had Mr. Fair, in the mixed past, visited daily the academy of a simple-mannered Japanese gentleman in Hakodate whose means of livelihood it was to teach all who possessed the necessary *yens* wherewith to pay, the gentle art of grabbing one's fellow man by certain portions of his anatomy in such a way that within a space of seconds the said fellow man is urgently confronted with the choice of complete surrender or a broken limb. This art is humorously described as *ju-jitsu*.

So that almost immediately that "real rough stuff," the Professor, claimed the privilege of surrendering.

He rose, a sobered and wiser man. "H-ll!" he snarled, touching his arm. "You've broken it, you murderer!"

"Interesting, if true," said Prosper, coldly. "It will always be a source of poignant regret to me that I did not decide upon your neck instead of your arm."

The "rough stuff" grinned like a trapped hyena turning at bay.

"You meant to break it!" he gritted. "Really I hardly know," said Mr. Fair. "Did I? What is your opinion, Mr. Mullet?"

Mr. Mullet mumbled that he did not know. "Nor I, nor I—so that's settled," said Prosper briskly. "Now let us get to business. Mr. Mullet, I should like a little chat with you."



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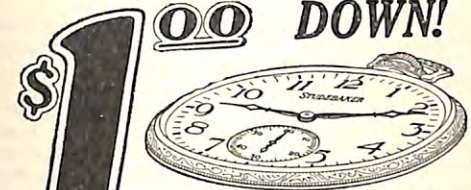


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"But how about me—what about this arm?" snarled the Professor, uneasily.  
"My good egotist, don't thrust yourself and your arm forward so! One would think you were the only person in Merrie England with a broken arm. You give yourself airs, indeed you do. We are so tired of you and your broken arm. Go and show it to the wolf," advised Prosper, with a lack of sympathy which would have been unlike him had the arm really been broken, instead of being merely wrenched.

The Professor, glaring and muttering, turned to the woman, holding up his numbed arm to her with his other hand. She looked at the dangling limb without much interest.

"What is it? A rabbit skin?" she inquired icily. "Better bathe it. . . . You've got what you've given to a good many others, Professor. Bite on it. You get the full flavor that way."

She left him to himself and joined Prosper and Mr. Mullet.

"Uncle," she said, "this gentleman wants to buy a bull. He collects 'em. Sell him Stolid Joe."

Mr. Mullet brightened up astonishingly. "That's a good bull, that bull is. A good bull and as gentle as a lamb. My wife used to say, 'Harry, don't you ever part with that bull—'"

"Yes, yes, Uncle, but let's get to business. Bulls eat hearty, and food costs money. You'll have to sell—if Mr. Pilgrim'll buy. Come inside!"

They went into the tent, the woman lighting a naphtha flare at the entrance. Mr. Mullet sat down on a trunk and politely invited Prosper to take the upturned pail. Prosper declined gently.

"I think if it is quite convenient to you, Mr. Mullet, that I should like to make the acquaintance of the—er—bull."

The woman went to the tent flap and called out into the darkness. Also she fetched another naphtha flare.

"We'll be honest with you, Mr. Pilgrim," she said. "A man who buys a bull in the dark might find it cheaper to buy a pig in a poke. . . . Joe! Hey, you Joe! Hyah! Joe!"

Prosper, standing at the tent entrance, perceived suddenly that a mighty bulk had swung into view from behind some vans. It came on slowly like a house moving and, at a word from Bella, stopped short full in the glare of the lights, not more than two or three yards from Prosper.

It was Stolid Joe

"HE AIN'T really lame, that bull ain't," said Mr. Mullet hastily. "It's because of his corns. I'll cut 'em to-morrow. . . . He's a good bull and he's been a good friend to me. He never did have but one tusk—lost the other as a calf—but he's as handy with it as most bulls with two tusks. . . . A fine bull—fine. I love that old bull, Mr. Pilgrim. . . . His tail ain't broke—it was always that way, kind of kinky. He ain't in good condition but he only wants feeding up and light work to get him right. . . ." The old man went mumbling on but Prosper hardly heard him. He was looking at Stolid Joe.

In his day the elephant had been a noble beast, but his day was past. He was painfully, painfully thin, his skin hung on him like a man's overcoat on a boy, and his backbone stood up like a blade. His great ragged ears hung low and his trunk was out of curl, limp and lank. He looked at Prosper with melancholy eyes, from each of which, running downward, was a dark, wet stain—as it might have been the path of tears.

"I ain't done right by that old bull—he's been a better friend to me than I been to him—ain't you, Joe?" mandered Mr. Mullet.

Stolid Joe curled his trunk up in acknowledgment of the remark and wearily let it unroll again.

"Why, you poor, patient old chap," said Prosper suddenly, and went impulsively to the elephant and smoothed the dry, corrugated trunk, patting the great horny shoulder. "I believe you've been crying—if elephants do cry."

"Yes, mister, bulls cry—I've seen it many a time—" said Mr. Mullet. "Many a time. Don't they, Bella?"

(Continued on page 78)

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# Down the Wander-Ways with Prosper Fair

(Continued from page 77)

The elephant raised his trunk again and inserted the tip delicately into Prosper's pocket. There was one apple left and one biscuit.

"Take them, old man," said Prosper. "I am quite sure that neither Patience nor Plutus would grudge them to you."

He stepped back. "The bull likes you, Mr. Pilgrim. He's took to you. I can see it—I know it. He's a good old bull. . . ." said Mr. Mullet.

"I am glad of that," said Prosper who, except for Patience and Plutus, had never taken so great a liking to any animal before. "For I am here to buy him—at your price, Mr. Mullet. How much do you want for him? Don't be afraid to ask a fair price."

The old man hesitated, peered long at Prosper with dim eyes, then looked at the elephant, at his niece, and finally back at Prosper. Then he spoke.

"I'M AN old man, Mr. Filgree, and I dunno as I got the heart to part with that old bull for money. My wife used to say 'Mind, Harry, don't you never sell that bull—he's a friend. . . . But I like the look o' you, Mr. Filgree, and if you'll gimme your honest word that you'll give the bull a good home as long as he lives he's yours! I got to part with him, anyhow—but I'd sooner know he had a good home than take money for him."

Prosper was touched more deeply than he found comfortable. He spoke quickly, as was his way when moved.

"One moment, Mr. Mullet," he said. "You are ruined, I believe. What do you say to sharing the good home I shall provide for Stolid Joe? We'll have the lion and the wolf and any other old friends you care to bring. There will be men to tend them and you shall superintend them. We'll look after the bull between us. Could you stand that, Mr. Mullet—a country life, of course?"

"Stand it?" The old man blinked helplessly from Prosper to his niece.

"Aw! Don't play with him," said the woman angrily. "D'you know what it would cost?"

"Play with him!" cried Prosper. "My dear lady, do you imagine I am joking? I mean it. The cost! Good God, what has cost to do with it?"

Mr. Mullet spoke, trembling. "I ain't very clear about it all, Mister Filgree," he said shakily. "But if it's true it'll jest about keep me out of the workhouse."

"Well, then, we'll call it settled," said Prosper. The woman moved forward.

"But—after all—who are you, anyway, Mr. Pilgrim? It's funny—all this. But—well, I guess I've got a right to know. I'm the only friend or relative he's got."

"My name is Devizes—Duke of!" said Prosper lightly.

"Duke of Devizes!"

"Exactly. Prosper Fair, for short. Do you believe me?"

The woman looked him square in the eyes. "I do," she said simply.

"Good. All's well." Prosper offered her his hand and they shook. The hardness suddenly faded out of the dark, haggard face of the woman.

