

# The Elks

Magazine

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MARCH, 1926  
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*Clyde Squires*

*Beginning Wilbert Robinson's Fifty Years of Baseball, by W. O. McGeehan*



"The fragrance of pipe tobacco makes me wish I were a man"..... *Bob Daniels*

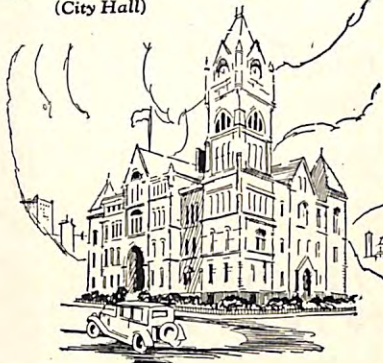


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At the Left—Hotel Rowe,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Inset—Ernest W. Neir,  
Manager.



**Home-Study Business Training Pays!**

"We have been interested in learning of the specialized business training taken with your institution by Mr. Ernest W. Neir, whom we selected last year as Manager of the Hotel Rowe.

"Our experience with Mr. Neir confirms our experience with others—the man who adds specialized training to his personal abilities is the man who makes good in difficult business situations. It pays a business man to devote a part of his spare time to increasing his efficiency."

(Signed) FRED M. ROWE,  
President, Holden Hotel Co.

**"It Doubled My Income"**

"I am often asked how I happened to take up accounting when my particular field was hotel work. Frankly that training added greatly to my hotel knowledge and it also gave me my first real insight into business. Again and again I have referred back to it for answer to business problems that came up. Of course I appreciate strongly the fact that my income has more than doubled. But I appreciate even more the fact that I have been enabled to make good in a difficult field. What measure of success I have attained I am very happy to credit to the training received from LaSalle. Sincerely yours,"

(Signed) ERNEST W. NEIR.

# Hotel Manager Doubles Income . . . Thru Home-Study Business Training

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Commenting on Mr. Neir's successful administration, Fred M. Rowe, president of the controlling company, says: "He has given the hotel an individual atmosphere that pleases guests, and yet he maintains the highest efficiency."

Mr. Neir, in turn, is frank to give credit to LaSalle for this latter achievement. "... That training," he writes, "added greatly to my hotel knowledge, and it also gave me my first real insight into business."

His experience made him a good hotel man. LaSalle helped him to become a good business man.

## Training That is Practical and Fascinating

In contemplating Mr. Neir's experience, one's first thought is to classify him as exceptional. But he is *not* exceptional—at least, in so far as the practical application of LaSalle training is concerned. On the contrary, thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men have doubled, tripled, quadrupled their earnings thru the self-same methods Mr. Neir pursued. And this is what they discovered:

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



Reg. U.S. Patent Office

Volume Four  
Number Ten

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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



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# Personalities and Appreciations

## Something to Think About

**I**N JULY the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is to be dedicated. This event will be the most important happening of Grand Lodge Convention week. Will you be there, in Chicago, to witness it?

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is the tribute of your Fraternity to those of its members who served in the Great War and to those who gave their lives in that service. It is a memorial to men of every creed, a memorial to their valor and to their ideals; it is a memorial to all men and all nations who fought for the perpetuation of liberty and justice. It is not alone a national monument, but a monument of international significance: a world monument. Will you be present to witness its dedication?

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is more than a tribute—it is also a pledge. It is more than a stone, a mausoleum, or an obelisk, commemorating the dead past—it is also a beacon, pointing the way to the generations of the future. For it is to be dedicated not only to the memory of men, but to the use of men. Thus the ceremony in July will mean not merely the dedication of a building, but also the re-dedication of the Order of Elks to the exemplification of those high purposes for which it exists. Will you share, actively, in this re-dedication?

The erection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is one of the greatest steps ever undertaken by the Order as a whole. It is an enterprise in which every member, every member, of the Order is represented. You have done your part in making it a possibility and an actuality. Carry through, and attend the dedication in July. You will never forget it.



## The Story of Wilbert Robinson

**WE ASKED** W. O. McGeehan to name that figure in baseball whom he considered the most interesting and about whom he would most like to write. The name he gave us was that of Wilbert Robinson, Manager and President of the Brooklyn National League Club.

"Robbie," said McGeehan, "is not only a great manager, but one of the best-loved characters in the game. His career goes back to the old Baltimore Orioles, of which he was captain, and on which team he caught. He has been a great player, probably the greatest catcher ever known, and he still holds a batting record that has yet to be equalled: seven hits in seven times at bat. He was largely responsible for developing Matty, Marquard and other famous pitchers. He has made pennant-winning clubs out of green material. He possesses a remarkable knack of dealing with players. And he probably has more friends than any other baseball man in the Big Leagues."

If you are a follower of McGeehan's writings on sport, you know that he is not prone to indulge in hero worship. He is a very level-headed gentleman with a very detached point of view, quick to lance the bunk-bubbles and blather-balloons that constantly float over the sporting scene. He has a keen sense of values and uses it. And when McGeehan says a man is good, you are safe in accepting his estimate. He says Wilbert Robinson is good.

Commissioned by this Magazine, McGeehan recently visited Robbie down in Georgia and got him to talk about himself: his boyhood, his early years in baseball

and the highly successful career which followed. His story begins in this issue. We found it intensely interesting, and we believe you will, too.



## "The Wreck of The Red Wing"

**THAT** is the title of our new serial—beginning next month. This story introduces another very distinguished name into our already luminous list of contributors: Beatrice Grimshaw.

Miss Grimshaw, who was born in County Antrim (I—I—d), has for many years lived in and around Papua. If you have not looked at a map of the world lately, we will prompt your memory by stating that Papua (New Guinea) is a large island situated to the north of Australia and is part of that South Sea archipelago which goes to make up Melanesia. Miss Grimshaw has made a study of the islands of this archipelago, of the treacherous seas which separate them and of the even more treacherous natives who inhabit them. And she is known, wherever magazines are read, for her dramatic stories of the island people, white and otherwise.

"The Wreck of the Red Wing" contains every element of a genuine thriller—in addition to which it is beautifully told, as most thrillers are not. It offers you adventure, suspense, mystery, romance, swift action, hate, love and heroism.

If you like stories that take you out of yourself and make you forget your troubles, watch for the first chapters of "The Wreck of the Red Wing," appearing next month.



## We Commend to Your Attention

**THERE** are golf stories and golf stories. Some are just stories with a background of golf and others mere descriptions of matches. In this issue we present one that is quite unusual. There is an absorbing human conflict in it, running parallel with a conflict which takes place on the links. Real golfers will enjoy the golf in it as well as the story; non-golfers can enjoy the story in it even if they don't understand much about golf. The title is "His Father's Son"; the author, Lawrence Perry.

Henry Irving Dodge, who wrote "All Aboard for Zion"—appearing, with beautiful illustrations, in this number—is best-remembered, perhaps, for his story "Skinner's Dress Suit," though he has written many other good things, among them "Skinner and the Kill-joys," which was published in this Magazine.

If you are on the verge of taking a plunge into speculation, read the short story "Excuses for Competitors," by L. H. Bradshaw, in this issue. But don't let your wife read it.

"This Business of Flying," by Samuel Taylor Moore, is a brief survey of the present status of civil aeronautics in this country. The author has spent several hundred hours in airships of various kinds and knows his subject.

One of the most ingenious ideas we have found for some time is in a story we will soon publish entitled "The Case of the Paying Teller." It marks the first contribution to this Magazine of that very well-known writer: Charles Edward Russell.

The next adventure—after the one in this issue—of Prosper Fair, the romantic and Quixotic character created by Bertram Atkey, will appear in an early number. Don't miss "A Man on a Milestone," this month.

# His Father's Son

## *A Golf Story*

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Donald Teague

*You Needn't Know  
All About Golf To  
Enjoy This Tale of  
Conflict*

*"To-day, Junior, I am not going to spoil you. I'm going to make up for a lot of things and you're going to get the beating of your young life. So come on out of that brook and take it like a man"*



**D**ONALD COMERFORD looked away from the green, following the flight of a bird, as his son, having carefully studied the turf, addressed his ball for an eight foot putt.

If the boy holed out on this essay he would have done the hole in a birdie four and would win the match by a stroke. If he missed, he would finish even up with his opponent.

Comerford's forehead was drawing into an ever deeper complexity of knots and

creases as he waited for the gentle tap that would signalize the start of the ball for the cup.

Ever since Junior Comerford had been able to hold a golf stick in his hand and know it for what it was, the father had dreamed of this day—the day when his son, deft, strong, cool, confident, would stand in the center of a tense gallery holing out for a splendid victory.

Now the dream was in process of visualization and inasmuch as there is a certain

element of alloy in the realization of most human dreams, so Comerford was keenly conscious of an ironical strain. For he was the opponent who would meet with defeat if the putt went true.

He wanted it to go true. His deepest instincts called for that. Yet he had played to win. He could not, in truth, ever recall a match in which he had been keener for success. Throughout, his mood had been characterized by a curious medley of contradictions.



Was it the attitude of his son? Or of both of them? Certainly a note of the tensest sort of rivalry had characterized their play during the round.

Comerford could not recall that they had spoken once. Ordinarily this would hardly have been noteworthy in an important club championship tournament. But the fact was that since Junior's freshman year at college a subtly increasing reticence had marked his attitude toward his father.

One of the phases, of course, of dawning manhood; the normal challenge of young adolescence for independence of thought and action with its concomitant uncertainty, restiveness, bursts of daring and sharp sensitiveness.

**MEN** forgot, somehow, and Comerford had forgotten when he, too, in his time, had lived through this period and had emerged just as all fundamentally decent, upstanding boys do when it eventually begins to occur to them that tradition has a certain significant place in life and manners, that history has a repetitious tendency and that the world, or their section of the world, is to be made over only at the prohibitive price of a martyrdom as cruel as it is resounding.

Comerford glanced with a show of impatience toward the green. In the midst of deep breathing silence Junior had laid down his putter and lighted a cigarette. The boy, thought Comerford, smoked too many cigarettes. Here was concrete proof when he had to employ them as an anodyne at a crucial juncture in a sporting contest.

Why the deuce didn't he smoke a pipe as his father did? There was something deep and philosophical and comforting about a pipe—and it never injured anyone. Comerford explained all this more than once but had never had anything but the quiet, perfunctory "yes, sir," and that lazy, enigmatical smile.

And why didn't he talk more? Why all this growing reserve? Comerford could remember when his son chattered unceasingly, a vibrant, energetic little bundle of query and observation. There had been no companions like Junior and his father in those days, and later, when the boy was in preparatory school, the house upon his return for vacations resounded with their comradeship.

When Comerford played in the club and state and big sectional tournaments, Junior had been his caddy and no one had been so triumphant in his frequent victories as his son. Much more so than his wife, who did not play golf and did not fully understand all that such things meant.

As Junior tossed aside his cigarette and picked up his putter Comerford again turned away.

How curious it was, the enthusiasm of the mother over the exploits of their son, she who had always taken Comerford's victories with such smiling placidity. Why, when Junior had reached the final in the recent intercollegiate golf tourney his mother had traveled fifty miles to see the match, had been at his elbow when he won on the sixteenth green.

Comerford was not jealous. His wife was

by the longest conceivable odds the most wonderful woman in the world—she looked much more like an older sister of Junior, than his mother—and he merely envied, with a silent, poignant yearning, the relationship between them from which inscrutably he seemed to find himself barred.

Now came the sound for which he had been waiting, the little, soft click. Rigid, his eyes still averted, he heard a hissing suspiration which immediately broke into an exclamation.

Comerford wheeled sharply about, striding straight up to his son, not holding out his hand, but tapping him lightly upon the shoulder.

"Congratulations, young fellow. It's the first time you've licked me. I wasn't quite up on my game. But then, you weren't either. So there's no alibi there. You pulled up even on the sixteenth through sheer, solid nerve, when things looked bad. I liked that."

"Thanks, dad. You—" Junior's eyes fell. He seemed at loss for further words, or had decided against voicing his thought. He turned away in some embarrassment to meet the obese president of the club who had just come up, laden with wit over the downfall of the long-reigning club champion at the hands of his son.

Both were silent throughout the five-mile drive home. Junior was driving and was always inclined to concentrate on the road when at the wheel, while Comerford was grim with the thoughts that come to a man of fifty-one who is confronted by the knowledge that eyes and muscles perfectly coordinated and sinews geared to flashing purpose are the endowment alone of youth, or at least in most cases, of early middle age.

He had been better favored than most; it was only in the present year that he had seen his game veering from 80 on good days to 88 or even 90 on bad ones, instead of the old variation ranging from 72 to 80.

Comerford drew his lips together. He had never felt better than he had this year. He was still strong, lusty, brawny. His straight black hair was not heavily dusted with gray. He was not carrying weight for age. Yet inexorably, indelibly, the score card, which never flatters nor leads the mind astray, had been telling him the truth with ever-increasing emphasis.

There would be a better atmosphere, he thought, if Junior had been just a bit talkative. The spirit of rivalry which had developed in the match had not been wholesome. He personally felt somewhat justified as he considered in retrospect the viewpoint he had held, which was that the youngster needed most of all just now, a sound trouncing by his father. He had the feeling that if he won the way

would be found, if only through the tactful, kindly spirit which would characterize him in victory, to clear the air between them.

But he had not won, and from all he could gather, his son would have felt himself in disgrace, as one beaten by an older man, if he had prevailed.

And so he was helpless to break what seemed to assume the significance of an impasse. He was contemplating some detached comment about their contest when the car swung into the winding drive with its borders of shrubbery and came to a stop in front of the house, a long, low building of Colonial architecture.

The chauffeur came up and Junior, getting out of the car, gave him a nonchalant order. Not at all resentfully, but

none the less struck with the idea, Comerford, following his son to the verandah, pondered the thought that all this independence of the younger generation did not seem to apply to the material things. Allowance, motor-cars, horses, clothes, education, they were all as taken for granted as the air they breathed.

**ALL** right, of course. It was coming to them. They had not asked to be born. Yet it was a little anomalous, just the same.

"Well, how did you two boys come out?" Mary Comerford met them in the hall, smiling from one to the other, flushing slightly.

"I thought you were at the Allenbys for tea?" Comerford studied his wife. She had given the tea as her reason for not going to see the finals.

She frowned.

"I can't imagine how I got my engagement book mixed," she exclaimed and then hurried on. "I can see that Junior won. I hope that you didn't let him put you out, Don."

"Don't be silly, mater." Junior accepted her congratulatory kiss. "It was a desperate battle and we were as rotten as we could be."

"Shame on you both!" The woman turned her eyes out the open door thinking what a pleasant little drama this could be with all the affectionate banter that would seem to be called for in a family as close to one another as the three had been. But there was nothing of that, and she could feel the flatness of the note she had tried to strike.

"So Junior won." Her voice was musing now and there was pain in the eyes turned upon her husband. "Do you remember, Don, how we both used to look forward to this day? I remember you said you'd lay your sticks aside then and join the applauding gallery. When Junior used to caddy—"

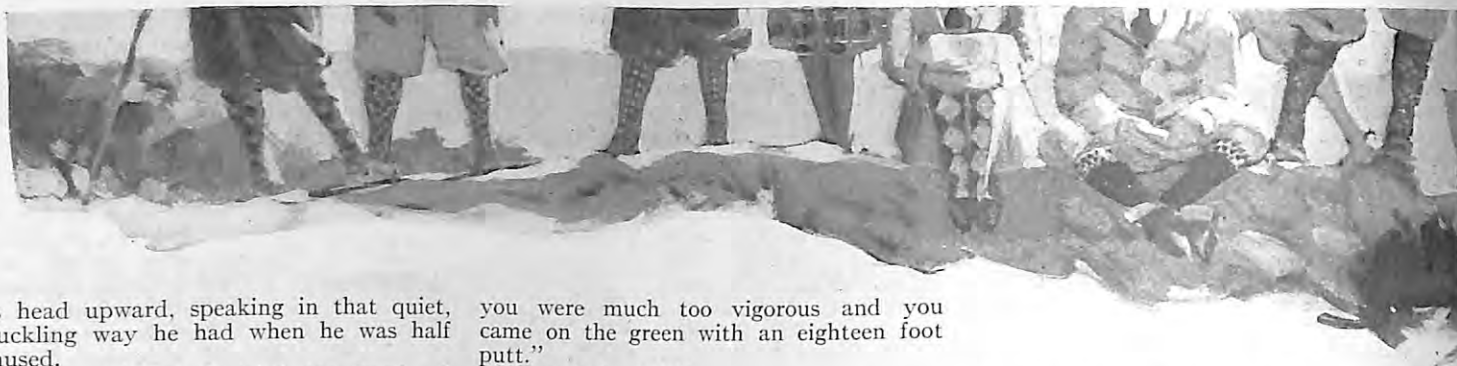
Her son turned away abruptly, embarrassed.

"I've got to go up and get my bath."

"Of course." She turned to her husband as Junior ran up the stairs, linking her arm through his. "Don—" she smiled at the man—"confess now; you didn't really try awfully hard, did you?"

He moved impatiently. Then he jerked





his head upward, speaking in that quiet, chuckling way he had when he was half amused.

"The trouble is I tried too hard. I thought a spanking might do the kid good. But you see, I was the one who got spanked."

"Don, I wish—" She hesitated.

"Forget it, Mary." He kissed her lightly upon the forehead and turned to the stairs.

SHE stood watching him until he made the turn of the landing. He was moving rather heavily as though tired. How often when he had come home from golf he had taken those stairs at a jump. Her lips moved in a little perplexed smile as she took a magazine from the table and went out upon the verandah.

At dinner the two Comerford men lighted cigarettes after the salad course had been removed and settled down in their chairs. Their day of exercise, the tingling bath, the satisfaction that food well chosen and well cooked brings, were exerting their benign spell and the mood of the table was one of pleasant relaxation—so much so that even Junior gave less the impression of being on guard lest he yield something of his new manly dignity and poise.

The windows were open and the rolling landscape, deep in June, stretched away to the advancing purple dusk.

"Jove!" Comerford glanced at his wife, shaking his head with decision. "Golf's a great game, irrespective of whether you win or are beaten."

It was the first time the game had been mentioned since they came to the table, conversation having run lightly upon the subject of the modern girl, always a point of blithe issue between mother and son.

Glancing swiftly at her husband Mary Comerford decided that tactically he was quite well advised. The subject had to come up, of course. And here and now, lest there be for some time to come in the house, an unhealthy taboo, a hidden Bluebeard chamber that might not be explored. That is not good for any household. She hastened to catch up the topic.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Don, if only because you've never been beaten often enough to—learn from practical experience that, after all, the game for its own sake, is the thing."

"Oh, I've been beaten enough in my life." Comerford shrugged and laughed. "Look here, Junior, you meet Carlton in the final to-morrow."

"Yes sir."

"Well—you want to watch your iron shots. You were too strong in your chips to-day, all through. On the tenth, for example,

you were much too vigorous and you came on the green with an eighteen foot putt."

"I made it, dad."

"Yes you did. But—" Comerford stopped suddenly. He could not say he had received the suggestion from anything in his son's manner, but at any rate there did come to him suddenly a sense of the irony of his attempting to play mentor to one who had beaten him. He flushed, pressing out the cigarette, and turning to his dessert.

"I'll tell you this. I'm going to train for the state tournament as though it were a boxing bout. Too bad you're going to be away, June; we might get another crack at each other."

"I'm going in, dad." He met the older man's eyes squarely. "I entered yesterday for the qualifying round."

"When is that?" Mary Comerford looked from one to the other.

"Oh, ten days or so; June 29, it begins, to be exact." Comerford nodded at his son. "I thought you were going to be in Westchester with Tommy Hayes then?"

"That's off, so I thought I might as well go in." Junior's manner was careless.

"Well, one thing—" Mary Comerford laughed forcedly—"if you both get into the finals we'll be certain that the cup stays in the family. You have two legs on it, haven't you Don? You only have to win once more to keep it for your own. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, that's it." Something in Comerford's manner seemed to exhaust the mood for conversation. But she made another attempt.

"So Junior gets into the finals to-morrow. You're going to watch the match, of course, Don?"

"H'm." Comerford cleared his throat glancing at his son with a faint smile. "I'd like to. But the way things are going in

New York I really shouldn't have entered this shindig at all. Now that I've been put out I'll celebrate by going into the office. I'm sorry, June, but you ought not to have any trouble—if you watch your irons."

"Yes sir."

They went away from the table in silence. Next day Junior won the final handily and became the club champion. And it was a large club, a nationally important organization.

Comerford was wholesomely congratulatory that evening. His wife, who had followed the match, proved herself to be a keen, not to say thrilling reporter of the contest and Junior was almost a boy again in his honest satisfaction over his triumph.

It was beautiful, every phase of that evening was beautiful. But it didn't last. Only a few days passed before a wholly unwonted atmosphere settled upon the Comerford home.

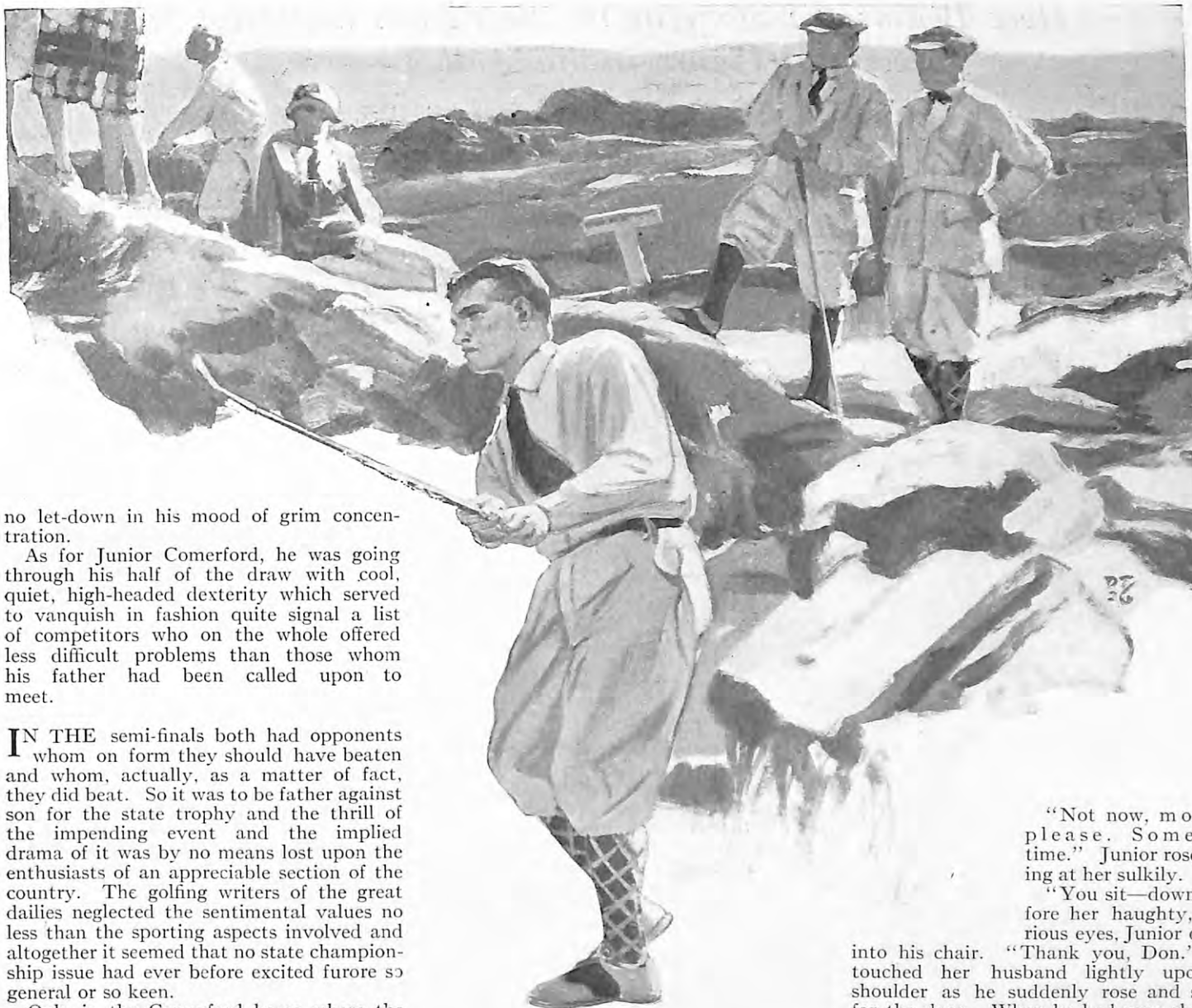
Primarily, in the process of conditioning himself for the approaching state tournament, Comerford had entered upon a regime that was almost monkish in its stern asceticism. He confined smoking to one cigar after dinner and one pipeful of tobacco just before going to bed. It was hardly the time for self-abnegation because as it happened, the corporation in which he was one of the partners had just emerged from a stiff legal battle with a powerful rival and everyone's nerves were jangling under the reaction.

So there were times when Comerford could by no stretch of imagination have been regarded as himself. And this could have no effect upon Junior other than driving the boy deeper into his shell. It was not a pleasant situation and Mary Comerford, who, as with every gifted household pilot, placed harmony in the home above all other things, finally came to decide that it was intolerable.

Yet she was fully sensible of the delicacy of her own position as between the two and this alone gave complexity to a problem which was complex in any event.

She hoped for some lesion when the tournament began—it was being played this year on the links of the local club—but even when it began to appear that Comerford's arduous conditioning was reflected in the quality of his game and that day by day he was playing as well as he ever had, there was





no let-down in his mood of grim concentration.

As for Junior Comerford, he was going through his half of the draw with cool, quiet, high-headed dexterity which served to vanquish in fashion quite signal a list of competitors who on the whole offered less difficult problems than those whom his father had been called upon to meet.

**I**N THE semi-finals both had opponents whom on form they should have beaten and whom, actually, as a matter of fact, they did beat. So it was to be father against son for the state trophy and the thrill of the impending event and the implied drama of it was by no means lost upon the enthusiasts of an appreciable section of the country. The golfing writers of the great dailies neglected the sentimental values no less than the sporting aspects involved and altogether it seemed that no state championship issue had ever before excited furore so general or so keen.

Only in the Comerford home where the two principals sat at dinner on the eve of the title round was there an absence of all those elements that impart anticipatory enjoyment to a climatic sporting contest. Comerford was silent; he had had a hard time beating his man and the spell of contest seemed not to have departed from him. And his son had never been so detached, so formally courteous to Comerford, so smilingly reticent when his mother sought to break the atmosphere.

Suddenly she pushed back her chair a little and sat up very straight. Graciousness, quiet amiability, utter charm, were characteristics of this beautiful woman, but now her piled up mass of fair hair seemed to flash and quiver with emotion and her gray eyes were hard, brilliant, angry.

"Look here, you two," she said, "this nonsense has got to stop and it is going to stop right now. I've put up with it as long as I intend to. Do you understand, both of you?"

"Oh mother, be yourself." Junior glanced at her with a deprecatory smile. His father took his cigar from his mouth but said nothing. He knew his wife and he was well aware that this was the time for the discreetest sort of silence.

"Junior, quiet." She eyed both men in scornful silence for a moment. "So," she said, "this is what golf does! You two love each other of course. Yet nothing has occurred in this house in the past week that

wouldn't make almost anyone believe that you hated—yes hated—"

"Mary—"

"Don, silence. I am speaking. I want all this to stop. I know about you, Don. I understand. You've been worried about your game falling off and you've just concentrated upon building it up, just as you go in for anything when you've set your mind upon accomplishment. I know you are bent upon showing Junior you're not an old man yet, but I realize that mainly you want to prove that to yourself. That is so, isn't it?"

As her husband made no reply she went on:

"I know you well enough to know that if you played well, played a satisfactory game, you wouldn't care one mite if Junior played better and were to beat you. In fact you would be proud, delighted. I know all about you and your big father's heart. Don't tell me." Her voice had grown poignant. "I don't suppose our boy here has the faintest idea what I'm talking about. But he will some day when he has a boy of his own."

She rose and came to Comerford, slipping an arm about his shoulder.

"Don, do something for me, will you? Take your cigar and coffee and go out of here, to your study, the verandah, somewhere, like a dear. Junior and I are going to have a little talk."

"Not now, mother, please. Some other time." Junior rose, looking at her sulkily.

"You sit—down." Before her haughty, imperious eyes, Junior quailed into his chair. "Thank you, Don." She touched her husband lightly upon the shoulder as he suddenly rose and started for the door. When he had gone she came to her son, drawing a chair to his side, leaning forward, resting both hands upon his knee.

"Junior! Junior!" Her head was slowly shaking, a sad little smile playing about her lips.

"Mother, for the love of Mike!" He shifted uneasily.

"Junior," she said, "do you think you've been playing the part of a man of late? If you do, I don't. I don't recall when you've been quite such a small boy since you put on long trousers."

"Humph."

"IT'S true, Junie dearest. Let me tell you something. Do you know where your father was when you played in that club final?"

"In New York, of course."

"Dear boy, he wasn't in New York. I happen to know—your dad doesn't know I know it, but I do—I happen to know he trailed the gallery through the last nine holes with a pair of field glasses."

She waited a moment and then as Junior did not speak she went on.

"You know that little room, adjoining ours. That used to be your bedroom, you remember. Every night your father, before he gets into bed goes into that room. Why? Just because a little boy that he loved used to sleep there. You know he's never let that old crib of yours be moved

(Continued on page 48)

## Here Begins the Story of the Best-loved and Most Successful Figure in Baseball To-day

### The Story of "Robbie" (Wilbert Robinson)

Told by  
W. O. McGeehan



From His Start as a  
Raw Semi-Pro,  
Through His Career to  
the Presidency of a Major  
League Baseball Club

CAPTAINS of men are made by various traits. Many of them are drivers. Some of them are leaders. The latter are the happier. Of these the most distinctive type is Wilbert Robinson, president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, the best beloved of all the leaders of the game we call the National Pastime.

There is no doubt that Wilbert Robinson is the greatest success in baseball. There have been professional baseball players who, perhaps, have reached greater heights outside the game. The success of Wilbert Robinson has been all in the game. Just about half a century of professional baseball finds him sitting a magnate among the magnates at the council and loved and respected by them all.

Even greater than all of this, Wilbert Robinson comes nearer than anybody I ever have known to being a contented man. The capacity for contentment and happiness was born in him just as was his capacity for real leadership. No matter what walk of life Wilbert Robinson had chosen he would have been a captain of men and a beloved captain. He still likes that title best, "Captain."

To gather some of the material for this biography of Wilbert Robinson I journeyed to the Dover Hall Club near Brunswick, Georgia, where Wilbert Robinson has been wintering for the past eight years. There he foregathers with such cronies as Col. Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, former half owner of the Yankees, Bill Pipp, father of Walter Pipp, the baseball player, Harry Busick and others.

"In the summer I like to be busy with baseball," Wilbert Robinson told me. "In the fall and winter I like to hunt. So I keep busy with baseball in the summer and in the fall and winter I hunt." Wilbert Robinson, you see, has the good sense to adjust his life to the formula that suits him. That is why he is a contented man.

I will try to give a picture of Wilbert Robinson, the big-league club president in repose, as he started the reminiscences from which this biography is sketched. He was back from a quail hunt over the Dover Hall Club preserves, booted and in a canvas hunting jacket with a peaked hunting cap pushed back on his head.

As he started to talk, the dogs of the place, hearing his voice, started to gather on the porch. First came Grady, the deer hound, then Alabama Bill, the pointer, according to Robbie one of the best bird dogs in seven States. Visiting dogs from other plantations

joined the assemblage. Whenever Wilbert Robinson starts to talk the dogs and the children inevitably gather around, for his conversation is punctuated always with laughter that is free and genuine.

It brought back to me another picture of Wilbert Robinson a few years before. We had gone to the shooting lodge of his son-in-law, Mr. Frank Gunther, on South River, beyond Annapolis, Maryland. The place was cold and deserted when we arrived. But the active Wilbert Robinson soon had a log fire crackling in the fireplace and some appetizing odors coming from the kitchen.

There was a scratching at the door. "Open it," shouted Robinson, "it's one of my friends." In crept an apologetic mongrel dog. Robinson greeted him by name. In half an hour there were seven dogs of various breeds gathered near the fire. "There will be more to-morrow," said Wilbert Robinson. "They will be passing the news that I am at home."

I had declined with much firmness the invitation to rise early at the Dover Hall Club and go quail-hunting with Wilbert Robinson. That stout Nimrod is now nearly sixty-two years old, and last year he was very close to death, but he is the most active big man I ever knew. I went on one quail hunt with him in Maryland and thereafter decided that I would rather hunt with younger and thinner men.

Men who have passed sixty, especially when they are stout into the bargain, usually elect to sit and reminisce but not Wilbert Robinson. He always feels the urge to do something, especially when there are guns and dogs available.

"You should have been up," he said reproachfully. "I kicked up six coveys of quail. The place is full of them."

Despite the fact that he has been forced to wear glasses for the past few years Wilbert Robinson still has the same quick eye and the reflexes that once gave him a batting record that never has been broken, seven hits out of seven times at bat.

Once I lay with him in a double ducking

battery off Ocracoke in Pamlico Sound. They had to weight the battery heavily on my side to keep it on an even keel. There was a loud honking. Suddenly Robinson sprang to a sitting position. I merely watched. He emptied his automatic shotgun of the five shots, and at each report a wild goose dropped into the water.

Like a walrus splashing from an ice cake Wilbert Robinson plunged into the water up to his boot tops to recover his game shouting like a boy. That is why he understands those young baseball players because through all of his half-century in the game he has kept the big heart of a big boy. Only the young in spirit can understand the young and talk to them in the language they understand.

There is no guile in Wilbert Robinson but baseball guile, which is the guile of play. Among the baseball strategists he must be ranked with the foremost. While the Brooklyn baseball club was in desperate financial straits Wilbert Robinson won two pennants with what the experts called castoffs and recruits.

It was partly strategy and partly handling men. Wilbert Robinson knew how to impart the wisdom of big-league baseball to the busher. Best of all he knew how to put heart into the veteran from whom other managers had taken the heart. This is a gift that is godlike. The success of Wilbert Robinson was not achieved by the tearing down of the work of others and the shouldering aside of those who might have stood in his way. He won his way upward by carrying others along with him and gained as high a place in his game as any player through the trust and affection of the men who knew him.

THERE are names in baseball that may sound bigger but to me it would seem that Wilbert Robinson player, captain, manager and baseball president represents the true spirit of the game—at least the spirit that is claimed for it. The Orioles will be remembered as long as the game lasts as the greatest of the baseball teams. Time will show that Wilbert Robinson, the roundest and the squarest of the Old Orioles is the greatest of the ball-players when all of the evidence is weighed.

Sitting on the porch of the main house at the Dover Hall Club Wilbert Robinson lighted his pipe and tilted back his chair. Alabama Bill, the pointer, drew near and rubbed his muzzle against one of his pudgy

knees. Wilbert Robinson looked north across the pines. His eyes twinkled.

"In one way," he began, "not a thing has changed in fifty years. Excepting, of course, I am a grandfather a few dozen times. Fifty years ago I wanted to be a baseball club president and manager. I was. That is all that I am to-day. You might say that I haven't made a bit of progress in fifty years, though I have moved around a whole lot and met a lot of ball-players."

Then Wilbert Robinson began to reminisce over what poor old Charles H. Ebbets might have called the infancy of baseball. Alabama Bill, the pointer, listened most attentively and thumped the floor with his tail when his master laughed.

**WILBERT ROBINSON** was born at Hudson, Mass., on June 29, 1864. At that time baseball was decidedly in the experimental stage. Major Abner Doubleday, who invented it, was still wearing the blue of the Union Army. William Muldoon was just embarking on his career as a professional wrestler.

Young Wilbert was the youngest son of the village butcher. His playmates called him "Billy Fish," for every boy in Hudson had to have a nickname. Little Wilbert, always strong and pudgy, used to help out the family business by delivering the fish from the market on Fridays.

By the time Billy Fish had attained the ripe age of twelve years baseball had come to Hudson and the nearby towns. Hudson had its baseball team and the three older brothers of Billy Fish were members of the nine. They had uniforms and everything and they played nines from the towns near Hudson every Sunday.

Billy Fish frequently forgot his deliveries watching the older boys at practice. He would lurk in the outfield and help retrieve fly balls in the batting practice. The price of a baseball represented a considerable sum in those days and the big boys of the team encouraged this sort of aid from the smaller fry.

It was while he was lurking in the outfield that Billy Fish caught his first fly ball. One of the members of the team said, "Bully, Billy Fish" or something of the sort. This emboldened young Wilbert Robinson. "Couldn't I learn to play?" he asked.

There were loud guffaws from the elder brothers, regular members of the team. "Go on, Billy Fish," advised the eldest of the Robinson boys. "Don't talk foolish. You're only a kid. Go on and deliver your fish."

There is nothing like the scorn of the elder brother for the younger. It cut young Billy Fish to the quick. But also it fired him with ambition and determination.

That night Billy Fish called a meeting of his gang, the much younger set of Hudson in the lot behind the tannery and laid his daring and ambitious scheme before them. Wilbert Robinson at the age of twelve was leading a revolt of youth against the big boys. He was organizing his own baseball team.

Insurmountable difficulties seemed to intervene. Obviously they needed uniforms. The financial situation was deplorable. Reports were made as to the contents of the various tin banks of the younger set. Shortage of ready cash was depressing. Also some of the tin banks were in the custody of parents who might not wish their offspring to invest in such a dubious business as baseball.

"Well, we'll have to take up suss-

scriptions," said Billy Fish. It was necessary to define the term to many members of the gathering. When it had been duly explained the whirlwind campaign began.

Even as a boy Wilbert Robinson must have had that persuasive manner with him for by Saturday night a sum deemed adequate for the enterprise was raised. Wilbert Robinson headed the committee that purchased sufficient blue flannel for the making of uniforms. A dozen mothers of Hudson, Mass., were busy with extra sewing for a week.

The equipment consisted of two baseballs and one bat. The name of the team was forced upon it by Billy Fish. It was called "Our Boys." Young Billy Fish had thought up this cognomen as part of his appeal while pleading for "suss-scriptions."

The executive end of the business was taken care of in a peremptory fashion. "I thought this all out," said Billy Fish. "So I will be the president, the captain, the manager and, oh yes—the pitcher." From the start of the game every boy who has played wanted to be the pitcher.

"Our Boys" found their own vacant lot on which to lay out a baseball field. There were plenty of vacant lots in Hudson in those days. They indulged in secret practice for some time. Then the great challenge was sent to the boys of South Acton, Mass. More financing was required here. It was Wilbert Robinson's first game. Up to that time he had been a simon pure amateur excepting in the matter of shooting marbles "for keeps."

But the boys of South Acton insisted on playing for ninety cents a side. This meant that each member of "Our Boys" would have to contribute a dime to risk on the game in order that Hudson would not be shamed. Billy Fish put in twenty cents. This magnificent gesture was the means of raising the purse for the winners' end to two dollars. Thus did Wilbert Robinson become a professional athlete at the tender age of twelve years.

"Our Boys" of Hudson went to South Acton in style. Billy Fish wheedled an idle express wagon and a team of horses out of the town livery stable keeper. The team, splendid in the new blue flannel uniforms, piled into the wagon on straw. Billy Fish, the manager, captain, etc., drove. This may or may not have been the forerunner of the custom of baseball teams driving to the ball parks in busses.

It was Billy Fish's own idea. The team should travel with pomp and ceremony. Many a time after that Wilbert Robinson rode into hostile territory with other teams. He is one of the old ball players who always will regret the abandonment of the pageant-like ride to the ball park. But the constabulary of many cities would be greatly annoyed if it ever happened to be renewed.

In South Acton a surprise awaited "Our Boys" and not a pleasant one. The South Acton team turned out to be composed of very mature juveniles. In fact the average age of the South Acton athletes was a trifle greater than that of even the "Big Team" of Hudson of which the elder brothers of Wilbert Robinson were members. But there was no turning back and there was no disposition to turn back on the part of the dauntless Captain of "Our Boys" of Hudson. The stakes were posted and the game began.

I regret to record here that the first game ever captained, managed, presided and pitched by Wilbert Robinson was lost. I further regret to report that President Robinson of the Brooklyn Baseball Club presented two alibis for President Wilbert Robinson of "Our Boys" of Hudson, Mass.

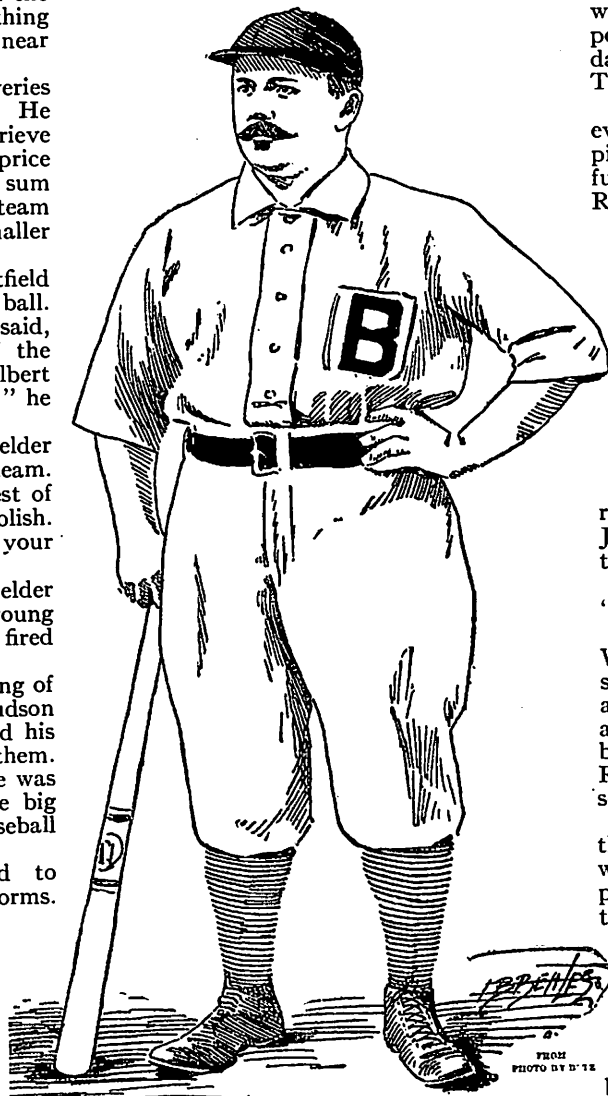
"They were grown-up farmer boys and they had their own umpire," said President Wilbert Robinson. The score of the first game was, South Acton 14, Our Boys, 6.

The ride back started rather dejectedly. The treasury of "Our Boys" was entirely depleted. But Capt. Wilbert Robinson rallied his despondent men and they returned to the livery stable singing that John Brown's Body Lay A-Mouldering In the Grave But His Soul Went Marching On.

"OUR Boys" continued to play baseball together for several years. As President, Wilbert Robinson, saw that there was some shifting needed. He consulted with himself as manager and decided that there was another boy on the team who would be a better pitcher. Consequently Wilbert Robinson the manager sent Wilbert Robinson, the pitcher, into the outfield.

An outfielder possessing the qualifications that were Wilbert Robinson's at the time was very essential to a baseball club of the period playing under the rules then in existence. Despite his pudginess Wilbert Robinson always was fast on his feet. Moreover as a boy he was a great catch-as-catch-can wrestler. You will see the point when I explain.

In most of the games in which "Our Boys" participated there was just one baseball available. If that ball happened to be lost the game ceased automatically and therefore came to no decision what-



Captain Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles, from an old newspaper drawing

soever. This gave opportunity for a bit of strategy that was not ethical, perhaps, but highly effective in saving the faces of "Our Boys."

When the game went into the ninth with "Our Boys" trailing and no prospect of a rally, they would get the ball to Wilbert Robinson in the outfield. Wilbert Robinson would take to the great open spaces of Massachusetts with the opposition in full cry after him. When they caught Wilbert Robinson, which did not happen frequently, the problem was to hold him or to retrieve the baseball. It never was solved.

**H**IS success in this branch of baseball almost changed the career of Wilbert Robinson. For a while he was ambitious to become a professional wrestler. That sport was quite popular at the time and Wilbert Robinson was the champion of Hudson. "But," as he remarked, "Hudson was not such a big place."

It was while he was playing in the outfield for Hudson that Wilbert Robinson made the greatest catch of his career. A long fly ball was hit out to center field. Robinson saw that it would clear the fence. He sprinted back and rolled over the barrier to the lot beyond. The batter started running in leisurely fashion around the bases.

Presently Wilbert Robinson rolled back across the fence into the ball grounds with the ball in his hands. "I got it," he cried. There was some derisive laughter from the opposition. Wilbert Robinson paid no heed to that. He threw the ball to first base doubling a player there.

Then the argument started. Both sides gathered around the umpire menacingly. In the midst of the dispute the town blacksmith came up to the battling groups and waved his hand for silence. Blacksmiths in those days always had the best reputation for truth and veracity. The Blacksmith of Hudson was no exception to the rule.

"Wait a minute," said the stalwart Blacksmith of Hudson. "I saw this Billy Fish hop over that fence and he caught that ball on the fly. It was a fair catch and I can lick any man who says that it wasn't."

The angry disputants calmed down immediately. "Well, if you say so, Jim," said the umpire, "it must be so. The side is out, and that is all there is to it."

"As a matter of fact," Wilbert Robinson told me after pledging himself to tell nothing but the truth for the purposes of this biography. "I really did catch that ball. Of course, if I hadn't I'd have claimed it to my dying day. You know that claiming is one of the first principles of the game."

It was the managerial instinct that induced Wilbert Robinson to play his real position, that of catcher. From this position he could best direct the team of which he was the Pooh Bah. Besides all of the other catchers of the team were more or less disabled. You must remember that at this time the catcher's mask, the shin guards and the chest protector had not even been dreamed of.

Billy Fish was the toughest boy in Hudson, physically, of course. It was up to him. The only precautions a catcher of the period took was to hold a bit of rubber between his teeth. Otherwise a fast ball might incapacitate him from enjoying his food. Black eyes and broken fingers were common injuries in every game.

Young Wilbert Robinson worked out for the position with system and

thoroughness. He erected two posts in the back lot and stretched a piece of rope between them at about the average height of a bat. He got anybody to pitch to him. The rope when hit simulated a foul tip and it was by this system that Robinson trained his eye.

When help was plentiful he would have one boy standing on an imaginary second base. He would catch and throw for hours at a time. To-day Wilbert Robinson has a remarkable pair of hands for a catcher of the old school. The fingers are not twisted. The tip of one finger is missing as the result of an infection incurred in the line of baseball duty. But the hands are not gnarled. This is due to Robinson's training on his own system.

The great moment for "Our Boys" came when they challenged the big team to play for the championship of Hudson, Mass., and the challenge was accepted. The game was played in the twilight, for the members of the older team could not take the time off for such an unimportant affair as trouncing the younger brothers.

"Our Boys" went to bat first and the side was retired. Then an accident happened to the catcher of the grown-up team, one of his fingers was broken by a foul tip and the team had but one catcher. It looked as though the game would have to end there.

But the Blacksmith of Hudson had an idea. "Why not let Billy Fish catch for both sides?" he suggested. "He has better sense than to get his fingers broken."

The idea was seized upon as the only means of keeping the ball game going. Thus did Wilbert Robinson attain his baseball majority. At the age of sixteen he became catcher for the regular team of Hudson, Mass., and in celebration thereof, he indulged in his first chew of tobacco.

Wilbert Robinson, forced to catch faster pitching, indulged himself in protection to the extent of wearing a fingerless glove. Being a butcher boy and knowing the value of raw beef as a cure for bruises Wilbert Robinson devised the extra protection of carrying a piece of raw beef in the glove.

The status of the Hudson baseball club was about that of a semi-proteam of to-day. The members worked at various trades and picked up what they could playing baseball.



© J. G. HENNING

Robbie was the first catcher to stand close behind the batter throughout a game

The Hudson team of which Wilbert Robinson was a member was good enough to play several exhibition games with the Boston Club of the National League. Wilbert Robinson before he was twenty began to attract the attention of big leaguers not only for his work behind the bat but for his hitting and—strange as it may seem now—for his speed on the bases. He was recommended to the Haverhill Club which he joined in 1885.

Frank Seeley was one of the managers of the new club. One of the pitchers was a tall, handsome youth named John K. Tener. "He had wonderful speed," said Wilbert Robinson. "It was all that I could do to hold him because he was a regular Walter Johnson of the time." Later this pitcher became Governor of Pennsylvania and afterward President of the National League.

While Wilbert Robinson was with the Haverhill team the chest protector for umpires was invented. One of those contraptions was shipped to Robinson to be given a trial, Robinson put himself and the protector to an heroic test. Putting the protector on he stationed a pitcher in the box and commanded, "Now hit me in the middle with your fast one."

The pitcher took a long windup and did as he was told. His aim was accurate and it was almost half an hour before Robinson could get a full breath. "It doesn't work," he said when he was able to sit up. It was years before he would use a chest protector again. "You can't depend on those things," he declared.

**O**PPORTUNITY began to knock insistently for Wilbert Robinson. Arthur Irwin, afterward scout for the Giants, came to him with an offer of serious money. In fact Irwin offered Robinson the fabulous sum of \$1,500 a year to play with the Boston National League Club.

But Robinson was in no haste to leave Haverhill. The company was congenial and besides he was thinking once more of going in for professional wrestling. This sport was flourishing at the time and he had heard of collar-and-elbow wrestling men who were paid almost a thousand dollars for winning one match.

It was a pugnacious pig that discouraged Robinson from following in the footsteps of the illustrious William Muldoon. There was a picnic at Haverhill preceding a baseball game. One of the sports was catching the greased pig. The prize at this picnic was no infantile porker but a full-grown pig.

"The butcher boy ought to catch the pig," they said. This was a challenge to Wilbert Robinson, the former Billy Fish of Hudson. He determined to capture that pig for the honor of Hudson and the butchering trade.

The porker was turned loose with an especially heavy coating of grease. Several men made futile attempts to lay hands on it but the animal eluded all of them until Wilbert Robinson dashed up and caught the porker by one of its hind legs. Then the wrestling match started.

Haverhill was a sporting town and the betting started immediately. A person who bore Wilbert Robinson no good will shouted, "Five dollars even on the pig." The bet was taken immediately by a member of the Haverhill baseball club. In a few minutes about a hundred dollars in small sums was wagered on the contest.

The crowd started to cheer on the contestants. "Go it, pig," cried one



This group picture of the Orioles contains many familiar faces, reading from left to right: top row—McGraw, Amole, Hopper, Reitz, Keeler, Hughes; middle row—Doyle, Stenzel, Robinson, Clarke, Jennings; bottom—Nops, Pond and Kelley

of the factions. "Hold him, Butcher Boy," shouted the friends and backers of our hero.

In the struggle the pig upset Robinson but he held his grip on the hind leg. Robinson's nose was bleeding and the backers of the pig cried, "First blood for the pig." Still Robinson held firmly to the hind leg then twisted the pig to its back after the fashion of Gotch using the toe hold. Slowly the pig was succumbing and finally gave vent to a grunt that signified submission. The baseball club had roast pork and at the dinner Wilbert Robinson decided that there was no future in wrestling. He would stick to baseball as a career.

Then came the opportunity for real advancement. The Philadelphia Athletics offered Wilbert Robinson \$2,000 a year. This certainly was "serious money" for the time. Wilbert Robinson signed his first big league contract on the dotted line. The baseball world was his, he felt. He was a big leaguer among big leaguers. Hudson rejoiced over the success of the Butcher Boy.

The Blacksmith of Hudson was a proud man and took upon himself the airs of a prophet, "I always said that young Billy Fish would amount to something," he repeated.

IT was while he was playing with the Athletics that Wilbert Robinson started some revolutionary moves in the position of catcher. It was customary for the catchers to play back until it was necessary to come up to the plate in order to save wear and tear on their fingers not to speak of their eyes, their heads and various other portions of their anatomy.

Wilbert Robinson, a thinking athlete, had begun to study the opposing batters and was learning their weaknesses. He had

established a signal code with his pitchers. He could not signal for the balls he wanted pitched from a position too far behind the plate so he initiated the custom of playing up from the start of the inning.

It was regarded as a highly reckless thing to do. It just subjected Robinson to more chances of being injured. They predicted that he would not last long that way. But Robinson lasted the season with a very low average in the matter of black eyes received and without having any fingers broken. His initiative started all of the catchers playing up for the first pitched ball.

The long practice catching behind the clothes line when he was the Poo Bah of "Our Boys" at Hudson stood Robinson in good stead. He had a quick eye and his reflexes for catching had been developed to a consummate degree. Without a mask and with the thin glove he had absolute confidence even with the fastest and wildest pitchers in the box. He knew how to steady a pitcher. He still does. That was one of his greatest assets when he was a mere coach or manager.