"Ah! If all men were like you!" she cried sharply, and her hands flew to her face. Many bitter years had trained and fortified her against harshness—but kindness, such kindness as this, disarmed her. She disappeared into the tent, weeping.

Prosper turned to the old man. "Don't puzzle over things, Mr. Mullet," he said. "Believe me, everything will be all right—"

But Mr. Mullet, with the wisdom of old age which quite naturally looks to receive rather than to give, was now quite serene.

"I know, Your Honor—no, no, that's for County Court Judges—I mean Your Grace. Don't mind her. Women . . . they carry on. You're a gentleman—and I can trust a gentleman. Now, just a minute, sir—Your Grace!"

He took Prosper's arm and together they faced the elephant.

"Joe!" said Mr. Mullet in a tone he had not used before. "Look at this gentleman! He's your Boss, now. Un'stand? Your—new—Boss! Take your orders from him—and carry 'em out! Same as if they was from me! Mind that! He'll treat you well, old man—better than poor old Harry Mullet ever did. Better. Mind that! He's a gentleman—a Juke—you're a Juke's bull now. So behave yourself! Mind that!"

The great ears slowly came forward and the elephant's trunk curled upward.

"All right, old man—all right. I ain't leavin' neither. When His Grace the Juke ain't usin' you, old Mullet will be somewheres round about. But—mind now!—you're his. His Grace the Lord Juke of Devizes' bull elephant! Stolid Joe! You're on Easy Street at last! *Salaam!*"

The elephant's trunk curled back until the tip touched the great ridged forehead, remained so a moment, and fell.

Stolid Joe understood. . . .

"He'll do what you tell him to now," said Mr. Mullet rather shakily.

"Good," replied Prosper. "We'll soon get him fit, if feeding and care will do it. Tomorrow we will settle all the details. I will send over my agent and arrange about the animals and the outfit. Meantime I have two little friends waiting for me close by. If you will excuse me for a few moments, Mr. Mullet, I would like to introduce Stolid Joe to them. We shall not be long away and no doubt you would like a chat with your niece."

"So do, so do, Your Grace," said Mr. Mullet. Prosper unhooked one of the naphtha flares and addressed Stolid Joe like a brother.

"Come on, young Joe."

HE MOVED on and, obedient as an old setter, "young Joe" moved after him.

Patience and Plutus were on the lookout. They had moved out from the gorse thicket and were staring anxiously through the weird light shed by a rising moon toward the camp.

"Well, my littles," called Prosper cheerily, walking in the shadow of Stolid Joe. "I am back again. Patience; my dear, let me introduce a friend of mine—Stolid Joe. Plutus, my son, take notice. Joseph is coming with us upon our next tour. Welcome him—be kind to him for he has had a chequered career. I want you to like him. Stolid Joe—*Salaam!*"

The elephant salaamed gravely.

The tiny gray donkey, her ears pricked like a hare's, stared at the bull solemnly, very solemnly, for a long time.

"Well, little ones?" asked Prosper softly.

Then Patience suddenly relaxed her attitude of strained attention and trotted forward to Prosper with a queer little snuffling noise. She could not have put it more plainly. Any respectable friend of Prosper's was a friend of hers. . . .

And Plutus? Well, what Prosper said was good enough for Plutus—he was no kill-joy.

"Splendid!" said Prosper. "Now we will go back to the camp. Don't be afraid of the lion or the wolf, you two—be sorry for them. You'll see quite a lot of them later. And now, follow Prosper, all of you!"

And so they went down to the camp. . . .

(End of First Episode)







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

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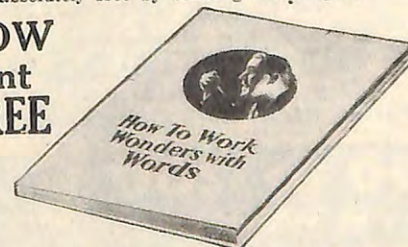
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 47)

Mendota, Ill., Lodge has fostered the formation of a choral society in its city.

A group of members, and their wives, of Marlborough, Mass., Lodge, accompanied by several entertainers, paid a visit to the ex-Service Men's Hospital at Rutland, Mass.

Members of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge took part in the production of the moving picture "Historic and Civic Bloomfield," filmed under the direction of the local Chamber of Commerce.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night with the initiation of a record class.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge recently held its annual Indoor Circus with most gratifying results. The show was crowded at every performance and a very considerable sum of money was raised.

John Arthur Sutton, a member of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge is anxious to recover a valuable Elk charm recently lost. The elk head of the charm is in green gold, one horn is broken off, the enamel is gone from the star, and the initials "P. H. B. No. 725" are engraved on the back. All charges incident to its recovery will be paid by Mr. Sutton, whose address is 2647 Granada Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

The bazaar conducted recently by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, was a means of raising a considerable sum for the Lodge's charity work. A handsome souvenir program was issued for the event, and the revenue derived from advertising further increased the fund.

The entertainment committee of Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge is providing a series of winter parties, smokers and athletic exhibitions for members and their families.

The Elks Quartet of Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, which specializes in old-time songs and ballads, broadcasts regularly from Radio Station KOIL at Council Bluffs.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, as part of the new program of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the New York State Elks Association, held a clinic, presided over by a famous surgeon, for all crippled children in its jurisdiction.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge will hold its Annual Ball at the Commodore Hotel on February 12.

A group of more than 200 officers and members

of Alameda, Calif., Lodge recently paid a fraternal visit to San Francisco Lodge, where they entertained their hosts with various extemporaneous stunts.

Washington, D. C., Lodge held its annual ball for the benefit of the Children's Hospital last month, at the Willard Hotel.

The Iowa State Elks Association is conducting a campaign among its member Lodges to raise funds for the Iowa Elks Scholarship, established at its last annual convention.

The recent "shut-in" party of Seattle Lodge was one of the most successful and best-attended entertainments ever given by the Lodge, and was greatly enjoyed by the guests of the evening.

The officers and members of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge were invited by La Junta, Colo., Lodge to assist at its New Year's Day celebrations.

A Past Exalted Rulers' Association has just been formed in Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge.

Twelve acts of vaudeville, as well as many other features, marked the celebration by New Orleans, La., Lodge of its 41st birthday.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge will produce their annual minstrel show some time this month.

Michael H. O'Connor has been elected Exalted Ruler of Waltham, Mass., Lodge, in place of Thomas H. McCarthy, who resigned on account of pressure of personal business.

South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge expects to dedicate its handsome new Home on February 11 and 12.

Secretary Miles S. Hencle, of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, has been elected a Trustee of the Crouse-Ingling Hospital, an institution in which the Lodge takes an active interest.

The Minstrel Show of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, enjoyed the most successful year of its history during 1925.

Among the interesting events recently held in the Home of Muncie, Ind., Lodge, was the banquet of the lawyers of the eighth Congressional district, which was attended by many of the best-known jurists of the State.

E. M. Page, President of the Oregon State Elks Association, accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben S. Fisher on his official visit to Ashland, Ore., Lodge, where he addressed the members on the work of the Association.

## Railroad Police

(Continued from page 15)

these men are on hand to save small country stations and express offices from burglary at night.