He radiated confidence to the men in the box. They looked at Wilbert Robinson crouched there behind the plate, a broad and compact bulk. They seemed to feel that nothing could get by him and as a matter of fact very few fast balls did.

Robinson showed that he was more than a good catcher and an intelligent one. His keen quick vision made him also a great batter. Despite his bulk and apparent unwieldiness he was also a great base runner and was one of the most daring and successful base stealers among the Athletics. A catcher to-day with the qualifications Wilbert Robinson of the Athletics possessed certainly would be worth close to \$20,000 a

year to any big league baseball club.

It is not often that Wilbert Robinson is mentioned among the great catchers when they start to look back. That is because the achievements of Wilbert Robinson since he quit active playing overshadow even his work on the ball field. Only the musty records in the archives show what he could do when he was a catcher, and the records lack eloquence.

THE pitchers always interested Robinson most. Of the pitchers of the days he spent with the Athletics he admired three in particular, Arthur Cummings, Bobbie Mathews and Eddie Seward.

He gives Cummings credit for having pitched the first curved ball. There will be considerable dispute about this, but I hold by the memory and the judgment of Wilbert Robinson who knows more about pitchers and pitching than any man living.

There were those who doubted at first that there could be such a thing as a curved ball. I knew one old newspaperman who doubled in writing baseball and musical criticism. He confessed to me that for months he denounced the reports of curved balls as fakes and insisted that the curved ball was an optical illusion.

Finally they gave a demonstration and pitched one of the old "round house" curves between two posts set in the ground. "Then," said the old newspaperman, "I had to admit that I was wrong. I quit writing about baseball and specialized in musical criticism."

Mathews was a particular favorite of Wilbert Robinson. He was a little fellow, about the size of Dickie Kerr of the Chicago White Sox. He used to wear a huge

(Continued on page 76)



# My Chums, the Cops

By Gerald Beaumont

Drawings by Herb Roth

*If you've shot the heart from a killer;  
When you've clamped your cuffs on a thief—  
Credit the trick to your captain,  
He'll chant the praise of the Chief!  
You're but the cop on the corner—  
Only the boob on the beat,  
The dyed-in-the-wool, blunderin' bull—  
Unsung slave of the street!*

—Canto of a Cop

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN was right: "A Policeman's lot is not a happy one!" Not by a long ways! Small wonder that natives of the Old Sod, who thrive on sorrows and brickbats, should turn naturally to the police force as a means of expression. Underpaid, unsung and unappreciated, the average cop has the woes of Ireland for a daily cross. And yet he manages to thrive under punishment, and even to see the funny side of his lot in life. As "Uncle Jim" Fogarty told me once: "All the City gives us is a job and a bit of crepe to put on our shields at funerals!"

Uncle Jim is right. Less consideration is accorded a cop and more is expected of him than in any other profession I can call to mind. And I am not overlooking military life, either.

The soldier goes forth to meet a known enemy. The Policeman is constantly menaced by an unknown and hidden foe. He is unaccompanied to his work by martial strains to excite his emotions, quicken his pulse and stimulate his courage. The soldier, in a moment of crisis, obeys the orders of experienced commanders. The policeman is frequently compelled to act alone and quickly in the midst of great confusion. He is expected to show the qualities of a Blackstone and a Sherlock Holmes, and to serve as judge with everyone talking to him at the same time. If he errs one way departmental discipline awaits him; if he errs another way he runs the danger of a personal suit for damages. The law backs him only in the performance of his legal duty, and he must prove that it was his legal duty. He has to contend with inexperienced commissioners and impractical statutes, and is frequently given the right to neglect to enforce unpopular and obnoxious laws. The Government demands of him a higher code of conduct and morality than of other citizens, and at the same time exposes him to temptation of every kind. The lazy, monotonous routine of the police officer's life is only occasionally enlivened by the spice of danger, and when danger comes it is without warning.

The soldier has his furloughs; the police officer, whether in uniform or out of it, is *always* on duty. On the battlefield, the soldier knows how his enemy fights and is usually ready for an attack. But the policeman is a peace officer and must not appear warlike. He cannot accost citizens, pistol in hand, yet sometimes an accost is followed by a shot.

A very dear friend of mine—a patrolman on the New York force—a fine fellow with a charming wife and three small children, was walking along his beat one afternoon

when he saw a large touring car drawn up at the opposite curb. The machine corresponded with the description of a car that had been reported stolen. But, of course, there was always the possibility of an error, so the officer, without any appearance of belligerency, crossed the street and accosted the driver pleasantly. The reply was a shot, and the officer dropped with a bullet straight through his heart. The car sped away, and one more "harness bull" had laid down his life on the altar of public safety. Such incidents are all too common in the lives of police officers. They come from the walks of life's humble classes, fraternize with them, and get their troubles from the poorer classes. Occasionally, public homage is paid a cop, but it is usually when it is too late for him to know about it.

THE little town bloomed on the main highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and it had grown to the point where it had become necessary to have a traffic officer at the intersection of the two principal streets. So, they gave

the job to Officer George Weston, very heavy of shoulder and very red of face.

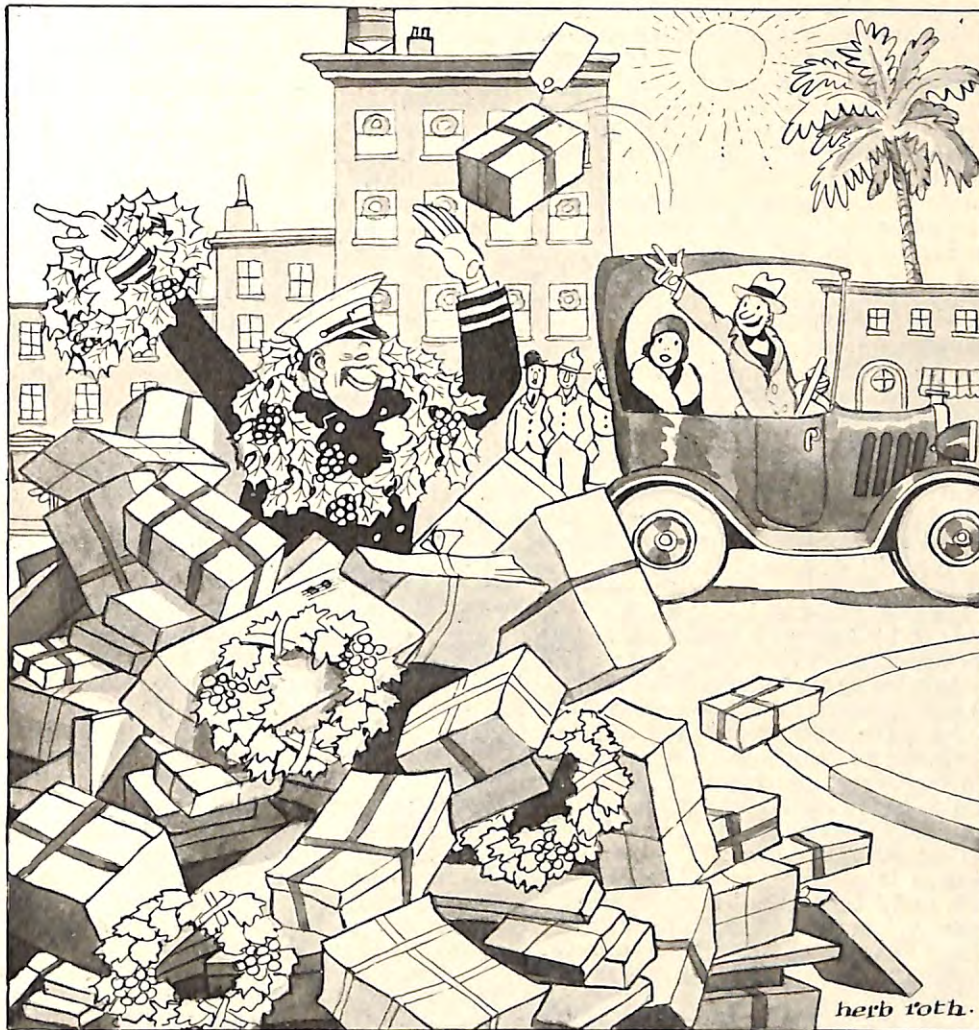
Everybody in town knew George. The citizens had a lot of good-natured fun kidding him on the first day when he showed up with a white helmet, an umbrella and a portable stand. He took great pride in his job, and truth to tell the town took a lot of pride at first in George. His presence marked a new era in the town's development, just like the construction of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and the new marble front on Schmaltz's butcher shop.

Day after day, Officer Weston stood there in the blazing sun, solemn and officious, safeguarding pedestrians and directing the flow of motor vehicles. After a while, the citizens took George as a matter of course. He was no longer a novelty. They stopped kidding him; they stopped talking about him. He was too familiar an object to command any interest. And George, anxious to retain friendships, grew less officious and more lenient. Presently, they were abusing his kindness and ignoring his orders.



The invariable ending of Officer Fogarty's campaign of midnight trysts





By noon, Officer Cleabes was literally buried under a Yuletide avalanche

One morning, George failed to show up at his accustomed place of duty. Nor was anyone sent to take his place. The little "box" remained unmounted. People began to realize that something was missing from the picture.

"Where's old George?" they asked. "Wonder what's happened to that rough-neck? Didn't think anything could keep him off the street?"

The wave of questions ebbed and flowed until someone reported the truth. Officer Weston had given his last traffic signal. Alone and unwept, in his humble bachelor quarters, the town's pride had passed away quietly in his sleep.

"Well, well, well," they said. "Now, ain't that too bad. Why I seen him standing there yesterday. It don't seem possible that the old boy will never mount that box again."

A little girl—a school child that had watched for George's signals many a morning, darted out into the street and dropped a single marguerite where her hero had been accustomed to stand. This act was observed by Schmalz, the butcher, who hurried over to the florist shop and came back carrying a huge spray of white carnations. Within the space of two hours, there was a pile of flowers in the middle of the street four feet high, and the tribute was still mounting.

ALL afternoon, that sweet scented mound marked the presence of the Spirit of the Law. Pedestrians waved to "George" as they passed by, and motorists, obeying unseen traffic signals, came to a full stop, and then proceeded cautiously in deference to the man who was no longer there

I like to think of a similar tribute that was paid to the living, and for all I know it is a custom that is still going on.

Los Angeles, which cultivates assiduously the tourist crop, has more strangers and motor cars to the square inch than any city in the world, bar none. Consequently, its traffic problems are particularly hard to solve. Down town Los Angeles around noon time is the rarest example of civic indigestion I have ever seen. Every state in the Union is represented by automobile licenses to be seen on the main thoroughfares, and every driver has his own idea about traffic rules. The general result can be imagined but not described.

But I don't think any city in the world boasts traffic police who are so uniformly patient and good-natured and courteous, and the flower of the force is Officer Charles H. Cleabes, known far and wide as "Smiling Charlie."

Three officers wilted with nervous prostration before the police authorities finally stuck "Smiling Charlie" right in the center of the maelstrom and forever afterwards breathed easier.

So many letters of commendation were received from natives and tourists, that headquarters was compelled to adopt a form letter for acknowledging tributes to this man's winning personality.

Traffic may be tied up tighter than the Devil's hatband, but "Smiling Charlie" never loses his courteous composure. That smile of his, that cheery "Morning, Brother!" the light touch of his cap to a nervous feminine driver, accomplishes miracles every moment in the day.

Last Christmas morning, his first feast-day on the post, it seemed that everyone

in Los Angeles had remembered "Smiling Charlie." The first car to which he signalled when he reported on in the morning slowed up as it passed him and its occupant tossed out a small package with a cheery "Merry Christmas." This was the first of hundreds, and by noon, Officer Cleabes was literally buried under a Yuletide avalanche. A police truck had to be sent to his relief, so that the pile could be cleared away, at least sufficiently for his signals to be seen.

He is at his best when escorting timid elderly ladies across the street. He is stationed almost in front of the largest hotel in the city, and the management and patrons of that hostelry regard him as the best part of the service.

"UNCLE JIM" FOGARTY shattered a lot of my pet illusions concerning cops.

Jim is a street man, by choice—a magnificent specimen from the Old Sod, built on the general principles of a battleship. His hair is white now, and his "dogs" are giving out, due to thirty years of service on the San Francisco police force.

Here, I thought, is a man who must have seen it all. So I demanded to know how many desperate thugs he had been compelled to kill, suggesting that the gruesome details might be valuable to a fictionist.

"Me?" protested Jim. "Say, how do you get that way. I never shot at a man in my life."

"You didn't?"

"No, I didn't! I'm a peace officer. Why should I go around pluggin' people? Now, if you was to ask me about raisin' dahlias or buildin' cabins you'd come near to my heart. I've got the classiest little shack in Marin County—built it on Sundays with my own hands and—"

"Wait a minute," I protested. "I want to write cop stories. I don't care anything about flowers and summer cabins. I want some gun play. What's the idea of packing that cannon under your coat if you never use it?"

"'Tis part of the regulations," sighed Jim. "Twelve pounds of equipment, and it feels like forty pounds to an old man at the end of the day. But I remember once that I fired a shot and it cost me twenty dollars, damn the luck!"

"How was that, Jim?"

Fogarty grinned ruefully. "'Twas long ago. I tried to hold out twenty bucks on the missus. She had a woman's way of going through my pockets at night, so I thought it might be a good idea to hide the yellow-back in the barrel of my gun. I was mistaken."

"She found it, did she?"

"She did not! 'Twas such a grand hiding place that I forgot about it myself. And the next mornin' we was called in for target practice at headquarters. Holy Mother! Take my word for it, lad, I stepped up to the range, flicked the old barrel over, and let go, blowin' that damn twenty dollar bill into nawthin' at all. I ain't fired a shot since, and I'm damned if I ever will!"

I had to go to others to learn the truth about "Uncle Jim" who is one of the best loved and most respected men on the force. He is upright, loyal and absolutely without fear. In his younger days he was assigned to duty in the Bernal Heights district, ruled by the famous "Forty Strong" gang, which boasted that no cop had ever lasted more than a month in their territory.

The result was the most brilliant single-handed campaign ever conducted by a

young cop for the glory of Ireland and his own pleasure. Hostilities extended over a period of six months, during which Officer Fogarty employed no weapons save those with which he had been endowed by nature. His plan of battle was superbly simple. He learned the address of each member of the gang, and night after night he selected a different doorstep on which to wait patiently. Thus he caught them alone, one at a time, when he was off duty, and secured to himself the advantages of a fair fight with no interference. These nocturnal battles always ended the same way. Officer Fogarty, breathing heavily, rang the doorbell, and announced to whoever answered the summons: "Here's your game cock. Lend a hand while I carry him in."

His injunction to every defeated gladiator was the same: "Hereafter when you pass me on the street, see that you touch your hat, and say: 'How d'ye do, Mr. Fogarty!' If you should forget it by any chance, I'll be waiting on your doorstep when you come home."

Many the trap that was laid for the young officer but he avoided them all, and day after day and night after night, he kept the enemy divided, assuming the aggressive when it was least expected.

"Big Mike," a tin-eared gentleman of pugilistic persuasions, was leading the Forty Strong gang in those days. Eventually, by tacit agreement, the campaign was permitted to climax in a man-to-man encounter between Fogarty the Cop and Mike the Mauler. The battle was scheduled for a Saturday afternoon, and calling cards had been duly exchanged and approved. But, Mike couldn't stand the strain of waiting. He imbibed long and deeply from the cup that maddens, and on the afternoon before the scheduled conflict, he took possession of a Mission street car, routed the passengers with a baseball bat, and proclaimed himself Rex Imperator.

The conductor went searching for the nearest cop, and Fate ordained that it should be Officer Fogarty.

"Well, well, well!" said Jim, "'Tis a fine afternoon! I'll be obliged if you hold my cap and my watch, and here's my whistle. Don't blow it, unless you're sure that I'm quite dead."

The officer went tip-toeing toward the street car where the reincarnated spirit of Brian Boru was howling for more worlds to conquer. Big Mike spotted his approaching enemy, and emitted a whoop of joy.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Fogarty!" said he, and let fly with the bat.

According to the best available records of Bernal Heights the combat lasted an hour and a half and the field of battle covered a matter of fifteen city blocks. Progress was slow and painful. Two picket fences were demolished en route. Fogarty declined to resort to his revolver, nor did he signal for help. Big Mike was equally courteous and gallant. A dozen times, the officer had his burly opponent where he wanted him, but he couldn't quite put Big Mike *hors de combat*, and each time that he reached for his handcuffs, the gang leader squirmed loose and walloped the officer's unprotected jaw. Nevertheless, the tide of battle was flowing unmistakably toward the side of law and order. The ever-increasing crowd of men and boys trailed along joyously, and for the first time in history Bernal Heights began to show some appreciation for police training.

"Dollar on the Cop!" they yelled. "Fight him, Fogarty! Down low, big boy—down low! 'Atta baby! One more in the kitchen, and you can ring for the wagon!"

Big Mike made his last stand in a vacant lot with his back to a brick wall, and here Fogarty delivered the coup-de-grace, a sledge hammer swing that sounded like the rap of an axe on an empty cask. Down went the leader of the Forty Strong gang, and almost like magic police uniforms bloomed amongst the spectators, proving that the Mission Station had heard all about it, and had been prepared for action should the need arise.

That was many years ago. Bernal Heights is a very peaceful neighborhood now, and "Uncle Jim" is a gentle, white-haired veteran with a comfortable day beat in the financial district where he can call every newsboy and bank president by his first name.

THE advent of the traffic officer has made tremendous difference in the attitude of the public toward the police department.

There was a time not so long ago when foolish mothers used to frighten their children by telling them: "If you're naughty, the policeman will take you away from Mamma and lock you up!"

As a result, many a lost child was frightened into hysterics when taken in charge by an officer. Little ones, generally, looked upon a policeman in fear and trembling.

Captain William Lasner of the Baltimore

police force was one of the first to recognize the criminal folly of implanting in the hearts of the young a fear of the very men to whom children should turn naturally for protection. Through newspapers and from lecture platforms he pleaded for a better understanding of the functions of a police officer. He pointed out that they were nearly all family men, warm-hearted and human, and that there was a natural bond between a police officer and a child.

But not until the school crossing cop was developed to combat the hazards of automobile traffic, did parents begin to appreciate the value of the "kiddies' best friend." Now, everything is changed. In every city in the union, at the hours when children are going to and from school, you can see the sun-baked soldiers of the street reveling in a rôle that they love. And how the children adore them! I know one crusty old bachelor who is the guardian angel of five hundred children at a crossing where six streets come together like the points on a star. He works all alone, nervous and worried as an old hen, and with the perspiration streaming from his crimson countenance. He knows every youngster by the first name, and you can hear him bellowing at them for two blocks. He is always threatening to resign and yet everyone knows that he wouldn't trade jobs with Calvin Coolidge. He goes regularly to night school so that he can answer the questions that his little friends ask him at recess time. Those children are growing up with a wholesome respect for the law.

No one loved his job more than John Henry Colen, gray-haired member of the Bush Street station in San Francisco. For years they used to call him "Sailor Jack" because he had followed the sea most of his life, and he was fond of nautical terms. When they stationed him on Van Ness Avenue for traffic duty, he sometimes forgot himself and yelled at passing motorists: "Port your helm, blast ye!" "Steady all!" or "Hard a starboard!"

Finally, as age began to tell on him, "Sailor Jack" was assigned to a pleasant berth at the Adams school, where the children promptly adopted him, vastly to his delight. Morning, noon and evening he piloted them "across the bar," a blue-coated lighthouse that could always be seen waving a friendly signal from the traffic "button" that marked the dangerous crossing.

There was always one sure way of getting Sailor Jack's "goat," and that was to

(Continued on page 74)

Big Mike made his last stand with his back to a brick wall





*Hijacking*  
in  
"12 Miles Out"

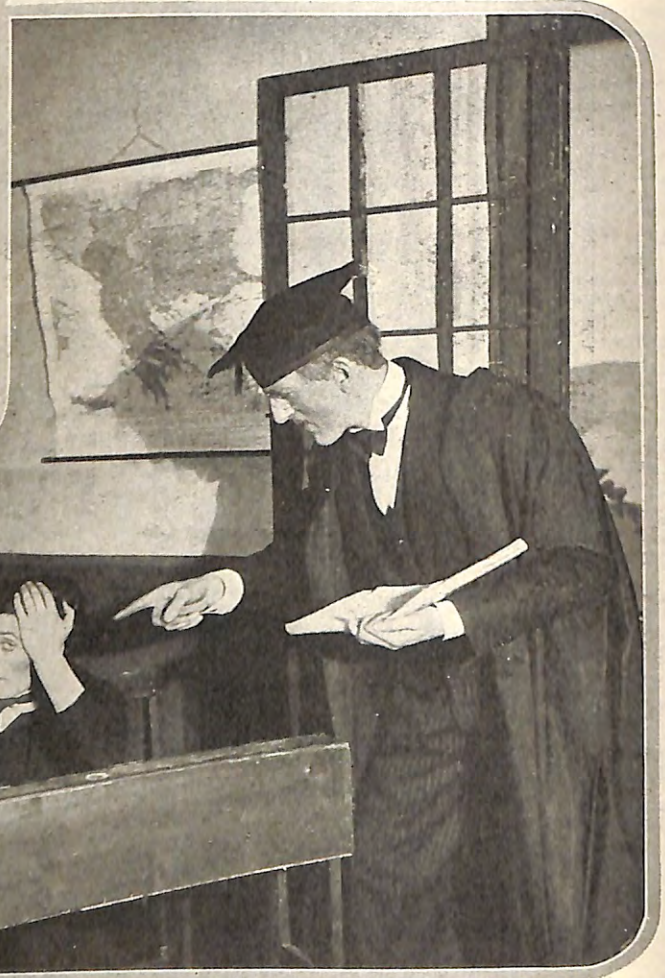
FLORENCE VANDAMM  
GONE are the picturesque freebooters of the Spanish Main, yet the swaggering melodrama lately from the pen of William Anthony McGuire bears witness to the fact that the romance of the high seas will not go from our midst so long as rum-runners gambol on our coast and hijackers prey upon their weaker bandit brethren. Here is a lovely damsel, Miss Mildred Florence, whom Warren William, rum-runner, comes to plunder and stays to rescue—first from the brutal hijacker, Frank Shannon, who carries them to sea, and then from her unheroic and unworthy husband—sometime after the final curtain.—E. R. B.

## Six Excellent Rea- Should Spend An Evening At



WHITE

No one on our stage can play the low comedy slavey more hysterically than Maude Eburne—on the floor above. In "Puppy Love," she plays Providence to the young lovers whose union is opposed by the other lady in the picture, the girl's mother. Spring Byington, who plays this rôle, has a mind to marry the gentleman who has his arm about her, and cannot easily be reconciled to the possibility of becoming a grandmother



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Above is a very English scene from a very English revue called "By the Way." In short, it is an interior view of a school cricket match as suffered through by two fans who are being punished after hours by Greek translation. Cicely Courtneidge, the younger enthusiast, displays in the course of the evening so rich a talent for both high and low comedy, as—coupled with the diversified talents of Jack Hulbert, the Master in this picture, plus an all-round good company—makes this a uniquely satisfying evening's entertainment



NICOLAS MURRAY

The Noel Coward repertoire which New York is enjoying this season now includes "Easy Virtue," in which Jane Cowl (left) is starred. Miss Cowl's performance and the sustained dramatic quality of the dialogue lend interest and a sense of freshness to the old tale of the woman whose past will not consent to stay buried

# sons Why You Occasional Winter The Theatre

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



NICKOLAS MURAY

This, the seventh edition of the Greenwich Village Follies, is perhaps a shade less extravagantly gorgeous and several shades funnier than previous editions. Chief among the fun-makers are Florence Moore, Tom Howard and Frank McIntyre; while Natacha Nattova and Jean Myrio (above) are the high lights among its dancers



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Above is Miss Frieda Hempel in her Jenny Lind costume. She has recently proved her ability to pack the concert halls of England and Scotland with as great facility as she did those of our own Southland on her even more recent tour of that territory. She is now singing in the Middle West



NICKOLAS MURAY

Claiborne Foster (right) is "The Patsy" heralded by the title of Barry Conner's play. She is most engaging as the younger sister, pessimistic about her attractiveness, who invests in a book of "Wise and Witty Sayings for All Occasions" to make her socially dazzling. An obvious but very human comedy is made appealing by Miss Foster's clever and convincing acting of a difficult rôle



Ina Claire  
 in  
 "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"

MISS CLAIRE is a comedienne in a thousand. But at the end of Frederick Lonsdale's play *A. E. Mathews*, the suave crook whose gang operates among the socially elect, bemoans his failure to make a good thief of her. Her brilliant playing finds a fitting foil in that of Roland Young, who must always be a thorn in the side of any but the most altruistic of playwrights because of his faculty for delivering clever lines with such a convincing air of authorship.—E. R. B.

## A Man's Wife May Be His Partner, But Sometimes Competition Brightens the Home

# Excuses for Competitors

By L. H. Bradshaw

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

DOROTHY CARTER recalled a water-color painting that hung on the wall of her parents' living-room, a reproduction that had been gratis with a special number of the Maiden's Home Comforter. It had always struck her as being a dainty depiction of a sad circumstance. The painting showed a breakfast-table, sunlit, in the bow-window of a cretonned room. Outside was a garden in midsummer. A young bride, looking exactly as Dorothy would like to look at breakfast time—blonde and very beautiful—tossing with an egg spoon; her young husband buried in the morning paper.

Mr. William Carter had practically promised her that no breakfast in their young lives would ever be celebrated like the morning meal in the picture. The sunlit table, yes; the garden in midsummer, quite likely; but the pensive bride and the man behind the newspaper, never!

Yet here was Bill Carter and the morning paper—he might be changing his clothes behind that screen of newspaper for all she knew! And here was Dorothy making bread pills, which was equivalent to toying with an egg spoon. Very deliberately and very adorably she called his attention to this tragic set of facts, and very obediently—for they had not been married long—he put aside the paper.

"Sorry," he said. "It shan't occur again, dear. It was really something interesting."

"But I hope," protested Dorothy, "that you'll continue to find me interesting for at least half an hour in the morning. You can read your paper on the train."

With his mouth nearly full he murmured that he could probably do this.

"I'll bet it's the Wall Street page."

"Correct," admitted Bill over the coffee. "But wasn't the last little flutter all right? Darned good, I should say. Cleared enough to give you the new clothes you wanted, got the—"

"Yes, darling, it was very good, and you were sweet and generous about it, but I just wasn't born a year ago yesterday. That was beginner's luck, Bill. A man makes money the first time and thinks he can do it over and over again. He can't. *You* can't."

Bill thought she was being bromidic, but did not say so. He concentrated on the stirring of his coffee.

"I know," continued Dorothy, "that you're as clever as can be in your own business. But you can't possibly know enough about the stock market to beat it when all those brokers and bankers admit that they can't. It was an immense relief to me when you sold that stock and—"

"Dot"—he interrupted a potentially long oration—"I know what I'm doing, dear. I'm not stock market mad or anything like that. I don't hang over a ticker all day long. I'm not such a fool as to think I can guess the daily ups and downs of prices. There's as much dif-

ference between the ordinary margin speculator and what I'm doing as there is between a pekinese and a police dog."

"Is there?"

"Of course there is. Two or three times a year, brokers will tell you, there is a chance to make a good turn in the market. A fellow gets the chance once in a while and he's a fool not to take it."

"Chance 'is right."

"Opportunity, then," he corrected.

"But, Bill, it isn't worth it. We aren't poor. We don't need much and what we do need we can get by saving. Suppose you make money once or twice this way, you'll get engrossed, the old newspaper will be out every breakfast time, you'll be worried, you'll eat too quickly, gulp your coffee—everything will be spoiled. And, Bill, you don't really earn the money you get that way. You don't *work* for it."

"But it's money just the same, isn't it? Mr. Marks, the grocer, doesn't wither you with a glance when you offer it to him, does he?"

"No, but it's a great deal more satisfactory to offer Mr. Marks money that has been earned by hard work."

Bill lit a cigarette and extinguished the match with elaborate care.

"My dear, like a lot of women you disapprove of the method but heaven knows you enjoy the results of it."

"The other time was great," she conceded.

"Just like a picnic, but I wouldn't like a steady diet of picnics. No, Bill, it's not the right way to get money." She assumed a pose which she knew that Bill had always admired.

"If you really want to please me you won't try to give me anything that has been obtained by taking chances and risking money in stocks."

"Darling," said Bill, gazing at her through cigarette smoke, "you are the personification of

health and beauty, and I would do anything for you—but you're a bit late."

Her eyes became exclamation marks.

"Bill! You mean you've bought some stock already?"

He nodded his head and looked at his watch.

"You have fifteen minutes, Bill. Tell me the truth about it."

"Well, it's like this"—why did he feel like a small boy whose toys were waiting for him in the garden outside?—"there is a pool operating in Amalgamated Radio and—"

"A what? A pool?"

"Yes, dear. It's quite refined. Nothing to do with a pool room, or watered stock." He beamed upon her. "Not that kind of a pool at all. This one is operating in Amalgamated Radio and they're going to put it up about ten points right away. I was told this in confidence by a fellow who is a great friend of one of the members of the pool. It's real inside information."

"WHO?" asked Dorothy, meaning, as Bill knew, the fellow who was a great friend of one of the members of the pool.

"Stafford."

There was no one whom Bill could have named, from the President downwards, who would get the approval of Dorothy.

"That little man with the small eyes! He looks like a ferret."

"Forgetting the zoology for the moment, Stafford is well thought of in the Street. He is one of the best posted men down there. His firm stands high. Anyway, darling, the pool have accumulated a lot of stock and are buying more. When they've got all they want, the glad tidings will come out."

"What glad tidings?"

"Good news about the company. An increase in the earnings. A large dividend to be declared. And so on."

"But if that's going to happen, why don't they spread the glad tidings now? Wouldn't that make people buy the stock?"

"Yes, but they don't want the public buying yet. What they want to do is to load up with enough stock now while the price is low, then shoot out the good news, and unload at a price ten points or more higher up, when the public begins to buy. See?"

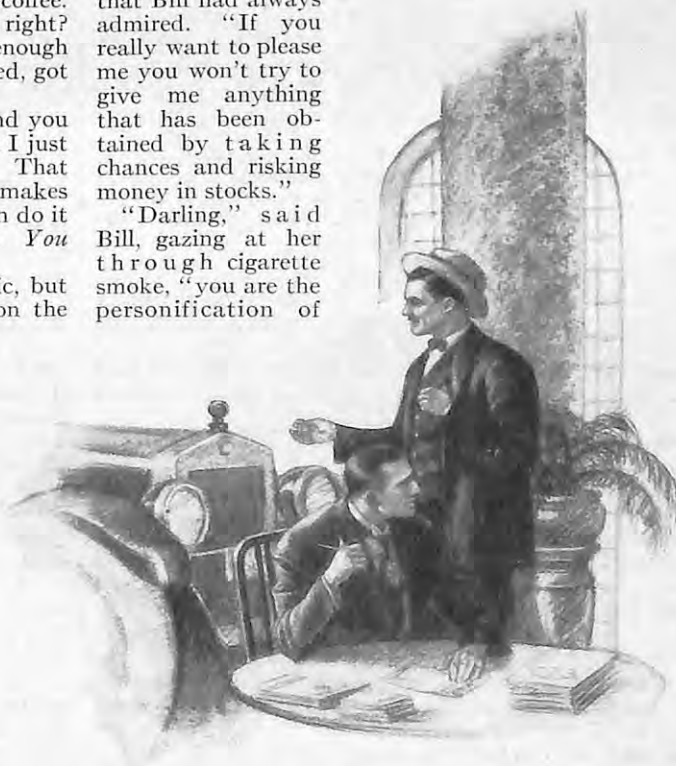
He rose and hummed a tune of satisfaction. He kissed his wife, but knew that he was kissing a frowning face.

"It doesn't sound right to me, this unloading higher up," she was saying while he kissed her. "It doesn't seem thoroughly honest. Bill, dear, just exactly what have you done?"

"Bought some Amalgamated Radio, of course. What do you think I would do with this information? Sell the stock short?"

"What is selling short?"

"The opposite of buying. You





buy to sell at a higher price. You sell short to buy at a lower price. You sell stock that you haven't got, and you make delivery by temporarily borrowing it."

"You sell short when you believe the price is going down, instead of up?"

"Exactly. Go to the head of the class. Even some brokers' wives—not meaning that brokers have many wives!—I should say, many a broker's wife after years of marriage doesn't understand short selling."

"How many shares of Amalgamated Radio have you bought, Bill? At what price?"

"A thousand shares at an average of 31; that's my average because I bought some slightly below and some slightly above. And now, darling—"

"Wait a minute. How much money has it cost you so far?"

"The usual ten-point margin. I've put up \$10,000. Stafford says that it's a sure thing for at least ten points. But I'm not going to be greedy. I've seen other men try to squeeze out the last dollar and wait too long. I'm going to sell when Radio,

*Carter dropped in at Kay & Winthrop's office to look at the quotations. The usual scene met his eyes. Men sat close to the ticker, smoking cigars. Their faces were set*

as they call it for short, hits 38. That will give me seven points profit—seven thousand bright and bouncing bucks, my darling, less commissions and interest."

Dorothy cogitated on the seven thousand bright and bouncing bucks as her husband prepared for departure.

"And then," he shouted from the hall, "I get that seven-passenger sedan." He returned, hat in hand, and addressed her from the threshold. "I've wanted to get it to please your serene highness ever since you admired the one you saw at the club. But there's no use just talking about it. You can't make trips into the country on conversation. Results are what count! Excuses for competitors! I made up my mind to seize the first good chance I got. This is it. Amalgamated Radio. Stafford. I took it."

"What if it doesn't go up to 38?" asked Dorothy. "Suppose it doesn't go up at all?

Suppose"—she became almost a contralto—"it goes down?"

"What suppositions for a sunshiny morning! Don't send me to the train with my pockets full of ideas like that! I'm off, honey—"

"One thing more, Bill. What's the price of Radio now? Show it to me in the paper."

He juggled the newspaper and his hat until finally the hat was on his head and the financial page spread out before her. He pointed to the stock prices of the preceding day.

"It finished at 31 3/8," said Dorothy.

"Closed," he corrected her expertly. "The three-eighths profit about covers my commissions already. See you to-night, darling."

"I suppose," she called to him as he reached the front door, "I couldn't persuade you to sell out to-day and drop the idea."

"Not a chance! Keep your mind on the sedan!"

And he was gone—in sunshine and Amalgamated Radio.

\* \* \* \* \*



In the smoking-car of the suburban train Bill resumed his study of the financial pages of his morning newspaper at the point where Dorothy had interrupted him. In the column devoted to short paragraphs headed "Chat On Change" he read with approval an item relating the increasing demand for radio sets and the greater earnings that might be expected for radio stocks, especially Amalgamated Radio.

He beamed on the countryside as it sped panoramically past the train window and felt grateful to the inhabitants for their purchase of radios. He saw a man on the roof of his humble home erecting an antenna; a stout man, rather too stout for the perilous job; Bill hoped he wouldn't fall off. He looked at all the roofs of all the houses and noticed with satisfaction that a large proportion of the tenants had risked life and limb exactly as the stout man was doing.

ARRIVING in the city, he went to his office and plunged into his work. What he had told Dorothy was true. Faced as he was by the opportunity of making some almost certain money in the stock market, he was not permitting it to absorb his attention unduly. He had heard a great deal of the unfortunate outcome of votaries of speculation, and he had made up his mind firmly that he would not become one of them. At the same time one eye flirted with the clock on the wall, and when the hands showed 10.20 he knew that the stock market had been "open" for twenty minutes, most of the active stocks would have enjoyed at least one transaction, and he telephoned to his brokers to ascertain what Radio was doing. It was at Kay & Winthrop's, members of the New York Stock Exchange, that Bill did his occasional and modest financial transactions.

Radio had opened a quarter of a point higher than the previous day's close and had appeared on the tape several times, the last sale being at 31¾. This was satisfactory, and for the next two hours Bill thought no more about it and gave his attention to business.

It was his custom on the days when he had no engagement for lunch to drop in at Kay & Winthrop's office to look at the quotations, hear the current market gossip and chat with the traders congregated around the ticker in the customers' room. This usually afforded a pleasant half hour or three quarters of an hour even when he had no direct interest in the course of the market. Now, with his important commitment in Radio, it became almost a necessity.

The usual scene met his eyes. Three men sat close to the ticker, smoking cigars. Their faces were set. In an adjoining room a cloth-covered table indicated that lunch had recently been finished. Seated in one of the leather chairs at the side, Mr. Winthrop was being shaved by the barber who called daily for the purpose.

"Morning," said Bill.  
"Hello," responded Winthrop, through the lather. "How are you?"

The question was merely rhetorical and not an actual desire for information as to the state of Bill's health, for in the next breath Winthrop remarked:

"Your Radio is up a half."

"Good," said Bill, advancing to look at the ticker over the shoulder of those seated around it. The tape flowed steadily, displaying the current quotations of the stocks representing the companies in the leading industries of the country, from steel to moving pictures, railroads to oil companies, shipping to food products. After watching it for a while Bill sat down in his favorite chair by the window and listened to the

conversation. To-day there was less than usual. One of those present was the veteran of Wall Street, the celebrated "Joey" Downs; a middle-aged man of ferocious expression which was offset by a cheerful smile which illuminated his features frequently. Downs was known to trade heavily in his favorite speculative stocks, sometimes to the extent of thousands of shares in a day; he also was something of a comedian, a comedian with a deep voice, and when the market was going his way he would break out into expansive bass comment.

"Three quarters for Baldwin!" he rumbled. "Atta baby! What did I tell you, you old cabbage, you?" he added graciously to the man next to him, who merely grunted; a white-haired, dignified man named Hartley who was taciturn by nature and monosyllabic in conversation.

"A thousand Steel at a half. Can thirty. Famous unchanged!" thundered Downs. It was an unwritten law that whenever one of the traders was being shaved, one of the group at the ticker would "call out the prices" to keep him informed. A great deal can happen on the Stock Exchange in a few minutes.

His shave concluded, Winthrop approached the group. Adjusting his glasses, he bent forward and watched the ticker intently.

"How's Cigar Stores?" inquired Downs as if asking him for a quotation.

"Strong. Cigars, Walter!" Winthrop called out in a louder tone. A boy appeared through the swinging door bearing a box of cigars, which were passed around.

"Study 35. Pan Pete B 66. Five hundred Radio at 33," chronicled the booming voice at the ticker.

Bill's heart jumped a little. His stock was more than a point higher than yesterday. He had a profit of over a thousand dollars

already. He thought of Dorothy and the breakfast talk. A thousand bright and bouncing bucks!

"Cooper 41. Gas 72. A thousand Sinclair at 18½. Steel unchanged. Radio 33¼."

"And no price for it," murmured Winthrop, looking at Bill with a faint but friendly smile. A smile from Winthrop was equivalent to a hearty laugh from Downs.

The voice at the ticker droned on. Prices were rising. Two o'clock came, all was well, and Bill returned to his office. Reading his evening newspaper as he went home, he was happy to see that Radio had closed at 34½. When he reached home he found Dorothy with the same newspaper open at the financial page. A thrill went through him. What a jewel she was! The wives of some of his friends were almost blatantly proud of the fact that they neither knew anything of business nor wanted to. Not so Dorothy!

"I see you had a good day," she exclaimed, kissing him. "It left off at 34½."

"Sure," he answered complacently. The cartoonist who draws the "grand and glorious feelings" has surely not overlooked the man who predicts a move in a stock and is found to be correct. "I told you it would be all right. The move has only begun. I wish I had the money to buy more."

"I'm glad you haven't!" said Dorothy.

They sat down to dinner. He cast around in his mind for the best way to unfold an idea that had occurred to him in the train. It had struck him, curiously enough, when passing the place where the stout man had been erecting his antenna. There were no indications of his having fallen off. Bill was glad of this, and for no reason at all suddenly remembered that Dorothy had a block of Liberty Bonds that had been left to her by an aunt recently. With the average man's dislike of even seeming to rely upon his wife for financial assistance, he had been content to regard them as entirely her property, to be drawn upon for their mutual benefit only in some crisis and at her own suggestion. But what a pity that they could not be temporarily employed, as he was employing his own modest capital, to make her richer! By using them as collateral it would be possible to buy many more shares of Radio before the price advanced further. The day's rise in the stock and the consequent justification of the step he had taken gave him courage. After the cream of tomato soup he broached the point.

"You know, dear, if you wanted to you could get some Radio on the strength of those Liberties."

"YES," she responded serenely, "but one purchase of stock on margin is enough for this family."

"You wouldn't consider it? I mean, entirely for your own account?"

"I understand, but I couldn't think of it. I can't stop you from taking chances, Bill, but I can stop myself from following you."

"But isn't it something of a temptation when we're on the inside of a sure thing?"

"It's interesting," she granted, "but I could not bring myself to buy that stock."

"Why do you say that? Would you buy any other that was going up?"

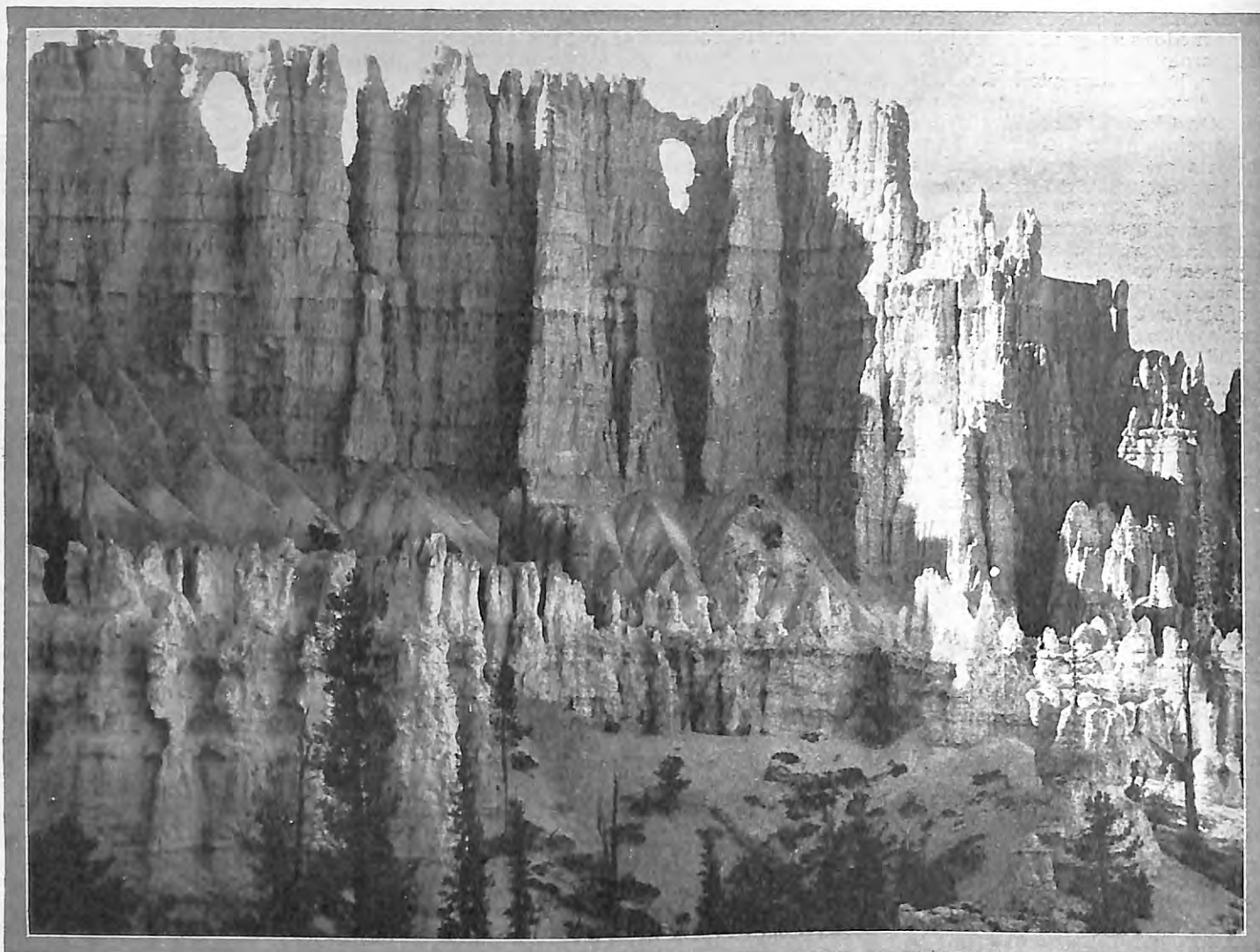
"No, but the last stock I would buy would be Radio."

Bill stared.  
"But why? You know the information I have."

"That's just it."

He eyed her disapprovingly. It was  
(Continued on page 56)





O. J. GHIMES

*The Wall of Windows is one of the myriad examples of architectural forms which place Bryce Canyon among the world's scenic marvels*

## All Aboard for Zion

By Henry Irving Dodge

ONCE upon a time the good Lord said: "Men have been doing foolish things—trying to interpret me. I'll give them a hint. I'll make something graceful, dignified for them to follow. For I love the beautiful."

Then the good Lord—obviously the use of the pronoun here is impertinent—made Zion Canyon.

"Sublime," observed the good Lord, "but not enough." Again the good Lord picked up His chisel, gouged out the earth and fashioned the Grand Canyon.

Again the good Lord contemplated His handiwork: "Too magnificent, too thunderous, too gloomy, too somber, too terrifying. I'll give them something in lighter vein, fanciful—for I love the fanciful."

So the good Lord swung His chisel into the earth again and gouged out a great bowl—Bryce Canyon. Giving free rein to His fancy, the good Lord fashioned in this bowl all kinds of figures and on its walls He etched almost everything that was ever made as if recording the history of all creation—from then to now. But more of this later.

One said to me, "Go to Zion Canyon for the spiritual influence of it. If you are threatened with the effect—without—cause superstition—atheism—go there. Go there, and while you're there for the Good Lord's sake, keep still. Don't try to describe it.

Just contemplate. Humbly, joyously contemplate."

Said another, "If you want to look into Heaven, go into Zion Canyon and look upward; if you want to look into Hell, stand

on the edge of the Grand Canyon and look down."

In a way this is true, for you dwell in the bottom of Zion and look up where the chaste, granite figures point into the sky. At the Grand, you stand on the rim and look down—down into a red inferno. That's the way it struck me. From the bottom of Zion, you look up and worship and appeal, but you draw back from the edge of the Grand Canyon in terror.

So much has been written of the vast and awful splendors of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, that the sublime beauty of Zion has been overlooked.

After visiting Zion, Bryce, Grand, Cedar Breaks, my loyalty for my first love—Zion—is unshaken.

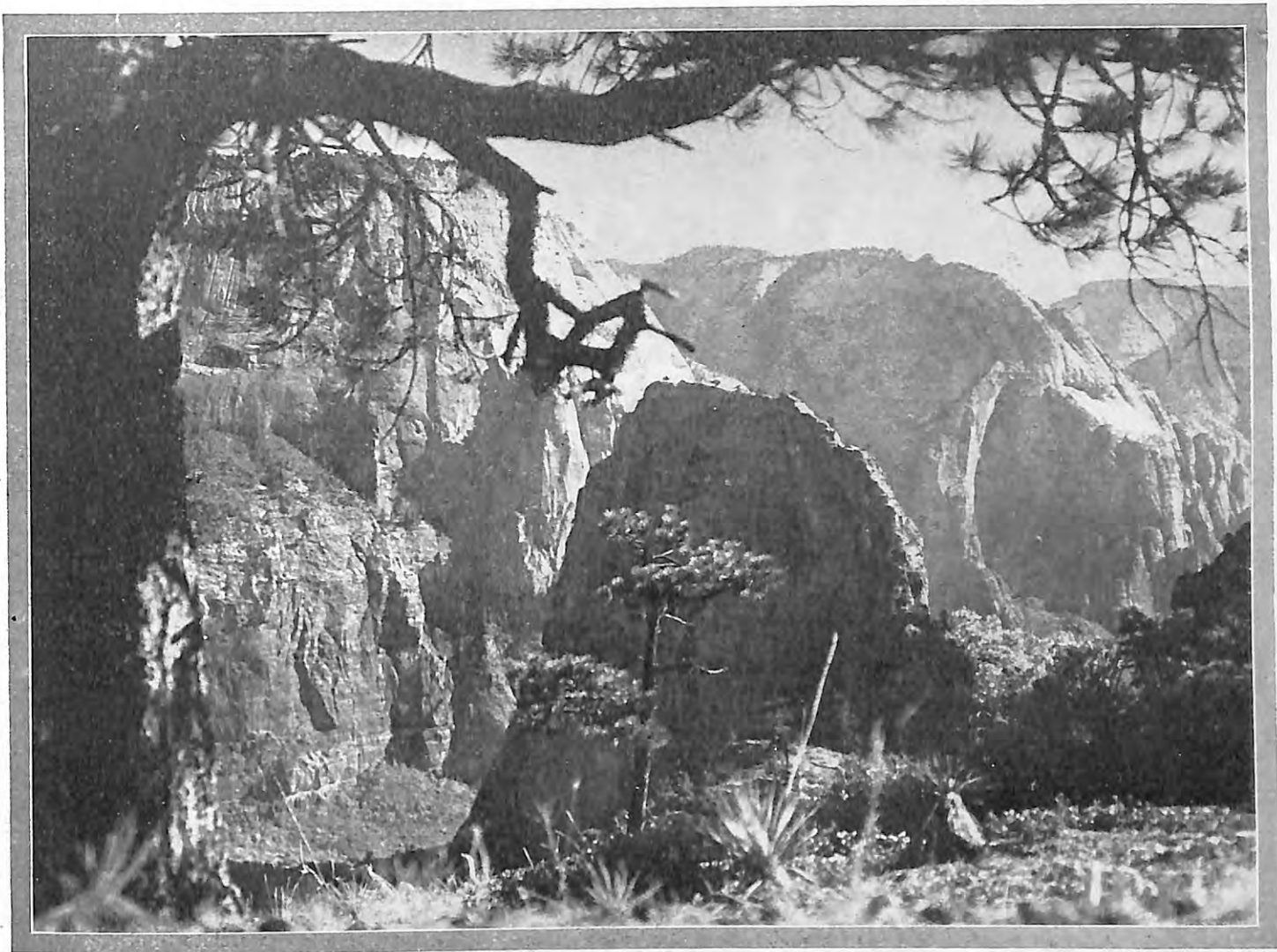
I had heard that the three great canyons were wholly different. I confess I didn't see how that could be. But I soon found that they were different in every respect, but the coloring—and, perhaps, they were different even in the coloring.

What can one do when he has but a week in which to view the major canyons? The digestive organs of his imagination are clogged. He is fortunate if he can, in the retrospect, keep them even hazily distinct and separate. There are smaller, or better, less magnificent canyons—subordinate canyons to be visited which one never hears of. And any of these "little fellows," if it were



LOCUST VALLEY, U.S. N. PACIFIC SYSTEM

*One of the fantastic formations characteristic of Bryce Canyon*



COURTESY UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

## A Glimpse Into Our Newest National Park and Its Canyons

*The Temples of Zion, as seen from the west rim. These rocks range in color from pink to every conceivable hue of red, topped by white*

the only one of its kind extant would be worth going around the world to see.

Verily, on reaching Bryce Canyon, after standing subdued in wonder on the North Rim of the Grand, one wouldn't have given it a second glance if its distinctly different beauty did not enchant one. I can't explain. I can only say, "Go and see for yourself."

As for describing the scenery with my feeble pen, I can only say that no one would have the impudence to attempt it but a college girl or a patent lawyer, whose business it is to describe everything, but whose stuff no one ever reads.

The experience of Kipling is consoling. The noted Englishman was standing on the bank of the Columbia River—notebook and pencil in hand.

"What yer doin'?" said a native, approaching.

"Trying to write a description of it."

"Bub, yer better put up yer pencil and paper because it just simply can't be done."

I was told that Kipling said later, when writing about the Yellowstone, "I don't expect anybody to believe this." If I were gifted enough to convey even a suggestion of the wonders of the canyons, I'd repeat the later words of Kipling.

The college girl, unless the good Lord should guide her hand, would tell you of her reactions to the scene. But you would not get anything of what the scene was. The

patent lawyer or the civil engineer would give you the facts and figures, geometrical descriptions. But, oh, what's the use! I doubt even if a Poe would attempt it.