The name of Herbert Hoover is probably a familiar one, but Herbert Hoover the railroad cop is not so well known. Mr. Hoover heard of two colored men who came down from the country for a vacation to the big city, stole a pocket book, and implicated his road by cashing a pay check found therein by forging the name of the payee. He managed to pick the two men up in an empty freight car several weeks later, and brought them down to the big city for trial. At ten that morning they were deposited with the police and arraigned before the magistrate in the afternoon. Mr. Hoover having turned them over to the city officials, went back on his job. Meanwhile the two crooks got loose from the courtroom attendants, jumped through a window and headed south. South was the nearest freight yard to the courtroom, and this also happened to be a yard used by several roads. One of them was Mr. Hoover's. Walking back from making his report at the Chief's office, he saw two colored men safely tucked up on the beams of a freight just about to pull out. He hauled them off, and for a minute thought he was seeing ghosts. In fact it was only when he reached police headquarters again that he found out he had the distinction of arresting two crooks twice in the same day.

Probably the hardest case any railroad has had to solve recently, so Chief Roosa told me, was the famous Perry case. Perry was a wealthy farmer on the Canadian border who led a

notorious gang up through the frontier region, rifling freight cars and stealing goods. He and his gang forestalled all capture. They had stolen nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of goods, and nearly every road in the country was after them. But they knew how to work, they evaded arrest by jumping around the country, and finally the Chief decided to go to work on the case with his special squad. He grew a two weeks' stubble on his face, and with two men worked up and down the territory where they were likely to appear. Without result. Study and attention to their methods even failed to discover how it was they managed to get into cars, for unlike most gangs they only robbed the fastest moving freights. And they always picked out valuable cars.

Then one night a member of the gang braced a member of the railroad's regular force, and asked for co-operation, promising a large share of the swag. They wanted information about a shipment of skins coming out of Buffalo. They got it, too. And with it they got a sentence of twenty years in prison, as well.

The car was marked, and that night the Perry gang climbed aboard before she left the yards. When she got well out from the city, going at full speed, the gang worked their way forward and, reaching the marked car, flung down a rope ladder which they attached to the platform on the top of the car. The Chief himself showed me this rope ladder which hangs in his office, a cleverly constructed affair with rungs every two feet. On the fast freight it swung out until the robber hung over the track almost at right



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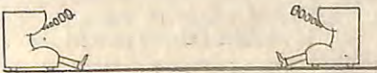
angles to the door of the car. When it slowed down, however, he managed to slacken the rope and grab the door, pulling himself in. Breaking the seal, he opened the door with the help of two confederates above, and swung inside. The two others lowered themselves down in, and then the shooting began. The Chief and four of his men were hiding in the corners of the car.

TWO of the gang were killed, two of the police wounded, but that gang was effectively busted up. And freight thefts for the year suddenly reduced at a striking rate. Six weeks' time, a dozen of the smartest brains on the smartest railroad force in this country, but they saved their road—and incidentally other roads as well—hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. Perry and one friend are still in jail in Atlanta, and their capture was a warning to every freight thief from coast to coast that the railroad police never fail to get their man when he has once broken the seal on a company freight-car.

Many of the large railroads have squads detailed for duty of a special nature. There is the emergency squad charged with the protection of famous travelers over the company's lines; the President, the Prince of Wales or Marshal Foch all have to be protected entering and leaving stations, even if they travel in private cars and depart from the terminals by the baggage entrance. Then there are the harbor police. They operate along the wharves and on the floats of a large railroad, and their job is to prevent rifling of freight-cars while in transit on barges and railroad property. Their enemies are the river pirates, crooks of the water-front who use high powered motor-boats like bootleggers, steal quietly up behind barges, climb up with a rope ladder, and go for a car of merchandise. Battles between the railroad forces and the pirates frequently take place, and one squad has discovered more than one bootlegger attempting to enter the harbor under cover of the company's barges.

Many peculiar duties fall to the lot of the railroad police. A large system that operates out of Chicago runs many special trains to the football games of the Conference colleges, and has a squad of expert pickpocket men to protect the football crowds, men who have had duty with and know by heart the faces and methods of the leading "dips" of the country. Another road has a large squad organized for strike duty in the coal regions; and one Eastern road has a Safety First detail who have cut accidents on the road's property fifty per cent. in the past year by organized talks at public schools on safety. The head of this particular road's force told me that when he started with his company thirty years ago he was one of sixteen men. To-day he is the boss of well over six hundred. In 1900 they arrested one hundred and fifty-eight offenders on railroad property. In 1923 they arrested 3,314, and last year 4,806!

The next time you walk through that big city terminal, look around carefully and see whether you can pick out the railroad policeman near you. I doubt very much that you will succeed. The quiet traveler in the soft gray hat over in the corner with a bag at his feet, the stranger with the upper berth in your Pullman section going south, the man in overalls who is watching your costly shipment of goods in transit; those are the heroes of the railroad police that the general public never sees and never thinks about. In this period of increasing crime, in this day of larger and still larger robberies, in these days of violence and theft from one end of the country to the other, it is more than just a coincidence that crime and thievery on railroads and on railroad property is decreasing in almost the same ratio that crime in the cities is increasing. The modern crook is taking no chances. He has learned by experience—experience that has cost him a term or two in prison—to keep away from stations, from trains, and from the property of the eighty-two roads which furnish transportation for freight and passengers in the United States.



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# The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

By Stephen Jessup

(Continued from January issue)

**BABY BOND.** One of small denomination, usually \$100. Formerly bonds were issued in denominations of \$1,000, which was the standard unit. Latterly issues of \$500 and \$100 denominations have been made.

**LISTED BOND.** A bond listed on the Stock Exchange. Such a bond is generally quoted almost daily, and transactions in it may occur very frequently.

**UNLISTED BOND.** A bond that is not listed on the Stock Exchange. This does not mean that it does not enjoy a good market. A large volume of trading occurs in unlisted bonds among dealers by telephone or "over the counter." Large investment houses usually maintain a market for bonds which they have sponsored, and can at almost any time furnish a "bid" or "offer" price. Listed bonds are also dealt in similarly, in addition to their transactions on the Exchange.

**PREMIUM BOND.** A bond that requires redemption, i.e. to be paid off, either for the whole or a part of the issue, at a premium, or price in excess of par.

**RECEIVER'S CERTIFICATES.** When a company is in receivership and funds are required for its operation, obligations may be issued against its property by authority of the Court. These obligations are called "Receiver's Certificates" and represent a lien superior to the bonds of the company.

**CAPITAL STOCK.** This is the broad term designating the stock of various classes which comprises the ownership of a corporation. Sometimes there is only one class of stock. That is called Capital Stock.

**COMMON STOCK.** The part of a company's stock which has no preference or priority as to assets or dividends. To the greatest extent it is entitled to the surplus earnings of the company, and suffers with the impairment or cessation of earnings. The common stock of a company is sometimes divided into classes differing as to rights or limitations. These classes may be known as "A," "B," and so forth. Usually the voting power, through which a company is controlled, is vested in the common stock, but it may be distributed among several classes if so provided in the company's by-laws. The common stock is entitled to the credit of the surplus earnings after bond interest, preferred stock dividends, depreciation, taxes and other necessary charges have been made; and in the event of dissolution of a company it receives the net worth after all debts have been paid and all prior securities satisfied.

**PREFERRED STOCK.** A class of stock that has preference, or a superior claim, on a company's assets and dividends. The form and extent of the preference vary, but usually it applies as to dividends up to a fixed rate and to assets, in the event of the liquidation of the company, up to a fixed figure, either par or par and a premium. Obviously the dividend on a preferred stock must be paid before the dividend on a common stock, and if the earnings or surplus are not sufficient to pay both, the preferred stock is likely to receive its dividend and the common none. The dividend rate on a preferred stock varies, but is usually between 6 per cent. and 8 per cent. Preferred stocks are sometimes refundable by the company at substantial premiums, such as 115 per cent. or even 125 per cent. of par. The voting rights vary. Often preferred stock does not vote except on cessation of its dividend.