I can only say that the many colored



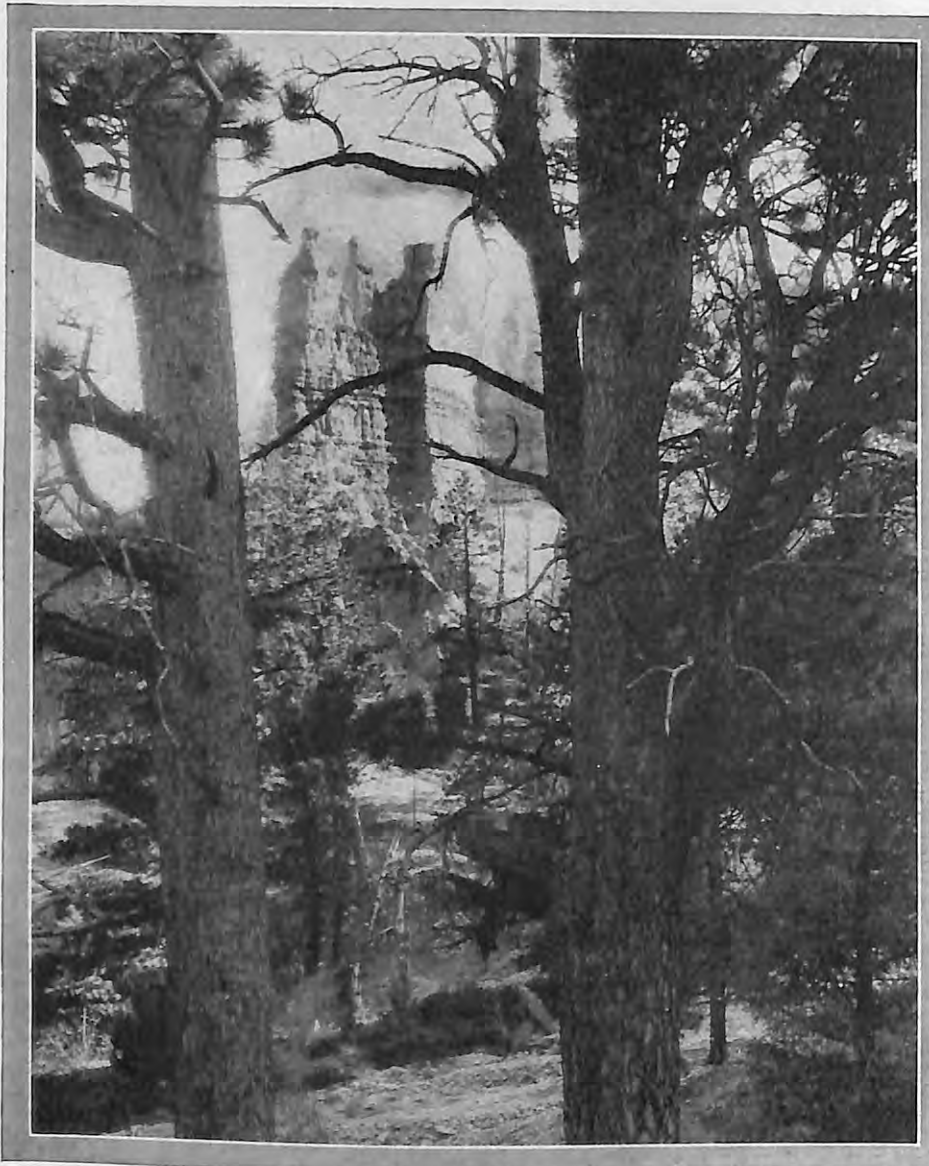
O. J. GRIMES

*A vista of amazingly eroded spires and minarets to be seen in Bryce Canyon*

photographs I have seen are not a whit exaggerated in color—and of course, not in form. This I know. For this I have seen with my own eyes. I can't do even as the college girl would do for I can't tell you how I reacted to the scene. I don't think I reacted at all. I was wonder-stricken, that's all—plumb wonder-stricken. I utterly failed at first to take in the beauty of it. But my spiritual eyes gradually opened as we progressed into Zion Canyon. For the approach into this wonderland is gradual.

We left Cedar City, southwestern Utah, a night's train ride from Salt Lake City, about nine o'clock in the morning. Traveling by a great, smooth-riding automobile bus over a fine road and through moderately picturesque scenery, and all keyed-up for the first sight of the canyon, we made the sixty-two-mile trip to Zion National Park in a little more than three hours.

Nature is the greatest of all dramatists. She never perpetrates an anti-climax unless man meddles with her work. The approach to Zion is no exception. The scenery up to a certain point had been progressively beautiful. Suddenly we rounded a curve and entered at the rear of a vast amphitheatre. Away in front of us was the stage. We approached as if we would enter upon it. Here is the setting. Mark well the metaphors. "The Watchman"—a mountain on the east—guards well the approach. Having



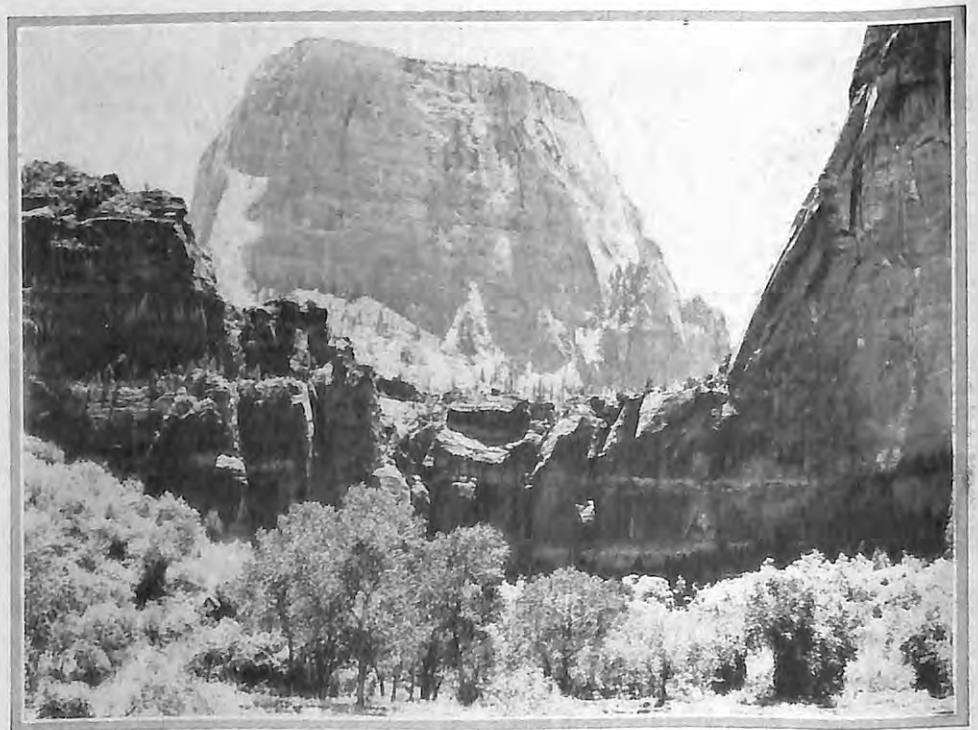
O. J. GRIMES

passed this guardian in safety, we laid our propitiatory offerings upon the "Altar of Sacrifice," a slender, flat-topped pinnacle of ivory, stained red, it seemed, with the blood of martyrs. We next passed "Bridge Mountain"—on the east—and entered into Zion proper. However, we found other rites and ceremonies to perform before entering the Sublime Presence. We passed the "Court of the Three Patriarchs," pausing a moment to contemplate their magnificence. Again we did homage—devout and reverent contemplation—at the "Temple of the Sun," whose summit catches the first glimmer of the rising sun and reflects the last glories of the same.

We proceeded at leisure through the main court to the base of "El Gubernador, the Great White Throne," whereon the foot of man has never trod. While worshipping here the rustle of the angel's wings on "Angel's Landing" (in front of the Throne) and the chimes of the "Great Organ" (at its side) may be heard (in fancy) in the sighing of the wind through the trees and the gurgling and swishing of the river as it wends its way over the stones. Remember these great forms are not mountains as we always think of mountains but colossal pinnacles of ivory, it would seem, vari-colored and with naked sides—some like loaves of bread standing on end. Zion Canyon is a group or cluster of these—an intimate family group, one might say. A museum of the Gods—a garden of heavenly spectres.

In reverent mood, you may proceed to the

*From the richly forested rim of Bryce Canyon one can look up at its sculptural wonders, such as Bluebeard's Castle*



UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

*The Great White Throne, a mass of pink and white rock, has on its summit a pine forest, so far as is known, never trod by man*

"Temple of Sinawava" and worship in your own untrammelled way; then on to the "Mountain of Mystery" and work your own charms trying to unfold Nature's secrets concerning it. Thus endeth the metaphor.

The mountain—or, rather, pinnacle—top plateaus have never been explored. There's no way to climb those smooth perpendicular sides that reach up three thousand feet from the floor of the canyon. No one knows what living things obtain up there. One presumes they are only birds and insects—whose sanctuary has not yet been violated by the airplane.

What makes Zion the Temple is that in it you're always looking up. With most other canyons you're always looking down, and one never associates looking down with worship. Let any man stand there in those beautiful silences and declare there is no God and he's got more courage than I have. Or he is a bigger fool.

Zion is my first and only love among the canyons. The others fascinate me but I don't love them. They are marvelous beyond the conception of man. But there is a chaste sweetness, a spiritual warmth to Zion that the others haven't got. It's a sanctuary of the soul. There's a certain intimacy to it. You feel toward it as you would toward your mother. That's because you're so close to it—not worshipping at a distance. You feel like petting it, running your hands over the smooth sides of its images. You couldn't do that with the Grand Canyon.

I can only, most inadequately, suggest my reactions as I walked down there through the valley of heavenly spectres. Abler men than I have made sincere efforts to convey something of the wonders of Zion. Each has used the terms of his trade in doing so. But mark how they have, each and every one, resorted to architectural metaphors.

More than forty years ago, Captain C. E. Dutton, a celebrated geologist in the service of the Government, wrote:

"In an hour's time we reached the crest of the isthmus and there flashed before us a scene never to be forgotten. In coming time, it will, I believe, take rank with a very small number of spectacles each of which will, in

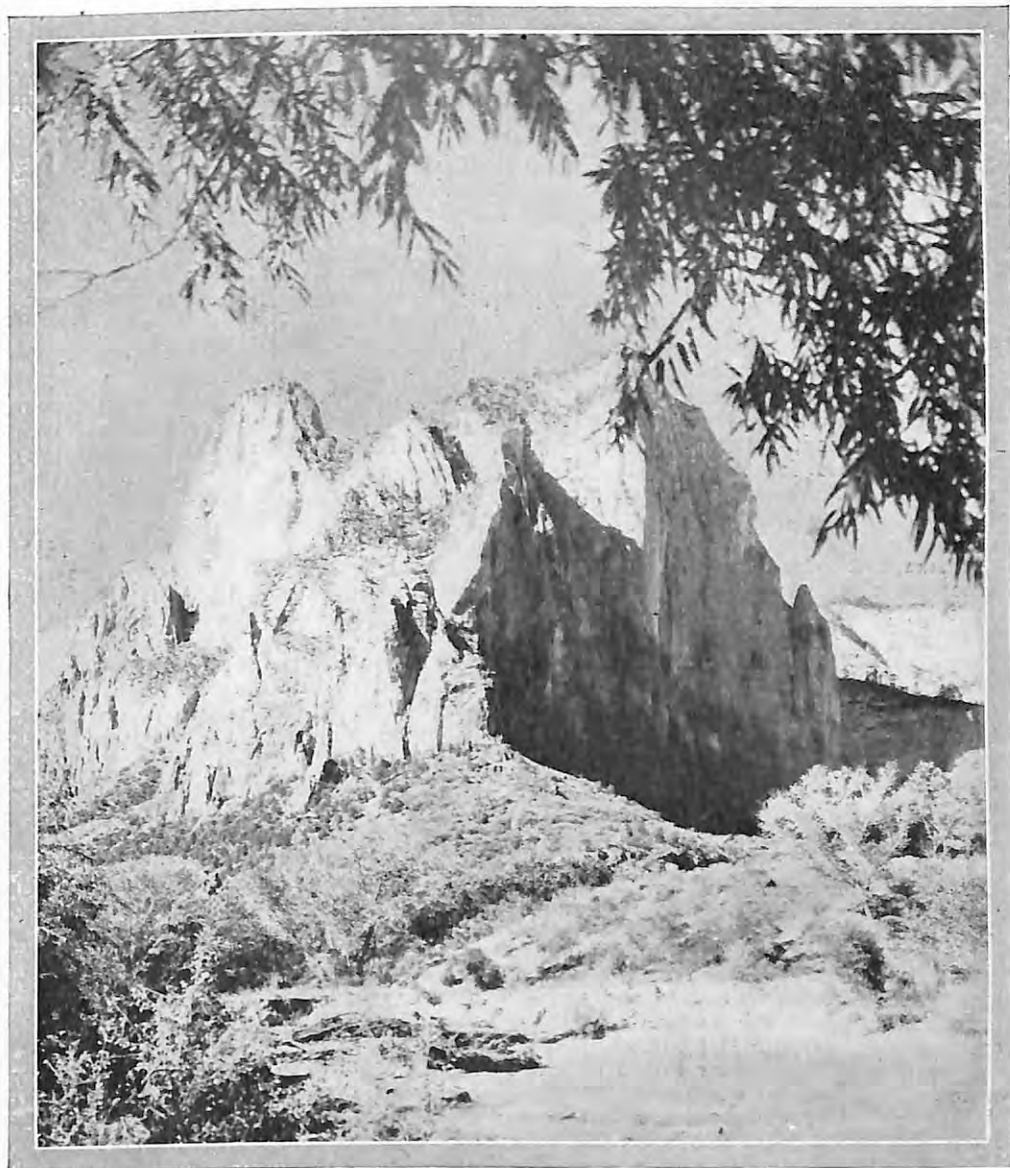
its own way, be regarded as the most exquisite of its kind which the world discloses.

"Across the Canyon stands the central object of the picture, the Western Temple, rising four thousand feet above the river. Its glorious summit was the object we had seen an hour before. Yet it is only the central object of a mighty throng of structures wrought up to the same exalted style. Here are great pediments—triangular or circular ornaments—covered all over with the richest carvings. The effect is much like that which the architect of the Milan cathedral appears to have designed, though here it is vividly suggested rather than fully realized.

"A row of towers half a mile high is quarried out of the palisade and stands well advanced from its face. There is an eloquence to their forms which stirs the imagination with singular power and kindles in the mind of the dullest observer a glowing response."

You will observe that the writers do not attempt definitely to describe the shapes of the great towering creations that they see. But one and all use oriental architecture for their purpose, I suppose, because these are, to the Western mind, bizarre. Minarets, domes, temples, singly and in groups, are the metaphors used. Others see in the tracery on the walls the handiwork of the etcher or the sculptor. But to each and every one the natural temples suggest incomprehensible, divine art. Dutton goes on:

"Directly in front of us a complex group of white towers, springing from a central pile, mounts upward to the clouds. Out of their midst, and high over all, rises a dome-like mass which dominates the entire landscape. It is almost pure white, with brilliant streaks of carmine descending its vertical walls. It is impossible to liken this object to any familiar shape. Yet its shape is far from being indefinite; on the contrary, it has definiteness and individuality which extort an exclamation of surprise when first beheld. The towers which surround it are a study of fine form and architectural effect. They are white above and changed to rich red below.



ZION STUDIO

*The Sentinel, another of the vast monolithic structures of Zion National Park, few of which have ever been scaled*

A curtain wall, fourteen hundred feet high, descends vertically from the eaves of the temples and is decorated with a lavish display of vertical moldings, and the ridges, eaves and mitered angles are fretted with serrated cusps—small projecting ornaments common in Gothic tracery. Exact symmetry is wanting, but Nature has brought home to us the truth that symmetry is only one of the infinite range of devices by which beauty can be realized.

“And finer forms are in the quarry  
Than ever Angelo evoked!”

To my impudent, incurdite soul all the canyons lacked symmetry in whole and in detail. But what does man's sense of symmetry amount to in the Divine Scheme of things?

Another writer—he must have been a painter or a geologist or a civil engineer—courageously adventures the following:

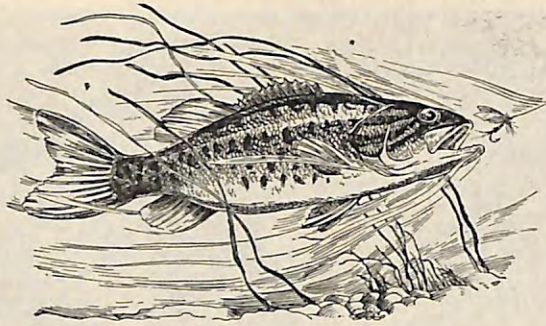
“A ‘Yosemite Valley done in oils’ comes close to a description of the principal features of Zion National Park. This gorgeous valley has about the same dimensions as the famous Yosemite Valley. Extraordinary as are the sandstone forms, the color is what most amazes. The deep red of the ‘Vermilion Cliff’ is the prevailing tint. Two-thirds of the way up the marvelous walls and temples are painted gorgeous reds; above the reds they rise in startling white. The ‘Vermilion Cliff’ rests upon three hundred

(Continued on page 65)



COURTESY UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

*Augusta National Bridge, a freak formation of southeastern Utah. Note size of the two men, shown as tiny specks on top of the bridge*



# Full o' Pep

## The Life and Adventures Of a Small-mouth Bass

By William F. Sturm

Illustrated by W. J. Schaldach

IT WAS early June on Sugar Creek, and in all the rest of the Middle West and the United States, for the matter of that. Overhead, a fleckless azure sky stretched to the far horizon. High up in the blue a buzzard soared, his keen eyes turned earthward, as he searched for a meal.

Under foot the grass had lost little of the greenness of early spring. The patriarchal beeches, sycamores and elms that formed the forest on the east bank of the stream were motionless in the noon calm. Differing from the east bank, the west was free of trees, save only enough to furnish shade for the dairy cows that roamed the rich pasture early in the day, but in the afternoon might be found in sociable groups beneath the trees, ruminating the lush grass they had cropped in the morning.

Sugar Creek was at its best. Its bed was a combination of rock and gravel, for the most part. Numerous deep pools punctuated the long reaches of the stream, broken at times by gravelly ripples. There was, too, an occasional fallen forest monarch, long since denuded of foliage and smaller branches, whose large under-water limbs and trunk furnished a playground for bass, redeye, sunfish and other lovers of clean water.

All the world roundabout was in a doze. Here was no hurly-burly of city, but only the rustling quiet of nature in repose. The creek announced itself by that faint, indefinable musical tinkle which one reads of in poetical descriptions of a stream, but only once in a lifetime really hears. Sugar Creek was pleased with itself; hence its song. No power dams stopped its flow and caused unsightly backwater. There was a dam, it is true, to the north of the Durham road, but it was only a low-lying one, whose sole apparent purpose was to form a tumbling pool below, where the game fish might disport themselves to their hearts' content in the plunging waters.

From afar off came the drone of a flyver in full flight. The drone broke the quiet of the creek, but not unpleasantly; in fact, so low and far-away was the hum, that it only added to the sense of repose. But after an interval the drone burst fair upon the quiet and materialized into a small truck, with two young men on the driver's seat and another ensconced amid what appeared to be several large milk cans carried in the rear of the vehicle. Before reaching the bridge which spanned the creek, however, the truck turned into a lane which paralleled the course of the stream. Five minutes later it came to a halt at the creek bank.

The water rippled over a bar at this point, with a sizable pool directly below. The pool itself was shaded by a great beech, which did its share to make the pool more inviting to the fish that peopled its depths.

The driver of the truck was the first to reach the ground. His face, sun and wind-tanned, was clean-cut. He walked with the easy stride of one who accommodates himself to inequalities of terrain, brush, logs, pitholes and whatnot, without conscious effort. Of medium height, with the thin midsection of the athlete, he looked a trifle drawn, but the ease with which he handled the heavy can as it was handed down to him from the truck belied his appearance.

Dave McDonald liked his job because it took him into the open during his college vacations. It brought him into touch with woods and streams, particularly streams, which was reason enough why he should be interested in it. Dave was a fisherman for the pure sport of it. He got more genuine enjoyment out of the fish that outwitted him, either by refusing to bite or by getting off his hook, than he did out of the one that permitted itself to be brought ignominiously to the net. Did any fighting small-mouth black bass know it, he could always earn his freedom by a vigorous fight at the end of Dave's line, for if he failed, freedom still would reward his gallant effort. Dave was always careful in the freeing process to wet his hand in order not to rob the fish of the gelatinous protection which covered its scales, for he knew that a dry hand will cause this to come off in patches and lay the fish open to the attacks of the deadly fish mold.

"If I were a fish," Dave said, as much to himself as to the others, while he removed the perforated top from the can, "I certainly would be thanking some one for bringing me to such an ideal spot to give me a start in life. Sugar Creek, as sweet a place for a fine lot of high-bred young *Micropterus dolomieu* as its name indicates." His brown eyes sparkled as he talked. He

walked to the creek's edge, put his hand into the water and then into the can that had been lifted from the truck. "Not a single degree of difference, or I'll eat my pipe," he finished.

He and one of his companions carried the can to the water's edge, tipped it gently in the moist, clean sand and increased the angle as the thousand of tiny small-mouth black bass, "advanced fry," in hatchery language, poured into the stream. They had been raised in the ponds of one of the State hatcheries, and now at the age of a week or ten days they were being "planted" in their permanent home.

THE young fish were lost for an instant in the roil, but the water soon cleared. Dave McDonald fished a short-bitted briar pipe from the right pocket of his O. D. shirt and a bag of tobacco from the opposite one. Squatting on his heels, he lighted up, the while he watched the small fish in their new environment. Happening to glance to one side, he saw a lone fry lying on the sand.

"Look who's here! Must have slobbered him out when we planted the others. Kicking yet, too. Bet he's been there a minute, at least." All the time he had been talking he was picking the fry up, carefully, sand and all, in order not to injure it. He deposited the fish, apparently in a dying condition, in the creek. The little bass sank to the bottom and lay inert for a moment; then, as if realizing that his life had been saved, he shook himself and joined the mass of his brothers and sisters, who were wriggling about within a foot or two of the spot where they had been released.

Dave McDonald's face glowed. "That's vitality and spunk for you! I christen the little rascal 'Full o' Pep,' and here's hoping that he lives to be a hundred years old!"

The spot where Full o' Pep and the other fry had been put into Sugar Creek was ideal for the purpose. Upstream and down, the edge was bordered with a growth of water weeds, *Dianthera Americana*, which anglers know better by its colloquial name of water willow. These lifted their heads a foot or so above the water, which at no point within their rank growth was more than a foot in depth; generally much less. The can had been emptied of its contents in a small clearing in the forest of weeds.

Full o' Pep was a scant half-inch in length and as black as any chunk of soot. He bore little resemblance to the green-and-bronze javelin who in later years was to hurl himself through Sugar Creek's ripples and





*It was only a big-mouth chub, four inches long, but it bulked large alongside of the little bass. The next instant it had seized Pep's companion and was gone*

pools, casting terror into the minnow and the crawfish tribes. The embryo javelin lost very little time in vain musings on his changed status. As though he had always known just what to do, he and the other fry darted toward the floating *algæ* and other weeds and began feeding on the tiny animal organisms that clustered on roots and stems. Being carnivorous, they left all vegetable matter severely alone. The wee *cyclops*, *daphnia* and *cypris* fell before their voracious appetites. Particularly did they devour the luscious bloodworms, from a sixteenth to a half-inch long and the thickness of a heavy thread. These larvæ of the family *Chironomidae*, after spending months beneath the water's surface, come forth to live as midge flies, then to lay their eggs and die.

It took Full o' Pep no time at all to discover that life was one of the survival of the fittest. In the first half-day of his existence his slender life-thread was near to being broken. He was busily engaged with his small mouth tearing a larvæ from a bit of floating *algæ*. Next him was another fry. Suddenly there was a turmoil in the water and before Full o' Pep knew what it was all about a great shape (to him) loomed at his side. It was only a big-mouth chub, four inches long, but it bulked large alongside the half-inch of the little bass. The next instant it had seized Pep's companion in its capacious mouth and was gone. In days to come Pep was to see scores of the fry caught in the same way; not always by a chub, but by the brook shiner, the sunfish, the redeye and other predatory denizens of the creek, chief of which in point of terror and size was the turtle.

Full o' Pep's first great personal adventure came when he had been in Sugar Creek for something over a week. He had grown used to his surroundings. In his foraging he had included more and more territory, until his habitat was a space as much as a hundred feet up and down the stream's edge. But always he stayed in the weed roots. There was where his food lay—food that a little soot-black small-mouth bass might have for the taking.

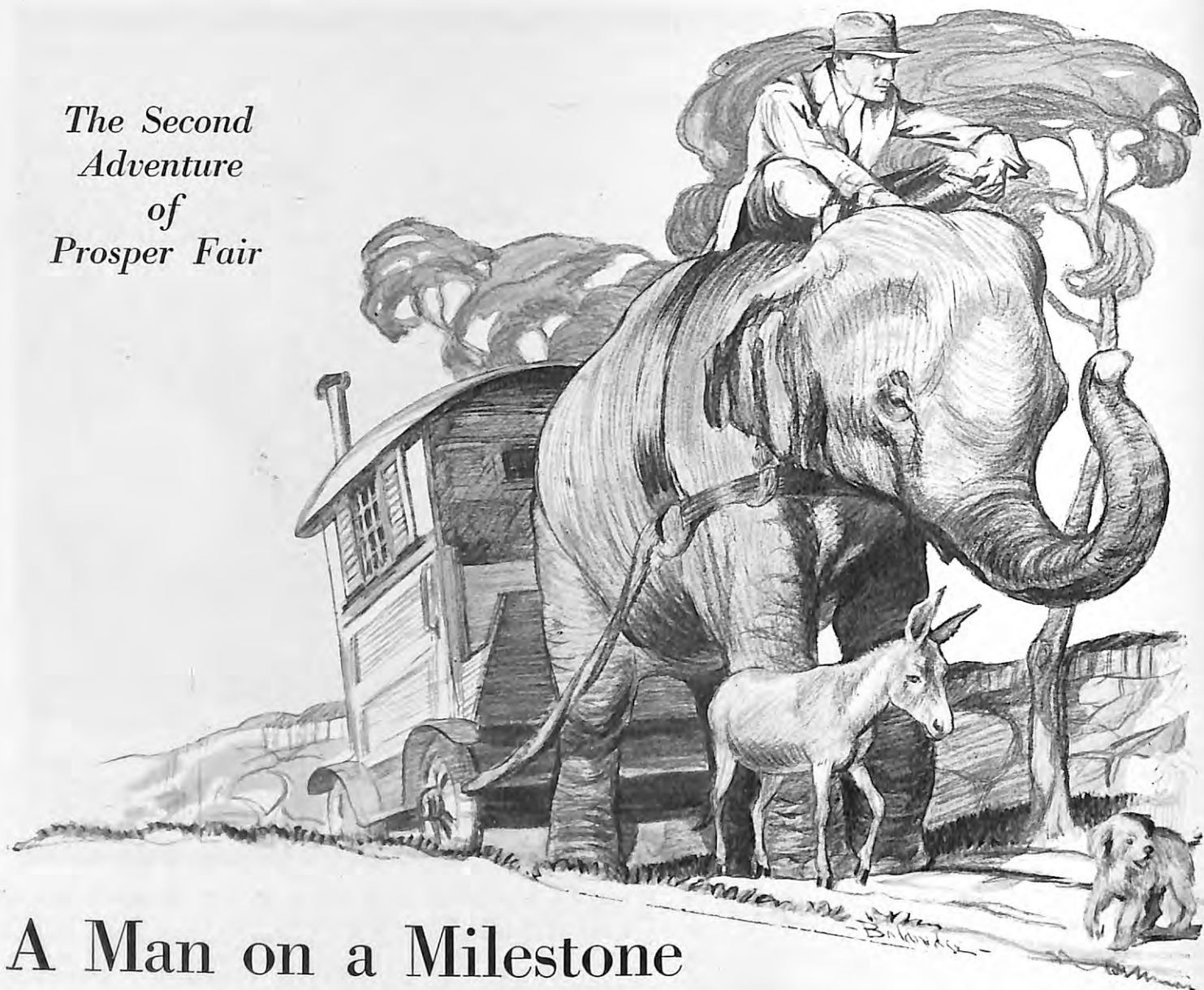
Swimming along on his way to a particularly fine feeding ground he had discovered the day before, Full o' Pep ceased fanning the water with his little tail for an instant, the while he glided forward under the perfect balance afforded by his other fins. His momentum carried him alongside a rock as large as a man's head. To Full o' Pep the well-defined opening leading underneath the rock meant nothing at all. He did not, in truth, see it, and it would have meant nothing to him had he done so. Full o' Pep stopped his progress with his pectoral and ventral fins at right angles to his body. Blue Pincers, the crawfish, made ready for him. As the little bass coasted up to the rock, Blue Pincers struck. The big claws came together with a snap plainly audible to the water folk roundabout. But old *Cambarus affinis* had been too sure—he had miscalculated his stroke. Instead of catching Full o' Pep amidstships, as he intended, he succeeded only in clipping an infinitesimal

piece from his tail. Before the wicked claws could open for a second attempt, Full o' Pep was fleeing in terror. He soon forgot his narrow escape in the joy of foraging for food. Fortunately for a little bass, he has no memory to permit him to brood; otherwise his life would be one long nightmare.

At another time Full o' Pep was nosing around an old log that lay in a slight current at the edge of his weed bed. Several of the other fry were with him, hunting for the grubs that infested the log. Full o' Pep noticed a movement along the log's side that might mean a choicier morsel, and he started for it. But another fry had seen it first. Forward he darted. Then came tragedy. What he had thought was a small grub was in reality the pincer of a hellgramite, the carnivorous larva of the *Corydalis cornuta*. The hellgramite, an inch and a half long and a half-inch wide, was clinging so closely to the log underneath the water that he seemed a part of it. Only his terrible curved pincers moved slowly. For almost three years he had been an underwater larva. He was getting ready to seek the air and become an insect, via the pupa route. Perhaps he wanted one good meal to sustain him in this ordeal. Perhaps he was irritated. Or perhaps, which is more nearly the truth, he wished something to eat per se, something that would satiate his carnivorous appetite.

Regardless of reasons, when the small-mouth fry near Full o' Pep darted forward and touched the pincer he felt a piercing pain in his side as the second mandible of the hellgramite reenforced the first. The fish struggled futilely. . . . The hellgramite had a good meal. (Continued on page 70)

## The Second Adventure of Prosper Fair



# A Man on a Milestone

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldridge

THE pearl-gray mists of a late-summer dawn were just beginning to dissolve before the sunrise over Derehurst, the fair domain of that said-to-be-eccentric Duke of Devizes (whose preference for the simple name of Prosper Fair we have long ago decided to respect) when an old wrinkled man emerged from a comfortable cottage near a block of buildings midway between the Derehurst Home Farm and the stables.

Carrying a big, steaming pail he crossed to one of the buildings, unbarred the door and entered.

The great, gray bulk of an elephant, stabled in that building, moved restlessly.

"All right, all right, Joe! It's only old Harry Mullet! Got something for you. Eh? How's that for tasty, Joe?"

It was, of course, Mr. Mullet, the old circus and menagerie proprietor whom Prosper, in need of a "bull," had transferred from the deserted ruins of his circus to comparative security in the life-job of chief keeper of elephants and so forth in his private animal collection at Derehurst Park.

The old man set down the big pail and, while the elephant attended to it, made a thorough toilet of the big ragged ears, talking very seriously throughout the examination.

"You're goin' out on the Road again, Joe—along with His Grace the Juke! You

and him and the little ass and the terrier dog. . . Un'stand me? And you got to keep an eye on 'em all, mind—and the Juke in particular. If any harm comes to him, mind, through any fault of your'n, I shall be fit to very near knock your head off! Now, you mind that, Joe. 'Tain't one bull in a thousand haves the luck you've had—a Lord Juke's private bull!—fed on the fat of the land—no work to speak of—and you got to earn it, mind. . . I trusts you. I know you got a good heart and good manners and I relies on you! Mind that! Be careful with the caravan—don't go pulling it into no ditches, mind, for it's a beautiful bit of work. Take your orders quiet and carry 'em out! Don't get sossy just because you're well off. And keep friends with the little ass—she's a lady—she's as gentle and kind as a little gerl with her dolly. You treat her *as a lady*. And the terrier means well by you—don't get fidgety if he tries to hop all over you. It's his play—he's a merry-mannered little terrier but he likes you. So, be'ave yourself. You're a Juke's bull! So be'ave as such."

And so forth, quite a good deal of it, slowly spoken.

Presently Mr. Mullet adjusted the harness, and the elephant, who had listened stolidly to his instructions, followed him out to

another building close by. Inside this building was a big caravan. There was, at first glance, nothing noticeable about the caravan except that it was very plainly furnished. It was quiet—as quiet and unobtrusive as a shepherd's hut on wheels; it was not smeared with a loud delirium of yellow, red, green and purple paint. Its chief color was a sober, business-like battle-ship gray, unvarnished, sparsely picked out with white. Closer inspection, in a better light, would have revealed the fact that the wheels wore heavy india-rubber tires, instead of the more usual iron bands; that the body was beautifully sprung; that the doors were hung like those of a first class limousine; in brief, that it was a caravan which any elephant might be proud to haul or any person to use as a place of residence.

Mr. Mullet hitched the "bull" to it, and together they passed out of the barn, towards the Castle which, by now, was beginning to loom faintly through the mist. . . .

Prosper Fair appeared at the main entrance in company with a cigarette, just as they arrived. He was arrayed in semi-riding kit, of warm, quiet-patterned tweed, with well cut and comfortably fitting riding-boots of the heavier kind that a man can walk in; a serviceable, soft tweed all-



weather sporting hat; and round his neck a hunting scarf low and soft enough to be comfortable. He looked so fit as to appear years younger than he really was. So, for that matter, did Plutus, the game-legged black-and-white semi-terrier, and Patience, the little gray donkey, who had followed him out.

"Good morning, Mr. Mullet!" said Prosper buoyantly. "Hail, Stolid Joe! Princes could be no more punctual!"

He came down the broad steps to meet them, and patted the elephant's trunk.

"How is my lord this morning?" he continued.

The little eyes of the big beast twinkled, as he curled his trunk round Prosper's shoulder, and, incidentally, down into one of the pockets for the apple which was there.

"Is all well, Mr. Mullet?"

"Fine, Your Grace, fine!" said Mr. Mullet enthusiastically. "The bull's looking better than he's looked for years—and still improving."

"All excellent!" declared Prosper gaily.

"And now for it! Mr. Mullet, *au revoir*—good-bye. We go forth. In the course of time we shall return again—but when I know not. I thank you right heartily, Mr. Mullet, for the care, nay, the devotion you have lavished upon Stolid Joe, and I congratulate you upon its result. The bull, Mr. Mullet, is looking bonny. I shall trust to restore him to your ministrations in as perfect fettle. Good-bye, again!" He shook hands cordially with Mr. Mullet.

"Good-bye, Your Grace, and good luck to all of you!" Mr. Mullet crooked his left elbow and solemnly spat over it. This was to bring them luck. He then said "Good-bye" to the elephant, and, at a word from Prosper, they were off—Stolid Joe yanking the big caravan along behind him as if it were an empty cigar box. . . .

It was ever a weakness of the Duke to steal silently away when starting one of the byeway wanderings he loved and he achieved it this morning save for an interruption.

This was supplied by his head game-keeper, one Mr. Wadds, anxious to get instructions concerning a gentleman named Peter Molloy, who on the previous evening had been captured in the very evil act of setting a snare for one of the ducal rabbits. Peter had been captured before—and warned. He said that he was poaching because he had no money and was out of work. Prosper reflected.

"Mr. Molloy is Irish?" he inquired.

"Yes, Your Grace!"

Prosper laughed.

"I am a hard man, Wadds—a hard man—but God forbid that I should ever prosecute an Irishman for poaching! As well prosecute him for loving the smell of peat, potheen, and—possibly—pigs. It's in the blood, mark 'ee, Mr. Wadds, it's in the blood! Let Mr. Molloy be given an interview with Captain Dale."—Prosper's resident agent—"who must forward him to Ireland consigned to Mr. Knox."—agent on Prosper's Irish estate—"who will find him something to do suitable to the undeniable genius for the chase and matters of the chase which every Irishman possesses and which, I hope, he will never lose."

So Mr. Molloy was disposed of—and even as the sun lifted his honest old face clear of the horizon, Prosper and his companions started.

along between Patience and Stolid Joe. (Plutus, naturally, was fully occupied inspecting the front doors of the various inhabitants of the bank at the side of the road.) "Never. And we have all England before us. Are you hungry yet? There is that in the air, methinks, which soon will send us with a zest to our luncheons. How say you, Stolid Joe? Are you ready for a bale or two of hay yet? Well, well, perhaps it is a little early. I will stave off my personal pangs with a cigarette."

He did so, and as he lit it they swung up to the eighth milestone they had reached that morning. But whereas the previous seven had been perfectly bare and unembellished milestones this one was ornamented by a gentleman who was sitting upon it—a pale-faced gentleman with black, scrambled side-whiskers, inky eyes picked out with streaks of red, and hands of a dark, sad-colored hue. He wore a greenish-black wide-brimmed felt hat, a blackish-green long-caped Inverness overcoat, with trousers of the same somber hue. His tie was flaming scarlet. He had removed one of his boots and socks and was scrutinizing his foot carefully. At first glance Prosper thought his whiskers were on fire, but immediately Mr. Fair perceived that to be an erroneous impression. The man was merely smoking a cigarette—smoking it as though he had made a wager to finish it against time—devouring it, indeed.

"The gentleman is a very determined smoker," said Prosper softly as they approached.

The black-garbed one removed his gaze from his extraordinarily crumpled-up toes to watch them. As they arrived opposite, Prosper halted the stolid one and gazed at the gentleman smiling.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, if I disturb you or distract your attention, but your other foot is blotting out the mileage," said Prosper in a friendly voice.

The somber one did not answer immediately. Nursing his foot, he ran a pair of extremely glittering eyes over the entire outfit—commencing at Prosper's boots, absorbing Stolid Joe, Patience, the gray caravan, and concluding with a passing glance at Plutus's game leg as it swung free of the ground. Finally he spoke.

"Have you such a thing as a lancet or a sterilized hat-pin?" he inquired in a cold, rather grating voice.

"No, but I have a button hook," replied Prosper.

The black-whiskered man dropped his foot suddenly.

"What use is a button hook to a man with a blister as large as a walnut on his heel?" he demanded.

"I don't know," said Prosper candidly. "I have

heard that a razor is not a bad thing to take for blisters!"

"Ha! I never thought of that," replied the man. "Of course! I have a razor!"

He reached down, picked up a big brown bag of the kind that piano tuners are especially prone to favor, and opened it.

"Razors! Excellent idea—quite excellent! This is an intelligent young person—yes, indeed—" he muttered, talking to himself. He rummaged in the bag and took out a huge axe-head which he placed on the ground beside him.

Then he took out another axe-head and laid it beside the first.

Then he took out a bundle of big knives, tied together—a bale of knives, perhaps, more nearly describes it, and added them to the axe-heads. Next he produced a large Spanish onion, a small flat cheese, and a loaf. These provisions he added to the pile of cutlery. Then he excavated a small saxophone, which he put down very carefully, flashing a glittering glance at the immensely interested Prosper—

"My saxophone—" he said. "Probably the finest in England."

"I congratulate you," said Prosper.

Finally the man on the milestone withdrew a safety razor from his bag.

"At last," he said, put the bag down and took up his foot again.

Prosper's teeth suddenly were "on edge."

"My dear man!" he ejaculated. "Forgive me—but surely, *surely*, you do not propose to operate upon your blister with a safety razor?"

The man looked up at him.

"Why not?" he said, not defiantly, but in the tone of one who seeks information.

"It is not the correct weapon," explained Prosper. "If you are open to receive suggestions, permit me to advance the proposal that you use one of your generous supply of carving knives—or, indeed, one of the very adequate battle-axe heads! I'm sure that either of them would cope quite successfully with the blister."

The man on the milestone stiffened.

"I shall certainly not use those," he grated. "They are my Means of Livelihood!"

Prosper was puzzled.

"Pardon my stupidity," he said. "But—Means of Livelihood? I don't understand."

"I am Manuel Robinson, the World's Champion Knife Thrower and Battle-axe King! Recreations: playing the saxophone. I sent it to *Who's Who*, but they were unable



*She looked up a little startled. She had not heard them until they were close to her. . . .*

CHAPTER II

"NEVER at its most glorious was the summer more glorious than this, my littles," said Prosper presently, strolling

to find space for it. I never use any knives or axes except for the express purpose for which they are designed." The man on the milestone leaned forward and added in a confidential tone—"You see, I have been advised not to get into the habit of thinking of my professional implements as anything but professional implements."

Mr. Fair was deeply interested.

"Indeed! And is it permitted to ask why?"

The man on the milestone became still more confidential. He bestowed a cunning glance on Prosper.

"WELL—in strict confidence, you understand—my mind is said to be a trifle unbalanced!"

"Ah, you are a pessimist, I perceive," said Prosper without hesitation. "Say, rather, that you have an artistic temperament." He had suspected from the beginning that he had to do with one who in the near future might easily develop into a candidate for a mental house. "But I hasten to agree that it would be unwise to misuse the professional implements. I think that the loan of my penknife would solve the difficulty and dissolve the blister."

Mr. Robinson agreed, and so Prosper took out, opened, and handed him the penknife—wherewith he proceeded, without further discussion, to carry out his gruesome operation.

"Are you in a circus?" he inquired presently when, having repacked his gear in his bag, and his foot in his boot, he stood ready to resume the road. "If so, have you an opening for a good knife-thrower? I am unemployed, but my references are good."

Prosper, with grave courtesy, explained that he was not a circus. He had already done so to half a dozen people that day.

But Mr. Manuel Robinson did not seem to care.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said absently. "I did not require an appointment immediately. But I had an odd fancy come into my head that you might be a circus. I don't know why. It does not matter. But perhaps you would like to give me a lift."

"With pleasure," said Prosper promptly.

"Sit next to me—there is plenty of room." Together they climbed up to the driver's seat, and Stolid Joe again swung into action, Patience walking alongside.

"Perhaps you would like me to play you a few melodies upon the saxophone?" said Mr. Robinson politely, a few yards farther on.

"I should be charmed," responded Prosper.

"I am sure you would!" agreed Mr. Robinson. And forthwith produced the implement from which he purposed extracting the promised melody.

"Do you play?" he inquired politely, polishing the thing lightly with his sleeves. "Alas! I fear that I have not sufficient ability," replied Prosper.

"Much can be done by determination and hard practice," said Mr. Robinson cryptically. "I will now play you 'The March of the Men of Harlech.'"

He did so—excruciatingly, and to Stolid Joe's manifest uneasiness, as evidenced by the increased pace which he suddenly developed. Patience, tactfully and unobtrusively, fell behind.

"That was very nice," said Prosper delicately. "You are evidently a master of the saxophone."

The Knife-Thrower blushed sallowly.

"Thank you. I am pretty good," he replied. "I may say that I received a very musical education. Perhaps you would like me to play you a little thing of my own—a gavotte, or perhaps I ought to say,

a little composition in the gavotte style!"

Prosper, much too polite to hurt the feelings of the champion Knife-Thrower of Great Britain, said that he would be delighted.

Mr. Robinson played it.

"A charming thing," sympathized Prosper.

"I thought you would say so. You are very intelligent. Evidently you have an ear for good music. If you were to take it up and seriously devote yourself to practicing, I think that, in the course of a few years, you might blow a fairly warm saxophone yourself. Would you like a little blow, now?"

He politely offered the instrument to Prosper, who gracefully declined.

"It would not be fitting for a novice to follow a master," he said.

"No doubt you are right!" Mr. Robinson gazed attentively at a white signpost which stood like a slender ghost waving shapeless arms toward the two roads into which the main road now forked.

"Which road do you take?"

"The right. Which do you, Mr. Robinson?"

The Knife-Thrower studied the signpost. "To Bellingbery," he said. "I take the left. We part company here."

"A pity. But even the best of good things come to an end, do they not?" said Prosper. "Must you really go by that road? Here is your bag. Many thanks for your delightful music. Good-bye, good-bye!"

Mr. Robinson, holding his bag in one hand and his saxophone in the other, stood in the road looking a little flurried.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" he repeated a shade mechanically. "We may meet again!"

"That would be very jolly indeed," said Prosper.

"Perhaps we may meet at Andover if you are passing through that place," continued Mr. Robinson, who clearly had taken a great fancy to Mr. Fair. "I shall not stay long at Bellingbery—just long enough to teach an editor who is living there a very sharp lesson, and then I will join you at Andover."

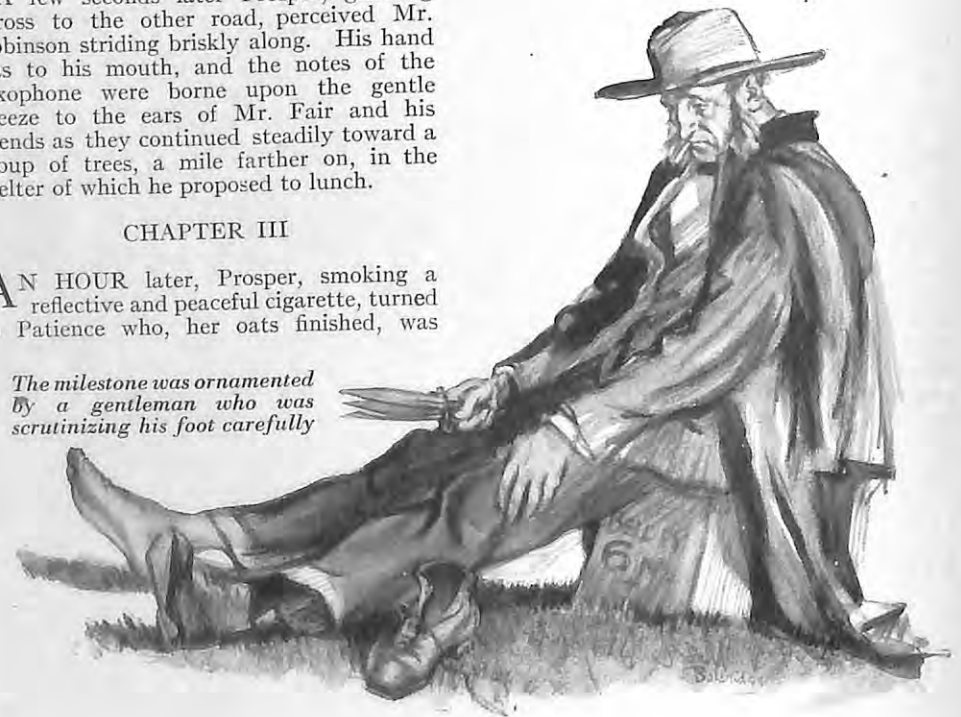
"Andover. I see," replied Prosper vaguely. "Au revoir!" and Stolid Joe moved stolidly on.

A few seconds later Prosper, glancing across to the other road, perceived Mr. Robinson striding briskly along. His hand was to his mouth, and the notes of the saxophone were borne upon the gentle breeze to the ears of Mr. Fair and his friends as they continued steadily toward a group of trees, a mile farther on, in the shelter of which he proposed to lunch.

### CHAPTER III

AN HOUR later, Prosper, smoking a reflective and peaceful cigarette, turned to Patience who, her oats finished, was

*The milestone was ornamented by a gentleman who was scrutinizing his foot carefully*



lying down close to Prosper, and invited her view of the problem which had kept him rather preoccupied during lunch.

"Patience, my wise one, what do you think about it? I did wrongly to leave Mr. Robinson at large, I think, don't you?" he said.

The little ass turned her head and gazed at him solemnly. As usual, Mr. Fair put his own interpretation upon her expression.

"I knew you thought so, my dear—and you are right. You are always right—isn't she, Plutus?"

The semi-terrier, busy with a large bone close by, looked up with the air of one who says "Beg pardon?"

"I say that Miss Prim is *always* right, is she not?" repeated Prosper.

"Wow!" said Plutus briefly, with a brief wag of his tail, and continued his performance upon the bone.

"Two to one," said Prosper. "It is evident that some one has blundered—and badly. What says Stolid Joe? Hey, Joe? Joe! Hyah, Joe!"

Stolid Joe, who, on the far side of the little clearing in which Prosper had halted, was neatly and economically picking up a few stray leaves of the armful of green stuff which had served as a temporary snack for him until dinner-time (for Joseph dined late), revolved at Prosper's call and lurched across to the consultation.

He looked like a great gray mountain staring down at the three of them.

"Joe, my young friend, I am at odds with my conscience. Patience and Plutus are upbraiding me because I allowed Mr. Robinson to go loose. And I fear that they are right. What do *you* think about it?"

Stolid Joe appeared to ponder, swinging his trunk then, deep down in his cavernous throat, he uttered that strange, gurgling sound which elephants are prone to produce when they are pleased and the world looks good to them. Perhaps it was the sight of the remainder of the loaf of bread close to Prosper which called forth his gurgled comment, though Prosper pretended to think otherwise.

"So you side against me, too! Very well—we will go to Bellingbery, . . . Yes,

you may have it," he interpolated, for Stolid Joe had salaamed most respectfully and interrogatively, twice curving his trunk back to his forehead.

The loaf disappeared abruptly, and the elephant seemed to shake with inaudible chuckles.

"I say we will go to Bellingbery, and find the editor to whom Mr. Manuel Robinson purposes teaching a sharp lesson. For I admit, my children, that Prosper is not at all easy in his mind about that battle-axe and knife expert—not at all easy!"

He rose abruptly, threw away his cigarette, and fell to work, clearing up with the deftness and speed which comes to the camper-out only after long practice, and in an amazingly short time they were again ready for the road.

"Have you room for an outside passenger this time, Joseph?" he asked, tapping the elephant lightly on the trunk. "Up, Huzoor," he added briskly, using the high-sounding name by which Stolid Joe had once figured on Mr. Mullet's circus bills, and which conveyed to the elephant that commands were to be taken seriously.

THE end of Joseph's trunk curled gently round Prosper, and, with a peculiar twist, swung him up to the level of the great shoulder, on to which Prosper scrambled neatly, seating himself, cross-legged in the manner of the native *mahout*, just at the back of the elephant's head.

"Come along, Plutus—there is nobody at home!" called Prosper to the semi-terrier who had his face up to the eyes in a hole close by. Plutus breathed into the hole what was probably a blood-curdling promise to return some day and shot after the caravan.

They proceeded in leisurely silence for a few moments while Prosper consulted a map.

"Yes," he said, presently, "I thought so. About a mile farther on is a by-road to Bellingbery. And if you will do me the favor, good Joseph, to get into a higher gear, we shall be enabled to accelerate ourselves to the rescue of the editor—if, indeed, he should need rescuing. Though it is difficult to imagine exactly what a really-truly editor can be doing in a place like Bellingbery. Nathless, my lieges, let us go there and with these eyes see what is to be seen. Forward!"

They went forward more briskly, like people with an object in view.

A little later they reached the by-road, down which Stolid Joe turned, and proceeded along it for a quarter of an hour, without meeting a soul or discovering any sign whatever of Bellingbery.

Prosper was on the point of looking again at his map when, rounding a slight curve of the road, they came upon a young lady grappling with a motor bicycle.

She looked up, a little startled. The caravan rolled so smoothly and Stolid Joe, in spite of his great bulk, stepped so softly, that she did not hear them until they were close to her.

Prosper, cross-legged on the elephant's brow, gazed down at her, like an idol in modern clothes sitting on the edge of a cliff.

He noted that, flushed pinkly from her contest with the motor bicycle, she was young and fair to see. He commanded Joseph to stop, and raised his hat very

politely. Then he slid down to the ground and went round to her.

"I fear that we came upon you so quietly that we startled you, Mademoiselle," he said.

She laughed a little, eyeing Stolid Joe.

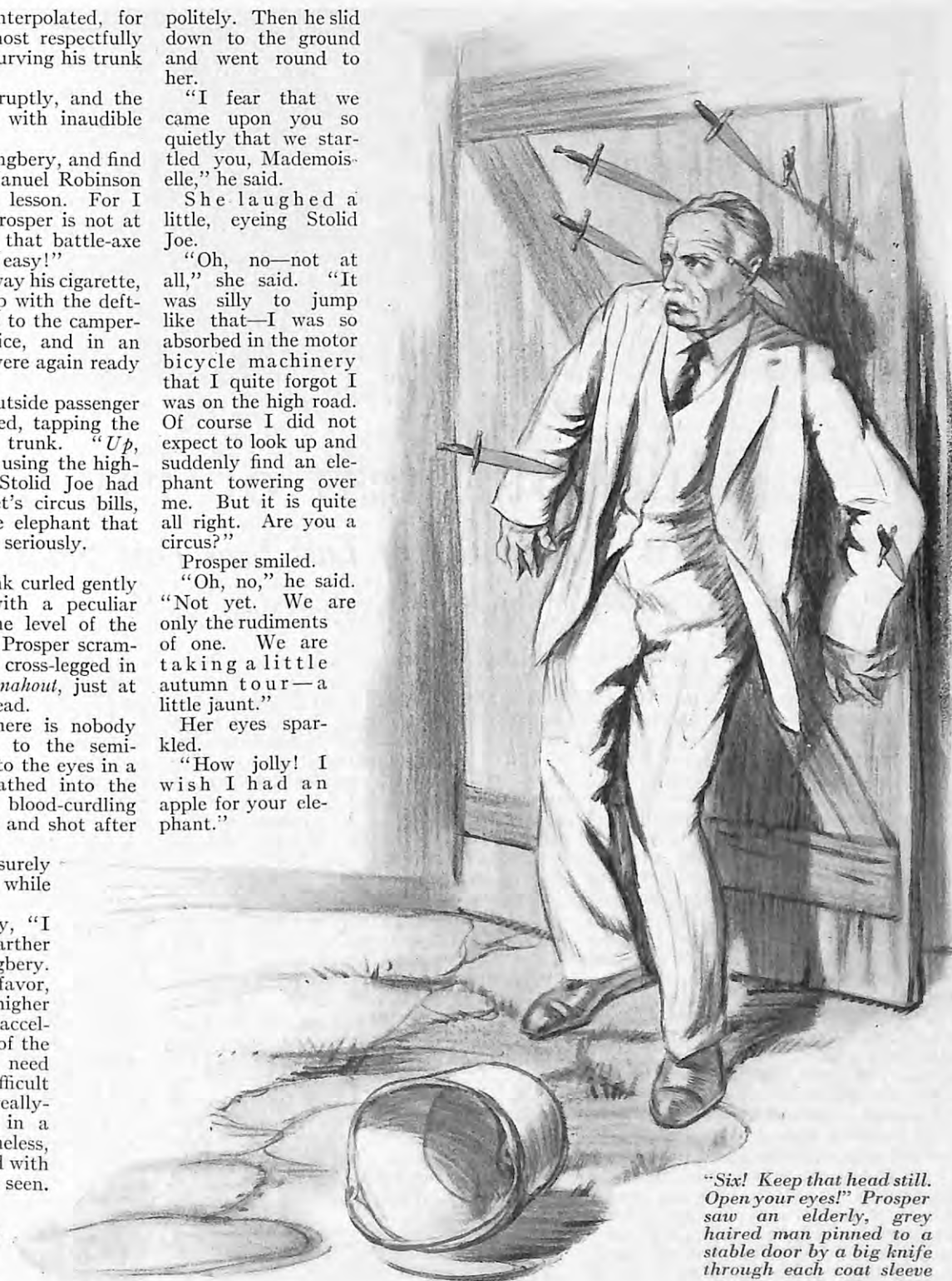
"Oh, no—not at all," she said. "It was silly to jump like that—I was so absorbed in the motor bicycle machinery that I quite forgot I was on the high road. Of course I did not expect to look up and suddenly find an elephant towering over me. But it is quite all right. Are you a circus?"

Prosper smiled.

"Oh, no," he said. "Not yet. We are only the rudiments of one. We are taking a little autumn tour—a little jaunt."

Her eyes sparkled.

"How jolly! I wish I had an apple for your elephant."



"Six! Keep that head still. Open your eyes!" Prosper saw an elderly, grey haired man pinned to a stable door by a big knife through each coat sleeve

Stolid Joe's eyes sparkled too. "That," said Prosper, "is a difficulty quite easily negotiated." He shot back a bolt, raised the lid of a box which formed part of the driver's seat, and produced two apples.

"The bolt is because of Patience," he explained. "Patience is a terrible socialist in some respects. She considers that all apples should be divided equally among the population."

"Patience?" enquired the girl. "My little donkey," said Prosper. "She is very shy except with me, and sometimes she is a trifle jealous too. She is on the other side of the caravan. Patience, my dear, come here!"

Patience trotted obediently round. She edged up close to Prosper and stared at the girl with deep, considering eyes.

Stolid Joe's trunk came reaching out in

an insinuating, enquiring way, towards one of the apples. The girl laughed and gave him his apple, then offered Patience hers. But Patience did not attempt to take it. . . .

"Yes, you may have it," said Prosper. She reached for it then—more than willingly. Prosper looked at the motor bicycle.

"You were in difficulties with your machine," he said. "Has it—mutinied?"

The girl showed him her oil-stained hands. "Yes, badly," she said. "I don't understand the iron parts of it very well."

"May I look at it? Perhaps I can alleviate its ailment. I don't really understand motor bicycles, of course. I can never believe that anyone in the world really understands them. It seems quite impossible. . . . I believe they screw thousands of them together at the works and

(Continued on page 53)



A striking view of the Statue of Liberty and Bedloe's Island, taken from the air

U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

# This Business of Flying

## Civil Aeronautics at Last Sees Fair Skies

By Samuel Taylor Moore

**T**HE trouble with the average man who flies is that enthusiasm destroys his perspective. In a wide acquaintance of flyers I cannot recall one who will admit publicly that navigation of the air is dangerous. Well, if one wishes to draw fine distinctions, it is not *dangerous*. But it is *unsafe*. And there again one encounters many variations. As unsafe as what? Some busy statistician recently announced to a palpitating public that one-fourth of the eight million accidents in the United States last year happened in homes. Flying is unquestionably less safe than home life but certainly it is not as hazardous as automobile racing. It is my best opinion that the twenty per cent annual premium fixed for flying by insurance actuaries is far too high.

I have spent several hundred hours in airplanes and balloons, in war and in peace, yet the only scar on my person is where a baseball cleat punctured my cheek in a youthful football scrimmage. I have crashed in a disabled airplane from 500 feet in the air. More than once I have experienced forced landings in airplanes. I have closed my eyes and jumped from the edge of a balloon basket 1,500 feet above the ground with a death grip on a trapeze bar attached to a parachute. I have dived hastily headforemost from a half mile above the earth, suspended from my parachute by a slender rope, exactly like an unhappy trout dangling on the hook of a fly-rod. I have flown across the continent and back. I have been pilot or passenger in every species of aerial vehicle. I am a licensed free balloon pilot. During the war I commanded an observation balloon company at the front. I have experienced thrills and suffered deadly monotony in both dirigible balloons and airplanes of many types. I have encountered all varieties of weather aloft. I have been a nervous, miserable passenger in a night flying experiment. I know the air when it is as placid as a mill-pond and also its other variations from the easy rise and fall of an oily ocean to violent pitching and tossing comparable to mad winter seas. I have in turn been as exhilarated as I imagine a girl of Sweet Sixteen feels at her first kiss (I still have old-fashioned ideas) and as crochety as an old maid who imagines she hears a noise beneath her bed. I have

been doggone scared. Taking myself as the average human, neither hero nor coward, I believe the public will enjoy flying as much as do I, but like myself, it will for many years have a wholesome respect for the delicate points of ethereal travel. The more one flies the greater measure of confidence is instilled.

Due to advances in automotive and aerodynamic sciences in the years since the war, flying is no longer dangerous.

My considered opinion, based on observation and experience, is that Fate disposes in every aerial misadventure. Last September, while flying from New York to San Francisco over the air mail route, I became acquainted with a new reserve mail pilot stationed at Iowa City, Iowa. He was a veteran army flier, in fact no pilot can hope to fly mails unless he has spent at least 500 hours piloting DeHaviland airplanes. On his third trip, flying at night, his motor failed. He sought to escape the inevitable crash by leaping from the cockpit and pulling his parachute. The lines became entangled in the airship. He was killed.

On the other hand there is Mail Pilot Haldon H. Collison, who regularly flies in

high winds, blinding blizzards and arctic temperatures over the Rocky Mountains and the Continental Divide, from Cheyenne to Rock Springs, Wyoming. He has been flying for eight years. No less than thirty-five times in the last four years he has crashed, in snowdrifts, against mountain peaks, on lonely deserts. His only scars are a few frost-bitten features.

Again, take Lieutenant Junius Smith, whom I considered my best observer during the war. I believe he spent more than 130 hours in the air on the front. In all that time he never descended otherwise than decently and dignifiedly at the end of the steel cable to which the "sausage" was attached.

Then there was Lieutenant Dache M. Reeves. The day he joined our company he went aloft. He had been in the air exactly twenty minutes when the gas bag over his head was fired by incendiary bullets from a German pursuit plane. He escaped with his life by taking to his parachute. Poor Reeves! He was the most picked on balloon observer in the World War. If memory serves, he spent only two hours in the air on the front. In that brief space of time he was three times shot down by German fliers.

Some of the best pilots I have known in eight years of flying have gone to their reward. Less competent airmen are flying to-day. It is all in "the breaks."

**T**HE mental kinks of aviators are peculiar. Fatalists are as numerous as the superstitious, mild and wild. An Army airplane pilot, whose name I will not disclose, frankly and fearlessly states his fixed preference for the solid earth. Yet this same man is the first to volunteer for a parachute jump of any variety at any time.

On the other hand Pilot Page of the Air Mail, a veteran of eight years, who has flown in every known variety of weather, night and day, a former test pilot, shudders brazenly whenever it is remotely suggested that some day he may have recourse to his parachute to save his life.

Air accidents invariably happen so quickly there is no time for fright until after the crash. The first time I jumped in a parachute it took every ounce of nerve and



U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

A heavy load-carrying Martin Bomber

determination at my command to say "Here goes nothing" and drop over the side. Yet the sensation was not unpleasant. The fall of the first 200 feet or more was highly exhilarating. There was a moment of pleasurable gratification when the parachute snapped open overhead but there was no other sensation until the ground appeared to be rushing up to meet me. In the interim I felt suspended in mid-air. But the second time I jumped it was without hesitation, in fact it was with a joyful sense of relief. A crossfire of incendiary bullets from a formation of eight German airplanes, the staccato stutter of a battery of machine guns below, high explosive anti-aircraft shells bursting all around with fragmentation whistling through the rigging and an additional unhappy thought that the balloon might be afire on top, unquestionably established the preference for the dive. There was no thought of whether the parachute would open. When I landed I climbed to my feet before any nervous reaction set in. It was not until I realized that my parachute was perforated with bullet holes from the guns of a German flyer who had trailed my descent to within a hundred meters of the ground, that an innocent artilleryman on a road some distance away was killed and that several horses in a French artillery echelon in our rear were wounded, that I felt momentarily weak and experienced "leaping" nerves.

Last September I crashed with Lieutenant McDuffie of the Army Air Service, near Fort Crook, Nebraska. Falling I calmly threw off my goggles and pillowed my head in the crook of my elbow, braced against the machine-gun mount, knowing a smash-up was inevitable. It was not until we climbed from the wreckage with gasoline from the emergency tank cascading over the crumpled wings and broken fuselage that I noticed a tremor in the knees and realized that my voice was unnaturally faint. I experienced much more nervousness when our motor began missing on a second airplane, forcing us down, although we might have continued for some miles with safety. On the six-thousand-mile aerial journey I was supremely miserable during two hours of night flying from Wilmington, Delaware, to Mitchel Field, Long Island. The motor was functioning perfectly, but the uncertainty of what lay below set every nerve in my body tingling. I imagine it was the dread of the unknown.

**C**HARACTER of the terrain over which one is flying is perhaps the greatest factor in the hazard of flight. Except for the increasingly rare mishap of a plane catching on fire in mid-air there is little peril in the air itself. Danger lies on the earth. This fact is recognized in the mileage pay schedule



*A modern all-metal enclosed cabin plane, the Sikorsky, in flight*

of mail pilots. It is worth only five cents a mile to fly over the level farm-lands of Ohio and Illinois in daylight. Flying over mountain ranges pays seven cents a mile. For night flying, rates are doubled. Now no one may gainsay that foliage is beautiful and that mountains are majestic. But they react on the nerves of the air pilot. Over the entire transcontinental route the most fidgety moments of mail pilots are spent while speeding above the billowing wooded slopes of the Alleghenies, the Wasatch and the Sierra Nevada ranges. Other mountain chains are comparatively barren. There is a fair chance of setting a ship down without cracking up.

Rain and hail stings the exposed portions of the flesh like a thousand mad hornets. Sun and wind transform complexions like the proverbial lobster. When Lieutenant Maughan finished his dawn-to-dusk transcontinental flight he looked exactly like an absent-minded debutante who had reversed established procedure by rouging her face and powdering her lips.

Lightning is often terrifying, particularly at night, when the flash reflects on dripping wings and St. Elmo's fire leaps from crosswires to motor, creating the illusion that the frail structure is aflame. Snow is blinding. It is difficult to discern where earth begins in the blurry whiteness.

But the worst weather feature for the aviator is an impenetrable fog. The hopelessness of the damp enveloping grayness puts lead in one's heart. It is possible to rise above fog. The trouble is in coming back to earth through it. Above a fog bank is complete solitude and beauty. Beneath

is a placid gray sea of fleecy softness with the shadow of the plane racing along uninterrupted. There is nothing between the downy carpet below and the bright blue sky above. It is possible to approximate one's position by compass and speed indicator, plus time, but in diving back into the chilly spindrift there is always the dread possibility of striking some obstacle, roof, weather-vane, tree, pole, water tower or mountain peak. Obstacles on an unfamiliar landing field may be obscured by the mist. Yes, fog is the worst.

These weather complications add to the uncertainty of night flying. Frequently heavy ground mists or snow blanket the 5000-candle-power blinker lights that stretch from New York to Salt Lake City, every three miles of the distance. Despite brilliant landing lights attached to the wings of mail planes and parachute flares, which illuminate the landscape within a radius of two square miles, night flying is a terrific strain. Although lonesomeness may play a part in unsettling the night-mail pilot's mind, his major worry is uncertainty of what the black curtain of night conceals on the ground.

**I** KNOW of only one night pilot who does not readily admit that his heart is attuned to his motor for the tortuous hours required to span the inky nocturnal stretch from Chicago to New York and from Rock Springs to Bryan, Ohio.

Pilot Yeager of the Cheyenne-Omaha relay confessed to me that when mail was flown in daylight hours he looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to his regular journey. Although his pay is doubled and approximates that of a Cabinet officer, he is frank to say that he takes off on his night flight with genuine dread. An experience on his second night trip contributed to the fact. Flying East a thunder-storm lowered across his pathway. He attempted to land on an emergency field until the black clouds passed. But he miscalculated the velocity of the wind running before. He was gliding toward the field. When he recovered consciousness he was lying on the ground fifty feet from his airplane, or what was left of it. The ship was a twisted mass on the side of a hill. Such a miraculous escape seldom is recorded twice.

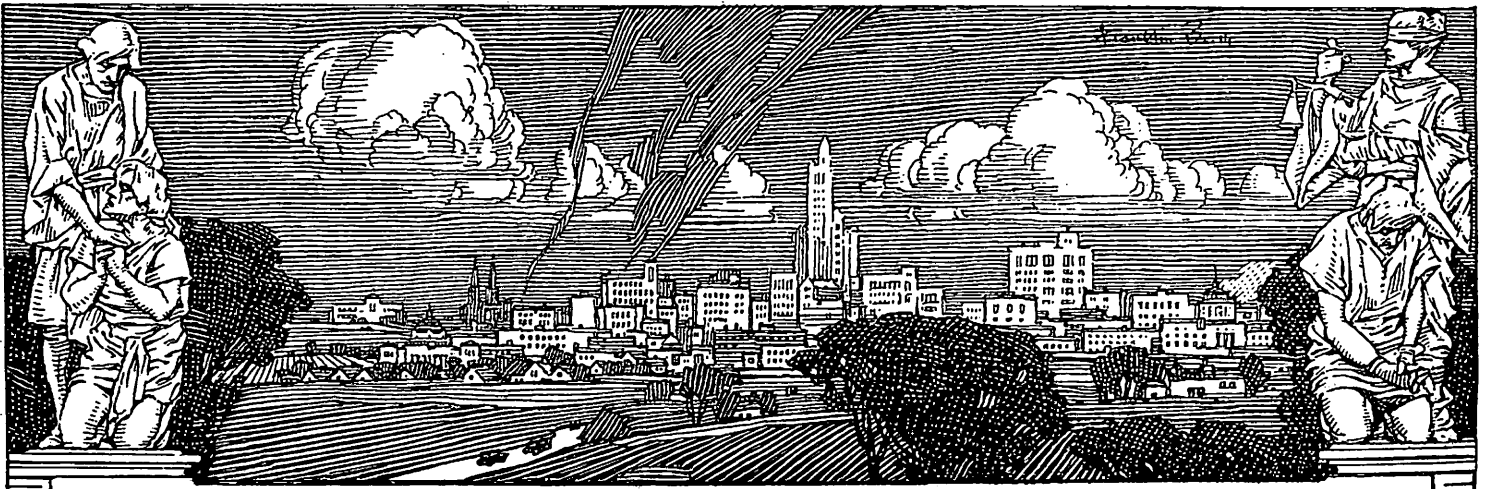
During the past twelve months aviation news has found prominent place in the newspapers. Acrimonious bureaucratic controversy has at all times been featured and while its criminations and recriminations have captured more first-page headlines, meantime wings of commerce have been sprouting.

The fledgling of civil aeronautics has resolutely prepared to leave the nest of its  
*(Continued on page 62)*



*View of a commercial aviation field in California, showing a blimp being either landed or launched*

WM. L. CROSS



## EDITORIAL

### SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

THE circular letter recently issued by the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, addressed to the officers and members of those organizations, contains a number of suggestions looking to an increased interest in their activities. After presenting the question as to how a state association may interest the lodges of its state to become members, it answers the inquiry by the obviously wise reply: "By doing something worth while."

The subordinate lodges of the Order which are successfully functioning as such are pretty well occupied with their own local activities. The time of their members and their financial resources are reasonably taxed by the requirements of those activities. And, if there is to be a further demand upon them that will meet with any enthusiastic response, it must be of a character that is distinctly worth while in itself; and one that does not merely call for a duplication of the work already undertaken by the subordinate lodges.

There is much to be said in favor of the fraternal and social intercourse that is encouraged and fostered by state associations. That feature is itself not without substantial value and importance. But the really successful and flourishing associations are those which are engaged upon definite programs of humanitarian service which can be better performed by the united lodges of such organizations than by the individual lodges acting independently. And the suggestion by the Committee that such a program should be adopted by every state association is worthy of thoughtful consideration.

But a word of caution may not be out of place in this connection. It must be remembered that the subordinate lodge is a unit of fraternal activity in our Order. It is charged, as such, with the definite duty to perform every possible charitable and benevolent service in its own community. And no plan should be adopted by a state association that will so severely tax any member lodge as unduly to curtail or restrict its performance of that duty, which may be properly regarded as its primary obligation.

So long as this precaution is observed, there is no limit to the scope or extent of the humanitarian

services that a state association may properly undertake, except the limit of its capacity to successfully perform them and the obvious limitation as to their worth-while character. Indeed it is only while they are engaged upon such a program that they will merit, or receive, the whole-hearted support and cooperation of the lodges in their respective jurisdictions.

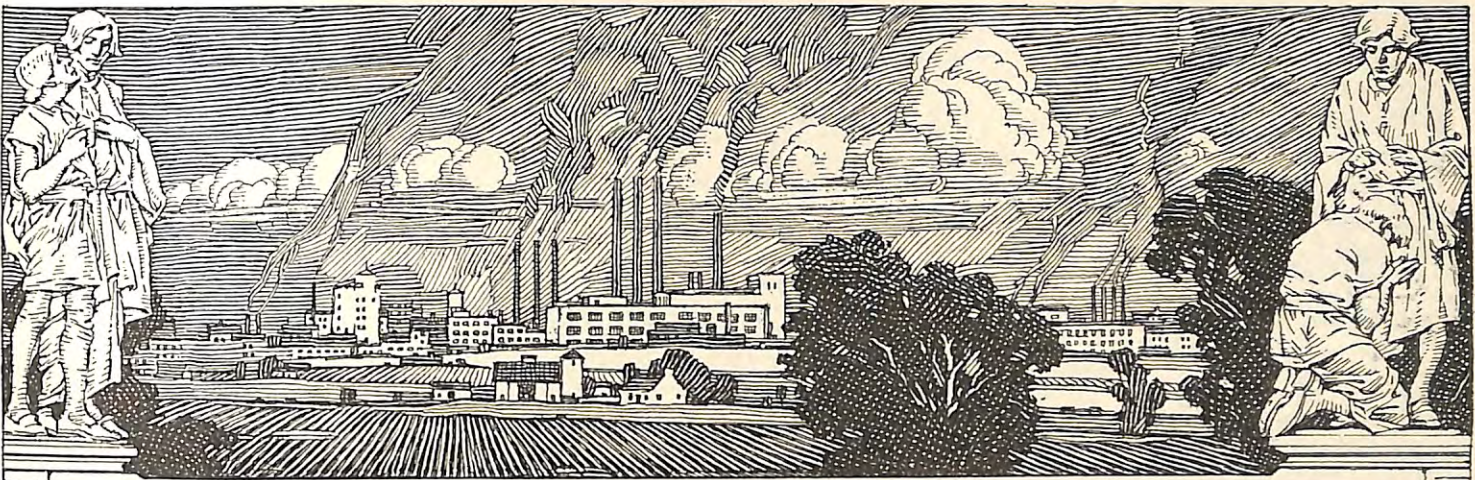
### FRATERNAL DISCIPLINE

JUSTICE, as taught by the Order of Elks, is not vindictive. Punishment is not its chief aim. It rather inclines to gentleness and mercy and forgiveness. But even as thus modified, justice is a distinctive virtue which naturally implies the occasional necessity for proper discipline. And fraternal consideration should not be strained to the extent of its total disregard of such a virtue.

This is particularly true with reference to offenses which reflect discredit upon the Order and tend to bring it into disrepute in any community. So long as individual conduct is merely hurtful to the person guilty of it, it may well be the subject of pity and helpful sympathy. But when an individual displays persistent disregard of proper obligation to others, a selfish abuse of fraternal privilege, and by his misconduct involves the good name and standing of the lodge and the Order, and the public esteem in which they may be held, true justice demands adequate discipline.

It is unfortunately true that in many lodges there are some, happily but few, who persistently forget, if they do not purposely disregard, the duty that rests upon them as representatives of the Order. They overlook, in the exercise of privilege, the restrictions of the binding rules of conduct, both written and unwritten, imposed for the protection of others and of the organization. When acts of offense by such members are flagrant and repeated, and evidence an unworthy attitude, patience, although it never really ceases to be a virtue, becomes a less important one than justice. And in such cases the judicial machinery of the Order should be employed for the preservation of the larger good.

If this were not true, the provisions of our laws which establish our forms and direct procedure



therein, should be repeated as useless. Brotherly love and charity, which embody gentleness and patience and loving kindness, are wholly commendable virtues. The Order is proud of its splendid exemplification of these virtues. But it should not be forgotten that justice is also a cardinal principle of the Order. And justice to the Order is as important as justice to the individual.

A worthy Elk is never a persistent "bad actor." An unworthy Elk has no right to remain so and remain in the Order.

#### CARE OF MEMBERSHIP CARDS

THE frequency with which secretaries of subordinate lodges are requested to issue duplicate membership cards to members who have lost the originals, indicates a regrettable lack of care on the part of many members in safeguarding these official certificates. And the unfortunate number of cases in which non-members have secured possession of such cards, and have used them in the furtherance of fraudulent designs, demonstrates the necessity for such care.

The value and importance of membership cards to those who are entitled to them, and the wisdom of keeping them always upon the person, have been the subjects of previous editorial comments in these columns. Incidents which illustrate the appropriateness of those suggestions are of almost daily occurrence. In some cases they have assumed practically life and death significance.

Those considerations, however, are, in the main, of moment only to the individual member. They appeal to one's self-interest. But there is another aspect, suggested above, in which every member has an interest in the care with which every other member preserves his card.

A membership card is the official certificate of one's rights and privileges as an Elk. It is an introduction of its legitimate possessor to all his brethren. It vouches his claim upon their fraternal consideration and his worthiness of their confidence. If such a credential comes into the possession of one not entitled to it, and he who is disposed to make dishonest use of it, it is apparent that it becomes an instrument by means of which many generous and kindly Elks may be imposed upon and even substantially defrauded.

It is obvious, therefore, that every Elk should jealously safeguard his personal possession of this

membership card, not only because of its value and usefulness to himself, but also as a protection of every other Elk against its illegitimate use, and of the Order against the claims of membership by those who have not appropriately earned that distinction, even though no other fraud be practiced. The Order is entitled to have the public, as well as its members, know who are, and who are not, Elks.

#### TRAVELING ELKS

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, for the information of its readers, carries elsewhere in its columns a list of the subordinate lodge homes in which members of the Order may secure transient accommodations. The list is quite an extensive one, including nearly all of the principal cities of the country.

The location of these homes, the character of the accommodations offered, and the reasonable charges for the service rendered, present attractive and valuable opportunities to Elks who may desire such entertainment in those cities. And it is deemed appropriate to call the attention of the membership to the rights and privileges thus afforded, in the hope that they will more generally avail themselves thereof.

There is nothing of commercialism in this. There is no obligation upon any member to patronize any subordinate lodge home as a matter of business. But it is believed that if those Elks who may be away from home would make use of the facilities offered by the local lodges, they would find the experiences both agreeable and profitable.

Many of the subordinate lodges have expended large sums in making their homes attractive to transient brothers. They maintain their equipment for entertainment at a very heavy expense. It is not an entirely selfish proposition on the part of the lodge, for the homes are open to all Elks. It would seem, therefore, an act of fraternal consideration to patronize the local home whenever the opportunity to do so is fairly presented.

Apart from the purely physical and financial considerations involved, the associations that would naturally ensue are to be commended as worthy to be encouraged and fostered, in the interest of a wholesome fraternal spirit throughout the Order. One does not meet strangers in an Elks Home, but brothers.

the Museum — <sup>Page 10-</sup> "I had a horse, & I had nae mair."  
It is a charming song, & I know the story of  
the Ballad. —

One song more, & I have done — Auld lang syne —  
The air is but mediocre, but the following is the  
old song of the older times, & which has never been  
in hint, not even in manuscript, until I took it  
down from an old man's singing, is enough to  
recommend any air —

Auld lang syne —

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne!

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my Dear,

For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne —

The twa hae run about the trees,

And pu't the gownie tree;

But

The Original  
Manuscript of  
"Auld Lang Syne"



But we've wander'd <sup>say 19<sup>th</sup></sup> many a weary foot,  
 in auld lang syne! —

For auld lang syne! —

The twa hae paidlet i' the burn,  
 frae mornin'-sun till dine:  
 But seas between us braid hae rear'd,  
 in auld lang syne. —

For auld syne. —

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,  
 For auld lang syne

For auld &c. —

And surely we'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.

For auld &c. —

REPRODUCED on these two pages is the original manuscript, in the poet's handwriting, of "Auld Lang Syne", taken down, as Burns put it, "from an old man's singing." The manuscript of this old song, which is so dear to all members of the Order of Elks, is in the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, by whose permission it is here published

# Progress of the "Old Ironsides" Campaign in the Big Cities

THE second big drive to save "Old Ironsides" is under way. This time the campaign is being carried into the big cities where hitherto the school authorities have had a hard and fast rule forbidding the carrying on of campaigns, or the collection of funds, in the schools. The Campaign Committee, which is under the direction of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, reports that it has secured the support of the Hearst newspapers throughout the country in its effort to persuade the aforementioned authorities to rescind the rules in the case of the present campaign.

On the afternoons of February 18th and 19th two hundred thousand Boston children in the parochial, private and public schools heard from the lips of three hundred Elk orators—seventy-five of whom wore American Legion uniforms—the story of the deeds and adventures of "Old Ironsides." In New York, during Patriots Week, which came to a conclusion with patriotic exercises on February 19th, over a million school children heard the story of the famous old battleship. The school authorities in New York conducted the campaign without outside participation. They feared that it would interfere with the routine. They did, however, permit the carrying out of the program, including the writing of the essays and the patriotic exercises, by teachers in twenty-five thousand classrooms. In eight hundred public schools and four hundred odd parochial schools, the teachers drilled their pupils for a week in the inspir-

ing story of the *U. S. S. Constitution*. In New York City a committee of five Elks, representing each of the five Lodges in the district, with the aid of District Deputy Edward S. McGrath, have read thousands of essays to decide the winner in each Lodge territory and from these chose the best essay written by a New York child. Mayor Walker is one of the honorary committee which is canvassing the city by mail for larger donations from the adult population.

Into every big city where the campaign has been denied entrance to the schools, the Hearst newspapers are sending a representative to persuade them, if possible, to rescind their rule and allow the "Old Ironsides" drive to proceed. In each city a general committee will be organized to solicit contributions from the grown-ups.

The Boston school authorities, in rescinding their rule against carrying campaigns into the schools in favor of this particular project, said that they did so because they felt that the "Old Ironsides" movement is not a mere collection of funds, in the ordinary sense, but a campaign of education and patriotism that is thoroughly in accord with the teaching of history in the schools.

Immediately after Boston and New York concluded their drives, the committee turned its attention to Washington, D. C., after which it will set to work in Philadelphia, Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and the other big cities. With few exceptions, the campaign has already been successfully

conducted in the smaller cities. The Campaign Director announces that there are approximately \$200,000 in sight from funds collected by the nine hundred Elks Lodges which have already functioned.

It is expected that the school authorities throughout the large cities will acquiesce in the plea of the committee to allow the "Old Ironsides" program to be put before the school children, in view of the purely patriotic purpose for which the funds collected are to be used.

Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur is working in conjunction with the Elks in an effort to bring this about. In a letter to the Boston School Committee, Secretary Wilbur wrote: "We are engaged in trying to make the teaching of history and patriotism more interesting by giving the school children of the country an opportunity to contribute small amounts each to the fund for the reconditioning of the *U. S. S. Constitution*. But "Old Ironsides" is of no value except as an historical monument and of no value as such except as the people take an interest in it. With this in mind Congress has authorized the Secretary of the Navy to solicit contributions for the reconditioning of this ship. I believe this is an opportunity in a practical way to interest the children of the country. Bearing in mind the primary object of this campaign, I trust there will be no objection in Boston to the participation of the public schools in writing competitive essays on the subjects designated by the President of the United States, and in contributing to the fund."



## Candidates for Grand Lodge Offices

THREE Subordinate Lodges have authorized announcement of the following candidacies for Grand Lodge offices to be filled at the Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Chicago, Ill., next July:

*Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Presents*  
**Charles H. Grakelow**  
*For Grand Exalted Ruler*

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, endorses and presents Charles H. Grakelow as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, to be filled at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge to be held in Chicago, Ill., next July.

Mr. Grakelow has been a member of Philadelphia Lodge since 1907. He has served his Lodge as Exalted Ruler for six full terms, from 1920 to 1926, being still in office. He was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Membership for the year 1921-22, and served as Grand Esquire in three successive years, 1922-23, 1923-24 and 1924-25. In 1922 he was elected President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Mr. Grakelow is at present Director of Public Welfare of the City of Philadelphia.

*Mexico, Mo., Lodge Presents*  
**Fred A. Morris**  
*For Grand Treasurer*

Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, announces that it will present the name of Fred A. Morris as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer, at the Grand Lodge meeting in Chicago in July.

Mr. Morris was a charter member of his Lodge and was first elected Exalted Ruler in 1910, being subsequently re-elected twice. He has served twice as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Missouri, East, in the years 1911-12 and 1914-15. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1921 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1922. Mr. Morris served as a member of the Grand Lodge Big Brother Committee in

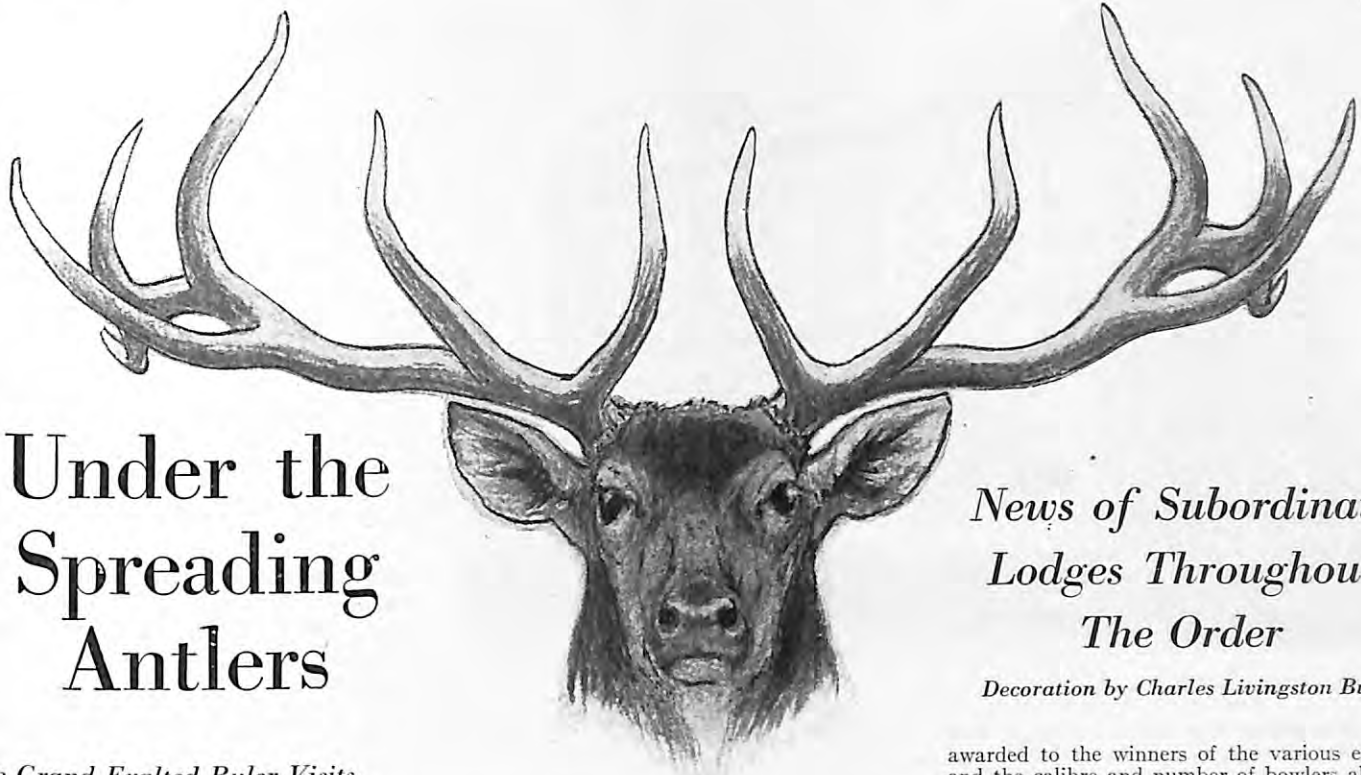
1918, the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare for two years, beginning in 1919 and was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1924. He was the first President of the Missouri State Elks Association.

*Newark, N. J., Lodge Presents*  
**Richard P. Rooney**  
*For Grand Trustee*

Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, announces the candidacy of Richard P. Rooney for the office of Grand Trustee to be filled by election at the Grand Lodge meeting in July.

Mr. Rooney, who has been a member of Newark Lodge for twenty-three years, has served it in all offices from Esquire to Exalted Ruler. For the last ten years Mr. Rooney has been Secretary of his Lodge. He has been President of the New Jersey State Elks Association and was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations from 1914-15 and 1920-21. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New Jersey, Northwest, in 1922-23.





# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

### The Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge

MEMBERS of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91, were present in large numbers to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell on the occasion of his recent visit to their Home. Judge Atwell, who arrived in the city in the afternoon, was met at the station by a special reception committee and was taken to various points of interest. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest at a banquet given in the ballroom of the Hotel Patten. The banquet was presided over by Judge Nathan L. Bachman who was introduced to the diners by John T. Menefee, Exalted Ruler of Chattanooga Lodge. Judge Atwell, who was warmly welcomed to the city in an address by Mayor Richard Hardy, responded with characteristic eloquence, speaking of the Order's great achievements and praising Chattanooga Lodge's part in the progress.

At the conclusion of the banquet the members and guests gathered in the lobby of the hotel and led by the Lodge's Concert Band and the Elks' Junior Band, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home on Seventh Street. Here the members went into regular session, presided over by Judge Atwell who delivered an official message to the membership.

The welcome and reception given to Judge Atwell on the occasion of his visit were not confined only to members of Chattanooga Lodge. The downtown streets and shops were elaborately decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the distinguished visitor, and great interest was displayed generally throughout the city in his presence.

### Williamsport, Pa., Lodge to Build Magnificent New Home

On April 1st house-wreckers will start the work of razing the present buildings on the plot just purchased by Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, for its new Home. The site, at the Southeast corner of East Fourth and State Streets, has a frontage of 104 feet on the former and a depth of 204 feet. Practically the entire area will be covered by the magnificent building which will be erected.

The plans call for a steel, brick and concrete structure which will be as nearly fireproof as it is possible to make it. The front part of the building will be 60 feet wide and five stories in height, while the auditorium at the rear will be 95 feet wide by 30 in height.

The first floor, a semi-basement, will have virtually all of the usual club features, such as bowling alleys, billiard and lounge rooms, Turkish baths and a grill room, 55 x 85 feet. Above will be a large lobby, reading and writing-rooms,

secretary's office and reception rooms for women guests. A dining room, 35 x 60 feet, will be on the second floor and above it the Lodge room. The front of the third, fourth and fifth floors are to be given over to living rooms.

The outstanding feature of the new building will be the auditorium, a room roughly 80 feet square. At the rear will be a balcony and extending forward on either side will be boxes. A stage 40 x 26 feet, with full theatrical equipment, is planned. There will be seating capacity for 1200, making it the largest private assembly hall in that part of Pennsylvania. The present Home is to be sold.

### Wild Elk Herd Shipped East in Special Trains

Six hundred and twenty head of elk—two solid train loads—recently made a 2,700-mile migration by express from the Montana national bison range west of Missoula, Mont., to Middleboro, Mass. It was one of the largest single shipments of wild animals ever made in this country. The elk were sold by the Government to prevent overcrowding of the range, the purchaser being the Elk Breeding and Grazing Association of Middleboro, Mass., which has a 15,000-acre game preserve near Middleboro. Some of the animals will be resold to smaller private preserves in the East.

### Oroville, Calif., Lodge Showing Good Gain in Membership

Oroville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1484, has an enthusiastic and wide-awake membership that have established an enviable record for welfare work in the community. Besides generous Thanksgiving and Christmas charities, the Lodge made a most excellent showing in the "Old Ironsides" campaign, surpassing by 50 per cent. its allotted quota.

The Lodge hopes to close the Elk year April 1st with a membership of over 300 members and expects to wind up 1926 with another 100 members. This rapid growth gives assurance that Oroville Lodge will begin to build its new Home before long.

### Variety of Events Marks Elks National Bowling Tournament

Five-men and two-men team contests, as well as individual championships, will be held at the Ninth Annual Tournament of the Elks Bowling Association which begins on March 20 on the alleys in the Home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13. Diamond championship medals will be

awarded to the winners of the various events, and the calibre and number of bowlers already entered promise a splendid meet. Entries will be received up to midnight, March 6, by Secretary Henry Peachey, of the Bowling Association, at the Home of Indianapolis Lodge.

### Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge Installs New Memorial Record

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, recently installed a beautiful bronze rotary memorial record in its Lodge room as a result of months of investigation as to the best method of continuing its mortuary roll. The bronze is of book form set in a recess of the wall, the cover opens and the bronze leaves turn alternately to the right and left, bronze bars carrying the names of the deceased members and dates of record.

### Greensburg, Pa., Lodge Initiates Novel Class

Quite an interesting coincidence marked a class of candidates recently initiated by Greensburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 511. Included in the class were a grandfather and his grandson, to say nothing of the sons of four brothers, each of the sons having been proposed by his father. On account of the prominence of the candidates and the unusual coincidence of their relationships, the officers and past officers of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, were invited to take full charge of the initiatory work. M. Frank Horne, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Trustee of the Pennsylvania Southeast District, was ably assisted in the ceremony by Past Exalted Ruler J. K. Weaver of Tarentum, Pa., Lodge, No. 644, and Roy Stotler, Charles J. Fennell, and Harry Wolff, all of New Kensington Lodge. Following the initiation the new members and visitors were guests of the Lodge at an elaborate supper in the Home.

### Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge is Topic Of Interesting Sermon

"Is the Elizabeth Lodge of Elks a Worth-while Organization" was the title of a talk delivered in the Central Baptist Church of Elizabeth, N. J., by Dr. Guy Bleakney, the minister. In the course of a discussion of certain social conditions that had aroused his indignation Dr. Bleakney said: "Any Lodge that appropriates so many thousands of dollars to maintain a club under a fulltime leader where a wholesome atmosphere is provided for the recreation of boys; that helps to maintain a one hundred and ninety acre farm where boys can go in July and girls in August under a motherly matron; any Lodge interested in crippled kiddies; that provides two hundred Christmas



This stately, well-appointed Home is occupied by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30

dinners no matter how large the families; that sets aside January 9, 1926, for the orphanage children and gives them a party and provides a donation for every child; that provides a home for the aged; that places no emphasis on denominationalism or sectarianism or creed, but that has a firm belief in God, a clean body and sound morals—this Lodge is a worth-while Lodge in any section of the country. Thank God we have one in Elizabeth—the Elks.”

### Roanoke, Va., Lodge to Install Fine Pipe Organ

Plans have been completed by Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, for the installation in its Lodge room of a splendid pipe organ. Arrangements are being made to have the organ audible in the ladies' club room and in the dining room as well as in the Lodge room. The instrument, which will have more than 700 pipes with many unusual combinations, is expected to be ready by July at which time it will be dedicated with a public recital. A large male choir is also being formed in the Lodge.

### Construction of New Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Completed

Construction work on the magnificent new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, is now completed. The officers planned to start the furnishing of the Home last month and the Elks Building Association is at work on plans for the opening celebration which it expects to hold in the near future.

One of the features of this imposing building will be the great \$50,000 organ installed in the Lodge room. A test recital on this magnificent instrument, which was broadcast through Radio Station KNX, was held in December, and served to carry the Christmas greetings of Los Angeles Elks to the people of the Pacific Coast. The Lodge room itself, 77 x 136 feet, with a height of 55 feet and a seating capacity of 1,500, will be one of the largest and most beautiful in the country.

### Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Entertains Visitors

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, was host recently to many members and officers from other New Jersey Lodges. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland and all the officers of his Lodge, Jersey City, No. 211; President William Devereux, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and the officers of his Lodge, Asbury Park, No. 128; a delegation from East Orange Lodge, No. 630, and many others were present. A feature of the evening was the splendid exemplification of the initiatory ritual performed for their hosts by the officers

from Jersey City, which impressed not only the candidates but the older members as well.

### Welfare Committee of San Francisco Lodge Takes Show to Hospitals

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, through the courtesy of the performers, was able to stage two performances of the Lodge's Annual Jinks in nearby hospitals. The first of these was at the Letterman Hospital at the Presidio and the second at the Palo Alto Base Hospital. In both cases individual presents were distributed before the performance, and the occasions were greatly enjoyed by the members of the staff and the patients.

### Treasurer and Past Exalted Ruler Of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge Dies

The holiday season was saddened for members of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, by the death of Francis J. McMahon, who had served as Exalted Ruler, 1912-1913, and as Treasurer since 1917. Mr. McMahon won the affection and respect of his fellow members by devoted service to the best interests of Pittsfield Lodge and by his genial companionship and sympathy.

### Pennsylvania Southwest Association Conducts Joint Initiation

At a joint initiation conducted by the Southwest District Association of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, several hundred candidates were admitted to the 21 Lodges comprising the group. The ceremony, held in the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall in Pittsburgh, was a most impressive one. The initiatory ritual was performed by a picked team from the Lodges of the District, to the accompaniment of music furnished by various Elk organizations, including the fine 40 piece band of Wilkinsburg Lodge, No. 577. The uniformed Marching Club of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, consisting of 60 men, acted as escorts to the candidates during the initiatory services.

The newly made Elks were then addressed by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters, both of Charleroi Lodge, No. 494; George J. Kambach, of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; John B. Sweeney of McKeesport Lodge, No. 136, President of the Southwest District Association, and other prominent members of the Order. A special service was held during the evening in memory of John F. Norris, a member of the original Jolly Corks and of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, whose death is announced elsewhere in this magazine.

Progress of the Order in the Southwest District has been marked during the past few months and nearly all of the Lodges report a gratifying growth in membership. Allegheny Lodge alone plans to initiate a class of more than 100 candidates this month.

### Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge Paid Visit By District Deputy Mulholland

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland recently made his official visit to Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 81, where he was greeted by a large gathering of members including a number of Past Exalted Rulers. A special class of candidates was initiated, and the ritual as exemplified by the officers of Glens Falls Lodge, called forth Mr. Mulholland's praise. Previous to the meeting, the District Deputy and the other distinguished guests and representatives of neighboring Lodges were entertained at a dinner given in their honor. Excellent musical numbers, and addresses by the visitors, were greatly appreciated by the diners.

### Lodges in Kentucky, West, Hold Successful Meeting

The Exalted Ruler and Secretaries of Lodges in Kentucky, West, met recently in the Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, at the call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin N. Williams. The meeting was a highly successful one and many matters of importance to the Lodges in the district were discussed. Plans for a selective membership campaign were formulated and a night in March was set aside for a special initiation.

Neville Miller, Exalted Ruler of Louisville Lodge greeted the visitors to the Home and presided at the banquet given in their honor. Among the many distinguished members of the Order present was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly who was the principal speaker of the evening.

### Andy Smith, Famous Football Coach And Member of the Order, Dies

In the death of Andy Smith, famous football coach at the University of California, the Elks lose one of their most widely known members. Mr. Smith was an active and hard working member of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, and one of the country's greatest coaches. A sportsman on and off the field, he exemplified the finest traditions of the Order and had a host of friends all over the country who share the loss of his Lodge and his University.

### Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Has Busy Period of Social and Welfare Work

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, has just ended a busy period of Social and Community Welfare work which extended well past the holiday season. Early in December the annual charity ball was held and proved a brilliant success. The proceeds went into the Lodge's charity fund. Another equally enjoyable function was the Lodge's annual party for the children of the members held early in the new year at the Home. This was very well attended and it was by far the best party of its kind ever held by the Lodge.

Red Bank Lodge now has a committee investigating the proposition of a new Home. Some definite action will be taken as soon as the sentiment of the members is ascertained. Red Bank Lodge is in a prosperous condition with a membership of about 900 and is steadily growing, a class being initiated at nearly every session.

### Savannah's Orphans Given Savings Accounts

Every boy and girl, 212 in all, in Savannah's four orphan Homes was recently given an individual savings bank account by Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183. The distribution was made at the different Homes during Christmas week. The name of every boy and girl was secured in advance and the accounts were opened for them personally and not in the name of any guardian or agent. The accounts were distributed among various Savannah banks and

the Lodge has been notified that in the majority of cases the little ones have already added to the initial deposit.

It has long been a practice for Savannah Lodge to send substantial checks to each of the city's orphanages for general support at Christmas. That policy was also followed this year, in addition to giving the youngsters a practical lesson in thrift by starting savings accounts for them.

Such a generous exposition of charity was made possible by a very successful bazaar which was held at the Home of Savannah Lodge, the proceeds of which were devoted entirely to opening of these savings accounts.

**New Lodge at Sarasota, Fla., Is Instituted**

Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519, was instituted recently by W. S. Irvin, of Lakeland Lodge, No. 1291, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Florida West. The Exalted Ruler is L. D. Reagin, and the Secretary J. C. Hugby.

**Twenty-fifth Annual Minstrel Show Of Detroit, Mich., Lodge Great Success**

Insistent demand for encores from the enthusiastic audience carried far over-time the program of the twenty-fifth annual minstrel show of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, which realized a considerable sum for the Lodge's charity fund. A minstrel chorus of forty voices and a number of soloists furnished the musical part of the program, and were followed by several vaudeville acts. An outstanding feature of the evening was the twenty-minute drill of the famous Jackson Zouaves, of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113.

**Alaska Elks Meet for Week of Contests and Entertainment**

A delegation from Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, including three bowling teams and the cast of a home-talent show, visited Juneau, Alaska, for a week of athletic contests and entertainment. The chief events were the annual bowling matches between teams representing Juneau Lodge, No. 420, and Ketchikan Lodge. This year each Lodge entered two men's teams and one women's. In addition to these matches there were an indoor track meet, a performance of the Ketchikan Lodge show and a barn dance. The citizens and organizations of Juneau assisted the local Elks in the entertainment of the visitors and did much to ensure the success of the week.

**Fargo, N. D., Lodge Celebrates Dedication of Fine New Home**

Three days of festivities marked the dedication of the beautiful new \$200,000 Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260. Commencing with the dedication service on the first day, there followed the next evening a reception and grand ball, while the third day's activities included the initiation of a large class of candidates, and a smoker and entertainment.

Many hundred members and guests sat down to the large banquet which preceded the dedicatory service. S. W. Richardson of the Lodge acted as toastmaster of the evening, introducing Dr. William E. Dudley of the Park Avenue Congregational Church in Minneapolis, Minn., who delivered the principal address of the banquet. W. F. Kurke, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; C. P. Brown, President of the Elks Holding Company in charge of the Lodge's building program; and Hon. L. B. Hanna, former Governor of North Dakota, were also important speakers on the program who outlined the progress of Fargo Lodge and complimented it on its achievement in building such a handsome Home.

Following the banquet came the dedicatory service which was conducted by Sam F. Crabbe, assisted by other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Taking part in the exercises were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William G. Owens and Hon. Tracy R. Bangs, Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, who delivered the dedicatory address. During and following the dedication the Band

of Fargo Lodge rendered a number of impressive selections.

The new Home is constructed of Hebron brick, a North Dakota product, while the interior architecture is in the Italian style throughout, and of exceptional beauty.

On the first floor is a great lounge room, equipped with beautiful velours and tapestry furniture. One of the features of this room is a splendid fireplace of travatine stone, an odd lava formation imported from Italy. To the left, in an alcove, is the library and writing-room. A large game room also opens off the lounge, as does a handsome room especially fitted for women guests. The Secretary's office, cloak-rooms, kitchen and large dining room are also on this floor. The magnificent Lodge room, 94 x 54 feet, is on the second floor. This room has walls of smooth white alabaster and a white ceiling ornamented with a plaster design which cost more than \$10,000 to place. A small Lodge room, a band room, a small serving room and a kitchen occupy the rest of the floor. Above, a roof garden for summer use will be constructed. A gymnasium, hand-ball courts, bowling alleys, shower bath and lockers occupy the ground floor.

It is a splendid Home of which the members of Fargo Lodge can well be proud and they are to be congratulated on the manner in which the project was planned, financed and carried through

**New District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Appointed**

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell has appointed Harry L. Bethel, Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, to serve as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the newly created district of Florida East; A. G. Christenson, Fremont, Neb., Lodge, No. 514, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Nebraska North in place of Lucius Hammond, resigned, and George Spaven of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Porto Rico to succeed J. D. Woodward, resigned.

**Elko, Nev., Lodge Purchases Site for New Home**

A plot, 75 x 50 feet, facing the court house in Elko, Nev., has recently been purchased by Elko Lodge, No. 1472, as a site for its new Home. The building as projected will be three floors in height, the first of which will be rented for business purposes. The Lodge room and club features will occupy the second, while a number of living rooms for resident and traveling members will constitute the third floor. The total investment of the Lodge in its new Home is expected to be in the neighborhood of \$90,000.

**Nashville, Tenn., Lodge Has Excellent Library in Home**

One of the most interesting and appreciated features in the Home of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, is its library. The number of books is large and each year the Lodge spends between \$1,800 and \$2,000 in adding new volumes to the shelves. Not only is the library well patronized by the members but their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters borrow many books during the course of the year. Among the volumes occupying a prominent place on the shelves are bound copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE complete from the first issue of June, 1922.

**New Members and New Home For Aurora, Ill., Lodge**

During the past two months Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, has initiated close to 200 new members and has shown great activity in all of its departments. Work on a new Home to cost \$400,000 will be begun shortly. This building will be one of the finest in the State and will be designed to take care of the Lodge's rapidly growing membership. One of the features planned to enhance the beauty of the grounds surrounding the edifice will be a life-size bronze elk which will be erected near the main entrance.

**Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge Shows Steady Membership Increase**

Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1173, is showing a rapid increase in membership. Recently it initiated another large class of candidates, the occasion being made unusually impressive by the presence of the well-known degree team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, which conducted the ceremony. The team was accompanied by the orchestra of Reynoldsville Lodge and a large number of members. Following the initiation the members of Philipsburg Lodge played host to their visitors in lavish style.