**FIRST OR SECOND PREFERRED STOCK.** There may be varying degrees of preferred stock. Just as a preferred stock comes ahead of a common stock, so one issue of preferred may come ahead of another. The order of rank is indicated either numerically or alphabetically.

**PRIOR PREFERRED STOCK.** A title sometimes given to a preferred stock that has priority over other classes of preferred stock.

**GUARANTEED STOCK.** A stock on which the dividends are guaranteed by a corporation other than the issuing corporation. Such a guarantee is frequently given as a consideration in cases where one company acquires or obtains the control of another. When the guarantor company is known to be strong its guarantee may prove a helpful factor in facilitating the sale of the stock of the guaranteed company.

**DEBENTURE STOCK.** When applied to a stock the word "debenture" indicates priority, and not the nature of a bond. The extent of the preference varies as with preferred stocks.

**PARTICIPATING STOCK.** The term "participating" is frequently used as part of the title of a preferred stock issue. When it is absent the stated rate of dividends is assumed to be fixed and not subject to increase. When it is present it indicates that after the fixed preferred dividend has been received, and after certain dividends have been received by junior stocks, the participating preferred stock will share in any additional dividends. For instance, a 7 per cent. preferred stock may be participating, after the junior or other common stock has received 7 per cent. or some other fixed rate, either to the extent of a fixed additional rate, such as 3 per cent., or of sharing equally any further dividends that may be payable. The participating privilege naturally enhances the attractiveness of a preferred stock, but it is often found in connection with the promotion of untried enterprises. Its practical value rests, of course, upon a satisfactory rate of earnings by the company.

**CUMULATIVE STOCK.** The word "cumulative" is a contraction of "accumulative" and means that dividends if not paid at normal periods accumulate to the credit of the preferred stockholder, rather than being missed entirely as would be the case with an ordinary or non-cumulative dividend. In other words, if the regular preferred is not paid, either once or for a series of occasions, the company is obliged to pay the amount in arrears before paying any dividend on the common stock or other junior stock.

### Investment Literature

Readers interested can obtain booklets on financial topics from the following firms on request:

"Forty-Four 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.

"Miller First Mortgage Bonds—Booklet 21-MG." G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East 42nd St., N. Y. City.



The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 34)

implement, not even a pocket knife, and my hands could gain no hold upon it.

"Let us go back," I said.  
As I spoke a cold premonition came to me. We turned to the little door. It had shut tight—it must have locked again with the jar—and with the key in the lock on the outside as we had left it in our eagerness to climb through. There was no handle on the inner side of the door; and no keyhole coming through either, else we might have made shift somehow to insert the other key and displace the one on the outside.

I BEAT upon the iron door with my fists. I lurched against it with my shoulder. I desisted and stood breathing heavily as I gazed wildly around. Fantaisie clung close to me as if in me alone she could find safety. Her nervous hand caressed my shoulder, and her eyes, tearless and dry with a dead expression of gray horror, searched mine.

"Peer, dear heart," she choked, "you can get me—away from here—somehow?"  
I looked away from her around the tiny closet-like room. It was bare, a solid rock-hewn chamber, walls, floor and ceiling of stone. And we stood between the closed iron shutter and the closed iron door.

Only, overhead, I saw at last a small iron loop protruding through the masonry ceiling. Yes! That must be it! I reached up and pulled down upon it. I swung my weight. I made Fantaisie seize me around the shoulders. Our combined weight was insufficient. I noticed depressions and scratches upon the surface of the stone near the iron loop. I remembered the crowbar just outside the door; and comprehended now. Gabas, who could have picked this lock and made his own key to the little room—even his strength required the assistance of the iron lever in order to pry down this ring in the ceiling to start the windmill.

I gazed down upon her, and my heart fluttered into my throat. A wave of passion, of devotion, surged over me. It came upon me in that tragic imprisonment with all the shock of sudden discovery that I loved this girl, loved her even more than my art or my life. The discovery, incongruous as it was in our weird situation, was the more poignant and tragic for that reason. My arms found their way about her, and I held her close in a silent, devouring embrace, kissing her soft, yielding face a hundred times in a rapture in which no words were possible; the first moments of a blind unconscious passion fired into life by the specter of death!

The candle burned. I could not bear to look upon that candle burning away in theatric and petty symbolism of our fate. I bent over it and blew it out. We stood close together in the silence and blackness. At our feet, now invisible and yet still felt, was the huddled skeleton. . . .

I remembered that I had left the revolver behind in the outer cavern.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE dawn of a day glimmered faint in the east over the irregular line of the tree-tops of the woods of Foscaldo, as from the little window high up on the tower's landward side the impassive face of Gabas looked down through iron bars into the darkness without.

The sound of the footsteps of someone stealing up the tower stairs was heard. It was followed by the scrape of the door pushed gently open. The darkness of night still hovered within the little room at the top of the tower. . . .

"André," said the voice of Gabas, "it is you."  
"It is, friend Gabas," answered the baron.  
"I have watched all night," returned Gabas.  
"They no longer dare enter the tower."

The baron said nothing to this. He stood silent for a moment. Then he demanded sharply:

"Gabas! Where is she?"  
"Who, who do you mean?"

DAYLIGHT slowly sifting in through the window revealed the two men to each other in the bulk of shadowy forms. Gabas turned wearily in his seat to face for a moment the other,

(Continued on page 84)

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Parkview Apartment Hotel Memphis, Tenn.	\$850,000.00	\$1,696,700.00	51%	\$1,724,211.00	49.2%
Norman Apartments Denver, Colo.	\$350,000.00	\$657,660.00	53.2%	\$675,255.00	51%
Rackensack Apartments Little Rock, Ark.	\$200,000.00	\$350,000.00	57.1%	\$366,405.24	54.5%
Colburn Hotel Denver, Colo.	\$320,000.00	\$575,000.00	55%	\$616,948.46	51.8%
Capitol Hill State Bank Bldg. Denver, Colo.	\$90,000.00	\$180,165.00	50%	\$182,898.50	48.1%

The conservative loaning policy of the Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Co. enables us to rely with confidence on our own appraisals when issuing Fidelity Guaranteed First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds.

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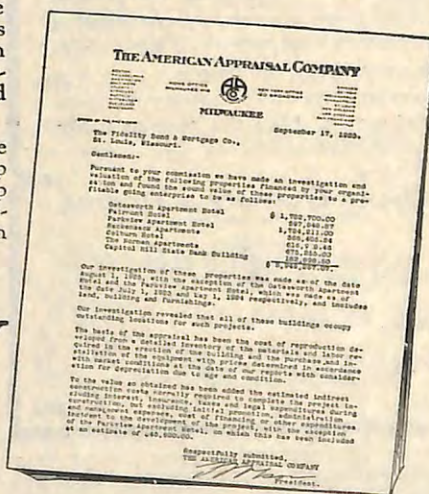
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**The Moving House of Foscaldo**

(Continued from page 83)

and then turned back to the barred window, where his profile framed against the gray light took on a sphinx-like outline.

"You know where she is, André," he said, quietly, after a pause. "And you wish to find out if I know."

The baron shrugged his shoulders and leaned nonchalantly against the wall of the tiny room, gazing down upon the huddled bulk of his fellow criminal. The lower part of his face coming thus within the light was revealed indistinctly with the shadow of a sneering smile upon it.

Gabas remained motionless, expressionless as ever. Outside, the easterly breeze which had risen like a gentle breath with the dawn, began to whine and hum about the walls of the tower.

At last the apache said:  
"It is now the end."

"How is it the end, my friend?" inquired the baron.

"I feel—I have long felt—something will happen. I know not what. But I feel the breath of an ill-wind blowing upon me—it is the end." As he spoke, and as though in direct answer to the fanciful expression of his foreboding, a wandering breath of wind came full in through the casement upon his face. He gazed still outward and then, in a moment, continued in measured, even tones. "As for you, you have told the police. You have put evidence in their hands so that you may be saved."

"I have not," snapped the baron, angrily.

Gabas, after his first look, had not once turned his great face from the window. His voice still sounded quiet and almost benevolent in tone.

"I wonder what they are doing now," he remarked.

The baron came to the window and looked curiously over the other's shoulder.

The two men, gazing out from the top of the tower, saw a strange and, to them, inexplicable sight.

In the rapidly increasing light the forest now cast long shadows across the open space about the tower. The tips of these shadows reached here and there to the edge of the cliff, while in the deepest part of the shadows at the base of the trees where the path from the château emerged, appeared a group of men. Evidently they were the police. They seemed to be pulling something along with ropes, dragging it over the ground; one huge man in advance of the others leaned his weight on the rope, and all the forms were shadowy and indistinct and suggested pixies at some silent spectral task. When scarcely within the clearing they halted and, it seemed to the watchers in the tower, proceeded to confer among themselves, grouped about the object, whatever it might be, they had brought with them.

"Can you make out what it is, André?"

"I can not."

Gabas and the baron continued to gaze a while longer in silence.

At length Gabas spoke.

"Well," he said, "it matters not. But what does matter, canaille that you are, is that you—"

"I swear I didn't. On my honor."

"You have no honor, André. That is natural and right. I do not question that it should be so," rejoined the apache to his companion in the same measured tones he had used before.

"And that you should have cared not to remain by me, that you could betray me—that, too, in itself, is according to the way things are; had you but sold me for money! But no! Stupid! You did not do that. It was through fear alone—mon Dieu, André, it is not seemly that you feared for me—me, Gabas—that I could not outwit your Prontout yonder and his police! Ah! There is where you lost your cunning, André."

"But—"

"Yes, it is so. And that is why, perhaps, I should kill you for it—if I had time."

The baron controlled an anxious shiver which went over his well-knit frame, changed his tone and forced a scornful laugh.

"Suppose that I did—which I do not admit—"

He drew back from the window and made a gesture at the same time toward those without.

"I have but to call out there. Surrender both of us—and then capture—and—you have put

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the idea into my head—evidence. That of a surety is what you have to fear, friend Gabas."

He snapped out these last words, threateningly, and fell to pacing the narrow room with short, nervous strides.

"A king does not fear. I am of the blood Royal."

The baron pivoted on his heel and stopped, with a puzzled expression on his face at this strange remark, as though he suspected he had not heard aright.

Gabas swung around and regarded the other patiently.

"You are armed, André; I am not," he observed.

"I know that." The baron, pausing in his walk and facing him from across the room was balanced, poised and erect.

"Yet you can not escape me. If I wished to kill you now—I could—see!"

With incredible swiftness and without any preliminary motion of rising from his seat the hulking frame of Gabas shifted itself in one light silent move like a great spider across the room, and his hands lay, to all appearances softly, upon the baron's arms.

THE apache, in this attitude of one gently improving a comrade, sighed, like a man bored with the simplicity of his task; and then with a move as unsuspected as was the first, a gentle twist, like a sailor throwing a rope into the form of a knot, his great hands had partly stripped away the other's coat and with the ends of the sleeves tied his arms behind him. He had finished doing all this before the thunder-struck baron could begin a futile struggle or even cry out.

The baron sank limply upon the floor as Gabas released him, where he remained leaning back in a kneeling posture against the wall, looking up blankly, his face working with perplexity.

"If you shout, I stamp your life out," said Gabas, raising one foot in a grotesque gesture but with a voice so casual and a manner so relaxed that an observer would have believed he was illustrating a hypothetical case for the benefit of a pupil.

"It is easy," the apache went on; "I will show you. Attend!"

He glided to the west window which looked over the sea, and seized two adjacent iron bars as though he would try their strength. His rounded body hung there over the opening with a slight swaying motion. A scraping, tearing noise alone revealed the power that hid itself in that awkward crouch. After several moments he turned about, displaying a twisted and bent iron rod in each hand. With a grunt he cast them clattering upon the floor. His open hands were grimy with rust, and a trickle of blood coursed down one finger. He breathed deeply, his great chest heaved once.

"It is easy," he repeated.

The baron was watching him with a hypnotic stare, not daring to cry out.

Gabas sighed again and stood looking down at the man as if he were mentally weighing him.

He picked him up, balancing him helpless in his arms.

Then, suddenly, and in spite of a violent outburst of kicking and struggling and frantic protests on the part of the baron he succeeded, clumsily enough, in thrusting the other's legs through the aperture created by the wrenching out of the bars.

He said nothing at all during all this time.

He held the baron by his collar, grasping one side of it firmly in each hand, shoved the rest of his body out into space beyond the tower's window ledge, and leaning out with him let the baron dangle at the length of his arms.

The baron ceased to struggle or move.

"Voila!—if I wished—how easily you would die," said Gabas.

The baron's head was thrown back, as he hung outside the tower. Staring up at Gabas he found his voice and spoke, weakly.

"I see," he said.

In this strange combination of postures the two men remained silent for several seconds, the baron hanging suspended in mid-air outside and below the tower window, his arms helplessly bound, and dependent on nothing more than the grip of the other's hands.

But Gabas, supporting the other's weight

(Continued on page 86)

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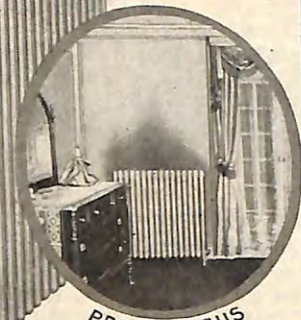


# The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 85)



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without apparent effort, spoke at last in a matter-of-fact voice as though he and his companion sat facing one another at a table.

"Now as to the arrest, and the trial," the apache observed, in the deliberate slowness of one going over the items of an account, "if you give evidence against me—for the death of Marie Lafitte—to save your own life; you forget I did not kill Marie Lafitte. . . . No, it was the Baron de Chenouille who killed her!"

"Very good—I know—but there were no eye-witnesses—we are both—unfortunately involved circumstantially. Let us by all means discuss it—if you wish—but not here—friend Gabas, I appreciate your joke—take me in again—take me in—take me in."

Gabas continued to look down into his companion's face, watching the effect of his words.

"Father Paul, Honest Desmoulins, and Lame Crapaud, all were behind the door, looking through. They will speak if I command."

"I do not believe," the baron choked out.

"Yes, you do believe me. I am not a child, to do things in that way. When I sent you to talk to Marie, I must know of a verity what you said—and did. That was why, afterwards, I came there, though it was too late that I should save her, and I saved but the ring on her finger. Ah, petite Marie, it was I who killed you after all by being too late!"

"You told me to kill her. She would have betrayed all of us," insisted the baron.

"I did not tell you to kill her—and, besides, who will believe that from you?"

"You will kill me now, friend?" the baron whispered. The words came from him with a spasmodic, unnatural utterance. Gabas looked a long time into his face. A stray current of wind whirled in around the leeward side of the tower and snatched at the baron's coat.