A few weeks later Philipsburg Lodge presented a beautiful silk altar flag to Reynoldsville Lodge in appreciation of the splendid work done by the degree team on this occasion.

**District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler McCoy Visits Newark, N. J., Lodge**

Delegations from every Lodge in the district of New Jersey Northwest were present at the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy of East Orange Lodge, No. 630. It was the first visit to the Lodge's new Home and the large attendance of New Jersey Elks filled the beautiful Lodge room. In announcing that he had invited all the Lodges in his district to meet with him in Newark,



The picturesque Home owned by Lakewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1432



The newly dedicated Home of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515

Mr. McCoy said that he felt it was fitting for them to pay tribute to the Mother Lodge of the State on such an occasion and that in addition to this he wished Lodges which are contemplating new Homes to have an opportunity of obtaining ideas from the splendid building of the Newark Elks. Both Mr. McCoy and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Macksey of East Orange Lodge, No. 630, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, warmly congratulated the officers of No. 21 on their exemplification of the initiatory ritual.

### Milwaukee Elks Take Part in Many Bowling Matches

Interest in bowling is strong among the members of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. The Milwaukee Elks are entertaining the Wisconsin State Elks Tournament which started January 29 and continues until March 15. In addition teams representing the Lodge have bowled home and home matches with representatives from Waukesha, Wis., Lodge, No. 400; Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4 and Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295.

### Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with a dinner and dance Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, enjoyed one of the most successful occasions of its history. Several hundred Elks and their ladies sat down to the dinner which was enlivened with vocal and instrumental music by a number of entertainers, and followed by speeches. The address of the evening was delivered by William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association. Exalted Ruler Howard Swartout welcomed the members and the guests and brief addresses were made by other well-known New York State Elks. The dance in the beautifully decorated Lodge room closed a delightful and memorable evening.

### Phineas Moses Resigns as Secretary Of New Orleans, La., Lodge

After more than thirty years of continuous service as Secretary of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, Phineas Moses has resigned. Mr. Moses gave as his reasons that he wished to engage in other pursuits and, at the same time, to make way for some younger member to follow in the important work he has carried on for so long.

Mr. Moses, one of the oldest Elk officials in the country in point of continuous service, has been well known to the Order at large for many years, having served as Exalted Ruler of his Lodge in 1895-6, and as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Louisiana 1896-7. At Grand Lodge Conventions he is always an outstanding figure, and has taken part in its activities over a long period of years.

Mr. Moses' successor will be chosen at the first regular meeting in March, his position being filled in the meantime by District Deputy

Grand Exalted Ruler Albert S. Cain of New Orleans Lodge.

### New Jersey State Elks Association Meets

One hundred and fifty delegates from Lodges of the State met at the Home of Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, for the recent quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The meeting was conducted by President William K. Devereux, of Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128, and among the distinguished members of the Order who were present was Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey, last year's President of the Association. Various matters of interest to New Jersey Lodges were discussed, and it was decided to hold the March quarterly meeting at the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21, and the annual meeting next summer at Long Branch. Following the meeting Irvington Lodge tendered a dinner in its Home to the visitors.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

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

Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520.  
Millinocket, Me., Lodge, No. 1521.  
Ponca City, Okl., Lodge, No. 1522.

### Clinton, Mo., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

A class of candidates numbering 52, the largest in the history of Clinton, Mo., Lodge, No. 1034, was recently initiated at a special meeting. The officers of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673, conducted the ceremony in excellent fashion and representatives from other Lodges took part in the celebration that followed.

Clinton Lodge has a membership of close to 500 and owns its Home, a handsome three-story stone structure. The Lodge has been particu-

larly active in welfare work and also plays a large part in the social life of the city.

### Meadville, Pa., Lodge a Liberal Contributor to Charities

Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, in addition to the charities conducted in its own name, is a liberal contributor to efforts of other organizations in its district. During the past year it has voted substantial sums to such community projects as the Union Flag-Day celebration, the Thanksgiving donations of the Associated Charities and to such organizations as the Meadville Community Chest, the Meadville Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and others. Its most recent undertaking has been the furnishing of a room in the Spencer Hospital, and the provision of funds for its future maintenance.

### Danbury, Conn., Lodge Preparing For Huge Fair

Approximately \$20,000 has already been spent by Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, in preparation for the huge Fair which it will hold in the State Armory from April 10 to 17, next. The Committee in charge expects to realize sufficient funds from this ambitious undertaking to make possible the erection of a new and larger Home for the Lodge. The efficient manner in which the preliminary plans have been executed and the enthusiasm of the whole membership promise success to the project.

### Arizona Elks in California Enjoy Informal Organization

Led by Past Exalted Ruler D. L. Noonan, members of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1361, now residing in Southern California, have gotten together in an informal group known as "The Jerome Bunch." They attend meetings of Lodges in the neighborhood, hold smokers and generally keep up the associations formed in their Home Lodge. Mr. Noonan, whose address is 8114 San Antonio Ave., South Gate, Los Angeles, is anxious to hear from all members of No. 1361 living in Southern California.

### Officers of Minnesota State Elks Association Meet in Minneapolis

An important meeting of the officers and committee heads of the Minnesota State Elks Association and officers from the Subordinate Lodges in the State, was held recently in the Home of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44. President John E. Regan of Mankato Lodge, No. 225, presided, and among the distinguished Elks present were William C. Robertson of Minneapolis Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; I. K. Lewis, Duluth Lodge, No. 133, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Mathias Baldwin of Minneapolis Lodge and Leonard C. Seamer of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59. Arrangements were made to send a large Minnesota delegation to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago, and tentative plans for transportation and lodging were discussed.



From the Far North comes this picture of the Home of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351

Nearly all of the visitors remained in Minneapolis that evening to attend the Athletic Night put on by No. 44 which included five boxing bouts, a vaudeville entertainment and a buffet supper.

**Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Reports on Crippled Children's Clinic**

A recent report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, shows that the first clinic held under the auspices of the Lodge was most successful. Sixty-one unfortunate children were examined by the corps of doctors present, under the general supervision of Dr. L. W. Hubbard of Mount Vernon, N. Y. The Health Department, the school authorities and the hospital staff of Cohoes cooperated to the fullest extent in the work. The attending physicians and surgeons and the other guests of the Committee were entertained at luncheon in the Lodge Home, where it was arranged to hold another clinic when conditions call for it, which Dr. Hubbard again volunteered to attend.

**Welfare Work Among Chief Activities Of Glendive, Mont., Lodge**

Glendive, Mont., Lodge, No. 1324, has an enthusiastic membership which is growing, and which is active in many fields of community work. Besides its regular Thanksgiving and Christmas charities, the Lodge has recently conducted a number of special entertainments and raised a considerable sum in this way for its general charity fund.

**Death Takes Treasurer of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge**

The Christmas season was saddened for the members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, by the sudden death of Treasurer Jerome F. Healy. Mr. Healy had been Treasurer of Bronx Lodge since its inception and was one of its hardest workers and most beloved members. He had been prominent in public affairs over a long period, having held important offices in labor organizations and in the municipal government, and was widely known for his sincerity and enthusiasm and readiness to help in times of stress. His untimely death is mourned by hosts of friends, both in and out of the Order.

**Providence, R. I., Lodge Presents Plaque to School Superintendent**

An interesting feature of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James N. Storer's official visit to Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14—his home Lodge—was the presentation of one of the "Old Ironsides" bronze plaques to Mr. William J. Harper, who is a member of the Lodge and Superintendent of Schools in the town of North Providence. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Puffy, who is chairman of the Lodge's "Old Ironsides" Committee made the presentation address, and despite the fact that the affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Harper, a nice speech of acceptance was made by him. He paid glowing tributes to the patriotic fervor of modern school children, who he claimed were as fully interested in American traditions as the children of any past decade in American history. Mr. Harper had displayed a keen interest in the movement to save "Old Ironsides" and personally attended to the campaign in the schools of his town.

**Johnstown, Pa., Lodge Helps the Children of Its Community**

Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, has been very active recently among the children of its community. Recently the Lodge set aside a whole week in which the orphans within its jurisdiction were entertained in various ways. Not the least important part of the program was a dinner at which close to 1,000 youngsters sat down. In addition to its work among the orphans, Johnstown Lodge is sponsoring a Boy Scout Troop that is considered one of the best in the community. The boys have been given a fully equipped gymnasium by the Lodge which has also provided a special instructor who directs their work.



The basket-ball team of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, one of the fastest in the East

**Chicago, Ill., Lodge Succeeds With Forum Lunches**

The Public Forum lunches instituted some time ago by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, are proving highly successful. The large dining room is packed to capacity each Saturday, and some of the most prominent public officials in the city have addressed the gatherings. Many of the officials who have appeared are also members of the Lodge, among them being Mayor William E. Dever, Chief of Police Morgan A. Collins, Postmaster Arthur C. Lueder, and States Attorney Robert E. Crowe. The Chicago newspapers all give prominent position to the stories of these meetings, and Chicago Lodge is reaping the benefit of this excellent publicity in the applications of many desirable citizens.

**Watertown, N. Y., Lodge Gives Away 1000 Pairs of Shoes**

Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, gave away 1,000 pairs of shoes and stockings in its recent annual distribution to the needy children of its district. The basement of the Lodge was arranged like a regular shoe store, with long lines of chairs and benches, and the youngsters were marshalled into line, fitted and given their equipment. A group of members and their wives and a number of shoe clerks volunteered for the occasion, and through their efforts the 1,000 children passed through the basement in less than three hours.

**La Crosse, Wis., Lodge Works With City's Social Service Bureau**

In practically all its Social and Community Welfare activities La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, works through the city's Social Service Bureau, having found that in this way it is sure of reaching those who need help most. Its Thanksgiving and Christmas distributions were made with the help of the Bureau and its parties for the young of the city were also conducted with the assistance of this organization.

**Martin Behrman, Member of New Orleans Lodge and Mayor of City, Dies**

New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, has lost, by the death of Martin Behrman, Mayor of New Orleans, one of its most prominent and active members. An Elk for the last twenty-five years, Mr. Behrman, by his high ideals, his unselfishness and his forceful leadership, attained a commanding position in fraternal and civic affairs, and gathered about him many devoted friends who are mourning his loss. Commenting editorially on his death the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* said: "His rise from humble beginnings to a longer lease of official power than most men enjoy was a distinction and tribute to his qualities. But even more remarkable and praiseworthy we think was the steady and visible growth of his ideals and concepts of service.

His final year was his most fruitful. His summons from life before his dream for New Orleans could be visualized under his hand will be counted a great loss to the community."

**Washington, Pa., Lodge Has Fast Basket-Ball Team**

Among its many activities this year Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, has organized a first class basket-ball team which has given an excellent account of itself wherever it has played. The team is anxious to add a few more games to its schedule and any other Lodge that wishes to accept the challenge should get in touch with Manager Pete Grossman at the Home of Washington Lodge.

**Elks Orchestra Playing on Ship on World Tour**

An orchestra, led by Harry Spindler, every member of which is an Elk, is attached to the S. S. *Belgenland* of the Red Star Line, now on a world tour. When the ship reached San Francisco the orchestra was feted by San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and in return played a concert of jazz numbers. On the departure from Honolulu Mr. Spindler was presented with a wreath of lei by Prof. Mealakai, leader of the famous Royal Hawaiian Band.

**Successful Charity Ball Given By Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge**

The annual Charity Ball of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, was again a great social and financial success. Over 1,000 members and guests enjoyed the concert and dance music furnished by a Ladies' Orchestra from Boston. Following the eleven o'clock toast given by Exalted Ruler Henry S. Murch, Jr., refreshments were served to the dancers.

**Warning to Lodge Against Stolen Membership Card**

Lodges are warned to be on their guard against a well dressed man of apparently 35 years of age who recently stole the membership card of Frank S. Jacques of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474. The card was stolen from the locker rooms of the Auburn Y. M. C. A. by the stranger who had been granted the privileges of the Association by presenting a membership card in the Massillon, Ohio, branch, bearing the name of Ricco. This card, it was found had also been stolen by him. In addition to taking the card of Mr. Jacques a considerable amount of money, jewelry, card cases, etc., were taken from others who were using the locker rooms. As it is quite likely that an attempt will be made to use Mr. Jacques' card, Lodges should be on the look-out and communicate with C. A. Dayton, Secretary of Auburn Lodge, should the card be presented. The stolen card bears the number 1088 and shows dues paid to October 1, 1925.

## 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  
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240  
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626  
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083  
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4  
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228  
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317  
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210  
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349  
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 248  
 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. 789  
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188  
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142  
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275  
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14  
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878  
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100  
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943  
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24  
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1350  
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547  
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305  
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85  
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216  
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3  
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123  
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92  
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413  
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158  
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61  
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516  
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487  
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1,002  
 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  
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 440  
 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.

### San Francisco, Calif., Lodge To Receive Beautiful Clock

A beautiful carved mahogany chiming hall clock, the gift of Mr. Alfred Panzer, a member, will be officially presented to San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, the latter part of this month.

The clock, which is being specially manufactured at a cost of \$1,600, will stand in the Lodge library. It is to be equipped with cathedral chimes, which will sound all the quarters, and will be one of the finest timepieces in the city.

### Fulton, N. Y., Lodge to Have Old Time Minstrel Show

Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830, is planning to stage one of the most elaborate minstrel shows ever attempted in the city. Many special features have been in rehearsal for some months, and the entire membership is keenly enthusiastic over the event. The show will be given at the Quirk Theatre, April 5 and 6.

### Seattle, Wash., Lodge Closes Successful Membership Campaign

With the closing of the recent membership campaign conducted by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, it was announced that nearly 1,500 new Elks had been brought in. At the celebration which wound up the drive, awards of a trip to the coming Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago were made to two members who had obtained the largest number of applications.

### News Sought of Joe T. Whitman Of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge

Mrs. H. M. Streatly, of 108 Lydia Street, Terrell, Tex., is anxious to have news of her brother, Joe T. Whitman, a member in 1920 of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124. Mr. Whitman, who was last heard from in 1920, leaving Fort Worth for Houston, Tex., is about 41 years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, 140 pounds in weight, with dark hair and eyes. He usually found his employment in drug stores and was known at Richmond, El Paso and Eagle Pass, Tex. Any member of the Order having information of Mr. Whitman will confer a favor by writing to his sister.

### Success of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Reviewed at Anniversary Party

The thirty-second anniversary celebration of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, was one of the largest and most successful meetings ever held by Muskegon Elks. Members and guests to the number of several hundred enjoyed the games and entertainment provided for the occasion. The success of Muskegon Lodge during its thirty-two years of existence was reviewed by the speakers of the evening, among whom were Byron O. Smith, Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48, Vice-President of the Michigan State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles J. Dovel, of Manistee Lodge, No. 250, and Dr. Ernest Eimer, charter member and first Inner Guard of Muskegon Lodge.

### New Home of Sacramento Lodge Tallest in the City

The splendid new Home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, now nearing completion, is the tallest structure in the city. As originally planned, the Home was to be fourteen stories high, but a thirty-foot chiming tower has been added, which gives it its premier position. Tall and graceful, the beautiful lines of the building are visible for many miles and add much to the dignity of Sacramento's sky-line.

### Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees have approved the building plan and purchase of property of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, as follows: Erection of a new Home, the estimated cost of the proposed three-story building to be \$275,000, and purchase of property for \$65,000.

Plans of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, as follows: Erection of a new Home to cost ap-

proximately \$350,000 on a site owned by the Lodge. Furnishings to cost \$25,000. The building is to be five stories and basement, the first floor to be devoted to stores and the Lodge's dining room.

### Detroit, Mich., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers Night

One of the most impressive Lodge events of the year to be held in the Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, took place last month when Past Exalted Rulers Night was celebrated. Every chair was occupied by a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter acting as Exalted Ruler for the night. Preceding the meeting a dinner was given to all Past Exalted Rulers by Exalted Ruler James Bonar.

### State President John J. Lermen Tours Southern California

John J. Lermen, President of the California State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, recently made a ten-day tour of the Southern California Lodges. Mr. Lermen, meeting each evening with a group of assembled Lodges, stressed particularly the forest-fire prevention program of the Association. Many distinguished members of the Order met and accompanied Mr. Lermen on parts of his trip, among them being Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past State President, who arranged the President's itinerary; Past State Presidents Richard C. Benbough and Harry M. Ticknor; A. R. Schultz, a Vice-President of the State Association, and State Trustee C. Taylor Renaker.

### Montclair, N. J., Lodge to Hold Monster Frolic in New Home

The first big event to be held in the beautiful new Home of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 891, will be an elaborate Frolic which will take place the week of March 15. Fifty ladies, wives and friends of members, will assist at the many booths and the affair is expected to be a great success.

### Stockton, Calif., Lodge Holds Father and Son Night

Under the auspices of the Big Brother Committee, Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, recently celebrated "Father-and-Son Night" with an entertainment put on by the "Little Brothers." This Committee is very active and at the present time has fifteen boys and girls under its supervision, including two youngsters maintained in an institution of learning. During the past year the Lodge has spent approximately one thousand dollars in this fine welfare work and is planning for even more extensive efforts in the future.

### Sunbury, Pa., Lodge Greets District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

The visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Roy Cherry of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, to Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, was made the occasion of a reception and dinner in his honor. Mr. Cherry, who was accompanied on his visit by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, warmly complimented the Lodge on its splendid new Home and the progress it is making.

### Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates First Anniversary

The first birthday anniversary of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, was celebrated with a dinner and entertainment which were attended by many well-known members of the Order. The principal speaker of the evening was President William E. Fitzsimmons, of the New York State Elks Association, while other addresses were delivered by State Chaplain Rev. Peter J. Donnelly, of Watervliet Lodge, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry S. Kahn of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, and Mayor Halpin, a member of Watervliet Lodge.

Watervliet Lodge had a charter membership of 91, which it has increased during its first year to more than 200.

(Continued on page 82)





# Always a wise investment NOW Better than ever before

Dodge Brothers, Inc. have announced astonishingly low new prices.

They have announced important refinements in their product. Always building an exceptional car, they are now building better than ever.

Better in many ways—in beauty, comfort, driving vision, engine smoothness, snap, elasticity, and get-away.

The simultaneous offering of lower prices and vital improvements is made

possible by a gigantic expansion of buildings and equipment.

Ten million dollars so invested permit great savings through vastly increased volume and efficiency.

Part of these savings goes into further betterment of the car. The other part goes directly back to the buyer—in the form of a price reduction that staggered the industry.

Those who chose Dodge Brothers Motor Car in the past invested their money wisely. Today they invest more wisely than ever before.

	<i>Old Price</i>	<i>New Price</i>		<i>Old Price</i>	<i>New Price</i>
Touring Car - - - -	\$ 875	\$ 795	Coupe - - - - -	\$ 960	\$ 845
Roadster - - - - -	855	795	Panel Commercial Car -	960	885
Type-B Sedan - - -	1045	895	Screen Commercial Car	885	810
Special Type-A Sedan -	1280	1075	Chassis - - - - -	730	655

F. O. B. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS





ONLY a few drops needed and AQUA VELVA keeps the face like velvet all day

## 5 after-shaving comforts . . . in 4 seconds from 9 drops

**P**OWDERS are fine for shiny noses but *not* for the newly shaven skin. Powders act as a blotter. They rob the skin of its needed natural moisture. Aqua Velva, created expressly for after shaving use, *conserves* the natural moisture of the skin.

**First:** It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

**Second:** It sterilizes and helps heal each tiny cut and scrape.

**Third:** It has a free, healthy, masculine fragrance.

**Fourth:** It guards your face against all weather exposure, sun and wind and cold.

**Fifth:** It conserves the needed natural moisture in your skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it all day long as flexible and comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

**FREE OFFER**—The coupon below is for your convenience. Send it today for generous test bottle.

# Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

Made by the makers of  
Williams Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co.  
Dept. 123, Glasbury, Conn.  
(Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street,  
Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Elks 3-25

## His Father's Son

(Continued from page 9)

out. And you—you let your lip curl a little while ago when I said your father had rather have you win than win himself. You're so old, so wise, so poised—yet, dearest boy, there are a lot of things about life you have still to learn."

He shrugged, seemed about to speak, but no words came.

"Everything has come easily to you, Junior," she continued at length. "I suppose every only child is spoiled. You're not to blame for that. It's the fault of the parents—it's so much easier to be selfish in our love and to indulge than it is to be wholesomely unyielding when it is really for the child's best interest. But you've always been so decent, so lovable that I thought we had got away with it. Junior—" she stared at him—"don't you care for your father at all any more?"

He rose abruptly.

"Mother, isn't that rather a ridiculous question?"

"Is it? I hope it is. You see perhaps I'm more understanding than your father. I had brothers and then, you know, a mother is apt to see things that no one else does. Perhaps it would have been easier for dad had he been as favored as you have been. But he wasn't. By the time he was your age he had no parents; he had to work his way through college. Everything that came to him he had to work for. So you see—"

He interrupted her."

"Mother, listen. On the question of absolute form, I mean the way we've both been playing, I ought to beat dad to-morrow. I'm not trying to be boastful. You know I'm not that sort. I'm merely speaking by the card. Do—do—you think it would be better if I didn't try to win? Is that what you've been working round—"

A low exclamation, half of pain, half of wonderment was the interruption.

"My poor boy!" Her eyes were wide, incredulous. "My dear boy!" There came a pause. "I've nothing more to say, Junior." She left him, walking slowly out of the door. . . .

The Comerfords came into the breakfast room together next morning. The first eighteen holes of the final match were to start at ten thirty and plans had been made for an early meal.

Mary Comerford had looked into her son's room on the way down but he was not there and his place at table had been cleared. The maid, upon inquiry, said he had breakfasted nearly an hour before.

Nodding, Mary sat down filled with a sense of foreboding which was heightened when she discovered a note under her plate. She picked it up, fingering it hesitantly and it was not until her husband, who had been regarding her with frowning intentness rose and came to her side, that she opened the sheet.

"DEAR mother," Junior had written, "about midnight, I decided to default this golf affair. Probably you won't approve but anyway I've got to go through with this thing as I see it. You said the other day I've got twenty more years of top golf yet. That's right. I have. So to-day I'm not playing. I'm going fishing. You explain to dad and fix it up like a good girl."

As the note dropped from her hand Comerford picked it up, silently folded it and put it into his pocket. His rugged face was pale, drawn.

"Don't!" She stared at him. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get him." He glanced at his wrist watch. "I know where he is—Dawson's Neck. We'll just have time." He gazed gloweringly at his wife. "What did you say to him, Mary?"

"I—I—talked to him as a mother should talk. Nothing you could possibly have objected to. Don't stand there, looking. Telephone to the garage for Cavanaugh and the big car. I'll get his sticks and golfing clothes. Hurry, won't you please!" She pushed him toward the house telephone and then hastened out of the room.

Less than an hour later, turning into a country road from the main thoroughfare, following it nearly a mile, Mary Comerford,

who had been prey to doubts as to the accuracy of her husband's conjecture concerning the place which Junior had selected for fishing, leaned forward in the seat as she saw a yellow roadster standing under a tree.

"There he is." She nudged her husband excitedly.

He smiled grimly.

"There is the car. He's probably worked upstream. You sit here and I'll follow it up."

"How do you know it's up? Why not down?"

"I taught him to fish here." Comerford shrugged; "we always worked up. You stay—"

"I shall not. I'm going with you." She waited impatiently while he locked the door of the car and then seized his arm as he struck into a small field and thence to the woods through which the stream flowed.

THEY found him before they had walked a mile. He was standing in the middle of a gentle cataract and for a full minute there was silence as the two paused on the bank abreast of him. It was Comerford who finally spoke.

"Junior—" His voice was deep, ringing—"you've done everything you could to let me win final possession of that damned golf cup without any effort at all. But you see, I don't care to win it that way. You're a man, a sportsman; you must see that." He waited a moment then raised his hand. "Your sticks and clothes are in our car. We've just an hour and a quarter left to report. You—"

"Dad, I'd rather fish. I don't feel like golf."

Comerford studied him a moment, marking the stubborn set of his jaws.

"You don't feel up to golf! Look here, son. Your mother has been talking to you and—"

"Don—"

"Just a moment, Mary. Son, let me tell you something; if you had any idea of running out on this match because you didn't want to beat me, or perhaps because your mother didn't want you, why—"

"Donald Comerford."

"Please Mary. What I'm trying to get at, June, is, that you needn't be afraid you will beat me. I suppose if we came right down to it, our game is pretty even—with both at our best. But in this match to-day ability won't count for everything. It is nerve that is going to tell. I've never been on my game a single time I've played you this year. Why? Because of old habit, I suppose. When you were a kid I always let you win everything just because you were upset if you didn't. Spoiled. That's the answer.

He paused and the two stood gazing at each other, not moving.

"Well, to-day, Junior, I'm not going to spoil you. I'm going to make up for a lot of things and you're going to get the beating of your young life. So come on out of that brook and take it like a man."

As though detecting his father's drift of strategy a smile was creeping over Junior's face when Comerford raised his hand, fixing him with index finger.

"I mean it, Junior, about beating you. If you were the sport you ought to be, or, if you had felt yourself geared for this match, you wouldn't have made all this trouble. No, you would have been on the course bright and early, ready for—"

With a sharp exclamation Junior jerked his fly from a quiet hole in the rapids where it had been drifting unobserved and reeled in with nervously rapid turns.

Mary Comerford's eyes were shining.

"Hurry, Junior." She waited as her son waded out of the brook, Comerford striding on ahead.

When the two reached the car he transferred his son's golf kit and the bag containing his clothes to the roadster.

"If you reach the club ahead of me, Junior, tell them I'll be there on time."

"All right, sir."

"And June—better take a couple of extra packs of cigarettes out on the links with you. You'll need their support."

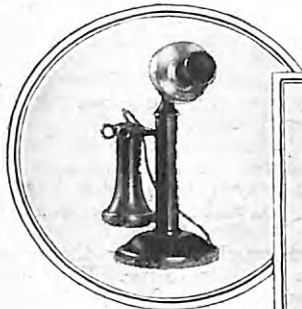
Replying with a dour glance, Junior flung

(Continued on page 50)

# "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" — and your telephone



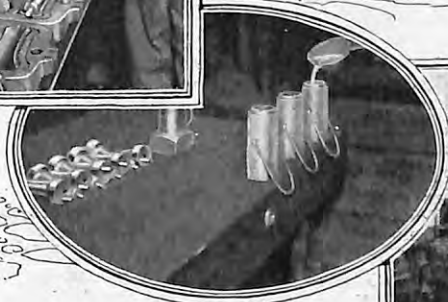
This is the telephone that Western Electric built.



This is the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.



This is the mould that made the shell . . .



This is the lead that formed the mould . . .



This is the plant that made the gas that heated the lead that formed the mould that made the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.

YOU recall the chain of events in the House that Jack Built—one thing leading to another? When it comes to the Telephone that Western Electric Built you find the same sort of chain.

At Western Electric skilled artisans carry the work of making the Bell telephone on through all its stages. Industries within an industry have

been developed here—not only a factory for producing the many types of telephone equipment, but also a tool factory, a rubber mill, a cable shop, a wire-drawing plant and many others.

For all the world it is like a fairy tale come true. But on how vast a scale—the fact greater than the fancy.

# Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

## Have Beautiful Waxed Floors



-this Quick, Electric Way

WHY go to the expense and trouble of refinishing your floors every year or two? It isn't necessary—if you use the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes only a few minutes—there is no hard work—no messy rags and pails. And afterwards your floors will require but half the care.

Waxed floors are so beautiful and distinctive. They sparkle and gleam. They reflect sunshine and light. But waxed floors are also practical—easy to care for—and convenient—your rooms aren't upset for days at a time.

# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

All you do is spread a thin even coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and imparts a protecting film of wax which a Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher quickly brings to a gleaming, lasting polish.

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

**For \$2.00 a Day!**

Telephone your dealer and make an appointment to rent one for a day this Spring.

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"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

**\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.00**

This Hand Outfit consists of:

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

**A Saving of \$1.65!**

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



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

## His Father's Son

(Continued from page 48)

himself into the car, jammed the self-starter viciously and in another few seconds was swinging down the road in a cloud of dust.

"The trouble," said Comerford, as he bent over the wheel of the big sedan, "is that I've never handled Junior as I should have done since he grew up. Too much sentiment. I never realized he was a man. Things have to change, you know. He has been right, I wrong."

His wife regarded him with a trace of anxiety in her eyes.

"I've always been rather keen about your sentimental side myself, Don. Don't you think it's a little late to change now?"

Comerford reached for the gear shift.

"That depends upon how much of a mess I've made of things so far."

"Yes"—her lips were compressed, her fingers tapping nervously upon her knees—"I suppose it does."

THERE is always a fascinating element in father and son golf that appeals to the imagination and enlists sentiment. Golf has many virtues and all of them have been acclaimed; that is to say, most all. For has any one considered that this is the one major game in which sire and heir may meet upon competitive terms that are approximately even in practically every respect?

Comerford, who had become very loquacious as he and Junior made their way to the first tee, voiced this thought to his son. But the younger man was not in a conversational mood and thus the thought was not explored.

The gallery was large, extremely large, and it was not until the elder Comerford's mood was recognized that a certain tenseness departed from those who had come to witness this family contest. For Comerford was geniality itself. He hailed friends among the crowd and launched pleasantries concerning the approaching game, not neglecting to mention that the younger generation needed a wholesome lesson and that he was prepared to administer it. Taking cue, more than one of Comerford's friends relaxed into mild badinage while Junior's dignity increased as his father's lessened and Mary Comerford surveyed the two with the mien of one who after all these years finds knowledge vain and experience empty.

Comerford was first away. The hole was 418 yards, the fairway wide and bending slightly to the left. Teeing the ball he rose and without preliminary fuss and feathers sent it screaming straight for the pin. He had never made a better drive in his life but he affected chagrin, walking away with shaking head.

"It will take quite an iron shot to get onto the green," he grumbled. "I expected to carry farther."

Junior cast a quick glance at him and then bent down to tee his ball. He made a good drive but not nearly as long a one as his father had made.

"June—" Comerford winked at the younger man—"that was a careful, cautious drive. That kind of a game won't beat me to-day."

"Yes sir." Junior nodded sullenly and handed his driver to the caddy. When he reached the ball his iron shot went badly to the left. It did not even stay in one of the numerous traps but jumped out and into a dirt roadway. As for Comerford, his niblick sent the ball straight and true onto the green.

"Well, June—" He grinned at his son—"looks a little like first blood, I guess."

"Wait." With set face Junior went over to the road and selecting a mashie launched into his stroke with cool venom. The click was sharp, the ball rose from the dirt on a low trajectory, traveling fast. How far it was bound no one could have told but it hit a mound at one side of the green and was deflected hardly five feet from the cup.

Comerford gazed solemnly at his son as he came onto the green.

"Junior, I know you don't want me to say after the game that you had all the luck. Don't you want to play that one over again?"

"No thanks, I'll keep it," muttered the boy, gazing rebukingly at the laughing gallery.

Comerford took two putts and Junior one,

both as a consequence being square on the first hole.

Junior slightly topped his next drive and it was well behind his father's fine effort.

"I don't need any encouragement, June," commented his father. "I'm feeling fine. So don't play off, please."

Junior made no reply. Indeed, as play progressed and Comerford's garrulity ran on, the younger man's grim taciturnity approached a point where, under any other circumstances, it would have been positively unfilial. In extenuation it might be said that this was an important championship event in which concentration would have been regarded by any golfer as essential and that Junior was not on his game.

When the eighteen holes were completed and play ceased for luncheon he had done nothing to be proud of and the fact that he was square with his father was due more to his father's curious lapses at certain junctures than to any merit in his own game.

His mother caught him by the arm as he entered the club house.

"Junior," she said, "I have a table for three. It will be a family luncheon, you know."

He turned to her, flushing.

"Oh, no it won't. I'm sorry, mother, but I want you to excuse me. I don't feel in a family mood. Dad has played this match like a Babbitt and I'm good and sore if you want to know it."

"Junior!" She caught him by the arm, shaking it gently. "Listen to me. I'm going to excuse you from luncheon. You get a table and go off by yourself. And while you're alone I want you to think about something very carefully. Now, just a moment, please, dear boy. Do you know what the gallery are saying?"

"No and I don't care three cents what they are saying."

"At any rate I'm going to tell you. They say that your father has bluffed you right out of this match and that he could have been six up on you if he had wanted to play his game. So he could and you know it. Why, some of his bad shots have been so apparent that even I have caught it."

The boy straightened, flushing darkly.

"If I thought that, I'm damned—sorry, mother, but I'm damned if I would finish out this burlesque golf match."

"I WONDER. Junior, my pet lamb, come here a minute by the window. I want to tell you something. Would you like to have this match end as it has begun?"

"What do you mean?"

"Would you like to have it end with you being set down before everyone who has a sense of humor and a sense of proportion as a conceited, egotistical prig? Here's the point you've got to decide; is all this false dignity of yours worth maintaining at the price of being made a show of before these spectators?"

Junior jerked away impatiently, but turned again.

"He is an older man. He is my father. There are things that are not done."

She looked at him a moment, a faint smile playing about her lips.

"Your father seems to have waived his parental prerogatives. Do you know, Junior," she added after a pause. "I don't think he ever valued them very highly. Just think that over. Go off to your luncheon table and think about it."

She patted him upon the shoulder, pushed him gently from her and turned to the dining room where her husband was standing at a table, waiting.

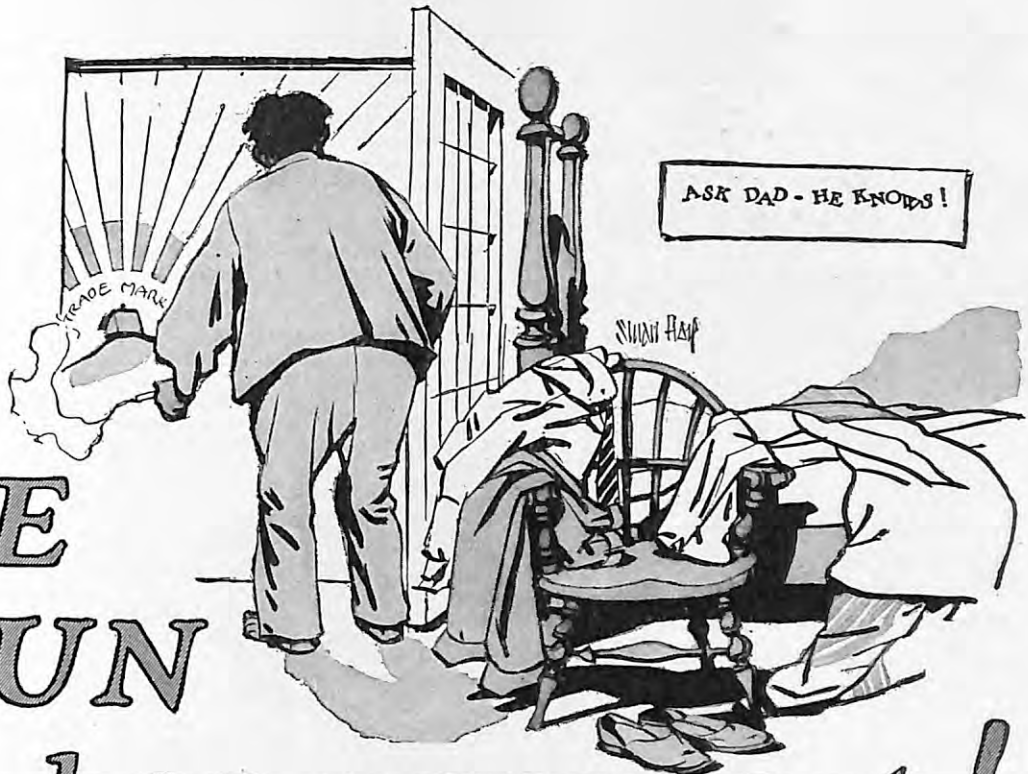
Dessert had just been served when Junior Comerford, suddenly rising from his table in an alcove, crossed the room to where his father and mother were seated. He stood awkwardly a moment and then as Comerford bent over his plate he cleared his throat.

"Dad," he said, "do you think you can spot me that dish of lead pudding and beat me this afternoon?"

Comerford sat back with a jerk, his spoon seemed to tremble in his hand. Then, as

(Continued on page 52)

# ONE SUN that has never set!



By Irvin S. Cobb

**O**VER at the factory they told me that the sales of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes had been mounting up steadily here of late. There was no unusual stimulation in the way of a special advertising campaign. But sales had grown larger and still larger. They are growing while you are reading this. More Sweet Caporals are being sold today than were sold yesterday, more will be sold tomorrow than were sold today.

This condition applies to the re-



The answer is that an increasing number of cigarette smokers in America are turning to the crusty natural blend that suited their fathers and their grandfathers who bought Sweet Caporal Cigarettes before them, a blend of selected Virginia tobacco, made into cigarettes by a process which has never been changed, with the purest of Vermont maple sugar for its savoring, and positively nothing else.

Perhaps you have noticed that part of



**ask Grandad -he knows too!**



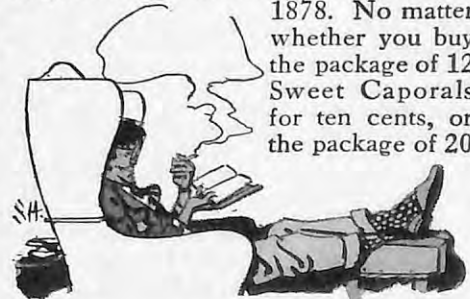
*The best smokes he ever had were*  
**"Sweet Caps"**

Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*

tailers all over the United States. According to expert opinion there can be but one explanation to account for so spontaneous and unforced a groundswell in the demand for a brand which has been a standard and a staple for forty-seven years.

the trademark of Sweet Caporals is a blazing sun. That trademark is historic. It appeared on the first package of Sweet Caporals that was manufactured back in

1878. No matter whether you buy the package of 12 Sweet Caporals for ten cents, or the package of 20



Sweet Caporals for fifteen cents, you'll find that same ancient and honorable device upon it. Here is one sun that has never set or sunk in forty-seven years and is rising higher now than it ever rose before. You can't get away from an argument that speaks for itself.

Sweet Caporal, to my way of thinking, is that kind of cigarette. It speaks for itself. And it's speaking louder all the time.

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 articles 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.

## His Father's Son

(Continued from page 50)



**"I can strop a new blade and shave in less time than it takes you to shave without stropping," said Jones.**

"What's the catch?" asked Carter.

"No catch at all," replied Jones. "A keen blade will shave in half the time, and it only takes a few seconds to strop a blade keen on Twinplex."

"Very good, old chap, but my blades are keen too. I use a new blade every few days," responded Carter.

"The laugh is on you, my dear fellow. There are millions like you," said Jones.

"You go on shaving, day after day, thinking a new blade, just as it comes from the package, will give you the best shave."

"Well! won't it?" asked Carter.

"Not by a long shot. If you'll get a Twinplex, and strop your blade just before you use it, you'll get a new idea about shaving comfort and speed," rejoined Jones.

Carter did get a Twinplex and now he gets glorious shaves every day. And he doesn't often have to bother to get new blades, for one blade lasts for weeks of velvety shaves. He just loves his Twinplex. You'll have the same experience if you get a Twinplex. Try it. At all good stores. Single Edge \$3.00. Double Edge \$3.50 and \$5.00.



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Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send 10¢, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We believe it will shave better than any new blade you ever used.

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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

though collecting himself, he returned momentarily to the dish.

"Son," he pushed back his chair—"did you eat any?"

"I did not. And I don't think you should. You're beginning to get a waistline, dad. Oh, not much of a one—yet. But I noticed that it interfered just a bit with some of your mashie shots."

"Waistline!" Comerford rose abruptly. "What do you mean, waistline?" Touched upon his most delicate spot, he glanced appealingly at his wife. "Mary, did you hear that?"

"Yes." She studied him appraisingly. "I should say Junior was exaggerating."

"Exaggerating! You talk as though—" He stopped abruptly as he saw his wife and son exchange an amused smile. "Look here, son, I'm through lunch. You come out there on the course and I'll show you how much your waistline interferes with my golf."

"I came to get you," replied Junior. "Come on."

FROM that time some curious lesion seemed to have affected the sharpness of Comerford's perceptive faculties. Only one thing came to him clearly like a voice out of a sunlit cloud—his son's voice, constant, bantering. And his own replies in similar vein.

Otherwise he was living through mere impressions—rolling seas of glowing turf frequently punctuated by a little white ball at which he struck with mechanical ease, an immense number of faces vaguely intense, or smiling, or laughing.

On and on; here a gleaming marshland to carry from the tee and then drawing ever nearer with each stroke a terraced bunker rising like a fort; then a short smooth stretch of green which cried aloud for accuracy to the end that the green be carried from the tee, with a bunker in front eager to catch a weak shot; next line of whiskered bunkers to be carried to the green, with a deep pit pinching the fairway just short of the green—how unfamiliar every familiar thing seemed to him, yet how unwontedly beautiful.

That second eighteen holes became the sort of history that never dies, if only because it never lost interest in the telling or the hearing. For on not a single shot played by either father or son was there a moment's indecision, or hesitation or any doubt whatever. Coming up to the ball, involved in the rough and tumble of verbal give and take, they would spank it vigorously, or gently as might be, but always with deftness and always with smiling insouciance.

And the surprising, the miraculous thing about it was that, all precepts of golf to the contrary notwithstanding, the two men were breaking the amateur record for the course. As they stood all square on the eighteenth tee there was not the slightest reason to doubt that both were going to hole out under the best that any non-professional had ever done here; and it was a course over which some of the top-flight amateurs had played.

Comerford walked to the outer section of the tee and put his ball in position. Junior watched him silently, a curious expression upon his face. The older man looked up as though in surprise. But he said nothing. He spent more time than usual in addressing the ball and when he drove he sliced almost to the edge of the fairway.

Comerford stood still, watching it a moment, then glanced at his son.

"June," he said, "that was a rotten advantage you took of me then."

"Advantage?"

"Yes, certainly. You kept still when I drove. See what happened."

"Well," laughed the boy, "now you know how to get back at me."

"I certainly do. Go ahead."

In the deepest sort of silence Junior teed up his ball and stood over it. He addressed it, seemed about to swing, then hesitated. He changed his stance. At length, when he finally drove, the ball rose on a high, long, soaring flight but badly pulled so that it dropped almost into the rough on the side of the fairway

opposite where Comerford's caddy was marking the location of his ball.

"Junior," Comerford came close to his son, speaking in a low voice, eyeing him sternly—"as a man of honor, did you do that intentionally?"

The boy smiled enigmatically. He ran his driver through his thumb and forefinger like a billiard cue absently, as though deeply occupied in thought.

"Junior, did you?"

"Dad—" he faced his father squarely—"I did, if you must know."

"You did!"

"I did, sir. And now let me say something more, out loud so that everyone can hear it. You showed your skill this morning by trailing me along, careful to take no more strokes than I, and no less. Well, now I'm going to show my skill in returning the compliment. Come on now, I'm on my game and know where I stand. For money, dad, I'll duplicate everything you do."

Both, as though by common impulse turned to Mary Comerford. Her handkerchief was pressed against her mouth, her face was very red, her eyes merry with light.

"But—but you young idiot," cried Comerford, half laughing, half provoked, "this is the last hole, we're even up and we're below the record."

"All right," gestured his son, "you go ahead and make a record and I'll equal it."

"You will?"

"I will."

And now the gallery, breaking the polite restraint that held it, broke into a subdued babel of various sounds all indicative of amusement or downright mirth.

Comerford strode down the fairway to his ball which lay well to the right almost at the edge of the rough. But as it was he had a good brassy lie for an angle shot. Glancing across the fairway at his son he saw at once that Junior's position was not so fortunate. There was a bend there and he faced the alternative of playing safe to the right or of risking a straight shot over high, intervening trees with all the disagreeable chances involved.

"Give me my brassie, boy," Comerford regarded the prospect thoughtfully for a moment; he stepped up to the ball and sent it whistling straight for the pin. It was a beautiful ball. Rising about six feet from the turf it traveled at that height with bullet speed, finally hitting the earth, bounding on and fetching up on the green and stopping about three feet away from the cup. He put his hands to his mouth, facing his son as the clacking applause ceased.

"Going to tie me, eh!"

An answering laugh came across the turf, short, defiant.

Silence settled abruptly upon the links. Junior Comerford's predicament would have been interesting enough in any case but in view of the recent colloquy between the two the situation was unimaginably enhanced. Every figure within eyeshot might have been carved in stone as the boy hesitated over his choice of club.

The alternative of playing safe out onto the fairway did not enter into the problem at all. For his father would hole out on the first putt unless he was suddenly afflicted with palsy or lost his eyesight. And somehow, he, and everyone, knew that Comerford would not throw this opportunity away.

Carefully he inspected every club in his bag, then with the manner of calm decision he chose a midmashie for the shot and walked to the ball. It lay not fifty yards from the tallest of the intervening trees, a towering rock maple with branches that spread far and thickly. And the green lay nearly two hundred yards away.

Contrary to his method throughout the afternoon he balanced the club, swung it tentatively before addressing the ball. He walked to the spot where it lay. He studied the foreground, he scrutinized the ball. Then he struck. As a sigh went up from the gallery the ball rose quickly into the air, high, higher. It attained a great altitude. Over the tree it went. And it stayed in the air. It seemed to hang there

like a little, glistening mote. But while it hung, it moved. Through the air it moved and then as it began to dip a sudden shout went up. "On the green!"

There was no doubt that it would fall onto the green. There seemed to be something in the air that foretold it, some whispering hint that every follower of sport knows.

Down it came, sure enough, down upon the green; the middle of the green. The ball bounded upward. Again it bounded. It disappeared.

There was a moment's silence. Then like a bugle note from a little group of figures hurrying to the green came a cry.

"It's in the hole!"

Comerford waited a full quarter of a minute before he moved from his position on the edge of the fairway. And until he moved not a sound came from the gallery, not a clap of applause. Every one waited, watched, as the older man, as though emerging from a dream, walked rapidly across the fairway to his son who stood immobile.

"Junior—" he put his hand upon the boy's shoulder, his dark eyes gleaming, his face flushed—"you lucky stiff!"

"Well, I was, old boy, I certainly was."

Comerford's head jerked upward, laughing.

"Look here, young fellow, don't you call me 'old boy.' You'll never get another battle like that from any one, young or old."

"You're right, young feller, I won't. But, seriously, dad, go and hole out. You'll be one under the record even with the beating you've got."

"That's an idea, Junior." Suddenly stepping forward he linked his arm through his son's and so they walked to the green while old Pinckney, president of the State Association, turned to a man at his side.

"Jove! Wish I had a son, instead of a raft of girls."

Mary Comerford followed behind. She waited until Comerford nonchalantly sunk his putt and then came up to him, putting her hand upon his shoulder.

Slowly they rose, looking into each other's faces. Long they looked and suddenly with a little laugh she turned to her son.

"Junior! Junie, my big champion boy!"

"Wait a minute, mother." He led her a bit aside. "Mother—" His voice caught—"I—I—feel rotten. I didn't want to beat dad."

She studied him for a moment and her eyes were suffused.

"My dearest boy. I wonder if you can understand, if you have any way of knowing what I mean when I say to you that this is the happiest day your dad has ever known. Do you have to wait until you are a dad before you know?"

"Mother—" he looked at her gravely—"I—I—think I've learned a lot to-day. Look here, let's both of us go over and kid him along a bit."

### A Man on a Milestone

(Continued from page 33)

sell those that are willing to go. But I think they hide the ones that won't go at all."

He was bending over the reeking "Hurrah's nest" of machinery, as he spoke, fingering it delicately. "Ah," he said suddenly. "I fear some one has been scorching on this machine. The engine has seized. I mean that it has become red-hot and, owing to lack of oil, the piston has become jammed inside the cylinder. It will require a lot of work to put it free again."

The girl pondered.

"Are you going to Bellingbery?" she asked. "If you are, perhaps you would send the man from the cycle shop out to me. Would you mind?"

"Indeed, I should mind," said Prosper.

"To leave a lady alone with an infuriated motor bicycle! Rather let us put the machine in the caravan, and give Stolid Joe the pleasure of taking it and its owner to Bellingbery. He will be delighted, and, for myself, I shall feel that I am making amends for the momentary shock my silent approach gave you."

Without hesitation the girl agreed. She felt as if she had known him and his elephant

(Continued on page 54)



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EMA

## A Man on a Milestone

(Continued from page 53)

and Patience all her life—Plutus she had not met yet, as the semi-terrier was engaged in urgent private business in connection with the interior of a molehill farther on. . . .

"Are you staying in Bellingbery or just passing through, Mr. Fair?" inquired the girl when, a little later, she and Prosper sat side by side on the driver's seat.

"Why, my dear young lady," responded Prosper, in the indulgent, fatherly style which he usually adopted to pretty girls, met *en route*. "I can hardly say. Grotesque though it may sound to you, I am going to Bellingbery in search of an editor."

"An editor?" said the girl, quickly.

"I believe so. I can understand your astonishment. It seems so painfully unintelligent to hunt for an editor in Bellingbery. If it were Fleet Street now. . . . But why do you smile?"

"My father is the only editor in Bellingbery," she said quickly. "He has some shooting in the neighborhood, and usually comes here for a fortnight in the autumn and for week-ends during the winter!"

Prosper's smile diminished slightly.

"Pardon me for one moment," he said, and raising his voice, requested Stolid Joe to increase his speed.

"You are anxious to see my father?" asked the girl. She had introduced herself as Miss Magda Mellor.

"Indeed, I am. It may sound quite meaningless to you, dear Miss Magda, but I think it is very important that I should see him as quickly as possible."

Magda's pretty face shadowed a little.

"I hope it is nothing serious," she said, a tinge of anxiety in her voice. He glanced at her and, with a shock, discovered that her face had hardened.

"Tell me," she said, rather abruptly, a sudden coldness in her voice. "Are you a professional knife-thrower?"

"I must plead 'not guilty'!" replied Prosper lightly.

"May I ask why you wish to see my father?" she continued, relief in her voice.

"Merely to warn him (as an act of humanity) against a person who wishes to play the saxophone at him," said Prosper, airily, but seeing to it that Stolid Joe did not slacken his pace.

He felt the hand of the girl close agitatedly upon his arm. He looked at her quickly and was startled at her sudden pallor, and the terror which had leaped to her eyes.

"It is the man Manuel Robinson," she gasped. "Hurry, oh, please hurry."

"We are going now almost as fast as a man could run. We shall soon be there. . . . Tell me why you are alarmed!"

"This man Robinson has written many threatening letters to my father during the last few months. He is a professional knife thrower and used to give a fearful exhibition at the music halls. My father told me he used to place an assistant—a woman—against a stand at one side of the stage, and then from the other he would throw knives in such a way that they would plunge into the wooden stand all round her. . . . within a fraction of an inch of her head and body. . . . My father was so shocked at the horrible danger to the woman—the brutality of such a performance—that he wrote and published in his paper several articles demanding that such performances should be forbidden by law. He succeeded and shortly afterwards they were made illegal. He received a number of threats from knife-throwers, but none of them were persistent except this Robinson, who accuses him of having ruined his profession, and swears to have his revenge. Father says that the man is not sane. He signs himself, 'Manuel Robinson, Knife, Axe and Saxophone Expert'!"

She gave a sudden laugh.

"My father laughs and calls me foolish—but I take it seriously, you know. I—I am afraid. . . ." She broke off, pointing to a small, cozy looking farmhouse, that had just come into view away to the right. "That is our cottage."

Prosper, who, during the girl's story, had reached back through the door of the caravan for something which he had slipped into his

pocket, suddenly ordered Stolid Joe to slow up. He jumped down and guided the elephant on to a patch of grass at the roadside, and halted him there.

"Patience and Plutus, stay with Stolid Joe. Wait for me here," he said swiftly, and turned to the girl.

"Forgive me if I leave you—but it is rather urgent. Try not to worry! I am going to deal with Manuel!"

There was no time for politeness, and Mr. Fair knew it. He took the hedge like a stag and was gone, running hard in a bee-line for that farmhouse. . . .

### CHAPTER IV

IT became clear to Prosper, as he neared the farmhouse, that he would not arrive a moment too soon. At a distance the place looked tranquil and quiet enough, dreaming in the warm afternoon sunlight. But as he cleared the low hedge round the orchard through which he had to pass, he knew that it was otherwise.

A dog was barking frantically somewhere round at the back, and from a room inside the house a woman was calling spasmodically for help.

Prosper ran in at the front door of the house, intending to go first to the woman who was calling. But a sudden cackle of mirthless laughter from the back of the house which he thought he recognized altered his plan.

He went straight through and out at the back door, crossed a patch of garden, a drive, and found himself at the entrance to a small stableyard. As he turned in through the wide doorway he heard a sudden thud, followed by another burst of crazy laughter and the voice of Mr. Manuel Robinson.

"Six! Keep that head still and open your eyes!"