"No," Gabas answered at last. But then, slowly, and with a thoughtful air, he added, "But why not, why not for you also, a traitor's end?"

A rush of color swept back into the man's face. "Why not," he uttered thickly, "why not—Quick! Pull me in. I had forgotten. She will die!"

Gabas's hands shook involuntarily for just a second or two, and the man he held danced for that brief time like a puppet in the air. Gabas did not let go, but steadied himself.

"What is it, André?" he demanded. His quiet gentle voice broke all at once on a tense note.

"Let me save her for you!"

The tireless arms of Gabas lifted the other straight out in front of him so that the eyes of the two men were on a level. Gabas drew back until his forearms rested on the narrow window-sill.

"Speak!" he commanded.

"She is below—beneath us at this moment," the baron blurted out thickly. "I was there. I shot him, the painter. They were shut in, you understand—when it turned—they blundered down there. And she will kill herself—for grief. You can not go down to release her. The police will see, and shoot you through the door. Quick—let me—before it is too late! Take me in—take me in!"

Gabas did not move. His eyes roved to left and right, showing their whites, and returned to the baron.

"André," he said, "you would die, when your time comes, with a lie upon your lips—a becoming death. They are below—yes—I believe that now. But you have not killed him. I shall surrender in order to get the opportunity to release them. Mon Dieu, I shall find a way myself!" He spoke now more in the manner of one thinking aloud. "Release them. Yes. That will be it. He is a good man, maybe. An artist. So, you, André, are neither of those things, not even an artist in crime—but a blunderer. He will have her, who can tell? But why not? He is a brave man. I remember that. He did not fear me. Then perhaps, after all, I shall not kill him. But you! Why did you fear, for me—me, Gabas—and one chicken-headed inspector of police against me? Coward, and for one more time and the last in your life, fool."

Gabas looked down into the upturned face. "Beneath you," he said, "is the great sea, which ends all. Will you live to reach its surface, or will you fall already dead with fright into that grave? I shall not see—from here—I shall never know."

The man hanging like a rag in his hands began to chatter incoherently, horribly.

Gabas spoke again.

"When I drew in the sand the sign of the wind-mill little did I think I then drew the epitaph of André Ferrugier." His lips parted and his teeth flashed. He watched the sick, whitened face of the other a moment longer. . . . His hold so long continued now relaxed at last; and his victim shot swiftly downwards.

Gabas, above, gazed impassively at his empty hands, still leaning his elbows upon the window-ledge, his lips still parted in that lofty and tragic grin like that on the face of the gargoyle who looks out from Notre-Dame.

"Ah," he muttered, "myself, I think that I, too, might be afraid to die!"

It was as though a new and disturbing thought had come to him.

## CHAPTER XXXII

**BENEATH** the tower in our prison of stone, darkness and nameless apprehension. . . . The silence and blackness of death. . . . And yet we lived, and stood close together, breathing. . . .

And then—I know not, nor can ever know, how long after I put out the candle—there came to my ears, sickened with silence, the still greater terror of noise. It came like the rush of many waters, a crash of the beginning of something nameless, and a blinding flash, the awfulness of light.

Hot flames seemed to envelop me and sear my sightless eyeballs. Stones fell at my feet and around me, and a noise as of rock torn asunder drowned out all sense and consciousness of noise and of all else save the immediate sense of some horrible thing that in the happening seemed to have already happened. I knew not whether Fantaisie lived, or I was alone with her dead, as this terror grew swiftly greater like an explosion. . . .

I have no actual memory of it all save of one instant of clarity. I thought my arms were around her body, though I still saw nothing, clutching her as the terror clutched me. For I had a picture of ourselves as two specks of consciousness sundered in the midst of some great senseless catastrophe, and I fought against the sundering. The thought flashed over me—We must go together, whatever it be! Or was it her voice? Did she, too, in that timeless instant, live with me, and did I actually hear, "Peer, we go together!" I can not know whether in my ear I heard what memory repeats to me now; or if it all were an illusion of senses shattered in a cataclysm not more blinding in that instant as we clung together not to be torn apart, than was our realized love, the love of Peer Rackstrom and Fantaisie, painter, and waif of the Paris streets, which unknown, invisible to us, had in that dark nameless prison far away from Paris gradually grown rooted between us; and now, born into a fiery blossom, flared greatly up and enveloped our tiny souls. . . .

## CHAPTER XXXIII

*From the Report of Inspector Auguste Proutout on the Strange Case of the Wind-mill Tower and its Destruction.*

**I** HAVE the honor to report, further, in relation to the occurrences of that final day, as follows: In the evening after our vain renewed search along the shore for the body of Gabas, Agent Denton having brought word to me that he had seen Gabas in the forest, subsequently we succeeded in picking him up and tracing him to the tower. I had doubted all along his death, and preferred to think that in some manner unknown to my men he had escaped. I had worried, too, about the continued absence of M. Rackstrom and the girl Fantaisie. Under my direction Gabas was followed, but not arrested. That night, late, he





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entered the tower. Despite the danger of the death-trap and the memory of what had happened there, the fear of defeat—to a true officer of our Department always the greater fear—induced me, with six men, to follow him in at once.

In the darkness from the staircase above Gabas called down, "You will all be killed!" Immediately we flashed our lanterns upon him. He hung over the staircase grinning at us like a monster ape. The men, exasperated at one who had caused the death of their comrades, replied with a volley of shots. By some miracle he escaped being hit, and fled to the chamber above. Having him thus a prisoner in the top room practically under observation, I deemed it wise to withdraw from the trap. Leaving the door open and a lantern burning within I posted, as usual, a strong guard about the clearing for the night, which turned out to be the last night of our vigilance.

At dawn the following morning I summoned the Baron de Chenouille, whose confession and offer to give evidence I had at last gained, and whom I used as a go-between. Indeed I had before this suspected his participation in the murder of Marie Lafitte.

The baron, who was a brave though wicked man, feared not to take a message to Gabas. It lacked half an hour before full daylight when he set out from us with orders to report if Gabas had miraculously escaped again away from the tower, and, if not, if he was still there—and I was practically sure of this point—to keep him there and await our coming.

At daylight, and shortly after the baron had gone on his errand, by my orders one of the Revolutionary cannon of antique type, which guard the entrance to the chateau, and which upon examination was found to be still in usable condition, was dragged along the path through the woods to the edge of the open space. I hit upon this unusual measure as a last resort in view of the manifest danger of the trap which confronted us. Powder had been obtained by the expedient of breaking open a great number of revolver cartridges. Upon this we rammed home a quantity of bullets and several large stones almost the size of the muzzle opening. Having inserted a trail of powder in the touch hole I also caused to be prepared a quantity of powder and ammunition ready for subsequent charges.

As the men were making ready I noticed in the growing light the faces of Gabas and the baron at the landward window of the tower. I saw them there for just a moment. Then they were gone.

A quarter of an hour later I saw Gabas alone looking out.

This circumstance gave me no uneasiness, at the moment, on the baron's account, on whom I depended as a witness at the trial.

As the light now served I walked to within a few paces of the tower and called up to Gabas.

For the first time I thought I saw some trace of emotion on his great face, though I could not tell what the emotion was. He noticed my coming and reached his arm through the bars beckoning to me.

"Attend, Monsieur Prontout," he called down. "The baron is gone! There are only you and I." It came to me at once that he had suspected the man's treachery and had then and there killed him! I did not doubt it. "And now," he continued, "you have no evidence! Yet I surrender, Monsieur Inspector, on one condition."