Gliding round the half opened door Prosper saw, with a queer thrilling shock, precisely what he had expected and feared.

Mr. Manuel Robinson, his back to Prosper, was standing some eight or ten yards away. Facing him, at about thirty feet distant was an elderly, gray-haired man pinned to a stable door by a big knife through each coat sleeve. Round the head of this man, driven deep into the door, was a ring of similar knives—six of them, each within a half inch of the gray head.

Prosper saw it swiftly like a picture suddenly unveiled, and even as he saw it Manuel's right hand jerked up and back and darted forward with an odd twist. A flash of light flickered from Mr. Robinson to the gray-haired man and—*thud!* another knife appeared, quivering within a half inch of the victim's temple.

"Seven!" hissed Manuel—and turned sharply as a wisp of straw rustled under Prosper's foot. The knife-thrower's hand swirled, uncannily swift, and a knife whizzed through the sleeve of Prosper's upper left arm, and bit deep into the doorpost behind him, pinning him.

Prosper, amazingly enough, was conscious of a sudden, darting twinge of wonder and admiration at the startling, almost unhuman skill of it.

"Marvelous!" he muttered, his right hand shooting down to his pocket. "Manuel is an incomparable marksman."

"Stay there, you!" snarled Manuel, and turned again to the editor.

"A dangerous performance, hey?" howled the knife-thrower. "Take that!"

One of the battle-axes, now fitted with a short handle, crashed and bit into the stable door six inches above the gray head.

"Now for it!" screamed Manuel, and poised the remaining axe. Deliberately he poised it—drawing out the suspense. He meant business with this axe—his last. And Prosper knew it. Mr. Fair was not much given to praying for success—but as he carefully sighted the little automatic pistol which he had taken from its nest in the caravan, and pressed the trigger, a frantic little prayer piloted the bullet. It pierced Mr. Manuel Robinson's trusty right hand and the axe blade fell to the ground.

The knife-thrower wheeled with a crazy shriek as Prosper tore free.

He leapt at Mr. Fair like a maddened wind-



mill and once more Prosper's spirit sang a swift paean of praise to that tough, deep-jawed, be-sweated gentleman of the gymnasium who had taught him the art of steering a straight punch home. He dropped the pistol. He *had* to hit Mr. Robinson, but he did not want to hurt him more than was necessary. . . .

Manuel leapt for it hungrily, and Prosper, for an instant, thought all his knuckles went to pieces as they connected with the distorted visage of the knife-thrower. Manuel was lifted clean off the ground, whither he returned instantly, spread himself out upon the bricks, and stayed there.

Prosper ran over to the gray-headed man, who was half fainting.

"All right, Mr. Mellor—it is *all* right!" he said, and snatched out the knives, to release him.

The editor drew a deep, deep breath.

"A-ah! the wicked flicker of these knives . . ." he gasped, shuddered, and then with an effort seemed to pull himself together. He said nothing for a moment. But when he spoke again, he said a thing that made Prosper proud to have saved him.

"You know—I was scared—scared—but I knew then what the poor woman at the music-hall had to face night after night! I was glad—all the time I was standing there so scared—I was glad to have written those articles. I am—proud I killed that infamous business. . . ."

Then his daughter came, running, and very white. He turned to her, with a wan smile.

"It's all right, Magda—"

"Oh, daddy—I was so scared for you—" she said, and was in his arms, weeping.

Prosper turned to Mr. Robinson, who had struggled into a sitting position. Manuel's eyes were no longer wild.

His fit of madness had evaporated. He held his right hand up, helplessly, like a dog with a hurt paw, while he groped in his deep pocket with his left hand.

"My saxophone is broken," he whimpered, and began to cry feebly.

Prosper bent down and slipped a friendly arm round him.

"Poor old Manuel," he said, gently. "Don't worry. I will buy you a Grand, old chap, later on—if they make Grand Saxophones!"

For it was not in Mr. Fair's nature to "rub it in." Mr. Robinson's mind was affected—he was under the protection of the gods. Disarmed, he was nothing to fear—only to pity.

SO PROSPER soothed him, and sent for the doctor, who came, and, in his turn, duly sent for those who would care for Mr. Robinson—even to the extent of letting him play all day long on the saxophone, which Prosper, some weeks later, sent to the establishment to which Manuel was ultimately relegated.

That night Prosper camped in the orchard of the farmhouse, while Patience and Stolid Joe reposed one in a comfortable stable and one in a comfortable barn. Dining with Mr. Mellor and the passionately-grateful Magda, Prosper learned how Manuel had surprised first the cook and roped her with bell cords to the piano, and then, proceeding to the stable yard, had caught the editor, who had returned early from shooting, just as he stepped out of the stable where he had been to look at an ailing pony.

With the glitter of the knives still dazzling his eyes, as it were, and their hiss and thud still vibrating in his ears, Mr. Mellor, naturally enough, was not anxious to dwell upon his experience—nor was Magda.

So Prosper told them all about his meeting with the unfortunate Mr. Robinson and made them laugh. Mellor was a man of generous disposition and broad mind, and by the time dinner was finished his bitterness towards the unbalanced knife-thrower had vanished.

"After all," he said, thoughtfully, "the man was mentally quite irresponsible . . . yes, I see that. Poor devil. . . ."

"And he was an amazing marksman," added Prosper.

"Very," agreed Mr. Mellor dryly, and took another glass of port. But he knew what Prosper meant. A worse marksman than Manuel, with the best intentions in the world, might not have been able to have placed his knives in quite such dangerously safe positions. . . .

(Continued on page 56)

## Alexander's big idea and what came of it



**WHEN** Alexander, first of the boy wonders, took command of the Macedonian army he gave his soldiers the once-over, and ordered them to cut off their whiskers, "lest the beard afford a handle to the enemy."

It was a great idea, and had much to do with Alexander's military triumphs, which culminated in his victory over Darius, king of Persia.

Most of the men in the tremendous Persian army were heavily bearded, and the way in which they were man-handled by Alexander's smooth-faced warriors was awful.

The advantages of a clean shave are as apparent in business and social pursuits to-day as they were in war when it consisted principally of hand-to-hand engagements.

### Alexander's idea, and Colgate's

Alexander considered it a mistake to permit whiskers to get men into embarrassing situations. The lad who sighed for other worlds to conquer ordered whiskers to come off . . . Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream *keeps them off easily*. It shortens and makes more comfortable the daily shave.

There are several clean-cut reasons why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes it easy to win the daily battle with your beard.

### How Colgate's conquers facial cactus

Colgate's absorbs much water, and gives you an exceedingly fine, moist lather which proceeds directly, as Alexander did, to take advantage of the enemy.

Owing to its fine texture, the lather goes right to the base of the beard, where the razor does its work. There it emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate the unwelcome bristle and take all the fight out of it instantly.

Coarse lathers, which pile up in billowy masses, are as ineffective as were the hordes of hairy Persians that Alexander's finely organized forces put to flight.

Colgate's fine-texture lather needs no rubbing in with the fingers. It takes hold of whiskers, without any urging or coaxing, breaks down their resistance in a hurry, and leaves the face cool, soothed, and refreshed after shaving.

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at the base

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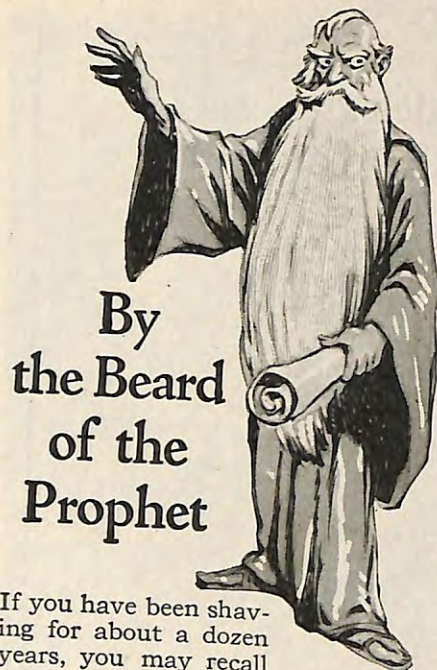
COLGATE & CO.  
Dept. 333  
581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c. Mar.-26

Name .....

Address .....

State .....



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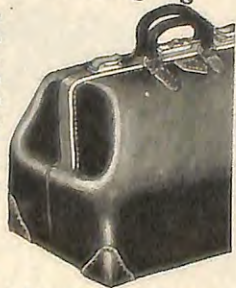
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"You've got a profit of about seven thousand.

Is it a paper profit or real money, Bill? Did you sell out at 38 to-day?"

He went over and kissed her. "No, Little Miss Anxious, I didn't."

"Oh, Bill!"

"I know what you're thinking," he exclaimed, pointing his pipe at her. "You're thinking that I'm not going to adhere to what I said! You're thinking that I'm going to make the usual mistake and try to get the very top, the very last eighth. Well, I'm not! As a matter of fact, I could buy a lot more now with my paper profit. It would stand another 500 shares easily."

"Bill," she protested apprehensively, "don't do that! Oh, don't do it! You would—"

"Don't worry. I'm not going to. I was only saying it could be done. It's a common practice to pyramid like that. That's how the big money is made in speculation. But I won't do it. You'd be worried and," he added tenderly, "I'd rather not make a dollar than have you worried."

"That's a good boy."

"Well, now that you're satisfied—"

"But I'm not, Bill. You haven't taken the profit yet. I sha'n't be satisfied until you do. Why didn't you do it to-day?"

"Couldn't to-day, darling."

"But it sold at 38. Didn't you tell them to sell yours at 38?"

"Sure."

"Well, then," she began in a puzzled tone, "I don't see—"

He anticipated her question. "The price of the stock was quoted as 37 $\frac{7}{8}$  bid, offered at 38. That means that buyers were willing to pay 37 $\frac{7}{8}$  and sellers, like myself, wanted 38. Perhaps some broker was given a buying order to execute at the market; and after he had bid 37 $\frac{7}{8}$  and couldn't fill the order, he had to pay 38. See?"

"Not quite."

"It's the difference between an order at a price and a market order. The first requires that you get the price you stipulate, whether buying or selling, it makes no difference. The market order, however, has to be executed right away at the prevailing price, whatever it is. If I had given my selling order at the market, instead of at the specified price of 38, my stock would have been sold at 37 $\frac{7}{8}$ . Understand?"

"Yes, I follow that. But still I don't see why you didn't get 38 when the paper shows that it sold at 38."

"Well, some was sold at 38, but probably only to the extent of the immediate demand at the market, say only a few hundred shares. No doubt the fellow selling had his order in ahead of me. Remember, I've got a thousand shares to sell. I don't know how much stock is wanted at 37 $\frac{7}{8}$  or how much is offered at 38, but to-morrow, no doubt, when those bidding 37 $\frac{7}{8}$  find that they don't get any stock they will raise their bid one-eighth. Then they will be supplied at 38 with the stock being offered at that price by fellows like me. That is how the stock moves. It is merely the old story of supply and demand."

"It's something like a tug-of-war," said Dorothy thoughtfully.

"Right. And the stronger side wins, meaning We, Us, & Company!"

"Well, Bill, I hope you do get out at 38 and take the money and be done with it. Promise me you will."

March, 1926

"I've got the order in, I tell you," he retorted a shade impatiently. "It ought to be executed to-morrow without any trouble and I shall get my check the next day. Then we have our car."

"How do you know we do?"

"I made the reservation two weeks ago. The car is on the floor at the showroom. All we have to do is to sit in it and drive out."

"It's too good to be true, Bill," she said, summing up. "But, as you say, results alone count and excuses are for competitors and so forth, and if you bring it off I'll pat you on the back and kiss you and think you're a great man."

"That'll be all right," said Bill magnanimously. "You needn't do anything but sit next to me in the car and bow graciously like the Queen of Roumania."

"Bill, you're a dear."

"Oh, rot," he said modestly.

"But you are, and I'm going to ask you for two promises."

"Good heavens! Here comes the catch! Well, what are they?"

"Promise not to buy any more Radio stock at 38 or higher?"

"Yes."

"Promise to sell at 38 to-morrow and actually get the broker's check for the money?"

"Yes."

"Those are serious promises, Bill. It would make me very unhappy if you broke them."

"I know, dear. I won't break them."

Dorothy came completely around the table to kiss him. He was grateful to her for making the trip and altogether very pleased with himself.

\* \* \* \*

The next day began with sunshine and a cool breeze. A good omen, thought Bill as he shaved himself. He reflected on the prospects for the day and found them good. Probably his Radio would be sold by noon, and then he would call up Dorothy and tell her the definite news. After that he would call up the automobile salesroom and tell them to get his car ready for immediate delivery. He would go up and buy it on the partial payment plan. He would give them a check for the deposit and sign the necessary papers. That would enable him to drive the car out. Then, the following day when he received the check from Kay & Winthrop, he would surprise the automobile agency by paying the balance due on the car in one lump. It would be a good thing for his credit to handle it that way. He smiled in anticipation. There would not be the slightest question of receiving his check from Kay & Winthrop the next day. They were as reliable as the rock of Gibraltar. He had seen a picture of the rock of Gibraltar. It was very reliable.

Preserving a calm demeanor, he was teeming with excitement inside. He felt like a boy about to receive a great treat. He could hardly wait to get to the city. After a call at his office, where nothing immediate required his attention, he made his way to Kay & Winthrop's. He quieted his conscience with the thought that he would not be there long.

The usual scene. He might hardly have been gone an hour. The same men were in the same positions. Stationary fragments of the rock of Gibraltar. He stood behind them to watch the ticker.

Winthrop bustled in from the inside office.

"Hello, William. Why so early?"

"Oh, I just came to see that order of mine filled."

The faint smile vanished from the broker's face.

"I don't think you'll see it to-day. Don't you know what the market's doing?"

"No," said Bill in concern.

"It's off," said Winthrop in the peculiarly decided tone brokers use in conveying the information that stocks are selling at lower prices. "Look at the tape. They're all down."

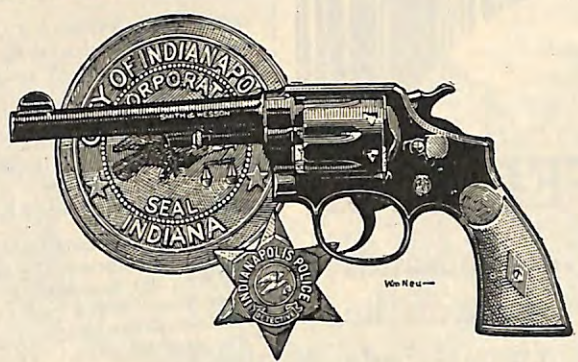
Bill looked. Winthrop was right. Practically every quotation was lower than it had been the day before. He waited to see what Radio was. No quotation appeared. He became impatient.

"What's Radio?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Haven't seen that baby," rumbled Downs, running the tape through his fingers backwards. "Here it is! A hundred at 37-3/4. Guess that was the opening."

Bill's whole mood changed. His dry clothes

(Continued on page 58)



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is on guard

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**BADGES**  
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Puts perfect crease in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than a minute. Folds into small size. Finely finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

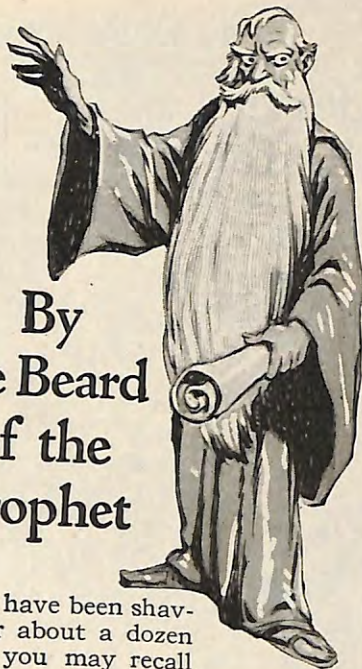
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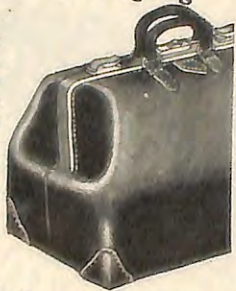
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"No, Little Miss Anxious, I didn't."

"Oh, Bill!"

"I know what you're thinking," he exclaimed, pointing his pipe at her. "You're thinking that I'm not going to adhere to what I said! You're thinking that I'm going to make the usual mistake and try to get the very top, the very last eighth. Well, I'm not! As a matter of fact, I could buy a lot more now with my paper profit. It would stand another 500 shares easily."

"Bill," she protested apprehensively, "don't do that! Oh, don't do it! You would—"

"Don't worry. I'm not going to. I was only saying it could be done. It's a common practice to pyramid like that. That's how the big money is made in speculation. But I won't do it. You'd be worried and," he added tenderly, "I'd rather not make a dollar than have you worried."

"That's a good boy."

"Well, now that you're satisfied—"

"But I'm not, Bill. You haven't taken the profit yet. I sha'n't be satisfied until you do. Why didn't you do it to-day?"

"Couldn't to-day, darling."

"But it sold at 38. Didn't you tell them to sell yours at 38?"

"Sure."

"Well, then," she began in a puzzled tone, "I don't see—"

He anticipated her question.

"The price of the stock was quoted as 37 7/8 bid, offered at 38. That means that buyers were willing to pay 37 7/8 and sellers, like myself, wanted 38. Perhaps some broker was given a buying order to execute at the market; and after he had bid 37 7/8 and couldn't fill the order, he had to pay 38. See?"

"Not quite."

"It's the difference between an order at a price and a market order. The first requires that you get the price you stipulate, whether buying or selling, it makes no difference. The market order, however, has to be executed right away at the prevailing price, whatever it is. If I had given my selling order at the market, instead of at the specified price of 38, my stock would have been sold at 37 7/8. Understand?"

"Yes, I follow that. But still I don't see why you didn't get 38 when the paper shows that you sold at 38."

"Well, some was sold at 38, but probably only to the extent of the immediate demand at the market, say only a few hundred shares. No doubt the fellow selling had his order in ahead of me. Remember, I've got a thousand shares to sell. I don't know how much stock is wanted at 37 7/8 or how much is offered at 38, but to-morrow, no doubt, when those bidding 37 7/8 find that they don't get any stock they will raise their bid one-eighth. Then they will be supplied at 38 with the stock being offered at that price by fellows like me. That is how the stock moves. It is merely the old story of supply and demand."

"It's something like a tug-of-war," said Dorothy thoughtfully.

"Right. And the stronger side wins, meaning We, Us, & Company!"

"Well, Bill, I hope you do get out at 38 and take the money and be done with it. Promise me you will."

March, 1926

"I've got the order in, I tell you," he retorted a shade impatiently. "It ought to be executed to-morrow without any trouble and I shall get my check the next day. Then we have our car."

"How do you know we do?"  
 "I made the reservation two weeks ago. The car is on the floor at the showroom. All we have to do is to sit in it and drive out."

"It's too good to be true, Bill," she said, summing up. "But, as you say, results alone count and excuses are for competitors and so forth, and if you bring it off I'll pat you on the back and kiss you and think you're a great man."

"That'll be all right," said Bill magnanimously. "You needn't do anything but sit next to me in the car and bow graciously like the Queen of Roumania."

"Bill, you're a dear."  
 "Oh, rot," he said modestly.  
 "But you are, and I'm going to ask you for two promises."

"Good heavens! Here comes the catch! Well, what are they?"

"Promise not to buy any more Radio stock at 38 or higher?"

"Yes."  
 "Promise to sell at 38 to-morrow and actually get the broker's check for the money?"

"Yes."  
 "Those are serious promises, Bill. It would make me very unhappy if you broke them."

"I know, dear. I won't break them."

Dorothy came completely around the table to kiss him. He was grateful to her for making the trip and altogether very pleased with himself.

\* \* \* \*

The next day began with sunshine and a cool breeze. A good omen, thought Bill as he shaved himself. He reflected on the prospects for the day and found them good. Probably his Radio would be sold by noon, and then he would call up Dorothy and tell her the definite news. After that he would call up the automobile salesroom and tell them to get his car ready for immediate delivery. He would go up and buy it on the partial payment plan. He would give them a check for the deposit and sign the necessary papers. That would enable him to drive the car out. Then, the following day when he received the check from Kay & Winthrop, he would surprise the automobile agency by paying the balance due on the car in one lump. It would be a good thing for his credit to handle it that way. He smiled in anticipation. There would not be the slightest question of receiving his check from Kay & Winthrop the next day. They were as reliable as the rock of Gibraltar. He had seen a picture of the rock of Gibraltar. It was very reliable.

Preserving a calm demeanor, he was teeming with excitement inside. He felt like a boy about to receive a great treat. He could hardly wait to get to the city. After a call at his office, where nothing immediate required his attention, he made his way to Kay & Winthrop's. He quieted his conscience with the thought that he would not be there long.

The usual scene. He might hardly have been gone an hour. The same men were in the same positions. Stationary fragments of the rock of Gibraltar. He stood behind them to watch the ticker.

Winthrop bustled in from the inside office.

"Hello, William. Why so early?"

"Oh, I just came to see that order of mine filled."

The faint smile vanished from the broker's face.

"I don't think you'll see it to-day. Don't you know what the market's doing?"

"No," said Bill in concern.

"It's off," said Winthrop in the peculiarly decided tone brokers use in conveying the information that stocks are selling at lower prices. "Look at the tape. They're all down."

Bill looked. Winthrop was right. Practically every quotation was lower than it had been the day before. He waited to see what Radio was.

No quotation appeared. He became impatient.

"What's Radio?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Haven't seen that baby," rumbled Downs, running the tape through his fingers backwards.

"Here it is! A hundred at 37-3/4. Guess that was the opening."

Bill's whole mood changed. His dry clothes

(Continued on page 58)

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## Excuses for Competitors

(Continued from page 57)

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A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in less oil and gas used.

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were the only evidence that someone had not hurlled a bucket of cold water at him.

"But it touched 38 yesterday," he said to Winthrop.

"That was yesterday."

"Well, what's happened overnight? There was nothing special in the papers this morning. Why is the market down?"

"Do you really want to know?" was Downs' bass solo.

Bill suspected something jocular and would have liked to request the veteran "Don't kid me," but, not knowing him well enough, contented himself with a truthful "Yes."

"More sellers than buyers," said Downs. "The good old reason! The reason."

From which it was apparent that Downs was short of stocks and welcomed the decline. Bill almost hated him for his good humor. The man should not be allowed around with that voice of his! Everlastingly practicing low notes! He looked at Winthrop; perhaps that even-tempered man might give him comfort. Winthrop interpreted the look correctly.

"A reaction is only natural after the rise we've had. Stocks can't go up for ever without profit-taking. I'd call it a normal reaction in a rising market. Nothing to worry about—much."

It was all very well for these men to comment in this airy way, Bill reflected. Little did they realize what the "reaction" meant to him. If Radio did not recover to 38 and if enough transactions did not take place at that figure to enable him to sell his thousand shares, his home-coming that night would be nothing short of catastrophic. He sat down to watch what would happen.

WHILE Radio did not decline to the same extent as some other stocks, its decline was sufficient to depress Bill exceedingly. He sat with his eyes almost glued to the ticker. He lost track of the time. He was looking at the printed record of the fact that 400 shares of Radio had changed at 37 $\frac{3}{8}$  when Winthrop's voice sounded through the room.

"Lunch ready, boys!"

The knot around the ticker rose one by one and filed into the next room.

"Have some lunch, Bill?"

"Thanks."

Bill went and sat with the others at the oblong table, at the top of which Winthrop seated himself. The place at the other end was kept vacant for Mr. Kay. He was the board member of the firm. Usually he came to his office for lunch. If he did not do so it was construed as a sign that he was busy on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

There was another ticker in this room, and while the traders were at lunch an employee sat at it and read out the prices as they appeared on the tape.

"Copper 40. Steel a quarter. Gas 70. General Electric unchanged. Radio 37."

Bill restrained a groan. On paper he was a thousand dollars poorer than he had considered himself last night. Many thoughts obtruded themselves on his brain as he sat eating his lunch. Why hadn't he been willing to take 37 $\frac{3}{8}$  yesterday? It was only one-eighth below the price he had set in his mind, a mere one hundred and twenty-five dollars. That was a trifle in comparison. And if he sold now he would still have enough money to buy the car.

He pulled himself together. To be pre-occupied was hardly polite. Moreover it was something of a confession that things were not going his way. In the past, when he was not in the market himself, he had noticed that the demeanor of those in Kay & Winthrop's office never changed no matter what the stock market did. It seemed to be a sort of unwritten law that one did not display what one felt. Stocks might be up or down several points, but no one groaned or moaned. Often he had felt a thrill of admiration for the Spartan-like way that these men took their punishment, as obviously they must do sometimes, since no human being could be right on the market day after day, long of stocks when it was "strong" and short of them when it was "weak." They were gamblers all, sportsmen all. He must be like them.

He felt a renewed admiration for Winthrop. Who could tell what waves of emotion must sweep him at times? Who but himself could know the degrees of elation and despair that he must feel? Yet the man never seemed to change. He was always calm and collected and cool. A great thing, Bill reflected. For once he knew for himself what it felt like. How true it was that one really understood only what one had experienced!

His reflections were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Kay. The senior member of the firm was smaller than his partner; a handsome, dapper man who carried himself with impressive dignity. He was generally regarded as the ablest and shrewdest, as well as the most successful, floor broker on the Exchange. His impassiveness in his office was equalled only by his hospitality in his house, where he was known to entertain on a lavish scale.

He sat down and after a friendly smile and a murmured "Good-morning, gentlemen," proceeded to his lunch. Bill felt tempted to ask him what he thought of the market in Radio, but the presence of the others deterred him.

"Baldwin three-eighths!" called out the leather-lunged clerk at the ticker. "Can a half. Five hundred Steel at a quarter. Maryland 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Radio 37."

In a few minutes Kay rose and retreated to his private office, followed by Winthrop. The two held a consultation which continued as the senior partner slowly walked to the hall on his way back to the floor of the Exchange. Bill watched them and realized that his opportunity was gone for the time being. It was now nearly two o'clock. The still small voice of Conscience made itself heard with a remark to the effect that its owner ought to be getting back to his office, which was countered by the reflection that in one short hour it would be three o'clock and the Stock Exchange would close for the day. A short bout ensued and Conscience lost on points.

The decline in the market continued, punctuated by slight rallies. Bill watched the tape trying to prepare himself inwardly to see Radio break through 37, and was relieved when, despite several transactions, the price remained steady. Suddenly a shout swept the office.

"Time!"

Reminiscent of the prize ring, it caused him to look around apprehensively. Every man present pulled out his watch and gazed earnestly at it. Two of them set theirs. Bill looked at the big clock on the wall. It showed 2.15. Then he remembered. This was delivery hour, and the correct time was printed on the tape. It had become a custom to set one's watch each day at this juncture. He followed the example of the others, and relapsed into watching the ticker.

Winthrop, who had been entering and leaving the room frequently since lunch, now stood by the ticker motionless. Bill seized his opportunity.

"Well, how does it look to you?" he asked as casually as he could.

"They ought to go lower before they go higher."

"Any opinion on Radio?"

"There seems to be a good deal of selling at this level. Perhaps the pool is stuck. Do you want to reduce your order?"

He referred to the order to sell the thousand shares at 38, which had been "left in" as a "T. G. C.," or "good till cancelled" order.

Bill hardly knew what to say. Murmuring something ending with "in a minute," he went to the telephone booth and called up his friend Stafford. He put the problem to him point-blank.

"Do as you like," responded Stafford in the independent tone of the man who has no financial interest in a matter upon which his advice is sought. "You know what I think of it, and you know whether I have been right so far or not."

"Yes, of course," put in Bill, hastily, uncomfortable lest he appear to be either unappreciative or lacking in faith. "I was merely wondering—"

"The whole market's weak at the moment and you can't expect Radio to go against the current," said Stafford crisply. "This is only a

reaction. It'll go to 40 or 45, I tell you. Or even 50. But do as you like."

Bill thanked him and, reassured, returned to Winthrop.

"No, leave it in at 38," he said. A moment later his office called him on the telephone to say that his presence was required at once. He took one more glance at the tape and left. At a quarter past three he called up Kay & Winthrop's to inquire the closing prices. The switchboard operator recognized his voice and put him directly on to Winthrop's personal telephone.

"There was a break in the last ten minutes," said that gentleman coming to the point unemotionally. "Your stock closed at 36 1/4."

"What!" Bill almost shouted. "That was the last sale. The bid and asked was 36 to 36 3/8."

BILL hung up the telephone, dispirited. At the bid price of 36 he had, on paper, lost two thousand dollars that day. What would Dorothy say? The worst of a thing like this, when you had told your wife what you were doing, was that there was no earthly way to prevent her from keeping track of the progress of the venture. Any afternoon newspaper would give her the news.

He telephoned Dorothy and suggested dining in town and going to the theatre. He put a burst of fictitious cheeriness in his tone, and was relieved when she agreed unhesitatingly and made no reference to the stock. The same reticence was preserved during the evening. They reached home shortly before one and Bill was just congratulating himself that he had won through the evening rather neatly when Dorothy, in a fetching negligee, put up her pretty face to be kissed and suddenly asked:

"What news of Radio, dear?" He hesitated, caught off guard. As she no doubt had seen an evening newspaper there was no use in attempting to deceive her. Honesty was the best policy.

"There was a reaction in the market," he confessed, "and I couldn't get it off at 38."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Same thing. Sell at 38."

She held him very close.

"Bill, dearest," she said earnestly. "It's down to 36 1/2, and I'm afraid it will go lower. Won't you sell to-morrow whatever the price is? You would still have a good profit. I do wish you would!"

"No," he answered doggedly. "I'll get my price."

"Won't you do it to please me?"

"I am doing it to please you."

"Doing it?" There was a note of scepticism.

"Well, I shall."

"Sure?"

"Positive. I talked to Stafford," he amplified,

"and he told me that it is going to 45 or even 50. This is only a reaction. It made me feel foolish to sell even at 38."

"Well, I don't believe it will do any such thing."

"I know you don't, dear, but I'm running this thing and you leave it to me."

"All right, Bill. Don't let's talk any more about it."

"That's a go. Not another word."

She stood back, regarding him with tender, shining eyes.

"Bill, I do love you a terrible lot or I wouldn't bother so much about it. You know that, don't you?"

"You're an angel," said Bill. "As a broker, you're out. But as a woman, as my own—"

"Bill!"

The stock market was completely forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

The writers of the financial columns in the newspapers—those astute gentlemen who each day tell the public what happened the day before and why, but rarely seem to predict with accuracy what is going to happen to-morrow—were apparently unanimous that the decline in prices on the Stock Exchange was purely a natural reaction in a great upward movement. But as the days went by and the upward movement was not resumed, their comments changed. They began to refer to "irregularity" and "a traders' market" and "the prevailing uncertainty." Meanwhile Radio almost imperceptibly

(Continued on page 60)



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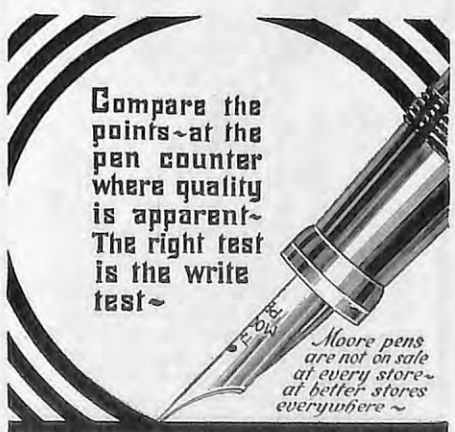
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Excuses for Competitors

(Continued from page 59)



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WHY not make it possible for her to enjoy all the sporting events even if she cannot leave the house? She likes a ball game as well as you. And think of the many musical and other programs you both can enjoy!

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Doctor My

tibly slipped down. Some days it would strengthen half a point or so, and each time this happened it looked as if the stock were resuming its rise; but the strain of lifting its head, so to speak, seemed to tire its neck, and it would sink again to a lower level.

William Carter, not having sold his stock at 37 7/8 or at 36, was less inclined to sell it at 34. At home the stock was not referred to at all. In town he dropped in at Kay & Winthrop's regularly and saw the same group of traders in the same positions at the same ticker. Winthrop greeted him courteously as usual, but volunteered no further suggestions about the stock. He liked Bill and secretly felt tempted to advise him, but to do so, unless directly asked, was contrary to his principles. Years before he had learned one of Wall Street's chief lessons, the folly of giving advice. If the advice proves incorrect, one is blamed; if correct, the recipient takes all the credit and profit. So far as Bill could see, the broker's face was as inscrutable as ever.

HE DID not like to telephone Stafford again. He could imagine what Stafford would say, and he hated to put himself in the position of seeming a whiner.

Radio touched 33, and Bill began to feel desperate. Nearly all his profit had vanished. If the stock moved much lower he would have to sell or be in danger of actual loss. During the luncheon hour Mr. Kay, who appeared to be less busy than usual, lingered in the customers' room and chatted with the group around the ticker. He was, Bill observed, unusually frank in giving his opinions and also in saying what he himself was doing. Bill did not catch the name of the stock under discussion, but he heard Kay's clear, staccato voice—a voice that had executed many a large order on the floor of the Stock Exchange—speaking:

"I was wrong on that. I had a couple of thousand and held 'em three days and took a two point loss." He shook his handsome head and lit another cigarette. "I don't seem to be able to trade these days," he added.

The candor of it decided Bill. He would try to get Kay's advice as to what to do. There was a lull in the conversation.

"What do you think of Radio?" asked Bill of the group in general, but looking at Kay.

"A damned nuisance," said Hartley.

"Radio—hell!" boomed Downs.

"The invention or the stock?" inquired Kay. Bill felt uncomfortable and wished he had not spoken. He could feel Kay's eye almost boring through him.

"I meant the stock," he said. The broker smiled, but said nothing. He did not smile often, but when he did his face lit up as with sunshine. It was a kind face.

"They don't get very far with that baby," said Downs. "If it gets below 30 it might be bought for a turn."

Bill could have slain him. Kay left the room. Bill looked at the tape. Radio was 32 1/2. His mind was made up. He must do something decisive. He followed the veteran broker out into the long hall leading to the elevator, and caught up with him. Kay stopped and looked inquiringly at him.

"How are you?" he asked.

Bill plunged into his speech.

"Not so good!" he said frankly. "I'm troubled about Radio."

"Got some of it?"

"Yes. Do you mind if I ask you what you would do with it if you were me?"

"No. I'd sell it."

"I thought there was a strong pool operating in it."

"There was, but they weren't strong enough. They started distribution around 36 on the way up and they never got it above 38. I guess they're nearly out of their stock by now. At any rate, they don't give it much support."

"You wouldn't hold it, then?"

"What for?"

Bill caught his eye and forced a smile.

"Thanks very much," he said gratefully.

Kay passed on.

Stafford might have informed him, assuming he knew it, that the move was over, Bill re-

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flected a little bitterly as he went back to the office. Then he could have got out somewhat higher and had a fair profit. As it was, he would be lucky to escape loss.

He sold his thousand shares of Radio at an average of 31<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. After deducting his selling commission and the interest due the brokers on his debit balance—the amount they had loaned to complete the purchase price—he found he had come out practically even. He was no nearer to having the sedan than before. Worst of all, he had to break the news to Dorothy. After all he had said and his positive refusal to take her advice, this was the last thing in the world he relished.

He felt too dispirited to read his evening newspaper. There was no longer any pleasure in studying the financial page. He was out of the stock market entirely. That Radio had closed at 31<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub>, three-eighths of a point lower than the price he had received as a result of Kay's advice and his own swift action, was a satisfaction too slight to be considered. The great outstanding fact was that after all that he had said to his wife she had been right, and she would be justified in quoting his own maxims concerning Results and Excuses. At the thought, he squirmed in his seat. His mind revolved in a circle: no profit; Dorothy had been right; she could say "I told you so"; there would be no sedan; he had fallen down; he had disappointed her; in short, he had been a fool. He hated the word radio. He hoped the stout man had fallen off the roof. He thought the most unreliable thing in the world was the Rock of Gibraltar. He was very miserable.

He walked slowly from the station to his front door, and hardly lifted his eyes from the ground until he had reached his house. His reverie was interrupted by her voice.

"Hello, there!"

HE LOOKED up. She was coming to meet him. Now for it! Perhaps she had not seen the papers lately. He dismissed the desperate thought. No such luck for him. Anyway, a postponement of the fatal hour would not help. It had to be faced sooner or later. Might as well be now as any other time. He would cut the ground from under her feet by admitting everything.

"Dear," he said, kissing her, "you were right."

"About what?"

"You know. The stock."

"You haven't told me what you've done."

He gulped.

"Well, I waited in the hope of getting our—I mean, my—price, and waited too long. I sold the damned stock to-day and got out about even. I'm just where I started. Didn't lose anything, but it's maddening to think of coming so close to—the car and everything."

"Yes, Bill," she said gently. "I know."

"You haven't said I Told You So. Why don't you? You might as well and get it over. There is no argument. You were quite right, dear, and I should have listened to you. I was a fool."

His humility endeared him to her much more than success would have done.

"Forget it, Bill, dear. I'm not going to say any of those horrid things. That stuff's out of date. But I'm going to ask you to do one little thing to please me now. Say you will."

"Anything you say."

"Come along around the corner with me," she said, taking him affectionately by the arm.

They walked the few steps and the first thing that met Bill's eye when they turned the corner was the sight of a large automobile outside their neighbor's house. On reaching it Dorothy stopped, opened the front door, and invited him to get in. He stared. The car was of the identical make which he had dreamed of getting for her. He stood still.

"What's the idea?"

"You said you would do what I asked."

"But I don't understand. Whose care is this?"

"Ours."

Bill's jaw dropped. As Mr. Carl Van Vechten would put it in his simple way, it became desiccated.

"Ours?"

"Yours and mine."

"Have a heart, Dorothy. I don't see any joke. Honestly—"

"There isn't any joke, Bill. This is our car,

(Continued on page 62)



# Try 10 cigars free!

Send no money - just mail the coupon

NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

### This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full, five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

### You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cent of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at

my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

### Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 249 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 250 into \$1,360 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$5.44. In other words, it costs me \$5.44 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

### Snap up this offer quick!

Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

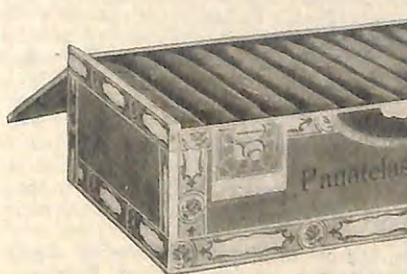
### Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.



Actual Size and Shape



This coupon entitles you to a FREE TRIAL of my cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.  
37 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

Mild  Medium  Strong

Name .....

Address .....

Reference .....

Address .....

# Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from  
**JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.**  
**and Save One-Third**

For over 50 years we have sold direct by mail to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we guarantee to save you 20 to 40%. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Write for new Elk Catalog and large Catalog of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, etc.



34600B \$5.00    34617B \$12.50    34606B \$15.00  
 34608B \$15.00    36981B \$1.65

## SOLID GOLD and PLATINUM

The very latest styles and finest quality Buttons  
 34600B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - \$5.00  
 34617B Platinum, one full cut blue white diamond - \$12.50  
 34606B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - \$15.00  
 34608B Solid Gold, three full cut blue white diamonds - \$15.00

See Catalog for these Buttons in Platinum

## Diamond Mounted Elk Ring



36828B Our price direct to you \$12.50

This ring can also be furnished with Masonic, Shrine, Knights of Columbus or Knights of Pythias emblems.



34692B This heavy solid gold Ring with platinum front. Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, mounted with full cut blue white diamond - \$37.50

Same style ring No. 34685B without diamond \$18.00.

## BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass  
 America's leading diamond importers  
**and Save 20 to 40**



1 Carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond, if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you \$145.00



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring, \$200.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, richly carved and exquisitely pierced. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$300. Our price, only \$200.00

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:  
 1/4 carat - \$31.00    1 1/2 carats - \$217.00  
 3/8 carat - \$50.00    2 carats - 290.00  
 1/2 carat - 73.00    3 carats - 435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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### "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.

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

# Excuses for Competitors

(Continued from page 61)

yours and mine. On the level, no kidding, and cross my heart, or any oath you like, or what have you!"

He looked into her brown eyes. He took a long breath.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said simply.

"Aren't you pleased?"

"Sure. But where on earth did it come from?"

There was a twinkle in her eye.

"The stock market!"

"What?"

"Amalgamated Radio, to be exact," she supplemented.

"I never had any faith in that move in Radio, Bill. When it got up to 36 I decided that the pool would begin their selling or distributing or whatever you call it. I didn't believe that the ferret would tell you when to get out."

"You didn't?"

"No. So as you would not be an exception to the rule that most men who speculate as a side line lose their money in Wall Street, since you wouldn't take your profit, the only thing to do was to take the other side and make the money you would not make. I used my bonds—"

"You did?"  
 "Yes. And sold Radio snort from 36 to 37 3/8. Eight hundred shares. I was a bit scared when it rose after I'd sold—"

"You were?"

"Yes, but I felt sure I was on the right road, so I sold some more. I covered some the day before yesterday and the rest yesterday. I knew you had reserved the car—"

"You did?"

"Yes, so there was no difficulty in having it driven here to-day to surprise you."

Bill gulped a couple of times.

"My darling," he said with reverence, "you're a wonder!"

"Results alone count, as you have said yourself," she remarked. "And we refer excuses to our competitors! Now I have two of the nicest things in the world—this car and my husband!"

"Get out!" said Bill.

"Get in!" said Dorothy, opening the door wider.

They drove down the avenue at thirty-five miles an hour. By the time they hit the boulevard, this had risen to thirty-seven and seven-eighths!

# This Business of Flying

(Continued from page 35)

martial nestmates. In the year 1926 it will try its wings.

"An era of air transportation in this country paralleling the growth of the automotive industry and the radio art awaits primarily Federal support in the matter of airway facilities, their administration and the elimination of needless restrictions." Such is the declaration of J. Walter Drake, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, speaking for a committee of experts from the United States Department of Commerce and the American Engineering Council, which has just completed a six-months' study of the civil air situation in the United States.

Within six months, at the outside, private enterprises will be operating some 3,000 miles of airways in various sections of this country, as a supplement of the transcontinental route of the United States Air Mail and the 3,000-mile line of Army Airways. That is but a beginning.

The first year will be largely experimental. Progress will come only through the expensive and tedious school of trial and error. It must first be demonstrated that somewhere in the first not too distant future is an opportunity for profit. Pioneers must first of all be possessed of healthy finances.

Thus three corporations or individuals stand out as the logical leaders in air transport. By virtue of his past achievements the name of Henry Ford first suggests itself. Mr. Ford insists that the aeronautic program of his vast industrial structure is directed by his son, Edsel, rather than himself, but notwithstanding, the scope of his aviation interests suggests the touch of the automobile pioneer. Indeed, he too, forsores an analogy between the immediate future of the airplane and the history of the automobile. He voiced one sound and cardinal principle when he said, "Of course the first thing that must be done . . . is to make it foolproof. Just now it is ninety per cent. man and ten per cent. machine. The percentage must be turned around."

Mr. Ford has built a modern airport at Dearborn, Michigan. It has every modern facility for airplanes and a 200-foot mooring mast for a dirigible airship as well. He recently purchased the Stout Metal Airplane factory, which he had previously helped finance. It is now a part of his industrial plant and it is in process of expansion. The Ford pocketbook has further been opened to the Airship Development Corporation, an organization proposing to build rigid dirigible airships entirely of light metal.

He has commissioned a number of airplanes for messenger service between Detroit and Cleveland and Detroit and Chicago. On March 1 he is scheduled to begin carrying United States Air Mail between those points in his new airplanes, having been awarded contracts by the Post Office Department. He has also declared

his intention of instituting a number of other extensions during the coming year.

But perhaps the greatest contributions of the Fords to commercial flying was the reliability tour promoted by Edsel Ford last September. Prior to that date almost every aviation event in this country was dominated either by military airplanes or foolhardy showmen. The Commercial Reliability Airplane Tour of last September was comparable to the famous Glidden tours of pioneer automobile days. Military machines were barred. Only airplanes designed wholly for civil use were allowed to enter. A two-thousand mile course, touching at eleven major cities in the northern half of the Middle West, was laid out to be leisurely covered in a five-day schedule. Because of persistent bad weather the schedule was extended one day. Fifteen of sixteen entries finished nobly. The lost plane was forced down on an emergency field to make a minor motor adjustment. The ground was soggy by reason of the rain and the plane failed to clear a line of trees bordering an end. The machine was ruined beyond repair but pilot and passenger escaped with minor hurts.

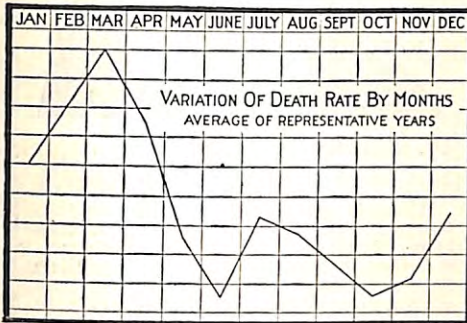
FOR the civilian who hopes for the day when airplanes will be as common as automobiles now are that tour marked an epoch. It was far more significant than the Pulitzer races at Garden City. The sixteen planes entered did not wholly represent the entire list of American-made commercial airplanes. Next year they will all be there.

Another significant outgrowth was the impression made upon Mr. Ford by a trimotored airplane designed by Anthony H. G. Fokker, the same brilliant engineer who built the swift pursuit planes of the German air force in the World War. Mr. Ford is now experimenting with multi-motored airplanes, for in reserve power lies the safety which is so paramount to civil flying.

Next in importance to Mr. Ford is the National Air Transport Corporation. Its board of directors includes leaders in every phase of aviation and men powerful in the world of finance. It has accepted a contract to carry United States Air Mail from Chicago to Dallas beginning in April and it has further offered to take over that part of the existing United States Air Mail system from New York to Omaha, including the overnight service between New York and Chicago. Its guiding spirit is Colonel Paul M. Henderson, former assistant postmaster-general and the man who organized the first through transcontinental air mail and proved the practicability of night flying.

The NAT as it is popularly known is also about to open another extension of the air mail from Chicago to St. Paul. In addition to these lines to be operated by the NAT and the Fords, this spring contracts have been let to the Colonial

# Do People Live Longer in Florida?



They should according to the chart above, for it proves the most fatal months to be those when King Winter holds the North in his icy grasp.

It is not alone the cold weather but the indoor life that makes the Northern winter a season of sickness and death. Hence wisdom dictates wintering or living permanently in an out-of-door country such as Florida.

But seek not Florida's too-crowded cities. These are not always so conducive to health and longevity as a strictly residential and recreational community such as Indrio, now being developed at great expense in a natural garden spot.

## INDRIO the Beautiful

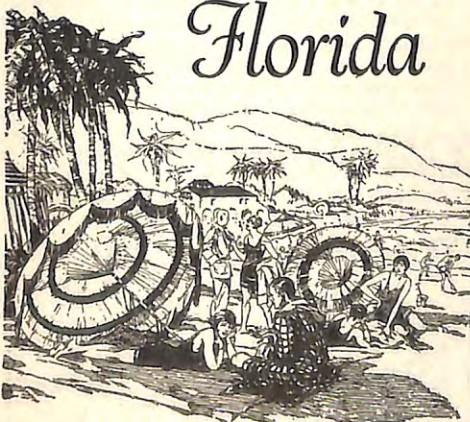
Indrio lies 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway, the Florida East Coast Railway and the Indian River, a picturesque inlet of the Atlantic Ocean. Here man is combining with Nature to create America's most beautiful home town.

If you are coming to Florida this winter, stop off for a day at Indrio. Drink in the beauty of its natural surroundings; see the broad streets and spacious homesites which are making it the most talked-of community in Florida.

Now, while desirable homesites may still be secured by an initial payment of only a few hundred dollars, is the time to investigate Indrio as a permanent or winter home. So plan to see it for yourself or write for illustrated color brochure.

PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY  
Exclusive Selling Agents for  
EAST COAST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY  
Box C-17, INDRIO, Florida

# INDRIO Florida



Air Transport Corporation to carry mails between New York and Boston. Western Air Express, Inc., has received a contract to carry mails from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, California. Walter T. Varney has contracted to fly mail from the air-mail station at Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington, and the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, of St. Louis, will operate a line carrying mails between St. Louis and Chicago. Several other air-mail extensions have been advertised for contract but as this is written they have not been awarded.

THE financial and operating responsibility of each company was carefully investigated by Postmaster-General Harry S. New before contracts were let. It is likely that the smaller companies will carry passengers as well as mail when they begin operations, but it is significant that neither the Fords nor the NAT will do so until statistics show that flying is safer than present conditions indicate. That safety may be provided in the multi-motored airplane, but that type is not yet on the market in commercial quantities at reasonable prices. Another recommendation of the multi-motored airplane is that the passenger cabin is enclosed, eliminating the discomforting features enumerated in my own aerial adventures. In fact the only enclosed-cabin plane in which I have flown was a bi-motored ship designed by the eminent Russian engineer, Igor Sikorsky. Fourteen of us sat, unencumbered by flying togs, smoking and enjoying refreshments with comfort comparable to a Pullman coach while the landscape of Long Island flitted below. The only inconvenience was that the noise of the motors roaring prevented conversation.

The third prominent figure in the immediate development of civil flying is a 20-year-old youth named Sherman Mills Fairchild. Through the recent death of his father Mr. Fairchild has assumed responsibility for one of the great American fortunes, for the late G. W. Fairchild was head of the International Business Machines Corporation which controlled the patents of time-clocks the world over as well as tabulating and recording machines of all kinds.

Sherman Fairchild designed and perfected the aerial camera which bears his name and which is the official picture-taking machine of the United States, Japanese, Brazilian and Canadian governments. He is head of Fairchild Aerial Surveys and four other aviation companies which bear his name. Having established international leadership in aerial photography in its many phases he is now devoting his energies to getting the public in the air.

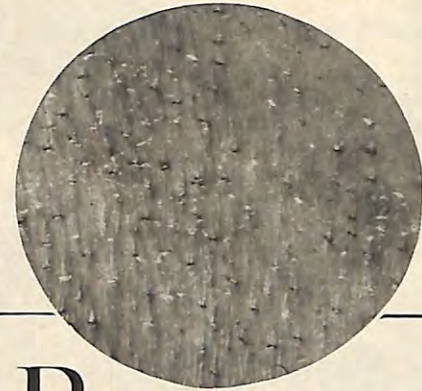
With the boundless optimism of youth Mr. Fairchild has paid but passing attention to that phase of commercial aviation having to do with the transportation of passengers and freight over regularly established routes on schedule, although he is a shareholder and director in the NAT and the Colonial Air Transport corporations. He believes that the public is as receptive to flying their own airplanes as it was at the beginning of this century to pioneer with the automobile.

BACKED by his own fortune he is now perfecting an aerial coupé to retail complete for approximately \$3,500. He is building a sales organization to carry out his plans.

The head of his sales force is Charles F. Redden, formerly president of Aeromarine Airways, an organization that operated flying boats in Florida and a service between Detroit and Cleveland for two years, the most important commercial flying experiment heretofore attempted in this country. Both Mr. Redden and Mr. Fairchild regard their problem much the same as the knotty sales obstacle of selling the first tractors. The farmer knew how to handle horses and the mechanical device of the tractor was regarded with suspicion. The first tractors were leased or sold on time. Eventually the farmers mastered them. The Fairchild organization is prepared to finance the same sort of pioneer work.

There are perhaps a score of similarly priced airplanes offered on the market to-day. The last year saw the practical exhaustion of surplus war planes and engines. The new low-priced airplanes and engines are superior to the war equipment in every way. One of the most popular three-seaters is Travel Air. Waco,  
(Continued on page 64)

FREE: 7-day test Free — Don't buy yet. Wait till the 7-day test supply proves itself. Today... at your drug store



## BEFORE shaving..

Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

AT LEAST one day is required for the skin to heal from the effects of shaving. . . . After shaving . . . How the face smarts Burns. (Torn open pores! Nicks! Hair spikes!) More than a 24-hour healing process is necessary for tender skins.

Men . . . that's why we made Ingram's shaving cream. Daily mutilation of tender skins demanded this. A cream that cools and soothes . . . while you shave.

A brand new ingredient in Ingram's Shaving Cream makes this possible. No hot towels—lotion—fancy time-wasters necessary. Complete in itself.

### 7 Shaves FREE

It's been tried—by thousands of men with tender skin. It's proved itself. But note this:

Don't buy this cream yet. Accept it—at our expense. Be sure of it.

Your 7 free cool shaves are waiting for you at the drug store. Get them today . . . and see.

Fred Ingram  
Vice-Pres.—General Mgr.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.  
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada 29 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

## AFTER shaving..

Tender skin—mutilated. Note the white scratches—torn skin. Ingram's helps this.