I asked him what it was. "Withdraw your men beyond sight of this windmill, back to the chateau, for five—ten minutes."

I refused. "But I give my word to you. I will surrender—give me but the ten minutes. Gabas does not break his word!" he shouted.

I knew that such was the reputation of this strange being in the underworld of Paris; still, under the circumstances, I could not bring myself to accept.

"Unless you surrender immediately I give the order to shoot!" I pointed back to the cannon whose muzzle the men had trained upon the tower.

His eyes followed my gesture. Then he seemed to lose his head with the urgency of the matter, a thing which at the moment I did not

(Continued on page 83)



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# The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 87)

understand. He became enraged—a terrible sight. His great face that I had not seen before disturbed was now working with passion. I believe he was partly demented. His language lost coherence. "I am of the blood Royal. Canaille!" he shrieked, and poured forth a flood of horrible abuse, flinging it at me into the teeth of the gale which had arisen and now blew against the tower. It was a weird and awful sight.

All at once he vanished from the window. At this, at my signal, a dozen men rushed toward the door to head him off. He appeared there, indeed, an instant, not coming out but dodging past the opening as a volley of shots poured through. That was a man, in truth, of many escapes. How he gained the stairs again, passing that door a second time unhurt, I marvel at, for he now reappeared at the window above, shouting madly to me, his words broken in the storm.

"Inspector Prontout!" he cried, "They are below—Monsieur Rackstrom and Fantaisie. . . . I must tell. . . . In the cavern. . . . They must escape! Go down, through the cellar way, when the tower turns. I have started it. You will find a secret passage. . . . They are imprisoned. . . ."

While he was shouting the sails of the windmill began to revolve. Alarmed at this, and at the cries of those without, several men within the tower who had attempted to take Gabas, but yet hesitated to follow him singly up the narrow staircase, rushed out. Agent Denton collided with one of the said arms and was brushed over and swung to the brink of the cliff, with a narrow escape from being both sent over to his death and impaled on the fence. He was rescued and carried to the château, where it was found he had sustained a wrenched leg and two fractured ribs.

Meanwhile the scene was one of confusion and panic induced in the men by the terrible recollection of the mysterious deaths of their companions, Dirmoir and Jamat. Observing the flight now of their comrades, and thinking Denton also had been killed before their eyes, with shouts of, "He will escape again!" those posted at the cannon, not waiting for my order, touched off the charge.

The shot hurtled close over my head and took effect; but, through some error in the sighting of the piece, not at the top of the tower where Gabas still looked down upon us, shouting his orders for me to go to some place he called the cavern; but the charge hit and severed one of the ancient rusted chains, and crashing into the side of the tower tore out part of the planking. The wind was blowing then

nearly a gale, directly off the land, and the sails were revolving rapidly. And at the same time, caused doubtless by the swinging of the sail arms in the wind, the turn of the tower on its axis (which marvel was now apparent), and the collapse of that one iron stay, the tower itself, swaying at first like a tree in the gale, shook itself free of that cliff to which it had always been chained and fell over before the wind; and with a crash of torn timbers, a horrible lurch, the other chain parted and the whole affair disappeared bodily from view, diving off the cliff!

The vision of that last instant, of the great face of Gabas at the window, and a last shout, with a laugh of triumph that seemed to rend the sky, "Canaille!" haunts me still.

What Gabas had meant I was soon to discover. For the last I saw of the tower the instant before it disappeared from view was its upturned flooring, and in among the beams a glimpse of machinery and a section of stone and wrecked masonry, the roof of part of this secret cavern. He must have realized instantly that the falling of the tower would in some way disclose to us the existence of the underground cavern in which were imprisoned the girl Fantaisie and the painter Rackstrom. Yes, he must have known they were there.

It was these two that we found when a little while later, recovering from blank astonishment at the fall of the tower, we made our way closer to the scene and looked all at once down as into a trench or open grave at our feet. They were fallen together, clasped in each others arms, and were leaning against the side of that small unroofed place, so that at first we thought them dead; and at their feet a headless skeleton.

I had sprung down with others to their assistance—the girl especially seemed to be suffering from shock, and both of them, in fact, at their sudden and unrealized deliverance, were unnerved—when a shout from the men above recalled me. I climbed out again to see what was the matter. The men were pointing seaward. I looked. Out beyond the shelter of the cliff the seas were running high as the mascaret of the tide was sweeping northwesterly. And there, driven before the wind, was the wreck of the windmill. Two arms of the sails had been wrenched out of place in falling so that they rose above the surface of the waves. And like some strange craft headed for the open sea—a sea whereon no pursuit was possible—the windmill scudded before the storm, sailing away from the cliff upon which it had stood so long. On it, with the aid of glasses, we could discover no sign of life. The body of Gabas, who could not have survived the shock of that

plunge, must have been borne to its ocean burial like that of a King of Old. It has not been seen again.

(signed) AUGUSTE PRONTOUT.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

INSPECTOR PRONTOUT, sitting at the table in the great hall of the château, looked up from the last page of the report he was writing—and flung down his pen. With a sigh of relief he yawned and stretched his arms.

"David!" he called.

The huge plump figure of his secretary loomed up in the doorway. "Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"Send for Monsieur Rackstrom."

"Monsieur Rackstrom the painter—pardon, Monsieur l'Inspecteur—has already left the Island in company with Mademoiselle Fantaisie. They go, one learns, to Paris together. Finding that Monsieur l'Inspecteur was busy and not to be disturbed Monsieur the painter begged to leave his adieu with me. I have, however, his address in Paris."

"Ah, indeed. It is a trifle. One may then request his attendance later at the Prefecture. See to it. It is in the interest of Justice."

"Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

Inspector Prontout yawned and sighed once more, and then lit a cigar.

Outside the château, beyond the woods and near the brink of the cliff, stood the figures of an old man and an old woman. They were the fisherman and Yldez. The old man's head trembled and shook in a curious way as though his philosophy of life were always that eternal negative. His hand also shook when he took his pipe out of his mouth. But his eyes were steady as he gazed seaward. They seemed to read the future as they could the weather. He turned to the old woman with a gentle imperviousness in his manner.

"Ay," he said, "weep, wife, like any woman. Weep at happiness."

"Of a truth," sobbed Yldez, as she reached for her apron which blew out before her, and dabbed it upon her eyes, "Of a truth she was like our own child—but go not so near the edge—it is treacherous."

The old man's eyes followed the course of the little boat bearing the lovers away from the Island of Foscaldo, a white sail on the water where the sun gilded the margins of the billows. "They will clear the môle du nord and round the Island before the tide turns," he remarked, "Ay, she sails a boat as any child of mine could have done!"

(The End)

# Grooms to Let

(Continued from page 29)

"Tain't gemmunly to talk about no lady like you is doin'."

"Fumadiddles! Sepia ain't no kind of a gal—"

What happened immediately thereafter was pyrotechnically bewildering. The bony little fists of the unhappy bridegroom clenched. He took one step forward and performed a heroic act.

He struck without skill, but with surprisingly painful results. His knobby knuckles came in sudden and violent contact with the nose of Odessy Brown.

Odessy staggered. Joseph shifted and brought over his left. It landed on the same tender spot.

Mr. Brown howled. Joseph danced up and down, waving his puny fists. "You big stiff! Insultin' the lady I is gwine marry! Take that!"

That was another swing which landed devastatingly on the soft remains of Odessy's nose. Mr. Brown tensed the muscles of his herculean frame. Through a blinding haze of anger he saw the slim, excited figure of the little man with the whirling, swirling fists. Another landed on his nose—and then another.