Ingram's Shaving Cream comes only in a blue jar with the name INGRAM always blown on the glass—at the shoulder 50c.



If your drug store can't supply your 7 FREE cool shaves, write your name on the margin of this ad and send it to me. I want you to try this cream.



## The grave need not be cruel

A BUSY life ended—and we are left alone with our memories. The thought of the precious remains of a loved one buried out there, alone and unprotected in the cold earth, is a needless burden for a sad heart to bear.

Adequate protection insures "peaceful rest"—and eliminates all of the cruelty of the grave.

And for this protection you naturally turn to the Clark Grave Vault. It is positive and permanent. In a quarter of a century there has never been a Clark Grave Vault disinterred that has not given perfect protection.

It affords the utmost of burial protection. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Rust resisting Keystone copper steel is used in the manufacture of all Clark Grave Vaults. The highest quality Clark vaults are now plated with pure cadmium, by the Udyline Process, (exclusive on the Clark Vault), producing a measure of rustproofing heretofore unknown.

Leading funeral directors supply the Clark Grave Vault and recommend it as the highest standard of quality, a vault which always fulfills every requirement made of it. It is guaranteed for fifty years.

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all.*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY

Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,  
Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

## This Business of Flying

(Continued from page 63)

Swallow, Yackey Sport, New Laird, Lincoln, Comet, the Curtiss Lark are a few of the others. Some of these machines are being commissioned in aerial taxi service, the majority are in use in the Middle West where level farmlands offer emergency landing fields at almost every point. Many are flown for pleasure.

At the same time that new civil airplanes are finding ready sale, equal progress is being made in the vital component of reliable engines. Perhaps the greatest progress has been achieved in the field of air-cooled motors, displacing the heavier water-cooled power plants. At this time the air-cooled engine costs considerably more than the old type but the Wright Whirlwind is selling in such quantities that the price is being reduced ten per cent. Like the automobile industry constant demand will enable mass production with consequent savings to the purchaser. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's Ace of Aces, has also recently placed an air-cooled airplane motor on the market and he is optimistic of future sales.

War-trained pilots, with the exception of a handful who have remained in the flying game in some government service, Army, Navy or Air Mail, or have earned a precarious living as "aerial nomads," have become rusty. They are too old now to want to fly regularly. The customers for the new planes are in the succeeding generation. There are half a hundred aviation schools in existence and tuition fees vary from \$100 to \$300 for the course. The average individual may learn to take-off and land an airplane by himself in from five to ten hours of flying time, administered in twenty minute doses. The largest flying school in the country is operated by the Curtiss Company at Garden City, Long Island. They have graduated 300 students since the war without a single fatality. But the fact that a person can take an airplane off the ground, fly circles and land again without reducing his ship to wreckage, does not mean he or she is a pilot. The ability to find one's way from city to city in the air comes only by experience. Some may never learn it for cross-winds and fog are enemies of the flyer as much as of the mariner and a sense of direction and ability to interpret conventional signs on a map are imperative qualifications.

IT is important to remember that the man who invites you for a flight in his new airplane may be a novice. The hazards of flying with an inexperienced pilot are much greater than with the newly licensed automobile driver. Happy landings are acquired chiefly through constant practise and the aerial equivalent of an only-scrapped-his-mudguard on the highway may well be floral setpieces and mourning friends.

But airways will eventually be as easily followed from the sky as highways are now by automobiles. The Army Airways system is conducting a campaign through its reserve officers to have the name of every hamlet and city in the country plainly marked so that it may be read from the air. New landing fields are being laid out for the use of the air navigator and an act now pending in Congress will make available to the civil flyer the facilities of every federal landing field in the country. At the present time neither Army, Navy or Air Mail fields may sell gasoline, oil, or help a flyer in distress repair his machine.

While laws providing for federal licensing and inspection of airplanes and pilots are pending in Congress flyers are nervous lest the provisions of such laws be made too drastic. Inspection may be greatly overdone with the result that federal red tape may bind the eager wings too tightly. At this stage of progress it is essential that the government should encourage as well as regulate flying.

In the lighter-than-air field the disaster to the dirigible Shenandoah has quenched public enthusiasm for airship navigation. Such is invariably the fate of pioneers. The United States is learning in the hard school of experience in that phase of flying. Before August, 1914, hydrogen-filled Zeppelins in Germany carried 35,000 commercial passengers without an accident. With non-inflammable helium gas we have a natural advantage. The art will be



## 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**



## Buoyant, steady and graceful

THERE'S a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 1623 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

### Beautiful Solid Bronze Radiator Emblem



for Your Car  
Enameled in  
Colors  
Size 4x4 inches  
Prepaid \$1.50

HUNT BRASS WORKS  
1617-19 Winona Ave.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

preserved and within ten years dirigibles will be flying on regular schedule across the Atlantic.

Skies are not always fair and smiling. Clouds and fogs must, under natural laws, occasionally obscure the sun. Many a fledgling will fall before the dreams of these pioneers are in a fair way to fulfillment. The important thing is that we are about to try our eager wings. If I may qualify as an expert I believe they will soar. Time alone will tell.

### All Aboard for Zion

(Continued from page 27)

and fifty feet of even a more insistent red relieved by mauve and purple shale. That in turn rests upon a hundred feet of other variegated strata. Through these successive layers of sand and shales and limestones, colored like a Roman sash, glowing in the sun like a rainbow, the Mukuntuweap River has cut its amazing valley. The entrance is between two gigantic stone masses of complicated architectural proportions which are named the West Temple and the Watchman. The latter is seen from a foreground of river. From a stairway of many colors it springs abruptly twenty-five hundred feet. Its body is a brilliant red. The West Temple, which rises directly opposite and a mile and one-half back from the rim, is over a thousand feet higher."

Hal G. Evarts, also using the architectural metaphor, writes in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"It seemed that we gazed out across some vast oriental city that stretched away for a dozen miles. Scores of gaudy mosques and tinted towers, striped citadels topped off by flat-roof gardens rose in countless tiers from this congested, painted metropolis. . . . And the coloring! Imagine a tremendous city of spires and turrets . . . its buildings catching every dazzling reflection of the sunset. . . . There were soft apricot and salmon tints, vague pinks and creams; lemon blending into deepest orange . . . with here and there a haunting suggestion of pale mauve. Brilliant red spires stood beside domes of ivory white. In many of these fairy structures the stratifications pitched so abruptly as to lend a spiralling barber-pole effect."

Here are some useful facts:

An excellent road has been completed from the Park entrance to the Temple of Sinawava, some seven and one-half miles. Twenty-six miles of trails, so well maintained as to be usable at all seasons of the year lead to the most important points in the Park. One may journey on horseback from the floor of the canyon to the East and West Rims. The West Rim trail begins at the foot of Angel's Landing, is tunneled along a ledge of the wall for two hundred feet into a deep flower-filled gorge, then zigzags up nearly to the level of the top of Angel's Landing. The other trail leads from the foot of Cable Mountain up to the East Rim.

Zion Lodge, a delightful hostelry, consisting of a main central building and a large number of square, two-bedroom cottages, nestles under the towering East Wall between the Mountain of the Sun and the Great White Throne. Here one may be accommodated for five dollars a day—room and board. Or you may get your breakfast for a dollar, your luncheon and dinner for a dollar twenty-five each and may occupy one of the excellent bedrooms for a dollar fifty a night. The meals are excellent and so are the sleeping accommodations.

An attractive free public camp-ground has been established about half a mile from Zion Lodge in the shadow of The Great White Throne for motorists having their own camping equipment. Shade trees and pure water are available. So, one may sleep in his own bed, get his meals at the Lodge or do anything else he darn pleases.

Also, one may hire horses and guides with which to nose about the Park or mount its almost precipitous sides. The rates for these are very reasonable—something like a dollar an hour for a horse. If you like to make the journey to the Rim, which may take you a day and for which you will require a guide, it will cost you ten dollars for the round trip. If there are two of you, it will be seven fifty each, or five dollars apiece if there are three. This includes everything—guide, luncheon and horses.

(Continued on page 66)

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Many persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie," or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.



SHERWIN CODY

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

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## All Aboard for Zion

(Continued from page 65)

We left Zion Canyon in the morning about eight o'clock—by auto, the only practicable means of transportation—traversed a considerable breadth of desert, crossed the Arizona line and reached the North Rim of the Grand Canyon at nightfall.

To look into Grand Canyon on a still, moonlight night, as I did, gives one the creeps, fills one with dreamings. On a dark night it is even more weird. But, when lighted up at midnight with lightning, while the electric storm plays around and throughout the maze of aerial islands down there in the depths, it is like the sudden opening and closing of the one great window of an inferno. Surely it is the devil's paradise at that moment. The lightning reveals all kinds of weird things. And the thunder cracks and roars and bellows through the Canyon as if the devil himself were indulging in an orgy of frightfulness. I wondered if Dante had ever stood on Bright Angel Point at midnight in a thunder-storm. Terrifying by night, yes, but on a beautiful day, the sunlight flooding it, all the terrors, the conjured, awful things of the night before are forgotten. Nothing but wonder! Wonder! It is in the night that the Canyon lives; in the daytime it sleeps, basks, smiles at you, grins at you, as fancy pleases, that great red city of the Silences, that devil's paradise. Don't fail to see it, experience it, as I did, in a thunder-storm. For that's the time Satan himself is in command, the time when Satan cuts loose.

It is said that persons often go into hysterics on being brought suddenly to the rim of the Canyon. That's the way it strikes one. Some are dumbfounded; others, who have no sense of the sublime, are inclined to make light of the scene. Here's a classic instance: A commercial Englishman said, after gazing downward for a few moments: "It's a good place to throw your razor blades."

A young woman who had taken a course in nursing in a metropolitan hospital and was obsessed with her profession, and, above all things, practical, observed, after listening to the rhapsodies of the artists of the party, and pointing to a figure scrolled by nature on one of the walls opposite: "It looks for all the world like a diphtheria germ." That was all she saw. A case in point illustrates the danger of tempting Fate too far. A pleasant-looking stout man broke the solemn silence of the party with "How pretty!" The artistic members of the group immediately fell upon him and killed him—and very properly—and threw his remains into the gorge he had insulted.

THE North Rim is eight thousand five hundred feet, or thereabouts, in elevation. The mad Colorado dashes and twists on its way to the sea some six thousand feet below. From this point one may look out and down upon the temples Deva, Brahma, Zoroaster, Wotan's Throne, Manu, Buddha, Isis, Angels Gate, and Cheops Pyramid. The creations away down below are made after the forms of colossal domes, circuses, coliseums. This is proper, for the Grand is vastly bigger than the other canyons.

"To appreciate it," said McKee, "is not a matter of mere sight. You've got to absorb it, get it through the pores rather than through the eyes."

And talk about heat! Just stand at the rim on a sunny day and feel the baking waves come up. I was told there was a difference of twenty degrees between Wiley's Camp at the edge and the park ranger's station two miles back.

An amazing phenomenon of the Canyon is a wonderful echo. You may stand, as we did, at the extreme point of Cape Royal, some five thousand feet above the river, and shout. Your call repeats itself eight times with perfect clearness, the last repetition being the clearest of them all. Think of that, eight times! If any one says I'm a liar, ask him how he knows. He won't be able to tell you. But I know it's a fact. I've heard it with my own ears.

We lingered at Wiley's Camp at the edge of that red inferno, that devil's paradise, that mausoleum of baked colossi, for a day. Then we started for Bryce Canyon, retraced our course across a portion of the desert, again entered Utah and reached our destination in the evening.

Bryce is a vast, irregular-shaped bowl, perhaps

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two miles across and a thousand feet deep. Its rim is eight thousand feet in elevation.

I shall quote briefly from one ambitious writer's attempt at a description of Bryce:

"In the maze of architecture uprising from Bryce's sunken gardens, where pine, spruce and manzanita spread their greens, there are the styles of China and Egypt, of the Toltecs, Incas, Greeks and Goths; but stronger, perhaps, is the resemblance to those decaying Dravidian temples bursting with decoration, in the jungles of Burmah and Java; pagodas, mosques, minarets, kiosks, fairy castles, cathedrals, theatres, flying buttresses and stairways, suspension bridges, niched and fenestrated walls, peri-styles, colonnades, lotus columns, leaning towers, slim spires, massive pylons, pyramids, obelisks, pilasters capped by tilted disks, cones supporting cones, organs, shrines and altars. All the architects of antiquity might have drawn their inspiration from the silent cities of Bryce.

"AND these dream-tissue cities in the realm of muted mystery have weird inhabitants statted in variegated stone; giants and gnomes, popes and queens, kneeling penitents, companies of marching soldiers, gargoyles, fauns, satyrs, nymphs, witches, horses, dogs, lizards, frogs and turtles—figures that seem to move, sway and posture in the flashing play of light and shadow. The least vivid imagination needs a check-rein."

Very good, I am not capable of anything like that. I can only tell you how it appeared and appealed to me. My first view of Bryce was by moonlight. Everything was hazy, ghost-like, entrancing and silent as the fancies of a maiden. The sunrise over Bryce is indescribable. I can only think of it as one vast mass of æsthetic splendor—that is, splendor shot through with the Divine Spirit—super-earthly.

I am going to forestall criticism by declaring that I did not measure the "Bowl" with the instruments of an engineer. Nor did I analyze or classify after the fashion of the geologist. But this I do know: how I re-acted to it.

I am a total abstainer—so far as rum is concerned. But I am free to confess that I, too, like the ambitious writer of the foregoing description, "saw things." I, too, saw gnomes and popes and queens, witches, frogs and turtles. The only difference is that to my vision these creatures did not "sway and posture."

I am convinced, after seeing Bryce Canyon, that the good Lord has a sense of humor, above all, a divine attribute, else why did He make His servant Nature so marvelous a caricaturist, so adroit an etcher?

As you stand facing the canyon from any one point you will see many figures, startlingly resembling human, brute, artistic creations. The possibilities of such fancies are without limit. As you change your position, even by a few feet, proceeding along the rim of the Bowl, the scenes change kaleidoscopically. You have seen those illuminated advertising signs in shop windows which show you one face as you approach and another as you get opposite. Very well. You observe the figure which you will call St. Paul. Move along, ten, twenty, fifty feet and St. Paul has become Richelieu or perhaps Richard the Third. You see the outlines of a lady-in-waiting; but the back view of her is an orang-outang perched on the spire of a cathedral.

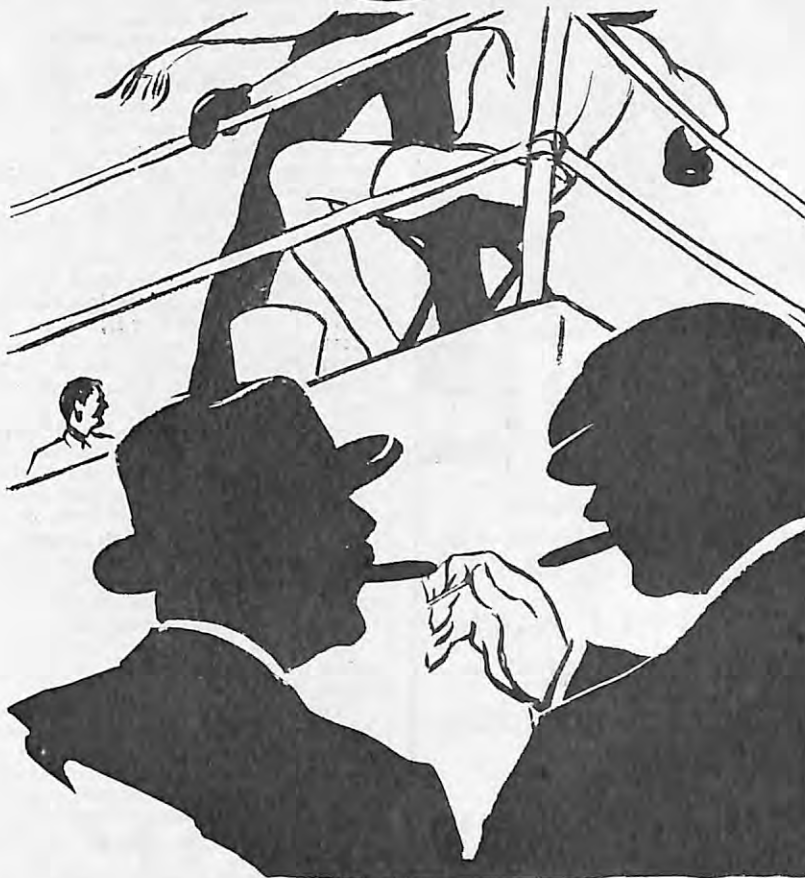
I walked along the Rim for about a mile. Things that I had seen, or that my stimulated fancy had seen, had now become something else. Perhaps the advancing daylight had cast shadows; perhaps the gods were laughing at me for a presumptuous ass of a man. But it seemed to me as if the very tracery on the walls was elusive.

Bryce Canyon is democratic in its favors. It lends itself no more to fancy of artists or poets than it does to the imagination of the child, the old woman or the Piute Indian. It is a veritable playground of the fancies. The child will cry, "Look, Dad, there's a wolf chasing a deer over there." And the father will see it at once—see the eye and the ears, the imminent fangs, the antlers, the tail, legs and all. And the Piute, seated further on, fashions from the same group a hunting scene to his liking.

I have a marble clock at home with pillars. I saw its colossal counterpart right in the middle of the canyon. Beyond it was a graveyard of serried, heroic mounds—Valhalla of the giants. Over these mounds galloped a knight, completely

(Continued on page 68)

# Man to Man



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## All Aboard for Zion

(Continued from page 67)

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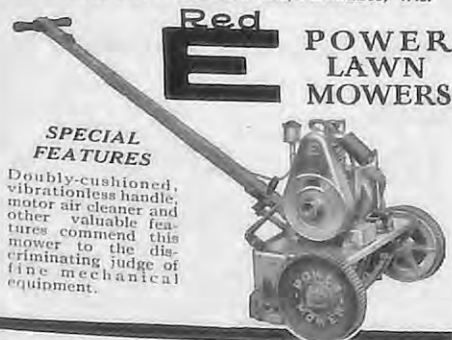


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horsed, caparisoned, speared and otherwise equipped for the fray.

On the walls of the canyon, the gods have etched innumerable figures of history—but all jumbled up. There are, however, clearly defined groups such as that of Queen Victoria and her ladies-in-waiting. The Queen stands at the point of a promontory as if reviewing whole legions of valorous Englishmen—Britishers, I mean. Her figure is short and dumpy—pardon the hated word, but no other will do as well. She wears the inevitable widow's cap and veil. There are the over-full eyes, the little beak of a nose, the incomparable dignity that no one but Victoria ever could have given to such a face and figure. Back of the Queen, in austere respectful attitudes, is the group of ladies. They are much taller than Her Majesty, nor are they beautiful either of face or figure; and they are wearing those mid-Victorian monstrosities called "bustles," counterpoising the slight forward inclination of the body known as the "Grecian Bend"—a kind of turkey slant.

Again is manifested irreverent democracy. For right beyond Victoria one sees—in bas-relief against the wall—a line of convicts following one another step-by-step and close up and disappearing through a mysterious door. One would fear that Nature is playing pranks, emphasizing her contempt for the social order of things which man has ordained. But if you move a few paces the line of convicts may become a procession of saints—*quien sabe?*

All this you see in Bryce, for it is the portrait gallery of the gods and of the fools, kings, knaves, saints and bad men.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice," says Mother Nature. "If you don't like queens, we can give you soldiers, knights, beef-eaters, Tommy Atkins or doughboys—regiments of them. If you don't like cardinals, we can give you flat-hatted dominies, or bearded pirates. It's all the same to us—crowns or cathedrals."

You get to have an affection for these creations on short notice, a proprietary interest in them if you have discovered them and pointed them out to your friends—by the power of your imagination have conjured them from their granite obscurity. If you knew them longer you would be intimate with them as you are with your old friend the man-in-the-moon or certain stars.

FROM the photographs one would think there was nothing there but serried ranks of cardinals and virgins. It impresses you that way at first. But Nature is just as fond of pirates as she is of prophets.

A friend grabbed me by the arm and pointed, "See that group of roistering, bearded sailors just beyond the Queen."

"By heck, I do," said I.

"A minute ago I saw them from over there. Then they were a band of apostles."

Nor do I think the colors, marvelous as they are, and not one whit exaggerated in the books, are as marvelous as the conformations that lend themselves to the dullest as well as to the most active fancies of man.

How is this for a general mix-up: here is a group which might be called "The Court of the Angels"; while another, near by, made up entirely of rare and radiant maidens is "The Heavenly Choir." There is the heroic figure of Richelieu at the end of this kneeling group and, along in line and as fantastically inappropriate, a she-bear of heroic proportions with her cub, which is about the size of an elephant; next in this mixed panorama is the headless body of Mary Queen of Scots in high collar, puffed sleeves and in the act of handing her crown, or head, I couldn't tell which, to some knightly gentleman. Along the line are nuns and pontiffs—nuns in attitude of prayer—pontiffs with heads erect and hands outstretched in benediction. There are chaste Madonnas and Cossacks and Indian princesses, carved huge in ivory. I think apostles and virgins predominate, cardinals running them a close second. Bearded Father Abrahams in flowing robes are much in evidence. At first it seems all Abrahams and virgins and pipe organs. Then, as you move on, observing, your Lincolns, your Victorias, and your Roose-

velts emerge from the perplexity of faces before you.

All of the male figures, princes, philosophers, priests or baboons in this museum have perfectly formed features, even to eye-sockets. They are so real that you feel you could go up and shake their huge, stone hands or pull their tails. You could walk on one of those noses or even on one of the eyebrows just as a fly would walk on yours. But you mustn't do it if you want to see anything. For if an insect walks on the end of your nose, he sees nothing but a porous bulk, not wholly engaging. No, perspective is necessary to beauty—in all cases.

I have only scratched the surface of suggestion—suggestion of the grotesque as well as the beautiful. On the right from where I stand is a monkey's face—a bit of a nose, and endless upper lip, and facing it the perfect profile of Levi P. Morton, one of our former Vice-Presidents. Just beyond is Richard Croker, bushy eyebrows, beard, firm jaw and all. Here is a headless camel, absolutely perfect, and beyond, a whale standing on its tail—its own, not the camel's—as if to lift its nose above the rim of the canyon and see what is going on outside. And there is a cat and kittens and a monstrous baboon. You see Nature has other loves than cardinals. Next to Richard Cœur de Lion is a huge owl. How wise he looks, the old stone bird with bulging eyes. And he is wearing a plug hat, tilted to one side, like a politician going on a spree. This is no exaggeration.

NOR does Nature concern herself with living things alone. She gives you in this museum of Bryce, cathedrals, pipe-organs, tracery and lacy that would do credit to an etcher. She deals in sculptured groups of loving-cups, chalices, stalactites of infinite delicacy, inverted now and standing on bases of red; dragons, castles, all in miniature. One is a group like a board of ivory chessmen. One may see all kinds of bottles, flat and round, and wonderful clocks, and great lamps decorated in the most delicate, lacy way.

Imagine, if you will, a toy shop—shelves and sides covered with little metal toys that you get for a penny each; soldiers—serried regiments of them; lions and their cubs, setting hens in their nests; fat-faced German officers in helmets; that's the way it is. Surely, Nature doesn't care how she arranges her curios.

Like Zion, one may get adequate, yes excellent, accommodations at Bryce and at quite as reasonable figures.

From Bryce Canyon to Cedar Breaks is a run of something more than three hours.

Cedar Breaks is wonderful, magnificent; it has almost everything that your fancy can conjure, but I think it should be visited first of all the canyons. As many have observed, if it were the only one it would be worth traveling around the world to contemplate. But after enjoying the sublime beauty of Zion, shuddering at the awfulness of the Grand Canyon and feasting eye and fancy on Bryce, there's little else to be said. One is pretty well fed up on canyons. Not that I have the impudence to speak in any sense deprecatingly of the unspeakable beauty of Cedar Breaks. Imagine, if you can, this vast amphitheatre, its forested rim ten thousand three hundred feet in elevation. The Breaks is eroded two thousand feet down into the pink cliff formation at the summit of Markagunt Plateau. It covers an area of sixty square miles in the Sevier National Forest. To the north the blunted, volcanic crest of Bryan Head rises nine hundred feet higher, affording a panorama of practically all of southern Utah, Nevada and northern Arizona.

Writes one authority:

"Within its limitless labyrinth countless millions of grotesque and magnificent architectural forms, anointed with all the colors of the spectrum, flash into the eyes of the beholder."

Again mark the architectural metaphor. The writer goes on:

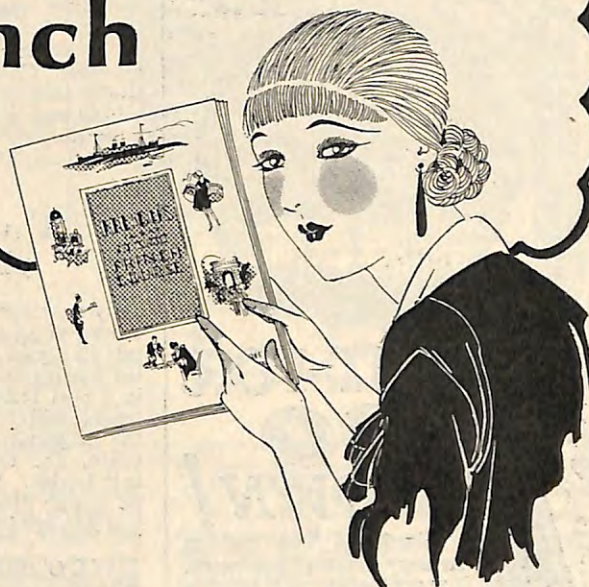
"The erosional structures are blends of Egyptian and massive, medieval Gothic walls. . . . In broad aspect the color scheme is pink, red, orange, yellow, white, lavender. . . . An artist has counted more than sixty tints at Cedar Breaks. . . . Along the rims are several easily

(Continued on page 70)



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*when you learn it the European way—"*



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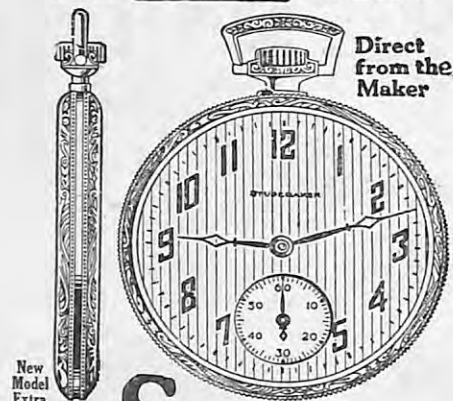
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THE FRY-FYTER CO., 573 Fry-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

**All Aboard for Zion**

(Continued from page 68)

reached view-points, among them Point Supreme and Point Perfection."

Here mark the similarity to Bryce: "Conspicuous in the welter of forms below are innumerable red, castellated bastions in parallel rows; long, riding dragon-like forms of pure white; and huge, sprawling dinosaurs covered with blood.

"In vastness, in variety of color, in wild grandeur, Cedar Breaks is the greatest of Utah's painted amphitheatres."

That may all be. But after the round of the major canyons I can only declare that Zion is my first and only love.

**Full o' Pep**

(Continued from page 29)

By a strange twist of fate, Dave McDonald, coming along the stream a day later bent on getting a good day's fishing, broke up the same log looking for helgramite to tempt the bass in a pool below. Bass are very fond of this tough, rubber-like black bait. Dave caught the helgramite, or dobson, as it is sometimes called, and dexterously dropped it into his bait bucket. "A fine, fat old boy you are," he mused: "look well fed, too. Here's hoping you look good to a three-pounder."

FULL O' PEP had been put into Sugar Creek the first of June. By the time he was a month old he was an inch long. He was beginning to assume the color scheme that would go with him throughout his life. His blackness had paled, and there was a hint of the beautiful green and bronze heritage that was to be his in later years.

His appetite had grown so that he found it increasingly difficult to satiate it with the tiny *cyclops*, *daphnia*, *cypris* and other minute animal organisms. He still kept to the shallow water, however, fearing the current, which more than once had managed to get him in its grasp and buffet him about until he was thrown back into his own quieter water.

When the cool mornings of September began heralding the approach of fall, Pep, with his three inches of length, no longer had much to fear from the chubs, the crawfish and others that had made his younger life miserable. His little back was becoming a greenish-black, flecked with bronze. The green persisted down his sides, sharing with the bronze in such a way that there were well-defined splotches of these colors, which in turn faded away into the ivory-white of his under-parts.

Of the thousand fry that had been planted from the can from which Pep came, not more than a hundred now remained. Some had fallen a prey to disease, but by far the largest number had been gobbled up by turtles, bass, redeyes, chubs and shiners. Of all his brother fingerlings Pep was easily the biggest, strongest and swiftest. He began foraging farther from the weed beds, which no longer appealed to him as the only place to feed. He was feeling his strength.

In one of his trips of exploration he had found a colony of fresh-water shrimp upstream where the water from a spring came into the creek. These shrimp were in form much like their salt-water brethren, but so tiny as to size that they made only a mouthful for the fingerlings. Pep did not fathom why the shrimp were found only near spring outlets where the water is always cool, but he did know that was the only place to find them. Crawfish might frequent warmer water, but not the shrimp. The shell of this small crustacean was much softer than that of the crawfish and Pep found no difficulty in crunching it. The swim up to the shrimp bed would have frightened Pep two months earlier, but not now. He skirted the shore line boldly, occasionally darting into water two or three feet deep for the mere joy of knowing that he could.

Pep was beginning to force the law of the strong on the caddis worms. His vigorous young jaws and stomach could easily take care of these juicy underwater larvae of the order *Trichoptera*, or caddis fly. His method of



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attack was simple. Approaching the worm, he would seize its head, which projected from its casing of weed bits and sand cemented by gelatine. After a bit of worrying he could pull the worm free of its casing and swallow it.

With the coming of October the trees along Sugar Creek took on their dress of yellow and red and gold. The leaves floated down to the ground or fell into the stream. Sugar Creek was at its lowest stage. As the frost increased in intensity Pep gradually moved into deeper water. It was late in November when he got his first taste of minnow. He was nosing among the fallen leaves in the creek bed when, on emerging from under a large oak leaf, he found his nose in proximity to a minnow almost half as long as he himself was. Instinct prompted him to close on the smaller fish. It was too large to swallow, so Pep lay quiescent, with the tail of his inch-and-a-half catch sticking from his mouth and its head far down his gullet. Gradually he managed to work it down, and in little more than an hour after he had seized it, his strong stomach acids had digested practically all of it. Many minnows fell victim to Pep's lust for them in the days that followed.

ONE morning in December, when Pep had attained a length of four inches, he pursued a minnow to the top of the water. When about to seize his meal, the small-mouth was much surprised to get a stiff clout on the nose, for overnight the stream had frozen in its quieter parts. Pep failed to get the minnow. He did not care much, anyway, for he was getting lazy and losing his appetite. He dropped back to the bottom to rest. He lay there for two days, eating nothing at all. Then, following an urge, he moved down the stream for a hundred yards or so. Here he settled in water twice the depth of his first stopping place. He found an empty tomato can. He backed into the can, settling slowly to the bottom.

Through December, January and February, he kept to the six-foot pool. He moved about some, but not a great deal. He had three places where he preferred to rest—in the old can, in the cleft of a rock and near an old log. He ate an occasional blood and caddis worm, but only those that seemed to thrust themselves on him. As for questing for food, that he did not do. With no exertion, gone was the reason for heavy feeding. He took on no weight, in fact, may have lost a bit. This also was true of the other game fish that inhabited the pool with him.

The chill came off the water in March and Pep began to stir himself. He headed upstream out of the pool. No larger than when he went into winter quarters, he still was wiser. The April freshets furnished him a new sensation. He now disported himself wherever he chose. He visited the weed beds, but they were not his principal habitat, as they had been before winter set in. He still had a fear of the great deep pools, from which at times he had seen shadowy monsters of five times his length come charging out into the shallows in pursuit of a meal. Gone forever was the time when a chub or a shiner would dare attack him. Gone also was the time when he would be looked upon as good food by the sunfish or the redeye. Gone also was the fear that possessed him when he had first heard the green frogs garrumping along the shore. Later on he was to feed full of *Rana clamata*, but that time had not come, even though he did not fear their garrulous conversation.

Pep's greatest delight now, when the high waters cleared somewhat, was to lie immediately below a riffle and catch his food as it passed the shallows and rolled down into the deeper water where he waited. The stream's high waters had swept angleworms and grubs of all sorts into its channel. But he was not alone in this method of food getting. He soon learned that to get what he wished he had to be a little quicker, a little stronger than the others. He grew to start his rush an instant sooner, to lie farther up into the ripple. This made the food more difficult to obtain, because of the swifter action of the water, but Pep was not one to shrink from work. He shot through his element, now here, now there, his green sides gleaming. He came to a dead stop by the braking aid of his powerful tail and his other fins. He picked

(Continued on page 72)

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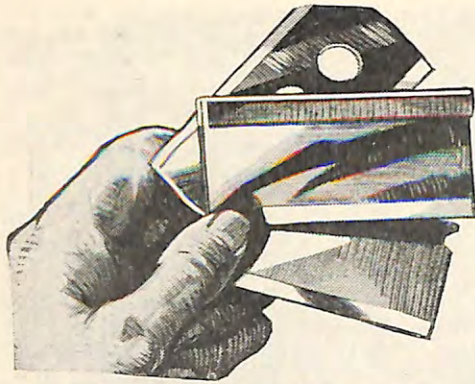
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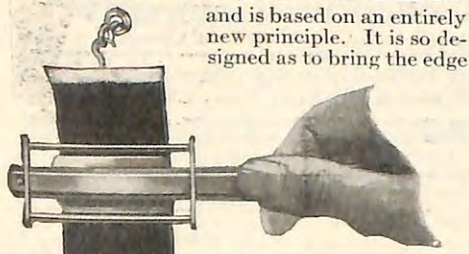
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## Full o' Pep

(Continued from page 71)

many an unwary minnow out of the ripple. Hunters themselves, they became the hunted.

The nesting season came. But nesting was not for such a youngster. For Pep the pursuit of food was paramount. Forgetting his early youth, or not caring to remember it, he even raided the advanced fry that Dave McDonald and his crew planted in the creek in June.

Crawfish were easily caught. Pep spurned the hardshells, but he could spot a soft craw as far away as he could see him. It was more justice of the wild that mayhap some of the same crustaceans that had eaten his fry brethren the year before were now being eaten by him. There was no escape for the soft craws. They were very sluggish until their shells again hardened. Even had they been as active as the hardshells, a bass still could move ten feet to their one.

Minnows now were old game, too. If Pep wished small ones, he would rush a shoal of them playing near the sandy shore until some of them in their fright would leap clear of the water and on to the sand. Pep would hunt the larger ones feeding at the edge of the current, where it met the backwater. Singling out his victim, he would dart forward. He always tried to seize the minnow crosswise. Holding his prey thus, he would permit his rush to slow down and finally to stop. Spitting his catch out, he would seize it again, this time head first, and swallow it. If the minnow were easy to catch, Pep might seize it by the tail, but always it was turned head first for final disposition. He would have been surprised to hear anglers tell how a bass "scales" a minnow. Pep never consciously did this—if the scales were loosened, it was incidental to the task in hand. The angler who failed to wait for Pep's so-called second run, saved Pep from the barb of a hook more than once, for there is little chance to catch any bass until he has turned the minnow head first to swallow it.

MINNOW attacks were not always successful.

In fact, they were more often failures. But even so, Pep could catch sufficient food. There were always the slow-moving crawfish, the helpless shrimp and blood-worms, the caddis worms and an occasional helgramite to fall back on, for Pep soon learned the art of raiding the rocks in the currents and tearing the tenacious helgramites from their closely-held positions on the downstream side.

One cool morning Pep was swimming along an overhanging bank. The night had not yielded the food it should have for a seven-inch small-mouth. Jutting out from the bank was a weed spear that seemed strangely agitated. The agitation was caused by the weight of a cricket perambulating down the leaf. As the insect reached the end of the leaf he was a scant two inches above the water. That was not too much for Pep. He came forward like a bullet, hitting the cricket with his mouth wide open. The cricket was catapulted straight down the bass's throat. After that experience Pep kept a watchful eye on overhanging weeds. He found that not infrequently the insects fell from their perch without any outside aid.

Pep went into his second winter weighing a half-pound and measuring nine inches. He spent the following spring fresher period as before, gorging himself with the food brought down by the rains. The nesting season passed much as had his first one. Summer came and merged into fall, fall into winter.

The following spring Pep scoured the rain-fed stream as he had the two springs previously. As April drew to a close, he still hunted the channels with his old zest, but nature was hammering her message. When the warmth of May had taken the chill from the water, Pep, now grown to a glinting green and bronze fourteen inches of healthy three-year-old, weighing a pound and a quarter, withdrew from the deeper water and retreated to an old submerged tree, whose limbs and branches had long since been bereft of their foliage and bark. He came to a halt alongside a huge limb in two feet of water.

Then he began rooting industriously with his nose. As he worked, the silt which covered the

gravelly subsoil floated downstream. After several hours of rooting and fanning with his tail and fins, he was satisfied with his efforts. There lay a nest twenty-four inches across, floored with gravel ranging from the tiniest grains of sand up to rocks two inches in diameter. Every stone in the nest looked as though it had been scoured, so clean was it. Pep had fanned so diligently that his tail and fins were almost raw where they had come in contact with the rubble. But he had more serious business in hand than to give such a small matter concern.

Swimming out into the channel where, at the edge of the slack water, he found other bass feeding, he floated up to a female his own size, the love-light fairly gleaming in his red eyes. The lady flitted away from him, but he followed her, bumping against her gently and edging her toward his nest. When she refused to proceed Pep, growing impatient, butted her smartly with his nose. His consort, so far from objecting to this cave-man treatment, took the hint, and drifted over on to the nest.

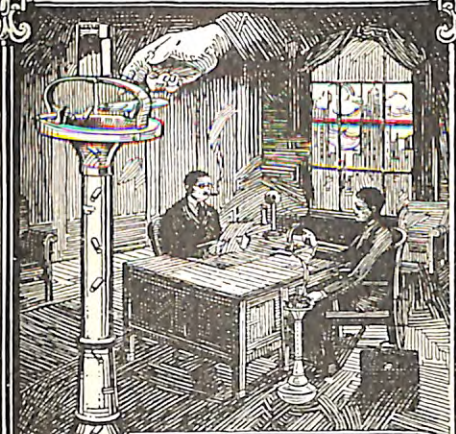
By late that afternoon she had deposited her eggs, thousands of them, which Pep dutifully fertilized. Her mission accomplished, the female left the nest, never to return. The eggs lay in the interstices of the gravelly floor. For Pep it was a time of vigil. Bass eggs are a juicy morsel to almost all life in the creek. A big-mouth chub came finning along. The instant he came within striking distance Pep's red eyes flashed fire and he darted toward the intruder. . . . The chub moved on to easier prey.

The temperature of the water being at the ideal point of 70 degrees for the following week, the eggs incubated, and in eight or nine days from the time they were deposited all the fertile ones had hatched, permitting the tiny fry, which had been curled up in their prison, to assume their normal position in life. At this stage Pep's family was a scant quarter of an inch long and golden in color. They remained practically motionless on the floor of the nest for the first few days of their lives, absorbing the nutriment from the yolk-sac, which bulged as a part of their bodies between the pectoral fins. As the yolk-sac disappeared, the fry, thousands in number, began to stir about, feebly at first. Gradually the golden color gave way to black. Pep herded his family in the vicinity of the nest for a few days after they became vigorous, then he, too, disappeared from the old homestead, leaving the advanced fry to shift for themselves in the shallow water near the bank.

After his experiences in raising a family, Pep resumed his old habits of life. He hunted minnows in the shallows and at the edge of the current. In the hot summer evenings and the cool of the early mornings, he foraged along the banks with a watchful eye on insect life that might fall his way.

It was during one of his morning forays that he again came in contact with Dave McDonald, though Dave didn't recognize Pep as the fry he had dumped into Sugar Creek more than three years before, nor did Pep recognize in Dave the young man who had saved his life by picking him up out of the sand. Dave was now a young lawyer in River Bend. In the early mornings, before the rest of the town was stirring, he delighted to take his fly rod and hike over to Sugar Creek. There, as the sun was peeping over the horizon, he would whip the pools, tempting the unwary small-mouth into believing that his fly was little less than Heaven-sent manna. Dave could drop his fly into a tiny patch of clear water sixty feet away. He could shoot it down between logs and let it hit the water much like a grasshopper or a cricket, for instance, that had misjudged its step. He could catch fish when there were no fish, his neighbors said. But Dave knew better than that—he could catch fish because he understood their ways.

Pep was feeding upstream on the particular morning in question, when Dave's fly met the water about two feet ahead of his nose. Like a flash, Pep covered the intervening distance and seized what he thought would be a juicy morsel. The instant his jaws clamped on the



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fly, Dave fixed the hook smartly in Pep's jaw, and the bass knew he had made a grave mistake. He raced back and forth across the arc of the line's end, forcing the angler to pay out line by the very vigor of his rushes. But though he fought gamely, his tactics availed him naught, for Dave kept his line so taut he could not get free. In his desperation, Pep broke water as he reached the end of his rush and started the swing backward. The water fountained in a silvery spray as he did so.

Convinced that his racing back and forth would not rid him of the restraining hook, Pep sank quiescent for a second, to rest from his struggles. Again came the inexorable pull that drew him upstream. Once more Pep started his pendulum-like rushes. The angler paid out his line in response, keeping sensitive fingers on it, ever ready to feed it back to the reel the minute the bass relaxed his efforts.

Stopping in the middle of one of his swinging rushes, Pep turned straight toward the terrible drawing force of the rod. He went forward at express train speed. Dave McDonald was an accomplished angler, but he could not handle the rush. His rod, which had been bent like a bow, suddenly straightened up. Pep still came on. Without warning he shot clear of the water, so that Dave could see the whole handsome length of him. He hung poised thus, for an instant, tail curved, and barely touching the water. Then, so Dave said in telling of it afterward, the bass winked his expressive red eye as much as to say: "Watch this one closely."

Came innumerable savage shakes of his head, lightning-fast, and the hook flew free. It was Pep's first experience with a hook and it terrified him. The knowledge gained stood him in good stead later.

At four years Pep had grown to sixteen inches. In weight he was a trifle over two pounds. While he was much alike in contour, he was distinguishable from his cousin, *Microp-terus salmoides*, the large-mouth black bass, in several particulars. Pep's upper jaw extended back only to the line of his eye, while that of the large-mouth goes beyond. Pep had short vertical green and bronze patches down his sides; whereas the large-mouth has a single dark stripe on a median line from eye to tail. Though the members of Pep's branch of the family do not grow so large, they are greater fighters than the large-mouth. If Pep could outwit his enemies for a few years more he might hope to grow to twenty-four inches, or even more, and attain a weight of between five and six pounds, which would be a wonderful size for a small-mouth.

It was in August that Pep had the greatest experience of his whole life, greater even than the numerous fights he had had in getting free of anglers' hooks. The day had been blistering hot and he had lain in the deep shadows of his submerged tree. While his range extended up the river for as much as a mile and down the same distance, he maintained his permanent quarters at the under-water tree. The current had eroded the sand in numerous channels under and around the trunk and its limbs. It was pleasant to lie there at ease during the day, retreating gradually to the deeper and cooler water under the big trunk as the sun rose higher; then at night to sally forth in search of food. At midnight of the day in question Pep, foraging upstream, was far from his base.

A SMALL truck stopped in the lane paralleling Sugar Creek. From it several men scrambled. They took from the bed of the truck a big seine.

"Leave Barker and Samuels go upstream and wade down to us. We'll start here and seine up to that sandbar. They's a couple o' good holes here and we ought to make a good haul. We can't git near that dern log, there, with the seine, but we kin poke around and drive 'em out. Me an' Hank'll take the brails, and the rest of yuh spread yourself out and ketch a-holt at the top an' hold her up. Reckon we kin git a bushel out o' the first haul."

They did get a bushel—suckers and quillbacks and sunfish, but also as fine a lot of bass and redeyes as a regular fisherman would care to see caught honestly with a hook and line.

The operation was repeated. Barker and Samuels entered the stream above Pep, and

(Continued on page 74)

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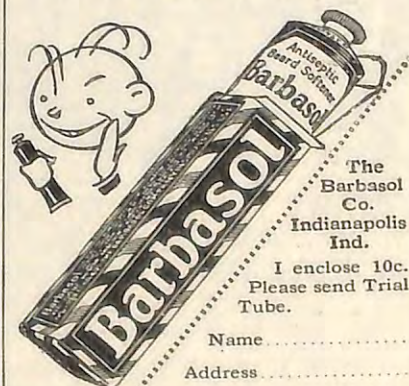
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# Full o' Pep

(Continued from page 73)

started to drive down toward the seine. Pep heard them splashing, but he had grown used to the cattle crossing the creek and it did not cause him undue alarm, though he did not like it. As the men crowded him, however, he turned downstream. Hearing the splashing of the men with the seine, he turned back up, only to meet again the noise from above. The thing was getting on his nerves. He resolved to brave the tumult below in an endeavor to gain the shelter of his beloved tree.

He swam down the channel as he never had swum before. He crashed head-on into the yielding seine, the impact turning him broadside. The pressure of the water as the seine was pulled upstream almost crushed him. He made an effort to release himself, but could not. When the progress of the seine was stopped temporarily by catching on a snag, Pep's opportunity came, and he took it. Shaking himself free, he swam along the seine, seeking an opening. When he reached the end, the curve of the seine headed him upstream. He thought he was free, but the noise of the beaters

above him turned him back. As he rushed back down he realized that he must get beyond the terrific barrier of noise, with its accompanying invisible restraining seine. Summoning all his strength, he shot clear of the water. One of the seine tenders ducked, but he was not quick enough. The bass's tail swept him a stinging blow in the eye as Pep whizzed by and fell into the safe waters below. Cursing, the seine tender dropped his hold on the seine, giving several other game fish opportunity to pass over without leaping.

Pep fairly made the water boil as he fled toward the shelter of his own baliwick. Approaching his base, he came to a stop directly under the trunk. He was home—and safe!

Even to-day a great bronze and green javelin of five pounds weight hurtles through the translucent waters of old Sugar Creek. The minnow and the crawfish tribe flee at his approach, but their fleeing availeth them naught. The king takes his toll as his appetite dictates.

# My Chums, the Cops

(Continued from page 16)

suggest that at a certain time during the day you had missed him at his post of duty.

"What?" he would roar. "Me missin' from the button! 'Tis a lie. I'm always on the button at school time, mind that now! And if I ain't on the button it's because I'm on the runnin' board of some boob that I'm takin' to the station. And pretty soon I'll be back lookin' for another craft manned by a fool skipper. When them little kids are due to cross the street, I'm the baby on the button, and I don't want nobody to forget it."

And from then on until the day of his retirement, "Sailor Jack," strong and staunch as the oak rib on a New Bedford whaler, was known to all as the "Baby on the Button." Sometimes the children called him "Grandpa on the Buzzer," as well as other names equally intimate and endearing. He loved them all, and it was a sorry day for the "Baby" when he stood before the Commissioners, erect and misty-eyed, listening to the kind words that accompanied his pension. It was the first time he had ever faced that body for any reason other than to be cited for meritorious conduct.

THERE is a certain officer in San Francisco whose private life suggests "I Pagliacci." We shall merely refer to him here as "Gusty George." He is the clown of the department, the best raconteur and jokesmith that ever walked the curb by day and the building line at night. To spend fifteen minutes chatting with George is a sure cure for the blues. Humor bubbles from him, and joy seems to sing a constant song in his heart.

Few people know it, but George has a cross to bear that would crush ninety-nine men out of a hundred. His wife, to whom he was devoted, was a bed-ridden invalid for many years. She was compelled to undergo one operation after another, and she realized that all she was doing for the man she loved was burying him under debts that he could not hope to discharge, through a police officer's salary, in a lifetime. So she wanted to die, prayed for the death that was so slow in coming. Her husband, when he came home each evening, had to take the cartridges from his police revolver and hide them in a different place each night, for fear that his wife would locate them. Eventually, she died and George was left a lonely, broken widower, who has mortgaged his earnings for years ahead. There is no chance for him to attain even a modest independence; he can scarcely support himself, let alone think of remarriage. He can not afford even the most moderate pleasures. Each pay day, he takes his little roll of bills, sits down at a desk in the station house, and goes through a familiar formula: "Let's see now: Ten bucks to the doctor, ten to the hospital, twenty to the undertaker, twenty to the landlady, five to the cemetery, and two-and-a-half that I borrowed from the Sergeant—oh hell!"

And yet this is the man whose proverbial good-humor is the pride of the department. . . .

MEASURED by the standard of utter fearlessness and honesty, I know of no officer in the country who rates any higher than Captain Charles Goff, a born soldier if there ever was one.

It is no secret in police circles that when Charlie was so poor that he cobbled his children's shoes, he was placed in charge of a vice squad formed for the purpose of ridding San Francisco of professional gamblers. On the day following his appointment he was visited by an agent for the biggest gambling room in town who offered him twenty thousand dollars in cash and promised to make it fifty thousand if the place was permitted to run. Goff's answer was to raid the place that very night and close it up forever.

His activities in a certain section of the tenderloin resulted in a price being placed on his head. A half-witted Sicilian agreed to undertake the assassination, and the plot might well have succeeded but for the fact that Goff, as generous a man as ever lived, had secretly been paying the food bill of the wife and children of the very man hired to kill him. The wife got an inkling of the plot and tipped off her benefactor. Goff waited for the man to call, greeted him pleasantly, and talked him into surrendering his weapon.

"It won't do you any good to kill me, Tony," he reasoned. "There are a hundred others ready to take my place and enforce the law. Go home to your family and talk it over. Tomorrow I'll try and get you a good job."

Though Goff is a serious man by nature, he is not devoid of a sense of humor. This was well illustrated once when he raided a gambling den. The proprietors were deeply mortified at the rude methods employed by the raiders.

"This is a gentleman's club," said they. "Our patrons are not accustomed to being treated like a lot of bums. This is a high class joint, and we don't intend to be insulted by a lot of rough-neck bulls who don't know the first principles of courtesy."

A few nights later, Goff quietly assembled a picked squad of the handsomest men in the department, all attired in parade uniform. Captain Goff himself was resplendent in evening dress, top hat and opera cloak. They gathered outside the same club, and at Goff's quiet command: "Proceed, gentlemen," the doors were battered down, and in sauntered the Beau Brummells of the Department, each man bowing politely to the guests. Turning to an attendant, Captain Goff gracefully rid himself of cape and hat, straightened out the white vest on which glittered the gold star of a captain, and suavely addressed the astonished gathering.

"Gentlemen," said he, "your carriages await!"

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FROM the same school of police is Captain Mathewson who has his own idea of what is wrong with this age. I don't know that anyone has summarized it more aptly: "There are too many silk shirts and not enough overalls; too many limousines and not enough wheelbarrows; too many apartment houses and not enough cradles."

A certain well-known commissioner once said to me: "The police department is peculiarly an institution of humanitarianism. The public learns only of police activity in connection with crime or the apprehension of the criminal. Of the police service that is quietly and unostentatiously performed, that binds more closely the family tie, that solves those human problems involving home destruction and character degradation, and that call for the exercise of keen and honest and sympathetic discretion they hear but little."

The commissioner is right. The best police officer is not the one who makes the most arrests, but he who makes the least and still preserves order in his district.

As Uncle Jim has told me more than once: "When I was a young cop, I was always on my toes lookin' for trouble and ready to butt right into a neighborhood row and arrest all hands and the cook. But I've learned discretion. Nowadays, if I see trouble a couple of blocks away, I can usually size it up, and if it don't look too serious, I'll turn my back and walk around the other way. By the time I get there, it's all over and they're shaking hands and muttering: 'Dear old pal.' Had I run up there the first thing, when every one was excited and on the war-path, I'd have been compelled to make an arrest that they would not have wanted as soon as they cooled off. So there you are!"

Officer William Desmond has a beat in San Francisco along Third Street from Market to Folsom. This is a district marked by second-hand stores, pawnshops and employment agencies. It is the haunt of the unfortunates, Bill Desmond knows them all and they know Bill. No man ever appealed in good faith to Officer Desmond that he did not receive some practical aid. He can point to a hundred loiterers on his beat and tell you the life story of every one, and he tells it in a manner that shows he has a broad conception of human values. His heart is much bigger than his pocketbook, and Bill Desmond lives one notch lower in the scale of personal comfort because of his generosity to those less fortunate than himself. He represents at least one police officer to whom men just out of "stir" turn to for a friendly greeting and a word of encouragement.