Odessy Brown forgot everything save the

immediate stinging pain. He craved action and plenty of it.

He struck with all the power of his hundred and ninety pounds. The blow landed flush on the point of Joseph's jaw. Mr. Hanker rose gracefully in the air.

He described a perfect parabola—but before he completed the aerial journey, Odessy struck again. Mr. Hanker's limp form flattened against the floor with a crash.

And then the door of the pantry was flung back and Sepia shrieked into the room, closely followed by the Rev'end Plato Tubb, Florian Slappey and the other guests.

"Oh, Lawsy!" howled Sepia hysterically. "You has done ruiny my bridegroom."

Florian inspected the figure of the prostrate man. "Somebody had better call an ambulance," he advised. "Joseph has most positively resigned fum this weddin'."

Joseph's smile of greeting to his friend Florian Slappey came like a glorious sunrise from behind a cloud of bandages.

"Mawnin', Florian. I suttinly is delighted you called aroun' to see me."

Florian regarded Mr. Hanker gravely. "I got news, Joseph."

"Bout who?"

"Sepia and Odessy. They got ma'ied this mawnin'. Sepia ca'ied Odessy an' the Rev'end Tubb up to the license office with her an' they went off to Chattanooga on their honeymoon right after the ceremonious."

"Hallelujah!"

"Tell me—" Florian bent forward earnestly—"How come Odessy to beat you up like he done?"

"Self-defense," explained Joseph. "I busted him right in the nose."

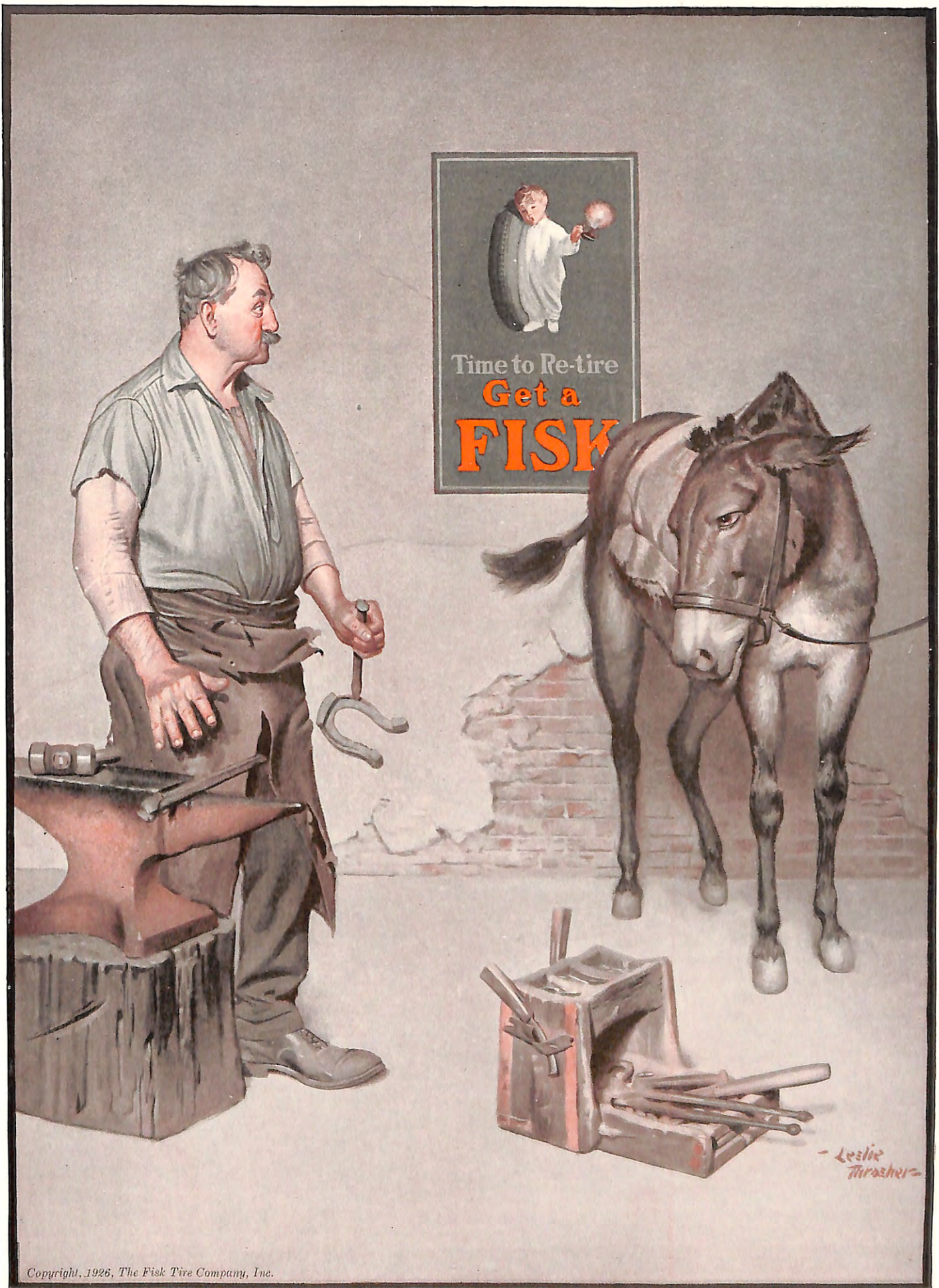
"You busted him?"

"Uh-huh. Right plumb in the nose—lots of times."

"Goodness Goshness!" Florian's eyes popped with amazement. "Didn't you know that Odessy Brown is a fool for fightin'?"

"Yes sir," agreed Joseph rapturously—"He sure was!"



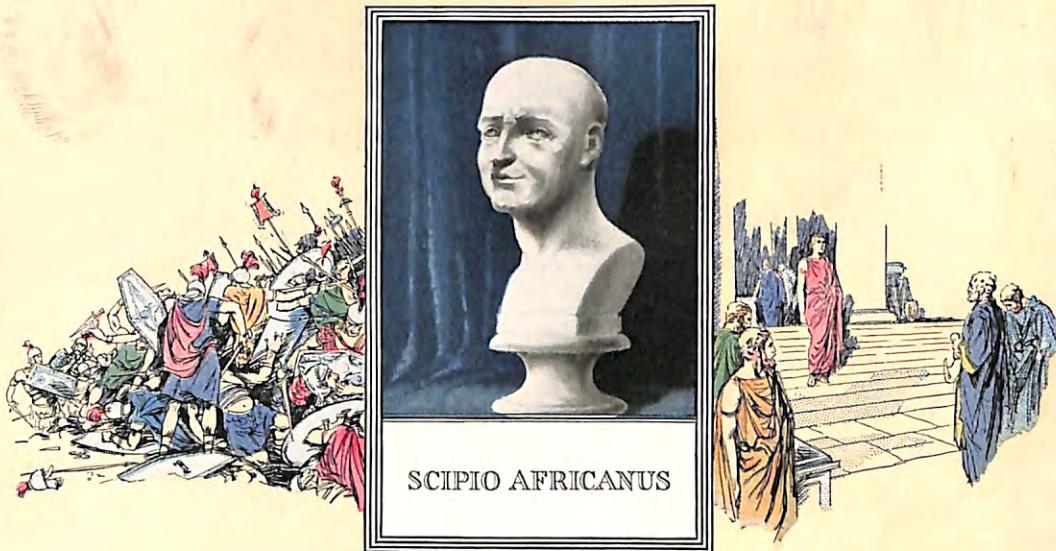


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