MANY a struggling news writer, striving to make a living from assignment work, has cause to feel grateful to Sergeant Patrick McGee, the gray-haired, mounted Adonis of San Francisco's famous playground, Golden Gate Park. Sergeant McGee has spent a lifetime within the precincts of that justly celebrated park, and he knows intimately all the bird and animal life that finds sanctuary there. Not alone that, but he sees with the passion of a poet and the eye of a humorist all the oddities of his furred and feathered friends. Sergeant McGee's whimsical stories of the wild life in Golden Gate Park have been copied the world over. Many of the struggling young reporter who has been given his start by a story the public ate up, and which had been dictated from the saddle. If the "cub" did not know how to write it, Sergeant McGee could show him how.

In all my experience with officers, I have yet to encounter a moral or physical coward. There seems to be heroic material in all of them, and yet their ambitions are humble. Three valiant lads in blue who are as close friends as the Three Musketeers have led the riot squad in many a fierce battle, and yet their greatest desire in life is to beat one another at checkers, and most of their evenings are spent wrinkling their brows over the checkerboard. Others make a hobby of floriculture or some equally innocent pursuit.

Police Captain Graham got all his pleasure in life from music. He was forever trying to persuade the police glee club to incorporate in its repertoire his favorite ballad, "The Soldier's Farewell" and his was the first and only funeral at which it was sung. Incidentally, he died as a policeman should—with his face toward the enemy.

(Continued on page 76)

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## My Chums, the Cops

(Continued from page 75)

Taking them by and large, I am captivated by cops—a word, by the way, that has puzzled many people and which probably originated in the ancient title Constable of Police. Occasion-

ally the wrong kind of a man joins the service, but for the most part they have hearts as big as all outdoors, the tenderness of a lover and the courage of a pit bull.

## The Story of "Robbie"

(Continued from page 13)

moustache that made him look like a shrunken walrus but he had speed and a peculiar ball that baffled many of the batters of the time.

"The ball used to come up black on one side and very moist," said Robinson. "Mathews would never tell anybody what he did with it. I became convinced years afterward that it was a spitter and that he was the one who invented that style of delivery. What he lacked in bulk and power he made up in cunning. He never passed the secret along. He took it right out of the game and the spitter never was known as such until years afterward. Many of the things that are supposed to be recent in baseball are really very old."

**E**DDIE SEWARD was the iron man of his day. "I can't remember a game where he allowed more than four or five hits," said Robinson. "He was one of the best. I think that the pitching has improved constantly but Seward would rank with the greatest of them to-day. He had everything.

"They would pitch him four times a week very frequently. The understanding was that he would get \$25 extra every time he pitched out of turn. He was always around trying to earn that extra money. You can not picture any of our pitchers of to-day pleading to be worked out of turn for a \$25 bonus, can you? Oh well, perhaps they are more sensible and it is all for the best. The boys are saving their pitching arms."

Deceit always has played a part in professional baseball and I regret to record that while he was a baseball player and while he was an active manager Wilbert Robinson was not without guile, as his open countenance would suggest. Quite the contrary, he was the father of much of the guile that still exists in the National Pastime.

One of his tricks while he was catching for the Athletics was a sort of finger ventriloquism. By a vehement snapping of the fingers he could simulate the sound of a foul tip. In those days a foul tip meant an out. Batters protested in vain. The umpires were forced to believe their own ears and ruled with Robinson.

It seemed hard to believe. Wilbert Robinson being something of a mind reader said, "Step out there a few feet and I'll demonstrate."

He thrust one of his hands behind his back and there came a sound as of a baseball striking a glancing blow against a bat. Wilbert Robinson chuckled until the porch shook.

"I might have gotten away with it for a whole season," he said, "if it had not been for Comiskey. He was suspicious and he was so certain that he convinced the umpires at last. They started to keep pretty close tabs on me and that trick was off."

"It was at about the same time that I was accused of throwing dirt into the batters' faces. I had to stoop down once in a while and my hands would touch the ground and come up scattering a little dirt. But you do not believe that I would try to embarrass a batter that way, would you? Some of the catchers might though." There was more guile in the smile that accompanied this revelation.

Anything to win is ethical in baseball. They have tried to establish a higher code for college baseball but the attempt has not been particularly successful. Baseball has been that way and always will be. This may be deplorable, but it is so.

In 1889 Wilbert Robinson with the fiery "Sadie" McMahon was traded to Baltimore. Ned Hanlon, the baseball genius among the managers of the period had been studying the playing of the former Butcher Boy of Hudson. He was impressed by the personality of Robinson quite as much as he was by his record as a baseball player. He saw that the work of the pitchers on the Athletics was due largely to the

ability of Robinson to handle them. It seemed that there was a magnet in the glove of this catcher that drew the pitched balls along the course it indicated. Hanlon instinctively was a great ivory hunter and he knew what he wanted.

Robinson and McMahon packed their grips and started for the great adventure that was to start at Baltimore. With the old baseball players a change of scene always was an adventure rather than a grave business deal. The two players had only grips, for baseball players traveled lightly and easily in those days.

Let me try to give a portrait of Wilbert Robinson at the time. He wore a light-colored "bowler" hat, a cutaway coat and light-striped trousers. Around his neck was a stiff wing collar and a bow tie of light blue. Mr. Robinson always was a neat dresser, but never a gaudy one.

He had a pair of twinkling, dancing eyes with laughing wrinkles at the corners of them. According to the custom of the period he wore a very full dark moustache and the suggestion of an imperial just beneath the lower lip. He was inclined to be portly even then but he always was active, almost restless. On the whole the Wilbert Robinson who set out for Baltimore was a fine figure of a man and certainly was regarded as such in his new home town.

The two adventurers met their new manager, Ned Hanlon, in the old Rennert Hotel. They had known him rather casually before. He soon had the pair of them quite at home.

"I learned a lot about handling young ball-players from Ned Hanlon," said Robinson. "He had the way of making you feel you were one of his family. He always talked to his ball-players and you could go to him with any of your troubles at any time and get a lot of sympathy from him."

"I always felt that this was the best way to handle men, to have them like you and trust you. Of course there are some men you cannot handle that way. You have to watch them and drive them. But the best thing to do with this kind of player, after you have done your best, is to get rid of him. But don't be too quick about it. There are very few men who haven't a lot of good in them and half of the time it is your own fault for not being able to bring it out."

**N**ED HANLON had news of grave importance for Wilbert Robinson. He was to be Captain of the Baltimore Orioles. All that was left of Billy Fish the Butcher Boy of Hudson seemed to leave him at that announcement. He had begun to accept big responsibilities in the game of baseball. He was to command troops in the field, not in sham baseball battles such as they played in Massachusetts, but in real baseball warfare. All of the old-timers of Baltimore call him captain to this day.

With McMahon, Robinson retired to the hotel room that had been reserved for them. It was the happiest day he had known since that afternoon he had driven his first team, Our Boys, to South Acton for the first baseball game.

Wilbert Robinson crawled under the covers of his bed and closed his eyes.

"Good night, Captain," called McMahon. There was no reply. Wilbert Robinson was sleeping with a cherubic smile on his face. He was dreaming that the Baltimore Orioles of which he was captain had won a pennant. It was a prophetic dream.

When Wilbert Robinson awakened from it he was in the dawn of one of the most colorful, and active periods of professional baseball, for the chances are that the chapter of the Old Orioles always will be the brightest and most exciting in baseball history, no matter how long the game endures.

(To be continued)





### Greet Him with EYES that Glow

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Will pay \$100.00 for 1894 Dime, \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo). Big premiums paid for all rare coins. Send 4¢ for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 462, Ft. Worth, Tex.

### Catching Up With the Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WHAT with the radio, and the long aftermath of the holidays, and having been crowded out of the January issue by a lot of rude, pushing advertisements, why—we've fallen a bit behind on our book talk.

The authors certainly step on the ink, so to speak. One prolonged nap, one Sunday afternoon without a word read, and we are volumes and volumes to the rear. Now, just between you and me, we might all take six months off on the reading and writing business, and no mental deterioration felt by any of us, but catch the lucky authors doing that! So there is nothing left for us but to take a flying glance at the most recent printings before we fall into the proper position for an attack by the early spring book trade in romance, philosophy, or—what have you?

#### Some Heroes and Heroines

*The Elder Sister*, by Frank Swinnerton. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

A subtle, subdued but revealing study of two sisters who love the same man. It's been done before, you say. Quite true, but never quite as Mr. Swinnerton has done it here.

We'll confess to having read this volume twice before venturing to write even these few words about it. At first we were rather dampened by this love story of London offices and lodgings and smoky streets. There was little scintillation, little radiance in it. The characters moved across the pages with a drab loneliness and inarticulate heartbreak that dismayed us. Perhaps, more truthfully, what they did was to frighten us. At any rate we read the book again—it insisted upon being read—and then we discovered all the banked-up coals of human light and life glowing through the grayness.

Mr. Swinnerton has won once more. We know him mainly through his "Nocturne" and his "Young Felix," but we like "The Elder Sister" better than either of these.

*Fraülein Else*, by Arthur Schnitzler. (Simon and Schuster, New York)

"Fraülein Else" is being hailed everywhere as a masterpiece. This little novel is the brief but remarkable record of three hours of mental bewilderment and pain.

A pretty nineteen-year-old girl is on a glorious holiday in the Austrian Alps. Into her happy young hands drops a telegram from home. Her father is threatened with imprisonment. Else, so high-spirited, yet so helpless, is begged to raise a certain sum of money to save him. It is not an easy nor a pleasant necessity to face. "Everything in the world has its price, and any one in the world who gives away his money when he might receive a return for it is a consummate fool." Also, "If a man has a pretty daughter, why must he be marched off to prison?"

We follow Else's lightening mind, her horror-struck intelligence as her thoughts dart about this crisis in her life. The author stands outside his own novel, making no comment, scarcely using, it would seem, his own vocabulary. It is all Else's.

To us the first part of the book is the most artistic. Toward the end we lost, in a mist of words, the brilliant projection of the girl.

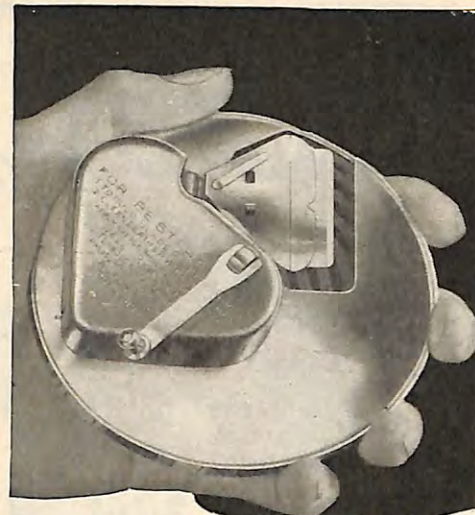
*Dark Laughter*, by Sherwood Anderson. (Boni & Liveright, New York)

The ground around the feet of Mr. Anderson is, as a result of this latest book of his, deep with laurel, and the sound of cymbals is still in the air. Well, all we can say is that we did not get *frightfully* excited over the book or over the Roman holiday.

Mr. Anderson certainly can "make words stand on their heads," as one of his own characters puts it. Indeed, these gymnastics sometimes get in the way of our immediate and unqualified homage, but the undiluted sincerity of the book brings them all flying back again.

John Stockton doesn't care particularly for his wife or for his life as a Chicago newspaper man. So, he leaves them—just like that. Now we see him as Bruce Dudley, working as a factory hand in a little Ohio River town, and having a great time of it. In Fred Grey's factory!

(Continued on page 78)



### Use This Amazing Invention



M. H. Rhodes, Pres.

### and I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life

Sensational New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves a Year—No More Blades to Buy!

KRISS-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. Comes with 5 special blades.

Use these blades and keep renewing them with Kriss-Kross super-stropper. If any one goes back on you I'll recondition 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!

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# Men! Here's a Contract

I GUARANTEE  
To Give You New Hair in  
30 Days or My Treatment  
Won't Cost You One Cent

*Alois Merke*  
Founder of Merke Institute.

New Hair  
In 30 Days  
— Or No Cost!

Don't Fear Baldness! I'll Grow  
New Hair For You In 30 Days—Or  
The Trial Costs You Nothing.

By Alois Merke

That's the story! And no strings attached! Maybe your hair is falling out rapidly. Maybe it is nearly gone. Yet I guarantee my new scientific system will give you a new head of hair in 30 days, or no cost to you.

I've found that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead but dormant—sleeping. Oils, scalp massages, and ordinary tonics failed because they treated only the surface skin. You don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree to make it grow; you get down to the roots. And that's exactly what my system does! It goes beneath the surface, bringing nourishment direct to those dormant roots, which soon grow healthy hair again. In every home where there is electricity—in YOUR home—without the least discomfort, this remarkable result is possible, or no cost to you.

## Here's Your Contract

I've treated thousands at the Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York, many paying as much as \$500 for results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now you may secure the same results in your own home for just a few cents a day. Many people are bald, yet very few of these cases are hopeless. That's why I offer you this contract—if within 30 days you are not completely satisfied, say so. And your money is instantly and gladly refunded.

## Send For Booklet

Let me send you a wonderfully interesting free booklet describing my simple effective treatment. Just mail coupon. You want hair a month from now; send that coupon TODAY. Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 243, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 243,  
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

Name.....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

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## Catching Up With the Books

(Continued from page 77)

Fred Grey, the richest man in Old Harbor! Fred Grey who has a wife named Aline!

"Civilization," says Mr. Anderson, "is, perhaps, nothing but a process of finding out what you can not have." But Bruce and Aline despite all the things they can not have, have them anyway. So there you are.

However, the story is not the thing in Sherwood Anderson. It is the unprecedented way in which he can drag the whole rocking, flashing world of emotion out into the open which has won for him his position among American novelists.

*Thunder on the Left*, by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

Mr. Morley is the browsing, literary, kindly genius who gave us, among many other things, "Where the Blue Begins," and "Pipefuls." He is also the gentle but satiric conductor of the column called "The Bowling Green," in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

Now, in "Thunder on the Left," he follows another road. In this rather extraordinary book a child "spies" upon adult life. He experiences in a fleeting space of time, merely the time necessary for a puff of smoke to vanish from a blown-out candle on a birthday cake, the whole tragedy of man as it can be shown him in one episode. Then the child is back again beside the candle and the cake.

A fantastic idea upon which to hang a tale. The volume is not a particularly easy one to read, but if you are an admirer of Christopher Morley, and ten to one you are, you can't afford to miss it.

### Some Bantam-weight Fiction

*Sycamore Bend*, by Frazier Hunt. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

A benign view of Main Street, only it's Market Street this time. A revolt that was delayed so long that when it did "come off" the noise was not heard 'round the world and the wounds caused by it are felt in only one man's heart.

No literary sky rockets to force recognition from the grand-stand, but a mighty effective little novel for all that.

*The Vanishing American*, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

Here is the romance (the Saga, says the publisher) of our red brother!

Zane Grey knows how to talk of the West. He knows all the words that should be used to describe the prairies, the mountains, the deserts, the Indian Reservations. And he uses all of them now to give us a picture of the pitiful tragedy of that white-man's conquest which is almost in its last chapter.

This is a tale of the American Indian, and of one especially whose heritage is dear to him and whose hate for his oppressors is strong in him, but who, for all his scorn of the white race, yet loves a white woman.

*High Explosive*, by Gordon Phillips. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

Just suppose you were a chemist! And had discovered so deadly a compound for human extermination that war, in the light of this new invention, has been mere child's play up to now.

Suppose you had a brother who came to visit you and who, inadvertently, drank some of this tragic mixture in what appeared to be a harmless whiskey-and-soda!

How would you feel? Remember, there's no way of telling just when your brother will blow up, investigations not having gone that far, nor just how much elbowing or bouncing he can stand. I bet you'd be in a blue funk to warn Edward of his plight, yet by that very act his excitement might rise to such a pitch that, as you were begging him to watch his step, you would both find yourselves landed unceremoniously in Kingdom Come.

If you like to laugh and get foolishly concerned over an absurd situation, try this tale.

*Skookum Chuck*, by Stewart Edward White. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

A popular author, on good, old, safe ground. Behold as hero a young man with a sick soul. Behold another young man with a big idea about

curing sick souls. Behold a girl. And behold the well-known, great outdoors! Presto! A decidedly good yarn. Not a wonder in any way, but it "reads" well and has suspense and excitement on all its pages.

### One Thing and Another

*How Music Grew*, by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

"In writing this book," the authors tell us, "we have not tried to write a history but rather have attempted to follow a lane parallel to the road along which music has marched down to us through the ages."

A gorgeous idea, and one which lures the reader to tramp that same lane, seeing over the wall pipers fresh from Olympus going along playing upon their pale green reeds; black men beating upon strange drums in those complicated rhythms which were the great-great-grandfathers of to-day's jazz, Indians, bards, Greeks, Arabs, troubadours—each one spilling music upon the world.

All these things are interwoven in the songs we sing to-day, in our opera, our fox-trots, our Negro Spirituals. And how all this has come about is told here most fascinatingly.

Music students will find this volume a price-less boon; and for any one who loves music—from that of a hurdy-gurdy up—we can recommend nothing more highly.

*Pluck and Luck*, by Robert Benchley. (Henry Holt & Co., New York)

Some people may fancy that Mr. Benchley writes with a pen, or on a typewriter. It has been done. But we feel sure that he uses a humorously inclined little rapier. Very late at night Mr. Benchley doubtless puts his rapier to bed in a fine, silken scabbard and says: "There, rest awhile, my pretty, while I think up some more foibles of poor human nature, or some further sillinesses of civilization, then I'll take you up again and let you sharpen your little edge upon it!"

For here is satire. Fine, foolish, finished! One of the most popular bits in this book is called "Whoa!" It has to do a little with Paul Revere and very much with America. It is what our most learned critics love to call "a contemporary estimate of our national life." Ordinarily it would take about five hundred pages for other of our leading authors to attack this subject. Mr. Benchley covers it in two hundred and sixty-six words.

It was done on one of the rapier's best days. Take our word for this book.

*Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, by George A. Dorsey, Ph.D., LL.D. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

Doctor Dorsey believes that we "drag" because we do not know enough about ourselves. So he sets forth an amazing amount of information in his book concerning the raw material of human nature and the possibilities of intelligent behavior.

Let a few quotations serve to suggest the varies scope of the work:

"About one breath for every four heartbeats is a normal average."

"There is . . . almost no individual that practices what he preaches or puts to useful purpose one-tenth part of his brain."

"No child is a 'born liar.'"

"That man is 'by nature' polygamous and woman monogamous is biological rot."

"Life goes on: only individuals die."

"The child does not love its parents because they are parents but because they are lovable."

"We may be as old as our arteries . . . but we are also as young as our brains."

And with that last encouraging thought, we advise the reading of this unusual consideration of the impulses and reactions which make us what we are.

### The Helping Hand

*My One-Acre Farm*, by Charles Weeks. (Charles Weeks, Owensmouth, Calif.)

If you have one acre of land and one dollar you need not despair. Send for the book with the money, and then read what Mr. Weeks has made of his little "pied-à-terre." He, with

immense optimism, feels sure that you can accomplish what he has—or near it.

Fruit trees trained on trellises are no new idea. You see apple, and plum, and pear-trees growing flat against garden walls in England, and yielding splendid fruit and looking very lovely. The trellis plan saves much space on that precious acre and allows for vegetables and berries in between.

But 2,500 hens on one acre, besides the trellises! That is, of course, where the marvel comes in. Mr. Weeks tells how it can be done—how he has made his hens worth five thousand dollars a year to him.

Now, if, lacking even the acre, you are still possessed of a little yard, isn't there something that can be attempted to make it pay? One trellis—one hen?

*The Small House Primer*, by Edwin Bonta. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Mr. Bonta is an architect of grace, imagination and experience, who has left the planning of cathedrals and sky-scrapers to those who care for such things, and who has made a passionate study of modest homes for those of us who are less than millionaires. The laws of the universe enter the building of every man's home, and Mr. Bonta interprets these laws in terms of site, design, material, color, comfort and beauty.

Don't go ahead with the plans of that new house of yours until you have glanced over this volume.

*How Advertisements Are Built*, by Gilbert P. Farrar. (D. Appleton & Co., New York)

Mr. Farrar, who lectures on advertising at the New York University, simply exudes practical advice. His book is almost a course in itself for the student of the great American Art of selling things. When you consider that over a billion dollars are spent annually in the United States in advertising, there must naturally be a great army of young men and women earning their living helping the good cause along. To them, this book will particularly appeal.

### The Best of Good Things

*Best Sermons of 1925*, edited by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

The second of a series that Dr. Newton hopes to publish annually, and a very fine idea it is, too. Not only is there splendid material here for high thinking, but during the reading of this volume one is struck more and more by the obvious unity of all broad religious outlooks.

The sermons, culled from the utterances of preachers and priests who talk to their flocks under the domes of nearly two dozen different branches of worship, still all breathe the same spirit of wide charity, plead for saner and more sincere living, and the note of tolerance throughout puts to shame any stray prejudices and bigotries that we may foster.

*A Joysome History of Education*, by Welland Hendrick. (A. G. Seiler, New York)

One way to improve imperfect conditions is to laugh a little at them. This, evidently, is what Mr. Hendrick thinks in his hilarious and devastating little book—devastating, that is, to some of the absurdities of modern education.

Mr. Hendrick likes Bernard Shaw. He likes him particularly where he says, "He who can, does; he who can not, teaches." And, mind you, he quotes that in spite of the fact that he himself is a pedagogue of long standing, and, let it be added, of high attainments. Which shows that this book (very small, very easy to read of an evening) is right from inside the font of knowledge.

Don't miss the chapter on Intelligence Tests. As Mr. Hendrick declares, "The new education is really a great joy when observed in the proper light."

*Dollar Diplomacy*, by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman. (B. W. Huebsch and The Viking Press, New York)

The growth of United States' economic interests abroad, and the diplomatic and military support accorded them by our Federal Government constitute the outlines of this story of American enterprise and foreign policy. A fascinating book and a new angle from which to view our national growth.

# Guard against germs - this way!

WITH the March wind come flying germs—and threatened infection.

Make a gargle and mouthwash of Absorbine, Jr. your safe, sane and sensible protection. Just a few drops in water. Use it daily! Regularly!

With this habit comes a sense of security. *The magic bottle* is a powerful antiseptic. Its ability to destroy germs is proven in laboratory tests.

And for the smoker, a mouthwash and gargle that is cooling, cleansing and refreshing—and relieves throat irritation.

Absorbine, Jr. stands guard in the medicine cabinet of every home where precaution is the watchword.

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# Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but actually takes off rolls of excess fat in a short time. It does the work of a professional masseur—at a fraction of the cost! Flabby fat cannot exist under its gentle, massaging action. It's easy. No diet—no drugs—no tiresome exercises.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing—the only scientific method—is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt away the surplus fat. Massage is highly effective, but the services of a masseur are expensive. The Weil Reducing Belt takes the place of a masseur. This wonderful new belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

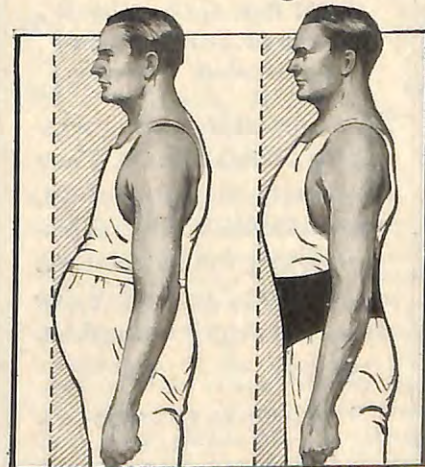
Every move you make—walking, climbing stairs, even breathing—causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are remarkably rapid because, unlike the masseur, this belt never ceases to act. It works for you every second. Watch your bulky waist vanish.

### Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of bulky, useless flabby fat usually vanishes within just a few weeks. Only the good, solid, normal tissue remains. You will find yourself standing erect, chin in, shoulders back, chest high—just as Nature intended. You will breathe deep, walk with a firm step and experience the thrill of vigorous new life. You will look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

Thousands of men who were once disfigured by bulky, sagging abdomens have not only vastly improved their appearance at once with the Weil Reducing Belt but in a few weeks have easily acquired

Every move of your body, walking, sitting, climbing stairs—merely breathing causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It works for you every second.



a normal waistline. Made of the same scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes for reducing fat safely. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only takes off fat but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

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Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. If you write at once you will receive a special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Company, 133 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Weil Company,  
133 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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## Will March Hold "Blind Days" For You?

PEOPLE of two centuries ago would enter upon no important enterprise during the first three days of March. "Blind days", they called them — days which they superstitiously considered devoid of the element of "luck".

But we recognize today that luck plays no part in modern enterprise. Success is the result of intelligent planning and earnest effort. For the people who get ahead there are no "blind days"—either in March or any other month of the year.

For forty-four years S. W. STRAUS & CO. have been catering to the investment needs of people who wished to avoid "blind days" and "blind investments". They have helped many build fortunes and have protected tens of thousands against adversity.

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## The Story Told by the Balance Sheet

By Stephen Jessup

A CORPORATION has assets and liabilities, and the excess of the former over the latter constitutes the corporation's net worth. Dividing the net worth by the number of shares of stock outstanding gives the "book value" per share. The quoted or market value of the stock seldom agrees with this book value, reasons for which have been given in previous articles in this department. In other words, the book value is the theoretical or mathematical value, irrespective of stock market or other fluctuations, and may be said to be the real value.

Many an investor, however, while able easily to ascertain the book value of a corporation's stock, is unable to understand the various items that make up the list of the corporation's assets and liabilities, which is called the balance sheet. No doubt the reason for this is that the balance sheets and other financial reports of most corporations are complicated affairs, presenting an almost bewildering mass and variety of figures. Taken in conjunction with the income account, which presents the profit or loss during a given period, the balance sheet enables the trained observer to ascertain the present and probable future fate of the enterprise.

The ordinary investor who is willing to give a little study to the subject can soon learn the key by which he can discover in the cold statistics the inherent story of success or failure. Changes in the significant items foreshadow broad drifts toward prosperity or away from it.

What are the significant items in the usual balance sheet?

On the asset side they are: Cash; Accounts Receivable; Bills Receivable; Marketable Securities; Inventories—which are generally grouped together as *Current Assets*—Plant and Equipment; Investments; Deferred Charges.

On the liability side they are: Accounts Payable; Bills Payable (which constitute *Current Liabilities*); Capital Stock, frequently divided into preferred and common; Mortgage Bonds; Notes Payable; Reserve for Taxes, etc., and Surplus.

The first item among the current assets is Cash, and it is obvious that the larger the Cash item is, the better. Some people hold the view that if a corporation has little or no mortgage or other fixed debt, it need not have a large amount of cash on hand; in other words, that it is preferable to have a small cash item on the asset side without a bond or note item on the liability side, than to have plenty of cash on hand mostly offset by a comparative amount of debt that must be paid off.

Others do not share this view, maintaining that, other things being equal, it is better for a business to show its ability to obtain cash. A homely illustration would be to compare two men, each with exactly \$100 to his name. The first man has his \$100 in his pocket and is satisfied. The second man has \$1,100 in his pocket—his \$100 plus \$1,000 that he has

borrowed, having given his six months' note for it. Intrinsically both men are worth the same amount, but the second man has demonstrated his ability to obtain ten times as much capital as the first man, and therefore his credit is the greater.

*Accounts Receivable* means the commercial debts due to the corporation, recorded on its books on "open account" but not secured or acknowledged by any promissory notes or acceptances. These items will vary in accordance with the seasons, and a certain percentage will probably be difficult to collect, the percentage varying in different lines of business.

*Bills Receivable* represents commercial debts due to the corporation evidenced by promissory notes or acceptances acknowledged by the debtors. Generally speaking, the percentage of doubtful collections is less than in *Accounts Receivable*, since the promissory notes or acceptances are more tangible than the mere recording of accounts.

*Marketable Securities* explains itself. A corporation often invests some surplus cash in Government and other high-grade securities, yielding a good interest return and readily convertible into cash. These are almost as good as Cash for all practical purposes.

*Inventory* means goods or merchandise on hand. The balance sheet should indicate whether this item has been figured at the original cost or present market value. The best accounting practice is to take whichever basis is the lower. Allowance should be made for merchandise depreciation because of loss in handling, breakage, shop wear and changing fashions. Appraisers estimate the actual value of merchandise in different lines of business from 50% to 95% of cost. Dry goods, millinery and furs depreciate rapidly; groceries do not.

In connection with inventory, it is important to ascertain the rate of turnover, which shows how many times the stocks on hand were sold during the year. By dividing the inventory figure on the balance sheet into the annual amount of sales, the number of times the stock has been turned over may be ascertained. The turnover of a mercantile concern usually will be greater than that of a manufacturing concern. A sharp slowing up in turnover is a sign of danger. If inventories rise while sales decline, it is evident that the enterprise is loaded up with unmovable merchandise; and this foretells loss.

*Plant and Equipment* as the name implies represents the fixed and perhaps chief asset of the corporation. It is important for the investor to know the basis of the valuation and what allowance has been made for depreciation. A depreciation fund is set aside out of earnings to replace worn-out buildings or obsolete machinery. If the depreciation fund is larger than the known decline in the value of the property, it is sometimes carried on the liability side, because it represents an accumulation of net profit which the corporation really owes to its stockholders.

*Deferred Charges* may be of various kinds, such as reserve funds against various contingencies, insurance funds and retirement funds. These are not usually large in amount in comparison with the other fixed assets, and sometimes they merely represent adjustments necessary to give the current cross section of the corporation's condition.

On the liability side of the balance sheet, among the current liabilities we find *Accounts Payable* and *Bills Payable*, which correspond to the similar items on the asset side and are distinguished in the same way.

*Capital Stock* is what the corporation owes to its own shareholders. It means the actual amount of stock outstanding and is a theoretical obligation remaining in perpetuity. In a sense it is not a liability, for it comprises the ownership of the corporation. With the Surplus, it represents the difference between the combined assets and combined liabilities.

*Bonds*, however, are definite obligations that sooner or later must be paid off. Most bond issues are secured by mortgage on property, lien on equipment or in some similar manner, and they must be provided for. In many cases a certain proportion of the earnings must be set aside each year as a sinking fund to retire such obligations when they become due.

*Surplus* when appearing, as it usually does, on the liability side of the balance sheet represents an excess of assets over liabilities. It is sometimes called "Profit and Loss," "Loss and Gain," or "Surplus and Undivided Profits." In a prosperous corporation it increases from year to year, for whatever net income is not paid out in the form of dividends to stockholders is transferred to the Surplus account.

One of the first things to look for in a balance sheet is the amount of current assets as compared with current liabilities. The difference is called "working capital." A prosperous enterprise should have two or three times as many quick assets as liabilities. It would be quite possible for a corporation to have fixed assets of great magnitude and value and small fixed liabilities such as a long-term bond issue, and yet at the same time to get into difficulties if its current liabilities, though small, soon became payable and its current assets were not able to meet them. Here again the importance of the cash item may be emphasized. Many a corporation, and many an individual, have gone on the rocks financially possessing a superabundance of assets which could not be realized upon for some time and which therefore were of no utility in solving the problem of meeting current liabilities.

Granted that the cash item is satisfactory and that the current assets greatly outweigh the current liabilities, thus affording the corporation ample working capital, the investor should next scrutinize the fixed assets carefully. For example, a vague item such as "Investments or Securities Owned" requires investigation. Where such investments consist of holdings of unmarketable securities, or securities of subsidiary corporations, the item is arbitrary and often is the hidden cause of financial trouble. In a well-managed corporation this item would represent high-grade bonds and seasoned stocks of the first-class, enjoying a ready market, preferably on the Stock Exchange. It is conservative practice to carry such investments at either the cost or the market price, whichever is the lower.

Another item that is unsatisfactory as a fixed asset, and one that is frequently found in the balance sheets of promotion and untried concerns, is "good will," or "patents," or "franchises"—the "intangible" item. In a sound concern such items are not carried at large figures. Good will, of course, does represent reputation and standing, but concerns that have genuine good will carry it at little or nothing among their assets—frequently merely at one dollar. The investor should be wary of a concern that values such items at large figures on its balance sheet.

**Investment Literature**

Readers interested can obtain booklets on financial topics from the following firms on request:

(Continued on page 82)



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"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 Beford 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 Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., will send information on the advantages of having a trust company handle your estate.

**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 46)

**Logansport, Ind., Lodge Holds Splendid Initiation**

More than 80 candidates were initiated at a recent gala meeting of Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66. A special degree team, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lowell Neff, aided by Past Exalted Ruler H. E. Doggett, performed the initiatory ritual in so impressive a fashion as to call forth the highest praise from Garnett R. Fleming, of Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, No. 457, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, last year's President of the Indiana State Elks Association, and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who was present as a guest.

Following the initiation a banquet was served at which many hundred members and guests sat down, and at which Mr. Fleming was the principal speaker. A splendid entertainment by performers from one of the Logansport theatres wound up a most successful evening.

**Boosters Club in Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Increases Attendance**

An idea of considerable interest to all subordinate Lodges is being worked out in Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191. For the purpose of increasing the attendance at Lodge sessions a group of members have organized the Boosters Club, which holds a dinner in the Home before each meeting. During the course of the meal there is some form of entertainment and usually there is also a speaker who discusses a topic of current interest.

These dinner meetings are proving highly successful and attendance figures are setting new records.

**Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge Host to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler**

On the occasion of the official visit to Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, No. 457, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alpha B. Hanson, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Cunningham, of Martinsville Lodge, No. 1349, and Will E. Hendrich, of Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86, President of the Indiana State Elks Association, were guests at what the members believe to be the finest meeting and initiation in the history of the Lodge.

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Our organization's reputation for reliability has been earned through many years' experience in real estate loans. Investigate us through any Bank, Trust Company or newspaper in Washington, or list of references on request.

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FIFTY-THREE years ago this month Ulysses S. Grant was inaugurated for his second term as President. Two months earlier, in January 1873, The F. H. Smith Company was founded.

Throughout these 53 years The F. H. Smith Company has kept faith with its first mortgage investors—protected their funds, paid their interest promptly, returned their principal dollar for dollar when due. Therefore, if you seek peace of mind as well as profitable income, we suggest that you give thorough consideration to 7% Smith Bonds.

7% Smith Bonds are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by modern, income-producing city property. They are protected by the safeguards that have resulted in our record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

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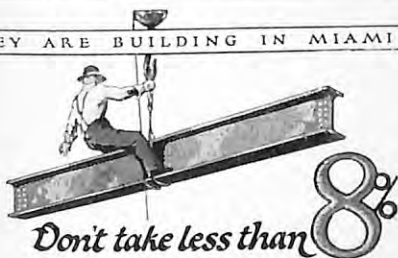
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Preceding the meeting the visiting officials and the officers of Shelbyville Lodge were the guests at dinner in his home of Garnett R. Fleming, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials and Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association.

### Visitations of Grand Exalted Ruler During February and March

At the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press (February 10) the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary called for visitations to a number of Lodges in the East. Leaving Dallas, Tex., on February 13, Judge Atwell was scheduled to arrive in New York City on February 15 to attend the banquet given by New York Lodge, No. 1 commemorating the 58th Anniversary of the birth of the Order. Other important visitations were (February 16) Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, and Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, where he was guest of honor at the annual banquet given by the Massachusetts State Elks Association; February 17, Portland, Me., and Waterville, Me.; February 18, Manchester, N. H.; February 19, Burlington, Vt.; February 20, Brooklyn, N. Y.; February 22, Philadelphia, Pa., and Wilmington, Del.; February 23, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the annual banquet of the Pennsylvania Southwest Association; February 25, Wheeling, W. Va.; February 26, Columbus, O.; February 27, Chicago, Ill.; February 28, Joliet, Ill.

During the month of March the tentative itinerary of the Grand Exalted Ruler is as follows: March 4, Greenville, S. C.; March 5, Macon, Ga.; March 6 and 7, Atlanta, Ga.; March 8, Montgomery, Ala. During the latter part of the month Judge Atwell plans to visit a number of Western Lodges: March 17, Trinidad, Colo., where he will dedicate the new Home of Trinidad, Colo., Lodge, No. 181; March 18, Denver, Colo., and Cheyenne, Wyo.; March 19, Pocatello, Ida.

### Des Moines, Ia., Lodge Holds State-Wide Radio Charity Ball

By means of the radio, Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, was able to make its annual charity ball a state-wide affair. Broadcast by Station WHO, the music of the two orchestras of the Des Moines ball enabled Elks all over Iowa to join the Des Moines members in their dancing.

The attendance in Des Moines alone was estimated at approximately 4,000. Following the Grand March, which he led, Gov. John Hammill spoke of the charity work of the Order and his words were carried to listening Elks throughout the Middle West. The ball was the biggest event ever undertaken by the Lodge and one of the most successful. The cooperation of the Des Moines newspapers, and of the Parent-Teachers Association, with whom the Lodge's charity committee keeps in close touch, was greatly appreciated and had much to do with the great success of the unique event.

### Albany, N. Y., Lodge Honors State President Fitzsimmons at Dinner

Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, recently tendered a large testimonial dinner to William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association, and a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 49. Several hundred Albany Elks were present as well as representatives from nearly every Lodge in the State, including eight Past Presidents of the State Association, three District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, many Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers, and all elective and appointive State Association officers.

During the course of the dinner it was announced that Mr. Fitzsimmons had been elected to the Presidency of the Albany County Bar Association, and John T. Gorman, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the State Elks Association, told the diners that the Board had adopted a congratulatory resolution directed both to Albany Lodge and to Mr. Fitzsimmons.

Joseph A. Lawson of Albany Lodge acted as Toastmaster, and the speakers of the evening included Mr. Fitzsimmons, Exalted Ruler Peter A. Buchheim, of Albany Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland, Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141; William S. Hackett, Mayor of Albany, a member of No. 40; William

(Continued on page 84)

## "Clean and sound as an Elk's tooth"



... but how about your gums?

WHITE teeth, free from decay, are not safe unless your gums are healthy and free from pyorrhea. Pyorrhea destroys the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place.

Soft gums invite pyorrhoeal infection. The surest protection is to keep your gums firm.

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## PATENTS

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, and Past Exalted Ruler of that Lodge; State Senator William T. Byrne, a member of Albany Lodge and a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Rev. Peter J. Donnelly, of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, Chaplain of the New York State Elks Association.

Webb City, Mo., Lodge Conducts Charity Rabbit Hunt

Webb City, Mo., Lodge, No. 861, recently conducted a large rabbit hunt to secure rabbits for its annual holiday distribution of food among the needy of the city. The hunt lasted two days and over 1,200 rabbits were bagged. Four to eight animals were packed in each basket distributed, along with several other kinds of food.

John F. Norris, of "The Jolly Corks," Dies in Florida

John F. Norris, life member of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, and one of the last of "The Jolly Corks," from which the Order sprung, died recently in Florida where he was the guest of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352. Mr. Norris, was on a tour of the country and many Lodges have had the pleasure of meeting him and of listening to his reminiscences of the early days of the Order. For forty-eight years Mr. Norris was a black-face comedian, traveling with his wife Lottie. Known on the stage as John and Lottie Burton, they made their last appearance in 1914.

At the funeral services held by West Palm Beach Lodge, Frederick E. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, delivered an impressive eulogy and the Elks Quartet rendered vocal selections. Following the ceremony which was attended by many members, the body of Mr. Norris was shipped to Holland, Mich., where last rites were observed.

District Deputy McGrath Reports Fine Progress Among New York Lodges

Edward S. McGrath, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, New York Southeast, reports notable progress among the twenty-two Lodges in his jurisdiction, several of which will shortly dedicate new Homes.

Mr. McGrath has made most of his official visits in a large private bus, accompanied by officers and members from various Lodges along his itinerary. He is particularly gratified by the enthusiasm with which his visits have been received and by the large numbers of Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers who have been present to greet him.

Marlborough, Mass., Lodge Loses Prominent Member

By the recent death of John J. Mitchell, Marlborough, Mass., Lodge, No. 1239, has lost one of its most active and prominent members. A charter member, he was always ready and willing to do anything within his power for the advancement of his Lodge, although much of his time was taken up by his duties as a public official. He served his city, state and country in every office, as high as Congressman, within the power of the electorate of his district to give him. The late President Wilson appointed him United States Marshall and Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Massachusetts, an office from which he resigned a short time before his death. Mr. Mitchell was always the principal speaker at all public and other occasions since Marlborough Lodge was instituted. He leaves behind him a host of friends and admirers throughout the Order and his community.

New Home for Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge is Formally Dedicated

The new Home of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. The ceremony was impressively conducted, a large number of members of the Order and residents of

(Continued on page 87)



Stage and Auditorium, and, at right, exterior of Philadelphia Elks Club, Broad at Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



ELKS—

More than a good Hotel

The Philadelphia Elks Club

THERE are larger hotels—more elaborate hotels—but no hotel provides a more complete, satisfying service to guests than the Philadelphia Elks Club.

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The rates are very reasonable and the only qualification is that you be a member in good standing in your own Home Lodge—thus we assure the right kind of company for you.

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joys of hospitality—when it suddenly  
seems that no other happiness compares  
with receiving and welcoming friends  
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No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN friends come in. And you are busy making them know their welcome. When friendship and hospitality are the brightest joys in all the world—*have a Camel!*

For no other good thing is so widely shared. Camels make every true friendship truer. There never was a cigarette made that put as much pleasure into smoking and giving smoking pleasure to others as Camels. Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigarette after-taste. Millions of experienced smokers just wouldn't buy or offer to others any other cigarette but Camels.

So, this night when friends come in to share the warmth of your fire and your friendship—taste then the smoke that is friendly to millions. You may know you are smoking and serving the world's finest cigarette.

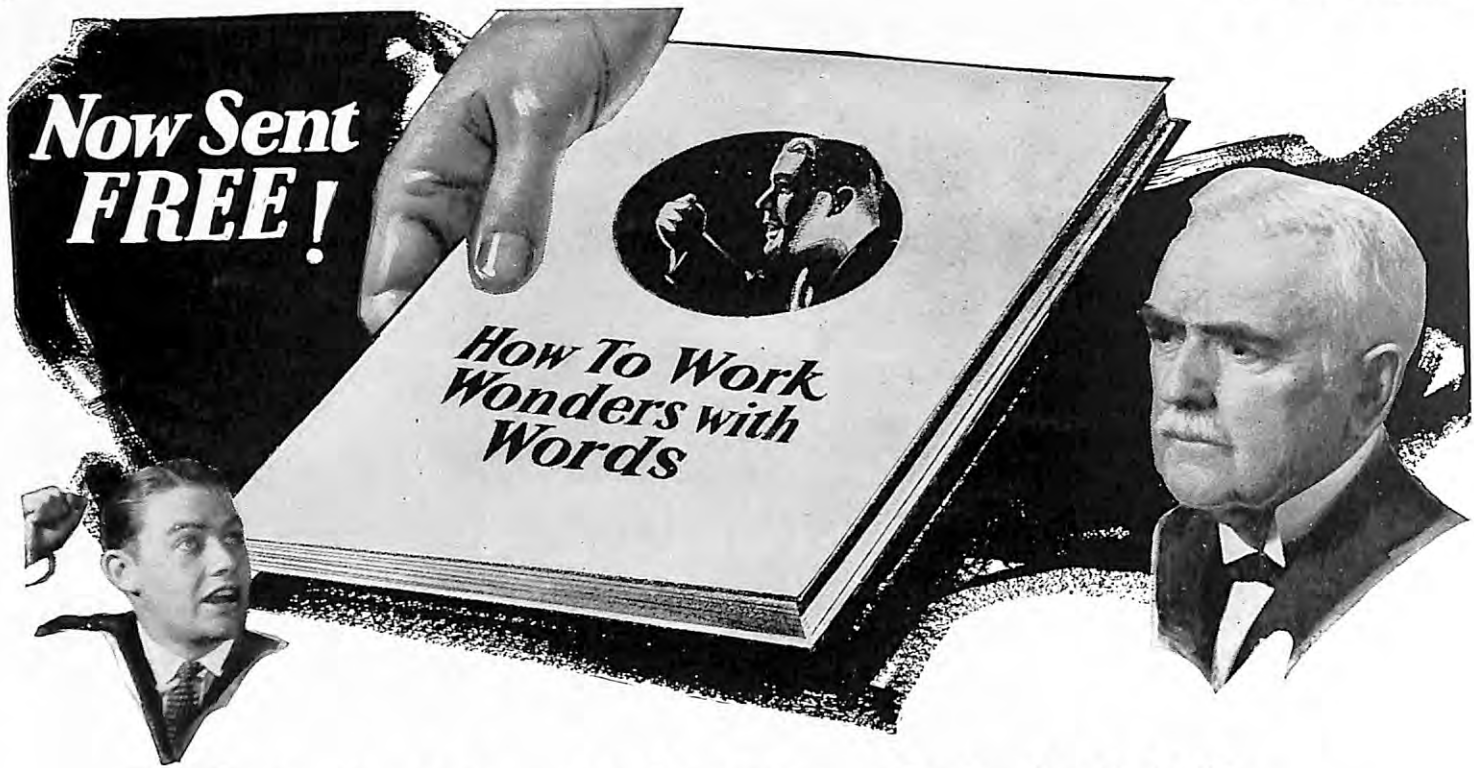
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 84)

the district witnessing the dedication service. Mr. McGrath was assisted in the dedication by John F. Lantry, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, who was the orator of the day; Philip Clancy, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; George M. Bird, Exalted Ruler of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253; John T. Gorman, Past Exalted Ruler of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039; Gustave H. Papenmeyer, Past Exalted Ruler of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485; Horace Sullivan, Exalted Ruler of Lynbrook Lodge and other officers of the Lodge.

The new Home of Lynbrook Lodge, formerly the famous Castilian Gardens, is located on Merrick Road, between Lynbrook Avenue and Remsen Street. It is a handsome structure and represents an investment of close to \$100,000 by this new Lodge. The building has been thoroughly renovated and partitions placed so as to provide a large Lodge-room and dining-room on the first floor with committee rooms executive offices, etc., on the second floor.

Though instituted only a short while ago, the progress already achieved by this enterprising Lodge indicates that it will soon be one of the best in the district.

### Members of Muncie, Ind., Lodge Have Novel Charity Scheme

A group of members of Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 245, have devised a novel plan for extending the welfare work of their Lodge. A "Good Cheer Club," to which every member is eligible, has been formed and the dues fixed at one cent a day. The funds raised in this fashion, none of which will be spent for compensation or expenses, will be used to spread good cheer among the unfortunate of the city and to supplement, without expense to the Lodge Treasury, the regular charitable activities.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge will dedicate its new Home on March 3.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge took part in the city's Pageant of Lights, entering in the parade an old-time stage coach, carrying a group of members and drawn by a team of six white horses.

Casper, Wyo., Lodge scored a brilliant success with its production of "Marcheta," and raised a considerable sum for its charities.

The officers of Fall River, Mass., Lodge visited Newport, R. I., Lodge, where they performed the initiatory ritual.

The three performances of the Annual Elks Frolic given a short time ago by Rochester, N. Y., Lodge were the most successful the Lodge has ever given.

A Junior Fife and Drum Corps is being formed at Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge.

A "Jim Shanly Night" was held by Oakland, Calif., Lodge in honor of one of its oldest, best-loved and most active members.

A Junior Elks Band, composed of sons of members, has been formed by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge.

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge gave three performances of its annual minstrel show last month.

The smokers held by Denver, Colo., Lodge, at which boxing bouts are featured, are among the most popular of the Lodge's activities.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge has instituted a series of weekly lunches at which business and professional men meet with their confreres in Attorneys, Luncheons, Contractors, Luncheons, Real Estate Luncheons and so on.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge staged three performances of its 1926 Follies last month, on the stage in its Home.

During the past year the Big Brother Committee of San Diego, Calif., Lodge was given custody of 110 juvenile delinquents.

Newton, Mass., Lodge last month produced an excellent musical revue.

(Continued on page 88)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 87)



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Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge entertained District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh D. McCosham at an Officers' Banquet on the occasion of his official visit.

Hampton, Va., Lodge has made extensive arrangements for observing its 29th anniversary on March 17.

A large group of members from Freeport, N. Y., Lodge returned the recent fraternal visit of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge.

The Charity Ball recently conducted by Paris, Ill., Lodge, netted a considerable sum for its standing relief fund, a fund separate from the Lodge's general charity fund.

Donaldsville, La., Lodge recently staged a minstrel show the proceeds of which were placed to the credit of the Lodge's building fund.

Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge is conducting a well-organized campaign for new members. A special initiation of the new candidates will be conducted on March 16, when the officers of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge will exemplify the ritual.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge is considering the idea of organizing an Elks Band.

Butte, Mont., Lodge has undertaken to sponsor a troop of Boy Scouts and a committee has been appointed to carry on the work.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge gave three performances of its Minstrel Show in the City Hall last month. Dancing followed the acts.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge held its twenty-third Annual Ball last month.

A group of officers and members from Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, which recently entertained a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Southeastern Pennsylvania, visited Baltimore, Md., Lodge where they put on the degree work.

Worcester, Mass., Lodge celebrated the opening of its new pool and billiard room with a social evening during which several matches were played by visiting experts.

A large delegation from Williamsport, Pa., Lodge accepted the invitation of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge to visit its new Home and attend an entertainment in their honor.

Somerville, N. J., Lodge staged a boxing show for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Committee.

Bay City, Mich., Lodge held its Past Exalted Rulers Night and a fine entertainment on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter's official visit.

A dancing class for the children of members has been formed in Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge produced its annual charity Frolic a few weeks ago.

A Ladies Night, with a radio concert and special entertainers, was held by Clinton, Mass., Lodge.

Sheraden, Pa., Lodge is giving a series of Old-Time Dances during the winter social season.

A delegation from Orange, N. J., Lodge, including a group of entertainers, accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy on his official visit to Nutley, N. J., Lodge.

A group of members from Oakland, Calif., Lodge, accompanied by entertainers, journeyed to the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Livermore, where they put on a show for the patients.

Officers and members from Rutherford, N. J., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge gave two performances last month of its annual minstrel show for the benefit of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children which its supports.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge has recently donated sums of money to the Albany County (N. Y.) Tuberculosis Association and to the Salvation Army detachment in its city.

Milwaukee, Wis., Elks held a huge indoor exposition from February 8 to 13.

Delegations from Alameda, Calif., Lodge have recently paid fraternal visits to its sister Lodges at San Jose and Marysville.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge visited Everett, Wash., Lodge where its officers performed the initiatory ritual. The meeting was followed by an entertainment.

Prof. Adolph Kerns, of Yale University, addressed the members of Lynn, Mass., Lodge, on "Sociology" at a recent meeting.

The "Elks Riot of Fun," the entertainment put on by New Orleans, La., Lodge, was this year opened to the public and five performances given.

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge gave a dinner in honor of its charter members.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge held its annual ball in the St. Francis Hotel.

Beverly, Mass., Lodge produced a minstrel show in the Essex Sanatorium, at Middleton, Mass., for the entertainment of the patients.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge is planning to organize a glee club and orchestra.

North Adams, Mass., Lodge has installed a new and up-to-date kitchen in its Home and renovated its Lodge, Reading and Ladies' rooms.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge sent a delegation of officers and members to Stockton, Calif., Lodge, where they exemplified the initiatory ritual.

Officers and members, including the Chanters and the orchestra of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, were the guests at a dinner and entertainment in the Home of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, where the San Diego officers performed the initiation for their hosts.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge held an Indoor Community Circus and County Fair lasting three days, in the Town Hall.

Under the auspices of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge a lecture and pictures of the first "Round the World Flight" were given in the local armory.

Waterloo, Ia., Lodge was host to delegations from the Lodges in Marshalltown, Fort Dodge, Charles City, Oelwein, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids and Iowa City at a regular meeting followed by an entertainment.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge took an active part in the recent drive for funds for Christ Hospital.

The Bowling Team of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge won the Metropolitan League Championship, with the teams from Queens Borough, N. Y., and Jersey City, N. J., Lodges tied for second place.

Portland, Me., Lodge holds regular Monday night suppers and entertainments.

Two performances of a minstrel show were given last month by Mendota, Ill., Lodge.

The officers of Townson, Md., Lodge and a number of its members were the guests of Washington, D. C., Lodge recently where they exemplified the initiatory ritual in a most creditable manner.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge recently sponsored the production in its new auditorium of three performances of "The Dover Road" by the Duse Art Players from the Little Theatre in Philadelphia.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Norwich, Conn., Lodge reports that more than \$2,000 in charity was distributed by it during the past year.

Golfing members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge held a Sweepstakes Tournament over the links of the Oakland Municipal Golf Course.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge gave three performances last month of a minstrel show last month.

Worcester, Mass., Lodge recently initiated a candidate who was one of eight brothers now affiliated with the Lodge.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge held its annual ball in the Hotel Niagara ballroom. An innovation this year was the dinner given before the dance.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge conducted a popular subscription for the purpose of equipping the Cambridge City Home with a complete radio outfit.



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